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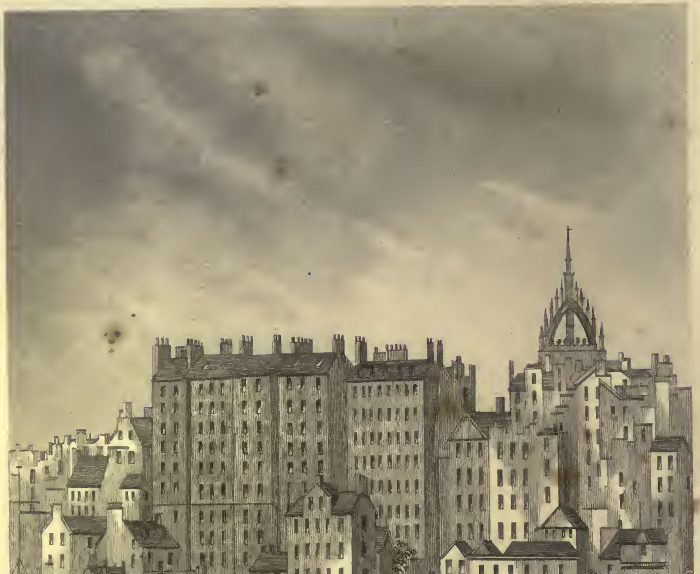
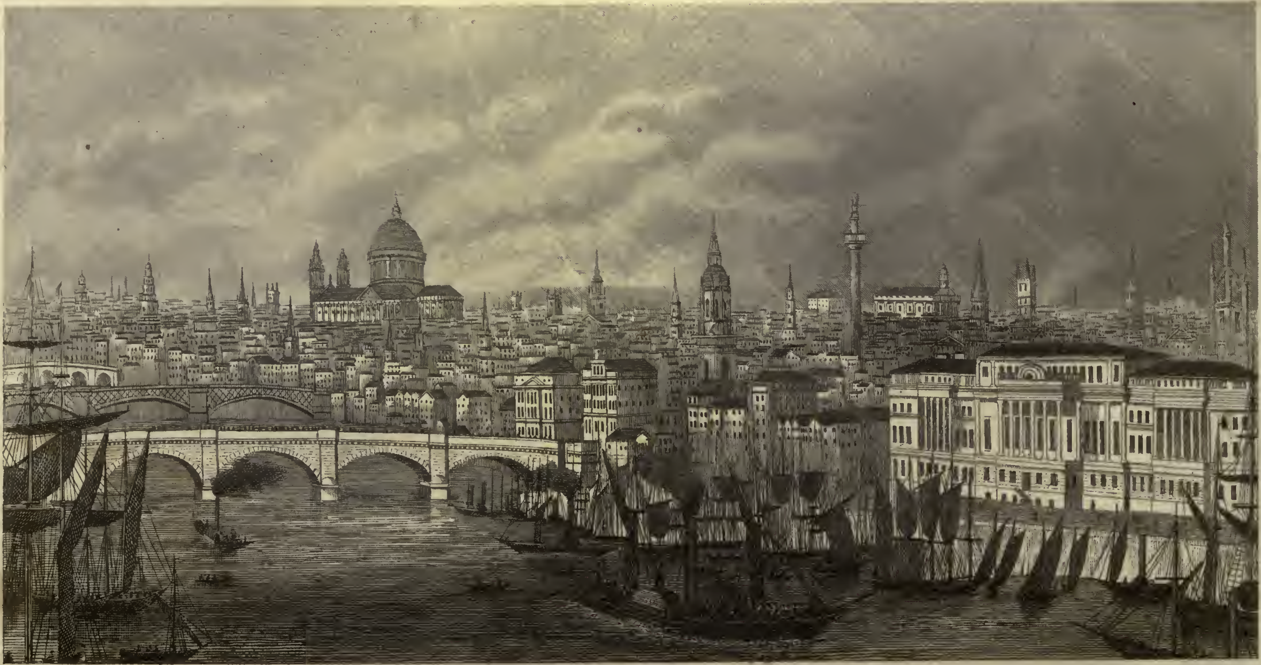


Drawn by J.W Barber, Oct. 1853.

EDINBURGH.

The engraving shows the appearance of the buildings in the Old Town, in the vicinity of the Railway Stations as seen from near the Scott Monument. Princes St. The spire of St Giles Cathedral is seen in the distance on the right. Part of the Railway buildings are seen on the left.



LONDON.

London(the first) Southwark and Blackfriars bridges over the Thames are seen on the left. St Pauls with its towering dome in the distance. The large building on the right is the Custom House, Billings-gate next westward, and the London Monument beyond.—The view is looking west.

EUROPEAN
HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS;

COMPRISING

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,

WITH

HOLLAND, BELGIUM,

AND PART OF

FRANCE.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MOST PROMINENT AND
INTERESTING EVENTS,
WHICH HAVE OCCURRED IN THE HISTORY OF THESE COUNTRIES:
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES
OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS IN ALL RANKS OF SOCIETY, WITH
GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS
OF THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS AND PLACES OF INTEREST IN THE
SEVERAL COUNTRIES VISITED.

Illustrated by 275 Engravings;

GIVING VIEWS OF CHIEF TOWNS, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, RELICS OF ANTIQUITY,
HISTORIC LOCALITIES, NATURAL SCENERY,
&c,. &c.

BY JOHN W. BARBER,

MEMBER OF THE CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY—AUTHOR OF THE CONNECTICUT, MASSACHUSETTS AND OTHER HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN W. BARBER.

1855.

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PREFACE.

The plan used in the compilation of this work is similar to that of several State works given to the public by the author of this publication, which have been well received. The countries and places described are those with whom we, as a people in our business relations, are closely associated. We have almost a daily communication with them, particularly with Great Britain, with whom we are assimilated in our language, laws, manners and customs. To a large portion of the inhabitants of this country it is the home of our ancestors, and, as such, we feel an interest in their history, and in the places where they lived.

We claim, in common with our brethren across the Atlantic, our full proportion of whatever is ennobling in the history of the past. Their heroes, statesmen, philosophers and geniuses are ours also. The Shakespeares, the Miltons, and Bunyans, the Cromwells, and Hampdens, and the Covenanters of Scotland, are our relatives. We feel a similar interest in viewing the spot on which they were born, the habitations they occupied, and the relics they left behind.

The materials from which this work is derived, are drawn from a great variety of sources. Access has been had to valuable historical works, to examine which, it is necessary to cross the Atlantic. The countries, and the most prominent places described in this volume, have been personally visited; and much of the matter for this work was found in the local histories published in the places described. In the biographical department, much has been extracted from "Lempriere's Biographical Dictionary." The numerous engravings interspersed through the work were made from authentic drawings, part of which were taken on the spot by the author of this work.

While conscious of using every precaution generally adopted in preparing similar works, the compiler does not claim an exemption from the imperfections always attendant on publications where so many names, dates, figures, &c., are introduced. A certain writer defines History as merely "an approximation towards truth." Though this humiliating statement cannot be fully allowed, yet, (such is the imperfection of every thing human,) it must be acknowledged to have some foundation in truth. While it has been the aim of the author to furnish a work interesting to all classes of readers, it has also been his aim that whatever influence it might possess, should be on the side of the great interests of religion and morality.

J. W. B.

New Haven, Conn., *Nov.*, 1854.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

PAGE.

38 For apothesis, read *apotheosis.*

52 For Low counties, read Low *countries.*

68 For southern, read *northern extremity*—for iron ware, *wire.*

70 For sixty-eight, read sixty-*seven.*

90 For commitatum, Carolo II, tira, ferne, anorum Tyrannic, read *comitatum, Carolo I, tria, ferme, annorum, Tyrannicc.* The first Latin passage may read thus: "*April* 26, 1616, 14*th year of James I, Oliver Cromwell, of Huntingdon, was admitted to the instruction of the Fellows, April* 26*th*, 1616, *Mr. Richard Howlett, Tutor.*" The second entry may be rendered as follows:—"*He was a great Impostor, a most abandoned villain, who having, by a horrid murder, cut off King Charles I, of blessed memory, usurped the throne itself, and, under the name of Protector, for nearly five years, plagued the three kingdoms with outrageous tyranny.*"

187 For mores, read *morum.*

198 The inverted X should be H.

333 For before the west, stands, read the west *front* stands.

336 The building containing the varied collections of the British Museum is of the Grecian Ionic order, having a frontage of 370 feet, with a portico in the center with wings at each end.

344 For Perry, read *Percy.*

350 The London Monument is 202 feet high—it was erected as a memento of the Great Fire which commenced at this place. It has numerous inscriptions relative to the fire, &c. It formerly had on it, one ascribing the calamity to the Catholics: this was obliterated by order of the Corporation in 1831.

364 For port, read *part.*

403 The house of Col. Gardiner, seen in the back ground, was burnt a year or two previous to the erection of the monument. The walls, however, remain entire, showing its original form.

429 The Latin epitaph is in English thus:—"He was the upright pillar of the church, its shining window, its fragrant incense, its sounding bell.

463 For ridges, read *bridges.*

☞ Many of the copies and drawings for the numerous engravings in this work were obtained at considerable expense, and part of them are now for the first time published. These may be considered as private property; and it is hoped that this consideration alone, will prevent publishers in this country from taking them without liberty.

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VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Having, in common with many of our countrymen, a desire to visit the native land of our ancestors, we procured our tickets for the voyage at the office of the Cunard Royal Mail steamers in New York. On the day of sailing, we found that the steam-ship Asia, in which we took our passage, had left the wharf at Jersey City, and anchored out in the harbor. Her passengers, and the mail, were carried on board from the Jersey side by a small steamer. Many persons came on board to take leave of their friends and acquaintances. Among these, one was pointed out to us as the Irish patriot, Meagher, who remained on board till the last boat returned to the shore. At a little past noon, August 10th, 1853, on the discharge of our parting gun, we commenced our voyage to Liverpool.

The number of passengers was about fifty. Our fare was excellent; and the servants respectful and attentive. Those of the passengers with whom we were more immediately connected, belonged to various countries. Four or five were from England; the same number from Scotland; two from Ireland; four Jews, three of whom were natives of Holland, and one from Germany; two from St. Domingo, a French gentleman and his son; three Canadian gentlemen; a native of Bohemia; a young Dutchman, born in Africa, near the Cape of Good Hope, and two natives of Connecticut, in the United States.

Three of the Jews in our company were on a visit to Holland, intending to stop at London and Paris on their route. As I had never before come in so close contact with those of the Jewish faith, I felt interested in these our fellow passengers. They had been naturalized in our country, and were now going to Europe, partly on business, and partly to see their friends. Upon a nearer acquaintance, particularly with a gentleman and his wife, some of my early prejudices were removed. Instead of unfeeling Shylocks, we found them possessed of all the kindly feelings of our nature, generous and conscientious. We also found their friends, to whom we were introduced on the Continent, and elsewhere, kind, agreeable and friendly in their manners. I was also struck with the patriotic feeling which was manifested towards the country of their birth, and that of their adoption; a spirit which, at the first thought, could hardly be expected from persons of the Jewish faith.

The Irish gentleman in our company had followed the seas in some part of his life. He was a middle-aged man, and had been naturalized as a citizen of the United States, in one of our south-western States, where, I believe, he had become a merchant of some wealth. He was of noble, whole-souled Irish stock, on which were engrafted the characteristics of a bold, polite and generous Southerner. The Bohemian, who had located himself in one of our Southern States, though a man of intelligence, was an infidel, or rather of an Atheist in sentiment, which he did not hesitate to avow. He was on a visit to his native town in the heart of Germany, and having an American protection in his pocket, he bade defiance to civil or religious despotism.

The French gentleman from St. Domingo, who, I believe, was a native of that island, was somewhat advanced in years. He was a person of refined manners, easy and graceful address, and evidently possessed that kindness of heart towards all, which is the only foundation of all true politeness. He was accompanied by his little mullatto son, who could not speak English, a bright and intelligent looking lad, about ten or twelve years of age. His father was taking him to Paris, where he had already one son receiving an education.

On our passage, the time of day and night was designated by bells. At night it was a novel sound to most of us to hear the hourly cry, "*All is well*," from two or three voices, the first from the helm, the others from different parts of the ship in succession.

On Sunday the 15th of August, the fifth day of our voyage, I was quite surprised, on rising in the morning, on seeing land in the distance on the left side of our ship. On inquiry, I found we were in the vicinity of Cape Race, the S. E. extremity of the island of Newfoundland. As far as we saw it, the whole coast appeared extremely rocky and barren. For the first three or four days of our passage, the sea was comparatively smooth, but afterwards it became more rough, and most of the passengers began to experience the usual sea-sickness. It being Sunday, divine service was performed in the after-cabin. There being no clergyman of the church of England on board, our commander, Capt. Lott, officiated as reader, and the majority of the congregation made the usual responses. The seamen and officers not on duty, were in attendance.

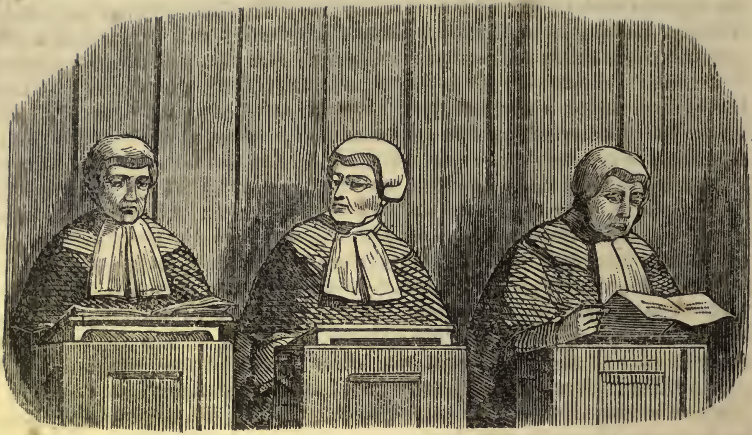
One of our passengers, a native of Wales, about thirty years of age, was brought on board evidently in the last stages of consumption. He had followed the occupation of a gardener, near Boston, and had, by his industry, accumulated about two thousand dollars, and was now on his return to his mother and sister living in Wales. As the sea became more rough, he sunk rapidly, and after having been on the ocean for a week, and accomplished two-thirds of the voyage, he expired. On the morning of the day of his death, he was found sitting by his birth in considerable distress; he was laid on his bed, from which he never arose, but gradually sunk till he expired in the afternoon. The funeral services were performed at eight o'clock the next morning. Our captain, standing on the stairs leading to the quarter deck, read the burial service of the church of England. The coffin, (which was bored with holes to let in the water,) was placed by the open gangway, and held there by the sailors in a proper position by ropes. At the words "we commit his body to the deep," the sailors let go the ropes, and the coffin plunged into the ocean. It appeared for a moment or two on the surface, and then sunk forever from our sight. The solemnity of the scene was much heightened by the roaring of the waves, with the heavy sea rolling and foaming around, accompanied by a driving storm of wind and rain.

As we drew near the accomplishment of our voyage, the health and spirits of our passengers were much revived. A general disposition to be pleased with every thing about them, pervaded the company. The favorite ale and porter, and to some extent, wine and brandy, with which most of our passengers had "doctored themselves" during the passage, were freely indulged in. The superior accommodations of the Asia were largely descanted upon, the health of the captain, the officers, servants, and crew of the Asia, were toasted and drank off with enthusiastic applause. Resolutions expressive of our approval of the manner in which the captain and all hands had performed their duties, were reduced to writing, passed by acclamation, and a deputation was appointed to wait upon the captain in person, and convey to him the sense of the meeting.

On the 10th day of our passage we arrived in the vicinity of Cape Clear, the southern extremity of Ireland, and continued in sight of land while we proceeded up the channel. The houses, the fields of grain, ripe for the harvest, and many other objects on the elevated shores, were looked upon with deep interest; and in the evening, the revolving lights at Holyhead attracted our close attention. The following morning, (Sunday,) we arrived in the river Mersey, and soon had the Custom-house officers on board to inspect onr baggage previous to our going on shore. The trunks of those of our passengers who were in the habit of smoking, underwent a close examination. Quite a number of bunches of cigars were seized, and a heavy duty demanded, being in the opinion of the officers of her Majesty's customs, more than the law could allow for private use. Some of our passengers had several American re-prints of English works; these were seized without ceremony, in order they might be destroyed according to law.

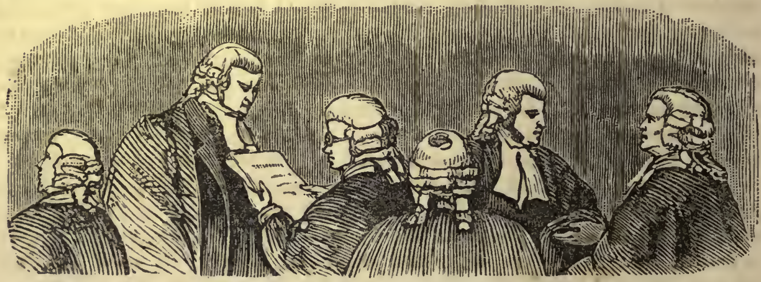
After our trunks had been examined, a steam-boat came along side and took us and our baggage on shore. A number of the police, in their blue uniforms, were in attendance, keeping good order among those who had assembled to witness our landing. A few moments after we had set our feet on the soil, we were on our way to our various destinations in the city. After having been conducted to a quiet hotel, we retired to our chambers. After I had been sitting in my chair for some time in a kind of dreamy state, feeling thankful that I had at last been permitted to reach the land I had so long wished to see, I was suddenly and agreeably aroused by sounds which I had never heard before. They proceeded from the *chime bells* in the tower of a church in the vicinity. I was forcibly reminded of the glowing description given by Bunyan, that prince of dreamers, of the bells which rang in the heavenly city for joy, accompanied with other "melodious noises," which were heard when the pilgrims had accomplished their perilous passage through the river. In the intervals, however, which occurred during the chiming of the bells, discordant noises were heard in the streets below, reminding us that we were still in a fallen and depraved world; a mixture of good and evil; an emblem of what I afterwards saw in my journeyings through various places in this fair and diversified island.

On the first evening after our arrival in Liverpool, we attended divine service at the Rev. Dr. Raffles' chapel. The building was a large structure, and we found it filled in every part. The Dr. being absent on a tour, an Irish clergyman officiated in his stead. The singing was in the true congregational style; all the congregation, young and old, in every part of the house, united their voices in one harmonious whole It far exceeded any performance of the kind I had ever before heard, and indeed I never afterwards, in the various places I visited, heard any church music, in my apprehension, more appropriate, or effective.



Lord Denman. *Chief Baron Pollock.* *Mr. Justice Patteson.*

[The cut above is copied from an English engraving representing the twelve Judges of the Court of the Exchequer, sitting in their scarlet robes on the reserved Crown cases. The middle figure in the cut is intended as a portrait of Chief Baron Pollock, the one on his right Lord Denman, the other Mr. Justice Patteson. The cut below shows the form of the wigs, or head dress, of the lawyers, as they are worn in the courts of justice.]



Lawyers, or Advocates.

On the succeeding day we visited various places in Liverpool. St. George's Hall, where the Assizes, or Courts of Justice were held, is one of the most magnificent structures in the city. At the time of our visit, the Hall was being enlarged; the Sessions, however, continued as usual. One of the most striking appearances to an American, who first enters the Courts, are the wigs and dress of the lawyers or advocates who are in attendance. The above sketch shows their appearance. As this was about the period when the grain harvests were gathered, we saw many of the Irish laborers in their antiquated dresses, with sticks on their shoulders, who had crossed the channel for the purpose of assisting in gathering the harvests of their English neighbors. We also saw many bare-footed women walking about the streets; more perhaps than could be seen in any American city in the same length of time.

JOURNEY FROM LIVERPOOL TO LONDON.

August 23d, 1853. Set out in the Railway train from Liverpool for London at half-past 7 o'clock in the morning. At this hour, owing to the fog or smoke, the sun had such a lurid appearance, that at the first glance we hardly knew whether it was the sun or moon. There were three classes of carriages which went on the train at this hour; the first, second, and the third, or Parliamentary. The fare in the Parliamentary, or as it is sometimes called the *Governmental Train,* is one penny per mile, all over the kingdom. Each Railroad Company, we were informed, were obliged, at least on one train per day, to carry passengers at this rate, the first class passengers had to pay nearly double this amount. The carriages for the first class were cushioned.

The Parliamentary train is the slowest of all, being about twelve hours on the route between Liverpool and London. The Railroad carriages are coach-like in appearance, opening on their sides. In addition to their being more uncomfortable, I should judge them to be more expensive in their construction than our American cars. The roads themselves appear to be under better regulations, and the passengers feel safer in passing over them than with us, as every part of the road appears to be under the supervision of the police, whom we found in every part of the kingdom, at short intervals, on every road we traveled.

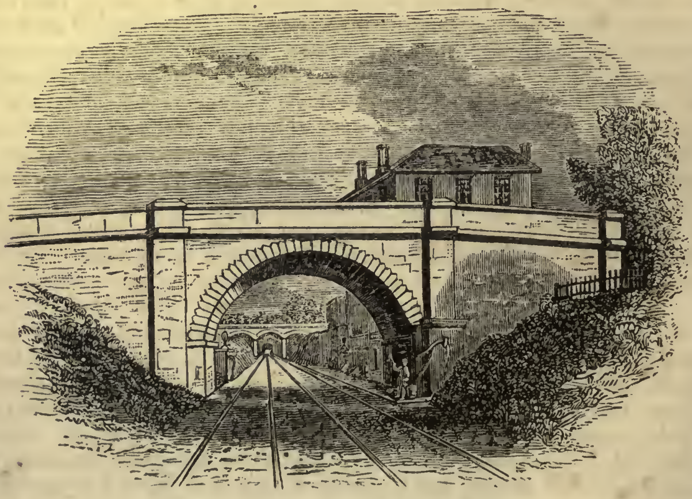
Determined to see all I could of England on our passage, I seated myself on the right side of our carriage so that I could look backward, as well as forward. All the country I saw was in a high state of cultivation. It was divided into fields or lots, rather smaller in extent than with us. What struck me the most was the fresh or living green of the fields, and the foilage of the trees and shrubbery. One marked feature was the appearance of the *hawthorn hedges* every where on the route, forming the division between the different fields. Whenever a field was to be divided, the process appears to have been this, first a ditch was dug, throwing the dirt up on one side, forming a kind of elevated embankment by the side of the ditch. On this elevation the hawthorn hedges were planted. On viewing these hedges, I could now comprehend what was meant by the "*hedging and ditching*" we so often meet with in English books.

Another marked difference from what we see in our country, was the appearance of the houses and barns, particularly as we approached London. These were, without hardly an exception, built of brick or stone. The old stone house in Guilford, Conn., is a fair specimen of many farm houses seen on the route. Many had thatched roofs, others slate or tiles; the more ancient were moss-covered. Most had a beautiful little garden of flowers and shrubbery. The trees were mostly set in the hedges; occasionally, however, they stood in small clusters in the fields. In our route to Liverpool I did not see any apple tree orchards like those we have in the United States, and but seldom observed what I supposed to be an apple tree.

Every part of the ground appeared to be under cultivation, even on the surface of the deep cuttings of the Railroad. At many of the stations, beautiful beds of flowers and shrubs were cultivated. The country roads which we observed on our passage were narrower than ours, but much smoother, gracefully winding among the inequalities of the surface over which they passed. All the cattle we observed feeding in the green pastures appeared to be of the Durham breed, white and red in color; numerous flocks of sheep were seen in every district through which we passed. In many of the pastures were small watering places, so fenced off that the animal could only approach it with its head, to drink.

The harvest for wheat, barley or oats, was just commencing. These grains were cut or reaped by the sickle, and not cradled as with us. Saw many laborers in Liverpool, also at the stations where we stopped, with their sickles, apparently just from Ireland, seeking employment. Some of these were what is termed "green looking" young men, dressed perhaps in the costume of a century since. Several of our passengers, of a sportive turn of mind, would call out to them to get on board the train and go with us. Instead of being foolishly angered with the liberties taken, Patrick took the invitation kindly, replying only with a broad grin. Many of the fields were being plowed as we passed along. This was done for the most part by a light plow with a wheel before it, drawn by three horses. All the grass fields had the appearance of having been plowed for a rotation of crops.

In all the prominent villages we passed, some kind of manufacturing business was performed, much of it by steam. We saw establishments for iron castings: potteries and brick kilns, similar in appearance to those seen in our country; saw also many canals, in which boats, with masts, were passing. All the bridges, even over very small streams, were built in the most substantial and durable manner, with arches of brick or stone.



Watford Station, 18 *miles from London.*

Every thing connected with the Railroad is built in the most substantial manner, the bridges for the Railroad crossings, above and below, are well-built structures of brick or stone, of which the above engraving is a fair specimen. At every station on the route, we observed the police officers, with their flags, to signify that every thing was in order for the passage of trains. They also traversed the platform on which the passengers landed, or from which they got into the carriages of the train, to see that proper order was observed. As a body, the police were not such portly men as I expected. In all parts of the kingdom we visited, they had very much the appearance of our countrymen of the same age. There is, however, a greater contrast between the American and English women, the latter being generally of a stouter size, and more healthy in appearance.

The route from Liverpool to London, (204 miles,) is through the central part of England, from the north-west to the south-west, traversing the counties of Cheshire, Stafford, Warwick, Northampton, Buckingham, Hertford and Middlesex. The whole route lay through a rolling country, having no elevations which could be called a mountain. Passed in a short distance from Lichfield, saw the cathedral with the three sharp-pointed spires. Wheedon was, in appearance, a very ancient place, with narrow crooked streets, and occupied as a station for soldiers. When the train arrived at Pittston an extensive prospect was opened to the westward, showing the valley of the Thames in the vicinity of Oxford. Berkhampsted, Oxmoor and Watford, on the route, are all large villages. Arrived at the station in London, near Regents Park, about 7 o'clock in the evening. From this place we took a cab and were carried to our hotel, in the Strand, in the central part of London. Here we found, as had been stated to us, good accommodations at reasonable charges, having fixed prices for every thing on their bill of fare. Having selected London as a central spot, we visited the Continent, and after our return took various journeys through different parts of England and Scotland.

ENGLAND.

"England, the southern part of the island of Great Britain, is a very irregularly shaped territory, extending in its extreme length, from the Land's End, in Cornwall, in the lat. of 50. 4. 7. and long. of 5. 41. 31. to Berwick, at the mouth of the Tweed, which divides it from Scotland, in the lat. of 55. 46. 21. N., and 1. 59. 41. of W. long. The meridional distance between these two points is 366 geographical, or 425 English statute miles; this line, however, intersects the entrance to the Bristol channel, South and North Wales and the Irish Sea; the extreme meridional line that could be drawn on English ground, from N. to S., would be from Berwick to St. Alban's Head, in the county of Dorset: this line would measure 366 statute miles; and the extreme length from West to East, would be from the Land's End, Cornwall, to the Dudgeon Lights on the North-east coast of Norfolk, which would measure 359 statute miles. The four South-east counties of Somerset, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall, however, form a promontory; and as the superficial area of England, by actual survey, proves to be 50,535 square miles, taking the length from North to South to be 366 miles, the mean breadth from West to East will be within 150 miles. The sea on the South is called the

English Channel, and which divides England from the North-west coast of France: the sea at the South-east point is called the Straights of Dover, and divides England from the North-west point of France and the Netherlands: the sea on the East coast of England is called the North Sea, or German Ocean, and divides England from Holland, Germany, and Jutland: the sea on the North-west coast of England is called the Irish Sea, and divides England from the North-east coast of Ireland. Wales, North and South, bound the center of its western side; and the four South-west counties before mentioned, project into the Atlantic Ocean. England, for local purposes, is divided into forty counties, viz.: Bedford, Berks, Bucks, Cambridge, Chester, Cornwall, Cumberland, Derby, Devon, Dorset, Durham, Essex, Gloucester, Hants, Hereford, Huntingdon, Hertford, Kent, Lancaster, Leicester, Lincoln, Middlesex, Monmouth, Norfolk, Northampton, Northumberland, Nottingham, Oxford, Rutland, Salop, Somerset, Stafford, Suffolk, Surrey, Sussex, Warwick, Westmoreland, Wilts, Worcester, and York; each of which is subdivided into hundreds and parishes. For judicial purposes it is divided into six circuits; and for ecclesiastical purposes into two archiepiscopal and twenty episcopal sees, or jurisdictions. Population of England is about 17,000,000.

The face of the country affords all that beautiful variety which can be found in the most extensive tracts of the globe; not, however, without romantic, and even dreary scenes, lofty mountains, craggy rocks, black barren moors, and wide unculivated heaths; and yet few countries have a smaller proportion of land, absolutely sterile and incapable of culture. The richest parts are, in general, the midland and southern. Towards the North it partakes of the barrenness of the adjoining parts of Scotland. The East coast is in many places sandy and marshy. A range of rude and elevated land, sometimes rising into mountains 3,000 feet in height extends from the borders of Scotland to the very heart of England, forming a natural division between the East and West sides of the kingdom. Cornwall is also a rough hilly tract; and a similar character prevails in part of the adjacent counties. These mountainous tracts abound with various mineral treasures, more particularly coal, iron, copper, lead, and tin.

The rivers of England are numerous, and contribute essentially to the beauty and fertility of the country, as well as to facilitate the conveyance of its products from one part of the kingdom to another; the four most deserving of notice for their magnitude and utility, are the Trent, Mersey, Severn, and Thames. These four rivers rise in the interior of the country, and flow in contrary directions, the first to the North-east, the next to the North-west, the Severn to the South-west, and the Thames to the South-east; and being rendered navigable, and united to each other by canals, they afford an admirable facility of conveyance over all parts of the country. In addition to these, the great Ouse and the Nen, flow from the center of the country in a North-east direction, into the North Sea, between the Thames and the Trent, and the Nen is united to the line of canal which unites those two rivers, and thereby with the Mersey and Severn. Further North are the Humber, Tees, Wear, Tyne, and the Tweed, which divides England from Scotland, all flowing from West to East into the North Sea: and on the other side is the Eden, Derwent, Ribble, and the Dee, flowing into the Irish Sea: the tributary rivers deserving of notice, are the Medway and Lee, falling into the Thames, the Soar and Derwent falling into the Trent, the Don, Aire, and Ouse falling into the Humber, the Irwell into the Mersey, and the Upper and Lower Avon and Wye into the Severn; all of which are navigable, and yield a variety of fish. The Tamar, Torridge, Tame, Exe, Arun, and a few other rivers of inferior note, intersect the South and South-west parts of the country, falling into the Bristol and English channels. The lakes are neither numerous nor extensive, and are chiefly in the North-west counties: those of Westmoreland and Cumberland, in particular, exhibit such varieties of beautiful scenery, as to become the object of summer excursions from every part of the country. With respect to climate, England is situated in the North part of the temperate zone, so that it enjoys but a scanty share of the genial influence of the sun. Its atmosphere is inclined to chillness and moisture, subject to frequent and sudden changes; and is more favorable to the growth, than to the ripening of the products of the earth. No country is clothed with so beautiful and lasting a verdure; but the harvests, especially in the northern parts, frequently suffer from unseasonable rains. The country, nevertheless, generally affords an abundant supply of grain, and all the other necessaries of life, and the rigors of winter, and the heats of summer, are felt here in a much less degree than in parallel climates on the continent; a circumstance common to all islands. The whole country, some particular spots excepted, is sufficiently healthy; and the longevity of its inhabitants is equal to that of almost any region. All its most valuable productions, both animal and vegetable, have been imported from foreign countries, and have been kept up and improved by constant attention. England has now no other wild quadrupeds than those of the smaller kind; as the fox, badger, marten, otter, hare, rabbit, squirrel, &c. On the other hand, every kind of domestic animal, imported from abroad, has been reared to the greatest degree of perfection. The horse has been trained up for all the various purposes of strength and swiftness, so as to excel in those qualities the same animal in every other country. The breeds of cattle in various parts of the kingdom have also been cultivated with much care, and have been brought to the largest size and the greatest justness of shape. The different races of sheep are variously distinguished, either for uncommon size, goodness of flesh, or plenty of fineness of wool. The deer of its parks, which are originally a foreign breed, are superior in beauty of skin, and delicacy of flesh, to those of most countries. Even the several kinds of dogs have been trained to degrees of courage, strength, and sagacity, rarely to be met with elsewhere. Domestic poultry, as well as wild birds, are numerous; the shape and beauty of plumage of the pheasant, and delicious note of the nightingale, cannot be surpassed. The improvement in the vegetable products of this island is not less striking than in the animal. Nuts, acorns, crabs, and a few wild berries, were almost all the variety of vegetable food which its woods could boast. To other countries, and to the efforts of culture, it is indebted for corn, esculent roots, plants, and all its garden fruits. The seas as well as the rivers of England are stocked with a great variety of fish.

Of the early history of England, but little is known prior to its becoming a province of the Roman empire, during the first century of the Christian era. The first invasion of England by the Romans was under Julius Cesar, in the year 35, at which period the country was inhabited by a very numerous but hardy and rude race of people denominated Britons, living in tribes and subject to an austere and rigorous priesthood. About the year 86 the whole country, after numerous conflicts, was subdued by the Romans. During a period of nearly four hundred years, from the time of Agricola to the year 447, when the Romans finally quitted the island, they had effectually succeeded in reconciling the natives to a dependence on their government, and in diffusing a taste and desire to cultivate and practice the arts of social life; they had, however, so implicitly yielded to Roman government and protection, that, on being left to govern and protect themselves, they were unable to withstand the rude and vigorous attacks of the Picts and Scots, who poured into the country from the north. The Romans, on being applied to by the Britons, declining from inability to render them assistance, the Britons invited the assistance of the Saxons, a people who had acquired celebrity for their valor in the north of Europe. In the year 449, Hengist and Horsa, two Saxon leaders, arrived with a force of 1,600 men, who succeeded in speedily subduing the Scots and Picts; but perceiving the inefficiency of the Britons, the Saxons obtained a succession of reinforcements, made allies of the Scots and Picts, and turned the whole force to the subjugation of England; and, in the progress of time, the country became divided into seven monarchies, some one of which, however, in its turn maintaining an ascendancy over the rest, the ascendant monarch being regarded as king of England. The following is a list of the seven monarchies, with the dates of their foundation and extinction, viz.:

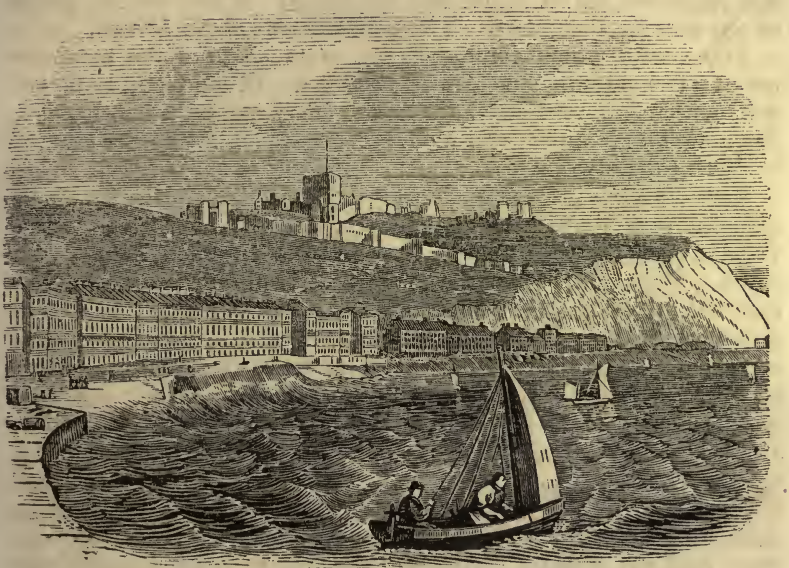
Kent, - - - -	founded in	464	extinct	823
South Saxons, - - -	“ “	491	“	685
East Saxons, - - -	“ “	527	“	827
Northumberland, - -	“ “	547	“	827
East Angles, - - -	“ “	575	“	792
Mercia, - - - -	“ “	582	“	827
West Saxons, - - -	“ “	592	“	828

This period is denominated the Heptarchy, which merged into an undivided sovereignty under Egbert, the 17th king of the West Saxons, in 828. In 860 the Saxton Dynasty, in its turn, was assailed by the Danes, and, after repeated conflicts and aggressions, Sweyn, a Dane, was crowned king of England in 1013. The crown reverted again to the Saxons in Edward, surnamed the Confessor, in 1042; but on the 14th of October, 1066, the destinies of England were placed in the hands of William of Normandy, surnamed the Conqueror, from the decisive victory he gained on that day, over Harold II, king of England. From that period to the present time the whole country has been under the rule of a successive line of kings, except for eleven years, from 1649 to 1660, when it was under the protectorate of Cromwell, during which time it was ruled by the Parliament or the Protector, and was called the Commonwealth of England."—*Brookes' and Marshall's Gazeteer.*

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

IN ENGLAND.

DOVER.



Dover Castle, Waterloo Crescent, East Cliff, &c.

This celebrated place for landing and departure for travelers from, and to the Continent, is situated at the south-eastern point of England, seventy-two miles E. S. E. of London, and sixteen from Canterbury. The Straits of Dover, separating England from France, are, in the narrowest part, twenty-one miles wide, and that from the pier at Dover to that of Calais, the distance is twenty-four. Dover is situated in a deep valley of depression in the chalk ridges, that form this line of coast, which depression also runs a considerable distance inward, forming the bed of the river Dour, which empties itself into the harbor. The old town consists of one principal thoroughfare, which extends upwards of a mile in a semicircular direction, following that of the valley on which it is built, with shorter streets branching from it in both directions, together with ranges of modern-built houses along the shore.

Great improvements have been made in the appearance of Dover during the last ten or fifteen years. Several new streets and terraces, with shops, splendid mansions, and the private residences of summer visitors on the Marine Parade, Waterloo Crescent, Esplanade, &c., form, with other buildings, an imposing range of structures, extending from the North pier to the foot of Castle Cliff. The annexed engraving shows the Castle, Waterloo Crescent, Wellesley Terrace, Marine Parade, East Cliff, &c. Dover, in former times, had a large number of churches and convental establishments, but most of these have long disappeared. The oldest extant churches are St. James and St. Marys. There are ten places of worship for Dissenters. The population is about 15,000.

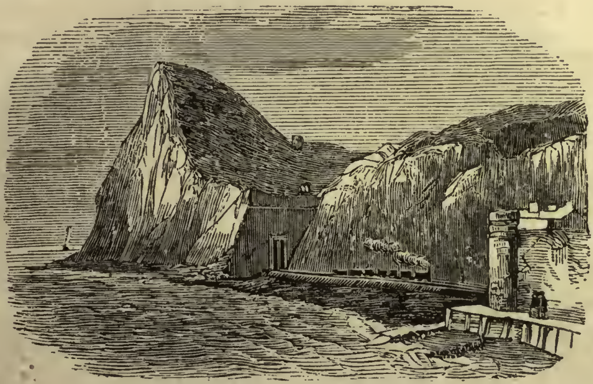
The Castle which commands the town is one of the most important fortresses in this part of England. It is a picturesque object, comprising a mass of buildings of every age—British, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Norman, and modern; occupying altogether an area of about thirty-two acres.

Many alterations were made in the fortifications of the Castle by different sovereigns, till the time of the civil wars, when it was wrested from the king's hands by a merchant named Drake, who was a zealous partizan for the parliament, and, on the night of August 1st, 1642, took it by surprise, with the aid of ten or twelve men only. With the assistance of ropes and scaling ladders, he contrived to lead his party to the summit of the cliff on the sea side, which, being considered inaccessible, had been left unguarded. Having reached the top unmolested, they instantly advanced, and seizing the sentinel, threw open the gates. The officer on command, concluding that Drake had a strong party, and that every thing was lost, surrendered at discretion, when Drake immediately dispatched messengers to Canterbury with intelligence of his success; and the Earl of Warwick, who was then in that city, sent him 120 men to assist in retaining possession. The king, on receiving news of the loss of his fortress, sent a general officer to retake it; but the parliament, knowing its importance to their cause, dispatched a superior force, and the royalists were obliged to raise the seige.

During the French revolution, it was considered important to secure and defend Dover castle as a military station. Fifty thousand pounds were voted for this purpose, and miners and other laborers were employed to excavate the rock for purposes of defense, and to cast up additional mounds and ramparts. Extensive barracks were excavated in the solid rock, by which accommodations were provided for a garrison of three or four thousand men. The subterraneous rooms and passages are shown to visitors, upon an order of the military commandant being obtained. There is an armory in the keep; and many ancient curiosities are to be seen here, among which is Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol, a beautiful piece of brass ordnance, presented to Elizabeth by the states of Holland, as a token of respect for the assistance she afforded them against Spain. It is twenty-four feet long, and bears a Dutch inscription, of which the following is a translation:

> "O'er hill and dale I throw my ball;
> Breaker, my name, of mound and wall."

It is also worthy of notice, that, on the 7th of January, 1785, Dr. Jeffries and M. Blanchard embarked in a balloon from the castle heights, and, having crossed the channel in safety, descended in the forest of Guisnes, in France.



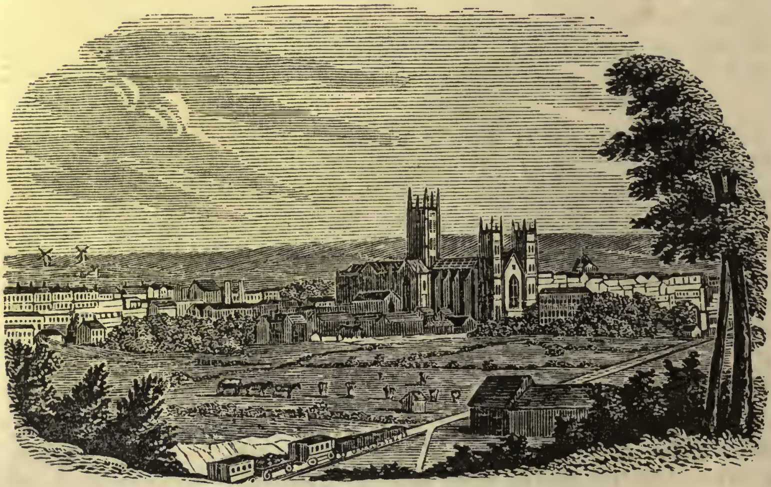
Shakspeare's Cliff, near Dover.

The lord warden of the cinque ports is constable of Dover castle, and has the execution of the king's writs within the cinque ports—a jurisdiction extending from Margate to Seaford, independently of the sheriffs of Kent and Sussex. The castle contains a prison used for debtors and smugglers, and the keeper has the feudal designation of "bodar," under the lord warden. The courts of chancery, admirality, &c., for the cinque ports, are held by the lord warden in St. James's church, at the foot of the castle-hill. The office of lord warden has been usually given to the first lord of the treasury, but was recently held by the Duke of Wellington, in consequence of his grace being such first lord when the office became vacant.

Westward of Dover, opposite the castle, is Shakspeare's Cliff, which has been sublimely described by the great poet in his tragedy of "King Lear." A tunnel is now excavated for the Railway through the Cliff 1,393 yards long. It consists of two separate tubes, each thirty feet high. To realize Shakspeare's description, the tourist must ascend the cliff 576 feet in height, and then looking below will feel the force of his words:—

"There is a cliff whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep—
Here's the place:—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low—
The crows and coughs that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles:—Halfway down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice."

CANTERBURY.



Canterbury, from the Railway.

Canterbury, in the county of Kent, a place of great antiquity, is fifty-five miles eastward of London, and seventeen from Dover, situated on the river Stour, in a fertile valley about two miles wide, surrounded by hills of a moderate height. The present population is a little upward of 8,000. Troops are generally quartered here, for whose accommodation there are extensive barracks. Many genteel families also reside in the place.

Like most other considerable towns, Canterbury was anciently surrounded with walls, the remains of which still exist; the entire circuit of which is about a mile and three-quarters, forming an irregular circle. The suburbs, however, extend to a considerable distance beyond the walls. Some of the most interesting antiquities of the place lie without the walls, especially the ruins of St. Augustine's monastery, and the church of St. Martin.

The great object of interest in Canterbury is its Cathedral, which forms a conspicuous object from every quarter of approach. It has a large tower of great beauty, and two smaller ones at the extremities of the west front. It was commenced in the reign of Henry II, about four years after the murder of Thomas a Becket, but it was not finished until the reign of Henry V. It is 514 feet in length from east to west within the walls; the east transcept is 154 feet, and the choir 180 feet, and of the tower 235 feet.

Henry VIII, at the time of the reformation, seized all the offerings, which were very valuable, and appropriated them to his own use. It suffered greatly during the reign of Cromwell, who quartered his cavalry within its walls. But it was thoroughly repaired after the Restoration.

Ever since the arrival of St. Augustine, the Apostle of Christianity to Britain, 597, Canterbury has been the ecclesiastical capital of England. It was, however, before this period the chief town of the Saxon kingdom of Kent, which had been founded about the middle of the preceding century by Hengist.

According to the testimony of the historian Bede, Canterbury was the chief town in the dominions of king Ethelbert, who, after his conversion to the Christian faith by St. Augustine, granted his palace, together with a large area of land, to Augustine and his successors forever. This saint immediately erected it into a priory for monks of the Benedictine order. The conversion of the sovereign was followed by that of many thousands of his subjects, and Pope Gregory the First was so well pleased with the success of Augustine, that he invested him with the archiepiscopal dignity, and gave him authority to establish the metropolitan seat at Canterbury, and this pre-eminence was confirmed by several subsequent popes, and is still retained by the archbishop of this see. The city lost its secular pre-eminence on the consolidation of all England into one kingdom in the beginning of the ninth century; but the revolutions of twelve hundred years have left it still the metropolis of the national church.

In the Cathedral behind the choir, is the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, erected about 1184, in honor of St. Thomas a Becket, and long the most attractive part of the church, as containing his shrine. "This shrine," says Stow, "was builded upon a man height, all of stone, then upward of timber plain, within which was a chest of iron, containing the bones of Thomas a Becket, scull and all, with the wound of his death, and the piece cut out of his scull laid in the same wound. The timber work of this shrine, on the outside, was covered with plates of gold, damasked with gold wire, which ground of gold was again covered with jewels of gold, as rings, ten or twelve cramped with gold wire into the said ground of gold; many of those rings have stones in them, brooches, images, angels, precious stones, and great pearls." Hither, in 1220, the body of the saint was removed from the crypt under ground, where it had till then been deposited; the Pope's legate, the archbishops of Canterbury and Rheims, and divers other bishops and abbots, bearing the coffin on their shoulders, amidst a display of all that was most gorgeous and imposing in the pomps and splendors of the ancient ritual. The king himself, Henry III, was present. The expenditure of Stephen Langton, the archbishop, is said to have been so profuse on this occasion, that he left a debt upon the revenues of the see which was not discharged till the time of his fourth successor. The cost, however, was in time amply repaid. Becket's shrine continued to draw an immense revenue of gifts to the church as long as the old religion lasted. Erasmus, who was admitted to a sight of the treasure, deposited in the sacred chamber a short time before the reformation, tells us, that under a coffin of wood, enclosing another of gold, which was drawn up from its place by ropes and pulleys, he beheld an amount of riches the value of which he could not estimate. Gold, he says, was the meanest thing to be seen: the whole place shone and glittered with the rarest and most precious jewels, most of which were of an extraordinary size, some being larger than the egg of a goose. At the dissolution, Henry VIII seized upon all this wealth. Stow says, that "the spoil in gold and precious stones filled two great chests, one of which, six or seven strong men could do no more than convey out of the church at once." One of the precious stones, called the Regal of France, which had been presented by Louis VII, he set and wore as a thumb-ring. At the same time he ordered the remains of Becket to be burned, and the ashes scattered to the wind. The bones of St. Dunstan and St. Anselm, which were also preserved in the cathedral of Canterbury, were probably treated in the same way. The only trace of the shrine of the martyr that now remains is afforded by the pavement around the spot where it stood, which is worn down by the knees of the crowds of worshippers that, during more than three centuries, offered here their oblations and their prayers. The spot, we may here mention, which is pointed out as that on which Becket was assassinated, is in the northern portion of the western transcept. That part of the church is, on this account, called the Martyrdom. At the east end of the chapel of the Holy Trinity is another of a circular form, called Becket's Crown, probably from the manner in which the ribs of the arched roof meet in the center. It appears not to have been finished at the time of the reformation; and the works being then suspended, it remained in that state till about the middle of the last century, when it was completed at the expense of a private citizen.

In the chapel of the Holy Trinity stands the old patriarchal chair in which the archbishops are enthroned, and which, according to tradition, was the regal seat of the Saxon kings of Kent. It is formed of three pieces of gray marble, cut in pannels, the under part being solid, like that of a seat cut out of a rock. In this chapel also, among other monuments, is that of the Black Prince, still in wonderful preservation after the lapse of nearly four centuries and a-half. On a handsome sarcophagus of gray marble, richly sculptured with coats-of-arms and other ornaments, lies the figure of the warrior in copper gilt, with his face displayed, but the rest of his body cased in armor. The sword, which had at one time been hung by his girdle, now lies loose by his side. Covering the whole is a wooden embattled canopy, and suspended over this are some of the actual weapons and other armor worn by the prince: his gauntlets, broidery, and the scabbard of his dagger, displaying the arms of England and France. It is commonly said that the weapon itself was taken away by Oliver Cromwell, but this tradition has probably arisen from its having disappeared in the civil confusions of Cromwell's time. The shield of the prince hangs on a pillar near the head of his tomb. Among other tombs in this the most sacred part of the church, are that of Henry IV, and his second wife Queen Jane of Naverre, and those of Archbishop Courtney, Cardinal Chatillon, (of the Coligny family,) and Cardinal Pole. In other parts of the church are the monuments of Archbishop Chichelly, Bourchier, Walter Peckham, Warham, Ludbury, and many other personages connected with it in ancient times.

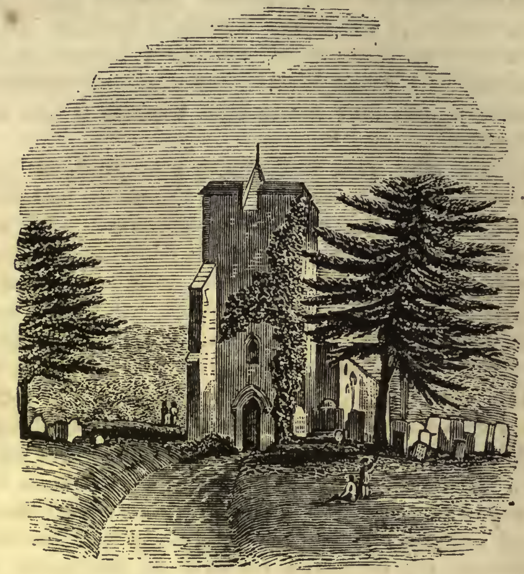
The monastery of St. Augustine is commonly believed to have been founded originally by the saint whose name it bears; and in one of the works in the library of the Cathedral, it is stated that "the ground thereupon to build was given by grant to Augustine by King Ethelbert, for dedication to St. Peter and St. Paul." By later records we find that St. Dunstan, in the year 978, renewed that dedication, adding to those of the Apostles above named that of St. Augustine.

Up to the present day the history of this monastery is exceedingly curious. At the dissolution of religious houses, Henry VIII "seized upon it," we are told, "as a place for himself." Queen Mary afterwards granted it to Cardinal Pole for life. Having reverted to the Crown at the death of Pole, Elizabeth, in 1573, paid a visit to the city of Canterbury, and kept her court within the walls of this edifice. Lord Wotton subsequently became possessor of the monastery, and here it was that Charles II was entertained at the Restoration.

At the present day, this building is a magnificent ruin. The west front stretches along 250 feet, and the walls, inclosing an area of about fourteen acres, are still in part standing. For some years the chief building adjoining the ancient gateway has been used as a *public-house;* and the gateway itself, with a splendid room, the ceiling of which is very curiously painted, has been for some time used as a brewhouse, and the painting miserably defaced by the smoke and steam. The landlord has turned the great court-yard into a bowling-green, the fine chapel adjoining the north of the church into a five-courts, and the great room over the gate into a cock-pit. We are, however, glad to learn that these acts of Vandalism are at an end in this case. "To preserve from comple destruction," says the London News, "so noble an edifice, the ruins of which are consecrated by the religion of our forefathers, has been the object of the honorable member for Maidstone, Mr. Hope, who has purchased the estate for the express purpose of preserving it from further demolition and desecration, and restoring its pristine beauty."

Westward from the ruins of St. Augustine's monastery, on the brow of a hill, stands the venerable church of St. Martin-in-the-fields, celebrated as the building in which Queen Bertha is said to have had the service of religion performed to herself and her Christian attendants, by her chaplain Luidhard, before the arrival of the Roman missionary. Here also Augustine first performed mass, and King Ethelbert is said to have worshipped.

The body of this interesting church, now under substantial repairs, is built of Roman bricks and flint stones, strongly cemented with a concrete matter, which we found to be quite as hard, if not harder, than the flinty portion itself. Upon entering the church by the eastern door, we found the masonry of the period when it was built, for the authorities could not exactly agree, in our hearing, whether its erection preceded the Saxon invasion or not. The opinion most general was consonant with that hitherto credited, that it was built of the materials, if not upon the site, of a Roman edifice: the masonry has been carefully restored, and every provision has been made to prevent the original from being marred by the mixture of modern masonry. The ancient font, which it is pretended is the identical one used at the baptism of King Ethelbert, is now being cleaned prior to its being again used in the sacrament of baptism. The inscriptions, which are of great antiquity, have been carefully preserved. One in the old black letter character, engraven in brass, is inserted in a mural stone, of which the following is a copy:



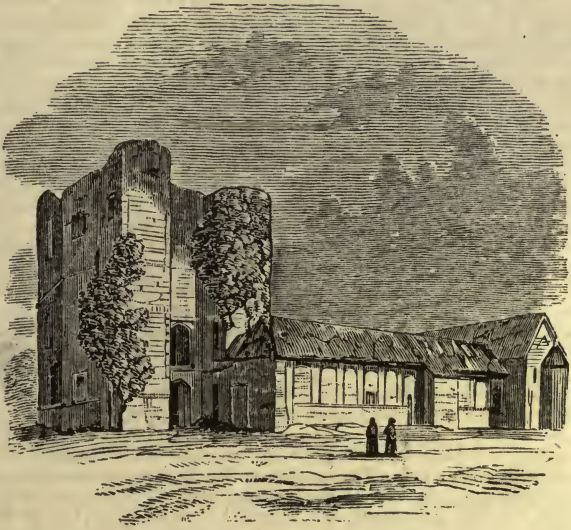
St. Martin's Church, near Canterbury.

Pray for the Soules of Stevyn Fawrs and Alys his wife the which decessed the 1 day of May M.CCCCC. and sex, on whose soules Et have mercy. Amen.

St. Pancras Chapel is an edifice of great antiquity, situate on the eastern side of St. Augustine's monastery. The materials and architecture appear to be Roman, and from the most ancient records of the city deposited in the ecclesiastical archives, to which we had access through the liberality of the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral, we perceive that the tradition is that this was King Ethelbert's private chapel in which he worshipped his ancestral gods before his conversion to Christianity.

The annexed engraving is a representation of the ruins of Otford Castle, in Kent, in the vicinity of Seven-Oaks, a market town, about twenty-three miles from London. The portion of gateway and outbuildings here seen, is all that remains of the once noble Archiepiscopal Palace of the See of Canterbury.

Within its walls many of the most celebrated of the Archbishops of Canterbury have resided, and vast sums of money were spent in making it a goodly fabric; and it is related that Warham, who was made Archbishop in 1502, expended £33,000 in adorning and enlarging the building. Cranmer, Warham's successor in the See of Canterbury, surrendered Otford to Henry VIII, as he did also the neighboring manor of the Knole and its appurtenances, which had been bequeated to the see of Canterbury by Archbishop Bourchier.



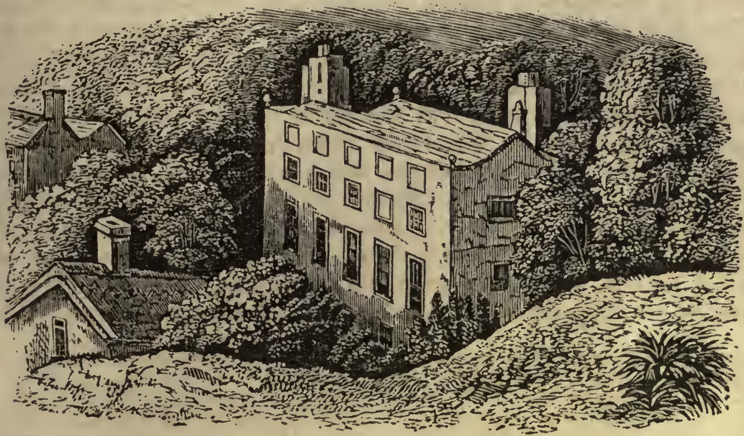
Ruins of Otford Castle, Kent.

The Knole has since been in the possession of different noble families, and the glorious mansion, the chief part of which was erected in the time of Elizabeth and James I, is still intact; but of Otford little more than a gateway, as before observed, remains to attest the site. The style of the gateway shows it to have been erected about the afterpart of the reign of Henry VII; it may be earlier, but, perhaps, is the work of Bourchier or his successor Dene, who mostly resided at Otford during his brief possession of the mitre. Near this gateway is a beautiful spring of water traditionally called "Thomas A'Becket's Bath."

THOMAS A BECKET.

Thomas Becket was born at London 1119, and educated at Merton Abbey in Surrey, and afterwards at Oxford and Paris. By the favor of his patron, Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, he passed to Bononia in Italy, where he studied civil law, and soon after embraced the ecclesiastical profession, and so highly was he recommended to King Henry II, that he was made chancellor, 1158. As a courtier, Becket assumed all the gaiety of the times, and when he attended the king to Toulouse, he maintained in his train 1,200 horse, besides 700 knights or gentlemen. On the death of Theobald, the monarch rewarded his favorite with the vacant see, but, by resigning the seals of chancellor, he offended his benefactor; and his subsequent haughtiness and obstinacy, and the high tone in which he asserted the privileges of the church, further widened the breach, and disturbed the peace of the kingdom. As the guardian of his people, Henry wished for a community of laws, but Becket refused to repress the disorders of his clergy by suffering them to be tried in the same manner as the laity, and though for a time he assented to the famous constitutions of Clarendon, he retracted his acquiesence, and resigned his archiepiscopal office at the feet of the pope, who not only forgave the error of his judgment, by reinstating him, but espoused his cause and annulled the decrees. Supported by the papal power, the primate excommunicated those who favored the royal cause, and Henry, swollen with indignation, banished his relations and adherents, and sent them in disgrace and indigence to their exiled master. Becket continued to indulge his resentment. Not only the representations and entreaties of the clergy, but the interference of the pope by two cardinals, proved for a while abortive with the haughty prelate, who, when at last he condescended to see his sovereign, 1167, broke off the conference because Henry refused to give him the kiss of peace. In 1169, however, another meeting, with difficulty, took place on the confines of Normandy, and a reconciliation was affected, and the king, in proof of his sincerity, held the bridle of Becket's horse while he mounted and dismounted twice. The return of the primate to his country was not attended with the conduct which the friends of public peace expected; he refused to restore the excommunicated bishops; and so irritated was Henry on hearing this, that he exclaimed, "he was an unhappy prince, since none of his followers had either spirit or gratitude to revenge his wrongs on so insolent a priest." The words animated four of his courtiers, who sailed for England and dashed out the prelate's brains before the altar of his cathedral on the 29th of December, 1171. The murderers fled, and to expiate their crimes, they undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where they died. The news of Becket's death alarmed Henry, who not only exculpated himself before the pope, but performed penance at the shrine of the murdered priest, and not only passed the night on the cold pavement in penitence and prayer, but suffered himself to be scourged by the monks. To the violence of his death, and not his virtues, Becket was indebted for the honors paid to his memory. He not only became a saint by the indulgence of the church, but so numerous were the miracles wrought at his tomb that two large volumes could scarce contain the mention of them. The spot was visited by thousands with religious awe, and the shrine of the saint, like that of a god of Delphi in ancient times, was adorned with whatever was most costly, rich, and valuable in the kingdom.

The above is the representation of the Quebec House in Westerham, county of Kent, a market-town about twenty-two miles south-east from London. It was the birthplace of Gen. James Wolfe, so celebrated in American Colonial history, who was born here in January, 1726. He was the son of Lieut. Gen. Edward Wolfe, and though of a slight bodily form, early embraced the military profession. He distinguished himself during the war on the Continent, and at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, instead of resigning himself to indolence and pleasure, he devoted himself more assiduously to military labors, and when lieutenant-colonel of Kingsley's regiment, he introduced such order and discipline in the corps, that the gallant conduct of the soldiers in the plains of Minden is proverbial to this day. These great talents did not long remain in obscurity; when Mr. Pitt was placed at the head of affairs, the genius of Wolfe was called forth to execute his gigantic plans. Though the meditated attack on Rouchefort was abandoned, the fall of Louisburg displayed to the admiration of the nation, the abilities of their favorite general, who was immediately after selected, 1759, for the command of the expedition against Quebec. In this bold enterprise, the many difficulties from situations and from superior number, were quickly surmounted by perseverance and by military stratagem, and the English troops, permitted to face their enemy, triumphed over all opposition; but in the moment of victory the conqueror received a ball through his wrist; yet, disregarding the wound, he animated his men to the battle. A second ball, a few minutes after, shot him through the body, and rendered it necessary to carry him off to the rear of the troops. In his last agonies his attention was roused by the cry of "they run!" and eagerly inquiring who ran, he no sooner heard the reply, "the defeated French," than he exclaimed, "then I thank God, and I die contented," and instantly expired, 13th September, 1759. His remains were brought to England, and buried with becoming pomp in Westminster Abbey, where a splendid monument was erected by the nation to his honor. His death forms the subject of a painting by West. To the great abilities of the general, to steadiness, strength, and activity of mind, Wolfe united the milder virtues of life, sincerity and candor, a quick sense of honor, of justice, and public liberty. While he bore the meed of superiority in constitutional courage, in penetration, in cool judgment, and in unshaken presence of mind, he was equally admired for beneficence and charity, and the estimation of the great was accompanied by the love of the soldiery and the gratitude of the poor.



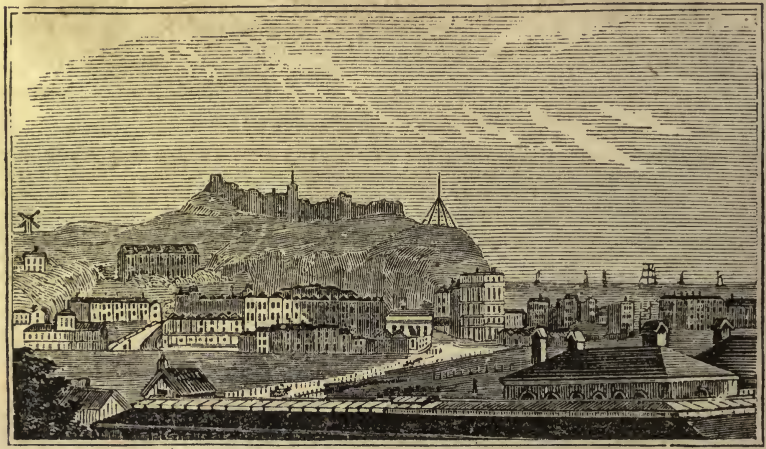
Birth-place of Gen. Wolfe, Westerham.

HASTINGS.

Hastings is an important parliamentary and municipal borough, in the county of Sussex, sixty-four miles south-east of London, and thirty-six from Tunbridge, containing about 12,000 inhabitants. It occupies the center of a valley, or cleft, between two lofty hills, as well as a considerable space along the sea-shore. It has a beach well adapted for bathing, and commands a fine view of the English channel. The annexed view was taken from above the Railway station, showing the old castle, the sea, &c.

This town is celebrated in English history for being the place where William the Conqueror first landed in this country, and also for the battle of Hastings, in the vicinity, fought shortly after, by which the Norman duke gained the throne of England.

On a lofty cliff, to the westward of the town, are the remains of a castle, the area enclosed by whose walls appears to have been about an acre and a quarter, but they are now in so imperfect a state as to render it almost impossible to determine their shape. The date of its erection is uncertain; but there is a reason for believing it to have been a Roman fortress, built for the protection of the coast against pirates; and probably repaired by the Danish rover, Hastings, from whom the town is said to have derived its present appellation. After this victory, William the Conqueror placed a garrison in this castle; and here, in 1090, his son Rufus received the homage of the British nobles previous to his departure for Normandy. Within its walls was an ecclesiastical establishment, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and supporting a dean and several canons, which subsisted until the time of Henry VIII, by whom its property was granted to Sir Anthony Browne. The castle, with the rape of Hastings, was bestowed by the Conqueror on Robert, earl of Eu; and after passing to various noble proprietors, among whom was William lord Hasting, the victim to his devoted attachment to the children of his benefactor, Edward IV, became, in the reign of James I, the property of the Pelham family. Some small remains of a priory of Black Canons, founded in the reign of Richard I, are still to be seen in the buildings attached to a farm-house, in the west side of the castle cliff.



View of Hastings, from above the Railway Station.

The town hall, beneath which is the market-place, is a plain building, erected in 1700, and presents no remarkable object, except a shield charged with the arms of France, taken from the gates of Quebec, and presented to the corporation by the late general Murray, who resided in the neighborhood, and was one of the jurats of the town.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

The battle of Hastings, fought October 14th, 1066, between William, Duke of Normandy, and Harold, king of England, is one of the most important military events in the history of England. William, surnamed the Conqueror, was the natural son of Robert duke of Normandy, by Arlotta, daughter of a furrier of Talais, where he was born in 1024. The illegitimacy of his birth did not prevent his being acknowledged by the Normans as their Duke. Being a kinsman of Edward the Confessor, king of England, he was by that monarch designated as his successor. Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, about this period ascended the throne with but little opposition, had perhaps equal claims to the kingdom.

William, with the flower of the French nobility, and an army of sixty thousand men, landed without opposition at Pevensy, near Hastings. Harold was at this time in York, where he had just gained a victory over the Danes, who had invaded his kingdom in the north. The following account is principally from M. Thierry, a celebrated French historian:

"After the fleet had anchored in the port of Pevensey, the Duke gave orders that the archers should be the first to disembark, and they accordingly landed; 'each,' says Wace, 'having his bow in his hand, with his quiver and arrows at his side; all of them clothed in short close garments, and having their hair cropt and their beards shaven; all reached the shore in safety, and found no armed men to dispute their passage.' Immediately after the landing of the archers came the knights in full armor, with their shields at their neck and their helmets braced. They were mounted on their war horses, and they at once leapt upon the sand, where, with their swords girt round them and their lances raised, they took possession of the plain. The barons had gonfanons, the knights, their pennons, and with these they drew themselves up next the archers. After this came the carpenters, the smiths, and the other workmen attached to the army, who brought along with them and discharged from the boats the whole materials of three wooden forts, or little castles, of which the different beams and planks had been prepared in Normandy. The Duke himself came last, and in leaping, all armed as he was, from the boat, his foot sunk and slipped on the wet sand, and he fell his whole length upon the beach. A cry arose among the soldiers that it was a bad omen. 'Nay, by the splendor of God,' cried William, employing his usual oath, and springing on his feet, 'it is not so: see you not that I have taken possession of the land without challenge—it will all be mine, as you shall soon see.' Upon this one of the soldiers ran to a little hamlet hard by, from the soil round which he took two handfuls of earth, and, coming to the Duke, he knelt down and said, 'my lord, I here give you seisin of this kingdom—it is yours.' To which William replied, 'I accept it, and may God keep it to me.' Orders were then given to construct a fortified camp, and to put together the wooden castles, which were defended by palisades and ditches, within which the army could protect itself in the event of any sudden attack.

King Harold lay at York wounded, and reposing himself after his victory, when word was brought him by a messenger who had been witness to the disembarkation, that the Duke of Normandy had landed his army and entrenched himself near Hastings. He received the news, as was to be expected, with an exclamation of deep regret that he had not been on the spot. 'Better to have surrendered,' said he, 'all that Tostig demanded, than not have been at the port when William came to anchor; I would have engaged my life that they should have been driven into the sea. But such was the will of God,' he added, 'and it was impossible for me to be every where at once.'

Wounded as he was, however, he resolved, with the characteristic promptitude and courage which distinguished him, instantly to march against the invader and give him battle.

"He began his march toward the south," says M. Thierry, "with his victorious army, giving orders as he advanced to all the chiefs of the provinces to arm their levies, and conduct them to London. The soldiers of the west came without delay, those of the north were retarded by the distance; yet still there was good ground to believe that the king of England would soon find himself surrounded by the forces of the whole country. One of those Normans who had escaped the operation of that act of exile which had been passed against them, and who now acted the part of a spy or secret agent of the invader, sent word to the Duke to be on his guard, adding, that in four days the son of Godwin would be at the head of 100,000 men; but Harold was too rapid in his movements to await the four days; nor could he overcome his desire instantly to attack the foreigners, especially when he learnt the indiscriminate ravage and havoc which they had committed round their encampment. The hope of sparing to his subjects the evils of a protracted war, and not unlikely the idea of repeating, by a bold and unexpected assault, the same manœuvre which had already procured him victory, determined him to march to Hastings, although with an army four times smaller than that of the Duke of Normandy. But the camp of William was carefully guarded against a surprise, and its outposts extended to a great distance; troops of cavalry, who fell back upon the entrenchments, brought instant and early notice of the approach of the Saxon king, who came on with the fierceness and celerity of a madman; so that, thwarted in his purpose of carrying the camp by a surprise, he was compelled to moderate his speed, and to halt within seven miles of the Norman position. Here he immediately changed his line of operations from the offensive to the defensive, and entrenched himself, apparently with the design of awaiting the attack of the enemy behind his fosse and palisades.

At this time the Duke of Normandy dispatched an eloquent monk named Hugh de Margot, to demand an interview with Harold, and to propose certain terms by which a general battle might still be avoided; but every proposition was treated with scorn. 'I will neither demit my royal dignity in favor of William,' said the Saxon monarch, 'nor submit to the arbitration of the Pope, nor meet the Duke in single combat.' A second message conveyed to him the offer of the whole of his kingdom beyond the Humber, and to his brother Gurth the immense possessions of Earl Godwin; but it was treated with equal derision and indignity. 'Then hear, Harold,' exclaimed Hugh de Margot, in a loud and solemn voice, 'my master's last message. He bids me tell thee that thou art a perjured and lying man; that thou and all that support thy quarrel are excommunicated by the Pope, and that he is himself in possession of the bull.'

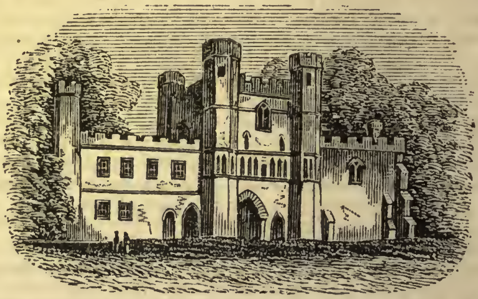
If we may believe the Norman historians, the Saxon leaders and their men at arms who stood around them, trembled, and looked troubled at the mention of this dreaded word of excommunication; and it required all the arguments of Gurth, the younger brother of Harold, to re-establish their confidence. Nor was this all that the king owed to this brave youth, who afterwards fell in the battle. Gurth earnestly entreated him to fall back upon London and collect new reinforcements, while he and his brother Leofwin sustained the attack of the Normans; but Harold replied that it would ill become him to remain at a distance, while others hazarded their lives, and, full of his usual courage and confidence of victory, proceeded to make his dispositions for the battle.

Upon that ground, known by a name borrowed from the battle, the Anglo-Saxon lines occupied a chain of little hills, fortified on all sides by a rampart of strong wooden piles. On the night of the 13th of October, William announced to his army, that on the day following he had determined to fight. Upon this the priests and monks, who, with the hopes of plunder, had changed their cassocks for steel coats, and followed the army in great numbers, resumed their religious duties, and while the knights and soldiers were preparing their arms and their horses, offered up prayers and sang litanies for the safety of the host. The little portion of time which remained was employed by the soldiers in the confession of their sins, and receiving Sacrament. In the other army the night passed in a very different manner, the Saxons abandoning themselves to great revelry, shouting and singing their ancient national ballads, crowding round their camp fires, and quaffing their horns full of beer and wine.

When morning broke in the Norman camp, the Bishop Bayeux, clothed in a steel hauberk which he wore beneath his rocquet, celebrated mass, and blessed the troops: he then threw himself upon a superb white horse, and with his lance in his hand drew up his squadron of cavalry. The Norman army was divided into three columns or lines. In the first were the men at arms belonging to the counties of Boulogne and Ponthieu, along with the greater part of those who served for pay; the second consisted of the Bretons and Poitevins; and the third was formed of the best troops of Normandy, led by the Duke in person. In front of each of these columns or batallia were drawn up several lines of footmen clothed in light armor, worn over a quilted cassock, and bearing either long bows or steel cross-bows. The Duke rode a Spanish horse, with which a rich Norman had presented him, on his return from a pilgrimage to Sant Iago, in Galicia. He wore suspended round his neck the most holy of the relics upon which Harold had sworn; and a young Norman called Tonstain-le-Blanc carried at his side the standard which had been blessed by the Pope. At the moment when the soldiers were about to march, with a loud voice he thus addressed them:—"Take care that you fight well, and to the death: if the day is ours, it will make our fortunes for us all. Whatever I gain, you shall gain; if this land is to be mine, it shall be yours also. You know well that I am come here not only to claim my right, but to avenge our nation of the felony, perjury, and treasons of these English. Have they not murdered the Danes upon the night of Saint Brice, slaying alike both women and men? Have they not decimated the companions of Alfred, my ancestor, and caused them to perish? Advance then, and with the aid of God let us revenge upon them all their misdeeds."

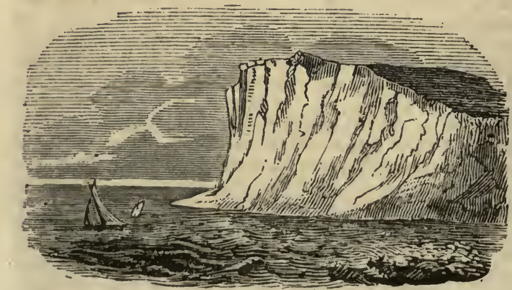
The army moved forward, and soon found itself in view of the Saxon camp, which lay to the north-west of Hastings, and the priests and monks who had hitherto marched in the ranks, now left them in a body and took their station upon a neighboring height, where they could offer up their prayers, and behold the battle undisturbed. At this moment a Norman knight, named Taillefer, spurred his horse in front of the battle, and with a loud voice began the song of Charlemagne and Roland, chanting those valorous deeds which were then famous throughout France. As he sung, he played with his sword, casting it high in the air and catching it again with his right hand, while the Normans joined in the chorus, or shouted their cry of God aid us! God aid us! Arrived within bow shot, the archers began to discharge their arrows, and the cross-bowmen their quarrels, but the shots were for the most part blunted or thrown off by the high parapet which surrounded the Saxon entrenchments. The foot lancers and the cavalry then advanced to the gates of the fortification and attempted to force them; but the Anglo-Saxons drawn up on foot around their standard, which was fixed in the earth, and forming a compact and solid mass behind their entrenchments, received their assailants with tremendous cuts of their steel axes, which were so heavy and sharp, that they broke the lances and cut sheer through the coats of mail. This so dispirited the Normans, that unable either to force the entrenchments, or remove the palisades, they retreated upon the column which William commanded, worn out with their fruitless attack. The Duke, however, commanded the archers to advance anew, giving orders to them no longer to shoot point blank, but with an elevation, so that the arrows might decend within the entrenchments of the enemy. Many of the English were wounded by this manœuvre, chiefly in the face, and Harold himself had his eye struck by an arrow, notwithstanding which he still continued to fight at the head of his army. The Norman infantry and cavalry again advanced to the attack, encouraging each other by shouts of God aid us! and invocations to the virgin; but they were repulsed by a sudden sally from one of the gates of the entrenched camp, and driven back upon a ravine covered with brushwood and thick grass, where, from the roughness of the ground, their horses stumbled, and falling confusedly and thickly upon each other were slain in great numbers. At this moment a panic terror seemed to seize the foreign army: a report arose that the Duke had fallen, and a flight began which must soon have been fatal, had not William thrown himself before the fugitives, threatening and even striking them with his lance till he compelled them to turn back. "Behold me, my friends," cried he, taking off his helmet, "it is myself. I still live, and by the help of God I shall be victorious." Upon this, the men at arms renewed their attack upon the entrenchments, but still found it impossible to make a breach in the palisades, or to force the gates, when the Duke bethought himself of a stratagem, by which he might induce the English to break their ranks and leave their position. He gave orders to a squadron of a thousand horse to advance and afterwards to retire suddenly as if they fled. At the sight of this pretended flight the Saxons lost their presence of mind, and with one consent rushed from their entrenchments, with their battle-axes slung round their neck; suddenly a concealed body joined the fugitives who wheeled about, and the English, thrown into disorder, and taken by surprise in their turn, found themselves assaulted on all sides with the sword and the lance, whose strokes they could not ward off, both hands being employed in managing their ponderous battle-axes. Their ranks being once broken, the entrenchments were carried, and foot and horse indiscriminately rushed in, but the close battle was still maintained with great obstinacy and hand to hand. Duke William had his horse killed under him, and Harold, with his two brothers, fell dead at the foot of their standard, which was instantly torn down and replaced by the sacred banner that had been sent from Rome. The remains of the English army prolonged the struggle, till the shades of night falling upon the field rendered it impossible for the combatants to distinguish each other except by the difference of language.

The few surviving companions of Harold, to use the words of an old historian, after having well fulfilled their duty to their country, dispersed in all directions, yet many covered with wounds or worn out with their exertions, lay stretched along the neighboring roads, while the Normans in the fierce and cruel exultation of their victory, spurred and galloped their horses over the bodies of the vanquished. They remained all night upon the field of battle, and next day the Duke, at the rising of the sun, drew up his army, and from the roll which had been written before their departure from St. Valery, called the names of all who had landed in England. Multitudes of these now lay dead or dying, stretched beside the Saxons, and those who had the good fortune to survive, enjoyed as the first fruits of their victory, the plunder of the slain. In examining the dead bodies, thirteen were found with the monkish habit under their armor. These were the Abbot of Hida and his twelve companions; and the name of their monastry was the first which was inscribed in the black roll of the conquerors."



Battle Abbey, near Hastings.

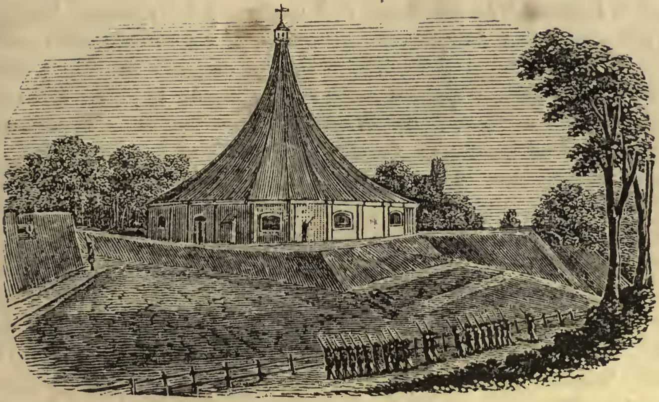
The annexed is the representation of the Abbey in the town of Battle, about eight miles from Hastings, and was founded by William the Conqueror to commemorate his victory, and the high altar in the church is said to have stood on the very spot where the body of Harold was found. At the time of the reformation the Abbey was dismantled. The Abbey has undergone many repairs, but enough of the original buildings remain to evince their magnificence.



Beachy Head.

The celebrated promontory of Beachy Head is on the coast of Sussex, between Hastings and Shoreham. It is the highest land on the southern coast, and is memorable for a decisive victory obtained within sight of it, in 1690, by the French, over the combined fleets of England and Holland.

WOOLWICH.



Rotunda at Woolwich.

Woolwich, in the county of Kent, is eight miles eastward of London Bridge, and is one of the most interesting and important situations for the maratime and military operations of Great Britain, possessing a most commodious dock-yard, arsenal, military barracks, magazines, a Royal Military Academy, &c. The population of the place is about 25,000, exclusive of the military, the number of whom stationed here is upwards of 3,000. In early times, Woolwich was a small fishing town. A dock-yard was founded here in 1512, and was called the "Mother Dock of England." In this dock-yard, now nearly a mile in length, and encompassed with a high wall, there was built, in the reign of Henry VIII, the great ship called *The Harry Grace à Dieu.* Here also was constructed in the reign of Charles I, *The Sovereign of the Seas*, the largest vessel that had hitherto been built in England, her burthen being 1,637 tons. By the Dutch she was called the "Golden Devil," from the destruction which her cannon made among their seamen. She carried 176 pieces of ordnance; she had five lanthorns, one of which would contain seven persons standing upright; and eleven anchors, the largest weighing 4,400 pounds.

One of the most attractive objects to the stranger is the *Military Repository*, situated on the common. The chief building on the grounds is the *Rotunda*, a circular structure raised on an elevated site in a tent-like form. This building is twenty-four sided, and 120 feet in diameter, and was at first erected by George IV, for the purpose of receiving and banqueting the Allied Sovereigns of Europe on their visit to England after the peace of 1814. After serving the original purpose, this banqueting hall was given to the military authorities of Woolwich, by whom it was placed in its present position, and converted into a museum for models of a naval and military character and other curiosities connected with the two services.

In the *Royal Arsenal* there is a foundery for casting brass cannon, &c., and the Laboratory fire-works, cartridges, &c., for the army and navy are made. The original cannon foundery was at the back of Upper Moorfields, in London, at a place afterwards converted by the Rev. John Wesley into a chapel. The cause of the removal was in consequence of the following accident. The Duke of Richmond having ordered a large re-cast of the guns taken by Marlborough from the French, a great concourse attended to witness the operation. Mr. Schalch, a Swiss, who happened to be present, felt convinced, by observing moisture in the moulds, that an explosion might be expected, and warned the Duke and the surrounding spectators of their danger. The warning being unheeded, the explosion took place, by which several persons were severely wounded. M. Schalch, having given proof of his knowledge, was appointed to find a suitable place for a foundery. In accordance with his commission he selected Woolwich.

The Royal Military Academy here, built in a castellated form, was completed in 1806, at a cost of £150,000. The officers of the royal artillery and royal engineers are exclusively supplied from this school. There is no town in the kingdom so decidedly a military one as Woolwich, and almost every trade in it has some reference to military matters. The interior of most of the buildings for the manufacture of the munitions of war, is sealed to the visitor, but the open spaces are not destitute of objects to arrest the attention—two appalling items to contemplate ; one is the ordnance, ranged in lines on the ground to the number of *twenty-eight thousand* pieces of large cannon, the other of shot and shells pyramidically built up to the number of four millions!

GRAVESEND, CHATHAM AND ROCHESTER.

Gravesend, twenty-one miles E. from London, was formerly of much note, from the circumstance of every outward bound vessel being obliged when it arrived before the town to come to an anchor, to be examined and obtain its clearance, and to take in its live and dead stock, and vegetables. Here it was that *Pocahontas*, so celebrated in the early history of Virginia, died as she was about to embark for America. When the new Custom house arrangements were made, the prosperity of Gravesend seemed to be in jeopardy. The introduction of steamboats on the Thames, and their superiority over the old sailing boats, was a new era in its history. The place is now within two hours distance of London by water, and one by railroad, which makes it quite a place of resort for vast numbers from the Metropolis, particularly on Sundays. The population has increased of late, being about 15,000.

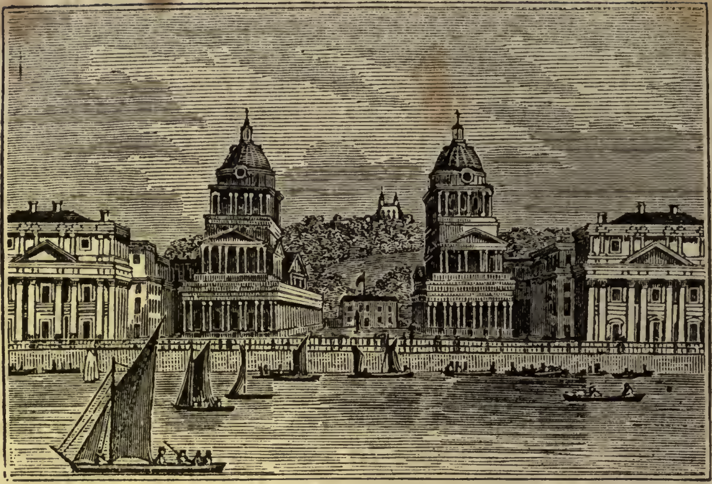
Across the river from Gravesend, here about half a mile wide, is *Tilbury Fort*, a place of note from the time of Henry VIII. The fort originated in an old beacon tower of Richard II, which Henry enlarged. At this fort, the great military camp was stationed to check the progress of the Spanish Amada, and here Queen Elizabeth delivered to the troops that famous harangue against the Spanish invaders. Its armament at present consists of sixty dismounted guns, and a garrison of sixty invalid veterans; the effective force being a corporal's guard and a master gunner.

Chatham, thirty-one miles E. from London, lies on the south bank of the river Medway, about eight miles above its confluence with the mouth of the Thames. Population upwards of 21,000. It is one of the important stations of the Royal Navy; the yards and magazines being furnished with all kinds of stores and materials for building, rigging and repairing the largest vessels. The place is strongly guarded by extensive fortifications called lines; these are strengthened by ramparts, ditches, &c., and a strong redoubt on the summit of a hill. The dock-yard is nearly a mile long. There are seven slips for building vessels, and four wet docks capable of receiving vessels of the largest size. In the rope-house, which extends to over 1,100 feet, cables are constructed of above 100 fathoms in length, of an immense size.

The military establishments of Chatham include barracks for the marines, infantry of the line, and artillery; also hospitals, and a school for the instruction of young officers, privates, and recruits, in the practical knowledge of the duties of the engineering service. Privates, belonging to the Engineers and to the Sappers and Miners, are here instructed in all that relates to fortification, garrison operations, and field service.

Rochester, with *Strood* and Chatham, which together extend about two miles along the banks of the Midway, form to the eye but one long continued narrow city, and together comprise a population of upwards of 40,000. Strood is chiefly noticeable as being the railway station for the three towns—Rochester for its castle and cathedral—and Chatham for its dock-yards, barracks, and fortifications. Rochester probably is the oldest of the three towns. It was walled round as early as the time of Ethelbert I; the walls are supposed to have been built by the Romans, some traces of which remain. The older portions of the present ruins of the castle are of the early style of Norman architecture. In the reign of John, Rochester Castle was taken possession of by the insurgent barons, but they were however obliged to surrender to the king's forces. The last repair of the building is stated to have been in the year 1461, in the reign of Edward IV; since that period it appears to have been almost entirely neglected. The Cathedral is, as it looks, one of the oldest buildings in England.

GREENWICH.



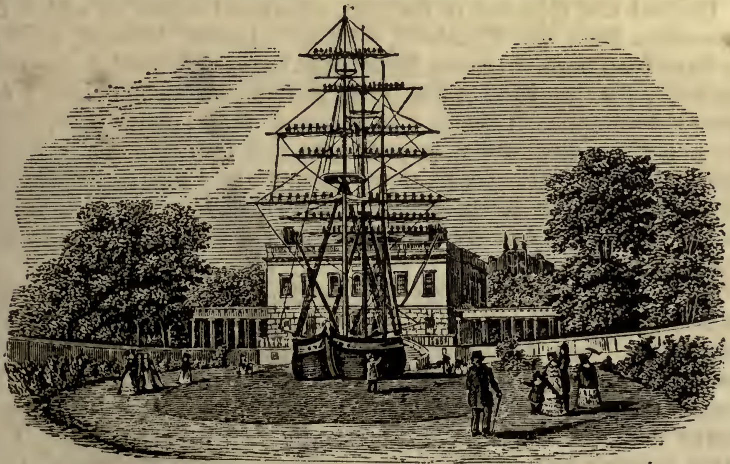
Greenwich Hospital.

Greenwich Hospital, in the county of Kent, is situated on the southern bank of the Thames, five miles from London. This magnificent institution was founded by William and Mary, in 1694, for maintaining, lodging, and clothing 300 maimed seamen, a number which since has increased to 3,000, independently of about 32,000 out pensioners. The Hospital consists of five distinct piles of buildings, distinguished by names of *King Charles'*, *Queen Ann's*, *King William's* and *Queen Mary's* buildings; and the *Naval Asylum*, or *Royal Hospital Schools.* A portion of King Charles and Queen Ann's buildings is seen on the right and left of the annexed engraving, immediately facing the river, divided by the square 270 feet in width. Beyond the square are seen the Hall and Chapel, with their finely proportioned domes, and the two colonnades, having the appearance of an avenue, terminated by the Naval Asylum. Greenwich Park, and the *Royal Observatory* on the summit of the hill, are seen in the distance.

The building on the right with a dome is King William's, in which is the *Painted Hall* or Naval Gallery, containing the portraits of naval commanders and representations of their warlike achievements; the most of which are executed in a very superior manner. The walls and ceiling of the apartments are covered with emblematic paintings, by Sir James Thornhill. He commenced this work in 1708, and completed it in 1727, receiving for his labor the inadequate sum of £6,685, being at the rate of £1 per yard for the sides, and £8 per yard for the ceiling. To execute this last painting the artist was obliged to lie on his back for some months. The apartment called the "Nelson Room" is devoted to paintings representing various scenes in that celebrated commander's life, with a number of interesting relics.

In the principal apartment are several busts of distinguished personages, several models of distinguished ships of the Royal Navy, including that of the *Victory*, lost in 1744, of the *Centurion* which bore Commodore Anson's broad pendant, the *Royal George*, sunk at Spithead in 1782, the instrument used by Sir Francis Drake for nautical observations. But the most interesting object to be seen here, is the identical coat and waistcoat worn by Lord Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. This celebrated hero fell by a musket-ball fired by some one stationed in the rigging of the opposing French ship. The place where the ball in its downward course entered his coat near his shoulder, and the stain of blood on his white waistcoat are plainly seen.

The chapel, (seen in the engraving with a dome on the left,) is built in the Grecian style. Immediately before the entrance in the vestibule are statues of *Faith*, *Hope*, *Charity* and *Meekness*, from designs by West, with appropriate inscriptions. The lower part of the chapel is appropriated to the pensioners and nurses, and contains seats for about 1,400 persons. It is richly ornamented with scriptural paintings, statuary and nautical emblems.



Naval School at Greenwich, with Block Model Ship.

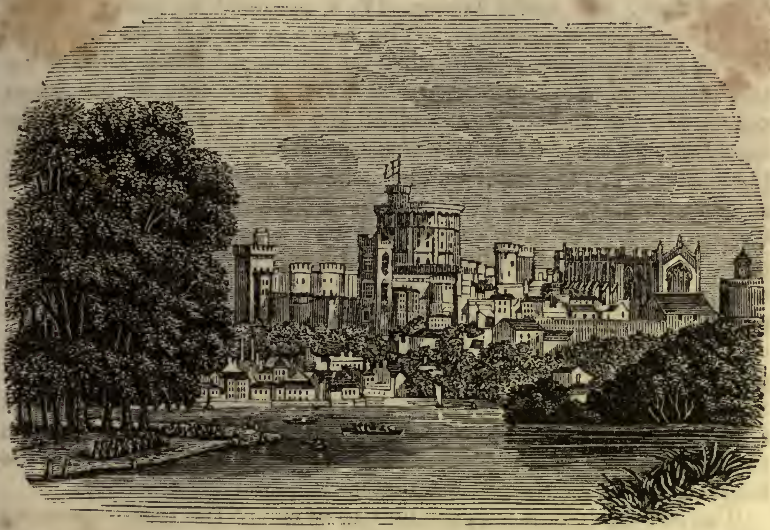
The above shows the appearance of the block model ship at Greenwich, (a corvette of 500 tons,) in which the senior boys of the Upper School of the Royal Hospital are exercised in reefing, furling sails, &c. The model ship is also supplied with small pieces of brass ordnance, in exercising which a number of the boys acquire a fundamental knowledge of gunnery. This school consists of 400 boys, the sons of officers, seamen, and marines in the Queen's service, and of officers and seamen in the merchant service. They are admitted between the ages of ten and eleven, and receive an excellent practical education in navigation and nautical astronomy, and leave the school at the age of fifteen years. The Lower school also contains 400 boys, the children of seamen in the navy, or of non-commissioned officers and privates of the marines, who are instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, the rudiments of navigation, and other generally useful acquirements. They also receive instruction from the shoemaker, tailor, carpenter, smith and other tradesmen; and on leaving school are chiefly sent to sea. The schools are supported from the general funds of the Royal Hospital.

The Royal Observatory is situated in Greenwich Park, on its elevated grounds back of the Hospital. Considering their importance, the Observatory buildings are of an inferior character compared with many other public structures. The spire on the eastern turrit has a "Time ball," by which the commanders of vessels in the Thames set their chronometers. At five minutes before 1 o'clock the ball is raised half way up the vane spire; at two minutes before one the ball rises to the top; and, as the instrument tells to the moment the hour of one, the ball falls.

Beyond the Hospital is the quaint featured house in which the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, with their brother Edward, are said to have been born. Queen Elizabeth always exhibited the greatest partiality for the place of her birth, and almost always made it her summer residence, passing the hours of that romantic period in various diversions, attended with tilts and tournaments, in which the gallant knights of her court exerted their skill to amuse her. In 1539 a council sat at Greenwich, in which it was determined to be contrary to law for any nuncio from the Pope to enter into the realm.

Greenwich Park was laid out in the reign of Charles II, and contains 200 acres, and is planted principally with elms and Spanish chestnuts; some of the latter have attained a large size. There are also some picturesque Scotch firs near the Observatory. The grounds are beautifully diversified by hills and dales, numerous walks and green fields, in which are seen deer grazing. This place is much frequented by vast numbers of the citizens of London who come here by the railway at a small expense, taking their provisions with them. There are numerous establishments in the town for furnishing visitors with conveniences for making their own tea, &c., at a trifling charge, so that the poorer classes can enjoy a day of recreation in these delightful grounds without much expense.

WINDSOR AND ITS VICINITY.



View of Windsor Castle, St. George's Chapel, &c.

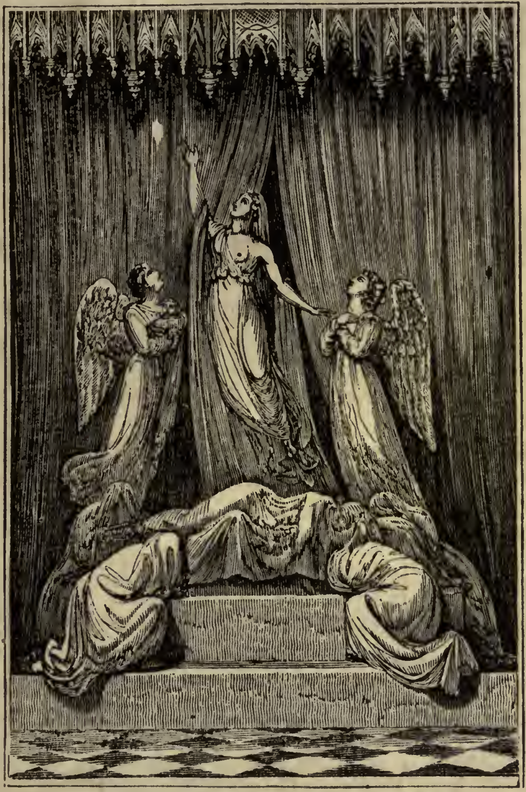
[The annexed engraving shows the appearance of part of the modern town of Windsor, on the banks of the Thames. The Round Tower of the castle is seen on the elevation above the town, and St. George's Chapel on the right.]

Windsor, the residence of the Royal Family of Great Britain, is a borough in the county of Berkshire, twenty-two miles westerly from London. It has been a royal demense ever since the time of William the Conqueror, who received it from the hands of the Abbot of Westminster, in exchange for lands in Essex. The picturesque beauty of its scenery, its noble forest, and the interesting historical associations connected with the vicinity, all combine to confer upon it peculiar attractions; but it owes its chief celebrity to its magnificent castle, the favorite residence of a long line of kings. This castle stands upon a high hill, which rises from the town by a gentle ascent; and its fine terrace, faced with a rampart of freestone, 1,870 feet in length, is one of the noblest walks in Europe, with regard to strength, grandeur and prospects. It was built originally by William the Conqueror, and enlarged by Henry I. Edward III, (who was born in it,) caused the greater part of the edifice to be taken down, and rebuilt in its present form. Great additions were made to it by Edward IV, Henry VII, Henry VIII, and Elizabeth. Charles II enlarged the windows and made them regular, furnished the royal apartments with paintings, enlarged the terrace walk on the north side, and carried it round the east and south sides.

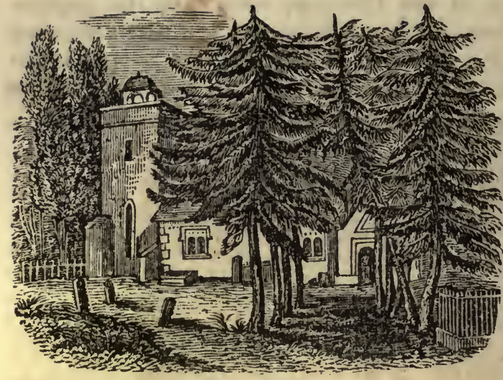
After the accession of the present house of Brunswick, and in particular during the reign of George III, splendid improvements were made; and under George IV, it assumed its present grand and magnificent appearance. The castle is divided into two large courts, separated from each other by the round tower allotted for the residence of the governor. On the north side of the upper courts are the state apartments of his late majesty, and on the south are the suit of rooms set apart for the officers of state. In the center of the court is an equestrian statue of Charles II. The royal apartments are adorned with a splendid collection of paintings, and the royal chapel is embellished with a variety of superb carvings, by the celebrated Gibbons. In the lower ward of the castle is St. Georges' chapel, an elegant and highly finished structure, of pointed architecture, began by Edward III, in 1337, in honor of the order of the garter. On the south side of the town is the great park, which is fourteen miles in circumference. From that part of the castle called the round tower, the eye embraces one of the most noble and extensive prospects in England; for not fewer than twelve counties may be discerned with the naked eye; while the landscape presents every combination of picturesque beauty.

The cut opposite is a representation of one of the most expressive groups ever executed in marble. It was erected as a tribute to the memory of the Princess Charlotte, who was universally beloved by the nation at large. "The guineas of the rich, and the pence of the poor, were cheerfully contributed for this sacred purpose." This monument, designed and executed by Matthew Wyatt, was completed in 1826, and erected in St. George's chapel, Windsor. The subject is divided into two compartments: in the lower one the deceased Princess is represented as lying on a bier, covered with drapery, the lower part of one hand being alone visible, although the outline of the whole figure is preserved. At each corner is an attendant female mourner. The apothesis of the Princess forms the second division of the subject: her spirit is ascending from a mausoleum, supported by two angels, one of whom bears her infant. The whole group is surmounted by an elegant canopy, enriched with point work and gilding, the arms of Great Britain, and those of the house of Saxe-Cobourg, being boldly emblazoned in the center.

The marriage of the Princess Charlotte, on the 3d day of May, 1816, was an event which excited the greatest joy. All the circumstances tended to give satisfaction. It was a marriage of choice, in which political calculations had no weight. The chosen husband, Prince Leopold, was the third son of a minor German prince, a captain of cavalry in the Austrian service, with hardly any other fortune than his sword. His advantages of person, the reputation of an amiable character, and an accomplished mind, and above all, his being the choice of the Princess, made him the popular idol of the hour. The marriage was solemnized with extraordinary magnificence in the Carlton House. The Duke of Clarence introduced the bride, and the Prince Regent gave her away. In the course of the ensuing summer, it was observed that the princess and her father, (afterwards George IV,) did not meet as often as they had previously done. This circumstance was ascribed to her taking the part of her mother, the Princess of Wales, against her father the Prince Regent, who intended to separate himself from his wife by a divorce. But the plan was abandoned through the spirited conduct of her daughter, and no open act of hostility was entered into, against the Princess of Wales, during the life of the Princess Charlotte. The death of the young Princess took place on the 18th of Nov., 1816, at Claremont, a few hours after giving birth to a still-born child. Never was a sorrow more universal than that felt at the death of this princess; and when her remains were conveyed from Claremont to Windsor, on the 18th of November, they were followed by the tears and regret of all England.



Princess Charlotte's Monument, at Windsor.



Old Windsor Church.

Old Windsor is a small village near the banks of the Thames, two miles from the town of New Windsor. In the Domesday book, this village is said to consist of one hundred houses, twenty-two of which were exempt from taxes. Previous to the conquest, it is reported to have formed a strong pass, and to have been the seat of several Saxon kings; but from the period when the Conqueror fixed his seat on the neighboring hill, (the present site of Windsor Castle,) it gradually decayed; the NEW town, which sprung up under the protection of the fortress, having superior attractions.

The village is of a picturesque character. The church is a venerable structure, and its walls bear the hatchments of many honored names. The church-yard has much of that pensive beauty which befits a resting place for wearied nature. The principal approach is through an avenue of majestic elms, and yew and cypress trees lend an air of peaceful solemnity to the scene. On the left of the avenue is a plain monumental tomb on which are the following lines:

"Of Beauty's isle her daughters must declare
She who sleeps here was fairest of the fair;
But ah! while Nature on her favorite smiled,
And Genius claimed his share in Beauty's child,
Even as they wove a garland for her brow,
Sorrow prepared a willowy wreath of woe,
Mixed lurid nightshades with the buds of May,
And twined her darkest cypress with the bay,
In mildew tears steeped every opening flower,
Preyed on the sweets, and gave the canker power.
Yet O, may Pity's angel from the grave,
The early victim of misfortune save,
And, as she springs to everlasting morn,
May Glory's fadeless crown her soul adorn."

This is in memory of the celebrated Mrs. Robinson, who lies buried here. This unfortunate woman, so celebrated for her personal attractions and her connection with George IV, died in 1800, at Englefield Green, in the vicinity, neglected and poor, at the age of forty-three. The latter part of her life was gloomy as her youth had been brilliant: the canker worm of care and disappointment spoiled her personal attractions, and she became dropsical, and lost the use of her limbs.

Mrs. Robinson was a talented and beautiful actress. Her husband being unwilling or unable to provide for her, she was compelled to obtain her own livelihood. Young and inexperienced she went upon the stage, to be assailed by every temptation which wealth and art could command. She, more than other women, was destined to a trying ordeal. The Prince of Wales, at the age of eighteen, saw, admired, and became enamored of her. Being at this time a kind of prisoner at Kew, he could not sue in person. He, however, obtained, as his "go between," Lord Malden, and as it is sometimes asserted, the celebrated Charles James Fox. These persons were of such "super-eminent loyalty" to the heir apparent, that they did not hesitate to stoop to pander to his appetites. Having full powers to treat, they entered into negotiations with the lady, who, captivated by the glittering prize held out to her, in due form acceded to the wishes of her royal lover, as expressed by his right honorable diplomatists. The connection continued until the Prince grew tired; he then cast off the woman he had deemed himself so rapturously enamored, without explanation, and with insult, almost amounting to brutality. He left her without a provision, until one was actually wrung from him; and even the small stipend nominally allowed was never regularly paid.*

TRIAL OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

George the Fourth, though called "the finest gentleman in Europe," was in his private life and habits a most despicable character. In his early life he associated with men of a low and groveling disposition, who spent their hours in the worst species of debauchery. Drinking, gaming, horse-racing, and boxing were their chief amusements. After Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Fitzherbert became his mistress, and to her it is said that he was actually married, though afterwards it was denied. His marriage with Caroline Amelia Augusta, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, April 8th, 1795, is said to have been principally in order to obtain the means to relieve himself from the pressure of the debts contracted by his extravagances. After his marriage, he had so little respect for the feelings of his wife, that he had one of his mistresses under the same roof, and at the table of his wife. As might have been expected, a separation of the married pair soon took place. The following account of the trial of Queen Caroline, in 1820, is from the British Cyclopædia:

"The Queen's movements from the Alps toward England, during the latter part of the month of May, were announced by her friends with menacing triumph, and watched by her husband and his party with much bravado but with manifest signs of fear. It may here, however, be expedient to advert for a moment to some preceding circumstances.

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* Westminster Review, 1830.

The degradation of the Princess of Wales had been completed two years before, and abandoned only through the remonstrances of her daughter. Scarcely, however, had the Princess Charlotte descended into the grave, when the subject was secretly revived. In 1818, two emissaries had been sent to Italy, charged with a secret commission to collect evidence respecting the conduct of the Princess of Wales. Arrived at Milan, these persons, (Messrs. Cook and Powel,) were joined by two other agents—Colonel Browne, an Englishman, well acquainted vith the language and character of the people, and an Italian named Vimercati. This commission sat for a considerable time, and collected a great mass of evidence.

The accession of her husband placed the princess in a new and curious situation. She had ceased to be princess of Wales, and, not having been duly announced, was not recognized as queen of England. But neither the forms of diplomacy abroad, nor the regal power and hatred of her husband at home, could deprive her of the new and important rights with which she became invested as queen consort. The accession of George IV had but recently taken place, when he proposed to his cabinet to commence proceedings against her. His object was a divorce; but, by the process contemplated, she would be put upon her trial for high treason. The ministers had before them at this time the whole of the evidence taken by the Milan commissioners, but they still declined proceeding; and, finding the king intractable, tendered their resignations. For twenty-four hours the crown was without responsible ministers: an attempt made to form an administration under Lord Wellesley failed, and the former ministers were reinstated. The first overt act against the queen was the exclusion of her name from the liturgy in its new form.

After a fruitless negotiation between Lord Hutchinson and Mr. Brougham, the queen at once returned to England. She landed at Dover on the 6th of June. Neither the king nor his ministers contemplated her arrival, and the commandant received her with a royal salute. Had this ceremony been omitted, the vast multitude, the banners, the shouts, and the real enthusiasm which met her on the beach would have consoled her. From Dover to London, her journey was a continually increasing triumphant procession. The metropolis poured out her vast population, as if to give her assurance that she had friends. The procession went along Pall Mall—halted for a moment, accidentally, or from design, before Carlton House—and shouted its clamorous exultation in the ears of her husband. It was said that he saw her from one of the upper windows, and remarked, in terms of levity and aversion, how well she looked. No residence was prepared for her, and she proceeded to the house of Alderman Wood, in South Audley-street.

Parliament was sitting at the time. The king went in state to give the royal assent to such bills as had passed both houses; and, having gone through this ceremony, left Lord Liverpool charged with the following message, to be immediately, on his departure, delivered to the House of Lords:

"The king thinks it necessary, in consequence of the arrival of the queen, to communicate to the House of Lords certain papers respecting the conduct of her majesty since her departure from this kingdom, which he recommends to the immediate and serious attention of this House. The king has felt the most anxious desire to avert the necessity of disclosures and discussions, which must be as painful to his people as they can be to himself; but the step now taken by the queen leaves him no alternative. The king has the fullest confidence that, in consequence of this communication, the House of Lords will adopt that course of proceeding which the justice of the case, and the honor and dignity of his Majesty's crown, may require.

"George R."

The papers referred to were laid on the table under seal, in a green bag. A similar message and sealed bag were presented to the House of Commons by Lord Castlereagh. Both ministers announced the intention to move an address to the king, and the reference of the papers to a secret committee on the following day. A solemn silence was observed by the Lords, probably from an impression that their House would be constituted a high court to try the queen.

In the House of Commons several opposition members expressed themselves with great vehemence on the subject.

The proceedings of both Houses on the 7th, were looked to with the deepest interest. Lord Liverpool having moved a ceremonial address, which contained no pledge or opinion, proposed that the papers on the table should be submitted to a secret committee of fifteen peers, to be appointed by ballot. It was hitherto presumed, that the course to be pursued against the queen, was an impeachment for treasonable conspiracy. Lord Liverpool announced that such a course could not be adopted. The queen's alledged partner in guilt, Bergami, an alien, was not amenable as a traitor to the crown of England: to constitute conspiracy there must be at least two criminals; and the queen, therefore, could not be accused of having conspired. The proceeding by impeachment was understood to have been already adopted in the cabinet, when this new and obvious light fortunately crossed the mind of the chancellor. The address was agreed to without opposition, and the secret committee appointed by ballot the following day.

On the 26th of June, while the secret committee were still sitting, Lord Dacre presented a petition from the queen, in which she protested against any secret inquiry, demanded time to bring her witnesses from abroad, and requested to be heard by her counsel. Messrs. Brougham, Denman, and Williams, afterwards presented themselves at the bar. The first two spoke with great energy of the hardships of the queen's case, and the necessity of delay. On the 4th of July the secret committee made its report. Lord Dacre next day presented a petition from the queen, to be heard against it by her counsel. This was refused; and Lord Liverpool, in pursuance of the report, brought in a bill of pains and penalties. It was entitled "An act to deprive her majesty queen Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of the title, prerogatives, rights, privileges, and exemptions of queen consort of this realm, and to dissolve the marriage between his majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth." The bill was read a first time, and a copy ordered to be sent to the queen.

The first reading having taken place, counsel were heard on behalf of the queen; but with the restriction that they should limit themselves to the time and mode of proceeding. The second reading was fixed for the 17th of August. On the 11th of July, the queen petitioned, and on the 14th, Lord Erskine moved that she should be furnished with a list of the witnesses against her. This advantage she would have had of right, in common with every other British subject, were the form of proceeding an indictment or impeachment for high treason. But the majority of the Lords, under the direction of Lord Eldon, took advantage of a legal technicality to withhold from her the great ægis of the subject against perjured witnesses and abuse of the power of the crown.

A specification of the charges, which she declared was necessary for her to produce defensive evidence, was also refused.

On the 19th of August, Lords Grey and King made successive and ineffectual attempts, by motions, to quash the investigation; after which the attorney-general stated his case in support of the bill. This statement occupied two days, the 19th and 21st of August. The close of it was drowned by drums, trumpets, and tumultuous acclamations, which announced the approach of the queen. The examination of the witnesses immediately began, and soon produced a remarkable incident. The queen, upon hearing the Clerk of the House call the name of Theodore Majocchi, the third witness, started from her seat with an indistinct cry, and retired from the scene. He had long been her confidential servant; and her cry no doubt originated in surprise and indignation at his ungrateful treachery.

The limits of this article will not permit us to detail the records of the investigation. On the 7th of September the case against the queen was closed. An adjournment took place, to allow the necessary time for preparation to the other side. On the 3d of October, Mr. Brougham stated the queen's defense at great length, and with surpassing power. He was ably followed by Mr. Williams on the same side. The examination of the queen's witnesses continued to the 24th of October.

The evidence against the bill being closed, Mr. Denman went over the case, not only with distinguished eloquence, but with a freedom and fearlessness which reached the utmost license of defense.

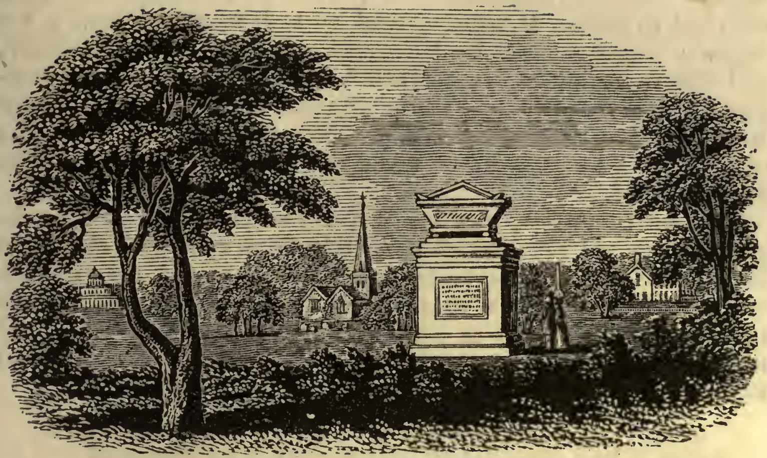
The king's attorney and solicitor occupied four days, the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, in replying. All the counsel, on both sides, who spoke, eminently distinguished themselves. The examination of witnesses and the addresses of counsel having been brought to a close, the discussion on the second reading of the bill began on the 2d, and continued by adjournment to the 6th of November. It was then read a second time, by a majority of 123 to 95. Lord Dacre was charged by the queen with a protest, which he presented to the House. The queen not having appeared in person at the bar, it was received only as her representation of her case. The House having gone into committee, a discussion took place on the divorce clause. Some bishops, and other supporters of the bill, resisted this clause from religious scruples, or the dread of recrimination by the queen upon her husband, of which a significant menace was thrown out at the commencement of the proceedings by Mr. Brougham. But the opposition peers voted for it, and it was carried by a majority of 120 to 62. This majority, the result of a parliamentary manœuvre, proved fatal on the third reading. Many peers, who would have voted for the bill without, voted against it with the divorce clause; and, on the 10th of November, it was read a third time by a disheartening majority of 108 to 99. The queen petitioned to be heard by counsel against its passing. Lord Liverpool, in reply, declared that, with so small a majority, in the actual state of the public feeling, he and his colleagues abandoned the bill. The House adjourned over to the 26th of November. In the interval the queen demanded, and was refused, a royal palace for her residence. On the 26th, after the routine business of the House of Commons had been gone through, Mr. Denman rose to present a message from the queen on the subject of this refusal. He had but just commenced reading it, when the usher of the black rod presented himself at the bar. His appearance caused an explosion of loud and tumultuous murmurs. His lips moved, but not a word spoken by him could be heard. The speaker, however, left the chair, paced the floor amid cries of shame, and other exclamations of more distinct import, proceeded to the House of Lords, with the ministers and their friends in his train, and was informed that the session of parliament was prorouged. Thus ended, in defeat and disgrace, the domestic war which George IV carried on, for twenty-five years, against his consort.

The next sessson of parliament commenced on the 22d of January, 1821, and it was opened by the king in person, with a speech characterized by a great degree of moderation. In the mean time the queen enjoyed a protracted triumph over her husband and her enemies; for days and even weeks after the evidence had closed against her, persons of rank and character, who had previously stood aloof, now made her visits of respectful attention, while the road to her residence at Brandenburg House was thronged with processions, bearing addresses of support and congratulation, and the tables of the Houses of both Lords and Commons at the same time were loaded with petitions in her favor. The pretensions of her majesty were supported by strong minorities, and Lord Tavistock moved a resolution of censure on the general system of measures pursued against her, which, although not carried, tended to show the power she still had over the minds of the people. On the 11th of July, 1821, the House of Commons was once more, and for the last time, occupied with the subject of the queen. Mr. Hume moved an address to the king, the object of which was to secure the queen's participation in the honors of the approaching coronation: the usher of the black rod knocked at the door while he was reading his resolution, and the session was immediately prorouged.

The coronation was fixed to take place on the 19th of July, and a correspondence took place between the queen and Lord Liverpool, in which she demanded, and the minister refused her, participation in the ceremony. She next memorialized the privy counsel in support of her claim. A committee of the privy council, after hearing Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman on her side, and the attorney-general on the other, decided against her. She then demanded, without effect, from Lord Sidmouth, the Home Secretary, and Lord Howard, of Effingham, the Deputy Earl Marshal, a suitable place to view the ceremony; and her last appeal was to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom she desired to be crowned a day or two after the king, but the Archbishop said that he could act only in obedience to his majesty.

The morning of the 19th shone brightly upon the splendid ceremonial of the coronation, when the queen, unmoved by the entreaties of her friends, proceeded to the door of the Abbey, but was refused admittance by the officers on duty, and she was compelled to retire amidst mingled expressions of disapprobation and applause. The proud spirit and masculine energy of the queen supported her but a short time longer; and on the 30th of July, while at Drury Lane Theater, she was taken seriously ill, and on the 17th of August closed her troubled life at Brandenburg House, having directed in her will that the words "Here lies Caroline the injured queen of England" should be her epitaph. On the 14th of the same month, the officers of the throne entered into a disgraceful contest with her majesty's executor for the possession of her mortal remains; and they were conveyed from Brandenburg House to Hanover, after having been treated with every indignity which the government could devise.

THOMAS GRAY



Gray's Monument and Stoke Pogis Church.

Thomas Gray, the author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," was the fifth son of Philip Gray, a money-scrivener, was born December 26th, 1716, in Cornhill, London, where his mother and her sister kept a milliner's shop. Of twelve children, eleven died in infancy from fullness of blood, and the poet would have shared the family fate, but from the firmness of his mother in opening a vein. His father was of a most unhappy disposition, unreasonably jealous of his wife, whom he, during his paroxysms of suspicion, treated in a brutal manner. He died in 1741, at the age of sixty-five, unregretted by most of his relatives.

Little is known of the childhood of Gray. He was, at the age of thirteen, sent, at the expense of his mother, to Eaton University, where two of his maternal uncles were ushers, who took great pains in his education. In 1734, he entered as a pensioner at Cambridge. "The studies of the place," it is said, "were mathematics, the recreation was drinking, and he had no taste for either." He left Cambridge in 1738, and soon after accompanied Horace Walpole in a Continental tour.

In 1742, Gray joined his mother and aunt at Stoke, to which place they had retired, after having acquired a moderate independence at their trade. It was here that he composed most of his poetry. He afterwards spent much of his time in Cambridge, devoting his time, for the most part, to literary pursuits. In June, 1750, Gray announced to his friend Walpole, that "a thing, whose beginning he had seen long before, had, at last, got an end to it, a merit that most of my writings have wanted." This thing was the far-famed Elegy. It appears that this piece was never intended for the public, but that Gray wrote it to gratify a few of his friends. Walpole showed it about, copies were taken, and it was soon put to press. It was received with delight, and quickly ran through eleven editions.* Gray was surprised at its popularity, and Mason, his biographer, replied, "*Sunt lacrymoe rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*" [There are tears for misfortunes, and the woes of mortals move the mind.] The Poet wrote the line on a copy which was lying on the table, and said that "This should be its future motto."

The mother of Gray died in 1753, and was buried in the Churchyard of Stoke Pogis, a large scattered village in Bucks, two miles from Slough, and in the vicinity of Windsor Castle, from the terrace of which it can be seen. The altar-tomb near the church seen in the engraving, was erected by the poet to her memory, and that of his aunt. On the plain slab covering the tomb is inscribed the following:

> In The vault beneath are deposited, in hope of a joyful resurrection, the remains of MARY ANTROBUS; she died unmarried, November 5, 1749, aged sixty-six. In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of DOROTHY GRAY, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, *one* of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 11, 1753, aged sixty-seven.

The reputation of Gray after the publication of his "Elegy" was established. He brought out a number of works before the public, some of which were quite popular, but it has been thought by some good judges, that his reputation would have been higher if he had written nothing but his Elegy. He died July 30th, 1771, with an attack of the gout, a disease with which he had been afflicted for many years. This disease he probably inherited from his parents, who both died of the same disorder. In obedience to a desire expressed in his will, he was buried at Stoke, by the side of his mother. The Poet's name is not upon this tomb, but it is recorded on a tablet fixed in the Church wall, "Opposite this stone, in the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly recorded his grief at the loss of a beloved parent, are deposited the remains of Thomas Gray, the author of the Elegy written in a country church-yard, &c. He was buried August 6, 1771."

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* It is said that on the memorable night preceding the taking of Quebec, Gen. Wolfe repeated this Elegy. Upon conluding the recitation, he said to his companions in arms, "Now, gentlemen, I would prefer being the author of that poem, to the glory of beating the French to-morrow." This Elegy, like Gray's other poems, appears to have been much elaborated in thought, and subject to great supervision. At the sale of some of his books and papers, in 1845, the original manuscript sold for £100. There was a curious instance of this supervision or correction of the lines which now stand,

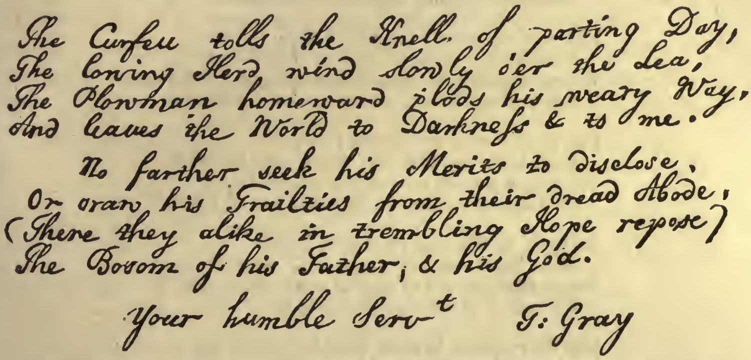
> "Some mute inglorious *Milton*, here may rest,
> Some *Cromwell*, guiltless of his country's blood."

They had originally been,

> "Some mute inglorious *Tulley*, here may rest,
> Some *Cæsar*, guiltless of his country's blood."

The monument seen in the engraving was erected by Mr. Penn, a descendant of the celebrated William Penn. It stands in a field adjoining the church-yard. It has inscriptions on each side, three of which are selected from his "Ode to Eton College," and the "Elegy, writtten in a country church-yard." The fourth is as follows:

> This monument, in honor of Thomas Gray, was erected A. D. 1799, among the scenery celebrated by that great lyric and elegiac poet. He died in 1771, and lies unnoticed in the adjoining church-yard; under the tomb-stone on which he piously and pathetically recorded the interment of his aunt and lamented mother.



The Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd wind slowly o'er the Lea,
The Plowman homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkneſs & to me.

No farther seek his Merits to disclose,
Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode,
(There they alike in trembling Hope repose)
The Bosom of his Father, & his God.

Your humble Servt T: Gray

Fac-simile of the first and last stanzas of the Elegy, and the Author's Signature.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow, twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure:
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre.

But Knowledge, to their eyes, her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton,—here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood..

Th' applause of listening senates to command;
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenious shame:
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learned to stray—
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
  E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonor'd dead,
  Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If 'chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
  Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
  "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
  To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
  That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length, at noontide, would he stretch,
  And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
  Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove:
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
  Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
  Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came,—nor yet beside the rill,
  Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
  Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,
Approach and read, (for thou canst read,) the lay,
  'Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

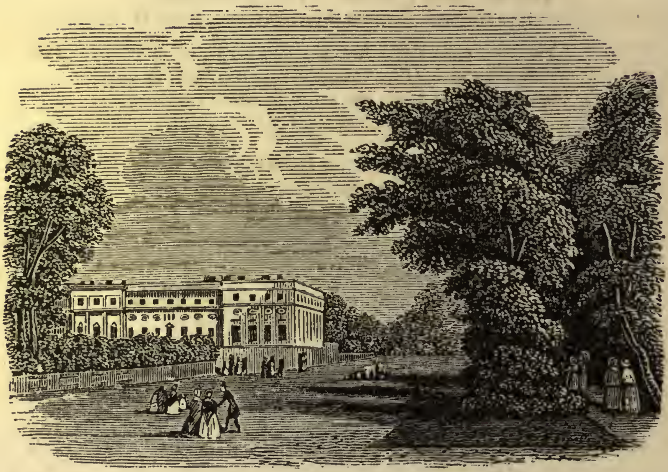
THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
  A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
  And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere:
  Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
  He gained from heaven, ('twas all he wish'd,) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
(There they, alike, in trembling hope repose,)
  The bosom of his Father and his God.

HAMPTON COURT.



Hampton Court Palace.

The Palace of Hampton Court is situated in Hampton, a picturesque village on the north bank of the Thames, in the county of Middlesex, twelve miles westward of London, containing a population of about 5,000. The palace owes its origin to Cardinal Wolsey. This celebrated prelate designed it as a residence for himself in the reign of Henry VIII. The king, however, becoming jealous of its growing magnificence, the cardinal presented it to the sovereign in the year 1526, and was in turn rewarded by the gift of the palace at Richmond, and with enormous manorial rights in the counties of Surrey and Middlesex. On the accession of William III, to the throne, that monarch added many parts to the building and completed it as it now exists.

At present, there are three spacious quadrangles contained within the palace, and a multitude of apartments. Many suits of rooms are occupied by private persons, by permission of the crown, being mostly the relatives of aristocratical families of reduced fortunes. The state apartments, and many other rooms, have been converted into a kind of public picture gallery, which, with the beautiful gardens, have become a favorite place of resort. The total number of pictures contained in the series is 1,027, comprising the famous cartoons of Raphael. One of the rooms is interesting, as being, it is said, the sleeping chamber of Charles I, after he was brought here by the army, August 24th, 1647. It is a closet of an octagonal form, having an iron door. The room is said to have been afterwards used by Cromwell as a sleeping apartment, its security inducing him to prefer it to one more spacious. The following is from notes by the author of this work, on his visit to this place, September 21st, 1853.

Hampton Court, as first seen from the Railway, is far from being imposing in appearance. The walls appear to be built of red brick, and not so grand or magnificent as one would imagine, considering the celebrity and antiquity of the place. The visitor crosses the Thames, which here is reduced to a small stream, navigable only for boats of a small size. After the gateway from the outside is passed, the first object is a row of buildings on both sides, which appear to be occupied by the soldiery as barracks. Over the entrances of the several courts are busts of the Roman Emperors, Titus, Trajan, Nero, &c., originally sent from Rome, by Pope Leo X to Cardinal Wolsey, to decorate this palace.

The paintings of the palace are distributed in upwards of thirty different apartments, used formerly by the various monarchs who have resided here, and are still called by their names, such as "King William III bed room," "Queen Mary's closet," "The Prince of Wales' drawing room," &c. The approach to the collection, is by the King's grand stair case, painted, as is stated in the guide book, "by *Verrio* in his florid style, being crowded by allegories, and richly ornamented with numerous devices." These, which consist of all the prominent heathen divinities, in various attitudes, with a sprinkling of demi-gods and heroes, are stated to be "complimentary to William and Mary." It, however, would be difficult to the common observer to discover wherein. He indeed sees quite an assemblage of beings in the human form, nearly naked, either flying, sitting or standing: some doing one thing, some another, apparently without unity or design. What they have to do with respect to the honoring of William, or his court, does not distinctly appear. Almost all attempts of this kind are too far-fetched,—too many beings introduced of whom the great mass of the people know nothing, and no definite conception is left on the mind of the painter's object or design.

The first room entered is the *Grand Chamber*, a room sixty feet long, and thirty-seven wide. There are sufficient arms, such as muskets, pistols, swords, &c., to equip a thousand men, dispersed in various fanciful figures on the walls. The pictures in this room are principally military subjects, consisting of battles, and portraits of British Admirals. Eight of the paintings represent battles and skirmishes during the reign of Queen Anne, in the low counties. They were brought from the grand chamber at Windsor castle, in 1832. The next room, called the *King's First Presence Chamber*, are the portraits of King William and his Queen Mary, with full length portraits of the female beauties of their court, all by *Kneller*, consisting of dutchesses and countesses. There is also an interesting full-length portrait of *Peter the Great*, Emperor of Russia, dated 1698, the year in which he visited England, painted by Sir G. Kneller. In the second Presence Chamber are quite a number of paintings from the old masters, such as *Titian*, *Bassano*, *Vandyke*, *P. Veronese*, and others.

In the *Audience Chamber*, there is a painting by *Ricci*, representing our Savior in the rich man's house, and Mary Magdalen anointing his feet. These painters appear to have had but little knowledge of the ancient manners and customs of the Jews. The apartment seems to be one of a splendid palace, having *chairs* on which to sit. On one side of the room is a beggar-like man, sitting on the floor, and a dog by his side ready to lick his sores. Mary Magdalen is depicted more like a common courtezan, than the Mary Magdalen described in the New Testament. There is, however, one painting by this artist, in this room, entitled the "Woman taken in adultery," which is a superior production; uncommonly free from any objection. The countenances and attitudes of the actors in this scene are highly expressive. There is in the same room a childish attempt to portray the dread scenes of death and the last judgment. As a work of art it has no merit, and its exhibition, to an intelligent mind, can excite no other feeling than those of contempt and disgust. There is also in this room a portrait by *Titian*, of *Ignatius Loyola*, the celebrated founder of the order of the Jesuits. There is, however, nothing in his countenance to indicate his character: he looks much like a private gentleman, dressed in black, with gloves on, like other genteel persons.

In the *King William III Bedroom*, is placed the state bed of Queen Caroline. The covering is a beautiful specimen of embroidered needlework, executed at an institution for the orphan daughters of clergymen, under the patronage of her Majesty. The paintings in this room are portraits by Sir *William Leley* of dutchesses and other ladies of the British nobility. The same number of American women, selected from almost any part of our country, would not suffer by comparison, as to personal beauty or intelligent countenances.

In "*Her Majesty's Gallery*" is a figure of Lucretia, by *Titian*, represented as to clothing in a highly objectionable manner. It is presumed that the Lucretia of Roman history is intended. If so, what right has any one to represent this model of female virtue in a manner, in which, were she alive, she would suffer death, than be so exhibited. Whatever artists may say about exhibiting the human form it its primeval beauty, the legislators of every enlightened government have found it necessary for the public good to enact laws to prevent the exhibition of any *living* model of this kind. In the period of the first French Revolution, it is recorded as a proof of the exceeding depravity of the public morals, that a naked female, personifying the *Goddess of Reason*, was drawn in a triumphal car about the streets of Paris. The public exhibition of similar scenes, though on canvass, must have an injurious tendency.

In the *Queen's Bed-room*, is seen the state bed of Queen Anne. This like most other royal beds extant, is quite wide. The rich velvet furniture and hangings were wrought at Spitalfield's. The ceiling, which represents Aurora as rising out of the sea, was painted by Sir James Thornhill. Among the paintings in this room was one representing St. John baptizing Christ in the river Jordan. Our Lord is represented as standing on the *surface* of the river, which appears to be about six feet wide. John is represented with a dish in his hand, evidently for the purpose of dipping up the water. The paintings in the *Queen's Drawing-room* are mostly painted by *West*, (our countryman,) and are of a superior order. Among them is a fine painting of Queen Charlotte, when thirty-six years of age, with her thirteen children in the back ground. The *Departure of Regulus*, and the *Death of General Wolfe*, both celebrated paintings, are in this collection. In the Queen's Audience Chamber, are a number of paintings by the celebrated *Holbein*, mostly historical subjects.

The *Public Dining-room*, is hung round by Arras tapestry, in five compartments, representing scripture scenes. There are eight more of "this splendid tapestry" (so called) in the Great Hall, all of the same kind. As specimens of industry and laborious application, they may be valuable; but as works of genius or art, as far as the drawings and appearance of the figures are concerned, they are miserable abortions. In the *Private Dining-room* are the state beds of King William and his Queen Mary. Among the paintings there is one by Gainsborough, of Col. St. Ledger, a fine delicate-looking personage, hardly looking like a warrior.

The celebrated *Cartoons of Raphael*, from which so many engravings have been made and circulated all over the civilized world, occupy a prominent place in the collection. These drawings were made by Raphael, to serve as patterns for tapestry to decorate the Papal chapel, according to the orders of Leo X. They represent scenes taken from the New Testament, and are called *cartoons*, because they were drawn or painted on sheets of paper. They were painted about the year 1520, and were bought for Charles I, by Reubens the painter. They are seven in number, and the tapestry made from them was manufactured at Arras, in France.

In the *Portrait Gallery*, there are nine paintings in water colors, representing the "Triumphs of Julius Cæsar," painted by Mantega, for the Marquis of Mantua. They were purchased with the rest of his works by Charles I, for £80,000. In the *Queen's Grand Chamber*, there are portraits of Sir Isaac Newton, and John Locke, by Sir G. Kneller. Their intellectual superiority is seen in their countenances. There is also in this room, a portrait of the celebrated Madame Pompadour, who is represented with her hair powdered. The *Ante-room* and the *Queen's Presence Chamber*, are almost entirely occupied by naval scenes, representing most of the naval battles which have occurred in English history.

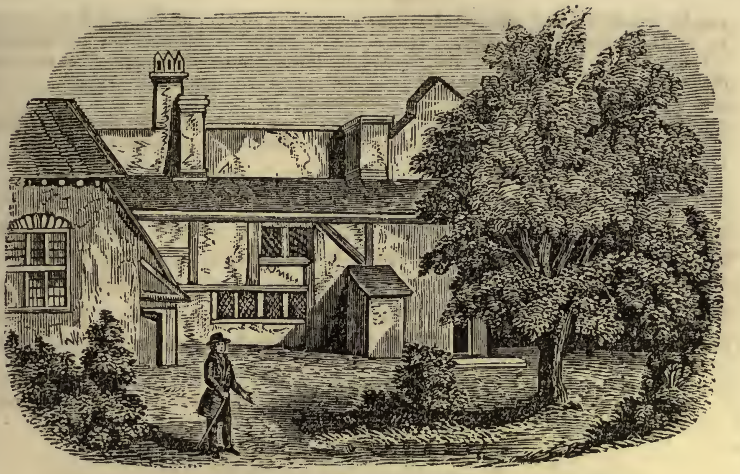
The public gardens, in front of the palace, are of a superior order, and far more pleasing, to a lover of nature, than those of the Tuilleries or Versailles. There is more of the air of neatness about the grounds, the grass has more of the appearance of velvet than at those places; the flowers and shrubbery more beautiful. The trees have not that stiff artificial appearance; the walks wind gracefully around, and the grounds are not disfigured by the intrusion of discolored and decayed statues of heathen divinities, so prevalent in the above-named places.

ALEXANDER POPE.

A Pope

Fac-simile.

Alexander Pope was born June 8th, 1688, in the Strand, London, where his father was a hatter. He learned writing by imitating printed books, and at eight years of age he was placed under the care of a priest named Taverner, under whom he learned the rudiments of Latin and Greek. He next was sent to a Catholic school near Winchester, and then removed to a seminary near Hyde-park corner. At the age of twelve he went to live with his parents at Binfield, in Windsor forest, and first discovered his taste for poetry by reading Ogilby's Virgil and Sandy's Ovid; but the writings of Spenser, Waller and Dryden, now became his favorite employment. He early began to try his strength in poetry, and it is said that at the age of ten he converted some of the stories of Homer into a play, which his school-fellows acted with the assistance of his master's gardener, who undertook the part of Ajax. His first regular composition was his Ode on Solitude; but his Pastorals, begun in 1704, introduced him soon as a promising bard to the wits of the age. In 1704 he also wrote the first part of Windsor Forest, which was not completed till six years after, and inscribed to Lord Lansdown. The Essay on Criticism appeared in 1708, and in this most incomparable performance, though not yet twenty years old, he evinced all the taste, the genius, and judgment of the most mature reflection, and the most consummate knowledge of human nature. The fame of the Essay was soon surpassed by the Rape of the Lock, which was published in 1712. The poet chose for



Pope's House at Binfield.

[The above is a representation of the house of Pope's father, at Binfield, on the London road, adjoining Windsor Forest. Here the Poet passed his youth and early manhood, and at this place, and at Twickenham, on the Thames, he wrote those works which established his fame as one of the greatest poets in the English language. About half a mile from the house is a beech tree in the forest, where, it is said, he composed many of his verses. The celebrated Lord Littleton carved upon it "HERE POPE SUNG."]

his subject the sportive conduct of Lord Petre in cutting off a lock of Mrs. Fermor's hair; and he had the happiness, by the eloquent and delicate effusions of his muse, and the creative powers of his imagination, to effect a reconciliation between the offended parties. The Temple of Fame next engaged the public attention, and in 1713 he published proposals for a translation of Homer's Illiad by subscription. This was generously supported by the public, and the poet received from his subscribers £6,000 besides £1,200 which the bookseller, Lintot, gave him for the copy. Thus raised to independence by the efforts of his genius, Pope purchased a house at Twickenham, where he removed with his father and mother, 1715. In 1717 he published a collection of his poems, but in his edition of Shakspeare, which appeared in 1721, he proved to the world that he had consulted his private emolument more than his fame. The success with which the Illiad had been received, encouraged him to attempt the Odyssey, with the assistance of Broome and Fenton, whose labors he rewarded with £500, and he received the same honorable subscription as before, but only £600 from the bookseller. In 1725, he joined Swift and Arbuthnot in writing some miscellanies, and in 1727 he published his Dunciad, with notes by Swift, under the name of Scriblerus. This singular poem owed its origin to the severe and illiberal remarks to which the poet had been exposed from the inferior scribblers of the day, and after long exhibiting patience he revenged the attack by the keenest of satires. Lord Bolingbroke in 1729 entreated him to turn his thoughts to moral subjects, and this produced his Essay on Man, a work of acknowledged merit, containing a system of ethics in the Horatian way. In his ethic epistles, it is supposed that he reflected, in the character of Timon, on the Duke of Chandos; and this propensity was unfortunately indulged in his satires, which he continued till 1739, and in which he censures, in the severest language, persons of the highest rank and birth. In 1742 the poet gave to the world a fourth book of his Dunciad, and prepared a more perfect and comprehensive edition of his works; but death stopped his hand. His constitutional attack of the headache was now increased by a dropsy in the breast, which baffled all relief, and he expired 30th May, 1744, aged fifty-six. Though a catholic in religion, it is generally supposed that Pope was little more than a deist, as his Essay on Man fully justifies; yet in the latter part of his life, he attended the service of the English church. In his person he was little and somewhat crooked; but the powers of the mind compensated for all the defects of the body. He was capricious in his friendships; and though he was courted by men of rank and fashion, by lords Harcourt, Bolingbroke, and others distinguished for opulence, as well as celebrity and wit, yet he never forgot the homage which should be paid to the man of poetical eminence, and of acknowledged literary fame. His manners, as Lord Orrery has observed, were delicate, easy, and engaging; he treated his friends with a politeness that charmed, and a generosity that was much to his honor.

Pope's house, or villa, at Twickenham, was taken down in 1848 and another building erected on the spot where it stood, and almost every trace of his residence here, except some remains of the "Grotto," has disappeared. The remains of the poet, with those of his parents, are interred in Twickenham church. On a tablet erected on the gallery wall, by Bishop Warburton, is the following:

> "Alexandro Pope, M. H. Gulielmus Episcopus, Glocestriensis, Amicitiæ causa fac: cur: 1761, Poeta loquitur.—For one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey.
>
> Heroes and kings, your distance keep;
> In peace let one poor poet sleep,
> Who never flattered folks like you;
> Let Horace blush and Virgil too."

It is said that on some occasion of alteration in the church, or burial of some person in the same spot, the coffin of the Poet was disinterred and opened to see the remains; and that, by a bribe to the sexton, possession of the skull was obtained for a night, and *another* skull returned in its place. Fifty pounds, it is stated, were paid to effect the object of the phrenologist in having the skull of Pope in his private museum.—The following composition, (The Universal Prayer,) it is said by Pope's biographers, to have been written to counteract some hetrodoxical opinions which are alleged to be contained in his Essay on Man.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Deo Opt. Max.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, That thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will:

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousands worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

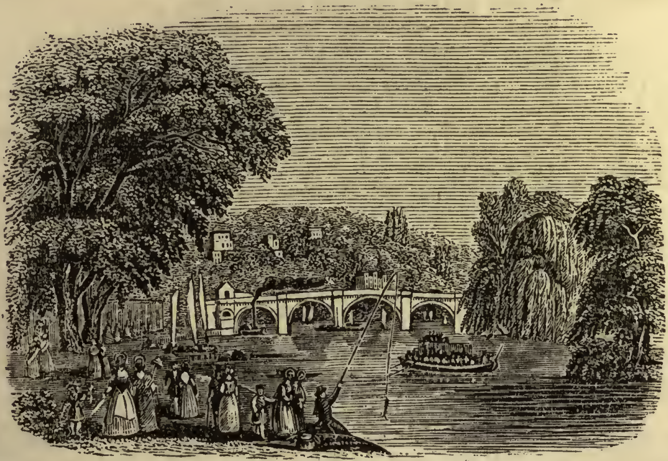
Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me, wheresoe'r I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

RICHMOND.



Richmond Hill and Bridge.

The populous village of Richmond, so celebrated for its beautiful scenery, is situated on the river Thames, about ten miles westerly from London, and contains a population of about 8,000. The original name of the place was *Sheen*, a Saxon word, signifying Resplendent. During the early period of its history, Richmond was distinguished as a royal residence. In the royal palace of Sheen, the kings Edward the First, Second, and Third, resided, and when the old palace was destroyed by fire, in 1499, it was rebuilt by Henry VII, in a sumptuous manner, and the name of the place changed to Richmond. Henry VIII was a frequent resident here, and the palace was, for a short time, the abode of Cardinal Wolsey after he had given away Hampton Court to his avaricious master. Queen Elizabeth died here, March 24th, 1603, and after her death the palace was rarely visited by royalty, and it gradually fell into decay. On the west side of Richmond Green, an old archway remains a lonely relic to indicate the favorite abode of the English sovereigns.

Richmond Hill is a spot consecrated by poets and historians. Standing on a plateau, or elevated level walk here, the spectator sees before him no less than seven counties: Middlesex, Surrey, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Hampshire, Buckinghamshire, and Hertfordshire. Far as the eye can reach, the richest woodland scenery in England stretches out before him. It is thus described by Thomson in his poem on the "Seasons."

> Here let us sweep
> The boundless landscape—now the raptured eye,
> Exulting, swift to huge Augusta send;
> Now to the sister hills that skirt her plain,
> To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
> Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow,
> In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
> Calmly magnificent—then will we turn
> To where the silver Thames first rural grows,
> There let the feasted eye unwearied stray
> Luxurious, there rove through the pendent woods
> That, nodding, hang o'er Harringtou's retreat,
> And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
> Here let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
> Far winding, up to where the Muses haunt,
> To Twick'nam's bowers, to royal Hampton's pile,
> To Claremont's terraced height, and Esher's groves.
> Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
> Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung.
> O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills
> On which the power of cultivation lies,
> And joys to see the wonders of his toil—
> Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around
> Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
> And glittering towers, and gilded streams, till all
> The stretching landscape into smoke decays!

Richmond Park, one of the fairest and stateliest in England, is eight miles in circumference, containing upwards of 2,200 acres. Here the visitor may wander for hours in the variegated scenes which it presents, and occasionally may have a glance at the stately deer which here roam at liberty.

There are numerous rides and drives through this splendid park which, since the days of the Commonwealth, when it was presented to the Mayor in perpetuity, on trust, by Cromwell, has long been a place of resort for the citizens of London. Charles I had previously enclosed it, and in the reign of George II, an attempt was again made to exclude the public by the Princess Amelia, his daughter; but a patriotic brewer of the place, name Lewis, successfully resisted the encroachment; a memorial to him was subsequently raised by the grateful inhabitants, and his portrait may be seen adorning the walls of most of the taverns in the town.

Pembroke Lodge, the present seat of Lord John Russell, is in this place. It was, for a long period, in the gift of the Sovereign, or rather Prime Minister of England.

Richmond Bridge, erected in 1777, (seen in the engraving,) connects Richmond with Twickenham, where Pope's villa was situated. From the bridge a fine view is presented of Richmond Hill, also the numerous villas, terraces, hotels, &c. The Parish Church, a quaint old building of stone, brick, and flint, is an interesting structure, on account of its being the burial-place of several distinguished persons, among whom was Thomson, the author of the "Seasons." Collins, the friend of the poet, mourned his death in a touching and beautiful ode, in which he says, affectionately:

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
  When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
  To bid his gentle spirit rest.

> "On the outside is a monument, or medallion, in marble, erected by the present actor, Mr. Charles Kean, to the memory of Edmund, his father. The body of the great tragedian is interred below, those to whom the edifice belongs, or who were entrusted with the temporary managemnt of it, refusing to admit either within the interior, because he was an actor; but thousands are thus enabled to offer their tribute at the tomb of this great, though erratic, son of genius. At the most distant extremity of the Green, near the river, is the Theater, where poor Kean used to 'strut and fret his little hour,' as manager. It was a favorite resort of his in summer, and here, in 1833, he died in the forty-eighth year of his age."

KEW.

Kew is a picturesque village on the banks of the Thames, about seven miles from London, and one and a-half from Richmond. The grounds, which so distinguish this place, are laid out in the most tasteful manner, with serpentine walks, little hillocks, clumps of trees, beautiful flowers, shrubbery, grass plats, &c. About every kind of tree, plant, or shrub, of which any one has read or heard, is to be seen here, and it is stated that there is on these grounds the greatest collection of plants in the world. Every part of the globe is represented. Trees from the Himmaleh mountains, and other parts of Asia: tropical trees and plants from the eastern and western continents, are growing here in the atmosphere of the tropics.

The church stands upon Kew-green: it was greatly enlarged through the munificence of William IV, after whose decease, in 1838, nearly £5,000 were found to have been set aside for the completion of the work. In the church is buried the king's brother, the Duke of Cambridge, the youngest son of George III. In the church-yard are buried Meyer, Zoffany, and Gainsborough, the distinguished painters. Adjoining Kew-green is the residence of the Duchess of Cambridge. The old red brick palace was occupied by Queen Charlotte as a nursery for her children; and here she expired in 1818. The Pagoda was designed in imitation of the Chinese Taa, in 1757; it consists of ten stories, 163 feet in height. There are several other ornamental buildings in the grounds; besides an observatory, used for some time by the British Association for the advancement of science. The Botanic Gardens at Kew are open to the public from one till six every day; the entrance being from Kew-green. The new palm-house is perhaps the finest in Europe; its total length is 362 feet six inches; the ribs and columns are of wrought iron, and the roof is glazed with sheet glass, slightly tinged with green; the floor is of perforated cast iron, under which are laid the pipes, &c., for warming with hot water.; and the smoke is conveyed from the furnace by a flue, 479 feet, to an ornamental shaft or tower, sixty feet in height. The cost of this magnificent palm-house has been upwards of £30,000. The gardens are visited by many thousand persons every season; and, under the judicious curatorship of Sir W. J. Hooker, have been greatly extended and improved:

> So sits enthroned in vegetable pride
> Imperial Kew, by Thames' glistening side;
> Obedient sails from realms unfurrowed bring,
> For her the unnamed progeny of spring.

Among the rarities here, is a weeping willow, raised from that which overshadowed Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena; the Egyptian papyrus; the bread-fruit tree from the South Sea Islands; the cocoa-nut, coffee, and cow-trees; the banana and cycas (sago); the gigantic tussack grass, &c. In short, a more delightful addition has not of late been made to the public recreation than in the extension of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew.

JAMES THOMSON.

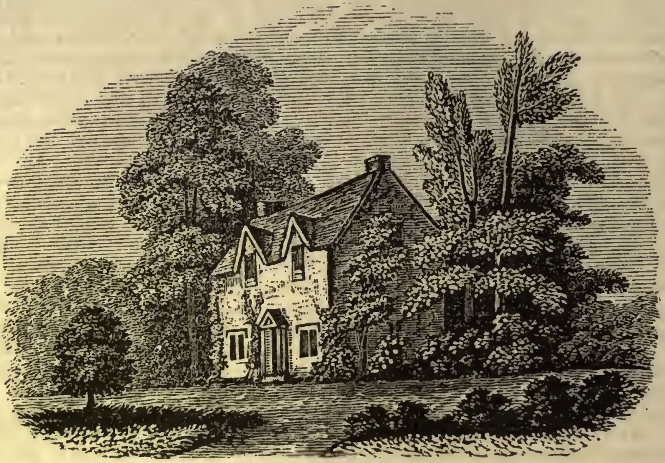
James Thomson, the author of the Seasons, the son of a Scotch minister, was born Sept. 11th, 1700, at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, about two miles from Kelso. He was educated at Jedburgh school, and then entered at the university of Edinburgh. He here distinguished himself by the elegance and spirit of his compositions, and when he had been directed by the divinity professor, Hamilton, to write an exercise on a psalm, descriptive of the greatness and majesty of God, his paraphrase was much admired for its fire and its poetical beauties. He then studied divinity, but soon relinquished it, as he considered the profession too confined for the expansion of his abilities. He determined to seek in London the patronage which might be extended to merit, and the publication of his "Winter," 1726, soon introduced him to the notice of the great and learned. By the friendship of Dr. Rundle, afterwards bishop of Derry, he was recommended to lord chancellor Talbot, and attended his son as a companion in his travels on the continent. The popularity of " Winter," produced Summer in 1727, Spring 1728, and Autumn in 1730: and other pieces were also published to prove the diligence, the patriotism, and the creative powers of the poet. The death of his noble pupil was soon after followed by that of the chancellor, and Thomson was thus reduced from a state of comfort and independence, to a narrow and precarious subsistence. The place of secretary of the briefs, which he had obtained from the chancellor, fell at his death, yet the generosity of his friends was kindly exerted; he was, by the recommendation of lord Lyttleton, noticed and patronized with a pension by the Prince of Wales, and by the influence of the same noble friend he obtained, in 1746, the office of surveyor-general of the Leeward islands. He died of a fever, 27th Aug. 1748, and was buried in Richmond church, Surrey. His executors were lord Lyttleton and Mr. Mitchell. Besides his Seasons, Thomson wrote an elegant poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, 1727—Britannia, a political poem, occasioned by the quarrels of the Spaniards with England, with respect to America —Liberty, a poem in five books, containing ancient and modern Italy compared, Greece, Rome, Britain, the Prospect—the Castle of Indolence, an allegorical poem, after Spenser's manner—besides some tragedies, which were received on the stage with reiterated and deserved applause—Agamemnon, acted 1738—Edward and Eleanora, a tragedy, not acted in consequence of the dispute between the prince of Wales, his patron, and the king—the Masque of Alfred, written jointly with Mallett—Tancred and Sigismunda, from Gil Blas, acted 1745—and Coriolanus, acted after his death for the benefit of his sisters. Thomson in private life was an amiable, pious and benevolent character, with great goodness of heart and the most virtuous disposition. As a poet he possessed powers and perfections peculiarly his own. His Seasons display the most glowing, animated, and interesting descriptions of nature, in language at once elegant, simple, and dignified. They bring before us, as is well observed, the whole magnificence of nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gayety of spring, the splendor of summer, the tranquillity of autumn, and the horrors of winter, take each in turn the possession of our minds. In the midst of a florid and luxuriant flow of imagery, some exuberances perhaps may be found by the critic, but the merits of the poet are built on too solid a foundation to be shaken, and while the delightful changes of the varied year continue to convey pleasure to the eye, so long must the verse of the poet entertain the mind with the most seducing powers of well-managed description and of animated portraiture.

Thomson's house, or rather cottage, is still in existence at the foot of Kew Lane, two miles from the Thames. After his death, his cottage was purchased by George Ross, Esq., who, out of veneration for his memory, forbore to pull it down, but enlarged and improved it at a great expense. The walls of the cottage were left, though its roof was taken off, and the walls continued upward to their present height. Thus what was Thomson's house, forms the entrance hall of Lord Shaftesbury's house. The part of the hall on the left, was the room where Thomson used to sit. Here is preserved a three legged stand in which is inserted a scroll of satin wood on which is inscribed—

> " On this table James Thomson constantly wrote. It was therefore purchased of his servant who also gave these brass hooks, on which his hat and cane were hung in this his sitting room.
> F. B.

Behind the house is the garden of Thomson, a scene of wild pensive beauty. A large elm is pointed out as the one under which his alcove stood. This alcove, (a simple wooden construction) has been removed to the extremity of the grounds, and now stands under a large Spanish chestnut-tree in the shrubbery. On its front is painted

"Here Thomson sang the seasons and their change."



Thomson's Cottage in Kew Lane.

Thomson is buried in Richmond Church, where there is a brass tablet erected to his memory with the following inscription:

> "In the Earth, under this Tablet, are the remains of James Thomson, Author of the beautiful Poems, entitled, The Seasons, Castle of Indolence, &c., who died at Richmond on the 27th of August, and was buried here on the 29th, old style, 1748. The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man, and so sweet a Poet, should remain without a memorial, has denoted the place of interment, for the satisfaction of his admirers, in the year of our Lord, 1792."

"Father of light and life, thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good; teach me myself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.—*Winter.*

The following extracts comprise the beginning and end of Thomson's celebrated Hymn at the conclusion of "The Seasons:"

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,

Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd.
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

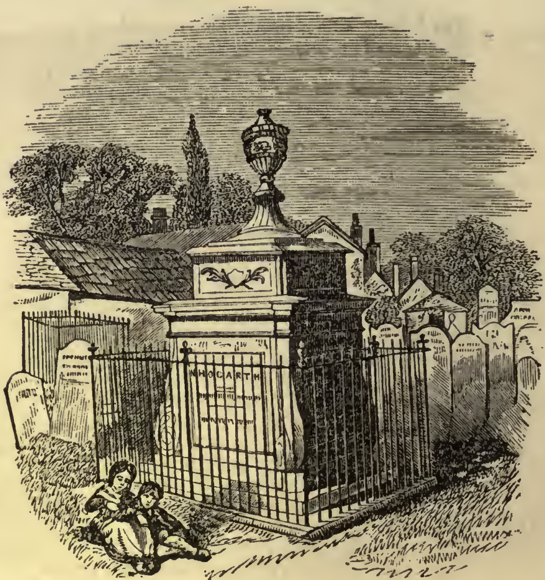
* * * * * *

Should fate command me to the furthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full:
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at the last solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming Evil still educing Good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

CHISWICK—WILLIAM HOGARTH, &c.

Chiswick is a village on the Thames, about seven miles from London. The parish church is of a picturesque character, and the church yard contains the remains of a number of men of genius. Among these, are those of Hogarth, whose monument is shown in the annexed engraving. About the year 1750, Hogarth purchased a house at Chiswick, where he usually spent the part of the summer season, occasionally visiting his house in Leicester Fields.

There are many elegant mansions in the vicinity of Chiswick, among the most prominent is the Palladian Villa, or "Chiswick House," belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. His pleasure grounds comprise about 32 acres, amply adorned with wood and water, having many antique statutes, three of which were dug up in Adrian's garden in Rome. Attached to the grounds is a small park stocked with deer. The Rt. Hon. Charles James Fox died here in Sept. 1806, and afterwards, in similar circumstances, in 1827, the gifted Canning. In 1814, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, and many illustrious personages, were entertained here by the Duke of Devonshire. The gardens of the Horticultural Society of London, extending over thirty-three acres, are in this parish.



Tomb of Hogarth in Chiswick Churchyard.

Wm Hogarth

Fac-simile.

William Hogarth, the celebrated painter, was born in London, in 1697. His father, who was a schoolmaster, and occasionally a corrector of the press, bound him apprentice to an engraver of arms on plate, but his genius led him to cultivate painting. The first piece by which he distinguished himself was a representation of Wanstead assembly, about 1720, and he was now engaged on his own account in engraving arms and shop bills, and in designing plates for booksellers. His cuts for Hudibras, and other works, are still preserved as curiosities, but his powers were exerted with singular effect, not only in portrait painting, but in whimsical and humorous representations. By degrees he thus rose from obscurity to fame, and in 1730 married Sir James Thornhill's daughter. Though the match was altogether against the knights consent, yet they were reconciled, and the father-in-law afterwards had reason to be proud of the connection which his daughter had formed. During his residence at South Lambeth, soon after his marriage, he contributed largely to the embellishment of Vauxhall gardens. In 1733, his Harlot's Progress recommended him powerfully to the public notice, and thus by the most striking scene in conveying a simple girl through all the horrors and vicissitudes of the wretchedness of a prostitute to a premature death, he exhibited a lesson to the understanding, and most sensibly touched the heart. Thus successful in a new mode of conveying moral instruction, he devoted himself to the delineation of other equally interesting and appropriate characters, and to the accuracy of his figures must be added the faithful representation of the dress, the manners, and the particularities of the age. The Midnight Conversation, the Rake's Progress, the Marriage a-la-mode, the Happy Marriage, and other works, succeeded each other, and ensured to the artist the high and undisputed character of great genius, strong originality, and successful delineation. After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he visited France, and while taking a drawing of the gates of Calais, he was arrested as a spy, but soon liberated, a circumstance which he has beautifully recorded in his "O, the roast beef of Old England," 1749. In 1753, he appeared before the public as an author, and in his Analysis of Beauty he made many sensible and original remarks on his profession.

He first asserted that a curve is the line of beauty, and that round swelling figures are most pleasing to the eye, and the opinion has been supported by other eminent writers, as the language of truth and nature. Though he possessed in an incredible degree the powers of bringing his rivals or enemies to ridicule or infamy, yet Hogarth never used the dangerous talent in a vindictive degree, though perhaps his representation of Churchill, as a canonical bear, and his portrait of Wilkes may be said not highly to reflect on his judgment or good sense. He expired at his house Leicester-square, 25th October, 1764, in consequence of aneurism, and was buried in Chiswick churchyard.

The following inscriptions are copied from inscriptions on monuments in the Chiswick churchyard. The first is on Hogarth's Monument, and was written by his friend the celebrated Garrick:

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
  Who reached the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
  And, through the eye, correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
  If nature move thee, drop a tear;
If neither touch thee, turn away!
  For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here.*

To the memory of William Sharp, Esq., *Historical Engraver*, Member of the Imperial Academy of Vienna, and of the Royal Academy at Munich, died July 25th, 1824, aged 74 years.

This monument is dedicated to the memory of PHILIP JAMES DE LOUTHERBOURG, Esq., R. A., who was born at Stratsbourg in Alsace, November 1st, 1740, who was elected a Member of the Royal Academy, London, November 28th, 1781, and departed this life at Hammersmith Terrace, March 11th, 1812, aged 72 years.———With talents brilliant and supereminent *as an Artist*, he united the still more enviable endowments of a cultivated, enlarged and elegant mind, adding to both those superior qualties of the heart, which entitled him *as a man and as a Christian*, to the cordial respect of the wise and good. In him science was associated with Faith, Piety and Liberality. Virtue with suavity of manners, and to the rational use of this world, with the ennobling hope of a world to come. A deathless Fame will record his professional excellence. But to that of Friendship belongs the office of strewing on his Tomb those moral flowers, which displayed themselves in life, and which rendered him estimable as a *Social Being*.

Here LOUTHERBOURG repose thy laureled head!
While Art is cherish'd thou can'st ne'er be dead;
SALVATOR, POUSSIN, CLAUDE, thy skill divine,
And beautious Nature lives in thy designs.

MRS. MARY PRING, who died in 1851, aged 85.
She was—but words are wanting to say what;
Say what a virtuous woman ought to be, and she was that.

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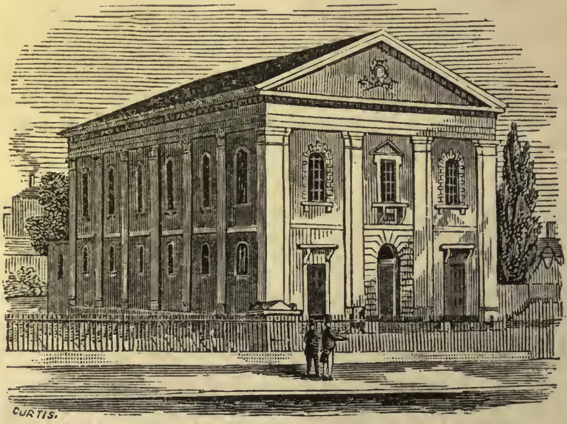
* Hogarth's house in Chiswick is quite a singular structure, particularly in the inside. We were informed there were no rooms in the house of a regular form, being generally of a triangular shape and very low between joists; they were, in fact, so constructed, that it was difficult to find tenants who were willing to stay in them for any considerable length of time.

BEDFORD—ELSTOW—JOHN BUNYAN.

Bedford, the capital town of Bedfordshire, is fifty miles north from London. It is situated on the river Ouse, and contains about 10,000 inhabitants. Offa, the celebrated king of Mercia, had a great predilection for this town, and his body was buried in a small chapel a little way out of the town, but the chapel being delapidated by long use, the river rose with such violence that it swept it entirely off the banks on which it was built, but, according to tradition, the king's body, enclosed in a strong sarcophagus, was deposited in the middle channel of the river. Bedford, and the little village of Estow, by its side, are rendered memorable chiefly on account of being the birth-place and residence of John Bunyan, the celebrated author of the Pilgrim's Progress.

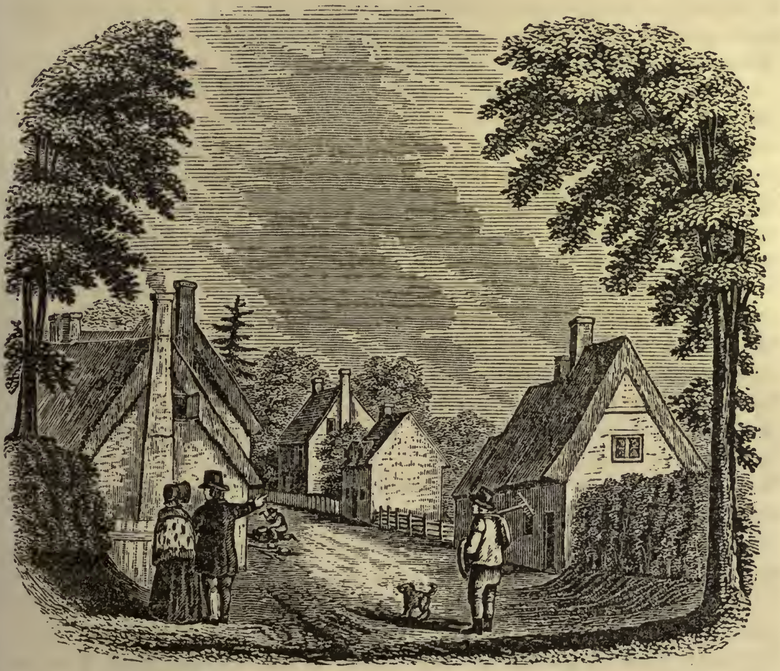


Bunyan Church, Bedford.

On the 27th of September, 1853, we took the morning train from London and arrived in Bedford after a passage of about three hours. As we came near Bedford, I observed, on the right, an ancient looking village, containing about seventy-five houses. On inquiry, I found that this was Elstow, the native place of Bunyan; and the house in which he was born was still standing. On our arrival in Bedford, I inquired for the Bunyan Church, which I found to be a modern structure, of which the annexed cut is a representation.

Calling on the sexton, I was conducted into the vestry of the church, where the chair of Bunyan, in the old simple antique style, is still in good preservation. I found, by inquiry, that the congregation who met in the church were open Communion Baptists, or rather Independents. Members of the church were baptized by immersion, or in any other mode they might prefer. Those who wished it, could have their infants baptized. The church consisted of between three and four hundred members. A Sunday-school was kept up consisting of about two hundred scholars. The congregation met three times on Sunday: in the morning at half-past 10 o'clock, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and in the evening at 6.

Near the entrance door, inside of the church, the names of all the pastors, including John Bunyan, who had been connected with the congregation from its first commencement to the present time, are engraved on a tablet. On the outside wall is an inscription to the memory of Hannah Bunyan, who died in 1770, at the age of seventy-six years. She was the great grand-daughter of the author of the Pilgrim's Progress, and is stated to be the last descendant now known.*



ELSTOW, THE BIRTH-PLACE OF JOHN BUNYAN.
Drawn by the Author, Sept. 27th, 1853.

Elstow is one mile from the outskirts of Bedford. There are no houses on the route between the villages. The country is open and generally level, having very much the appearance of the better portion of the northern Atlantic States, excepting, of course, the hedge-rows on each side of the road, which were so thick-set, that in many places one could hardly see into the fields adjoining the road.

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* Bunyan had six children—three sons and three daughters. In a recent edition of the Pilgrim's Progress published in London the present year, (1853,) it is stated that a Mrs. Senegar, living at Islington, in 1847, at the age of eighty-four, was a lineal descendant from John Bunyan, the author of the Pilgrim's Progress, by his son Joseph. It is also stated that there is still living, at Lincoln, an aged farmer, Robert Bunyan, also a lineal descendant through the same parentage.

As I entered the village, I was quite struck with the appearance of a man *tinkering** in the narrow street, nearly opposite the small house seen in the central part of the engraving. This house, I was afterwards informed, was the one in which John Bunyan was born, and where he lived, and, in all probability, worked at the same business on, or near the same spot, *two centuries* before. The accompanying view shows the southern extremity of the village as it is entered on the Bedford road. The haw-thorn hedges appear on each side of the road, and the thatched-roofed cottages next. The Bunyan house is the smallest in the view, and has two windows in its roof. By the very ancient appearance of the houses, &c., I should judge there had been no material alteration in the appearance of the village since the time that Bunyan lived in it two centuries since. Even the dress of some of the inhabitants appeared quite antiquated, and judging from some language which I heard while in the village, the morality of the inhabitants remained at the same standard as in the days of Bunyan.

Having made some inquiries of an aged and respectable inhabitant, who had always lived within a few rods of the Bunyan house, he kindly offered his services in conducting me to the localities in which I felt interested. The cottage in which Bunyan was born, and in which he lived, was of course the first spot visited. As I entered this humble, but venerated dwelling, I was struck with the appearance of its great antiquity. The entrance door from the street was so low that a person of but moderate height could but hardly enter it without stooping. The floor was of brick, and the timbers overhead projected below the ceiling. William Church, the tenant, was absent as a day laborer, but his wife, a respectable looking woman, was working at the wash-tub, near the large fireplace. I told her I had rather have the privilege of coming under her roof than of going into the palace of Queen Victoria, and that John Bunyan, the tinker, who once lived in her house, was better known, and more respected in America, where I belonged, than all the kings and queens they ever had, or probably ever would have, in England. Also, that John Bunyan's book was more read and admired in my country than in any other, and that his name would be venerated, while the names of their great men of the present age would be forgotten.

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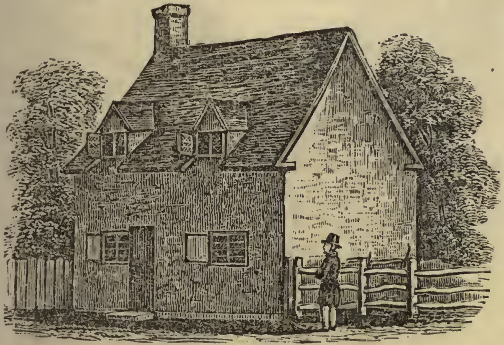
* In a conversation I held with him, I found his name was George Jackson, of Norfolk County, but now lived at Bedford. He took occasional turns about the country, purchasing old brass, &c. In the present instance, as I saw him, he was *tinkering* over a brass warming-pan, knocking out the iron ware around the edge. As he wished to purchase brass only, and that by weight, he did not wish to pay for old iron. He, accordingly, made a separation of these two substances.



Bunyan House, Elstow.

The annexed engraving shows the appearance of the Bunyan house at the present time, (1853.) Instead of the timbers which formerly appeared on the outside of the walls, nothing is now seen but a plastered surface. A small building, or shop, formerly attached to the south side, as well as a large structure of brick joining it at the north, are now taken down; part of the wall of which is now standing. Bunyan's shop was attached to the back side of the house, in a kind of leanto, so that a person had to descend a step or two in order to enter it. The house, I was informed, was in possession of W. H. Whitbread, Esq., who lived about nine miles distant, and the rent of it was three pounds per year, one half of which was paid in December, the other in June.*

Following the village street to the south, we next went into the Elstow church. The rude carvings over the door and every thing about it show it to be a structure of great antiquity. Part of the original building only remains entire, sufficient, however, to accommodate the inhabitants of the village. The grave of the persecutor of Bunyan, is within its walls. The monumental stone, with an inscription to his memory, was pointed out. The "armorial bearings," or coats of arms, of some of the ancient families, are seen emblazoned on the walls. A helmet, with a tattered flag, or dress, belonging to some ancient warrior, also hung near the pulpit. An ancient stone coffin, recently dug up in the vicinity, is to be seen in the church. The belfry, in which it was the ambition of Bunyan to assist the bell-ringer, in his boyish days, the church-yard, with its venerable looking trees, the village-green, with the ancient building now used as a school-house, all now probably retain very much the appearance they did in Bunyan's time.

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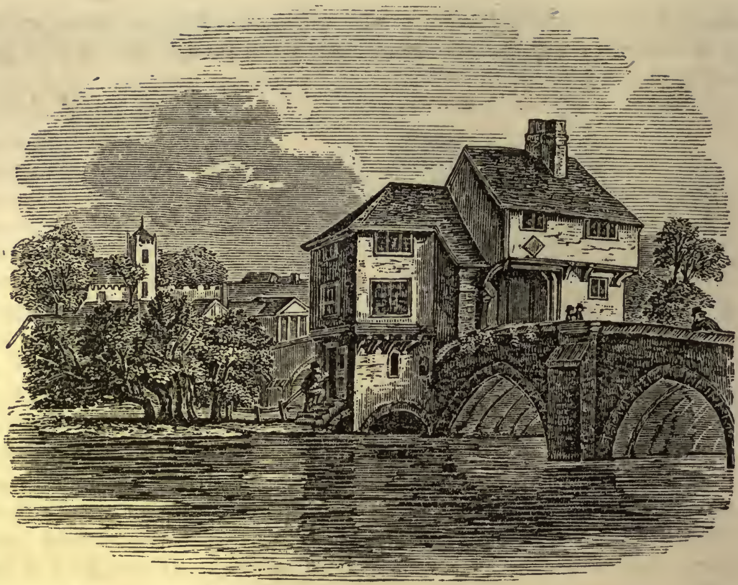
* My conductor informed me that the wages of a laborer in this vicinity were twenty pence (about 37 cents American money,) per day. During harvest-time the wages of laborers were at the rate of four pounds per month, *four pints of ale* daily, with all the small beer they wished to drink. They, however, had to board themselves. At the time I was in Elstow, the price of wheat averaged forty-five shillings per sack, which contains about five bushels.



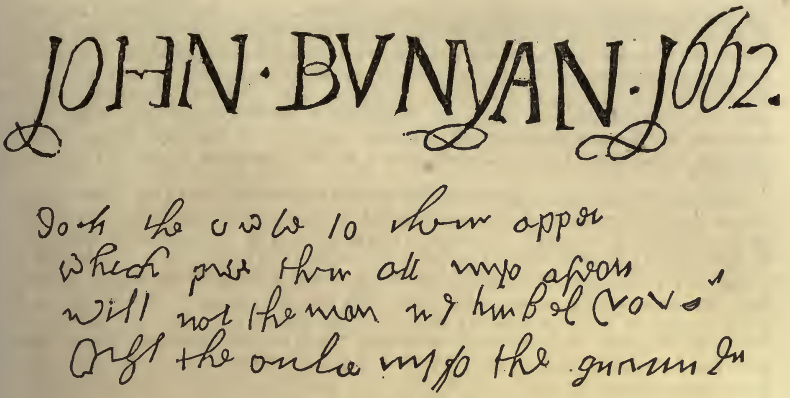
Bedford Jail, where Bunyan wrote his Pilgrim's Progress.

The annexed engraving is a representation of the old Jail, formerly on Bedford Bridge, the damp "den" overhanging the sluggish Ouse, in which John Bunyan wrote the First Part of the Pilgrim's Progress, a work "natural as Shakspeare, as familiar as Robinson Crusoe, and as idomatic as the Authorized Version; the spring and fountain of the glorious dreamer's inspiration. This remarkable work has been read with avidity wherever the English language is spoken, and has been translated into more than thirty languages—an honor paid to no other book, the Book of God alone excepted."

On a board, or tablet, affixed on the first house seen on the engraving, on page sixty-eight, is the following notice:—"By an order of Sessions, constables are to apprehend all vagrants coming into this town." In the central part of the village, I observed another notice fixed on a house, viz.:—"By an order of the magistrates, constables are to apprehend all vagrants beggars in this parish."

The following is a copy of Bunyan's name, as written on a tattered copy of "Fox's Martyrology;" and on a page of that book, under the engraving of an owl appearing at a council held by Pope John, at Rome, he had written the four lines above:

"Doth the owle to them apper
Which put them all into a fear
Will not the man in treble crown
Fright the owle unto the ground."



JOHN·BVNYAN·1662.

Fac-simile of Bunyan's name and writing.

It is no more than justice to state that Bunyan's hand-writing was afterwards much improved. His last act was one of charity. On his return from Reading, where he had succeeded in reconciling a father to his offending son, he was overtaken with a heavy rain before he was able to get to his friend Strudwick, on Snow Hill, in London. He was seized with a fever, and after ten days' illness he died, on the last day of August. He was buried in Bunhill Fields. The following inscription is found on what appears to be the family tomb of Mr. Strudwick:—"Mr. John Bunyan, Author of the Pilgrim's Progress, ob. 12 Aug. 1688, Æ 60." There has been some doubt as to the precise spot where Bunyan's remains were deposited, some supposing them to have been interred in that part of the yard formerly known as the "Baptist Corner."

The secret of Bunyan's charm is the strong human interest which he gives to his characters. Dr. Franklin remarks that "Honest John Bunyan is the first who has mingled narrative and dialogue together—a mode of writing very engaging to the reader, who, in the most interesting passages, finds himself admitted, as it were, into the company, and present at the conversation."

"The happy idea," says James Montgomery, "of representing his story under the similitude of a dream, enabled him to portray, with all the liveliness of reality, the scenes which passed before him. It makes the reader himself, like the author, a spectator of all that occurs; thus giving him a personal interest in the events, an individual sympathy for the actors and sufferers."

Robert Southey, the poet-laureate—the high-church advocate, the apologist of persecution—describes the "Pilgrim's Progress" as "a book which makes its way through the fancy to the understanding and the heart. The child pursues it with wonder and delight; in youth we discover the genius it displays; its worth is apprehended as we advance in years; and we perceive its merits feelingly in declining age."

The estimate of Coleridge is remarkable—he says, "This wonderful work is one of the very few books which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with a new and different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian; and let me assure you that there is great theological acumen in the work; once with devotional feelings; and once as a poet: I could not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitively delightful colors. I know of no book, the Bible excepted, as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth, according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is, in my conviction, incomparably the best *summa theologæ evangelicæ* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired. I hold John Bunyan to be a man of incomparably greater genius than any of them, (the Divines,) and to have given a far truer and more edifying picture of Christianity. His "Pilgrim's Progress" seems to be a complete reflection of Scripture, with none of the rubbish of theologians mixed up with it. I have been always struck by its piety; I am now, having read it through again, after a long interval, struck equally, or even more, by its profund wisdom."

Macaulay places the shrine of Bunyan next to that of Milton, in his hero worship. In his review of "Southey's Life of Bunyan," he says: "the characteristic peculiarity of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. It is not so with the "Pilgrim's Progress." That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. In the wildest parts of Scotland it is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than "Jack the Giant Killer." Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows the road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius—that things which are not, should be as though they were—that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another—and this miracle the tinker has wrought. The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable, as a study, to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds: one of those minds produced the "Paradise Lost," the other the "Pilgrim's Progress!" Other allegorists have shown great ingenuity, but no other allegorists have ever been able to touch the heart, and to make abstractions objects of terror, of pity, and of love."

We close these notices by an extract from Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chief-Justices." Referring to the imprisonment of Bunyan, his lordship says, "Being cut off from the external world, he communed with his own soul, and, inspired by Him who touched Elijah's hallowed lips with fire, he composed the noblest of allegories, the merit of which was first discovered by the lowly, but which is now lauded by the most refined critics; and which has done more to awaken piety, and to enforce the precepts of Christian morality, *than all the sermons which have been published by all the prelates of the Anglican church.*"

NORTHAMPTON, AND VICINITY.

NORTHAMPTON is sixty-six miles north-west of London, and is situated in the very heart, or central part, of England. It is a place of great antiquity, supposed to have been founded by the ancient Britons. It was in possession of the Danes in the reign of Edward the Elder, from the year 907 to 921. Its site was on the border of two British tribes, in front of a vast forest, extending to a great distance. Northampton contains a number of churches, venerable for their antiquity. The church of St. Sepulchre has an illuminated clock, and a peal of eight bells. The original church, (the circular part,) is supposed to have been founded about the twelfth, or beginning of the thirteenth century, when the pointed arch began to prevail. Antiquarians suppose it to have been built by the Knight Templars, after the model of the church erected over the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

A local writer says, " this architectural rarity is one of the few remaining structures which owe their existence either to the crusading spirit, or to the men themselves whose lives were spent in alternate fighting or devotion—the poor fellows, soldiers of Jesus Christ." St. Peter's Church is situated near the western extremity of the town, and is supposed to have been erected by one of the Norman Lords, it being one of the best specimens of Norman architecture in the kingdom. This church had the ancient privilege of " Sanctuary" attached to it. Any person accused of crime, and intending to clear himself by canonical purgation, should do it here.

All Saints' Church, is in the center of the town. It was burnt in 1675, and re-built in 1680. Standing above the portico, in front of this church, is seen the statue of Charles II, in a Roman costume, with the following inscription underneath: " This statue was erected in memory of King Charles II, who gave a thousand tuns of timber towards the re-building of this church, and to this town seven years chimney-money collected." Another inscription is to be seen in memory of John Bayles, an old button-maker of Northampton, who died in 1706, above 126 years old; his daughter lived to 102 years. He was able to walk to neighboring markets till within twelve years of his death. His diet was any thing he could get. His body was extremely emaciated, his flesh feeling hard, and the shape of all his external muscles was plainly to be seen through the skin. There is a marble statue at this place of the Right Hon. Spencer Percival, (many years member for the borough,) who was assassinated on the lobby of the House of Commons, May 11th, 1812.

The staple business is shoemaking, which has been carried on here from time immemorial. In the history of the place, it is stated, " it is an old saying, that you know when you are within a mile of Northampton by the noise of the lap-stones."

A dreadful fire occurred here September 20th, 1675, when the greater part of the town was consumed. It extended half a mile in six hours, burnt 600 houses, occupied by 700 families. Eleven lives were lost. A strong south-west wind drove the flames " which made a noise like thunder, to the terror of all those near the place." The morning after, the town lay reeking and burning in every direction, and apprehensions were entertained of a fresh outbreak, when three rainbows appeared in the heavens, the harbingers of a great shower, which fell in torrents over the devoted town, and totally extinguished the flames.

Northampton may be considered as the place from whence the Washingtons originated. In 1529, Henry VIII granted the manor of Sulgrave parish, Chippen Warden Hundred, to Lawrence Washington, Gent., of Northampton, being previously surrendered to the crown on the dissolution of the monasteries. His sons, Robert and Lawrence, sold the manor in 1610. Lawrence, after the sale of the estate, retired to Brington, where he died. His second son, John Washington, about the middle of the seventeenth century emigrated to America, and was the grandfather of Washington.

The Hon. Henry Hely Hutchinson, is now, (1849,) the Lord of the manor. The manor house, formerly the residence of the Washingtons, is now occupied as a farm-house. It is situated at the east end of the village. Sulgrave is six miles north of Brackley, and fourteen south-west of Northampton. The parish contains 1,010 acres, and between five and six hundred inhabitants.

Robert Brown, the founder of the *Brownists*, was a native of Northampton. He was much persecuted by the established prelates, wandered up and down the country, and was committed to more than *thirty* prisons, in some of which he could not see his hand at noon-day. For endeavoring to establish his opinions, or sect, at Northampton, he was cited to appear before the Bishop of Peterborough. Refusing to obey the citation, he was excommunicated. This had such an effect on his mind, that, about the year 1590, he was induced, probably by the influence of his noble kinsman, to accept the Rectory of a church. "His parsonage," says Fuller, "he freely possessed, allowing sufficient salary for one to discharge the cure, and though against them in judgment, was continued." "He lived," according to Fuller, "eighty years, and died a first-*rate* martyr, for having opposed some parish *rate*, was arrested, and conveyed to Northampton Gaol, on a bed in a cart, where he soon sickened, and died in 1630." Thus he was the founder of a religious sect, and the first apostate from its ranks.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Philip Doddridge

Fac-simile.

Philip Doddridge, D. D., an eminent divine among Protestant dissenters, was, for many years, a resident of Northampton, which was the place of his principal labors. He was descended of an ancient and respectable family, which appears to have been originally settled in Devonshire. His father, Daniel Doddridge, traded as an oilman in the city of London, and was heir-at-law to a considerable estate of about £2,000 a year, but was deterred from prosecuting for its recovery by an apprehension of the hazard and expense. Dr. Doddridge was born at London on the 26th day of June, 1702, and was the last of twenty children, who all died young, except himself and one sister. At his birth, he was so utterly destitute of every sign of life, that he was thrown aside as dead; but one of the attendants, having observed some appearance of breathing, his existence was, with great care, providentially preserved for the benefit of mankind. From his infancy, however, he possessed an infirm constitution and consumptive habit, which rendered both himself and his friends apprehensive that his life would be short. He was trained up by his parents in the early knowledge of religion; and before he could read, was instructed by his mother in the history of the Old and New Testament, by the aid of some painted Dutch tiles in the chimney.

In 1715 he was left an orphan by the death of his father; and, at the same time, by the misconduct of the person who had been intrusted with the management of his pecuniary affairs, he lost the whole of his private fortune. But having been removed, at the time of his father's death, to a private school at St. Albans, he happily formed an acquaintance with Dr. Samuel Clerk, dissenting minister of the place, who continued, through life, to treat him with all the kindness of a parent, and by whose generous assistance he was enabled to proceed with his future studies.

In 1719, Doddridge was placed under the tuition of the Rev. John Jennings, in the Academy at Kibworth, in Leicestershire. In 1722, having been previously examined and approved, by a committee of ministers, he preached his first sermon at Hinckley, whither Mr. Jennings had removed. Soon after this event, his attention was drawn to the subject of educating young men for the ministry. Having drawn up a plan for this purpose, which was submitted to a meeting of dissenting ministers, he was prevailed upon to undertake the office of a theological tutor.

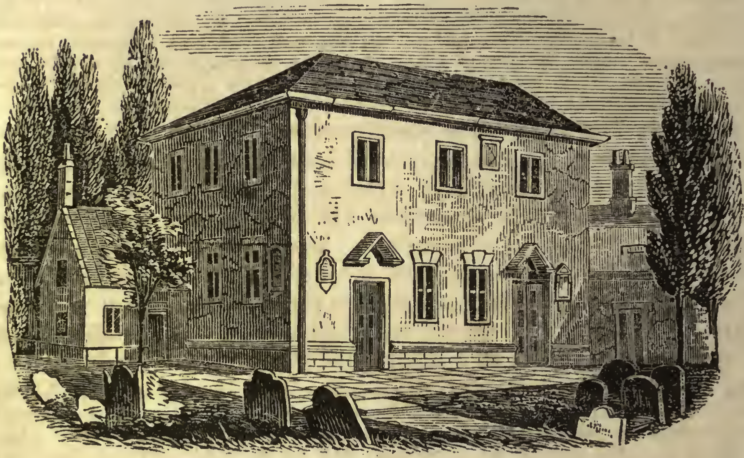
He opened his academy at Market-Harborough, in the summer of 1729, but he had scarcely continued a few months in this employment, when he was invited to undertake the pastoral charge of a congregation at Northampton. To this place he removed at the close of the same year; and for the space of twenty-one years continued faithfully to discharge the duties of his pastoral office and to conduct the business of his theological academy. At first, after his removal to Northampton, the number of students under his care was very limited, but gradually increased every year, so as to render it necessary to employ a stated assistant to superintend the junior pupils. During the twenty-two years that he exercised the office of a tutor, about two hundred young men were placed under his care; and of that number one hundred and twenty afterwards entered upon the ministry. In 1730, he married Mrs. Mercy Maris, a native of Worcester, who possessed every qualification that could minister to his happiness, and to whom he uniformly testified the greatest tenderness and affection. From his settlement in Northampton, in 1729, to the commencement of his last illness in 1750, he produced a succession of most valuable works.

Having contracted a pulmonary complaint, he was advised, by his medical friend, to pass the winter in a milder climate. He, accordingly, made a voyage to Lisbon. Soon after his arrival he was seized with a diarrhœa, and died on the 26th of October, 1751. Agreeable to his own desire, his body was opened after his death; and his lungs were found in so ulcerated a state, as to render it surprising that his speaking and breathing had not been more painful to him than they were even to the last. His remains were interred in the burying-ground of the British Factory, at Lisbon; and a handsome monument was erected to his memory by his congregation in his meeting-house at Northampton. He left behind him four children; three daughters, and one son.

Dr. Doddridge was not handsome in his person, which was very thin and slender, rather above the middle size, and stooping considerably from the shoulders; but when he was engaged in conversation, or in preaching, there was a remarkable sprightliness and vivacity in his countenance and manner. He possessed what are rarely united in one person, great quickness of apprehension, a remarkable strength of memory, and an uncommon application in the prosecution of his studies. He was surpassed by few in the extent of his learning, and the variety of useful knowledge which he had acquired.

In his younger years particularly he gave proofs of considerable poetic powers; of which his celebrated paraphrase on his family motto, "*Dum vivimus vivamus,*" which Dr. Johnson has specified as one of the finest epigrams in the English language, may be given as a specimen:

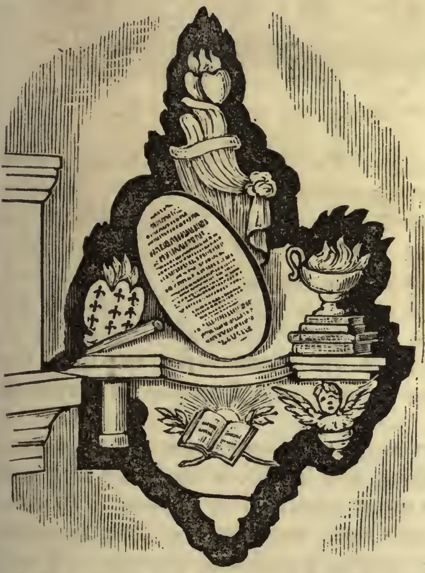
"Live, while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day."
"Live, while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure while I live to thee.



Doddridge Chapel, Northampton.

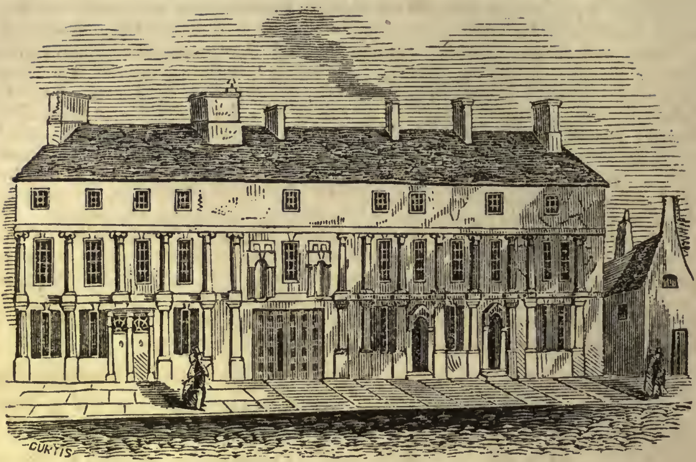
The above is the representation of Dr. Doddridge's chapel, Castle Hill, in Northampton. It was erected in 1695, and, in its external appearance, remains very much the same as when Dr. Doddridge officiated within its walls, upwards of a century since. The building is of stone, and fronts a small grave-yard which is hidden from observation by a high wall next the street. The small building attached to the church, on the left, is the vestry. A sun-dial is seen between the two upper windows next the street. Several relics of Dr. Doddridge are kept in the vestry, among which are his chair, the call of the church "To the Rev. Mr. Doddridge, in Harborough," signed by twelve persons, among which is one by the name of Henry Bunyan. His diary is also preserved, in which is noted his acceptance of the call of the church, &c.

Besides carrying on, during his life, a most extensive correspondence, sufficient to have occupied the whole time of most persons, Dr. Doddridge, by his strict economy of time, found means, amidst his abundant labors as a tutor and a pastor, to produce, as an author, a number of works, which have been very highly and generally esteemed. In 1739 he presented to the public the first volume of *The Family Expositor,* which may be considered as his great work. In 1740, appeared the second volume of the same work; and in 1741, a course of *Practical Discourses on Regeneration,* which have been justly characterized by a foreign divine, as uniting orthodoxy with moderation, zeal with meekness, and deep-hidden wisdom with uncommon clearness; as displaying simplicity without coldness, elegance without painting, and sublimity without bombast. In 1745 was published one of his most popular and useful works, *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, which was written at the request of Dr. Isaac Watts, and which, besides obtaining the high commendations of many eminent established clergymen, and an extensive circulation both in England and America, was translated into the Dutch, Danish, French, and German languages. In 1747, he published *Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of Col. James Gardiner*, a work of which his literary friends, and the learned Warburton in particular, expressed the most unqualified approbation. In 1748 appeared the third volume of *The Family Expositor;* and in the course of the same year, he revised the expository works and other remains of Archbishop Leighton, and translated his *Latin Prelections*, an employment in which he declared that he experienced the highest edification and delight. Of *The Family Expositor* three volumes remained to be published after the death of the author; but the whole had been finished in short-hand, excepting a few notes at the conclusion; and the greater part, especially the whole of the fourth volume, which was published in 1754, had been actually transcribed for the press. In 1755, Mr. Orton published a volume of hymns from the pen of Dr. Doddridge, which have been generally acceptable, and have passed through numerous editions.



The annexed engraving is a representation of a marble tablet to the memory of Dr. Doddridge, affixed to the wall by the identical pulpit in which he officiated. In the upper part of the emblematic devices on the table, flaming hearts are seen, with the words "Unity and Love." At the lower part is seen the sacred Volume, on the pages of which are inscribed the words, "Death is swallowed up in victory." Back of the volume is seen the setting sun, while nearer is seen the laurel branch, indicative of victory. On one side of the shield is seen the family coat of arms; on the other, the Lamp of Truth, standing on three or four volumes, representing his principal works. The following inscription is seen on the shield:

> "To the memory of Philip Doddridge, D. D., XXI years pastor of this church, Director of a flourishing Academy, and Author of many excellent writings, by which his pious, benevolent and indefatigable zeal to make men good, wise, and happy, will far better be made known, and perpetuated much longer than by this obscure and perishable marble, the humble monument, not of his praise, but of their esteem, Affection and regret, who knew him, loved him, and lamented him, and who are desirous of recording in this inscription, their friendly but faithful testimony, to the many amiable and Christian virtues that adorned his more private character, by which, though dead, he yet speaketh. And still in remembrance forcibly, though solemnly admonished, his once beloved and ever grateful flock. He was born January 26th, 1702, died October 26th, 1751."



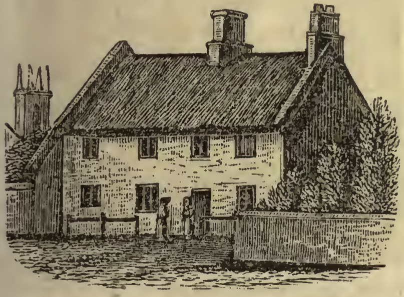
Dr. Doddridge's House, Northampton, as it appeared in 1751.

The above is a representation of Dr. Doddridge's house, now standing, in Northampton, as it appeared in 1751. The chamber in which he wrote his celebrated "Expositor" is on the left, the Academy was on the same floor on the second story. Col. Gardiner, who was killed at Preston Pans, was a visitor in this house, and his son, David, was a pupil in the Academy at the time of his death. Col. Gardiner became acquainted with Dr. Doddridge in 1743, when he was quartered at Northampton. He was there for the last time in 1743, with his wife, Lady Francis, on a visit to the writer of his life.

At the time Dr. Doddridge was at Northampton, momentous events took place in the kingdom, and he felt it his duty to speak out fully his sentiments on the great questions of the day. In consequence of this, his house at one time was attacked by a Jacobite mob in favor of the Pretender, during a political canvass. When the time of trial came on, in 1745, Doddridge met the Earl of Halifax to concert measures of resistance. This was on Wednesday, September 25th, the first day of the races, before the news of the disastrous defeat of the Royal forces had reached the town. A letter in the Gentleman's Magazine, signed P. D., supposed to be his, gives an acccount of the meeting. The postscript dates Oct. 9th, "This day the newly enlisted men were sworn, and immediately drew up with great dexterity, and sung the memorable song, '*To arms! Britons strike home!*' the Earl of Halifax, and many of the gentlemen in the county, joining in the chorus."

JAMES HERVEY

REV. JAMES HERVEY, an eminent divine, was born at Hardingstone, Northamptonshire, and educated at Northampton grammar-school, and Lincoln College, Oxford. In 1736, he served the curacy of Weston Favel for his father, and afterwards removed to Biddleford, and in 1750, succeeded, on his father's death, to the livings of Weston, and Collingtree. In the discharge of his pastoral duties, he was zealously active and vigilant, in his conduct exemplary, and in his manners pious, humane and charitable. His heart was so warmly actuated by benevolent motives, that he expressed a wish to die "even with the world," and therefore his income and the profits which he derived from his popular and valuable publications were carefully devoted to the comfort and support of the poor and wretched in his neighborhood. This good and benevolent character, whose constitution was undermined by a slow consumption, died on Christmas-day, 1758, aged forty-four. His "Meditations among the Tombs," and "Reflections in a Flower Garden," were first published in 1746, and as they were well received by the public, he added another volume, and "Theron and Aspasio, or Dialogues and Letters on the Most Important Subjects," 3 vols. 8vo., appeared 1755, a work strongly supporting the doctrines of Calvin. He wrote, besides sermons, "Letters to J. Wesley," "Letters to Lady Francis Shirley," an edition of "Jenks' Meditations," &c.



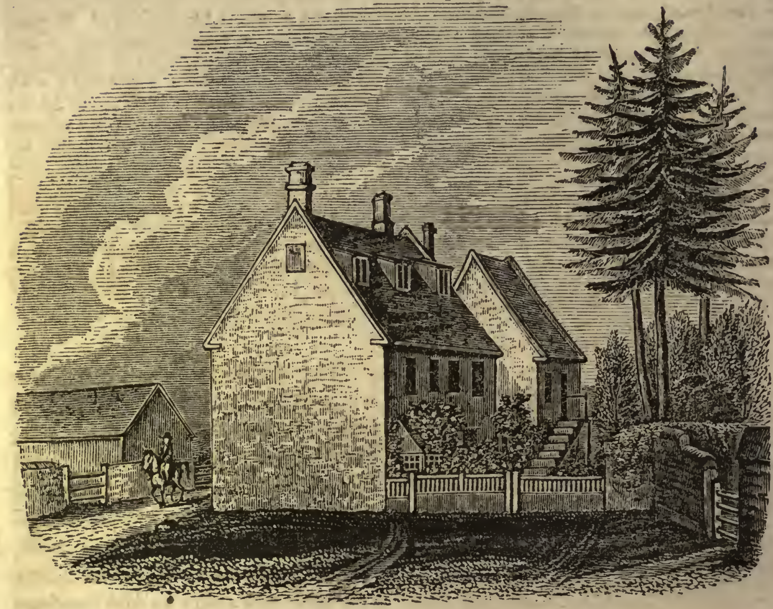
Birth-place of Hervey, Author of Meditations.

The annexed cut shows the birth-place of Hervey, in the little village of Hardingstone, about two miles south from Northampton. The house is represented as it formerly appeared with its thatched roof. A few years since this was taken off, and one more in the modern style was constructed. On the summit of the elevated ground, south from Northampton, near where a road turns to the left to Hardingstone, is one of those singular structures, to the eye of an American, called "crosses." This is called the "Queen's Cross," being one of the thirteen or fourteen erected by Edward I, king of England, about the year 1280, in memory of his wife Eleanor, daughter of Ferdinand III, king of Castile.

The church in which Mr. Hervey preached, an ancient structure, is situated in the centre of a small grave-yard, and was evidently built after the model of some great cathedral. It has much more of a diminutive appearance within, than on the outside, and would contain but a small congregation. The pulpit in which he preached is in the Catholic fashion, on the side. The apparatus for holding the hour-glass, used by Mr. Hervey, still remains. He was buried in the chancel of the church, and a horizontal slab covers his remains, with the following inscription:

> "Here lieth the remains of the Rev. JAMES HERVEY, A. M., late Rector of this Parish. That very pious man, and much admired Author, who died December 25th, 1758, in the 45th year of his age."

Reader, expect no more to make him known;
Vain the fond Elegy, and figured Stone;
A name more lasting shall his Writings give;
There view display'd his heavenly soul and live.



HERVEY HOUSE, WESTON FLAVEL, NEAR NORTHAMPTON.
Drawn by the Author, Sept. 29th, 1853.

The above engraving shows the present appearance from the north of the Hervey House, a few rods south of Weston Favel Church. It was in this house his most celebrated works were written, and in the farther chamber of which, he died. From the window of this room, which is nearest the adjoining building, there is a pleasant prospect of the meadow below in the distance. The front of the house is what, in America, would be called the backside, and opens into a *flower garden.* In it there is a small bower, under which, I was informed, he used to sit and meditate. That part of the house which fronts the street is but little else than a bare naked wall.

The following extracts are from the "Meditations among the Tombs:"

Be composed my spirits; there is nothing to fear in these quiet chambers. "Here, even the wicked cease from troubling." Good heavens! what a solemn scene! How dismal the gloom! Here is perpetual darkness, and night even at noon-day. How doleful the solitude! Not one trace of cheerful society; but sorrow and terror seem to have made this their dreaded abode. Hark! how the hollow dome resounds at every tread. The echoes, that long have slept, are awakened, and lament and sigh along the walls.

A beam or two finds its way through the grates, and reflects a feeble glimmer from the nails of the coffins. So many of those sad spectacles, half concealed in shades; half seen dimly by the baleful twilight; add a deeper horror to these gloomy mansions. I pore upon the inscriptions—and am just able to pick out, that these are the remains of the rich and renowned. No vulgar dead are deposited here. The *Most Illustrious* and *Right Honorable* have claimed this for their last retreat. And, indeed, they retain somewhat of a shadowy pre-eminence. They lie, ranged in mournful order, and in a sort of silent pomp, under the arches of an ample sepulchre, while meaner corpses, without much ceremony, "go down to the stones of the pit."

My apprehensions recover from their surprise. I find here are no phantoms, but such as fear raises. However, it still amazes me, to observe the wonders of this nether world. Those who received vast revenues, and called whole lordships their own, are here reduced to half a dozen feet of earth, or confined in a few sheets of lead. Rooms of state, and sumptious furniture are resigned, for no other ornament than the shroud, for no other apartment than the darksome niche. Where is the star that blazed upon the breast, or coronet that glittered round the temples? The only remains of departed dignity are the weather-beaten hatchment, and the tattered escutcheon. I see no splendid retinue surrounding this solitary dwelling. The lordly equipage hovers no longer about the lifeless master. He has no other attendant than a dusty statue, which, while the regardless world is as gay as ever, the sculptor's hand hath taught to weep.

* * * * * * * * * *

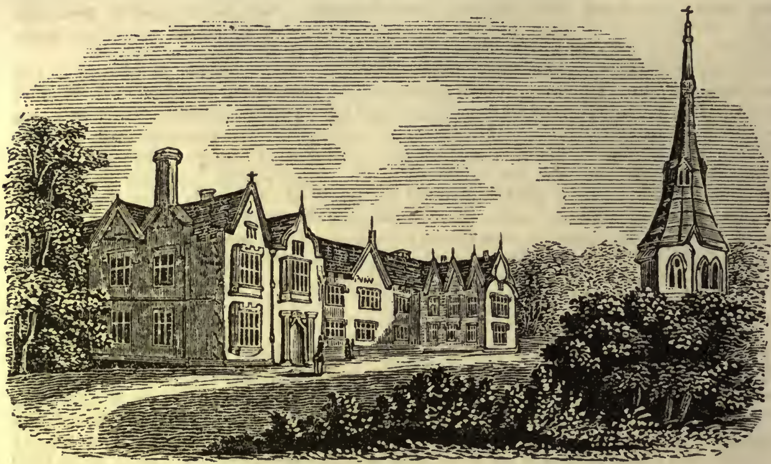
O Eternity! Eternity! How are our boldest, our strongest thoughts, lost and overwhelmed in thee! Who can set land-marks to limit thy dimensions; or find plumbets to fathom thy depths? Arithmeticians have figures, to compute all the progressions of time. Astronomers have instruments, to calculate the distances of the planets. But what numbers can state, what lines can guage the lengths and breadths of eternity? "It is higher than heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, broader than the sea."

Mysterious, mighty existence! A sum not to be lessened by the largest deductions! an extent not to be contracted by all possible diminutions! None can truly say, after the most prodigious waste of ages; "So much of eternity is gone." For when millions of centuries are elapsed, it is but just commencing; and when millions more have run their ample round, it will be no nearer ending. Yea, when ages, numerous as the bloom of Spring, increased by the herbage of Summer, both augmented by the leaves of Autmn, and all multiplied by the drops of rain which drown the Winter—when these, and ten thousand times ten thousand more—more than can be represented by any similitude, or imagined by any conception—when all these are revolved and finished, Eternity! vast, boundless, amazing eternity, will only be beginning!

JOHN DRYDEN.

John Dryden was born August 9, 1631, at the parsonage-house of Aldwinkle, (All Saints,) a parish in the hundred of Huxloe county of Northampton. The church is remarkable for its beautiful tower; it has some windows in the decorated English style, and a small ornamented chapel.

Dryden was the eldest son of Erasmus Dryden, of Tichmersh, in Northamptonshire, but the original stock of the family came from the county of Huntingdon. The subject of this memoir is reported to have inherited from his father, who acted as a justice of the peace during the Protectorate, an estate of £200 a-year. He received the early part of his education in the country, and was then removed to Westminster School, where he was instructed as one of the king's scholars, by Dr. Busby, whence he was elected to a scholarship in Trinity College, Cambridge, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. His father dying in 1654, he took possession of his estate, subject, however, to considerable deductions for the widow and younger children. Of his school performances, only has appeared a poem on the death of Lord Hastings. It was not till the death of Cromwell, in 1658, that he became a candidate for public fame, by publishing *Heroic Stanzas on the late Lord Protector.* When Charles II was restored, he changed his opinions, and published *Astræa Redux*, which was quickly followed by *A Panegyric on the Coronation.* In the year 1688, he was appointed poet laureate and historiographer, in the room of Sir W. Davenant.



Birth-place of Dryden, Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire.

He soon afterwards published his *Essay on Dramatic Posey*, which he had written in 1665, in his retirement during the plague: previously to this public calamity, he had married Lady Elizabeth Howard. He now became professionally a writer for the stage. On the death of Charles II, he composed his *Threnodia Augustalis, a funeral poem;* and on the accession of James II, he conformed to the religion of the new sovereign, which compliance gained him an addition to his pension of £100 per annum. He next published two volumes of Miscellany *Poems;* and many other minor poetical works. In 1694, he commenced his celebrated translation of Virgil; and in 1697, it was sent to press. Having been solicited to write a second ode for St. Cecillia's Day, he produced the admirable *Alexander's Feast.* The *Fables* was the last of his great works, for he soon afterwards declined in health; and an inflammation in one of his toes, terminating in a mortification, put an end to his life, at his house in Gerrard-street, Soho, on the first of May, 1701. The body of this emiment poet was buried in Westminster Abbey, next to that of Chaucer.

CAMBRIDGE AND ITS UNIVERSITY.

Cambridge, which takes its name from the river *Cam* or *Granta* and the bridge over it (for it is called in history both *Cambridge* and *Grantbridge*) is situated on a plain 52 miles north of London, and contains about 23,000 inhabitants. It is a very ancient place, and has been for many centuries distinguished as a seat of a celebrated university. That it was a British settlement is extremely probable, and the high artificial hill within the bounds of the ancient intrenchments, is by many supposed to be a specimen of British labor. However this may be, that it was a Roman station by the name of Granta seems certain.

In the year 871, Cambridge was plundered and burnt by the Danes The desolate site was chosen by the invaders, as one of their principal stations. In 875, three of their generals wintered here with an army, and it appears that they occasionally occupied it till the year 921. When the Danish army, quartered at Cambridge, submitted to Edward the Elder, that monarch repaired the decayed buildings, and made it once more a seat of learning. In 1010, the town was again destroyed by its old enemies, the Danes. While the Isle of Ely was held against William the Conqueror by the English nobility, he built here a Castle on the site of the Danish fortress, and twenty-seven houses were destroyed to make room for its erection. In 1088, the town and county were laid waste with fire and sword, by Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, who was then in arms in support of the cause of Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror. In 1174, a great fire happened, which, besides doing other extensive damage, injured most of the parish churches, and entirely destroyed that dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

Frequent civil discord followed these melancholy events, and the town suffered greatly from plunder and anarchy during the succeeding century. In the year 1381, too, a serious dispute arose between the townsmen and the University. The townspeople assembled at their hall; and having chosen and obliged James de Grantcestre to act as their leader, they committed the most flagrant acts of violence. They broke open the doors of Corpus Christi College, and carried away the charters, jewels, and other goods belonging to that foundation. They obliged certain of the Masters and others to renounce, under pain of death, and destruction of their dwellings, all the privileges that had ever been granted them. After this, they broke open the University-Chest in St. Mary's Church, and taking out all the records, burnt them, with the other papers, in the market-place. Many other acts of violence accompanied these proceedings; and the misguided crowd, to ensure their own safety, forced certain of the principal Members of the University to sign a bond, which vested its *entire* future government in the burgesses of the town; and contained an acquittance from all actions which might be brought against them on account of the present tumults. Soon afterwards, however, this ursurped power was wrested from their hands, by Henry le Spencer, Bishop of Norwich, who entered with some soldiers. Several of the principal leaders were imprisoned during life; the Mayor was deprived of his office; and the liberties of the town, granted by King John and Henry III, were declared forfeited, and part of them bestowed on the Chancellor of the University. The Charter was however renewed to the Corporation in the following year, but with abridged privileges; and it was also afterwards confirmed by Henry IV, in 1404; again by Henry VI, in 1423 and 1437, and lastly by Henry VIII, in 1548. For nearly a century after this, little ocurred relating to the history of the town which claims notice here, if we may except the unhappy strife which from time to time broke out between the two bodies. It never however reached its former height.

In 1574, the Town was visited by the Plague, and again more severely in 1630, which occasioned the business of the University to be suspended, and all the students had liberty to retire to their respective homes. The number of persons who fell victims to its ravages amounted to between 300 and 400. During the continuance of the malady, the assizes were removed to Royston.

In 1643, Cromwell, who had twice represented the borough, took possession of the town for the Parliament, and put in it a garrison of 1000 men. In August 1645, Charles I. appeared with an army before Cambridge, but departed without attacking it. In March 1647, Sir Thomas Fairfax, then General of the Parliamentary army, visited the town, and was received with all the honors of royalty at Trinity College, both by that Society and the Corporation; and on the 11th of June, in the same year, he kept a public fast here.

The origin of the University has been a subject of much controversy. "It was formerly contended that it existed as an University at least 600 years before the Christian era, that it was founded by Cantaber, a fugitive prince from Spain, and that Anaximander and Anaxagoras came to this place and taught philosophy. Later writers have with more probability regarded Sigebert, King of the East Angles, as the first who fostered learning in this place. To this he is said to have been advised, as well as to very many other works of piety, by St. Felix, the first Bishop of Dunwich, who presided over the Churches of East Anglia from A. D. 630, to his decease in A. D. 638.

Previously to the Conquest, the University, together with the town, experienced various reverses from the troublous and unsettled character of the times. In the beginning of the 12th century, it was considerably advanced in the learning of that age by some monks who were sent hither by the Abbot of Croyland, from his manor of Cottenham. Their plan of study was drawn from the University of Orleans. From the 11th to the 16th century, Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, the Civil and Canon Law, Divinity, and Natural Philosophy on the Aristotelian method were cultivated at Cambridge. For a long period the University studies did not cease, as now, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, but an attendance upon public lectures, together with regular acts and opponencies in the schools, were required for each succeeding degree.

The students dwelt at first as lodgers in the houses of the burgesses, until the extortions of the latter caused the erection of hostels, in which the scholars lived under the superintendence of a Principal, but at their own cost. The great Religious Orders had each their houses for the students of their respective communities. Some of these hostels were in process of time richly endowed, and out of these arose some of the present collegiate establishments. Of these hostels the only one of which any part still remains, is that denominated *Pythagoras's School*, or *Merton Hall*, situated at the back of St. John's College gardens, and now converted into a barn. In this place Erasmus is said to have read his first Greek Lectures in England. The walls are composed of rough stone, supported by arches, and strengthened by buttresses of considerable magnitude. The arches are mostly Saxon; but the building seems chiefly without ornaments, if we except one window on each side, which is separated into two parts by a slender pillar, having a capital decorated with a round moulding. The first authentic Charter granted to the University, was by Henry III, in the fifteenth year of his reign, A. D. 1230, and by that, and other subsequent grants, he conferred on it many valuable privileges. The more important privileges of the University were however conceded to it by Edward III, A. D. 1333. Subsequently to this, many statutes were given relating to the studies of the place, but no regular body of them was consolidated before the time of Henry VIII, when, under the direction of Cromwell, then Chancellor of the University, that was effected. These were revised with many additions in the succeeding reign; and again in that of Queen Mary, under the direction of Cardinal Pole: but for their completion, together with an extensive Charter of incorporation, Cambridge is indebted to Queen Elizabeth and the zeal of Lord Burleigh. These important statutes were finally settled, after two revisions, in the 13th year of her reign, 1570; and by these the University is governed at the present day.

James the First, in 1614, conferred on the University the privilege of sending two members to Parliament, the right of election being vested in the Members of the Senate. In the contest between Charles the First and his Parliament, the University suffered severely, having early declared themselves in the King's favor. Cambridge became the principal garrison town of the seven associated parliamentary counties, and the soldiers committed every species of devastation. Those members of the University who refused to subscribe the Solemn League and Covenant, were deprived, and in many instances otherwise injuriously dealt with. The most material events transacted at Cambridge since this period, are connected with the description of the Colleges.

THE UNIVERSITY is a society of students in all and every of the liberal arts and sciences, incorporated by the name of *The Chancellor, Masters and Scholars of the University of Cambridge.* The fame of this little commonwealth stands upon the union of seventeen colleges or societies, devoted to the study of learning and knowledge, and for the better service of the Church and State. All these colleges and halls (which here possess equal privileges) have been founded since the beginning of the reign of Edward I, and are maintained by the endowments of their several founders and benefactors. Each college is a body corporate, and bound by its own statutes; but is likewise controlled by the paramount laws of the University.

Each of the colleges furnishes members both for the legislative and executive branch of its government. The place of assembly is the Senate House.

All persons who are Masters of Arts, or Doctors in Divinity, the Civil Law, or Physic, having their names upon the college boards, holding any University office, or being resident in the town of Cambridge, have votes in this assembly.

The executive branch of the University is committed to the following officers:—

A *Chancellor*, who is the head of the whole University. He is chosen by the body of the Senate, and is generally one of the nobility. The office is biennial, or tenable for such a length of time beyond two years as the tacit consent of the University may choose to allow. A *High Steward* who has special power to take the trial of scholars impeached of felony within the limits of the University, and to hold and keep a Court-leet. He appoints a Deputy by Letters Patent. A *Vice-Chancellor*, who is annually elected on the 4th of November, by the Senate. His office, in the absence of the Chancellor, embraces the execution of the Chancellor's powers, and the government of the University, according to its statutes.

A *Commissary*, who is an officer under the Chancellor. He holds a court of record for all privileged persons and scholars under the degree of M. A. A *Public Orator*, who is the voice of the Senate upon all public occasions, writes. reads, and records the letters to and from the body of the Senate, and presents to all honorary degrees with an appropriate speech. The *Assessor* is an officer specially appointed by Grace of the Senate, to assist the Vice-Chancellor in his court. Two *Proctors*, who must be Masters of Arts, and are elected annually on the 10th of October. They attend to the discipline and behavior of all students under the degree of Master of Arts; read the Graces, and take the votes in the Regent House. They are assisted by *Two Pro-Proctors*. A *Librarian*, to whom the management of the University Library is confided.

A *Registrary.*—Two *Taxors*, who are Masters of Arts. appointed to regulate the markets, examine the assize of bread. and try the lawfulness of weights and measures. Two *Scrutators*, who read the Graces in the Non-Regent House. Two *Moderators*, nominated by the Proctors, and appointed by a Grace of the Senate. They act as the Proctors' substitutes in the Philosophical Schools, superintending alternately the exercises and disputations in philosophy, and the examinations for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. *Three Esquire Bedells*, whose office is to attend the Vice-Chancellor, whom they precede with their silver maces upon all public occasions. Besides these there are the *University Printer*, the *Library Keeper*, the *Under Library Keeper*, the *School Keeper*, the *Yeoman Bedelle*, and the *University Marshal*. There are two *Courts of Law* in the University: viz., the *Consistory Court of the Chancellor*, and the *Consistory Court of the Commissary*. The *Two Members* whom the University sends to Parliament, are chosen by the collective body of the Senate.

The *University Counsel* are appointed by a Grace of the Senate. The *Solicitor* is appointed by the Vice-Chancellor. The *Syndics* are members of the Senate, chosen to transact all special affairs relating to the University, such as the framing of laws, regulating fees, inspecting the library, buildings, printing, &c. The *Professors* have stipends allowed from various sources; some from the University chest, others from Government, or from estates left for that purpose.

Each College is an independent body, under the title of *Master*, *Fellows*. and *Scholars*. The other members on the boards are either students not on the foundation, or such as have passed through their academical course. The following are the names of the several Colleges, placed in chronological order.

	Founded.		*Founded.*		*Founded.*
1. St. Peter's College . .	1284	6. Corpus Christi College	1351	12. St. John's College .	1511
2. Clare Hall	1326	7. King's College . .	1441	13. Magdalene College .	1519
3. Pembroke College . .	1347	8. Queen's College . .	1448	14. Trinity College . .	1546
4. Gonville and Caius College	1348	9. St. Catherine's Hall .	1475	15. Emmanuel College .	1584
5. Trinity Hall	1350	10. Jesus College . . .	1497	16. Sidney Sussex Col. .	1588
		11. Christ's College . .	1505	17. Downing College . .	1800

The several orders in the respective Colleges, are as follows:—

Graduates, being, 1. A *Master or Head*, who is generally a Doctor in Divinity: excepting in Trinity Hall, Caius College, and Downing College, where they may be Doctors in the Civil Law or in Physic. The Head of King's is styled *Provost;* of Queen's, *President*. Several of the Colleges have Vice-Masters.

2. *Fellows*, who generally are Doctors in Divinity, the Civil Law, or in Physic; Bachelors in Divinity; Masters or Bachelors of Arts; and some few Bachelors in the Civil Law or in Physic, as at Trinity Hall and Caius College. The Fellows are chosen by the Masters and Seniors of the several Colleges from among those Scholars who have distinguished themselves in Mathematical science and classical learning. The statutes of some few of the Colleges require the Fellows to be born in England, in particular counties, districts, &c.; but the fellowships at Trinity, Sidney, Downing, Clare-Hall, Jesus College, and Trinity-Hall, are *perfectly* open to all competitors, and for the most part at St Peter's, Pembroke, Corpus Christi, St. John's, Magdalene and Emmanuel Colleges. The Fellows have rooms and Commons free of expense, and receive annual dividends of money, according to the several foundations on which they are placed, and varying with the rent of the College estates. The fellowships are, in most instances, tenable for life, but become void by marriage, succession to a College Living, or to preferment, or property beyond a certain value. The number of fellowships in the University is somewhat above 400.

3. *Noblemen Graduates*, *Doctors* in the several faculties, *Bachelors in Divinity* (who have been Masters of Arts), and *Masters of Arts*, who are not on the foundation, but who retain their names on the boards for the purpose of being Members of the Senate. 4. *Graduates* who are neither members of the Senate, nor in *statu puppillari*, are those Bachelors in Divinity who are denominated *Ten-year-men.* They are allowed by the 9th statute of Queen Elizabeth, which permits persons, who are admitted at any College when 24 years of age and upwards, to take the degree of Bachelor in Divinity after their names have remained on the boards *ten* years. During the two last years they must reside in the University the greater part of three several terms, and perform the exercises which are required by the statutes. 5. *Bachelors in the Civil Law and in Physic*, who sometimes keep their names upon the boards till they become Doctors. 6. *Bachelors of Arts*, who are in *statu puppillari*, and pay for tuition whether resident or not, and generally keep their names on the boards, either as Scholars, with an intention of offering themselves as candidates for Fellowships, or of becoming members of the Senate. If they erase their names, they save the expense of tuition and college *detrimenta;* and nevertheless, may take the degree of M. A. at the usual period, by putting their names on the College boards a few days previously to their insepting.

UNDERGRADUATES, or STUDENTS, being,

1. *Fellow-Commoners*, who are frequenly the younger sons of the nobility, or young men of fortune, and have the privilege of dining at the Fellows' table, whence the appellation possibly originated.

2. *Pensioners*, who are usually sons of the Clergy and Gentry: they pay for their commons, rooms, &c., and enjoy no pecuniary advantages from the College, unless they are Scholars.

3. *Scholars*, who are elected on the foundation mostly in the same manner as the Fellows, and gene-

rally enjoy rooms rent-free, commons, and pecuniary dividends. They read the graces in hall, lessons in chapel, &c. The number of scholarships and exhibitions in the University is upwards of 700.

4. *Sizars* are generally students of more limited means than the preceding. Those on the foundation usually have their commons free, and receive various emoluments

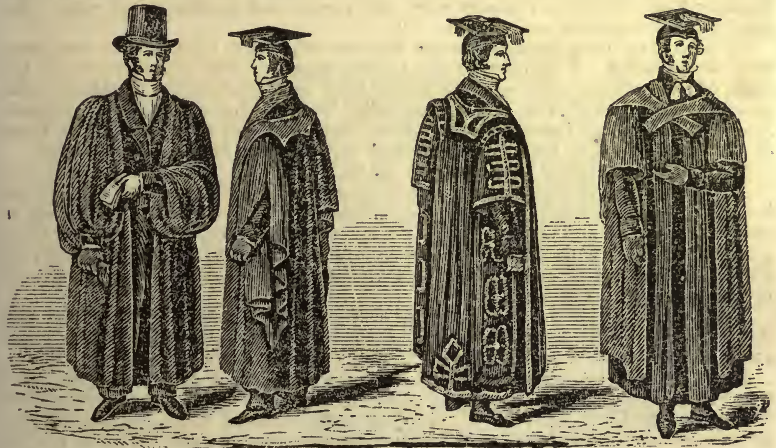
The government of each College is vested in the Master and Senior Fellows, who appoint several officers from among the Fellows, for the education of the Students, and the due administration of all matters belonging to the well-being of the respective foundations. The *Tutors* undertake the direction of the Classical, Mathematical, and other studies of the junior members; prepare them for the public examinations, and furnish them with advice and assistance in other respects. Many of the Undergraduates have private Tutors, generally Junior Fellows, and Bachelors of Arts. The *Deans* take cognizance of the moral conduct of the Students, and enforce regular attendance in hall and chapel. All gross offences against the University or College statutes are followed by expulsion; minor ones by rustication, (which is banishment for a certain length of time from the University;) and those of a more trivial nature, by fines, or literary tasks, termed impositions. The *Lecturers* assist in tuition, and especially attend to the exercises of the Students in Greek and Latin Composition, Themes, Declamations, Verses, &c. The *Bursars* have the management of the College estates and other revenues. The *Stewards* attend to the interior concerns and repairs of the Colleges. The *Chaplains* read Prayers; and in those Colleges that have choirs,—singing clerks, choristers, and an organist belong to the foundation.

The number of members *resident* in the University, during Term, is generally about 2000. Besides these there are above 250 inferior officers and servants, who are maintained on the several foundations.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE PRIZES.

The prizes and scholarships for the encouragement of literature, free and open to competition of the whole University, amount to upwards of £1600 per annum. Three-fourths of this sum is given for Classics and English Composition, the remainder for Theology and Mathematics.

The *annual prizes* in the different Colleges amount to about £600, two-thirds of which is allotted for the encouragement of classical literature.



Cambridge Students.—1. *Fellow.* 2. *Scholar.* 3. *Nobleman.* 4. *Proctor.*

There are few objects that attract the stranger's notice more than the various academical dresses worn by the members of the University.

A *Doctor in Divinity* has three robes: the *first*, a gown made of scarlet cloth, with ample sleeves terminating in a point, and lined with rose-colored silk, which is worn in public processions, and on all state and festival days: the *second*, is the cope, worn at Great St. Mary's during the service on Litany-days, in the Divinity School during an Act, and at Conciones ad Clerum; it is made of scarlet cloth, and completely envelopes the person, being closed down the front, which is trimmed with an edging of ermine; at the back of it is affixed a hood of the same costly fur:—the *third*, is a gown made of black silk or poplin, with full round sleeves, and is the habit commonly worn in public by a D. D.: Doctors, however, sometimes wear a Master of Arts gown, with a silk scarf. These several dresses are put over a black silk cassock, which covers the entire body, around which is fastened by a broad sash, and has sleeves coming down to the wrists, like a coat. A handsome scarf of the same materials, which hangs over the shoulders, and extends to the feet, is always worn with the scarlet and black gowns. A square black cloth cap, with silk tassel, completes the costume.

Doctors in the Civil Law and in Physic, have two robes:—the *first* is the scarlet-gown, as just described, and the *second,* or ordinary dress of a D. C. L., is a black silk gown, with a plain square collar, the sleeves hanging down square to the feet:—the ordinary gown of an M. D. is of the same shape, but trimmed at the collar, sleeves, and front with a rich black silk lace.

A *Doctor in Music* commonly wears the same dress as a D. C. L.; but on festival and scarlet-days is arrayed in a gown made of rich white damask silk, with sleeves and facings of rose-color, a hood of the same, and a round black velvet cap with gold tassels.

Bachelors in Divinity, and *Masters of Arts* wear a black gown, made of bombazine, poplin, or silk. It has sleeves extending to the feet, with apertures for the arms just above the elbow; and may be distinguished by the shape of the sleeves, which hang down square, and are cut out at the bottom like the section of a horse-shoe.

Bachelors in the Civil Law and in Physic, wear a gown of the same shape as that of a Master of Arts.

All Graduates of the above ranks are entitled to wear a hat, instead of the square black cloth cap, with their gowns, and the custom of doing so is generally adopted, except by the Heads, *Tutors* and *University* and *College Officers,* who consider it more correct to appear in the full academical costume.

A *Bachelor of Arts'* gown is made of bombazine or poplin, with large sleeves terminating in a point, with apertures for the arms, just below the shoulder joint. *Bachelor-Fellow-Commoners* usually wear silk gowns, and square velvet caps. The caps of other Bachelors are of cloth.

All the above, being *Graduates,* when they use Surplices in Chapel, wear over them their *Hoods,* which are peculiar to the several degrees. The hoods of *Doctors* are made of scarlet cloth, lined with rose-colored silk; those of *Bachelors in Divinity,* and *Non-Regent Masters of Arts,* are of black silk; those of *Regent Masters of Arts* and *Bachelors in the Civil Law and in Physic,* of black silk lined with white; and those of *Bachelor of Arts,* of black serge, trimmed with a border of white lamb's wool.

The dresses of the *Undergraduates,* are the following:—

A *Nobleman* has two gowns; the *first,* in shape like that of the Fellow-Commoners, is made of purple Ducape, very richly embroidered with gold lace, and is worn in public processions, and on festival days: a square black velvet cap with a very large gold tassel is worn with it:—the *second,* or ordinary gown, is made of black silk, with full round sleeves, and a hat is worn with it. The latter dress is worn also by the Bachelor-Fellows of King's College.

A *Fellow-Commoner* wears a black prince's stuff gown, with a square collar, and straight hanging sleeves, which are decorated with gold lace; and a square black velvet cap with a gold tassel.

The Fellow-Commoners of Emmanuel College wear a similar gown, with the addition of several gold lace buttons attached to the trimmings on the sleeves:—those of Trinity College have a purple prince's stuff gown, adorned with silver lace, and a silver tassel is attached to the cap:—at Downing the gown is made of black silk, of the same shape, ornamented with tufts and silk lace; and a square cap of velvet with a gold tassel is worn. At Jesus College, a Bachelor's silk gown is worn, plaited up at the sleeve, and with a gold lace from the shoulder to the bend of the arm. At Queens' a Bachelor's silk gown, with a velvet cap and gold tassel, is worn: the same at Corpus and Magdalene; at the latter it is gathered and looped up at the sleeve,—at the former (Corpus) it has velvet facings. Married Fellow-Commoners usually wear a black silk gown, with full round sleeves, and a square velvet cap with silk tassel.

The *Pensioner's* gown and cap are mostly of the same material and shape as those of the Bachelor's: the gown differs only in the mode of trimming. At Trinity and Caius Colleges the gown is purple, with large sleeves, terminating in a point. At St. Peter's and Queens', the gown is precisely the same as that of a Bachelor; and at King's the same, but made of fine black woollen cloth. At Corpus Christi is worn a B. A. gown, with black velvet facings. At Downing and Trinity Hall the gown is made of a black bombazine, with large sleeves, looped up at the elbows.

Students in the Civil Law and in Physic, who have kept their Acts, wear a full-sleeved gown, and are entitled to use a B. A. hood.

Bachelors of Arts and Undergraduates are obliged by the statutes to wear their academical costume constantly in public, under a penalty of 6s. 8d. for every omission.

Very few of the *University Officers* have distinctive dresses:—The *Chancellor's* gown is of a black damask silk, very richly embroidered with gold. It is worn with a broad, rich lace band, and square velvet cap with large gold tassels.

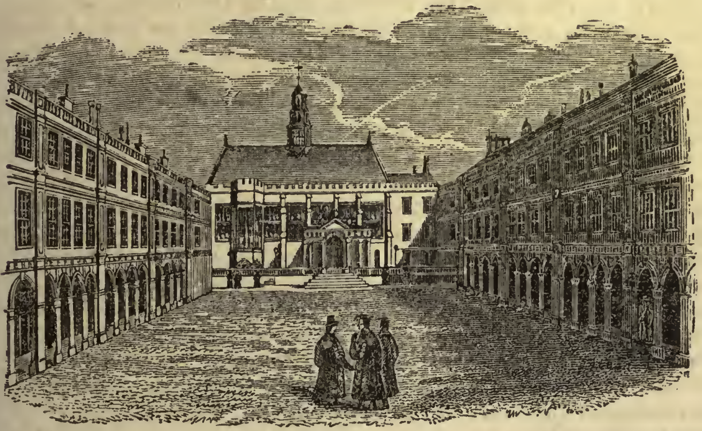
The *Vice-Chancellor* dresses merely as a Doctor, except at Congregations in the Senate-House, when he wears a cope. When proceeding to St. Mary's, or elsewhere, in his official capacity, he is preceded by the three Esquire Bedells with their silver maces, which were the gift of Queen Elizabeth.

The *Regius Professors of the Civil Law and of Physic*, when they preside at Acts in the Schools, wear copes, and round black velvet caps with gold tassels.

The *Proctors* are not distinguishable from other Masters of Arts, except at St. Mary's Church, and at Congregations, when they wear cassocks and black silk ruffs, and carry the Statutes of the University, being attended by two servants, dressed in large blue cloaks, ornamented with gold-lace buttons.

The *Yeoman-Badell*, in processions, precedes the Esquire Bedells, carrying an ebony mace, tipped with silver; his gown, as well as those of the *Marshal* and *School-keeper*, is made of black prince's stuff, with square collar, and square hanging sleeves.

Most of the College, with the Town itself, are situated on the east side of the Cam, a small stream navigable for coal barges. The buildings, comprising each college, are erected in a quadrangular form, having an open court in the center.



Nevile's Court, Trinity College, Cambridge.

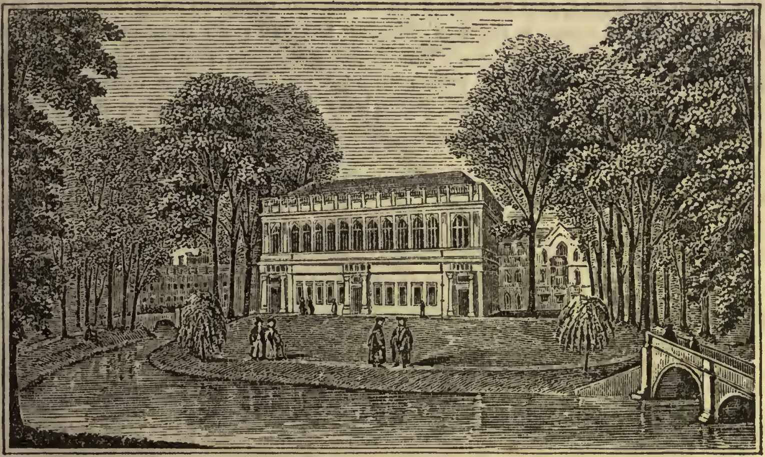
The annexed engraving shows the appearance of Nevile's Court, one of the three connected with Trinity College. These courts are generally beautiful grass plots. After passing through the courts of the colleges nearest the Cam, you pass into grounds situated on both sides of the stream, connected by eight or ten tastefully arched bridges, constructed of stone. The venerable trees, standing in rows or in clusters, the graceful winding paths, the silvery stream, the beautiful verdure of the foilage, the velvet-like appearance of the grass, and the general tranquility of the place, renders the scene one of surpassing beauty.

The Colleges in which Milton, and Oliver Cromwell were educated, are on the east side of the populous part of the town. Christ's College, in which Milton was educated, has pleasant gardens, a neat summer house surrounded by a little wilderness. In the garden is a large mulberry tree, which was planted by Milton when a student here. Cromwell was a student at Sidney, Sussex College. The time of his admission is thus noticed in the register,—"*Aprilis* 26, 1616 14J. I. *Oliverus Cromwell, Huntingdoniensis, admissus ad commitatum sociorum, Aprilis vicesimo sexto*, 1616, *Tutore Mro. Ricardo Howlet.*" After this entry in another and smaller hand, is written—"*Hic fuit grandis impostor, carnifex perditissimus, qui pientissimo, Rege Carolo* II. *nefaria cede sublato ipsum usurpavit thronum, et tira Regna per quinque ferne anorum spatium sub Protectoris nomine indomito Tyrannic vexavit.*"

The University Library contains about 200,000 printed books, and 2,000 MSS. of almost every age and language. A valuable collection of MSS., among which, there is a most valuable MS. of the Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, in uncial letters, on vellum, in Greek and Latin, claims especial notice. It was presented to the University by the celebrated Theodore Beza, in 1581: it had been in his possession about nineteen years, and was found in the monastery of Saint Irenæus at Lyons, where it had lain concealed for a long time. It is considered by all critics to be one of the most ancient manuscrips extant. A splendid and most accurate fac-simile of it was published at the expense of the University, in 1793, under the editorial care of Dr. Thomas Kipling.

This class was greatly enriched some years since by several valuable clasical MSS., purchased at the sale of Dr. Askew's collection. Here is a cabinet given by the late Rev. Archdeacon Lewis, which contains some valuable Oriental manuscripts, and other curiosities; in the lower part is a Chinese Pagod. In the drawers are a book written on reed, (supposed to be the ancient Papyrus,) with a Stylus; a pack of Persian playing-cards on tortoise-shell, consisting of six suites; two medals of the King and Queen of Denmark, &c. In the upper part of the cabinet is a beautiful copy of the Koran, remarkable for the excellence of the writing; also a splendid Persian MS. written in 1388, entitled "*The Wonders of the Creation;*" being a treatise on Astronomy and Natural History. This elegant manuscript is embellished with drawings of beasts, birds, reptiles, and other figures, to illustrate the descriptions. Some of these are finely executed, the paintings are ornamented with gold, intermixed with the most beautiful colors, and the volume is enveloped in a remarkably superb binding. This book cost in Persia £100. The collection of manuscripts has lately been considerably enriched by some which are probably among the most ancient that the East can produce. Part were presented to the University by Dr. Claudius Buchanan, late Provost of the College of Fort William, in Bengal; and the rest were the bequest of the celebrated traveller, Burckhardt. In this square are the portraits of the Rev. Henry Martyn, translator of the New Testament into the Persian, and of Professor Porson.

In a case which is preserved with great care and under strict regulations, there is also a collection of about thirty books and other documents relating to the Papacy, presented to the Library by the Rev. Robert James M'Ghee, in 1840. Some curious drawings and prints are also preserved here: among the letters is a large folio of *Rembrandt's* Etchings, extremely rare and valuable. In the library are portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Charles II, and Archbishop Abbot, together with an admirable collection of colored shells, presented to the University by the King of Denmark, in 1771; a cast of the face of Charles XII of Sweden, taken a few hours after his death; a cast of Sir Isaac Newton; and also casts of Pitt, Fox, and Perceval, by *Nollekens*. King George I, bought for 6,000 guineas, and presented to the Library, the collection of Dr. Moore, Bishop of Ely, amounting to 30,000 printed volumes, with a considerable number of MSS. which are deposited chiefly in this compartment.*



Trinity College Library at Cambridge.

The Library of Trinity College is considered one of the best specimens of classical architecture in Great Britain. Among the curiosities preserved in it is an antique statue of *Æsculapius*, found at Samoe, near the river called Speculum Dianæ, about fourteen miles from Rome, and given to the Society by Sir Charles Wintringham, Bart. M.D. Here are also the globe, universal ring dial, quadrant, and compass, which formerly belonged to Sir Isaac Newton, and a lock of his hair; a quiver of arrows employed by Richard III against Henry VII, at the battle of Bosworth Field; a beautiful skeleton of a man in miniature, cut by a shepherd's boy; a Calculus taken from the intestines of a locksmith's wife at Bury St. Edmund's; it originally weighed thirty-three ounces, three dwts., but a piece was broken off to gratify the curiosity of Charles II when at Newmarket;—an Egyptian mummy, in very fine preservation, the outside being curiously gilt and painted; and the dried body of one of the aboriginal inhabitants of the Madeira islands, in appearance like dried seal-skin. There are also some other curiosities, brought from the South Sea Islands, by Captain Cook, and presented to the College by the late Earl of Sandwich.

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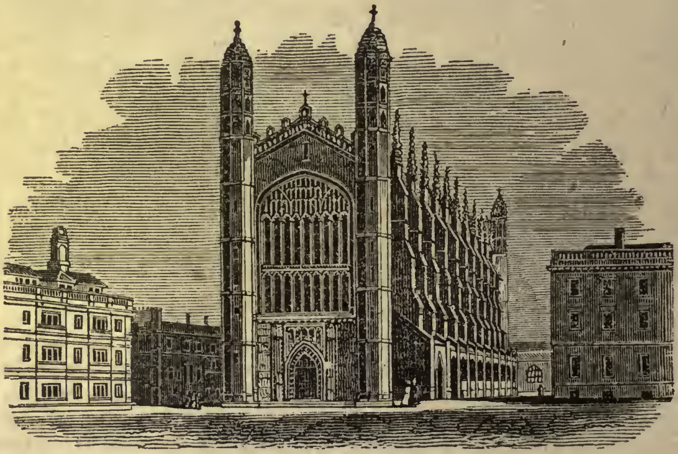
* This noble donation gave rise to the following witty Epigrams: the first is by Dr. Trapp, the Poet, an Oxford man, and zealous Tory:—

"Our royal master saw, with heedful eyes,
The wants of his two Universities:
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing,—why
That learned body wanted loyalty:
But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
That that right loyal body wanted learning."

The answer by Sir William Brown, of St. Peter's College, a staunch Whig, is generally admired:—

"The King to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge, books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force, but argument."

There is also preserved here, a Babylonian Brick, presented by Gen. Sir John Malcolm, and mounted on a marble pedestal, and inclosed in a revolving glass case; a copy of *Magna Charta;* an Indulgence granted by Pope Clement XII to one Nathan Hickman, an Englishman, for himself, all his kindred for two generations, and twenty-five other persons; plans of the Pantheon and St. Peter's at Rome, St. Sophia at Constantinople, the Cathedral at Florence, and St. Paul's at London



King's Chapel, at Cambridge.

The King's Chapel, 316 feet in length, with a breadth of 84 feet, has four corner turrets 146 feet in height. By common consent it ranks among the first edifices of the kingdom: and exhibits the perfection of the style in which it is built.

The terms of admission into these several colleges we understood to be more difficult than those of America. As we passed round the town, we looked into several windows where prints of various kinds were exhibited for sale. Among them we observed a kind of carricature, entitled "The Wolf and the Lamb." On one side was a freshman undergoing the customary examination, previous to entering college. He was represented as having a kind of lamb's head, looking as harmless and innocent as the lamb in Esop. He was looking up to his examiner, who, though in his proper robes, had a wolf's head. Other examiners were in attendance, having on their official dresses. These beast-like personages, their various attitudes, their features, &c., probably had a local meaning perfectly understood by all connected with the University

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Wellington

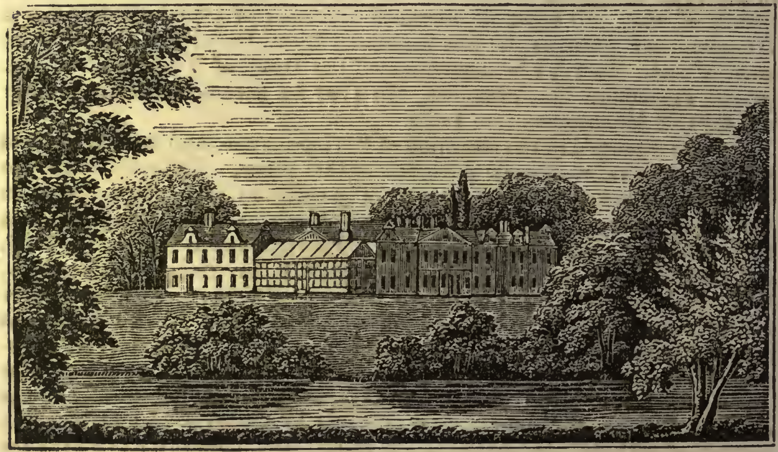
Wellington's Signature.

Arthur, Duke of Wellington, was the third son of Viscount Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, and was born May 1st, 1769. When very young he was placed at Eaton, whence, having received his classical education, he was sent to the military school of Algiers, in France, where he was for some time under the able tuition of Pignerol, the celebrated tactician. The first commission he held was in the 41st, and being in time of peace he gave his whole attention to the theory of war. In 1792, he obtained the rank of captain in the Light Dragoons, the next year he was appointed Lieut. Colonel of the 33d regiment of foot. In 1794 he accompanied the Duke of York in his unsuccessful expedition into Flanders. In 1797 he accompanied his brother the Earl of Mornington into India.

He was engaged in the storming of Seringapatam, and for his services on that occasion, was made governor of that place. The next important event in his history was the battle of Assaye, in which he defeated an army ten times greater than his own. For this achievement he was made a knight-companion of the Bath. He returned to England in 1805, and took his seat in parliament as member for Newport. In July, 1808, with about 12,000 men, he sailed to Corunna, and soon after defeated the French general, Junot, with great loss. In 1809, he was invested with the supreme command in Portugal. Here he had to encounter Soult and Victor, two of the ablest marshals of France. For the victory he achieved at the sanguinary battle of Talavera, he was raised to the peerage, by the title of Lord Wellington, and received an annuity of £2,000. By the victory at Salamanca, he was made a grandee of the first order by the Spanish government, and a Marquis by his own, with a grant of £100,000. On June 23d, 1813, he made a grand and victorious attack on the French armies of the South and Center, which had united near Vittoria.

The Convention of Paris having put an end to hostilities, Lord Wellington returned to England in June, 1814. Taking his seat in the House of Lords, he received, for the *twelfth* time, the thanks and congratulations of Parliament. He was created Marquis of Douro, and Duke of Wellington, and received a grant of £400,000, for the purchase of a splendid estate. The return of Bonaparte from Elba prepared the way for the victory at Waterloo, where the Emperor of France and the Duke of Wellington met to decide the peace of Europe. The news of the victory produced the most rapturous expressions of joy throughout the United Kingdom. Thanksgivings were offered in the churches, and a subscription, amounting to upwards of £100,000 was made for the widows and orphans of the slain. The Duke also generously relinquished, for the same purpose, half the parliamentary compensation due him for the Peninsular prize property. All the regiments which had been in the battle were permitted to inscribe "Waterloo" on their banners, and every surviving soldier was presented with a silver medal, and was allowed to reckon that day as two years service.

After peace was concluded, the Duke of Wellington received various honors from several of the European governments. He was also appointed to fill several diplomatic offices for his country on the Continent. On the death of the Duke of York, he was appointed Commander-in-chief, January 22d, 1827. In February, 1829, he gave his support in favor of the "Catholic Relief Bill," which removed the disabilities of the Catholics. This important measure was carried in the House of Lords by a majority of 213 to 109. Among the disputes which preceded this measure, one arose between his Grace and the Earl of Winchelsea: a duel was the consequence, when the Duke fired first, without effect, and the Earl discharged his pistol in the air.

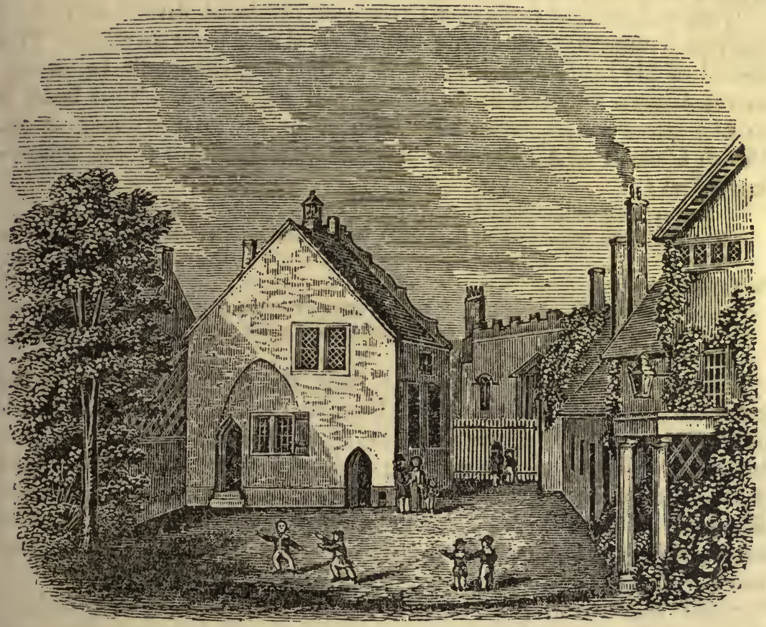


Strathfieldsay, the Seat of the Duke of Wellington.

In 1817, Apsley House, in Hyde-park, was purchased by the British Government, and re-built by Mr. Wyatt for the Duke, who had given in it an annual dinner on Waterloo-day to his brother officers present at the battle. On November 19th, the same year, the Parliamentary Commissioners purchased of Lord Rivers, the estate of Strathfieldsay, in Hampshire, for £263,000, the timber on it alone being valued at £150,000. This place, originally the seat of the Earls Rivers, lies upon the edges of the county of Berks, about eight or ten miles from Reading, and about fifty from London. This family seat is an unostentatious structure, to which the Duke was in the habit of retiring, that he might have relaxation both of body and mind, and enjoy, as he heartily did, the society of his most intimate friends. The house itself was built in the days of Queen Anne, but its whitened walls, and gray slate roof, lack the dignity of the Elizabethan era. The surrounding country has, on the London side, many miles of waste heath and multitudes of firs; with hamlets and detached cottages, at wide intervals, and here and there patches of pretty scenery.—The Duke died, after a short illness, at Stathfieldsay, September 14th, 1852, and was buried in St. Paul's Church, in London.

OLIVER CROMWELL.—HUNTINGDON.—ST. IVES.

Huntingdon, a borough town and capital of Huntingdon County, stands on a gentle rising ground on the southern banks of the river Ouse, fifty-eight miles north of London, and fifteen north-west of Cambridge. The town is principally situated on one street with a number of minor ones branching from it. The houses are mostly well built, and the place contains quite a number of very genteel residences. Population about 3,500. The town is celebrated as being the birth-place of Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector of England.



Grammar School of Huntingdon.

The above is the Grammar School in which Cromwell received the rudiments of his education. It probably retains the same appearance now, as when he was a pupil in it. The building seen in the back ground, is that of All Saints Church, on the opposite side of the road. The house in which he was born, stood about 200 yards from the school. It was taken down about half a century since, and another erected on its site.

The Grammar School building is one of great antiquity. It was founded in the reign of *Henry the Second*, by David, Earl of Huntingdon, who was afterwards king of Scotland, about which time, (1150,) or perhaps rather earlier, the present building was erected. It was probably originally built for a church, or some sacred edifice. The school was, as it still remains to this moment, part of the Hospital, (for pilgrims, &c., going to the shrines at Peterborough, Ely, and Our Lady, of Walsingham,) then founded and dedicated to St. John the Baptist. The Reformation, of course, did away with the pilgrimages, but the Grammar School and the Alms-houses for aged widows, (parts of the original foundation,) still remain.

The school is supported by the property which still remains from the original foundation, consisting, chiefly, of land and houses. The names of the head masters in the most recent times, (embracing a period of a century and a half,) were Smith, Unwin, Edwards, and the present incumbent, Rev. J. Fell.

The parents and family of Cromwell attended divine service in the parish church of St. Johns, which stood near their dwelling. The record of his baptism is contained in the Register-book belonging to the United Parishes of St. Johns and All Saints. This book is in fine preservation, being kept with other and later registers in the Parish Church of All Saints. The entry is in Latin to the following effect:

> "1599.—Oliverus, filius Roberti Cromwell, generosi et Elizabethæ uxoris, ejus, natus vicesimo quinto die Aprilis et baptizatus vicesimo nono ejusdem mensis."

In English, thus:

> "1699. Oliver, son of Robert Cromwell, and Elizabeth, his wife, born on the twenty-fifth day of April, and baptized on the twenty-ninth of the same month.

"Several traditions," says the Rev. Mr. Fell, in a letter to the compiler, "linger in this town, (Huntingdon,) connected with his early life, the chief of which relate to his having been of a rather turbulent disposition, but nothing appears to have been particularly extraordinary about him until he appeared in Parliament for the Borough of Cambridge, when he seems to have begun to take an active part in public affairs, particularly as regarded the drainage of the Cambridgeshire Fens."

"He went from our school," continues Mr. Fell, "to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. He does not appear to have taken any degree there, which is said to have been occasioned by his father's dying during his undergraduateship. He was taken from the University by his mother, who required his assistance in the late business of her husband, and which she carried on after his death. In Cromwell's connection with the college there is one circumstance not generally known. Many years after his death, an officer of Sidney Sussex College, (Dr. Pearson,) received an anonymous letter from London, informing him that, on a certain day, therein named, he might expect that an original portrait of Cromwell would be left carefully enclosed in a packing case, outside of the gate, at a particular hour of the day, provided he set no one to watch who would bring and place it there. He complied, and the packing case, containing the portrait, as promised, was there exactly at the appointed hour. It is now in the master's drawing-room, where it is kept with great care as an heir-loom. The name of the donor has never yet been ascertained."

The following, relative to the childhood and youth of Cromwell, is from the Rev. Mr. Gleig's "*Lives of the British Commanders*:"

> There are many curious anecdotes on record relative both to the childhood and early youth of Oliver Comwell. It is stated that on one occasion, when his uncle Sir Henry Cromwell sent for him, he being then an infant, a monkey snatched him from the cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads. The utmost alarm was of course excited, and a variety of devices proposed, with the desperate hope of relieving him from his perilous situation. But the monkey, as if conscious that she bore the fortune of England in her paws, treated him very gently. After amusing herself for a time, she carried the infant back, and laid him safely on the bed from whence she had removed him. Some time later, the waters had well nigh quenched his aspiring genius. He fell into a deep pond, from which a clergyman, named Johnson, rescued him. Many years afterwards the loyal curate, then an old man, was recognized by the republican general, when marching at the head of a victorious army through Huntingdon. "Do you remember that day when you saved me from drowning?" said Cromwell. "I do," replied the clergyman, "and I wish with all my soul that I had put you in, rather than see you in arms against your sovereign." A third story we cannot refuse to give, because it made a more than common impression at the time.
>
> There was a rumor prevalent in Huntingdon, that Oliver Cromwell and Charles I, when children nearly of the same age, met at Hinchinbrooke House, the seat of Sir Oliver Cromwell, the uncle and godfather of the former. "The youths had not been long together," says Noble, "before Charles and Oliver disagreed; and as the former was then as weakly as the latter was strong, it was no wonder that the royal visitant was worsted; and Oliver, even at this age, so little regarded dignities, that he made the royal blood flow in copious streams from the prince's nose. This," adds the same author, "was looked upon as a bad presage for that king, when the civil wars commenced.*
>
> It seems to have been the wish of his mother, by whom he was greatly beloved, to bestow upon Oliver an education strictly domestic; and a Mr. Long, a clegyman of the established church, was accordingly engaged to act as his private tutor. Mr. Long, however, who possessed little influence over his pupil, soon resigned his charge; upon which Oliver was placed in the free grammar school at Huntingdon, then taught by Dr. Thomas Beard.
>
> While a pupil at this school, two circumstances are related to have taken place, to one of which, after he rose to his high estate, Cromwell himself frequently reverted. "On a certain night, as he lay awake in his bed, he beheld, or imagined he beheld, a gigantic figure, which, drawing aside the curtains, told him that he should become the greatest person in the kingdom, but did not employ the word king." Cromwell mentioned the circumstance both to his father and his uncle; the former of whom caused Dr. Beard to reward the communication with a sound flogging; while the latter rebuked his nephew for stating that "which it was too traitorous to relate." Nevertheless, the dream or vision adhered to Oliver's memory, and was, as we have just said, often reverted to, after events had worked out its exact accomplishment. On another occasion, whether prior to the occurrence of the vision or the reverse, authorities are not agreed, a play called "Lingua, or the Combat of the Five Senses for Superiority," was enacted in the school. In this quaint but striking masque, of

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* The account of this pugillistic encounter between Charles and Cromwell is, to say the least of it, by no means improbable. It is well known that Sir Oliver, a true and loyal knight, sumptuously entertained King James on more than one occasion; and the young prince being twice, at least, of the party, such a falling out is not unlikely to have occurred.

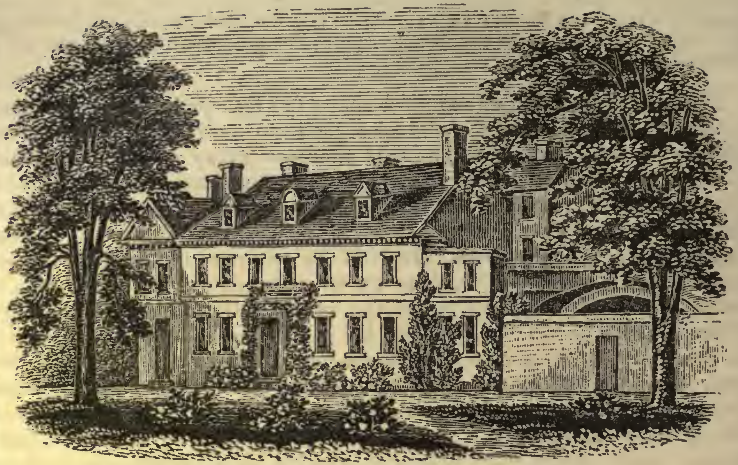
which the author remains unknown, though the comedy itself was printed in 1607, it fell to the lot of Cromwell to perform the part of Tactus, a personification of the sense of touch, who, coming forth from his tiring-room with a chaplet of flowers on his head, stumbled over a crown and royal robe, cast purposely in the way. The soliloquy into which Tactus breaks forth is certainly very striking:

> "TACTUS, thy sneezing somewhat did portend.
> Was ever man so fortunate as I,
> To break his shins at such a stumbling-block?
> Roses and bays, pack hence! this crown and robe,
> My brows and body circles and invests.
> How gallantly it fits me! sure the slave
> Measured my head that wrought this coronet.
> They lie that say complexions cannot change;
> My blood's ennobled, and I'm transform'd
> Unto the sacred temper of a king.
> Methinks I hear my noble parasites
> Styling me Cæsar or great Alexander.
> Licking my feet, and wondering where I got
> This precious ointment.—How my pace is mended,
> How princely do I speak, how sharp I threaten:
> Peasants, I'll curb your headstrong impudence,
> And make you tremble when the lion roars;
> Ye earth-bred worms!—O for a looking-glass!
> Poets will write whole volumes of this change.
> Where's my attendants? Come hither, sirrah, quickly,
> Or by the wings of Hermes, &c., &c."

We cannot wonder if, in an age remarkably prone to superstition, this scene should have been regarded both by the friends and enemies of the protector as affording a palpable prognostication of his after fortunes.

In 1637, he formed the plan of emigrating to Saybrook, in the colony of Connecticut; he was however prevented by a proclamation of the king against migration. As he had acquired some distinction among the puritans for his gift of preaching, praying and expounding, he had the interest, by means of the people of his persuasion, to recommend himself to the corporation of Cambridge, and to be chosen their representative in the Parliament of 1640. In the House he was a frequent speaker, but, without art or elocution, he exclaimed warmly against grievances in the church and state, and zealously promoted the remonstrance of November, 1641, which laid the basis of civil war. Courted by the leading men of opposition, by his relation Hampden, by Pym, and others who knew his firmness and his devotion, he became well acquainted with the intrigues of the times, and when the Parliament resolved, in 1642, to levy war, he went to Cambridge, where he raised a troop of horse, of which he took the command. He evinced such zeal and activity that in a few months he acquired the character of a good officer, and his soldiers were the best disciplined troops in the kingdom. After various proofs of his devotion to the republican party, Cromwell, who was now become a lieutenant general, had an opportunity of distinguishing himself at the battle of Marston-moor, 3d July, 1644, where his cavalry, called Ironsides, changed the fortune of the day, and ensured victory wherever they appeared. At the second battle of Newbury, his intrepidity again appeared conspicuous, his valor and services were regarded as so extraordinary, that he was called the savior of the nation, and in the self-denying ordinance which was passed by the Parliament, for the exclusion of officers from seats in the House, Cromwell alone was excepted. His successes continued to insure the approbation of the republicans, and the fatal battle of Naseby, 14th June, 1646, established his triumph as the ablest general of the times, and the firmest supporter of the public liberties of the state. He was thanked by the Parliament, and rewarded with a pension. When the king had thrown himself into the hands of the Scotch, and had been shamefully sold to the English, the Parliament began to regard the army whose services had ensured them the victory as useless and dangerous, and therefore ordered part of it to be disbanded, but Cromwell prevented the execution of their plans, and while he stepped forth as the advocate of their rights against the tyranny of the Parliament, he secured fully to his person the attachment of the soldiers. No sooner was the king lodged in Holmby Castle than Cromwell made himself master of his person, by means of Cornet Joyce, and thus, by declaring himself the arbiter of his fate, he was courted and flattered, both by the unfortunate Charles, who wished for his own release, and by the Parliament, who labored for his destruction.

The trial of the devoted monarch soon after followed. Cromwell acted openly as one of his judges, and he signed the warrant for his execution. Having restored tranquility, he was received every where with marks of respect, and satisfied that the spirit of insubordination was subdued in England and Scotland, he embarked with an army for Ireland, 1649. He quickly here routed the enemies of the republic, and his very name became a terror to the Irish. In 1650, he returned to London, and was publicly thanked for his services by the submissive commons, who invested him with the chief command of the army in Scotland, where Charles II had been acknowledged king. He marched to the north with his usual rapidity, and on the 3d September, 1650, he defeated the Scotch army in a dreadful battle, at Dunbar, and the next year, on the same auspicious day, he completed the ruin of Charles' fortunes by the crowning victory at Worcester. His success was regarded as so important that a general thanksgiving was appointed, and the 3d of September declared an anniversary state holiday. Though Commander-in-chief of the whole island, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he found that his power depended on the will of the Parliament, and therefore he determined to dismiss them. While the commons and the council of the officers were distracted by opposite opinions on subjects of government, Cromwell, filling the room with armed soldiers, turned the whole assembly out, and locking up the doors, he retired to Whitehall. The dismissal of the Parliament was followed by that of the Council of State, and the appointment of a body of officers, subordinate to his authority. Though he permitted an assembly to be called, under the name of council of state, he was soon displeased with their conduct, and by the voice of his general officers, he assumed the title of Protector of the commonwealth of England, and was invested with the new office, 16th December, 1653, in the chancery court, Westminster-hall. Thus absolute in the government, he appointed a council of state, consisting of men of superior wisdom and sagacity, and adopted such measures as could give stability to his power, and add to the security and independence of the kingdom. Peace was made with Sweden, Holland, Portugal, and France, the most upright judges filled the courts of Westminster-hall, and liberty of conscience was tolerated with the most magnanimous moderation. In 1655, though threatened with conspiracies, he supported with a vigorous hand the honor of the nation. Blake conquered Jamaica, and humbled the native powers on the Mediterranean shores, who had plundered the British commerce, and a treaty of offensive alliance was formed with France against the Spaniards in the Netherlands, and Dunkirk was taken possession of by the English. In 1657, Cromwell was the second time inaugurated Protector in Westminster-hall, with all the ceremony of a coronation. His health now began to fail, and his disorder proved fatal, 3d of September, 1658. He was carried with great funeral pomp from Somerset-house, and buried in the chapel of Henry II, in Westminster-abbey, but after the restoration, his body was taken up and hung on the gallows.



Slepe Hall, St. Ives, the Residence of Oliver Cromwell.

The above is a representation of *Slepe Hall*, the house which Cromwell occupied during his residence at St. Ives. It was taken down a year or two since.* Cromwell, at this period of his life, it is well known, professed to meet with a remarkable change in his views on the subject of religion. He adopted those professed by the Puritans of that age, and which he ever afterwards retained. It appears that he first commenced his outward course of *dissent* from the established church at this house, and that he had religious prayer meetings in the back part of the house, or kitchen, seen on the right of the engraving. This change in his views would appear from the following record in the iron parish chest of St. Ives:

> "OLIVER CROMWELL resided in this parish of St. Ives, Hunts, from the year 1631, to the end of 1636. He rented a large farm. He seems to have been on bad terms with the clergy, as he sequestered the Rev. Henry Downet from this vicarage, and also from the Rectory of Toft, in Cambridgeshire, and silenced Mr. Reynolds, the Curate. Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector, died September the 3d, 1658, buried in Westminster Abbey. His hand-writing is preserved in the iron chest beneath this portrait."

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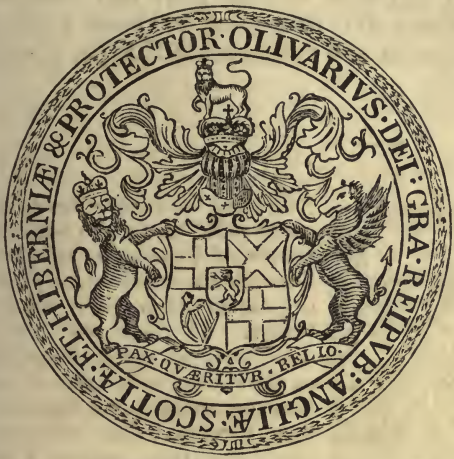
* ST. IVES is a village of about 500 hundred houses, and is about five miles eastward from Huntingdon. As we entered the village we found it full of people who had come to attend the fair, which continues for four days. It is said that more cattle are brought to the fair in this place than in any other, London excepted. The cattle, booths, &c., filled most of the street. We were in somewhat of a dilemma about getting accommodations for the night, as we presumed all the Inns were full; and even if they were not, we judged that there could be but little sleep in the vicinity of the noise, drinking, &c., generally attendant on these assemblages. As we were passing along the street, desirous of finding some person who would direct us to a suitable place, my eye rested on a shop-keeper, whom I saw through a window. I was not mistaken in my man, for, on my making known my wishes, he instantly left his business and set himself about procuring us a place. After a number of unsuccessful attempts, he finally prevailed upon his mother, a widow, to take us in. We found her accommodations rather limited, but the appearance of a well-used Bible and Prayer-book


OLIVARIVS·DEI·GRA·REIPVB·ANGLIÆ·SCOTIÆ·ET·HIBERNIÆ &PROTECTOR·
PAX·QVÆRITVR·BELLO·

Private Seal of Oliver Cromwell.

The annexed is a copy of the private seal of Oliver Cromwell. The original is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, England. Two impressions of this seal are now in possession of Yale College, N. Haven, Conn., probably the only ones in America. They were quite recently procured from one of the Curators of the Museum, by an American gentleman on a visit to Oxford.

OCromwell

O. Cromwell's Signature.

Perhaps no person who ever exercised sovereign power, has been more slandered than Oliver Cromwell. He has been called an usurper, and tyrant, a fanatic, and hypocrite. If bringing order out of confusion, tranquility to a distracted country, security to personal rights, and property, toleration and religious freedom to all, be usurpation and tyranny, then he is amenable to this charge. As to the charge of fanaticism and hypocrisy, it confutes itself, as these two characteristics cannot be united in one person. His private character, as a son, a father, and husband, was all that is praiseworthy, and there is no proof that he was ever guilty of a single unjust or immoral action, as an individual, throughout his whole public career.

After a lapse of two centuries, the character of Oliver Cromwell is beginning to be appreciated.. Distinguished and able writers are now beginning to vindicate the fame of perhaps the most invincible general, the most consummate statesman, and wisest ruler ever placed at the head of his countrymen. His army, composed of the sons of independent freeholders, and farmers, men of sober habits and regular lives, his officers, men who feared God, but no other

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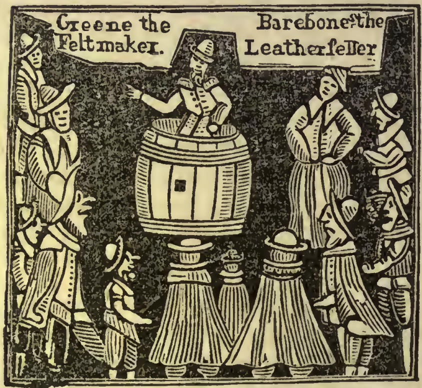
removed all apprehensions which we, as strangers, might have, and I felt safe and contented in lying on a bed on the floor of her habitation. Next morning, October 11th, 1853, when we arose, the main street of the town was literally filled up, even the side-walks, with cattle and sheep, so that it was not safe for women and children to be in the street. We also saw a large number of horses for sale in various parts of the town.

being, formed the bravest and most efficient army that England has ever seen, and, with Cromwell at their head, was *never defeated* in a pitched battle. "His court was the purest in Europe, a purer the world has rarely seen."



During the time of the Commonwealth, under the administration of Cromwell, religious freedom was tolerated to a greater extent than ever known before. All those who felt it their duty to speak in public on the subject of religion, to exhort one another, had the privilege without being molested. Many unlearned persons in the lower ranks of life, felt themselves called upon to preach the gospel. Even the members of Parliament, in many instances, were selected on account of their supposed piety, rather than the usual qualifications deemed necessary for that office. One of the leaders of the Parliament, in 1654, was named *Praise God Barebone.* From this circumstance that body received the name "Barebone's Parliament."

When the vicious Charles II, came on the throne, his courtiers and partizans, in order to ingratiate themselves into the public favor, made it a point to ridicule the Puritans. The annexed engraving is copied from a rude and antiquated cut, placed at the head of a ballad printed at this time, entitled "A word to Fanatics, Puritans, and Sectaries, or New Preacher's new. It is stated to represent a scene where "Mr. Barebone, a reverend unlearned leather seller, who with Mr. Green the felt maker, were both taken preaching or prating, in a conventicle, among a hundred persons, on Sunday the 19th of December."

During the times of Cromwell the titles of many religious works were quite singular; one is entitled "A most delectable sweet-perfumed Nosegay, for God's Saints to smell at;" another is "High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness;" a third is entitled—"Salvation's vantage ground, or a Leaping Stand for heavy Believers;" one of a martial character is entitled, "A Shot aimed at the Devil's Head-quarters, through the tube of a cannono f the Covenant;" one of a plaintive description is—"A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion; breathed in a Hole in the wall, in an Earthern vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish." Another is entitled—"A Reaping Hook well tempered for the stubborn Ears of the coming crop; or Biscuits baked in the oven of Charity; carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation."

In the time of Cromwell, Scripture phrases were very frequently adopted as Christian names. Praise God Barebone was an instance, and he is said to have had two brothers, one called "Christ came into the world to save Barebone;" the other "If Christ had not died, thou hadst been Damned Barebone." This latter name the wits of the day abbreviated to the two last words. A list is recorded of a jury impaneled in the county of Sussex about these times, with the following names:

Accepted, Trevor of Norsham.
Redeemed, Compton of Battle.
Faint not, Hewitt of Heathfield.
Make peace, Heaton of Hare.
God Reward, Smart of Fivehurst.
Standfast on High, Stringer of Cowhurst.
Earth, Adams of Warbleton.
Called, Lower of the same.
Kill sin, Pimple of Witham.
Return, Spelman of Watling.
Be Faithful, Joiner of Britling.
Fly Debate, Roberts of the same.
Fight the good fight of Faith, White of Emer.
More Fruit, Fowler of Hadley.
Hope for, Bending of the same.
Graceful, Harding of Lewes.
Weep not, Billing of the same.
Meek, Brewer of Oakham.

Singularities of this nature do not appear to have been confined to any particular age. In Queen Elizabeth's time, many books and pamphlets were published with curious titles. In some old books it was attempted to combine title, preface and contents all in one, one reads thus, "Pasquil's Apology, in the first part whereof he renders a reason for his long silence, and gallops the field with the treatise on Reformation. Printed where I was, and where I shall be ready by the help of God and my muse, to send you a May game of Martinism." Another work has four titles, namely, "Pappe with a Hatchet; alias, a Fig for my Godson; or Crack me this Nut; that is a sound Box of the Ear for the ideot martin to hold his peace. Written by one that dares call a dog, a dog."

WILLIAM PENN.

Wm Penn

Fac-simile William Penn's Signature.

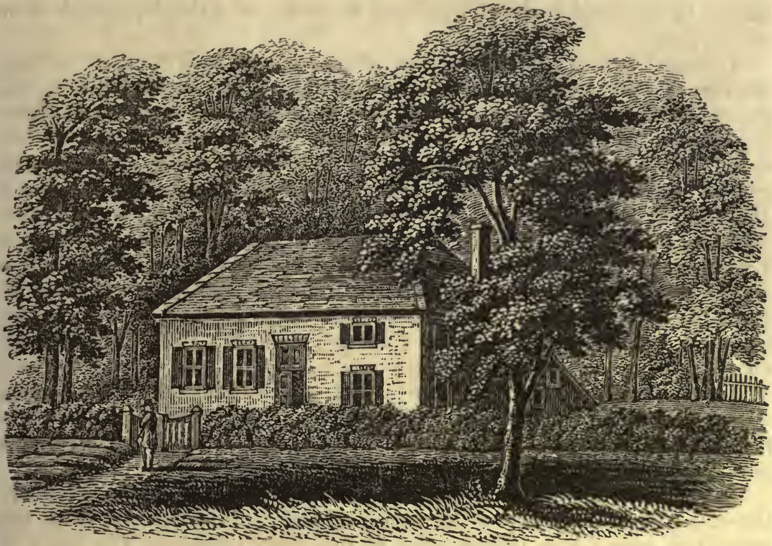
William Penn, the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania, was born at London, October 14th, 1644, during a temporary residence of his mother on Tower-hill. His father was Admiral Penn, whose family were originally of Buckinghamshire, England, resided at Wanstead in Essex, four or five miles eastward of London, on the border of Epping Forest. From a private school at Chigwell, in this vicinity, he entered as a gentleman commoner in Christ's Church, Oxford. His genius was bright and his imagination lively. Being impressed with the preaching of the itinerant Friends, or Quakers, as they are usually called, he, with a number of other students, withdrew from the established worship, and held meetings by themselves.

He was fined for the sin of nonconformity, but this only confirmed him in his principles. He was then expelled in the sixteenth year of his age. Next followed the discipline of his father, which was also ineffectual to reclaim him. Being sent to France for the refinement of his manners, he passed two years in that country, learned its language and acquired its politeness. He then studied law in Lincoln's Inn till the plague broke out in 1665. He was sent to Ireland in 1666 to manage an estate of his father, but he there associated himself with the quakers, and in consequence he was recalled. He could not be persuaded to take off his hat in the presence of the king, or his father. For this inflexibility he was turned out of doors; upon which he commenced an itinerant preacher, and gained many proselytes. Though sometimes imprisoned he was persevering, and such was his integrity and patience, that his father became reconciled to him.

In 1668, having turned his attention to writing, he published a book, "The Sandy Foundation Shaken," for which he was imprisoned seven months. In vindication of the principles of this book, he wrote, during his confinement, his "Innocency with her Open Face," and also his famous work, "No Cross, no Crown." In 1670, he was apprehended for preaching in the street, and was tried at the Old Bailey, where he pleaded his own cause with the magnanimity of a hero. The jury returned their verdict "not guility." On the death of his father he received a plentiful estate, but he continued to preach, to write, and to travel as before. He was shut up in the tower and in Newgate. On his release he preached in Holland and Germany. It was owing to his exertions, in conjunction with Barclay and Keith, that the fraternity was formed into order. His controversial writings are modest and persuasive.

His book, "The Christian Quaker," is a sensible vindication of the doctrine of universal saving light. Some debts being due to Penn's father, at the time of his death, from the crown, and as there was no prospect of payment very soon in any other mode, Penn solicited a grant of lands in America, and in 1681 obtained a charter of Pennsylvania. The colony was planted in the same year, though before this time some Dutch and Swedes had settled in the province. In 1682, Penn himself arrived, and established a government, allowing perfect liberty of conscience. He made honest purchases of the Indians, and treated them with great tenderness. He formed a plan of a capital city, and called it Philadelphia. Two years after it was founded it contained two thousand inhabitants. In 1684, Mr. Penn returned to England. One great motive for his return was to exert his influence in favor of his suffering brethren in Great Britain. He exerted it with success, and one thousand three hundred Quakers, who had been confined in prisons, were set at liberty.

While in England he was suspected of being a Papist, and an enemy to his country, and was a number of times arrested. But he continued his preaching and increased his controversial writings. In 1699, after fifteen years' absence, the American Lycurgus revisited his province. Having made some alteration in the government, he sailed again for England in 1701. He resumed his favorite employment, and continued it for a number of years. In 1712, he was seized by a paralytic disorder, and died July 30, 1718, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Notwithstanding his large paternal inheritance he was continually subject to the importunity of his creditors, and obliged to mortgage his estate. His death prevented his surrendering his province to the crown. His posterity held it till the Revolution, his last surviving son, Thomas Penn, dying in 1775. Mr. Penn was a man of great abilities, of quick thought and ready utterance, of mildness of disposition and extensive charity. He was learned without vanity, facetious in conversation, yet weighty and serious, of an extraordinary greatness of mind, yet void of the stain of ambition. He published a multitude of tracts, large and small. The following is the title of his principal works; "No Cross no Crown, or several Sober Reasons against Hat Honors, Titular Respects, You to a Single Person, &c.," 4to, 1669; "Serious Apology for the People, called Quakers, against Dr. Jeremy Taylor," 4to, 1669; "The Spirit of Truth Vindicated in answer to a Socinian," 4to, 1672; "Quakerism. a New Nickname for Old Christianity," 8vo., 1672; "Reason against Railing, and Truth against Fiction," 8vo., 1673; "The Christian Quaker and his Divine Testimony Vindicated," folio, 1674.



Jordan's Meeting House, and Grave of William Penn.

The above is a representation of the burial place of William Penn and his companions, in the graveyard in front of Jordan's meeting-house. The graves are seen on the extreme left of the engraving. That part of the meeting-house which appears of two stories is called the cottage. The following is extracted from a recent London publication (1853,) entitled, "A Visit to the Grave of William Penn, &c."

Jordan's Meeting-house itself, is a plain brick building, with tiled roof and lattice windows. There is a cottage adjoining it which has three rooms—a ground floor and two chambers. The principal chamber was evidently used, in former times, as a gallery in over-crowded meetings, as it communicates with the meeting by means of shutters, and it is where the women Friends now hold their meetings for business. The stabling which is behind and attached to the building, is capacious, and will accommodate eighteen or twenty horses. We speak of the over-crowded meetings, but to those who know the locality; such may be difficult to imagine, the situation of Jordans being peculiarly picturesque and sequestered. It stands, in reality, upon rather high ground, but its intermediate site is in a dell, surrounded by meadows and beech woods. There is one rather large dwelling-house within sight of Jordans, called Stone Dean, which, in former times, was a residence of Friends; with this exception, the visitor may ramble for some distance without passing any sort of habitation but an occasional homestead. It is a thoroughly agricultural district, and is both primitive and peaceful in its character. Those, however, who have had the opportunity of perusing the old Monthly Meeting Minutes, will find that almost every small town and hamlet in the neighborhood had once its quota of Friends, though now so destitute.

Attracted by the natural beauties of the scenery, and the more solemn interest of that particular spot, many parties, of all denominations, are tempted to pass a few hours at Jordans. An album is kept at the Meeting House, in which every visitor is expected to inscribe his, or her name. The burying ground is nearly full, but only a few of the graves can be identified; these are tenanted by William Penn, Gulielma Maria Penn, John Pennington, Mary Ellwood, Thomas Ellwood, Mary Frame and Joseph Rule, and in the piece of ground before alluded to, there is a vault in which Samuel Vandervaal and his wife are interred. In a memorandum found among the papers of the late B. Anderson, Vicar of Penn, and headed, "Some particulars relative to Jordans burial ground, from my old school-fellow, Adey Bellamy, and from Prince Butterfield, an old man who attended the meeting, we find that, contrary to the rest, William Penn's head lies to the south, and the remains of his second wife, Hannah Callowhill, are laid upon his;" also that Prince Butterfield related, that he saw William Penn's leaden coffin, when the grave was opened to bury his second wife."

Many meetings in and around large cities and towns, are, in early times, continually spoken of as being subject to interruption, from the officers of peace and justice, who, at that time, possessed the reins of power, and exercised their authority in a most arbitrary manner, upon all dissenters, and particularly upon the Society of Friends; they, as Thomas Ellwood observes, by their bold and truly Christian behavior, not a little displeased their persecutors, who, fretting, complained that the stubborn Quakers brake their strength." Perhaps from the secluded situation of Jordans, the storms which made such havoc in other places rarely descended here; no mention is made of any such interruption occurring after the erection of the meeting-house, and only on one occasion previous to that time, when the meeting was held in a private room; there are full particulars of this in the Monthly Meeting books, which must be interesting to the reader, and have never before been published; they are therefore introduced here.

"Upon the 24th day of the Fifth Month, 1670, some of the people of God (whom the world calls Quakers) were peaceably met together, at the house of William Russel at Jordans, in the parish of Giles Chalfont, to wait upon and worship the Lord God of heaven, in truth and sincerity, according to the requirings of his good spirit, and as the Holy Scriptures direct, in which religious exercises we were seated together, attentively giving heed unto what ye Lord by ye mouthe of one of his servants did at the time minister unto us. Henry Reading, one of ye constables of said parish, (who himself bears ye name of a professor, and is said to frequent the Presbyterian meetings in private,) came in among us, attended by one Ralph Lacy and John Dell, in ye character of informers, and one Richard Dutton, as an assistant, and showing a warrant under ye hand and and seal of one Edward Baldwin, of Wilson's Green, in the parish of Beaconsfield, a commissioner of the peace for the said county, he commanded us forthwith to go before him. But we who came together, not in man's will, but according to ye requirements of ye Lord, could not consent to break up our meeting in the will, or by the command of men. We therefore continuing, thus waiting upon the Lord, his servant, G. W., after some time, kneeled down to prayer, which when Lacy, the informer, perceived, he forthwith stepped aside, and, with a whistle called in another fellow, tenfold more a child of the devil than himself. This was Poulter, who like a savage brute, with hideous noises, rushed in among us, laid hold on G. W. while in prayer, and in an outrageous manner dragged him along ye floor, not without great danger of hurt, had not the Lord prevented him. A fitter instrument than this fellow, could satan scarcely have found, for, the rage and enmity, fury and madness, which appeared in his face, words and actions, rendered him rather a monster than a man. So extremely rude and Bedlam-like was his carriage among us, not discountenanced by ye seemingly fearful, but secretly envious constable, yet it seemed good to some Friends to step over to the justice, who lived about a mile off, and give him an account of their violent and tumultuous proceedings. They were no sooner gone, but Poulter followed them, and the constable him, leaving Lacy, Dell and Dutton to attend the meeting. After some time, the meeting ended, ye Friends departing to their homes. They that went to the Justice for justice, were fined—for Dell informed Poulter and Lacy, whom they knew at the meeting, and they swore it. Whereupon, warrants were issued out from ye said Edward Baldwin, to distrain upon ye goods and chattels of William Russel (at whose house the meeting was,) twenty pounds.

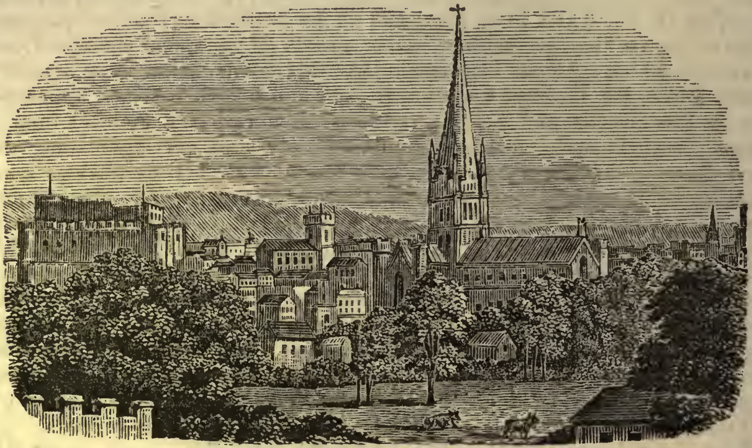
Richard Skidmore,	£2 15	Henry Treadway,	£2 10
Robert White,	2 10	Isaac Pennington, for his wife,	5

There are also the names of Thomas Zachary, Henry Ball, Ralph Kemp, Thomas Dell, Henry Child and John Franklin, but the amount they had to pay is not stated.

NORWICH.

Norwich, the capital of Norfolk county, is 108 miles north-east from London, contains about 62,000 inhabitants. The engraving presents a view of part of the city as seen from the south-west. The whole of the city was, till lately, surrounded by a wall, which when perfect was adorned by forty towers and twelve gates. The prospect of the city from a little distance is imposing and beautiful. The massive walls of the old castle crowning the summit—the lofty spire of the cathedral and those of the parish churches rising in all directions, give it an air of magnificence. There is also an unusual share of rural scenery to be found in the limits of the city, arising from the many large spaces of ground that are laid out as gardens, or planted with fruit trees.

The name of Norwich is pure Saxon, and seems to signify no more than the *northern town;* although some interpret it, a northern situation on a winding river. About the middle of the seventh century it became the capital of the kingdom of East Anglia, and the customary residence of the sovereigns of that state. The bishop's seat was transferred from Thetford to this place in 1094. Soon after this time the building of the present Cathedral commenced.



South-west View of Norwich, showing the Castle (on the left) and the Cathedral.

It was the introduction of the woollen manufacture, however, in the middle of the fourteenth century, that established the wealth and eminence of Norwich. When the weavers, dyers, and dressers of woollen stuffs in the Netherlands, disgusted by the oppresssive restrictions imposed upon their trades by the corporations of their native country, and, tempted by the advantages offered them by the wise policy of Edward III, came over in great numbers to England, they principally established themselves at Norwich and in the surrounding towns and villages. The increase in the number of the inhabitants of the city, which took place soon after this, must have been very great, if we can give credit to what we are told by Stowe, and other of our old historians, that, in the great plague of 1348, there perished in Norwich, between January and July, above 57,000 persons. It is true that, in that part of the county, the pestilence is represented as not having spared above one in ten of the population. The city, however, gradually recovered from this blow, and continued to flourish, as it had done before, till two centuries after, when the memorable insurrection, known by the name of Kett's Rebellion, broke out in 1549. The commonality at this time had been made desperate by the oppressions of their superiors, and were ready to proceed to any extremities that held out a chance of releasing themselves from a yoke which they felt too burdensome to be longer borne. Kett, who was a tanner of Wymondham, easily collected many thousands of them while they were in this humor, and excited them to join him in an enterprise, the object of which seems to have been nothing less than the overthrow of all the established authorities of the kingdom. Like all other similar movements, however, that have ever been made by mere mobs, the attempt entirely failed, and only brought ruin upon its authors.

Five thousand of the rioters were put to death, and Kett himself was hanged on the top of Norwich Castle. That city had suffered severely from the rebels, and seems indeed to have been reduced to a state of almost complete desolation from the pillage to which it had been subjected, and the numbers of its inhabitants that were butchered. It became, in consequence, a refuge for vagrants and other lawless characters; and in this condition, Roger Coke tells us, "it was thought so dangerous to the government, that in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, it was often debated in council whether for this cause it should not be demolished." "But," he adds, "a better fate attended that noble city, through the wisdom of that great queen, and the cruelty of the Netherland persecution, about twenty years after this time." He alludes to the new influx into England of the wool-workers of the Netherlands, about the year 1580, occasioned by the tyrannical government of the Duke of Alva. Like their predecessors in the reign of Edward III, these emigrants flocked chiefly to Norwich and its neighborhood; and their industry, and the new processes, the knowledge of which they brought along with them, soon restored the city to its former prosperity. From this time, although the weaving of silk has, to a great extent, superseded that of woollen stuffs, Norwich has continued to flourish as a great manufacturing town.

ELIZABETH FRY.

This distinguished female philanthropist was born of an ancient and highly respectable family of the name of Gurney, in the county of Norfolk. She was connected with the society of Friends or Quakers, as they are usually called; a circumstance which undoubtedly disarmed much hostility, opened her path as a herald of peace and charity, and secured an introduction to magistrates, nobles and monarchs.

According to her journal, her first entrance upon the scene of her future labors was in "1813, 16th day, second month." [February,] when she visited the poor female felons in Newgate, in London. The loss of property and death of beloved friends served to strengthen her determinations to devote her life to the relief of human suffering. She often had her patience tried by the ingratitude of those whom she relieved.

In April, 1817, after several desultory visits and experiments, "an association was formed for the improvement of the female prisoners in Newgate." It consisted of the wife of a clergyman, and eleven members of the Society of Friends. One of Mrs. Fry's companions, describing her first visit, says, "The railings were crowded with half-naked women struggling together for the front situations, with the most boisterous violence, and begging with the utmost vociferation. She felt as if she were going into a den of wild beasts, and quite shuddered when the door was closed upon her, and she was locked in with such a herd of novel and desperate companions."

On the second visit of Mrs. Fry, she was, at her own request, left *alone* among the women for some hours. In her exertions was seen the power of sympathy over fallen humanity, and the triumphs of Christianity. Her narrative was given to the public, "the country resounded with her deeds; and public testimony was displayed, both at home and abroad, in abundant and grateful imitation."

Having "cleansed the Augean stable of Newgate, she directed her attention to the goals in Scotland. Here she found the poor lunatics in filthy dungeons, governed by whips and chains. Here too she demonstrated to the governors of these institutions, 'that sympathy is the great secret to govern the human race, whether it be in a prison, a ragged school, a mad-house, or the world at large.'"

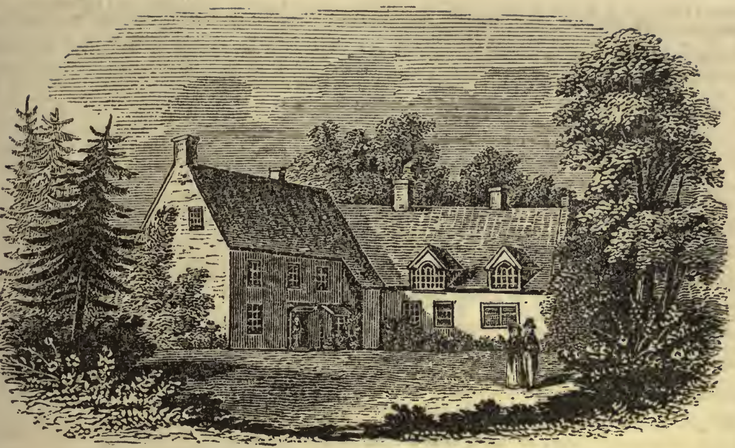
As a "minister" among the Friends, Elizabeth Fry felt called to go to various places. These projects being, as is the custom, laid before "the meeting," were approved. Under its sanction she visited France, Belgium, Prussia, Hanover, Denmark, and was received with the greatest distinction in each place. King Leopold held "out both his hands" to welcome her; the majesty of Denmark placed her at dinner between himself and the queen. She was also very kindly received by the kings of Holland and Prussia. In February, 1842, the King of Prussia, when on a visit to England, waited on Mrs. Fry, gave her his arm, and accompanied her through Newgate. She died in 1845, at the age of sixty-five.

LORD NELSON.

Nelson & Bronte

Signature of Nelson as Duke of Bronte.

Horatio Nelson, the most celebrated of British naval commanders, the fourth son of Rev. Edward Nelson, was born September 29th, 1758, at Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, of which his



Birth-place of Nelson—Burnham Thorpe.

father was rector. At his birth he was but a feeble and puny child, and when he arrived at manhood, he was somewhat diminutive in his personal appearance.

He began his education at Norwich school, afterwards removed to North Waltham, and at the age of twelve, when the nation was threatened with war, in consequence of the disputes about the Falkland Islands, he entered on board the Raisonable of 64 guns, under his maternal uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling. Soon after that ship was put out of commission, and the young seaman went to the West Indies, in the merchants' service, but again joined his uncle on board the Triumph, and, in 1773, was permitted to accompany the expedition, which was sent under the command of captains Phipps and Lutwidge on a voyage of discovery to the North pole. In this voyage he, as coaxswain to Captain Lutwidge, gained great reputation for boldness, zeal and perseverance, and on his return he went to the West Indies, on board the Sea-horse, under Captain Farmer. He rose to the rank of lieutenant in April, 1777, and was immediately employed as second of the Lowestoffe, of 32 guns, on the Jamaica station, from which he was removed to the command of a schooner, and thus was enabled to acquire a perfect knowledge of the intricate navigation of the seas near Hispaniola.

In June, 1779, he obtained, under Admiral Peter Parker, the appointment of post-captain, and the command of the Hinchinbroke, and when an attack was expected in Jamaica from the French forces under D'Estaing, the youthful hero was intrusted with the care of the batteries of Port Royal, and the defence of Kingston and Spanish Town. In the attack made in 1780, upon Fort Juan, in the gulf of Mexico, his perseverance was of infinite benefit to the public service, and by his intrepidity the outposts were gallantly stormed, and the place reduced. The next ship which he commanded was the Janus, of 44 guns, and soon after he was removed to the Albemarle, and continued on the American station with Sir Samuel Hood till the peace. In 1783, he visited France, and the next year he was appointed to the Boreas of 28 guns, at the Leeward Islands, and during his continuance in this station he married, March, 1787, Frances Herbert Nesbit, widow of Dr. Nesbit, of Nevis, and daughter of W. Herbert, Esq, senior judge of that island. He returned to England, November, 1787, and retired to Burnham Thorpe, in the bosom of domestic happiness, till 1793, when the war with France called upon him for the exertion of his great talents. He obtained the command of the Agamemnon, of 64 guns, and joined Lord Hood in the Mediterranean, where he assisted at the taking of Toulon, and at the siege of Bastia, in which he superintended the disembarkation of the troops, and ably commanded the batteries. He afterwards had a gallant encounter with five French ships of war, and then supported the siege of Calvi, where he lost the sight of his right eye, in consequence of some particles of sand being violently driven against it by one of the shots of the enemy's batteries.

Under the next commander, Lord Hotham, he continued to distinguish himself, particularly in the engagements with the French fleet, 15th March and July, 1795, and in the Blockade of Genoa. When Admiral Jervis succeeded in the Mediterranean command, the brave hero removed from the Agamemnon to the Captain, of 74 guns, and soon after obtained a commodore's pendant, and was employed in the blockade of Leghorn, and the taking of Porto Ferrajo. On his passage to Gibraltar, in the Minerva frigate, he fell in with two Spanish frigates, one of which, the Sabine, of 40 guns, he took, and sailing immediately to join Admiral Jervis, he was pursued by two ships of the Spanish fleet, a circumstance which was quickly communicated to the commander-in-chief, and in a few hours produced a general action. In this memorable fight, on the 14th February, 1797, in which 15 English ships defeated a Spanish fleet of 27 ships, and took four three-deckers, the commodore behaved with his usual gallantry. In the Captain, to which he had shifted his flag, he attacked the Santissima Trinidada, of 136 guns, and passing to the Saint Nicholas, of 80 guns, and then to the San Joseph, of 112 guns, he had the happiness to see both these ships strike to his superior valor. For his gallant conduct on this occasion, he was created knight of Bath, and in April, 1797, he was made Rear Admiral of the blue, and appointed to the command of the inner squadron in the blockade of Cadiz. After making some vigorous, but unsuccessful attacks on the town, he was sent by Lord St. Vincent. to take the town of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe, but though he obtained possession of the place for seven hours. he was unable to reduce the citadel, and therefore was permitted to retire unmolested to his fleet. During this desperate attack he lost his right hand, which was shattered by a shot, but his life was preserved by the attention of his son-in-law, Captain Nesbit, who during the darkness of the night, missing him from his side, and returning, found him exhausted on the ground, and carried him safe on his back to the shore, where a boat conveyed him to his ship. In consequence of his wound. the gallant Admiral received a pension of £1000, and in the memorial which, according to custom, he presented to his majesty on the occasion, he declared, in the simple language of truth, that in the services in which he had been employed, he had been engaged with the enemy upwards of 120 times.

Among other marks of public favor, he received the freedom of the city of London in a gold box, worth 100 guineas; but these honors excited him to greater exertions, and he soon after joined in the Vanguard, Lord St. Vincent, and was sent up the Mediterranean, to watch the motions of the French ships. which were ready to convey Buonaparte to the invasion of Egypt. Notwithstanding his vigilance, the fleet escaped, but he sailed in its pursuit, and after returning from the Egyptian shores to Sicily, almost in despair, he again hastened to the mouth of the Nile, and to the general joy of his fleet, perceived the enemy moored in an advantageous situation in the Bay of Aboukir, flanked by strong batteries, and supported by gun-boats. The attack immediately began, and by a bold manœuvre on an unknown shore, part of his ships sailed between the enemy and the land, and thus exposed them to a double fire. The action continued with increasing violence during the night, and the sudden explosion of the French Admiral's ship, the Orient, of 120 guns, added to the terrors of the scene. The rising day exhibited to the British seamen, the pleasing sight of dismasted and submissive ships; and of the whole fleet only two men-of-war and two frigates were able to escape. The fame of this victory, which thus captured or destroyed eleven sail of the line, was received with general exultation by the people of England; the rest of Europe re-echoed the praises of the British hero, and the emperor of Germany was, in consequence, prevailed upon to renew the war, by breaking off the insidious conferences of Radstadt, and the Porte declared itself an open enemy against the unprincipled invaders of Egypt.

In the mean time, these services did not pass unrewarded; the brave Admiral was created a baron, by the title of Nelson of the Nile, with the grant of a pension of £2000 more; and the Sultan honored him with an aigrette, or plume of diamonds, and pelisse, and the King of Naples conferred on him a valuable estate in Sicily, with the title of Duke of Bronte. On his return to Naples, the naval hero removed the royal family from the violent popular commotions which seemed to threaten their safety, and even their life, and in July, 1799, in consequence of the success of the Russian arms in Italy, he had the satisfaction to convey them back from Palermo to their capital, and to replace the monarch on his throne. Soon after his return home, where he was received with enthusiastic joy by every rank of society, Lord Nelson was called away to break that confederacy which the capricious politics of the emperor of Russia had formed with Denmark and Sweden against this country. In consequence of this, the gallant Admiral embarked as second in command, under Sir Hyde Parker, and after passing through the Sound in defiance of the batteries, he volunteered to make an attack on Copenhagen, 2d April, 1801. After a most vigorous defence, the Danes saw their strong batteries silenced, and 17 of their men-of-war either sunk, burnt or taken. A conference with the crown prince immediatsly succeeded this victory, and after peace was restored by the heroic Admiral. between the two countries, the fleet sailed to complete its triumph over the hostile squadrons of Sweden and Russia; but the sudden death of the Emperor Paul rendered further exertions unnecessary. For these services, which were chiefly attributed to him, and not to the commander-in-chief, Lord Nelson was created a Viscount, and his honors made hereditary in the family, even in the female line.

In August, 1801, he made an unsuccessful attack on Boulogne, but the negotiations for peace prevented the destruction of the armament in that harbor, which his ardent mind would, no doubt, have accomplished. The short-lived peace of Amiens restored him, for a little time, to retirement; but on the recommencement of hostilities, 1803, he was summoned from his beloved retreat at Merton, to take the command of the fleet in the Mediterranean. Notwithstanding his active vigilance. the French fleet escaped from Toulon, and from the Mediterranean, and after being joined by the Cadiz squadron they sailed to the West Indies, but he pursued them with rapidity, and nearly came up to them near Antigua. Such, however, was the terror of his name, that they returned in consternation back to Europe, and before their entrance into Cadiz, had a partial action near Ferrol, with Sir Robert Calder. Thus baffled in his attempts to overtake his terrified enemy, Lord Nelson returned to England for the re-establishment of his health, but in a few weeks he was again prevailed upon to take the command of the fleet with very unlimited powers. On the 19th of October, 1805, Villeneuve, with the French fleet, and Gravina, with the Spanish, sailed from Cadiz, and on the 21st. about noon, the English squadron had the satisfaction to close with them off Cape Trafalgar. The most precise orders had been previously given by the enlightened commander, so that the fleet was not distracted by signals; and showing the first example of heroism, the Admiral ordered his ship, the Victory, to be carried along side of his old friend, the Santissima Trinidada. The carnage on both sides was dreadful, and the heroic chief, unfortunately not covering the star, and other insignia, which he wore on his person, became a marked object to the musketeers who were placed in the tops of the enemy's ships. A musket ball, from one of the riflemen of the Bucentaur, struck him in the left breast, and in about two hours after, he expired in the arms of victory, retaining to the last his firmness and heroism, and rejoicing in the triumphs which his death ensured to his country. On his lamented fall the chief command devolved on Admiral, now Lord Collingwood, who improved the high advantages already obtained, and in his dispatches, paid an honorable tribute, in the language of nature and of affection, to the meritorious services of the departed hero. Of the 33 ships of the line in the combined fleet, which thus engaged the inferior number of 27 English ships, sixteen were destroyed, four were carried to Gibraltar, six escaped into Cadiz, mere wrecks, and four which retired from the action, were thirteen days after captured by Sir R. Strachan's squadron.

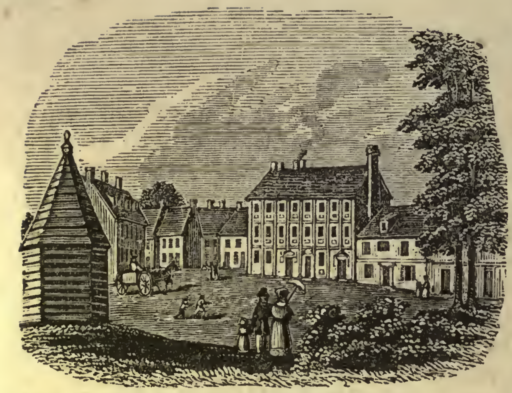
The remains of the illustrious hero of Trafalgar, were brought in his own ship, the Victory, to the mouth of the Thames, and conveyed to Greenwich, and on the ninth of the following January, they were deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral. with all the pomp and solemnity, the tributes of regret and of affection, which a grateful and independent nation could pay to a departed conqueror. His brother, the heir of his honors, was raised to the dignity of an earldom, and a handsome sum of money was liberally voted by Parliament, for the purchase of an estate to perpetuate the memory of the conqueror and the gratitude of England. As a professional character, Lord Nelson possessed a mighty genius, an ardent spirit; cool, prompt and discerning in the midst of dangers, he roused all his powerful energies into action, and the strong faculties of his soul were vigilantly exerted in the midst of the fury of battle, to make every accident contribute to the triumph of his crew, and to the glory of his country.

With Nelson's history is connected that of Lady Hamilton, a most beautiful and accomplished, but frail woman, who became the wife of Sir William Hamilton, the British minister at Naples, for a period of thirty-six years. During Nelson's operations in the Mediterranean, Lady Hamilton, who was a personal friend of the Queen of Naples, rendered most important services to the British government by her influence with the king and queen, in making them consent to have the British ships procure their supplies at their ports previous to the Battle of the Nile. She also rendered several other important services.

Nelson being wounded and in feeble health, was taken to the British minister's house, where he received the personal attendance of Lady Hamilton. An intimacy was formed and continued between them, which is to be deplored, as they both possessed many noble traits of character. After the death of Sir William Hamilton, in 1803, Lord Nelson, who lived separated from his wife, purchased Merton, and offered the widow and mother of his child a refuge and a home. Among the last words uttered by Nelson, were the expression of a hope that his country would provide for Lady Hamilton and for his adopted daughter. Nelson's wife was alive, and the marriage had been without issue. The pair from the first had been ill-matched, and it is said that she was the last person in the world fitted to be the wife of a hero.

For five years, Lady Hamilton strugged on at Merton. She made application to every source, but she applied in vain, and all compensation for her valuable services was withheld. She was obliged to make an assignment of her house, and pursued by creditors, she was, in 1813, incarcerated in a prison for ten months. Being destitute, she abandoned the country that would not aid her. She found shelter in a miserable house kindly lent her, by a Monsieur de Rheins, in Calais. She died in this place, January 15th, 1815. The remains of her who was a companion of heroes and queens, now lie in a neglected spot outside the town, without a stone to tell where they lie. Horatia, Nelson's daughter, still lives, and is married to Captain Ward, late of the 81st regiment.

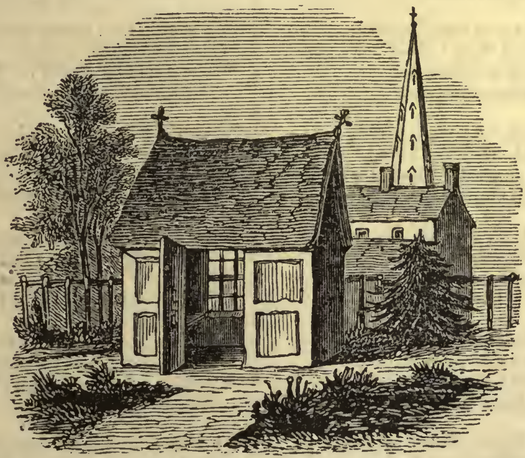
WILLIAM COWPER.



Cowper's House at Olney.

The annexed engraving, from a drawing taken many years since, shows the residence of the poet Cowper, while in Olney, a market town in Buckinghamshire, near the borders of Northamptonshire, containing about 2,500 inhabitants. The house was a large brick building, at the corner of the market place. He had a printing press with which he sometimes amused himself. Behind the house was a garden, in which was a summer house, where he wrote some of his most celebrated productions.

"William Cowper, was the son of Dr. Cowper, chaplain to George II, and rector of Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, where he was born, 1731. He lost his excellent mother when he was only six years old, and after learning the rudiments of language at Market-street, Hertfordshire, he removed to Westminster school, where he continued till his 18th year. As the great nephew of chancellor Cowper, he was marked for eminence in the law, and after being for some time in the office of an attorney, he entered at the Inner Temple, and at the age of 31, he was appointed clerk in the house of lords. This honorable office his great timidity prevented him from accepting, and when afterwards nominated clerk of the journals, which seemed to require no personal attendance, his agitation of mind became excessive when called upon, at the bar of the house, on an unusual occasion, to perform the duties of his place, and he resigned under the greatest depression of spirits. Weakness of nerves produced debility of body and of mind, but by the friendly attention of Dr. Cotton, of St. Alban's, his melancholy terrors gradually subsided, and from a dejected gloom he rose to the purer use of his mental faculties, and to the enjoyment of rational conversation, and the cheering and serene understanding of the hopes of revelation. In 1765, he settled at Huntingdon, and became the friend and the intimate of Mr. Unwin, a neighboring clergyman, after whose unfortunate death, by a fall from his horse, in 1767, he retired to Olney, Bucks, with his widow, whom he regarded with all the affection of a mother. His time in retirement was spent, not only in devotion, but in literature, and he contributed sixty-eight hymns to the collection which his friend Mr. Newton, the curate of Olney, and an eloqueut supporter of the doctrine of Calvin, gave to the world. In 1782, he appeared himself before the public by the publication of a volume of poems, and in 1785, the general voice of approbation was raised towards him on the appearance of his second volume. He afterwards engaged in a translation of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey in blank verse. In 1786, he removed with Mrs. Unwin, to Weston, Northamptonshire. The poet had communicated so much pleasure and instruction to the world by the sweetness of his lines, and the pure precepts of morality, that the king honorably bestowed upon him a pension of £300 per annum, in 1794; but the compliment, so flattering to a man of talents, gave more satisfaction to his friends than to himself. The wretched poet was again sunk into dejection and religious melancholy, and few intervals of reason beamed upon the afflicted mind of this amiable man. For a while indeed he amused himself in the revision of his Homer, but again relapsed into that depression of spirits which robbed him of all the comforts and the serenity of a reflecting mind. He died 25th April, 1800, at Dereham, Norfolk, where a handsome monument in the church marks the spot where his remains were deposited. In exhibiting a story in poetical numbers, Cowper possessed a peculiarly happy genius. The original of John Gilpin, was related to him by his friend, Lady Austin, to amuse him in a tedious hour of melancholy."



Cowper's Summer-house, Olney.

Cowper's summer house is situated at the back of his residence, at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, a large brick house in a remote corner of the market-place, now much dilapidated, and occupied as a school. This little relic is carefully preserved by desire of the proprietor, from regard to the memory of the poet, and stands in a pretty garden, precisely as when he occupied it as a study; its walls and ceilings are inscribed, nay, almost covered, with names, dates, &c., by persons of note, with many a poetical tribute to the poet's talents and character. Near it stands an apple tree, said to have been planted by him. In the summer-house, Cowper wrote "The Task," and pursued his studies generally, apart from the interruptions of the house and the bustle of the adjacent market-town. Behind is the church and vicarage, held, in his time, by his devoted friend, Rev. John Newton, afterwards of Lombard-street; to facilitate communication, a gate was formed in the fence between, to save going round by the public road.

The following is a transcript of the world renowned ballad of "John Gilpin;" it is headed in Cowper's works "*The Diverting History of John Gilpin, showing how he went further than he intended, and came safe home again.*"

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN,

Showing how he went further than he intended, and came safe home again.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of woman kind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud:

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast his flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
The wine is left behind!

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise.

Now mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
  Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
  Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, Fair and softly, John he cried,
  But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
  In spite of curb and rain.

So stooping down, as needs he must,
  Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
  And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
  Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
  Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
  Away went hat and wig;
He little dreampt, when he set out,
  Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
  Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
  At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
  The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
  As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
  Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, Well done!
  As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
  His fame soon spread around;
He carries weight! he rides a race!
  'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
  'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
  Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
  His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back,
  Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
  Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horses flanks to smoke,
  As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
  With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
  Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
  These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
  Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
  On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
  Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
  From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
  To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—
  They all aloud did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tired:
  Said Gilpin—so am I!

But yet his horse was not a whit
  Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
  Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
  Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
  The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
  And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's,
  His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
  His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
  And thus accosted him:

What news? what news? your tidings tell?
  Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
  Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
  And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
  In merry guise he spoke:

I came because your horse would come;
  And if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
  They are upon the road.

The calender, right glad to find
  His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word
  But to the house went in.

When straight he came with hat and wig;
  A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
  Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
  Thus show'd his ready wit—
My head is twice as big as yours,
  They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
  That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
  Be in a hungry case.

Said John it is my wedding-day,
  And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
  And I shold dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse he said,
  I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
  You shall go back for mine.

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
  For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
  Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
  Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
  As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
  Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first
  For why?—they were too big.

Now mistress Gilpin when she saw
  Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
  She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
  That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours, when you bring back
  My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
  John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
  By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant,
  And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
  And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
  Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
  The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
  Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
  They raised the hue and cry:—

Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!
  Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
  Did join in the pursuit.

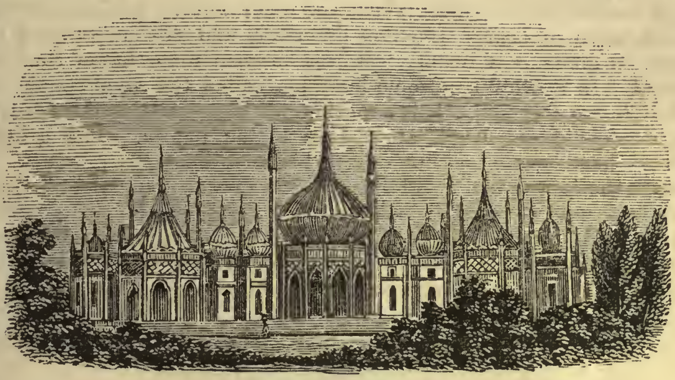
And now the turnpike gates again
  Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
  That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
  For he got first to town;
Nor stop'd till where he had got up
  He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
  And Gilpin, long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
  May I be there to see!

BRIGHTON.

Brighton, a celebrated place of resort during the summer season, is situated on a very abrupt and uninteresting part of the coast of the British Channel, and at the foot of a range of naked hills 52 miles south from London, and 50 east-ward from Portsmouth. The main part of the town lies in the hollow of the hill, and is sheltered on all sides but the south, which lies open to the sea. Its principal streets are full of shops of the handsomest description, equal in appearance to those of the west end of London. In 1801 this place contained but 7,339 inhabitants. At the present time, (1854,) the population exceeds 50,000, and is rapidly increasing. Previous to the opening of the Railway, there were thirty-two coaches passing daily in each direction between London and Brighton. Now, on holidays, in fine weather, there seldom arrive fewer than 5,000 visitors daily.



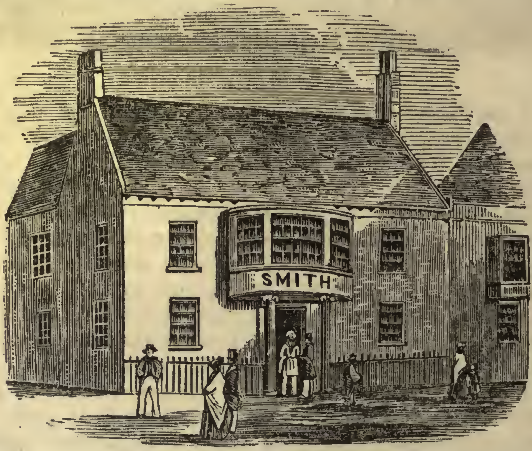
Pavilion at Brighton.

Brighton is the largest and most populous town in the county of Sussex, and its rapid increase affords a surprising instance of the magical power of fashion in transforming a mean fishing village into an extensive and thickly-peopled town. In the beginning of the last century its existence was scarcely known beyond the bounds of the county. Brighton is, however, a place of considerable antiquity, and is said, on the authority of some urns, coins, &c., which have been found in the neighborhood, to have been known to the Romans, and to have derived its late name (softened by its fashionable visitants into Brighton) from Brighthelm, a Saxon bishop, who resided here. During the frequent wars with France, from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, this town suffered heavily; Henry VIII, in 1539, erected a blockhouse for its protection, and Elizabeth surrounded it with walls, having four gates; the sea, however, undermined and destroyed these fortifications. About 1750, Brighton was first visited for the purpose of sea-bathing; and in 1784, his late majesty George IV, then prince of Wales, by making it his summer residence, and erecting the Pavilion, contributed greatly to the prosperity which it has subsequently enjoyed.

The town stands on a declivity, gradually sloping to the south-east, as far as the Steyne, from whence it again stretches with a gentle ascent along the cliffs to a considerable distance. The air is said to be peculiarly salubrious and the soil naturally dry. To the east of the Steyne is the magnificent pile of buildings, called *Kemp Town.*

Among the buildings of Brighton, the royal Pavilion is entirely the most remarkable. It is situated at the north-west corner of the Steyne, and nearly in the center of the town. Its erection was commenced in 1784, and during the thirty following years, very few passed which did not witness some addition or alteration, characteristic of that fickleness of taste and profusion of expense by which its royal proprietor was distinguished. It is believed that not less than a million and a-half of money has been lavished on this edifice. Its walls are of brick, covered with cement; the numerous cupolas and minarets are framed and covered with iron, but also coated with cement. The exterior is said to be in imitation of the Kremlin, at Moscow, and the stables are in the Moorish style of architecture, containing magnificent accommodations for sixty-eight horses, a spacious riding house, and other offices; the stalls surround a circular area of nearly 100 feet diameter, and are surrounded by a magnificent dome, only twenty feet less in span than that of St. Paul's cathedral. In 1821, a handsome building, called the royal chapel, was attached to the Pavilion. It is superbly yet appropriately fitted up, and forms a splendid and useful appendage to the palace. The grounds, which are handsomely laid out, occupy about seven acres.

Queen Victoria visited Brighton in 1842. On that occasion, it is said, her majesty took a strong dislike to the Pavilion, and appears to have decided not again to reside in it. After remaining shut up for several years, it was resolved to sell the building. It was purchased by the town in 1849, for £53,000, not perhaps a quarter of its original cost.



Bridge Hotel, New Haven, the stopping-place of Louis Phillipe.

The town of New Haven lies on the Sussex coast, nine miles east from Brighton, and fifty from London. Its harbor is capable of great improvement, and is the nearest port to the metropolis, and has been chosen by the Brighton Railroad Company as the station for their steamer to Dieppe. The engraving annexed is a view of the Bridge Inn, or Hotel, in which the French king, Louis Phillippe and his party were entertained by Mrs. Smith, on their arrival on the coast, after their flight from Paris, in March, 1848.

A little before seven on Friday morning, the *Express* steamer arrived off Newhaven harbor. Here she lay to, and her commander, Captain Paul, pulled off for shore in a boat with General Dumas, who proceeded to the Bridge Inn, to bespeak accommodation for the voyagers. Having made due arrangements, he started for London, leaving the hostess in perfect ignorance as to the rank of her expected guests. The Captain returned to his ship shortly after. About eleven o'clock a boat pulled up to the shore, containing an elderly gentleman attired in an old green blouse and travelling-cap, and a rough great coat; a lady of similar age, plainly dressed in a black bonnet, and checked black and white cloak, attended by a young female; and three other persons.

The party were then conducted by Mr. Sims to the Bridge Inn, where every preparation had been made by Mrs. Smith, to secure the comfort of her anticipated but unknown guests. The truth, however, was immediately disclosed; and the worthy hostess, her daughter and assistants, confirmed the welcome which had already been pronounced, and conducted the Royal exiles up-stairs. On reaching their apartment, the emotions of the worn-out and harrassed travellers overpowered them, and found vent in a flood of tears.

The Royal party, which consisted of seven persons, occupied two sitting and six bed-rooms, independent of a large room sixty feet in length, which was appropriated to the attendants. The sitting-room occupied by their Majesties, is about twenty feet long by fifteen wide, having a large bow-window, affording additional space.

The news of the Royal arrival soon spread among the inhabitants. Immediately on receiving the intelligence, Mr. Catt, of Bishopstone, (who had the honor of an introduction to Louis Phillippe at the Chateâu d'Eu some two years ago,) repaired to the Bridge Inn. The King at once recognized Mr. Catt, and received his congratulations on his escape with much emotion, shaking hands with him with great *empressment*, and expressing the most undisguised pleasure at meeting with him. In the course of conversation the ex-King exclaimed, "Ah, Mr. Catt, we have had a fearful time of it. We have been eight days in flight, and have been, it may be said, within two hours of being murdered. But, thank God, here we are safe on your hospitable shores." He also added, "It is not the first time, Mr. Catt, that I have experienced the generous hospitality of England. I am always proud to come to England." On Mr. Catt proffering the use of his house, Louis Philipppe declined the offer, expressing his thanks, but observing, "The good people of the inn have done everything to render us comfortable, and we shall do extremely well." Mr. Elphic and Mr. Cole had, in a like spirit, both volunteered to place their residences at the disposal of the King and suite.

The Royal party comprised, in addition to the King and Queen, a female German attendant on her Majesty, a confidential valet, a private secretary, (M. Pauline, *Officier d'Ordonnance*.) and two other gentlemen. Considerable secrecy was at first observed as to the names and rank of the retinue, who, however, have since proved to be Generals Dumas and Rumigny, M. Thuret, the King's private valet, and Mdlle. Muser, attendant on the Queen.

One of the first steps taken by Louis Phillippe, after his arrival at the Inn, was to write a letter to her Majesty Queen Victoria, which he intrusted to Mr. Irons (the active secretary of the Brighton Railway and Continental Steam Packet Company,) who had waited on his Majesty, and offered, on behalf of the company, every facility of transit. Mr. Irons immediately started on his mission; leaving directions in passing through Lewes, that a special train should be sent down to Newhaven, to be placed at the disposal of the Royal exiles.

In the course of the morning, several of the inhabitants of Newhaven paid their respects to his Majesty and offered their services in various ways. On Mr. Packham's arrival, he was charged to proceed to Brighton, in order there to repair the deficiencies of the Royal wardrobe; "for," said the ex-Monarch pithily to Mr. Packham, "we are very short of clothes." The King also handed over to him several bags of silver coin, for the purpose of getting it changed into English money.

In the course of the afternoon, the Editor of the *Sussex Advertiser* was honored with a private interview with Louis Phillippe and his august consort. "We found," says the Editor, in his Journal of Tuesday, "Louis Phillippe dressed plainly in black, without his wig, and looking cheerful and refreshed. The Queen, however, (who was sitting at a side table,) appeared much worn and fatigued. The ex-King intimated his wish that the names of his attendants should not transpire, observing how desirous he was not to compromise in the eyes of their countrymen those faithful friends who had exposed themselves for his sake in the hour of peril and need. In this feeling the Queen shared.

On Saturday morning, before eight o'clock, several ladies and gentlemen had arrived, anxious to pay their respects to the Royal party. Among these were Mr. Lawrence, and Lady Jane Peel, and the Rev. T. Cooke, who with Miss Augusta Otway, who came from Brighton; and the Rev. Mr. Brookman and his lady, of Rottingdean. Count Duchâtel, Minister of the Interior, who also arrived from Bedford Hotel, Brighton, had an audience of his Royal master. Large parties likewise arrived from Brighton and Lewes; and an address from the latter place was presented by a deputation, headed by Edward Blaker, Esq. Towards ten o'clock, a number of ladies had assembled in the large room of the inn, whither the King proceeded to pay his respects. The Royal party then prepared to take their departure, but their progress down stairs was intercepted at every step by fresh comers. In the passage were stationed the scholars of the Lewes Free Grammar-school, on whose behalf the Rev. Dr. Gray (principal) presented two addresses, one in Latin and the other in French, bearing the signatures of the pupils. His Majesty received these marks of youthful attachment and sympathy most graciously, and having placed himself in front of his young auditors, addressed a few sentences to them expressive of his appreciation of the feeling which had prompted them to approach him, and assuring them he would read and retain the addresses they had presented to him in his misfortunes. This concluded, the signal for departure was given, and the King, assisted by the Count de Jernac, and her Majesty, conducted by the honorable Captain Hotham, and followed by Generals Dumas and Rumigny, M. Pauline, M. Thuret, and Mdlle. Muser, descended the stairs as quickly as the crowd permitted. Just before leaving, the King emphatically conveyed his thanks to Mrs. Smith, the landlady; and the Queen, who had been attended by Miss Skinner and Miss F. Stone, of Newhaven, embraced them, thanking them for their attention; the King shaking hands with them, and adding his earnest thanks.

The Royal party then proceeded to the railway station, and at eleven the train took its departure. On reaching Lewes a number of persons congregated, who warmly greeted the Royal exiles. The King acknowledged their greeting, stretching out his arm and shaking hands with those nearest his carriage window.

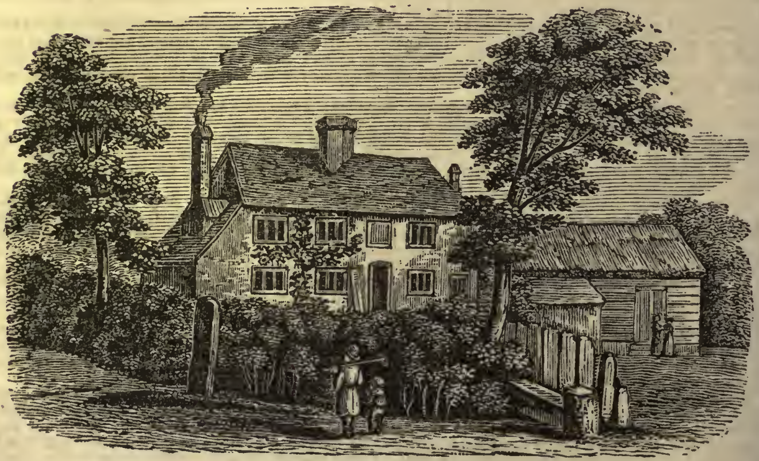
At fifteen minutes past twelve, the train reached the Croydon station, which had been selected as the point where their Majesties were to proceed by carriage to Claremont.

At Croydon, the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, who had arrived from town, had been waiting the arrival of the special train from Newhaven since ten o'clock. In the meantime, the directors of the Brighton Railway, who had left London by a special train at a quarter past eleven, arrived at Croydon.

In due season the approach of the Royal train was perceived, and notified to the party waiting its arrival in deep anxiety. As it came to a standstill, Captain Hotham had his hand on the carriage-door, and immediately opened it. On perceiving her children, the Queen gave a stifled scream. In a moment Louis Phillippe was locked in the embrace of his son, the Duke de Nemours. He next pressed the Duchess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg to his bosom with deep emotion, and the convulsive sobs of father and child irresistibly overpowered all who were witnesses of this painfully exciting meeting. Her Majesty had quickly followed the King, and on leaving the carriage found herself in her son's arms. The Royal party were then conducted into a private room, and in a short time the Count de Jarnac was summoned, and it was determined that the ex-King and Queen, and their illustrious relatives, should proceed direct to Claremont, in carriages which were in waiting for that purpose.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria, had offered to send her private carriage to East Sheen, to convey the Royal party to Claremont; but the ex-King declined the proffered courtesy, preferring to travel in a private manner to his destination.

RICHARD COBDEN.



Cobden's Birth-place.

Rich Cobden

Rich. Cobden's Signature.

The above is the representation of the birth-place of Richard Cobden, M. P., celebrated as the prominent opposer of the Corn Law system of Great Britain. This house is situated on a farm called Dumford, in the immediate vicinity of Midhurst, in Sussex. The great advocate of Free Trade was born here, June 3d, 1804. In early life he was a clerk in a merchant's house in London; but in 1830, he proceeded to Lancashire, where he entered into business as a calico printer, and was successful. Soon after his settlement at Lancashire, he commenced his political career as an occasional writer for the *Manchester Times.*

About fifteen years since, Mr. Cobden, in publishing a short and comprehensive work, entitled, "England, Ireland, and America," regretted that there was no establishment for teaching the principles of political economy, and suggested how one might be formed. This was the turn of his mind upon the question of the Corn-laws while writing this work, but it was not until Sept. 22d, 1838, that a meeting, occasioned by Dr. Bowning visiting Lancashire, was held in Manchester, out of which sprang the Anti-Corn-Law Association. Mr. Cobden first suggested the name of *League* for the Association. The occasion was as follows:

There was a meeting of the deputies in London, at Brown's Hotel, Palace Yard, when Cobden, addressing them, said, "Let us imitate the Hanseatic League, which withstood and overcame the feudal lords: let us form a league of the towns against our own lords." The idea was a happy one, and it was immediately caught up and acted upon. "Yes," cried some one, "a national anti-corn-law league." The deputies went home to Manchester, and those who went thither transformed their Anti-Corn-Law Association into the National Anti-Corn-Law League.

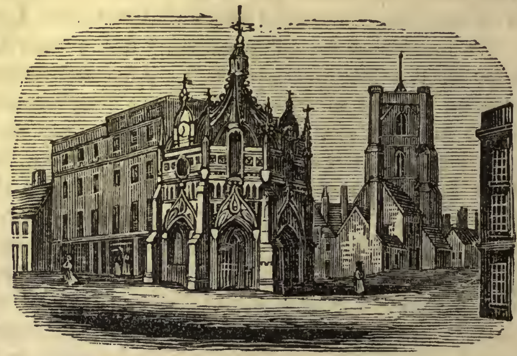
From this period the services of Mr. Cobden to the League were very great. He exercised his deep sagacity and powerful grasp of mind otherwise than in public speaking. He manifested untiring care in suggesting modes of operation to the less experienced and less talented members or agents of the League. He wore his mind and body late at night and early in the morning, in the mastery of piled-up statistics and difficult arguments, and then giving to some subordinate, perhaps a lecturer, arguments to go before the public with as new, to get the credit of them, while he would be content to use them second-hand, and get second-hand applause for them himself. Words of wise counsel have dropped from his lips, as from the lips of a father upon those who might seem to need counsel, given always in time, and place, and manner, so as to eave no pain, even in the most sensitive.

Before Mr. Cobden was brought before the British public as a Free-trade advocate, he made himself conspicuous at Manchester, as a suggester of a popular institution—no less than the Athenæum—for the diffusion of popular knowledge. Though it is not generally known, he was the first mover and chief worker in raising funds for the establishment of that noble institution at Manchester, above mentioned. He also busied himself in obtaining the Charter of Incorporation for the borough of Manchester; and for this great service he was rewarded by the Corporation by being elected one of the first aldermen.

He first endeavored to get a seat in Parliament in 1837, at the general election, when he stood as a candidate for Stockport. He was defeated. But, in 1841, he stood again and was elected.

During his public career, for a long series of years, his sympathies have been directed in an exclusively practical direction. His great powers never wandered from a most vigorous contest with what he deemed enormous practical evils. He showed the great principles of free-trade, and filled every mind in England with vivid images of the folly and absurdity of the then existing state of things with regard to the Corn-laws. He cleared away rubbish—he exposed fallacies—he elicited important admissions from both the leaders of the two great aristocratic parties. He made Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel both profess themselves hostile in principle to all commercial fetters, and finally, having caused the light to reach the great statesmen of the age, he has seen his views adopted, and the Corn Laws repealed.

CHICHESTER.



Chichester Cross.

The City of Chichester, on the Brighton and South Coast Railway, is twenty-eight miles east from Portsmouth, and sixty-one from London. It has a population of about 8,000. Near the center of the city, at the intersection of the four principal streets, stands the Cross, a view of which is given in the annexed engraving. It is considered one of the most finished erections of the kind in England. It was built about 1480, by Bishop Storey. The cross was intended to shelter the market-people. Its vaulted roof is supported by a thick central pillar, surrounded by a seat, and by a series of arches octagonal in form, and highly ornamented by coats of arms and other ornaments.

Chichester is a place of great antiquity, and is supposed to have been the town called *Regnum*, alluded to by Strabo, and to have existed long prior to the Roman invasion. That it was a considerable station of that people is evident from the number of their coins and other antiquities found in the neighborhood. In the reign of Stephen, Chichester obtained its first charter, which was confirmed by several subsequent sovereigns. It forms a county of itself, and has sent two members to parliament ever since the year 1295. From the situation of this city, near a spacious arm of the sea, it would appear advantageously situated for commerce, but this seeming advantage is rendered useless by extensive sand banks, which prevent the passage of vessels which draw much water.

The Cathedral, which is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, is the most remarkable edifice in this city. It is 410 feet in length from east to west, including the Lady Chapel; its width from north to south at the transepts is 227 feet, the choir is sixty-two feet, and the central tower and spire 297 feet in height. The architecture of the cathedral is that of the thirteenth century. Over the western entrance is a magnificent window, which was partially destroyed by the parliamentary forces, but has since been repaired. The ends of the transept are handsomely finished with turrets on each side, between which is a beautiful window; that on the south side is of exquisite workmanship. The east end of the cathedral is also handsomely finished. The interior consists of the nave, which is lofty and spacious, vaulted and groined with great skill and beauty, and beside its center and side aisles, has a second aisle on each side, intended for chantries and chapels; as many traces of the altars that were erected for that purpose may yet be seen.

There are some interesting monuments in the cathedral, among which are the splendid chantry of St. Richard; the tomb of William Chillingworth, the learned and able defender of Protestantism; Flaxman's monument to the poet Collins, &c. One of the chapels is appropriated to the monuments of the family of the Duke of Richmond; a large vault was constructed in the year 1750. Over the entrance to this vault is a stone with the inscription "*Domus Ultima*," (Last House,) on which Dr. Clark, one of the Residentaries, wrote an epigram that has been classed among the first in our language:

"Did he who thus inscribed this wall,
Not read, or not believe, Saint Paul,
Who says there is, where'er it stands,
Another house, not built with hands?
Or may we gather from these words
That house is not a—House of Lords?"

WINCHESTER.

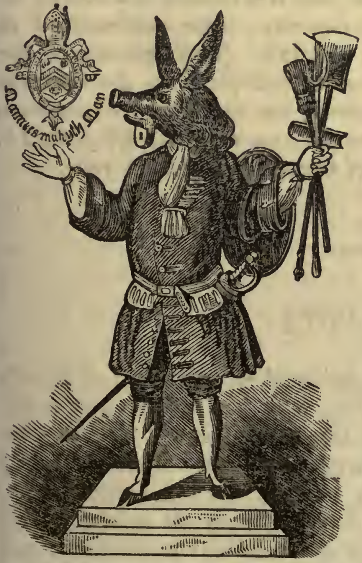
The city of Winchester, sixty-two miles from London, is situated in the bottom of a rich grassy vale, through which flows the Itchin, a small river which passes into the sea at Southampton. It contains at present a population of about 10,000.

The origin of the city of Winchester lies concealed in the farthest depths of British antiquities. Tradition, and the evidence of our oldest historical monuments, concur with the probability afforded by the situation of the place, in making it out as having been one of the earliest settlements of the first inhabitants of the island. In this way it may possibly have existed as a village in the woods for a thousand years before the Cristian era. When the Romans first landed in Britain, about half a century before the birth of Christ, the tract of country in which Winchester stands, appears to have been peopled by a Belgic tribe, who had come over from the continent about two hundred years before. If it had been, as is commonly thought, the capital of England in the time of the Britons, it regained that distinction under the Saxons, on the union of the country under one sceptre in the beginning of the ninth century, by Egbert, king of Wessex, to whose original dominions it had belonged. From this time till the reign of Edward the Confessor, in the middle of the eleventh century, Winchester retained the dignity of chief city of the realm. Here Alfred and Canute principally resided and held their courts. Even after the erection of the abbey and palace of Westminster by the Confessor, and the attachment which he showed to that neighborhood, had crowned the long rising importance of London, Winchester continued for a considerable period to dispute pre-eminence with its rival. During the reigns of the Conqueror and his two sons, in particular, it may be said to have still maintained an equality with London. It was not, perhaps, considered to have altogether lost its old metropolitan supremacy till the reign of Richard I, towards the close of the twelfth century.

Modern Winchester derives its chief importance from the ancient and splendid Ecclesiastical See, of which it is the seat. While the other bishops rank according to the date of their consecration, the Bishop of Winchester holds the next place after those of London and Durham. In point of opulence, also, this see has always been reckoned the first in England.

About a mile out of Winchester, situated amidst the beautiful water-meadows, lies the ancient Hospital of St. Cross, or St. Croix, which, after the cathedral, forms the most interesting sight of Winchester and its neighborhood. This Hospital was founded in the early part of the thirteenth century—the period at which the majority of religious houses and charitable institutions sprang up—by Henry de Blois, bishop of

Winchester, and brother of king Stephen. It was originally founded for the support of "thirteen poor men past their strength," and it was provided that they should have lodging, clothing, and a daily allowance of wheaten bread, meat, and ale; and it was also provided that a hundred others, the poorest that could be found in the city, of good character, should be dined in a common hall, called "The Hundred Mennes' Hall," with the right to carry away so much of their allowance as they could not consume. According to the foundation there was to be a master, a steward, four chaplains, thirteen clerks, and seven choristers for the church. The masters, one after another, however, had so succeeded in absorbing the income of the charity by the time that Wykeham was appointed bishop, that he was obliged to have recourse to the law to recover the alienated property. This property was then of the annual value of £400—no inconsiderable sum in those days. A vast addition to this income was made by Cardinal Beaufort, bishop of Winchester, who endowed it, in 1444, with land to the value of £500 yearly; at the same time appointing, that in addition to the existing number of persons in the establishment, there should be maintained two priests, thirty-five brethren, and three sisters to act as nurses to the sick of the community. To accommodate this large number of persons he almost re-built the Hospital, giving to the enlarged building the beautiful title of *Domus Eleemosynaria Nobilis Paupertatis*, or the Alms-House of Noble Poverty.



THE TRUSTY SERVANT.

In the College of Winchester is a curious old painting, very well represented by the accompanying engraving.

Its emblamatic import is set forth in Latin verse, of which the following is a free translation:

A trusty servant's portrait would you see,
This emblematic figure will survey.
The poker's snout—not nice in diet shows,
The padlock shut—no secret he'll disclose;
Patient the Ass, his master's wrath will bear;
Swiftness in errand the stag's feet declare;
Loaded his left hand—apt to labor saith.
The vest his neatness, open hand, his faith;
Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm,
Himself and master he'll protect from harm.

The Hospital was deprived of a considerable portion of its revenues by Henry VIII; nevertheless, enough was left for the maintenance of thirteen brethren, a master, steward, and chaplain—the present establishment; and the funds have, within the last hundred years, so increased in value, that the post of master has been a sinecure of considerable emolument. Ale and bread are still supplied to such applicants as apply before the daily provision—a sadly diminished one—is exhausted.

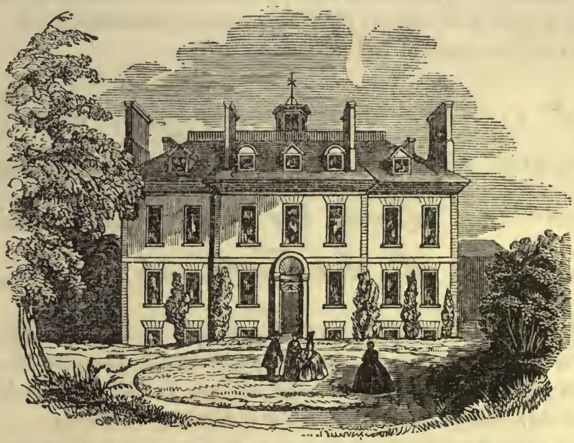
SOUTHAMPTON.

Southampton is one of those few places which, after a gradual decay, has sprung into renewed life and activity. This prosperity it owes to its excellent port. As early as the time of king John, the town was considered as of importance on this account. In the middle ages, it was used by the English kings as the most convenient place of embarkation for troops to France, and its banks witnessed the departure of the brave Englishmen who won the fields of Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt. The protestants, driven from the Netherlands by the persecution of the Duke of Alva, about the same time, settled in Southampton, where they introduced certain kinds of cloth not before known in England, and contributed very largely to the prosperity of the town. The first cause of decay was the Great Plague, which desolated the place in 1665. The people fled from the town in despair, and so deserted did it become that grass grew in its streets, and the place did not recover its commerce for a century and a half afterwards.

Victoria Pier was erected in 1832, and the Docks, the source of the sudden revival of the port's prosperity, were commenced in 1836. The first dock was opened in 1842. The opening of the Railway to London, and the selection of this place by the Government, as a port for their mail steamers, has given a great impetus to its prosperity. In 1846, the value of its exports was £2,196,275, a sum only a little inferior to that of Glasgow the same year.

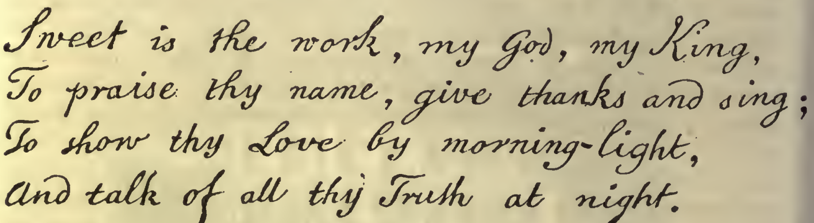
ISAAC WATTS.

This eminent divine, poet, and philosopher, was born at Southampton in the year 1674. His father, who was a deacon of a dissenting congregation, was several times imprisoned for non-conformity, and his mother was known to have sat frequently on a stone near the prison door patiently waiting for some communication with her husband, with the doctor, when an infant, at her breast. When very young, he took great delight in reading; and the promise he gave of abilities and industry produced an offer from some gentlemen to charge themselves with his education at one of the English universities. But this kind proposal he declined, declaring his resolution to take his lot among the dissenters. At the age of fifteen, he wrote Latin and English verses, which displayed considerable poetical talents. Having finished his academical studies, he returned to his father's house, where he remained two years studying the scriptures in their original languages. When twenty-two he accepted an invitation from Sir John Hartopp, Bart., at Stoke Newington, to take the office of domestic tutor to his son. In this situation he continued five years; and the manner in which he discharged his duty to his pupil, laid the foundation of a friendship which was only terminated by death.



Abney House, Stoke Newington.—Dr. Watts' Residence.

In his twenty-fourth year, he was chosen assistant to Dr. Isaac Chauncy, pastor of the congregation in Mark-Lane, London. His services proved so acceptable that, in 1702, he was chosen Dr. Chauncy's successor. His delicate constitution, however, rendered it necessary to provide him an assistant; but he continued to perform the duties of his station till a violent attack of fever, in 1712, so shattered his frame, that he was obliged to intermit his services for four years. One happy effect of this visitation was, his introduction to Sir Thomas Abney, who took him to his own house, where, under his care and that of his lady, he was supplied with every comfort that could contribute to the restoration of his health and spirits. Nor was this a temporary act of kindness; for the house of Sir Thomas and that of his widow was the home of Dr. Watts during thirty-six years, the remainder of his life; and it would be difficult to produce an instance of a connection of friendship between literature and opulence so long, so intimate, so free from any discordant or unpleasing feelings, and in which the relation of patron and dependent were so thoroughly obliterated by the perception of reciprocal benefits. His life passed in this retreat with no other variation than that of his public services and his private studies, of which the numerous fruits raised him to a high degree of popularity. His reputation procured him, without his knowledge, the honor of the degree of doctor in divinity from the universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, in 1728. His weak constitution, by great care and temperance, held out to a good old age; though increasing infirmities gradually obliged him to relax, and at length to resign his ministerial duties. His congregation, however, would not accept the renunciation of his salary, which, at the same time, he offered. After an almost imperceptible progress of decline, he calmly expired at Stoke Newington, on November 25, 1748, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.



Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy Love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy Truth at night.

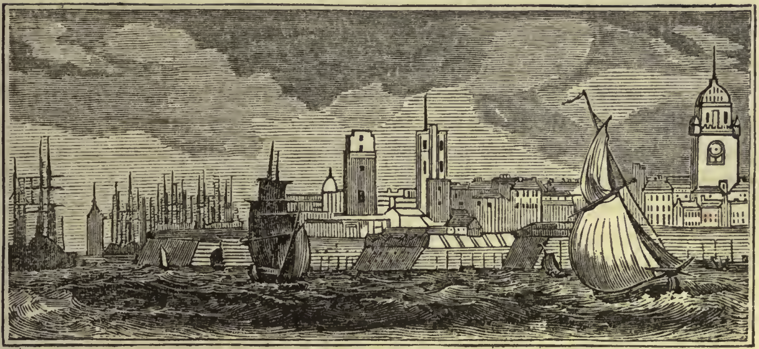
The above is a fac-simile of the hand-writing of Dr. Watts, and is now in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is taken from a manuscript copy of his Hymns, sent to Cotton Mather for his inspection before they were published.

He was buried in Bunhill-fields burying ground, where a neat monument was erected to his memory, at the joint expense of Sir John Hartopp and Lady Abney. Many admirers of the writings of Dr. Watts, however, were anxious that a statute should be raised in honor of his memory, and selected the new cemetery at Stoke Newington, formed on the site of Abney Park, as the most appropriate spot. The full length figure is nine feet in height, and the doctor is represented in academical costume. The pedestal is thirteen feet high, having the following inscription:

> "In memory of ISAAC WATTS, D. D., in testimony of the high and lasting esteem in which his character and writings were held in the great Christian community by whom the English language is spoken. Of his Psalms and Hymns, it may be predicted, in his own words,
>
> "Ages unborn will make his songs,
> The joy and labor of their tongues."
>
> He was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674, and died November 25, 1748, after a residence of thirty-six years in the mansion of Sir Thomas Abney, Knt., then standing on these grounds.—Erected by public subscription."

In the south area of Westminster Abbey is erected a monument of white marble to his memory. It is composed of a good bust of the doctor, which is supported at the sides by mourning genii, with inverted torches. Beneath, within a circle, is an *alto-relievo* of Watts seated in his study, in an attitude of contemplation; with an angel guiding his pen, and unfolding the wonders of creation.

PORTSMOUTH.



View of Portsmouth.

Portsmouth, the principal rendezvous of the British navy, is situated on the west side of the Isle of Portsea, in Hampshire, 72 miles south-west from London. To the west of the island is the bay, called Portsmouth harbor, excelling every other on the coast of England for its spaciousness, depth, and security. The obvious utility of this harbor, in such a situation, caused it to be used at an early period as a station for shipping, and hence the rise of the town of Portsmouth on the narrow inlet by which it communicates with the English Channel. It is also to be observed, that the strait between the mouth of this harbor and the Isle of Wight, forms the celebrated roadstead of Spithead, which is capable of containing a thousand sail at anchor in the greatest security. The original or old town of Portsmouth, surrounded by ancient walls; the modern suburban towns of Portsea and Southsea, respectively situated to the north and south of the original town; and the town of Gosport, on the opposite side of the inlet to the harbor, may all be said to form one cluster of population, probably numbering not less than 70,000. The beach opposite Southsea, being well adapted to sea-bathing, has caused that suburb or village to become a watering-place of some note.

The docks, arsenal building-yards, and all the various other establishments concerned in the fitting out and safe-keeping of the national shipping, render Portsmouth an object of wonder to all who see it for the first time. The dockyard includes the great area of one hundred acres. The smithery is a vast building, where anchors are wrought weighing from seventy to ninety hundred-weight each. On the anchor-wharf, hundreds of these useful implements are piled up, ready for immediate service. The ropery, where the cordage for the vessels is prepared, is three stories high, fifty-four feet broad, and one thousand and ninety-four feet long. The gun-wharf is an immense arsenal, consisting of various ranges of buildings for the reception of naval and military stores, artillery, &c. The small armory is capable of containing twenty-five thousand stands of arms.

There is a naval college, where a hundred scholars in time of war, and seventy in time of peace, are taught; thirty, who are the children of officers, being maintained and educated at the public expense. During war, the number of persons employed in the various establishments connected with the public service at Portsmouth has amounted to five thousand. The principal buildings connected with the arsenal and dockyards, are the commissioner's house, the government house, the victualling office, the port-admiral's house, and the naval and military barracks. The promenade along the fortifications forms one of the most agreeable features of the town.

Among objects of curiosity, we may specify the Victory, Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar, the Semaphore telegraph, and the house in which the Duke of Buckingham was temporarily residing, when in front of it, he was stabbed to death by Lieutenant Felton, in 1628. The church of Portsmonth is a spacious Gothic structure, with a comparatively modern tower, useful as a landmark to seamen. There are various charitable, literary and scientific institutions connected with the town.

ISLE OF WIGHT, LEIGH RICHMOND, &c.

The Isle of Wight, so well known on account of the peculiar beauty of its scenery, is included in the limits of the county of Hampshire. It is separated from the main land by a channel, varying from two to seven miles. The island is about twenty-three miles long and thirteen wide, and is diversified by lofty eminences and beautiful and fertile vallies. Newport, the capital, is finely situated nearly in the center of the island, and contains about 5000 inhabitants. Carisbrooke Castle (now in ruins) celebrated as the place of the imprisonment of Charles I, is in the immediate vicinity of this place. Cowes, is the principal port of the island and the point of communication with the main land by way of Southampton.

In 787, the Danes first ravaged this island, and they repeated their outrages at intervals during the three succeeding centuries. William the Conqueror gave the island in full sovereignty to his kinsman, William Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford, who ejected all the Saxon proprietors, and granted their lands to Norman retainers.

This nobleman was succeeded by his son, Roger, who, engaging in a conspiracy against the King, was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. William, some time afterwards, probably with the intention of restoring the son of his faithful adherent to favor, sent him his robes at Easter; the Earl, however, to show his contempt of the king's compliment, caused a fire to be made, and burned
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Leigh Richmond was born at Liverpool, January 29th, 1772. In consequence of an accident when a child he became lamed in one of his legs during his life. Owing to this, he received the rudiments of his early education under the sole tuition of his for some time curate of Brading, and while here, he wrote those celebrated tracts of the "Annals of the Poor," which have been so extensively circulated in every part of the globe. The "Young Cottager" was buried in this churchyard; the following inscription is on her monument.

Sacred to the Memory of "Little Jane," who died 30th January, 1799, in the 15th year of her age.

Ye who the power of God delight to trace,
And mark with joy each monument of grace,
Tread lightly o'er this grave, as ye explore
'The short and simple annals of the poor.'
A child reposes underneath this sod,
A child to memory dear, and dear to God.
Rejoice, yet shed the sympathetic tear—
Jane, the 'Young Cottager,' lies buried here.

The following is on Mrs. Ann Berry's monument, which "Little Jane read when she came out into the churchyard, and liked them so well that she learned them."

Forgive, blest shade! the tributary tear
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the seats of bliss.
No more confined to grovelling scenes of night;
No more a tenant, pent in mortal clay,
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day!

Arreton, some two or three miles from Newport and six from Brading, is also an interesting spot on account of its being the place of the interment of the "Dairyman's Daughter," so well known throughout the Christian world. The monument in the churchyard has the following inscription.

To the Memory of Elizabeth Wallbridge, "The Dairyman's Daughter," who died May 30, 1801, aged 31 years, she being dead, yet speaketh.

Stranger! if e'er by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,
Turn from the contemplation of this sod
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
Lowly her lot on earth; but He, who bore
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,
Gave her, his truth and faithfulness to prove,
The choicest pleasures of his boundless love—
Faith, that dispelled affliction's darkest gloom,
Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb,
Peace, that not Hell's dark legions could destroy,
And Love, that filled the soul with heavenly joy.
Death of its sting disarmed, she knew no fear,
But tasted heaven e'en while she lingered here.
Oh! happy saint! may we, like thee, be blest—
In life be faithful, and in death find rest!

The Dairyman's cottage is at Spicers, a mile and a half from Arreton, where he was in the habit of occasionally visiting his daughter during her last illness. Mr. Richmond's "Negro Servant" lived in the family of an officer in the neighborhood. His "young cottager" was one of his Sunday-school children, and the first fruits of his ministry in that neighborhood.

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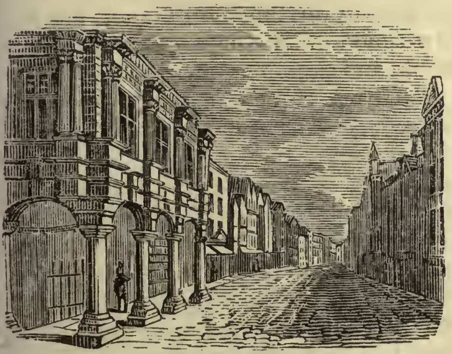
father, an excellent classical scholar. At the age of seventeen, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He entered the ministry of the Church of England, in 1797, and commenced his duties as curate of the adjoining parishes of Brading and Yaverland. The prospect of a more extended sphere of usefulness, and the inadequacy of his income to meet the demands of an increasing family, he was induced to become an assistant chaplain of the Lock Hospital. Soon after, in 1805, he became Rector of Turvey, in Bedfordshire. The traits by which he gained so much celebrity, were first communicated to the public through the medium of the "Christian Guardian." In 1814, these tracts were united in one volume under the title of the "Annals of the Poor." It is said, that the Emperor Alexander of Russia, was so well pleased with this work, that he sent Mr. Richmond a superb ring as a testimonial of his approbation. The Princess Metstchersky made the first translation of the "Dairyman's Daughter" into the Russian language. Mr. Richmond continued his useful labors at Turvey, till within a few weeks of his death, which took place May 8th, 1827.

EXETER AND ITS VICINITY.

Exeter, the capital of Devonshire, is situated on the River Exe, nine miles from the sea, forty-three E. from Plymouth, eighty-seven S. W. from Bath, and 168 from London. Population 36,000. It is a place of great antiquity. It was the seat of West Saxon kings, who resided in the castle called Rougemont, from the color of the hill on which it is built. That it was occupied by the Romans can scarcely admit of doubt, although not any vestiges of buildings erected by them remain here; this is explained by the destructive sieges to which it has been exposed; its desolation at various periods by the Saxons, Danes, and other enemies, and the probable demolition of any ancient edifices which it might have contained, to make room for the erection of some of the numerous religious foundations with which, previously to the Reformation, the city was crowded, and which procured for it the appellation of Monktown: many remains of Roman sculpture, coins, &c., have been found here, and in 1778, five bronze figures of the penates, or household gods, were discovered under the pavement of a cellar in High-street.

Exeter Cathedral is a venerable and magnificent structure, and the present fabric is said to have been about 300 years in building.


Guildhall, Fxeter.

The Guildhall is an ancient edifice. It was originally erected in 1330; the present front, which is supported on pillars, was built in 1593, and the whole was thoroughly repaired and beautified in 1720; it contains several valuable portraits, among the most remarkable of which are those of General Monk, Henrietta, queen of Charles I, and her daughter, Duchess of Orleans, who was born here during the civil wars, besides several others of various distinguished persons.

On an eminence, near the county goal, are the remains of Rougemont Castle, which was exceedingly strong by its situation, and was fortified with considerable skill. The period of its foundation is unknown; but it was either rebuilt or thoroughly repaired by William the Conquorer. It continued in a state of good preservation until the period of the civil war, when it was taken by Fairfax, after a siege of two months, and dismantled by order of the

Parliament. The exterior walls are all that now remains of this ancient edifice; they enclose a considerable area, and from the ramparts an extensive view of the surrounding country is obtained, extending over a circumference of more than fifty miles, and embracing the windings of the Exe, Torbay, and the beautiful country lying between the city and the sea. The moat which surrounded the castle has been filled up, planted with trees, and laid out in elegant walks. The walls of the city remained nearly in a perfect state so lately as 1769; they have, however, since that period, been partially destroyed; and of the four gates which at that time existed, but one, the west gate, now remains.

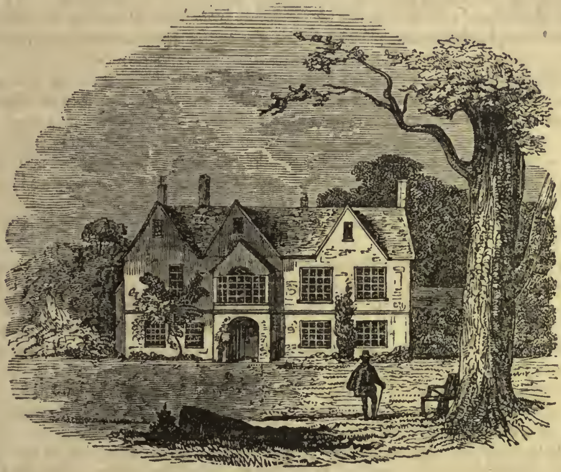
Torquay, about twenty miles south from Exeter, on the coast, is a watering-place which has rapidly risen into importance. It contains upwards of 4000 inhabitants. Its pier is the chief public work. The place is situated at the north-eastern extremity of the noble bay of Torbay, one of the finest on the English coast, and is sheltered by lofty hills on every side but the south, where it is open to the sea. Brixham, at the southern extremity of the bay, a long, straggling place, is one of the first and wealthiest fishing towns in England.

It was at Brixham Quay, that William, Prince of Orange, landed on that expedition which gave to him the British crown, and secured to England its constitution. The Dutch fleet, after some misadventures, rode safely in Torbay on the morning of the 5th of November, 1688. The townsmen of Brixham welcomed their arrival by carrying off provisions, and proffered their boats for the landing of the troops. As soon as a British regiment was sent ashore, William himself followed, and superintended the disembarkation of the remainder of the army.

In the center of the market-place of Brixham stands a monument, on which is fixed a block of stone, with this inscription engraven on it: "On this stone, and near this spot, William, Prince of Orange first set foot on landing in England, 5th of November, 1688." When, in 1823, the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV, visited Brixham, the inhabitants presented him with a small fragment of this stone, enclosed in a box of heart of oak.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The above is said to be a correct representation of Sir Walter Raleigh's house at Youghal, in the south of Ireland, in which he resided for a time. The building has the appearance of a comfortable manor house of the Elizabethan era, and has a striking resemblance to the house in which he was born, fourteen miles east of Exeter. This building was originally a collegiate establishment, found in 1454. It came into the possession of Raleigh in 1603, and it is said that the first potatoes cultivated in Europe were planted in the garden attached to this house being brought here from South America by Raleigh.



Raleigh's House.

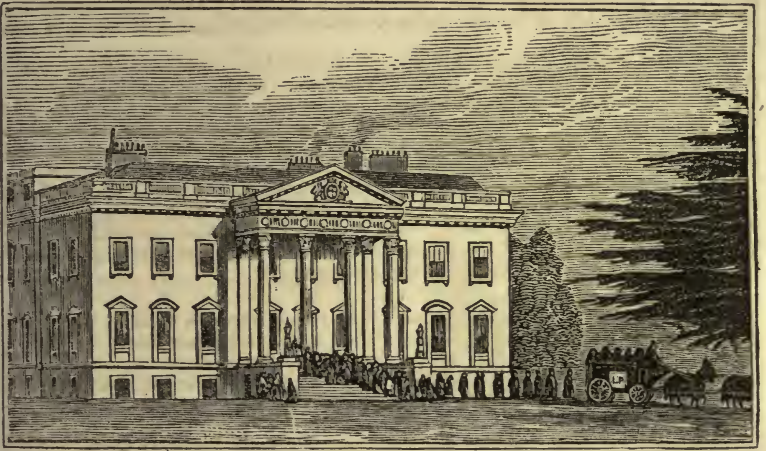
Sir Walter Raleigh was born at Hayes, in the parish of Budley, Devonshire, 1552. He was for some time at Oriel College, Oxford; but the pursuits of ambition, and an active life, were more congenial to his feelings than academical labors. In 1569, he accompanied the gentlemen volunteers whom Elizabeth sent to France to support the Protestants, and there he continued for nearly six years. Though afterwards he resided in the Middle Temple, he paid no attention to law, but, in 1578, embarked for the Netherlands with the troops sent against the Spaniards, and the next year he went with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on an expedition to discover and colonize some part of North America. The plan did not succeed, and, in 1580, he engaged as captain in the wars of Ireland, and became one of the commissioners for the governmeut of Munster in Lord Ormond's absence. On his return to England he became a favorite of the court, by his polite attention and gallantry to the queen. Walking in the number of her attendants, he extricated her from a dirty part of the road which she was afraid to cross, by spreading his new plush cloak on the ground, over which she gently trod and passed clean and dry. This courtesy gained him the queen's favor, and he gradually rose to places of honor and distinction. In 1583, he sailed again with his brother Gilbert in an expedition to Newfoundland; but though his companions were attacked by a contagious disease, and his brother was drowned on his return, he still was animated with the desire of new discoveries. In 1514, therefore, he obtained letters patent, and sailed to America, where he discovered Virginia, so named in honor of his virgin mistress, and in this country he afterwards, in a second and third voyage, settled flourishing colonies.

A fourth and a fifth expedition were fitted out to Virginia; and if he had done no other service to the nation, his recommendation of tobacco, which he first introduced into the country from Virginia, would, in a commercial point of view, have procured him high distinction. In 1588, his courage was eminently displayed against the Spanish Armada, to the destruction of which he ably contributed, and the following year he was employed with a fleet in the restoration of Don Antonio, the expelled King of Portugal. In 1592, he was at the head of the expedition sent to attack the Spaniards at Panama, and on his return he became an active and eloquent speaker in the House of Commons; but he incurred the displeasure of the clergy, and the public odium, by accepting the grant of the manor of Sherborne, which formerly belonged to the see of Salisbury. Though stigmatized by his enemies with the name of atheist, it appears, however, that he was a zealous asserter of God and of His providence. In 1593, he highly offended the queen by an amour with one of her maids of honor, daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton; but after being imprisoned for several months, he made due reparation for his violation of decorum by marrying the lady, with whom he lived in the enjoyment of uninterrupted domestic harmony. He engaged, in 1595, in the discovery and conquest of Guiana, in South America, and after storming the city of St. Joseph, and taking the Spanish governer prisoner, he returned to England. He was afterwards employed against Cadiz, and then became active in his opposition to Essex, and greatly contributed to the defeat of his treasonable designs: but on the death of the queen his happiuess was at an end. On the accession of James, Raleigh was not only stripped of his honors, but tried and condemned for high treason, on charges not only frivolous, but oppressive and arbitrary. Though reprieved he remained for several years a prisoner in the Tower, while his estates were lavished on Car, the royal favorite. During his long captivity, which was soothed by the attentions of his wife, the heroic prisoner devoted himself to literary pursuits, and wrote some valuable works, among which is his "History of the World," of which the first volume appeared in 1614, folio.

In 1616, after a confinement of nearly thirteen years, this illustrious character was permitted to leave his prison, and James, as if pretending first to discover his merits, sent him on an expedition to explore the golden mines of Guiana. The affair proved unfortunate; Sir Walter lost his eldest son, who was killed by the Spaniards at St. Thomas, and after destroying the town, which was burnt against his orders, he returned home to meet the most cruel and arbitrary treatment. Incensed at his conduct, the Spaniards were loud in their complaints by Gundamor their ambassador, and James ordered Raleigh to be seized. Though no blame could attach to him for his conduct in Guiana, the king, determined on his punishment, ordered his execution on his former attainder. In vain, the unfortunate leader pleaded in his defense, and asserted that his life could not be taken away in consequence of a sentence passed fifteen years before, and which had been revoked, since in his late expedition the king had granted him power of life and death over his crew. Nothing, however, availed; and the pusillanimous James, either to please the vindictive Spaniards, or to gratify his own personal enmity, assented to his death, and thus brought eternal disgrace upon his otherwise illustrious reign. This injured hero was beheaded in the old palace yard, 29th October, 1618, and suffered with great magnanimity. His body was interred in St. Margaret's, Westminster, but his head was preserved for several years in his family.

CLAREMONT,—FUNERAL OF LOUIS PHILLIPPE.

Claremont Palace, is seventeen miles south-west from London, near the village of Esher, in Surrey. The present palace was built about eighty years since, for Lord Clive, who spent upwards of £100,000 in its erection and decoration. It was purchased by Parliament in 1816, at a cost of £65,000, as a residence for Prince Leopold, who nominally occupies and maintains it as a residence for the family of Louis Phillippe, the late King of the French. It is an object of mournful and historic interest, from its being the residence of the late Princess Charlotte of Wales, only child of George IV, and first wife to the King of the Belgians, when Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg. It has occasionally been used by the Queen for short periods of retirement from court life. The building stands on an eminence, in the midst of its own ample woods, and the prospects from the house and grounds are quite rural. There is scarcely a habitation visible for thirty or forty miles on the south and west sides: the neighboring village of Esher, at the northeast, is concealed by woods and swells in the ground. Here it was that Louis Phillippe breathed his last, and where his family now remain.



Funeral of Louis Phillippe at Claremont.

"At eight o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 26th of August, Louis Phillippe, the ex-King of the French, expired at Claremont, in Surrey, where he had taken up his residence during his late exile in England. The declining health of this illustrious man had been well known to the public for some time. The week before he died it assumed the phase of an extreme debility, warning the medical attendants that the last scene was near. The ex-King was made aware of his approaching dissolution on the Sunday preceding his death: and with calm promptitude he immediately set his house in order. After a conversation with his wife, he dictated, with remarkable clearness, a conclusion to his memoirs, the composition of which his illness had for some months compelled him to suspend. His chaplain was then summoned, and in the presence of his wife, his children, and grandchildren, he received the last rites of the Romish Church. Towards seven in the evening, the weakness which he suffered was displaced by fever; but it did not disturb the composure of his mind. At eight the following morning, the fever reached its height, and Louis Phillippe died; his last moments being consoled by the presence of his faithful consort and beloved children.

Previous to the obsequies of the funeral, the coffin, in which the remains of Louis Phillippe were deposited was placed in that portion of the picture gallery at Claremont which had been partitioned off, and fitted up as a chapel, where divine service was performed daily, and at which their Majesties and the royal family attended. This chapel was hung entirely with black cloth from the ceiling to the ground; in the center a dais of two steps had been placed, covered also with black cloth edged with silver, and on this the coffin containing the royal remains was placed; it was covered with a black velvet pall, edged with a deep silver fringe, and had a large cross of silver lace in the center. The coffin was surrounded by twenty-two massive silver candlesticks, and on the altar there were twelve others, and the usual requisites for the performance of the Roman Catholic form of divine worship.

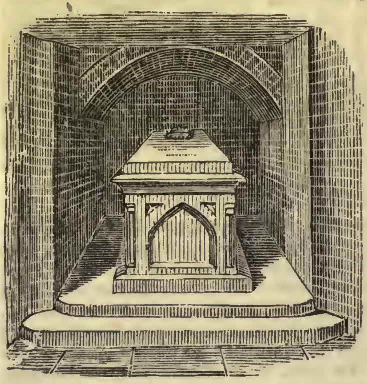
The outside coffin, which was of mahogany, covered with black cloth, had a massive silver plate upon the lid, with the following inscription:—

"Louis Phillippe, Roi des Français, Ne a Paris, 6th Octobre, 1773, Mort a Claremont (comte de Surrey, Angleterre), Le 26th Aout, 1850." And the royal arms of France engraved at the top.

The obsequies of the ex-King took place on Monday, the 2d of September, at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, in the private chapel at Claremont, without any official solemnity. After the funeral service the procession set out for Weybridge, and accompanied the body on foot as far as the gate of the park; thence the princes and the persons attached to the royal family proceeded in mourning coaches to Weybridge Common, near the railroad station, where the *cortege* halted, and proceeded on foot to the Roman Catholic chapel of Miss Taylor, who, on a request being made to her to that effect, lost no time in placing the chapel at the disposal of the royal exiles of Claremont.

The mortal remains of Louis Phillippe are deposited for the present in the vault of this chapel, there to rest till the gates of France shall be thrown open to the Orleans family, and the princes shall have a right to accompany the ashes of their father to the royal chapel at Dreux, and to place them beside those of his race who already repose there. A low mass was celebrated before the coffin was lowered into its provisional asylum. None but the members of the family were present at this mass.

The monument in which the coffin is enclosed is an altar-tomb of simple design, covered with a large slab attached by the upper end to the wall, and supported at the foot by a pair of small columns. On the portion nearest to the wall are sculptured in relief the arms of the ex-King, surmounted by a royal crown, and beneath the escutcheon is engraved the following inscription:—



Louis Phillippe's Tomb.

Deposita jacent
sub hoc lapide
donec in patriam,
avitos inter cineres,
Deo adjuvante, transferantur
Reliquiæ.
Ludovici Phillippi primi,
Francorum Regis,
Claromontii, in Britannia,
Defuncti
die Augusti xxvi.,
Anno Domini mdcccl.
Ætatis lxxvi.
✝
Requiescat in pace.

IPSWICH.

Ipswich, a borough town, in the county of Suffolk, is sixty-nine miles north-east from London, and has a population of about 25,000. It is built on the northern bank of the river Orwell, and when viewed in ascending the river, has somewhat the appearance of a crescent.

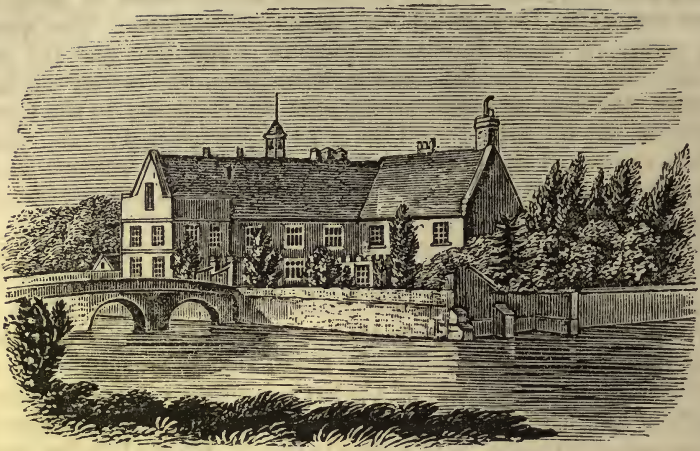
The streets are rather narrow and irregular, like those of most ancient towns, but they are all well paved and lighted. The houses are, many of them, handsome modern buildings; and the rest, though old, are substantial and commodious, and nearly all have gardens attached to them, which contribute greatly to the convenience of the inhabitants and the general healthiness of the place. At the corners of the streets are yet to be seen the remains of curious carved images, and many of the ancient houses are covered to profusion with this description of ornament.

Ipswich is favorably situated for commerce. Vessels of any burthen may navigate the Orwell, to within three miles of the town, and vessels of nearly 200 tons to the town itself, where the port, though nearly dry at ebb tide, is converted into a magnificent sheet of water by every returning flood, which rises generally ten or twelve feet. The trade of the town is accordingly considerable, chiefly in the malting and exportation of corn, great quantities of wheat and other grain being annually shipped for the London market. It has also a considerable coasting, and a small share in the foreign trade. The coal trade is also considerable, large quantities being annually imported into the town. Vessels are constantly passing from Ipswich to Harwick.

THOMAS CLARKSON.

Thomas Clarkson, the patriarch of the Anti-Slavery cause, was the son of Rev. W. Clarkson, master of the Grammar School at Wisbeach, and born March 26th, 1760. He was a graduate at St. John's, Cambridge. He took Deacon's orders, being originally intended for the Church, but he afterwards abandoned the intention. In 1785, Dr. Peckard, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, announced, as a subject for a prize Latin Essay, the following question: "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?"

Desirous of sustaining the reputation he had acquired by his acquisition of the first prize for the Latin Dissertation of the year preceding, young Clarkson devoted himself so ardently to the composition, that it is known that for several nights he did not allow himself the customary relaxation of sleep, burning a light the whole night. On that occasion he collected and read every work on the subject, and became, in the end, imbued with the conviction that it was a public duty to devote every energy and faculty of his mind to the extinction of slavery. The persuasion haunted him, and gave his



Playford Hall, the Seat of Thomas Clarkson.

agitated spirits no more rest by day than his literary labor permitted to his corporeal system by night. The reading of his Essay, which took place in the Senate House, Cambridge, in June, 1786, was attended with the most brilliant success; and, almost immediately after the prize was awarded to him, he determined on a journey to London, for the purpose of publishing the Essay in a translated form. The seal of an "apostolical call"—and, indeed, the whole fervor of Clarkson's life bore an apostolic character—would seem to have been impressed on that celebrated journey; and he, himself, in his "History of Slavery," ascribes to it the origination of that sacred impulse which afterwards became the pole-star of his life, and which from that moment absorbed every faculty of his mind and heart. He says, in that work, that, as he was riding to London, "he dismounted from his horse when he came in sight of Wade's Mill, Hertfordshire. He seated himself disconsolately on the ground, and while immersed in painful reflections on the sufferings of the negro race, the thought flashed upon his mind that it was time for some one to undertake the task of putting a termination to the calamities described in his Essay."

The printing of his Essay, which was published by George Phillips, of George-yard, Lombard-street, in 1786, introduced young Clarkson to several members of the Society of Friends, and other philanthropists, principally connected with the "American Society of Friends," who had long sighed over the wrongs of the negro race, and yearned for their redress; and who subsequently formed the nucleus of the Anti-Slavery Society. But the publication of the Essay led to a more valuable and efficacious connection, namely, an alliance with the celebrated William Wilberforce, whose attention was first called to the subject by Thomas Clarkson's communications. Attempts have been made to invest the statesman with the merit of priority of suggestion; but there cannot be a doubt that the deceased philanthropist of Wisbeach had been at least two years engaged in incipient measures for the suppression of the slave-trade before the attention of the former was called to its enormities; although the question had been agitated by Granville Sharpe, and others, previous to Clarkson's Essay. In consequence of the co-operation of these two eminent men, Mr. Wilberforce brought the subject into Parliament for the first time in 1787, while the distinguished subject of this memoir took upon himself to agitate the question out of doors; and, with this view, gave lectures, and got up meetings, at Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, Gloucester, Worcester, Bridgewater, and Bristol; directing the whole force of his great talents and single-minded zeal to win converts, vanquish prejudice, or rouse public indignation. Unsparing in self-devotion, and untiring in vigilance—scorning fatigue, and defying enmity—it was during this mission that his life was endangered at Liverpool, by a suborned and numerous band of ruffians, who intended to push him off the pier-head into the sea, and nearly effected their murderous purpose. It was on the same occasion that he says, "he corresponded with no less than four hundred individuals, and traveled 36,000 miles." Petitions were, in consequence of these active means, poured into Parliament; while successive motions against the slave-trade were made by Mr. Wilberforce.

The two leading men of the day, Pitt and Fox, who, in the first instance, held themselves aloof from a formidable contest with the slave-trade's profitable and powerful interests, were gradually won over; and, in 1788, Pitt became instrumental in bringing forward a general parliamentary discussion. The 7th of May, 1788, was the date of that splendid, celebrated, and important discussion, in which Fox and Burke, Pitt, Grey and Whitbread, took a conspicuous part in depicting and denouncing the atrocities of the slave-trade; and the generous and illustrious band of philanthropists in and out of doors, was shortly afterwards joined by Romilly, Mackintosh, and Buxton, Macauley, Stephen, and Allen. An investigation of the entire subject was instituted by the Privy Council; counsel were heard, witnesses examined, and a report was drawn up and published. The agitation and interest of the question caused the formation of a committee of gentlemen, who devoted themselves to the purpose of collecting and publishing evidence. With a view to this object, the labors of Thomas Clarkson were indefatigable; and it was at this period, (1789,) during the heat of the French Revolution, that he took the bold step—which few but men imbued with that moral grandeur of soul which constitutes genius would have ventured on—of going to Paris, to obtain the co-operation of the French Government. The Revolution was then in its most vehement state of agitation, and he was entreated by his friends to disguise his name. But this he refused to do, confiding in the rectitude of his cause, and resolving to go straight forward to his purpose. On this occasion he conferred with the unfortunate Louis XVI; was introduced to Petion, Brissot, the eloquent Vergniaud, (the Charles Fox of France,) and the "Societe des Amis des Noirs;" was warmly befriended by Neckar and Lafayette; was presented with the privilege of citizenship, and was publicly honored with a seat in the French Convention during the discussion that Mirabeau, at his instance, moved, and which resulted in the abolition of all slave-trade bounties, as a step to ulterior measures. His exertions, on his return to England, were resumed in aid of the legislative measures of Wilberforce, whose Bill for the Total Abolition of the slave-trade passed both Houses in 1801. But a long interval, during which slave dealing maintained an incessant struggle against the measure, ensued. At length, on the 25th of March, 1807, (being the closing act of the Fox and Grenville Administration,) the abolition of the slave-trade became the law of the land.

Thomas Clarkson's last appearance in public was at the "Anti-Slavery Convention" of 1840, of which the Duke of Sussex was the President; but his declining health preventing his continual attendance, he addressed a private letter to a distinguished Abolitionist, on the state of slavery throughout the world; from which we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of extracting the following remarkable passage:—"As to myself, I was literally forced into the cause. I was thinking one morning, more seriously and solemnly than I had before thought, on the multitudinous sufferings of the unhappy people who are now the objects of your sympathy. The tragical scenes which occurred in their several situations, passed in horrible review before my mind; and my compassion for their sufferings was so intense, so overwhelming, that they actually overpowered me, and forced me into the resolution which I dared not—which it was at my peril at that time to resist—the resolution of attempting their deliverance. Thus was I forced into the work. Much remains to be done; but take courage—be not dismayed—go on—my heart beats as warmly in this sacred cause now, in the eighty-first year of my age, as it did at the age of twenty-four, when I first took it. And I can say further, with truth, that, if I had another life given me to live, I would devote it to the same object."

It was shortly after this, that the Freedom of the City of London was unanimously voted to him; his bust was placed in Guildhall; and, not long before his decease, a very gratifying tribute was paid to his public virtue and merits, by a subscription for his portrait, set on foot in his native town of Wisbeach, where an admirable likeness of him was placed in the Town Hall.

For several years past he had been principally confined to his sitting-room. Here he was accustomed to sit, with a small table before him, on which a book was constantly seen, in which he noted down everything of importance which crossed his mind. Until two o'clock he was thus engaged, or in attending to his correspondence. He did not read or write after two; but, during the afternoon and evening enjoyed the social circle, and entertained his family or friends by his wit and by his wisdom. At ten, punctual to a moment, he was ready to retire to bed—frequently not to rest, on account of the excessive pain he constantly endured from a disease in his feet.

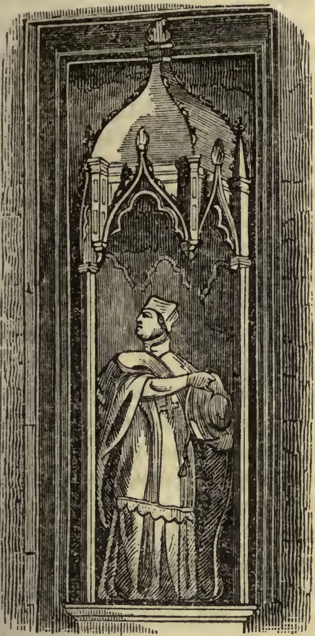
It is not so generally known that, since 1840, he has written a Commentary on the New Testament, except the Book of Revelations. Here are quotations and interpretations from Syric-Greek, Hebrew, Latin, &c., written after he was beyond the age of eighty!

The benevolence of Thomas Clarkson did not consume itself, as has been insinuated by some, on the slave; but, in the village of Playford, the poor have lost a very dear and valuable friend. Upwards of twenty widows have long been sustained by his bounty; several schools for the poor he supported; and there is not a poor neighbor around Playford Hall who cannot testify to his benevolent regard. In fact, it is said there is not a poor person in the village who does not sleep under blankets furnished by his bounty. As he could not get about, and Mrs. Clarkson very little, their amiable and excellent niece, the lady of the Rev. Mr. Dickinson, has been the almoner of their bounty; supplying food, medicine, and clothing, wherever it has been needed; and work and food for the poor, in the next parish, when they have been discharged, and left with their families destitute.

Thomas Clarkson was eighty-seven years of age on the day when, his labors being consummated and crowned with success, death removed him from the stage on which he had played so illustrious a part, on Saturday, September 26th, 1846.

"Thomas Clarkson," says a late writer, "was one of those great spirits who arise but once or twice during the lapse of centuries to operate some great change on the structure of society, or on the destinies of mankind; men of real genius, whose ideas become permanent facts, and whose single-minded labors tend to remodel the future world. He was one of those pacific victors, who has won for himself a more enduring niche in Fame's temple than was ever acquired in our great monumental fame by poet, warrior, or statesman. These are the men whose 'name shall endure for ever under the sun among the posterities,' amidst the blessings of future generations."

CARDINAL WOLSEY.



Wolsey Statue, Oxford.

Thomas Wolsey, the celebrated favorite at the Court of Henry VIII, was born at Ipswich in 1471, not the son of a butcher, as generally reported, but descended from a poor and respectable family, and he entered so early at Oxford that he was bachelor of arts at the age of fourteen, and consequently called the "boy bachelor." He became fellow of Magdalen College, and when master of arts he exchanged the care of Magdalen School for the tuition of the sons of Thomas Gray, marquis of Dorset. By the favor of his patron he obtained the rectory of Lymington, in Somersetshire, but here he behaved with such irregularity that he was set in the stocks for being drunk of a Sunday, by Sir Amias Paulet, a punishment which was severely visited on the upright magistrate, by a long imprisonment of six years, when the offending clergyman was raised to the height of power. After the death of Dorset, he recommended himself to the notice of Dean, Archbishop of Canterbury, and at last became chaplain to the king, to whom he rendered himself so agreeable, that he was intrusted with the negotiation of his intended marriage with Margaret, Duchess of Savoy.

In the expedition to France 1513, he attended the king to direct the supplies and the provisions for the wants of the army, and on the taking of Tournay, he was appointed, by the Conqueror, Bishop of that city. In 1514 he was advanced to the See of Lincoln, and eight months after removed to York, the next year he was made Cardinal of St. Cicily, and a few months after, Lord Chancellor of England. To these high favors were added the confidence of the king, and consequently the disposal of all places of trust, of honor, and power in the kingdom. Thus placed at the head of affairs, he governed the nation at his pleasure, and that he might confirm more strongly his ascendancy over the king, he withdrew his attention from all public affairs, and by the most artful policy he fanned his pleasures, and administered most liberally to the gratification of his most licentious desires. Absolute at home, where his expenses exceeded the revenues of the crown, he was courted and flattered by foreign princes, and according to his caprice, or the demands of his avarice, the support of England was promised to favor the ambitious views either of France, or of Germany, or of the Pope. His disappointment in his application for the popedom, after the death of Leo. X, in which he was deceived by the Emperor, was soon after followed by the displeasure of his capricious master, who in the matter of his divorce expected from his favorite an obsequious and submissive assistant. The Cardinal, equally afraid of the Pope and of the king, wished to stand neuter, but Henry, indignant at his conduct, stripped him of his honors, 1529, and caused him to be impeached in parliament by a charge of forty-four articles. Though the treasonable charges were repelled in the House of Commons by the influence and exertions of his friend Cromwell, he was desired to retire to York, where he was soon after arrested by the Earl of Northumberland, on a fresh charge of high treason. Wolsey, struck with the greatness of his disgrace, fell sick, and as he proceeded by slow journeys to London, he stopped at Leicester, where he is said to have taken poison to put an end to his wretched iife. He expired 29th November, 1530, and a few hours before his death he exclaimed, in accents of agony: "Had I served my God with the same zeal that I have served the king, he would not have forsaken me in my old age." His remains were buried in the Abbey of St. Mary de Pratis, at Leicester.

[The engraving above shows the statute of Wolsey, "in full grown pride," as it appears over the hall of Christs' Church College, Oxford.]

JOHN FOSTER.

John Foster, whose essays are justly ranked among the most original and valuable works of the day, was born September 17th, 1770, in a small farm-house, in the parish of Halifax, between Wainsgate and Hebden-bridge. When not twelve years old, he had, (to use his own words), "a painful sense of an awkward but entire individuality." This was apparent in his manners and language. His observations on characters and events resembled those of a person arrived at maturity. When about fourteen years old, he suffered extreme anxiety, from comparing his charater with the requirements of the Divine Law, from which he found relief, only by placing a simple reliance on the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, for acceptance before God.

At the age of seventeen, he became a member of the Baptist Church at Hebden-bridge. His venerable pastor, Dr. Fawcett, and other friends urged him to enter the Christian ministry. Their advice was followed, and in order to prepare himself, became an inmate at Brearley Hall, a kind of theological school. After spending about three years at this place, he entered the Baptist College in Bristol. He became pastor of a Baptist congregation: and after running his useful course, he died in Stapleton, near Bristol, where he had resided for the last thirty years of his life.

The most remarkable thing about Mr. Foster, says a writer in Chalmers' Journal, "was his ardent and pure thinking. If ever there was a man, who may be said, in the language of the old paradox, to have been 'never less alone than when alone, and never more occupied than when at leisure,' that man was John Foster. The exercises of the Christian ministry, in which for a considerable portion of his life he was engaged, was conducted, for the most part, in a noiseless manner. So that, when his now celebrated essays came forth to the public, they were, to all but a few, virtually anonymons publications. No one who has deeply acquainted himself with these admirable productions, will need to have repeated to him, that profound laborious thought was the business of Foster's life.

It would be difficult to convey to any one who was not acquainted with Mr. Foster, a correct impression of his personal appearance. His dress was uncouth, and neglected to the last degree. In his walks to and from the city of Bristol, (the latter frequently by night,) he availed himself of the protection of a club, which, owing to the difficulty with which a short dagger was released in the handle by a spring, he used jocosely to designate as a "member of the Peace Society." So careless was he of his appearance, that he was not unfrequently seen in Bristol, during the hot weather, walking with his coat and waistcoat over his arm. His countenance, however, was very expressive, and in his younger days, was beautiful. His features being both regular and commanding, and his complexion, retaining to the last that fine but treacherous hue, which probably indicated the malady that terminated his life. His natural tendency to solitary meditation, never showed itself more striking than in his last hours. Aware of the near approach of death, he requested to be left entirely alone, and was found, shortly after he had expired, in a composed and contemplative attitude, as though he had thought his way to the mysteries of another world.

HANNAH MORE.

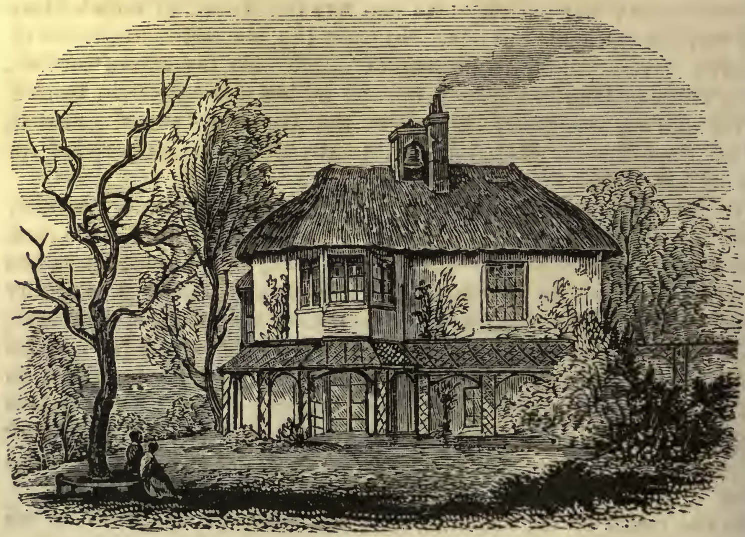
Hannah More was born in the parish of Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, in 1745. Her father was the master of a classical school in the town of her nativity: he had five daughters, of which Hannah was the youngest but one. In early life, she gave indications of peculiar vivacity and acuteness of mind. At the age of twelve, she attended a boarding school, opened by her elder sister in Bristol. At the age of seventeen she wrote the Pastoral Drama, entitled, "The Search after Happiness," an extraordinary composition for one of her years.

At the age of twenty-two, Mr. Turner, a gentleman of fortune, made her a proposition of marriage. The day was fixed more than once for its consummation, but Mr. Turner, each time, postponed it. Her friends now interfered, and a final separation was amicably agreed upon. The regard and respect of Mr. Turner, however, continued through life; and at his death he bequeathed her a thousand pounds. Much of her time about this period was spent in London, where she moved in the most highly cultivated circles, associating with the first literary minds of the day. She had already prepared several successful pieces for the stage, and established her claim to intellectual superiority.

In the midst of the facinations of such society, the death of an intimate friend, the celebrated tragedian, Garrick, became the occasion of a marked change in her life, habits, and affections. In 1785, she purchased a cottage near Bristol—a secluded spot called Cowslip Green, to which she removed. Her sisters soon after gave up their school, and passed a large portion of their time in her happy retreat. Here they devoted their time in establishing schools for the mental and religious instruction of the ignorant and vicious poor around them. In these laudable efforts they were highly successful.

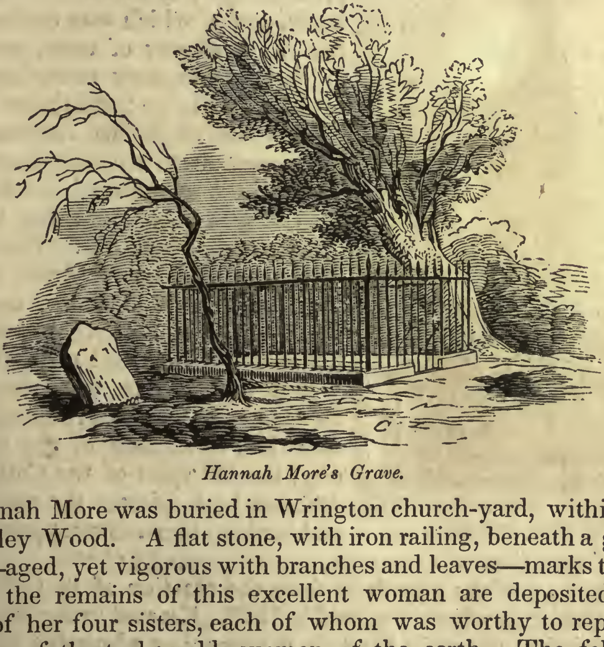
Miss More, in her retirement, still continued to use her pen. In 1790, she published her "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." This work was eagerly received by the public. In 1799, her "Strictures on Female Education," was issued with equal success. In 1805, she published her "Hints towards forming the character of a young Princess," designed for Princess Charlotte of Wales. This was followed in 1809, by "Cœlebs in search of a Wife," a book so popular, that in nine months it reached the eleventh edition. In 1811, "Practical Piety" was issued, and soon after "Christian Morals," both admirable treatises, which had a wide circulation

At the age of 70, Miss More wrote her last but one, and in some respects her greatest work, "Essay on St. Paul," with all the freshness and vigor of her early days. The "Moral Sketches," exposing Parisian society and French principles, was her last work. She was now in her 75th year, and just before the publication of this work, she lost her last surviving sister.



Barley Wood, Hannah More's Residence.

The above is a representation of Barley Wood Cottage, built by Miss More, in 1800. It is situated about half a mile from the village of Wrington. In 1828, her age and infirmities, giving too much license to her servants, she was obliged to leave Barley Wood and remove to Clifton. As she left her residence, she placidly walked in silence around the room, the walls of which were covered with the portraits of all her old and dear friends, who had successively gone before her, and as she was helped into the carriage she cast one pensive parting look upon her bowers, saying, "I am driven like Eve out of Paradise; but not like Eve by angels." This was in effect the close of Miss More's literary, active, and to some extent, her intellectual life. Her memory soon gave signs of decay; on all subjects, except religion, she began to be at fault. It was on April 18, 1828, at the age of eighty-three, she arrived at Clifton, where she remained till her decease, Sept 7th, 1833. "Her death bed was a scene of victory—of the spirit over the flesh, a witness of the truth and reality of another world."



Hannah More's Grave.

Hannah More was buried in Wrington church-yard, within view of Barley Wood. A flat stone, with iron railing, beneath a gnarled yew,—aged, yet vigorous with branches and leaves—marks the spot where the remains of this excellent woman are deposited, with those of her four sisters, each of whom was worthy to repose beside one of the truly noble women of the earth. The following is the inscription on the stone which covers their remains:—

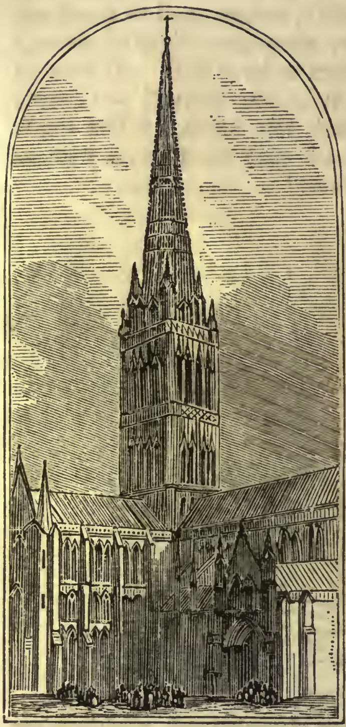
BENEATH ARE DEPOSITED THE MORTAL REMAINS OF FIVE SISTERS.

"Mary More, died 18th April, 1813, aged 75 years.
Elizabeth More, died 14th June, 1816, aged 74 years.
Sarah More, died 17th May, 1817, aged 74 years.
Martha More, died 14th September, 1819, aged 69 years.
Hannah More, died 7th September, 1833, aged 88 years.

THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH, ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED.

Hebrews, ch. xi, ver. 13.—Ephesians, ch. i, ver. 6."

SALISBURY.

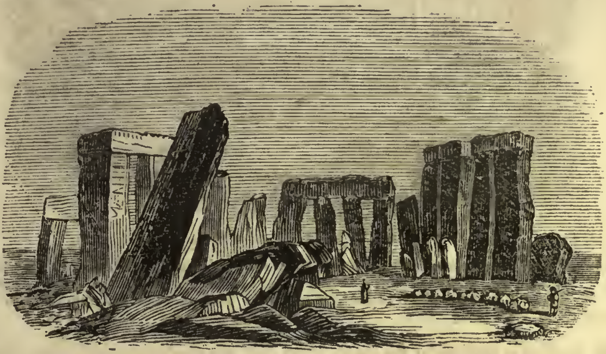


Salisbury Cathedral.

SALISBURY, or New Sarum, a city, and the capital of Wiltshire, and a bishop's see, is thirty-eight miles south-east of Bath, and eighty-one from London. Population 10,000. Old Sarum, the ancient city, formerly stood on the elevation above the present, and was surrounded by two walls, one of which was twelve feet thick. A cluster of trees, and two or three fields, now cover the site of the ancient city; and under these, the election of its two members of Parliament used to take place, previous to the passage of the Reform Act. The view from the hill is extensive and beautiful. The green valley, watered by the Avon, is visible for a great distance, marking with a line of fertility its passage through the bare and open Downs, which undulate in vast waves, as far as the eye can see, in almost every direction. Looking at the present city, the tall spire of the Cathedral, 400 feet high, pierces the misty air, and is altogether the most prominent object of attention.

The history of the city dates from the erection of its Cathedral, the first service in which was held in 1225. Erected in the brightest, purest period of the early English, it offers "an admirable example of majestic dignity, uncontaminated by the admixture of any other period of the Gothic." The spire is higher than any other in the kingdom; it is, however, of more modern date than the other parts of the building, having been erected in the fourteenth century. Many are of much earlier date than the Cathedral itself, having been brought from the mother cathedral of Old Sarum. A striking feature which attracts the notice of the visitor is the abundance of water that flows through the streets. The water is let in by flood gates from the Avon, and after threading the streets in every direction, is again let into it. The city is built in squares or chequers.

About three miles from Salisbury, is *Wilton House*, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke. This mansion is furnished with the gems of art, and its halls with suits of armor, &c., trophies of war, won by the first Earl of Pembroke, the ancestor of the family. In the mansion that preceded this, the "Arcadia," was written by the poet and heroic soldier, Sir Philip Sidney. Within two miles of the city, is a remnant of the royal palace of Clarendon, where the "Constitutions of Clarendon" were devised, which served as the first barrier against the claims of secular jurisdiction in the island by the see of Rome.

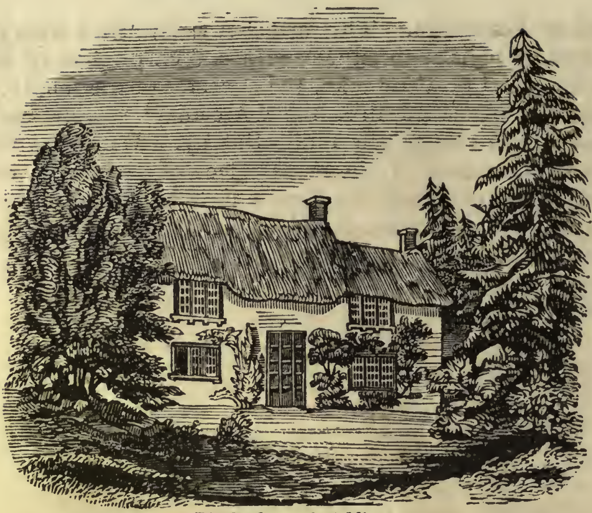


Stonehenge, near Salisbury.

"But the most extraordinary spot of the 'Hill country of the Giants,' as the neighborhood of Salisbury is not inaptly called, is the world-famous STONEHENGE—that gigantic puzzle wrought in stone, which a remote age has left upon the fair plain for us moderns to wonder and guess at. This Druidical Temple, as it is commonly called, is situated upon the Downs, about two miles from Amesbury, and about ten miles from Salisbury. It consists of two circles, which include two ovals, forming the sanctum, in the center of which is a stone, supposed to have borne the sacred fire. The great circle consisted originally of thirty stones, of which seventeen only now remain. The upright stones are about twenty feet in height, seven feet in breadth, and three feet in thickness; these bear others placed at right angles over them, and secured by tenons and mortices. This circle measures 300 feet in diameter; about eight feet within this is the second circle, composed of more regular-shaped stones, and much smaller in size. Outside of these circles are several stones of large size, scattered at intervals, one of which is of the immense circumference of twenty-four feet. The entire number of stones is about 130. The various conjectures made relative to this famous temple would fill a respectable-sized volume."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

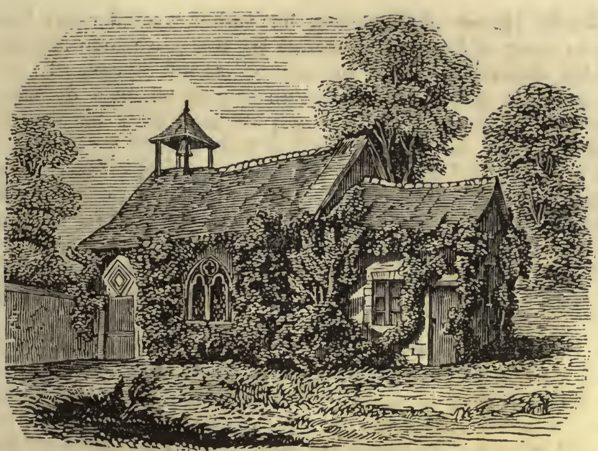
JOSEPH ADDISON, the author of "The Spectator," was born May 1st, 1672, at Milston, of which parish his father was rector. He appeared



Birth-place of Addison.

[The above is a representation of the Rectory House, in its present state of repair, in which Addison was born. The church, which is close to the house, is a very ancient structure, almost covered with ivy. Milston is a retired village containing but little over one hundred inhabitants, a few miles from Amesbury, in Wiltshire.]

so weak and so unlikely to live, that he was christened the same day. After passing through the usual rudiments of an education, he entered Queens' College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself in the composition of Latin verses. In his 22d year, he displayed his powers in English poetry, by some verses addressed to Dryden, and by a translation of part of Virgil's 4th Georgic on the Bees; and as the number of his friends increased with his popularity, the student was gradually converted into the courtier, and introduced by Congreve to Montague, Chancellor of the Exchequer, a man who, in his discerning merit, did not wish it to be forgotten that flattery is a tribute paid to power. By the advice of Montague, Addison laid aside his intention of taking orders; and, studying the temper of the times, he published a poem addressed to King William, and two years after celebrated the peace of Ryswick in Latin verses, which paved the way to a pension of £300 a year, and claimed the still more honorable merit of being, in the opinion of Smith, the best Latin poem since the Æneid. Raised now to easy circumstances, he travelled to Italy, and with the eyes and the genius of a classical poet, surveyed the monuments and the heroic deeds of ancient Rome, which he described in his famous epistle to Lord Halifax, the most elegant if not the most sublime of his productions. He wrote here also his dialogues on medals, and, according to Tickell, some acts of his Cato; and after a residence of two years, returned to England, 1702, with a meanness of appearance which proclaimed aloud that he labored under pecuniary distresses. He now published his travels, with a dedication to Lord Somers, and so great was its popularity that the book rose to five times its original price before it could be reprinted. When the victory of Blenheim was obtained, Godolphin looked out for a poet



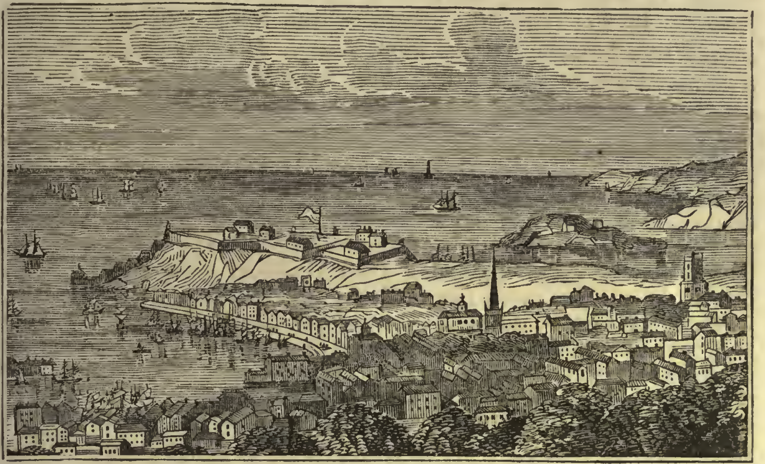
Milston Church, Wiltshire, near Addison's birthplace.

equal to celebrate the glory of his country, and Addison was recommended by Halifax; and soon after, when he had read to his patron what he had written, as far as the simile of the angel, he was appointed commissioner of appeals. On the following year he accompanied Halifax to Hanover, and was the next year made under-secretary of state. When the Duke of Wharton went as viceroy to Ireland, Addison accepted the place of his secretary, and with a salary of £300 a year, as keeper of the records of Birmingham, he made a rule, as Swift observes, of never returning to his friends, out of politeness, the fees due to his office. During his residence in Ireland, the first paper of the Tattler was published by Steele, April 22d, 1709, unknown to him, though he soon discovered, by the insertion of a remark on Virgil, which had originated in himself, who the author was. The Tattler was succeeded in about two months by the "Spectator," a series of essays of the same nature, but written with less levity, upon a more regular plan, and published daily. In 1713, the "Cato" was produced on the stage, and was the grand climacteric of Addison's reputation. When the play was printed, the queen expressed a wish it might be dedicated to her, but as Addison had promised it elsewhere, as a man of honor he could not retract, and Cato appeared without a patron; but such was its popularity, that it was translated into several languages, and introduced upon some of the other theaters of Europe. On the death of Queen Anne, Addison, who had been appointed secretary to the regency, was officially required to announce to the Elector of Hanover his accession to the English throne. In August, 1716, he married the Countess-Dowager of Warwick; but if it added to his elevation, it diminished his happiness, for it neither found them nor made them equal. She remembered her rank, and treated with so little ceremony a husband who had been tutor to her son, that the example of Addison can hold no great encouragement to ambitious love. In 1717, he was raised to his highest dignity, being made secretary of state, a place to which he was unequal, as he possessed not either boldness or eloquence to defend the measures of government in the House of Commons, but rather wasted away his time in his office in quest of fine expressions. He therefore soon requested and obtained his dismission with a pension of £1500 a year. In his retirement he now laid plans for literary labors; he wrote a defense of the Christian religion, part of which was published after his death, and he proposed a tragedy on the death of Socrates, besides an English dictionary, and a version of the Psalms. But now he felt his end approach from shortness of breath, aggravated by a dropsy; and, like a Christian, determined to die at peace with all the world, he sent for Gay, and told him that he had injured him, for which he would recompense him. Of the nature of this offense Gay was ignorant, and Addison did not mention it, though it was supposed that some preferment had by his influence been withheld from him. Anxious still to do another kind office, he sent for Lord Warwick, whose morals were dissipated, and whose principles were most licentious; and as he had often endeavored in vain to reclaim him by advice, he now wished to raise in him reflection and repentance. When he begged to know his last injunctions, I have sent for you, said the expiring man, that you may see how a Christian can die. When he had given directions to Tickell about the publication of his works, and on his death-bed dedicated them to his friend, Mr. Craggs, he expired, June 17, 1729, at Holland House, leaving only one daughter, who died, unmarried, 1797.

The following is extracted from Addison's much admired Tragedy of Cato. It is his soliloquy on the immortality of the soul.

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or, whence this secret dread and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us:
'Tis heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity!—Thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me:
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when; or where? This world was made for Cæsar:
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]
Thus I am doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This, in a moment, brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth:
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

PLYMOUTH.



Northern View of Plymouth—Its Fortifications, &c.

Plymouth, one of the largest maritime towns in England, is situated at the south-west corner of Devonshire. It is situated at the head of Plymouth Sound, sheltered on the east, west and north, from winds and storms. Plymouth may be considered as consisting of five parts, viz.: Plymouth, Devonport, Stonehouse, Stoke Damerel, and Morice Town; and these are separated or indented by the numerous inlets and bays which give such great maritime value to the whole district. The united population of these places is about 120,000.

The name of Plymouth (rightly named as being at the mouth of the Plym) was given to it about 1380. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the French cast many a wistful eye on Plymouth, and subjected it to repeated attacks, in some of which the town suffered severely; especially in 1403, when six hundred houses were burned. Both sovereign and townsmen thought it full time to adopt some defensive measures. Henry VI fortified and incorporated the town, although it is supposed to have been a borough by prescription from an earlier date. The fortifications consisted of a wall, a square tower at the point where the citadel now stands, and forts extending along the shore to Mill Bay; and an Act of Parliament was passed, in 1512, for enlarging and strengthening the defences. On the dissolution of the monasteries, the lordship of the town and other immunities of the Priory of Plympton, were granted to the mayor and corporation of Plymouth. Sir Francis Drake, who was born not many miles from Plymouth, greatly befriended the town. By his influence with Queen Elizabeth, he obtained an Act of Parliament, empowering him to bring a leat or stream of water from Dartmouth, twenty-five miles distant, to a reservoir in the northern suburb of the town, whence an ample supply was furnished to the inhabitants. It is difficult to imagine a greater boon to a town than this; for three centuries the leat has continued to furnish its supply, uncontaminated by town refuse.

It is as a naval and military station that the town is chiefly distinguished. Situated upon a capacious and secure natural harbor, near the mouth of the English Channel, it is well adapted for this purpose, fleets having a ready exit from it upon any expedition toward the Mediterranean, the Indies, or America. The dock, which is situated at Devonport, (formerly on that account called Plymouth Dock,) extends along the bank of the Tamar, in a curve three thousand five hundred feet in length, with a width at the middle, where it is greatest, of sixteen hundred feet, and at each extremity one thousand, thus including an area of ninety-six acres. Of the fortifications connected with Plymouth, the most remarkable is the citadel, which was erected in the reign of Charles II. It is placed in a most commanding situation on the east end of the height called the Hoe, which shelters the town from the sea. It is exceedingly well fortified, and is constantly garrisoned. It contains the residence of the governor of Plymouth, and barracks for five or six hundred troops. The victualling office, an important establishment, containing storehouses, granaries, baking-houses, and cellars, for supplying the meat, bread, and liquors, required to provision the vessels of the royal navy, occupies a splendid building in the adjacent township of East Stonehouse.

The port of Plymouth is distinguished for its capacity, and the security which it affords in its several parts. It is capable of containing two thousand sail, and is one of the finest harbors in the world. It consists of three divisions or harbors: Sutton Pool, immediately adjoining the town; Catwater, an extensive sheet, formed by the estuary of the Plym; and the harbor or bay of Hamoaze. At the mouth of these harbors the great bay of Plymouth sound, forms an excellent roadstead, which is now completely secure by the erection of the breakwater across its entrance. This work is an insulated mole, or vast heap of stone, stretching across the entrance of the sound so far as to leave a passage for vessels at either end, and opposing a barrier to the heavy swell running in from the Atlantic. Its length is seventeen hundred yards, the eastern extremity being about sixty fathoms to the eastward of St. Carlo's Rocks, and the western three hundred west of the Shovel Rock. The middle part is continued in a straight line, one thousand yards, and the two extremities incline toward the northern side of the straight part in an angle of about one hundred and twenty degrees. This great work was begun August 12, 1812. During its progress, convincing proofs of its efficacy and utility were afforded. The expense of erecting the breakwater is estimated at one million one hundred and seventy-one thousand one hundred pounds.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Fra: drake

Francis Drake's Signature.

Sir Francis Drake, an illustrious navigator, son of a sailor, and born at Tavistock in Devonshire, 1545. He was brought up by his kinsman, Sir John Hawkins, was at the age of eighteen was purser to a Biscayan trader, and at twenty went to Guinea, and at twenty-two obtained the command of the Judith. He distinguished himself greatly in the Gulf of Mexico, under Sir John Hawkins, and projected expeditions against the Spaniards in America, which he executed with great firmness and success, in 1570 and 1572. He afterwards served in Ireland under Walter, Earl of Essex, and at his death he was recommended by Sir Christopher Hatton to Queen Elizabeth, who entered into all his views of attack and discovery. On the 13th of December, 1577, he set out on his celebrated voyage, with five small ships, and only 164 able men. Of these ships two were destroyed on the coast of Brazil as unfit, and one returned home, so that only with his own vessel he entered the straits of Magellan, and coasting along Chili and Peru, he enriched his companions by the plunder of the unsuspecting Spaniards. He sailed as high as the 48th degree north latitude, with the hope of finding a passage to the European seas, and gave the name of New Albion to the country. From thence he set sail the 29th September, 1579, for the Moluccas, and after visiting some savage islands, and enduring many hardships, he doubled the Cape of Good Hope on the 15th of March, 1580, having then only fifty-seven men and three casks of water. He continued his voyage, and after watering in Guinea, he reached Plymouth on the 3d of November, after an absence of two years and 10 months.

The glory of sailing round the world, and vast plunder obtained from the Spaniards, were, however, viewed with indignation by some, who regarded Drake as a common pirate; but the queen approved the bold expedition of her naval hero, and, on the 4th of April, 1581, she went on board his ship at Deptford, and dined with him, and conferred on him the honor of knighthood. The ship also was preserved to commemorate the glory of the enterpriser, till decaying by time it was broken up, and a chair made of the timber presented to the University of Oxford. In 1585, Drake took St. Jago, St. Domingo, Carthagena, &c., in the West Indies; and, in 1587, he attacked Cadiz, and burned more than 10,000 tons of shipping, which he merrily called burning the Spanish king's beard.

When the invincible Armada approached England, Drake was made Vice-Admiral under Lord Howard, and in the encounter he behaved with great courage, though his eagerness to pursue the plunder proved nearly fatal, by his suffering his Admiral to be exposed in the midst of the hostile fleet. Fortune, however, favored the English, and Drake enriched himself and his crew by the seizure of Pedro's galleon, which produced 55,000 ducats of gold. In 1589, Drake was sent to restore Antonio to the kingdom of Portugal, but without success; and he afterwards went to the West Indies, where his quarrel with Sir John Hawkins disconcerted the plans of the expedition, which ended unsuccessfully. These unfortunate events preyed much upon the mind of Drake, he fell into a melancholy, and was carried off by a bloody flux, on board his ship near the town of Nombre de Dios, 28th January, 1596. His death was universally lamented, for he was respected not only as a naval hero, but as a worthy private character. He was twice member of Parliament for Bossiney, and afterwards for Plymouth, a town where his name is still revered for the water which he conveyed there in 1587, by a circuitous canal of twenty miles, from springs at the distance of eight miles. His widow, daughter of Sir George Sydenham, by whom he had no issue, married after his death William Courtenay, Esq., of Powderham Castle.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

This celebrated man was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, December 17th, 1778. Having received the rudiments of his education, he was articled at the age of fifteen to Mr. Borlase, a respectable surgeon, at Penzance. While occupying the situation of an apprentice, he devoted himself with energy to almost every branch of study connected with his profession, and with philosophy in general. It was, however, on the phenomena which chemistry unfolded that his mind fixed itself with the greatest earnestness.

Having made several experiments on the nature of water-weeds, he discovered that these plants have the same effect in purifying the air contained in water, as others have on the common atmosphere. This discovery served as a first step to the fortune and eminence he was destined to attain. Doctor Beddoes, who was then endeavoring to establish an institution at Clifton, near Bristol, for the relief of consumption, happening to hear of the experiment, entered into correspondence with Mr. Davy, which produced their nearer intimacy. In October, 1798, he was appointed superintendent of the Pneumatic Institution at Clifton, he then not being twenty years old.

In this part of his life he was a poet, and a large contributor to the "Poetical Anthology;" and Cottle, of Bristol, has said of him, that "if he had not been the first *philosopher* of his age, he would have ranked among the first of its *poets*."

During his continuance at Bristol, Mr. Davy pursued his chemical investigations with undiminished ardor, and, by the felicity of their results, daily added to his reputation. His discovery of the respirability of nitrous oxide was regarded by his friends as indicative of the most splendid talents; and the publication of his "Researches, Chemical and Philosophical," in which he detailed the processes by which he arrived at the discovery, introduced him to Count Rumford. The influence which his new acquaintance possessed in the scientific world was of important service to him. The professorship of chemistry in the Royal Institution having just become vacant, offered a situation in which he would have ample room for the exhibition of his superior abilities, and an advantageous opportunity for their further cultivation. By the Count's exertions, and the reputation he had already gained, Mr. Davy received the appointment to the vacant chair on the 31st of May, 1802.

His first experiments in the Royal Institution had relation to the discoveries of the celebrated French chemist, M. Seguier, on the process of tanning, and to the phenomena of galvanism; this was while he was assistant lecturer on chemistry and director of the laboratory, previous to his appointment to the professorship. On acquiring that position he commenced a series of lectures, which raised his reputation for the talent they displayed, and for their practical utility.

In 1802, he was solicited and engaged by the Board of Agriculture to deliver a course of lectures, "On the connection of chemistry with vegetable physiology;" and for ten years successively he continued delivering lectures at the meetings of that board. In 1803, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Two years after, he was made a member of the Royal Irish Academy. In 1806, the secretaryship to the Royal Society becoming vacant, he was chosen to fill that office. During the same year in which he was elected its secretary, he was appointed to deliver before the Royal Society the Bakerian lecture, in which he made known the results of many years' diligent inquiry into the mysteries of electricity and galvanism. While occupied on this subject, he effected the splendid discovery of the compound nature of the two fixed alkalies, potash and soda, which he found were formed of metallic bases in composition with oxygen. This interesting fact he communicated in the Bakerian lecture which he delivered in 1807. And following the same course of experiment with the different earths, which he had pursued so successfully with the alkalies, he found they were highly susceptible of decomposition.

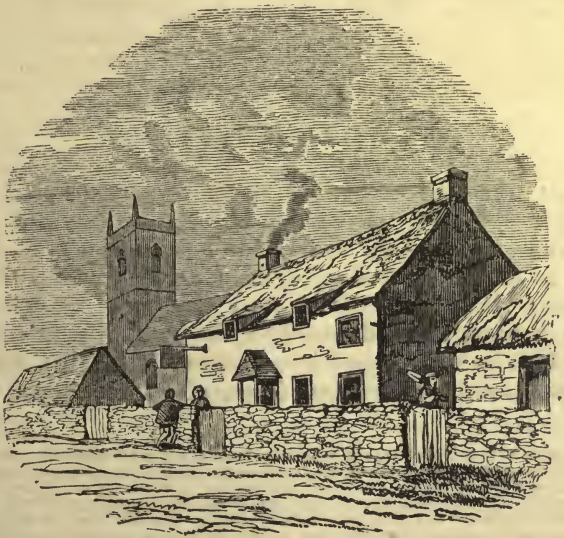
In 1812, he was knighted, the Prince Regent then, for the first time, conferring that honor. A few days afterwards he married Mrs. Apreece, the widow of S. A. Apreece, Esq., a lady of considerable fortune and many personal endowments. Two years after this, he was elected a member of the French *Institute*, and vice-president of the Royal Society.

The year 1815 gave birth to his most important and most brilliant discovery. The dreadful accidents which had been repeatedly occurring in the mining districts, from explosions, induced a number of proprietors of mines to form, in 1815, a committee, at Sunderland, for investigating the causes of these destructive disasters. A resolution was passed to request the assistance of Sir Humphry Davy. He immediately set out for the collieries, where he commenced a most extensive personal investigation of the circumstances which led to the formation of the explosive gases. At one time he thought it possible that a new mode of ventilation might remove the danger; but, after various experiments, he was led to conclude that the object might be effected by a lamp of peculiar structure. And the celebrated safety lamp, after a short time, gave security to hundreds of laborious men, who, before this invention, were every instant in peril of a sudden and frightful death. The proprietors of the coal-works on the Tyne and Wear, rewarded this great and noble discovery, by presenting its author with a service of plate worth £2000.

In 1817, Sir Humphry was elected an associate of the Royal Academy; and, in 1818, went to Italy, where he passed that and the following year, employing his leisure in a series of interesting observations on Roman antiquities, and in examining the condition of the Herculaneum MSS., for the unrolling of which he invented a process, which, in some instances, was employed with success. During his absence on the Continent he was advanced to the barontage; and, on his return to England, the death of Sir Joseph Banks leaving the presidentship of the Royal Society vacant, he was placed in that honorable situation, on the 30th of November, 1820.

Till 1827, Sir Humphry continued to discharge the duties of this high scientific office, when increasing ill-health obliged him to resign it, and again seek relief from the mild air of the Continent. His general residence was at Rome; but, having suffered from an alarming paralysis, he was induced to return to Geneva, which place he reached by slow stages, in company with Lady Davy. Almost immediately, however, after his arrival, he was seized by a sudden and fatal attack; and, on the 29th of May, 1829, died at Couronne, in an inn overlooking the Lake of Geneva. His funeral took place on the 1st of June, and different public bodies, both civil and literary, were present. His remains were deposited in the burying-ground of the city, without the walls, and the spot is marked by a simple monument. So died a man who has done more than any other in Europe for science, and cultivated it with a more serious and firmer individual regard to all the interests of mankind, moral as well as physical.

Sir Humphry's published works are: "Salmonia;" "Consolations in Travel; or, Last Days of a Philosopher;" "Chemical and Philosophical Researches;" "Electro-Chemical Researches; "Elements of Chemical Philosophy;" "Elements of Agricultural Chemistry;" and numerous pamphlets and papers in the different philosophical journals.



First and Last Inn in England.

This singular hostel is situated in the parish of Sennen, about three-quarters of a mile from the Land's End, in Cornwall. As the traveller advances thither from inland, he may read upon one face of the sign-board, "The Last Inn in England;" and, upon the opposite face of the sign-board, as he approaches the house from the Land's End, "The First Inn in England." It is, altogether, a traveller's "wonderment;" and, although the house is small, the landlady assured our correspondent he could be provided with a dinner of "fish, flesh, and flowl," in the course of an hour. Sennen lies about nine miles south of Penzance, over rather a wild country; and at three miles distance from Sennen is the famed Logan or Logging Stone, probably formed by the decomposition of granite, but long regarded as a relic or memorial of Druidical superstition.

In "Dolman's Magazine," is an interesting anecdote of this locality, which may be quoted here:—

"The Land's End, in Cornwall, consists of a promontory covered with green sward, of which the granite cliffs present to the ever stormy sea that dashes against that coast, a grand and most precipitous rampart. The descent from the high road, distant about a quarter of a mile from the sea, to the very brink of the cliffs, is by an extremely steep smooth lawn. Some years back a gentleman on horseback was run away with on this spot. Horse and rider were seen rushing down the green declivity with ungovernable speed, and the immediate destruction of both seemed inevitable, but, upon the very ledge of the precipice, the horseman had the luck or dexterity to let himself drop on the turf, thus saving his life. The horse leapt into the sea, and the impress left on the sod by his hinder feet, about a yard from the brink of the precipice, has been preserved to this day in commemoration of the event."

WILLIAM PITT.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, an illustrious statesman, was born 15th November, 1708. His father was Robert Pitt of Boconnock, in Cornwall. The young statesman was educated at Eton, and in 1726, he entered at Trinity College, Oxford, which he left for the military profession, and the rank of cornet. A different field of action, however, was destined for the exhibition of his powers, and, in 1735, he was elected into Parliament for Old Sarum, and soon began to distinguish himself as an eloquent and well-informed speaker.

He enlisted early in the ranks of opposition against Walpole, and in his speeches against the Spanish convention, and against the bill for registering seamen, displayed such acuteness, vehemence, and depth of argumentation as astonished the House, and marked him as worthy of the highest offices of the state. The Duchess of Marlborough, also, the inveterate enemy of Walpole, applauded the patriotism of the young orator, and in her will left him an honorable legacy of £10.000, for defending, as she said, the laws of his country, and preventing its ruin. In 1746, his abilities were solicited to support the administration which had succeeded to Walpole, and he became joint vice-treasurer of Ireland, and soon after treasurer, and pay-master of the army, and privy counsellor. In 1755, he resigned; but though the next year he received the seals of secretary of state for the Southern department, his continuance in office was of short duration, the public voice of applause, however, accompanied him in his retirement, and had such effect on the government, that in June, 1757, he was reinstated in his office of secretary

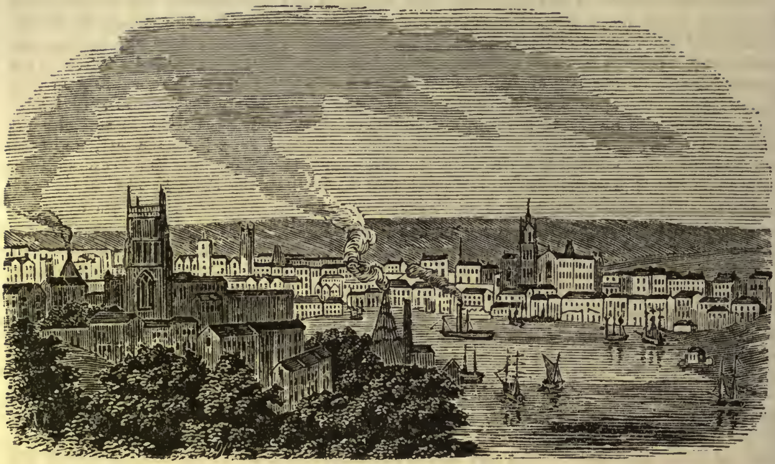
The restoration of this favorite of the people to power, was the beginning of a new era of splendid conquests, and of national glory. The arms of England proved every where successful in consequence of the judicious plans of the new minister; Quebec was conquered, the French were defeated in Africa, and in the East, and the shores of Europe too witnessed the bravery and the victories of the British by sea and by land. The death of George II, in the midst of these brilliant achievements, and the accession of George III was soon followed by the resignation of the popular minister, who refused to co-operate with an administration, which by the influence of Lord Bute, as it is supposed. thwarted his vigorous measures. His retirement was accompanied not only by the regrets of the nation, but by the honorable grant of a peerage to his lady, and a pension of £3000. The peace of 1763, was censured by this sagacious patriot, who declared that England, from the extent of her victories, was entitled to more solid advantages; yet whilst he blamed the minister, he did not continue a petulant and capricious opposition, but remained silent till the question of general warrants, in 1764, called forth all his eloquence, and the keenness of his satire against the illegality and oppression of those unpopular engines of arbitrary power. In 1766, he was prevailed upon to accept the privy seal in the administration, and with it an earldom; but he resigned the office, November, 1768, and ever after refused to be connected with the government. His health indeed declined, and a hereditary gout helped to undermine his constitution, without, however, diminishing the energetic powers of his mind.

When the subject of the American war engaged the attention of the public, Lord Chatham burst forth from his retirement, and, in his place in the House of Lords, vindicated the honors of his country, and deprecated severe measures against the discontented. On one of these occasions, after the Duke of Richmond had replied to his powerful and convincing arguments in favor of conciliation, the venerable peer rose up to answer the speech of his opponent, but his debilitated constitution sunk under the attempt, and he fell in a fit into the arms of those who were near him. This extraordinary event, which exhibited a favorite statesman breathing his last, while he uttered the most animated sentiments for the honor, the glory, and the independence of his country, happened 8th April, 1778, and he died on the ensuing 11th May. All ranks and all parties now united to pay due respect to the memory of the departed patriot; the unpopularity which for a while had obscured his career, because he had accepted a pension and a peerage, had now disappeared in his unshaken character of the statesman, and the sagacious defender of the liberties of his country. A public funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey, at the expense of the nation, were immediately voted by Parliament; as a testimony, as the inscription records, to the virtues and abilities of a man, during whose administration divine providence had exalted Great Britain to a height of prosperity and glory unknown to any former age.

As a statesman, says one of his biographers, Lord Chatham was born with all the graces of the orator, and possessed every requisite to bespeak respect and even awe. A manly figure and penetrating look, fixed attention and commanded reverence, and the keen lightning of his eye spoke the high spirit of his soul, even before the lips had begun utterance. The most fluent and ready orators have shrunk back appalled from his all-powerful eloquence. He had not, indeed, the correctness of language so striking in the great Roman orator, but he had the verba ardentia, the bold glowing words, which darted with such irresistible efficacy, that Walpole, surrounded with power and the unshaken support of a decided majority, never heard his voice in the house of commons without being alarmed and thunderstruck.

WILLIAM PITT, son of the preceding, was born at Hayes, May 28th 1759. From his earliest years he was instructed by his father, who foresaw the future greatness of his son, and taught him to argue with logical precision, and to speak with elegance and force. Being elected a Member of Parliament, he enlisted on the side of the opposition against Lord North and the American War, and in his first speech displayed that commanding eloquence which was so warmly applauded in his illustrious father. In 1783, he was selected as first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer. During the stormy period of the French Revolution, as prime minister, he conducted the affairs of the nation with vigor and manly energy. In 1800, he planned the union with Ireland, which was after much opposition completed under his auspices. In 1802, when public affairs began to wear a threatening aspect, a hereditary gout produced an alarming debility in his nervous system. Excessive anxiety, application to business, and a constant privation of rest, with gloomy forebodings of the progress of the French, hastened his dissolution. He expired at Putney, Surrey, January 23d, 1806, and the last words which quivered on his dying lips, were, "*Oh, my country!*"

BRISTOL.



View of Bristol.

Bristol, a city and seaport of England, between the counties of Glocester and Somerset, like ancient Rome, is seated on seven hills, or elevations, which diversify the surface of a low but beautiful vale, about eight miles from the mouth of the Avon, and its confluence with the Frome. Its situation renders it commercial. The old town, which now forms a part of the city, stands on a narrow hill, bounded by the Avon on the south, and the Frome on the north and west. The more ancient houses are of wood and plaster. The buildings in the modern part are elegant and spacious, extending towards Clifton, which, in fact, is the "west end of the town."

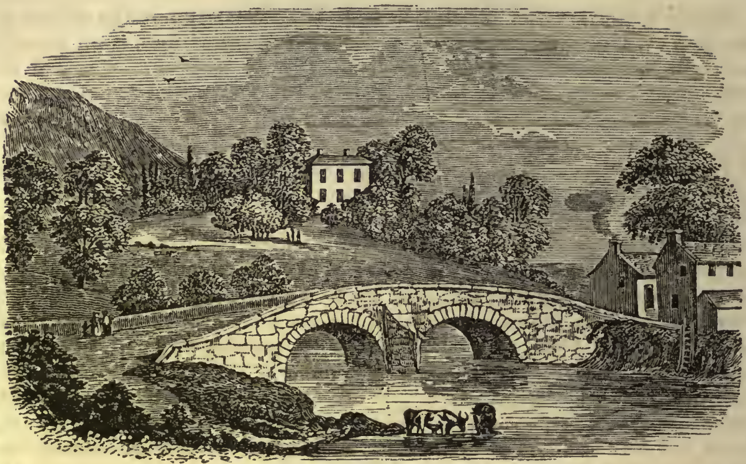
Bristol, until eclipsed by Liverpool, was the principal port on the western coast of England. Its leading branch of foreign commerce is with the West Indies. Glass may be considered as the staple manufacture, for which the city has been celebrated for centuries. It also has a name for refining sugar superior to any other place. Bristol may be said to have reached its commercial culminating point about the year 1828, when its gross receipts of customs were £1,204,000. Since that period the port may be said to have stood still. The present population is about 80,000, which is a decrease from former years.

Bristol was constituted a Bishop's See by Henry VIII, and part of a monastery founded by Stephen in 1140, has been converted into a cathedral. It has a square tower 130 feet high. The church of St. Mary Redcliffe is considered one of the most beautiful in England. It was in this church that the poet Chatterton pretended to have found, in some old boxes, the "Poems of Rowley."

The church contains several statues, among which is that of Sir William Penn, the father of the founder of Pennsylvania. The Dissenters have several places of worship in the city.

About a mile west of Bristol, close to the river, stands the village of the Hot Wells, celebrated for a tepid spring, which has been found a powerful specific in various maladies. It rises near the bottom of the cliff, about twenty-six feet below high water mark, and ten feet above low water, forcibly gushing from an aperture in the solid rock, and so copious as to discharge sixty gallons in a minute. During the earthquake at Lisbon, on the first of November, 1755, the water of the medicinal spring suddenly became red and turbid; the tide of the Avon flowed back, and the water of a well in the village of Kingswood turned black as ink, and was rendered unfit for use for a fortnight. Bristol has a fine harbor. The inconvenience attending ships lying aground at the quays, at the influx of every tide, had long made it a desideratum to devise some practical plan by which it might be obviated, and, in the interval between 1763 and 1803, various engineers were consulted, and means proposed by which this might be accomplished. In the year 1809, the undertaking was commenced at an expense of nearly £600,000. By constructing extensive works, and opening a new channel for the Avon, the flux and reflux of the tide at the quays is now prevented, and the whole of the rivers Avon and Frome, from their entrance into the city, at its northern extremity, to Rownham Ferry, in extent upwards of three miles, is kept constantly filled with water, and being connected with two entrance basins, forms a space of nearly forty acres, in which merchant ships of all burdens may constantly lie afloat, while such as could be brought up or down the river, between King's Road and the quay, during the spring tides only, may now take advantage of every tide, wind and weather not preventing. Bristol was known at a very early period; and without resorting to the traditions which date its origin nearly four centuries antecedent to the Christian era, we find it mentioned by Gildas, about the year 430, among the fortified cities of Britain, and also by Nemmius, about 620. In the latter part of the eleventh century, a market is said to have been held there for slaves, and in the beginning of the succeeding one it was encompassed with a strong wall, by Robert, the illegitimate son of Henry I, who also rebuilt and improved the castle, then a spacious structure. This was long an object of contention, and at last ordered by Oliver Cromwell to be demolished. In the reign of Henry II, Bristol was a rich and flourishing place. A great quantity of coinage seems to have been prepared in it towards the close of the thirteenth century. An act passed for rendering the Avon navigable, and the first barge passed from Bristol to Bath in 1727. Many of its most useful and commodious edifices were erected during the preceding, and some in the present century. In 1831, this great commercial city was the theater of the most disgraceful outrages. The destruction of life and property was most lamentable. It appears that the disturbances originated with Sir Charles Wetherell, the Recorder of Bristol, who pertinaciously insisted on visiting the place in his judicial capacity, though he was perfectly aware that his conduct on the reform question had justly rendered him unpopular. Upwards of one hundred persons were killed and wounded.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



Greta Hall, Southey's Residence.

Robert Southey, LL. D., poet laureate, was born at Bristol, August 12th, 1774. His father was a linen draper in Wine-street, and when six years old he was sent to school to a Baptist minister, by name Foote. His tuition was then continued in the country at Newport St. Loe, where his master was a gentleman named Flower, but, according to his own account, he got but little scholarship at this academy. The acquisition of such lore was reserved for the great public school at Westminster, where he was sent by one of his uncles—a brother of his mother—Mr. Hill, in 1788. He remained there till 1792, when he was removed to Oxford, and studied for a couple of years at Baliol College, with the design of entering the church. But that scheme was entirely frustrated by Southey's opinions: the plan of life chalked out for him became altogether distasteful.

On closing his academical career at Oxford, in 1794, he commenced life as an author. In that year he published, in conjunction with his friend Lovell, his first volume of poems—the two youthful bards assuming the romantic and arcadian nomenclatures of Moschus and Bion. About that time he took part with Lovell and Coleridge in the famous Pantisocracy scheme, to which all the eager contributors brought golden theories, but so little of more tangible coin, that the Utopian project was necessarily relinquished.

In the November of the following year, in 1795, he changed his state and became a married man. His wife was a Miss Pricker, of Bristol—her other sister was the wife of Coleridge.

While on his way to Lisbon, to spend his honey-moon abroad, in the winter of the same year, his poem of "Joan of Arc" was published. In the following summer he returned to Bristol, and in the subsequent year removed to London and entered Gray's Inn. He passed part of the years 1800–1, in Portugal, and was a short time resident in Ireland.

After having resided a short time at Westbury, near Bristol, he went to Keswick in 1801, on a visit to Mr. Coleridge, and returned in 1803, to take up his residence at Greta Hall, where he afterwards lived, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

The fertility of Southey's mind can only be estimated by glancing at a list of his works. It is possible he might have reached a still higher pinnacle of fame had he devoted a large portion of his time to improving and revising, instead of producing new works.

Of prose works we have—"Letters from Spain and Portugal, and Travels in those Countries;" being an account of his residence therein. "Chronicle of the Cid;" a compilation from several Spanish works, 1 vol. 4to. "Amadis of Gaul;" a translation. "History of Brazil;" 3 vols. 4to. "History of the Peninsular War;" 3 vols. 4to. "Life of Nelson," 2 vols. 12mo. "Ommiana," 2 vols. 12mo. "Letters of Don Manuel Espriella, from England to Spain," 3 vols. 12mo. "An account of the Madras System of Education, founded by Dr. Andrew Bell," 1 vol. 12mo. "Life of John Wesley," 2 vols. 8vo. "Vindicit Ecclesia Anglicana," 1 vol. 8vo. "Life of John Bunyan;" in Murray's 8vo. edition. "Life of Cowper." "Lives of the Admirals;" in Lardner's Cyclopædia. "Book of the Church," 2 vols.

This list as to minor works is necessarily very imperfect. In early life he contributed to the "Edinburgh Annual Register," and the "Quarterly Review" has been indebted to him for a constant succession of articles from its first establishment till he ceased to write. A selection from these papers was published by him in two small volumes under the title of "Essays, Moral and Political." The last collected edition of his poems consists of two closely printed volumes with copious notes. The most important of his poetical works are "Joan of Arc," "Thalaba," "Madoc," "The Curse of Kehama," and "Roderic, the Last of the Goths." Many of those minor poems, which are familiar to every one, are exquisitively beautiful; of the "Devil's Walk," so much praised by some of his detractors so long as they considered it from the pen of Porson, he seems to have been by no means vain; and most likely it might still have been attributed to the Professor, had Coleridge not set the matter at rest by announcing it as the joint production of himself and Southey, one morning at the breakfast-table. "Wat Tyler" is included in the last edition as a juvenile poem. where he mildly answers the sneers at his change of political opinions, by saying that he is not more ashamed of having been a republican in early youth than he is of having been once a boy. The duties of poet-laureate, as fulfilled by Dr. Southey, render the appointment one which any man of independent feeling may accept. He has abolished that servile practice of bedaubing princes, year after year, with the fulsome flattery of birth-day odes, which caused Sir Walter Scott to decline the offer, and seems to have circumscribed his task to chronicling such national events as seemed worthy of his pen, in the way and at the time best suited to himself. The marriage of the Princess Charlotte presented a fair opportunity for the adulation of a court poet. Yet in the lay of the laureate we find him assuming the character of a monitor; pointing out the duties of princes, and what a nation expect of them.

The Premier, Sir Robert Peel, when last in office, showed his regard and estimation of his talents by offering him a baronetcy, which was, however, declined. Shortly afterwards he was granted a pension of £300 per annum, in addition to his other emoluments. He was married early in life to Miss Edith Fricker, of Bristol, who died at Keswick in 1837, and afterwards to Miss Caroline Bowles, who can have enjoyed the delight of being the companion to such a mind but for a short time, as Dr. Southey had been for years in a state of perfect unconsciousness; his mind had been overworked, and the distress occasioned by the protracted illness of his first wife, to whom he was most fondly attached, laid the foundation of that mental decay which gradually reduced him to a state of helplessness. If we consider his private virtues as a husband, a father, and a friend; his eminent talents as a poet, a historian, and a biographer, we must feel that it may be long ere we look upon his like again.

He died on Tuesday the 21st of March, at Greta Hall, and was interred on the Friday following in the same grave with his Edith, in the beautiful and romantic churchyard of Keswick. A limited number of personal friends were invited to the funeral, but it was numerously attended by the uninvited of all classes in testimony of their regard and respect. A monument is now erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

The following is a description of Southey's personal appearance, as given in a light mood by himself, and styled

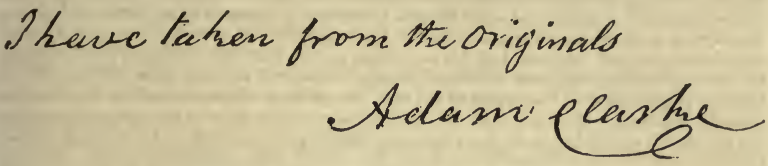
ROBERT THE RHYMER'S TRUE AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

Robert the Rhymer, who lives at the lakes,
Describes himself thus, to prevent mistakes;
Or rather, perhaps, be it said, to correct them,
There being plenty about for those who collect them.
He is lean of body and lank of limb,
The man must walk fast who would overtake him.
His eyes are not yet much the worse for the wear,
And Time has not thinn'd or straightened his hair,
Nothwithstanding that he is more than half way
On the road from grizzle to gray,
He hath a long nose with a bending ridge,
It might be worthy of notice on Strasburg bridge
He sings like a lark at morn when he arises,
And when even comes, he nightingaleizes;
Warbling house notes wild from throat and gizzard,
Which reach from A to G, and from G to Izzard.
His voice is as good as when he was young,
And he has teeth enough left to keep in his tongue.
A man he is by nature merry,
Somewhat Tom-foolish, and convivial, very,
Who has gone through the world, not mindful of pelf,
Upon easy terms, thank Heaven, with himself,
Along bypaths, and in pleasant ways,
Caring as little for censure as praise;
Having some friends who he loves dearly,
And no lack of foes whom he laughs at sincerely.
And never for great or for little things
Has he fretted himself to fiddle-strings.
He might have made them by such folly
Most musical, most melancholy.

Sic cecinit Robertus, anno ætatis suæ 55.

ADAM CLARKE.

Dr. Adam Clarke, one of the most prominent, learned and distinguished members of the Wesleyan Methodist connection in England, was born at Moybeg, an obscure hamlet in Londonderry, Ireland, about the year 1760. His ancestors were originally from England, from whence they emigrated to Ireland. He is best known abroad by his valuable Commentary on the Bible, which has had a very extensive circulation in the religious world. The following notices of his life are abridged from the Quarterly Review: the phraseology in the extracts being retained.



I have taken from the Originals
Adam Clarke

Fac-simile of Adam Clarke's Hand-writing.

His father was a school-master of a superior order, and Adam, if we understand the narrative right, was one of his scholars; a lad of hardy habits, and as yet unapt to learn. Whatever was his want of capacity to acquire knowledge, his feelings were quick and tender; and one day, as he and a little school-fellow were seated on a bank together, the children fell into serious conversation on futurity—"O Addy, Addy," said his companion, "what a dreadful thing is eternity; and O, how dreadful to be put into hell-fire, and to be burnt for ever!" and thereupon they wept bitterly, begged God to forgive them their sins, which were chiefly those of disobedience to their parents, and made to each other strong promises of amendment. His mother, who came to the knowledge of this incident, pondered it in heart with a mother's satisfaction; his father, who seems to have been an austere, ill-judging man, had no opinion of pious resolutions in children; and Adam was old enough to find discouragement in this indifference, and to feel that smoking flax had been quenched.

The circumstances of the family were strait, so much so, indeed, that his father and mother, with their first-born child, (Adam was their second,) had actually embarked for America, and were only prevailed upon to abandon their enterprise by the most earnest entreaties of their friends. Mr. Clarke, therefore, found it convenient to combine his school with a small farm; this he cultivated after the plan of Virgil's Georgics, a work of which he was a great admirer. Meanwhile, Adam and his brother were employed in the labor of husbandry, and in the studies of the school by turns: he whose duty it was to read the Georgics, communicating his lesson to him whose duty it was to apply them. The pence they thus gained were laid out in books—such nursery tales and wild romances as were wont to make up the youthful library before the march of knowledge had superseded them by treatises on political economy, and taught us to put away childish things ere yet we are men. The use of such books Adam Clarke defends, as creating an appetite for reading, the foundation of all knowledge; leading the mind to the contemplation of a spiritual world, such as it was; and, in some instances, as in the case of Robinson Crusoe, impressing the child with such a notion of the providence of God, as nothing was ever likely to efface afterwards.

Mention has already been made of Adam Clarke's mother. She was a Presbyterian of the old Puritan School—a person powerful in the Scriptures—and whenever she corrected her children, she gave chapter and verse for it. From her he received his early religious impressions. In the year 1777, the Methodists first appeared in his neighborhood. Hitherto he had been in the habit of attending both church and meeting-house, the former chiefly, but with no great edification from either; indeed, the Presbyterian congregation here, as elsewhere, was fast drooping into Socianism. He was now led by curiosity to hear a sermon of the new preacher. Christ crucified, and redemption through his blood, was the burden of his sermon; and Mrs. Clarke, who accompanied her son, and who was as yet his oracle in matters spiritual, pronounced rightly enough—"This is the doctrine of the Reformers." From that time the house of the Clarkes was open to such preachers as came to those parts, and young Adam was soon added to the number of the converts. It was still, however, some time before he had assurance of his salvation, a doctrine then strongly insisted upon by the Methodists, but "one morning," we quote his own account of an incident which he ever represented as the epoch of his life, "in great distress of soul he went out to work in the field. He began, but could not proceed, so great was his spiritual anguish. He fell down on his knees on the earth and prayed, but seemed to be without power of faith. He arose, endeavored to work, but could not; even his physical strength appeared to have departed from him. He again endeavored to pray, but the gate of Heaven seemed barred against him. His faith in the atonement, so far as it concerned himself, was almost entirely gone; he could not believe that Jesus had died for *him;* the thickest darkness seemed to surround and gather on his soul. He fell flat on his face on the earth, and endeavored to pray, but still there was no answer; he arose, but he was so weak that he could scarcely stand. It is said the time of man's extremity is the time of God's opportunity. He now felt strongly in his soul, Pray to Christ; another word for, Come to the holiest through the blood of Jesus. He looked up confidently to the Savior of sinners, his agony subsided, his soul became calm; a glow of happpiness seemed to thrill through his whole frame; all guilt and condemnation were gone."

Adam Clarke continued to store his mind with such knowlege as a self-educated boy, of active parts, slender means, and few opportunities, could command, grudging not a daily walk of many miles, early and late, in the depth of winter, to gain some acquaintance with French—never having found, as he says, a royal road to any branch of learning. His parents now made another effort to fix him in an honest calling, and a linen merchant of Coleraine, a relation of his own, was the man chosen to take him apprentice. With him he remained a short time, but was never bound, satisfied with his situation chiefly as it gave him a more ready access to the ministry of the Methodists. At length, through the intervention of one of the preachers, he was recommended to the notice of John Wesley, who proposed to receive him at Kingwood School, an establishment of Wesley's own projecting, and originally intended for the sons of itinerant preachers. Accordingly he set sail for England.

We now come to some of those scenes of itinerancy on the several circuits to which he was appointed:—Bradford, Norwich, Cornwall, the Norman Isles, &c.—those picturesqued adventures, grotesque hardships, "moving accidents by flood and field," which gave to the early Methodist preacher something of the stirring character of a campaign, or the wildness of an expedition of knight-erranty, sublimed, however, by the dignity of the cause in which he was embarked—scenes and sufferings which altogether served to animate his spirit, brace his limbs, and lead him on to old age with eye undimmed and force unabated. This life of religious adventure had evidently great charms for Adam Clarke, so that after he had become himself *Emeritus*, he twice visited the Shetland Isles, (overlooked by Wesley,) where he had established, with incredible pains, a Methodist mission—erected numerous chapels—and maintained several preachers out of funds which his own personal influence enabled him to raise.

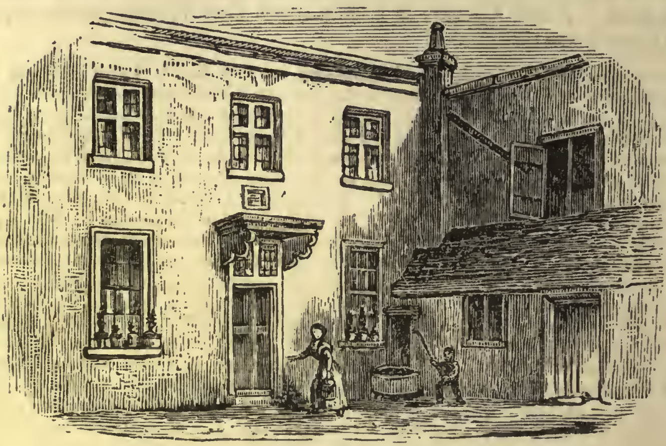
Adam now marries. Some of his love-letters are given, and are curious. Sir Henry Vane himself could not have made love in language more mystical. Miss Mary Cooke, the eldest daughter of Mr. Cooke, a clothier of Trowbridge, was the lady of his choice. "The connection," says the autobiographer, "was too good and holy not to be opposed."

Mary Cooke was a person not likely to be resigned—an excellent woman, who took Clarke in his poverty, and loved him for himself; and lived to see him the friend of the great, the learned, the good—the foremost man of a powerful community.

We have Adam Clarke appointed to circuits containing twenty, thirty, and forty stations each—called upon, therefore, to preach as many sermons every month, and condemned to ride more miles than we can tell. The extent of each orbit, therefore, is such as to admit of little or no pause at any point of it; and that orbit itself is changed every second or third year. Adam Clarke, in a little more than twenty years, experienced thirteen such removes.

Meanwhile, Adam Clarke found time—we are at a loss to know how—to master many Eastern languages, and thus to furnish much valuable assistance to the Bible Society, in the department of their translations—to complete a Commentary upon the whole Bible, which served as a sort of saving-bank for the incidental labors of forty years—and to select, arrange, and edit for the Commissioners of Public Records, a collection of state papers, supplementary to Rhymer's *Fœdera*, who, beginning with the reign of Henry I, and coming down to the sixth of Charles II, left much to be done by his successors before the raw materials of English history should be fully gathered together. This new edition of the Fœdera, (for such was the shape the work assumed,) Adam Clarke carried through the press nearly to the close of the fourth volume; and then, wearied with a task which taxed even his patience beyond endurance, resigned it into other hands. It will be seen from this undertaking, which was not strictly within the province which he had marked out for himself, that he ceased, as he grew riper in knowledge and judgment, to think the love of literature a sin; and, accordingly, we find him, when, as President of Conference, he had to visit various parts of the kingdom—with a view to promote the general interests of religion by sermons, speeches, and the like—making a pilgrimage by the way to the monument of Burns, "in whom Scotland must ever feel with regret that she neglected a man who is her boast and her honor;" and rambling among the rocks a whole summer's day, to determine the scene of "The Gentle Shepherd."

In the autumn of 1832, the cholera was spreading death and dismay far and wide throughout this land. Dr. Clarke appears to have had no personal fear of it. On the contrary, he made volunteer excursions into districts where it prevailed. He specially named it, however, in the morning and evening devotions which he offered up in his family, and prayed that "each and all might be saved from its influence, or prepared for sudden death." He was engaged to preach at Bayswater, on Sunday, 26th of August, and on the Saturday before he was conveyed there in a friend's chaise. He was cheerful on the road, but was tired with his journey, and listless in the evening; and when a gentleman asked him to preach a charity sermon for him and fix the day, he made answer, "I am not well; I cannot fix a time; I must first see what God is about to do with me." He retired to bed early, not without symptoms that indicate the approach of this awful disease, but which do not appear to have excited any suspicions in himself or in his friends. He rose in the morning ill, and wanting to get home; but before arrangements could be made for his removal, he had sunk in his chair—that icy coldness, by which the complaint was characterized, had come on—and when the medical men arrived, they pronounced it a clear case of cholera. His wife, and most of his children, short as the summons was, gathered about him—he had ever been the most affectionate of husbands and parents—and his looks indicated great satisfaction when he had them by his side, *nec desideraverunt aliquid oculi;* but he was now nearly speechless. "Am I blue?" however, he said to one of his sons, a question indicating his knowledge of the malady under which he was sinking; and without any effort of nature to rally, he breathed his last with a short sob, about the seventieth year of his age.



Birth-place of Chatterton.

Thomas Chatterton, an extraordinary youth, was born at Bristol, 20th November, 1752. He was taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, at a charity school on St. Augustine's Back, and at the age of fourteen he was articled clerk to an attorney at Bristol, with whom he continued about three years. His employment however was not congenial to his turn of mind, he devoted himself more to poetry, antiquities, and heraldry, than to law; and early in 1769, some of his compositions appeared in the periodical publications of the times. In 1770 he left Bristol and came to London, with the hope of making his fortune by his pen; but though he flattered the great, and espoused in political pieces, both of the ministry and of opposition, though he was courteously treated by Beckford in the height of his popularity, yet he found his income inferior to his wants. Though a liberal contributor to the Gospel Magazine, the Town and Country, the Court and City, the London, the Political Register, &c., he found himself indignantly dependent upon the booksellers, and a prey to the severest indigence, so that in a fit of despair he destroyed himself by poison, August, 1770.

Though possessed of great genius, Chatterton was irrascible, headstrong, and impetuous in his temper, and it has been said by his biographer, that he had all the vices and irregularities of youth, and that his profligacy was at least as conspicuous as his abilities. His name is known particulary in controversial history. He published a number of poems, which he described as written about 300 years before, by Rowley, a Bristowyan monk, and when pressed for the originals he refused to give them, but declared that he had received them from his father, whose family had for nearly 150 years been sextons of Redcliffe Church in Bristol, and that till then they had remained disregarded and buried in dust in an old chest, in an unfrequented room over the chapel. This story, which Chatterton always supported as undeniably true, called forth the attention of the learned, and while some of the critics beheld in the poems of Rowley, all the marks of genuine antiquity, others considered them as a literary forgery imposed upon the credulity of the world, by the artifice of an ingenious though ill-educated youth of seventeen.

The following extracts are from the last part of Chatterton's poem on "The Bristow Tragedy; or the Death of Sir Charles Bawdin:"

At the great minister window sat
  The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
  To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sledde drew nigh enough,
  That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
  And thus his words declare:

"Thou seest me, Edward! traitor vile!
  Exposed to infamy;
But be assured, disloyal man,
  I'm greater now than thee.

By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
  Thou wearest now a crown;
And hast appointed me to die
  By power not thine own.

Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;
  I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
  For aye upon my brow;

Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
  Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
  'Twixt king and tyrant hand.

Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave!
  Shall fall on thy own head."
From out of hearing of the king
  Departed then the sledde.

King Edward's soul rushed to his face,
  He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
  He thus did speak and say:

"To him that so-much-dreaded death
  No ghastly terrors bring;
Behold the man! he spake the truth;
  He's greater than a king!"

"So let him die!" Duke Richard said;
  "And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
  And feed the carrion crows."

And now the horses gently drew
  Sir Charles up the high hill;
The axe did glister in the sun,
  His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
  As up a gilded car
Of victory, by valorous chiefs
  Gained in the bloody war.

And to the people he did say:
  "Behold, you see me die,
For serving loyally my king,
  My king most rightfully.

As long as Edward rules this land,
  No quiet you shall know;
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
  And brooks of blood shall flow.

You leave your good and lawful king,
  When in adversity;
Like me, unto the true cause stick,
  And for the true cause die."

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
  A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching him unto himself
  His parting soul to take.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head
  Most seemly on the block;
Which from his body fair at once
  The able headsman stroke:

And out the blood began to flow,
  And round the scaffold twine;
And tears enough to wash't away,
  Did flow from each man's eyne.

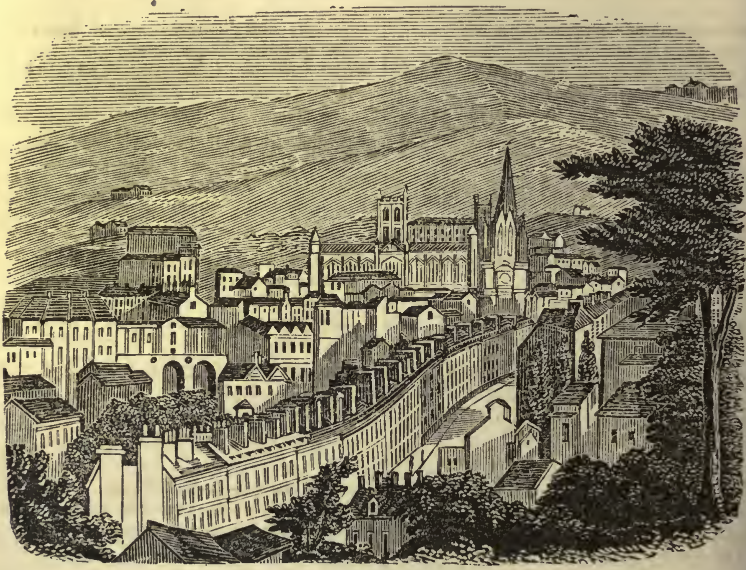
The bloody axe his body fair
  Into four partis cut;
And every part, and eke his head,
  Upon a pole was put.

One part did rot on Kinwulph-hill,
  One on the minster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
  The crowen did devour.

The other on Saint Paul's good gate,
  A dreary spectacle;
His head was placed on the high cross,
  In high street most noble.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate:
  God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
  In heaven God's mercy sing!

BATH.



The City of Bath.

Bath, in Somersetshire, is the best built town in England, and is a favorite residence of the richer classes, for recreation or the pursuit of health. It lies in a valley divided by the river Avon, 108 miles from London and 12 east from Bristol. Population about 38,000. The situation of Bath affords every advantage for architectural effect; and the arrangement of its streets and terraces, the splendor and richly ornamented character of the buildings, together with the luxurious beauty of the intervening gardens and villas, form one of the loveliest scene that can be found in any city of these northern climates. The hills on which it is built open on the two opposite sides to admit the Avon, which, flowing through the valley, and being the principal channel for the trade of the neighboring counties, adds greatly to the beauty and liveliness of the prospect. As the streets rise, one above the other, according to the gradual elevation of the hills, the principal part of the city at a distance has a close resemblance to the interior of a mighty theater, which gave rise to Smollet's well-known sarcasm, "an antique amphitheater turned inside out." The opinion of the novelist has not been unsupported by others; and it is argued by persons of the best taste, that however imposing the prospect of Bath is at a distance, the architecture, when more closely inspected, is greatly defective in taste and corectness of design.

The city is divided into four parishes,—St. Peter's and St. Paul, St. James's, St. Michael's, and Walcot; besides which there are some out-parishes, now closely connected with the more ancient part of the town. The abbey church is regarded as one of the most beautiful specimens of the richly ornamented style of Gothic arthitecture that exists, but its numerous windows, amounting to fifty-two, have gained it the appellation of the lantern of England. Some of the monuments it contains are very much admired; and the oratory of prior Bird, who died in the early part of the sixteenth century, is extremely rich in monumental beauties.

Among the tombs which generally attract attention in this church, are those of lady Waller, wife of the celebrated Sir William Waller; of the noted comedian Quinn, of bishop Montague, and Beau Nash, the well-known originator, of the most of the regulations of Bath etiquette. There are few names connected with the history of the city better known to fame than that of this celebrated master of fashion; and his fortunes are well calculated to point a moral for the place of which he was the hero. He was born in 1674, at.Swansea, in Glamorganshire, and was intended for the law, but entered the army; which, taking disgust at the discipline and his subordinate rank, he soon forsook, and took chambers in the Temple. Here he devoted himself entirely to pleasure and fashion; and when King William visited the Inn, he was chosen as master of the pageant with which it was customary to welcome the monarch. So pleased was William with the entertainment, that he offered him the honor of knighthood; but Nash refused it, saying, "Please your majesty, if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your poor knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least equal to support my title." In 1704 he was appointed master of the ceremonies at Bath; and immediately instituted a set of regulations, as remarkable for their strictness as for their judicious adaptation to the wants and society of the place. While in the plenitude of his power and popularity, Nash lived in the most splendid style of elegance, supporting his expenses by a long run of success at the gaming table. His dress was covered with expensive lace, and he wore a large white cocked hat. The chariot in which he rode was drawn by six gray horses, and attended by a long cavalcade of servants, some on horses, others on foot: while his progress through the streets was made known by a band of French horns and other instruments. His common title was the king of Bath; and his reign continued, with undiminished splendor, for more than fifteen years. His health then began to decline, and his resources grew less plentiful. As the change in his spirits and circumstances became more evident, his former acquaintances gradually forsook him; and he died at the age of eighty-eight, in comparative indigence and solitude. His character, however, was so estimated by the corporation of the city, that he was buried with great magnificence at its expense, and his epitaph, a neat tribute to his memory, was written by Dr. Harrington.

The Crescent, the north and south parades, the circus, and Pulteney-street, are the principal avenues; but the great points of attraction for the visitors of Bath are the pump and ball-rooms: the former is eighty-five feet long; the interior is surrounded by three-quarter Corinthian columns, crowned with entablatures and surmounted by a five-feet coving. At the west end is a music gallery; and a recess at the east is occupied by a statue of Nash. In the center of the south side stands the marble vase, from which the water is taken by an attendant and handed to the company.

The public baths are, the King's and Queen's, the hot bath, and the cross bath;

besides which, there are the duke of Kingston's, the corporation's, and some other private ones. The King's is on the south side of the pump-room, and is rather more than sixty-five feet long and forty broad, containing, when filled, more than 346 tons of water: it is surrounded by a Doric collonnade; and in the center, where the spring rises, is a brass hand-rail. In the hottest part of the bath the thermometer stands at 111; in the coolest, at 100. The hot bath raises it to 117.

There are several public charities in this city of great utility. The general hospital, which was founded at the benevolent instigation of Nash, receives poor persons, to whom the waters are likely to be beneficial, from all parts of the kingdom. Two or three establishments also exist for the support of aged men and women; and early in the last century the venerabe Robert Nelson founded a charity school for fifty boys and fifty girls. Nor is Bath wanting in provisions for literary and scientific pursuits: it has a large public library, a society for the promotion of agriculture, and a philosophical society.

GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester, a city and capital of the county of the same name, is situated on an eminence, near the banks of the Severn, twenty-four miles north-east from Bristol and 106 westerly from London. Population upwards of 14,000. It was formerly an important military station of the Romans. It was one of the principal of the Saxon cities, and was frequently ravaged by the Danes, in common with other rich towns in the west.

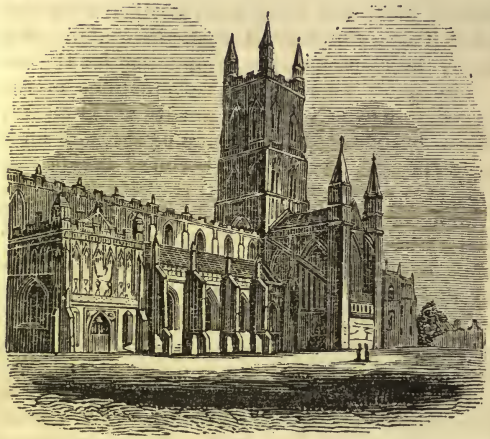
Many of the early English kings held courts and parliament here; and the city has taken part in nearly all the civil wars of the island. The event which has rendered it historically memorable, was the success with which it withstood the siege of the royal army, and the fatal check it gave to the hitherto triumphant progress of Charles towards his capital. It was the valor of Massey's defense which turned the fate of the war, raising the spirits of the dejected parliamentarians, and clouding the fortunes of Charles. Clarendon, in his account of the siege, tells us that, upon his Majesty summoning the city with his numerous army, just flushed by the taking of Bristol, and requiring an answer within two hours, "Within less than the time prescribed, together with the trumpeter, returned two citizens from the town, with lean, pale, sharp, and bad visages,—indeed, faces so strange and unusual, and in such a garb and posture, that at once made the most severe countenance merry, and the most cheerful hearts sad; for it was impossible that such ambassadors could bring less than a defiance. The men, without any circumstance of duty or good manners, in a pert, shrill, undismayed accent, said, 'they had brought an answer from the godly city of Gloucester to the king.'" The answer was, of course, a refusal to give up the city; immediately upon which, preparations were made for commencing hostilities, both by besiegers and besieged. The former set fire, without remorse, to all the houses without the walls, according to Dorney, "by burning the suburbs, the city is a garment without skirts, which we were willing to part withal, lest our enemies would set upon them."

The Royalists did not dare to assault the place; and after closely investing it for three months, were obliged to raise the siege on account of the advance of the London train-bands, under Essex, to the relief of the city. On the 5th of September, 1643, Gloucester was relieved, when it had but one barrel of gunpowder left in store. With this celebrated adventure ends the military history of Gloucester.

It is said, that William the Conqueror, after he had subdued the southern part of the kingdom, came to Gloucester, and greatly liking the place as forming a barrier against the Welshmen who had rendered his predecessor's reign so uneasy, had the north and south walls fortified with embattled stone walls and gates. These fortifications remained until 1662, when they were demolished by the Commissioners appointed for the regulation of Corporations. The gates forming the terminations of the four streets were long preserved, however. The original South Gate was battered down during the siege, but was rebuilt the same year, and on it was cut in capital letters round the arch on one side:—A CITY ASSAULTED BY MAN, BUT SAVED BY GOD. On the other side next the city, EVER REMEMBER THE 5TH OF SEPTEMBER, (the day the siege was raised by Essex,) 1643. GIVE GOD THE GLORY. Shortly after the Restoration, the king, remembering his father's defeat before this city, ordered the doors belonging to the gates to be pulled down, and presented them to the city of Worcester, which had so long remained faithful to his cause.

The streets of Gloucester do not appear to have suffered much alteration since the time when they were first laid down by the Romans, notwithstanding that of late years it has much increased in population. It consists mainly of four streets, forming a cross, and named Northgate, Southgate, Eastgate, and Westgate streets, from their lying according to the points of the compass, and their having been limited by the city gates. Every here and there some old house—old as the early Henrys—projects its hanging front upon these streets, or an ancient church marks the antiquity of the place. Gloucester, like Bristol, must originally have been a great stronghold of the clergy, as it contained fifteen churches, besides the Cathedral, in former times when it had not perhaps a tithe of its present number of inhabitants. Only six of these remain, but six more have been built within these few years.

Among the monuments are some of historical interests,—one, that of Robert Curthose, duke of Normandy, who was confined so many years in Cardiff Castle, consists of his effigy habited as a crusader, upon an altar tomb. It is formed of Irish oak, and is said to be the oldest of the kind in England. Another yet more interesting tomb, is that of the ill-fated King Edward II, whose body after his savage murder at Berkeley Castle was brought here. After his death, Abbot Thokey had the courage to go to Berkeley Castle, attended by his brethren, solemnly robed, and accompanied by a procession from the city, and claim the body for burial, which, with the observance of all possible respect, he conveyed in his own chariot, *drawn by stags*, to the abbey, where it was interred with becoming solemnity. Soon after the corpse of the royal victim was laid in the grave, the people from all parts of the kingdom thronged to pay homage to it, in such numbers, that the town, at one time, could not hold them, and their offerings were so great, that they sufficed to rebuild the south aisle and the principal part of the church. Around the capital of the Saxon column near which his mounment stands, are painted a number of white stags; whether this animal formed his armorial device, or whether they were placed there in recollection of the manner in which the monarch was conveyed to his last home, we know not. Passing out of the church, a very different kind of monument attracts the eye. At the foot of a marble statue, the simple name of "Edward Jenner" is sufficient epitaph for one of the greatest benefactors to the human race.



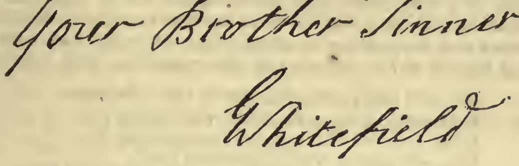
Gloucester Cathedral.

The Cathedral in this place has few superior in size in the kingdom, being 427 feet in length, and 154 in breadth. The tower 225 feet in height, square and massive, is, perhaps, the most striking feature of the exterior of the building. A gallery which connects the upper side aisles of the choir, is known as the *whispering gallery*, and although seventy-five feet long, transmits sounds however low, in the most distinct manner. On the wall of the passage the following lines are written.

"Doubt not but God, who sits on high,
Thy secret prayers can hear;
When a dead wall, thus cunningly
Conveys soft whispers to the ear."

The cloisters, erected in 1390, and which are strangely placed on the north side of the cathedral, are perhaps the most perfect remaining in England; indeed they are almost as sharp, in all their beautiful details, as the day they were first cut. The very curious lavatories are still preserved; and in the dim light we can, with ease, imagine a row of shaven monks cooling their crowns with the pure element.

A short distance from the Cathedral, in St. Mary's Square, a monument is erected to Bishop Hooper. On this very street the martyr had suffered at the stake. He was promoted to the see of Gloucester by Edward VI, where he strenuously opposed Gardiner and Bonner; on the death of the young king, however, he was marked out for destruction. When his friends perceived what would be his fate if he remained at his post, they urged him to fly; but he replied, "Once did I fly, but now I am called to this place, I am resolved to live and die with my sheep.' Having been examined, and his faith declared heretical by Gardiner, he was for some time confined in Newgate, and then conducted to Gloucester, where he was burned on Saturday, February 9th, 1555, that being market day.



Your Brother Sinner
Whitefield

Whitefield's Hand Writing.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD, an eloquent itinerant preacher, was born in Gloucester, England, December 16, 1714. After having made some progress in classical learning, he was obliged to assist his mother, who kept an inn, in her business; but at the age of eighteen he entered one of the colleges at Oxford. Here he became acquainted with Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, whose piety was ardent and singular like his own. From the strict rules and methods of life which these young men followed, they were called methodists, and they were founders of the sect thus denominated. Mr. Whitefield's benevolent zeal led him to visit the poor and even to search out the miserable objects in the jails, not only to diminish their wants, but that he might impart to them the consolations and hopes of the gospel. He took orders being ordained by the bishop, June 20, 1736, and preached his first sermon in the church at Gloucester. When a complaint was afterwards entered with the bishop, that by his sermon he drove fifteen persons mad, the worthy prelate only expressed a wish, that the madness might not be forgotten before the next Sunday.

After preaching at various places he was induced by a letter from Mr. Wesley, who was in Georgia, to embark for America. He arrived at Savannah, May 7, 1738. After laboring in this place with unwearied fidelity for several months to promote the interests of religion, he embarked for England on the 6th of September. He was ordained priest at Oxford, by Bishop Benson, January 14, 1739. In November he again arrived in America, and he travelled through the middle and southern colonies, dispensing the Gospel to immense multitudes. In September, 1740, he arrived at Rhode Island from Savannah, having been invited by the ministers of Boston, and he preached in different parts of New England. At the end of October, he went to New York, and he soon returned to Georgia. He was much occupied in the establishment of an orphan house near Savannah. In January, 1741, he sailed for England. He arrived again in America, in October, 1744, and he now spent between three and four years in this country. In March, 1748, he went to the Bermudas, and in July, he reached London. Having crossed the Atlantic for the fourth time, he arrived at Savannah, October 27, 1751, and returned to his native country in April, 1752. In his fifth visit to the New World he remained here from May 1754, to March 1755. His sixth voyage brought him to Virginia, in August 1763, and he did not set sail again for Great Britain till June 1765. For the seventh and last time his zeal to do good induced him to brave the dangers of the ocean, and he landed upon the American shore November 30, 1769, never again to leave it. After preaching in different parts of the country, he died suddenly at Newburyport, Massachussets, September 30, 1770, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Perhaps no man since the days of the apostles ever labored with such indefatigable zeal in preaching the gospel of salvation, as Mr. Whitefield. No preacher ever had such astonishing power over the passions of his auditory, or was attended by such multitudes, as he sometimes addressed in the fields.

In the early periods of his life he was guilty in some instances of uncharitableness and indiscretion; but he afterwards had the magnanimity to confess his fault. He was, in reality, a man of a very liberal and catholic spirit, for he had little attachment to forms, and embraced all, who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity. His life was spent in most disinterested and benevolent exertion. The following lines will show the opinion, which was formed of his character by the evangelical poet, Cowper.

> He lov'd the world, that hated him; the tear,
> That dropp'd upon his bible, was sincere;
> Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
> His only answer was a blameless life,
> And he, that forg'd, and he, that through the dart,
> Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
> Paul's love of Christ and steadiness unbrib'd
> Were copied close in him, and well transcrib'd;
> Like him he labor'd, and like him, content
> To bear it, suffer'd shame where'er he went.
> Blush, calumny! and write upon his tomb,
> If honest eulogy can spare thee room,
> Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
> Which, aim'd at him, have pierc'd th' offended skies
> And say, blot out my sin, confess'd, deplor'd,
> Against thine image in thy saint, O Lord!

Berkley Castle, sixteen miles from Gloucester, is a good specimen of a castellated building in good repair. It has been the scene of several historical events, the most memorable of which is the savage murder of King Edward II. His heart was inclosed in a silver vessel, and a procession, of which the Berkeley family formed a part, attended the body to Gloucester, where it was interred in the cathedral. After the death of the King, Lord Berkeley entertained Queen Isabella, and her paramour Mortimer at the castle.

EDWARD JENNER.

Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, was born in the vicarage of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, May 17th, 1749. He lost his father at an early age, and was indebted for his education to the care and solicitude of an elder brother. Having chosen the profession of medicine, he went to London, and became the pupil of the celebrated John Hunter. Having finished his preliminary studies, he returned to his native village to practice his attention to natural history. His remarks on the singular and anomalous habits of the cuckoo, excited the attention of the members of the Royal Society, and found a place in their printed transactions.

In the great dairy county of Gloucester, where Jenner's destiny had placed him, it was a prevalent opinion, that a disease was communicated from the teats of the cows to the hands of the milkers, by which the latter were ever afterwards protected from the small-pox. While a student at Sodbury, a young countrywoman came to seek advice. The subject of small-pox being mentioned, she observed, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had the cow-pox." This incident rivited the attention of Jenner, and was never afterwards effaced. For twenty years he brooded over the subject, collected facts, and made experiments; till at last, being fully convinced in his own mind, that he had compassed the whole bearings of the subject, he came to the resolution of presenting the great discovery as a gift to mankind.

Jenner's discovery was first published in 1798. It was his intention that it should have appeared in the tranactions of the Royal Society, but some of the learned members hinted in a friendly manner, that he should be cautious not to diminish the partial fame which his account of the cuckoo had already gained him, by advocating so improbable a theory. On the publication of his "Inquiry," he proceeded to London, to exhibit to the profession his process of vaccination. He remained there for two months in the great metropolis, without getting any medical man to make a trial of it, or any patient to submit to the process. He was even caricatured as a magician, who by-and-by would turn the human race into cows. Yet time and circumstances, and his own tact and perseverance, after many difficulties, brought him many friends and supporters. After the tide had turned in his favor, there were individuals, who, at one time scoffed at his theory, were now base enough to appropriate the discovery to themselves or others.

From Great Britain, vaccination extended rapidly to the Continent. In America the early cases were most successful, and at last, the remotest countries in the world began to share in its benefits, and the name of Jenner became known in every part of the globe. Dr. Jenner's personal appearance was not very striking, being rather under the middle size. Although he had the honor of a personal introduction to the greatest men, and monarchs of the age, he ever retained his native simplicity and artlessness of manner. He died January 26th, 1823, of apoplexy, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, having retained his general health and mental power unimpaired to the last. He was buried in the chancel of the church of Berkeley, where a monument has been erected to his memory by his professional brethren.

CHELTENHAM.

Cheltenham competes with Bath as a fashionable resort for valetudinarians, real or imaginary. It is situated in Gloucestershire, eighty-eight miles west from London, and thirty-nine and a-half north-east of Bath. The situation is exceedingly delightful, being remarkably well sheltered by the range of Coteswold hills on the north-east, and having an exposure to the south and west; it is on this account preferred to all other towns in England, by persons from India and other hot climates. Besides being attractive from the salubrity and mildness of its climate, Cheltenham, like Bath, possesses mineral springs reckoned of value for medical purposes, but particularly for invalids with diseased livers. There are several springs, some of which are chalybeate, but their properties and strength are liable to variation. Cheltenham is laid out in a very ornamental manner, with walks and pleasure-grounds, and may be described, as perhaps, the prettiest town of a small size in England. As in Bath, the expense of living is very great. The population of the parish in 1831, was 22,942.

The medicinal waters for which the place has become so celebrated, appear to have been first brought into notice about the year 1740. From that period they have risen in public estimation. In 1788, George III, being in poor health, was advised to try the waters of Cheltenham. He accordingly came with his family, and it seemed to the townsmen from this circumstance, that the climax of their prosperity was nearly complete. The influx of royalty and fashion produced a golden harvest, not only for the townsfolk, but the inhabitants of the neighboring villages also. The newspapers of the times, say, that "in consequence of the overflow of Cheltenham, Tewkesbury and Prestbury are crowded. Lodgings have increased in such a degree and at such a rate, that for apartments let the preceding season for three guineas, no less than twenty-five guineas have been asked and received." As no mansion existed in the town sufficiently capacious for the residence of the monarch, the seat of Lord Fauconbridge on Bays' Hill, a little way out of the town, was rented, as the only house that could afford even scanty accommodation; and one of the merriest chapters in the "Diary" of "the merry little Burney," relates to the shifts the royal family and suit were put to while sojourning therein. "The king," she tells us, "was the only man that slept in the house;" all the male attendants were lodged in different parts of the town. "The Royals," as she humorously calls them, were forced to take all their meals in one room; and when the Duke of York came to pay his royal father a visit, the wooden house was carried from the other side of the town, and planted upon Bays' Hill, contiguous to the royal palace. As for the maids of honor, they were obliged to take tea in one of the passages, and to make the hall their audience-chamber; and all who have read the "Diary," will remember the flirtations of the pleasant little Burney with Mr. Farley, and their surreptitious readings of Akenside, and Falconer's "Shipwreck." The waters having, as was reported, much improved the king's health, the fount at which he had quaffed, was re-christened the Royal Old Wells, and the fortune of Cheltenham was at once made. Year by year it became a more fashionable place of resort, and in 1797, the inhabitants had increased to 2,700, and the houses to 530, or nearly double the number it contained in 1666. Since then, especially in the present century, the increase has been remarkably rapid. In 1804, it contained 710 houses, and 3,076 inhabitants. It is supposed, that at this present time, (1854), that the inhabitants number more than 40,000.

Among the interesting places in the neighborhood of Cheltenham, is Sudeley Castle, about a mile south by east of the little town of Winchcomb, seven miles from Cheltenham. The drive to that spot is through the most charming hill-country imaginable. The castle was built in the reign of Henry VI, by Ralph Lord Boteler, on the site of a more ancient castle. It is still imposing in size, and before it was ruined in the civil wars, it must have extended over a large space of ground. It has been purchased lately by two gentlemen, who have restored much of it to its original condition, and enriched its interior with a large portion of Horace Walpole's collection from Strawberry Hill, and with many valuable historical pictures. One very interesting association connected with this stronghold is, that it contained some years since the remains of Catherine Parr, the surviving queen of Henry VIII. She married Lord Seymour, of Sudeley Castle, in 1548, and died in child-birth, as it was alleged, but not without strong suspicion of having been poisoned by her husband In 1782, her coffin was opened, and the body found in a most perfect state of preservation: a few years later, however, a company of drunken brutes dug up her remains in the dead of the night and mutilated them; and she now lies interred in the parish church, a plain stone being all that marks her resting-place.

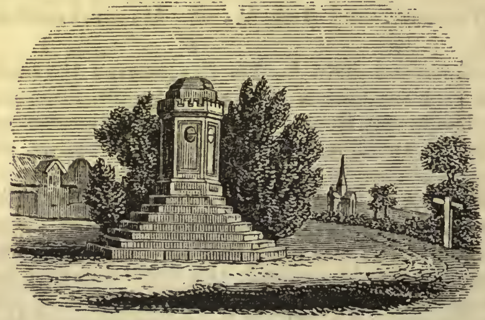
HEREFORD, WORCESTER, AND SHREWSBURY.

Hereford, the capital of the county of the same name, stands on the banks of the river Wye. It is a place of great antiquity, being a military station among the Saxons. Strongly fortified and situated on the borders of Wales, it was for a long period a seat of war in the contests between the rival countries. It is situated thirty-two miles from Worcester and 136 W. N. W. of London. Population about 11,000

The peculiar customs and tenures held in this city, during the early ages, were of so interesting a character, that we give the following abridged extract from the Doomsday Book, which conveys an excellent idea of the difference in the value of money at that period and at the present time.

Hereford was, during the reign of Edward the Confessor, governed by an officer or bailiff appointed by the crown, whose consent it was necessary to obtain before any inhabitant could leave the city: he might then sell his house to any person who would perform the usual service; but one-third part of the price given was paid to the king's officer. If any inhabitant was unable through poverty to discharge the accustomed dues to the crown, his house became forfeited, and the bailiff was to provide another tenant, and take care that the dues were collected. The owner of an entire dwelling-house within the walls, paid sevenpence farthing annually, besides fourpence towards providing war-horses: he was also obliged to mow grass in the king's manor of Marden, in the month of August, and to attend one other day when ordered by the sheriff, to collect hay together. He who kept a horse, attended the sheriff, three times in the year, to the hundred courts, and to that of Wormelow. When the king hunted in Haywood Forest, every house was to furnish one man to assist in taking the game. Other inhabitants not possessing entire dwelling-houses, provided door-keepers for the hall whenever the king attended in person. On the death of any one who had served with a war-horse, the king was entitled to his horse; where no horse was kept, ten shillings were paid to the king, or, in default, possession was taken of his house and lands: if any one died without having disposed of his effects, the whole became the property of the crown.

These customs prevailed within the walls: those in the suburbs were similar, except that in the latter, the owner of the house paid only threepence farthing. Other regulations were common to both: and when the wife of any inhabitant brewed, twopence was paid by ancient custom. There were six smiths, and each of them paid one penny for his forge, and furnished 120 ferra from the king's iron, for which each was paid threepence, nor were they subject to any other service. There were also seven moneyers, one of whom belonged to the bishop. When a coinage took place, every moneyer paid eighteen pence for the liberty of procuring bullion; and on their return with it, each paid twenty shillings daily to the king during one month; and the bishop's moneyer paid the same to the bishop. When the king came to Hereford, the moneyers coined as much as he ordered; but the king furnished the silver to make it: each of the moneyers enjoyed the privileges of *sac* and *soke*, by which they were exempted from the customary payments. On the death of either of the king's moneyers, twenty shillings were paid to the crown as a relief; but if he died without having disposed of his effects, the king, as in other cases, took possession of the whole. If the sheriff went into Wales, the moneyers attended him; and every one of them refusing to go after summons to that effect, paid a fine of forty shillings to the king.


White-Cross, Hereford.

About one mile northwestward from the city, on an angle of the road formed by its branching off in two directions, the one towards Stretford-bridge, the other towards Hay, is the remains of a stone cross, locally termed the "white-cross." The base consists of an hexagonal flight of seven steps, measuring ten feet each in length at the bottom, and gradually decreasing in length, each step being eleven inches in height and twelve in breadth. The first and only remaining stage of the shaft is also hexagonal, its height being six feet, and the breadth of each face two feet. Above is an embattled parapet, with the mouldings and base of a second division of the shaft; but this has long since disappeared.

A view of this cross is given in the engraving above, which conveys a very good idea of its present appearance, and also of its local situation.

Tradition ascribes the erection of this cross to bishop Cantilupe, who, according to the legend, was returning from his palace at Sugwas towards Hereford, when the bells of his cathedral commenced ringing, without any human agency; and in commemoration of so miraculous an event, he caused a cross to be built on the spot where the sounds had first attracted his notice.

Worcester, the capital of the county of the same name, is situated at the east side of the river Severn, 36 miles north-east of Bristol, 111 north-west of London. Population upwards of 26,000. This place belonged to the kingdom of Mercia, and was the seat of a viceroy. In the early part of king Alfred's reign, the city was ruined by the Danes; it was, however, rebuilt in 894. Worcester, during the period of its eventful history, has suffered much from various wars, pestilence, and fires. During the civil wars between Charles I, and the Parliament, the devoted adherance of Worcester to the royal cause, gives it a prominent place in the general history of that period. It was the first city that openly declared for the king, and it was the last place where a battle was fought; for here it was that the Second Charles made a last stand for the crown. The day was Cromwell's; he gained possession of the town, and Charles narrowly escaped by the back door of the house in which he was quartered, while Colonel Cobbet was entering at the front to make him prisoner.

The principal object of attraction in Worcester, is its Cathedral, in which is the monument of King John, and many other distinguished persons of their day. The see was founded in 680, by Ethelred, King of Mercia, and the first cathedral of St. Peter, was probably erected about that period. The present structure was finished in 1089, by St. Wulstan. It is recorded that when Bishop Wulstan saw the workmen pulling down the remains of the cathedral, he wept. One of his attendants expostulated with him, reminding him he ought rather to rejoice, as he was preparing in its place an edifice of greater splendor, and more proportioned to the large number of his monks. He replied, "I think far otherwise: we poor wretches destroy the works of our forefathers, only to get praise to ourselves: that happy age of holy men knew not how to build stately churches, but under any roof they offered up living temples unto God, and by their examples incited those under their care to do the same; but we, on the contrary, neglecting the care of souls, labor to heap up stones."

Shrewsbury, the capital of the county of Shropshire, is 154 miles north-west of London. Population about 22,000. The town lies nearly in the center of the county, situated on two gentle declivities, and is formed by the winding of the Severn into a peninsula, somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe, having an isthmus not more than 300 yards across. Shrewsbury is supposed to have been first occupied or built sometime in the fifth century, as an asylum for the fugitive Britons from the devastation of their Saxon invaders.

The British named the place *Pengevern;* the Saxons *Scrobbes-byrig:* both are synonymous, importing a fenced eminence, covered with shrubs. The ancient Welsh called it—and do so to this day—*Ammwythig*, "the Delight." The Normans, *Sciropesberie*, and subsequently, *Salopesberie* and *Schrosbury*, from whence is formed its present name—Shrewsbury and Salop. Leland thus beautifully explains the etymology :—

Built on a hill, fair Salop greets the eye,
While Severn, like an eel, curves gliding by:
Two bridges cross the bark-conveying stream,
And British alders gave the town a name.

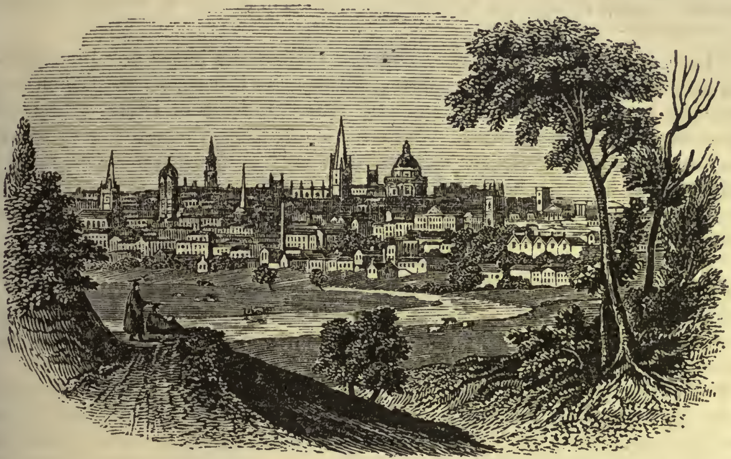
The town has been the scene of some of the most interesting events in history, and has been a place of importance from the earliest ages. In the time of Edward the Confessor, it had five churches. Roger de Montgomery, a kinsman of William the Conqueror, built a large castle here, in place of one destroyed by the Anglo-Saxon insurgents, and the Welsh, who burned the town in 1068. The town and castle were surrendered to Henry I; they were besieged in Stephen's wars, re-taken by Henry, son of Maud, afterwards Henry II, who gave the town a charter; but the earliest charter extant, is of Richard I. In the wars between the English and the Welsh, the town was an important rendezvous; and in 1283, a Parliament was held here. Edward I resided here in 1277; and September 30, 1283 was held here a Parliament, "the first national convention in which the Commons had any share by legal authority." In 1398–9, Richard II adjourned from Westminster here, his "Great Parliament." The next great event was the memorable battle of Shrewsbury, July 22, 1403, fought about three miles distant from the castle, at a place called Battlefield. The Queen of Edward IV resided at Shrewsbury; and in Shrewsbury, Richmond was first proclaimed king (Henry VII.) In the civil wars of Charles I, Shrewsbury contributed money and plate to recruit the royal forces, but the town was surprised and taken by the Parliamentarians in 1644.

Among the public buildings is the Royal Free Grammar School, founded by Edward VI; and where in the time of Elizabeth, was educated the gallant Sidney, "the miracle of the age." It is built of free stone, in the Italianized Tudor style.

OXFORD.

The city of Oxford, which is likewise the County town, is perhaps one of the most remarkable and picturesque cities in Europe. The neighboring country has long been admired by the lovers of nature and historical antiquity. The large proportion of ground covered by the University, its public buildings, the various colleges, the majestic spires, domes, towers, and gardens, are very striking to the stranger who visits the place. The city is seated on a gentle eminence, near the junction of the rivers Isis and Cherwell, fifty-four miles north-west from London. Population about 26,000.

Oxford is of remote antiquity and has been the scene of important events in history. In 1142, the Empress Matilda was besieged within its walls by king Stephen. The garrison having been reduced to the last extremity for want of provisions, Matilda, taking advantage of the darkness of the night, clad herself and her four knights in white linen, and effected her escape over the ice, and through the snow, which at that time the place was surrounded. During the civil wars, Oxford was distinguished for its loyal attachment to the king. After the battle of Edge-hill, Charles I, with his two sons, and Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, his nephews, came to Oxford. His majesty, with his court and army, entered the city October 29th, 1642, and he may be said to have made it his head-quarters till he delivered himself up to the Scots at Newark in 1646. The attachment of the inhabitants to the Stuart family was firm to the last.



View of the City of Oxford.

The University is of very high antiquity. It has been contended that there were schools here in the British and Saxon times, and that king Alfred only restored those already gone to decay by the barbarity of the times. It is, however, sufficient to say, that the University of Oxford has been known and recognized as such for a long succession of ages, and governed by laws and regulations, and endowed with privileges and immunities, which were acknowledged by the sovereign and the courts of law during a period of many centuries. In process of time these regulations became confused and contradictory, and it was not till the Chancellorship of Archbishop Laud, that a well digested body of statutes was compiled.

The University of Oxford consists of a number of Colleges and Halls, acting together in a corporate capacity, under the title of "The Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Oxford." The Colleges are incorporated bodies, endowed by their founders and others with estates and benefices; out of the revenue arising from the estates, as well as other resources. The Heads, and Senior and Junior members *on the Foundation*, receive an income, and the expenses of the colleges are defrayed. Members *not on the Foundation*, called Independent Members, reside entirely at their own expense.

The Dependent Members, or those on the foundation, consist of the Heads, Fellows, (called Students at Christ Church,) Scholars, (called Demies at Magdalen, and Postmasters at Merton,) Chaplains, Bible-clerks, Servitors, and Choristers: these have a portion of the revenue of their College. The senior members are appointed Tutors, and receive classes of students at their apartments, to prepare them for public examination; the Chaplains and Bible-clerks perform Divine Service; the Servitors formerly waited at table. The Independent members comprehend the noblemen, gentlemen, and fellow-commoners, and commoners, all of whom reside at their own expense; some, however, are assisted by grants of money, termed in University language, "Exhibitions;" many of the most valuable of which are in the gift of the principal London companies.

There are nineteen Colleges and five Halls; the latter not incorporated bodies, but enjoying the same privileges as the colleges. Each college and hall has a resident governor, under the titles of Dean, Principal, President, Provost, Rector, Warden, or Master; these are assisted in the government of their respective societies by the senior members on the foundation, who hold the offices of Dean, Censor, &c., while the financial business of the society is intrusted to one or more Bursars, or Treasurers of the college, who receive all dues and pay all demands.

The Heads of the Colleges and Halls, and Canons of Christ Church, have the privilege of marrying; they have houses, or, as they are usually termed, lodgings, in or attached to their establishments. Independent students are sometimes married, but in that case, they enter at one of the Halls and reside in private lodgings.

Each student has a bed-room, and one or two sitting-rooms, furnished at his own expense, for which, if not on the foundation, he pays rent to the College. Prayers are read in the various Chapels three times in each day, and every member is expected to attended a certain number of services during the week. Each Society has a Hall or Refectory, in which the whole of the Society assembles to dine; and a Common Room to which the members afterwards retire.

The College gates, throughout the University, are shut at nine o'clock, after which time all junior members entering the gates, or, as it is technically called, "knocking in," are reported to the College authorities, who, if very late, reprove them and give them a literary task, entitled an "*Imposition.*" Great offenses are punished by rustication, (*i. e.* being sent from College for a time,) or expulsion.

The Chancellor is the supreme Governor of the University, but he only appears officially, on particular occasions; as does the High Steward, whose duty is to assist the Chancellor in the administration of justice on certain grave occasions. The chief resident officer is the Vice-Chancellor, (who is always the Head of the College, nominated by the Chancellor, and holding office for four years;) he, in conjuction with the Proctors,* who are the Peace Officers of the University, are elected annually, from the Fellows of the several colleges in rotation, presides over the assembly of the heads of Colleges and Halls, and senior members of the colleges, which meeting is called a Convocation: the proceedings of this Assembly are conducted in Latin, except on extraordinary occasions. This body has power to make laws for the whole University; it being understood that every measure must, previously to being proposed to Convocation, have the approbation of the Hebdomadal Board, which consists of the Heads of Colleges and Halls, and the two Proctors only.

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* The office of the Proctors is one of great power and distinction. The question of the nature of the discipline by which the Students in earlier times were regulated, in their Halls or Inns, must be left to conjecture, in consequence of the deficiency of authentic records to establish a certainty. It is most probable that they recognized the authority of a principal appointed by the Chancellor of the University, who was invested with sufficient power to maintain due order; but, in consequence of the desultory method of education, the increase of Students, attracted by the fame of the place, was so great, numbering at one period over 20,000, who flocked to Oxford from all parts of Europe, that the Chancellor found his own individual authority insufficient for the preservation of the public peace. Frequent tumults took place between the scholars and townspeople, often attended with severe results. The most dreadful of these dire conflicts took place during the reign of Edward the Third; it commenced on the Feast of St. Scholastica, the 10th of February, 1354, and continued for three days. The quarrel began at a tavern styled "The Mermaid," situated at a spot called "Pennyless," or "Butter Bench,"

The University sends two representatives to Parliament, who are elected at a public Convocation of the Doctors and Regent Masters of Arts.

The members of the University, previous to obtaining a Degree, are called Undergraduates; they have to undergo two examinations, before the Public Examining Masters, before any degree can be taken; the first examination called the ***Responsions***, but more commonly by the undergraduates, the "*Little Go;*" and the succeeding, the ***Public Examination***, or as it is termed in the University language, the "*Great Go.*" Responsions take place from the sixth to the ninth term of the student's residence; this examination includes the Classics and Logic, or the elements of Euclid. The Public examination must be undergone soon after entering the fourth year of residence, and consists of exercises in the rudiments of Religion, including a knowledge of the Gospels in the original Greek, the Classics, Rhetoric, Moral Philosophy, Logic, and Latin Composition; to which the candidate, who is seeking honors, adds Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. The names of the members who have passed the public examination are printed and arranged under four heads,

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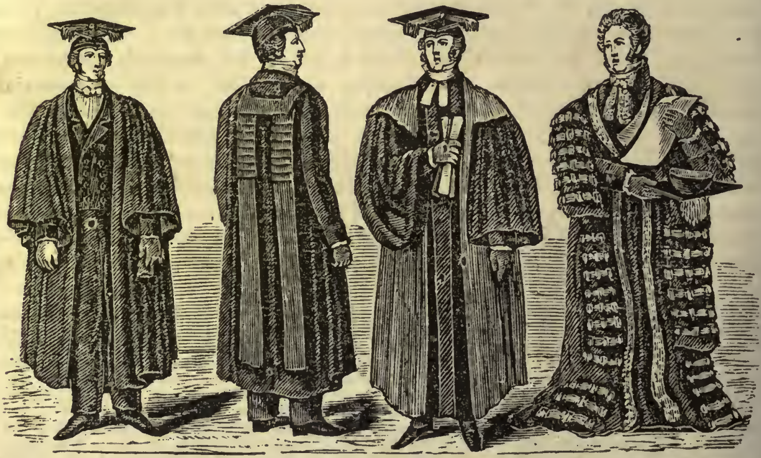
near the east end of Old Carfax Church, between John de Croydon, the landlord, and some scholars who were drinking wine there. On the second evening, the townsmen called in the country people to their assistance, and thus completely overpowered the scholars, a great number of the latter being killed and wounded, the streets wherein the tumult took place, being said to have been covered with blood. But serious consequences resulted to the citizens from this outrage: they were debarred the rights and consolations of the Church; their privileges were greatly narrowed; heavy fines were inflicted on them; and the annual performance of certain penitential observances from the civic to the University authorities enjoined, which were, however, abolished by the University in the year 1825. To prevent the recurrence of such atrocious scenes, it was considered necessary to add to the power of the Chancellor; charters upon charters were granted for this purpose; and at length two officers, termed Proctors, were therefore connected with him, as magistrates, to assist in keeping the younger students within the bounds of prudence and decency. Their power continues to the present day, but greatly increased, and aided by that of the Marshal and Police of the University, who act under their control; and every evening about nine o'clock, at which time it is requisite that all junior members should be in College, they may be seen carefully noting the members who pass them, and carrying into effect the duties of their office, constituting as they do the civil magistracy of the University. To add to the dignity of the Chancellor's office, whenever himself or his deputy appeared in the execution of his duties, he was preceded by Bedels, a custom continued at the present time. These are six in number; three Esquire, and three Yeomen Bedels, who carry before them staves or maces as symbols of authority. There is also another officer, called a Verger, who, like the Bedels, carries a handsome silver staff or mace before him. The following Latin inscriptions are legible on the maces:—*Divinity*, Ego sum via et veritas—*Medicine and Arts*, Ego sum via, vita, et veritas: Columna Philosophiæ, Scientiæ, et Mores—*Law*, Æquum et bonum columnæ Justitiæ. The letters on the base are inverted; because in the presence of majesty, whenever the sovereign visits the University, and then only, the broad or obtuse ends of the maces are carried upwards by way of difference. As the emergencies of the University required, the Chancellor was relieved by the addition of fresh officers. The duty of his Steward or Seneschallus, was formerly to allot the provision for the junior students, but the office has now entirely changed its character, is usually held by a person of high family, and is almost a sinecure, the only duties of his office being, if required by the Chancellor, to hear and determine capital causes, whenever a scholar or privileged person is the offending party, and to hold the University Court Leet, by himself or deputy, at the appointment of the Chancellor or Vice-Chancellor. The public orator, whose office was established in 1564, has to write letters and compose public addresses, and, as the voice of the University, to deliver harangues at the reception of illustrious visitors. The office of the Keeper of the Public Archives was instituted in 1634, for the preservation of the University records, to be produced when the rights and privileges of the University are called into question. The University Registrar attends all the meetings, records the acts, receives the rents, and conducts all the corporate business of the University. The two Proctors of the Vice-Chancellor's Court are the legal advocates in all matters coming under the jurisdiction of that Court. The University appoints two Clerks of the Market, who have to examine the quality and price of provision, and attend to the weights and measures used in the market. These constitute the principal governing Members of the University.

termed *Classes.* Those who have distinguished themselves are placed in one of the four classes, and those who have passed only an ordinary examination are entitled to a degree, but their names are not published. Those who are found imperfect, the Examiners reject—or "*Pluck.*" The first degree is Bachelor of Arts, from thence proceeding to Master of Arts, thence to Bachelor in Divinity, or Civil Law, and finally to that of Doctor in either of those faculties.

A gentleman to be admitted a member of the University, must wait on the Vice-Chancellor, and inform him whether he is the son of a nobleman, baronet, gentleman, or plebeian; subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles; pay his entrance or matriculation fee, and take an oath of obedience to the Statutes of the University, a copy of which he receives at the time of admission.



Oxford University Costumes.

1.—Scholar, (first figure on the left.) 2.—Commoner. 3.—Doctor of Divinity in his dress gown. 4.—Chancellor of Oxford University in his dress robe.

The members of the University wear dresses according to their rank and degree. The Doctor in Divinity has three academical dresses; the first consists of a gown of scarlet cloth, with black velvet sleeves and facings, a cassock, sash, and scarf; the second is a habit of scarlet cloth, and a hood of the same color, lined with black, and a black silk scarf; the Master of Arts' gown is worn under his dress. The third, which is the usual dress in which a Doctor in Divinity appears, is a Master of Arts' gown, with cassock, sash, and scarf.

Graduates in Law and Physic wear dresses nearly alike. The Doctor has three—the first is a gown of scarlet cloth, with pink silk facings and sleeves, and a round cap of black velvet; the second consists of a habit and hood of scarlet cloth, the hood lined, and the habit lined with pink silk; this habit is seldom used, except by the Professors, and in presenting to degrees. The third, or usual dress of a Doctor in Law or Physic, is a black silk gown, richly ornamented with black lace; the hood of the Bachelor in Law, worn as a dress, is of purple silk, lined with fur.

The dress worn by the Doctor of Music, on public occasions, is of white damask silk, with hood, facings, and sleeves of crimson satin, and a round cap of black velvet. The ordinary dresses of Doctor and Bachelor in Music are similar to those of Law and Physic.

The dress of a Master of Arts is a black gown, made of Prince's stuff or crape, with long sleeves, having a circular cut at the bottom; the hood is of black silk, lined with crimson.

The gown of a Bachelor of Arts is of Prince's stuff, or crape, has a full sleeve, looped up at the elbow, which terminates with a point; the head-dress is of black silk, trimmed with fur. Noblemen and Gentlemen-Commoners, who graduate as Bachelors and Masters of Arts, wear silk gowns.

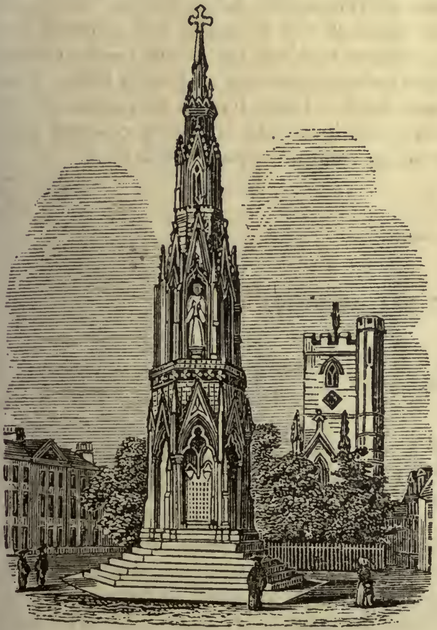
Noblemen have two dresses: the first is a gown of purple damask silk, ornamented with gold lace, which is worn on public occasions; the second is of black silk. with full sleeves, and a tippet attached to the shoulders; a square black velvet cap, with gold tassel, is worn with these dresses.

The dress gown of the Gentleman-Commoner is of black silk, richly ornamented with silk tassels; the undress gown is also of black silk, plaited at the sleeves; with both these dresses is worn a square black velvet cap, with silk tassel.

The Commoner wears a gown of black Prince's stuff, without sleeves, it has a broad strip from each shoulder, reaching to the bottom of the dress, which are gathered into plaits near the top; a square black cloth cap, with silk tassel.

A Civilian or Student in Civil Law, wears a plain black silk gown, square cloth cap, with silk tassel. Members on any foundation, who have not taken a degree, wear a plain black gown of Prince's stuff, with full sleeves, half the length of the gown, and a square black cloth cap, with silk tassel.

The Chancellor's dress-robe is of black damask silk, splendidly ornamented with gold embroidery, a lace band, and square velvet cap, with gold tassel; his undress-robe is the same as the gown of a Doctor in Divinity.



Martyr's Monument, Oxford.

The annexed engraving is a view of the "Martyrs' Monument" in Oxford, erected in 1841, in memory of the martyred prelates, Archbishop Cranmer, and the Bishops Latimer and Ridley, who suffered near this spot. The monument is seventy-three feet in height, and is in the style of the Cross near Waltham Abbey, erected by Edward the First, in honor of his Queen Eleanor. The carved figures of the martyrs appear on the monument, with appropriate emblems. The following is the inscription seen on the north face of the basement story;

> "To the glory of God, and in grateful commemoration of his servants, Thomas Cranmer, Nicholas Ridley, Hugh Latimer, prelates of the Church of England, who, near this spot, yielded their bodies to be burned; bearing witness to the sacred truths which they had affirmed and maintained against the errors of the Church of Rome; and rejoicing that to them it was given not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for his sake. This monument was erected by public subscription, in the year of our Lord God, 1841."

In St. Mary Magdalene Church, (the tower of which is seen in the engraving) is the "Martyr's Aisle," commemorative of the martyrs in its external decorations. In the sunk pannels of the buttresses are the armorial bearings of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, with those of their respective sees, and into the cornice, (upon bosses of foliage,) the initials of their names—also emblematic devices, such as the hand of Cranmer, in the flames, a paten and chalice, with the wheat-ear and vine-branch, an open Bible, a fire-brand and crozier *saltier ;* and, in like manner, the palm of triumph crossed by the fire-brand of torture. The commemorative devices on the monument are, (over Archbishop Cranmer's statue,) the pelican, allusive to the saying of Henry VIII, when he changed the Archbishop's arms from three cranes to three pelicans, "that he should be ready, as the pelican, to shed his blood for his young ones." The panel below exhibits his arms coupled with those of the see of Canterbury. In the front of the canopy, over Bishop Ridley's statue, there are two firebrands *saltier* with a mitre over them, and on the panel below, his family arms, with those of the see of London ; in like manner, in the front of the canopy, over Bishop Latimer, there are two palm-branches *saltier*, overlaying a fire-brand, the whole surmounted by a crown of glory ; his family arms, with those of the see of Worcester, being laid on the panel below. The three intermediate sides of the hexagon are charged respectively with the following expressive symbols on shields :—the crown of thorns and crown of glory—the sacramental cup and open bible, (two of the greatest blessings obtained for the Laity by the triumphs of the martyred Bishops,) two crossed palm-branches and two crossed firebrands : these devices in *saltier* being each on separate shields.*

JOHN HAMPDEN.

Yo^{r} Servant
Jo Hampden

John Hampden's Signature.

JOHN HAMPDEN was born in London, in 1594, and at an early age was entered as a gentleman-commoner at Magdalene College, Oxford. After an abode of three years in that university, he took chambers in one of the inns of court, and applied diligently to the study of the law. He had made considerable progress in this and other studies, when the death of his father put him in possession of an ample estate. For some time he indulged himself in the unrestrained course of life usual to country gentlemen; till at length the serious aspect of the times, and probably his personal connections, brought him to a greater strictness of conduct; still, however, without altering the cheerfulness and affability of his natural disposition. He was cousin-german, by the mother's side, to Oliver Cromwell, and with him attached himself to the party in opposition to the court. He entered into public life in 1626, as a member of the second parliament under Charles I.

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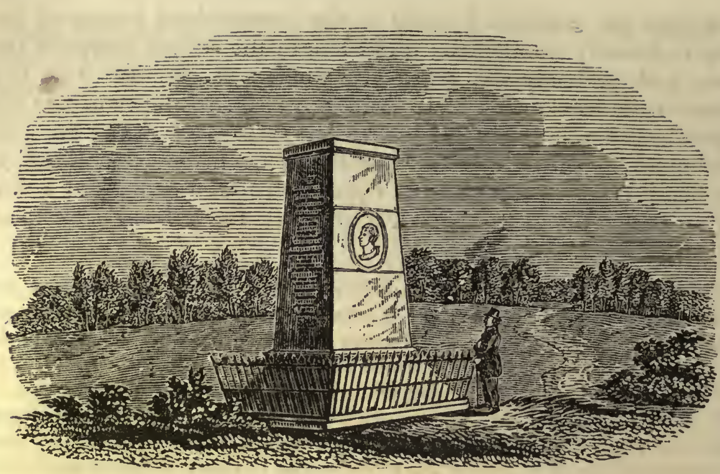
* On our visit to Oxford, we were shown the Room, or Hall, where Latimer and Ridley were tried for their lives, the door of the prison in which they were confined, and the identical spot in the street, in the vicinity of the monument, where they were burned at the stake.

About this time he married a lady of the name of Foley, then the widow of E. Knightley, Esq., of Northamptonshire. For some years, though an uniform opposer of arbitrary practices in church and state, he acted no very distinguished part in parliament. He was, however, so determinate in the cause of liberty, that he was one of those, who, in 1637, had engaged a ship to expatriate themselves to New England, rather than submit to the tyrannical proceedings of the star-chamber and ecclesiastical courts. Hume has endeavored to throw ridicule upon this resolution of the parliamentary chiefs, as being founded upon the mere desire "of enjoying lectures and discourses of any length or form which pleased them;" and asks, if from this fact "any one can doubt that the ensuing quarrel was almost entirely theological, not political?" The question, with regard to Hampden, is answered by the famous transaction in which he was engaged immediately after the prohibition of this intended emigration. This was, his resistance to the illegal demand of ship-money; concerning which action even Lord Clarendon says, that "he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who, and what he was, that durst, at his own expense and peril, support the liberty and property of the kingdom, and rescue his country, as he thought, from being made a prey to the court." It was after the declaration of the judges in favor of the king's right to levy ship-money, that Hampden refused the payment. He was prosecuted in the court of Exchequer, and he himself, with his counsel, for twelve days together, argued the case against the crown lawyers before the twelve judges. It was decided against him by eight of the number; but the victory, in the popular opinion, was on his side; and his reputation was raised to such a height by this noble struggle, that he thenceforth received the appellation of *Patriot Hampden;* a title which, so far, seems generally to be admitted to have been his just due. His temper and modesty on this great occasion did him as much credit as his firmness and perseverance.

From this period he was a leading man in the great contest between the crown and the people; and, according to Lord Clarendon, "his power and interest were greater to do good or hurt than any man's in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath had in any time." He was a member of the long parliament, and was appointed to watch the king's motions in Scotland, and to treat on the part of the parliament with that nation. He was also of the committee for preparing the charge against Lord Strafford, and arranging the evidence. When a scheme took place for admitting some of the popular party into the ministry, the post of preceptor to the young prince was designed for Hampden, which seems to prove that he was esteemed for his literary talents, as well as



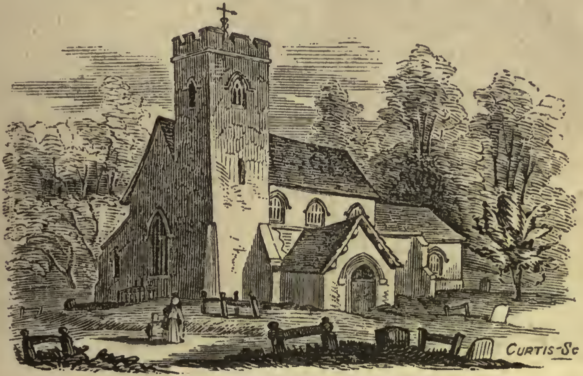
Hampden's Monument, Chalgrove.

for the purity of his character. This intention was not brought to effect; the breach afterwards widened, and his parliamentary conduct became so obnoxious to royalty, that he was one of the five members whom, in 1640, the king so imprudently caused to be accused of high treason, and attempted in person to seize in the house. When the appeal was made to the sword, it could not be doubted which side Hampden would take. He accepted the command of a regiment of foot in the parliament army, under the Earl of Essex; but his military career only permitted him to make a brief display of the same courage in the field which he had shown in civil debate. Prince Rupert having beat up the quarters of the parliament troops near Thame, in Oxfordshire, on June 18, 1643, Hampden eagerly joined a few cavalry who were rallied in haste, and proceeded to Chalgrovefield, where the enemy faced about. The rest of the officers would have waited for a reinforcement; but Hampden persuaded them to advance. In the skirmish which ensued, he received a shot in the shoulder which broke the bone; and after suffering extreme pain for six days, his wound proved fatal on the twenty-fourth of that month. It is said that the king testified his respect for him, by sending his own physician to visit him, and offering the aid of his surgeon.

In 1843, a monument was erected to his memory on Chalgrovefield, about twelve miles from Oxford. On the northern side of the monument is the following inscription from the pen of Lord Nugent:

> "Here, in this field of Chalgrove, John Hampden, after an able and strenuous, but unsuccessful resistance in Parliament, and before the Judges of the Land, to the measures of an arbitrary Court, first took arms, assembling the levies of the associated Counties of Buckingham and Oxford, in 1642; and here, within a few paces of this spot, he received the wound of which he died while fighting in defense of the free Monarchy and ancient liberties of England, June 18, 1643. In the two hundredth year from that day, this stone was raised in reverence to his memory."

On the west side are the arms of the Hampden family, and on the south the names of the principal subscribers to the memorial. The eastern side has a recess, in which are inserted a medallion bust of John Hampden, with his name underneath, and the family motto, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*," above.*



Great Hampden Church.

The above is a view of Great Hampden Church, in which the patriot's remains were interrred. It is a good specimen of an old English house of worship, consisting of a naive with side aisles and chancel. In this is a monument erected by Hampden, to the memory of his wife, with the following inscription:

> "To the eternal memory of the very truly vertuous and pious ELIZABETH HAMPDEN, wife of John Hampden, of Great Hampden, Esquier, sole daughter and heir of Edward Symeon, of Pyrton, in the County of Oxon, Esqr., the tender mother of an happy offspring in (of) nine hopefull children. In her pilgrimage the staie and comfort of her neighbours, the joy and glory of a well ordered family, the delight and happiness of tender parents, but a crowne of blessings to her husband. In a wife, to all an eternal patterne of goodness and cause of joye, whilst she was in her dissolution a valuable loss to each, yet herself blesst, and they fully recompensed in a translation from a tabernacle of claye and fellowshipp of mortals to a celestial mansion and communion with a Deity, the 10 day of August, 1634. John Hampden, her sorrowfull husband, in perpetual testimony of his conjugal love, hath dedicated this monument."

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* At the time of his funeral, such of the soldiers of the Parliament as could be spared from the several adjacent quarters of the army, were gathered together to accompany the corpse of their honored leader to his grave, in Hampden Church; they marched to the sad music of the muffled drum, and with reversed arms, through the lanes and over the hills of the Chilterns; as they conducted the body to the grave, the soldiers chanted the ninetieth psalm:

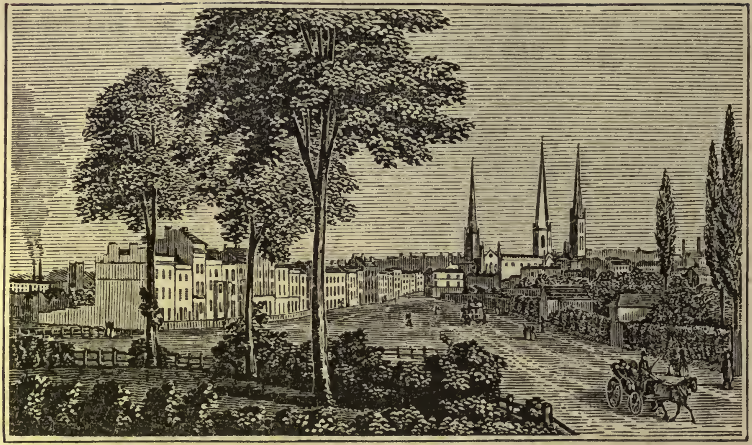
"In the morning they are like grass which groweth up: in the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth."

On their return from the interment, they sung the forty-third psalm:

"Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation. O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

COVENTRY.



View of Coventry, from the Railway Station.

Coventry is for the most part eligibly situated on a gentle eminence rising from the center of a valley, watered by the beautiful rivers Sherbourne and Radford brook, which unite within the town. It is nearly in the center of England, on a tract of about 300 feet above the level of the sea; the surface of the surrounding country is undulating, being beautifully diversified by numerous small spots of wood-land. The town is irregularly built, many of the older houses being constructed in the style of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, formed with a ponderous timber frame-work, filled up with brick and plaster, and the upper stories over each other into the streets. The principal business of the place is the manufacture of ribbons, and watches. The total number of persons engaged in the ribbon trade in the city cannot be less than from 5,000 to 6,000. The population of Coventry is upwards of 30,000: distant from London, ninety-four miles. The town, as it is entered from the Railway station, presents a very neat appearance; a beautiful nursery, consisting of various kinds of trees, plants, &c., is the first object noticed by the traveler. This town was the birth-place of John Davenport, son of the mayor of the city, and one of the founders of the New Haven colony, in Connecticut. In the central part of the town, at a corner building, is a kind of military looking wooden figure, called "Peeping Tom," with distended eyes, looking out from a window in the second story, looking, as the tradition says, at Lady Godiva, as she was passing, unclothed, on horseback, through the city at noon-day. The following account is from a recent history of Coventry:

Even as early as the ninth century of the Christian era, it is certain that an important convent of nuns existed here, and which, as Leland states, was founded by king Canute. Touching this house of nuns, Dugdale says, "I find that in the year of Christ 1016, that infamous traytor, Edricus, invaded Mercia with an army, burnt and wasted various towns in Warwickshire, at which time the said house of nuns, whereof St. Osburg, a holy virgin, had been sometimes abbess, was destroyed."

It was on the ruins of this convent that Leofric, the fifth Earl of Mercia, conjointly with his Countess Godiva, in the year 1044, and in the reign of Edward the Confessor, founded, and richly endowed the monastery for Benedictine monks; which, for the greatness of its revenues, and the splendor of its ornaments, was scarcely surpassed by any in the kingdom. On the nature of its embellishments, William of Malmsbury observes, that "it was enriched and beautified with so much gold and silver, that the walls seemed too narrow to contain it: insomuch that Robert de Limesi, (a mercenary bishop of the diocese in the time of king William Rufus,) scraped from one beam that supported the shrines, 500 marks of silver." Among the relics, and placed on a silver shrine, was an arm of St. Augustine, with an inscription, purporting "that it was purchased by Agelnethus, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1020, from the Pope at Rome, for the sum of one talent of silver and two hundred talents of gold."

But besides the religious benefactions of Leofric and Godiva, there is a more notable act ascribed to the noble lady, which Dugdale thus relates:

LADY GODIVA AND PEEPING TOM.

The Countess Godiva, bearing an extraordinary affection for this place, (Coventry,) often and earnestly besought her husband, that for the love of God and the blessed Virgin, he would free it from that grievous servitude whereunto it was subject; but he, rebuking her for importuning him in a matter inconsistent with his profit, commanded that she should henceforth forbear to move therein; yet she, out of her womanish pertinancy, continued to solicit him, insomuch that he told her, if she would consent to ride naked from one end of the town to the other, in the sight of all the people, he would grant her request. Whereupon she returned, "*But will you give me leave so to do?*" and he replying *yes*, the noble lady, upon an appointed day, got on horseback naked, with her hair loose, so that it covered all her body but the legs, and thus performing her journey returned with joy to her husband, who thereupon granted to the inhabitants a Charter of Freedom, which immunity I rather conceive to have been a kind of manumission from some servile tenure, whereby they then held what they had under this great Earl, than only a freedom from all manner of toll, except horses, as Knighton affirms: in memory whereof the picture of him and his said Lady were set up in a south window of Trinity Church, in this city, about Richard II's time, and his right hand holding a charter with these words written thereon:

"I Enriche for Love of thee
Doe make Coventre Tol-free."

Only some faint traces of these portraits and inscription now remain in the window of Trinity Church here pointed out. Time, and the love of fiction, have made a considerable addition to this account of the singular feat of Godiva in behalf of her favorite city; for upon it has been engrafted the story of "Peeping Tom," setting forth that, previous to Godiva's riding through the town, all persons were commanded to keep within doors, and from their windows, during her progress; but that a certain tailor, who must needs be peeping, looked out, upon which the lady's horse neighed, and the tailor paid for his curiosity and presumption by the loss of his sight. In conformity with this traditionary tale, a figure called "Peeping Tom" is placed at an opening in the upper part of a house now forming the corner of Hertford-street; and the remembrance of Godiva's regard is preserved by the occasional exhibition, during the Great Fair, of a long and showy procession, in the midst of which a female, representing the Countess, rides through the streets, adorned with long and flowing hair, and habited in a linen or silk dress, closely fitted to the body. This public exhibition of Lady Godiva in a procession, was first instituted in the reign of the licentious monarch Charles the Second. It will be found on a minute examination of the figure called *Peeping Tom*, that so far from its bearing any resemblance to the person and habit of a tailor, it is a very ancient full-length oak statue of a man in armor, with a helmet, (but now transformed into a cocked hat and wig,) on his head, greaves on his legs, and sandals on his feet; but to favor the posture of leaning out of a window, the arms have been cut off at the elbows. From the attitude in which it was originally carved, there is reason to believe that it was either intended for Mars, the fabulous god of war, or some other warlike chieftain. Certain it is, that such a figure was never exhibited in this habit and situation to resemble a mechanic.

The love of gorgeous shows, for which Coventry has always been celebrated, is inseparably connected with its history, as particularly attested in the records respecting its ancient mysteries or religious dramas, which were performed on movable stages, and consequently exhibited in various parts of the city. In these performances, which were got up chiefly by the Grey Friars on the day of Corpus Christi, were represented the nativity, crucifixion, the resurrection, day of judgment, and such like subjects, all acted out with such gravity and grandeur as to become worthy the attention of kings, queens, and nobles, who frequently attended as spectators. These extraordinary exhibitions sank into disuse with the dissolution of the monasteries, but only to give place to others of a different description, till finally the procession of Godiva at the show fair became predominant, and has retained its fascinating hold on the minds of the inhabitants, and thousands of others, up to the present day, and appears likely to continue so to do; for although a strenuous effort was made so lately as the year 1845, by the whole clergy of the city, and the major part of the municipal authorities, backed up by a remonstrance from the Bishop of the diocese, against the continuance of an usage alleged to be of so questionable a character, and so much at variance with the spirit of the age—all this resistance failed to defeat the popular resolution which had been taken to enforce the procession as usual. On this occasion, however, the style of the procession was so good as to afford no reasonable ground for objection to the observance of this ancient usage.

Until the passing of the Municipal Reform Act, the procession of Godiva at Coventry fair was customarily graced by the full-robed attendance of the mayor and corporation. The presence of the civic body, however, has of late years been superseded by a fictitious substitute, and by the introduction of many new, but very suitable personations, namely, Edward the Black Prince; King Henry VI and his Queen, Margaret of Anjou; Sir Thomas White; Sir William Dugdale, the Warwickshire historian; William and Adam Botoner, &c.

ROWLAND HILL.

Rowland Hill, the celebrated and somewhat eccentric preacher, was the sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, baronet of Hawkstone, in Shropshire, was born August 23d, 1745. When a child he exhibited a remarkable playful disposition, and exhibited those traits in his character which he in after life to some extent exhibited. When at a proper age he was entered at Eaton, where he was brought under religious impressions by the instrumentality of an elder brother. He next entered St. John's College, at Cambridge. While here he attended the ministry of Mr. Berridge. He soon began to hold meetings or preach in Cambridge and its vicinity, in which course he was encouraged by the celebrated George Whitefield.

On Mr. Hill's application for orders, six bishops refused their consent on account of his irregularities in sustaining "lay preaching." His deviations from the establishment, however, never led him to find fault with its articles or liturgy. While his case was undecided by the bishops, he was chiefly occupied in itinerent preaching, in which course he received much persecution. In 1773, he was ordained Deacon by Dr. Wills, the aged bishop of Bath and Wells, "without any promise or condition whatever." In 1782, Surry Chapel* was erected, in accordance with Mr. Hill's avowed design to erect a pulpit, "open to pious ministers of all denominations and of every country." Mr. Hill now had a regular congregation and a settled residence. The trustees of Surry Chapel paid him £300 a year, out of which "he boarded the supplies" who occupied his pulpit during his absence in the summer.

Mr. Hill was rather above the middle stature in height, and when young was remarkably thin, though wonderfully strong and active. His countenance was expressive of the complexion of his mind, and the play upon his lips, and piercing look of his small gray eyes denoted both intelligence and humor.† When between fifty and sixty years of age, his fine upright figure combined with a high-bred gentleman-like deportment caused him to be the subject of general admiration; and when the weight of eighty years rested on his head, his erect form was not bowed down, nor was the vigor of his mind impaired. "In his theological opinions," says his biographer, "he was the follower of no man, but drew his sermons fresh from a prayerful reading of the Bible, unpolluted by human traditions, unflavored by dogmas, and unadulterated by human traditions." He died April 2d, 1833, and was interred in Surry Chapel. A marble entableture surmounted by a bust of Mr. Hill is affixed, in front of the gallery, behind the pulpit, with the following inscription:—

> "To the Memory of the late Rev. Rowland Hill, A. M., formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge, and for half a century the zealous active and de-

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* This church was visited November 13th, 1853. It is a large octaginal building on the south, or Surry side of the Thames. The pastor, Mr. Sherman, preached an able and what is called an evangelical discourse on the temptation of Christ in the wilderness, to a congregation of perhaps two thousand persons. We were informed that they were *Independents* as to church government. The service of the established church was read at the commencement of the meeting, the officiating clergyman was dressed in his robes, and had two assistants, one on each side, the clerk and the reader in smaller pulpits.

† His courage was remarkable, and often awed his most violent opposers. His singularities also added much to his fame. He was once riding in a phaeton somewhere near London with Mrs. Hill, when they were attacked in the dark by two or three men who demanded their money. They had previously made a successful attack upon Mr. Whitefoot, his assistant, who preceded them in a gig. When they came to Mr. Hill, (and he used to laugh heartily when he told the story,) he set up such a tremendous unearthly shout, that one of them cried out, "We have stopped the devil by mistake, and had better be off," on which they ran away and left him and his wife in peaceable possession of the road. He used to say, "I stood up in the carriage and made all the outrageous noises I could think of, which frightened the fellows out of their wits, and away they scampered."

voted Minister of Surry Chapel. This tablet is erected rather in token of the grateful recollection of a revered pastor by his bereaved and mourning congregation, than as a tribute to the worth of one, the imperishable monuments of whose labors are the names written in heaven, of the multitudes led to God by his long and faithful ministry. His mortal remains were interred in this Chapel on the 19th of April, A. D. 1833. He was born on the 23d of August, 1744, and died on the 11th of April, 1833.

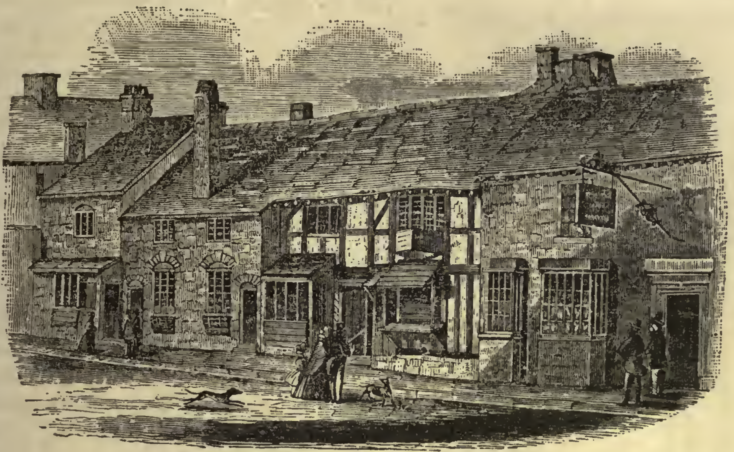
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON—SHAKESPEARE, &c.

Stratford-upon-Avon is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Avon, a small steam upon the south-west border of the county of Warwick, eight miles from Warwick, the nearest railroad station, and ninety-five north-west from London. Population about 6,000. The bridge over the Avon is the noblest one of the kind upon this classic river, having in the whole nineteen arches. The river is navigable to the bridge for vessels or barges of forty tons burthen. The plan and buildings of Stratford are more regular than most towns equally ancient. The town may be traced as remotely as three centuries before the Norman conquest, at which early period a monastary existed here under the superintendence of St. Egwin, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, and founded perhaps by the Saxons soon after their conversion to Christianity.

The principal object of attraction to strangers visiting Stratford, is the birth-place of Shakespeare. The house in which he was born is situated about the center of χenley-street, having its original front of timber and plaster, and a board announcing, "The Immortal Shakespeare was born in this house." Upon the death of John Shakespeare his two houses in Henley Street, descended to his son, William. Upon the death of the great poet the house in which he was born, came into the possession of his "sister, Joan," (Mrs. χart.) Since this period the house may have been somewhat altered in its appearance on the outside. About the beginning of the last century, the house in which Mrs. χart lived for a long period, was divided into two tenements, and one of them was opened as a butcher's shop, with the inscription,—

> William Shakespeare was born in this house.
> *N. B.*—A horse and taxed cart to let.

In September, 1847, the Shakespeare house was sold by an auction sale, to the Stratford and London Shakespeare Committees for the sum of £3000 amid the immense cheering of the assemblage collected on the occasion. The five books of the autographs of visitors were next sold for seventy guineas. A few lots of old furniture were then sold; among them was a spectacle case, and



Shakespeare's Birthplace.

a small carving of Shakespeare's monument stated to be from the mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare at the New Place. The lower room or butcher's shop is first entered by visitors, it is without furniture having a broken pavement, naked walls, and a small kind of a kitchen in the rear, with the ample fire place of olden times. Over the butcher's shop, and approached by a narrow timber staircase in the kitchen, is the celebrated chamber where Shakespeare is said to have been born. The walls of this chamber are literally covered with the names and other memorials of the numerous visitors to this hallowed spot, consecrated as the birth-place of the greatest genius of the age.*

The church (Holy Trinity) in which Shakespeare was buried, stands at the south-eastern extremity of the town, and is supposed to have been erected as early as the eleventh or twelfth century. The approach to this venerable structure from the town is by a paved walk under an avenue of arched lime trees.

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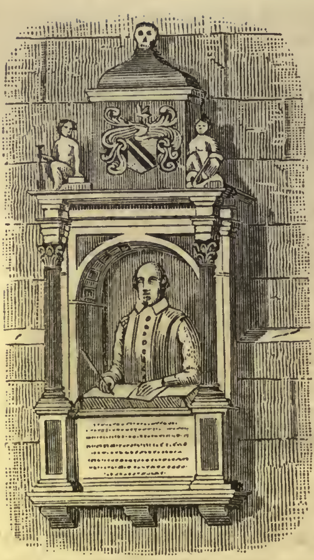
* At the time Stratford-upon-Avon was visited, October 28th, 1853, the premises were under the charge of an elderly lady employed, as we were informed, by the company now in possession. The ceiling is quite low, and the walls destitute of the wainscoting or hanging of tapestry with which, in the poet's time, they would have been covered. A few articles of furniture were, however, in the room, with a number of guide books, engravings, &c., for sale. Among the names of visitors who had inscribed their names, we observed those of Walter Scott, Schiller, the poet of Germany, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and many others known to fame. The following are said to have been written on the wall in the kitchen by Lucien Buonaparte about 1810. The room having been whitewashed it of course cannot now be seen.

The eye of Genius glistens to admire,
How Memory hails the sound of Shakespeare's lyre,
One tear I'll shed, to form a crystal shrine
For all that's grand, immortal, and divine.



Shakespeare's Monument.

The far-famed mural monument and bust are on the left of the chancel, immediately above the line of graves containing the remains of the poet, his daughter, Susanna, her husband, Dr. Hall, and their daughter, Lady Barnard; and, in all probability, many others of the family. The bust is of the size of life, and stands fixed under an arch between two Corinthian columns of black marble; upon the entablature are the arms of Shakespeare (surmounted by a skull), and two small figures sitting, one holding in his right hand a spade; and the other, whose eyes are closed, having in his left hand an inverted torch, and his right resting upon a skull. The sculptor of the monument, we gather from Mr. Hamper's lately-published "Life and Correspondence of Dugdale," was Gerard Johnson, and from the verses of Leonard Digger, prefixed to the first edition of Shakespeare's work, it was evidently erected before 1623:—

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages.

Originally, the bust was colored to resemble life. The hands and face were of flesh color, the eyes of a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn. The doublet, or coat, was scarlet; over which was a loose black tabard or gown without sleeves. The upper part of the cushions, on which his hand rests, was green; the under half crimson, and the tassels gilt. Mr. John Ward, grandfather to Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, had it repaired, and the original colors preserved, in 1748; but, in 1793, says Britton, "Mr. Malone caused the bust to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint, and thus at once destroyed its original character, and injured the expression of the face."

Upon the tablet beneath the bust, are the following inscriptions:—

Jvdicio Pylivm, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, popvlvs mæret, Olympvs habet.

Stay. passenger, why goest thov by so fast,
Read, if thov canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monvment, Shakespeare, with whome
Qvick natvre dide; whose name doth deck ys tombe
Far more than cost; sith all yt. he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his wit.
Obiit ano. doi. 1616. ætatis 53. die 23 ap.

Below the monument, upon the stone covering the poet's grave, are the following extraordinary lines:—

GOOD FRIEND, FOR JESUS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIG THE DUST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESTE BE YE MAN YT SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE YT MOVES MY BONES.

In a letter from Warwickshire, in 1693, (published by Mr. Rodd, from the original manuscript, 1838,) the writer, after describing the monument, and giving its inscription, says:—"Near the wall where this monument is erected, lies the plain freestone, underneath which his body is buried, with this epitaph, made by himself, a little before his death." He subsequently adds:—"Not one, for fear of the curse above-said, dare touch his grave-stone, though his wife and daughters did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him." We have here authority for the existence of the epitaph seventy-seven years after Shakespear's death; but there is a still earlier authority. In a plate to Dugdale's "Antiquities of Warwickshire," first published in 1656, there is a representation of Shakespeare's tomb, with the following passage:—"Neare the wall where this monument is erected lyeth a plain freestone, underneath which his body is buried, with this epitaph—

Good Friend, &c."

It has been conjectured that Shakespeare's anxiety for the repose of his bones might have arisen from there being a door immediately below his bust, which formerly gave access to the charnel-house. And, indeed, from various passages in his plays, it is clear that he looked with horror at the desecration of the bones of the dead.

But, whoever may have been the author of the lines, we owe him gratitude for the effectual preservation of these sacred relics, for upwards of two hundred years; and we trust the simple but impressive denunciation will still secure them undisturbed.

Between Shakespeare's grave and the north wall, Anne, the wife of the poet, lies buried; she died 6th August, 1623, aged sixty-seven. The stone has a brass plate, with the following inscription:—

Here lyeth interred the Bodye of ANNE, Wife of Mr. William Shakespeare, who dep'ted this life the 6th of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 yeares.

On the other side of Shakespeare's grave is a flat stone, bearing the inscription:—

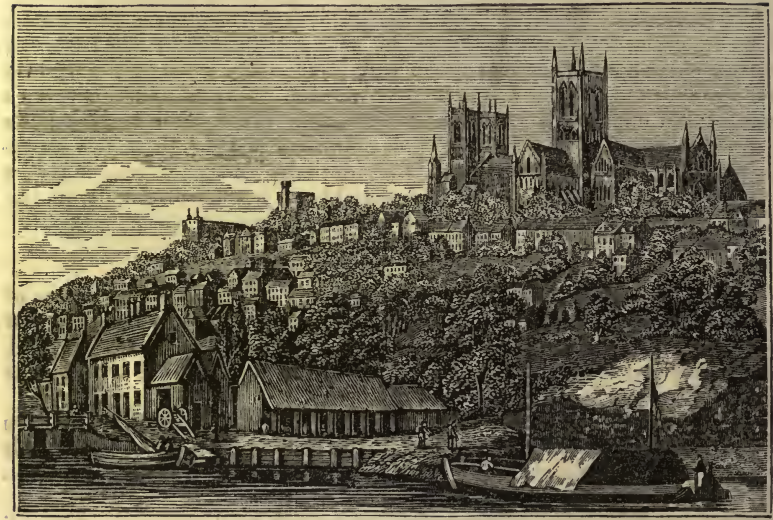
Here lyeth ye Body of SUSANNA, Wife to John Hall, Gent., ye Daughter of William Shakespeare, Gent. She deceased ye 11th of July, ao. 1649. Aged 66.

Then follow some verses, which were formerly obliterated to make room for an inscription to a Richard Watts, a person in no way related to the family, but which the good taste and feeling of the Rev. W. Harness have latterly restored:

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation, was good Mistress Hall;
Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
Wholly of him with whom she's now in blisse.
Then, passenger, hast ne're a teare

To weep with her who wept with all?
That wept, yet set herself to chere
Them up with comforts cordiall.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne're a teare to shed.

LINCOLN.



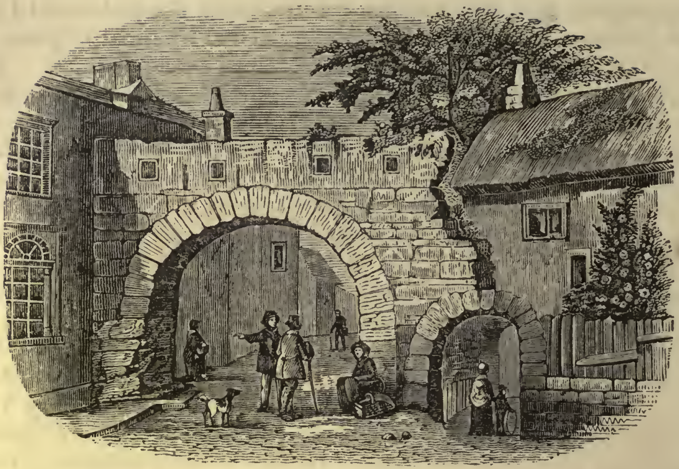
City and Cathedral of Lincoln.

Lincoln, the capital of Lincolnshire, stands on an elevated situation on the north bank of the river Witham, 120 miles north of London, with a population of about 16,000. As early as the Domesday survey, it was one of the richest and most populous cities in the kingdom. As the place is approached upon the railway from the south west, it is discerned at a considerable distance. Its magnificent Cathedral, is seen on the summit of the hill, towering above all other structures in the city, which on a nearer view of its majestic front is even more imposing than that of St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey.

The Cathedral of Lincoln is scarcely secondary in extent and magnificence to any English edifice of a similar description. It was commenced in 1086 by the Anglo-Norman bishop Remigius; but the structure raised by him and his immediate successor was destroyed by fire early in the twelfth century. The whole was, however, speedily rebuilt, but was much enlarged and improved in subsequent ages, the part last erected being finished about 1380. Each division of the exterior is distinguished by great elegance of design; but the grand western front is considered the finest. This superb façade consists of a central elevation, comprising three doors of entrance, and two lateral parts. Windows, arcades, niches, and numerous pieces of curious sculpture, form its principal embellishments, and above the whole rise two lofty towers. The beauty of the edifice is considerably augmented by a tower which proceeds from the center, and rises in its loftiest part to the height of 300 feet. Every thing about this Cathedral is grand and highly ornamented, and its western front has been denominated the noblest specimen of that species of architecture in Europe. Besides the magnificence displayed in the separate parts of the building, which defy abridged description, it is also said to have once possessed more riches than almost any church in the nation. Henry VIII, according to some authors, took from it not less than 2621 ounces of gold, and 4285 ounces of silver, besides an innumerable quantity of precious stones. Some of its shrines were of pure gold, others of silver; and the mitre of the bishop had not its equal for the richnesss of its jewels. Several very curious monuments ornament different parts of the aisles and cloisters; and the chapels, chapter-house, and library, are all highly interesting. Besides the Cathedral, Lincoln contains several parish churches, and other public edifices.

> "In grandeur of its site it can scarcely be surpassed. It does not merely shoot its towers and pinnacles above a crowd of roofs, which, nevertheless, (in the case of many such edifices,) often succeed in hiding it from view; so happily is it placed, that the entire building developes itself to the spectator, clear, almost from base to summit. The visitor entering by the High-street, of above a mile long, has his eye fixed—whether he will or no—on those majestic twins of the conquest, the Castle and the Cathedral, towering above him, and closing up one of the finest city landscapes in Europe; when bathed in the sunshine of a summer day it is a scene that prints itself in the stranger's memory. "The entrance into Lincoln from the south," says a native writer, well known to the Antiquarian world, "presents an interesting succession of picturesque scenery; the distant buildings appearing interspersed with orchards and gardens, irregularly arranged on the side of the hill, which rise gradually at first, and then more precipitously, from the valley in which the lower town is situated, up to the lofty site of the Minster, which towers over the whole scene in chaste and beautiful elevation. The situation is worthy of the edifice, which in internal grandeur, admits of no rival among all the varied beauties of the English Cathedrals." Nor is the situation less happy in its character of seclusion and religious repose. It is not like some of its sisters, in the very heart of a bustling city. The lower town is naturally the chief seat of trade; the Cathedral Close in many directions, opens into the country, or upon the houses and gardens of the Residentiaries, the still quadrangle of the Vicar's College, or the majestic ruins of the Palace; as yet, the smoothly kept lawns of the Minster Green are clear of the din of merchandise, or of the tables of the money-changers. It still answers to its description in the charter of Rufus, "terram in urbis sinu quietam, et ab omni garrulitatis cujuslibet strepitu liberam."

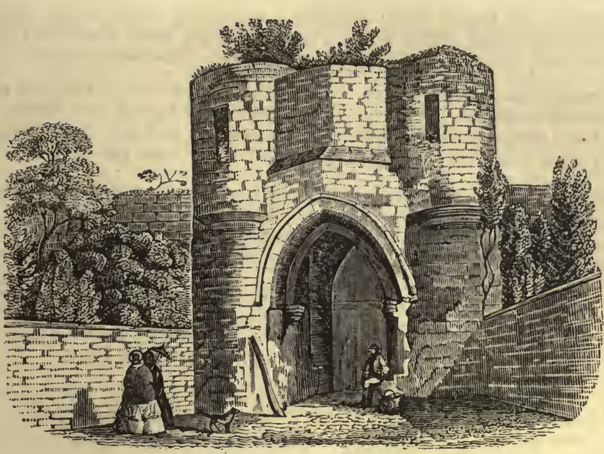
Newport Gate in Lincoln, is precious in the eyes of the venerator of antiquity. No other gateway remains to any of the Roman cities of England, except possibly in some instance closed up and hidden from



Newport Gate, Lincoln.
[Roman Arch, erected by Claudius, A. D. 45.]

view. One only of the postern (or side) gates remains, and the true proportion of that and of the center arch are much confused by the accumulation of rubbish during the changes of so many centuries. The center arch consists of twenty-six large stones without (apparently) any mortar, and no key-stone but a joint in the crown; the height is twenty-two feet and a half, several feet being buried in the ground. On each side of the arch, seven courses of horizontal stones or springers are laid, some of them six or seven feet long, intended to take off the lateral pressure from the arch. The diameter of each side arch is seven and a half feet, height in all fifteen feet: the breadth of each pier is three feet nine, whole width of the front twenty-two and a half feet, and whole height thirty-seven and a half. All the mouldings, except the upper members, are broken off, and the whole appears to have been almost ruined long before the parts above it were erected; the ancient work being distinguished from the modern by the remarkable length of the stones.

It is thus noticed by Stukely, whose description appeared about 1724. "The noblest remnant of this sort in Britain, as far as I know. Upon the first sight of it I was struck with admiration, as well of its noble simplicity, as that hitherto it should not have been taken notice of: it is a vast circle of stones of very large dimensions, and by what I could perceive, laid without mortar, connected only by their cuneiform shape. This magnificent arch is sixteen foot diameter, the stones four foot thick at bottom: from the injuries of time, but worse of hands, it is somewhat luxated yet seems to have a joint in the middle, not a key-stone; on both sides towards the upper part are laid horizontal stones of great dimensions, some ten or twelve feet long, to take off the side pressure, very judiciously adapted. This arch arises from an impost of large mouldings, some part of which, especially on the left hand side, are still discoverable: below, on both sides, was a postern, or foot passage, made



Lincoln Castle Gateway.

of like stones; but against that, on the left side, is a house built, and when I went down into the cellar, I found a chimney set before it. The ground here in the street has been very much raised, and the top of the wall is of a later workmanship; it is indeed a most venerable piece of antiquity, and what a lover of architecture would be hugely delighted withal. They that look upon a Gate among the vestiges of the Forum of Nerva at Rome, will think they see the countepart of this; but of the two, this has the most grandeur of aspect."

"The Castle was one of the strongholds founded by William the Norman, to secure his new conquest of England, being commenced in 1068, within two years after his possession of the country; York, Nottingham, and Hastings castles were begun at the same time. The only entrance is by the eastern gate, which looks upon an open square, called the Castle-hill, not far from the west end of the Minster yard. The gate tower is ruined upward, having lost its roofs and battlements, which, in the opinion of Mr. Wilson, were carried some ten or fourteen feet higher than at present. It has, nevertheless, a noble aspect, and makes a fit approach to one of the strongest fortresses of the feudal age. The outer face, having a pointed arch—as shewn in the cut—is of about the time of Edward I, but just within it the original Norman arch of semicircular form and coarser masonry, is very perceptible."

The ruin of this fine old military fortress was accomplished during the Commonwealth wars. The citizens being determined royalists, in 1642, the Earl of Manchester, with the Parliamentary forces, besieged the city, and drove the inhabitants into the castle and cathedral; from these strongholds a vigorous resistance was made, the besieged throwing down huge stones upon the assailants, a system of repulsion which effected considerable havoc; but eventually the inhabitants were constrained to capitulate, and the Castle was dismantled and large portions of the walls were torn down. The breaches were afterwards repaired to fit the place for an enclosure to the county prison.

The following old ballad (from Jamieson's collection) refers to the traditionary murder of a child named, Hugh, by the Jews of Lincoln, 1255, afterwards known as St. Hugh the Boy, to distinguish him from the Bishop of the same name.

Four and twenty bonny boys
Were playing at the ba';
And by it came him, sweet Sir Hugh,
And he played o'er them a'.

He kick'd the ba' with his right foot,
And catch'd it wi' his knee;
And throuch-and-thro' the Jew's window,
He gar'd the bonny ba' flee.

He's doen him to the Jew's castell,
And walk'd it round about;
And there he saw the Jew's daughter
At the window looking out.

"Throw down the ba', ye Jew's daughter,
Throw down the ba' to me!"
"Never a bit,:' says the Jew's daughter,
"Till up to me come ye."

"How will I come up? how can I come up?
How can I come to thee?
For as ye did to my auld father
The same ye'll do to me."

She's gane till her father's garden,
An'd pu'd an apple, red and green;
'Twas a' to wyle him, sweet Sir Hugh,
And to entice him in.

She's led him in through ae dark door,
And sae has she thro' nine;
She's laid him on a dressing table,
And stickit him like a swine.

And first came out the thick, thick blood,
And syne came out the thin;
And syne came out the bonny heart's blood;
There was nae mair within.

She's row'd him in a cake o' lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep;
She's thrown him in our Lady's draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' the bairns came hame,
When every lady gat hame her son,
The Lady Mary gat nane.

She's ta'en her mantle her about,
Her coffer by the hand;
And she's gane out to seek her son,
And wander'd o'er the land.

She's doen her to the Jew's castell,
Where a' were fast asleep;
"Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."

She's doen her to the Jew's garden,
Thought he had been gathering fruit;
"Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."

She near'd Our Lady's deep draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep;
"Whare'er ye be, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."

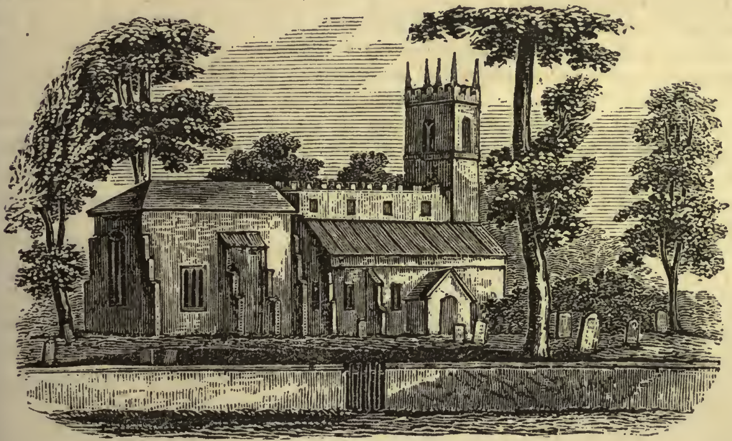
["The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deip,
A keen penknife sticks in my heart,
A word I dounnae speak."]

"Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear;
Prepare my winding sheet;
And, at the back o' merry Lincoln,
The morn I will you meet."

Now Lady Mary is gane hame;
Made him a winding sheet;
And, at the back o' merry Lincoln,
The dead corpse did her meet.

And a' the bells o' merry Lincoln,
Without men's hands were rung;
And a' the books o' merry Lincoln,
Were read withaut man's tongue;
And ne'er was such a burial
Sin Adam's days begun.

In the year 1255, in the reign of Henry III, Lincoln was one of the most populous cities in the kingdom, having (among others) many rich Jews, who found it a profitable place for trade. It seems that a child, named Hugh, after being sometime lost, was found dead in a well, "Grantham's Well, in Newport," according to some accounts. What grounds there were for suspecting murder, or for charging it upon the Jews, cannot now be known; for all narratives handed down from those dark times, whether in prose or verse, are too full of exaggeration and superstitious wonder to be relied on,—but certain it is that great ruin and destruction fell upon the Lincoln Jews in consequence. Thirty-two of them were put to death, some of them being tied to the feet of wild horses and dragged out of the city till they were dead, and afterwards hung on gibbits at Canwick Hill, then the common place of execution. Matthew Paris gives a long account of it. He tells us that a number of Jews were assembled from all parts of England in order to sacrifice this child at the Passover, in contempt of our Lord Jesus Christ;—that they constituted one of their number to be Pontius Pilate, who directed him to be beaten with stripes, crowned with thorns, and finally crucified, after being mocked, and having vinegar given him to drink——and that when dead, his bowels were taken out for the purpose—"as it is said"—of magical arts. The mother, continues the story, traced her boy to the house of a Jew, near which he had been seen playing with Jew children, and found the corpse in a well. The corpse was brought out in public, exciting the horror of the citizens, and one Copin, or Jopin, (a Jew,) being charged with the crime, confessed the whole affair. They had buried the body, said Copin, but the earth threw it up again, therefore they threw it into the well. The body was begged by the Clergy for honorable interment in the Cathedral, and an elegant shrine erected over him. The skeleton of a child was found there about fifty years ago, with various marks, leaving little doubt of its being the same, and we believe is still there. The tomb had been long known as "St. Hugh's," but in the lapse of time had been confounded with that of the great Bishop St. Hugh, who was buried behind the altar.



Epworth Church.

John Wesley

John Wesley's Signature.

JOHN WESLEY, the celebrated founder of Methodism, was born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, June 17th, 1703. His father Samuel Wesley, A. M., was Rector of Epworth thirty-nine years; his mother, the daughter of the eminent Dr. Samuel Annesly, was a woman of a very superior mind and was favored with every advantage for its improvement and discipline in her youth. The mother was the principal instructor of her large family in their tender years, and was every way fitted for this responsible task. To her strength of character, her early, consistent, and severe training, her children were greatly indebted for the eminence to which several of them afterwards attained.

John Wesley, when about six years old, had a providential escape from being burned to death when the parsonage house was destroyed by fire. The memory of this deliverance is preserved in one of his early portraits, which has below the head, the representation of a house in flames, with the motto, "*Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?*" He became early serious, and at the age of eight years was admitted by his father to partake of the sacrament. In 1714, he was placed at the Charter House, where he was noticed for his diligence and progress in learning. At the age of seventeen, he was elected to Christ's Church, Oxford. In 1725, he was ordained a deacon of the Church of England, and was elected fellow of Lincoln College.

While John Wesley was absent for a time at Epworth, his brother Charles persuaded two or three other piously devoted students to unite him with in the active performance of all known religious duties, visiting the sick, relieving the poor, and teaching the Gospel, wherever an opportunity offered. From the strict *method* in which these young men observed in attending to their studies and in the performance of their religious duties, they acquired the name of *Methodists*. John, on his return to Oxford, joined the society, and by the force of his character soon became the head. Mr. Henry, the author of the "Meditations," and the celebrated Whitefield were members.

In 1735, the trustees of the new colony of Georgia, wishing to send out clergymen to attend to the spiritual want of the colonists, and also to attempt the conversion of the Indians, sent John Wesley, his brother Charles, and two others of their society for this purpose. Wesley being disappointed with the charcter and success of his mission returned to London in 1738. Becoming acquainted with Peter Bohler, a Moravian minister, he became convinced by his conversation, "of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved with full Christian salvation." The first regular "Methodist Society," was formed at Fetter Lane, London, May 1st, 1738. Mr. Wesley soon experienced what he believed to be the true saving faith and entered immediately in that laborious and successsful ministry so well known in the religious world.

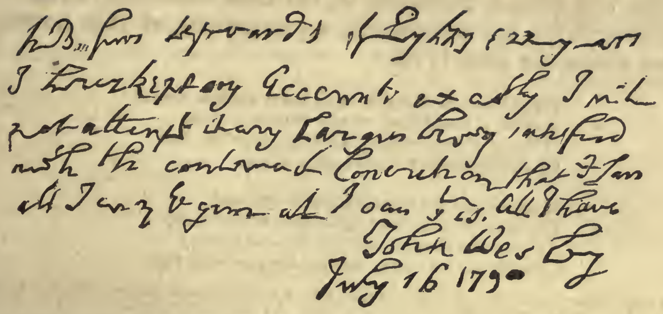
On July 24th, 1739, being persuaded by his bosom friend, George Whitefield, he delivered his first discourse in Moorfields in the open air, to a thousand persons, of every age and condition of life. This was the commencement of a series of unwearied labors among the poor and neglected classes in the larger cities and towns in England; among the besotted and vicious colliers of Kingswood, the rabble of Moorfields and Kennington Common. These efforts were attended with remarkable success, and societies were formed in many places, and although they considered themselves members of the established church, Mr. Wesley drew up a set of rules for them, which continue to this day, the observance of which is the condition of membership in the body which bears his name.

The superintendance of all the societies was in the hands of Mr. Wesley. He passed from one to another, preaching incessantly. The first *Conference* of ministers, or *helpers*, under his direction was held in June, 1744. In 1751, he married Mrs. Vizelle, a widow lady of fortune, but whatever might have been the motives of this union, it proved rather unfortunate. His travels as an itinerant are without precedent, on an average he travelled four thousand five hundreed miles in a year. For fifty-two years he generally delivered two, frequently three or four sermons in a day. Besides his labors as a preacher, he wrote and published a large number of books.

Mr. Wesley enjoyed remarkable health till the last. He wrote in his journal June 28th, 1790: "This day I enter into my eighty-eighth year. For eighty-six years I found none of the infirmities of old age; my eyes did not wax dim, neither was my natural strength abated: but last August, I found almost a total change; my eyes were so dim that no glasses would help me; my strength quite forsook me, and will not probably return again in this world. I feel no pain * * * * nature is exhausted, &c." Mr. Wesley died in his house in the City-road, London, March 2d, 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-sixth of his ministry.

The above is a fac-simile of Mr. Wesley's last entry in his private journal. The following are the words, viz.:

> "*N. B.*—For upwards of eighty-six years [eighty-eight?] I have kept my accounts exactly. I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can, that is, all I have. John Wesley, July 16th, 1790."



For upwards of Eighty six years
I have kept my Accounts exactly I will
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with the continual Conviction that I save
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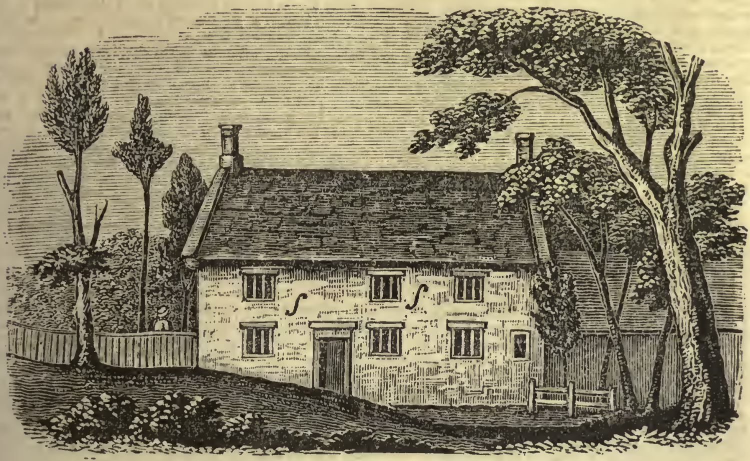
John Wesley
July 16 1790

Fac-simile of John Wesley's Hand-writing. [*Last Entry in his Journal.*]

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.



Birth-place of Sir Isaac Newton.

The engraving above shows the modern appearance of the house in which Sir Isaac Newton was born. Woolstrope, in which this house is situated, is a small hamlet consisting of a manor house, a few small farm houses, and some thatched cottages, one of which was a chapel of ease to Colsterworth, Lincolnshire. The house stands in a pleasant little hollow on the west side of the valley of the River Witham, which rises at a short distance. This was the paternal estate of Newton, and here he was born and brought up by his widowed mother. When the house was repaired in 1798, a tablet of white marble was put up by Mr. Turnor, in the room where Sir Isaac was born, with the following inscription, "Sir Isaac Newton, son of John Newton, Lord of the Manor of Woolsthorpe, was born in this room on the 25th December, 1642." The following lines are underneath an engraving of this house, published about the year 1772.

Here Newton dawn'd, here lofty wisdom woke,
And to a wondering world divinely spoke;
If Tully glow'd when Phœdrus steps he trod,
Or Fancy formed Philosophy a god.

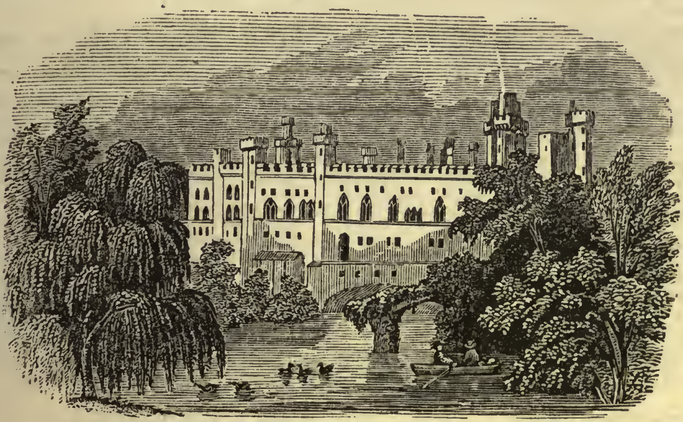
If sages still for Homer's birth contend,
The sons of science at this dome must bend;
All hail the shrine! all hail the natal day!
Cam boasts his noon, this cot his morning ray.

Sir Isaac Newton, the illustrious philosopher, was of a very ancient family, settled in Woolstrope Lincolnshire, where he was born Christmas day, 1642. He early lost his father, but his mother, though she soon after took a second husband, bestowed particular care on his education. From Grantham school, where he was placed at the age of twelve, he was removed at eighteen to Trinity college, Cambridge, as he seemed to prefer studious pursuits to the management of his estate. At Cambridge, under the care of the famous Isaac Barrow, he began to apply to mathematics, but his powerful mind so easily comprehended the elements of Euclid, that he quickly passed to higher pursuits. He was obliged to quit Cambridge in 1665, by the plague, and he retired to his house, where, though deprived of the assistance of his books, new truths were to be opened to his active mind. While he was sitting alone in his garden. the falling of some apples from a tree led his thoughts to the subject of gravity, and considering that this power is not sensibly diminished, at the remotest distance from the center of the earth, even at the top of the highest mountains, he thought that it must extend much further. In 1667, being elected fellow of his college, he devoted all his attention to the construction of a reflecting telescope. In 1669, he succeeded to the mathematical chair at Cambridge, on the resignation of his friend, Dr. Barrow, and for three years he delivered lectures on the discoveries which he had made in optics, and communicated his theory of light and colors, which he brought to a great degree of perfection, to the Royal Society, of which he was elected member in 1672. Some time after, he presented to the same learned society his telescope, with a description of its properties. While laboring on the problems of his great system. his attention was attracted to the comet of 1680, and by repeated experiments, he proved the truth of Kepler's supposition about the motion of the primary planets, and after establishing his conclusions on the most infallible proofs, he, in 1687, published, at the request of the Royal Society, the result of his astronomical pursuits, under the title of "Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica." This excellent performance, which set his name above the philosophers of ancient and modern times, met, however, with opposition; but though its truths were delivered with conciseness and precision. and required study and labor to be comprehended, even by the most learned of mathematicians, it gained by slow, but sure degrees, universal praise and admiration. In 1703, he was elected president of the Royal Society, and for twenty-five years he adorned the chair of that learned body till his death. In 1715, Leibnitz proposed to the English philosopher his famous problem of the trajectories, which. while it might have puzzled other mathematicians, was resolved by Newton in a few hours, after the labors and the fatigues of the day. This great man, who had been. in 1705, knighted by Queen Anne, became a great favorite at the court of George I, and the princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, took infinite pleasure in the conversation of the philosopher. Having now nearly reached the age of eighty. Sir Isaac. after enjoying, from his regular and temperate habits, all the blessings of health, found himself seized with pains of a stone in the bladder. For a few weeks before his death, the agonies which he suffered were very great, yet his meekness and patience subdued them, and though from the severe paroxysms which he endured, large drops of sweat ran down his cheeks, he preserved his usual smile of cheerfulness and serenity. On the night of the 11th March, 1726–7, his intellects were visibly affected, and he continued insensible till he expired nine days after, aged eighty-five. His body lay in state in the Jerusalem chamber, and on the 28th March, was conveyed to Westminster Abbey. To his other great qualities he added the virtues of piety; and religious infidelity he marked with abhorrence; no remark of levity or indifference on the powers of the Deity, or on revelation, ever was made in his presence without drawing from him the severest censure; and while he made the Bible his favorite study, he employed some portion of his time in proving the great truths of the prophetical writers of Scripture.

WARWICK AND KENILWORTH CASTLES.

Warwick, a borough, market, and county town, nine miles from Coventry, and ninety-two from London, is situated on a rocky hill, on the right bank of the Avon. The town has a clean, respectable, and quiet appearance, and contains about 10,000 inhabitants.

The principal parish church is called St. Mary's. It is a noble Gothic edifice, and contains several handsome monuments of the Earls of Warwick, and one of the unfortunate Earl of Essex. The burying ground of the Warwick family is a stately chapel adjoining the church.



View of Warwick Castle, from the Bridge over the Avon.

One of the principal ornaments of the town is the celebrated Warwick Castle, which is, perhaps, one of the finest specimens of the kind in the kingdom. It is situated on a rock on the north bank of the Avon, and nearly 100 feet above its bed. The entrance to the castle is cut through a solid rock, and the observer is delighted by a successive display of lofty and massive towers. On the left, is Cæsar's Tower, 147 feet high, an irregular construction, which has braved the ravages of time, and the depredations of man, for nearly 800 years, and still has the appearance of being as firm as the rock on which it is founded. On the right appears the Guy Tower, 128 feet high, named after the famous Guy, the fanciful champion of the castle. It was built by Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in the latter part of the fourteenth century. The entrance is flanked by embattled walls, and the deep moat, now dry, has at its base a velvetry path, lined with trees and shrubbery.

The inhabitable part of this grand structure is on the left of the great court, which, from time to time, has undergone many important improvements, effected with due regard to its ancient character. The interior of the castle surpasses every idea which would naturally arise from viewing its external features. Domestic elegance, with a love of the arts, combine in embellishing the walls. The first apartment that presents itself to the visitor is the great hall, which is a noble room, sixty-two feet long and thirty-seven feet wide, in which are various weapons and pieces of armor, with the horns of the rein and moose deer; and over the western door is a large gun, taken from a Spanish ship by Lord Hamilton, grandfather of the late Earl of Warwick. The great dining-room, the anti-chamber, the cedar drawing-room, the gilt-room, and the state bed-chamber, are magnificently decorated with paintings by Reubens, Poussin, Guido, Vandyke, Carracci, Salvator, and other distinguished artists.

In one of the rooms, attached to Cæsar's Tower, are the sword, shield, helmet, &c., ascribed to have been the property of the legendary champion Guy. Most of our readers, we presume, are aware that this personage is reported to have been an Earl of Warwick, and, according to the legend, fought with and slew a gigantic Dane, "for the love of fair Phelis." He became a hermit, and retired to the secluded and romantic spot now called Guy's Cliff. There is a ballad introduced into the "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," which gives a very good idea of the legend. We will quote a few verses:—

"Was ever knight for lady's sake
So tost in love, as I sir Guy;
For Phelis fayre, that lady bright
As ever man beheld with eye!

"Shee gave me leave myself to try,
The valliant knight with shield and speare,
Ere that her love shee would grant me;
Which made mee venture far and neare."

He goes on to state that he is an Englishman bold, that he went to Greece, where he performed several acts of valor; then relates what occurred after his return:—

"To England then I came with speede,
To wedd faire Phelis ladye bright:
For love of whome I travelled farr
To try my manhood and my might.

"But when I had espoused her,
I stayd with her but fortye dayes,
Ere that I left this ladye faire,
And went from her beyond the seas.

* * * * *

"Then I to England came againe,
And here with Colbronde fell I fought:
An ugly gyant, which the Danes
Had for their champion hither brought.

"I overcame him in the feild,
And slewe him soone right valliantlye;
Wherebye this land I did redeeme
From Danish tribute utterlye.

"And afterwards I offerred upp
The use of weapons solemnlye,
At Winchester, whereas I fought,
In sight of manye farr and nye.

"'But first,' near Winsor, I did slaye
A bore of passing might and strength,
Whose like in England never was
For hugenesse, both in bredth and length.

"Some of his bones in Warwicke yet,
Within the castle there doe lye:
One of his shield-bones to this day
Hangs in the citye of Coventrye.

"On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe
A monstrous, wild, and cruell beast,
Called the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath,
Which manye people had oppreſt.

"Some of her bones in Warwicke yett
Still for a monument doe lye;
Which unto every looker's viewe
As wonderous strange, they may espye.

"A dragon in Northumberland,
I alsoe did in fight destroye,
Which did bothe man and beaste oppresse,
And all the countrye sore annoye.

"At length to Warwicke I did come,
Like pilgrime poore and was not knowne;
And there I lived a hermites life,
A mile and more out of the towne.

"Where with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rock of stone;
And lived like a palmer poore
Within that cave myself alone:

"And dailye came to begg my bread
Of Phelis at my castle gate;
Not knowne unto my loving wife,
Who daily mourned for her mate.

"Till at the last I fell sore sicke,
Yea sicke soe sore that I must die,
I sent to her a ringe of golde,
By which she knewe me presentlye.

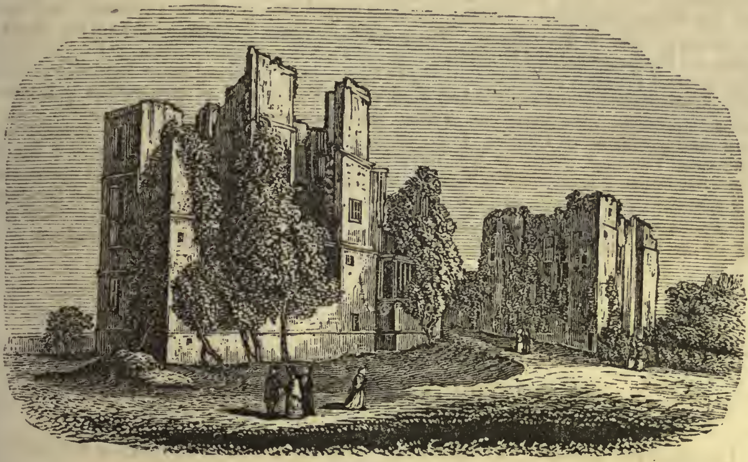
"Then shee repairing to the cave
Before that I gave up the ghost,
Herself closed up my dying eyes;
My Phelis faire, whom I loved most.

"Thus dreadful death did me arrest,
To bring my corpse unto the grave;
And like a palmer died I,
Whereby I sought my soul to save.

"My body that endured this toyle,
Though now it be consummed to mold;
My statue faire engraven in stone,
In Warkicke still you may behold."

Kenilworth is a market town, containing about 4,000 inhabitants, is about five miles north from Warwick, and ninety-six north-west from London. It is celebrated for the beautiful ruins of its ancient castle. Some of the historical incidents have been laid before the public, hightened by the romantic genius of Sir Walter

Scott. It was founded in the reign of Henry I. In the reign of Henry III it was used as a prison, and in 1254, the king, by letters patents, gave it to Simon Wontford.



Leicester Buildings.
Cæsar's Tower.

Kenilworth Castle.

In 1286, a grand chivalric meeting of 100 knights of high distinction, English and foreign, and the same number of ladies, was held at Kenilworth; at this festival, it is said, that silks were first worn in England.

In the reign of Edward II the castle again came into the hands of the crown, and the king intended to make it a place of retirement for himself; but in the rebellion, which soon followed, he was taken prisoner in Wales, and brought to Kenilworth: here he was compelled to sign his abdication; and soon after was privately removed to Berkeley castle, where he was inhumanly murdered in 1327. Edward III restored the castle to the Earl of Lancaster, whose grand-daughter brought it in marriage to the celebrated John of Gaunt, afterwards duke of Lancaster, who made many additions to the castle, which still retain the name of Lancaster buildings. On his death it descended to his son, afterwards Henry IV.

During the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, it was alternately taken by the partisans of the white and red roses; and very long after their termination, Queen Elizabeth bestowed it upon her heartless and ambitious favorite, Dudley, Earl of Leicester. That wealthy nobleman spared no expense in beautifying the castle, and in making many splendid additions, called after him, Leicester's buildings. But the most memorable incident in the history of Kenilworth Castle, is the royal entertainment given by the aspiring earl to his queen.

Elizabeth visited him in state, attended by thirty-one barons, besides the ladies of the court, who, with four hundred servants, were all lodged in the castle. The festival continued for seventeen days, at an expense estimated at £1000 a day, (a very large sum in those times.) The waiters upon the court, as well as the gentlemen of the barons, were all clothed in velvet; ten oxen were slaughtered every morning; and the consumption of wine is said to have been sixteen hogsheads, and of beer, forty hogsheads daily.

An account of this singular and romantic entertainment, published at the time, by an eye-witness, presents a curious picture of the luxury, plenty, and gallantry of Elizabeth's reign. After her journey from London, which the queen performed entirely on horseback, she stopped at Long-Itchington, where she dined; and hunting on the following day, arrived at the castle on Saturday, July 9th, 1575.

On the departure of Elizabeth, the earl of Leicester made Kenilworth his occasional residence, till his death, in 1538, when he bequeathed it to his brother, Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, and after his death to his own son, Sir Robert Dudley; but, his legitimacy being questioned, Sir Robert quitted the kingdom in disgust; his castles and estates were seized by a decree of the court of Star-Chamber, and given to Henry, son of James I.

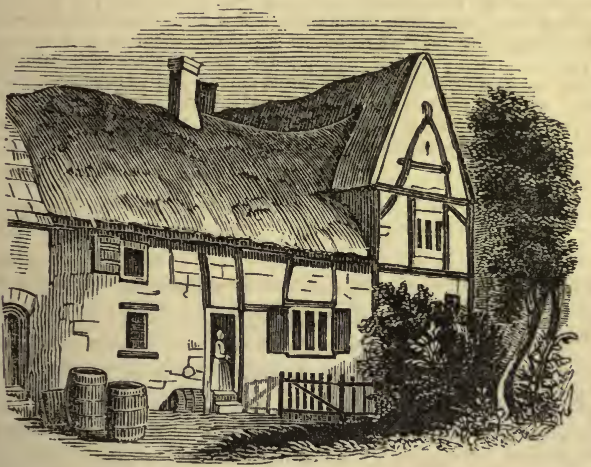
The castle, on Henry's death, went into the possession of his brother, Charles I, who granted it to Cary, Earl of Monmouth; but the downfall of this gigantic structure was fast approaching. During the civil wars it was seized by Cromwell, and by him given to some of his officers. These matter-of-fact soldiers, who had but little feeling for the beauteous and majestic, soon reduced it to what it now is, a pile of ruins. They drained the lake which once flowed over so many hundred acres, beat down the walls, dismantled the towers, choked up its fair walks, and rooted out its pleasant gardens; destroyed the park, and divided and more usefully applied the lands.

On the restoration of Charles II, the estate and ruins of the castle were granted to Lawrence, Viscount Hyde, of Kenilworth, second son of the celebrated lord high chancellor, created baron of Kenilworth, and Earl of Rochester; and by the marriage of a female heiress descended from him, passed, in 1752, into the possession of Thomas Villiars, baron Hyde, son of the Earl of Jersey, who was advanced, in 1776, to the dignity of the Earl of Clarendon; in the possession of whose family it still remains.

LEICESTER.—BISHOP LATIMER.

Leicester, the capital of the county of Leicestershire, is twenty-eight miles south-east from Derby, and ninety north-west from London, and contains nearly 50,000 inhabitants. It is a place of great antiquity, and being placed in the center of one of the finest wool districts, has, as a matter of course, become distinguished for the perfection of its manufactures. During the Saxon heptarchy, Leicester was still a place of considerable note, being then called a city, and some think a bishop's see. At the Norman conquest it was very populous, and is particularly described in the Doomsday Book. It suffered greatly during the subsequent insurrections that occurred in the kingdom; and in the civil wars of Charles I, was stormed by the royal army, with the slaughter of many of the inhabitants.

Of the ancient religious buildings and foundations of this town, that of the Abbey was formerly of great local importance; but its buildings are nearly levelled to that earth which covers the ashes of its founders, patrons, monks, and dependants. It is said that this Abbey was founded by Robert Bossu, Earl of Leicester, in the year 1143, who, being advanced in age, became one of the regular canons on his own foundation, and continued here in penance and prayer till the time of his death. This religious foundation soon acquired sanctity and celebrity, and thence obtained numerous liberties and immunities. Besides thirty-six parishes in and about Leicester, it had lands, privileges, &c., in most of the manors of this and many other counties. This Abbey had great bequests made it of deer, fuel, and feeding of cattle, fish-pools, and corn. Stoughton Grange, near Leicester, was the grand repository of food for this edifice. This place supported nearly the whole poor of Leicester and its neighborhood; and it was on all pressing occasions subsidiary to the king, and hospitable to travelers, who were fed and often lodged here on their journeys. Several kings of England were entertained and lodged here on their excursions to and from the north. Richard II and his queen, with their retinue, among whom were the Duke of Ireland, Earl of Suffolk, Archbishop of Canterbury, and others, were lodged and entertained at this house in great style. At a parliament held here in the reign of Henry V, the first law was made for the burning of heretics. In the meadows, near the town, are the ruins of an Abbey, in which Cardinal Wolsey died.



Bishop Latimer's Birth-place, five miles north of Leicester.

The above is a representation of the house in which Latimer was born, now standing in the secluded village of Thurcaston, about five miles north of Leicester. The front of it was modernized a few years since, but the west view of it, given in the annexed engraving, has been but little altered since the time that the father of Hugh Latimer occupied it as a yeoman, and "milked thirty kine." Except the modern parts, it consists entirely of wood work, joined together by wooden pins, which protrude considerably from the walls. The church at Thurcaston, in which Latimer was baptized, and the very font which contained the water at the baptism, are still in existence. The church appears to have been built about the time of king Edward I.

Hugh Latimer, the celebrated martyr, who was burnt alive in Oxford, was born in 1470, in Leicestershire. His father, who was rather an industrious than rich farmer, educated him at a grammar-school, and as his abilities were of superior order, he sent him to Cambridge, where he took his degrees. Latimer, when admitted into the church, was a supporter of the established religion, against the innovations of Luther and Melancthon; but by degrees his prejudices in favor of the pope disappeared in the conversation of his friend Bilney, a man of pious character and of deep learning, who even laid down his life in the support of the doctrines of the Reformation. With his usual warmth, the new convert zealously devoted himself to propagate those tenets which lately he had censured as impious and heretical, and so great was his influence, and so powerful his eloquence, that he was regarded as the head of his party. His severe trials, and successful efforts against the papists at last recommended him to the notice of Lord Cromwell and of Henry VIII, during the time of his intended divorce; and in reward for his services in the cause of the king, and of the Reformation, Latimer was nominated to the see of Worcester. In the convocation of 1536, he ably opposed the measures of the popish party, and was happily instrumental in the recommendation of the English translation of the Bible to general perusal.

On the restoration of popery in the reign of Mary, the venerable Latimer was marked for destruction by the sanguinary Gardiner. He was seized, and from the tower was sent to Oxford, where he, with Cranmer and Ridley, were appointed to hold a dispute with some popish divines. This disputation was artfully intended to expose these champions of the Reformation to the severest punishments of a partial and prejudiced tribunal, and, therefore, when Latimer and his revered associates, rejected all the popish doctrines, except they rested on the clear authority of Scripture, sentence of death was passed upon them. Latimer and Ridley were consequently burned at Oxford, 1554, in the midst of the insults of the monks, and as they recommended their souls to God, while the flames spread around them, the venerable Latimer comforted his fellow-sufferer, exclaiming, "We shall, this day, my lord, light such a candle in England as shall never be extinguished."

GEORGE FOX.

George Fox, the first preacher of the Friends, or Quakers, was born at Drayton in the Clay, Leicestershire, in 1624. He was bound by his father, who was a weaver, to a shoemaker and grazier, and the occupation of his youth was chiefly the tending of sheep. He did not, however, follow the professions in which he had been engaged, as, in 1743, he began his wandering life, and after retiring to solitude, and other times frequenting the company of religious and devout persons, he became a public preacher in 1647 or 1648. He inveighed against the drunkenness, the injustice, and the vices of the times, he attacked the clergy, and the established modes of worship, and asserted that the light of Christ, implanted in the human heart, was alone the means of salvation and the right qualification of the gospel ministry. Such doctrines produced persecution—he was imprisoned at Nottingham, in 1649, and during the whole course of his laborious life, he suffered the same treatment eight times more, and often with great severity. He married, in 1669, Margaret, the widow of Thomas Fell, a Welsh judge, who was nine years older than himself, but as she had to attend to a family, by her former husband, and as his avocations were of a spiritual kind, and in distant countries, they did not long live together. In his pious zeal, Fox visited not only England, Ireland, and Scotland, but he extended his travels to Holland and Germany, to the American colonies, and the West-India Islands, recommending in his life and conduct the merits of a meek, devout, and inoffensive character. He died in London, 1690. Though somewhat illiterate, he wrote much.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Anna Letitia, daughter of Sir John Aiken, was born at Kibworth Harcourt, Leicestershire, in 1743. She received a superior education from her accomplished father, and in her thirtieth year published a volume of poems, four editions of which were printed during the first year. In 1774 she married Mr. Barbauld, a French preacher, who, in 1802, succeeded Dr. Price as pastor of the Unitarian congregation of Newington Green. Her "Hymns in Prose," for children, were first published in 1775. Besides her poetic works, she assisted her father in that well known series of tales, "Evenings at Home;" edited the correspondence and life of Richardson the novelist; wrote critical essays on Aikenside, Collins, and other British authors. She died, after a gradual decay, March 9, 1825. Associated with both her father and husband, in the education of youth, she had a warm regard for children. Her "Hymns in Prose," beautiful in their simplicity and tenderness, have, perhaps, more of the true spirit of poetry than any other of her productions. The following hymns are from this work:

HYMN VI.

Child of Reason, whence comest thou? What has thine eye observed? And whither has thy foot been wandering?

I have been wandering along the meadows in thick grass; the cattle were feeding around me, or reposing in the cool shade; the corn sprung up in the furrows; the poppy and the harebell grew among the wheat; the fields were bright with summer, and glowing with beauty.

Didst thou see nothing more? Didst thou observe nothing besides? Return again, Child of Reason, for there are greater things than these.—God was among the fields; and didst thou not perceive him? His beauty was upon the meadows; His smile enlivened the sunshine.

I have walked through the thick forest; the wind whispered among the trees; the brook fell from the rocks with a pleasant murmur; the squirrel leapt from bough to bough, and the birds sung to each other among the branches

Didst thou hear nothing but the murmur of the brook? No whispers but the whispers of the wind? Return again, Child of Reason, for there are greater things than these. God was among the trees; His voice sounded in the murmur of the water; His music warbled in the shade; and didst thou not perceive Him? His terrors were abroad, and did not thine heart acknowledge Him?

God is in every place; He speaks in every sound we hear; He is seen in all that our eyes behold. Nothing, O Child of Reason, is without God—let God, therefore, be in all thy thoughts.

HYMN X.

Child of Mortality, whence comest thou? Why is thy countenance sad? And why are thine eyes red with weeping?

I have seen the rose in its beauty! It spread its leaves to the morning sun.—I returned; it was dying upon its stalk; the grace of the form of it was gone; its loveliness was vanished away; the leaves thereof were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure; its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow; the trunk was like a strong pillar; the roots were like crooked fangs. I returned; the verdure was nipt by the east wind; the branches were lopt by the axe; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed; it moldered away, and fell to the ground.

I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the streams; their wings glittered with gold and purple; their bodies shone like the green emerald; they were more numerous than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance.—I returned; they were brushed into the pool; they were perishing with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them; the pike had seized them; there were none found of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowed with beauty; his limbs were full of activity; he leaped; he walked; he ran; he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those.—I returned; he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him, and the breath out of his nostrils; therefore do I weep because DEATH is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God; all that is made must be destroyed; all that is born must die; let me alone, for I weep yet longer.

HYMN XI.

I have seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground.—I looked again, and it sprung forth afresh; the stem was crowned with new buds, and the sweetness thereof filled the air.

I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon; there was no color, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music; gloom and darkness brooded around.—I looked; the sun broke forth again from the east, and gilded the mountain tops; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

I have seen the insect, being come to its full size, languish and refuse to eat; it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone; it lay without feet or shape, or power to move.

I looked again; it had burst its tomb; it was full of life, and sailed on colored wings through the soft air; it rejoiced in its new being.

Thus shall it be with thee, O man! and so shall thy life be renewed.

Beauty shall spring up out of ashes, and life out of the dust.

A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seeds lie in the bosom of the earth; but thou shalt be raised again; if thou art good thou shalt never die any more.

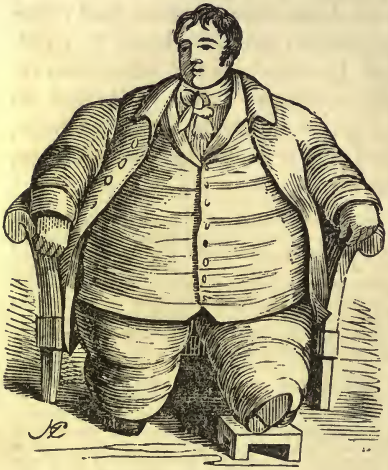
Who is he that cometh to burst open the prison doors of the tomb; to bid the dead awake, and to gather His redeemed from the four winds of heaven?

He descendeth on a fiery cloud; the sound of a trumpet goeth before Him; thousands of angels are on his right hand.

It is JESUS, the Son of God; the Savior of men; the Friend of the good.

He cometh in the glory of his Father; He hath received power from on high.

Mourn not, therefore, Child of Immortality! for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the works of God, is subdued; JESUS hath conquered death;—Child of Immortality! mourn no longer.



Daniel Lambert, Esq.

DANIEL LAMBERT, the *great* prodigy of nature, was born in Leicester, at which place he was apprenticed to an engraver. Until he arrived at the age of twenty years, he was not of more than usual size, but after that time till near the period of his death, at the age of thirty-nine, he gradually increased in size. Although of such an unprecedented size, his health was good, and he required no more attention than most other persons. Finding himself inclined to corpulency, he devoted himself to exercise in the open air, but this proved to be unavailing, as he still continued to increase in bulk. It is worthy of observation, that his strength bore a near proportion to his wonderful appearance. The accompanying engraving is a reduced copy of one in the British Museum, drawn from life. Mr. Lambert died in Stamford, Lincoln County, England, June 21st, 1809, on his way to Leicester. He had retired to rest in apparent health, and intended to see company the next day, but was found lifeless in his bed in the morning. His coffin, consisting of 112 superficial feet of elm, was rolled upon two axletrees to his grave, at the back of St. Martin's Church, where a monument is erected to his memory, having the following inscription:

> "In remembrance of that prodigy of nature, DANIEL LAMBERT, a native of Leicester, who was possessed of an excellent and convivial spirit, and in personal greatness he had no competitor. He measured *three feet one inch* round the legs; *nine feet four inches* round the body, and weighed *fifty-two stone, eleven pounds!* He departed this life on the 21st of June, 1809, aged thirty-nine years. As a testimony of respect, this stone is erected by his friends in Leicester. N. B.—The stone is of 14 lbs."

ROBERT HALL, an eminent Baptist clergyman, was born at Arnsby, a small village near Leicester, England, May 2, 1764, his father being the pastor of a Baptist congregation at that place. At a very early age, he manifested the utmost ardor in the pursuit of knowledge, and exhibited an interest in books of the highest intellectual character, scarcely ever paralleled in the recorded lives of the most precocious children.

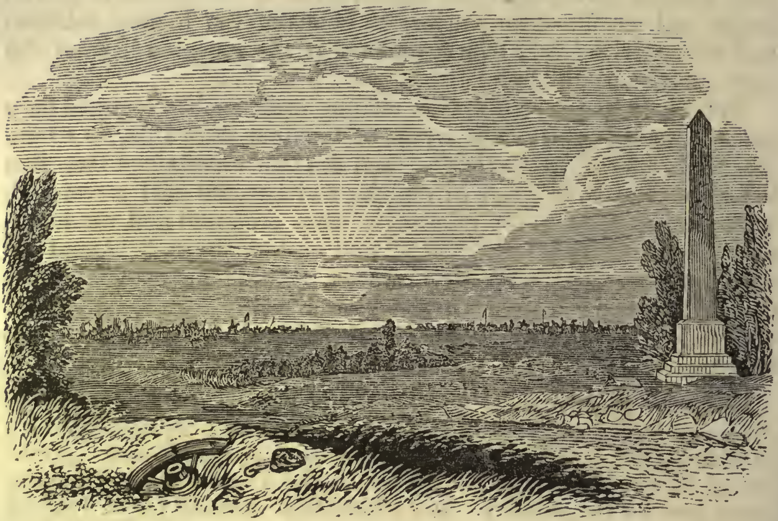
The books he selected for his reading, were such as required deep and serious thought. The works of Jonathan Edwards, for example, were among his favorites; and it is an ascertained fact, that before he was nine years of age, he had perused and re-perused, with intense interest, the treatises of that profound and extraordinary thinker on the "Affections," and on the "Will." About the same time, he read, with like interest, "Butler's Analogy." Before he was ten years old, he had written many essays, principally on religious subjects, and often invited his brothers and sisters to hear him preach.

His father perceiving his extraordinary talents, placed him under the charge of Rev. John Ryland, of Northampton, where he remained for a year and a half, making great proficiency in Latin and Greek. At the age of fifteen, he entered the Bristol Baptist Institution for preparing young men for the ministry. In 1780, he was ordained to the work of the ministry. A year after his ordination he entered King's College, Aberdeen, where he pursued his scientific and metaphysical studies with great success, ranking among the first for scholarship in that Institution. While here, in 1784, he became an associate pastor with Dr. Evans, at Broadmead. While here his preaching attracted unusual attention, and many distinguished individuals in Bristol were among his occasional auditors. His eloquence was universally acknowledged, and his private conversation was instructive and fascinating, and he had a buoyancy and playfulness quite captivating, yet, as he afterwards acknowledged, he was very inadequately qualified for the duties of a minister of the gospel.

He afterwards became pastor of a church in Cambridge. In 1789, the prevalence of infidel and licentious French opinions excited general anxiety among the serious minds in England. Mr. Hall's persuasion of the growth of this spirit induced him to publish his celebrated sermon on "Modern Infidelity." By this production, Mr. Hall's reputation was placed on an eminence which it will probably retain, so long as purity of style, deep philosophical views of the springs and motives of action, and correct theological sentiments are duly appreciated in the world.

In October, 1802, he preached at Bristol, a sermon, afterwards published, "The Sentiments proper to the present Crisis." This had a happy effect of kindling a flame of patriotism. The last ten pages were thought by many, (and by Mr. Pitt among the number,) to be fully equal in genuine eloquence to any passage of the same length that can be selected from either of the ancient orators. Mr. Hall's health declining, he retired to the vicinity of Leicester, the scenes of his youthful hours. He accepted the charge of a congregation, and was connected with it about twenty years. At the close of this period, the malady which for many years had afflicted him, became more severe; this, with the infirmities of age, hastened his dissolution, which took place in 1831.

NASEBY BATTLE, &c.



Naseby Battle-field; and Obelisk to commemorate the Battle.

The Battle of Naseby, fought June 14th, 1645, between the Parliamentary army and King Charles I, was one of the most important conflicts in the civil wars; and, according to Lord Clarendon's History, "both king and kingdom were lost. Naseby was formerly a market-town in Northamptonshire, but is now dwindled into an inconsiderable village.

On Saturday, June 14th, by three o'clock in the morning, Fairfax put himself in march from Gilling to Naseby, intending to bring the royalists to action, and to prevent, if possible, their retreat upon Leicester, in case they should refuse the combat. At five o'clock Fairfax halted close to Naseby, and shortly after several bodies of his majesty's horse showed themselves on the top of a hill in battle array. Presently columns of infantry marched into position, and Fairfax being convinced that the royalists meant to bide the brunt, drew up and faced them on the brow of a gentle hill, placing a forlorn hope of 300 musketeers about a carbine-shot lower down. His right wing, consisting of six regiments of horse, was commanded by Cromwell; the left wing, composed of five regiments of horse, a division of 200 horse of the Association, and a party of dragoons, was, at Cromwell's request, committed to the management of the gallant Ireton, who was for that purpose made commissary-general of horse; Fairfax and Skippon took charge of the main body; and the reserves were headed by Colonels Rainsborough, Hammond, and Pride. In the king's army Prince Rupert, with his brother, Prince Maurice, led the right wing, and Sir Marmaduke Langdale the left, Charles in person taking the command of the main body; the Earl of Lindsay and Sir Jacob Astley, the Lord Baird and Sir George Lisle, headed the reserves. The two armies were pretty equal as to numbers, there not being the difference of five hundred men between them. The field-word of the royalists was "*God and Queen Mary!*" that of parliament, "*God our strength!*" The place where the battle was chiefly fought was a large fallow field about a mile broad, on the north-west side of Naseby, which space of ground was at one moment entirely covered by the contending forces. The royalists began the battle, "marching up in good order a swift march, with abundance of alacrity, gallantry and resolution." Fairfax's forlorn hope of 300 musketeers, after they began to be hard-pressed upon, fell back, according to orders previously given, upon the main body. Then Prince Rupert, with his majesty's right wing, charged Ireton and the left wing of the parliamentarians; and Cromwell, at nearly the same moment, with the parliament's right wing, charged Langdale and the king's left. As in other battles, fortune at first seemed to flatter Charles, for the left wing of the parliament was worsted by the furious onslaught of Rupert. Ireton was wounded in the thigh with a pike, in the face with a halbert, and, his horse being killed under him, he was made prisoner and kept by the royalists during the greater part of the battle. After he was lost his men fell into disorder, and were beaten back to the train of artillery, which was in danger of being taken, the foot and fire-lock men were placed to guard the cannon giving way also. Rupert, however, with his usual rashness, spurred on too far; the scattered foot rallied in his rear round their guns; and the broken horse of the left wing formed, closed, and rode up to support the center and the right; and when the prince returned from the skirts of Naseby town, and summoned the train, offering them quarter, they being well defended with fire-locks and a rear guard, refused to surrender, and kept him at bay until he perceived that the success of the rest of the king's army was not equal to his, and then he flew back to succor his friends; but, also, as usual, he came too late. Cromwell's charge, though gallantly met by Sir Marmaduke Langdale, was brilliant and decisive: after firing at close charge, and standing to it at the sword's point, the left wing of the royalists was broken, and driven beyond all the king's foot, and nearly a quarter of a mile behind the fallow field. While this was doing, there was a very fierce and doubtful encounter between the two main bodies, or the infantry of the two armies. With the exception of Fairfax's own regiment of foot, nearly all his front division gave way, and went off in disorder, falling behind the reserves; but the colonels and officers rallied them and brought them forward with the reserves, and then the king's foot were driven back, and at last put to a disorderly retreat. Cromwell, now returning victoriously, kept the king's horse in check, and prevented them from coming to the rescue of their foot in the center; and Fairfax, leading up the masses of his infantry, pressed the whole of Charles' main body, and put them all into disorder except one tertia, which stood like a rock, and, though twice desperately charged, would not move an inch. A third charge, however, conducted from several points at once, was more successful, and that last steady body of the king's foot was broken and thrown into confusion. The king had now nothing entire in the field except some regiments of horse, but these were gradually increased; and Langdale, who had rallied, and Charles himself put them into good order. Prince Rupert, also, being now returned "from his fatal success," joined with *his* cavalry; but the train of artillery was already lost, the foot broken, and the parliamentarians were busied in taking of prisoners, except some bodies of horse which still faced the king, to prevent his advancing to the succor of his routed infantry. According to Clarendon, Rupert's cavalry thought they had acted their parts, and could never be brought to rally again in order, or to charge the enemy. They stood, with the rest, spiritless and inactive, till Cromwell and Fairfax were ready to charge them with horse and foot, and to ply them with their own artillery. Despair made Charles courageous, and placing himself among them, he cried out, "One charge more and we recover the day!" but he could not prevail with them to stand the shock of horse, foot, and ordnance, and they presently fled in disorder, both front and reserves, hotly pursued by Cromwell's horse, who took many prisoners.

Charles left behind him on the field 5,000 prisoners, including an immense number of officers of all ranks, besides many of his household servants. There were also taken twelve brass pieces of ordnance, two mortar pieces, eight thousand stand of arms, forty barrels of powder, and all the bag and baggage, the rich pillage which the royalist soldiers had got just before at Leicester, above one hundred colors, the king's baggage, several coaches, and his majesty's private cabinet of papers and letters, which last were a means of sealing his doom. If the list of the slain be correctly given, it should appear that his army did not fight very resolutely, for six hundred is the highest number given for the loss of common soldiers, twenty for that of colonels, knights, and officers of note. The mass of his infantry threw down their arms and cried for quarter. The victory was obtained with the loss of very few on the side of the parliament—May says scarcely a hundred. Five days before the battle of Naseby, Charles had written to tell his wife, that without being over sanguine, he could affirm, that since this rebellion, his affairs were never in so fair and hopeful a way; but this afternoon, as he fled from the fatal field, it must have been in almost utter hopelessness.

THOMAS SCOTT.

affectionate friend

Thomas Scott

Fac-simile of the Hand-writing of Thomas Scott.

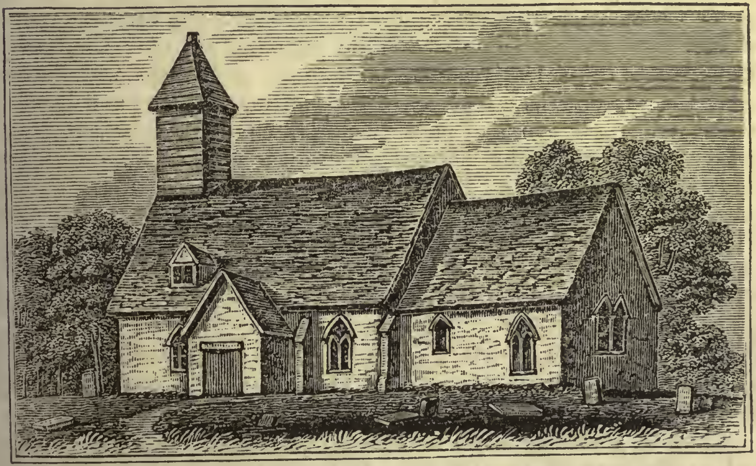
Thomas Scott, the celebrated Commentator on the Bible, was born in a small farm-house at Braytoft, in Lincolnshire, about six miles from Skegness. His father was a grazier, a man of small and feeble body, but of uncommon energy of mind and vigor of intellect; by which he surmounted the almost total want of education. His circumstances were quite narrow, and for many years struggled with many difficulties, having thirteen children, ten of whom lived to maturity. At the age of ten years, Dr. Scott was sent to a school in Scorton, in Yorkshire. On his return, after an absence of five years, he was bound an apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary at Alford. Owing to some misconduct, he was dismissed at the end of two months. At this period, he says in his narrative, "there was no fear of God before my eyes, and his conduct was as immoral as want of money, pride, and fear of temporal consequences, and a natural bashfulness would admit it to be."

After his dismission from the apothecary, he returned home, where for more than nine years he was almost as an entire drudge as any servant in his father's employ, his occupation being principally taking care of cattle and sheep. Notwithstanding his unfitness and the disadvantages he labored under, he appeared to desire the clerical profession. In 1772, his father, by his will, having made him dependent on his elder brother, he considered himself unjustly treated, he threw aside the shepherd's frock, set off for Boston, called on a clergyman, and made his desires known with regard to the ministry. He was encouraged, and finally received priest's orders in 1773.

In his "*Force of Truth,*" Dr. Scott says, that in view of the state of his heart at the time of his ordination, he judged "the whole transaction to have been the most atrocious act of his life." He says that at this period he "was nearly a Socinian and Pelagian, and wholly an Arminian." While curate at Stoke, he became acquainted with Rev. John Newton, then curate of Olney. From this period an entire change in his religious views began to commence, till he finally adopted the Calvinistic theory. His "Force of Truth," which gave a relation at large of the change, was first published in 1779.

In 1785, the governors of Lock Hospital, in London, applied to Dr. Scott to take the office of morning preacher in the Chapel, and visiting chaplain to the patients. The office was accepted, although the salary was but £80 per year. In 1802, sole chaplain to the Lock, his congregation seldom exceeding one hundred in number. The "Commentary" was begun January 2, 1788, the first number was published in the following March, and the last copy was finished for the press June 2, 1792; during which period the whole was twice written over by his own hand. The first edition amounted to three thousand copies. By mismanagement of the publisher, Dr. Scott lost, by the publication, £500, besides all his labor. On his last revised edition, he labored from the year 1818 till the very commencement of his last illness.

In 1803 he removed to Aston Sanford, Buckinghamshire. The village is one of the smallest in the kingdom; two farm-houses, a few laborer's cottages, a parsonage, containing together about seventy inhabitants, young and old. Here he found time to write various works, and revise those already published. From 1807 to 1814, he employed much of his time as tutor of several persons who were preparing themselves to go out as missionaries under the Church Mission Society. In March, 1821, Dr. Scott was seized with a catarrhal affection in an aggravated form. From this attack he never recovered, but gradually sunk till he died, April 16, 1821.



Aston Sanford Church, where Dr. Scott, the Commentator, preached.

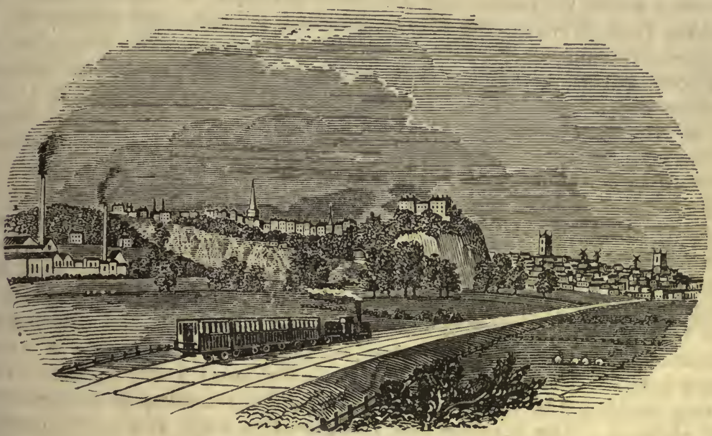
The above is a representation of the Church in which Dr. Scott preached. It was probably built in the thirteenth century, and is dedicated to St. Michael. It is fifty-three feet long, fifteen wide, and will contain a congregation of two hundred persons. The building consists of a nave with a little square wooden turret on the west end of the roof, containing three old and excellent bells: a chancel on the north side, two doors; on the south side nave, a gable-roofed porch, the windows small and irregular. The pulpit in the north-east angle of the nave, is very little elevated above the reading-desk, within which it stands. Opposite to it is one large pew; the greater part of the area is filled up with plain benches, and at the west end is a gallery. On a tablet of white marble affixed to the north wall, within the communion rails, is the following inscription:

> "Near this spot are deposited the remains of the Reverend Thomas Scott, 20 years Rector of this Parish. He died April 16th, 1821, aged 74 years, but in his writings, will long remain and widely proclaim to mankind the *Unsearchable Riches of Christ.*"

NOTTINGHAM.

This town is situated nearly in the center of England, but in the south-eastern part of the county to which it gives name. It is sixteen miles east from Derby, and 124 north by west from London. The population, in 1801, was 31,688, in 1821, 46,613, and in 1851, 85,167. The hosiery and lace manufactures are the two staple trades of Nottingham, and to them the town owes its rising wealth and magnitude. Before the introduction of "Claussen's Roundabout," in 1851, small work-shops and large warehouses were the characteristic features of the Nottingham lace and hosiery trades—the poor rooms of poor dwellings were the most numerous work-shops. Since the "Roundabout" was adopted, large factories have been built for the operatives, and stocking are made by the aid of steam-power, and a great pecuniary saving has been effected. The town has now been extended into several divisions—the central is situated on a rocky eminence. Between the Railroad Station and the market-square, there are a number of narrow and quite populous streets. The abrupt hill, or cliff, on which the castle formerly stood, with the clouds of smoke ascending from the numerous long chimneys, seen in almost every direction, are the most prominent features of the place.

There is good reason for believing that Nottingham was populated in the time of the Druids. In those times, habitations were scooped out of the living stone, and the remains of these primitive tenements are still to be found. In the Saxon Heptarchy, Nottingham formed a part of the kingdom of Mercia, which began in 582, and existed 202 years. Afterwards the town was held by the Danish soldiers, till the time of Alfred the Great. Edward the Elder caused the town to be enclosed by a stone wall, vestiges of which have been discovered by modern builders. In 1645, Parliament voted £1,000 to the Nottingham cavalry for their gallant conduct at the battle of Chester. The first act for revolutionizing the state in 1688, took place in Nottingham, by the issuing of a declaration from the nobility, gentry, and commonality of "the northern counties." In 1745, Nottingham furnished a large number of recruits for the Duke of Kingston's Light Horse, to support the Government against the attempt at the Jacobite restoration. It is said that three Nottingham butchers slew fourteen of the Pretender's army at the battle of Culloden.



View of Nottingham from the Railway.

Nottingham Castle was situated on the summit of a precipitous rock, rising 133 feet above the level of the meadows, which stretch pleasantly from its base to the river Trent. It is supposed that the Druids sacrificed their human victims on the Castle rock, and that the vaults, with which the height is perforated, were devoted to the reception of the dead. The Castle was built by William the Conqueror, who bestowed it, together with an adjacent piece of land, upon his illegitimate son, William Peveril. That daring warrior was at the same time intrusted with the government of the town. From that period to more modern times the Castle has been the place of many important and interesting events, and at times the Royal courts have been held within its walls. David, second king of Scotland, was imprisoned here for eleven years.

On the 22d of August, 1642, Charles the First hoisted his banner of war on the highest turret of the castle; and three days afterward the royal standard was planted in an open space closely adjoining the north side of the wall of the castle, and which is known to this day by the name of Standard Hill.

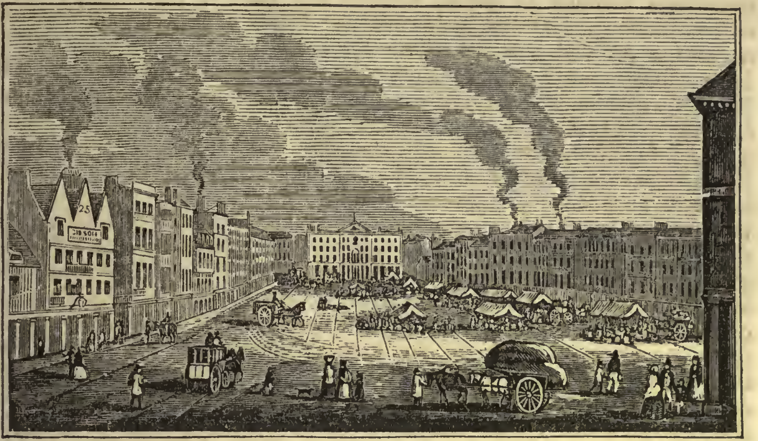
Both the town and the citadel came into possession of the Parliament shortly after the departure of Charles; and in June, 1643, the castle was intrusted to the keeping of Colonel John Hutchinson. At this time the buildings were almost unfit for habitation, and "neither afforded room to lodge soldiers nor provisions." Mrs. Hutchinson, in the life of her husband, describes the castle with great minuteness, and quaintly notices 'a place called the park, that belonged to the castle, but then had neither deere nor trees in it, except one, growing under the castle, which was almost a prodigee, for from the root to the top there was not one straight twig or branch on it: some sayed it was planted by King Richard the Third, and resembled him that sett it." The royalists made many unsuccessful assaults upon the castle during the civil wars. The importance attached to the fortress at that period is indicated by the circumstance, that the Earl of Newcastle offered £10,000, besides other advantages, to Colonel Hutchinson, if he would betray his trust—an offer which the republican governor repelled with noble indignation. The unfortunate Charles was brought to Nottingham Castle in 1646, on his way to Holmby, in Northamptonshire. In 1647, the garrison at Nottingham being disbanded, Colonel Hutchinson gave up the command to his kinsman, Captain Poulton, and afterwards ordered the building to be demolished.

At the Restoration. the castle was restored to the representative of the Rutland family, the Duke of Buckingham, who almost immediately disposed of it to William Cavendish, Marquis, and afterwards Duke of New Castle. Dr. Thornton, in his "History of Nottinghamshire," says that the Duke, "this present year, 1674, though he be above eighty years of age, hath a great number of men at work pulling down and clearing the foundations of the old tower, that he may build at least part of a new castle here." The new castle, at the revolution of 1688, became a temporary residence of royalty, Queen Anne here finding an asylum from her enemies. The building was completed in 1679, and cost altogether £14,000.

The last persons who occupied the castle, were Mr. Rawson and Mrs. Greeves, the latter of whom left it in 1829: and from that time to its destruction by a body of rioters on the 10th of October, 1831, it remained without a tenant. The incendiary fire in which the noble building was consumed, took place during the Parliamentary Session, previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, when the refuse of the population took advantage of the political excitement to indulge their evil passions, setting the laws of the land at defiance, and plunging into a course of wild excess. Two of the rioters were arraigned at a Special Assize for being concerned in the firing of the castle, but they were both acquitted. The Duke of Newcastle brought an action against the hundred of Broxtowe, in which the castle is situated, and received £21,000 compensation for the damage he had sustained.

The prospect obtained from the castle terrace is extensive and varied, embracing the park and a portion of the town lying at the base of the rock; the meadows stretching down to the river Trent, which is skirted by the sweet village of Wilford and Clifton Grove, both embalmed in the verse of Henry Kirke White; the princely abode of the Willoughbys, Wollaton Hall, embossed among trees; and away in the dim distance, the gentle sloping hills of Derby and Leicester, on the latter of which, in a south-easterly direction, may be descried the towers of Belvoir Castle.

The castle-yard has been set apart chiefly for garden plots, which are rented by the people of the town. A small grotto graces each garden, to which the occupant and his friends may retire to spend a pleasant evening during the warm season of the year.



Nottingham Market Square.

Nottingham possesses the noblest market-place in England. This is the decided feature of the town. It is a triangular open area of nearly six acres, surrounded by lofty houses and arcaded shops, and forming a scene which has no parallel in the street or market-place scenery of the kingdom. The Long Row is a favorite resort of the working class; and it is a most interesting sight to stand in the center of the market-place when the shops are lighted up in the winter evenings, and view the general illumination, while scarcely less attractive is it to survey the busy crowds promenading about sunset in the summer time, after the toils of the day have terminated. The market-days, Wednesday and Saturday, are especially the periods to visit this spot. On the Saturday the large area is crowded with all the miscellaneous articles which a working population require. The goods are arranged in rows on the ground, or upon stalls, or under sheds, leaving a passage for the purchasers to pass between. The range of buildings on the north side, forming the Long Row, is upwards of 400 yards in length. This market-place has long been the theme of admiration. Leland, in the reign of Henry VIII, says "it is the fairest, without exception, of all England." In ancient times the market-place was divided lengthwise by a wall breast-high, which was demolished in 1711, together with the butter and malt crosses.

HENRY KIRK WHITE, was born in Nottingham, March 21st, 1785. His father was a butcher, and his son Henry assisted him in this business till the age of fourteen, when he was apprenticed to a stocking weaver. He soon left this occupation and entered an attorney's office, where in his leisure hours he studied Latin and Greek. He also contributed to the literary periodicals of the day. Being encouraged by some of his friends, he prepared a volume of poems for the press, which appeared in 1803. The volume was contemptuously noticed in the "Monthly Review," which caused exquisite pain to the young poet. Fortunately the volume fell into the hands of Mr. Southey, who wrote to the young poet to encourage him, and other friends sprung up to succor his genius and procure for him what was the darling object of his ambition, admission to the university of Cambridge. His opinions for some time inclined to deism, without any taint of immorality; but a fellow-student put into his hands Scott's "Force of Truth," and he soon became a decided convert to the spirit and doctrines of Christianity. He resolved upon devoting his life to the promulgation of them, and the Rev. Mr. Simeon, Cambridge, procured for him a sizarship at St. John's College. This benevolent clergyman further promised, with the aid of a friend, to supply him with £30 annually, and his own family were to furnish the remainder necessary for him to go through college. Poetry was now abandoned for severer studies. He competed for one of the university scholarships, and at the end of the term was pronounced the first man of his year. "Twice he distinguished himself in the following year, being again pronounced first at the great college examination, and also one of the three best theme writers, between whom the examiners could not decide. The college offered him, at their expense, a private tutor in mathematics during the long vacation; and Mr. Catton, (his tutor,) by procuring for him exhibitions to the amount of £66 per annum, enabled him to give up the pecuniary assistance which he had received from Mr. Simeon and other friends." This distinction was purchased at the sacrifice of health and life. "Were I," he said, "to paint Fame crowning an undergraduate after the senate-house examination, I would represent him as concealing a death's head under the mask of beauty." He went to London to recruit his shattered nerves and spirits; but on his return to college, he was so completely ill that no power of medicine could save him. He died on the 19th of October, 1806. Mr. Southey continued his regard for White after his untimely death. He wrote a sketch of his "Remains," which proved to be highly popular, passing through a great number of editions. A tablet to Henry's memory, with a medallion by Chantrey, was placed in All Saints' Church, Cambridge, by a young American gentleman, Mr. Francis Boot, of Boston, and bearing the following inscription—so expressive of the tenderness and regret universally felt towards the poet—by Professor Smyth:—

Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came;
Unconquered powers the immortal mind displayed,
But worn with anxious thought, the frame decayed.
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr student faded and expired.
Oh! genius, taste, and piety sincere,
Too early lost midst studies too severe!
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,
He told the tale, and showed what White had been;
Nor told in vain. Far o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came, and sought the poet's grave:
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

ROBIN HOOD was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of Henry the Second, and about the year of Christ 1160. His extraction was noble, and his true name was *Robert Fitzoothes*, which vulgar pronunciation easily corrupted into Robin Hood. He is frequently styled, and commonly reputed to have been Earl of Huntingdon; a title to which, in the latter part of his life, at least, he actually appears to have had some sort of pretension. In his youth he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant disposition: insomuch that, his inheritance being consumed or forfeited by his excesses, and his person outlawed for debt, either from necessity or choice, he sought an asylum in the woods and forests, with which immense tracts, especially in the northern parts of the kingdom, were at that time covered. Here he either found or was afterwards joined by a number of persons in similar circumstances, who appear to have considered and obeyed him as their chief or leader.

His company, in process of time, consisted of a hundred archers; men, says Major, "most skillful in battle, whom four times that number of the boldest fellows durst not attack." His manner of recruiting was somewhat singular; for in the words of an old writer, "whersoever he hard of any that were of unusual strength and 'hardines,' he would desgyse himselfe, and, rather then fayle, go lyke a begger, to become acquaynted with them; and, after he had tryed them with fyghting; never give them over tyl he had used means to drawe them to lyve after his fashion:" a practice of which numerous instances are recorded in the more common and popular songs, where, indeed, he seldom fails to receive a sound beating. In shooting with the long bow, which they chiefly practised, "they excelled all the men of the land; though, as occasion required, they had also other weapons."

That our hero and his companions, while they lived in the woods, had recourse to robbery for their better support is neither to be concealed nor to be denied. Testimonies to this purpose, indeed would be equally endless and unnecessary. Fordun in the fourteenth century calls him, "*ille famossisimus siccarius*," that most celebrated robber, and Major terms him and Little John, "*famatissimi latrones*." But it is to be remembered, according to the confession of the latter historian, that, in these exertions of power, he took away the goods of rich men only; never killing any person, unless he was attacked or resisted: that he would not suffer a woman to be maltreated; nor ever took any thing from the poor, but charitably fed them with the wealth he drew from the abbots. I disapprove, says he, of the rapine of the man; but he was the most humane and the prince of all robbers.

Notwithstanding, however, the aversion in which he appears to have held the clergy of every denomination, he was a man of exemplary piety, according to the notions of that age, and retained a domestic chaplain (Friar Tuck, no doubt) for diurnal celebration of the divine mysteries. This we learn from an anecdote preserved by Fordun, as an instance of those actions which the historian allows to deserve commendation. One day, as he heard mass, which he was most devoutly accustomed to do, (nor would he, in whatever necessity, suffer the office to be interrupted,) he was espied by a certain sheriff and officers belonging to the King, who had frequently before molested him, in that most secret recess of the wood where he was at mass. Some of his people, who perceived what was going forward, advised him to fly with all speed, which out of reverence to the sacrament, which he was then most devoutly worshipping, he absolutely refused to do. But the rest of his men having fled for fear of death, Robin confiding solely in him whom he reverently worshipped, with a very few, who by chance were present, set upon his enemies, whom he easily vanquished; and, being enriched with their spoils and ransom, he always held the ministers of the church and masses in greater veneration ever after.

Having for a long series of years, maintained a sort of independent sovereignty, and set kings, judges, and magistrates at defiance, a proclamation was published, offering a considerable reward for bringing him in, either dead or alive; which, however, seems to have been productive of no greater success than former attempts for that purpose. At length the infirmities of old age increasing upon him, and desirous to be relieved in a fit of sickness, by being let blood, he applied for that purpose to the prioress of Kirkley's Nunnery, in Yorkshire, his relation, (women, and particularly religious women, being in those times, somewhat better skilled in surgery than the sex is at present,) by whom he was treacherously suffered to bleed to death. This event happened on the 18th of November, 1247, being the 31st year of King Henry III, and (if the date assigned to his birth be correct) about the eighty-seventh of his age. He was interred under some trees, at a short distance from the house; a stone placed over his grave, with an inscription to his memory.

LORD BYRON.

Byron

Byron's Signature.

George Gordon Noel Byron, the celebrated poet, was born in London, January 22d, 1788. The English branch of the family came in with William the Conqueror, and were distinguished from that era till modern time for the extent of their possessions. The ancestors of the poet during the civil wars espoused the cause of Charles I, for which they received various honors. Captain Byron, the father of the poet, led such a profligate life that his parents discarded him long before his death. The first wife of Captain Byron having died of a broken heart, occasioned by his brutal treatment, he married Miss Catharine Gordon, a Scottish lady and an heiress, who was the mother of the poet.

The fortune of Mrs. Byron, which consisted of upwards of £23,000, and which appears to have been the only motive of her despicable husband's connection in marriage, was, for the most part, wasted in two years. He died in 1797, "greatly," it is stated, "to the gratification of all who knew him." Mrs. Byron took up her residence in Aberdeen, where her son received his earlier education. "In the few reminiscences preserved of his life," says Mr. Galt, "it is remarkable that he appears in this period, commonly of innocence and playfulness, rarely to have evinced any symptom of generous feeling. Silent rages, moody sullenness, and revenge are the general characteristics of his conduct as a boy.

By the death of William, the fifth Lord Byron (called for his vindictiveness, the "wicked Lord,") his title and estate descended to the subject of this notice in 1798, who, with his mother, left Aberdeen for Newstead. The mother of Byron appears to have been a woman without judgment or self-command; alternately spoiling her child by indulgence, irritating him by her self-willed obstinacy, or disgusting him by her fits of drunkenness. She being a short and corpulent person, she rolled in her gait, and would, in her rage, sometimes endeavor to catch him for the purpose of inflicting punishment, while he ran round the room, mocking her menaces and mimicking her motion. Having a deformed foot, his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him a "*lame brat*," an expression he never appears to have forgiven.*

Byron for four years attended a school at Harrow. Here he formed a romantic attachment for Mary Chaworth, who was several years older than himself. She, however, "jilted him," and married some one else. At age of sixteen he became a student in Trinity College, Cambridge. About this period his poetic talents began to develope themselves, and he published a small volume, entitled, "The Hours of Idleness," in the obscure market-town press of Newark. A copy was somehow communicated to one of the Edinburgh critics, who, in the "Edinburgh Review," came out with an article replete with satire, and unjust insinuations, which could not but be extremely cutting to the author's feelings. It had the effect of rousing the indignation of Byron, and of his putting forth all his energies of retaliation and revenge which he so spiritedly inflicted in his satire of "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*"

When his satire was ready for the press, he carried it with him

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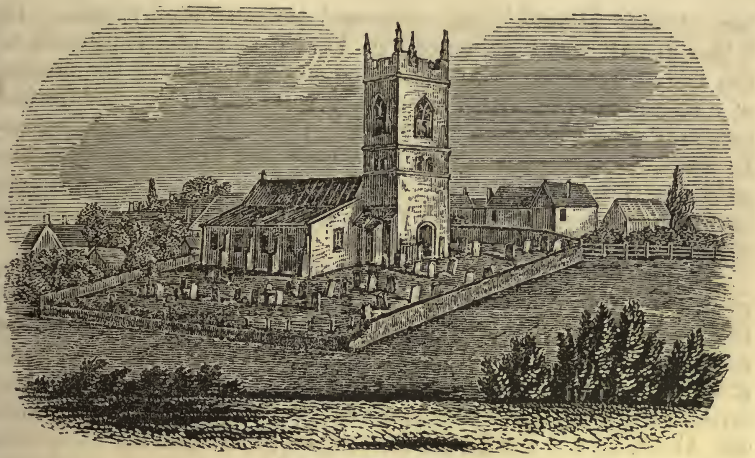
* Byron was extremely sensitive to whatever related to his personal appearance. In conversing with a person in the vicinity of Newstead Abbey, who had been employed on the estate when Byron resided there, he informed me, that his Lordship, fearing he was getting too fleshy to appear well, would occasionally wrap himself up in a blanket, lay down on a heap of horse litter, and then have himself covered up with the same, till he sweat profusely, in order to sweat off what he deemed his superfluous flesh.



*Hucknall Church, Byron's Burial-place.**

to London, where it was published anonymously, and created quite a sensation in the literary world. He at this time took his seat in the House of Lords previous to his going abroad. After an absence of more than two years in Portugal, Spain and Greece, he returned and published the two first cantos of "Childe Harold," and not long after, the "Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," and "Corsair." In January, 1815, Lord Byron was married to Miss Milbanke. With a person of Byron's principles and disposition, nothing less could have been expected than that this union would prove unhappy. They soon separated, and Lady Byron returned to her father's house.

Byron left England in 1816, and travelling through Switzerland to Italy resided several years at Venice, Rome, and Genoa. For the most part during this period, he led a dissolute and profligate life in open contempt of the principles of morality which govern men of virtuous lives. During this period he completed his "Childe Harold," and composed several other poems. His "Don Juan" was commenced in Venice and was continued till the author left Pisa. This last production, describing the progress of a sentimental libertine, is in many parts an obscene publication, generally supposed to contain much of the author's own experience. In 1823, he proceeded to Greece to take part in the struggles then going on against the Turks. He acquired a distinguished reputation and influence among the Greeks, and died after a short illness at Missolonghi, April 19th, 1824.

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* This engraving shows the appearance of Hucknall Torkard Church, in which the remains of Lord Byron are deposited, about three miles from Newstead Abbey, and about eight north-west from Nottingham. The village, consisting of perhaps some sixty or seventy ordinary looking houses, irregularly situated, is unpleasant in its general appearance. The church, an ancient-looking structure, would seat perhaps five or six hundred persons. A person is struck with the fact of finding the same names on the monuments in the church-yard as he would find in almost any grave-yard in New England, and he would find none legible more ancient than those usually found in the older settlements. The following inscription is copied from one in this yard:—

"In memory of GEORGE, son of James and Hannah Hibbard, who died January 28th, 1851, aged twenty-three years."

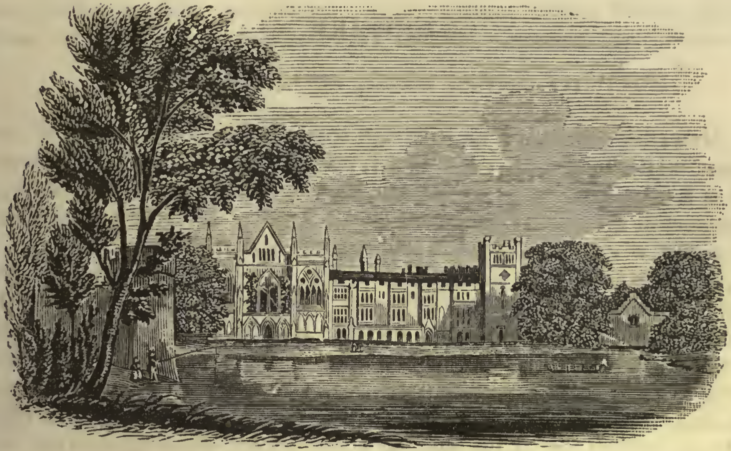
He labor'd in the fields his bread to gain,
He plough'd, he sow'd, he reap'd the yellow grain,
And now by death from future service driven,
Is gone to keep his harvest-home in heaven.

On the event of Lord Byron's death, the provisional government of Western Greece ordered that a general mourning should be observed for twenty-one days. The body after being embalmed was sent to Zante, and from thence was transported to London, where it lay in state for several days. The friends of Lord Byron having intimated a wish that his remains might be deposited in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Church, those great national receptacles of the illustrious dead, the proper authorities refused permission, on account of his Lordship's dissolute life and writings.

His remains were conveyed by slow stages from London to Nottingham. Here they again lay in state and were visited by curious thousands. His funeral took place July 16th, and was attended by the corporation of Nottingham, and an immense multitude of persons from the neighborhood. The doors of Hucknall Church were thrown wide open, and great numbers were there at an early hour, to look at the vault which was to be the last resting place of one so celebrated. The following inscriptiou is on a plain Grecian tablet of white marble:—

> "In the vault beneath, where many of his ancestors and his Mother are buried, lie the remains of George Gordon Noel Byron, Lord Byron of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, the Author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." He was born in London, on the 22d of January, 1788. He died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the 19th of April, 1824, engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that country to her ancient freedom and renown. His sister, the Honorable Augusta Mary Leigh, placed this tablet to his memory."

Newstead Abbey is situated about nine miles north of Nottingham, and five south of Mansfield. The visitor from Nottingham may reach it by the Mansfield Road, or by railway to Linby Station. The Hut, a celebrated inn on the Nottingham and Mansfield Road, stands on the border of an open tract of Sherwood Forest, a mile east of the Abbey. Past the Hut, is Fountain Dale, once the abode of Friar Tuck. Newstead Abbey was originally a friary of Black Canons, and was founded by Henry II, 1170: at its dissolution it was granted to Sir John Byron, Lieutenant of Sherwood Forest. It is "one of the finest specimens in existence of those quaint and romantic piles, half castle, half convent, which remain as monuments of the olden times of England." It sustained a siege from the Parliamentary forces, and was confiscated by the Puritans after the execution of Charles: the Abbey was restored by



Newstead Abbey, the Residence of Lord Byron.

Charles II to Lord Byron, who had been raised to the peerage for his loyalty by the first Charles. It descended to the most famous member of the family, the late Lord Byron, by whom, in 1815, it was sold for £140,000, to T. Clawton, Esq., who was unable to make good the purchase; in 1818, however, Colonel Wildman, the present occupant, bought it for about £100,000. The gallant Colonel, who is one of the heroes of Waterloo, animated by warm and heartfelt admiration of Byron's genius, has expended immense sums in repairing the Abbey, and in many cases rebuilding the farm-houses on the estate. Among the objects of interest are a noble oak tree, in front of the entrance gates to the park, a remnant of the old forest; the upper lake, formed by obstructing the waters of the Leen, which rises in this neighborhood; the lower lake, past which a winding path leads to the aviary; a pond, which was much esteemed and used by Lord Byron; two leaden statues in the woods of Pan and a female Satyr; the tree on which Byron and his sister carved their names; the woods planted by the "wicked Lord Byron," sometimes called "Devil Byron;" the marble monument reared by Byron over the remains of his dog Boatswain; and an oak tree in the gardens planted by the poet, in 1798, on his arrival at the Abbey, and which he fancifully associated with his personal fortunes. In the interior of the Abbey, the pilgrim is shown the entrance hall, the monks' parlor, or reception room, Lord Byron's bed-room, the haunted chamber, the library, the eastern corridor, the tapestry bed-room, the tapestry dressing-room, King Edward the Third's bed-room, King Henry the Seventh's lodgings, the Duke of Sussex's sitting-room, the grand dining-hall, the breakfast room, the cloister, the chapel, and the servant's hall.

NEWARK.

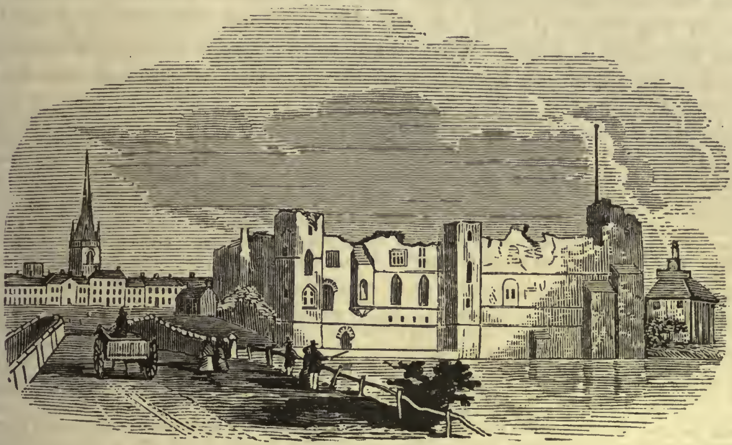
ITS CASTLE, SIEGES, ANTIQUITIES &C.

NEWARK, a borough and market town in the county of Nottingham, is situated on the river Trent, near its junction with the Devon. It is a neat, well-built place: and the market is a spacious and very handsome square. Population about 8,000. It is 120 miles from London, seventy-six from York, and 20 from Nottingham.

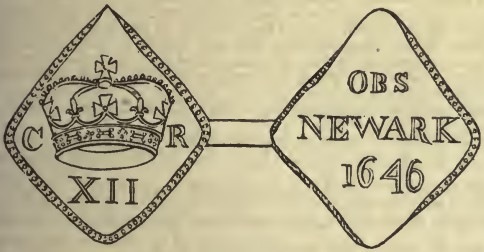
Newark Castle, so distinguished for its sieges during the civil wars between king Charles I, and his parliament, was probably erected about the year 1140, by the Bishop of Lincoln. At the commencement of the civil wars in 1642, the town of Newark was considered as a most important pass from the south of England to the north. Its strong castle defended a bridge over the river Devon, which ran at its foot the river Trent, passing near the village of Kelham. It was then encompassed by a strong wall, three or four gates, a covered way, and bastions for the mounting of cannon. The inhabitants declared for Charles at the beginning of the contest, and by their adherence to the royal cause brought upon themselves many privations and sufferings.

Towards the close of the year 1643, Newark was besieged some time by the parliamentary forces, and the garrison and the inhabitants were reduced to great distress. Charles, alarmed for their safety, sent Prince Rupert from Chester, with what forces he could draw together and raise the siege. Having gained some advantages against the besiegers, they consented to retire from the place on honorable terms. The next siege was carried on with great vigor during the whole year. In the beginning of 1645, the blockade was so strict, that the miseries of famine made dreadful havoc among the garrison. Prince Rupert now sent Sir Marmaduke Langdale, an able and experienced officer, to their relief. By a skillful maneuver he succeeded in throwing provisions into the town, with an addition of 500 dragoons to the garrison.

The next siege of Newark commenced in October, 1645, by a numerous army of Scots and English. To their formidable array, the works surrounding the town exhibited a bold and surly defiance, while the castle, frowning in supereminence, hurled destruction on the daring opponents. On the defeat at Naseby, the broken forces of Charles threw themselves into Newark, as the strongest and best fortified hold the Royalists retained. By a circuitous route, Charles himself, with a body of 3,000 men, joined them. He continued here till November 6th, when he went to Oxford. From this place he escaped in disguise, and arrived at the Kings Arms, in Southwell, near Newark, May 6th, 1646. Sending for the Scotch commissioners, who were then at the palace, before dinner, they dined in company at the Inn; and in the afternoon, he delivered himself up to them. He was then conducted, under an escort of their army to Kelham, where he was induced to sign an order for the surrender of Newark.



Newark Castle.



The annexed is a fac-simile of a coin called the "*Newark shilling*" or siege-piece of Charles I, now to be seen in the Trumbull gallery of Yale College, Conn. The shape shows that it must have been made or struck in troublesome times. Charles, while chased about by the Parliamentary forces, being in want of money to pay his soldiers, evidently cut up his silver plate and that of his followers, and having no means at hand to coin it in a proper shape, he was obliged to fashion it in the manner represented.

On the termination of the struggle between Charles and the Parliament, the castle was ordered to be dismantled. Since that time it has gradually fallen into its present state of dilapidation.*

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* When this place was visited, [October 12th, 1853,] it was on the market-day. We found the spacious square in the town filled with buyers and sellers. Proceeding to the river to see the castle, we saw the most extensive specimen of interesting ruins we had yet seen in England. The walls, which rose directly up from the river, were on the inside overgrown with ivy. We were quite struck with its venerable appear-

The following extracts are from Hilton's History of Newark. They throw considerable light on the subjects to which they refer. The first extracts are from the will of Thomas Magnus, Archdeacon of the "East Riding, in the Metropolitan Church of York," &c., who died in 1550. They relate to the master and regulation of the free school which he endowed, the master is required as follows :

I. C. D. being appointed master of the Grammar School in the parish of *Newark* upon *Trent*, (and built by Master *Thomas Magnus*, late Archdeacon of the East Riding in the Metropolitan Church of York,) as Master and instructor of Scholars there, in honor of the name of Jesus, and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, his Mother, swear to these things, by the Holy Gospel of God ; that, when I shall have been inducted into this School for the instruction and learning of scholars ; from that time I will not receive or partake of any salary for my service, except the annual one limited and assigned to me by the direction of the said Master *Thomas Magnus*. The orders and rules of this foundation declared to me before, or to be declared hereafter and with all and every of which being content, I will keep as far as lies in my power as a mortal being ; nor will I fraudulently or maliciously break them or any part thereof. So help me God and the Holy Gospel of God.

Possession shall then be given by placing him in his chair, and repeating to him as follows :—

"SYR,—Ye be chosyn to be Maister, Instructour, and Preceptour of this Scoole, and to teche Chylder repayryng to the same not onely good Literature, Gramer and other vertuous Doctrine, but also good Maners, accordyng to the Ordynances of Maister *Thomas Magnus*. Wherefore we doe ascertayne you, that this is a perpetual Roome of Contynuance upon your good Demeanour and Dutie to be done in this Scoole. And at all suche Tymes as the Vicare of *Newark*, and the Alderman of the *Trynitie* Gilde, with the other the Aldermen of *Corpus Christi* Gilde, *Our Ladyes* Gilde, and *Mary Mawdeleynes* Gilde, the Church Wardeyns and Maysters, and the moore parte of the Feoffees of the said Landys, Tenements and other Heredytaments, whereof ye shall have your Stypend, shall require you to come afore theyme, or three of theym, in the Vestrye within the Parysshe Church of this the Towne of *Newark*, or any other *honest* and *secret* place, ye shall not onely be redy thereunto, but also ye shall applye you to reforme yourself, and to amende suche thyngs whereof perchaunce ye shall submytte yourself to the Correction and Reformation of the Archedeacon of Notyngham, or of his official ; and so doyng your duete, ye shall contynue Maister of this Scoole with Love and Favour, and otherwise ye beyng resonably warned and monysshed once, twyes, or thres of your evil Demeanours, and not amendyng, nor submyttyng yourself, as ys aforsaid, shall content and dispose you to depart from this Roome. And if any Contraversy, Dyscorde or Debate shall fortune to be betweene the saide Scool-maister any of his Scoolers, or betweene the saide Scool-maister and any other Persone of the Towne or Paritie of *Newarke* aforesaid, that then the saide Scool-maister shall, for the peasing and Reformation thereof, abyde to the order and Dyrectyon of the saide Vicare of *Newarke* for the tyme beyng, yf he be there present, and of the Alderman of the *Trinitie* Gilde, and of the other three Aldermen aforesaid for the tyme beyng, or of three of them ; and that the same Scool-maister in all other things shall conforme hymselfe to the Ordynance made by the said Maister *Thomas Magnus ;* and fynally, the said Vicare, Aldermen and Feoffees, shall saye to the saide Scool-maister, That in his so doyng God gyv hym Grace long with muche Goodness to contynue, and many Scoolers to bryng forth in Virtue and good Lernyng. Amen."

"The said School-maisters, and either of theym for the tyme beying, shall cause and compell their Scoolers, every Worke-day in the whiche the said Scoolers lerne or be taught, to be in the Scoole by syx of the cloke in the Mornyng, or soone after that Houre, and there to remayne til it shal be nyne of the Cloke, and then to goe to their Brekfast or Drynkyng ; and to be in the Scool agayn at tenne of the Cloke, or nere unto that Houre, and then to goe to theyr Dyners, and to be in the Scoole ageyn at one of the Cloke, or within halfe an houre after, and there to remayne and tary tyll yt shall be six of the Cloke, except tymes lymyttyd for the said Scoolers to be present at Masses, and the Day in the whiche the saide *Obit* shal be kept. And also except the Afternoons of such days wherein they shall have licensed holidays. That there shall be Psalms and prayers every day at six in the morning and six at the evening.

And Whereas, of late, I have at my proper costs and charges made, erected, builded, finished and set up, one House, with a Chapel in the same, in *Coddington-lane,*

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ance which spoke loudly of the "days of other years." On drawing nearer, and when we entered within the castle-yard, our enthusiasm was somewhat abated. On this interesting spot, where, in "by-gone days," the high-born chivalry often congregated, was now an assemblage of cattle, sheep, and hogs, exposed in pens for sale. This we felt to be a desecration. And instead of some Malvina, with heaving breast and arms of snow sweeping the harp of Ossian to its melting sounds, we saw a respectable Englishwoman carrying a squealing pig in her arms, weighing some forty or fifty pounds. The step from the sublime to the ridiculous, was too much for our gravity, and we both burst into a fit of laughter.

within the town of Newark aforesaid, which House and Chapel I made to be an Alms-House, for the continual ease, finding and lodging of *five* poor men to be therein lodged, found and lodged from time to time, and from age to age forever: to the intent that such *five* poor men, for the time being, shall and may continually for ever pray for the good and prosperous state of the King and Queen's Majesties that now be, and of the heirs and successors of the same Queen, for the prosperity, tranquility and peace of this realm of England; and for the souls of our late Sovereign Lords, King *Henry* the Eighth, and King *Edward* the Sixth; and for our said Sovereign Lady the Queen, after her departure out of this transitory life; for my soul and my wife's soul, and all Christian souls; which my purpose, as I assuredly trust it doth stand with the pleasure of Almighty God, so minding to have the same established and provided to have continuance forever.

Also I will and ordain, that every of the said *five* poor men shall daily, within the Chapel of the said Alms-house, devoutly kneeling, say together with audible voices, three *Paternosters*, three *Ave Marias*, and one *Creed* in the honor of the most holy and blessed Trinity, three persons and one God. And after that forthwith shall also say with like audible voices, five *Paternosters*, five *Ave Marias*, and one *Creed*, in the worship and reverence of the five wounds of our Savior Jesus Christ, humbly praying and devoutly beseeching Almighty God, by the merits of the dear passion of His Son, our blessed Savior and Redeemer, to keep this Realm of *England* in prosperity and peace, to preserve the Kings' and Queen's Majesties, and the Successors of the said Queen, in his faith, fear and love, and to have mercy upon my soul, my wife's soul, and all Christian souls.

A SLIGHT VIEW OF FORMER TIMES.

The present poor and *laboring* classes of society, are, but too much, in the habit of fostering discontent, at what they style the hardness of their situation; the good old *days of yore* are frequently contrasted with those of the last and this century. It is an act of humanity to withdraw the veil of antiquity which shrouds those *blessed* days; and it is doubted whether their appetites would be remarkably keen for the possession of such signal benefits as might appear to court them.

By the statute five Elizabeth, all common laborers, being persons able in body, using loitering, and refusing to work for such reasonable wages as are commonly given in parts wherein such persons dwell, shall be adjudged *Rogues* and *Vagabonds*.

THE FIRST PUNISHMENT OF A VAGABOND.

On conviction to be *grievously whipped and burnt through the gristle of the right ear with an hot iron, of the compass of an inch about*, manifesting his roguish kind of life, and punishment received for the same. These were to be accounted rogues in the first degree.

ROGUES IN THE SECOND DEGREE.

On similar conviction within forty days, to be adjdged Felons.

ROGUES IN THE THIRD DEGREE.

If convicted again, to be accounted Felons, *without benefit of the Clergy.* Every person between the ages of twelve and sixty, not being an artificer, apprentice, fisher or mariner, and not being worth £10 in goods or chattels, compellable to serve in husbandry.

All artificers and laborers, being hired for wages by the day or week, shall, between the middle of the months of March and September, be, and continue at their work, at or before five of the clock in the morning, and remain at work and not depart until between seven and eight of the clock at night, except it be in the time of breakfast, dinner, or drinking, the which times shall not exceed, at the most two hours and a-half in the day, that is to say, at every drinking, one half hour, for his dinner one hour, and for his sleep, when he is allowed to sleep (the which is from the middle of May till the middle of August) half an hour at the most, and at every breakfast one half hour. All artificers compellable to work in harvest.

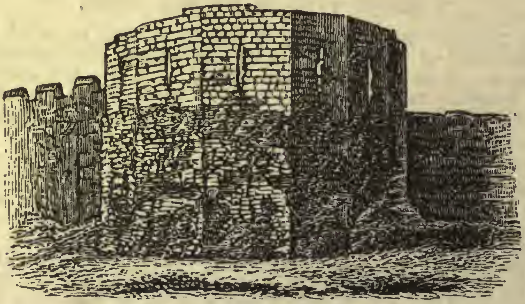
All unmarried *women*, between the ages of twelve and fifty, compellable to serve by the year, week, or day, for such wages as the Justices shall think fit.

No *rogue* to be brought out of *Ireland* or the Isle of Man; if brought, by any means whatever, such *Maniske* or *Irish Rogue* to be carried back again.

So much for the *good old days of yore.*

YORK.

The city of York, the capital of Yorkshire, is situated on an extensive plain on both sides of the River Ouse, a stream navigable to the sea, sixty miles distant, for vessels of seventy tons burthen. The city is 196 miles north from London, 202 south-south-east from Edinburgh, and 102 north-east from Liverpool. For a long period York was considered as the capital of the north of England, and in point of rank as the second city in the kingdom; but it is now surpassed in wealth and population by many of the more modern manufacturing towns. York contains thirty-four houses for public worship, eleven of which are for Dissenters. In the reign of Henry V, it had forty-four parish churches, seventeen chapels, and nine religious houses. The population in 1801, was 16,145; in 1821, 20,787; in 1841, 28,842; and in 1851, the population was 36,302.



Multangular Tower, York.

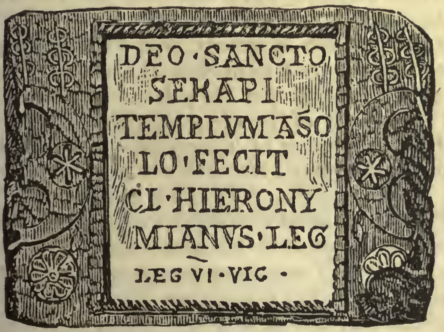
Drake, the celebrated historian, thinks it probable, that the city was first planted and fortified by Agricola, a Roman commander, whose conquests extended beyond York, about A. D. 80, and that he here built a fortress to guard the frontiers after his return. There is no dispute that when the emperor Hadrian came into Britain, A. D. 124, for the purpose of subduing the Caledonians, he brought with him the Sixth Legion, styled *Legio Sexta Victrix*, which, on his departure, he left stationed at York, and which remained here for three hundred years. York increased in splendor and importance, and, A. D. 150, was one of the greatest Roman stations in this country.

The next principal occurrence in the history of the city, was the arrrival of the Emperor Severus, who, though above three score years of age, left Rome with his two sons, and marched against the Caledonians, whose irruptions it was his determination to suppress. He immediately passed the walls of Hadrian and Antoninus, and drove them into their own territory. He afterwards returned to York, and there died in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and in the eighteenth of his reign. All the writer who have described York, have dwelt with much exaltation on the magnificence of the funeral obsequies of Severus. The funeral pile is stated to have been erected near Holgate, (about one mile distant from York,) on the hill call Severus Hill.

The next great event in the Roman annals of York, was the death of the Emperor Constantius. He died in the Imperial Palace of York, 25th July, 306.

About the year 450, the Romans finally withdrew their forces from Britain, and left to Eboracum, or York, the monuments of a grandeur which had been introduced by a foreign people, but had never taken deep root in the minds of the original inhabitants.

Great quantities of Roman antiquities and coins have been discovered in York; and if it be urged that a place, which for three or four hundred years was the constant seat of a Roman Government, ought to be able to show much more than what has been discovered, it may be truly answered in the words of the Rev. C. Wellbeloved, (one of the best, if not the best living authority on the subject,) that after the lapse of fourteen centuries, and the visitations of fire and sword which have swept over the city, the wonder is not that so little, but that anything whatever remains of its condition under the Emperors. There is, however, one undoubted Roman erection still remaining,—the Multangular Tower, now included in the gardens of the Museum.



Roman Inscription found at York.

Many interesting Roman relics have been discovered in York at various times. The annexed engraving is a representation of a tablet found several years ago on the site now occupied by the York and North Midland Railway Station. The inscription denotes that a temple was dedicated to the Holy God Serapis, by Claudius Hieronymianus, Legate of the Sixth Legion, victorious.

No sooner had the Romans withdrawn from the country, than the northern tribes poured forth in eager and savage multitudes. "The Britons contemplated their new freedom with surprise and terror. They were left destitute of any civil or military constitution, and their uncertain rulers wanted either skill, or courage, or authority, to direct the public force against the common enemy." The whole country was helpless before the fierce invaders, and fire and sword began to annihilate the memorials of Italian civilization. The Saxons were invited to resist the enemy; they came, and fulfilled their mission; and then seized upon the whole country for the pains. The war now raged between the Britons and their German allies, and after a century and a half of bloodshed and horror, the Heptarchy was established,

On the 23d of September, 1066, was fought the bloody battle of Stamford Bridge, between Harold, the successor of Edward the Confessor, and Harfager, King of Norway, who, in league with Tosto, the brother of Harold, had entered the estuary of the Humber with a fleet of ships. It is said they sailed up the Ouse as far as Riccall, without disembarking; after destroying a small outpost of the Saxons, stationed at Fulford, they entered the city, and committed great enormities. On the approach of Harold, with an army of about their own strength, they marched out to Stamford, a village on the Derwent, and there strongly posted themselves in expectation of the attack. The battle was obstinate and bloody, and when at length victory rested with Harold, two-thirds of the enemy were slain: the bodies of Tosto and Harfager were found upon the field, and buried at York.

While Harold was celebrating this great deliverance at York, news arrived that another army of invaders under William, Duke of Normandy, had landed at Pevensey, in Sussex. Harold hastened to oppose this new rival; and lost both his kingdom and his life at the battle of Hastings.

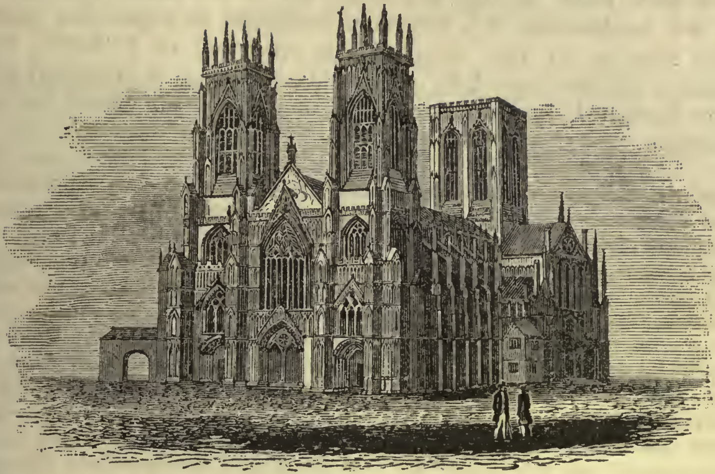
Several revolts took place in Yorkshire, when William came northward in person to crush the malcontents. Earl Waltheof, in company with the principal Saxon nobility, held the city against him for a space of eight or nine months, and only surrendered it at last on terms of honorable capitulation, which William disregarded as soon as he had nothing to fear from the deceived Saxons. Drake says, that he raised the city to the ground, laid the country waste between York and Durham, and destroyed or drove out the inhabitants.

One of the first Parliaments mentioned in history, was held at York about the year 1160. Another Parliament was held in 1171.

While Richard the First was absent in the Holy Land, one of the most cruel events recorded in the history of the city took place. Owing to various causes, the Jews became objects of a very general popular dislike. The mob at London, in the year 1189, had vented their fury on the Jews then resident in the metropolis, and on the news reaching York, a general crusade against the detested Israelites was commenced. The persecuted took refuge in the castle, and for some time held that position against their enemies; at length seeing no prospect of deliverance from either famine or massacre, at the instigation of their Rabbis about 2,000 of them committed suicide, first setting fire to the buildings. The roar and scorching heat of the flames, the yells and fiendish passions of the mob, with the corpses of the slain, must have constituted a spectacle too horrible to dwell upon. This flagrant breach of all law and order did not, however, go unpunished: the Bishop of Ely, Regent in the King's absence, visited York, and as far as possible chastised the brutal offenders.

In 1298, Edward the First called a Parliament at York, to which he summoned the King of Scotland. This was the beginning of the wars between the two kingdoms, which raged during that and the following reign.

In 1346, the Scots, under their king, David Bruce, entered England, and ravaged the country as far as Durham. Philippa, the wife of Edward the Third, then in France, collected an army, and gave battle to the Scots, at Neville's Cross, near Durham, totally defeated them, and left 15,000 of their number dead upon the field.



York Minster.

The cathedral of St. Peter, generally called "*York Minster*," is by many claimed to be the largest and most magnificent Gothic structure in the world. It was completed between 1227 and 1377. The western front with its two uniform steeples, 196 feet in height, is particularly grand. The eastern end containing the choir is built in a more florid style. The great tower or lantern steeple is sustained within by four large and massive columns. The south transept, the latest part of the Minster, is distinguished by a number of narrow-pointed arches with slender pillars. The south side of the choir is very striking from its massive columns terminating in pinnacles. The north side of the Minster is equally grand. The interior of the church corresponds with its exterior magnificence. The view from the western entrance to the Cathedral is unequalled, the eastern end of the Minster, with its columns, arches, and superb windows, being finely displayed. Upwards of 200 compartments are filled with representations of the Supreme Being, monarchs, prelates, and saints, and the chief events of sacred history.

At the time of the Reformation, the Cathedral suffered severely from the dilapidations inflicted by expurgators of the ancient faith, and in more modern times, the soldiers under Cromwell took great pains to purify the building from what they deemed the remains of idolatry. On the 2d of February, 1829, an incendiary, of the name of Martin, afflicted with religious madness, contrived to set fire to the Cathedral, but fortunately after the roof of the choir had fallen in, the progress of the flames was stayed. The damage amounting to £65,000 was raised by a national subscription. On

May 20th, 1840, another fire broke out in the south-west tower by the carelessness of a workman employed to repair the clock. The damage on this occasion was estimated at £23,000, this amount was also raised by public subscription. A large bell also was furnished, said to exceed in magnitude all others in the kingdom.

During the wars of the Roses, York experienced many calamities, and was a near witness of, perhaps, the bloodiest battle ever caused by the demon of civil war. On Palm Sunday, (28th March,) 1461, the Yorkists and Lancasterians met at Towton, a village about ten miles from York. No quarter was granted by either side, and 36,000 Englihsmen perished on that fatal day. The battle of Wakefield had been fought the previous year, and gained by the Lancasterians. The heads of the Duke of York and the young Duke of Rutland were set upon Micklegate Bar.

In 1569, occurred the Rebellion, headed by the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, and aided by many of the nobility of Yorkshire and Durham. The Earl of Sussex was then at York, as Lord President of the North, and Sir George Bowes, acting chiefly through his instructions, was actively engaged in opposing the rebels. The city was in daily expectation of a siege: the rebellion was at length, however, suppressed, and then began a severe and vindictive retribution on the part of the Queen's government. A commission sat at York for the trial of the attainted persons. The Earl of Westmoreland escaped, but the Earl of Northumberland was sold into the hands of his enemies by a border chief. After many delays he was brought to York, and beheaded in Pavement, opposite St. Crux Church, August 22d, 1572.

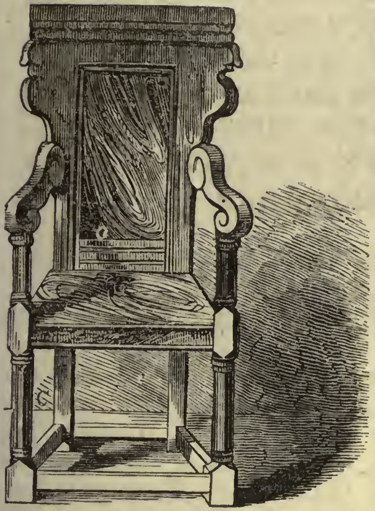
It is well known that Charles the First retired to York at the commencement of the great civil war with the Parliament. In April, 1644, the city was beseiged by an army of 40,000 men of the Parliament's forces, under Sir Thomas Fairfax, the Earl of Manchester, and General Lesley. Force failing, it was resolved to starve the city into surrender, and this, doubtless, in time would have been accomplished; but on the 30th of June, Prince Rupert advanced at the head of a Royalist army, to raise the siege. The battle of Marton Moor was the consequence; the fatal issue of which, to the King's cause, is well known.

The routed royalists retreated to York; and tradition still describes the scene of confusion at Micklegate Bar, caused by the crowds who pressed for admission, and the jealousy of the garrison, as to whom they suffered to pass.

The battle was fought on the 2d of July, and on the 11th the city was surrendered on honorable terms by Sir Thomas Glenham, the governor, and his garrison.

Since this time the history of the city presents no remarkable feature, the principal occurrences being confined to the visits of royalty and other distinguished personages.

JOHN DE WICKLIFFE, OR WYCLIFFE.

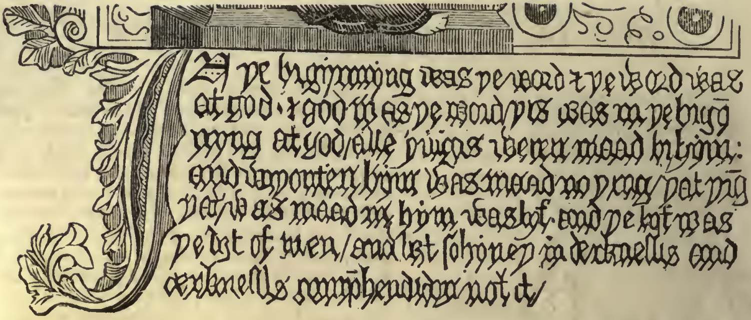


Wickliffe's Chair.

John Wickliffe, called, "The Morning Star of the Reformation," a celebrated professor of divinity at Oxford, was born at Wickliffe, in Yorkshire, about 1324, and educated at Queen's College, and afterwards at Merton, and, in 1361, raised to the mastership of Baliol College. In 1365, he was made, by the scholars, head of Canterbury Hall, just founded at Oxford by Archbishop Islip, but his elevation was opposed by the monks, and Langham, the next primate, and the pope, to whom the dispute was referred, displaced him, and his secular associates. Thus disgraced by violence he retired to his living at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, meditating revenge against the authors of his unjust privation. In the works of Marsilius, of Padua, and other bold writers, he found ample room to indulge his opposition, and well aware of the popularity of attacking a foreign power, which overawed the throne, and submitted the industry and the revenues of the kingdom to its own avaricious views, he loudly inveighed against the Romish church. His writings alarmed the clergy, and a council was assembled at Lambeth, by Archbishop Sudbury, 1377, and Wickliffe summoned to give an account of his doctrines. He appeared before it, accompanied by the Duke of Lancaster, then in power, and he made so able a defense, that he was dismissed without condemnation. His acquittal, however, displeased the pope, Gregory XI, who directed his emissaries to seize the offending heretic, or if he were protected by the great and powerful of the kingdom, to cite him to Rome, to answer in person before the sovereign pontiff. In consequence of this a second council assembled at Lambeth, and the nineteen propositions which the pope had declared heretical, were so ably vindicated by the eloquence of the undaunted reformer, that his judges, afraid of offending the nobles, or of exciting a commotion among the people, who loudly supported the cause of their champion, permitted him to depart in safety, and enjoined him silence in matters of religion and of controversy. Undismayed by the power of his enemies, Wickliffe continued to preach his doctrines, which were now more universally spread, and a third council, therefore, assembled under Courtnay the primate, 1382, and twenty-four propositions of the reformer were condemned as heretical, and fourteen as erroneous. The severity of the church was, at the suggestion of the pope, and the concurrence of the weak Richard II, directed with effect against the supporters of the new heresy; but while some of his followers suffered punishment for their adherence to his principles, Wickliffe died at Lutterworth, 1384.

The annexed engraving is a representation of the chair in which Wickliffe died, and in which he was carried home from the church, where he was seized with paralysis while preaching. This chair, with the identical pulpit in which he preached, are still preserved in the church at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. Wickliffe was buried in the church, but after the reformer had slept peacefully in his grave for forty-four years, his bones were disinterred, publicly burnt, and the ashes thrown into the neighboring river Swift.

One of the opinions of Wycliffe deemed heretical was, that he contended that the knowledge of God's revealed will was to be



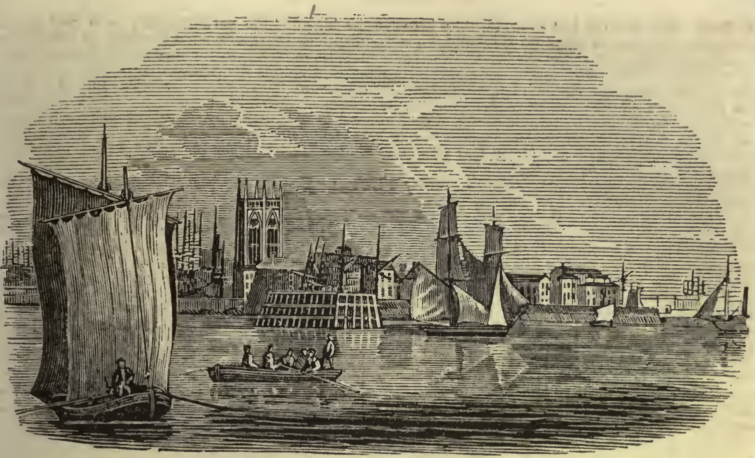
Specimen copied from Wycliffe's Bible, among the Royal MS. in the British Museum.

["In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God, the same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. In him was life: and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not.]

found only in the Bible, and that every person should have the privilege of searching it, and judging for themselves with regard to its doctrines. For the benefit of his countrymen, Wycliffe, like his great successor Luther, devoted several years of his life to the completion of a translation of the Old and New Testaments into his native tongue. This is the *oldest English version* of the Scriptures that is now extant. His translation of the New Testament has been twice printed, firstly, in folio, London, 1731; secondly, in quarto, in 1810. The translation of the Old Testament still remains in manuscript. The accompanying engraving is a copy of the manuscript in the British Museum, of the five first verses in the first chapter of John. At the beginning of the chapter is a figure designed to represent St. John writing his Gospel, with an eagle by his side.

HULL, ITS SIEGES, &c.

Hull, or Kingston-on-Hull, is a large seaport and borough town in the East Riding of Yorkshire. It is situated on the great inlet of the Humber, which forms the great oulet by which the eastern rivers of England discharge themselves into the German Ocean; and while it thus opens an easy access to the sea on the east, it commands, at the same time, by its various branches, the interior navigation of the west. The docks, which add so much to the commercial prosperity of the town, were commenced in 1774. The town is situated thirty-eight miles from York, and about 170 north from London, and contains about 85,000 inhabi-



Hull, on the north side of the Humber.

tants, the greater part of whom are connected with commercial pursuits.

Hull was founded by Edward I, from whom it received the name of King's Town, now Kingston, to which it was added *upon Hull*, to distinguish it from Kingston-upon-Thames, and other places of similar appellation. In the reign of Edward III, it supplied sixteen ships for the invasion of France, when London only furnished twenty-five. During the contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, Hull continued faithful to the latter. During the civil wars in more modern time, in the reign of Charles I, the first open hostilities occurred at Hull, and by its extraordinary and long protracted defense, it may be said to have been one of the primary causes of the downfall of the royal cause.

During the civil wars which took place in the reign of Charles I, the possession of Hull became a matter of the first importance to both the royal and the parliamentary party, as it contained a larger quantity of stores and ammunition than the Tower of London; and after the long and fruitless altercations which took place between Charles and the parliament, both parties prepared to decide the contest by force of arms.

The king, in order to secure the town, sent the Earl of Northumberland forward from the city of York to take possession in his majesty's name; but the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses, unmindful of their recent declaration, "that they would adhere to his majesty against all his enemies with the utmost of their lives and fortunes," declined to receive the king's general, and after some hesitation and delay, admitted Sir John Hotham as governer by order of parliament.

On the 23d of April, 1642, his majesty, attended by his son, and by a train of from two to three hundred of his servants, with many gentlemen of the county, set out early in the morning from York for Hull, and when he was within about four miles of that place, he sent forward an officer to inform the governor that he intended that day to dine with him. This unexpected honor John Hotham was not disposed to accept, and he dispatched a message to the king, humbly beseeching him "to decline his intended visit, seeing that he, as governor, could not, without betraying the trust committed to him, open the gates to so great a train as his majesty was attended with." The king, however, continued to advance, and Sir John ordered the bridges to be drawn up, the gates closed, and the soldiers to stand to their arms round the walls. The king having arrived at Beverley Gate demanded entrance, at least for himself and twenty of his attendants; but the governor continued to plead the trust reposed in him by Parliament, protesting at the same time upon his knees, that he wished God might bring confusion upon him and his, if he was not a faithful and loyal subject of his majesty. The threats and the entreaties of the king were, however, alike unavailing, and in the evening he retired to Beverley. The next morning he sent a herald to Sir John, summoning him once more to open the gates on pain of being proclaimed a traitor, in case of refusal, and with a promise of forgiveness for the past if he consented. The herald, like his royal master, proved unsuccessful, and the king, grievously disappointed, returned to York. This was the first act of hostility between the king and the parliamentary party, and proved the commencement of that civil war which, for more than four years, desolated England, and ultimately brought her monarch to the block. On his arrival in York, the king sent a message to the two houses of parliament, demanding justice against the governor of Hull, for his treasonable refusal to obey the royal commands; but instead of punishing Sir John Hotham, the Parliament bestowed upon him and his supporters a vote of thanks. The king having mustered about 3800 troops, of which about 3000 were foot, and 800 horse, and procured a supply of arms from Holland, by the sale of the crown jewels. and by the zeal of his royal consort, resolved to commence the war by an attack upon Hull, the fortress of which he hoped to carry, rather by the defection of the governor, than by the force of his own arms. On the king's arrival at Beverley, Sir John Hotham called a council of war, at which it was determined, that the surrounding country should be laid under water, in order to render all access to the town impracticable to the king's army. This resolution was immediately carried into effect; the sluices were pulled up, and the banks of the Humber were cut, so that the next morning, by the aid of the spring tides, the meadows and pastures, to the exten tof two miles on every side of Hull, were inundated with water. The next care of the governor was to put the town in the best possible state of defense; for this purpose the Charter House, hospital, and several houses in Myton-lane, were demolished; the walls and the fort at the south end were fortified with cannon: batteries were erected at the Myton, Beverley, and the north gates; draw-bridges were thrown over the town ditch, which was then both broad and deep; and the country being under water, the royalists could make no near approaches, either to plant their batteries, or to practice any other species of annoyance. While the garrison of Hull were thus making every preparation for defense, the king was not inactive at Beverley: two hundred men were employed in cutting trenches to divert the current of fresh water which supplied the town of Hull; posts were placed at the Humber side in Lincolnshire, to prevent succors being introduced from that quarter, and two forts were erected, one at Paul, a village about five miles below Hull, and the other at Hessle Cliffe, about the same distance above it, to prevent supplies from being conveyed by the river.

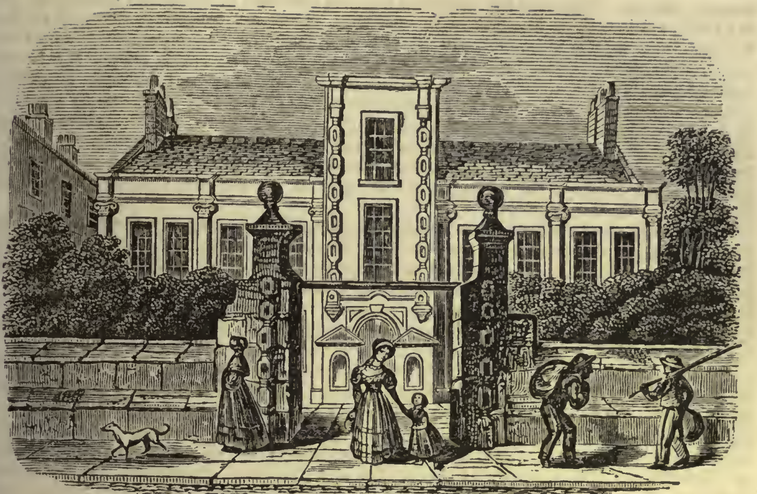
The Parliament being informed of the state of affairs, gave orders that some ships of war should scour the Humber, that 500 men should immediately be sent by sea to Hull, and be followed by 1500 more, as soon as they could be got ready. These recruits, together with a considerable sum of money, and a great store of provisions, arrived about the middle of July, 1642, in the Humber, and passing the fort at Paul without any material damage, landed safely at Hull.

The siege of Hull having now commenced, Sir John Meldrum, a Scotch officer, was sent down by Parliament to assist the governor, and greatly distinguished himself in the defense of the town. Notwithstanding the inundation, the king had brought his cannon to play on the town with some effect, and he was answered with equal spirit by guns planted on the walls, though no material result was produced on either side. Reports were raised in the town, that the king contemplated measures of the greatest cruelty against the inhabitants, and that should he succeed in carrying the place, as he intended, by storm, every person, without respect to age, sex, or condition, was to be put indiscriminately to the sword. By these arts, the troops in the garrison were violently inflamed against the royal cause; and about the end of July, 500 of them, under the command of Sir John Meldrum, made a desperate sally from the fortress, and attacked the king's force with so much impetuosity, that they were compelled to retire to Beverley with considerable loss

After the arrest of Sir John Hotham, who was accused of a plot to surrender the town into the king's hands, the custody of the town was intrusted to the care of a committee of eleven, approved by Parliament, and at the head of which was the mayor: soon afterwards Lord Fairfax arrived in Hull, and, on the 22d of July, 1643, was constituted the governor of that place; and within the space of two months the town was a second time besieged by the royalists. The Marquis of Newcastle, having made himself master of Gainsborough and Lincoln, and driven Sir Thomas Fairfax out of Beverley with great slaughter, appeared with his whole force before Hull, on the 2d of September, and immediately began his operations upon the town, from which he cut off its supplies of fresh water, and of provisions. as far as depended on the adjoining parts of Yorkshire. The siege and defense were conducted with all the military skill of that age, and with all the determination of deep rooted hostility, which generally characterizes intestine warfare. The besiegers erected several batteries, which opened on the town, and were answered by an incessant fire from the walls; and the cannon from the block-houses and the forts on the banks of the Hull, near the ruins of the charter-house, carried devastation and slaughter into the camps of the besiegers. After extreme labor and loss of many lives, the royalists, though exposed to a constant and heavy fire from the walls, at length succeeded in erecting a fort, about half a mile from the town, which was called the King's Fort. On this were placed several pieces of heavy ordnance, and a furnace was erected for the heating of balls. The firing of red-hot balls into the town threw the inhabitants into great consternation; but the precautions of the governor prevented them from doing any material injury: and by adding two large culverins to the charter-house battery, and the erection of another fort, which flanked the royalists, he demolished the King's fort, and deprived the Marquis of Newcastle of the means of firing hot balls into the town.

On the 14th of September, Lord Fairfax ordered the banks of the Humber to be cut; and the country being thus laid under water, the royalists were obliged to abandon all their works, except those on the banks of the river. On the 20th of the same month, the royalists made their approaches to the town on the west, and erected batteries, on which they placed heavy artillery; and, on the 27th, they repaired the fort of Paul, and erected another at Whitgift, near the confluence of the Ouse and the Trent, in order to prevent Hull from receiving supplies by water. But the ships of war, which the Parliamant had stationed in the Humber, soon demolished these forts; so that the attempt to cut off supplies proved ineffectual.

The siege, which had continued nearly six weeks, was now drawing to a close; for the Marquis of Newcastle, perceiving that his efforts to carry the town must be unavailing, called a council of war on the 11th of October, the deliberations of which resulted in a determination immediately to raise the siege. This was carried into execution the same night; the Marquis drew off his forces; and taking care to prevent a pursuit by opening the canals, destroying the bridges, and breaking up the roads, he retired with the greatest part of his army to York, and detached the remainder into Lincolnshire. On the following morning, when it was perceived that the enemy was gone, Lord Fairfax commanded that the day should be observed as a day of public thanksgiving, and the anniversary was celebrated at Hull in the same manner till the restoration.



Birth-place of Wilberforce; Hull.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, the celebrated philanthropist, was born in Hull, 1759, in a house in High-street, of which the annexed engraving is a representation. It is an ancient structure, standing in the time of Charles I, who was entertained within its walls. Wilberforce, in early life, was educated at the grammar school in Hull, and afterwards at the free school at Pocklington. "He went to St. John's College, Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner, at the usual age, and there formed an intimacy with Mr. Pitt, which remained unbroken till his death.

"Mr. Wilberforce was chosen as the representative of his native town, as soon as he attained his majority. We believe that he represented Hull for two, if not three Parliaments. He does not appear to have taken an active part in the business of the House till 1783, when he seconded an address of thanks on the peace. It cannot but be interesting at the present time, to find that in 1785, Mr. Wilberforce spoke in favor of a reform in Parliament, when that subject was brought forward by Mr. Pitt. The plan then suggested was infinitely short of that which has since been carried into effect. Mr. Pitt proposed to suppress thirty-six decayed boroughs, to distribute their members among the counties, and to establish a fund of one million for the purchase of the franchise of other boroughs, to be transferred to unrepresented towns."

"It was in 1788 that Mr. Wilberforce first gave notice of his purpose to draw the attention of the legislature to the subject of the slave trade; on the 12th of May, 1789, he again brought the question before the House, introducing it with one of those powerful and impressive speeches which have justly classed him among the most eloquent men of his day; in 1790, Mr. Wilberforce revived the subject, when his motion was lost by a majority of seventy-five. But Mr. Wilberforce was not to be discouraged. On the 3d of April, 1792, he again moved the abolition; and he was again opposed by all the virulence and all the sophistry of colonial interest. After many similar unsuccessful attempts, he again renewed his favorite scheme on the 20th of May, 1804, when he moved that the House shall resolve itself into a committee, and he prefaced his motion with one of the most impassioned speeches ever made within its walls. His bill passed the third reading, by a majority of thirty-six, but was too late in the session to be discussed in the Lords; it was postponed to the ensuing session. This was the last time he took the lead in this great question. On the 10th of June, 1806, Mr. Fox, who was then in office, brought it forward at Mr. Wilberforce's special request. He rightly calculated on the superior influence of ministerial power. The bill, under the auspices of government, passed the lower House by a majority of one hundred and fourteen to fifteen; and through the efforts of Lord Grenville, was, at length, triumphant in the Lords. But the triumph was fairly given to Mr. Wilberforce. In the following year, his return for Yorkshire, which county he had represented in several successive Parliaments, was warmly contested; but such was the ardor with which the friends of humanity espoused his interest, that their subscription far exceeded the expense of his election, although more than £100,000.

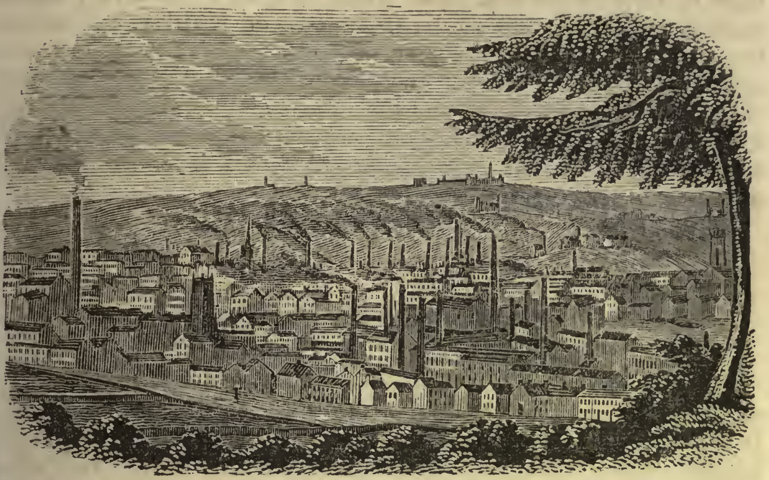
"He remained in Parliament for many years, until he was nearly the father of the House. About the year 1825 he retired into domestic life. In 1797, he married Miss Barbara Spooner, the daughter of an opulent banker at Birmingham. We believe that it was about this time he published his celebrated work on Christianity. It was his only work on religious or miscellaneous subjects. His lady and four sons have survived him. His eldest daughter died unmarried, in 1829. His other daughter married the Rev. J. James, and died within twelve months of her marriage.

"In his domestic life, he was playful and animated to a degree. He was extremely fond of children, and would enter into their gambols with the gaiety of a school-boy. In his person there was nothing calculated to excite attention; but, when his countenance was animated by conversation, the expression of the features was very striking. He died July 27th, 1833, aged seventy-three years. His remains are interred in Westminster Abbey, close to those of Pitt and Canning. It was not less honorable to the age than to his memory, to witness men of every rank, and every party, joining together to pay the last tribute of homage to a man whose title to public gratitude was exclusively founded upon his private worth and his disinterested services to mankind. A columnar memorial of this distinguished individual has been placed in this native town, at the foot of the Junction Bridge."

LEEDS, BRADFORD, AND HUDDERSFIELD.

Leeds, a large borough in the West Riding of Yorkshire, is considered one of the richest and most populous commercial towns in the county. It is 189 miles north-west of London, and twenty-four west of York. Population of the town about 90,000. The population of the parish is upwards of 150,000. The town is situated on the summit and sides of an eminence gently rising from the north bank of the Aire. The valley in which the principal part of this town is situated is quite extensive. A number of manufacturing villages are situated in this section of the country. The tall chimnies, issuing forth clouds of smoke, are every where seen peering above the surrounding buildings.

To the extent and variety of the manufactories carried on in this town and its vicinity, particularly the manufacture of woolen cloth, which within a few years has been brought to a very high state of perfection; to this, in a great degree, may be attributed the prosperity of the West Riding of Yorkshire. In the parish, clay is dug and used in making fire-proof bricks, the neighborhood abounds with coal mines, and on the banks of the Aire are numerous mills for various purposes.



North-east view of Bradford.

Bradford is an ancient and very considerable market-town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, ten miles west from Leeds, and contains a population of upwards of 105,000. Like Leeds, it owes its prosperity to the manufacture of woolen cloths. The annexed engraving is a view of the place as seen from the north-east, and may be considered as a fair specimen of the characteristic appearance of the manufacturing towns in this part of England.

Huddersfield is a borough town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, is eight miles south-east from Halifax, sixteen south-west from Leeds, and 189 north-west from London. It is distinguished principally for the manfacture of woolen cloths. The population of the town is upwards of 25,000.

The history of Huddersfield does not furnish much matter for the gratification of antiquarian research, though it is an undoubted fact, that the castle-hill at Almondbury was, in the early period of our history, crowned with a Saxon fortress, which awed the villages below; and that the celebrated Roman station of *Cambodunum* was within the parish of Huddersfield, on the confines of Stainland, and in the township of Longwood. It is also acknowledged that there are some ancient symbols of druidical worship still extant in the neighborhood, and that the site of a cromlech, and several stupendous rocking stones of that kind, remain to this day. Not far from Meltham there is one of those stones; but the finest druidical remains in the neighborhood of Huddersfield are at Golcar, on Wholestone Moor. From the rolls of Richard II it appears that, in the third year of that reign, free warren in Huddersfield was granted to the prior and canons of Nostel. But before this time, so early as the year 1200, Roger de Lacy granted to William de Bellemonte, ancestor of the Beaumonts of Whitley, a grant for his homage and service. A grant was also made to Colin de Dammeville, who, as an act of gratitude to his benefactor, "gave to God the blessed St. Mary, and the abbots and monks of Stanlaw, for the soul of his lord, Roger de Lacy, all his part of the said mill at Huddersfield, on the river Canne, and twenty-seven shillings annual rent."

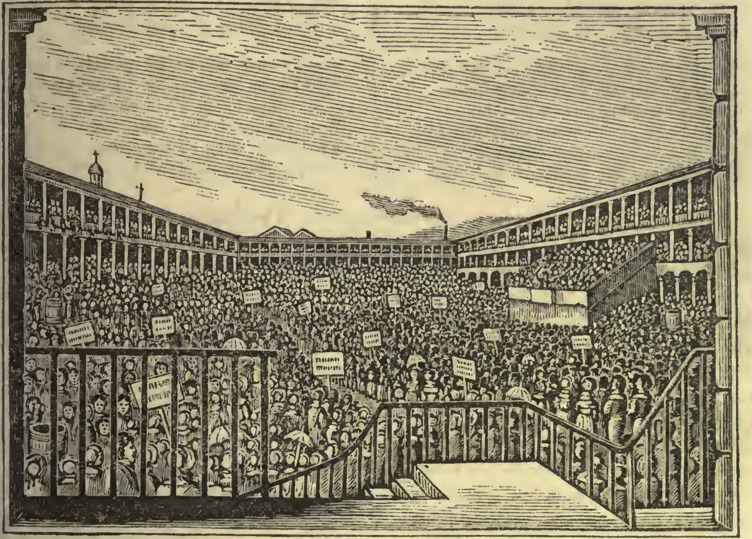
HALIFAX, SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION, &c.

Halifax is a large borough town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the parish of which contains upwards of 33,000 inhabitants. It is 197 miles north-west of London, and eighteen south-west of Leeds. The town is built in a deep valley, and being advantageously situated with regard to water-power, for working their machinery, have brought their local manufactures, which consists principally of various kinds of cloth, to a great degree of excellence.

In ancient times Halifax was distinguished for a "gibbet law," which was a power claimed over the town and part of the parish, of trying by jury, and executing on the block, persons guilty of stealing to the value of *thirteen pence half-penny.* The criminals were beheaded by a kind of large guillotine; and this sanguinary measure was enforced as late as 1620, when the bailiff being threatened with prosecution, the practice was abolished. The following, relative to this law and its execution, is from a recent publication:

"The thief must be apprehended with stolen goods to the value of 13½d or more upon him, or by confsssion must acknowledge such to have been stolen. The old definition is *hand-habend,* having them in his hand; *back-berond,* or bearing them on his back; or *confessand,* or confessing them to have been stolen. As soon as the felon was secured, the Earl's bailiff summoned four free burghers from four towns in the neighborhood to hear the evidence, and the accused was confronted with the accuser. The court then condemned or acquitted him. If he was condemned he was executed on the following market-day, and in the intervening time was compelled to sit in the stocks, with the stolen goods placed either on his back or before him, as a public spectacle to deter evil-doers. The bailiff accompanied the culprit to the scaffold. The fourth psalm was played by a minstrel on the bagpipes; the priest continuing in prayer with the prisoner until he received the fatal stroke, which was performed by an axe, (in Mr. Lumb's possession, at the Roll's-office, in Wakefield,) exactly in the same manner as in the French guillotine. After the execution, the coroner for the county assembled and summoned a jury of twelve men, who were expected to give verdict on oath that the felon bad been duly executed for such an act, (specifying it,) that the whole transaction might be recorded in the crown office. The list of executions of both sexes is very formidable, and seem to have given rise to the proverbial petition of thieves, "From Hell, Hull, and Halifax, good Lord deliver us!"

The following is a representation of the musical festival in commemoration of the "Sunday School Jubilee," held in Halifax, June 1, 1852. This is the greatest meeting of the kind which has ever yet been held in the world. It is described by those present as one of the most sublime and interesting spectacles ever witnessed. The impression produced by the union of twenty thousand voices as one, is said to have been overpowering and affecting to the last degree.



Sunday School Celebration at Halifax, England.

The meeting was held in the noble "Piece Hall," a structure consisting of open galleries of two or three stories, at the back of which are small shops, in which the stuffs and other manufactured goods are exposed for sale on the market days. The galleries enclose a large uncovered space of about 260 by 220 feet. The children of the various schools began to enter the open space at eleven o'clock. Each school marched to its allotted position, headed by the minister. There were eighty-two schools of various denominations. The largest school was Zion Independent, and its branches, with 130 teachers, and 1,170 scholars; one of the smallest, but not the least attractive, was the Union Work-house School, with its two teachers, and forty-eight scholars. As the little ones, in their neat attire, passed along the walks, many a prayer of "God bless them!" was uttered. And the children of South Parade School, who had received a number of oranges, presented the work-house children with one each as they passed by. There were, in all, 3,588 teachers and 17,163 scholars present. On the east side of the building an orchestra was erected for 505 musicians—being the union of twenty-three bands. Our musical friends will form some idea of the power of this united band, when we state that it included 105 cornets, ninety trombones, twenty-three trumpets, seventy-four ophicleides, fifty clarionets, and thirty-six drums. There were also 324 "vocal performers" distributed among the schools in sight of the conductor. At about one o'clock the drums rolled and the trumpets sounded, as a signal for silence. The band then played over the first tune; which was followed by the scholars singing, as with the voice of many waters, the following:

Almighty God, to thee we raise,
Our tribute of united praise,
On this returning day;
Teachers and children meet once more,
Thy sparing mercy to adore,
Thy goodnes to display.

Before thy throne, O Lord, we stand,
A large and still increasing band,
Thy blessing now we seek:
While our glad voices thus combine,
O touch our hearts with grace divine,
And they thy praise shall speak.

Our happy eyes this day behold
What kings and righteous men of old
Desired in vain to see;
And we shall see yet greater things,
When thou, Almighty King of Kings,
Shall draw all men to Thee.

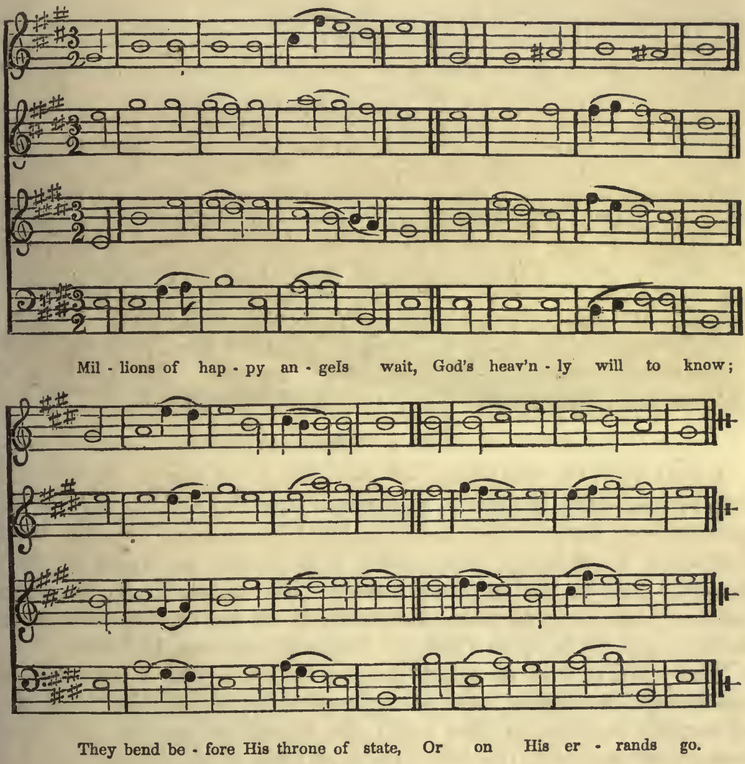
Lord Jesus, draw our youthful race,
And make us children of Thy grace,
To reign with Thee above.
Into Thy fold Thy wanderers bring,
That they with us may learn to sing
And praise redeeming love.

This was sung to the tune "Grosvenor." The impression produced by the first verse will probably never be effaced from the memories of those who heard it. Tears involuntarily started into the eyes of thousands of the spectators, and a speechless awe seemed to be induced. The conductor, Mr. Dean, was highly praised for his care and exertions; he had desired the band "to suit the music to the words," and he had impressed upon the performers not to play the tunes like clock-work, but to accompany the hymns like *men*, which could only be done by reading, studying, and feeling the words. The result was triumphant—the singing of the scholars was described as uniformly excellent and truthful, and the playing of the band as marvellously correct. In the words of the Halifax Guardian: "From the first note of rapturous praise, down to the last prayer of the national anthem, the performance was a proud triumph. Never were hymns of praise sung so gladsomely; never did genius win for herself so glorious a victory." The second hymn, "Sweet is the time of spring," &c., was sung to the tune "Westmoreland," from a new work by a townsman, Mr. J. Wadsworth. After the singing of the second hymn, refreshments were distributed to the scholars. About *four tons* of currant cakes, reckoning nine ounces to each, disappeared with remarkable quickness. The contents of the large water-butts, which had been distributed over the area, also rapidly diminished. The third hymn, commencing with "Millions of happy angels wait," was sung to the tune "Halifax," and produced such a thrilling effect that it was encored. The fourth hymn, "Hark, the song of Jubilee!" to the tune "St. Helen's," with a telling drum accompaniment, was also repeated. The festival concluded about four o'clock by singing the national anthem. The proceedings appeared to give great satisfaction; no casualty occured to mar the pleasures of the day—the only regret was that the children had not half a dozen more hymns to sing. The spectators and listeners were very numerous; including a large number to Halifax by Railway, both by the regular and cheap excursion trains. About 8,000 were admitted to the hall by paid tickets; the neighboring streets were also crowded during the performance. Without doubt many of the parents of the scholars kept the holiday. The elevated position of Beacon Hill was chosen by many as a most favorable spot, and it has been affirmed that the singing of each part could be readily distinguished, and that even the piano passages were minutely heard at that distance. The day was kept as a holiday, and all the mills in the neighborhood, and nearly the whole of the shops in the town, were closed. The receipts, after paying the incidental expenses, were divided among the several schools."

HALIFAX.—C. M.

(*From Houldsworth's Cheetham's Psalmody.*)

Sung with the most powerful effect, by *twenty thousand* voices, accompanied by three hundred and seventy-eight instruments, during the Sunday School celebration in Halifax, June 1, 1852.


Mil - lions of hap - py an - gels wait, God's heav'n - ly will to know;
They bend be - fore His throne of state, Or on His er - rands go.

Millions of happy angels wait,
  God's heavenly will to know;
They bend before His throne of state,
  Or on His errands go.

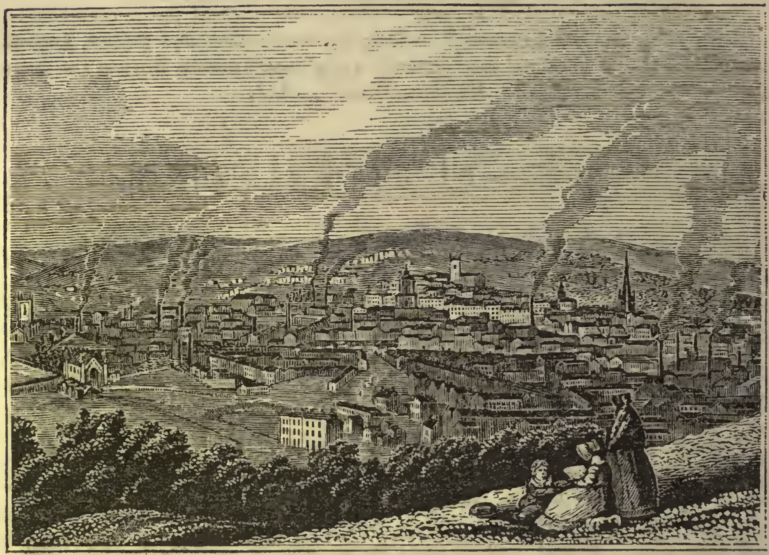
Millions of living creatures spring,
  From his amazing power:
He wisely rules o'er every thing,
  And keeps it hour by hour.

Yet, great as are his power and skill,
  In mercy He delights;
A child may learn his holy will;
  A child his love invites.

We are not lost amid the throngs,
  For each, for all, He cares;
Then, let us raise our thankful songs,
  And join our humble prayers:

That, while the happy angels wait
  His will to know and do,
The news may reach the heavenly gate,
  That we will serve Him too.

SHEFFIELD.



View of Sheffield.

Sheffield, the *metropolis of steel*, the great seat of the world's cutlery and other hardware, is situated near the eastern side of the mountainous range called the "English Appenines," in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The town is at nearly an equal distance from the eastern and western oceans, 164 miles N. N. W. from London; 248 S. S. E. from Edinburgh: 38 E. by S. from Manchester, and 39 N. from Derby. Population about 135,000.

The town is built on gentle sloping banks, boldly swelling hills, and abrupt declivities, and is surrounded by a large amphitheater of verdant heights, so that amid the clouds of smoke that often hover over the town, the inhabitants of most of the streets can gaze upon green fields or wood-clad heights. The meandering rivers, the Sheaf, the Don, and the Porter form three sides of a peninsulated area, upon which stands the greater part of the town. No manufacturing town in the United Kingdom is surrounded with so beautiful a display of rural scenery. On the elevated grounds, west of the central part of the town, are many beautiful private residences, having their grounds laid out in the most tasteful manner. In some of them are artificial ruins, which have a very picturesque and striking effect.* The parish is about ten miles in length, and averages three in breadth, abounding in coal, stone, and iron, which, with its numerous streams, form the very existence of its deversified manufactures, and are the sources of its wealth.

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* In passing from Manchester to Sheffield, October 25th, we passed through a mountainous district called the "Back-bone" of England. About half way, found large

Sheffield is the capital of Hallamshire, the boundary of which has never been defined. Before the invasion of William the Conqueror, it appears that the parish acknowledged three lords. The estates of Hallamshire during the lapse of time and intermarriages came into the possession of various families. George the Sixth, Earl of Shrewsbury, succeeded to the estates about the year 1650, quarrelled with his tenantry by calling upon them for an *aid* at the marriage of his eldest daughter. As the custom had long been obsolete, they at first refused, but as he was resolute, they were obliged to comply. In 1566 he lost his first countess, of whom it is said,

"She of grace the garland gay
In goodly gifts did wear."

No such panegyric could be pronounced on his second, who was Elizabeth, of Hardwick Hall, that had buried no fewer than three husbands; and who is represented as being a complete virago, "unfeeling, proud, selfish, and imperious; she marketed for a husband as she would for a favorite dog; and the wiles she used to entrap their persons, and appropriate their property to her own and her children's advantage, will ever stand as a distinguishing mark of her avarice and meanness of soul." Before she consented to espouse the Earl, she stipulated that he should give his daughter to her eldest son, and that Gilbert Talbot, his second son, should marry her eldest daughter. From these alliances, domestic turmoils were always rife, and direful passions were awfully predominant—so that the veriest serf in Hallamshire was far happier than his lord. The countess was flattered by Queen Elizabeth, and they together ruled the Earl, who, in confirmation of his loyalty, wrote, "Sith that her Majesty hath set down this hard sentence against me, to my perpetual infamy and dishonor, that I should be ruled and overcome by my wife, so bad and wicked a woman; yet her Majesty shall see that I obey her commandment, though no plague on earth could be more grievous to me." A fit tool for the work Elizabeth afterwards prepared for him. In 1569 he became the keeper of the young and engaging, the oppressed and unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, who passed twelve years of her cruel captivity in Sheffield castle, and at the Manor, where "good numbers of men, continually armed, watched her day and night, both under her windows, over her chamber, and of every side her, so that unless she could transform herself into a fly or a mouse, it was impossible she could 'scape." So well did her keeper act up to his instructions, that even his eldest son was prohibited from seeing her for years; and little doubt remains but he was base enough to act up to others—"to tempt her pa-

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reservoirs of water, supplying, as we were informed, both Manchester and Sheffield with water. The road here passes through the mountain in a tunnel, *three miles* in extent, through which the train passes in about twelve minutes. On our way through this mountainous and rocky district, the forest scenery forcibly reminded us of Thompson's description:—

"But see the fading, many-colored woods,
Shade deepning over shade, the country round."

tience—to provoke her somewhat!" She was removed from Sheffield in 1584, and the Earl was one of those who condemned her to the scaffold in 1587. Three years after he died and was interred in the chancel of the parish church. He whose wife and family had constantly been at variance with him, had a funeral more sumptuously performed than "was ever to any afore in these countrys; and the assembly to see the same was marvellous both of nobility, gentry, and country folks, and poor folks without number." No record is left of the feast, but three persons lost their lives at the felling of trees for bonfires on that melancholy occasion. He had erected for himself an elaborate sarcophagus, which may still be seen in the chancel, with a strong misgiving that his family would refuse to supply the date of his death—and many years it remained unfilled up.

Before the death of the last Earl of Shrewsbury, Sheffield presented the singular appearance of an increasing manufacturing town, and at the same time the seat of a noble family: but when the domain was carried to the proprietors of Arundel, they abandoned the castle, which afterwards fell, during the civil wars. The Howards being adherents of the King, it was converted into a garison for the royal party; and when Crawford, the Parliamentary general arrived in Sheffield, it had "a troop of horse and 200 foot, and was strongly fortified with a broad and beep trench, eighteen feet deep with water in it, a strong breast-work palizaded, eight pieces of iron ordnance and two morter pieces." When summoned to surrender, a volley was returned, with the answer that it would hold no parley; upon which two batteries were raised, and the cannon of the besiegers played upon it for twenty-four hours, without causing any injury; but others being brought, the garrison capitulated on the 11th of August, 1644. In July, 1647, a resolution passed the House of Commons for the "*sleighting and demolishing*" the castle, which was speedily carried into execution; and a few vaults are all that now remain to bear record of the once proud castle of the lords of Hallamshire. The estates of Sheffield were confiscated; but was again restored by the Earl of Arundel paying a composition of £6,000.

The Manor House continued to be habitable for fifty years after the castle was demolished, but was dismantled by order of Thomas, duke of Norfolk; and now a few gray stones alone mark where the mansion stood, whose gallery Wolsey trod with heavy steps after he had long lightly trod the path of glory; and in whose high and narrow chamber Mary pined in her long captivity, whose heart had formerly beat with delight, and whose vivacity had animated the gayest court of Europe.

About the same period the Park, in which at one time thousands of fallow deer had broused, was broken up into farms. The Forests of Hallamshire, the growth of centuries, quickly felt the power of the axe. The fall of two venerable oaks was much regretted. One stood within the park, and stretched its arms to the distance of forty-five feet from the trunk, so that it could afford shelter to two hundred horsemen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

J Montgomery

J. Montgomery's Signature.

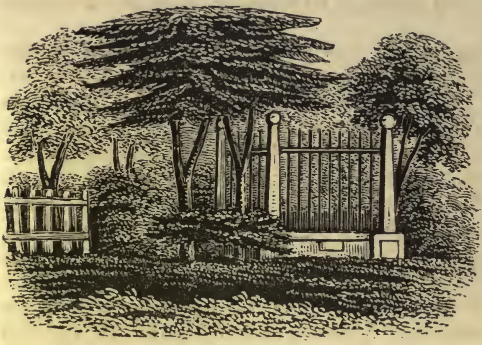
James Montgomery, the author of the "Wanderer of Switzerland," &c., was the son of a Moravian minister, and was born in Scotland, at Irvine, in Ayrshire, November 4th, 1771. In the fifth year of his age, his parents removed with him to Grace Hill, in the county of Antrim, in

Ireland. In the following year he was separated from them, and being designed for the ministry, was placed in the seminary of the United Moravian Brethren at Fulneck, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. His parents were sent missionaries to the negro slaves in the West Indies, in which service they both died, without having the opportunity of again seeing their son. When only ten years of age, he began to write poetry, chiefly on religious subjects, which was pursued with ardor till he left Fulnick, in 1787.

When removed from Fulneck, the views of his friends were so far changed, that we find him placed in a retail shop near Wakefield. After staying here about one year and a-half, he privately left with less than five shillings in his pocket, to begin his career in pursuit of fame and fortune. His ignorance of the world, and forlorn appearance, exposed him to the contempt of some and compassion of others. His visions of patronage and celebrity soon vanished, and on the fifth day of his travels he found a situation similar to that which he had left in Wath, near Rotherham. From Wath he removed to London, where he was kindly received by Mr. Harrison, into his house. He gave him encouragement to cultivate his talents, but none to publish his poems. This was so mortifying and disheartening to Montgomery, that he left London and returned to Wath, where he was received with a hearty welcome from his former employer.

In 1792, Mr. Montgomery removed to Sheffield, and engaged himself with Mr. Gales, who published a newspaper, in which the politics of the day were advocated with great zeal and ability. In 1794, Mr. Gales left England, and soon after, Montgomery commenced the "*Iris*." In January, 1795, he was fined £20 and sentenced to three months imprisonment for publishing "a Patriotic Song by a clergyman of Belfast," which it was said contained a libel "of and concerning the war and his Majesty's conduct therein." In January, 1796, he was again fined £20 and imprisoned six months, for publishing a libel, it is said, on Colonel Athorpe, relative to his conduct in killing two men when dispersing a mob. During his confinement he prepared a volume of Poems, which he published in 1797, under the title of "Prison Amusements." This, however, excited but little attention. His first successful work was the "Wanderer of Switzerland." The story of the "Wanderer" has been heard in many climes, and tears have been shed upon the recital of his sorrows. Mr. Montgomery died in Sheffield, April 30th, 1854, at the age of 82.

[On the 19th of July, 1852, he delivered a most eloquent lecture, illus-rative of "Some passages of English Poetry little known," before the members of the Literary and Philosophical Society. On our calling at his residence, October 25th, 1853, we found him, though in rather feeble health, transacting some financial busines with a gentleman present. He was small, and delicate looking in person, with a highly intellectual ountenance, about the size of the late Dr. Webster, the author of the American Dictionary. He received us kindly, and was modest, unassum-ng and interesting in manner. He spoke of the near connection Shef-eld had with America, and showed us an American edition of his Poems, which, he said, was fully equal to any yet published. We told him we had read his works in our childhood, and that he was one of the few modern poets of Great Britain, for whom we had any respect. His hymns, we informed him, were extensively used in America, by various denominations. Giving him our best wishes, we left this venerable man, highly gratified with our short visit.]



Robin Hood's Grave.

When Newstead was a subject of illustration in our pages, says a London publication, from the surrounding Forests of Sherwood arose a thousand associations of England's boldest outlaw—the ballad hero, Robin Hood. And here again comes a memento of him to claim a nook and corner, not undeservedly–the grave place of Robin Hood, the spot under the forest turf, sufficient for him who trod so blithely upon its surface; calling to the mind's eye the picture drawn in the old ballad of the outlaw, overtaken by sickness, seeking the aid of a leech in the abbey of Kirkstall, and there resigning himself to the hands of the faithless friends, his blood ebbing away untended and unchecked. Detecting, too late, the perfidy, he strives to wake the echoes as he had been wont to do when his bugle summoned his "merry men all." Little John catches the faltering tone, suspects at once the sad truth, hies away to the abbey, makes forcible entry to the small apartment whence the sounds had come, and there —sad sight to forester—lies Robin Hood, bloodless, faint, and dying, before an open casement, from which he seeks once more to gaze upon he oaks he loved. Let the ballad tell the rest:—

"Give me my bent bow in my hand
And an arrow I'll let free,
And where that arrow is taken up
There let my grave digged be."

And for this—to mark his grave—the grave we now delineate, did Robin Hood speed his last shaft.

From a correspondent we received the sketch we have engraved, and with it some notes as to the inscription, which we give:—"A plain slab fills the space within the railings, and inserted in the low wall is a square stone with the following inscription:—

"Here underneath this little stean
Laiz robert earl of huntingtan
Neer archer ver as hi sa gud
And pipl kauld im robin heud
Sic utlaws as hi an iz men
Will england nivir si agen.
Obiit 24 Kalend: Decembris 1247.

"Its locality is the boldest and most picturesque in that neighborhood. Situated on the extreme edge of Kirkless Park, near Huddersfield, its elevation is such as to present a most extensive view of what once formed a portion of the Forest of Sherwood, and which even now displays clumps of gnarled oaks scattered here and there, and, spite of the inroads of inclosures, interspersed with furze and brushwood."

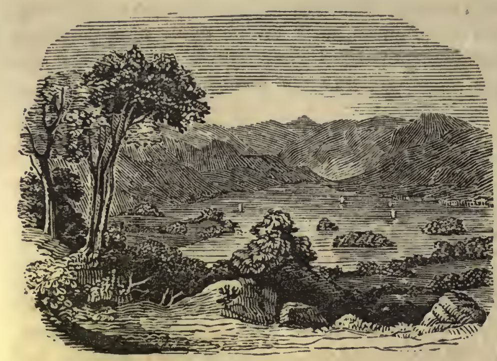
CUMBERLAND COUNTY, CARLISLE, &c.

Cumberland is the north-western county of England. It derives its name from the Cumbri, or Cimbri, its aboriginal inhabitants. At the Roman division of Britain into provinces, this portion of the island was included in that called Maxima Cæsariensis, and was then inhabited by the Voluntii, (people of the forests,) a tribe of Brigantes, who maintained a long and glorious struggle against Roman tyranny, and internal corruption; and, although driven at last by the superior force of their invaders to their mountain ramparts, (where they assumed the name of Meatæ,) they continued from thence to harass "the masters of the world" so effectually, that the emperor Severus found it expedient to erect a wall to prevent their predatory excursions.

After Britain was abandoned by the Romans, the Cimbri united with the Scots and Picts, in mutual defense against the Saxons; but in the year 593, under the reign of Ethelfred, king of Nothumbria, they appear to have submitted to the Saxon yoke, though only as a tributary province; for they were governed by their own kings until the tenth century, when their territory was ceded to the Scots; and from this time may be traced all the bitter contentions, and the fatal and atrocious excesses of border feuds, so long carried on between the rival kingdoms.

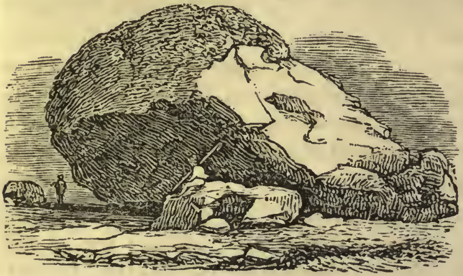
After the cession of Cumberland to Malcolm, it was by turns under the dominion of the Scotch and English monarchs up to the year 1237, when it was finally annexed to the English crown by Henry the Third. Nothing, however, like peace and amity subsisted between the Scots and Cumbrians until the time of the union under Queen Anne, in 1707. During the rebellions of 1715, and 1745, it was once more made the scene of contention, and far worse, of political revenge.

The county of Cumberland presents the traveler with, perhaps, the grandest and most romantic scenery to be met with in England. The south-western districts, particularly, for a gigantic combination of rugged, rocky mountains, thrown together with the wildest and rudest sublimity, yet enclosing the softest and most beautiful valleys, fair streams, and lakes, and rich and extensive woodland, while, besides the charms lent by nature to this favored country, it boasts the picturesque and interesting addition of many ancient baronial castles, Roman remains, and even Druidical monuments.



Derwent Water, Cumberland.

Among the lakes, which are the principal objects of attraction in this county Derwent Water, or Keswick Lake, is one of the most distinguished. This beautiful expanse of water is remarkable for the wildness and grandeur of the neighboring scenery. It is nearly of an oval form, about three miles in length and one and a half in breadth, and it is one of the first spots to which the traveler directs his steps when surveying the beauties of the County of Cumberland.

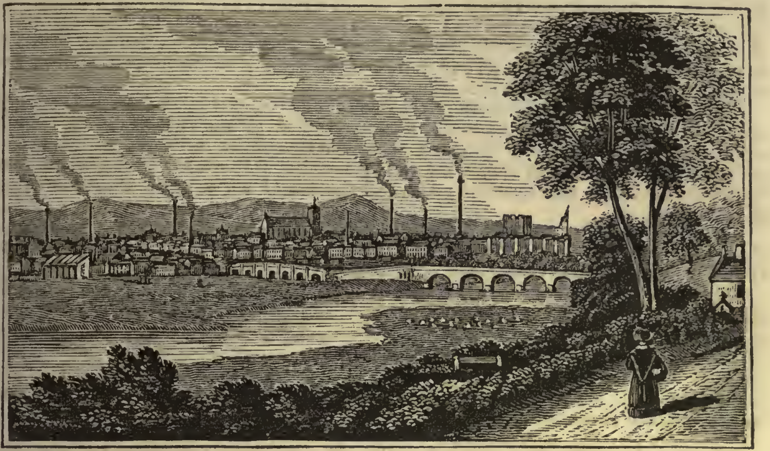


Bowderstone, Cumberland.

This remarkable stone is considered the largest detached mass in Great Britain. It is near Borrowdale, Cumberland, and its shape is seen in the annexed engraving. It is sixty-two feet in length, and eighty-four in circumference. It contains three thousand and ninety feet of solid stone weighing upwards of 1,771 tons.

Carlisle, the capital of Cumberland county, is situated at the junction of the rivers Eden and Caldea, which, six miles below, fall into the Solway Firth. The city is 300 miles north from London, 200 from Dublin, and about 100 from Glasgow and Edinburgh. The population of the city, with its suburbs, is about 30,000.

Carlisle was called by the Romans *Luguvallium*, *i. e.*, "a tower or fort by the wall." The Saxons added the word *Caer*, or City, and from these, Caer-luel, or Luguval, may be derived the modern appellation Carlisle. After the departure of the Romans, it declined till the seventh century, when it was re-built. Before the conquest, the history of the city is mingled with loose and uncertain relics of the times. After that event, we can trace its progress with more certainty, having evidence of undeniable authority to guide us. It seems, after the decline of the Cumberland monarchy, or rather from the reign of Egfrid to the coming of the Danes, this city fluctuated with the complexion of the times; but when the Danish invaders possessed themselves of the northern parts of the island, this city was reduced to ashes, and so complete was the destruction, that it continued a heap of ruins till the time of William the Conqueror; but it was not till the reign of his son, William Rufus, that it began to rise out of its ruins. That monarch, having a perfect idea of the importance of this place, as a frontier town, and being charmed with the beauty of its situation, undertook to restore the city, and caused many public buildings to be erected, which he defended by a strong wall, and a fortress or castle.



View of Carlisle.

[The above shows the appearance of Carlisle, as it is seen from the north-east, showing the two bridges by which the town is entered from the north. The Cathedral is the large building seen in the central part, the castle appears on the right. On the day the place was visited, October 22, 1853, it being market-day, large droves of cattle were exhibited in the meadow on the left side of the bridge as you enter the town. On the right side of the bridge, droves of sheep, with shepherd dogs in attendance, were exhibited for sale.]

After the death of Henry I, Stephen usurped the throne, and gave this county to David, king of Scotland, to procure his aid against King Henry II, right heir to the late king, as son of the Empress Maude, daughter and sole heir to Henry I. But the King of Scots secretly favored him for his right's sake; and during the residence of the King of Scots at Carlisle, he knighted Henry before the high altar of the cathedral. After the death of David and King Stephen, Henry succeeded to the throne of England, took Carlisle and the county from the Scots, and granted to the city the first liberties which it enjoyed after the conquest.

The situation of Carlisle, near the borders of Scotland, when the two kingdoms were at war, exposed it to assaults from its hostile neighbors; while, in times of peace, the moss-troopers or inhabitants of the debateable land, harassed the people, and frequently traversing the adjacent country in pedatory bands, laid waste the fields, and made the cottages smoke with destruction. The warlike reign of King Edward I, brought Carlisle into particular notice. That crafty monarch beholding the apparent weakness of the sister kingdom, from an umpire, became a claimant to the crown of Scotland, and enforced his claim by the vigorous measures of the sword. In the thirty-fifth year of his reign he summoned his parliament to meet at Carlisle. It was convened on the twentieth of January, and continued till Palm Sunday following. The king continued at Carlisle till the twenty-eighth of June, and then setting forward towards Scotland, he was seized with a flux, and died at Burgh-by-Sands, on the seventh of July following.

In the fifteenth year of the reign of Edward II, Andrew de Harcla, having signalized himself by many warlike exploits, was, for his great services, created Earl of Carlisle. Being afterwards guilty of treason, he was degraded and punished with death. The circumstances of his seizure and execution are variously related by different historians; it appears that he was seized by Lord Lucy, in the castle of Carlisle, on the eve of St. Mathias, attended by three stout and daring knights, St. Hugh de Lowther, Sir Richard Denton, and Sir Hugh de Moresby. Six days after, the chief justicar arrived at Carlisle, and the next day sentenced the Earl to be hanged and quartered. Which sentence was executed accordingly.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots, taking refuge in England, after the decisive battle of Langside, was imprisoned by her royal relative, in the castle of this city. Here she continued about eleven months, under the superintendence of Lord Scroop; after which, she was removed to Fotheringay castle, where she continued a prisoner near nineteen years, and terminated her unhappy existence upon the scaffold.

In the twentieth year of the reign of Charles I, siege was laid to this city by the Parliament forces, commanded by General Leslie, and continued from January to June that year, when it was surrendered upon honorable terms.

In 1745, this city was surrendered to the rebel army, under Charles Edward Stewart, on their march south-ward: being garrisoned only by an undisciplined new-raised militia, who were not in number able to defend so large an extent of wall; and the castle likewise surrendered, being guarded only by the governor and about seventy invalids. In their retreat to Scotland, the rebels left a small garrison here, who, after a few days' siege, surrendered to William, Duke of Cumberland, on condition of not beng put to the sword, but reserved to his majesty's pleasure.

The cathedral, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, is a venerable structure, partly of Saxon and partly of Gothic architecture, containing, on the screens in the aisles, some singular and ridiculous legendary paintings of St. Augustine and St. Anthony, with a distich in uncouth language to each. The first, and two last, on St. Augustine, are here transcribed:

1. Of Anton Story who lyste to here
In Egypt was he bornt as doyth aper.

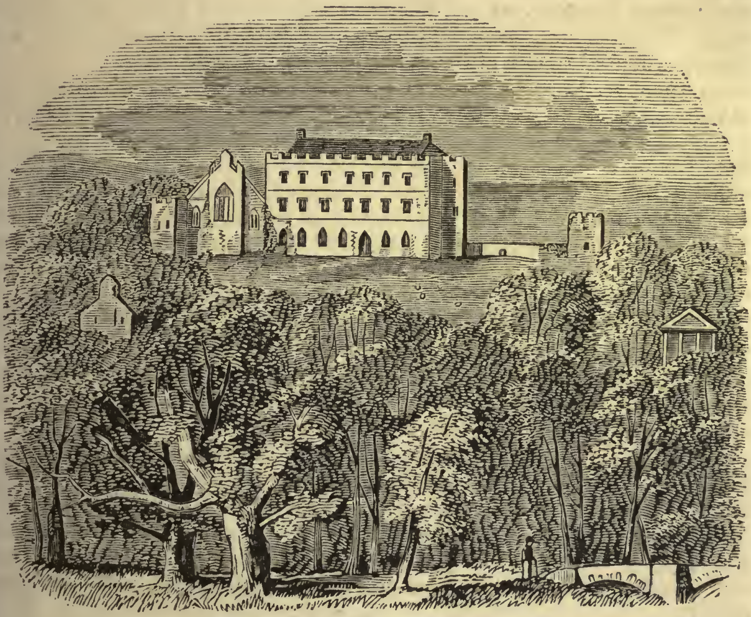
16. Here in wilderns they bery hym that no man should hym knaw,
For so he camanded syne hom first ya draw.

17. Thus levyth he in wilderns XX yere and more
Without any company but the wild boore.

William Paley, D. D., so well known in the republic of letters, is buried within the walls of this cathedral, where there is a simple inscription to his memory. Dr. Paley was born at Peterborough, where he was minor canon of the cathedral, became master of Giggleswich School, Yorkshire, and then entered at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his bachelor's degree in 1763. He was for three years after assistant at Greenwich School, till he was elected fellow of his college, where he now became an active and popular tutor, and had for his coadjutor Dr. Law, afterwards Bishop of Elphin. By the kindness of this friend's father, who was bishop of Carlisle, he obtained a living in Cumberland, and next Appleby in Westmoreland, to which were afterwards added a prebend in Carlisle Cathedral, and the living of Dalston. In 1780, he was made Chancellor of Carlisle, and in 1785, he proved to the world how well entitled he was to the patronage of the great, by the publication of his Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy.

He was afterwards presented to a prebend at St. Paul's, by the Bishop of London, to the sub-deanery of Lincoln, by Dr. Prettyman, and to the valuable living of Bishop Wearmouth, by the Bishop of Durham. He published, in 1790, Horæ Paulinæ, or the Truth of the Scripture, History of St. Paul, &c.—a View of the Evidences of Christianity, 1794, dedicated to the Bishop of Ely—Natural Theology, 1802, besides some single sermons, &c. His Moral Philosophy is become a popular book, and its chapters are frequently subjects for disputation in the schools of the universities, yet it did not establish its reputation without being exposed to the censures of contemporaries, and remarks upon it have been published by Mr. Gisborne and Mr. Pearson. The preferment which Dr. Paley held was justly due to his merits, as the friend of virtue, and the eloquent advocate of Christianity, and he must be ranked among the few whose services to literature, to morality, and to religion, are honorably rewarded, by the patronage of the great. This truly illustrious divine and accomplished scholar, died at Sunderland, 25th June, 1805, in his sixty-second year.

LORD BROUGHAM.



Brougham Hall, Westmoreland County.

Henry Brougham, the "Man of the Age," was born in St. Andrews Square, Edinburgh, in 1779. His father, the proprietor of Brougham Hall, was of an ancient English family, and his mother the sister of Robertson the historian. He received an excellent public education at the High School, and at fifteen, was removed to the University. He was quick, apt, and energetic, but occasionally his diligence forsook him, and he was frolicsome and idle; after such fits would occur the necessity for exertion, and then the powers of his mind were displayed, and by an effort he would outstrip all competition. Before he was seventeen, he addressed an Essay, on the Flection and Reflection of Light, to the Royal Society, which was so highly prized as to obtain a place in the transactions published by that learned and scientific body. He has been a Fellow of the Society since 1803. He has ever been much attached to the mathematical and exact sciences. Nearly all the scientific works issued by the Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge, have proceeded, it is said, from his pen.

Brougham acquired the habit of effective public speaking, and the readiness of reasoning and competing, in the Speculative Society, of which he was a member, with Lord Kinnaird, Jeffrey, Homer, and others, who afterwards rose to high places in the learned profession and the literature of the country.

As a lawyer, he was the Attorney-General of Queen Caroline. When she was Princess of Wales he visited her at Como, and in 1820 met her at St. Omer, to negotiate an arrangement of the difference between her and her royal husband. The proposition made to her she repudiated, and came to England, when her celebrated trial took place, on which occasion Brougham most eloquently defended her. He has ever since then been considered as one of the ablest men of his time.

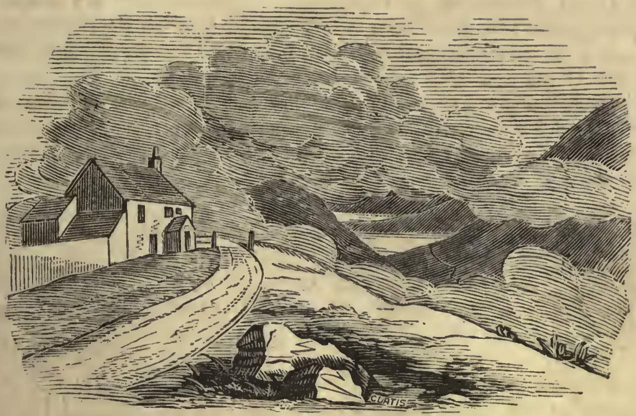
In 1820, he brought forward his celebrated plan of education, but which was never carried to a practical conclusion. Another of his striking parliamentary efforts was his motion for a reform in the law of administration of justice, which he brought forward in February, 1828, on which occasion, without fatiguing his hearers, he spoke for six hours and a half—the longest speech that ever was delivered within the walls of Parliament. The enlightened nature of the amendments he proposed were the cause of the subsequent law reforms, and, above all, the establishment of the Bankruptcy Court. He took a leading and effectual interest in the foundation of the London University, Mechanic's Institutes, and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

He was appointed Lord Chancellor in 1830, when of course he became a Peer, and the Chairman of the House of Lords. He took an active part in passing the Reform Bill.

Lord Brougham, in private society, is noted for his good humor, playfulness of disposition, many accomplishments, and general acquaintance with all subjects, from the mere topic of the hour to the most profound investigation. He is an especial favorite. His manner is most unaffected, and marked, if any thing, by uncommon simplicity. He is jocular and witty, and often utters a *bon mot* that raises the laugh of mirth and pleasantry.

His personal appearance is rather striking. He is somewhat tall, quite thin, rather careless in his personal appearance, with a face into which, when he is speaking, is thrown great expression. His words, merely, do not convey half the meaning that is conveyed while he is speaking.

His lordship, in 1819, married the widow of John Spalding, Esq., by whom he had two daughters, neither of whom are living. His seat, called Brougham Hall, is sometimes styled "Bird's Nest," from its being perched so high, and from its having once belonged to the family of Bird. It stands on a woody eminence on the east side of the Lowther, in Westmoreland, and from the richness, variety and extent of the prospect from its fine terraces, is often styled the "Windsor of the North." Nearly adjoining to it is the chapel of Brougham, dedicated to St. Wilfred.



Highest inhabited House in England.

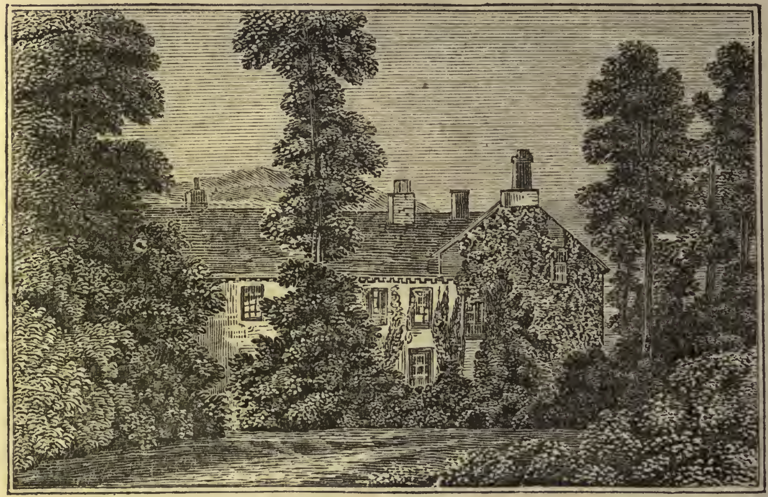
The above is from a drawing of a house situated on the summit of the steep pass of Kirkstone, over the rugged and mountainous region near the lakes of Westmoreland county. It is above the region of vegetation, about three miles north-east from Ambleside, a small village near the head of Windermere water, two hundred and seventy-six miles N. N. W. of London. This building is the highest inhabited house in England, and is occupied as a small inn, in this Alpine region.

Wm Wordsworth

Wm. Wordsworth's Signature.

William Wordsworth was born in 1770, of a respectable family, at Cockermouth, in Cumberland. His early education he received at the Grammar School of Hawkshead, where he evinced peculiar taste for classical studies, and was remarkable for his thoughtful disposition and poetic genius. In 1783 he made his first attempt in verse, and in 1787 was removed to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in Arts. In 1793, he published a poetical account of a pedestrian tour on the Continent, entitled, "Descriptive Sketches in Verse;" in 1798 he gave to the world the first volume of his ballads, followed, in 1807, by the second volume; and, in 1809, he issued his only prose production—an essay concerning the relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal to each other. In 1814 appeared his most celebrated work, "The Excursion;" and in 1815, "The White Doe of Rylstone." In addition, he was the author of many exquisite sonnets and minor poems.

Wordsworth married, in 1803, Miss Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, and settled at Grasmere, in Westmoreland. At the death of Southey, he succeeded to the office of Poet Laureate; but William Wordsworth needed no such Court distinction or decoration. "His name," we quote from an eloquent tribute in the *Times*, "will live in English literature, and his funeral song be uttered amid the spots which he has so often celebrated, and by the rivers and hills which inspired his verse." He was unsuccessful in not finding a recognition of his merits till his hair was gray: but he was more fortunate than most poets similarly situated have been, for he lived to a good old age, and experienced the full enjoyment of his ample fame.

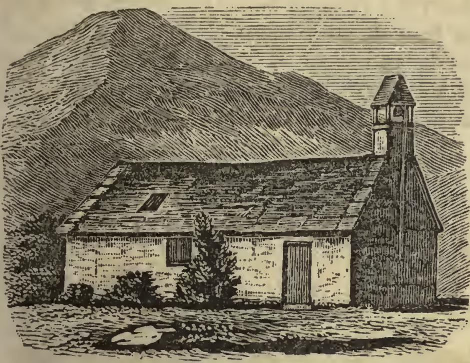


Wordsworth's Residence at Rydal Mount.

We annex a view of the picturesque retreat of the lamented poet, at Rydal Mount, between Ambleside and Keswick, a place which, as Dr. Mackay, in his "Scenery and Poetry of the English Lakes," well observes, "long has been, and ever must be a classic spot, unless the day should come when English literature shall be forgotten." And in his last visit to the Laureate, Dr. Mackay further says, "long and fervently did I admire the beauty of the scene from the lawn before his window, and the calm philosophy and true love of nature that had led him to make choice of such a place, and keep himself in such happy and long seclusion from the busy world."

The Mount is, as Mrs. Hemans describes, "a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy;" and the grassy mound in front of his house is very fine. Loughrigg Fell is seen immediately in front, with Nab Scar rising behind. There are several terraces at the back, from which the view becomes beautifully extended, overlooking the house. Windermere, as well as Rydal Water and Grasmere, is to be seen from this beautiful spot. The annexed view is taken from the grounds in the rear of the house.

Full of years and honors, Mr. Wordsworth died at his residence in April, 1850. Like his writings, his life was blameless, and, meet ending of such a life, his death was calm and happy.



Chapel, Wastdale Head, smallest in England.

The annexed engraving of the Chapel Wastdale Head, in Cumberland, is said to be the smallest Church of the establishment in England. It is situated in a very small and secluded hamlet in the midst of a deep and lonely valley, surrounded by scenery bold and grand, in the mountainous region in the southern part of Cumberland. The building is not much more than a hut, having an open belfry with the rope swinging on the outside. It contains but eight pews, or rather forms of old oak. There is no regular clerk here, but the young daughter of the "priest," as the clergyman is called, reads the responses.

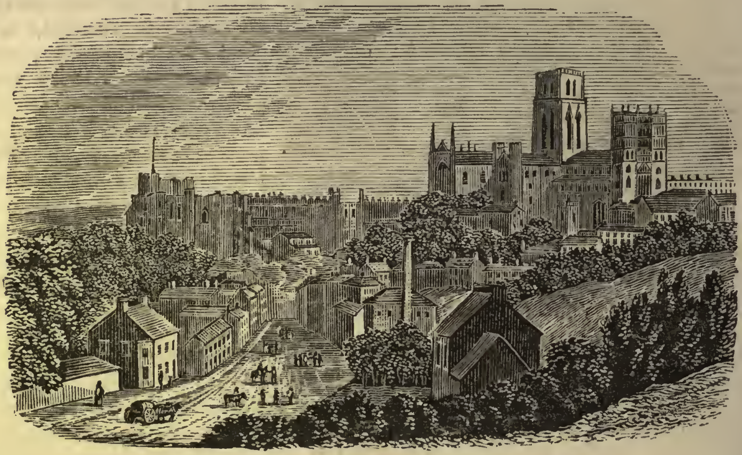
DURHAM.

Durham, the capital of the county of the same name, is situated sixteen miles south from New Castle, 132 from Edinburgh, and 258 north from London. Population about 14,000. This city is situated on a rocky eminence, rising near the central part of the county, and almost surrounded by the river Weare. From all the neighboring points of view, its appearance is unique and striking, and its public edifices exhibit a great degree of magnificence. The center of the eminence is occupied by the cathedral and castle, which, with the streets called the Baileys, are included within the remains of the ancient city walls. Below the walls, on one side, the slope is ornamented with hanging gardens and plantations, descending to the river; on the other, the acclivity is high, rocky, and steep. The rich meadows, the cultivated sides of the adjacent hills, and the various seats in the vicinity, add greatly to the beauty of the prospect.

Durham seems to have been strongly fortified, when Duncan, king of Scotland, attacked it in 1040, for the townsmen sustained the enemy's assaults for a considerable time, and at length, by means of a vigorous sally, totally routed the assailants, and beheaded the leaders.

The suppression of the rebellion of the Nevilles, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, occasioned a most appalling scene of horror in

Durham, not fewer than sixty-six persons being executed, to satisfy the brutality of Sir George Bowes, who boasted, that in a tract of country, sixty miles in length, and forty in breadth, between Newcastle and Wetherby, there was scarcely a town or village in which he had not sacrificed some of the inhabitants.



View of Durham, from the North Road.

In the years 1416 and 1589, Durham was visited by that dreadful scourge the plague, which raged for a considerable time. In 1597, it again returned, with such violence, that the poor inhabitants were compelled to live in huts, on Elvet Moor, and the adjoining commons, where the marks of arrangement for their cells were to be traced till very lately.

In the year 1632, Charles I visited Durham, on his progress to Scotland, and was entertained by the amiable and pious Bishop Morton, whose expenses in one day amounted to £1,500.

The present magnificent cathedral of Durham, is indebted for its origin to Bishop William de Carileph, who, having projected a change in the government of the church, which had previously been directed by the secular clergy, and their provost, obtained, under the authority of the crown, and by permission of the pope, a license to introduce regular canons; stating also, that the church built by his predecessors was unsuitable to the dignity and increasing power of the see, he formed a plan for erecting a structure similar to the superb fabrics he had seen during his exile on the continent. In pursuance of this design, the foundation was laid on the 11th of August, 1093, with a solemnity suitable to so vast an undertaking; Malcolm, king of Scotland, and Turgot, abbot of Durham, assisting at the ceremony. The bishop compelled the monks to labor in the holy work daily, excepting at meal times, and during prayer and divine service: but no considerable progress had been made at the time of his death.

ROBERT DODSLEY, the author of the "Economy of Human Life," and some other works, has a tomb within the walls of Durham cathedral. He was born at Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, 1703. Receiving little of education, he began life as footman in the family of Mrs. Lowther, but in this servile situation he indulged his natural talents for poetry and satire, and wrote the "Muse in Livery," and a small dramatic piece called the "Toyshop," which accidentally was seen by Pope, and engaged all his attention. Interesting himself in the cause of this humble poet, he procured for him the introduction of his piece at the theater, and manifested for him to the end of life, the most cordial and honorable friendship. The "Toyshop" was succeeded by the "King and Miller of Mansfield," in 1736, and from the great success of these two pieces, he was enabled to settle himself independently as a London bookseller, a situation in which he maintained the greatest respectability of character with the most benevolent intentions and great humility of deportment. After acquiring a very handsome fortune, Dodsley retired from business in favor of his brother, and died 25th September, 1764, in his sixty-first year, at the house of his friend Mr. Spence, of Durham, and was buried in the abbey church at Durham. The following inscription was placed on his tomb by Spence, the author of "Polymetis":—

> "If you have any respect for uncommon industry and merit, regard this place, in which are interred the remains of Mr. Robert Dodsley, who, as an author, raised himself much above what would have been expected from one in his rank of life, and without a learned education; and who, as a man, was scarce exceeded by any in integrity of heart, and purity of manners and conversation. He left this life for a better, September 23d, 1764, in the 61st year of his age."

BEDA or BEDE, surnamed the Venerable, was born at Wearmouth or Jarrow, in the County of Durham, and from his earliest years educated in the monastery of St. Peter. The monastic life gave him the opportunities which he so ardently desired; his time was devoted to the severest studies, and his name and learning became so respectable that Pope Serguius in vain solicited his presence at Rome. He was courted by the most learned of his countrymen, and particularly by Egbert, bishop of York, to whom he wrote, in the last years of his life, an epistle, valuable for the curious statement which it gives of the ecclesiastical affairs of the times. Confinement and application at last overpowered his constitution; but though laboring under the complicated weight of a consumption and an asthma, he continued occasionally to impart instruction to the monks of the monastery, till he expired, 26th May, 735, aged 63. His remains were deposited at Jarrow, but afterwards removed to Durham, and placed with those of St. Cuthbert. Of his writings, which were all composed in Latin, the most celebrated were his ecclesiastical history from the time of Julius Cæsar, to his own age, collected from the annals of convents and ancient chronicles—his commentaries on Scripture, &c. His works were so universally admired that not only his countrymen, but foreigners, were loud in his praises. Some, however, have severely attacked his literary character. He certainly possessed all the puerile credulity of the times; he indulged in the relation of legendary miracles. He wrote, says du Pin (tom. 6, p. 88,) with surprising facility, but without elegance, art, purity, or reflection; and though his style is clear, he appears to be a greater master of learning than of judgment, or true critical taste. He was, however, according to Camden, Bale, Pits, and others, a man of superior powers of mind, and he shone like a meteor in the darkness of a barbarous age. So valuable were his writings considered, that a council ordered them to be publicly read in churches.

NEWCASTLE, GATESHEAD, &c.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE is situated at the southern extremity of Northumberland, on the north bank of the river Tyne, at the distance of eight miles and a-half from the confluence of that river with the German

Ocean; being 273 miles N. N W. of London, 117 miles south-east of Edinburgh, fifteen miles north of Durham, and fifty-six miles east of Carlisle.

Antiquarians have ascertained that the site of Newcastle was formerly a Roman military station, designated *Pons Ælii*, and that a stone bridge was erected over the river Tyne, about the year 120, by the Roman Emperor, Hadrian, and, he being of the Ælian family, the bridge and military station was called after him. In 445, this station is mentioned as being occupied by a cohort of the Cornovii. After a silence of nearly two hundred years, this station is noticed in history under the new name of *Ad Murum*, (at the wall), which it had derived from Hadrian's Vallum and Severus Wall, both of which extended from Bowness, on Solway Frith, in Cumberland, to Newcastle, and from thence to the village of Wallsend, in Northumberland. About the year 84, a chain of forts were first erected across the island, from Solway Frith to Tyne mouth, by Julius Agricola; and about the year 124, the Emperor Hadrian commenced to errect a powerful barrier, formed with ramparts of earth, along the line of forts erected by Agricola, as an obstruction to the incursion of the Caledonians. In 207, the Emperor Severus, repaired to Britain from Rome, and soon after this, erected a strong stone wall along the earthen ramparts erected by Hadrian. This wall being broken down in several places, another was built by the Romans and Britons; the new wall being eight feet thick, and twelve feet high, strengthened with turrets at intervening distances, to prevent the inroads made by their northern neighbors, the Picts and Scots. Vestiges of this stupendous work are still visible at Newcastle.

During the Heptarchy, Newcastle was held in great esteem by the Saxons, and became one of the chief seats of the Northumbrian kings, who, having established numerous monastries in the town, gave it the appellation of *Monkchester*, about the close of the seventh century. These monasteries having been destroyed by the ferocious Danes, remained in ruins from the year 875 to 1073. Soon after this, the convent of St. Bartholomew was established, and during the reign of Henry I, Henry II, and Henry III, no fewer than eight monasteries and hospitals were founded in Monkchester. Besides these, were instituted several other religious and charitable foundations, which have all shared the fate of the monastic institutions in the reign of Henry VIII.

This town continued to be known by the above name until the new castle was built, in the year 1080, when the present name was adopted.

The site upon which the ancient town was originally constructed, however well chosen for the purposes of security, was but ill adapted for those of neatness and convenience. The lower parts of the town seem to have been embanked from the river, and the higher parts stand upon three steps and lofty eminences, from which the ground originally descended rapidly to the river's bank, and to the burns which flowed down the valleys. These burns are now arched over, and streets formed over them, and the steep banks are covered with buildings. The site of the extended new town has a gradual rise northward to the Town Moor, and north-west to the highest elevation near Arthur's Hill.

The ancient town, shortly after the building of the new castle, was enclosed by a stone wall, eight feet thick, and twelve feet high; the six gates were all embattled and remarkable for their strength, and the intervening lines were commanded by eighteen semicircular towers, each comprising an npper and a lower apartment with vaulted roofs. This wall enclosed an area of about half a mile square; its circumference measuring two miles and two hundred and thirty-nine yards. After the completion of the wall, the town was divided into twenty-four wards, according to the number of gates and towers, which, in times of hostilities, were defended by the inhabitants of the particular wards appropriated to them. Newcastle, like most walled towns, was built in a most awkward, inconvenient, and crowded manner; narrow crooked streets, and still more narrow lanes, or "chares," were formed, with houses crowded together in lofty masses; also, immense flights of stone stairs were constructed, with lofty buildings adjoining; and perhaps no town exhibits so remarkable a contrast, in the style of the ancient and modern shops and dwellings, as that of Newcastle.

The coal trade has for ages, formed the staple trade of the Tyne, and adjoining districts. There appear no historical notice of coal until 1235, when a license was granted by Henry III, to the burgesses of Newcastle, "to dig coals and stones in the common soil." It is stated that, in 1280, the revenues had increased so much by the sale of coals, as to be worth £200 per annum; and in 1235, the foreign exportation of coals from the river Tyne is first noticed. The coal trade in this district progressed very slowly until the sixteenth century, when coals began to be generally applied for household use in London.

On an average, for six years ending in Christmas, 1776, there annually cleared at the Custom House of Newcastle, 380,000 chaldrons of coals, Newcastle measure. In March, 1827, there were registered at the Newcastle Custom House, 862 ships, the amount of burthen being 186,500 tons; being nearly equal to one-sixteenth of the whole tonnage of the united kingdom, which was stated then to be 3,119,191 tons. In 1837 the total quantity of coals and cinders shipped from the river Tyne was 2,856,342 tons. The receipt of duties, at the Newcastle Custom House, for the year ending January, 1850, was £391,986.*

During the present century, various other branches of commercial enterprise have been extensively promoted. A continued succession of manufactories adjoin the river Tyne on both sides, from North and South Shields to Newcastle, many of which deserve the attention of the scientific stranger. The river Tyne, from the east part of Shields to the Tyne bridge, at Newcastle, form a specious natural dock for shipping. On each side of the river, staiths are erected at the various wagon ways, which lead forms the coal pits, for the delivery of coals into ships lying in the river Tyne. The manufactories of Newcastle and vicinity are numerous and extensive. Among the principal are the iron, glass, chemical, and lead works.

The population of the borough of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1841, according to the census then taken, was 70,504 persons. The population of the borough of Gateshead, at the same time, was 20,123 persons, making a total of 90,627 persons. From the number and extension of new streets and buildings subsequent to the above date, the total number of inhabitants at present in Newcastle and Gateshead may be estimated at 110,000.

GATESHEAD, a parliamentary borough in the county of Durham, is situated on the southern bank of the Tyne, opposite Newcastle, where the two places are now connected by the High-Level Bridge, for foot passengers, and for horses and carriages, besides a bridge over the same, exclusively for railway traffic; also by the Tyne bridge. The number of inhabitants is estimated to be, at this time, about 25,000.

It is generally admitted that Gateshead, during the Roman invasion, was a fortified military station, when, or by whom the borough was founded is not known; but, in the year 1164, Bishop Pudsey gave to the burgesses the liberty of his forest at Gateshead, under certain restrictions. From the earliest period, until 1695, it was governed by a bailiff appointed by the Bishop of Durham. Trinity Chapel, a stone building, in the early English style, thought to have been erected previous to 1207, has been lately repaired. St. Mary's, the ancient parish church, will seat upwards of 1,000 persons, while Trinity but about 200. This place and Newcastle, have, during the present year, (1853,) suffered severely from the prevalence of the Asiatic cholera.

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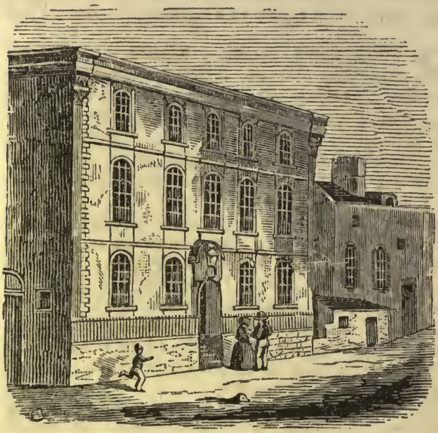
* The extent of the Newcastle coal field, is estimated at twenty-one miles average width, by forty-four miles in length, and the depth of coal upon an average at eighteen feet: after deducting three feet of coal wrought, and eight feet for waste and coal left in working the seams, there remains ten feet in depth of workable coal. According to this assumption, a supply equal to the exportation of 1837 will be obtained for 1450 years.

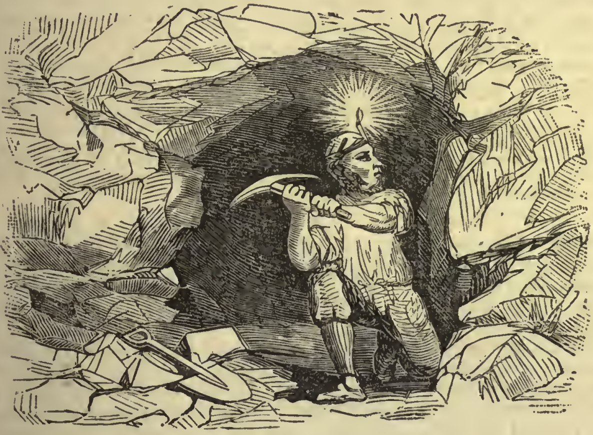


Eldon's Birth-place, Newcastle.

John Scott, the Earl of Eldon, was born in 1751, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the building represented in the engraving, formerly standing in Love Lane. His father was by trade what in the language of the place is called a "fitter," or agent for the sale and shipment of coals. He had by industry and habits of close saving, accumulated rather considerable means from small beginnings. Beyond this, he was a man of great shrewdness and knowledge of the world, and quickly perceiving the talents of the two younger boys, William, (now Lord Stowell,) and John, he wisely gave them an education in accordance with their mental endowments. It is said that the singular variety in the talents of these two remarkable youths was manifested at a very early age. When asked to "give an account of the sermon," which was a constant Sabbath custom of their father, William, the eldest, gave at once a condensed and lucid digest of the general argument. John, on the other hand, would go into all the minutiæ, but failed in producing the lucid general view embodied in half the number of words by his brother." The two boys received their early education at the Free Grammar School of Newcastle. William was from the beginning destined for the study of the law. John was at first intended for the church, and was, accordingly, sent to Oxford: early marriage was, however, the fortunate means of changing his destination, and he began the world in the same profession with his brother. In 1757, John was entered as a student at the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar at the usual period. He at this time possessed an extensive stock of legal information, having been an indefatigable reader, and spent the two last years of his preliminary studies in the office of a special pleader. At his outset he made no progress, his powers being palsied by an oppressive diffidence. He, therefore, devoted his talents entirely to being a draftsman in Chancery. His employment was laborious, and not lucrative, while it materially injured his health. In a fit of despondency he resolved to retire into humble practice in his native county; and he had actually given up his chambers and taken leave of his friends in the metropolis, when he was not only diverted from his purpose by an eminent solicitor, but was even prevailed upon to make one more trial at the bar. His first success was the undoubted fruit of his extraordinary abilities, and is said to have originated in the sudden illness of a leading counsel the night before the trial of a complicated civil cause. It could not be put off, and the client of the lost leader was in despair, when Scott courageously took the brief, made himself in one night master of its voluminous intricacies, and triumphed. From this time he gained confidence, and his forensic reputation soon became established. He was much aided by the encouragement which he received from Lord Thurlow. He took a decided part with the Pitt administration; and in 1788, he was appointed solicitor-general, and knighted; in 1793, he rose to be attorney-general, and in the following year he conducted the trial of Hardy, Tooks, and Thelwall, for treason. Erskine was opposed to him; and the prosecution failed, though the speech of the attorney-general occupied nine hours in the delivery.

In 1799, Sir John Scott was appointed to the chief justice of the Common Pleas, on the resignation of Chief Justice Eyre; and in the same year he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Eldon. In 1801 he was made Lord Chancellor, which high office he retained till the year 1827, with the exception of the short period during which the Whigs were in office, in 1806. His lordship was raised to the dignity of an Earl at the coronation of George IV, in 1821.

The high character of the Earl of Eldon, as Chancellor, is thus lucidly drawn by Sir Egerton Brydges: "Of all who, in the long lapse of ages, have filled the sacred seat on which he now (1823) sits, none ever had purer hands, none ever had a conscientious desire of equity more ardent and more incessant than Lord Eldon. The amazing expanse of his views, the inexpressible niceness of his discrimination, his unrelaxing anxiety to do justice in every individual case, the kindness of his heart, and the ductility of his ideas, all ensure that attention to every suitor which must necessarily obtain the unbounded admiration and attachment of the virtuous and the wise.



A Collier at work in a Coal Mine.

The following respecting the coal mines and the workmen, is from No. 12 of Chambers' Tracts, recently published in Edinburgh :—

The principal coal-field which has for ages supplied Great Britain, with the best, the clearest, and the hottest burning of domestic fuel, lies almost exactly in the north-east corner of England. The word field, however, although generally used, might be advantageously changed to basin. All, or nearly all, coal-formations are basin-shaped, with long and gradually sloping sides, dipping down to a common and profound center. This center in the northern basin, lies about Sunderland, and there, accordingly, we have the deepest pits. From that point, too, the strata begin on all sides to rise, until they attain, or nearly so, the level of the surface-earth. This attainment is technically called "cropping out." Thus, the northern edge of the basin begins to crop out about the Coquet, a Northumbrian stream, which cuts the county nearly into two; and the southern edge of the basin rises into day in the Valley of the Tees, the river dividing the counties of Durham and York. The western rim of the plate or basin fades away as it is heaved up in the earth, some twenty miles to the west of Newcastle; and the eastern extremity comes, of course, bootlessly up to the bottom of the ocean. In general terms, the basin may, therefore, be described as lying half in the land, half under sea. The general shape of this basin is thus rather oval than round. Its actual boundaries, so far as we know them, are indeed irregular; but the tendencies of its form are as we have described them. It will follow from that description, that the deepest running pits are those of the northern sea-coast of Durham. Proceeding to the northern coal portion of Northumberland, we find coal at a depth of eighty fathoms; the Cowpen Pits, average one hundred fathoms; the Hartley, fifty; and the Whitby, sixty. In Durham, however, near South Shields, coal is extracted in many pits from a depth of twenty fathoms; at Marton Winning, the shaft descends two hundred and twenty: and at Monk-wearmouth, the deepest mine in England, the pitmen labor two hundred and sixty-three fathoms beneath the surface of the earth—having, at that great depth, run galleries and workings right under the sea.

The condition of the working colliers has improved with the amelioration of machinery. One hundred years ago, hewers' wages ranged from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 10d. per day; they now vary from 3s. to 4s., or even more. The hewer at the period referred to, obtained 1d. per peck of coal worked. Women gained for emptying the wagons into the keels or barges, which bore the cargo to the ship, from 1d. to 1 1-2d. per ton. Now the work is performed by machinery. The "putter"—who pushes the small wagons of coal from the hewer to the bottom of the shaft, and who now makes his 3s. per day—earned only 10d. a day, or the stipend paid at present to the little "trappers," who sit by the air-sluices, and open and shut them, as the putters, with their trains of tiny wagons, go by. Many industrial crises and great strikes have marked the progress of social improvement in the collieries; and in 1840, the legislature took the matter in hand. A commission was issued, and from its report proceeded the act of parliament which is now in force in all the mines and collieries in the kingdom. By its stipulations, no woman whatever can be employed under ground, on any duty or on any pretense. No boy can be so employed until he has completed his tenth year, and no apprenticeship can last for a longer period than eight years. Further, to have the charge of shaft-machinery, the individual must be more than fifteen years of age; and no wages are allowed to be paid in public-houses.

Still, this enactment did not touch the grievances complained of by the workmen, and in 1844, happened the great coal-strike. It was the fourth industrial disturbance in the district since 1826. The colliers demanded weekly payments; to be guaranteed five days a week, at 3s. a day; to be paid by weight; hewers not to be called on to *put* or push coal-wagons from the workings to the horse-ways; while the day's work was to be eight hours. The owners, on the other hand, would give no guarantee for work or wages. Their term of engagement must be twelve months, terminable at a monthly notice; pay once a fortnight; and the hewers to put or do any work required. On this issue, the strike commenced in all the collieries of Northumberland and Durham. The people were perfectly peaceable. Every day they held great meetings, and expounded and enforced their complaints and demands.

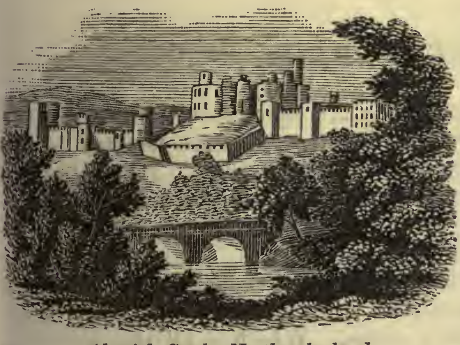
A religious feeling, too, became mingled with the movement. The chapels of the Ranters [so called]—were crowded, and prayers for the strike were offered from the pulpit. The people went to chapel, and held prayer-meetings, as they said, "to get their faith strengthened." The preachers were frequently working men, gifted with a rude energy and picturesque fluency of language, and possessing almost unbounded influence over their hearers. The strike advanced; the savings of the men were soon spent; the credit of the "little shops," was soon exhausted; the pawnbrokers funds at length failed, and the last article they accepted were wedding-rings. The funds of the benefit-clubs were next appealed to. They, too, were distributed and exhausted, and the men on strike had to look starvation in the face. Meantime the masters were using great exertions to obtain labor; and from the midland, the westland, and the Welsh collieries, labor came pouring in. The northern miners saw strangers flocking to their own shaft-head, their courage failed them, and they gave in, but not before much damage had been inflicted on all concerned. The masters lost about £200,000 by four months' partial cessation from labor; while many of the old colliers, who saw their places filled by south-country laborers, were obliged to betake themselves to the iron-works then, and still, springing up on the moors of Durham, Northumberland, and Yorkshire.

* * * * * * * * * * *

When the man at the bottom is ready, he pulls a thundering peal, and down go the loaded wagons, pulling up the empty ones. At length we reach a point near the workings; and amid the shouts of the grimy putters, and the clashing of full and empty wagons, we clamber into a low and roughly-cut tunnel, about as big as you could wheel a very small sofa through, and so low, that as you grope your way onward, bent double, you envy the putters, who have the wagon, empty or full, to lean upon as they drive it. Passing the poor little trapper, chucking-to the wooden door with a string, you begin to hear the click of the picks, and soon you crawl into the open chamber or board—the floor heaped with loose coal, the roof strengthened by short props, while at the further end gleam the glow-worm-like Davy-lamps. In a few minutes, the eyes, getting accustomed to the twinkling light, discern a line of begrimed men, kneeling, sitting, stooping, sometimes lying, and hammering at the black wall of coal before them, with short, sharp, heavy picks. Gunpowder cannot, of course, be used, where Davy-lamps have to be employed. The pick and the spade are here the hewer's only weapons; and the intensity of his toil is proportioned to the hardness of the coal and the shallowness of the seam. The best hewers are those who manage, by ingenious shifts of posture, and great endurance, to bring the coal rapidly and freely down—the difficulty of getting their strength to bear being increased by the props and stays among which they work. Close behind the hewer, stand the tubs he is expected to fill. His hours of labor are generally eight or nine, but sometimes a man will work longer. The following is the usual plan of operation: At two or three in the morning, the hewers descend—odd hour for commencing! but in the pit, day or night makes but small odds; and if the men labored mainly in the day, they would only change the darkness of the mine for the darkness of the night. Two hours after the hewers, the putters descend. By that time they find wagons filled, and ready to be shoved to the rolly-ways. There is usually one putter to every three or four hewers, and one driver of a team to every three or four putters. These last are generally lads under twenty. Their work requires constant stooping, and severe muscular exertion. They have generally begun as trappers; then been elevated to team-driving; and, of course, look forward, as the last step of below-ground promotion, to being hewers. What putting coals is, is not difficult to realize. Imagine a rough, pitch-dark tunnel, three feet wide, and four feet high, though which, bent double all the way, and perspiring in a temperature of seventy five degrees, you have to shove a wagon holding seven hundred-weights of coal. Work of this kind, continued for eight hours or so, almost without intermission, is putting. The hewers are paid by the quantity of coal extracted, the putters by the number of the tubs. The labor of the putters is beginning to be enfringed upon by the introduction of Shetland ponies to draw the tubs—an amelioration which, although it will no doubt occasion discontent, and perhaps suffering, it is hardly possible to regret, as the putter's work is in its nature scarcely human. The horses let down into the mines seldom see daylight again. They are generally in good condition, the warm air making their coats sleek; and their docility is admirable. The stables are usually situated at the bottom of the shaft, and the horses are attended to by persons employed exclusively forthe purpose.

As soon as the daily hours of toil are over, the pitman—not, however, until he has partaken of a meal—plunges himself into a huge tub of hot water, and scrubs until he becomes as clean as though he had never touched coal-dust; and, the ablutionary process finished, dresses in a style much superior to that of the general run of laborers. It is, indeed, difficult to believe that the clean, respectably-attired person who accosts you, is the same begrimed and three parts naked individual whose white, gleaming eyes and teeth you remember, as he turned from the wall of coal and held up his Davy for your convenience.

ALNWICK.


Alnwick Castle, Northumberland.

Alnwick is a small but pleasant town in the county of Northumberland, 308 miles north from London. It has a population of upwards of 6,000. It is celebrated principally for its castle, which is said to have been one of the strongholds of the Romans. Such is the opinion of Grose, the antiquary, which has been in part corroborated by the discovery of other buildings lying in opposite directions to those of the present structure, several of the stones of which bear Roman mouldings. However this may be, it is at least certain, that Alnwick was inhabited by the Saxons, and that the castle, at the time of the Conquest, was the property of Gilbert Tyson, one of the most powerful chiefs of Northumberland.

It stands upon the summit of a boldly rising hill on the southern side of the river Aln, which meanders its course at its foot. Its general effect is given in our engraving.

The building consists of a cluster of semicircular and angular bastions, surrounded by lofty walls, defended at intervals by towers, of which there are sixteen, altogether occupying a space of about five acres of ground. The castle is divided into three courts or wards; the utter, or outer ward, the middle ward, and the inner ward, each of which was formerly defended by a massive gate, with a porcullis, a porter's lodge, and a guard-house, beneath which was a dungeon.

Alnwick Castle was a place of great strength and importance in early times, admits of no doubt, as we find it besieged by Malcolm III of Scotland, with a numerous army, in the reign of William Rufus, A. D. 1093, and its delivery accomplished by the following singular stratagem:—a soldier rode from the castle, armed at all points, with the keys of the castle tied to the end of his spear, as if to surrender them to the Scots; but Malcolm coming forth hastily to receive them, was instantly pierced through the eye and slain; the desperate assailant making good his retreat in the confusion that followed, by the swiftness of his horse. Prince Edward, Malcolm's son, was slain shortly afterwards, endeavoring to revenge his father's death, and the army utterly routed. A handsome stone cross has been erected to the memory of the king, on the spot where he fell, about a mile to the north of the castle.

Again, in the reign of Henry II, A. D. 1174, William the Lion, King of Scotland, while besieging the castle, was taken prisoner, and ransomed at the then enormous sum of £100,000 sterling. A neat monument marks the spot, about a quarter of a mile to the west of the castle gates. During the border wars, this castle was always a mark for the invaders, and of course underwent various changes, but owing to its great strength, the besiegers were seldom successful until famine did the work of arms. In the reign of Edward II, 1310, it came into the possession of its present possessors, the Percies, and consequently partook of the various fortunes of that illustrious and noble family. Its great age, and the injuries it has sustained in the wars, rendered it necessary that it should be thoroughly repaired; accordingly, early in the eighteenth century, it was partly rebuilt on the old foundation, and the whole structure restored to its ancient splendor.

CHEVY CHASE.

This popular ballad which has for ages been admired by the learned and refined as well as by the common people, is believed to have been written about the year 1600. It was not the original composition, but was taken from an older ballad of somewhat greater length, and more rudely constructed, as might be expected in a composition of an earlier age. The scene of the ballad lay among the Cheviot Hills, on the borders of Scotland and England—then partially covered with wood, though now bare, and devoted to sheep-pasture alone. Whether all the incidents related in this ballad are to be received as historic facts, is a matter which is not yet settled among historians.

God prosper long our noble king,
  Our lives end safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
  In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
  Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
  The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
  A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
  Three summer days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
  To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
  In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
  He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing that,
  Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
  All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
  To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
  To chase the fallow deer:
On Monday they began to hunt
  When daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
  A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then having dined, the drovers went
  To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
  Well able to endure;
And all their rear, with special care,
  That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
  The nimble deer to take;
That with their cries the hills and dales
  An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
  To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
  This day to meet me here:

But if I thought he would not come,
  No longer would I stay;"
With that a brave young gentleman
  Thus to the earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
  His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
  All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
  Fast by the river Tweed:"
"Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
  "And take your bows with speed:

And now with me, my countrymen,
  Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
  In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
  But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
  With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
  Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
  Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men ye be,
  That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
  And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make,
  Was noble Percy he;
Who said, "We list not to declare,
  Nor show whose men we be:

Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
  Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
  And thus in rage did say—

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,
  One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
  Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
  And great offense to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
  For they have done no ill.

Let you and me the battle try,
  And set our men aside."
"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,
  "By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
  Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I would not have it told
  To Henry, our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
  And I stood looking on.
You two be earls," said Witherington,
  "And I a squire alone:

I'll do the best that do I may,
  While I have power to stand:
While I have power to wield my sword,
  I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
  Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
  Full forescore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,
  As chieftain stout and good;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
  The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
  As leader ware and tried;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
  Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
  They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
  All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
  They grasped their swords so bright:
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
  On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
  No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
  Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth! it was a grief to see
  How each one chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
  Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
  Like captains of great might:
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
  And made a cruel fight:

They fought until they both did sweat,
  With swords of tempered steel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
  They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said;
  "In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
  By James, our Scottish king:

Thy ransom I will freely give,
  And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
  That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," saith Earl Percy then,
  "Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
  That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen
  Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
  A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spake more words than these—
  Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
  Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
  The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
  Would I had lost my land.

In truth! my very heart doth bleed
  With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
  Mischance did never take."

A knight among the Scots there was,
  Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
  Upon the Earl Percy:

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
  Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
  Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
  Without a dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
  He thrust his hateful spear;

With such vehement force and might
  He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
  A large cloth yard and more.

So thus did both those nobles die,
  Whose courage none could stain
An English archer then perceived
  The noble earl was slain:

He had a bow bent in his hand,
  Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth yard long
  To the hard head haled he:

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
  So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose wing that was thereon
  In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
  Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
  The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain
  Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
  Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
  Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
  Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe
  That ever he slain should be,
For when his legs were hewn in two,
  He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain
  Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
  One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
  His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
  But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
  Did with Earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
  Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
  Went home but fifty-three;
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,
  Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
  Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
  But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain:

"O heavy news," King James did say,
"Scotland can witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase:

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Since 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he:

Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say
But I will vengeance take:
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

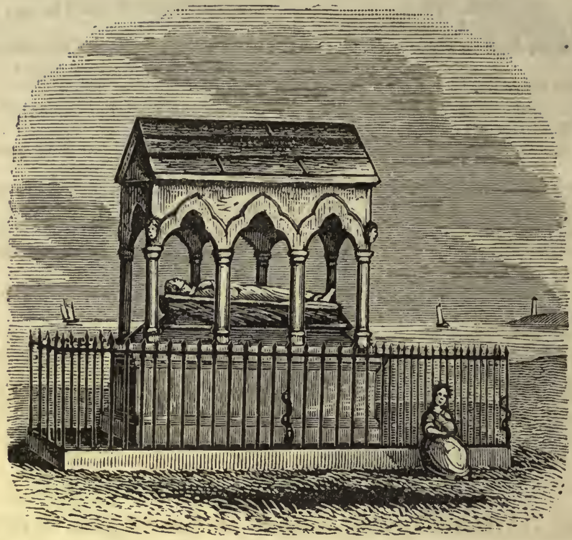
This vow full well the king performed
After at Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of high renown:

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die;
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

GRACE DARLING, distinguished for her heroism in saving the lives of nine persons at the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, in September, 1838, was born November 24th, 1815, in the ancient village of Bamborough, on the coast of Northumberland. "She was lodged, clothed, and educated at the school in Bamborough Castle, supported by the income of Lord Crew's estates." She died, much regretted, of the consumption, in 1842. A monument has been recently erected in the church-yard of Bamborough, of which the following is a representation. The monument is of an altar form, upon which is the recumbent figure of Grace Darling, sculptured in fine Portland stone, surmounted by a Gothic canopy, six side and two end arches. The figure is represented as lying on a platted straw mattrass, bearing an oar such as is peculiar to the Northumberland coast, and beneath the fold of the mattrass, at the head, is introduced a kind of sea-weed, peculiar to the district.

The Forfarshire steamer, was a vessel of about three hundred tons burthen, under the command of Captain Humble. She sailed from Hull on her voyage to Dundee, September 5th, 1838, with a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet iron. It appears that one of the boilers being defective sprang a leak, and when the steamer had arrived in Berwick Bay, it increased to such a degree, that the firemen could not keep the fires burning. About ten o'clock of the evening of the second night she bore up off St. Abb's Head, amid a storm and heavy sea. The engines soon became useless, and there being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about, in order to get her before the wind, and keep her off the land. She however became unmanageable, a heavy rain and fog came on so that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel, being impelled to and fro by a

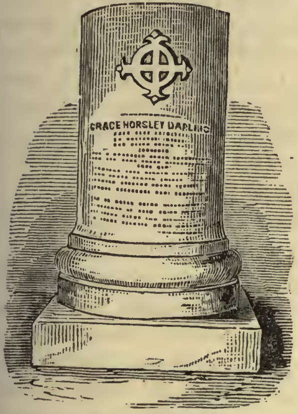


Grace Darling's Monument, Northumberland.

furious sea. Between three and four o'clock, she struck with her bows foremost on the rock, the ruggedness of which is such, that at periods when is dry it is scarcely possible for a person to stand erect upon it; and the edge which the Forfarshire's timbers struck descends sheer down upwards of a hundred fathoms deep.

At this juncture a part of the crew, intent only on self-preservation, lowered the larboard-quarter boat down, and left the ship. Some who attempted to get on board the boat were drowned. The scene on board was of the most awful kind. The vessel was soon broken in two, and the after part, containing the cabin with many passengers, was instantly carried off by a tremendous current, while the fore part remained on the rock. Some of the passengers got on the windlass, which they conceived to be the safest place. Nine of these sufferers remained alive in the morning, when they were discovered by Mr. and Mrs. Darling, and their heroic daughter, at the light-house, about a mile distant. Though the wind had somewhat abated yet the sea still raged so fearfully, that Mr. Darling at first dare not attempt the rescue. By the solicitation of Grace, the boat was launched by the assistance of her mother, and father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed, that Grace never had occasion to assist in rowing a boat before this time, others of the family always being at hand.

By the exertion of great muscular power and determined courage, the father and daughter carried the boat up to the rock, and when there, a greater danger had to be encountered arising from the difficulty of steadying the boat and prevent its being broken on the rocks. These were all surmounted, and nine persons were safely taken from the wreck and conveyed to the light-house. The fame of Grace Darling's heroism was soon widely extended. The Duke and Dutchess of Northumberland invited her and her father to Alnwick Castle, and presented her with a gold watch. The Humane Society sent her a most flattering vote of thanks. She received many testimonials of greater or less value. A public subscription was raised to reward her for her humanity and heroism, which is said to have amounted to about £700. This estimable young woman, however, did not live long to appreciate the estimate formed of her conduct. Towards the end of 1841, her health began to decline, and she removed from Longstone light-house to place herself under the care of a physician. All means, however, proved unavailing to arrest her disorder, the consumption, of which she died, October 20th, 1842.



Grace Darling's Monument,
Fern Island.

The annexed engraving shows a cippus of stone, six feet in height, in St. Cuthbert's Chapel, on Fern Island, in the vicinity of Bamburgh. Underneath the figure of the cross of St. Cuthbert is inscribed the following, viz. :—

To the Memory of
GRACE HORSLEY DARLING,
A Native of Bamburgh,
And an Inhabitant
Of these Islands;
Who Died October 20th, A. D. 1842,
Aged 26 years.

Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
Though young so wise, though meek so resolute.

Oh! that winds and waves could speak
Of things which their united power called forth
From the pure depths of her humanity!
A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse reared
On the island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place;
Or like the invincible rock itself that braves,
Age after age, the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell—

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
When, as day broke, the maid, through misty air,
Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
Half of a vessel, half—no more; the rest
Had vanished!

Wm. Wordsworth.

LIVERPOOL.

Up to the close of the seventeenth century, this important port in the commerce of the world was but an inconsiderable place, having only one church, which was a chapel of ease to Walton, a village three miles distant. In 1669 an act was passed to make it a distinct parish, and since that period it has been gradually advancing in importance. The city is situated at the mouth of the Mersey, which opens a convenient access to the western ocean, two hundred and six miles north by west from London.

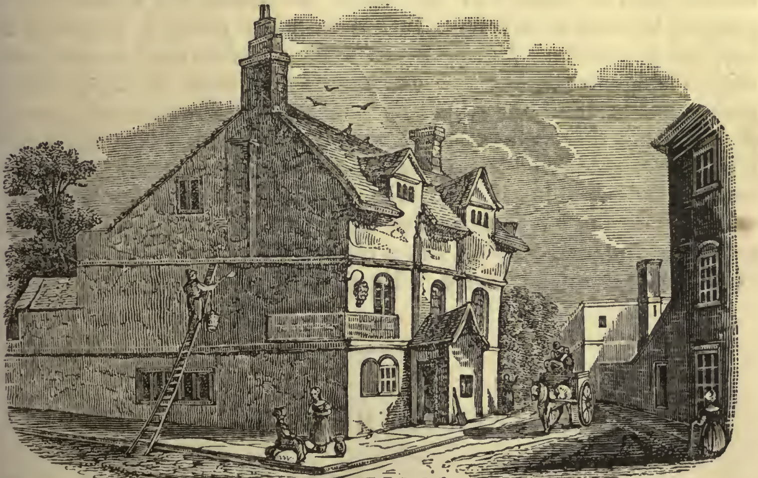
The history of Liverpool is, in fact, the history of her commerce, and this is in a great measure connected with the progress of her docks. The first great increase that took place in the importance of Liverpool appears to have been shortly after the commencement of the war with France, in 1778, in the first year of which, one hundred and twenty privateers, manned by eight thousand seven hundred and fifty seamen, issued from this port. Since that period the increase has been constant and wonderfully rapid. To provide for this immense traffic, great exertions have been made, and vast expense incurred, in the construction of docks and the erection of warehouses. For the security of the shipping in the port, and for the greater facility of loading and unloading merchandise, an immense range of docks and warehouses, extending nearly two miles along the banks of the Mersey, has been erected on a scale of unparalleled magnificence, and forming one of those characteristics of commercial greatness in which this town is unrivalled. The docks are of three kinds, the wet docks, the dry docks, and the graving docks; the wet docks are chiefly for ships of great burthen, employed in the foreign trade, and which float in them at all states of the tide, the water being retained by locks: the dry docks, so called, because they are left dry when the tide is out, are chiefly appropriated to coasting vessels; and the graving docks, which admit or exclude the water at pleasure, are adapted to the repair of ships, during which they are kept dry, and when completed are floated out by admitting the tide. The Old Dock, which was the first of the kind constructed in England, and for making which an act of parliament was obtained, in 1708, is not now in use, its site having been appropriated to the erection of a new custom-house, and other offices connected with the trade of the port.

The houses in Liverpool are principally built of brick, and covered with slates imported from the quarries in North Wales. The streets are broad, well lighted, and airy; and many of them vie in point of elegance even with those of the metropolis itself. The public buildings are formed in a style of costly elegance and splendor, in accordance with the taste and opulence of its inhabitants, and are well adapted for every purpose of convenience, utility or amusement. In architectural decoration they are equal, if not superior, to those of any provincial town in England. One of the principal objects of interest in this city, is the trophied monument erected to the memory of Lord Nelson, in the Liverpool Exchange Buildings. This monument was completed in October, 1823. On a basis of Westmoreland marble, stands a circular pedestal of the same material, and peculiarly suitable in color to the group which it supports. At the base of the pedestal are four emblematic figures in the character of captives, or vanquished enemies, in allusion to Lord Nelson's victories. The spaces between these figures, on the sides of the pedestal, are filled by four grand bas-reliefs, executed in bronze, representing some of the great naval actions in which Nelson was engaged. The other parts of the pedestal are richly decorated with festoons of laurel and lions' heads; and in a moulding round the upper part of it is inscribed, in brass letters, pursuant to the resolution of the general meeting, that most impressive charge delivered by the illustrious commander previous to the commencement of the battle of Trafalgar, "*England expects every man to do his duty.*"

The figures constituting the principal design are Nelson, Victory, and Death; his country mourning for her loss, and her navy, eager to avenge it, naturally claim a place in the group. The principal figure is the admiral resting one foot on a conquered enemy and the other on a cannon. With an eye steadfast fixed on Victory, he is receiving from her a fourth naval crown upon his sword, which, to indicate the loss of his right arm, is held in his left hand. Under the folds of the flag, Death lies in ambush for his victim, thus indicating that Nelson received the reward of valor and the stroke of death at the same moment.

Liverpool has increased her population with great rapidity for the last 150 years. In 1700, it contained 5,000; in 1730, 12,000; in 1760, 26,000; in 1773, 34,407; in 1790, 56,000; in 1801, 78,000; in 1811, 120,000; in 1851, the parish of Liverpool contained 258,346 inhabitants. The population, including the adjoining townships, was 376,065.

BIRKENHEAD, opposite Liverpool, on the south side of the river Mersey, is a place of growing importance. It contains, at the present time, about 25,000 inabitants. It has a public garden, or park, a place of great resort from Liverpool. It is adorned with statuary, water scenery, beautiful shrubbery, flowers, &c.



Birth-place of William Roscoe, near Liverpool.

ONE of the most prominent persons connected with the history and advancement of Liverpool is WILLIAM ROSCOE. This estimable citizen was born in 1753, in a house in Mount Pleasant, a street in Liverpool, of which the annexed engraving is a representation. His parents, in humble but comfortable circumstances, were little able to advance his education, yet anxious for his improvement, kept him at school about six years. At the age of sixteen he was articled to a respectable attorney. During his spare moments he occupied himself in reading the works of standard English authors, and also amused himself with painting on china.

In the varied situations in which he was placed, he cultivated his literary and poetic taste, occasionally writing for the press. At the age of twenty years, he read, in the original language, several of the Italian historians, and at that time even, he had set his mind on becoming the biographer of Lorenzo de Medici, the great patron and early restorer of ancient learning. In the year 1789, he began to devote himself to the object of his early ambition, the "Life of Lorenzo the Magnificent." This work, which was published in 1822, added much to his already established literary reputation.

Mr. Roscoe, from an early period, took a deep interest in political matters. In the year 1787, the agitation of the abolition of the slave-trade at that period so agitated his mind, that in the same year he published his well known effusion, "The Wrongs of Africa," in two parts—the profits for the sale of which he placed at the disposal of the committee then formed for the suppression of the slave-trade.

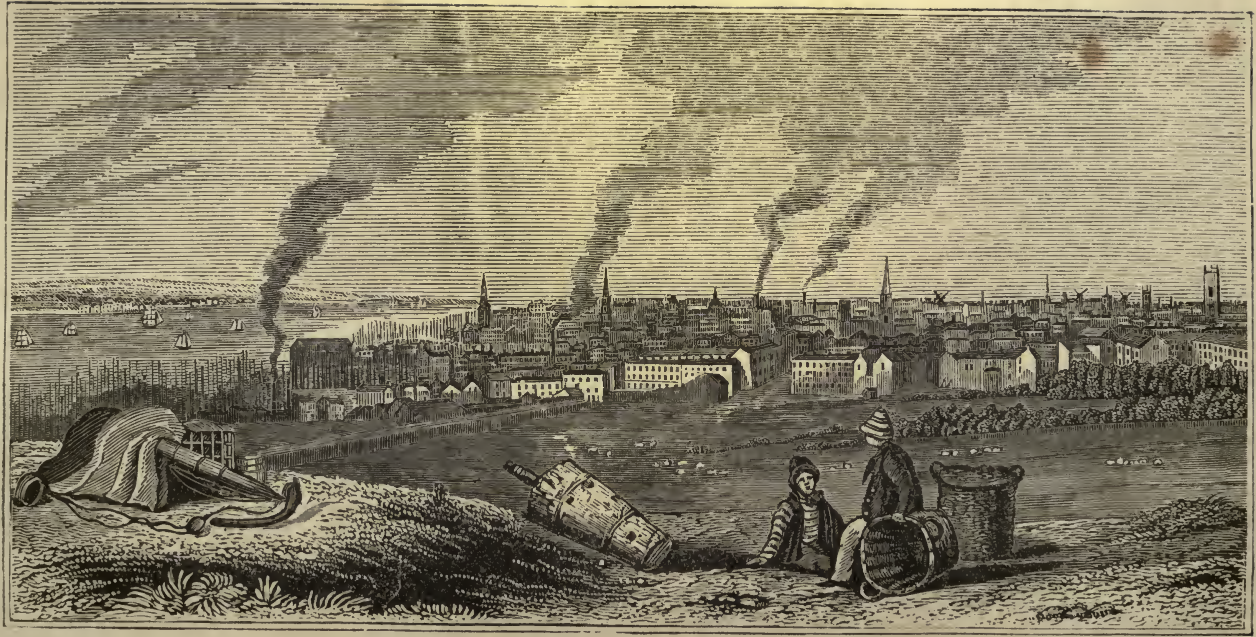
Towards the close of 1815, by one of the frequent commercial convulsions, the affairs of the bank in which Mr. Roscoe was a partner, became so involved, that their house found it necessary to suspend payments. For four years they endeavored to discharge their engagements, but the depreciation of their property was so great, that in 1820 they became bankrupts. Previous to this Mr. R. sold his fine collection of prints, drawings, &c. His noble library was sold, and the proceeds of the sale were applied to the payment of the debts of the house. His collection of books, prints, and paintings, were so extensive that they were sold for £11,025. In public life, Mr. Roscoe was a consistent and fearless champion of civil and religious liberty. He died June 30, 1831.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Felicia Hemans

Mrs. Hemans' Signature.

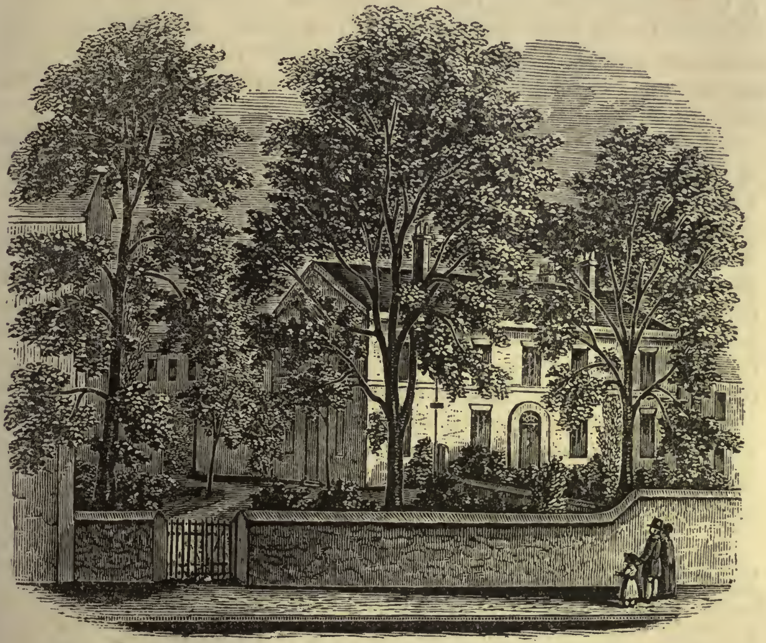
Felicia Dorothy Brown, afterwards Mrs. Hemans, was born in Liverpool, September 25th, 1793. Her father, a merchant, was a native of Ireland. Before the poetess was seven years of age, her father, having suffered losses in trade, retired from business, and settled at Gwrych, in Denbyshire, in Wales, in a large, old, solitary



VIEW OF LIVERPOOL, (LOOKING NORTH.)

On the left is seen the river Mersey flowing northward into the Irish Sea. The town of Birkenhead on the west side of the river is seen in the extreme distance; on the east side is Liverpool, with its forests of masts which rise from the shipping in the extensive docks before the city.

mansion, close to the sea, shut in by a range of rocky mountains. Mrs. Hemans was sixteen when her family removed to this retired spot. Her mother, who was of Italian descent, was an accomplished woman, and bestowed great care on her education. The Bible and Shakspeare, it is said, were her two great books, the traces of which appear in the imagery of her writings.



Mrs. Hemans' Residence, Wavertree, near Liverpool. [*Drawn in* 1853.]

Mrs. Hemans' two elder brothers, at this period, were in the army. A young officer, Capt. Hemans, was introduced into the family, and subsequently, in 1812, was married to the poetess. For a short time she lived with her husband at Daventry, when they returned to Bronwylfa, in Wales, where they lived till 1818, or about six years, the whole period of their married life that they lived together. From that period till the death of Mrs. Hemans, seventeen years more, they lived apart—she in Wales, England and Ireland, he in Italy.

Mrs. Hemans, at the time of her marriage, was well known by her published poetry, and while she lived with her husband she still pursued her studies, although during that period she became the mother of five sons. After her husband's departure she continued her writing with undaunted fortitude. In 1819, she contended for the prize for a poem on Sir William Wallace, and bore it away from a host of competitors. About this time she gave her attention to German literature, which opened to her a new field of intellectual life, and produced a decided effect on her poetic tone and style. In 1825, Mrs. Hemans removed to Rhyllon, in Wales. The house she occupied was quite an unpoetic structure, being a tall, staring brick building, nearly destitute of trees and shrubbery. It is believed, however, that the happiest portion of her life, after childhood, was when she resided at this place. Here she dwelt in a manner retired, with her books and children about her, and often accompanied them in their rambles in the mountainous and sylvan scenery in the vicinity.

For the purpose of educating her children, Mrs. Hemans removed to Wavertree, a little village about three miles out of Liverpool. The annexed engraving was executed from a drawing taken November, 1853, and shows the appearance of her former residence. The building is divided into three tenements, the one occupied by Mrs. Hemans is the one of which the end view is given; the large trees represented in the engraving are said to have been planted by her. The village has been much enlarged since she resided here, buildings have been erected in the vicinity, the wall fronting the street has been made higher, so that a person walking in the little garden could not be seen by one passing the side walk of the street. She resided here with Miss Jewsbury, her friend and companion. Mrs. Hemans is described as uncommonly small and fragile in her form, but beautiful and lovely in the expression of her countenance.

Her hopes of educational privileges were not realized at Wavertree, and she was somewhat annoyed by the interruptions which celebrity has to endure from idle curiosity. In 1829, she made a journey into Scotland, and was received in Edinburgh with that cordial hospitality characteristic of that capital. She was invited to Abbotsford by Walter Scott. The next summer she visited Wordsworth, at Rydal Mount. She was so much pleased with the appearance of the country, that she took a small cottage overlooking Windermere, called Dove's Nest. She, however, was so much interrupted by calls from parties of pleasure, and an absolute "mail-storm of letters and papers," that she again fled into Scotland for relief.

Mrs. Hemans evidently overtaxed her strength in writing more than her inclination prompted, in order to furnish the means of educating her sons. Having relatives in Ireland, she removed to Dublin, in 1831, where she was received with all the respect due to her genius and virtues. Her health continued quite delicate, and taking a severe cold in the Gardens of the Dublin Society, she soon was brought to her grave. During her last illness she wrote some of the finest poetry she ever produced. The last piece which she wrote, "The Sabbath Sonnet," was dedicated to her brother, and was written less than three weeks before her death, which took place May 16, 1835. Her remains were interred in a vault beneath St. Ann's Church, but a short distance from her residence, and over her grave was inscribed some lines from one of her own dirges:

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
  Fair spirit! rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footsteps trode,
  His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath!
  Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
  No more may fear to die.

CHESTER.

THE city of Chester is one of the most interesting places in Great Britain. It is of high antiquity, and was long occupied by the Romans as an important military station. The present state of preservation of its walls and ancient monuments render it a spot singularly curious, not only to the antiquary, but to all those who seek, in the remains of other ages, valuable instruction.

It was called Deva, from the river which runs by its walls; and as early as the time of Agricola, or at least not long after, they fixed here the head-quarters of the twentieth legion, which, according to the military practice of the Romans, they fixed at Chester for upwards of two hundred years. The different fortresses in Cheshire were garrisoned by the legionaries,—the more distant dependencies by its auxiliary cohorts, the whole amounting to near 13,000 men.

Agricola, who had twice before served in Britain in a subordinate capacity, was made, about the year 78, governor-in-chief of the island; and it is extremely probable that, during his successful career, Chester, or Deva, was first permanently occupied by the Romans. The city may therefore fairly claim an antiquity of upwards of 1700 years. The remains discovered in the city clearly prove that Chester enjoyed a share of the luxury as well as the civilization of Rome. Altars, tesselated pavements, and baths have been discovered here.

At what time the Romans abandoned Chester is not certain, but it was probably before they finally quitted Britain in the fifth century. It was then taken possession of by the natives. The first historical event connected with the city of any authenticity or importance which occurs after the departure of the Romans, is the defeat of the Britains under the walls of Chester by Ethelfrid, the Saxon king of Northumberland, about 607. In or about the year 907, Ethelred, the Earl or Duke of Mercia, and his wife Ethelfleda, sister of King Edward the Elder, repaired the city of Chester, which had suffered considerable injury from the Danes. rebuilt the walls, which they are also supposed to have enlarged, and adorned with turrets. About 971, King Edgar, being with his army at Chester, was visited by six petty sovereigns, who came to pay him homage.

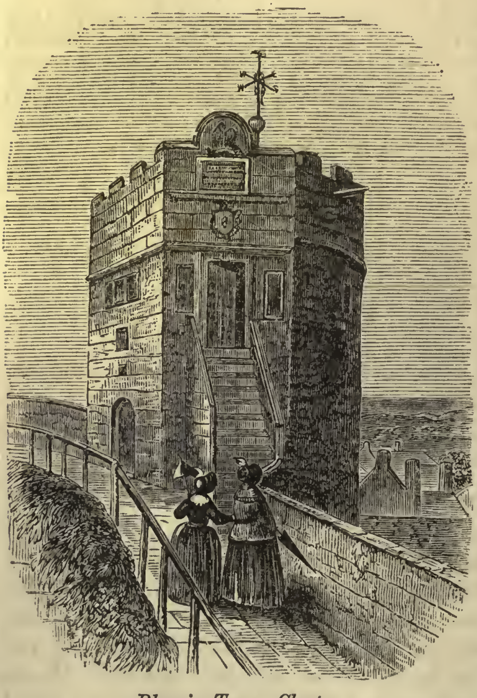
At the Norman Conquest, William the Conqueror gave Hugh d'Avranches, commonly called Hugh Lupus, the whole county of Chester, to hold as freely by the sword as he himself held England by the crown.

It would be an unnecessary occupation of space to record the various historical events connected with Chester, from the Norman conquest downwards. The situation of the city necessarily rendered it an important place; and it was frequently honored with the presence of the kings of England. It was here that Edward I summoned Lhewelyn, the last sovereign prince of Wales, to attend him to do homage, which, on his refusal, led to the war which ended in Lhewelyn's destruction. During the civil war between Charles I and the Parliament, Chester stood several sieges, or rather one continued siege of three years; the inhabitants, who had sided with the king, endured great privations; but at last, when the siege was converted into a blockade, they surrendered on honorable terms to the parliamentary troops on the 3d of February, 1645–6.

Chester is situated on a dry rock, elevated above the stream of the Dee, which winds round it on two sides, in an irregular semicircle. The district immediately adjacent is a rich but flat plain, exhibiting, however, interesting views. The ancient walls of the city are now only useful as a healthful and favorite walk for its inhabitants, but they are curious as the only perfect military work of the kind which the kingdom possesses. In Ormerod's "Cheshire," an elaborate county history, in three volumes folio, published in 1819, is the following description of the appearance and extent of the walls of Chester:—

"The walls enclose an oblong parallelogram, and most undoubtedly stand, for a large portion of their extent, on Roman foundations, as is indisputably proved by the remains of the ancient East Gate, discovered in erecting the present arch, and some relics of Roman masonry near it, still existing, but concealed from public view by the houses adjoining. The Ship Gate is also supposed to be of similar antiquity, but cannot have been any part of the original walls, if the story of the extension of the original fortifications in the direction of this gate by Ethelfleda, be correct. The present circuit of the walls is somewhat more than a mile and three-quarters; the materials are a red stone; the exterior elevation is tolerably equal, but the interior is, in some places, nearly level with the ground, and in others with the tops of the houses. The entire line is guarded with a wooden rail within, and a stone parapet without; and the general line, which is kept in repair as a public walk, commands interesting prospects, among which may be specified the views towards the Forest Hills from the eastern front, towards North Wales and the Dee from the opposite one, and a fine view of the bridge and river, with the surrounding country, from the south-east angle. A very large proportion, however, of the eastern front, and a part under the castle, are completely blocked up by contiguous buildings."

"At the sides of the walls are the remains of several ancient towers, which have either been made level with the walls, completely dismantled, or been fitted up as alcoves by the citizens."



Phœnix Tower, Chester.

At the north-east angle is a lofty circular tower, erected in 1613, and called the Phœnix Tower, observable from the circumstance of Charles I having witnessed a part of the battle of Rowton Heath from its leads, in 1645. Another tower, of higher antiquity, and the most picturesque of the military remains of Chester, projects out at the north-west angle, and is approached by a small turret, called Bonwaldesthorne's Tower, which forms the entrance to a flight of steps, leading to an open gallery embattled on each side. Below this is a circular arch, under which the tide flowed before the embankment of the Dee. At the end of the gallery is the principal tower, a massy, circular building, of red stone, embattled; the principal room is an octagonal vaulted chamber, in the sides of which were pointed arches for windows. This tower, now called the Water Tower, and formerly the New

Tower, was erected in 1322, for £100, at the city expense, by John Helpstone.

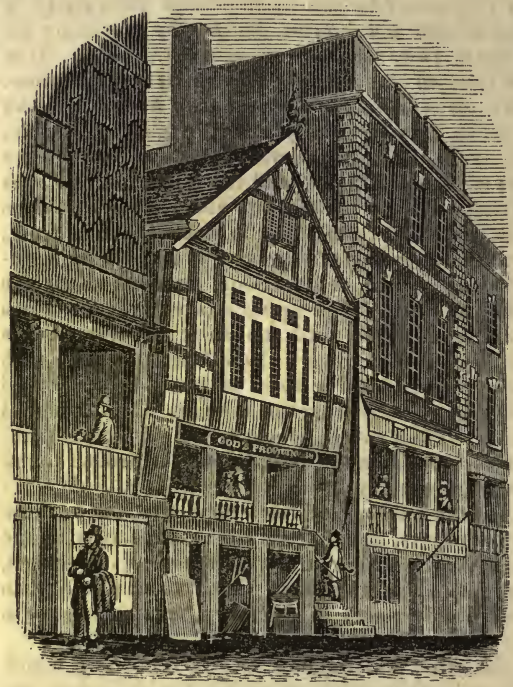
The principal gates of the city of Chester are four, facing the cardinal points, and severally named the Bridge Gate, (on the south side,) the East Gate, the North Gate, and the Water Gate; the last situate on the west side of the city.

Chester has long been celebrated for the architectural peculiarity in the construction of many of the old houses, known by the name of "rows." To a stranger these rows appear very singular things. It is difficult to convey a clear idea of the Chester Rows by a description. A reference to the engravings will enable the reader to understand the description better. The rows may be termed a sort of gallery, arcade, or piazza, up one pair of stairs. These galleries at present occupy the greatest part of both sides of Eastgate-street, and the upper part of both sides of Watergate and Bridge-streets. They run along what would be the first floor of the houses, reaching from street to street, open in front, and balustraded. Beneath the galleries or rows are shops or warehouses on the level of the street; and at occasional intervals there are flights of steps leading into the rows. The upper stories over the rows project to the streets, and are on a level with the shops and warehouses below. Mr. Pennant supposed these rows to have been the same with the ancient vestibules, and to have been a form of building preserved from the time that the city was possessed by the Romans. Mr. Ormerod gives a simpler conjecture. Their origin is accounted for on the principle of erecting galleries, from which the citizens might protect themselves from a sudden inroad of cavalry.

It is a goodly sight to see the number of fair shops that are in these rows, of mercers, grocers, drapers, and haberdashers, especially in the street called the Mercer's Row; which street, with the Bridge-street, (being all one street,) reacheth from the High Cross to the Bridge, in length three hundred and eighty paces in geometry, which is above a quarter of a mile.

In Bridge-street, near the cross, the building is still remaining which was once the "Blue Posts" public-house, at which the following remarkable occurrence took place.

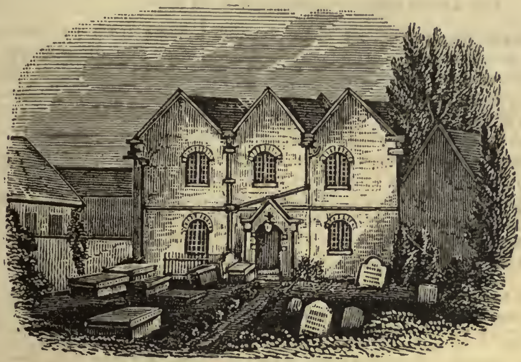
In 1558, Dr. Cole came to Chester on his way to Ireland, with a commission from the Queen for prosecuting (or rather persecuting) the Protestants in that kingdom. The Commissioner lay at an inn, then called the Blue Posts, in Bridge-street, where he was visited by the Mayor, to whom, in the course of conversation, Dr. Cole communicated his errand by taking a leather box out of his cloak-bag, and saying, in a tone of exultation, "There is what will lash the heretics of Ireland!" This declaration accidentally struck the ear of the mistress of the house, who had a brother in Dublin; and while the commissioner was complimenting his worship down stairs, the good woman, prompted by an affectionate fear for her brother, opened the box, took out the commission, and placed in lieu of it a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost. This the Doctor packed up, unobserved and unsuspecting; nor was the deception discovered till his arrival in the presence of the Lord Deputy and Privy Council, in the castle of Dublin. The surprise of the whole assembly at the sight of their *warrant officer*, the *knave*, may be more easily imagined than told! The Doctor, in short, was immediately sent back for a second commission, but before he could return to Ireland, the Queen providentially died. Elizabeth, her successor, rewarded the woman (whose name was Elizabeth Edmunds) with a pension of £40 a year during her life.



Old House, Watergate-street, Chester.

The annexed engraving, a view in Watergate-street, shows a section of the "Row," on the south side of the street. The house seen in the central part is a very ancient structure, on the front beam of which is cut the inscription "GOD'S PROVIDENCE IS MINE INHERITANCE," being a grateful memorial of the inmates having escaped the plague, at a time when almost every other dwelling in the street had been visited by it. Lower down on the street is a singularly decorated old mansion carved in pannels; the lower part is divided into sunk pannels, representing, in well-defined carved work, some of the most prominent events in scripture history, such as the Serpent tempting Eve, Cain killing Abel, Abraham offering up Isaac, &c. The center contains the cypher and arms of Bishop Lloyd, the date of whose death, 1615, is inscribed above.

Chester is one hundred and eighty-one miles north-west of London, one hundred forty-five north of Bristol, and sixteen south of Liverpool. It is a sort of metropolis to the adjoining principality of Wales, and many Welch families reside in the place. Population at this time is about 30,000. Its commerce by water was formerly very considerable, but at the present time it has dwindled into insignificance, owing to the shallowness of the river Dee. Since railway lines have been established here, a large business has been done. In 1850, about one thousand tons of merchandise arrived at the station daily, and upwards of eighty trains, averaging two thousand passengers, arrived and departed. Chester contains about twenty-four houses for public worship, one-half of which are chapels for dissenters.



Matthew Henry's Church, Chester.

The above is a representation of the oldest dissenting house of worship in Chester, being built in the year 1700. It is celebrated as being the place where *Matthew Henry*, the distinguished commentator, preached for about twelve years. The church is a singular structure, and it is so surrounded by walls and houses, that it is even difficult to get a sight of it without the aid of the sexton. It is now a Unitarian chapel.

The Grosvenor Bridge, across the Dee at Chester, is a stupendous work of art, unequalled in the history of bridge-building. The span of the main-arch is *two hundred feet*, being a greater width or extent than that of any other ever known to have been constructed. The cost of erection was £36,000. The Rood-eye at the the south-east angle of which reaches the bridge, contains about eighty-four acres, and is let by the corporation as a pasture for cattle. It was once the arena for sports of the Roman soldiers, and the city games and gymnastics were afterwards celebrated here, respecting which there are many curious records extant. Of these, however, the horse-races alone remain, which continue to be held on the first week of May, and in the month of October. The course is little more than a mile, and affords the spectators the singular advantage of seeing the horses during the whole race.

Chester Cathedral was originally a monastery, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul; having fallen into decay, it was rebuilt by Ethelfleda, the patron saints altered to St. Oswald and St. Werburgh, and secular canons introduced. After the Saxon invasion, Hugh Lupus, the first Earl of Chester, expelled these canons, and introduced Norman benedictine monks instead. He also enlarged and strengthened the monastery. Henry Bradshaw, in his life of St. Werburgh, thus speaks of this foundation:—

"The founder also buylded within the monasterie,
Many mighty places convenient for religion,
Composed with stronge walles of the west partie,

> And on the other syde, with walles of towne,
> Closed at every ende with a sure postron,
> In south part the cimiterie environed rounde aboute,
> For a sure defence enemies to hold oute."

At the general dissolution, its clear annual income from various revenues, was estimated at about £1003. About three years after the dissolution, King Henry changed the conventual Church of St. Werburgh, into the Cathedral Church of Christ and the Virgin Mary, and placed in it a Bishop, a Dean, and six Prebendaries.

The Chapel of St. Mary (the wife of Joseph) is at the east end of the Cathedral. It has a beautiful stained glass window, lately erected, representing the twelve Apostles, and various remarkable scenes in the life of our Savior. The window above the choir was also erected at the same time, and represents the Savior and four Evangelists, and the principal agonizing scenes in the history of his life. Bishop Cotes, in the reign of "Bloody Queen Mary," used this apartment as a consistory court, for the trial of those whom he was pleased to call heretics; and it was here that he condemned the martyr, George Marsh, to the flames.

It appears that during the civil wars, Cheshire, like other counties, was much divided between the King and Parliament. Numerous county gentlemen supported the cause of the latter, and among them, Sir W. Brereton, a gentleman who afterwards made himself particularly conspicuous in these parts. On the 18th of August, 1642, relying on the disposition of the citizens, he was presumptuous enough to cause a drum to be beaten on behalf of the Parliament: the citizens, however, were generally attached to the King, and rising in a body, expelled the intruder, and it was only by the intercession of the Mayor, that Sir William himself escaped the popular fury. The King shortly after coming to Chester, secured it in his interest, and was here when the news arrived of the battle of Worcester; Sir Richard Crane presented him with the colors taken on the occasion. His majesty remained here four days, (from the 23d to the 27th September,) and was entertained at the Bishop's Palace. Previous to his departure, the corporation presented to him £200, and the Prince £100—a proof of loyalty by no means unacceptable at that period: and the body attended the King as far as Wrexham, on his way to Shrewsbury.

The first attack appears to have been made by the Parliamentary forces, under the command of Sir W. Brereton, who, on the 18th and 20th July, made a violent assault on the out-works, but were driven away, with some loss. The garrison and citizens, thus alarmed, destroyed several houses and other buildings in the suburbs, to prevent them affording shelter to the enemy. In June, considerable improvements were made to the works, by Prince Rupert's engineer, who arrived here in March, in the capacity of Captain-General of Lancashire and Cheshire. Daily skirmishes took place between the Royal and Parliamentary forces, the latter having strong posts in Christleton; it was in one of these affairs, on the 18th August, that the Governor of Chester, Colonel Marrow, was killed. As Sir William Brereton received considerable reinforcements, he was enabled, gradually, to place the city in a state of blockade, so that in October, it was completely surrounded. In the ensuing February and March, the presence of Prince Maurice, caused the besiegers to retire; but on his quitting Chester, the enemy returned, and established their head-quarters on Hough Green, where they threw up entrenchments, and from whence they kept the city in continual alarm; but they were repulsed in an attack on Handbridge, the houses in which the citizens afterwards destroyed. A strong body of the King's forces, however, advancing, Sir W. Brereton again retired, and the blockade ceased on the 22d May, 1645. But this state of repose was of short duration. Colonel Jones, a partizan of the Parliament, engaged in the siege of Beeston Castle, drew off from thence a strong detachment, and marching suddenly on Chester, forced the out-works, and got possession of the posts of Boughton, penetrating to St. John's Church, the tower of which they converted inte a battery. A great part of the suburbs also fell into their hands, as did also the house of the Mayor, with the sword and mace, and other insignia of office! The city, however, remained secure. The success of Col. Jones, hastened the arrival of the King, who entered Chester on the the 23d September, and lodged at Sir Francis Gamul's house, near the Bridge, below Castle-lane end. On the 25th September, was fought the battle of Rowton, which proved so disastrous to the king, and of which he had a melancholy view from the top of the Phœnix Tower, and steeple of the Cathedral. Next day, with some difficulty, the King made his escape, with eight hundred horsemen, and went to Denbigh Castle, previous to leaving, directing Lord Byron to surrender the garrison if he did not receive relief in eight days. His majesty's commands were not in this instance attended to, and renewed exertions were made by the loyal citizens for their defense, which they persisted in for four months. On the 29th, a desperate attack was made by the besiegers on the walls near the Newgate, from a battery in St. John's street, and a large breach was made, but so effectual was the resistance, that the enemy was beaten back. In the beginning of October, the garrison was kept in continual alarm; and on the 9th fell Sir W. Mainwaring and Captain Adlington, in an assault made by the besiegers on the walls near the Water Tower. But it was not to the men alone, that this city was indebted for its memorable defense. "The women (says Holme) like so many valiant Amazons, do outface death and dare danger, though it lurke in every basket; seven are shot, and three slain—yet they scorn to leave their matchless undertaking, and thus they continue for ten days' space, possessing the beholders that they are immortal!" The besiegers having made a bridge of boats, they attacked the Water Tower (at the Bridge) and the mills, and hand-grenades were thrown into the city, the effects of which are thus curiously described by Holme:—"On the 10th December, two houses in Watergate-street, skip joint from joint, create an earthquake, the main posts jostle each other, while the frighted casements fly for fear; in a word the whole fabric is a frightful chaos, lively set forth in this metamorphosis; the grand-mother, mother, and three children, are struck starke dead, and buried in the ruins of this humble edifice. About midnight they shoot seven more; one of these in an old man's chamber, almost dead with age, and sends him some days sooner to his grave than perhaps was given him; the next day six more breake in upon us, one of which persuades an old woman to bear the old man company to heaven, because the times were evil!" Sir W. Brereton received a strong reinforcement on the 10th December, from Lancashire, under the command of Col. Booth. The blockade of the city was rendered more strict, and the attacks incessant and more effectual. The garrison was reduced to the last extremity—provisions were exhausted, and some discontent was manifested by the citizens, who entertained a groundless opinion, that Lord Byron's table was better supplied than their own. As a last resource, the horses were slaughtered, and given out in small rations; and dogs and cats were looked upon as dainties. Yet in the midst of these difficulties and distresses, nine summonses were refused. All hope of relief being lost, the works much injured, and no provisions to be had, a treaty was entered into, the result of which was, after long deliberation, that the garrison should be delivered to the Parliamentary forces on honorable terms. The city accordingly surrendered on the 3d February, 1646. It was stipulated by the treaty, that the citizens should be secured in their persons, goods and liberties, no churches, nor any evidences belonging to them should be injured—that the records should not be removed. These terms were not much attended to after the conquest, for the High Cross was pulled down, the organ of the cathedral broken, the choir defaced—the fronts demolished, and almost all the remnants of stained glass in the church windows destroyed. Two thousand stand of arms, and five hundred and twenty hand-pieces, were given up in the Castle-yard, the sword and mace were restored to the city.

In August, 1648, a Captain Oldham attempted to seize Chester for the king. The plan, however, was discovered, and the Captain, and Lieutenant Ashton, were shot in the Corn Market. Colonel Dukenfield was appointed Governor in 1649; and in 1651, Earls Lauderdale and Derby were confined in the castle. In 1659, Sir George Booth took possession of the city for the king, by whom he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in Cheshire, Lancashire, and North Wales. He had a force of 3000 men, and was accompanied by the Earl of Derby, and Lords Cholmondeley and Kilmorey. The whole assembled on Rowton Heath, and it was there they published their declaration, that they took up arms for a free Parliament, and to deliver the nation from slavery. The soldiers proved merely *buckram men*, for meeting with General Lambert, near Northwich, they were immediately defeated. Sir George escaped in disguise to Newport Pagnell, where he was apprehended, and sent to the Tower. Lambert, after the victory, marched to Chester, which was surrendered on the first summons by the governor, Colonel Croxton. For its loyalty, the Parliament passed a vote in the September following, for dissolving the corporation, and taking away from the city the privilege of a separate county.

Chester remained pretty tranquil till November, 1688, when Lords Aston and Molineux, Roman Catholics, took Chester for King James II. but his abdication soon after, rendered their designs abortive. During the rebellion of 1745, the city was again put in a state of defense, and the command of it given to the Earl of Cholmondeley. The garrison consisted of several regiments of regular troops, a Dutch corps, the gates were closed or bricked up, cannon were placed on the walls, and scaffoldings were erected for the convenience of artillery. Outworks were in a state of forwardness, and every precaution was taken. The happy event of the battle of Culloden, fortunately dissipated the fears which were entertained, and the city was again restored to peace and tranquility.

Eaton Hall, the seat of the Most Noble the Marquis of Westminster, is situated in an extensive park on a gentle acclivity, about a quarter of a mile from the river Dee, and four miles south of Chester. As a Gothic structure it is considered to be the most magnificent in the kingdom. There are three usual approaches to the park from Chester, each guarded by a lodge-gate; also built in the Gothic style: and indeed, throughout the whole domain, wherever practicable, this style is used.

From whatever point this structure is viewed, its *tout ensemble* is grand and imposing; richly decorated with towers, turrets, pinnacles, and battlement. The principal entrance is in the center of the western front, under a portico richly groined arches, supported by clusters of pillars, under which carriages may drive to the steps leading to the great door, (where visitors apply for admittance to see the interior,) leading to the Entrance Hall, which is a spacious room, thirty feet square, and the same in height. Opposite the door is a Gothic gallery, which forms part of a corridor to the rooms above.

To describe the interior of this splendid mansion, with any degree of minuteness, would be to write a volume; the following is a few of the principal ornaments and embellishments:—

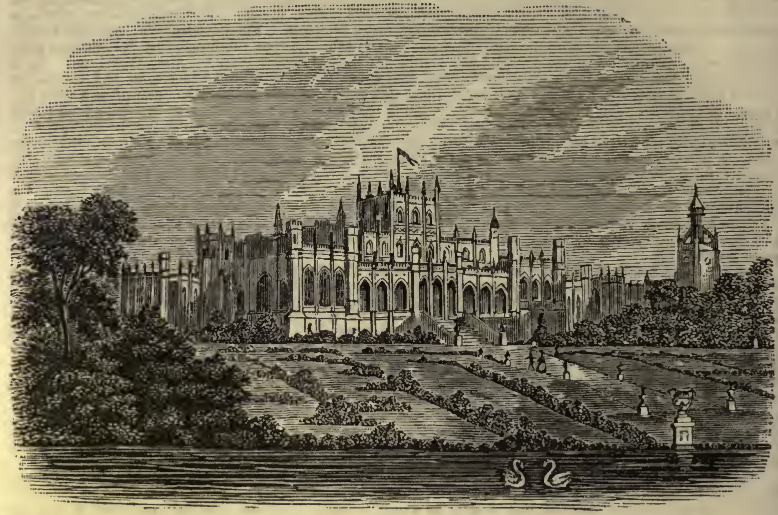
The Ante-dining Room contains the portraits of three of the Earls of Chester, in stained glass.

Dining Room.—Effigy of Hugh Lupus (first Earl of Chester,) in stained glass; portraits of several of the Grosvenor family, statues by Westmacott of some of the most renowned of the family, and frieze by Caldwell.

Ante-drawing Room.—The effigies of the remaining Earls of Chester, on stained glass. The gallery of pictures, inlaid cabinets, and articles of *vertu.*

Drawing Room.—The imposing magnificence of the furniture, and *Coup d'œil* of this room, point it out as the state apartment of audience; splendor, beauty, and elegance, are seen all round.

The *Library* is of an octagonal form, with clustered pillars in each angle, supporting a groin terminating in a pendant center, designed to receive a chandelier, each division of the arches occupied with



Eaton Hall, near Chester, (East Front.)

corresponding gothic oak book-cases, lighted by two large circular windows. In the lower glazed book-case on the right of the entrance, the ancient manuscripts of the house are displayed. In this room is kept the ancient pure gold *Torque*, found at Bryn Sion, near Caerwys, which was purchased by the late Marquis, for £400. The torque or torch was worn among the Britons, by those only who had achieved some valiant exploit. Such a one graced the neck of Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, in the middle of the first century.

Returning through the *Eastern Front*, we descend upon a bold and extensive terrace, in front of which is the pleasure grounds lying between us and the river. The beautiful sheet of artificial water, with the island in the center, adds to the already picturesque scene.

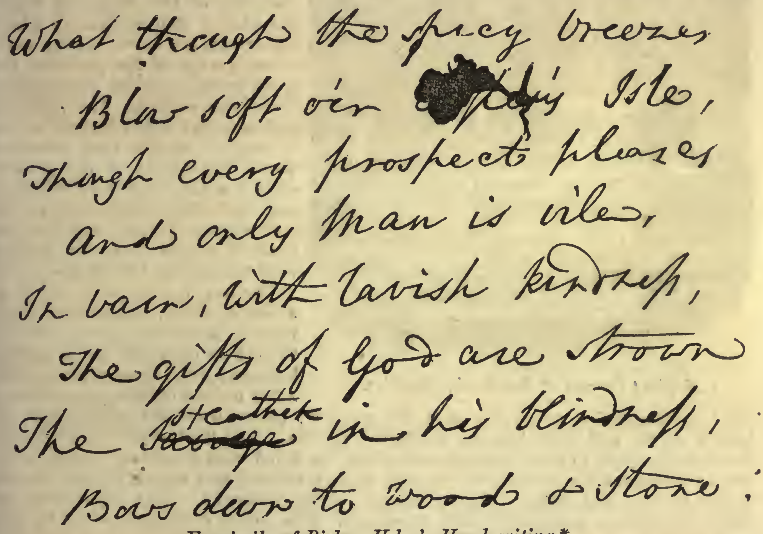
The patriarch of the ancient house of Eaton was an uncle of Rollo, the celebrated Dane, who invaded England in the time of Alfred the Great Gilbert le Gros Venour came over to England with William the Conqueror, and held the office of Master of the Royal Hunt, from which he took his surname. He was nephew to Hugh Lupus, the first Earl of Chester, who was nephew to William.

The Hall has been undergoing alterations and repairs for some years, and is soon expected to be completed; when finished, it will without doubt be one of the most magnificent palaces in the world.

REGINALD HEBER, son of Rev. Reginald Heber, was born at Malpas, in Cheshire, April 21st, 1783. In his childhood he was remarkable for the eagerness with which he read the Bible, and the accuracy with which it was remembered. He entered Oxford College in 1800, where he distinguished himself by bearing off the literary prizes, and his poem "Palestine," received universal praise. Having devoted himself to the clerical office, he married the daughter of Dean of St. Asaph, and was put in possession of the living of Hodnet. While exercising the duties of his calling, he found time to compose many hymns which were of a very superior order.

In 1822, Heber was engaged in bringing out a new edition of the life of Jeremy Taylor. About the time this Life appeared, he was elected preacher of Lincoln's Inn. a very flattering distinction.

While in the full tide of his prosperity and usefulness, his mind was turned towards India, where he believed a more extended field of labor opened before him. In June, 1823, Bishop Heber embarked with his family near Gravesend for his vast diocese in India, where he arrived in the following October. Here he labored with unwearied zeal to promote the objects of his mission. On the 3d of April, 1826, while in Trichinopoly, and immediately after attending to the rite of confirmation in the Fort Church, he retired to take a cold bath, when his attendant, thinking he had staid longer than usual, entered the apartment, found him with his face downward at the bottom of the water. All efforts to restore life were ineffectual. He died in the forty-third year of his age, and the third of his episcopacy, deeply lamented by all who knew him.



What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er [illegible]'s Isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only Man is vile,
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown
The ~~Savage~~ Heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood & stone;

*Fac-simile of Bishop Heber's Hand-writing,**

Copied from the original manuscript; the obliteration in the second line is caused by the printer's file.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

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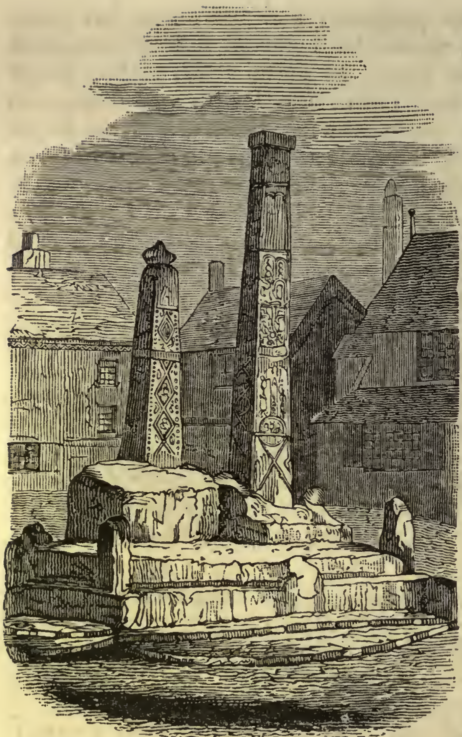
* "On Whitsunday, 1819, the late Dr. Shipley, Dean of St Asaph and vicar of Wrexham, preached a sermon in Wrexham church, in aid of the Society for the pro-



Ancient Crosses at Sandbach, Cheshire.

In the market-place of the pleasantly situated town of Sandbach, in the hundred of Nantwich, in Cheshire, stand the two ancient crosses, stated by Ormerod, the historian of the county, to be indisputably ranked among the finest monument of antiquity of this kind now in the kingdom. They are of that description of crosses supposed, in some instances, to have been erected shortly after the introduction of Christianity, on the places where it was first preached; and in others to have been raised in the early Saxon period, over the graves of personages of distinction.

The substructure consists of a platform of two steps, on which are placed two sockets, in which the crosses are fixed. At the angle of each stage of the platform are stone posts, on which rude figures have been carved. The platform and sockets are five feet six inches in height: at the time Ormerod wrote, the height of the greater cross was sixteen feet eight inches, and that of the smaller one eleven feet eleven inches, making the greatest height from the ground twenty-two feet two inches.

The larger cross (east side) bore a large circle, containing three figures, to the central one of which the others appeared to be paying homage; over, three other figures. After a short deficiency occurred a clear representation of our Savior in the manger; above, a crucifix, with Christ attached to it; and then various mutilated figures. The west side was originally divided into eight double compartments; the first filled with dragons; second, mutilated representations of winged figures; third, a winged and sitting figure; fourth, Simon bearing the cross; fifth, our Savior; sixth, destroyed. The south side was filled with foliage knots and fancy ornaments. The north contained eleven figures, over which was a large fish, with a mouth downwards, and tongue triple cloven—supposed to be the eleven original apostles, with the newly elected one, and the spirit descending in the form of cloven tongues.

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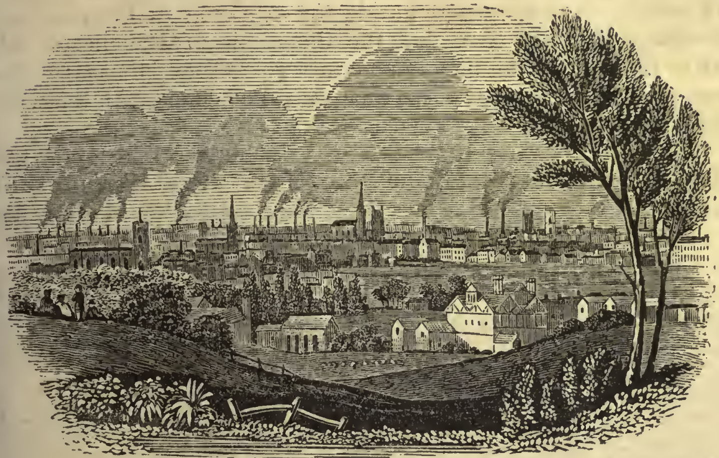
pagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. That day was also fixed upon for the commencement of the Sunday evening lectures intended to be established in that church, and the late Bishop of Calcutta [Heber], then Rector of Hodnet, the Dean's son-in-law, undertook to deliver the first lecture. In the course of the Saturday previous, the Dean and his son-in-law being together in the vicarage, the former requested Heber to write something for them to sing in the morning, and he retired for that purpose from the table, where the Dean and a few friends were sitting, to a distant part of the room. In a short time the Dean inquired, "What have you written?" Heber having then composed the three first verses, read them over. "These three, that will do very well," said the Dean. "No, no, the sense is not complete," said Heber, accordingly he added the fourth verse, and the Dean being inexorable to his repeated request of "Let me add another; oh, let me add another," thus completed the hymn which has become so celebrated. It was sung the next morning in Wrexham Church, the first time."—[E. The engraving is an exact copy of the second stanza as first written by Heber.]

The smaller cross has a variety of human figures, placed within niches and lozenges, on the east and west side; and others, within niches, on the north and south sides. The twelve figures on the north side have a marked resemblance to the eleven on the other cross; and on the west front is a group of three persons, apparently representing the Trinity. Both crosses have terminated in ornamental, circular, or elliptical tops, round which other figures have been carved. It is probable the smaller has been similar to the Maltese in form.

These crosses were standing in the reign of Elizabeth; and must, therefore, have escaped the fury of the Reformation. They were placed in their original position—the fragments being surrendered for that purpose by the various possessors—September, 1816. All attempts at restoration were abstained from, the chasms being filled with plain stone. These crosses are ascribed to the date of 653; when Peda returned a Christian convert from Northumbria to Mercia, attended (according to Bede) by four priests to preach the Gospel throughout his dominions.

MANCHESTER.



View of Manchester.

Manchester, the manufacturing metropolis of the world, is situate on the river Irwell, in the hundred of Salford, county of Lancaster. Manchester is one hundred and eighty-eight miles from London by the North Western Railway, and thirty-one and a-half from the port of Liverpool. The population of the borough numbers 303,358 souls. Within the last fifty years the business of Manchester has increased with great rapidity, and it is believed, that he exports of manufactured goods amount now to no less than rom ten to twelve millions per annum. Up to the end of the ighteenth century, the fabrics now termed Manchester prints were made from yarn spun by the peasantry of the surrounding district, he limited quantity and deficient quality of which retarded, to a great extent, the work of the weavers of the town. The spinning-jenny, the power-loom, the steam-engine, have since made up the deficiency, until Manchester, the workshop of the world—the renowned Manchester—has arrived at a state of perfection altogether unequalled by any other manufacturing city.

Among the public buildings, the most important is the Exchange, a fine stone structure, recently erected upon the site of the old Exchange, at the top of Market-street. The majority of the leading merchants and manufacturers of Manchester are members. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce, consisting of from three hundred to four hundred of the leading men of Manchester, hold their meetings in Town Hall Buildings, King-street, and in an association for the protection of trade and manufactures. The Corn Exchange, in Hanging Ditch, is a spacious building, measuring about eighty feet by seventy feet. The Free Trade Hall, in Peter-street, is a large building, and contains one of the finest rooms in the world. It was erected during the agitation of the free trade question, and it was here that the thousands of Manchester men met to discuss, and ultimately convince government that protection must give way, and that a free trade must be opened with the whole world.

The following extracts are from a valuable work recently published in Manchester, entitled "Records Historical, Municipal, Ecclesiastical, Biographical, Commercial, and Statistical of Manchester, from the earliest period to the year 1850 :—

79. Agricola, the Roman general, conquered Mancenion, and changed its name to Mancynium ; that is, "a place of men." It appears also to have been called Manduesuedum, and Manchestre, from which last its present name is derived.

552. The art of obtaining raw silk, and of its manufacture into clothing, was not known in Europe until this year, when some missionaries conveyed the secret from China to the Emperor Justinian, at Constantinople, by whom they were sent back to China, to smuggle some silk worms from the sacred empire. The price fixed by Justinian was £4 15s. 9d. the pound, avoirdupois.

620. Manchester subdued by Edwin, and became the residence of a lord or thegn, who erected his "baron's hall" on the present site of the college, on the confluence of the Irk and the Irwell. The chieftain held a greater and lesser leet, where offenders were confined or punished by the pillory, the cuckingstool, or even the gallows: and to encourage a settlement in the new borough, certain privileges were granted to the burgesses, among which was that of allowing burgage tenants, on paying 12d. a year to the thegn, to have all causes (but not felonious charges) tried by their own reeve in this court.

1294. Thamas de Gresley, the sixth baron, took a survey of the manor of Manchester, of which the following is one of the concluding clauses: "There is a mill at Manchester, running by the water of the Irk, value ten pounds, at which the burgesses and all the tenants at Manchester, with the hamlets, and Ardwick, Pensham.Crummeshall. Moston, Notchurst Geteswych, and Ancotes, ought to grind, paying the sixteenth grain, except the lord of Moston, (who hopper free) pays the twentieth grain. And there is here a certain common oven, near the lord's court, value six shillings and eightpence, at which according to custom, every burgess must bake."

1348. A destructive pestilence broke out at Dorchester and soon spread over England. The labors of husbandry were neglected; no courts of justice were opened; the parliament was prorogued; and men, intent only of their own safety, fled from the air of the infected, and slighted every call of honor, duty, and humanity. Manchester suffered very materially. August.

1482. Fulling mills introduced for the manufacture of hats, &c. which caused so much alarm, that a petition was sent to Parliament, when an injunction was granted against their being used for two years.

1597. Dr. Dee, warden, with Sir Ralph Barber, and Robert Talsley, clerk of Manchester church, with divers of the town, of divers ages, went in perambulation to the bounds of Manchester parish. This is the first geometrical survey of the town, and took six days to accomplish. May 2.

1599. On raising men to suppress the rebellion in Ireland, the magistracy of Manchester were cautioned not to send any vagabonds or disorderly persons, but young men of good character, who were well skilled in the use of the hand gun.

1608. John Dee, M. A., warden of the Collegiate church, died at his residence, at Mortlake, in Surry, in the utmost poverty. aged 81 years. This remarkable man, about whom so much has been written, was born in London, July 13, 1527. He was celebrated for his learning, his skill in mathematics, and his knowledge in natural history. It was in the abtuse sciences that Dr. D. most essentially excelled; and in those times the slightest pretence to astronomical science was considered as prying into futurity, and the foretelling of an eclipse or a comet equivalent with an intercourse with the devil. For his knowledge he suffered much persecution from the great, and by the poor and ignorant he was suspected of being a conjurer. He was held in high esteem by Queen Elizabeth.

1617. King James I in his progress through Lancashire, came to Manchester, and attended divine service at the Collegiate church. He was so much gratified with the good cheer set before him at Houghton Tower, near Blackburn, that he knighted the prime joint of beef, to be for ever called SIR LOIN. August 16, 1617.

1618. James I made a progress throught Lancashire, and issued his famous Book of Sports. His majesty in this memorable document proceeds to state that "for his good people's lawful recreation, his pleasure is that after the end of divine service, his good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreation, such as dancing, either men or women; archery, for men, leaping, vaulting or any such harmless recreation; nor from having of May-games, Whitson-ales, and morice dances, and the setting up of May-poles, and other sports therewith used," &c. And he "bars from this benefit and liberty, all such known recusants, either men or women, as will abstain from coming to church."

1641. Edward Barlow, a priest, and native of Manchester, executed as a recusant, at Lancaster.

The first mention of cotton, the soft and beautiful vegetable substance, forming the covering or envelope of the seeds of the gossypium, or cotton plant, as an article used in manufacture, appears in a small treatise, entitled the "Treasure of Traffic," written by Lewis Roberts, author of the noted book, the "Merchant's Map of Commerce," in which treatise it is stated, that "the town of Manchester buys the linen yarn of the Irish in great quantity, and weaving it, returns the same again to Ireland to sell; neither does her industry rest here, for they buy cotton wool in London, that comes from Cyprus and Smyrna, and work the same into fustains, vermilions, dimities, and other such stuffs, which they return to London, where they are sold; and thence not seldom are sent into foreign parts, which have means on far easier terms to provide themselves of the first material."

1690. This year is memorable in the annals of the Free Grammar School, for a juvenile rebellion which broke out upon some cause of discontent, and lasted for a fortnight; during which time the young insurgents, who had taken possession of the school, to the exclusion of the masters, were supplied by some of the inhabitants with beds and victuals, as well as with fire arms and ammunition, but at the end were compelled to surrender.

1746. Colonel Francis Townley. Captain Thomas Theodorus Deacon, James Dawson, John Beswic, George Fletcher, and Andrew Blood; and Lieutenant Thomas Chadwick and Adjudant Thomas Syddall, officers in the Manchester regiment of rebels, were executed on Kensingston common with all the cruel inflictions to which persons guilty of high treason were subject. July 30. After the execution, the heads of Captain Deacon, Adjutant Syddall, and Chadwick, were brought down to Manchester, and stuck upon the Exchange, August 3. Dr. Deacon was the first to gaze on the remains of his son: though bowed with age and adversity, he subdued his paternal sorrow so far as to salute the unbodied head, and to express his rejoicing that he had possessed a son who could firmly suffer martyrdom in such a cause. On the other hand, they were scoffed at as "the Gods spiked upon the Exchange;" as "Tyburn Gods," gone to sulphureous and tormenting flames.

During the greater part of this year, the magistrates held regular sittings at "The Dangerous Corner," and compelled the disaffected or the doubtful to take oaths of allegiance to the reigning monarch. The jacobites were the butt of much persecution. The assembly-room, the private ball, the Exchange, the place of worship, were made arenas for exhibitions of party rancor. At church, did they offer negative worship to James III by refusing to join in the church prayers for his antagonist, George II. The following stanza, since so famed, was penned by Dr. John Byron at this time:—

God bless the King! I mean our faith's defender!
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is King,
God bless us all, that's quite another thing!

The Rev. Thomas Cappock, the reputed Bishop of Carlisle, was brought to trial in that city; and with so little ceremony was this Dignitary treated, that he was taken into court robed in his gown and cassock; and being found guilty of high treason, he was drawn, hanged, and quartered, October 18. He was a native of Manchester, and received his education at the Free Grammar School and at one of the Universities: he received the appointment of chaplain to Prince Charles at Manchester; he afterwards turned quarter-master; but again assuming the priestly garb, he was preferred to the see of Carlisle.

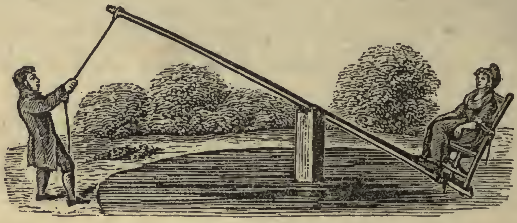
1760. About this period the manufacturers of this town began to treat their apprentices in a somewhat different manner to what they had hitherto done; the apprentices had allotted to them the use of a back parlor, with a fire, and had tea twice a day. It had been usual for the manufacturer and his apprentices to be in the warehouse by six in the morning; at seven they had breakfast, which consisted of one large dish of oatmeal porridge and another of milk; each with a wooden spoon in his hand, without loss of time dipped into the dish, and thence into the milk pan, and as soon as it was finished they all returned to their work. At this period the dinner hour in Manchester was at twelve o'clock, and ladies paid afternoon visits at two, and then repaired to the four o'clock prayers at the old church.

1763. First cotton quiltings made by Joseph Shaw, of Bolton.

The first spinning jenny was constructed by Thomas Highs, a reed maker, at Leigh, and so named after his beloved and favorite daughter, Jane. This was the grand premier pas, the first step that led to the extension of the cotton trade through the civilized world; and however meritorious may have been the subsequent improvements, the sagacious mind that first opened the long closed door to this wonderful discovery, must ever be entitled to the praise of an original and powerful genius.

1775. The Manchester ducking-stool in use: it was an open-bottomed chair of wood, placed upon a long pole, (balanced on a pivot) and suspended over the large collection of water, called Pool-house, and Pool-fold: it was afterwards suspended over the Daub-holes (Infirmary pond) and was used for the purpose of punishing scolds and prostitutes. [*See next Page.*]

1799. Riots, owing to a failure in the crops of corn December 16. The police offered premiums to such persons as brought each day the largest quantity of wheaten flour or oatmeal to the Manchester market.



Punishment by the Ducking-Stool.

[The above is copied from an engraving in the "Manchester Historical Recorder," and shows the method which our ancestors, in their wisdom, saw fit to inflict upon female offenders guilty of offences with the tongue, as well as other crimes. The tongue in ancient times as well as at present, was an unruly member, and various methods were used for its regulation, one of which was a kind of bridle fastened on the head which prevented articulation. Several of these are still extant. In the work mentioned above, is an engraving of male offenders receiving punishment, in the pillory and stock. The man in the pillory stands on an elevated platform, having his head and arms thrust through a board while the rest of his body appears on the other side. The fellow with his feet fastened in the stocks appears to be sitting quite comfortable, with a friend handing him a mug of foaming beer. In the foreground is seen a dog-fight, and the assembled crowd, men and women, in both engravings, appear to consist of blackguards, thieves, &c.]

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, was born at Preston, in Lancashire, on December 23, 1732. His parents moved in an humble walk of life; and, as he was the youngest of thirteen children, we may suppose that the amount of school learning which he received was exceedingly scanty. He was brought up to be a barber, which business he carried on in the town of Bolton; and quitting it about the year 1760, he became a dealer in hair.

Little is known of the steps by which Arkwright was led to those inventions, that raised him to distinction. His first effort in mechanics was an attempt to discover the perpetual motion.

"Up to the time we have mentioned, the cloths of English manufacture called calicos, which were made in imitation of Indian goods, and so called from Calicut, the place of thier production, were formed by a mixture of linen and cotton: the warp was composed of linen and the weft of cotton, it being found impossible, by any means then known, to spin the fibres of cotton into a thread sufficiently strong to be used as warp. The cotton for the weft was at this time delivered in the raw state by the master manufacturers, together with the linen yarn, to cottagers living in the little villages of the district, who both carded and spun the cotton wool, and wove the cloth. The demand for these cloths soon became so great, that the females in the weaver's family, by whom the carding and spinning process were performed, could not prepare sufficient weft to keep the looms employed, and the weaver was obliged to engage additional hands for preparing the cotton. The limit to which this species of employment could be carried was soon reached, and if some more productive mode of spinning than that by the one-thread wheel, then the only machine known, had not been discovered, the progress of the cotton manufacture must have been stopped, or at best would have been extremely slow. Mr. Guest, in his *History of the Cotton Manufacture*, tells us, that at this time 'it was no uncommon thing for a weaver to walk three or four miles in the morning, and call on five or six spinners, before he could collect weft to serve him for the remainder of the day.'"

From the year 1767, it appears that Arkwright gave himself up completely to the subject of inventions for spinning cotton. In the following year, be began constructing his first machine at Preston, in the dwelling house attached to the free grammar-school there. At this time, Arkwright's poverty was such, that being a "burgess of Preston," he could not appear to vote during a contested election, till the party with whom he voted gave him a decent suit of clothes. Shortly after, apprehensive of meeting with hostility from one Hargrave, a carpenter at Blackburn, who had just invented the spinning jenny,* Arkwright left Lancashire, and went to Nottingham. Here, after some disappointment of resources, he arranged with Messrs. Need & Jedidah Strutt, of Derby, the latter, the ingenious improver and patentee of the stocking-frame; and, with such aid, Arkwright resumed his experimental labors. He consulted Mr. Strutt upon the matter; and it is a remarkable fact, strongly corroborative of Arkwright's claim to be the original inventor, (which was subsequently disputed,) that, although Mr. Strutt saw and acknowledged the great merit of the invention, he pointed out various deficiencies, which the inventor, from the want of mechanical skill, had been unable to supply. These defects were easily remedied by Mr. Strutt; and, in the year 1769, Arkwright obtained his first patent for spinning with rollers, Messrs. Need and Strutt, becoming his partners in the manufacturing concerns which it was proposed to carry on under it.

The first mill erected for spinning cotton by this method was at Nottingham, and was worked by horse-power; but in 1771, another mill was built at Cromford, in the parish of Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, to which, motion was given by water; from this circumstance the machine was called the waterframe, and the thread received the name of water-twist.

"Previous to this time, no establishment of a similar nature had existed, none, at least, to which the same system of management was applicable; and it strongly marks the judgment and mental powers of Arkwright, that although the details of manufacturing or commercial business were altogether new to him, he at once introduced a system of arrangement into his works, which has since been universally adopted by others, and which, in all its main features, has remained unaltered to the present time."

Arkwright having made several additional improvements in the processes of carding, roving, and spinning, he next took out a fresh patent for the whole in the year 1775; "and thus completed a series of machinery so various and complicated, yet so admirably combined and well adapted to produce the intended effect, in its most perfect form, as to excite the astonishment and admiration of every one capable of appreciating the ingenuity displayed and the difficulties overcome."

Arkwright did not, however, enjoy the rights of his ingenuity without opposition, alike from the manufacturers and the spinners and weavers. Repeated attacks were made by them on the factories built for Arkwright's machines; his patents were invaded by the manufacturers; while it became the fashion to depreciate his talents, and even to deny him altogether the merit of being an original inventor.

It was not until after the lapse of five years from their erection, that the works at Cromford any profit was realized; but from that time, wealth flowed in abundantly to the proprietors. The establishments were greatly extended, several new ones were formed, and, in many cases, Arkwright took a share with other persons in the erection and working of cotton-mills. The tide to fortune had set in, and continued to flow, notwithstanding Arkwright's patent had been cancelled by law. "For several years, the market prices of cotton twist were fixed by Arkwright, all other spinners conforming to his scale."

Meanwhile, Arkwright had almost built the town of Cromford, in a deep valley on the south bank of the Derwent. The structures are chiefly of excellent gritstone procured in the neighborhood; and here Arkwright lived in patriarchal prosperity amidst the scenes of industry where he raised up his own fortune. In 1786, he was appointed high sheriff of Derbyshire, and, on the occasion of presenting an address of congratulation to the king on his escaping the attempt at assassination by Margaret Nicholson, Mr. Arkwright received the honor of knighthood. Though a man of great personal strength, during the whole of his active career, he was laboring under a very severe asthma. Yet to the latest period of his life, Sir Richard continued to give unremitted attention to business, and superintended the daily operations of his large establishments, adding from time to time, such improvements to the machinery as were suggested by experience and observation. He sank, at length, under a complication of disorders, accelerated if not produced by his sedentary habits, and died in his house at Cromford, on August 3, 1792, in the sixtieth year of his age, leaving behind him a fortune estimated at little short of half a million.

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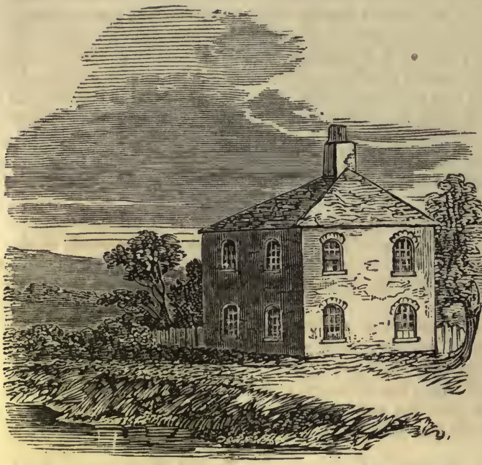
* The jenny gave the means of spinning twenty or thirty threads at once, with no more labor than had previously been required to spin a single thread.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.



Birth-Place of Sir Robert Peel, near Chamber Hall, Lancashire.

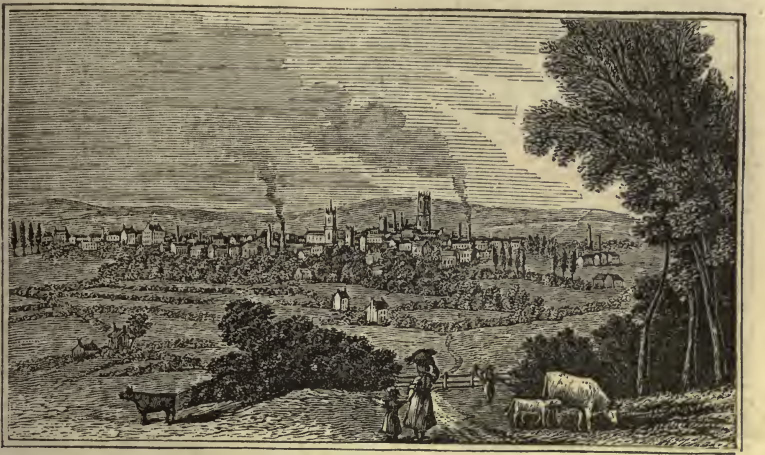
Robert Peel was born near the family residence of Chamber Hall, in the neighborhood of Bury, in Lancashire, July 5th, 1788. His father, who had an immense wealth by his connection with the cotton factories in Lancashire, was a member of Parliament. Having published a pamphlet entitled "National Debt productive of National Prosperity," became intimate with Mr. Pitt, who used to consult him on all questions connected with manufactures and commerce. From this intimacy sprang the ambition that his son should be Pitts' successor, and, therefore, sent him at a very early age to Harrow. In 1804, he entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner. In 1809, he became of age, and soon, by the assistance of his father, who bought him the representation of Cashel, he entered the House of Commons, with the avowed determination to work his way to the highest office.

His first speech, which attracted much notice, was delivered in March, 1811. This was in defense of Lord Wellington, against those who condemned his course in the Peninsular War. This speech brought Peel, for the first time into office, as Under Secretary for the Colonies. He was afterwards appointed to the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland. On the great questions of "Catholic Emancipation Reform Bill," and "Free Trade," Peel at first opposed their adoption, but afterwards he became convinced of their necessity and gave these measures his support.

In 1830, he succeeded his father in the Baronetage, and from the property bequeathed him he became one of the richest commoners in England. He succeeded also to the representation of Tamworth. In 1839, Sir Robert became Prime Minister, and advocated the extinction of the Corn Laws. On resigning office in 1846, he trusted "he should leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labor, and earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food."

On the 29th of June, 1850, as Sir Robert Peel was riding on horseback, on Constitution Hill, in St. James' Park, in London, his horse, in making a short turn, threw him over its head upon his face. His left collar bone was fractured, his shoulder severely injured, and one of his ribs broken. He expired on the fourth day after the accident. His remains were interred in the mausoleum at Drayton, near Tamworth.

DERBY.



Distant View of Derby.

The town of Derby is beautifully situated on the banks of the river Derwent, in the southern and level part of the county of Derbyshire, about fifteen miles west of Nottingham, sixty south-east from Manchester, and one hundred and twenty-six N. N. W. from London. Population about 45,000. Derby has been for centuries an important center of commercial industry and speculation. It has advantages above many other places, by the abundance of coal in the immediate vicinity, a plentiful supply of water, a neighborhood rich in mineralogical productions, and in connection with these, the place has excellent means of communication both by water and railway, with all parts of the kingdom. The principal manufactures at present, are silk, cotton, porcelain, stockings, lace, and small wares; there are also extensive iron and lead works.

The earliest event of which there is any record relative to Derby, is its capture by the Danes in 918. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, it was a Royal Borough. After the subjugation of England by William the Conqueror, Derby was bestowed on William Peveril, his natural son, and many privileges were granted to the inhabitants. On January 13th, 1585, the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, lodged one night at Derby. In reference to this circumstance, Sir Ralph Sadler, in whose custody the unfortunate captive then was, says—

"This day we remove the Queen to Derbie, and tomorrowe to Tutbury, the wayes beinge so foule and depe, and she so lame, though in good health of bodie, that we cannot go thoroughe in a daye."—"I have given strait order to the bailiffs and others of Derbie, to provyde that there be none assemblie of gazing people in the stretes, and for all quietness as much as may be done. I have written letters to Sir John Zouch, Sir John Byron, Sir Thomas Cockayne, Mr. John Manners, and Mr. Curzon, to be ready to attend this Quene to Derbie, with but a small trayne." The house in which her Majesty lodged, was Babington Hall, then occupied by the widow of Henry Beaumont, Esq. The jealous Elizabeth, it appears, was highly offended with Sir Ralph Sadler for allowing her to remain in Derby during that one night, and she was informed by her spies that Mary had kissed a number of the townswomen and otherwise attempted to make herself popular. Sadler, in defense of his conduct, says, in a letter to Lord Treasurer Burleigh. "Now, as touching the Queen's Majesties myslyking that I lodgid this Queen in Darby towne, coming hitherwarde, I assure her Majestie and your Lordship, that it was full sore against my will, if it might have been holpen. And to avoyd that towne, if it might have ben, I sent dyvers tymes of my servants of good judgment, and ones Mr. Somer, ryding to Tutbury, to see if ther wer any way passable with coche and caryage, and conveyent places to lodge her and the company in some village, or some gentleman's house, for the journey was to far in one day; and after they had hardly well sought, they reported that there was no other passable way for coche but by the common way, and scant that at that tyme of the yere, by reason of hills, rocks, and woods; and I myself making a tryal two or three myles fynding it true, caused *landes* to be made through closes to avoyde many evyl passages; and as for gentlemen's houses in that way or any other, in dyvers miles, there was but Mr Knyveton's house at Marraston, a small house for such a purpose, and very little meanes in that village, and standyng in the worst way, which maketh me humbly to beseech her majestie, to think that if ther had been any other meanes, I wolde not have come by Darby, for I did fore consider of that, and therefore, I wrote long before what we must needs take. And tochinge the information of a great personage, delyvered to him by some officious officer, that this Queen offered to salute and to kysse a multitude of the townes women, and of other speeches that (is sayde) she used to them. I do lykewise assure, and thereto Mr. —— will be sworne, if need be, I going next before her, and he next behynd her, yea, before all the gentlemen, of purpose, savying one that carryed up her gowne, that her interteynment to those women was this. In the little hall was the good wife, being an ancient widow, named Mrs. Beaumont, with four other women, her neighbours. So soon as she knew who was her hostess, after she had made a beck to the rest of the women standing next to the dore, she went to her and kissed her, and none other, saying that she was come thither to trouble her, and that she was also a widow, and therefore trusted that they should agree well enough together, having no husbands to trouble them, and so went into the parlour upon the same loe floor, and no stranger with her, but the good wife and her sister. And there Mr. Somer stayde until the Queen put off her upper garment and toke other things about her. And further, so sone as she was within her lodging, the gentleman porter stood still at the doore to suffer none to go into the house but her owne people from their lodging next adjoining. And then I appointed the bailiffs to cause a good watche of honest householders to be at all the corners of the towne, and in the market-place, and eight to walk all night yn that strete wher she lodgid, as myself, lyeing over against that lodging, can well testify, by the noise they made all night."

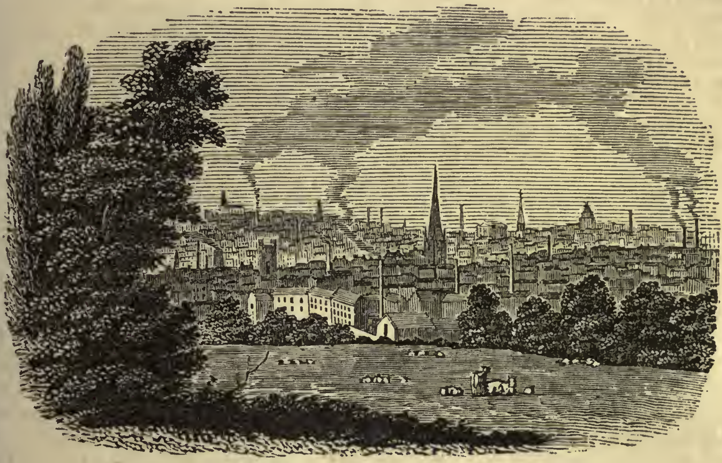
"This your Lordship may boldly affirme, if it please you, upon any occasion, which I will confirme, when God shall sende me to answer it, if it shall happen to come in question. So as *he* might have ben better advised, that gave the nobleman suche information as was reported to your Lordship"

One of the most important events recorded in the annals of the last century, is the Scottish rebellion of the year 1745, when Derby became distinguished as the furthest place in England reached by the army of prince Charles James Stuart, grandson of James II, who arrived at this town on the 4th of December. His appearance was not unexpected, and measures had been taken to provide for the safety of the inhabitants. Nearly 600 men had been raised by a subscription of the gentlemen of the town and county, besides 450 maintained at the sole expense of the Duke of Devonshire. The day previous to the arrival of the Scottish army, these forces were reviewed, and went through their exercises so much to the general satisfaction, that the inhabitants were in high spirits, and their dread of the enemy's approach considerably diminished. Their terror, however, revived on hearing that the van-guard of the prince's army was advancing towards Ashbourn, and the confusion was greatly increased by the orders given to the soldiers to leave the town and march for Nottingham. About eleven o'clock on the 4th, two of the van-guard of the prince's army entered Derby, and proceeded directly to the George Inn, demanded billets for 9,000 men, but being informed that the magistrates had left the place, they were satisfied; they then caused the prince to be proclaimed king. In a short time thirty more of their companions arrived under the command of Lord Balmerio, and drew up in the market-place, where about three they were joined by the rest of the corps under Lord Elcho; these constituted the prince's body-guard, and being composed of the flower of his army, made a very imposing appearance. Soon after the main body marched into the town, six or eight abreast; they carried white standards with red crosses. About dusk the prince himself appeared. He was on foot, wearing a green bonnet laced with gold, and a Highland plaid and broad sword. He was attended by a large body of troops who conducted him to the head-quarters during his stay in Derby. He was attended by the Dukes of Athel and Perth, Lord George Murray, Lord Balmerino, Lord Pitsligo, and a great number of other noblemen and gentlemen.

In the evening the chiefs of the prince's army held a council of war, when they determined on levying a contribution, and every person in Derby who had subscribed for the defense of the government, was obliged to pay a similar sum to the prince's army. On the evening of the second day was held another council, when it was determined to return to the north. Early on the 6th their drums beat to arms, and about seven o'clock they commenced their retreat upon the Ashburn road.

BIRMINGHAM.

Birmingham is situated almost in the heart of England, in the north-west extremity of Warwickshire, 112½ miles from London; 85 from Manchester; and 97½ from Liverpool. At the present time, (1854,) the population exceeds 232,000. The town, which is about two miles square, contains upwards of 45,800 houses, and is intersected by various Railways. It has long been distinguished for the variety, extent and excellency of its manufactures. As to variety, the Directory gives a list of 800 different manufacturing trades.



View of Birmingham.

The town is situated on an elevated red sandstone formation, making its position dry and healthy. It is a singular fact that the amount of rain falling here is about *one third* less than in Liverpool and Manchester.

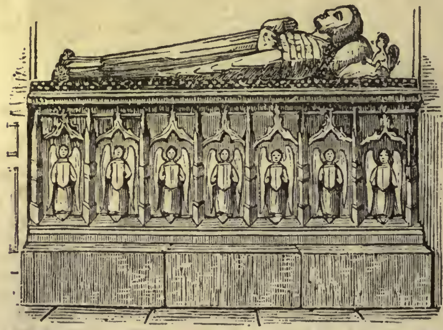
If one town more than another is entitled to the merit of having improved the machinery which tends to civilize the human race, that town is Birmingham. Here John Baskerville devoted his talents and his capital to the founding of type and printing, in which labor he was eminently successful. Here Priestly pursued his studies in chemistry and electricity. In the groves of Soho, James Watt laid the foundation of a power, more mighty in its effects on the condition of mankind, than any human invention has hitherto been. From thence sprung the power of applying to useful purposes that gas, the light of which now illumines almost every town and village in Europe. And there also was revived the art of medalling and coinage, which had almost been unknown in England since the days of the Second Charles.

From the period of the Norman Conquest to the wars of the Commonwealth, the inhabitants, isolated as they were, and actively engaged in the operations of trade, enjoying the blessings of uninterrupted peace, if we except one occasion. In the reign of Henry III, the Lord of the Manor, William de Birmingham, led some of the people, his vassals, to the battle of Evesham, where they fought on the side of the barons and of liberty, although unsuccessfully. In the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster they took no part.

They were, however, deeply involved in the civil dissensions in the time of the First Charles. They enthusiastically embraced the doctrines and policy of the Puritans, to many of whom Birmingham afforded a friendly shelter. They exhibited their devotion to that cause in various other ways, but especially in supplying the Parliamentary army with arms. Nearly 15,000 sword blades were supplied from the workshops of Birmingham alone, while they refused to lift even a hammer for the Royal cause.

When the unfortunate Charles, in October, 1642, marched from Shrewsbury towards London, he passed through Birmingham. For one night, he slept beneath the roof of Aston Hall, where he was the guest of Sir Thomas Holt. On the following day the king marched towards the metropolis with his army, leaving his plate, carriage, and furniture, to follow after. The inhabitants, however, rose in a body, disarmed the royal guard, and seizing the spoil, sent it to Warwick Castle for safety.

They suffered a fearful retribution a few months after. In April, 1643, Prince Rupert, with an army of 2,000 men and several pieces of artillery, marching to the north, arrived at Birmingham. He resolved to punish the inhabitants for their disloyalty to the king. They had received reports of his approach, and a band of them—a little army of 140 musketeers, supported by a troop of the Parliamentary cavalry—resolved to prevent his entering the place. They threw up barricades at the top of Deritend, and awaited his approach. The Prince encamped on a spot at the entrance to the town from the London road, still called Camphill, and sent a message demanding the surrender of the town. The inhabitants fired upon the messengers, and then commenced a fight, which resulted in the discomfiture and death of many of the townspeople. The troops plundered the place, and then set fire to it in various quarters. About eighty houses were completely destroyed in the conflagration, and fifteen men and two women lost their lives. Many prisoners were taken; but, according to a contemporary publication, "they were of no great quality, some redeeming themselves for 2d., 12d., and 8d., a piece, and some one or two for 20s." The loss to the town was estimated at £30,000—no weak indication of the growing wealth of the community. In this encounter the Earl of Denbigh, one of the royalist leaders, was mortally wounded, and shortly afterwards died.



Effigy of an Ecclesiastic in St. Martin's Church.

There are in Birmingham about 130 churches, chapels, and rooms licensed for public worship, of which 33 belong to the established church—one of the most ancient is St. Martin's Church, which will accommodate 2,000 persons.—[This church, with its long tapering spire, is seen in the central part of the foregoing view of Birmingham.] In consequence of some rumors that the spire was in an unsafe state, it was taken down and a new one is now, (1853,) erecting. This church contains within its walls a number of interesting monuments of the "Lords of Birmingham." The most ancient is the effigy of a knight, cross-legged and recumbent, and his hands joined in prayer. The most interesting of these monuments is the effigy of an ecclesiastic, placed upon a high tomb of alabaster. The priest is vested as a canon of some cathedral, or member of a collegiate or conventional foundation, in the choir habit; his hands are joined on the breast in prayer; his under robe consists of a long scarlet colored cassock, the skirts and sleeves of which are visible about the feet and wrists; over this is worn a vestment, (the surplice,) above which appears the almucium, or aumasse, a furred tippet and hood, covering the shoulder and breast, with broad pendant bands hanging down in front. The attire is precisely the same, (allowing for the change of fashion in the different articles,) as that prescribed to be worn, and worn at the present time by many of the clergy of the Church of England. Mr. Bloxam has assigned the date to the latter part of the fifteenth century, and considers it one of the most curious monumental effigies extant.

The following account of the Riot of Birmingham, is from the London Journal:

A number of gentlemen residing in Birmingham and the neighborhood, had announced their intention of dining together on the 14th of July, 1791, to celebrate the anniversary of the French Revolution. Similar meetings were intended to be held on the same day in London and various other places. It may be necessary to state, that the country was at this time violently divided in opinion upon the subject of the great events which had recently occurred in France. One party beheld, in the success which had attended the national revolt against the ancient order of things, only the overthrow of despotism; the other, the destruction of all government. The friends of reform in this country, then comparatively insignificant in number, espoused, as might naturally be expected, the former of these views.

In Birmingham, not only the great majority of the wealthier classes, but the laboring population generally, who were in their employment, were violently opposed to all change, both at home and abroad. They were *Church-and-King-men*, as they called themselves; that is to say, they would hear of no alteration whatever in the existing order of things in Church and State, and they stigmatized the friends of revolution abroad or of reform at home as the enemies of the British constitution. The announcement of the dinner to take place on the 14th of July, therefore, was looked upon with much disgust and abhorrence. It was regarded as an insult offered to themselves and the principles they advocated.

Some days before the 14th, a hand-bill was distributed over the town, of a very seditious and inflammatory tendency. It professed to come from the projectors of the intended anniversary dinner, which it invited all the enemies of despotism to honor with their presence. Its real object, however, was to excite the alarm and indignation of the rest of the community against the reformers, by the extravagant opinions and violent language which it put into the mouths of the latter. As soon as the committee for the dinner were informed of the existence of this hand-bill, they disavowed all connection with it, by an advertisement in the public papers; and they offered a reward for the discovery of its fabricators. But this conduct did not allay the suspicions produced by the hand-bill in question; for so much did party prejudice influence the judgment and opinions of most people, that they still persisted in believing that it was the genuine production of the reformers.

The popular exasperation began to show itself in so alarming a manner, that the gentlemen who had proposed dining together were almost induced to abandon their design. Upon full consideration, however, it was thought fit that the dinner should take place; although, for sake of avoiding offense, in as quiet a manner as possible. Accordingly, on the day appointed, about eighty individuals assembled at one of the inns. They sat down to dinner at three in the afternoon; and they had all left the house before six.

Even during this short space of time, a considerable mob had collected in front of the inn; but, up to the time of the departure of the guests, no actual outrage was committed. After that, however, the crowd increased greatly in numbers, and about eight or nine o'clock they began a general attack with stones upon the windows of the house, and soon totally demolished them. On its being announced that the mob was thus employed, the magistrates repaired to the place, and *pretended* to endeavor to dissuade the people from proceeding with the work of destruction. Of course, their lukewarm interference was of no avail, and the mob proceeded from the inn to the New Meeting-House, a place of worship in which the celebrated Dr. Priestly, one of the most celebrated philosophers of the age, officiated. This gentleman's political sentiments was well known to be favorable to the extension of civil and religious liberty; and the mob accordingly had expected that he would be present at the dinner, and had inquired for him while assembled around the inn. He had not, however, been there; and it was to revenge themselves for the disappointment that the rioters now took their way to his meeting-house. After having torn to pieces all the pews and furniture of the building, which was a very large one, they set it on fire; and every part of it, except the walls, was in a short time consumed. They then proceeded to the chapel of another dissenting congregation, known by the name of the Old Meeting, and destroyed it in like manner.

The imagination of the rioters becoming now violently excited, they became bolder and more ferocious. They set out for Dr. Priestly's dwelling-house, at Fair-hill, about a mile from Birmingham. As soon as they reached the place, they commenced the attack with impetuosity. Among the loss of valuable property which attended this last outrage, none was so greatly to be lamented as that of the library and the laboratory, in which were accumulated, in MSS., the records of the labor of years, the facts collected during a life of industrious observation. The valuable MSS. were wantonly destroyed, scattered, and irrecoverably lost. An eye-witness of the "riots" asserts that the high road, for full half a mile of the house, was strewed with books, and that, on entering the library, there were not a dozen volumes on the shelves, while the floor was covered several inches deep with the torn manuscripts. In the meantime, Dr. Priestly and his family were forced to seek safety in flight. The first two nights he passed in a post-chaise, the two succeeding on horse-back, but owing less to his own apprehensions of danger than to those of others.

The mob now ceased their devastations for this night. But as they had hitherto been wholly unopposed in their villainous proceedings, it was not to be expected that their career of mischief would finally terminate here. At an early hour of the morning of the next day, which was Friday, they commenced parading the streets in different bands. Towards noon, a body of about a thousand proceeded to Easy Hill, the residence of John Ryland, Esq., a gentleman known for his liberal opinions, but who had not been present at the dinner any more than Dr. Priestly. They broke into the house, and the scene soon became one of universal destruction and plunder. They entered the wine-cellar, where they regaled themselves till the roof fell in with the flames, and several lost their lives. About four o'clock, while the mob were still engaged here, a number of constables, who had been sworn in by the magistrates, came up to attempt to disperse them. They were armed with mop-staves, and their first attack had the effect of driving off the crowd. But, comparatively few in number, and unsupported as the constables were, they were unable to maintain their ground, when the battle was soon after renewed with more determination and ferocity on the part of the rioters. After many severe wounds had been received on both sides, and one gentleman killed by the mob, the constables were obliged to retire.

After completing the demolition of Mr. Ryland's house, the mob proceeded to Bordesley Hall, the residence of John Taylor, Esq., and set it likewise on fire. Every thing about the place was soon reduced to ashes.

The next attempt was made upon Mr. Hutton's house, which soon fell a prey to rapine. All business became now at a stand. The shops were shut. The town-prison, and that of the Court of Requests, were thrown open, and the strength of their inhabitants was added to that of their deliverers. Such were the achievements of the destroyers on Friday.

At four o'clock on Saturday morning, a party appeared before Mr. Hutton's country-house at Bennett Hill, where he and his wife and daughter had taken refuge. Immediately an attack was commenced. Mr. Hutton had been for some years a commissioner in the Court of Requests, where he had given ungrudgingly his time and labor to the public without any remuneration; and the popular fury that was now directed against him arose chiefly from the decisions pronounced by him in his judicial capacity, by which, of course, he had displeased many individuals. Although a dissenter, he had never taken any active part either in religion or in politics. The mob first threw out all the furniture, and consumed it in three fires; after which, they set fire to the house itself. "It expired," says its unfortunate proprietor, who has, among other valuable works which he wrote, left us an interesting account of these riots, "in one vast blaze. The women were as alert as the men; one female, who had stolen some of the property, carried it home while the house was in flames; but returning, saw the coach-house and stables unhurt, and exclaimed, with the decisive tone of an Amazon, 'Damn the coach-house, is not that down yet?—we will not do our work by halves!' She instantly brought a lighted faggot from the building, set fire to the coach-house, and reduced the whole to ashes."

Numerous other buildings in the neighborhood of Birmingham were destroyed, with similar barbarity, in the course of the day. In Birmingham itself, the rioters bore supreme sway; small parties of them, wearing blue cockades in their hats, went up and down many of the streets, levying contributions from the inhabitants.

Sunday rose a cloudless and beautiful morning. "Ranting, roaring, drinking, burning," remarks Mr. Hutton, "is a life of too much rapidity for the human frame to support. Our black sovereigns had now held it nearly three days and nights, when nature called for rest; and the bright morning displayed the fields, roads and hedges lined with *friends and brother Churchmen* dead drunk." The work of destruction, however, still continued; the mob, bending their course to the village of Kingswood, about seven miles from Birmingham, there burned several houses, pillaged all the wine-cellars, and extorted money from every person they met.

At last, about ten o'clock at night, a military force from London arrived, consisting of three troops of the 15th Light Dragoons. It was welcomed with the universal acclamations of the citizens; all parties of whom were by this time thoroughly satisfied with the experience they had had of mob domination. The town was immediately illuminated, in token of the general thankfulness. It was felt that the risk of any further destruction or depredation being committed in the town was now over. But the rioters still continued their course unchecked, in the country, although in diminished numbers; drunkenness and fatigue having, by this time, completely worn out many of them. They had now almost entirely thrown off their "Church-and-King" pretensions, and had become a mere crew of robbers, breaking into and plundering indiscriminately every house they came to in which they fancied they could find any thing to reward their trouble. They were engaged on Monday morning in pillaging that of Dr. Withering, of Edgbaston Hall, when a party of military arrived. They did not wait the attack, but scampered off in all directins, even before they saw the soldiers.

Three other troops of dragoons arrived in Birmingham on Monday; but on Tuesday the rioters were still reported to be continuing their depredatoins. By this time, however, confidence had been restored to the peoacefully disposed inhabitants of the villages; so that when a band of the rioters attacked the house of Mr. Male, of Belle-Vue, the peasantry of the neighborhood rose of their own accord, and drove them off.

RICHARD BAXTER.

Richard Baxter, a celebrated nonconformist minister and writer, was born at Rowton, in Shropshire, November 12th, 1615. He is well known to the religious world by his religious works, his "Call to the Unconverted," and "The Saint's Rest," &c. He compensated for the deficiencies of a neglected education by unusual application, and was appointed master of Dudley Free School, by the interest of Mr. Richard Foley, of Stourbridge, and soon after admitted into orders by the bishop of Winchester. His scruples were raised by the oath which was proposed by the convention which was at that time sitting, and he was among the number of those who showed their dislike to an unqualified submission "to archbishops, bishops, et cætera," as they knew not what the et cætera comprehended. In 1640, he was invited to be minister at Kidderminster, but the civil war which broke out soon after, exposed him to persecution, as he espoused the cause of the parliament. He retired to Coventry, and continued his ministerial labors till the success of the republicans recalled him to his favorite flock at Kidderminster. The accession of Cromwell gave him some offense, and he even presumed to argue in private with him on the nature and illegality of his power, but in the only sermon which he preached before him, he wisely confined his subject to the dissentions which existed in the kingdom on religious matters.

He was in London after Cromwell's death, and preached before the Parliament the day before the king's return was voted, and likewise before the Lord Mayor for Monk's successes. Charles II made him one of his chaplains, and Chancellor Clarendon offered him the Bishopric of Hereford, which he refused, alleging in a letter his reasons of conscience, and he only requested permission to continue his ministry at Kidderminster, which was not complied with. His opposition to the church government was now so open that he felt the persecution of the Court, and he was continually watched, and did not even escape confinement. In 1672, hoping to find less acrimony among his enemies, he came to London, where he built a meeting-house in Oxendon-street, but his preaching was forbidden here as well as in Swallow-street, where he wished again to collect a congregation. In 1682, he was seized and fined £195 for preaching five sermons within five miles of a corporation, and he would have been imprisoned had not his physician, Dr. Thomas Cox, pleaded the infirmity of his health. His paraphrase on the New Testament, drew upon him, in 1685, the vengeance of Jeffries, and he was condemned to be imprisoned for two years, from which punishment, six months after, he was discharged by the interference of Lord Powis with King James. He died December 8, 1691.

This eminent Christian, during his life, suffered much from bodily infirmities. When on his death-bed, in reply to the question "How he did?" his reply was "*Almost well.*" He died in Charterhouse-square, and was buried in Christ's Church, by the side of his wife, Margaret, who was buried ten years before. The last memento of Baxter is in the British Museum, where may be seen a large stone, resembling the kidney in shape, extracted after death; a relic, powerfully expressive of his sufferings.

Francis Asbury, the principal founder of the Methodist denomination in America, was born August 21, 1745, in Staffordshire, near the foot of Hamstead, Old Bridge, three miles from Birmingham. He began to preach when he was about sixteen years old, and he went out as one of Mr. Wesley's itinerant preachers at the age of twenty-one. He landed at Philadelphia, October 27, 1771. It is said that the first Sunday Schools ever established in America, were organized under the direction of Bishop Asbury, for the benefit of the slaves in our Southern States, in 1786. He died March 31, 1816.

Richard Whatcoat, another of the first bishops in the American Methodist Church, was also born in this vicinity.

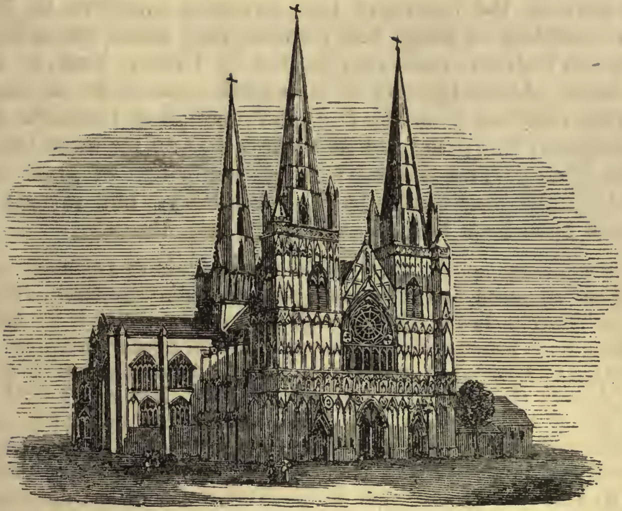
Thomas Coke

Thomas Coke's Signature.

Thomas Coke, a distinguished minister in the Methodist Church, was born in Brecon, in South Wales, Sept. 9th, 1747, and educated at Oxford. He took orders and obtained a curacy in Somersetshire, but in 1777, joined Mr. Wesley, and was appointed to labor in London. In 1784, he was appointed superintendent of the Methodist Churches in the United States, to which he immediately repaired. He afterwards repeatedly visited them and the West Indies. He embarked in 1814 for India, for the purpose of establishing a mission at Ceylon. He, however, died on the voyage on the 3d of May, and was buried at sea. He published a Commentary on the Scriptures, a History of the West Indies, and several smaller works.

LICHFIELD.

Lichfield is an ancient city in the county of Stafford, one hundred and twenty-five miles north-west from London, and sixteen north of Birmingham. Population about 7,000. It stands



Lichfield Cathedral.

in a beautiful valley, through which flows a stream tributary to the Trent. The city is built on both sides; the largest division being on the south side, is called the city; that on the north, is called the Close, being principally composed of buildings belonging to the cathedral, which was founded as early as the seventh century. The cathedral stands on a spot elevated above the city, and surrounded by a wall, which in former times was fortified.

The cathedral does not stand due east and west, as is usual with sacred buildings, but varies from the right line by an angle of about twenty-seven degrees, or not much less than the third part of a whole quarter of the compass. It is built in the customary form of a cross, the principal bar containing the nave of the church, the choir, and what is called the Lady Chapel.

If tradition may be trusted, the spot on which Lichfield stands has a claim to be regarded as one of the most sacred in the island. Here it is said one thousand Christian martyrs were put to death at one time, in the persecution which raged in the beginning of the fourth century, under Dioclesian and Maximian. A field in the neighborhood, which still bears the name of Christian Field, is pointed out as the scene of this slaughter; and etymologists have found a memorial of the same event in the name of the town itself. Lichfield, they contend, signifies, in Saxon, the Field of the Dead. Dr. Johnson, himself a native of Lichfield, has taken care to record this derivation in his dictionary, with the circumstance by which it is supposed to be countenanced. But other writers have given other interpretations of the term. In the Saxon times, Staffordshire was a part of the extensive and powerful kingdom of Mercia, which, according to Bede, was christianized about the middle of the seventh century, upon its conquest by Osway, king of Northumberland. About the end of the eighth century the influence of King Offa obtained from the pope the erection of Lichfield into an archbishopric: but it did not retain this dignity for more than two or three years. The diocese was originally one of great extent, comprehending nearly the half of England; but several other bishoprics have been formed out of it in later times.

At the commencement of the civil war, the Close of Lichfield was fortified by the royalists, and the command intrusted to the Earl of Chesterfield. In March, 1643, the garrison here was attacked by Greville, Lord Brooke, a zealous Puritan, who is said to have endeavored to invoke the aid of Heaven by a vow, that if he should succeed in his attempt, he would level the cathedral with the ground. But on the 2d of the month, which happened to be St. Chad's day, and therefore, we may well believe, made the circumstance seem to many a very remarkable judgment, his Lordship was shot dead as he walked along the street below, by a gentleman stationed on the great tower of the church. The garrison, however, were obliged to surrender on the third day after, when the parliamentary soldiers entered and took possession of the place. These followers of Lord Brooke did not quite throw down the cathedral, but they inflicted upon it both desecration and injury to no small extent. They exercised their barbarism, says Dugdale, "in demolishing all the monuments, pulling down the curious carved work, battering in pieces the costly windows, and destroying the evidences and records belonging to that church; which being done, they stabled their horses in the body of it; kept courts of guard in the cross aisles; broke up the pavement; * * * and every day hunted a cat with hounds throughout the church, delighting themselves in the echo from the goodly vaulted roof." The parliamentary forces kept possession of the Close till the 21st of April, when they were again driven out by the royalists. It remained in the hands of the latter till July, 1646; when it was once more attacked, and compelled to admit a new garrison, after a brief resistance. The cathedral suffered greatly from these successive sieges. It was reckoned that no fewer than two thousand cannon shot and one thousand five hundred hand-grenades had been discharged against it; and the effect was that the three spires were nearly entirely battered down, and hardly any thing left standing except the walls. Even they were every where defaced and mutilated.

A number of interesting monuments are dispersed through the church. Of these, the principal are, one to Lancelot Addison, father of the celebrated Joseph Addison; one to Dr. Samuel Johnson; one to David Garrick; another to Anna Seward, with lines by Sir Walter Scott. These were all natives of Lichfield; and one to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in testimony of her merit in introducing the practice of inoculation. But the great object of interest in the cathedral is the recumbent monumental figures of the two grand-daughters of Dean Woodhouse, by Chantrey, which are models of genius and taste.

LONDON.

London is the largest and wealthiest, as well as the most populous city of the world. This British metropolis, if we include its suburban districts, contains the largest mass of human life, arts, science, wealth, power and architectural splendor, that exists, or, in almost all these particulars, that ever has existed within the known annals of mankind. In making this assertion it should be borne in mind that the power of some ancient cities—even of Rome herself—was relatively, but not positively greater; and that the only well-authenticated antique superiority, is that which may be traced to the architecture and sculpture of a few early cities. The site of the gigantie metropolis is the very best that could have been selected for commercial purposes, as it is enabled, by the means of the Thames, to carry on a water communication with every part of the globe. Lat. 51. 31 N.

The immediate site of the city of London is about sixty miles from the sea, westward, in a pleasant valley, stretching along the banks of the Thames, which river, as it flows through the town, forms a bold curve or crescent. On the northern side the ground rises with a quick ascent, and then more gradually but unequally, heightens to the north-west and west, which are the most elevated parts. On the south side the ground is nearly level, and was anciently an entire morass of many miles in extent; this has been reclaimed through the artificial embankment of the river, which must have been the work of ages. The average breadth of the river, in this part of its course, is from four to five hundred yards; its general depth, at low water, about twelve feet: but at spring tides it rises considerably above that level. The flood-tide at London Bridge runs for five hours and the ebb for seven. The rise of the tide at London Docks is, on the average of the spring-tides, eighteen feet. The velocity of the tidal current from the ocean to London is very great, being about fifty miles per hour. Above the bridges of the city, from the resistance it meets, it is but twelve miles an hour.

The city was, by the Romans, called *Londinium*, as we find it in Tacitus, Ptolemy, and Antonius. They took possession of London on their second invasion, in the reign of Claudius, about one hundred and five years after their first invasion, under Cæsar. Tacitus informs us that in the reign of Nero, London became a city celebrated for its commerce and prosperity.

London, in its present extent, is a very different place from what it was even a hundred years ago; and so rapidly is it growing on all sides, that it is difficult to adopt any rule by which its boundaries may be defined. To take it upon a very restricted principle, however, it extends west to east, from Hyde-Park-corner, Piccadily, to Mile-End-gate, five miles; and north and south, from the New-road to Kennington-lane, upwards of three miles; making a solid mass of fifteen square miles of building, intersected only by the river. These figures, however, would very imperfectly represent the actual dimensions of the town, independently of its suburbs. On the north-west, for instance, a thickly populated district, St. Marylebone and Paddington, stretches far beyond the point which we have started at Hyde-Park-corner; while in a direct line with it, westward, are situated the well-known localities of Knightsbridge, Kensington, and Brompton; and to the south of the latter, the *faubourgs* of Chelsea and Pimlico, including the aristocratic squares and streets upon the Marquis of Westminster's estate, now classically denominated *Belgravia.* In all directions—in the north and west on the north side of the river, and south and east on the south bank—are innumerable suburban districts, at short intervals; the public roads to which being pretty closely built upon, would give the idea, to a stranger visiting the town for the first time, of being already in the busy, wealthy city he had so often read and heard of, miles and miles before he came within its conventional precincts. Viewed in this sense, the metropolis of Great Britain may be taken to extend from ten to twelve miles in length, and from five to seven miles in breadth, with a circumference of upwards of thirty miles. Its general form is that of an oval.

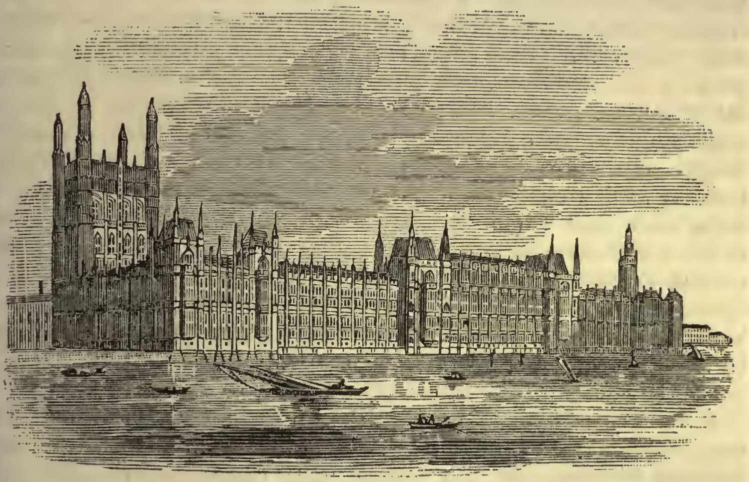
It is estimated that within the area above described there are from 12,000 to 13,000 squares, streets, lanes, courts, &c.; nearly a quarter of a million of houses; and above, rather than under, *two millions* of inhabitants.

London, socially considered, is divided into two great districts, the "City," and the "West End." A vast extent of territory, however, of a neutral or mixed character lies between them; while to the east of the city is an extensive district with which a great portion of the inhabitants of the City or West End have no immediate relations, although in most commercial respects they are highly important and influential.

The fashionable West End quarter, is the part of the town in which visitors generally first find themselves located; it is also here that the City merchant and wealthy tradesman, after the labors of the day are past, resorts to his home and its attendant luxuries and comforts.

The West End itself, though distinct in all its outward features and its associations from the City, and other quarters of the town, is in itself a little world, whose inhabitants, (independently of tradesmen who supply them,) comprehend almost every grade in the upper social scale, from the merely "respectable" to the wealthy or "carriage-people," as they are styled in the servants' hall, and from them to the very *creme de la creme* of aristocracy, including the members of the Peerage and the high functionaries of the Court.

The outskirts of London, and particularly those of the West, have been for many centuries extending greatly; the wealthy magistrates of the City, and the gilded aristocracy of the Court, have been planting whole streets of palatial dwellings, each according to his own peculiar fancy, around and between which, attendant assemblages of buildings of a less pretending character have sprung up, occupied by the humbler followers of the noble and rich.



Southern View of the New Parliament House at Westminster.

Originally the sittings of Parliament, and the High Courts of Judicature, were held in the palace of the Sovereign, who often presided over them in person, and is still supposed to do so. In some instances in early history, the Parliament has attended the person of the Sovereign in other places of temporary abode—as Winchester and Oxford. But this is never now the case, though location within a Royal palace is still assigned to it; so that, although the abode of her Majesty is no longer at the Palace of Westminster, the two Houses of Parliament, and the several high courts of law, have chambers permamently appropriated to them within its precincts, where they exercise their important functions.

Until the period of the fire at the Palace of Westminster, in November, 1834, the House of Commons held its sittings in a temporary chamber constructed within the ancient Chapel of St. Stephen; the House of Lords occupying a larger room, separated from it by a long apartment called the Painted Chamber. After that event, and for a period of nearly fifteen years, while the New Palace was building, the Commons removed to the room formerly appropriated to the Lords, the substantial walls of which had resisted the fury of the flames, while the Lords retired to the Painted Chamber; both apartments being temporarily fitted up for their respective occupants.

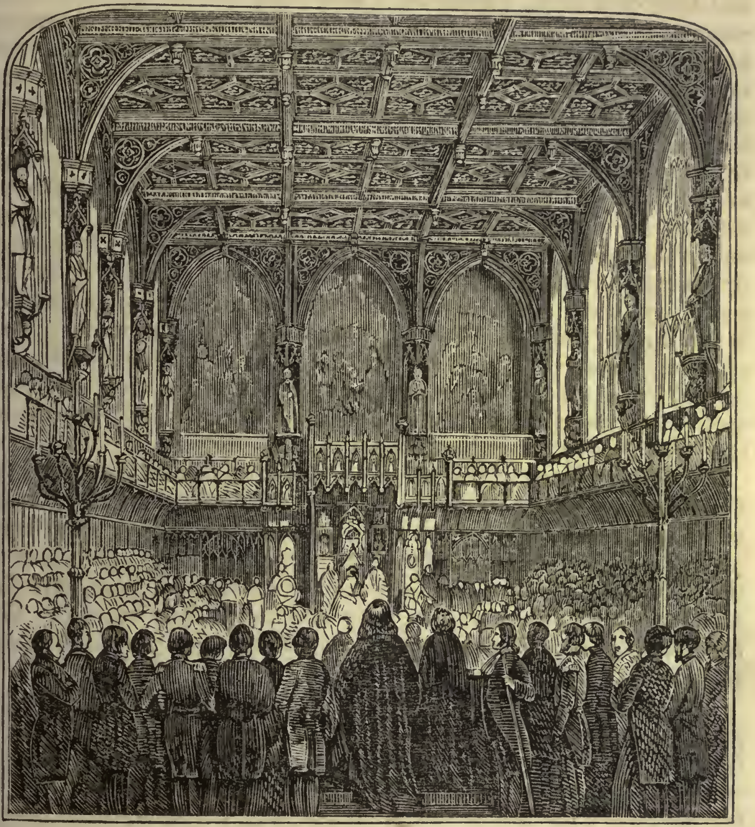
Upon the destruction of the Old Houses of Parliament, already referred to, it was determined to rebuild that portion of the Palace of Westminster appropriated to their use, upon a scale of magnitude and grandeur worthy of a great nation, and commensurate with the dignity of Parliament, the authority of which in that nation had long been paramount. A committee was appointed to receive and consider plans, who eventually adopted that of Mr. Charles Barry, who, after some years employed in erecting a terrace built upon piles on the river front, saw the first stone of this building laid on the 27th April, 1840. In its main features, it may now be said to approach towards completion. The style is of richly decorated Gothic, and will undoubtedly be memorable for ages, as the largest building of that character in the world. It covers an area of nearly eight acres, and when completed will have four fronts, (the river front, which alone is completed, is 900 feet long,) and three principal towers—the Royal Victoria Tower, (340 feet high, by 75 feet square,) at the southern extremity; the Central Tower, (300 feet high, by 60 feet square;) and the Clock Tower, (320 feet high, by 40 feet square,) at the northern extremity, close to Westminster-bridge.

It would be impossible within the limits of the present publication to give even a faint idea of the architectural details of this stupendous structure; of the various halls, courts, passages, and minor apartments into which it is divided.

In like manner, the northern portion of the building is devoted to the House of Commons, with its various committee-rooms and offices; the residences of the Speaker, the Serjeant-at-Arms, &c., being at the the extreme end, near the Clock Tower. In the midst, between the two Houses, and communicating with both, is a grand central hall, which is approached from the western front by another passage called St. Stephen's Hall.

There is a Strangers' Gallery in either House, to which persons having orders from a member are admitted to hear the debates. During the hours the House of Peers sits judicially, being the highest Court of Appeal in the realm, the public have free access, as to other Courts. At other times permission to view the House, when not sitting, may be obtained by application at the Lord Chamberlain's office. The Lords assemble for legislative business at five o'clock; the Commons generally at four, sometimes at twelve.

An interesting portion of this palace is the large and ancient Gothic apartment known as Westminster Hall, the largest room in the world unsupported by pillars, being 270 feet long, 74 wide, and 90 feet high. The wooden roof, with its flying arches and curious carving, is worthy of careful inspection. Charles I was tried and condemned in this Hall; and here Warren Hastings was tried; and here George IV held his grand banquet after his coronation.



The Queen opening the House of Lords.

The ceremony of the Queen going in person to Parliament to open the session, is an interesting one. The Queen also generally closes the session; and sometimes, though very rarely, she goes down during its continuance to give assent to bills for some special purpose; but the opening of the session, being a time of the greatest expectation, is generally regarded with most interest. The approach of the Queen is announced by successive salutes, or ordnance, in St. James' Park, and at the Tower. If the weather is fine, there is usually a large assemblage to witness the procession.

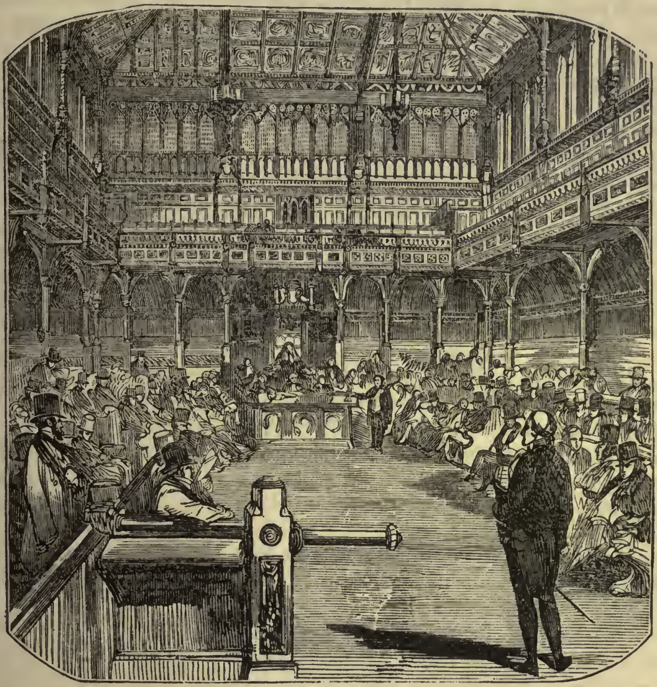
The interior of the House of Lords presents a brilliant and animated scene, the Peers being in their robes, and a large number of ladies being present, either peeresses in their own right, or the wives, daughters, or other relations of peers.

The House of Lords is ninety-seven feet long, forty-five broad, and forty-five high, presenting a most magnificent appearance, no expense having been spared to make it one of the richest chambers in the world. It is lighted by six Gothic windows of stained glass on either side, having painted on them effigies of the kings and queens of England, under canopies of elaborate design. Three arches at each end of the house, corresponding in shape and size to the windows, contain frescoes illustrative of some of the chief events in British history. The ceiling is flat, and divided by massive, richly gilded tie-beams, into compartments, and those again subdivided into smaller ones, each containing some heraldic symbol or device, the exquisite carving and harmonious coloring of which really produce a most gorgeous effect. At the southern extremity is the throne, resplendent with gold and colors, and its surface most profusely adorned. It is divided into three compartments; the central being the loftiest, contains the state chair for her Majesty; that on the right hand for the Prince of Wales; and the one on the left contains the Prince Consort's seat.

The New House of Commons is sixty-two feet in length, forty-five in width, and the same in height. Its decorations are of a less gorgeous character than those of its aristocratic neighbor, the House of Lords. The ceiling exhibits richer work than any other part of the chamber, which contains windows of stained glass, and the walls of which are pannelled with oak, beautifully carved. The following descriptive of legislate proceedings, &c., is from a recent publication:

> If the visitor has entered the Stranger's Gallery of the House of Commons, without knowing the subjects on which the House will proceed to business, and if he sits down, expecting, as a matter of course, that there will be a grand oratorical display, a keen encounter of wit, and all the excitement of a brilliant assembly, he will very frequently meet with a complete disappointment. Even on what are termed "field-nights," patience is considerably tried. If you can not make interest to get introduced into the reserved seats outside the bar, on the floor of the House, and below the Stranger's Gallery, you must then, if a strong debate is expected, take your station on the gallery stairs, and wait with patience; you may be admitted when the Speaker is at prayers. He, the chaplain, and the clerks, are kneeling at the table; there are but five or six members present; and though the gallery is nearly crowded, and you have secured a front seat, an apprehension steals over you that the required number, forty, will not arrive in time to make a House. But the members are dropping in; the speaker begins to count slowly and deliberately; he arrives at thirty-nine, and then takes the

chair. The debate, however, will not begin immediately. You must wait two or three hours for that. In the meantime a variety of motions and business of a formal nature is gone through, the half of which only reaches your ear. There appears to be an apprehension that a division will take place on some private bill—that the words "Strangers withdraw!" will be pronounced, and that you will be dislodged from your position.



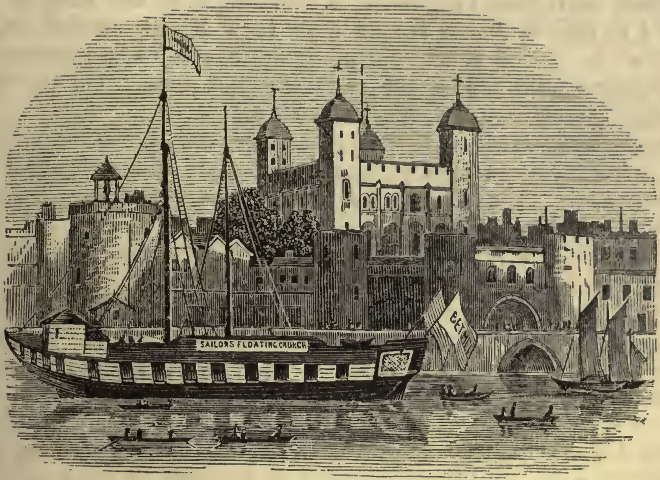
Interior of the House of Commons.

A message from the Lords! The form of proposing and assenting to the admission of the messenger is through so quickly and so quietly as almost to escape attention. Straightway a gentleman in full dress emerges from beneath the gallery, where he has made a profound bow; advancing to the middle of the floor, he bows again; and on reaching the table he bows a third time. On delivering his message, he retreats, walking backward with a dexterity that amuses the stranger, and bows three times as he did on advancing. This is the Usher of the Black Rod, come to summon the Speaker and the House to hear the Royal assent given by commission to certain bills. The Sergeant-at-arms, who is dressed with a bag-wig, and sword by his side, takes up the mace and marches before the Speaker; a few members follow, but the rest remain. Now the strangers pent up in the little gallery may avail themselves of their privilege—the Speaker and the mace are gone, and there is therefore "no house;" they may stand up, stretch themselves, and talk, without fear of a rebuke or a frown from the attendants. The Speaker returns, takes the chair, the mace is laid on the table, and he reports to the House the bills that have become acts by receiving the final sanction of the legislature.

On another occasion we may see the Sergeant-at-arms take up the mace, and go to meet two individuals in gowns and wigs, with whom he advances, all three bowing, as did the Usher of the Black Rod. These are masters in chancery, who are the usual messengers of the House of Lords, bringing down certain bills to which the assent of the Commons is requested.

The House is now crowded, and the member who brings on the important subject of the evening rises to make his statement. Her Majesty's ministers and their supporters always occupy the range of benches on the right hand of the Speaker. The opposition occupy the left. When the opening speech is finished, which has probably been long, full of facts, and, it may be, important, but consisting chiefly of dry details and figures, a large portion of members rise to quit the House; the voice of the succeeding speaker is nearly drowned in the noise of footsteps and slamming of doors, and it is sometimes a considerable period before he can be distinctly heard. All members bow to the chair on entering, and on going out are supposed not to turn their backs on it. The debate goes on—now swelling into noble sounds—now falling off in tedious episodes; and by the time the occupant of the Strangers' Gallery has sat from four till twelve, or later, he will confess that, however exciting the subject—however grand the associations connected with this political arena, presenting, as it does, in combination, some of the cleverest and the most influential men of the empire—however wonderful it is to see those note-takers carefully and accurately reporting the outline of the debate, facts, figures, and all, and with the machinery with which they are in connection, giving the world an opportunity of being present—still, to sit out an important debate in the House of Commons is a very fatiguing thing.

The Tower of London is situated on the north bank of the Thames, just beyond the eastern boundary of the city. It originally consisted of no more than "The White Tower," the square turreted building which rises in the midst above the rest, and which is traditionally reported to have been built by Julius Cæsar; though some pretend it was the work of William the Conqueror. Probably the foundation was as early as the Roman period of our history; though the chapel of St. John, on the second floor of the building, is unquestionably of Norman architecture. Succeeding monarchs added each his contribution to this stronghold. William Rufus surrounded it with walls and a deep ditch; the principal additions, however, being made by Henry III and Edward IV. It was made to serve as a palace, a state prison, and a fortress, down to the time of Elizabeth. It has been used as a prison for State offenders since it was discarded as a palace; the last political prisoners of note and name being Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovatt, who perished on Tower-hill, for their participation in the



Tower of London, from the Thames.

Scottish Rebellion, in 1745. Within a more recent period two persons have been consigned here: in 1810, Sir Francis Burdett, for a breach of the privileges of the House of Commons; and in 1820, Arthur Thistlewood, ringleader of the "Cato-street Conspiracy." The Tower of London is now only used as a fortress and arsenal, and as the depository of the Regalia of the Crown.

The Tower covers a surface of twelve acres, the whole surrounded by a strongly fortified wall and deep moat. The general outline is nearly that of a square, the northern side bulging slightly outwards. Nearly in the center is the White Tower, or Keep. To the north-west of this is the ancient church of St. Perter ad Vincula, where repose the remains of many who have died or been slain in the Tower. Along the northern side of the area run the new Wellington Barracks, and to the east of these the new Jewel House. The inner ward was surrounded by a rampart, in which were thirteen towers, many of which remain. We may note the Bloody Tower, (opposite the Water Gate, better known as Traitor's Gate,) the reputed scene of the murder of Richard III's nephews.

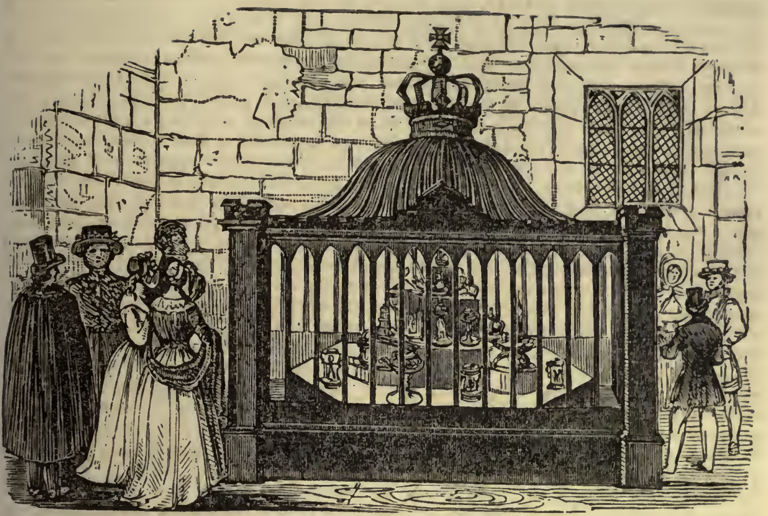
The officer, to whom the government and care of the Tower are committed (styled the "Constable") is always a person of the highest rank. On October 30, 1841, a terrible fire broke out in the grand storehouse, or small armory, (built by William III,) in which 280,000 stand of muskets and small arms were destroyed. Upon its site the Waterloo Barracks have since been erected.

The Horse Armory is a spacious room, one hundred and fifty feet by thirty-three. Here, arranged in chronological order, are twenty-five equestrian figures, many of them effigies of Kings of

England, with their knights or attendants, from the time of Edward I to that of James II; all with their horses clothed in the armor of the period in which they lived, in some few instances in the identical suits which the originals once wore. On the walls are other pieces of armor, musical instruments, &c.

Queen Elizabeth's Armory is connected with the horse armory, by a narrow staircase and a passage through a wall seventeen feet in thickness. This apartment is said to have been the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh. It would be vain to attempt even the most casual glance at a tithe of the singular implements of warfare and torture which abound in this real "chamber of horrors." Suffice it to say, that the collection comprises contributions of all periods of history; great numbers of anterior date to the invention of gunpowder, and from various parts of the world, including much interesting spoil from the Spanish Armada.

The *Jewel House* is a small castellated building, where are kept the state jewels, the value of which is upwards of *three millions* sterling; the Queen's crown alone being valued at one million. There are five crowns, known respectively as St. Edward's, (so called from its having been made at Charles II's coronation to replace the previous crown, which the Confessor was supposed to have worn,) the Crown of State, the Queen's circlet of gold, the Queen's crown, and the Queen's rich crown. Of these the first and fourth are the proper coronation crowns. The crown of state is remarkable for having three jewels, each of almost inestimable value,—a ruby, a pearl, considered the finest in the world, and an emerald seven inches round. The other chief treasures are the Orb, an emblem of universal authority, borrowed from the Roman Emperors, which is held by the monarch during the act of coronation; the Ampula, or Eagle of Gold, containing the anointing oil; the Curtana, or Sword of Mercy, borne naked before the Sovereign during the coronation procession into the Abbey, between the two Swords of Justice, Spiritual and Temporal. St. Edward's Staff, also carried before the sovereign in the procession,—a scepter of gold four feet seven inches and a half long, with a small foot of steel, and a mound and cross at top; four other scepters of gold and precious stones, one of which was discovered, in 1814, behind some old wainscoting in the Jewel House; the Queen's Ivory Rod; another short scepter of ivory and gold, made for James II's queen; bracelets, or armillæ, worn on the wrists during the coronation; royal spurs, salt-cellar, &c. It was not until the reign of Charles II that the Regalia was allowed to be publicly exhibited. The office up to that time had been one of honor and emolument; thus, for instance, in the reign of Henry VIII, the great minister, Cromwell, was the "Master and Treasurer of the



Regalia in the Tower of London.

Jewel House." We take from Knight's "London," the account of Col. Blood's attempt to steal the crown from the Jewel House, in 1673. Although often told, the story will still bear repetition, and, indeed, cannot well be omitted from any account of the Tower, however brief.

Thomas Blood was a native of Ireland, and is supposed to have been born 1628. In his twentieth year he married the daughter of a gentleman of Lancashire; then returned to his native country, and, having served there as lieutenant in the Parliamentary forces, received a grant of land instead of pay, and was by Henry Cromwell placed in the commission of the peace. On the Restoration, the Act of Settlement in Ireland, which affected Blood's fortune, made him at once discontented and desperate. He first signalized himself by his conduct during an insurrection set on foot to surprise Dublin Castle, and seize the Duke of Ormond, the Lord Lieutenant. This insurrection he joined and ultimately became the leader of; but it was discovered on the very eve of execution, and prevented. Blood escaped the fate of his chief associates, the gallows, by concealing himself for a time among the native Irish in the mountains, and ultimately escaped to Holland, where he is said to have been favorably received by Admiral Ruyter. We next find him engaged with the Covenanters in the rebellion in Scotland, in 1666, when, being once more on the side of the losing party, he saved his life only by similar means. Thenceforward Colonel Blood appears in the light of a mere adventurer, bold and capable enough to do anything his passions might instigate, and prepared to seize Fortune wherever he might find her, without the slightest scruple as to the means. The death of his friends in the insurrection we have mentioned, seems to have left on Blood's mind a great thirst for personal vengeance on the Duke of Ormond; whom, accordingly, he actually seized on the night of the 6th December, 1676, tied him on horseback to one of his associates, and, but for the timely aid of the Duke's servant, would have, no doubt, fulfilled his intention of hanging him at Tyburn. The plan failed, but so admirably had it been contrived, that Blood remained totally unsuspected as its author, although a reward of £1,000 was offered for the discovery of the assassins. He now opened to those same associates an equally daring but much more profitable scheme, had it been successful; which was thus carried out:—Blood one day came to see the Regalia, dressed as a parson, and accompanied by a woman whom he called his wife: the latter, professing to be suddenly taken ill, was invited by the keeper's wife into the adjoining domestic apartments. Thus an intimacy was formed, which was subsequently so well improved by Blood, that he arranged a match between a nephew of his and the keeper's daughter, and a day was appointed for the young couple to meet. At the appointed hour came the pretended parson, the pretended nephew, and two others, armed with rapier-blades in their canes, daggers, and pocket-pistols. One of the number made some pretence for staying at the door as a watch, while the others passed into the Jewel House, the parson having expressed a desire that the Regalia should be shown to his friends, while they were waiting the approach of Mrs. Edwards and her daughter. No sooner was the door closed, than a cloak was thrown over the old man, and a gag forced into his mouth; and, thus secured, they told him their object, signifying he was safe if he submitted. The poor old man, however, faithful to the trust reposed in him, exerted himself to the utmost, in spite of the blows they dealt him, till he was stabbed and became senseless. Blood now slipped the crown under his cloak, another of his associates secreted the orb, and a third was busy filing the scepter into two parts, when one of those extraordinary coincidences, which a novelist would scarcely dare to use, much less to invent, gave a new turn to the proceedings. The keeper's son, who had been in Flanders, returned at this critical moment. At the door he was met by the accomplice stationed there as sentinel, who asked him with whom he would speak. Young Edwards replied, he belonged to the house, and hurried up stairs, the sentinel, we suppose, not knowing how to prevent the catastrophe he must have feared otherwise than by a warning to his friends. A general flight ensued, amidst which the robbers heard the voice of the keeper once more shouting, "Treason! Murder!" which being heard by the young lady, who was waiting anxiously to see her lover, she ran out into the open air, reiterating the cries. The alarm became general, and outstripped the conspirators. A warder first attempted to stop them, but at the discharge of a pistol he fell, without waiting to know if he were hurt, and so they passed his post. At the next, one Sill, a sentinel, not to be outdone in prudence, offered no opposition, and they passed the drawbridge. At St. Catherine's Gate their horses were waiting for them; and as they ran along the Tower wharf they joined in the cry of "Stop the rogues!" and so passed on unsuspected, till Captain Beckman, a brother-in-law of young Edwards, overtook the party. Blood fired, but missed him, and was immediately made prisoner. The crown was found under his cloak, which, prisoner as he was, he would not yield without a struggle. "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful," were the witty and ambitious rascal's first words; "it was for a crown!" Not the least extraordinary affair was the subsequent treatment of Colonel Blood. Whether it was that he frightened Charles by his threats of being revenged by his associates, or captivated him by his conjoined audacity and flattery, (he had been engaged to kill the King, he said, from among the reeds by the Thames side above Battersea, as he was bathing, but was deterred by an "awe of majesty,") it is difficult to say; the result, however, was, that, instead of being sent to the gallows, he was taken into such especial favor, that application to the throne through his medium became one of the favorite modes with suitors. Blood died in 1680.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1854.

Queen (Alexandrina) Victoria, only child of the late Edward, Duke of Kent, born 24th May, 1819, succeeded to the throne 20th June, 1837, on the death of her uncle, William IV; married 10th February, 1840, to Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, born 26th August, 1819. Issue:—

1. Princess Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa,	born	Nov.	21st,	1840.
2. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales,	—	Nov.	9th,	1841.
3. Princess Alice Maud Mary,	—	April	25th,	1843.
4. Prince Alfred Ernest Albert,	—	Aug.	6th,	1844.
5. Princess Helena Augusta Victoria,	—	May	25th,	1846.
6. Princess Louisa Carolina Albera,	—	Mar.	18th,	1848.
7. Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert,	—	May	1st,	1850.
8. Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert,	—	April	7th,	1853.

Victoria Maria Louisa, Duchess of Kent, sister of the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, born 17th August 1786; married 29th May, 1818, to the late Edward, Duke of Kent; issue, Alexandrina Victoria, her present majesty. The Duke died 23d January, 1820.

George Frederick Alexander, King of Hanover, born 27th May, 1819.

George, Duke of Cambridge, born 26th March, 1819.

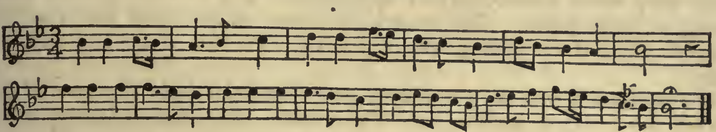
Princess Augusta, sister of the Duke of Cambridge, born 19th July, 1822.

Princess Mary, niece of the Duke of Cambridge, born 27th November, 1833.

The Princess Mary, Duchess Dowager of Gloucester, sister to the late king, born 25th April, 1776.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God Save the Queen.



God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks:
On her our hopes we fix,
God save the Queen!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleas'd to pour,
Long may she reign:
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

Do Thou her steps direct,
Watch o'er her and protect
Our gracious Queen:
Shed o'er her heart a ray,
Of wisdom's glorious day,
Loved be Victoria's sway,
God save the Queen!

Buckingham Palace, facing the west end of St. James' Park, is the town residence of her present majesty. It is an old building new faced and remodelled. *Kensington Palace*, is situated at the western extremity of Hyde Park, and is surrounded by that portion of it known as Kensington Gardens. It has a certain air of grandeur about it, though with no pretentions to architectural display. It has been a royal residence nearly two centuries, and recently has been the residence of the Duchess of Kent. *Whitehall*, the old palace of this name, occupied a considerable space along the river, a little north of Westminster Bridge. Since the time of George II, the banqueting-room has been used as a chapel. In front of this building Charles I was beheaded, January 30th, 1648, walking to the scaffold through one of the windows. *St. James' Palace*, has the St. James' Park on the south. It is a spacious but gloomy pile, built in the reign of Henry VIII. It was a royal residence from 1695 till 1837.

[The two most prominent objects in London, to which the attention of the American traveler is generally drawn on his first arrival, are St. Paul's Church and Westminster Abbey. On the first morning after our arrival, we directed our course towards St. Paul's. Passing along the Strand, eastward, into Fleet-street and Ludgate Hill, which are but one continuous street, under different names, we observed a towering dome rising above the surrounding buildings, which we knew must be that of

St. Paul's, from the many representations we had seen of this celebrated structure. We finally found it, as we would say, in the middle of the street, rather cooped up by the surrounding buildings. We went into the enclosure before the west front of the Cathedral. The statue of Queen Anne stands within the enclosure, near the gate, on a sculptured pedestal. We were much disappointed in the looks of the walls of the Cathedral. They were originally constructed of stone of a light color, but now, owing to the climate, or the nature of the stone, or perhaps both, they were quite dingy in appearance, and in some places were nearly or quite black. The statue of Queen Anne, with the iron ballustrade around it, were quite disfigured with the wear and rust of time.

We now went into the Cathedral, and found the daily services of the church were being performed. The chants, &c., were sung by eight boys, in white surplices, and three or four bass singers, accompanied by the organ. In this center of our Protestant world, we found a congregation of some twenty or thirty persons, mostly women, were assembled. In the small number present, some appeared in their official capacity as church officers, and others, we should judge, were clergymen. No sermon was delivered—the services consisted of reading the Scriptures, prayers, singing, and the usual responses. Some reading was performed in a kind of singing, drawling tone, in a plaintive style, somewhat in the manner of a certain class of itinerant preachers in our country, on the stage some thirty or forty years since. We could but think that if any Christian denomination in the United States should perform their religious services in like manner, they would, according to a common phrase, soon "use themselves up."

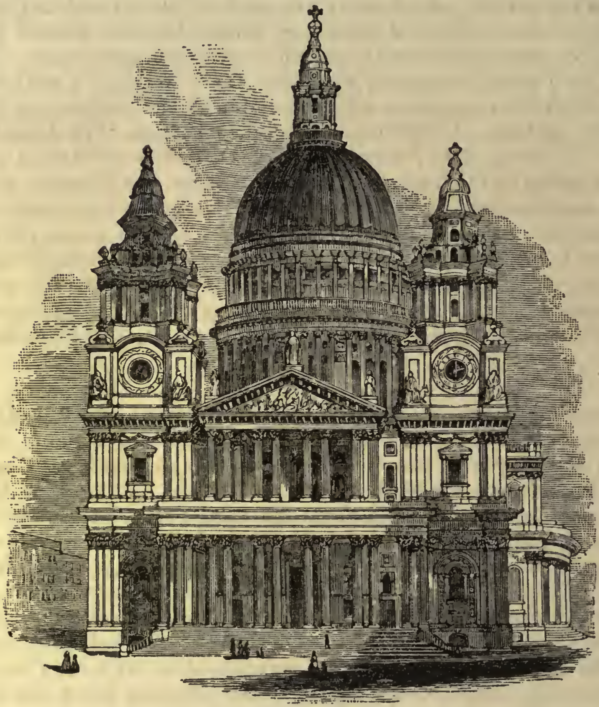
Some time afterwards we attended service at St. Paul's Church on Sunday afternoon. On arriving at the entrance door we found quite a number waiting for admission. When the door was opened, we went in with the crowd to that part of the Cathedral where public worship was performed. The congregation was about equal in number to the largest congregation we have in the United States, in populous places. The strangers in London, drawn from motives of curiosity, probably formed a considerable number of the assembly. The greater part of the congregation were seated on low benches, without any support for the back. There were galleries on each side, and between these and the floor, pews were erected, something like boxes in a theater. These, we supposed, were for the accommodation of the privileged class. Most of the occupants, we observed, in these places, were ladies.

The choir consisted of about twenty-five men and boys, about an equal number of each, dressed in white surplices. They appeared to be accomplished musicians, a number of whom, at various times, performed solos in the opera style. The reading of the prayers was performed by some one who was seated by the choir, in that same drawling and plaintive tone which we had before heard, and the responding "Amen," was performed by the choir, assisted by the organ, in musical style. The preacher delivered a discourse respecting the Christian Soldier, his armor, &c., as described in the 6th chapter of Ephesians. The discourse, in point of talent, was a respectable production, and, it is believed, would be considered by most Christian denominations as orthodox in sentiment.

Every thing, however, was expressed in such general terms, that probably none in the congregation thought themselves particularly addressed.

That part of the service where the "whining tone" was adopted, was evidently a relic of past ages. To us, at least, it seemed too childish, not to say contemptible for an intelligent audience in the nineteenth century. In conversing, afterwards, with an intelligent Londoner, who was a member of the established church, we found that both himself and wife were of the same opinion with regard to these performances. The statuary in St. Paul's, as regards its artistic execution, is of a very superior order. With few exceptions, all the monuments and statues are in honor of military heroes. Under the ancient dispensation, even David, on account of his having shed human blood, was not allowed to erect a temple for the worship of God, much less it would seem that temples consecrated to worship of the Almighty, under the Christian dispensation, should be desecrated by monuments erected in honor of men whose only title to distinction is in the merit of their military exploits. These statues, &c., appear still more out of place in a Christian church, when it is considered that some of the men to whose honor and glory they are erected, lived in the open and shameless violation of all the precepts of Christianity.]

St. Paul's Cathedral, the pride of all Londoners, and the admiration of strangers, is situated on a rather elevated spot of ground, but in a crowded neighborhood, between the top of Ludgate-hill and Cheapside. London was made a see of the Church of Christ, in the year 604, and the first cathedral was erected about the year 610. This building was destroyed by fire, previous to the Norman Conquest; in 1086, it again experienced the same fate; after which, Maurice, the bishop of London, commenced, upon a magnificent scale, the noble pile which, enlarged and improved by his successors, endured for several centuries, falling a prey at length to the great fire in 1666. After this calamity, the commission for rebuilding the cathedral was issued in 1763, Sir Christopher Wren being appointed the architect. After clearing away the ruins, a work of considerable labor, and attended with some danger, the first stone of the present edifice was laid 21st June, 1675, by the architect himself, who lived to see his son, thirty-five years afterwards, deposit the highest stone on the lantern, over the cupola. The choir was completed in 1697, and first opened for divine service 2d December in that year, on the occasion of the thanksgiving for the peace of Ryswick. The cost of the whole was £736,752, exclusive of the iron balustrade which surrounded it, which cost £11,202, making a total of £747,954. The amount was raised by a duty on all coal imported into London. The plan of St. Paul's is a Latin cross, and bears a general resemblance to that of St. Peter's, at Rome, being longer, however, in proportion to its breadth, and less massive in the upper part of the cross, comprising the transepts and choir. Its dimensions are four hundred and eighty feet in length, from east to west, or, including the recess from the altar, five hundred feet; and two hundred and fifty feet across the transepts, from north to south. The width of the prallelograms, which so cross one another, is one hundred and twenty-five feet. The portico of the western extremity exhibits two orders, the Corinthian and Composite, one over the other: the height of the former order, including the entablature, is fifty feet; that of the latter, forty feet; making, with a basement of ten feet, a total height of one hundred feet from the ground to the second entablature.



Western Front of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The pediment of the portico is sculptured with the subject of the Conversion of St. Paul, in high relief—the work of Bird. On the apex is a colossal figure of St. Paul; and on either hand, along the summit, are similar statues of St. Peter, St. James, and the four Evangelists. On either side of the portico are campanile towers, two hundred and twenty-two feet high—the one used as a clock-tower, the other as a belfry. High towering in the midst is the dome, resting upon a circular tower, with two galleries running round it. At the top of the dome, and apparently, but not really supported by it, is a lantern, surrounded with columns of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a ball and cross, richly gilt. Between the dome and the lantern is another gallery, the balustrades of which are richly gilt. At the western front is a porch fifty feet long, and twenty feet wide, leading to a vestibule fifty feet square.

The body of the church is divided into a nave and two side aisles, decorated with pilasters supporting semicircular arches; and on each side of the porch and vestibule is a passage which leads directly to the corresponding aisles. The choir is similarly disposed with its central division and side aisles. Over the entrance to the choir is a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—"Beneath lies Christopher Wren, the builder of this church, of this city, who lived upwards of ninety years, not for himself, but for the public good. Reader, wouldst thou search out his monument? Look around!"

Around the base of the truncated cone is a handsome balustrade, called the "Whispering Gallery," from the fact that the slightest whisper uttered against the wall on one side will be heard on applying the ear to the point diagonally opposite. From this gallery the best view is obtained of the general effect of the interior.

From the whispering gallery the visitor ascends to the stone gallery, which surrounds the exterior dome above the colonnade; and from this elevation, when the atmosphere is clear, the view around is magnificent. The staircase above this, taking a zig-zag course within the outer roof, is very steep and narrow, and somewhat dark; yet there is much to repay the trouble of the ascent.

Around the top of the dome externally, there is a railed gallery, called the "Golden Gallery," from which there is a more extended view than that previously obtained of the busy world beneath. If the visitor's head is steady enough to master the feeling of giddiness, which overpowers most people at so great an elevation, and makes them feel that the only pleasure of going up is the pleasure of coming down again, he may even ascend by ladders into the lantern itself, and from the bull'e-eye chamber, extend his survey far into the country on either side.

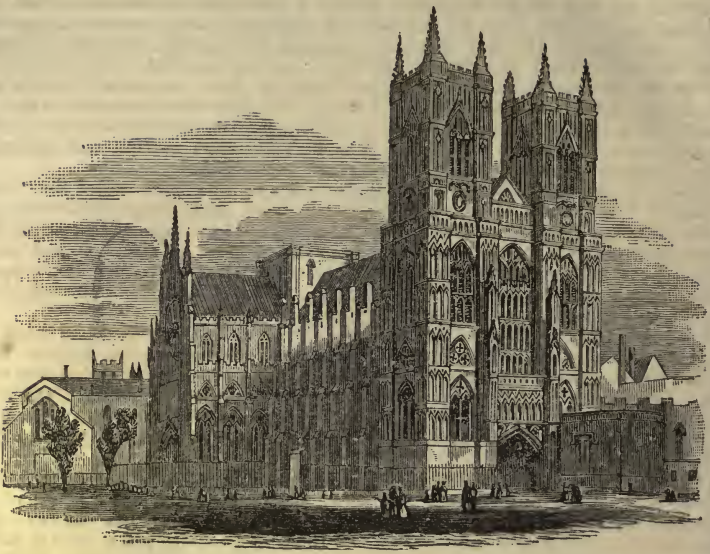
When the visitor has reached the bull's-eye chamber, it will not cost him much additional exertion of courage to mount into the ball which crowns the lantern. It is six feet two inches in diameter, and capacious enough to contain eight persons with ease. The weight of it is said to be five thousand six hundred pounds. The cross, which is solid, weighs three thousand three hundred and sixty pounds. From the level of the ground to the highest elevation of the cross, the distance is three hundred and sixty-five feet.

The towers or steeples, forming part of the western front, serve, one as the belfry, and the other as the clock tower. The clock beats dead sounds. The length of the pendulum is fourteen feet, and the weight at its extremity is equal to one cwt. The great bell, in the southern campanile, is said to weigh four tons and a quarter, and is ten feet in diameter. It has these words inscribed on it, "Richard Phelps made me, 1716." This bell is never tolled except at the deaths and funerals of members of the royal family, or the bishops and lord mayors of London.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, originally attached to a monastery dedicated to St. Peter, was founded by Sebert, King of the West Saxons, early in the seventh Century; but, being afterwards destroyed by the Danes, was rebuilt by King Edgar, in 958. Edward the Confessor again rebuilt it, 1065, and the Pope Nicholas constituted it as a place of inauguration of the Kings of England. The present edifice, however, was chiefly the work of modern times. The west front and the great window were built by Richard III and Henry VII; and it was the latter monarch who commenced the magnificent chapel which bears his name, and which was completed by his son, the eighth Henry. The two western towers, very beautiful, but singularly in contrast with the rest of the building, were erected, altered, and completed from designs of Sir Christopher Wren.

The general aspect of this structure is grand in the extreme—perhaps not to be surpassed by that of any Gothic edifice in the kingdom; while in its details it presents a rich field of beautiful variety, almost every period of Gothic architecture being illustrated in one part or other.

The dimensions of the Abbey are, from east to west, including Henry VII's Chapel, three hundred and seventy-five feet; from north to south, two hundred feet; height of the nave, one hundred and one feet; height from the choir to the lantern, about one hundred and forty feet; height of the western towers, two hundred and twenty-five feet. Divine service is performed every day at ten A.M., and three P.M. Then the choir is open.



Westminster Abbey.

It would require a volume to give a description of all that is to be seen in this consecrated spot, the following, however, is a selection:

Henry VII's magnificent chapel, which adjoins the east end of the abbey church, and communicates with the body by a flight of steps, was erected by Henry (at an expense of £14,000, equal to £200,000 in our time,) as a place of sepulture for himself and family; and till the reign of Charles I, no persons but the blood-royal were allowed to be interred there.

In the middle of the chapel, within a screen, near the east end, is the magnificent tomb of Henry and his Queen, by Torrigiano, which was executed by special contract for £1,500. The figures of the deceased lie upon the tomb with their hands raised as in prayer; these statues are of cast copper, and were once resplendent with gilding, but are now much discolored. The pedestal is principally of black marble. On the angles of the tomb are small angels seated, and at the ends are the royal arms and quarterings.

The east end of the side aisles is formed into beautiful little chapels, before which were formerly elegant screens. Among the many monuments here we will only mention the following:—

One to the memory of Mary, Queen of Scots; to the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII; to John Sheffield, and George Villiers, Dukes of Buckingham; noble monument to the memory of Queen Elizabeth, erected by James I; and a monument to the memory of General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, by Scheemaker.

Henry V's Chapel contains the magnificent tomb of that glorious and warlike prince. On the tomb are his effigies, formerly covered with silver, which caused the head to be stolen during the disorders of the Reformation. Models of the abbey and of several churches in London, are likewise deposited in this chapel.

A large table-monument to Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter (d. 1622.) He is represented in his robes, having his first wife on his right side, and on his left a vacant place for his second wife; which she expressly forbid by her will, her pride not suffering her to take a place on his left side.

A lofty and magnificent monument, by Bacon, to Lord Chatham (d. 1778.) A rich pediment supports Britannia; on her right hand is Ocean, on her left Earth, whose countenances are expressive of sorrow at the loss of this great statesman. Above these are the figures of Prudence and Fortitude. At the top is a full-length figure of his lordship, in parliamentary robes.

In the area, behind the choir on the right, is a monument, by Moore, to Lord Ligonier, (d. 1770.) The principal figure is History, resting on a sepulchral urn, who points to a scroll whereupon are recorded the ten chief battles in which he distinguished himself. On the base of the urn is his lordship's portrait in profile. Behind History is a pyramid, and on the top of it his lordship's crest. Above are the medallions of Queen Anne, George I, II, and III, under whom he served seventy years; as also a medallion of Britannia.

Opposite is a monument by Wilton, erected by Parliament to Major-general Wolfe, a brave officer, who, after surmounting innumerable obstacles in the conquest of Quebec, received a ball in his breast, and expired in the moment of victory (1759.)

Monument to David Garrick, the eminent actor (d. 1769.) Tragedy and Comedy, with their relative attributes, are acknowledging the actor's superior power of calling forth and supporting the characters of the great Shakspeare, which is expressed by Garrick's removing the curtain which concealed the bard and showing his medallion.

South Aisle.—A small monument in white marble, to Dr. Isaac Watts, the eminent divine. His bust supported by Genii, whose countenances express a pleasing satisfaction.

Monument to Major John Andre; executed in America as a spy, during the unhappy troubles in that country in 1780. It is composed of a sarcophagus, elevated on a pedestal. On the front, General Washington is represented in his tent at the time he received the report of the court-martial which tried Major Andre. A flag of truce from the British army is likewise seen, with a letter to the General to treat for the Major's life, which was unsuccessful. He is here represented as going with great fortitude to meet his doom.

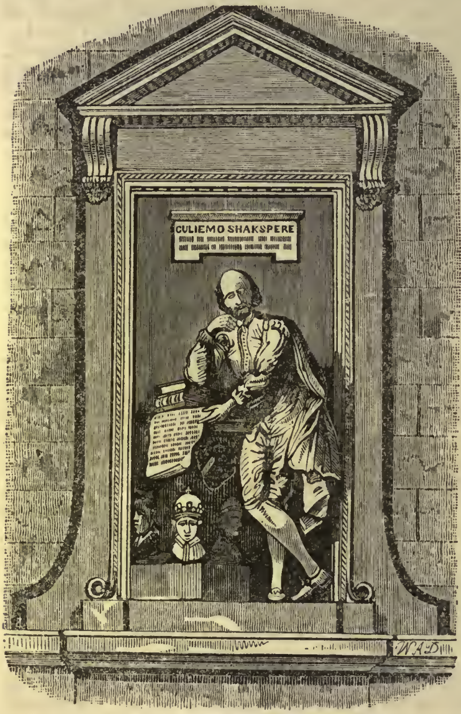
Monument to the memory of William Hargrave, Esq., governor of Gibraltar, (d. 1768,) by Roubiliac. The resurrection is represented by a body rising from a sarcophagus. A contest between Time and Death; Time proves victorious, and by breaking his antagonist's dart, divests him of his power, and tumbles him down; the King of Terrors drops his crown from his head. In the clouds is a cherub sounding the last trumpet.

A magnificent monument to Admiral Tyrrell, (d. 1766,) by Read. The device is from the burial service: "When the sea shall give up her dead." An angel descending is sounding the last trumpet, while the Admiral is rising from the sea behind a large rock, on which are placed his arms, with emblems of Valor, Prudence, and Justice. The background represents darkness. The separation of the cloud discovers the celestial light, and a choir of cherubims singing praises to the Almighty; over the rock, at a vast distance, the sea and clouds seem to join. Hope is on the top of the rock, extending her hand to receive the admiral. Hibernia leans on a globe lamneting his loss.

The monument to the great William Pitt, (d. 1806,) by Westmacott, is over the great west door. He is represented in his robes, as Chancellor of the Exchequer. On the right, History is recording the acts of his administration—while Anarchy, on his left, lies subdued and chained at his feet. This monument was erected by the nation, and cost £6,300.

At the entrance to the choir is a fine monument to Sir Isaac Newton, (d. 1726,) by Rysbrach. The philosopher is represented in a recumbent posture, resting his right arm on four folios, "Divinity, Chronology, Optics, and Phil. Prin. Matth.," and pointing to a scroll supported by a winged cherubim. Above is a globe projecting from a pyramid behind, whereon is delineated the course of the comet in 1680, with the signs, constellations, and planets. On this globe sits a figure of Astronomy, with her book closed, in a very composed and pensive mood. Beneath is a very curious bas-relief, representing the labors in which Sir Isaac chiefly employed his time—as discovering the cause of gravitation, settling the principle of light and colors, and reducing the coinage to a determined standard. The device of weighing the sun by a steelyard is bold and striking; and the whole monument has been much praised.

There is an expressive monument "ordered by the Province of Massachusetts Bay," in memory of Lord Howe, who was killed at Ticonderoga. In the pavement, two pieces of bluish marble, a foot square, denote the resting-place of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and Thomas Campbell, author of the "Pleasures of Hope." Garrick, Sheridan, and others, are also buried in front of Shakespeare's monument. One of the most striking emblems depicted, is on a monument of J. G. Nightingale and his wife: Death is represented as slyly stealing from the tomb, aiming his unerring dart at the dying wife clasped to the bosom of her husband, who is struck with horror and despair at his approach.

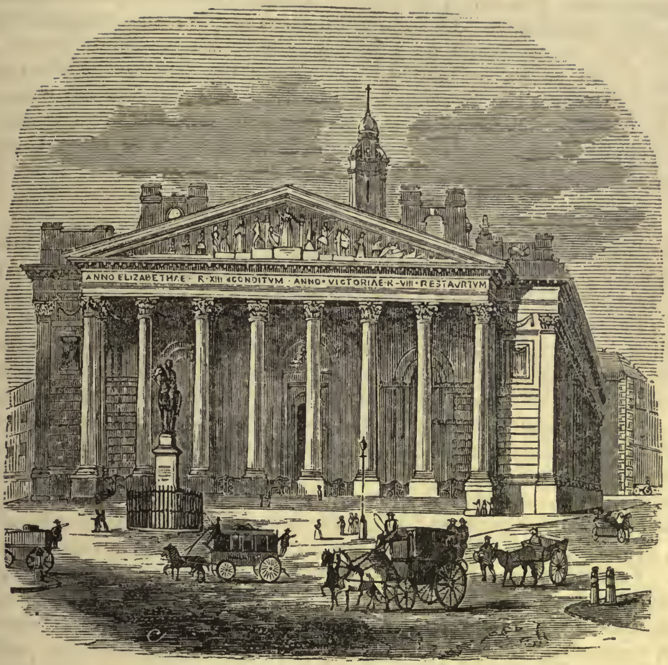


Shakspeare's Monument, Westminster Abbey.

The Abbey is said to contain nearly five hundred monuments of illustrious persons, such as Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chatham, Wilberforce, Major Andre, Canning, Dr. Watts, &c., &c. Some of the tombs of the monarchs in the Abbey are about six hundred years old. A modern one, however, among them, is that erected by Louis Phillippe, king of France, in memory of his brother. The *Poet's Corner*, is perhaps the most interesting spot within this venerable building. The walls here are so crowded, that it is somewhat difficult to assign places for the more modern poets. Shakspeare's monument, which has been so much admired, is represented in the annexed engraving. The poet who "wrote not so much for an age, but for all time," is represented by a standing figure, leaning gracefully on a pile of books reared on a pedestal, in front of which, is a pendant scroll inscribed with that well-known and sublime passage from the Tempest:

> "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all that it inherits, shall dissolve,
> And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind!"

At the angles of the pedestal are heads in alto-relievo, of Queen Elizabeth, Henry V, and Richard III, and on the left side are grouped a dagger, mask, and chaplet. The poet is arrayed in the dress of his times, and on a small marble tablet, over his head, is his name, &c., in metal figures.


ANNO ELIZABETHAE · R·XIII · CONDITVM · ANNO · VICTORIAE · R · VIII · RESTAVRTVM

New Royal Exchange, London.

The New Royal Exchange was opened in great state by Queen Victoria, October 28, 1844. It is built entirely of stone; the extreme length, east and west, being three hundred and eight feet. At the west end is a portico of eight Corinthian columns; this is the principal entrance. On the frieze of the portico is a Latin inscription recording the foundation of the original building in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, and its restoration in the seventh of her present majesty Victoria. The tympanum of the pediment is adorned with sculpture by Westmacott, consisting of allegorical representations of trade, commerce, &c., and in this center of the commerce and wealth of the world is seen the very appropriate Scriptural inscription, "*The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.*" In the open space before the west, stands a bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington by Chantrey, the metal of which is that of some of the guns taken by the Duke in his numerous engagements.

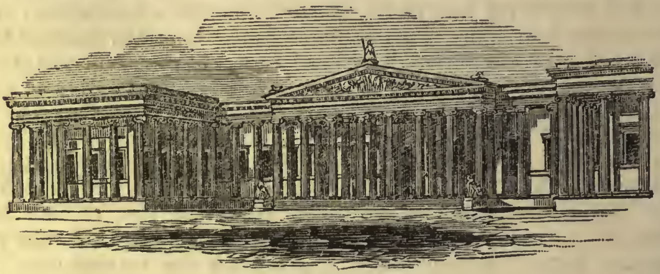
The Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, has no longer the prominence as a place for the meeting of merchants it once had. By the various establishments which have branched from it, and alterations in the mode of doing business, the presence of the commercial man on 'Change is not so imperative. The Stock Exchange, Lloyd's, and the Corn Exchange, share the supremacy. The chief business is now the negotiation of foreign bills of exchange on Tuesdays and Fridays. The Royal Exchange is still, as when founded by Gresham, an open area with arcades around it, in which the merchants meet. Each has his standing where he is to be found, or where he makes his appointments, and the Rothschilds take their place near a pillar as their father did. The chief time of business is after three o'clock.

The Corn Exchange, in Mark Lane, is now the greatest corn market in the world. The market was formerly held on Cornhill, and afterwards at Bear Quay. The first Corn Exchange was built in 1747. The agents for sales are the corn-factors, each of whom has a stand or desk, in which are samples of corn. There is no qualification for a corn-factor. Besides the corn-factors, there are farmers, millers, bakers, merchants, and many speculators. The latter make this an arena for gambling as they do the markets for produce and stocks. The market days are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; but Monday is the great day, the hours from ten till three. When there were variable and fixed duties on corn, the dealers carried on various operations for running up the the prices, as the "average" price of the market either regulated the duty, or determined, if above a certain rate, that corn should come in free. Till lately there used to be speculations on the variations of price in local markets, but the electric telegraph now makes the morning prices known over the country before nightfall. The *Mark Lane Express*, appearing on Monday evening, is the chief organ for the publication of the accounts of the crops and markets at home and abroad. Seeds are sold in the market, and in the neighborhood are many agents for the supply of millwork and agricultural implements.

The Coal Exchange, in Thames street, is one of the peculiar institutions of London. Hitherto coal has been brought by sea, chiefly from the Northumbrian shores, the railways not having yet organized the means of transit. The consumption approaches three millions of tons yearly, and gives rise to vast transactions. Notwithstanding all the care of the corporation to prevent it, attempts are made to keep back from market, and otherwise interfere with the price of coals, which has often been kept up by the coal owners at an extravagant rate.

The Stock Exchange has entrances from Bartholomew-lane, Threadneedle-street, and Throgmorton-street. The business of dealing in securities was separated from banking towards the end of the seventeenth century, and the market was held in the Royal Exchange, in Sweetings Alley, (hence "jobbing in the Alley,") at Jonathan's Coffee House, and in the Rotunda of the Bank. In 1801, a separate building was erected by subscription on the spot already named. The transactions are chiefly carried on in three branches called houses, the English, (for stocks and exchequer bills,) the foreign, (for stocks,) and the railway, or share market. The business consists of two kinds, genuine and speculative, and is for money or for time. The members are of two classes. brokers and jobbers. The members of the Stock Exchange are subjected to a more severe system of internal discipline and police than any carried out elsewhere by the government, though they act in defiance of the government and the city. The committee chosen by the members has great power in questions of discipline. As no member is allowed to be a partner in other trading pursuits, losses to the members of the Stock Exchange from each other are neither many nor heavy. Their losses are from without. A fund for decayed members is liberally supported, and they are munificent contributors to public charities. The brokers are not expected to carry on business on their own account, and they act for the public. There are very few of them licensed brokers, and, contrary to the law of brokers, they do not declare their principals. They therefore become liable for the speculations and defalcations of principals on the Stock Exchange. The jobbers are capitalists, who buy and sell. A jobber in consols keeps on hand a stock of consols, and is always ready to buy and sell for the turn of the market, which is a commission or difference allowed to him. Parties finding their sales are charged lower than the top price often think they have been cheated, whereas the top price is the jobbers' selling price. This turn on consols is only an eighth per cent., but on shares in little demand, or of doubtful value, it is very much higher. The quotation of consols 96½ and ⅝, expresses the buying and selling price of the jobber. The jobber buys and sells in any required quantity, thereby saving time and trouble to the broker and customer. Besides transactions for money, under the plea of time being required for the transfer and delivery of stock and shares, certain times are named called "account days" for settling the transactions. For shares these days are twice a month. The gamblers take advantage of this arrangement to speculate for the "account," making bargains and sales without delivery of stock or payment of cash, until the account day, when the "differences" are settled in money, or continued till the next account. Those attempting to run up prices are called "bulls," and those running them down, "bears." Money is lent by capitalists to members of the Stock Exchange on securities until the "account day," when the loan is stopped or continued, the securities altered, and the interest readjusted. The foreign market is chiefly engaged in speculative transactions in the dubious, Spanish, and other stocks, but London is the pay place for Portuguese, Brazilian, Chilian, Mexican, Danish, Greek, and other stocks, which are largely held. In 1845, railway shares gave rise to a large business in the Hall of Commerce and the Auction Mart, principally carried on by "outsiders," or persons of bad character, named "stags." Numbers of young men become members of the Stock Exchange, without any legitimate object, and by continued speculation dissipate their fortunes in a few years, as the brokers' and jobbers' commission must in the long run eat up the whole. The names of defaulters on the settling days are chalked on a black board, and this is the ceremony of exclusion. Differences between members are arbitrated by the committee, and litigation is thus avoided. The committee likewise assist in winding up the estates of defaulters. No strangers are permitted to enter the Stock Exchange, and those who attempt it seldom get out without injury. Lists are daily published of the prices of stocks and shares, and, twice a week, of bullion and the foreign exchanges.

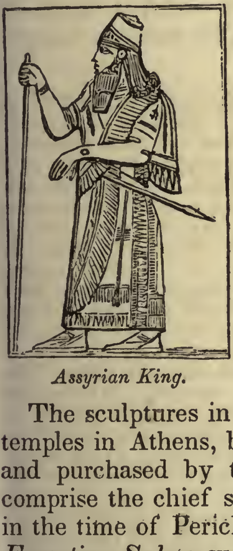
LLOYD'S ROOMS, over the Royal Exchange, is the great center for all relating to shipping. One room is devoted to underwriters, that is, to those who assure shipping, and another to merchants. Many of the subscribers are merchants and shipbrokers, others go merely to read the papers. The captains' room is for the use of masters of merchantmen; here is kept Lloyd's Register of shipping, and the books containing the daily accounts of the movements and casualties of shipping. The committee give rewards to English and foreigners, who render services to ships in distress; and in the war time, they raised a Patriotic Fund for the reward and relief of the officers and men, who distinguished themselves on behalf of the mercantile and national interests.



British Museum.

The BRITISH MUSEUM is a national collection of antiquities, specimens in minerals and natural history, books, prints, &c., which had its origin in 1753, in a direction left by Sir Hans Sloan, in his will, that his museum, which had cost him £50,000, should be offered to the nation for £20,000, on condition that Parliament purchased a house sufficiently commodious for it. The proposal was accepted, and the Harleian MSS., and the Cottonian and other collections of books were soon added. From this period to the present time, the collections have been increasing by the munificence of individuals and Parliamentary grants. Immense additions have also been made to it under the provisions of the copy-right act, by which every publisher is compelled, under a heavy penalty, to deliver to the British Museum, a copy of every new book, pamphlet, and newspaper. The library contains about *half a million* of volumes, and 40,000 manuscripts, and is visited by about 70,000 readers during each year.

The GALLERY OF ANTIQUITIES was first opened as a separate department in 1807. It contains monuments from Egypt, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, and is of the most extensive and valuable in Europe. The Nineveh Gallery contains the highly interesting remains discovered by Mr. Layard in a vast building upon a mound, at Nimroud, on the left bank of the Tigris, twenty-five miles south of Mosool, supposed to be the site of Nineveh, the capital of the Assyrian empire. There appears to be no question but that these remains are of a date before the time of Sennacherib, who reigned about 2,560, and during the reign of Hezekiah invaded Jerusalem. One of these figures in the collection is in the form of a colossal winged, human-headed lion from the portal of the door of a chamber, of the north-west palace, "The first was like a lion and had eagle's wings," Daniel vii. 4. This colossal image was transported from Nimroud to London at a great expense, and is believed to be one of the identical figures described by the ancient prophet. It is carved in the first style of Assyrian workmanship.



Assyrian King.

The annexed engraving shows the colossal figure, in the Nineveh Gallery, of the king walking; his right-hand being supported by a staff, and his left resting on the hilt of his sword. The whole figure is in perfect preservation, and is well finished. The ornaments upon the drapery are most elaborately carved. There is also in the collection a colossal eagle-headed figure of the god Nisroch, another of the fish-god Dagon, also many others of priests, warriors, horsemen, chariots, &c.

The sculptures in the *Elgin Saloon*, were taken, in 1804, from temples in Athens, by the Earl of Elgin, ambassador to Turkey, and purchased by the British Parliament for £35,000. They comprise the chief sculptured ornament from the Parthenon, built in the time of Pericles, 450 years B. C. The monuments in the *Egyptian Saloon* were chiefly brought from Thebes and Memphis, and show sculptures more than a thousand years before the Christian era, and as early as the time of the Judges of Israel. There is also a great variety of fossil remains, minerals, &c.

The Bank of England is situated in the heart of the city; it is a low but extensive pile covering about eight acres. The architecture is rich, but rather remarkable; there being, with the exception of one small portion over the south entrance, no windows on the exterior. It has an air of solidity, becoming the place of deposit of the wealth of a great nation, which generally includes £18,000,000 of gold coin or bullion. Here the payment of the interest of government securities is made at stated periods of the year. This bank, the largest in the world, was founded in 1694. Banking after the expulsion of the Jews and the decline of the Lombards, was carried on in London by the goldsmiths as a part of their business during the seventeenth century. Its chief seat has been for hundreds of years in Lombard-street, and the settlement of the great money lenders is further commemorated by the arms of Lombardy, their country, being still the ensigns of the pawnbrokers, in the form of three golden balls.

The issue of paper money in London is now restricted to the Bank of England, though formerly goldsmiths' notes circulated. The ordinary banking business of taking care of money, and lending it out, is carried on by the Bank of England, the private bankers, and the joint-stock companies. It may be said that the great end of London banking is to economize coin by using it as little as possible.

Mr. Gilbart states, that the first "run" in the history of banking in England occurred in 1667, twenty-seven years before the establishment of the Bank of England. The Dutch admiral, De Ruyter, had taken Sheerness, and had sent his vice-admiral, Van Ghent, up the Medway to destroy Chatham. The greatest alarm prevailed in London; and we learn from Pepy's "Diary," that confusion and imbecility prevailed in the councils of the government. The citizens ran to their goldsmiths or bankers to withdraw their money. Various efforts were made to restore confidence. There was another extraordinary "run" in 1745, on the Bank of England, when the army of the Pretender was rapidly marching on the metropolis. A public meeting was held, and upwards of a thousand merchants signed a declaration expressing their readiness to take bank-notes. At that critical period the bank paid cash in silver, instead of gold, to gain time. A still more remarkable "run," from the consequences which it produced, was in 1797. Fears of foreign invasion prevailed, the government required money, and public confidence was shaken. On Saturday, the 25th of February, 1797, there was only £1,270,000 in coin and bullion remaining in the coffers of the bank. On Monday an order in council was distributed among the crowd assembled at the bank to demand gold, intimating that government had exempted the bank from payments in cash. It was then that notes for so small a sum as one pound were authorized to be issued. The restriction of cash payments continued during the long and expensive war.

The bank made an effort to return to cash payments from 1817 to 1819: but it was not till the first of May, 1821, that payments in specie legally and permanently commenced. Since that time, except for a short period at the end of 1825, Bank of England notes under five pounds have been withdrawn from circulation, and ultimately all bank notes under five pounds were prohibited throughout England.

Many of our readers will remember what is termed the "panic" of 1825. The "run" on the Bank of England was the greatest that had taken place since 1797. In April or May, 1825, the bank had about ten millions of bullion, and by November it was reduced to one million three hundred thousand pounds. During the "run," gold was handed over when called for, in bags of twenty-five sovereigns each. But at that critical time, says a bank director, "bullion came in, and the mint coined; they worked double tides—in short, they were at work night and day: we were perpetually receiving gold from abroad, and coin from the mint."

One of the chief attractions and proudest boasts of this capital is its splendid parks. The three parks of earliest formation—

namely, Hyde-park, St. James's-park, and the Green-park—which date from the time of Henry VIII, and owe their origin to the confiscations of church property then made.

Hyde Park is situated at the western extremity of the metropolis, between the roads leading to Kensington and Uxbridge—the former a continuation of Piccadilly, the latter of Oxford-street. This park derives its name from the ancient manor of Hida, which belonged to the monastery of St. Peter, at Westminster, till in the reign of Henry VIII it became the property of the crown. It originally contained about 620 acres; but, by inclosing and taking part of it into Kinsington Gardens, and by other grants of land for building on, between Park lane and Hyde Park corner, it has been reduced to three hundred and ninety-four acres. At the south-east corner of the park is Aspley House, the mansion of the Duke of Wellington, and beside it is a handsome Ionic screen or gateway; directly opposite which, on the north, is a statue of Achilles, by Westmacott, erected, in 1822, "by the ladies of England to the Duke of Wellington and his brave companions in arms." The sheet of water termed the Serpentine River was formed by Queen Caroline, in 1730, by enlarging the bed of the stream which runs through Bayswater into Kensington Gardens. A handsome stone bridge crosses this water, skirting Kensington Gardens. It is much frequented—in summer for bathing, and in winter for skating, but is dangerous in parts. On the north side are two powder magazines, and a station-house belonging to the Royal Humane Society, for the recovery of persons supposed to be drowned. On the south side are the barracks of the Horse Guards. Every afternoon during the season this park is crowded with fashionable company, in splendid equipages or on horseback; Kinsington Gardens being, during the same hours, crowded with pedestrians, a military band playing for certain hours on appointed days of the week.

St. James's Park, which, it will be seen, is situated at a very low level, was nothing better than a morass till the time of Henry VIII, who, having built St. James's Palace, had it inclosed and laid out in walks, collecting the waters into a reservoir or pond. It was afterwards much improved by Charles II, who employed Le Notre to add several fields, to plant rows of limes, and to lay out the Mall, which is half a mile in length, and was so called from the game played with a ball, called "a mall." The park was much improved under George IV and William IV, the water being laid out in an ornamental manner, stocked with rare aquatic birds, and the ground planted with valuable shrubs and flowers. In the Birdcage-walk, which is on the south side of the park, extending from Storey's gate to Buckingham Palace, are situated the Wellington Barracks for the Foot Guards.

The *Green Park* is also part of the ground inclosed by Henry VIII, a ground sloping upwards from the St. James's Park to Piccadilly. It was much neglected for many years, but has lately been intersected with walks, which are a great convenience for foot passengers wishing to make a short and agreeable cut from Hyde-park Corner to Pall Mall and Charing-cross.

Regent's Park is a spacious inclosure, on the north side of the metropolis, at the top of Portland-place, and between it and Hampstead. It is nearly of a circular form, and comprises about four hundred and fifty acres. It was laid out as a park in 1812, and already the trees and shrubberies have a luxuriant appearance. The ornamental water is superior to that of St. James's; and the terraces which surround the park are built in a style of decorative architecture which adds much to the general beauty of the spot.

Victoria Park, Bethnal-green, comprises about two hundred acres, purchased and laid out under an act of Parliament obtained about ten years ago.

The NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar Square, originated in 1823, in the purchase by government, of Angerstein's collection of pictures for £50,000. Since this period it has been enriched by private gifts, and purchases made by authority of Parliament, one of which was the purchase of two Corregios from the Marquis of Londonderry, for £10,000. The collection contains some of the paintings by the ancient masters, *Reubens*, *Vandyke*, *Guido*, *Poussin*, *Claude*, *Carracci*, with those of *Sir Thomas Lawrence*, and many others. The collection, which occupied a number of rooms, as a whole, hardly met our expectations. In many of the paintings there is too much indistinctness of outline, many of the figures are too indistinct, or thrown too much into the shade; some were too highly colored, and in many a tawdry color, composed of a red and yellow hue, too much prevailed.

There were two or three allegorical compositions, one of which was by Reubens. These, with most of the attempts of the kind I have yet seen are quite deficient of leaving on the mind any definite or distinct idea of what the painter would represent. Even when these old painters would represent a scriptural scene, they are quite apt to make some blunder, showing their ignorance of the Bible—giving too much cause for a celebrated divine to call them " wretched commentators." It is questionable, after all the praise given to the ancient masters, whether they have excelled our modern painters, except in painting the female form. I have no where seen portraits in any collection more life-like than those painted by Mr. Jocelyn, of Connecticut. Among the portraits in the National Gallery is one of Rembrant, said to have been painted by himself. It is certainly one of superior execution. If it be a correct portrait, (and we have every reason to believe it so,) it is to all appearance a countenance of an intemperate man who had undermined and ruined his constitution by beastly excesses.

In this, as in most other collections of the old masters, there are too many naked figures exhibited to the public gaze. Painting is indeed a noble art, but it has been perverted, like many other gifts given by our Creator. Many of the celebrated painters were men of dissolute habits, and if a large proportion of their works were struck out of existence, the world would suffer no loss. Instead of ministering to the lower passions of our nature, if the painter would devote his energies to the exhibition of the heroism of virtue, his art would become ennobled. Instead of representing a naked Venus, let him exhibit a Grace Darling in the sublime heroism of exposing her own life to save that of others. Instead of showing up the bloody exploits of some warlike bull-dog for our admiration, let John Huss, Jerome of Prague, or the philanthropist Voltemad at the Cape of Good Hope, be exhibited.

The Pantheon, in Oxford-street, (originally built for a theater or concert room) is now used in part for a new collection of paintings by modern artists, all of which are for sale. As works of art, they are respectably executed, and the *morale* of the whole, about three hundred in number, is superior to most collections of the kind. The collection consists of landscapes, domestic, scriptural, and other scenes; the two most prominent paintings, are one representing the evacuation of Parga by its Christian inhabitants during the Greek revolution, twenty-six feet by sixteen; the other, an emblematic painting entitled, " Youth stimulated to Virtue." The first shows the inhabitants of Parga collecting the remains of their deceased relatives in order to burn them, to save them from insult and profanation from the troops of Ali Pacha, who are seen in the distance. The emblematic painting is as to its design, equal, if not superior to any thing of the kind found in any collection. It is easily comprehended. In the lower part two youths are represented as gazing upwards with admiration, while a messenger of fame is directing their attention to the goddess, who is distributing wreaths. Philosophy and poetry appear with their appropriate emblems. Above, the British worthies appear in various groupes. In the upper part of the vision appear the martyrs, almost lost in the distant glories above: Queen Elizabeth, Edward, and other virtuous monarchs, statesmen, warriors, poets and philosophers, in their appropriate company, their portraits being easily recognized.

There was also in the collection when visited, a series of paintings, illustrating the Hon. Mrs. Norton's pathetic poems of the sorrows of Rosalie, entitled, " The Victim of Seduction." The various stages of wretchedness which follow a deviation from the path of virtue are here forcibly depicted, and the exhibition of these scenes can be no otherwise than salutary. Attached to the Pantheon, is a bazaar containing a vast variety of fancy articles for sale. There is also an aviary and a collection of plants.

MADAME TUSSAUD & SON'S EXHIBITION OF WAX FIGURES, &c., is the largest, best, and most interesting exhibition of the kind in the world. It was first opened in the Palais Royal, in Paris, in 1772, and in London in 1802. It is a place of great attraction, and is patronized by all classes, among which are the members of the Royal Family, the Nobility and Foreign Ambassadors. It occupies a number of apartments, and the figures appear in groups. The first group in the Great Room represents King Henry the Eighth and his six queens, having all their costumes, jewelry, &c., taken from authentic sources. This consummate villain is shown in a magnificent suit of armor, worn at the tournament of the Field of the cloth of Gold. His queens, two of whom were beheaded, are represented in order, Catherine, of Arragon, Mary, Jane Seymour, Ann Boleyne, and Catherine Parr. King Edward VI, who died in the sixteenth year of his age, Cardinal Wolsey, and Queen Elizabeth are in the same room.

In the second group, the present Royal Family are all represented—the Queen's eldest son, the Prince of Wales, appears in a beautiful Scotch Highland dress. The present Duke of Devonshire, tall and elegant in person, and considered at the head of the fashionable world, appears in a diplomatic court dress, and wearing the order of the Garter, is seen near the Royal personages. The Bishop of London, Viscount Hardinge, who distinguished himself at the battle of Waterloo, Nicholas I, Emperor of Russia, Lord John Russel, Lord Palmerston, and some others, are in this apartment.

The fourth group shows the most celebrated actors in the late wars of Napoleon, including the members of the Holy Alliance. In the succeeding groups are seen Mary, Queen of Scots, John Knox, Calvin, Luther, Joan of Arc, Charles I, Louis XVI, his wife Maria Antoinette, and their children; Lord Nelson, and all the most celebrated characters who have figured in modern history. The celebrated infidel, Voltaire, is represented from a cast taken from his face two months previous to his death.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the exhibition is in the "Golden Chamber" containing the relics of the Emperor Napoleon, which cost the proprietors nearly £13,000. The most striking object is that of Napoleon lying in state on the camp bed-stead, used by him during seven years at St. Helena, with the matrasses and pillows on which he died. He is clothed in his chasseur uniform, covered with the identical cloak he wore at the battle of Marengo. The likeness of the Emperor, is from the original cast taken from his face by Automarchi, his surgeon.

On a small table, a copy of the one on which he signed his abdication, are placed the identical sword worn and used by Napoleon during his campaign in Egypt. In a glass case is seen the gold-repeating watch of the Emperor, his ring, handkerchief, tooth-brush, a lock of his hair, &c. In another glass case is seen the counterpane used on the camp bed on which Napoleon died, *stained with his blood.* In the second room devoted to the relics of the Emperor, is his carriage taken at Waterloo, purchased by the authority of the British Government from the Prince Regent for £2,500. It is the identical carriage in which he made the campaign of Russia. It was captured on the evening of the battle and sent by the officer who took it to the Prince Regent. It is so fitted up that a person can sleep at his full length, there are drawers, &c., with every convenience for the Emperor to take his meals, also a place for his secretary, and conveniences for writing. There are also in this apartment two other carriages, one made at Milan in 1805, and the other used by him at St. Helena.

Among the interesting relics seen here, is the coat worn by Lord Nelson at the battle of the Nile—the shoe of Pope Pius VI—the knife with which Margaret Nicholson attempted to assassinate George III—the shirt worn by Henry IV, of France, when stabbed by Ravaillac the fanatic. The stain of blood which issued from the wound is still to be seen upon it. This relic was purchased by the uncle of Madame Tussaud, at an auction of the valuable effects belonging to Cardinal Mazarin.

The *Chamber of Horrors*, so named from the objects and figures represented, is one of the deepest interest. All the prominent murderers are represented in the dresses which they wore. Among these are the figures of Burke, and his accomplice Hare, who furnished subjects for the medical students at Edingburgh, by decoying poor persons into their habitation, smothering them, and then sold their bodies. There is also a wax figure of Marat, taken immediately after his assassination by Charlotte Corday. He is represented as in a bath—the knife is seen sticking in the wound, and the blood issuing from it. There is also an exact copy in every particular of the original guillotine, as made by Guillotin, the inventor. A model of the heads of Robespierre, Carrier, and other Revolutionary tyrants, taken immediately after they were severed from their bodies by order of the National Assembly. The spectator of this interesting, though shocking spectacle, feels assured that he beholds before him the exact lineaments of the features of these prominent wretches exactly as they appeared immediately after their execution, with the clots of blood upon their necks where they were severed by the guillotine.

In the new room, opposite the entrance, is a wax figure of the Duke of Wellington, reposing under a splendid canopy of velvet and cloth of gold, on his tented couch, covered with the mantle of the order of the Garter, surrounded by the embems of his dignity. These rooms are now the largest in Europe, being 240 feet long, 48 wide, and 50 high.

Madame Tussaud left France in 1802, and from that period exhibited her collections in all the principal cities and towns of Great Britain and Ireland, and for nineteen years in London. She died in 1850, aged ninety years, leaving two sons, and several grandchildren.

The United Service Institution, founded in 1830, by members of the naval and military profession, has a very interesting collection for various scientific and general interest, mostly of a military character, such as models of fortifications, various weapons of war of all nations, objects in natural history, minerals, &c.* In the collection is seen the sword of Gen. Wolfe, which he wore when he was killed at Quebec—the sword of Oliver Cromwell—the sash which was used in carrying Sir John Moore, when wounded at the battle of Corrunna, and also used in lowering his body into his grave in the Ramparts—a cutlass belonging to Capt. Cooke, when killed by the savages—the dress which the Sultan *Tippo Saib* wore at the siege of Seringapatam—the skeleton of the horse which Napoleon rode at the battle of Waterloo. There is also the skeleton of an Egyptian youth, about fifteen years old, who lived about the eighteenth dynasty of the Pharoahs, before Christ 1,517, about 3,200 years ago, taken out of his coffin by Mr. Pettengrew, in February, 1849—the hat worn by Lord Nelson—the guillotine axe with which fifty royalists were beheaded at Guadaloupe, in 1794—the Artic wolf in the act of carrying off the favorite terrier of Sir George Back, in the expedition of 1833, also the polar bear mentioned in his narrative. There is also an interesting panorama of the Field of Waterloo, with French and English soldiers in their several positions, with the houses, roads, &c.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

In 1605 was discovered the celebrated gunpowder plot; the origin of which was as follows :—On the accession of James, great expectations had been formed by the Catholics that he would prove favorable to them, both as that was the religion of his mother, and as he himself had been suspected of a bias towards it in his youth. It is even pretended that he had entered into positive engagements to grant them a toleration as soon as he should ascend the English throne Here, however, they found their hopes built on a false foundation. As James, on all occasions, expressed his intention of executing strictly the laws enacted against them, and of persevering in all the rigorous measures of Queen Elizabeth, a plan of revenge was first thought of by a gentleman of the name of Catesby. He communicated his intention to Percy, a descendant of the house of Northumberland. The latter proposed to assassinate the king; but this seemed to Catesby very far from being adequate to their purpose. He told Percy, that the king would be succeeded by his children, who would also inherit his maxims of government. He told him, that even though the whole royal family were destroyed, the parliament, nobility, and gentry, who were all infected with the same heresy, would raise another Protestant prince to the throne. "To serve any good purpose we

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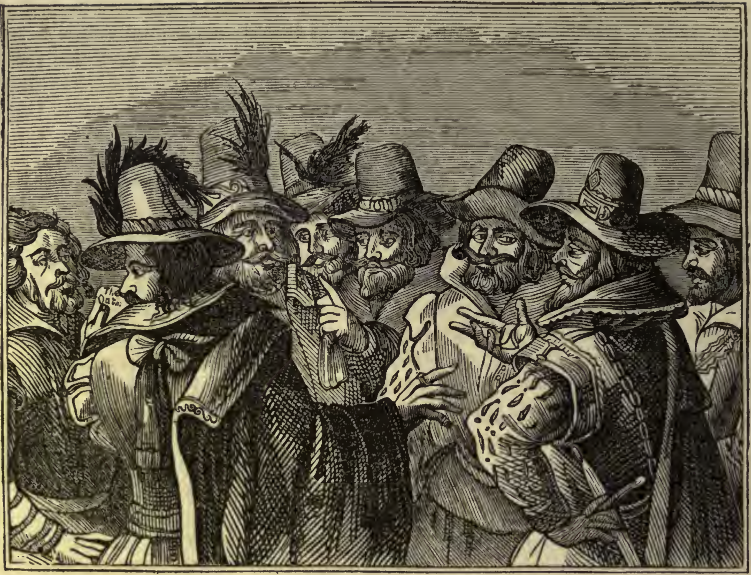
* Persons obtain admission to the Museum by a ticket from a member. For this we were indebted to Col. Enoch, of the British army. While in St. James' Park, we inquired of a géntlemen the direction of Westminster Abbey. This person, who was in citizen's dress, we found out afterwards was Lieut. Col. Enoch, an officer at the Head Quarters of the British army, at the Horse Guards. On finding out we were Americans, he took us to the Head Quarters and showed us the room where the corpse of the Duke of Wellington was placed on the night previous to his interment. We were much gratified with the friendly feelings he expressed towards our countrymen, who were regarded as relatives. As far as our observations extended, this appeared to be the general feeling in all parts of the United Kingdom which we visited.



THE GUNPOWDER CONSPIRATORS.

1. Bates. 2. R. Winter. 3. C. Wright. 4. J. Wright. 5. Perry. 6. Fawkes. 7. Catesby. 8. T. Winter

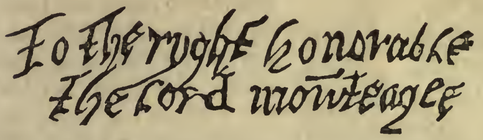
(*From a print published immediately after the discovery.*)

must," to use his own words, "destroy, at one blow, the king, the royal family, the lords and commons; and bury all our enemies in one common ruin. Happily they are all assembled on the first meeting of parliament; and afford us the opportunity of glorious and useful vengeance. Great preparations will not be requisite. A few of us may run a mine below the hall in which they meet; and choosing the very moment when the king harangues both the houses, consign over to destruction those determined foes to all piety and religion. Meanwhile, we ourselves standing aloof, safe and unsuspected, shall triumph in being the instruments of divine wrath, and shall behold with pleasure those sacrilegious walls, in which were passed the edicts for proscribing our church and butchering her children, tossed into a thousand fragments; while their impious inhabitants, meditating perhaps still new persecutions against us, pass from flames above to flames below, there forever to endure the torments due to their offenses."

This scheme being approved of, it was resolved to communicate it to a few more. Thomas Winter was sent over to Flanders in quest of Fawkes, an officer in the Spanish service of approved zeal and courage. All the conspirators were bound by the most solemn oaths, accompanied with the sacrament; and to such a degree had superstition effaced every principle of humanity from their minds, that not one of them ever entertained the smallest compunction for the massacre they proposed to commit. Some indeed were startled at the thought of destroying a number of Catholics who must necessarily be present as spectators, or attendants on the king, or as having seats in the house of peers. But Desmond, a Jesuit, and Garnet, who was the superior of that order in this country, removed those scruples, by showing that the interest of religion required in this case the sacrifice of the innocent with the guilty.

This happened in the spring and summer of 1604; when the conspirators also hired a house in Percy's name, adjoining that in which the parliament was to assemble. Towards the end of the year they began to pierce through the wall of the house in order to get in below that where the parliament was to sit. The walls were three yards thick, and consequently occasioned a great deal of labor. At length, however, they approached the other side, but were then startled by a noise for which they could not well account. Upon inquiry, they found that it came from a vault below the house of lords; that a magazine of coals had been kept there; and that the coals were then selling off, after which the vault would be let to the highest bidder. Upon this the vault was immediately hired by Percy; thirty-six barrels of powder lodged in it; the whole covered up with faggots and billets; the doors of the cellar boldly flung open; and every body admitted as if it contained nothing dangerous.

The king, the queen, and prince Henry, were expected to be present at the opening of the parliament. The duke, on account of his age, would be absent, and it was resolved that Percy should seize or murder him. The princess Elizabeth, likewise a child, was kept at Lord Harrington's house in Warwickshire; and some others of the conspirators engaged to assemble their friends on pretense of a hunting match, when they were to seize that princes, and immediately proclaim her queen. The day so long wished for at last approached; the dreadful secret, though communicated to more than twenty persons, had been religiously kept for a year and a half; when a few days before the meeting of parliament, Lord Monteagle, a Catholic, son to Lord Morley, received the following letter which had been delivered to his servant by an unknown hand:



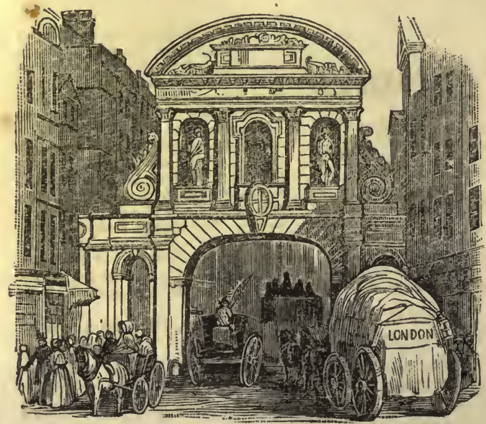
To the ryght honorable
The lord mowteagle

Copy of the Superscription of the letter sent to Lord Monteagle.

"My Lord, out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care for your preservation. Therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance on this parliament. For God and man have determined to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement; but retire yourself into the country, where you may expect the event in safety. For though there be no appearance of any stir, yet, I say, they shall receive a terrible blow this parliament; and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This council is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm; for the danger is over as soon as you have burned this letter. And I hope God will give you grace to make good use of it, to whose holy protection I commend you."

Though Monteagle imagined this letter to be only a ridiculous artifice to frighten him, he immediately carried it to Lord Salisbury, secretary of state; who laid it before the king on his arrival in town a few days after. The king looked upon the letter in a more serious light. From the manner in which it was wrote he concluded that some design was forming to blow up the parliament house with gunpowder, and it was thought advisable to search the vaults below. The Lord Chamberlain, to whom this charge belonged, purposely delayed the search till the day before the meeting of parliament. He remarked those great piles of wood and faggots which lay in the vault under the upper house; and casting his eye upon Fawkes, who stood in a corner and passed for Percy's servant, he noticed the determined courage which was conspicuous in his face, and so much distinguished this conspirator. Such a quantity of fuel, also, for one who lived so little in the metropolis as Percy, appeared somewhat extraordinary; and, upon comparing all these circumstances, it was resolved to make a further search. About midnight, Sir Thomas Knivet, a justice of the peace, was sent with proper attendants; and before the door of the vault finding Fawkes, who had just finished all his preparations, he immediately seized him, and, turning over the faggots, discovered the powder. The matches and every thing proper for setting fire to the train were taken in Fawkes' pocket; who, seeing now no refuge but in boldness and despair, expressed the utmost regret that he had lost the opportunity of firing the powder at once, and of sweetening his own death by that of his enemies. For two or three days he displayed the same obstinate intrepidity, but, being confined in the tower, and a rack shown to him, his courage failed, and he made a discovery of all the conspirators.

Catesby, Percy, and the other criminals, on hearing that Fawkes was arrested, hurried away to Warwickshire; where Sir Edward Digby, imagining that his confederates had succeeded, was already in arms to seize the Princess Elizabeth. She had escaped into Coventry; and they were obliged to put themselves in a posture of defense against the country people, who were raised from all quarters and armed by the sheriffs. The conspirators, with all their attendants, never exceeded the number of eighty persons; and being surrounded on every side, could no longer have any hope of escaping. Having therefore confessed themselves, and received absolution, they boldly prepared for death, and resolved to sell their lives as dear as possible. But even this miserable consolation was denied them. Some of their powder took fire, and disabled them from defending themselves. The people then rushed in upon them. Percy and Catesby were killed. Digby, Rockwood, Winter, and others, being taken prisoners, were tried, confessed their guilt, and died, as well as Garnet, by the hands of the common executioner. The lords Stourton and Mordaunt, two Catholics, were fined, the former £4,000, the latter £10,000 by the Star-Chamber; because their absence from parliament had occasioned a suspicion of their being made acquainted with the conspiracy. The Earl of Northumberland was fined £30,000, and detained several years a prisoner in the tower; because, not to mention other grounds of suspicion, he had admitted Percy into the number of gentlemen pensioners, without his taking the requisite oath.



Temple-Bar.

The city of London forms two portions: London within the walls, and London without the walls. London within the walls is the most ancient part, within the Roman walls; the other part consists of the suburbs or liberties formed in the Middle Ages, without these walls. Of the walls few remains exist; but it is worth while to refer to the boundary, as it will assist the archæologist in determining the site of the Roman settlement, and will enable him to follow historically the growth of the city. The boundary of the old city is very nearly that of the great fire of 1668, and, consequently within those limits, the architecture is not earlier than Wren's time, and it is on the bounds we must look for mediæval monuments. Temple Bar, an outer bar in the liberties, is the only remaining gateway, and by which is the state entrance for the King or Queen. On such an occasion the gates are shut to, and the authorities drawn up within on the city side. A herald, or other officer of the king, knocks at the gate, and informs the Marshal that the King asks admission. The Marshal reports this to the Lord Mayor, who gives orders that the gates shall be thrown open, and proceeds to offer the King the city sword. The gate is sometimes strictly kept, for the

Lord Mayor being within his bounds second to the King alone, is jealous that his precedency of other great personages is preserved. Troops arriving at the city bounds must not pass through with drums beating, or colors flying, or recruit, unless with leave of the Lord Mayor, one regiment only excepted, by the name of the Old Bluffs, who were originally raised within the city; and who, when in England, are always welcomed in the exercise of their privileges. At the bars of the city without the walls, as at Temple Bar, Holborn Bar, and Smithfield Bar, officers of the city may be seen levying toll on all the carts of all nonfreemen, that is, all carts not marked with the city arms, the red cross of St. George, and the dagger.

The style of the corporation is the mayor and commonalty and citizens of London, and the head of this is the Lord Mayor. This officer is chosen by the Livery, on the 29th of September, being commonly the senior alderman, who has been sheriff, but not Lord Mayor.

The Lord Mayor elect goes in procession to be presented to the Lord High Chancellor, who signifies the assent of the government to the election. On the 8th of November, the Lord Mayor is sworn in before the Court of Aldermen, invested with the golden collar of SS. and jewel, and signs a bond for £4,000 to restore the plate and jewels of the office, which are, however, worth £20,000. These two ceremonies are worth seeing. The grand day is the 9th of November, kept as a city holiday, under the name of "Lord Mayor's day." Business is suspended in the principal thoroughfares, and in the afternoon the whole population are let loose. During the passage of the procession, the city officers close the streets against omnibuses and other carriages.

TEMPLE CHURCH, or properly *St. Mary*, Inner Temple, belongs to the societies of the Inner and Middle Temple. It was commenced by the Knights Templars, in the latter part of the twelfth century. It consists of two parts, the round church and the choir. The former, a fine specimen of the transition of the Norman style, is of the above period; the choir, which is in the early English style, dates about the middle of the thirteenth century. The church having fallen into bad repair, was put into a course of restoration, not to say rebuilding, in 1839, with strict regard to the original model. These works were completed in 1842, at a cost of £70,000. The pavement is laid with encaustic tiles, and the stalls and benches enriched with carvings from ancient patterns. Here are numerous ancient tombs of Knights Templars; here, also, were buried, Edmund Gibbon, Oliver Goldsmith, (1774.) The preacher of the Temple Church is called the Master, in obedience to ancient usage. Strangers are admitted by cards of introduction from members of either Temple.

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON IN 1665.

In 1665, on the first rumor, of the plague having broken out in Long Acre, about the beginning of December, and that two persons, said to be Frenchmen, had died of it in one house, the secretary of state ordered the bodies to be inspected by two physicians and a surgeon; and on their report, it was inserted in the weekly bill of mortality, that two persons were dead of this disorder.* This occasioned considerable alarm throughout the metropolis; and the death of another man of the plague in the same house where it had first appeared, in the last week of December, increased the apprehensions that were already entertained.

The prevalence of a frost, attended by winds, checked the mortality till the month of April and May, when a gradual increase of deaths by the plague was returned in the bills, and particularly in the parish of St. Giles. During the last two weeks of May, and the first week of June, the disorder spread in a dreadful manner: whole streets were infested with it, and, though many arts were employed to conceal its ravages, apprehension and dismay spread over the metropolis. In the second week in June, the deaths greatly increased: in St. Giles's parish, where its strength yet lay, about one hundred died of the plague; but, within the city walls, only four were enumerated.

About this time his Majesty, with his whole court, departed for Oxford, where they continued till after Christmas: leaving the chief weight and direction of the capital, in this most calamitous era, to the Duke of Albemarle, and Sir John Lawrence, "*London's generous Mayor.*"

In June and July the infection spread rapidly, and consternation and horror dwelt in every bosom. All whose circumstances or duties would permit, quitted the metropolis, and the roads were thronged with multitudes hastening from the scene of death. From the parishes of St. Giles, Westminster, St. Martin, and St. Andrew, the disorder passed eastward on the outskirts of the city to Clerkenwell, Cripplegate, and Shoreditch; where the crowded habitations of the poor and laboring classes offered a full prey to its ravages.

During the month of August, the infection greatly extended its ravages, and, though every precaution that prudence and skill could suggest, was taken to prevent its spreading, it now began to rage with considerable violence, even within the city itself. All trade, but for the immediate necessaries of life, was at an end; the streets were deserted of passengers, every place of diversion was closed, and assemblies of whatever kind, except for the celebration of prayer and divine worship, were strictly prohibited.

In the last week in August, that is, from the twenty-second to the twenty-ninth, and while the city was as yet comparatively free, the number of deaths by the plague was recorded in the bills at seven thousand four hundred and ninety-six. It should be remembered too, that this was at a time when nearly two hundred thousand persons are thought to have previously quitted the metropolis. The dead augmented beyond the means of enumeration, the churchyards were no longer capable of receiving the bodies, and large open spaces, on the outskirts of the metropolis, were appropriated for the purpose. "Whole families, and, indeed, whole streets of families, were swept away together, insomuch, that it was frequent for neighbors to call to the bellman to go to such and such houses, and fetch out the people for they were all dead."

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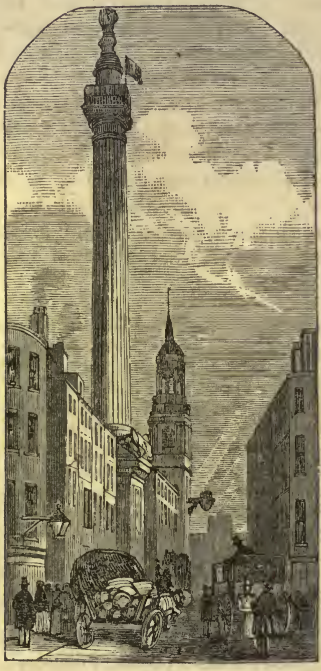
* The general manner in which the pestilence affected its victims, was by fevers, vomiting, head-ache, pains in the back, and tumors, or swelling in the neck, groin, and armpits, accompanied by inflammation and gangrene. In the height of the disease, the deaths occurred within two or three days after the patient was taken ill; and sometimes within three, four, or six hours, where the plague spots, or tokens, as they were called, had shown themselves without previous illness. The violence of the pain arising from the swellings, frequently occasioned delirium; and where the tumors could not be maturated, death was inevitable.

The grave was now a "yawning abyss:" deeper and more extensive pits were dug, and the rich and the poor, the young and the aged, the adult and the child, were all promiscuously thrown headlong together into one common receptacle. By day, the streets presented a most frightful aspect of desolation and misery; and at night, the *dead carts*, moving with slow pace by torchlight, and with the appalling cry, "*bring out your dead!*" thrilled horror through every heart that was not hardened, by suffering, to calamity.

London presented a wide and heart-rending scene of misery and desolation. Rows of houses stood tenantless, and open to the winds; others, in almost equal numbers, exhibited the red cross flaming on the doors. The chief thoroughfares, so lately trodden by the feet of thousands, were overgrown with grass. The few individuals who ventured abroad walked in the middle; and, when they met, removed to opposite sides, to avoid the contact of each other. But, if the solitude and stillness of the streets impressed the mind with awe, there was something yet more appalling in the sounds which occasionally burst on the ear. At one moment were heard the ravings of delirium or the wail of woe from the infected dwellers; at another, the merry song or the loud and careless laugh issuing from the wassailers at the tavern, or the inmates of the brothel. Men became so familiarized with the form, that they steeled their feelings against the terrors of death. They waited each for his turn with the resignation of the Christian or the indifference of the stoic. Some devoted themselves to exercises of piety; others sought relief in the riot of dissipation, and the recklessness of despair.

September came, the heat of the atmosphere began to abate; but, contrary to expectation, the mortality increased. Formerly, a hope of recovery might be indulged; now, infection was the certain harbinger of death, which followed generally, in the course of three days, often within the space of twenty-four hours. The privy council ordered an experiment to be tried, which was grounded on the practice of former times. To dissipate the pestilential miasm, fires of sea-coal, in the proportion of one fire to every twelve houses, were kindled in every street, court, and alley of London and Westminster. They were kept burning three days and nights, and were at last extinguished by a heavy and continuous fall of rain. The next bill exhibited a considerable reduction in the amount of deaths, and the survivors congratulated each other on the cheering prospects. But the cup was soon dashed from their lips, and in the following week, more than ten thousand victims, a number hitherto unknown, sunk under the augmented violence of the disease. Yet even now, when hope had yielded to despair, their deliverance was at hand. The high winds which usually accompany the autumnal equinox, cooled and purified the air; the fever, though equally contagious, assumed a less malignant form, and its ravages were necessarily more confined' from the diminution of the population on which it had hitherto fed. The weekly burials successfully decreased from thousands to hundreds; and in the beginning of December, seventy-three parishes were pronounced clear of the disease. The intelligence was hailed with joy by the emigrants, who returned in crowds to take possession of their homes, and resume their usual occupations; in February the court was once more fixed at Whitehall, and the nobility and gentry followed the footsteps of the sovereign. Though more than one hundred thousand individuals are said to have perished, yet in a short time the chasm in the population was no longer discernible. The plague continued indeed, to linger in particular spots, but its terrors were forgotten or despised; and the streets, so recently abandoned by the inhabitants, were again thronged with multitudes in the eager pursuit of profit, pleasure, or crime.

GREAT FIRE IN LONDON, 1666.



London Monument.

The year 1666 is remarkable in the annals of London, for the great fire, usually ascribed to the agency of the ministers of the Church of Rome. The account published by Thomas Vincent, under the name of "God's Terrible Voice in the City," though rather extravagant in its details, is less warped by political prejudice than that of the celebrated John Evelyn. Vincent states that, "that which made the ruin more dismal was, that it was begun on the Lord's day morning: never was there the like Sabbath in London; some churches were in flames that day; and God seems to come down, and to preach himself in them as he did in Mount Sinai, where the mount burned with fire; such warm preaching those churches never had; such lightning-dreadful sermons never were before delivered in London. Now the train-band are up in arms, watching at every quarter for outlandish men, because of the general fears, and jealousies, and rumors that fire-balls were thrown into houses by several of them, to help on and provoke the too furious flames. Now goods are hastily removed from the lower parts of the city, and the body of the people begin to retire. Yet some hopes were entertained on the Lord's day that the fire would be extinguished, especially by them who lived in the remote parts; they could scarcely imagine that the fire, a mile off, should be able to reach their houses.

But the evening draws on, and now the fire is more visible and dreadful; instead of the black curtains of the night, which used to spread over the city, now the curtains are yellow; the smoke that arose from the burning parts seemed like so much flame in the night, which, being blown upon the other parts by the wind, the whole city at some distance seemed to be on fire. Now hopes began to sink, and a general consternation seizeth upon the spirits of the people: little sleep is taken in London this night; the amazement which the eye and ear doth effect upon the spirits, doth either dry up or drive away the vapor which used to bind up the senses. Some are at work to quench the fire with water; others endeavor to stop its course by pulling down of houses, but all to no purpose.

On Monday, Grace Church-street is all in flames, with Lombard-street on the left hand, and part of Fenchurch-street on the right; the fire working (though not so fast) against the wind that way: before it were pleasant and stately houses, behind it ruin and desolate heaps. The burning then was in the fashion of a bow; a dreadful bow it was, such as mine eyes never before had seen. Now the flames break in upon Cornhill, that large and spacious street, and quickly cross the way by the train of wood that lay in the streets untaken away, which had been pulled down from houses to prevent its spreading; and so they lick the whole streets as they go: they mount up to the top of the highest houses; they descend down to the bottom of the lowest vaults and cellars, and march along on both sides of the way with such a roaring noise as never was heard in the city of London: no stately building so great as to resist their fury; the Royal Exchange itself, the glory of the merchants, is now invaded with much violence, and when once the fire was entered, how quickly did it run round the galleries, filling them with flames; then came down stairs, compasseth the walks, giving forth flaming volleys, and filleth the courts with sheets of fire: by and by down fall the kings upon their faces, and the greatest part of the stone building after them (the founder's statue only remaining,) with such a noise as was dreadful and astonishing. Now carts, and wagons, and coaches, and horses, as many as could have entrance into the city were loaden, and any money is given for help: five pounds, ten pounds, twenty pounds, thirty pounds, for a cart to bear forth into the fields some choice things, which were ready to be consumed; and some of the countrymen had the conscience to accept of the highest sum, which the citizens did then offer in their extremity: I am mistaken, if such money do not burn worse than the fire out of which it was raked. Now casks of wine and oil, and other commodities, are tumbled along, and the owners shove as much of their goods as they can towards the gate; every one now becomes a porter to himself, and scarcely a back either of man or woman that hath strength, but had a burden on it in the streets. It was very sad to see such throngs of poor citizens coming in, and going forth from the unburnt parts, heavily loaden with some pieces of their goods, but more heavily loaden with grief and sorrow of heart, so that it was wonderful they did not quite sink under these burdens.

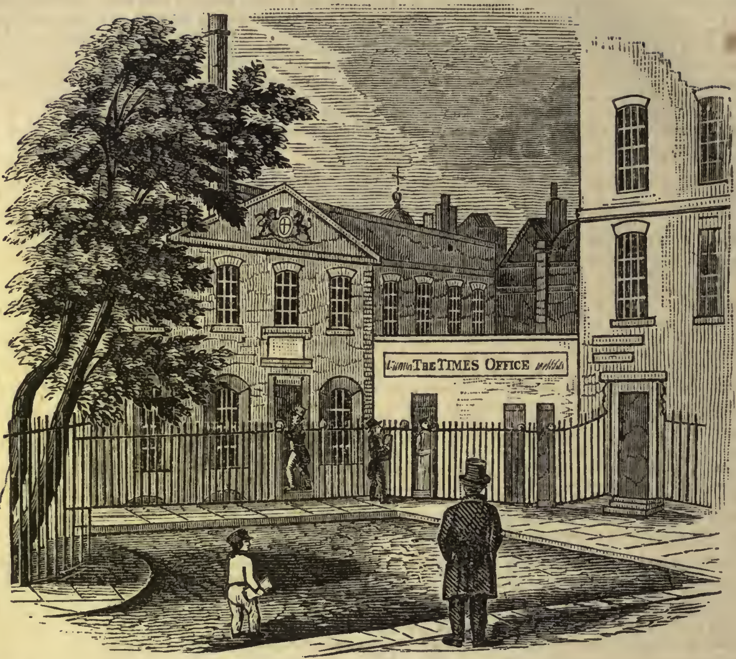
Monday night was a dreadful night: when the wings of the night had shadowed the light of the heavenly bodies, there was no darkness of night in London, for the fire now shines round about with a fearful blaze, which yielded such light in the streets, as it had been the sun at noon-day. On Tuesday was the fire burning up the very bowels of London: Cheapside is all in a light fire in a few hours time (many fires meeting there as in a center:) from Soper-lane, Bow-lane, Bread-street, Friday-street, and Old 'Change, the fire comes up almost together, and breaks furiously into the broad street, and most of that side of the way was together in flames, a dreadful spectacle! And then partly by the fire which came down by Mercer's chapel, partly by the fall of the houses across the way, the other side is quickly kindled, and doth not stand long after it. Now the fire gets into Blackfriars, and so continues its course by the water, and makes up towards St. Paul's church on that side, and Cheapside fire besets the great building on this side, and the church, though all of stone outward, though naked of houses about it, and though so high above all buildings in the city, yet within awhile doth yield to the violent assaults of the conquering flames, and strangely takes fire at the top; now the lead melts and runs down as if it had been snow before the sun, and the great beams and massy stones with a great noise fall on the pavement, and break through, with Faith church underneath; now great flakes of stone scale and peel off strangely from the side of the walls: the conqueror having got this high fort, darts his flames round about.

On Wednesday morning, when people expected that the suburbs would be burnt as well as the city, and with speed were preparing their flight as well as they could, with their luggage into the country and neighboring villages, then the Lord had pity on poor London. A check it had in Leadenhall by that great building; a stop it had in Bishopsgate-street, Fenchurch-street, Lime-street, Mark-lane, and towards the Tower: one means, under God, was the blowing up of houses with gunpowder. Now it is stayed in Lothbury, Broad-street, Colman-street; towards the gates it burnt, but not with any great violence; at the Temple also it is stayed, and in Holborn, where it had got no great footing; and when once the fire was got under, it was kept under, and on Thursday the flames were extinguished.

But although the fire was thus got under in all parts, the condition of the inhabitants of the destroyed city was, as may be conceived, dismal in the extreme. It was only now that the full extent of the calamity came to be seen and felt. Not more than six or seven individuals had fallen a prey to the flames, although it is probable that the sudden removal from their houses into the open fields must have been fatal to many of the sick and aged. But although life was left to the houseless multitude, they had lost almost everything else. Evelyn draws a melancholy picture of the general desolation. "The poor inhabitants," he says, "were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in a circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels; many without a rag, or any necessary utensils, bed, or board, who, from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations, in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extreme misery and poverty. . The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. . . . .
Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest; the heat of the ground and air, smoke a fiery vapor, continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably surbated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand people, of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld." The misery and confusion, it appears, were still further augmented by a rumor which arose, that the French and Dutch had landed, and were about to enter the city. The mingled terror and fury, which this news excited were so great that it became necessary to send bodies of military to the fields where the people were, to watch them and keep down the tumult.

Rather more than three-fourths of the city within the walls were destroyed, together with a space fully equal to the remaining space beyond. The fire, according to Maitland, "laid waste and consumed the buildings on four-hundred and thirty-six acres of ground, four hundred streets, lanes, &c., thirteen thousand and two hundred houses, the cathedral church of St. Paul, eighty-six parish churches, six chapels, the magnificent buildings of Guildhall, the Royal Exchange, Custom-house, and Blackwell Hall, divers hospitals and libraries, fifty-two of the Companies' Halls, and a vast number of other stately edifices, together with three of the city gates, four stone bridges, and the prisons of Newgate, the Fleet, the Poultry, and Wood-street Compters; the loss of which, together with that of merchandise and household furniture, by the calculation, amounted to ten millions seven hundred and thirty thousand and five hundred pounds."

TIMES OFFICE, LONDON.



View of the Office of "The Times," London.

The above is a view of the *Times* Office, taken in Oct., 1853. It is situated at the end of rather an obscure court or lane, in the heart of London, in the vicinity of St. Paul's Church ; a small portion of the dome or spire appears above the roof of the building. Viewed in its several aspects, this unpretending structure may be considered as the most important place in the world. The power which emanates from this spot is "greater than the throne," and controls, in a great degree, the destinies of a mighty empire, and even, to some extent, the world itself. The principal entrance is at the door over which is a Tablet, on which is inscribed the following :—

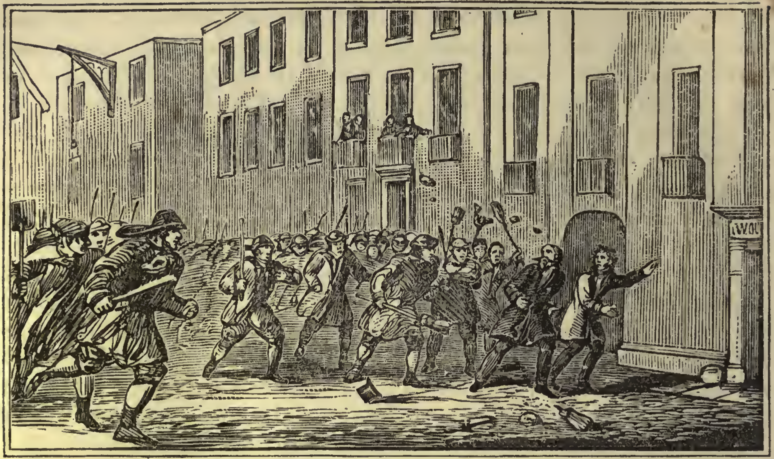
> "This Tablet was erected to commemorate the extraordinary exertions of the Times Newspaper, in the exposure of a remarkable fraud upon the mercantile public, which exposure subjected the proprietors to a most expensive lawsuit. At a meeting of Merchants, Bankers, &c., at the Mansion House, on the 1st day of October, A. D. 1841, the most Honorable Lord Mayor in the chair, the following resolutions were agreed to. [Here follows the Resolves, &c.]

At the close of the meeting above mentioned, 2,700 pounds were subscribed. The proprietors of the *Times*, refusing to be reimbursed their heavy costs incurred by them in the above-mentioned suit. It was resolved, that 150 guineas be applied to the erection of this Tablet, and a similar one in the Royal Exchange, and that the surplus of the fund raised should be invested in the purchase of three per cent. consols, the dividends to be applied to the support of two scholarships, to be called the "Times Scholarships."

The door over which "The Times Office" sign appears, is the advertising office. The door at which the papers are delivered is on the other side of the building. The Times was the first newspaper ever printed by steam. This was in 1814. The general speed at which the paper is now printed is ten thousand copies an hour. The daily circulation is about fifty-two thousand, and from eight to nine tons of paper are daily used. Each sheet costs the publisher a penny and a-half, or three cents, before it is printed; upwards of three hundred thousand dollars are paid to the government for stamps, a penny, or two cents, being paid on each number issued. Its advertising business is very great, all quack notices are excluded, and it is said, that the most extravagant sum would not procure the insertion of a line of an immoral tendency. It has correspondents all over the civilized world, and during the sessions of Parliament, a large number of skillful reporters are employed who are relieved every half hour.

Marshal Haynau, the Austrian General, sometimes called the "woman whipper," distinguished for his cruelties against the Hungarians. After they had been subdued he made a tour or visit to London. The manner of his reception among the laboring class, is thus related in a London paper, published at the time:—

> The Marshal seems to have had little idea of the loathing and horror with which all classes in this country universally regarded his deeds in the land of the Magyars: accordingly, he was making a round of visits to the various objects of attraction in the metropolis immediately after his arrival, and among other places, he proceeded on Wednesday last, about twelve o'clock, to see the wonders of the great brewery of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, in Southwark. He was accompanied by two other gentlemen; and though the moustachios (especially those of the Marshal, which are very long) and other indications showed that the party were foreigners, they at first attracted little notice, being, of course, unknown to all the persons at the brewery. According to the regular practice of visitors, they were requested to sign their names in a book in the office, after which they crossed the yard with one of the clerks. On inspecting the visitors' book, the clerks discovered that one of the parties was no other than the notorious Marshal Haynau. It became known all over the brewery in less than two minutes, and before the General and his companions had crossed the yard, nearly all the laborers and draymen ran out with brooms and dirt, shouting out, "Down with the Austrian butcher!" and other epithets of rather an alarming nature to the Marshal. A number of the men gathered round him as he was viewing the large vat, and loudly continued their hostile manifestations. The Marshal being made acquainted by one of the persons who accompanied him, with the feelings prevailing against him, immediately prepared to retire. But this was not so easily done. The attack was commenced by dropping a truss of straw upon his head as he passed through one of the lower rooms; after which, grain and missiles of every kind that came to hand were freely bestowed upon him. The men next struck his hat over his



Assault on Marshal Haynau, in London.

eyes, and hustled him from all directions. His clothes were torn off his back. One of the men seized him by the beard, and tried to cut it off. The Marshal's companions were treated with equal violence. They, however, defended themselves manfully, and succeeded in reaching the outside of the building. Here there were assembled about five hundred persons, consisting of the brewer's men, coal heavers, &c., the presence of the obnoxious visitor having become known in the vicinity. No sooner had the Marshal made his appearance outside the gates than he was surrounded, pelted, struck with every available missile, and even dragged along by his moustache, which afforded ample facilities to his assailants, from its excessive length, it reaching nearly down to his shoulders. Still battling with his assailants, he ran in a frantic manner along Bankside, until he came to the George public-house, when, finding the doors open, he rushed in and proceeded up stairs into one of the bedrooms, to the utter astonishment of Mrs. Benfield, the landlady, who soon discovered his name and the reason of his entering the house. The furious throng rushed in after him, threatening to do for the "Austrian Butcher;" but, fortunately for him, the house is very old-fashioned, and contains a vast number of doors, which were all forced open, except the room in which the Marshal was concealed. The crowd had increased at that time to several hundreds, and from their excited state, Mrs. B. became alarmed about her own property as well as the Marshal's life. She accordingly dispatched a messenger to the Southwark Police-station for the assistance of the police, and in a short time Inspector Squires arrived at the George, with a number of police, and with great difficulty dispersed the crowd and got the Marshal out of the house. A police-galley was at the wharf at the time, into which he was taken, and rowed towards Somerset House, amid the shouts and execrations of the assembled people. Messrs. Barclay have suspended all hands, in order to discover the principals in the attack. It appears that the two attendants of the Marshal were an aide-de-camp and an interpreter. He had presented a letter of introduction from Baron Rothschild, who had therein described him as "*his friend Marshal Haynau.*"

[Our artist has depicted the brave woman-flogger in the full enjoyment of the *charivari* which the *stout* "sons of freedom" so cleverly improvised for his reception.]

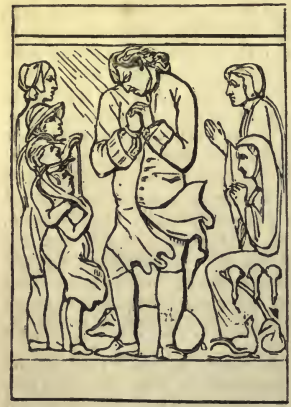
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Samuel Johnson, the celebrated writer, was born at Lichfield, 7th September, 1709. He was the son of a bookseller, and after being one year at school, and passing two years in unsettled studies at home, he entered October, 1728, at Pembroke College, Oxford. His exercises in the university displayed, as they had done at school, superior powers; and his translation of Pope's Messiah into Latin verse, appeared so highly finished, that the poet spoke with the highest respect of his translator, and declared that posterity would doubt which poem was the original. Unhappily, Johnson had to struggle with poverty at college, and in consequence of the insolvency of his father, he left the university in 1731, without a degree. Returned to Lichfield, he found his prospects in life dreary and unpromising. After his father's death, his whole property amounted to only £20; and thus destitute, he willingly accepted the offer of an ushership at Bosworth school. The situation proved disagreeable, and in a few months he removed to Birmingham, where, under the patronage of a bookseller, he published his first literary labor, a translation of Lobo. In 1734, he returned to Lichfield; and the next year he married Mrs. Porter, a lady much older than himself, and not possessed of the most engaging manners, or the most fascinating person. As she brought him £800 he began to fit up a house at Edial, near Lichfield, for the reception of pupils; but as he had only three scholars, among whom was David Garrick, the plan was dropped as utterly impracticable and ruinous. About this time, under the patronage of Mr. Walmsley, his earliest friend, he began his Irene; and in March, 1737, he first visited London, in company with his pupil, Garrick, like himself, in quest of employment, and equally doomed to rise to celebrity in his profession. In London he formed an acquaintanee with Cave, the printer of the "Gentleman's Magazine;" and his first performance in that work was a Latin Alcaic ode, inserted in March, 1738. Thus encouraged, he returned to Lichfield to fetch his wife; and from 1740 to 1743, he was laboriously employed in the service of this periodical work.

Though distinguished as an author, Johnson still felt the pressure of poverty, and therefore he applied for a school in Leicestershire; but though recommended by Lord Gower, he was disappointed, as he had not the requisite degree of M. A. His attempts to be admitted at Doctor's Commons, without academical honors, proved equally unsuccessful; and therefore he determined to depend on the efforts of his pen for subsistence. Besides his valuable contribution to the Gentleman's Magazine, he, in 1744, published the life of Savage, a work of great merit, which, in the elegant language of pathetic narration, exhibited the sufferings and the poverty of a friend, whose calamities he himself had shared and bewailed. He began, in 1747, his edition of Shakspeare, and published the plan of his English dictionary. This gigantic work was undertaken under the patronage of the booksellers; and the lexicographer engaged a house in Gough-square, where, with the assistance of six amanuenses, he proceeded rapidly in the execution of his plan. This great work, so valuable to the nation, and so honorable to the talents of the author, appeared, May, 1755, in 2 vols., without a patron. Lord Chesterfield, who had at first favored the undertakiag, but had afterwards neglected the author, endeavored, by a flattering recommendation of the work in "The World," to reconcile himself to his good opinion; but Johnson, with noble indignation, spurned at the mean artifice of his courtly patrou; and his celebrated letter reflected, with independent spirit and in severe language, against his selfish and ambitious views. The dictionary produced £1,575, but as the money had been advanced during the composition of the work, there was no solid advantage to be procured on the publication, and fame could ill satisfy the demands of creditors, and supply bread to the indigent author.

In 1749, the Irene had been brought forward on the stage, by the friendship of Garrick, but with no success. The "Rambler" was undertaken 20th March, 1750, and till the 17th March, 1752, a paper had regularly appeared every Tuesday and Saturday; and it is remarkable that, during the whole of that time, only five numbers were contributed by other authors. But these publications, popular as they were, still left Johnson in distressed circumstances; and in 1756, the year after the publishing of his dictionary, he was arrested for a debt of five guineas, from which the kindness of Richardson relieved him. In 1758, he began the Idler, and continued it for two years with little assistance; and on the death of his mother in 1759, that he might pay some decent respect to her funeral, and discharge her debts, he wrote his "Rasselas," and obtained for it, from the booksellers, the sum of £100. Happily, however, these high services to literature were not to pass unrewarded: in 1762, he was honorably presented by the king, on the representation of Mr. Wedderburne, with a pension of £300 per annum, without a stipulation of future exertions, but merely, as the grant expressed it, for the moral tendency of his writings, a character to which his Rambler was most fully entitled.

In 1775, Johnson was complimented by the University of Oxford with the degree of LL. D. by diploma, as he had before received from them the degree of A. M., and the same honors from Trinity College, Dublin; and the circumstance reflected equal credit on those who bestowed, and on him who accepted the high distinction. In 1777, he began his "Lives of the Poets," which he finished in 1781, a work of great merit, and which exhibits, in the most pleasing manner, the soundness of the critic, the information of the biographer, and the benevolent views of the man. In 1781, the loss of his friend, Mr. Thrale, in whose hospitable house and society he had passed fifteen of the happiest years of his life, affected him much; he found his health gradually declining, from the united attacks of the dropsy, and of an asthma; and while he expressed a wish to remove to the milder climates of France and Italy, it is to be lamented that the applications of his friends for the increase of his pension proved abortive. During the progressive increase of his complaints, he divided his time in acts of devotion, and in classical recreations; and during his sleepless nights, he translated several of the Greek epigrams of the Anthologia into Latin verse. It is remarkable, that Johnson, whose pen was ever employed in recommending piety, and all the offices of the purest morality; and whose conduct and example in life exhibited the most perfect pattern of the Christian virtues; should, in the close of life, betray dreadful apprehensions of death. By degrees, indeed, the terrors which his imagination had painted to itself, disappeared; but still his example teaches us, that if the most virtuous and devout, view the approach of death with trembling and alarm, the unrepented sins of life have much to apprehend from the all-searching eye of God. Johnson expired on the 13th December, 1784, full of resignation, strong in faith, and joyful in hope of a happy resurrection. His remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey, near the grave of his friend Garrick; and the nation has paid honorable tribute to his memory, by erecting to him a monument in St. Paul's, with an elegant and nervous epitaph from the pen of Dr. Parr. By his wife, who died March, 1752, and was deeply lamented by him, Johnson had no issue. His works are very numerous, and all respectable.



Dr. Johnson doing Penance.

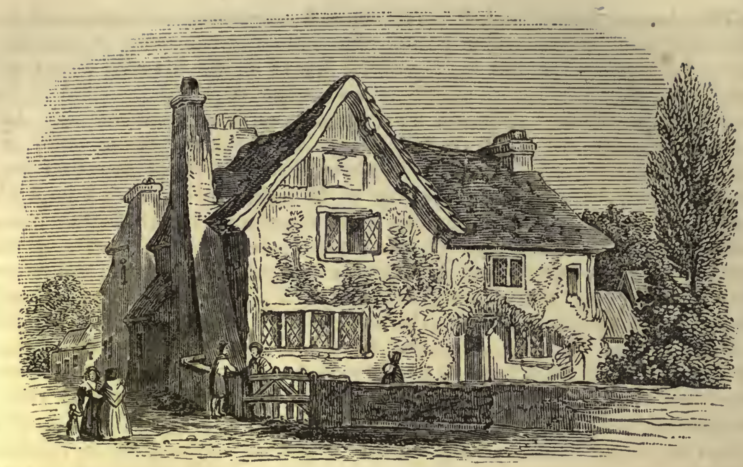
In 1838, a statue of Dr. Johnson, nineteen feet high, was erected in the market place, Lichfield, opposite the house in which he was born. He is represented as sitting in an easy chair in deep thought, with his books about him. The pedestal is divided into compartments, in which are represented, in bold relief, three incidents of his life. In the first compartment, he is represented when at the age of three years, on his father's shoulders, listening to Dr. Sachwerell preaching in Lichfield Cathedral; which is intended to show "his power in youth." In the second, he is borne to school on the shoulders of his fellows, indicating that "in youth he put forth the budding of his future powers." In the third, of which the annexed engraving is a copy, he is represented as doing penance in Uttoxeter market, where he stood, bare-headed, exposed to the storm, the same number of hours he had, forty years previous, compelled his father to stand there, when ill, by refusing to keep the book-stall for him: emblematic of "his moral greatness."

EDWARD YOUNG, the author, born June, 1681, at Upham near Winchester, the residence of his father of the same name, who was chaplain to William and Mary, and Dean of Sarum. He was educated at Winchester school, and, in 1703, though superannuated, removed to New College, Oxford, which he left five years after on being chosen fellow of All Souls. He took his degree of LL.D. 1719. He first appeared before the public 1712, as author of an epistle to Lord Lansdowne, in consequence of the unpopular creation of ten peers, in one day, by Queen Anne, and the next year he prefixed a recommendatory copy of verses to the Cato of Addison. Though distinguished in literary fame, he was prevailed upon by the Duke of Wharton, his father's friend, to abandon the prospect of two livings, from his college, worth £600 a year, and to engage in the tumult of a contested election, as a candidate at Cirencester, an event of which he was afterwards ashamed to the latest period of his life. He took orders, 1727, and soon after was appointed chaplain to the king, and he paid such respect to the decorum of his new profession, that he withdrew from the stage, his tragedy of the "Two Brothers," which was already in rehearsal. He afterwards was presented by his college, to the living of Welwyn, Herts, and in 1739, he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, and widow of Colonel Lee, whom he had the misfortune to lose on the following year. To relieve himself from the heavy melancholy which this event brought upon him, he began his "Night Thoughts," but though in this work he seemed to bid adieu to the world, he afterwards engaged in politics, by the publication of "Reflections on the Public Situation of the Kingdom," and at the age of eighty, he solicited further patronage from Archbishop Secker, and was appointed clerk of the closet to the princess dowager. He died April, 1765. As a poet, Young is highly respectable, his "Night Thoughts" abound with many sublime passages, and they are written in a strain of true genuine morality, though occasionally obscure.

JOHN MILTON.

John Milton, the celebrated author of the "Paradise Lost," was descended from an ancient family at Milton, Oxfordshire. He was born December 9th, 1608, in Bread-street, London, where his father, a scrivener, was settled, and after receiving instruction from a private tutor, he went to St. Paul's school, and in 1625 removed to Christ College, Cambridge. When he left Cambridge he returned to his father, who had settled with a competent fortune at Horton, and in this retirement he laboriously devoted himself for five years to reading the purest classics in Greek and Latin. Here likewise he produced his "Comus," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas," poems of such intrinsic merit as would have transmitted his fame to the latest period of time, if he had written nothing besides. On his mother's death he obtained his father's permission to travel abroad, and in 1638 he embarked for the continent, attended by one servant. He visited various countries, and returned to England after an absence of fifteen months.

In 1641, he published some pamphlets, in which he supported the republican principles of the times. In 1643, he married the daughter of



Milton's House, Chalfont.

[This building, in which Milton finished his immortal poem of "Paradise Lost," presents very much the appearance as when he occupied it. Till within a few years since there was an old porch which stood before the door till it fell with age. Within its shade, Milton, it is said, used, in the fashion of olden time, to sit and entertain his friends by his instructive conversation.]

Mr. Powell, a justice of peace in Oxfordshire; but as she had been educated a firm royalist, this union proved unhappy, and after cohabiting with him about a month, she left him and would not return. Disgusted with this conduct, the poet thought that he might be permitted to take another wife; and he not only wrote some strong tracts in favor of divorce, but paid his addresses to another lady, of great wit and beauty. This had due effect; and his wife, after long despising his invitations, relented, and throwing herself at his feet, obtained his forgiveness and reconciliation in 1645.

The momentous events of the times gave full scope for the exertion of his literary abilities; he defended the trial and the execution of the king. His talents were too great to be neglected, and therefore he was appointed Latin secretary to the council of state. About this time he lost his eye-sight, which had been gradually decaying from his severe application to his studies; but he nevertheless continued zealous and active in the support of his principles. In 1652, his wife died, and some time after he married a second. But though patronized and raised to independence by the favor of Cromwell, and of Richard, Milton saw with terror the dissolution of his favorite republic approaching. Removing from Petty France, Westminster, where he had lived since 1652, he took a house in Holborn, and then removed to Jewin-street, where he took a third wife, and then settled in a house in Artillery-walk, Bunhill Fields. In this place, which was his last stage, he lived longer than in any other.

Though reduced in his circumstances by the restoration, he refused to accept the Latin secretaryship, which was honorably offered him by Charles II, and he devoted himself earnestly to the completion of his great poem, on which he bestowed much labor. He was assisted in his literary pursuits by Thomas Ellwood, a quaker, who acted as an amanuensis, and daily visited him. In 1665, during the plague, the poet retired to a small house at St. Giles, Chalfont, Buckinghamshire.

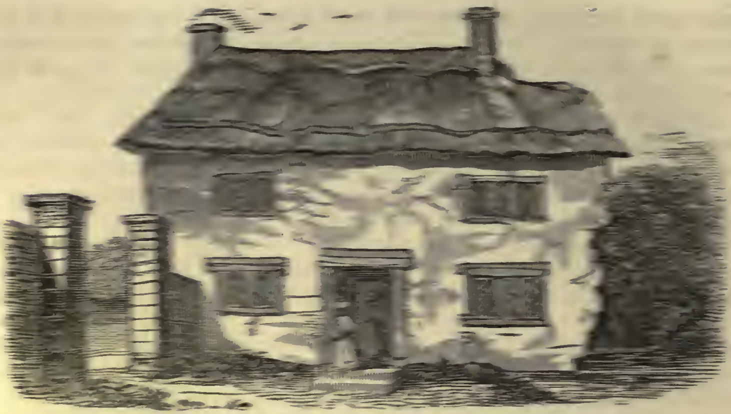
The poet returned to London, 1666, and the "Paradise Lost" was first printed the following year, in ten books, afterwards swelled to twelve. Milton received for this great work only £15, and the money was paid by instalments. This matchless poem, which long remained unknown from the prejudices entertained against the author, gradually rose to notice, to fame, and immortality. Dryden had, indeed, recommended its great merits to the public; but it was not till the days of Addison that England became sensible of the greatness, of the beauties, and the sublimity of her poet. The critique of the "Spectator" opened the eyes of the nation, and, in banishing prejudice, liberally proved that however violent the publications of Milton were, however biased in his love of republican principles, yet his merits as a poet cannot be effected; he must shine as the greatest ornament of the British Isles, and, in the ranks of immortality, be placed by the side of Homer, of Virgil, and of Tasso. Milton died at his house near Bunhill Fields, in the beginning of November, 1674, and was buried near his father, in the chancel of St. Giles', Cripplegate, where a monument was erected to his memory, and another, with greater propriety, among the great departed dead of Westminster Abbey, raised, in 1737, by Mr. Benson.

The person of Milton was fair, so that he was called, at Cambridge, the lady of Christ College; his hair was light brown, and his features exact and pleasing. He was of the middle size, well proportioned, nervous, and active; but his constitution was tender, and his health consequently weak. In his mode of living he was economical, abstemious, and averse to strong liquors. Though he did not inherit much from his father, yet frugality maintained him in a respectable manner, and at his death he left about £1,500 besides the value of his household goods. He had no children except by the first of his three wives. Three daughters survived him, and of these the two youngest were well employed by him to read; and though they could read with ease eight different languages, yet they understood nothing but English, as their father used to say that one tongue was enough for a woman. In his religious opinions, Milton, in his early years, favored the Puritans, whose liberty of worship he greatly admired; but in the latter part of life, he professed no attachment to any particular sect, and he neither frequented any public place of worship, nor observed in his own house any of the religious rites of the times, though it is fully evident that he was sensible of the great truths of revelation, and hoped for salvation through a Redeemer.

John Locke

John Locke's Signature.

JOHN LOCKE, an illustrious philosopher, was born in 1632, at Wrington, near Bristol. He was educated at Westminster school, and, in 1651, was elected to Christ's Church, at Oxford. He distinguished himself in literature and also applied himself to the study of physic. Having cured Lord Ashley, afterwards the Earl of



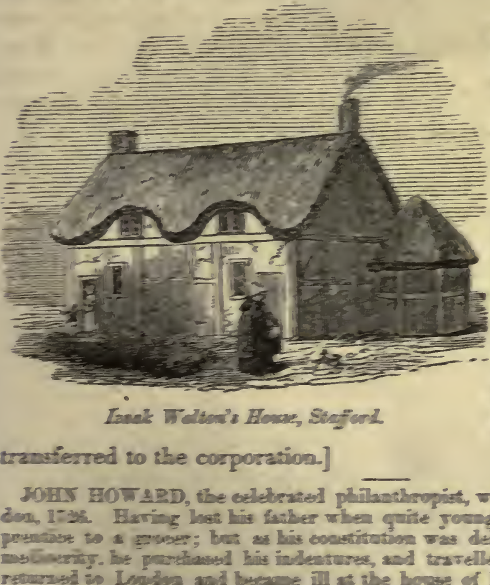
Birth-place of Locke, Wrington, Somersetshire.

Shaftesbury, of a dangerous disorder, he was by that nobleman induced to relinquish medicine for the study of politics. This proved to be an unsettled and harassing employment. About the year 1675, he went to Montpellier for the benefit of his health, being apprehensive of a consumptive attack. While here he devoted himself to the composition of his celebrated work, "Essay on Human Understanding."

In 1695, he was prevailed upon to accept the place of commissioner of trade and plantations, for which he was so well qualified by information and knowledge, but this he resigned five years after, on account of the delicate state of his health. The latter part of his life was usefully employed in the exertion of his talents on political subjects, and also in reading and commenting with all the zeal and humility of a true Christian on the holy Scriptures. With nothing to disturb the serenity of his mind, he found himself happy in the retirement which he had chosen, and in the society of Lady Masham, a woman of superior virtue, of great information, and of contemplative habits of mind, whose son had the happiness to be educated and improved under the eye, and in the principles of her illustrious friend. Thus situated in the hospitable mansion of Oates, as if in his own house, he saw the gradual approach of death with calmness and resignation. Seeing his legs swell, he became sensible that dissolution was not distant, and after receiving the sacrament with fervor and piety, he told his sorrowing friend Lady Masham, that he had lived long enough, that he thanked God for having passed his days so happily, and that life appeared to him mere vanity. He expired with little pain, 28th October, 1704, in his seventy-third year, and was buried in the church at Oates.

The virtues and the charities of human nature he possessed in the highest degree, and as a philosopher, a Christian, a politician, and a man, he claims the first rank in the admiration and in the homage of posterity. With judicious taste and becoming simplicity, Queen Caroline erected in her pavilion at Richmond, his bust with those of Bacon, Newton, and Clarke, as the four principal philosophers of which England may boast with real pride and satisfaction when she enumerates her departed heroes.

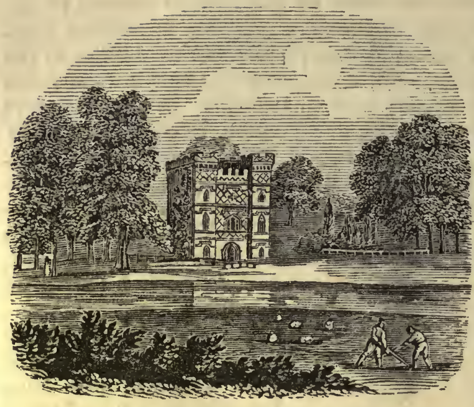
Izaak Walton, an English writer, born at Stafford, August, 1593. He for some time kept a shop in the Royal Exchange, and in Fleet-street, and retired from business with a comfortable competency. He was particularly attached to angling, and he published a most curious and valuable treatise on his favorite amusement, called "the Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation," 1653, in 18mo., with cuts, of which a fifth edition appeared in 1676. His time was afterwards usefully employed in compiling accounts of the lives of several of his learned friends, and those which appeared separately have been published together, and exhibit a most pleasing picture of the abilities of the indefatigable author, and abound with interesting and curious anecdotes of men eminent in rank, in talents, and in learning. The characters mentioned are Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Watton, Hooker, author of "Ecclesiastical Polity," George Herbert, and Bishop Sanderson. Walton lived to a good old age, respected and beloved by his friends, in the number of whom were Archbishops Usher and Sheldon, Bishops Morton, Morley, King, Barlow, Dr. Fuller, Price, Holdsworth, &c. He died at the house of Dr. Hawkins, at Winchester, 15th December, 1683, aged above ninety, and was buried in Winchester Cathedral, where an ill-written epitaph marks his remains.


Izaak Walton's House, Stafford.

[In this humble homestead, at a short distance from Stafford, was born Izaak Walton, "the Father of Angling," on August 9, 1593. At old Izaak's decease, the property was left to his son, on condition that he married before he arrived at the age of forty-one; and, if he were not then married, the house was to be given to the corporation of Stafford. Singularly enough, the son did not marry within the given time, and consequently the property was transferred to the corporation.]

JOHN HOWARD, the celebrated philanthropist, was born at Hackney, near London, 1726. Having lost his father when quite young, his guardians bound him apprentice to a grocer; but as his constitution was delicate, and his property above mediocrity, he purchased his indentures, and travelled over France and Italy. He returned to London and became ill at the house of Mrs. Lardeau, a widow, whose attention to him was so great, that out of gratitude to this lady's services he married her although much older than himself. He had the misfortune to lose her three years afterwards. He again married, but, in 1765, he lost his second wife, and soon after purchased an estate near Bedford where he employed himself in acts of benevolence among the poor and industrious cottagers around him. In 1773, he served the office of sheriff, which brought the distress of prisoners more immediately under his notice. Previous to this, in a voyage to Lisbon, he had been captured by a French privateer, and the severities he endured excited his sympathies for suffering captives.

He first turned his attention to the jails of England, and then afterwards several times passed through various countries on the continent, endeavoring to the utmost to relieve human suffering amid jails and dungeons. He also published at various times his observations on the prisons he visited. His account of the principal lazerettoes in Europe, appeared in 1789, at which time he intimated his intention of penetrating through Russia and the east. While on this benevolent mission, he visited a patient at Cherson suffering under a malignant fever, and catching the disorder, fell a victim to his compassion, January 20th, 1790. A statue in St. Paul's, erected by the nation, shows him holding in one hand a scroll of writings for the improvement of prisons, &c., and in the other a key, while he tramples on chains and fetters.

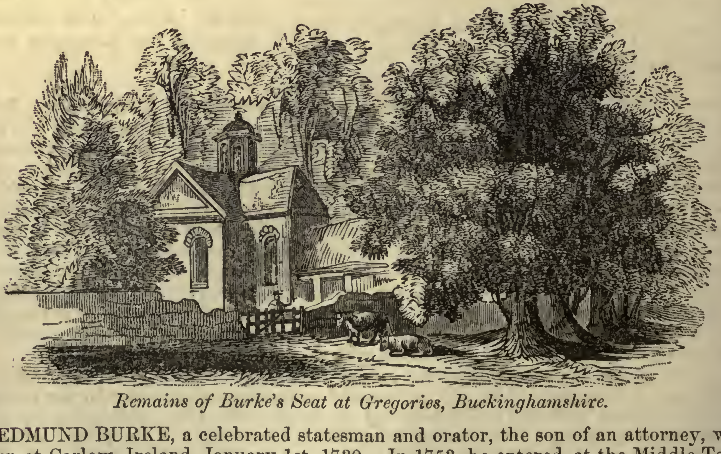


Wolsey's Tower, Esher Grove.

Esher Place, in Surrey, was originally a palace of the Prelates of Winchester, but greatly improved by Cardinal Wolsey. To this place, formerly called *Asher*, Wolsey retired for a while, after he had perceived, for the first time, that he had forever lost the favor of his sovereign. The palace, with the exception of the tower, was rebuilt by the Rt. Hon. H. Pelham. The grounds in the vicinity are beautifully picturesque. Thomson calls them

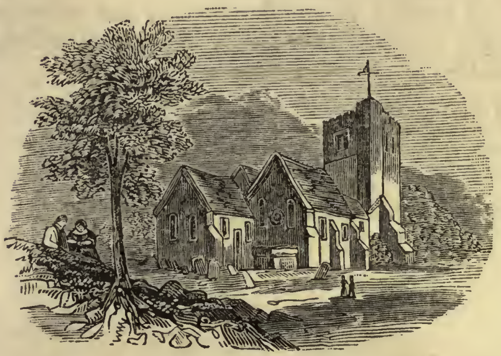
> Esher's groves,
> Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced
> By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
> From courts and senates, Pelham finds repose.

The mansion afterwards came into the possession of Mr. Spicer, who pulled it down, with the exception of the tower seen in the engraving, and erected an elegant mansion nearly in the same place.



Remains of Burke's Seat at Gregories, Buckinghamshire.

EDMUND BURKE, a celebrated statesman and orator, the son of an attorney, was born at Carlow, Ireland, January 1st, 1730. In 1753, he entered at the Middle Temple. At first, although possessed of great powers of elocution he paid no very serious attention to the law, but considered literature and politics as the field most favorable for the exertion of his genius, and for some time subsisted on the labor of his pen. His first avowed work was the "Vindication of Natural Society," which brought him reputation, but his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," established his fame as a man of genius and a fine writer. Being chosen as a member of Parliament, he distinguished himself during the American War as a warm advocate for the rights of the colonies. He also opposed with great force the French Revolution. His celebrated speech against *Warren Hastings,* the Governor-General of India, is among the greatest efforts of genius. Sometime before his death, Mr. Burke retired from public life; but though honored with the esteem of the great and good, he sunk three years after, a melancholy victim to the recent loss of his only and favorite son. Mr. Burke expired at Gregories, his seat near Beaconsfield, July 8th, 1797, aged sixty-seven. His mansion was mostly destroyed by fire in 1813. The engraving shows all that now remains of Gregories,—a few walls and a portion of the stables.



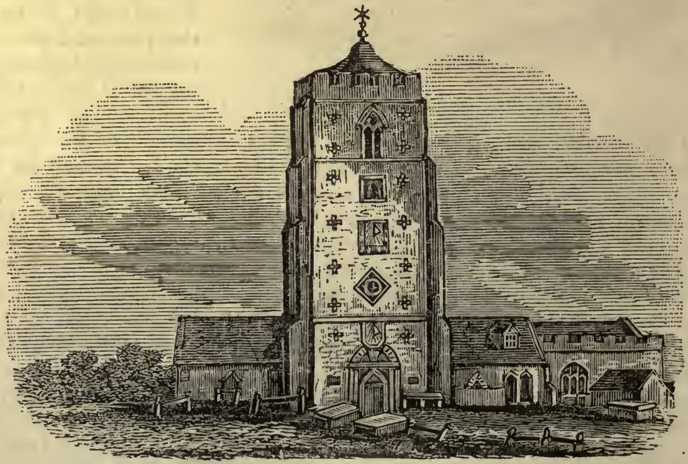
Burial-place of Lord Bacon.

Francis Bacon, son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, keeper of the Great Seal under Elizabeth, was born in London, January 22d, 1561. He was educated at Cambridge, and was early introduced at court. While at Gray's Inn, where he was chosen Lent-reader, he formed the plan and drew the outline of his great philosophical work, the instauration of the sciences; but neither his learning nor his abilities recommended him at court, as the favors of the queen were divided between the Cecils and the Earl of Leicester, who was afterwards succeeded by Essex: and Bacon, unfortunately for his advancement, warmly embraced the cause of the latter. Elizabeth was sensible of his great talents, but neither her partiality nor the friendship of Essex could overpower the cold phlegmatic aversion of the Cecils, who represented Bacon as a speculative man, whose head was filled with philosophy, and not with poetical knowledge. On the succession of James I, he rose into power, though still opposed by Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, and by Sir Edward Coke. He was knighted and successively made attorney-general, keeper of the seals, lord chancellor, and raised to the peerage. His elevation was not unattended by the envy of enemies; and he was soon accused at the bar of the House of Lords by the Commons of gross bribery and corruption. The king, who saw that not only Bacon but his favorite Villiers, was aimed at, advised his chancellor to make no defense, and promised him both protection and favor if he were condemned. Bacon, unhappily for his reputation, made no defense, and he was found guilty, 3d May, 1621, fined £40,000, imprisoned in the Tower, and declared incapable to serve his majesty, and unworthy to retain his seat in Parliament. Though there is some reason to suppose that Bacon listened to bribery, either by himself or his servants, in cases which were pending before him, yet it is remarkable that none of his decrees in chancery were afterwards set aside, as dictated by oppression, partiality, or falsehood; a fact that establishes his probity far beyond the power of interested declaimers, or venal panegyrists.

As a writer, his "Novum Organum Scientiarum," has, among his other performances, immortalized his name. He has introduced a new species of philosophy to enlighten and dignify man, to teach him how to think, and to lead him from error, from darkness, and false comprehension, to truth, and to the most accurate conclusions.

The annexed engraving is a representation of the church in which Bacon was buried. It was founded about the middle of the tenth century, and displays the original Saxon architecture, though some alterations have been made from its ancient form. There is a fine alabaster statue of Bacon within its walls; he is sitting in a contemplative posture in an elbow chair, and beneath is an elegant Latin epitaph, written by Sir Henry Wotton, of which the following is a translation:—

> "FRANCIS BACON, BARON OF VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS, *or by more conspicuous Titles*, OF SCIENCE THE LIGHT, OF ELOQUENCE THE LAW, SAT THUS: Who, after all natural wisdom and secrets of civil life he had unfolded, Nature's law fulfilled: *Let compounds be dissolved!* In the year of our Lord 1626; of his age sixty-six, of such a man, that the memory might remain, THOMAS MEAUTYS, living his attendant; Dead, his admirer, placed this monument."



Vicar of Bray Church.

BRAY is a small village about one mile from Maidenhead, and is now considered a port of the Royal domain, being attached to the liberties of Windsor Castle, and retaining some peculiar privileges, among which is an exemption from tolls in the adjacent market-towns. The church is a spacious structure, composed of various materials, and exhibiting a mixture of almost every kind of architecture. The story of the *Vicar of Bray* is told with some variations, but the fact is not questioned. It is said that his name was Simon Symonds. Fuller, in his Church History, speaking of

Bray, says, "the vivacious vicar, whereof, living under King Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. This vicar being tax't by one for being a turn-coat, not so, (said he,) for I always kept my principles, which is this, to live and die Vicar of Bray." This creed which, (the spirit of it at least,) is not a dead letter even at the present day, has been *amplified* into the following song:

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

In good king Charles' golden days,
When loyalty had no harm in't,
A zealous high-churchman I was,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never miss'd:
Kings are by God appointed;
And those are damn'd that do resist,
And touch the Lord's anointed:
And this is law, I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtain'd the throne,
And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution,
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declared,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
And pish for non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne ascends the throne,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I curs'd their moderation,
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication,
And this is law, &c.

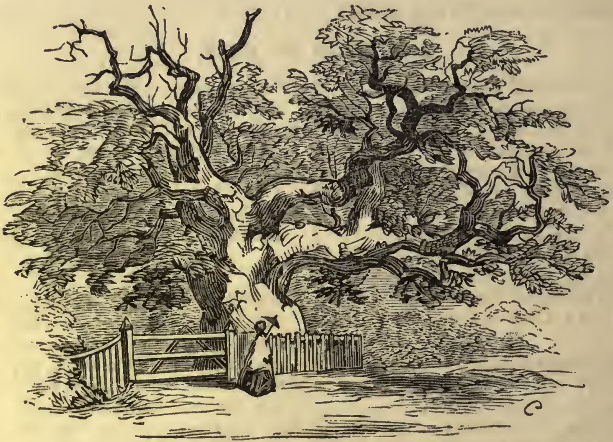
When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, sir,
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And then became a Whig, sir,
And so preferment I procured
By our new faith's defender,
And always every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

The illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear
While they can keep possession:
For by my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be
Until the time shall alter.
And this is law, I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, sir.

Percy B. Shelley

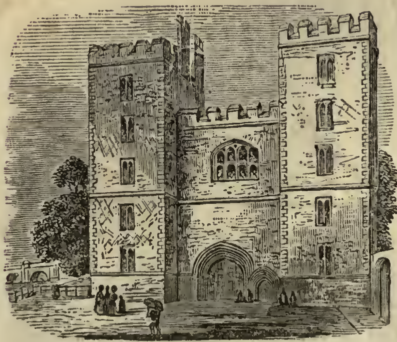
Percy Bysshe Shelley's Signature.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, the son and heir of a wealthy English baronet, of Castle Goring, in Sussex, was born August 4th, 1792. He was first educated at Eaton and afterwards at Oxford. His resistance to established authority and opinion displayed itself at school. At the age of seventeen he issued a syllabus from Hume's Essays, and challenged the authorities of Oxford to a public controversy on the subject. The consequence of his conduct was such that he was expelled from the university, and he was cast on the world a prey to the undisciplined ardor of youth and passion. Notwithstanding his waywardness and scepticism, Shelley possessed a poetic genius of an high order and a heart of compassion for his fellow-creatures. At the age of eighteen he produced a wild atheistical poem, "Queen Mab," abounding in passages of great power and melody. Shortly after he married a young woman of humble station in life. With a person of his mind, domestic happiness could not be reasonably expected. He separated from his wife, by whom he had two children, and the unfortunate woman afterwards destroyed herself. Shelley, on this account, was subjected to much misrepresentation, and in addition to his misery a chancery decree deprived him of the guardianship of his children, on the ground of his immorality and atheism. He contracted a second marriage with the daughter of Mr. Godwin, the author of "Caleb Willians," and established himself at Marlow, in Buckinghamshire. Here he composed the "Revolt of Islam." A sense of injury, and what he termed the wrongs of society, rendering him miserable, he, in 1818, went to Italy. While residing at Rome, he composed his classic drama of "Prometheus Unbound." He was drowned in the bay of Spezia on a sailing excursion, July 8th, 1822. His remains were reduced to ashes by fire, and taken to Rome and deposited in the Protestant burial ground.



Crouch Oak, near Chertsey, Surrey.

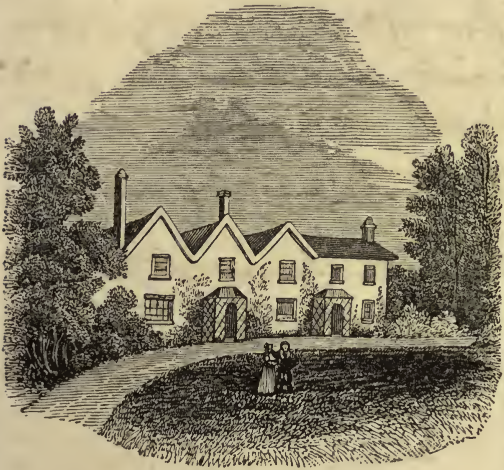
The Crouch Oak, in the vicinity of Chertsey, is said to be "one of the most superb trees in England," and in former ages was considered to mark the boundary of Windsor Forest in this direction. It is also said that Queen Elizabeth once dined beneath its shadow. Its girth, at two feet from the ground, is twenty-four feet. At the height of nine feet, the principal branch, in itself as large as a tree, shoots out almost horizontally from the trunk to the distance of forty-eight feet.



Lambeth Palace, near London.

The ancient Episcopal residence of the Primate of England, is in many respects the most interesting antiquarian pile in the suburbs. Its lofty gateway towers are fine specimens of early brickwork, as is also the prison house of the Lollards, the hall, &c. For more than six centuries it has been the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury; and as each primate has kept the establisment in repair, or added to its appurtenances, it presents a rare aspect of stately grandeur; the well-timbered grounds, too, aid its picturesqueness, as seen from the river. Here, several sovereigns have been entertained, particularly Queen Elizabeth, by Archbishop Parker.

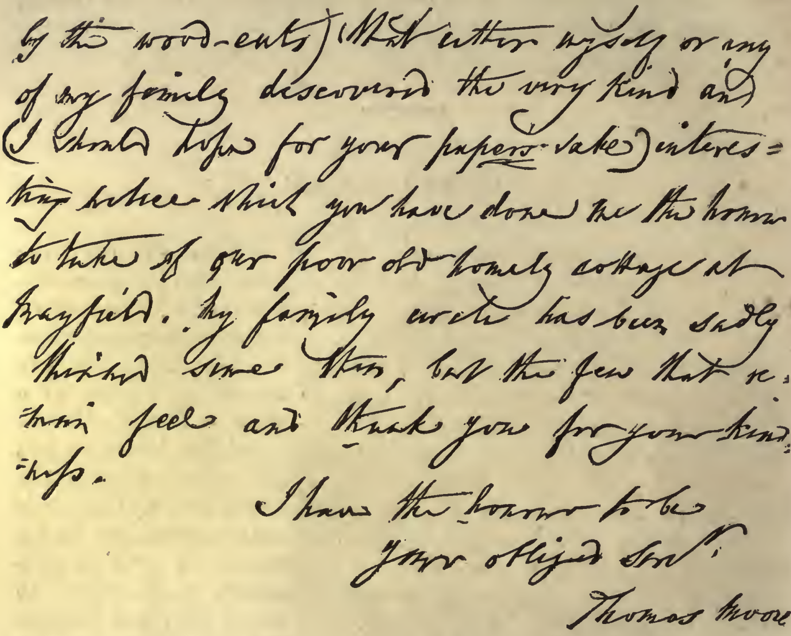
THOMAS MOORE.



Moore's Cottage, Sloperton.

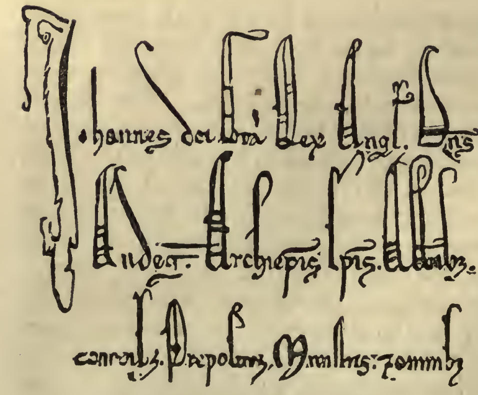
Thomas Moore, "the poet of love, pathos, wit, and fancy," was born of catholic parents, at Dublin, May 28, 1780. He began to rhyme at a very early age. He entered the University at Dublin and distinguished himself by his classical acquirements. In his twentieth year he proceeded to London, to study law, and to publish his translation of the poems of Anacreon. In 1803, he obtained an official situation at Bermuda, the duties of which were discharged by a deputy, who, proving unfaithful, the poet incurred losses to a large amount. The "Irish Melodies," which have rendered Moore so popular, were commenced in 1807, and continued as late as 1834. The Messrs. Longmans, the publishers, having agreed to give him three thousand guineas for an Eastern poem, Moore produced his brilliant "Lalla Rookh," which was published in 1817. He now went abroad to Rome, Genoa, Venice, &c. He returned in 1822 to England, and settled in graceful retirement at a cottage called Sloperton, where he passed the greater part of the rest of his life. In 1827, he produced the "Epicurean," an Eastern tale, in prose, but full of the spirit and materials of poetry, and is perhaps the most elevated production of his pen. During the last years of his life his mental faculties became so impaired, his existence was but physical. He died February 25th, 1852, and was buried in the church-yard of Bromham, about four miles from Devizes, Wiltshire. The annexed engraving is copied from a letter which Moore wrote to the

"Illustrated London News," February 22, 1843, and refers to an engraving of the cottage at Mayfield, in which he formerly resided.



by the wood-cuts) that either myself or any of my family discovered the very kind and (I should hope for your paper's sake) interesting notice which you have done me the honor to take of our poor old homely cottage at Mayfield. My family circle has been sadly thinned since then, but the few that remain feel and thank you for your kindness.

I have the honor to be
Your obliged Servt.
Thomas Moore



Johannes dei gra Rex Angl. Dns
Andeg. Archiepis. Epis. Abbatib.
comitib. Prepositis, Ministris. et omnib.

Specimen of the Magna Charta.

The annexed is a specimen of the Magna Charta, or the *Great Charter*, engraved from one of the original copies in the British Museum. The words are a portion of the preamble: "*Johannes dei gratia rex Anglie dominus . . . . Andegavie, archiepiscopis, episcopis, abbatibus comitibus prepositis, ministris et omnibus ball.*" . . This instrument was granted June 15th, 1215, being forced from King John by the barons, and is considered the great bulwark and foundation of English liberty. This charter consisted of fourteen specifications, of which the following were considered the most important, viz.: that no money, &c., should be drawn from the people without the consent of the great council of the nation, that no person should be tried on suspicion alone, but on the evidence of lawful witnesses, and that no person shall be tried or punished except by the judgment of his peers, and the law of the land.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS
IN
SCOTLAND,
WITH ITS
ANTIQUITIES AND GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS.

To the Greek and Roman writers, Scotland was not known as a distinct country. Albion, or Britain, was viewed as one region, parcelled out among a multitude of different tribes. Agricola first penetrated into that part of Britain, which we now call Scotland. He easily over-ran the whole country, but encountered the most obstinate resistance when he approached the Caledonians, who appear then to have held all the northern districts. An obstinate battle, the precise place of which has never been ascertained, was fought at the foot of the Grampians. All the rude valor of Caledonia could not match the skill of Agricola and the discipline of the Roman legions. The whole open country was abandoned to the invaders, whose progress, however, was stayed by what they termed the Caledonian forest, under which they seem to have vaguely comprehended the vast pine woods of Glenmore, and the steep barrier of the Grampians. Their military occupation, however, is attested by the formation of numerous camps, of which that of Ardoch, ten miles north of Stirling, is the most extensive and complete. The Romans endeavored to resist the incursions of the natives, by rearing, at different periods, two walls, one between the Forth and Clyde, and the other south of the low country of Scotland, between the Solway and the Tyne. The northern tribes, however, continued their inroads, now chiefly under the name of Picts, who seem clearly to have been the same people with the Caledonians. In the fifth century Britain was abandoned by the Romans, and over-run by the Saxons, who occupied the eastern part of the south of Scotland, as far as the Forth. The western part was formed into the kingdom of Strathcluyd.

The Scots before this time, had come from Ireland, their original seat, which, in the fourth century, was often called Scotland. Even before the departure of the Romans, the Scots, joined with the Picts, are mentioned as the ravagers of defenseless Britain. They appear at one time to have been driven back in Ireland; but in 503 they again landed in Cantyre, and during the next four centuries, spread gradually over the kingdom. At length under the victorious reign of Kenneth, which commenced in 836, they wrested the sceptre from Wred, the Pictish king, and established supreme sway over the whole of that country, which, from them, was afterwards called Scotland.

The Scoto-Saxon era, a Mr. Chalmers calls it, is memorable rather for an insensible change, than for any sudden revolution. After the subversion of the kingdom of Strathcluyd, by the Saxons, that people had colonized and filled the whole south ; and the Scottish kings, though of Celtic origin, having established themselves in this more fertile part of their territories, soon began to imbibe the spirit of its occupants. From this or other causes the whole lowlands of Scotland is in language and manners Teutonic, and the Gael, or Celts, were again confined within their mountain boundary.

An era of disputed succession arose out of the contending claims of Bruce and Baliol, after the death of Margaret of Norway. Edward I, availing himself of this dissension, succeeded in introducing himself under the character of an arbiter, and having established Baliol on the throne by an armed interference, sought to rule Scotland as a vassal kingdom. The result was a struggle, calamitous to Scotland, but which, however, placed in a conspicuous light the energy and heroism of the nation, and brought forward the names of Wallace and Bruce, ever afterwards the foremost in her annals. The result was glorious ; the concentrated force of the English was finally defeated in a pitched battle at Bannockburn ; they were compelled to renounce their ambitious pretentions, and allow the kingdom to be governed by its native princes.

Under the turbulent and unfortunate sway of the Stuarts, Scotland continued for several centuries without any prominent revolution, though with a continual tendency to internal commotion. This dynasty, from their connection with the French and English courts, had acquired the idea of more polished manners, and habits of greater subordination as due from the nobles. Such views were ill suited to the temper and power of a Douglas, and many other powerrul chieftains, through whose resistance the attempts of the monarchs were followed with disaster, and often with violent death. The introduction of the reformed religion especially, in open opposition to the court, which granted only a reluctant and precarious toleration, was unfavorable to the crown, and fatal to a princess whose beauty and misfortunes have rendered her an object of enthusiasm to the gay and chivalric part of the Scottish nation.

The union of the crown, by the accession of James VI, in 1603, to the English throne, produced a great change, in itself flattering to Scotland, whose race of princes now held sway over all the three kingdoms. The struggle between presbytery and prelacy gave rise to a conflict which still powerfully influences the temper and character of the Scots. The efforts of the presbyterians, acting under the bond of their League and Covenant, first enabled the English parliament to rear its head, and had a great effect in turning the scale of contest against the crown. The Scots revolted, however, at the excesses of the independents, and endeavored to rear again, on a covenanted basis, the fallen crown of the Stuarts. These brave but unsuccessful efforts were ill-requited by an embittered persecution against all the adherents of presbytery, till the Revolution finally fixed that system as the established religion of Scotland.

The union of the kingdoms, in 1707, placed Scotland in that political position which she has ever since maintained ; and, by allaying internal contest, and opening a free trade with the sister kingdom, this union has produced results highly beneficial, although the devoted attachment to her mountain tribes to the exiled Stuarts repeatedly impelled them to attempt to replace that house on the throne ; attempts which, at one critical moment, spread alarm into the heart of England.—*H. Murray's Encyl. Geog.*

GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION.

THE longest line that can be drawn in Scotland, is from its most southern point, the Mull of Galloway, in lat. 54° 38′ N. to Dunnet Head, the northern point in lat. 58° 40′ 30″ N., or about 285 miles. Its breadth is extremely various being from 160 to 24 miles. The whole coast is so much penetrated by arms of the sea, that only one spot can be found forty miles from the shore. The surface of the country is distinguised for variety, and, compared with England, it is, generally speaking, rugged and mountainous. It is supposed, that estimating the whole extent of the country, exclusive of lakes, at 19,000,000 acres, scarcely so many as 6,000,000 are arable—that is, less than one-third; whereas in England, the proportion of arable land to the entire extent of the country exceeds three-fourths. With the exception of a few tracts of rich alluvial land along the course of the great rivers, Scotland has no extensive tracts of level ground, the surface of the country being generally varied with hill and dale.

NATURAL DIVISIONS.—Scotland is naturally divided into Highlands and Lowlands. The former division comprehends, besides the Hebrides, the Orkney and Shetland islands, the counties of Argyle, Inverness, Nairn, Ross, Cromarty, Sutherland, and Caithness, with parts of Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Forfar, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray or Elgin. The Higlands, again, are divided into two unequal portions, by the chain of lakes occupying the Glenmore-non-albin, or " Great glen of Caledonia," stretching north-east and south-west across the island, from Inverness to Fort-William, now connected together, and forming the Caledonial Canal. The northern division of the Highlands is decidedly the more barren and unproductive of the two, though the other division contains the highest mountains. In the eastern parts of Ross and Cromarty there are level tracts of considerable fertility. The Lowland division of the kingdom, though comparatively flat, comprises also a great deal of mountainous country.

MOUNTAINS.—Of the Highland mountains, the most celebrated is the chain of the Grampians. It commences in Argyleshire, and terminates between Stonehaven and the mouth of the Dee on the eastern coast. The most elevated part of this range lies at the head of the Dee. Ben Macdui, the highest mountain in Scotland, rises to the height of 4,418 feet, and the adjoining mountains of Cairngorm, Carintoul, and Ben Avon, are respectively 4,050, 4,256, and 3,967 feet high. Ben Nevis, till recently reputed the highest of the British mountains, lies immediately to the east of Fort-William, being separated from the Grampians by the moor of Rannoch ; it rises 4,416 feet above the level of the sea, and its circumference at the base is supposed to exceed twenty-four miles.

The principal rivers of Scotland are, the Tweed, the Forth, the Tay, the Spey, and the Clyde. The *Tweed* rises in Tweedsmuir, about six miles from Moffat. It runs first north-east to Peebles, then east, with a little inclination to the south, to Melrose;

it next passes Kelso and Coldstream, and pursuing a north-easterly direction, falls into the sea at Berwick. During the latter part of its course, the Tweed forms the boundary between England and Scotland. The descent from its source to Peebles is 1,000 feet, and thence to Berwick, about 500 feet more. Including windings, its length is reckoned at rather more than 100 miles. The salmon fisheries at Berwick are very productive. The *Forth* rises on the east side of Ben Lomond, and runs in an easterly direction, with many windings, till it unites with the Firth or Forth at Kincardine. The *Tay* conveys to the sea a greater quantity of water than any other river in Britain. It has its source in the western extremity of Perthshire, in the district of Bredalbane, on the frontiers of Lorn in Argyleshire. At first it receives the name of the Fillan. The Tay is celebrated for its salmon fisheries, the value of which is between £10,000 and £11,000 per annum. The river is navigable for vessels of 400 tons burthen, as far as Perth, thirty-two miles from the German ocean. The *Spey* is the most rapid of the Scottish rivers, and, next to the Tay, discharges the greatest quantity of water. It has its source in Loch Spey, within about six miles of the head of Loch Lochy. It runs in a north-easterly direction. From its source to its mouth, the distance is about seventy-five miles. Owing to the origin and course of its tributary waters, the Spey is very liable to sudden and destructive inundations. It flows through the best wooded part of the Highlands, and affords a water-carriage for the produce of the extensive woods of Glenmore and Strathspey, large quantities of which are floated down to the seaport of Garmouth. The *Clyde* is, in a commercial point of view, the most important river of Scotland. It has its origin in the highest part of the southern mountain land. Following its windings, the course of the Clyde, from its source to Dumbarton, is about seventy-three miles. At high water the Clyde is navigable for the largest class of merchant vessels as far as Glasgow, and large sums of money have been expended, especially of late, in improving and deepening the channel. The chief lakes of Scotland are, Loch Lomond, lying between Dumbartonshire and Stirlingshire; Loch Ness, in Inverness-shire; Loch Maree, in Ross-shire; Loch Awe, in Argylshire: Lochs Tay, Rannoch, and Erich, in Perthshire, &c.

The minerals of Scotland are numerous and valuable. The great coal-field of Scotland extends, with little interruption, from the eastern to the western coast. The most valuable part of this field is situated on the north and south sides of the Forth, about the average breadth of ten or twelve miles on each side, and on the north and south sides of the Clyde, ranging through Renfrewshire, part of Lanarkshire, and the north of Ayrshire. Detached coal-fields have also been found in various other parts of Scotland. Lime is very generally diffused throughout the country. Iron abounds in many parts, particularly in the coal-field. Lead mines are wrought to a great extent at Leadhills and Wanlockhead, in Dumfries-shire. There are extensive slate-quarries in Aberdeenshire, Argylshire, Perthshire, and Peebles-shire; marble is found in Argylshire, Sutherland and the Hebrides; sandstone abounds generally throughout the country; and granite, and other primitive rocks, within the limits of the Grampians.

The climate of Scotland is extremely variable. Owing to its insular situation, however, neither the cold in winter nor the heat in summer, is so intense as in similar latitudes on the Continent. The annual average temperature may be estimated at from 44 to 47 of Fahrenheit. The quantity of rain which falls on the east coast of Scotland varies from 22 to 26 inches, while on the west coast, and in the Hebrides, it ranges from 35 to 46 inches. The average number of days in which either rain or snow falls in parts situated on the west coast, is about 200; on the east coast, about 145. The winds are more variable than in England, and more violent, especially about the equinoxes. Westerly winds generally prevail, especially during autumn and the early part of winter, but north-east winds are prevalent and severe during spring and the early part of summer.

The soils of the various districts of Scotland are exceedingly diversified. The general average is inferior to that of England, although many of the valleys are highly productive. In Berwickshire, the Lothians, Clydesdale, Fifeshire, the Carses of Stirling, Falkirk, and more particularly in the Carse of Gowrie, Strathearn, Strathmore, and Moray, there are tracts of land not inferior to any in the empire. The inferiority of the climate and soil, as compared with England, is exhibited by contrasting the phenomena of vegetation in the two countries. Notwithstanding the very advanced state of agriculture, in many districts of Scotland, the crops are not reaped with the same certainty as in England, nor do the ordinary kinds of grain arrive at the same perfection. Thus, although Scotch and English barley may be of the same weight, the former does not bring so high a price; it contains less saccharine matter, and does not yield so large a quantity of malt. Various fruits, also, which ripen in the one country, seldom arrive at maturity in the other, and never reach the same perfection.

The herring fishery is carried on to a considerable extent on the east coast of Scotland, and there are most productive and valuable fisheries of ling and cod in the neighborhood of the Shetland and Orkney islands.

The manufactures of Scotland, especially those of linen and cotton, are extensive and flourishing. The making of steam-engines, and every other description of machinery, as also the building of steam-boats, both of wood and iron, is carried on to a great extent, especially on the Clyde; and vast quantities of cast-iron goods are produced at Carron, Shotts, and other works. The commerce of Scotland has increased with astonishing rapidity, especially within a comparatively recent period, and a vast trade is now carried on, particularly with America and the West Indies.

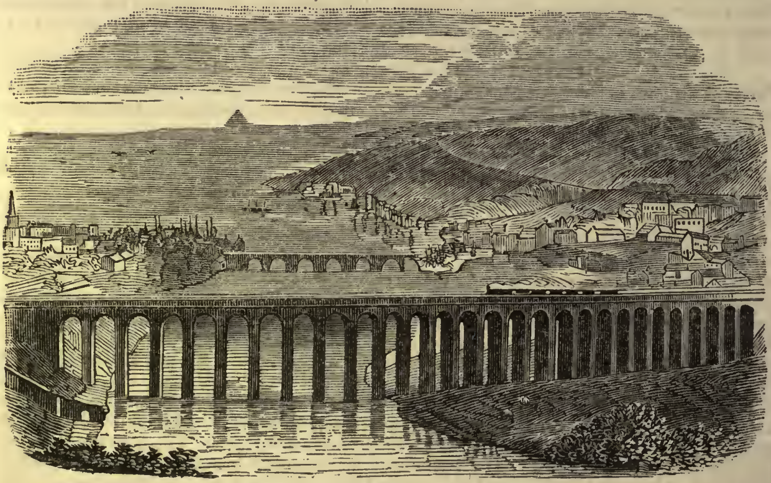
Under the Reform Act of 1832, Scotland returns fifty-three members to the Imperial Parliament. The Scottish Peers choose sixteen of their number to represent them in the House of Lords. These representative Peers, like the Commoners, hold their seats for only one Parliament.

Scotland is divided into 1,023 parishes, (including parishes *quoad sacra,*) each of which is provided with one minister, or, in a few instances in towns, with two. The number of parishes, *quoad sacra,* has, however, been increased of late. The stipends of the endowed clergy, with the glebe and manse, probably average from £260 to £300 a-year. The government of the church is vested in kirk-sessions, presbyteries, synods, and the General Assembly. The number of churches belonging to Dissenters, of all denominations, amounts to 1,500, besides a considerable number of missionary stations. Of this number 730 belong to the Free Church of Scotland, which separated from the Establishment in 1843. The incomes of the Dissenting clergy are wholly derived from their congregations; they average probably, from £120 to £130 a-year, including a house and garden. In many cases, however, the income is considerably larger.

The population of Scotland at the time of the Union, in 1707, is supposed not to have exceeded 1,050,000. In 1755, it amounted to 1,265,380; in 1831, it had increased to 2,365,114; in 1841, 2,628,957; and in 1851 it was 2,870,784. The average population per square mile is 88.5. The population of Scotland has increased less rapidly than that of England, and much less so than that of Ireland; and, in consequence, the Scotch have advanced much more rapidly than the English or Irish, in wealth, and in the command of the necessaries and conveniencies of life. Their progress in this respect has indeed been quite astonishing. The habits, diet, dress, and other accommodations of the people, have been signally improved. It is not too much to affirm, that the peasantry of the present day are better lodged, better clothed, and better fed, than the middle classes of land-owners a century ago.—*Ext. from Black's Tourist.*

BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

Berwick is situated upon a gentle declivity close by the German Ocean, on the North or Scottish side of the Tweed. It is surrounded by walls which only of late ceased to be regularly fortified. It is fifty-eight miles south-east from Edinburgh, and three hundred and seventy-two north-west of London. Population, 15,094. It is governed by a Mayor, Recorder and Justices, and sends two members to Parliament. The trade of the port is considerable. Berwick has been the scene of many sanguinary conflicts during the Border wars between the Scots and English. Both nations considering it a fortress of great importance, the town and neighborhood were a constant scene of bloodshed. After repeated sieges, it was in 1502, ceded to England; and by a treaty between Edward VI, and Mary Queen of Scotland, it was declared to be a free town, independent of both states. On the death of Elizabeth in 1603, James the VI, of Scotland, was proclaimed at Berwick, King of England, France and Ireland. James in return confirmed their ancient charters, and added new privileges. Its castle, so celebrated in early history, is now a shapeless ruin.



Viaduct and Bridge across the Tweed.

[Part of Berwick is seen on the left, beyond which is seen the German Ocean in the distance. The viaduct appears in front, the bridge connecting England and Scotland beyond.]

The viaduct seen in the view is considered the most stupendous work of the kind in Great Britain. The foundation stone was laid in 1847, and in August, 1850, it was formerly opened by Queen Victoria, when on her way to Scotland.

The constructure consists of twenty-eight semicircular arches, sixty-one feet six inches span each, springing from lofty piers eight feet six inches broad at the narrowest point. The abutment at the north end of the viaduct is built on the steep bank, on the top of which the old castle of Berwick once stood; the south abutment is joined by the railway embankment, forty feet high. Besides these main abutments, the bridge is divided into two series of arches by a minor abutment, standing near the edge of the river; this enabled the company to finish all the land arches and get the traffic over them without waiting for the completion of the more difficult and uncertain river operations. The total length of the viaduct, 2,170 feet; and the greatest height from the bed of the river, 125 feet. The whole bridge is built of stone, with the exception of the inner part of the arches, which is built with bricks laid in cement. There is in this structure upwards of 1,000,000 cubic feet of masonry; and nearly 2,500,000 of bricks have been placed in the arches. One hundred thousand feet of timbers was used in the foundations, which were of a very extensive and difficult character. In the execution of these foundations, two of Nasmyth's patent steam piling engines were brought into requisition for the purpose of putting in the coffer-dams and the piles on which the bridge is built, the natural foundation being merely loose sand and gravel. The contractors, Messrs M'Kay and Blackstock, at one time employed as many as two thousand men in the various departments embraced within their contract.

The total quantity of timber used in the construction of the stone and timber bridges has not been less than 240,000 cubic feet; and the cost of them together has been somewhat under £130,000.

The bridge is joined at the south end by an embankment five-eights of a mile in length, and in some parts sixty feet high, containing between seven and eight hundred thousand cubic yards of earth.

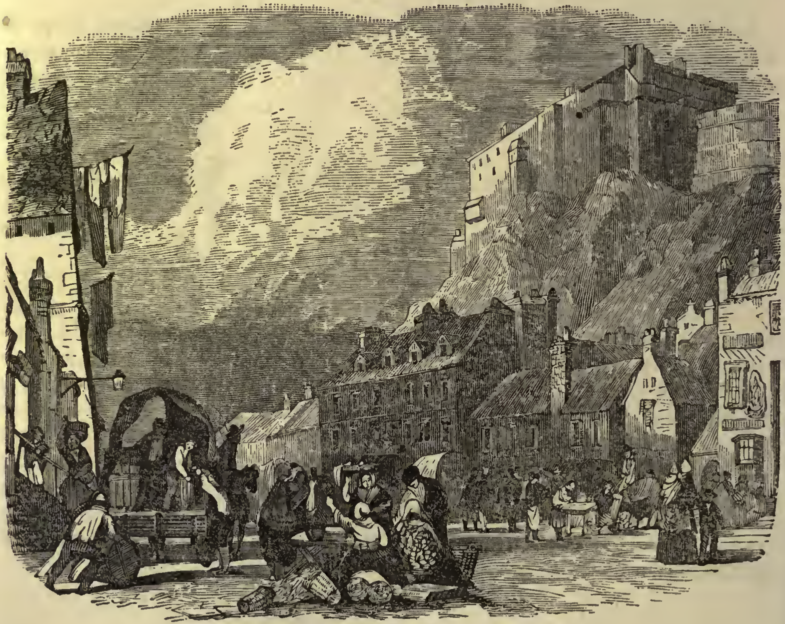
Sir Alexander Seton was deputy governor of Berwick Castle when it was beseiged by the ambitious Edward III; the defenders at last, from want of succor and food, entered into a treaty for a temporary suspension of hostilities, and hostages were delivered by the Scotch for the fulfilment of their engagement. The deputy-governor had one son drowned in the battle on the river, another was taken prisoner, and a third was delivered as a hostage. Afraid that a Scotch army would come to the relief of the town, and that he might thus fail in capturing it, Edward demanded an immediate surrender of Berwick, or, if not, that he would instantly hang the hostage and prisoner, sons of Seton.

The deputy-governor remonstrated, and appealed to the king's faith; but the reply was the erection of a gibbet in full view of the town. Seton struggled between affection and honor, and it is supposed he would have yielded to nature, had not the mother, with a degree of heroism worthy of a Roman matron, and equal to the greatness of the most exalted mind, stepped forward, and with the most forcible eloquence argued to support his principles and sustain his trembling soul. While the bias of parental affection yet inclined him to relax, she withdrew him from the shocking spectacle that he might preserve his rectitude, though at the inestimable price of his two sons. Edward, with an unrelenting heart, put them both to death. Two skulls, preserved in the poorhouse at Tweedmouth, are handed down as those of the unfortunate youths.

EDINBURGH.

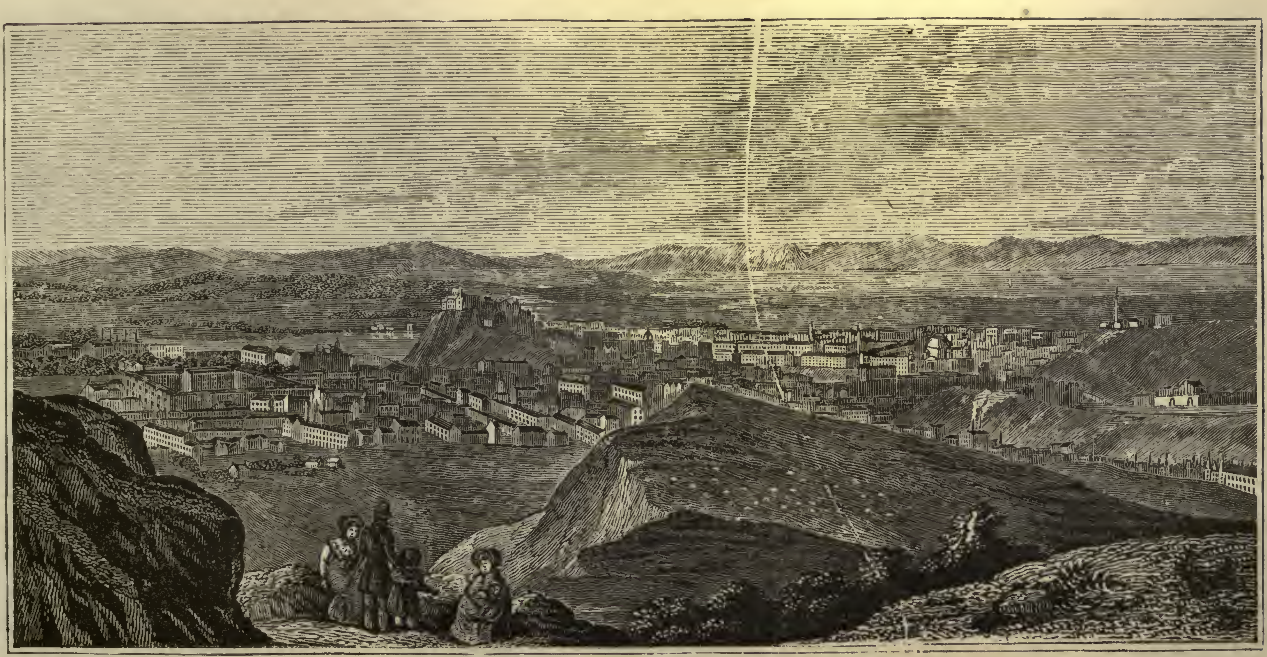
Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, and the chief town of the Shire of Mid-Lothian, or the county of Edinburgh, is situated one mile and a-half south from the Firth, or Forth, 396 miles N. N. W. of London, and 42 from Glasgow. The precise geographical position of the center of the city is 55 deg. 77 m. 20 sec. north latitude, and 3 deg. 10 m. 30 sec. west longitude. The population of Edinburgh, exclusive of Leith, according to the census since 1801, has been, in 1801, 66,544; in 1821, 112,235; in 1841, 138,182; and in 1851, it was 160,084.

The town now has extended almost to the shore of the Firth, (an arm of the sea about six miles broad,) and has thus formed a connection with Leith, the ancient port, New Haven, a fishing village, and Granton, a steam-boat station. The situation of the city is generally admitted to be the most picturesque in Europe. It is immediately overlooked by the rocks of Salisbury Crags, and the Peak of Arthur's Seat, 822 feet above the level of the sea, east of the city; at the distance of three miles to the south-west is the range of the Pentland Hills; and within a mile on the north-west is the richly wooded Corstorphine Hill. The rest of the neighborhood consists of fine fertile fields, ornamented with gardens and villas.



View of Edinburgh Castle from the Grass Market.

Twelve hundred years ago, Edwin, a king of Northumbria, (to which this part of Scotland was then attached,) built a fort on the rocky height on which the castle now stands, and hence arose the name Edwinsburgh, or Edinburgh. In the Celtic language the name of the city is Dunedin, signifying the Hill of Edwin. From the castle, a town gradually extended on the top and sides of the ridge, which slopes downward toward the east. Originally, and for centuries, the city was confined entirely to this ridge or hill; and at this early period it was nearly surrounded by the waters of the lake. To add to this means of defense, it was environed by walls, of which some few relics, of different eras, still exist. Edinburgh was, therefore, at one time a fortified town, reposing under the shelter of the castle at its western extremity. This, however, did not protect it from aggression. In point of fact, the castle was never captured by absolute assault; but it surrendered, after a siege, on several occasions. The last time it was invested by an army was on the occasion of the city falling into the hands of the Highland army under Prince Charles Stuart in 1745; but



EDINBURGH.

As seen from Arthur's Seat, a rocky elevation to the S. E. Castle Hill, the Castle, with the ancient buildings of the old City, are seen in the central part of the view. Holyrood Palace is on the right, beyond which, in the distance, is seen Calton Hill, Nelson's Monument, &c. The Firth of Forth, an arm of the sea, is seen in the distance on the right.

this force it successfully resisted. Since that period, now upwards of a century ago, its guns have happily not been fired except for military salutes.

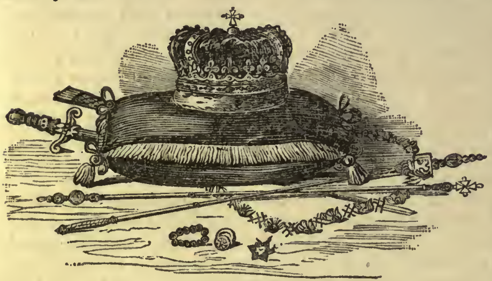
In the twelfth century, David I, a pious and munificent Scottish monarch, founded the abbey of Holyrood, in the low ground eastward from the city; he at the same time empowered the monks or canons of this religious house to found a burgh in a westerly direction up the slope towards Edinburgh; and thus was built the Canongate, a suburb now in intimate union with the city—the whole apparently forming one town. In connection with Holyrood there also sprung up a royal palace, which became a favorite place of residence of the Scottish sovereigns. Not, however, until the era of the murder of James I, at Perth, in 1436–7, did Edinburgh become the recognized capital of the kingdom. Neither Perth nor Scone, Stirling nor Dunfermline, being able to offer security to royalty against the designs of the nobility, Edinburgh and its castle were thence selected as the only places of safety for the royal household, for the sittings of parliament, for the mint, and the functionaries of government. Rising into importance as some other places sunk, Edinburgh became densely crowded with population; and hampered by surrounding walls, within which it was thought necessary to keep, for the sake of protection, its houses rose to a great height. Excepting the single open street extending from the Castle to Holyrood, every morsel of ground was covered with houses, forming thickly-packed *closes* or alleys, descending on each side from the central thoroughfare. Thus originated those lofty edifices which usually surprise strangers. In front, towards the High-street, they range from five to seven stories; but behind, towards the sloping flanks of the hill, they are considerably higher, and rising one above another, produce an exceedingly picturesque effect.

The first thing which the inhabitants seem to have done to emancipate themselves from this confinement, was to drain the morass or lake lying in the hollow on the south; and here were built extensions, (now known as the Grassmarket and Cowgate,) which were occupied by many of the higher classes. In times much more recent, these extensions spread over the rising ground still more to the south; and with this latter improvement, the citizens remained contented till about the middle of the eighteenth century. The cause for this slow progress was the injury which Edinburgh sustained from the union of Scotland with England in 1707. Until that event it was the resort of royalty, and of the nobility and commons who constituted the Scottish parliament. Although, by the treaty of union, Scotland retained its peculiar institutions, laws, and courts of judicature—all having their central organization in Edinburgh—there was sustained a serious loss in the final withdrawal of the sovereign and officers of government. The merging of the Scottish parliament in the British House of Lords and Commons was felt to be a fatal blow; and this disaster, as it was thought to be, Edinburgh did not recover till the country in general took a start, consequent on the failure of the rebellion of 1745, the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, (feudal oppressions,) in 1748, and the opening of trade with the American colonies. Agriculture now began to receive attention, Glasgow rose into importance, and Edinburgh, sympathizing in the movement, became the seat of various banking institutions, which imparted life and vigor to the arts.

Edinburgh is not a manufacturing town—a circumstance arising partly from its situation, and partly from the constitution of its society, which is essentially aristocratic, literary and professional. The only businesses carried on to a large extent are printing, with the kindred arts; iron founding, brewing, and coach-building. The largest manufactories of paper in Scotland are situated on the North Esk, within a distance of ten miles. The town has long been distinguished for its banking and life-insurance institutions. The principal professsion is that of the law, in connection with the supreme courts. The next in importance is that of education, which has many able professors and teachers. Edinburgh is indeed resorted to by families from all parts of the empire for the sake of its numerous well-conducted schools. Taking a tone from these circumstances, the general society of Edinburgh is usually considered to be of a refined character; and this it seems likely to maintain from its increasing intercourse with the metropolis.

THE CASTLE.

The first object that usually attracts the attention of visitors is the Castle. It may be entered freely, but an order is required to see the regalia, which are deposited within it: this order is obtained gratis by application at an office in the council chambers. The regalia are not shown till noon. The rock on which the fortress is built rises to a height of 383 feet above the level of the sea, and its battlements, towering above the city, may be seen in some directions for forty or fifty miles. The rock is precipitous on all sides but the east; here it is connected with the town by an open esplanade. The walls are believed not to be more than three hundred years old. The principal buildings, now used as barracks, are at the south-east corner, and among these is an old palace, partly built by Queen Mary in 1565, and partly in 1616. Pretty nearly the whole interest in a visit to the castle pertains to this edifice.



Regalia of Scotland.

Entering by a doorway in a projecting staircase, fronting a quadrangular court, we are conducted into a small vaulted apartment containing the regalia; the different objects being placed on an oval table, securely enclosed within a kind of cage of upright bars. The crown lies on a cushion of crimson velvet, fringed with gold, and is surrounded by the scepter, the sword with its sheath, and the treasurer's mace. The room is fitted up with crimson hangings, tastefully disposed; the whole lighted up by four lamps. The crown is very elegantly formed, the under part being a golden diadem, consisting of two circles, chased and adorned with precious stones and pearls. The upper circle is surmounted by crosses fleury, interchanged with fleur-de-lis, and with small points, terminated by costly pearls. This was the old crown, and the date is unknown, though the era of Bruce has been referred to with much probability. James V added two concentric arches of gold, crossing and intersecting each other above the circles, and surmounted by a ball or globe, over which rises a cross patee, adorned with diamonds. The çap or tira of the crown is of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, and adorned with pearls; but this was only substituted by James VII for the former cap of tiara of purple velvet, which had become much decayed during the concealment of the regalia in the time of the civil war. The scepter is a slender rod of silver, thirty-two inches in length, chased and varied in its form. It terminates with three small figures, representing the Virgin Mary, St. Andrew, and St. James, over whose heads rises a crystal globe. With this scepter the Lord Chancellor of Scotland touched the acts of parliament in token of the royal assent. The sword of state is very elegant. It was a present from Pope Julius II to James IV of Scotland, (slain at Flodden,) and having been wrought in Italy shortly after the revival of the arts, is a beautiful specimen of sculpture. The handle is of silver, gilded, and the cross or guard is wreated in imitation of two dolphins. The scabbard is adorned with filigree-work of silver, representing boughs and leaves of oak with acorns; the device of Pope Julius being an oak-tree in fruit. The last monarch who used the crown was Charles II, while in Scotland, previous to the disastrous battle of Worcester. Saved by friends of royalty during the civil war, the regalia were afterwards deposited in a chest in the room in which they are now shown. In 1817 these interesting relics were taken from their place of deposit, and thus freely exposed to public view.

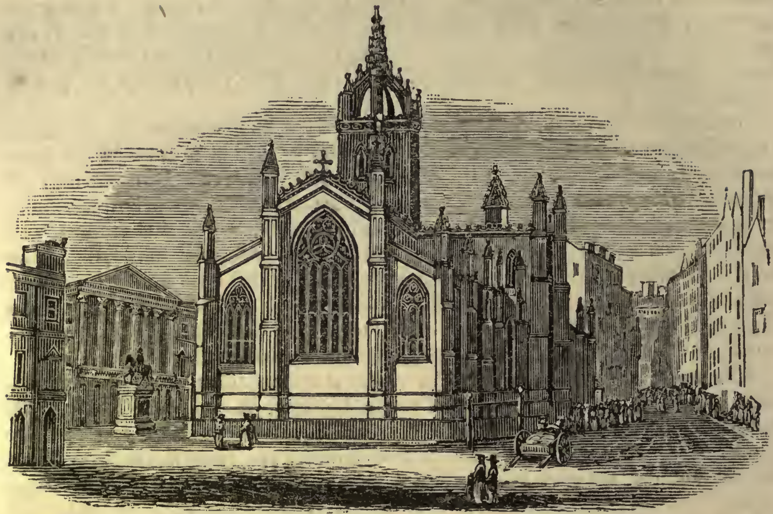
Leaving the regalia, the stranger next visits, in the same pile of building, but entered by a different door, the room in which Queen Mary gave birth to James VI, on the 19th of June, 1566. It will create feelings of surprise to find this place now forming part of a mean tavern or canteen. It is a small irregular-shaped apartment, of about eight feet square, and lighted by a single window, overlooking the precipice beneath. The roof is divided into four compartments, having the figure of a thistle at each corner, and a crown and the initials M. R. in the center. When George IV visited the castle in 1822, he was conducted, at his own request, to this little room, so interesting for its historical associations.

The most defensible part of the castle is on the east, near the above-mentioned edifice: here is a half-moon battery, on which is a flag-staff, facing the Old Town, and completely commanding the approaches to the fort. Further round to the north, overlooking the Argyle Battery, is the Bomb Battery, whence is obtained a very extensive prospect of the New Town, the environs, the Firth of Forth, and the coast of Fife. On this lofty battery stands an ancient piece of ordnace, called *Mons Meg*, which is considered a kind of national palladium of Scotland. This gun, which is composed of long bars of beat iron, hooped together by a close series of rings, measuring twenty inches in the bore, is supposed to have been fabricated under the auspicies of James IV, who, in 1498, employed it at the siege of Norman Castle, on the borders of England. It was rent in 1682, when firing a salute, since which time it has been quite useless. Having been removed to England, and deposited in the Tower of London, it was restored to its old position, at the solicitation of the Scotch, in 1829. It appears to have been customary to fire from it bullets of stone, which were afterwards economically sought for and picked up for future use. Some of these are piled alongside of Meg.

On the western side of the castle are some tall barracks, and also the arsenal or storehouses, in which are contained thirty thousand stand of arms. These, and other objects of curiosity, are shown to strangers. Edinburgh castle is one of the forts enjoined by the treaty of union to be kept up in Scotland; but as this portion of the United Kingdom needs no military defense, it may be described as a source of useless expense to the country.

The long line of street extending from the castle to Holyrood—called at different parts Castle Hill, Lawnmarket, High-street and Canongate—embraces or abuts various objects of interest. This was the one thoroughfare of ancient Edinburgh; and, as already stated, many of the black and half-dilapidated houses which environ it were formerly inhabited by people of distinction.

The High Church, or Cathedral of St. Giles, stands on High-street, nearly opposite the Royal Exchange. The building contains *three* places of worship. The division called the High Church has a



St. Giles' Cathedral and Parliament Square.

gallery with a throne and canopy for the Sovereign, which is used by the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly when attending divine service during the sitting of that body. The cathedral is architecturally surmounted by an imperial crown in which are a sett of musical bells. It was in this Church that in 1637, Charles I, endeavoring to establish the Episcopal form of worship, created such a ferment among the people, as to prevent afterwards all similar attempts. It was in one of the chapels of this Cathedral, that Jenny Geddes, the old Scotch woman, made the first outbreak against what she supposed to be the first introduction of Popery into Scotland, under the mask of Prelacy. The service had got on to a certain length, but when the Dean announced the Collect for the day, Jenny's wrath could be controlled no longer: she rose and exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Deil *colic* the wame o' ye," and hurled the *creepie*, (a short legged stool,) on which she had been sitting, at the head of the Dean, who luckily escaped the intended blow: the whole church, however, became a scene of confusion, and they broke up in disorder. Across the road from this structure is a newly erected place of public worship, belonging to the "Free Church of Scotland," and is, in many respects, considered as the first Church of this denomination.*

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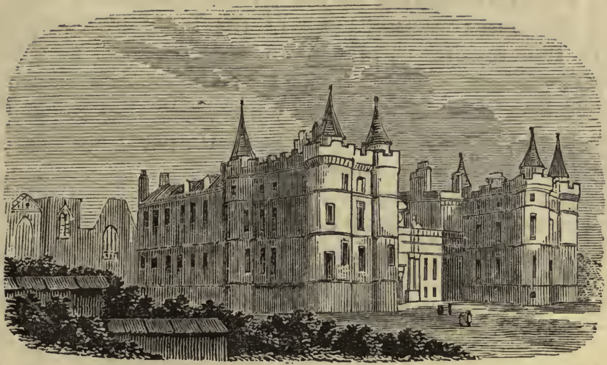
* When this Church was visited, (October 16, 1853,) the Rev. Dr. Guthrie officiated as pastor, having as his colleague the Rev. Dr. Hanna, the son-in-law of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers. We found an overflowing congregation in attendance, and it was only by giving information that we were strangers from America that we could get admission. Dr. Hanna preached in the forenoon. His subject was taken from the account given of Saul's assuming the government of Israel, and his forfeiture of his crown for his dis-



Palace of Holyrood—the Abbey on the left.

This celebrated place of Scottish Royalty is a handsome building near the foot of Canongate of a quadrangular form, with a central court ninety-four feet square, surrounded by piazzas. A fine statue of Queen Victoria stands in front of the Palace, which is flanked with double castellated towers. A palace was built here in connection with the Abbey founded by David I, and this old structure was considerably renovated by James V. The whole, however, was destroyed by Cromwell, excepting the north-west angle, or that portion fronting the spectator as he approaches from the Canongate. All the rest is comparatively modern, having been built in the reign of Charles II, but in a way to harmonize with the older part then remaining. The design of the palace by Bruce seems to be much the same as that of Hampton Court. The whole is in a plain Grecian style of architecture.

Having been erected after the Scottish monarchs had removed to England, the palace generally cannot be said ever to have been a royal residence for more than short periods. Of the survivng portion of the older palace a different history can be told. James V was father of Mary, and when that unfortunate princess landed in Scotland, she was conducted to the palace which her father had erected. The house was of large dimensions, much larger than at

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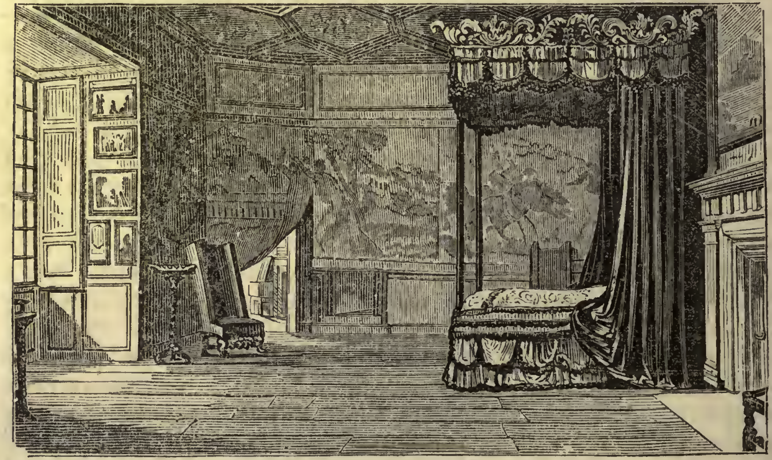
obedience to the commands of God. It was an exceedingly able discourse, showing that monarchs were to govern their subjects according to the word of God. If they went contrary to this, and violated their oaths, their crowns were forfeited, and they had no right to reign. All tyrants and despots, he contended, either withheld the Bible, or affected to despise its authority. In the afternoon we heard Dr. Guthrie preach on the subject of repentance. He founded his discourse on Peter's sermon, and its effects as related in the Acts. He described the different scenes through which Peter passed about this period with great vividness and effect. Dr. G. is a natural and powerful orator, exceeding any one I had the opportunity of hearing while in Great Britain. I hardly ever saw so respectable and intelligent-looking audience. During the time of prayer the congregation stood; the psalm was read by the preacher, and was sung by the congregation without rising from their seats.

present; but Mary selected for her private apartments those which occupied the north-western angle of the building, comprehended chiefly in two turrets. Fortunately, this was the part saved by Cromwell's soldiers. Thus, by an accident, Mary's apartments are preserved; and, what is still more remarkable, they are at this day very much in the same condition she left them, although nearly three hundred years have since passed away.

Ascending a stone staircase from the piazza of the court, under the guidance of an ever-ready attendant, we reach these rooms, so full of historical associations, and are naturally surprised to observe how simply the beautiful queen had been accommodated. In the first place there is a vestibule, where the blood of Rizzio is still shown upon the floor. Next is her presence-chamber, a room of large dimensions, with a carved oak roof, embellished with ciphers of different kings, queens, and princes, in faded paint and gold. The walls are decked with a great variety of pictures and prints; and some old chairs and other furniture are preserved.



Queen Mary's Bed-Chamber, Holyrood Palace.

Adjacent to this apartment, occupying the front of the tower, is the bed-chamber of Mary, in which her bed is shown, in a very decayed condition. The only other two apartments are a small dressing-room and a cabinet, in which last she was sitting at supper when Rizzio was assailed by his assassins. Here, also, is a portrait of Rizzio, who, as to personal beauty, was superior to Mary. The armor of Lord Darnley, his helmet and gloves, are also exhibited. Near the door which leads from the bedchamber into this apartment, is shown a private staircase in the solid wall, communicating with a suit of rooms below, which perhaps were those occupied by Darnley, as it is known he conducted the conspirators by this passage into the presence of his wife. These two small rooms contain a few objects of interest, said to have belonged to the queen's toilet; also some tapestry, wrought by her own hand. Cold and deserted, and with all around having the appearance of age and decay, Mary's apartments cannot fail to inspire melancholy reflections; but to the reader of history, the view of the scene here disclosed will at the same time add a new pleasure—the satisfaction of seeing the actual spot where events took place which have for centuries been the theme of narratives and discussions.

Having seen Queen Mary's apartments, little else in the palace is worth looking at. In a long apartment, in which takes place the election of representative Scottish Peers for the House of Lords, are exhibited "portraits of a hundred and six Scottish monarchs." The other apartments are fitted up principally in a modern style, and are in part occupied by the families of noblemen and others who have received permission to reside within the palace, of which the Duke of Hamilton is heritable keeper. As a place of royal residence the palace is now scarcely suitable. Its low situation and want of a sunk story render it damp; while it is destitute of many desirable conveniences. When George IV was in Scotland, in 1822, he held courts in one of the apartments; but he resided at the palace of the Duke of Buccleuch, at Dalkeith.

The Abbey of Holyrood. Partially adhering to the walls of the palace, and now a roofless ruin, this was at one time an exceedingly handsome structure, built in the florid Gothic style. On the occasion of the incursion of the Earl of Hertford in 1544, it received its first great blow, the interior being sacked, and the monks contumeliously scattered. It again suffered from an invasion of the English in 1547, and from that time sunk to the condition of a chapel-royal. In this state it was the scene of Queen Mary's marriage with Darnley, July 29, 1565.

Throughout the seventeenth century, Holyrood Chapel was at different times fitted up by orders of the Stuarts, as an examplar for worship according to the English ritual; but, as the readers of history know, with no good effect on the Scottish people. At the revolution, it was despoiled by a mob, and afterwards remained in a dilapidated state for seventy-two years. The roof being then decayed, was taken down, and replaced by a new covering; this was most injudiciously composed of flag-stones, the weight of which brought it down, to the damage of the building, in 1768. Since that period, the chapel has been an open ruin. It is now used only as a place of sepulture by some families of note. A few of the ancient tombstones in the floor are interesting.

The following, relative to the murder of Rizzio, is extracted from a letter of the Earl of Bedford to the Lords of the council in England on the 27th of March, 1566.

"On Saturday, the 9th March, 1566, about eight o'clock in the evening, supped at this table Queen Mary, Lady Argyll, a few other ladies, and Rizzio. Suddenly the private door was opened, and Darnley, followed by Lord Ruthven and George Douglass, entered the apartment, all completely armed, and confederated against Rizzio—the king, because he believed the queen loved him, and because he thought him the only object in the way of his exercising the power he wished for over the heart of the queen and her sceptre—the barons, because they could not brook the influence of a foreign favorite. The Earl of Morton, another of the conspirators, had, in the meanwhile, taken possession of the palace with a body of troops, and the queen and her favorite were thus in the power of those who had entered by the private door. Rizzio, who wore his cap on his head, comprehended all this at a glance, and trembled as Lord Ruthven, whose naturally wild aspect was rendered more hollow and ghastly from recent illness, ordered him to come forth, as that was no place for him. Mary, who was now in the sixth month of her pregnancy, answered that it was her will that David, (Rizzio's christian name,) should be there. "But it is against thy honor," interrupted Darnley, who thereupon arose, that they might seize upon Rizzio in the queen's cabinet, while Darnley heaped reproaches against him in her presence. While the king was thus speaking, the hollow-eyed Lord Ruthven, who had just arisen from a three months' sickness, and who was still so weak that he could scarcely walk or draw his weapon, stepped up to Rizzio and took him by the arm, telling him he would teach him to know his duty better. Terrified, David sprang up, and seizing the queen by her garments, placed himself behind her. She, on her part, did her utmost to save him. But Darnley took the queen in his arms, tore Rizzio's hands away, and thrust him on one side. Ruthven and Douglass, threw him entirely out by the door, and through the queen's bed-chamber into an ante-room, where Lord Morton, Lord Lindsay, and others, his enemies, were assembled. It was not their intention straightway to have killed him, but to have had him hanged the next day. But when, pale and terrified, he staggered into the room, one of their number, out of contempt, drew his dagger, and stabbed him in the body. Many others did the same, and he fell with six-and-fifty wounds.

The king and Lord Ruthven remained for some time with the queen in her cabinet. She conjured her husband to offer no harm to Rizzio, and at the same time blamed him as the originator of so treacherous and vile a deed. He is said to have told her that Rizzio, for two months, had had more and closer intimacy with her than he had himself, and thence, for her honor and his own contentment, he had determined on his apprehension. "Is it then the duty of the wife to seek the husband ?" said Mary. "It is your own fault if you have been without my society." To this he made answer, that when he had come, she was either unprepared to receive him, or had feigned herself sick. "Good," she replied, "now you have taken your last of me, and your farewell." "That were pity," said Lord Ruthven; "he is your majesty's husband, and each must yield duty to the other." "Why may I not leave him, as well as your wife did her husband ?" she inquired. Lord Ruthven answered, that his wife had been lawfully divorced from her husband, and for no such cause as the king had to complain of; "and besides," he said, "this man is mean and base, an enemy to the nobility, a disgrace to you, and the destroyer of the country." "Well," she said, "that shall be dear blood to some of you, if his be spilt." "God forbid," said Lord Ruthven, "for the more your grace shows yourself offended, the world will judge the worse." Her husband, in the meantime, said little, she all the while shedding hot tears. Lord Ruthven, being faint and sick, called for a drink, and said "This must I do with your majesty's permission," and endeavored, as well as he could, to pacify her. But nothing he said could please her.

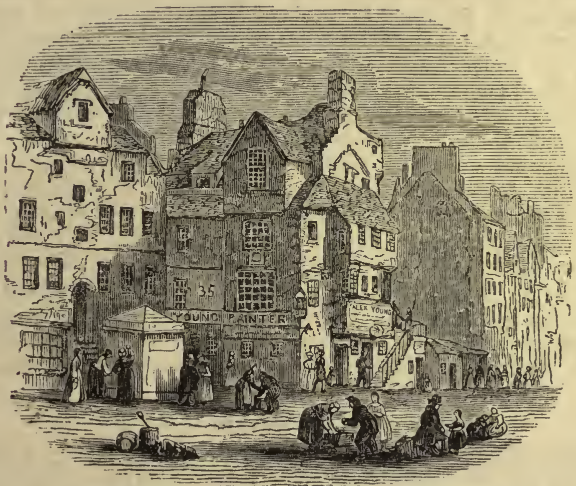
When the murder of Rizzio was known in the palace, there arose an uproar among the friends of the queen who believed that all their lives would be taken, and two of them, Huntley and Bothwell, sprang through a window and escaped. Lord Ruthven hastened down to quiet the people. The king still remained in conversation with the queen, and she invited him to sleep with her that night; but from this he excused himself. From this time the queen's aversion towards him was matured into bitter hatred. She transferred her love and favor to Bothwell, who afterwards murdered the king; and Mary, some months after, was married to him."

The UNIVERSITY OR COLLEGE of Edinburgh, is a large massive structure erected on the site of a former establishment, where about the time of the Reformation, a new system of education was commenced. In the reign of Queen Mary, this district was all open ground, on which was an old religious establishment called the "Kirk of Field;" and it was in one of the ancient edifices here that the unfortunate Darnley was lodged when he was blown up by gunpowder, on the 10th of February, 1567—his body having been picked up near the old city wall, in a place called Drummond-street. On the spot occupied by the Kirk of Field, a University was instituted by James VI, in the year 1582; and by means of subsequent benefactions from the crown and from individuals, the establishment attained a respectable footing.

It now consists of sixty-three professors, some of whom are elected by the crown, but the greater number by the town-council, in whom resides the power of supervision. The different classes are attended by about twelve hundred students, who wear no peculiar garb, and reside in lodgings in the town. The whole of the buildings primarily used for the College existed till 1789, when the new buildings were begun to be erected. As now finished, they form a huge structure, with a large court in the center. On the west side of the court, a great part of the edifice is devoted to a museum of natural history; on the south is the library; the other places being devoted to class-rooms and other accommodations. A number of distinguished men in science and literature have been connected with this institution; among others may be mentioned the illustrious Cullen, Black, Gregory, Fergusson, Stewart, Blair, Robertson, Leslie, and the Monros. The college of Edinburgh still maintains a high reputation as a school of medicine and surgery.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, ETC.

This is an institution distinct from the university. To strangers, it is only interesting for its valuable museum, chiefly consisting of preparations; though to some a sight of these will be far from pleasing. The building is situated in Nicholson street, a short way from the University. Further on, in the same street, is the **Asylum for the Blind**, an interesting charitable institution.



John Knox's House, foot of High-street, Edinburgh.

Pasing down the High Street from the Castle, we come to the John Knox House, situate on the left, close by a public well, and the beginning of Cannongate-street. Knox's House is but little adapted to attract the attention of any one except a searcher for the curious in old houses. It is said to be the very oldest stone building in the locality, having been erected before 1539, in the days of James V. Here the Reformer resided, for a short time, in 1559, and again in 1563; here he narrowly escaped the shot of an assassin, and here it is supposed he composed the greater part, if not the whole, of his History of the Reformation. An inscription, immediately above the ground floor, in large Roman letters, but scarcely discernible, runs thus:—LVFE . GOD . ABOVE . AL . AND . YOVR . NICHTBOVR . AS . YI . SELF. This house was the residence appointed by the city authorities for the Reformer, soon after the Reformation. An effigy of Knox was formerly seen on the front of the building, placed in a Presbyterian pulpit, in the attitude of addressing an audience; but it has been discovered that this device only covered a more antique sculpture, representing Moses at the burning bush, with the name of God inscribed in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. On the front of a house opposite, are medallion heads, evidently Roman, of the Emperor Severus and his consort Julia. Some little alterations and repairs have been recently made in the lower part of the building, and a church has been erected between it and the next building seen in the view.

The street now becoming narrower, assumes the name of Canongate, a burgh separate from the city, and, consequently, having a separate jurisdiction in many matters. In the Canongate the nobility resided at the time when the palace was graced by the residence of royalty. Many of the houses of the nobility are still standing in good repair, but now very indifferently tenanted. The most conspicuous of these ancient residences is that of the Earl of Moray, having a stone balcony in front, from which, in 1650, the Marquis of Argyle had the unmanliness to witness his opponent, the great Marquis of Montrose, drawn on a hurdle to prison, a few days previous to his execution. This building is now occupied by the Normal and training schools of the Free Church. The gardens behind contain a conservatory, in which the articles of Union were partly subscribed—the other signatures being secretly adhibited in " the Union Cellar," High-street.

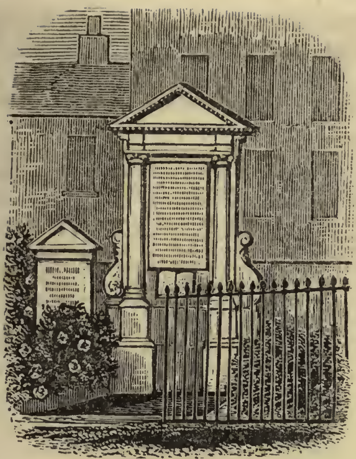
A little further down the street, on the left, is the Canongate Jail and Court-house. On the top of the jail is a projecting clock-turret, with the dials facing up and down the street. The court-house adjoins, with the cross in front. Beyond, is the Canongate Church. This church, built in the form of a cross, was founded in 1688. In the churchyard lie buried some of the chief men of worth and talent who have adorned Edinburgh;—Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, Dr. Gregory, and many other. On the left, a little way from the church, is the grave of the poet Ferguson, over whose resting-place Burns erected a tombstone.

HERIOT'S HOSPITAL.

This old and respected institution is situated in an open ground in Lauriston, and is approached by George the Fourth's Bridge, or by a street near the College. As the name imports, Heriot's Hospital was founded and endowed by George Heriot, jeweller to James VI, in the year 1624. The building, from a design of Inigo Jones, was begun in 1628, and finished in 1650. It is a large handsome structure, in the Elizabethan style, with turrets, and enclosing a quadrangular court. The cost of its erection was £30,000, which nearly swallowed up the funds; but, by careful management, these are now more than adequate for all demands, and the overplus, under powers granted by a late act of Parliament, is devoted to the erection and support of schools for poor children in different quarters of the town. The object of Heriot's Hospital resembles that of Christ's Hospital in London—the board, clothing, and education of boys, of whom the present number is one hundred and eighty. They must all be the sons of poor burgesses of Edinburgh.

Opposite Heriot's Hospital, on the south, stands a similar establishment—George Watson's Hospital; and there are various institutions of this class, including Donaldson's Hospital, a building of great magnificence recently erected at the west end of the new town, the Orphan Hospital, &c.

The Royal Institution, is situated at the foot of the Earthen Mound. This magnificent Grecian structure was commenced in 1825, from a design by Playfair. Over the pediment fronting Prince's-street, is placed a statue of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, by Mr. Steell. Within this building the Royal Institution for the Encouragement of Fine Arts in Scotland, the Board of Trustees for the Improvement of Manufactures and Fisheries in Scotland, and the Royal Society, have apartments. There is also a fine Statue Gallery, consisting of casts from the antique, together with a set of casts from the Elgin marbles, for the use of the pupils of the Drawing and Life Academy, to which the public has free access



Martyr's Monament, Edinburgh.

The Grey Friar's Churchyard was anciently the garden belonging to the monastery of Grey Friars, which was situated in the Grass Market. The churches situated in the grounds are the Old and New Grey Friars—the former a mere shell, having been destroyed by fire in 1845. In this church-yard are buried some of the distinguished men in Scotland's history. The monument of Dr. Blair, and Allan Ramsay the poet, are affixed on the walls of the church. The expensive monument over the remains of MacKensie, the persecutor of the Covenanters, and also that of Archbishop Sharpe, who was murdered for his opposition to the religious liberties of Scotland, both without inscriptions, were pointed out, and both were in a ruinous state. The prison yard attached to these grounds, where the Covenanters were kept several months without shelter, with the iron gate through which they received their food, is still to be seen. The stone on which the Covenanters signed *with their blood* the Solemn League and Covenant is still to be seen near the church. One of the most interesting monuments in the yard, is one erected over the remains of about one hundred of the Covenanters. The annexed engraving is from a drawing made on the spot, with a copy of the inscription, which is here subjoined:

Halt! passenger, take heed what you see,
This stone doth show for what some men did die;
Here lies interred the dust of those who stood
'Gainst Perjury resisting unto blood,
Adhering to the Covenants and Laws,
Establishing the same which was the cause.
Their lives were sacrificed unto the lusts,
Of Prelates abjured, and though their dust
Lies mix'd with murderers and other crew,
Whom justice justly did, to the death pursue;
But as for them no cause was to be found
Worthy of death, but only they were sound,
Constant, and steadfast, zealous, witnessing
For the prerogatives of Christ their King:
Which truths were sealed by famous Gutherie's head,
And all along to Mr. Renwick's blood.
They did endure the wrath of enemies,
Reproaches, tortures, deaths, and injuries;
But yet they'e those, who from such troubles came
And triumph now in Glory with the Lamb.

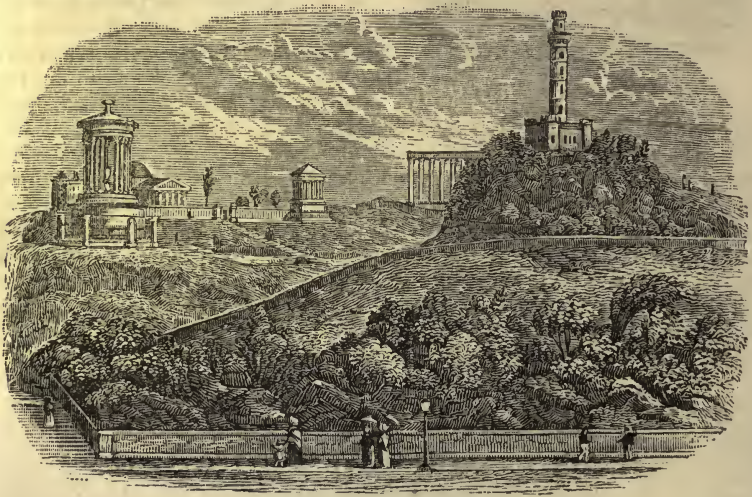
"From May 27th, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyle was beheaded, to the 17th of February, 1688, that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were in one way or another, murdered and destroyed for the same cause, about eighteen thousand, of whom were executed at Edinburgh, about one hundred of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers and others—noble martyrs for Jesus Christ. The most of them lie here. [For a particular account of the cause and manner of their sufferings, see the Cloud of Witnesses; Crookshank's and De Foe's Histories."]

On the open book seen on the lower part of the monument is inscribed—

"Rev. VI. 9, 10, 11. And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them: and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet a little season, until their fellow-servants also, and their brethren, that should be killed, as they were, should be fulfilled."

"Rev. VII. 14. These are they that came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Chap. 2d, 10. Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

[After the fatal defeat at Bothwell Bridge, June 22d, 1679. in which the Covenanters were defeated with the loss of 400 killed, and 1200 prisoners, many of the latter were tied two and two together, and driven to Edinburgh like a flock of cattle, and exposed to sufferings at which humanity recoils. They were confined in the Gray Friars' church-yard, without any shelter, under a strong guard. After suffering for five months innumerable hardships, the greater part of them were ordered to be transported to Barbadoes, and sold for slaves. On the 5th of November, accordingly, two hundred and fifty of these prisoners were put on board a vessel lying in Leith Roads. Here they remained at anchor for twelve days, during which time they were treated with great cruelty. On the 10th of December, they were overtaken with a fearful tempest at the Orkneys. The barbarous captain ordered the hatches to be nailed down lest any of the prisoners should escape. In the course of the night, the ship having struck upon a rock, the captain and crew provided for their own safety, regardless of the cries of the prisoners who besought them to open the hatches. One of the seamen more humane than the rest, returned to the ship at the hazard of his life, and cut a hole in the deck, by means of which, about fifty escaped. The remainder, about two hundred persons, sunk to the bottom with the ship.]



Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

Calton Hill, approached from Princes-street by Waterloo Place, attains the height of three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. Laid out with walks for the recreation of the citizens, it offers a most extensive prospect of the town on the one side, and the sea on the other. On the rocky apex stands a monument to Lord Nelson, in the form of a tall shaft springing from an octagonal base—an object in a poor style of art, and only redeemed by the magnificent panoramic view which is obtained from its summit. The lower part is a species of coffee or refreshment-room.

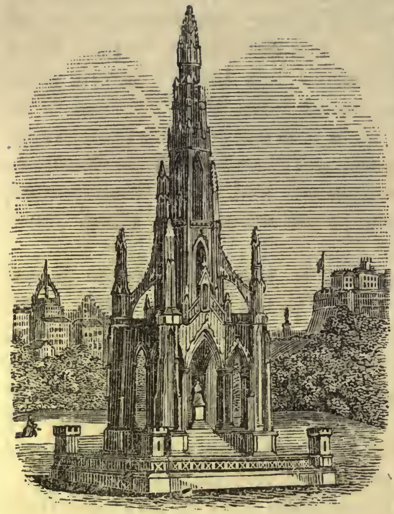
Near Nelson's Monument, on another protuberance, stands the National Monument, an unfortunate attempt to imitate the Parthenon of Athens: only thirteen columns for the west end of the edifice have been erected, we believe, at an expense of upwards of £1000 each. The object of the erection was to commemorate those Scotsmen who had fallen in the different engagements by sea and land during the last war with France; but as the policy of this war is now extremely doubful, if not considered to have been erroneous, the purpose of the monument has lost all public sympathy and support. The columns, which form not a bad ruin, were erected between 1824 and 1830. Near this unfortunate monument, on the east, is situated Short's Observatory, a meritorious establishment, containing some good astronomical and other instruments, and therefore worthy of the stranger's attention. A small fee is paid for admission.

In front of the National Monument, to the west, is the Royal Astronomical Observatory, a neat edifice in the Grecian style, within a walled enclosure. In one of the corners of the wall is a small but neat monumental erection, commemorative of the late Professor Playfair. A little down the hill, on the south, is a handsome columnar erection, a copy, with variations, from the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, designed to commemorate the late Dugald Stewart, author of several works on moral philosophy.

In a conspicuous situation on the opposite side of the road from the High School, stands an edifice, within a railing, commemorative of Robert Burns. This handsome structure was raised by subscription a few years ago. A marble statue of the poet which it once contained has, for the sake of better preservation, been removed to the College library.

Adjoining the Post-office is a small burying-ground, of old date, containing the tomb of David Hume the historian: it is a round tower-like structure, conspicuous from its situation. Here also has lately been erected an obelisk called the Martyrs' Monument, designed to commemorate the sufferings and struggles for civil liberty of Muir, Palmer, and others about the year 1793.

Princes-street which faces the south, and extends to four-fifths of a mile in length, is reckoned one of the most interesting and cheerful city promenades in Europe. In proceeding along it from either end, the stranger will not fail to be struck, as well as delighted, with the imposing appearance of the Old Town, towering in huge black masses to a great height, and extending towards the castle, which rises to a still greater altitude. At night, when lights are seen scattered over the irregular groups of buildings, the spectacle is even more grand than in the day. The space which intervenes between Princes-street and the Old Town forms a valley, also not without its attractions. In ancient times, as already noticed, it contained a lake (North Loch,) which has long since been drained, and the space, including the sloping banks, was latterly laid out as two public gardens, the division between the two being the Earthen mound. These gardens have been lately intruded upon by the line of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, and some extensive alterations are the consequence; the western garden, however, retains in a great measure its secluded pleasure-ground appearance, and is deserving of a visit from strangers, as the walks are not only pleasant, but offer a close inspection of the precipitous rock on which the castle is situated, also the fragments of some ancient outworks of the fort.



Scott's Monument, Edinburgh.

The Scott Monument, on Princes-street, near the Railway station, consists of a tower or spire in the most elaborate Gothic style of architecture, built from a design of George M. Kemp, a self-taught genius, who unfortunately did not survive to see this creation of his fancy completed. The foundation-stone of this beautiful structure was laid on the 15th of August (the anniversary of Scott's birth) 1840, and the whole was completed and the statue placed August 15, 1846. The height is two hundred feet six inches, and the total cost, inclusive of the statue, was £15,650; a sum raised by public subscription. In the tower and abutments there are altogether fifty-six niches, designed for figures representing characters alluded to by the novelist and poet.

The following is the inscription on the plate placed under the foundation-stone:—

> "This graven plate, deposited in the base of a votive building on the fifteenth day of August in the year of Christ, 1840, and never likely to see the light again till all the surrounding structures are crumbled to dust by the decay of time, or by human or elemental violence, may then testify to a distant posterity that his countrymen began on that day to raise an effigy and architectural monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., whose admirable writings were then allowed to have given more delight and suggested better feeling to a larger class of readers in every rank of society than those of any other author, with the exception of Shakspeare alone: and which were therefore thought likely to be remembered long after this act of gratitude, on the part of the first generation of his admirers, should be forgotten. He was born at Edinburgh, 15th August, 1771; and died at Abbotsford, 21st September, 1832."

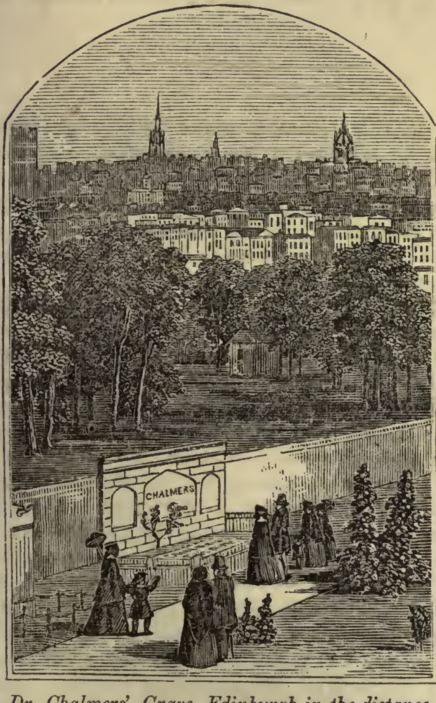
THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D.

Thomas Chalmers

Thomas Chalmers' Signature.

Thomas Chalmers, the most eminent Scotch divine of the present century, was born at Anstruther, in the county of Fife, in 1780. For a while he studied at St. Andrews, and was soon "mathematician, a philosopher, and chemist." Towards the beginning of the present century he commenced his distinguished theological career as Minister in the parish of Kilmany, in Fifeshire. He remained there for twelve years, and was translated to the Tron Church of Glasgow in

1815. During this time he produced his work on Natural Theology, and his "Sketches of Moral and Mental Philosophy." His "Evidences of the Christian Revelation" were originally published in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," under the management of Dr. Brewster. In Glasgow, his astronomical and commercial discourses, so sensible, so profound, and so Christian, proved of incalculable benefit to the moral and social improvement of his fellow citizens. His work on the civic and Christian economy of large towns is of inestimable value. In 1823 Dr. Chalmers accepted the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the New College of St. Andrew's, where he remained until 1828, when he received the appointment of Theological Professor in the University of Edinburgh.



Dr. Chalmers' Grave, Edinburgh in the distance.

From the period of his settlement at St. Andrew's until his removal to Edinburgh he published his works on "Endowments," and on "Political Economy," his "Bridgewater Treatise," and his "Lectures on the Romans." Altogether his published works form twenty-five volumes: their circulation has been very large. In 1843 the Doctor resigned his Professorship in the University, and became Principal of the New College. The death of Dr. Chalmers was very sudden. He was found on the morning of the 31st ult., dead in his bed, to which he had retired the previous night, in apparent health. As the intellectual leader of the Free Church of Scotland, as an able writer and preacher, and as one of the best of good men, Dr. Chalmers leaves behind him an undying reputation. The spiritual and earthly welfare of all men was the mainspring of his thoughts and actions. His love and care extended to every class, but his heart was chiefly with the poor of his people. He devoted his great and comprehensive powers to their enfranchisement from sin and suffering. Under his influence, virtue and happiness have become the inmates of many, many cottage homes in Scotland.

Dr. Chalmers died May 31st, 1847, and his funeral is said to have been the largest which ever took place in Scotland. He was buried in the southern cemetery near Edinburgh. A view of the place of his sepulture, with part of Edinburgh in the distance, is given in the engraving annexed. A writer in the London Magazine, gives the following account of Dr. Chalmers' appearance in London:—

When he visited London, the hold that he took on the minds of men was unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling; but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were not prepared for the display that they heard. Canning and Wilberforce went together, and got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood close by the pew. Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-evident propositions neither in the choicest language nor in the most impressive voice. "If this be all," said Canning to his companion, "it will never do." Chalmers went on —the shuffling of the congregation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength, his hesitation was turned into energy; and bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustration, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beats us," said Mr. Canning; "we have no preaching like that in England."

David Hume, a celebrated English writer, born at Edinburgh, 26th April, 1711. He was intended, by his family, for the profession of the law, but he had greater regard for Virgil and Cicero, than for Voet and Vinnius. At last, however, he was forced from the narrowness of his fortune, to embark in a mercantile concern, at Bristol, 1734; but in a few months he quitted the place in disgust, and retired to France, determined with the most rigid economy to guide his expenditure by his income, while he devoted himself to literary pursuits. In 1742 the first part of his Essays appeared, but to support himself he was obliged to enter into the service of the marquis of Annandale, as an attendant, during the weak intervals of his lordship's intellects. He afterwards attended General St. Clair, as his secretary, on the coast of France, and in his embassy at Vienna and Turin, and after the lapse of two years he congratulated himself on being master of independence, and of £1,000, and retired to pursue his literary labors in Scotland. His Political Discourses, and his Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals, appeared in 1752, but though he considered these works as highly finished compositions, they met with little notice from the public. In 1754 he published his portion of English history from the accession of James I to the revolution, and, though the work was disregaded by the nation, he continued his labors, and, in 1756, published another volume, which attracted some public attention, and served, as he said, to buoy up its unfortunate brother. His Natural History of Religion about this time had appeared, and though it met with few readers, yet it was attacked by Warburton. In 1759 the history of the house of Tudor was published, and, in 1761, the more early part of English history, and thus the plan was completed, and the author, though he found cavillers and opponents in consequence of the partiality of his opinons and the licentious tendency of his principles, had the satisfaction to see his work grow popular, and thus ensure him a handsome reward from the booksellers. While forming the plan of a literary seclusion from the busy world, in 1763, he was invited by lord Hertford to accompany him as secretary to his embassy at Paris, and the offer was too flattering not to be accepted. In the summer, 1765, he was left there as charge d'affaires, and soon after, on his return to Scotland, he was persuaded to become under secretary of state to General Conway. In 1769 he returned to Edinburgh, very opulent, as he observes, possessing a revenue of £1,000 a year, healthy, and, though somewhat striken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long his ease. In 1775 he was attacked with a disorder in his bowels, which, though at first disregarded, proved incurable, and at last fatal. He died 25th August, 1776. He has written an account of his life to the 18th April, 1776, prefixed to his works. His dialogues concerning Natural Religion appeared after his death. Though Hume possessed the deep research of the historian, the patience of the philosopher, and the subtleties of the metaphysician, he is to be read with caution, as his principles on religion and morality are insidiously clothed in fallacious language, and would tend to undermine the salutary doctrines which teach mankind to reverence the divinity as a beneficent creator, an omniscient governor, and a just and impartial judge.

Dugald Stewart

Dugald Stewart's Signature.

Professor **Dugald Stewart**, was the son of Dr. Stewart, of Edinburgh, and was born in the College buildings, Nov. 22, 1753. At the early age of nineteen he taught his father's mathematical classes, and in two years was appointed his assistant and successor. He was one of the most popular of all lecturers, and greatly distinguished himself by his philosophical writings. His "Philosophy of the Human Mind" was first published in 1792. His last work, "A view of the Active and Moral Powers of Man," was published a few weeks before his death, which took place June 11th, 1828.

Dr. **William Robertson**, a celebrated historian, born in Scotland, 1621. He was educated at Edinburgh university, and from his earliest years evinced the most laudable application, and the strongest wishes of distinguishing himself in literature. His first and greatest work, the History of Charles V, was followed by the History of Scotland, in which he labored earnestly to vindicate the character of the unfortunte Mary. His next work was the History of America, which is unfinished, and afterwards he published a disquisition concerning India. These popular compositions did not pass to the perusal of the public unrewarded. The author was made principal of the University of Edinburgh, historiographer to the King for Scotland, one of his Majesty's chaplains for Scotland, and one of the ministers of the Old Gray Friars church, Edinburgh, and he might have risen to higher honors if he had been willing to remove from Scotland into the English church. As a preacher, zealous, active, and pious, he acquired no less fame than as an elegant, well-informed, and luminous historian. His learning and abilities have conferred immortal honor, not only on the university over which he presided with such dignity, but on the whole kingdom; and the History of Charles V will be read to the latest times with increasing approbation. This worthy man left two sons and three daughters, and died universally and most deservedly esteemed, at Grange-house, Edinburgh, June, 1793.

Leith, the sea-port of Edinburgh, is distant about a mile and a-half from the center of the metropolis. It was not only the first, but, for several centuries, the only port in Scotland, traces of its existence being found in documents of the twelfth century. During its early history, few places have so often been the scene of military operations.

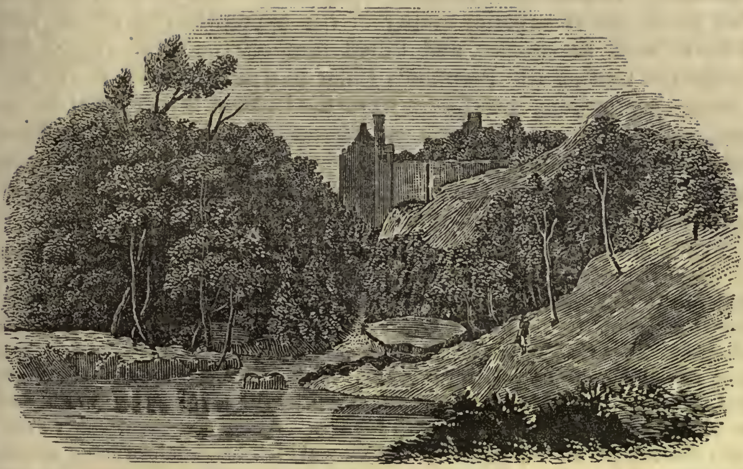
In 1313, all the vessels in the harbor were burned by the English, and in 1410 a similar act of vengeance was repeated. "In 1544, the town was plundered and burned, its pier destroyed, and its shipping carried off, by the Earl of Hertford, to avenge the insult which Henry VIII conceived the Scotch had offered him by refusing to betroth their young queen, Mary, to his son Prince Edward. Three years subsequent to this, it was again plundered and burned by the English, under Hertford, then Duke of Somerset, and its whole shipping, together with all that in the Forth, entirely annihilated by the English admiral, Lord Clinton. Four years after this, the town was fortified by Desse, a French General, who came over with 6,000 men to assist the Queen-Regent in suppressing the Reformation. On the completion of these fortifications, which consisted in throwing a strong and high wall, with towers at intervals, around the town, the Queen-Regent took up her residence there, and, surrounded with her countrymen, hoped to be able to maintain her authority in the kingdom. These measures, however, had only the effect of widening the breach between her and her subjects, till they finally took up arms, and besieged her in her stronghold. In October 1559, the Lords of the Congregation invested Leith with an army, but, after various ineffectual attempts to gain access to the town by scaling the walls, they were driven back with great slaughter by a desparate sally of the besieged.

In 1561, when Queen Mary came from France to take possession of the throne of her ancestors, she landed upon the pier of Leith; but of this pier no vestiges now remain. In 1650, the town was occupied by Cromwell, who exacted an assessment from the inhabitants. In 1715, the citadel was taken by a party of the adherents of the Stuart family, but, upon being threatened by the Duke of Argyle, it was speedily evacuated. George IV, upon visiting Scotland in 1822, landed at a spot a little to the North of the New Drawbridge, where an inscribed plate has been inserted in the pavement to commemorate the event.

The town "is for the most part irregularly and confusedly built, and a great portion of it is extremely filthy, crowded, and inelegant. Some parts of it, again, are the reverse of this, being spacious, cleanly, and handsome. Such are two or three of the modern streets, and various ranges of private dwellings, erected of late years on the eastern and western skirts of the town."

Leith is the most important naval station on the east coast of Scotland, and a considerable traffic is carried on at the port, the gross revenues of which average above £20,000 a year: but "it is universally admitted that the harbor, in its present state, is very inadequate to the accommodation of the trade of Edinburgh and of the Firth of Forth, especially to the important branches of steam navigation and the ferry communication between the opposite shores of the Firth." Government, in the arrangement of the affairs of the city of Edinburgh, by an Act passed in July 1838, made provisions for making extensive improvements in the harbor, a portion of which have been carried into effect. The pier, which is a fine work, forms an excellent promenade. Leith, with Musselburgh, Portobello, and Newhaven, contained, in 1851, a population of 30,919.

Roslin Chapel is situated about seven miles from Edinburgh, on the banks of the North Esk. The vale of Roslin is one of those sequestered dells. abounding with all the romantic varieties



Roslin Castle.

of cliff, copsewood, and waterfall. Its Gothic Chapel is an exquisitely decorated specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney, and Lord of Roslin. At the Revolution of 1688, part of it was defaced by a mob from Edinburgh, but it was repaired in the following century by General St. Clair; and a restoration of its more dilapidated parts has recently been made by the present Earl. "This building," says Mr. Britton, "may be pronounced unique, and I am confident it will be found curious, elaborate, and singularly interesting. The chapel of King's College, St. George, and Henry VII, are all conformable to the styles of the respective ages when they were erected; and these styles display a gradual advancement in lightness and profusion of ornament: but the Chapel of Roslin combines the solidity of the Norman with the minute decoratious of the latest species of the Tudor age. It is impossible to designate the architecture of this building by any given or familiar term: for the variety and eccentricity of its parts are not to be defined by any words of common acceptation." The nave is bold and lofty, inclosed, as usual, by side aisles, the pillars and arches of which display a profusion of ornament, executed in the most beautiful manner. The "Prentice' Pillar" in particular, with its finely sculptured foliage, is a piece of exquisite workmanship. It is said that the master-builder of the Chapel, being unable to execute the design of this pillar from the plans in his possession, proceeded to Rome, that he might see a column of a similar description which had been executed in that city. During his absence his apprentice proceeded with the execution of the design, and. upon the master's return, he found this finely ornamented column completed. Stung with envy at this proof of the superior ability of his apprentice, he struck him a blow with his mallet, and killed him on the spot. Upon the architrave uniting the Prentice's Pillar to a smaller one, is the following sententious inscription from the book of Apocryphal Scripture, called Esdras;—"*Forte est vinum, fortior est rex, fortiores sunt mulieres; super omnia vincit veritas.*" Beneath the Chapel lie the Barons of Roslin, all of whom, till the time of James VII, were buried in complete armor.*

The mouldering ruin of Roslin Castle, with its tremendous triple tier of vaults, stands upon a peninsular rock overhanging the picturesque glen of the Esk, and is accessible only by a bridge of great height, thrown over a deep cut in the solid rock, which separates it from the adjacent ground. This Castle, the origin of which is involved in obscurity, was long the abode of the proud family of the St. Clairs, Earls of Caithness and Orkney. In 1544, it was burnt down by the Earl of Hertford; and, in 1650, it surrendered to General Monck. About sixty or seventy years ago, the comparatively modern mansion, which has been erected amidst the ruins of the old castle, was inhabited by a genuine Scottish laird of the old stamp, the lineal descendant of the high race who first founded the pile, and the last male of their long line. He was captain of the Royal Company of Archers, and Hereditary Grand Master of the Scottish Masons. At his death, the estate descended to Sir James Erskine St. Clair, father of the present Earl of Rosslyn, who now represents the family.

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* This circumstance, as well as the superstitious belief that, on the night before the death of any of these barons, the chapel appeared in flames, is beautifully described by Sir Walter Scott, in his exquisite ballad of Rosabelle:

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feats of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white:
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay!
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"—

"Tis not because Lord Lindsay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride—
And Lindsay at the ring rides well—
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin, all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam,
Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copswood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud.
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

The neighboring moor of Roslyn was the scene of a celebrated battle, fought 24th February, 1302, in which the Scotts, under Comyn, then guardian of the kingdom, and Simon Fraser, attacked and defeated three divisions of the English on the same day.*

In 1643, the "Solemn League and Covenant" was established, and formed a bond of union between Scotland and England. It was sworn to and subscribed by many in both nations; who thereby solemnly abjured popery and prelacy, and combined together for their mutual defense. It was approved by the parliament and Assembly at Westminster, and ratified by the General Assembly of Scotland in 1645. In 1650, Charles II declared his approbation both of this and the national covenant by a solemn oath.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF THE MARQUIS OF ARGYLE.

The Marquis of Argyle, who had been sent down from London in the preceding December, and lodged in the castle of Edinburgh, was brought to trial before the Parliament on the 13th of February. His indictment consisted of fourteen articles, which were made up of slander, perverted matters of fact, and misrepresentation. Among other crimes which were laid to his charge, were the following:—That he called the convention of estates in 1643; that he entered into the solemn league and covenant with England; that he inflicted cruelties on the royalists in the north; that he opposed the engagement; that he clogged his majesty's invitation in 1649 with unjust limitations; and that he complied with the usurper Cromwell. Argyle having expressed his satisfaction at the king's restoration, meekly replied, that with Paul, in another case, he might say, the things alleged against him could not be proved; but this he confessed, that in the way allowed by solemn oaths and covenants, he served his God, his king, and country; and that, though he had failings common to all who were engaged in public business, yet he thanked God that he was able to show the falsehood of every charge brought against him. He was allowed first till the 5th of March, and ultimately till the 9th of April, to give in his defenses. These he produced on the day appointed, consisting of fifteen sheets of small print, in which, to any impartial judge, he triumphantly vindicated himself from the charges laid against him in the indictment. All was however of no avail. His blood-thirsty and avaricious judges (who expected to share in the spoil) sentenced him to be beheaded on the 27th of the month, and his head to be fixed on the end of the Tolbooth. When this sentence was pronounced, Argyle replied, that he had placed the crown on the king's head, who was hastening him to a better crown than his own; and he hoped God would bestow on his majesty a crown of glory. Although he requested a delay of only ten days till the king should be informed of his sentence, yet that was refused; and he was immediately taken away to the common jail, where he was met by the Marchioness. On seeing her, he said, "They have given me till Monday to be with you, my dear; therefore let us improve it." She, embracing him, wept bitterly, and in an agony replied, "The Lord will require it, the Lord will require it!" The Marquis having spent the Sabbath not only calmly, but cheerfully, in the solemn services of his Redeemer, his lady, at his own desire, took leave of him in the evening, after which he slept a few hours in the utmost tranquillity. On the day of his execution, he dined with his friends precisely at twelve, with the greatest cheerfulness, and then, as his custom was, retired a little for secret prayer. Upon his opening the door, Mr. Hutchison said, "What cheer, my lord?" "Good cheer, sir," he replied; "the Lord hath again confirmed, and said to me from heaven, *Thy sins be forgiven thee.*" When required to go down stairs, he called for a glass of wine, and asked a blessing upon it standing, and then said, "Now let us go; and God go with us." In taking leave of those in the room who were not to be with him on the scaffold, he said, "I could die like a Roman, but choose rather to die like a Christian. Come away, gentlemen, he that goes first, goes cleanest." When on the scaffold, he solemnly declared his innocence of having any hand in the late king's death; and then added, "I shall not speak much to those things for which I am condemned, lest I seem to condemn others. I wish the Lord to pardon them; I say no more. God hath laid engagements upon Scotland; we are tied by covenants to religion and reformation. Those that were then unborn are yet engaged; and it passeth the power of all the magistrates under heaven to absolve from the oath of God. These times are like to be very sinning or very suffering times, and let Christians make their choice." He then knelt down, when his head was struck from his body, and fixed on the Tolbooth, and his body given to his friends for interment.

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* "Three triumphs in a day!
Three hosts subdued by one!
Three armies scattered like the spray
Beneath one summer sun.—
Who, pausing 'mid this solitude
Of rocky streams and leafy trees,—
Who, gazing o'er this quiet wood,
Would ever dream of these?
Or have a thought that ought intrude,
Save birds and humming bees."

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF JAMES RENWICK.

James Renwick, one of the most upright, pious, and consistent of the Covenanters, was the last who publicly sealed with his blood that testimony, for adhering to which so many of his brethren had suffered death during the preceding twenty-seven years. This heroic martyr was but twenty-six years of age when he suffered. The following is extracted from a recent publication:

> At length, however, this amiable and zealous Covenanter also fell into the hands of the persecutors. Having given in to the moderator of the meeting of ministers held the preceding year in Edinburgh, a paper against the indulgence, Mr. Renwick repaired to Fife, where, at the peril of his life, he preached the gospel to his countrymen till the last day of January. He then returned to the capital, and lodged in a friend's house on the castle-hill; but in consequence of the numerous spies who quartered in the city, he was soon found out, and a scheme devised for his apprehension. John Justice, a custom-house officer, who had been for some time on the alert, immediately proceeded to the house, and under pretext of searching for contraband goods, demanded admittance. On Mr. Renwick's attempting to escape by a back door, one of the party by whom the house was surrounded, struck him a blow on the breast, in consequence of which he fell, after having run to the head of the Cowgate, where he was seized and lodged in the guard-house.
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> He was several times examined in private before the council, and on the 3d of February he received his indictment to stand trial before the justiciary court. Among other charges, the following accusations were brought against him:—"That in consequence of having shaken off the fear of God and regard to his majesty's laws and authority, as well as having entered into the society of some rebels of most damnable and pernicious principles, and disloyal practices, he had taken upon him to be a preacher to these traitors, and had become so desperate a villain as openly to preach in the fields, declaiming against the king's authority, asserting that he was an usurper, and that it was unlawful to pay cess, but lawful for subjects to rise in arms and make war against him, and those commissioned by him; for which crimes he had been denounced and intercommuned, and a reward of one hundred pounds sterling offered for his apprehension; notwithstanding which, he had still persisted in his obstinacy, keeping conventicles in the fields, and requiring his hearers to come armed to these rendezvouses of rebellion," &c.
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> After receiving his indictment, his pious mother, who was permitted to visit him, having on one occasion asked what were his feelings in so trying a situation? "Since my last examination," replied Renwick, "I can hardly pray." Seeing her startled at his answer, he added, "I can hardly pray, being so much taken up with praising, and ravished with the joy of the Lord." "But how shall I look unto that head," said she, "and these hands set up among the rest upon the ports of the city? I have so much of self, that I shall never be able to endure it." With a smile, he told her that she should never be called upon to endure such a trial; "for," said he, "I have offered my life to the Lord, and have sought that he may bind them up, that they may do no more; and I am persuaded that they shall not be permitted to torture my body, nor touch one hair of my head further."
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> On the 8th of February, he was placed at the bar of the justiciary court; and on his indictment being read, he was asked if he acknowledged the charges there brought against him. "All," he replied, "except where it is said, I have cast off all fear of God; that I deny; for it is because I fear to offend God and violate his law, that I am here standing ready to be condemned." He was then interrogated if he owned authority, and King James VII as his lawful sovereign? "I own all authority," replied the prisoner, "that hath its prescriptions and limitations from the word of God; but cannot own this ususper as lawful king, seeing, both by the word of God, such an one is incapable to bear rule, and likewise by

the ancient laws of the kingdom, which admit none to the crown of Scotland, until he swear to defend the Protestant religion, which a man of his profession could not do."

The base practice of the council in selecting for jurymen such as they knew would submit to be fined rather than serve, was resorted to in Mr. Renwick's case, a considerable number of forty-five being attached to principles for which he was arraigned. Fifteen were, however, at length obtained devoted to the cause of tyranny; and on the prisoner being asked if he objected to any of them, he replied, that he did not; but "protested that none might sit on his assize who professed Protestant or Presbyterian principles, or an adherence to the covenanted work of reformation." He was of course found guilty, and condemned to be executed in the Grassmarket on the Friday following. On being asked if he desired longer time, he replied, "It was all one to him; if it were protracted, it was welcome; if it were shortened, it was welcome; his Master's time was the best." With the view of inducing him to comply, he was however respited by the court till the 17th, but he steadily refused to make any concessions which in the smallest degree might be construed as a receding from his principles.

During the few days now allotted to him on earth, though his friends were denied all access to him, he was teazed and harassed both by papists and prelates. Bishop Paterson, in particular, often visited him.

On the day of his execution, his mother and sisters, together with one or two friends, were permitted to see him, with whom he took some small refreshment, and spent the few moments which intervened in exhortation, prayer, and praise. When the drum beat for his execution, in an ecstatic frame of spirit he exclaimed, "Let us be glad and rejoice, for the marriage of the Lamb is come; and I can in some measure say, I am ready." He ascended the scaffold with the greatest cheerfulness, where he was met by one of the curates, who again officiously said, "Mr. Renwick, own our king, and we shall pray for you." "I am come here," replied the martyr, "to bear my testimony against you, and all such as you are." "Own our king, and pray for him, whatever ye say of us," returned the curate. "I will discourse no more with you," rejoined Mr. Renwick; "I am in a little while to appear before him who is King of kings, and Lord of lords, who shall pour shame, contempt, and confusion on all the kings of the earth that have not ruled for him."

Notwithstanding the base practice of the beating of drums all the time he was on the scaffold, he addressed the spectators to the following effect:—"I am come here this day to lay down my life for adhering to the truths of Christ, for which I am neither afraid nor ashamed to suffer; nay, I bless the Lord that ever he counted me worthy, or enabled me to suffer any thing for him; and I desire to praise his grace that he hath not only kept me free from the gross pollutions of the time, but also from many ordinary pollutions of children; and such as I have been stained with, he hath washed me from in his own blood. I must tell you that I die a Presbyterian Protestant. I own the word of God as the rule of faith and manners. I own the confession of faith, larger and shorter catechisms, &c., covenants, national and solemn league, acts of general assemblies, and all the faithful contendings that have been for the work of Reformation. I leave my testimony, approving the preaching of the gospel in the fields, and the defending of the same by arms. I adjoin my testimony to all that hath been sealed by blood shed either on scaffolds, fields, or seas, for the cause of Christ. I leave my testimony against Popery, Prelacy, Erastianism, &c., against all profanity, and every thing contrary to sound doctrine and the power of godliness: particularly against all usurpations and encroachments made on Christ's right, who is the 'Prince of the kings of the earth,' who alone must bear the glory of ruling his own kingdom, the church; and in particular against the absolute power usurped by this usurper, that belongs to no mortal, but is the incommunicable prerogative of Jehovah; and against this toleration flowing from that absolute power." Here he was ordered to be done, and go up the ladder. Having prayed amidst great interruption, he said to his attending friend at the time the napkin was tying over his face, "Farewell! be diligent in duty; make your peace with God through Christ; there is a great trial coming. As for the remnant I leave, I have committed them to God: tell them from me not to weary nor be discouraged in maintaining the testimony; let them not quit nor forego one of those despised truths. Keep your ground, and the Lord will provide you teachers and ministers; and when he comes, he will make these despised truths glorious in the earth." He was then turned over the ladder with these words in his mouth, "Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth."

COVENANT—COVENANTERS.

THE Reformation from the Catholic religion in Scotland was not effected without an arduous struggle. The government being opposed to Protestantism, the Scottish reformers found it necessary to unite in various solemn leagues, bonds, or *Covenants* for the maintenance of their religious rites and privileges. One of these bonds was signed at Edinburgh in 1557, when the Queen regent began to show her dislike of the Reformation. The "First National Covenant," drawn up by John Craig, a minister of Edinburgh, was signed by the king and his household, January 28th, 1580, and shortly afterwards by all ranks in the kingdom. James

VI had no sooner ascended the throne than he used every effort to establish Episcopacy, although he had declared publicly that the Church of Scotland [Presbyterian] was "the sincerest and purest kirk in the world."

On the accession of Charles I to the throne in 1625, the Presbyterians hoped for some mitigation of the oppressions to which they had been subjected by his father. But instead of affording any relief, Charles determined to reduce the Scottish church to a still nearer resemblance to the church of England. Finding all their protestations of no avail, the leaders of the Presbyterians resolved to take other measures, which they trusted would effectually unite all the friends of religion and liberty throughout the country. This was the renewing of the national covenant, which had been sworn by King James and his household in the year 1580, and by persons of all ranks in 1581, 1590, and 1596, and ratified by several acts of Parliament. In addition to the original covenant, all the innovations which had been lately introduced were explicitly condemned in this new bond; and while its adherents bound themselves by oath to resist all these or similar encroachments on their religious liberties, and to defend each other in maintaining the true religion, they also engaged to defend the king in the preservation of religion, liberty, and law. But while we would refer the reader to the covenant itself, we cannot avoid transcribing the following nervous defense of this interesting bond, condemned indeed by too many in gross ignorance, as given by Aikman. "This bond," says that impartial historian, "was only reverting to the principles recognized at the Reformation, and restoring the constitution then established. When a king wantonly tramples upon all his subjects hold sacred, he himself breaks the bond of allegiance, and they have a right, if they have the power, to unite and reclaim what has been tyrannically torn from them. The legality, with regard to form, is all that can be urged against the national covenant; and the best lawyers of the day, and even Hope, the King's advocate, pronounced the proceedings of the Covenanters legal. They had precedents, acts of Parliament, and the repeated sanction of royalty, for such associations; and their obligations to obey the king and defend his person, are as explicity stated as any other obligation in the covenant. It is true, this is linked with the preservation of religion, liberty, and law; but what other obedience would any upright prince require? Should they have pledged their support to the monarch in opposition to all these? To this much vilified bond every Scotchman ought to look with as great reverence as Englishmen do to the Magna Charta. It was what saved the country from absolute despotism, and to it we may trace back the origin of all the successful efforts made by the inhabitants of Britain in defense of their freedom, during the succeeding reigns of the Stuarts." (*Aikman's History of Scotland*, vol. iii, p. 452, 453.)

The day appointed for swearing the covenant in Edinburgh was the 1st of March, a day which was also set apart for solemn fasting and prayer. The people resorted in vast numbers to the Greyfriar's church, where the covenant being read, and earnest prayer offered up to God by Alexander Henderson, minister of Leuchars, the nobles, gentry, ministers, and commons, with uplifted hands, and tears streaming from their eyes, vowed, in the presence of God, faithfully to observe all its stipulations, and then affixed to it their signatures with the utmost joy.* The solemn dedication of themselves to the Lord, and to the promotion of his cause, by so many thousands of every rank and age, was truly affecting; and while it inspired the friends of the covenant with renewed vigor, it completely destroyed all the remaining hopes of their prelatical oppressors. "Now," exclaimed the Archbishop of Glasgow, in despair, "all that we have been doing these thirty years past is at once thrown down." The Tables immediately afterwards transmitted copies of the covenant to every part of the country; and by the end of April, nearly the whole of Scotland, excepting courtiers, papists, prelates, and a few of the conforming clergy, chiefly in Aberdeen, cheerfully attached to it their signatures. Such is the origin of the Covenanters.

In November, 1638, the General Assembly of Scotland met in Glasgow. This body consisted of one hundred and forty ministers, forty-seven ruling elders, and forty-eight commissioners from burghs and universities. This assembly, though protested against by those in favor of Episcopacy, excommunicated two arch-bishops, six bishops, for flagrant immoralities; they also suspended a number of unworthy ministers, whose doctrine and conduct gave universal offense. They also passed several other acts for the regulation of religious affairs in Scotland. These proceedings gave great offense to Charles, who immediately set himself about leading an army of thirty thousand horse and foot into Scotland, to reduce the nation to obedience to his will. The Covenanters on the other hand made every preparation to defend their liberties, and General Leslie, who had served on the continent under the famous Gustavus, was invited home to take command of the army.

In March, 1639, the Covenanters made themselves masters of Edinburgh Castle, and soon after nearly every fortified place in Scotland. General Leslie with the main body of the Covenanters arrived at the borders, and encamped at Dunglass; and Monro, who had collected a considerable number of troops in Dumfries, Wigton, and Kirkcudbright, lay at Kelso. The royal army had pitched at Birks, a plain on the south side of the Tweed, about three miles from Berwick. The approach of the Covenanters filled the English army with so much alarm, that Charles found it necessary to issue a milder proclamation, promising, on a demonstration of their obedience in civil matters, to grant their just supplications, but commanding their army not to approach within ten miles of the royal camp, under pain of being declared rebels. The Covenanters hailed this proclamation as a token of peace, which they still earnestly desired, and implicitly complied with his majesty's injunctions. But imagining that their obedience proceeded from timidity, Charles, at the suggestion of the excommunicated prelates, published another proclamation, "offering indemnity to all, except a few, who should within eight days lay down their arms, declaring those who would not obey, to be rebels, and setting a price on the heads of their leaders." This proclamation was made at Dunse, and attempted to be published at Kelso by the Earl of Holland, at the head of four thousand men; but on the appearance of Monro and his troops, the English fled in the utmost disorder. These proceedings at once convinced the Covenanters of the duplicity of Charles, and of his determination to continue hostilities. Leslie, accordingly, having ordered the troops at Kelso to join the main army, marched to Dunse-law, and on the first of June pitched his camp in the very sight of the English. The general committee at Edinburgh, also, aware of the state of the army, sent dispatches throughout the kingdom requiring new levies of men; and so faithfully were their orders attended to, that "the whole country" rose at the call, and hastened to Dunse-law. The appearance of the Scottish camp at this period was truly gratifying, while the exemplary piety, of both officers and men, exhibited a spectacle which we in vain look for among the military in times more modern. "It would have done you good," says Baillie, "to have cast your eyes athwart our brave and rich hills as oft as I did. Our hill was garnished on the top towards the south and east with our mounted cannon. The crowners lay in canvas lodges, high and wide; their captains about them in lesser ones; the soldiers about all in huts of timber covered with divot or straw. Every company had, flying at the captain's tent door, a brave new color stamped with the Scottish arms, and this motto, 'For Christ's Crown and Covenant,' in golden letters. Our soldiers were all lusty and full of courage; and grew in experience of arms, in courage, and in favor daily. Had you lent your ear in the morning, or especially at even, and heard in the tents the sound of some singing psalms, some praying, and some reading scripture, ye would have been refreshed. For myself, I never found my mind in better temper than it was all that time since I came from home, till my head was again homeward, for I was as a man who had taken my leave of the world, and was resolved to die in that service without return."

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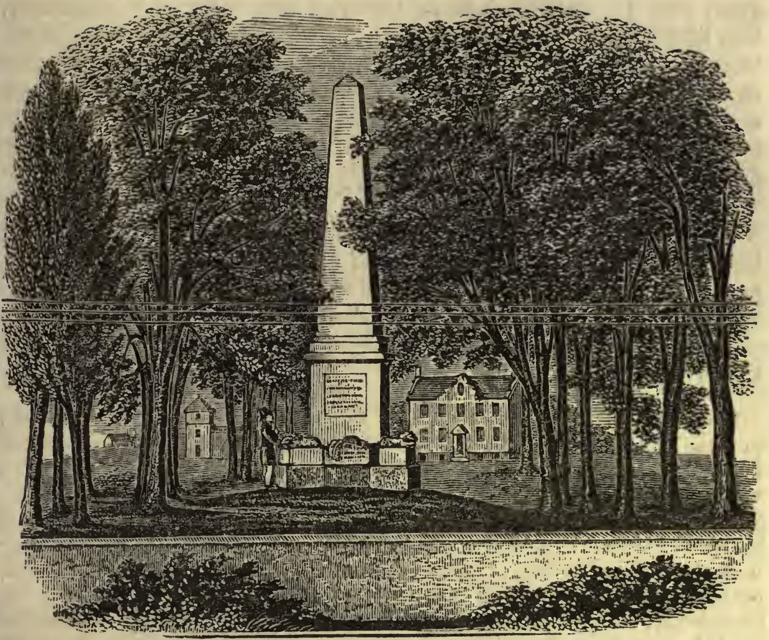
* "The original copy of the covenant was written on a very large skin of parchment, of the length of four feet, and depth of three feet eight inches, and is so crowded with names on both sides, that there is not the smallest space left for more; and it appears that when there was but little room left on which to sign, the subscriptions were shortened by only inserting the initial letters of the Covenanters' names, which the margin and other parts are so full of, and the subscriptions so close, that it would be a difficult task to number them."

The near approach of the Scottish army, which had now increased to upwards of twenty-four thousand men, so greatly alarmed the English, that they immediately began to entrench themselves; and on the Scots discovering a disposition to advance still nearer, the king at length found it necessary to give them a hint that he wished for peace. So desirous were the Covenanters even yet to come to equitable terms with a monarch who had treated them with so much severity, and over whom they now seemed to enjoy a decided advantage, that they immediately dispatched the Earl of Dunfermline, with an humble supplication to his majesty, to deign to listen to their complaints. But though Charles now found himself under the necessity of treating, he resolved first to have his humor a little gratified, by requiring that the proclamation which they had refused to publish in Edinburgh, should be read at the head of the troops in the Covenanters' camp. This was refused; but in order to show their readiness to gratify his majesty, the proclamation was read with great reverence at the general's table. With this Charles was satisfied; and commissioners on each side were chosen to conclude a treaty. Having received a safe-conduct, the Scottish commissioners proceeded to the English camp; but scarcely were they met in Arundel's tent. before Charles abruptly entered, and demanded to know what were those requests to which they alleged he had refused to listen. This demand called forth an explanation from the commissioners, which Charles ordered them to commit to writing. But though he found himself unable to answer their paper, which vindicated the proceedings of the assembly at Glasgow, yet influenced by his base flatterers the bishops, he insisted, before proceeding further, on an answer to the three following questions:—"1. Whether his majesty has the sole indiction of the general assembly or not? 2. Whether his majesty has a negative voice in assemblies? And, 3. Whether the assembly may sit after his majesty has, by his authority commanded them to rise?" Having already given him explicit answers to all these questions, the Covenanters naturally imagined that Charles only wished to gain time; and they therefore resolved that their army should approach within cannon shot of the royal camp. This was sufficient to gain the end which they had in view: for no sooner did intelligence of their intention reach Charles, than he departed from his questions, and hastily concluded a treaty of peace, by which all differences were referred to a general assembly, to be held on the 6th of August, and a free parliament in a fortnight afterwards. The chief articles of this treaty. which. extorted as it was from the imperious monarch, he never intended to fulfill, were, that both armies should be disbanded,—that all the forts and castles taken by the Covenanters should be delivered up to the king,—that the fleet should be withdrawn,—that all fortifications should desist,—and that all forfeitures should be restored. The articles were signed on the 18th of June, and proclaimed in both camps, and the Scottish army was immediately afterwards disbanded.

COLONEL GARDINER.

The following is a north-west view of Colonel James Gardiner's monument, just erected by the side of the North British Railway, about fifty rods from Tranent station, ten miles from Edinburgh.



Colonel Gardiner's Monument, Erected in 1853. [*Drawn October* 17*th.*]

The railway and the telegraph wires pass directly in front of the monument. The little village of Prestonpans, on the sea shore, is upwards of a mile from this place. The house in which Colonel Gardiner lived is the one seen in the back ground at the end of the avenue, made by long ranges of venerable trees, standing probably at the time he occupied the house. A fine garden is situated in the rear of the house enclosed with a wall. Colonel Gardiner was killed about one-fourth of a mile eastward of the monument; most of the soldiers who were killed were buried in the vicinity in one common grave. The spot is designated by a thorn bush now growing over their remains. The following are the inscriptions on the monument:—

> "To Colonel Gardiner, who fell in the battle of Prestonpans, 21st September, 1745. His valor, his high scorn of death to Fame's proud meed no impulse owed; his was a pure, unsullied zeal for Britain and for God. He fell! he died! the exulting foe trod careless o'er his noble clay. Yet not in vain our champion fought in that disastrous day.
>
> Erected by public subscription, 1853. This neighborhood, alike hallowed by his life and renowned by his death, gratefully accepts the guardianship of his memory."

Colonel Gardiner, so well known to the religious world, by his life, written by the celebrated Dr. Doddridge, was born at Carriden, in Linlithgowshire, January 10th, 1687. His mother took great care to instruct him in the true principles of Christianity. He, however, entered the army at a very early age, and at fourteen years of age held an ensign's commission in a Scotch regiment in the Dutch service. Living among dissolute persons, he became one of the most distinguished among them, and pursued his pleasures with such apparent satisfaction, that he was called by a kind of dreadful compliment the "happy rake." He, however, afterwards used to relate that when some of his dissolute companions were congratulating him on his distinguished felicity, a dog at that time being in the room, he could not forbear groaning inwardly, and saying to himself, "Oh, that I were that dog." The remarkable change which took place in his feelings in July, 1719, effecting an entire change in his conduct, is thus described by Dr. Doddridge.

> He had spent the evening (and, if I mistake not, it was the Sabbath) in some gay company, and had an unhappy assignation with a married woman, of what rank or quality I did not particularly inquire, whom he was to attend exactly at twelve. The company broke up about eleven; and not judging it convenient to anticipate the time appointed, he went into his chamber to kill the tedious hour, perhaps with some amusing book, or some other way. But it very accidentally happened, that he took up a religious book, which his good mother or aunt had, without his knowledge, slipped into his portmanteau. It was called, if I remember the title exactly, "The Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm;" and was written by Mr. Thomas Watson. Guessing by the title of it that he should find some phrases of his own profession spiritualized in a manner which he thought might afford him some diversion, he resolved to dip into it; but he took no serious notice of any thing he read in it. And yet, while this book was in his hand, an impression was made upon his mind, (perhaps God only knows how), which drew after it a train of the most important and happy consequences.
>
> He thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall upon the book while he was reading, which he at first imagined might happen by some accident in the candle. But lifting up his eyes, he apprehended, to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded on all sides with a glory; and was impressed, as if a voice, or something equivalent to a voice, had come to him, to this effect, (for he was not confident as to the very words,) "Oh, sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are these thy returns?" Rut whether this were an audible voice, or only a strong impression on his mind equally striking, he did not seem very confident; though, to the best of my remembrance, he rather judged it to be the former. Struck with so amazing a phenomenon as this, there remained hardly any life in him; so that he sunk down in the arm-chair in which he sat, and continued, he knew not very exactly how long, insensible, (which was one circumstance that made me several times take the liberty to suggest that he might possibly be all this while asleep.) But however that were, he quickly after opened his eyes, and saw nothing more than usual.

It may easily be supposed he was in no condition to make any observation upon the time in which he had remained in an insensible state; nor did he, throughout all the remainder of the night, once recollect that criminal and detestable assignation which had before engrossed all his thoughts. He rose in a tumult of passions not to be conceived, and walked to and fro in his chamber, till he was ready to drop down, in unutterable astonishment and agony of heart, appearing to himself the vilest monster in the creation of God, who had all his lifetime been crucifying Christ afresh by his sins, and now saw, as he assuredly believed, by a miraculous vision, the horror of what he had done. With this was connected such a view both of the majesty and goodness of God, as caused him to loathe and abhor himself, and to repent as in dust and ashes. He immediately gave judgment against himself, that he was most justly worthy of eternal damnation. He was astonished that he had not been immediately struck dead in the midst of his wickedness; and (which I think deserves particular remark) though he assuredly believed that he should e'er long be in hell, and settled it as a point with himself for several months, that the wisdom and justice of God did almost necessarily require that such an enormous sinner should be made an example of everlasting vengeance, and a spectacle as such both to angels and men; so that he hardly durst presume to pray for pardon; yet what he then suffered was not so much from the fear of hell, though he concluded it would soon be his portion, as from a fear of that horrible ingratitude he had shown to the God of his life, and to that blessed Redeemer who had been in so affecting a manner set forth as crucified before him.

Charles P.

Charles the Pretender's Signature.

Ever after this period Colonel Gardiner led a most exemplary life in all the varied and trying situations in which he afterwards was placed. Charles the Pretender having landed in Scotland, Sir John Cope, commander-in-chief of the forces in North Britain, mustered a body of troops at Prestonpans, near Colonel Gardiner's residence. The following account is from Dr. Doddridge:—

He [Colonel Gardiner] continued all night under arms, wrapped up in his cloak, and generally sheltered under a rick of barley which happened to be in the field. About three in the morning, he called his domestic servants to him, of which there were four in waiting. He dismissed three of them, with a most affectionate Christian advice, and such solemn charges relating to the performance of their duty and the care of their souls, as seemed plainly to intimate that he apprehended it at least very probable he was taking his last farewell of them. There is great reason to believe that he spent the little remainder of the time, which could not be much above an hour, in those devout exercises of soul, which had so long been habitual to him, and to which so many circumstances did then concur to call him. The army was alarmed by break of day, by the noise of the rebels approach, and the attack was made before sun-rise, yet when it was light enough to discern what passed. As soon as the enemy came within gun-shot, they made a furious fire; and it is said that the dragoons, which constituted the left wing, immediately fled. The Colonel, at the beginning of the onset, which in the whole lasted but a few minutes, received a wound by a bullet in his left breast, which made him give a sudden spring in his saddle; upon which his servant who had led the horse, would have persuaded him to retreat; but he said it was only a wound in the flesh, and fought on, though he presently after received a shot in his right thigh. In the mean time, it was discerned that some of the enemies fell by him, and particularly one man who had made him a treacherous visit but a few days before, with great professions of zeal for the present establishment.

Events of this kind pass in less time than the description of them can be written, or than it can be read. The Colonel was for a few moments supported by his men, and particularly by that worthy person Lieutenant Colonel Whitney, who was shot through the arm here, and a few months after fell nobly in the battle of Falkirk, and by Lieutenant West, a man of distinguished bravery, as also by about fifteen dragoons, who stood by him to the last. But after a faint fire, the regiment in general was seized with a panic; and though their Colonel and some other gallant officers did what they could to rally them once or twice, they at last took a precipitate flight: And, just in the moment when Colonel Gardiner seemed to be making a pause, to deliberate what duty required him to do in such a circumstance, an accident happened, which must, I think, in the judgment of every worthy and generous man, be allowed a sufficient apology for exposing his life to so great hazard, when his regiment had left him. He saw a party of the foot, who were then bravely fighting near him, and whom he was ordered to support, had no officer to head them; upon which he said eagerly, in the hearing of the person from whom I had this account, "Those brave fellows would be cut to pieces for want of a commander;" or words to that effect, which, while he was speaking, he rode up to them, and cried out aloud, "Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing." But just as the words were out of his mouth, an Highlander advanced toward him with a scythe fastened to a long pole, with which he gave him such a deep wound on his right arm, that his sword dropped out of his hand; and at the same time several others coming about him, while he was thus dreadfully entangled with that cruel weapon, he was dragged off from his horse. The moment he fell, another Highlander, who, if the king's evidence at Carlisle may be credited, (as I know not why they should not, though the unhappy creature died denying it,) was one M'Naught, who was executed about a year after, gave him a stroke, either with a broad sword or a Lochaber-axe, (for my informant could not exactly distinguish,) on the hinder part of his head, which was the mortal blow. All that his faithful attendant saw farther at this time was, that as his hat was falling off, he took it in his left hand, and waved it as a signal to him to retreat; and added, what were the last words he ever heard him speak, "Take care of yourself:" upon which the servant retired.

From the moment in which he fell it was no longer a battle, but a rout and carnage. The cruelties which the rebels (as it is generally said, under the command of Lord Elcho) inflicted on some of the king's troops, after they had asked quarter, were dreadfully legible on the countenances of many who survived it. They entered Colonel Gardiner's house before he was carried off from the field; and, notwithstanding the strict orders which the unhappy Duke of Perth (whose conduct is said to be very humane in many instances) gave to the contrary, every thing of value was plundered, to the very curtains of the beds, and hangings of the rooms. His papers were all thrown into the wildest disorder, and his house made a hospital for the reception of those who were wounded in the action.

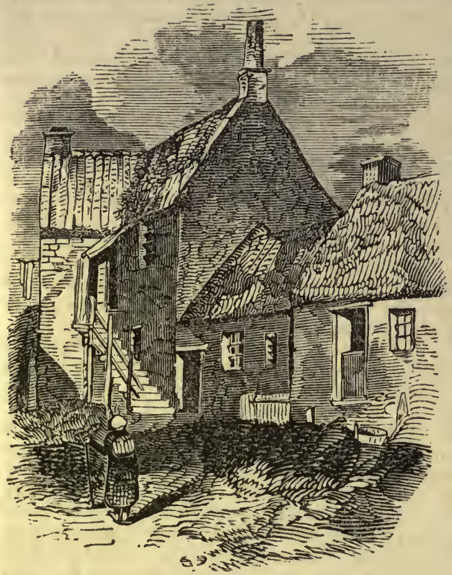
Dunbar, twenty-nine miles eastward of Edinburgh, contains about three thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the shore of a bay opening into the German Ocean. Here anciently was a castle, now in ruins, which stood on a rock, and before the use of gunpowder, was deemed impregnable. Dunbar is distinguished in various periods of Scottish history, through several centuries. Near this town were fought two battles, in both of which the Scots were defeated—one in 1296, when Baliol was defeated by Edward I, the other in 1650, when the Scottish army under General Leslie, was routed with great slaughter at Doonhill, by Cromwell.

"The English army," says Ludlow, "drew up within sight of the town of Edinbugh, but the Scots would not hazard all by the decision of a battle, hoping to tire us out with frequent skirmishes and harassing our men, relying much upon the unsuitableness of the climate to our constitutions, especially if they should detain us in the field till winter. Their counsels succeeded according to their desires, and our army, through hard duty, scarcity of provisions, and the rigor of the season, grew very sickly, and diminished daily, so that they were necessitated to draw off to receive supplies from our shipping, which could not come nearer to them than Dunbar, distant from Edinburgh above twenty miles. The enemy, observing our army about to retire, followed them close; and falling upon our rear-guard of horse in the night, having the advantage of a clear moon, beat them up to our rear-guard of foot; which alarm coming suddenly upon our men, put them into some disorder; but a thick cloud interposing in that very moment, and intercepting the light of the moon for about an hour, our army took that opportunity to secure themselves, and arrived without any further disturbance at Dunbar, where, having shipped their heavy baggage and sick men, they designed to return into England." But David Leslie and the army of the Kirk had got between Dunbar and Berwick, and had possessed themselves of all the passes, confident of success, and calculating on the entire destruction of the invaders. And, indeed, the position of the English seemed very desperate: contrary winds had prevented the arrival of provisions at Dunbar, and the twelve thousand men, to which the force was now reduced, had scarcely a mouthful of victuals, while Leslie, well provided, was girding them in with twenty-seven thousand men. It was Sunday, the 31st of August, when Cromwell drew up in the fields near Dunbar: the enemy flanked him in great force on the hills to the right; he could not, without great disadvantage, go up the hills to engage them, nor would they come down to engage him. Both parties stood to their arms, watching each other; the Scots still gathering and increasing upon all the adjacent hills, "like a thick cloud menacing such a shower to the English as would wash them out of their country, if not out of the world; . . . and they boasted that they had them in a worse pound than the King had the Earl of Essex in Cornwall." But, on the Monday morning, the Scots urged on, it is said, by their impatient preachers, who proved by Scripture that their victory must be sure, drew down part of their army and their train of artillery toward the foot of the hills; and then Cromwell, exclaimed, joyously, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" But there was a great dike or ditch between the two armies, "of great disadvantage to those who should first attempt to pass it;" and all that day was allowed to elapse. But at night the English marched as close to the ditch as possibly they could, each regiment having several field-pieces with it; and as morning dawned, Cromwell resolved to attempt to force one of the passes between Dunbar and Berwick, by which he might, with the more ease, attack the enemy's position. Accordingly a brigade of three regiments of horse and two regiments of foot was thrown forward to the pass. The Scots gallantly repulsed the assailants; but Cromwell led up his own regiment, and, after a fierce dispute, which lasted nearly an hour, and in which the English infantry fought desperately with their pikes and the butt-ends of their muskets, the important pass was carried. The Scots now came down and charged with all their horses, being most of them lancers, and they charged strongly. Just at this moment a thick mist was dispersed by the risen sun, which now lighted up that field of blood, and fully revealed the two armies to each other. Cromwell shouted, "*Now let God arise, and his enemies shall be scattered.*" And before the sun was much higher the army of the kirk was scattered, with the tremendous loss of four thousand slain and ten thousand prisoners. The conqueror ordered the 107th Psalm to be sung in the field, and then marched again to Edinburgh, which threw open its gates at his approach. Glasgow followed the example; and the whole of the south of Scotland, where the English parliament had many friends, quietly submitted.

* * *

After the Scots had been defeated at Dunbar, Charles II, who had previously landed in Scotland, collected another army and took up a strong position near Stirling. Cromwell having crossed the Forth, sat down before Perth, in order to stop the Highlanders from sending any supplies to the king. Before Cromwell had scarcely taken possession of Perth, King Charles adopted the bold resolution of marching into England, and was able to establish himself at Worcester with an army of about eighteen thousand men. Cromwell, who closely followed in pursuit, arrived at Worcester on the 28th of August 1651, with a force superior to that of the King. On the 3d of September, the anniversary of his victory at Dunbar, the year previous, Cromwell gained what he called his "crowning mercy" at Worcester. The Royalists after a gallant contest were thoroughly defeated, and Charles escaping with difficulty fled for his life, and finally in the disguise of a servant was enabled to make his escape to France in a coal boat.

JOHN KNOX.



John Knox's Birth-place.

The annexed engraving is a view of the house in which John Knox, the intrepid reformer, was born, now standing in Gifford-gate, one of the suburbs of Haddington. It is rather of a mean appearance, and, together with two or three acres of land adjoining, belonged for several centuries to a family of the name of Knox, until purchased by the Earl of Wemyss.—The following biographical sketch is from the London Journal.

Knox was born at Giffordgate, near Haddington, in East Lothian, in the year 1505. He received his education at the grammar-school at Haddington, and at the university of St. Andrew's, at which latter place he so distinguished himself that he was admitted to the degree of M. A., at a very early age, and became so learned in scholastic theology that he was admitted to priests' orders before the period usually allowed by the canons. Disliking and renouncing the subtleties of the schools, he applied himself to the study of a more plain and solid divinity, and attended the preaching of Guilliam, a black friar, who publicly inveighed against the Pope's authority. But from Wishart, the reformer, who, in 1544, went into Scotland from England, he learned the principles of the reformed religion.

Being persecuted by Archbishop Beaton, he withdrew from Scotland into Germany, and after the assassination of that prelate in 1546, he returned to his native country and took shelter in the castle of St. Andrew's, where he continued his instructions; but, in 1547, an interruption took place in the exercise of his ministry, in consequence of the surrender of the castle to the French, when he was carried prisoner, together with the garrison, to France.

Knox remained in confinement, on board the galleys, till the latter end of the year 1549, when being set at liberty, he passed over to England, and, arriving in London, was licensed either by Archbishop Cranmer or Protector Somerset, and appointed preacher, first at Berwick and afterwards at Newcastle. While he was thus engaged he was summoned, in 1551, before Cuthbert Tonstal, Bishop of Durham, for preaching against the mass; but what took place on that occasion we are not informed. In 1552, he was appointed one of the six chaplains in the service of Edward VI, not only to attend at court but to preach the Protestant religion all over the kingdom. He continued in this employment till some time after Queen Mary's accession to the throne.

From the persecution of the Protestants during the reign of that bigoted princess, Knox, consulting his safety, withdrew to the continent. Accordingly, early in the year 1554, he left England, and crossing the sea to Dieppe in France, went from thence to Geneva. He had not resided long at that place, before he was invited by the congregation of English refugees, then established at Frankfort, to become their minister. This invitation he accepted, though unwillingly, and continued his services among them till the peace of that little community was broken by disputes, which arose about ceremonies, when he set out for Geneva.

After a few months' residence in that city, he resolved on paying a visit to his native country, which he had now been long absent; and in August 1555, he set out for Scotland. On his arrival there, finding the professors of the Protestant religion greatly increased in number, and formed into a society, he associated himself with them, and again began preaching with his usual zeal and vehemence. Soon afterwards, he accompanied one of the Protestant chiefs, the Laird of Dunn, to his seat in the North, where he resided for a month, teaching and preaching to vast crowds, among whom were the principal gentlemen of the country. Thence he went to Lothian, where he resided chiefly in the house of Calder, with Sir James Sandilands, and had intercourse with many persons of the first rank.

He afterwards preached for a considerable time at Edinburgh, as he did, also, in many other parts of Scotland, the people flocking to hear him in immense numbers, and many of them being induced by his preaching to embrace the reformed religion. Knox had preached thus successfully for about twelve months, when the popish clergy, alarmed at his progress, summoned him to appear before them in the church of Black Friars at Edinburgh, on the 15th of May, 1556. This summons he was determined to obey, having received the promise of support from several noblemen and gentlemen of distinction; but when the bishops perceived how formidable the party was which resolved to stand by him, they thought proper to drop the prosecution. Knox went to Edinburgh on the day appointed in the summons, and preached to a more numerous audience than had ever attended him there before, and this he continued to do, twice a day, for ten days successively.

While Knox was thus occupied in Scotland, he received letters from the English congregation at Geneva, earnestly soliciting him to return to them; and having resolved, after serious deliberation, to comply with their request, he left Scotland, on his passage to Dieppe, in July, 1556.

No sooner had he taken his departure than the bishops summoned him to appear before them; and, upon his non-appearance, they passed a sentence of death upon him as a heretic, and burnt him in effigy at the Cross of Edinburgh. Against that sentence he drew up, and afterwards printed at Geneva, in 1558, his "Appellation from the cruel and most unjust sentence, pronounced upon him by the false Bishops and Clergy of Scotland; with his supplications to the Nobility, Estates, and Commonality of the said Realm," which contains a masterly defense of religious independence, and is distinguished for elegance and purity of style.

In the year 1557, several of the leading Protestants in Scotland, sensible of his usefulness and weight, sent him an express, earnestly entreating him to return home. He wrote back word by the same messenger, that he would come to them with all reasonable expedition; but after proceeding as far as Dieppe on his way to Scotland, he met with other letters from the same parties, advising him to stay at Dieppe till they had concluded some consultations into which they had entered. At the same time he was given to understand that many of those who had joined in the invitations to him, had shown signs of irresolution and timidity. Upon receiving this information he wrote letters to them exhorting them to steadiness and perseverance in maintaining the principles which they had avowed. In consequence of these exhortations to secure each other's fidelity to the Protestant cause, a common bond or covenant was entered into by them, dated at Edinburgh, December 3, 1557: and from this time they were distinguished by the name of the congregation.

In the meantime, Knox had returned to Geneva, where, in1558, he published his treatise entitled "The first Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women," in which he endeavors to prove that it was against nature and contrary to scripture and reason, to intrust women with the government of states or kingdoms. He was induced to write it from his detestation of the cruel government of Queen Mary of England, and of the endeavors of the Queen Regent of Scotland, to establish arbitrary government in that kingdom. In 1559 he determined to return to his native country, and, without landing in any part of England, he arrived in that kingdom in May of the same year.

From this time, Knox continued to promote the Reformation in Scotland, by every means in his power. By his correspondence with Secretary Cecil, he was principally instrumental in establishing those negotiations between the congregation and the English, which terminated in the march of an English army into Scotland to assist the Scotch Protestants and to protect them against the persecutions of the Queen Regent.

The bad use which the popish bishops had made of their authority and power occasioned the Scotch Protestants to conceive a violent aversion to episcopacy. Knox, therefore, recommended to his countrymen the *presbyterian* scheme of church government and discipline—a system of ecclesiastical policy which had been established in Geneva, by Calvin, and which he had studied and admired during his residence in that city. It was adopted by the Scotch. But on the first introduction of this system, Knox did not deem it expedient to depart altogether from the ancient form. Instead of bishops he proposed to establish ten or twelve *superintendents* in different parts of the kingdom. These were empowered to inspect the life and doctrine of the other clergy. They presided in the inferior judicatories of the church, and performed several other parts of the episcopal function. The jurisdiction, however, extended to sacred things only. They claimed no seat in Parliament, and pretended no right to the dignity of the former bishops.

In 1562 we find Knox employed in bringing about a reconciliation between the Earls of Bothwell and Arran. This year, also, he was appointed Commissioner to the counties of Kyle and Galloway. In 1565 he was appointed by the Assembly to visit and establish the churches in the south; and likewise to be the bearer of a letter from the Assembly to the bishops of England to solicit indulgence for the English puritans.

After the murder of Regent Murray he found it necessary to consult his personal safety by withdrawing from Edinburgh. He went first to Abbott's Hall in Fife, and thence to St. Andrew's, where he remained till August, 1572. When the troubles of the country were abated, the people of Edinburgh sent a deputation to St. Andrew's to invite Knox to resume his ministry among them; with this invitation he complied, and on the last day of August preached to them in the Great Kirk. His subsequent sermons were delivered in the Tolbooth.

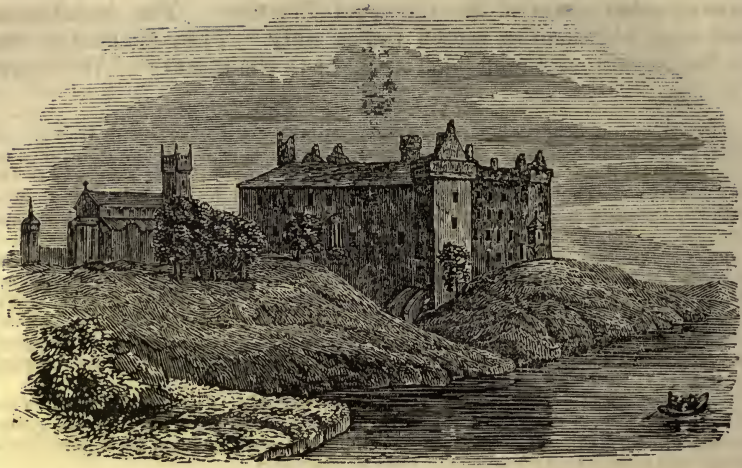
By an unwearied application to study and business, as well as by the frequency and fervor of his public discourses, he had now worn out a constitution never robust. During a lingering illness he showed the utmost fortitude, and met the approaches of death with a magnamity inseparable from his character.

He died on the 24th of November, 1572, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. His corpse was attended to the grave by several of the nobility then in Edinburgh, and by the Regent, the Earl of Moreton, who, as soon as he was interred, said, "*There lies he, who never feared the face of man;* who has often been threatened with dag and dagger, but yet hath ended his days in peace and honor." This eulogium was honorable to the Regent Moreton, for he had often been censured by Knox with peculiar severity.

Knox was of a small stature and a weakly habit of body. He had a long, thin face, with a very prominent nose; the expression of his countenance indicated the asterity and intrepedity of his character, and his keen penetration was to be discerned in his large, dark, bright eye. According to the custom of the times, he wore his beard long, and reaching to his middle. He possessed strong natural talents. He was inquisitive, ardent, acute; vigorous and bold in his conceptions; and intelligent enough to comprehend completely all the minute and complicated subtleties of the scholastic science then in vogue.

LINLITHGOW, ITS PALACE, &c.

Linlithgow was formerly a place of considerable trade, opulence, and splendor, and was in the beginning of the twelfth century one of the principal burghs in the kingdom. It contains a considerable number of old-fashioned houses, many of which, of old, belonged to the knight's of St. John. The town is sixteen miles west of Edinburgh, and eight east of Falkirk; population four thousand two hundred and thirteen.



Linlithgow Palace.

The most remarkable object in Linlithgow is the palace, now in ruins. It has, when viewed from the north, the appearance of an amphitheater, with a descent on three sides, and terrace-walks on the west. The nucleus of the palace, seems to have been a tower built by Edward I. It was taken by Bruce, in 1307.* After the accession of the Stuart family to the throne, Linlithgow palace became a fixed royal residence; and the queens of Scotland had it in several instances assigned to them as a jointure house. James IV was more attached to it than any of his other palaces; and he as well as James V and VI, made many important additions to it. It is at present a magnificent ruin; the greater part of it is four stories high. The inside is embellished with good sculpture, considering the time in which it was executed. Over the inside of the grand gate was a statue of Pope Julius II, with a triple crown, who sent a consecrated sword and helmet to James V. The palace is almost entirely built of stone; and on an outward gate, detached from the building, are the four orders of knighthood borne by the kings of Scotland; viz., the garter, thistle, Holy Ghost, and golden fleece.

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* It was taken in the following remarkable way:—"The garrison was supplied with hay by a neighboring rustic, of the name of Binnock or Binning, who favored the interest of Bruce. Binnock had been ordered by the English governor to furnish some cart-loads of hay, of which they were in want. He promised to bring it accordingly; but the night before he drove the hay to the castle, he stationed a party of his friends, as well armed as possible, near the entrance, where they could not be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions that they should come to his assistance as soon as they should hear him cry a signal, which was to be,—'Call all, call all!' Then he loaded a great wagon with hay; but in the wagon he placed eight strong men, well armed, lying flat on their breasts, and covered over with hay, so that they could not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside the wagon; and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a strong axe or hatchet. In this way Binnock approached the castle early in the morning; and the watchman, who only saw two men, Binnock being one of them, with a cart of hay, which they expected, opened the gate, and raised up the portcullis, to permit them to enter the castle. But as soon as the cart had gotten under the gateway, Binnock

In this palace was born, on the 8th of December, 1542, the unfortunate Queen Mary. Her father, James V, when dying at Falkland, of a broken heart for the miscarriage at Solway Moss, foretold the miseries that overhung her and Scotland. "It came," said he, "with a lassie," alluding to the manner in which the family of Stuart obtained the crown, by a marriage into the family of Bruce, "and it will be lost with one." The chapel was built by James V. The church is a handsome building, and some of the windows are extremely elegant. Here is still shown the aisle where King James IV saw the apparition that warned him of the impending fate of the battle of Flodden. It is supposed to have been a stratagem of his Queen; but the catastrophe which followed in a superstitious and credulous age, converted it into a real apparition and prophecy, though it is evident that the king himself had given it no credit. It was in Linlighgow town that the Earl of Murray, then regent of Scotland, was shot by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. It is one of the most deliberate instances of assassination that history records.

Sir Walter Scott, in his poem of Marmion, beautifully describes the ancient state of Linlithgow palace, a view of which is given in the foregoing engraving.

"Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling."

The whole of the building was re-edified by James VI, and it was kept in excellent repair by the earls of Linlithgow, who were hereditary keepers of this palace, until, by their unfortunate attachment to the house of Stuart, they forfeited their privileges and estates by joining in the rebellion of 1715. In 1746, Linlithgow was burnt by the royal army on their march to the battle of Falkirk. They had lodged in the great hall, and on their departure set fire to the straw on which they had slept, by which the principal part of this edifice was destroyed.

It was at this town that the solemn league and covenant was publicly burnt in 1569.

FALKIRK, a town of some note in ancient times, is eight miles from Linlithgow and twenty-from Edinburgh. Two of Scotland's celebrated heroes are buried in this place. Sir John Graham, the

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made a sign to his servant, who, with his axe, suddenly cut asunder the *soam*, that is, the yoke which fastens the horses to the cart, and the horses, finding themselves free, naturally started forward, the cart remaining behind under the arch of the gate. At the same moment, Binnock cried, as loud as he could, 'Call all, call all!' and drawing the sword which he had under his country habit, he killed the porter. The armed men then jumped up from under the hay where they lay concealed, and rushed on the English guard. The Englishmen tried to shut the gates, but they could not, because the cart of hay remained in the gateway, and prevented the folding doors from being closed. The portcullis was also let fall, but the grating was caught on the cart, and so could not drop to the ground. The men who were in ambush near the gate, hearing the cry, 'Call all, call all!' ran to assist those who had leapt out from among the hay; the castle was taken, and all the Englishmen killed or made prisoners. King Robert rewarded Binnock by bestowing on him an estate, which his posterity long afterwards enjoyed. The Binnings of Wallyford, descended from that person, still bear in their coat armonial, a wain loaded with hay, with the motto, 'Virtute doloque.'"—*Tales of a Grandfather, vol. i, p.* 139.

friend of Wallace, and Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, both of whom fell fighting bravely against the English at the battle of Falkirk, in 1298. Over the former a monument was erected with an inscription, which has been renewed three times since his death. It at present stands thus:—

Mente Manuque Potens, et vallae Fidus Achates,
Conditur Hic Gramus, Bello Interfectus ab Anglis.

TRANSLATION.

Here lyes Sir John the Grame, baith wight and wise,
Ane of the chiefs who rescewit Scotland thrise,
Ane better night not to the world was lent,
Nor was gude Grame of truth and hardiment.

Near Grahamston—the suburb of Falkirk where the Railway Station is built—a battle was fought, in 1298, between the forces of Edward I and the Scots, under Wallace and Sir John Graham, in which the latter were defeated. The battle of Falkirk-muir, between the royal forces, under General Hawley, and the Highlanders, in which the latter gained a complete victory, was fought on the high ground lying to the south-west of the town. Hawley had suffered himself to be detained at Callander House by the wit and gaiety of the Countess of Kilmarnock (whose husband was with the Prince's army,) until the Highlanders had taken up an advantageous position, and were ready to attack his army. The consequence of this negligence, coupled with an incapacity to act, was, that his troops were thrown into confusion, and completely routed.*

STIRLING.

Stirling is delightfully situated on an eminence, near the river Forth, thirty-six miles from Edinburgh. Population twelve thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven. In its external appearance it has a considerable resemblance to Edinburgh though on a smaller scale. The most interesting and conspicuous object in Stirling is the Castle, the first founda-

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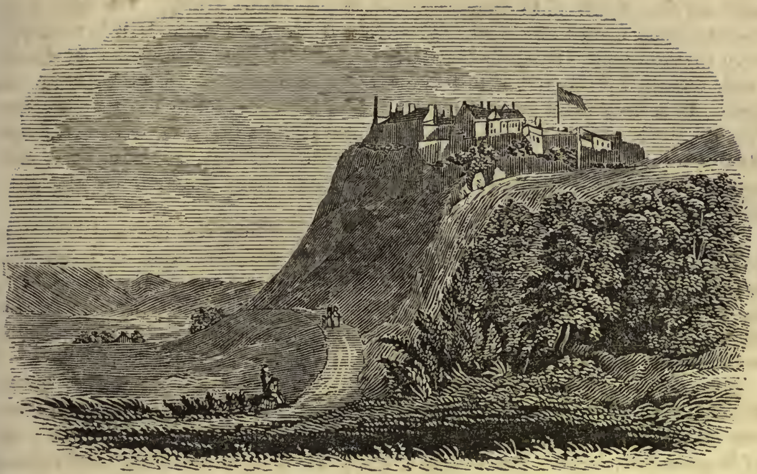
* "Hawley had not a better head, and certainly a much worse heart, than Sir John Cope, who was a humane, good-tempered man. The new general ridiculed severely the conduct of his predecessor, and remembering that he had seen, in 1715, the left wing of the Highlanders broken up by a charge of the Duke of Argyle's horse, which came upon them across a morass, he resolved to manœuvre in the same manner. He forgot, however, a material circumstance—that the morass at Sheriffmuir was hard frozen, which made some difference in favor of the cavalry. Hawley's manœuver, as commanded and executed, plunged a great part of his dragoons up to the saddle-laps in a bog, where the Highlanders cut them to pieces with so little trouble, that, as one of the performers assured us, the feat was as easy as slicing *bacon.* The gallantry of some of the English regiments beat off the Highland charge on another point, and, amid a tempest of wind and rain, which has been seldom equalled, the field presented the singular prospect of two armies flying different ways at the same moment. The king's troops, however, ran fastest and farthest, and were the last to recover their courage; indeed, they retreated that night to Falkirk."



Stirling Castle.

tion of which is lost in the darkness of antiquity. It was frequently taken and retaken after protracted sieges, during the wars which were carried on for the independence of Scotland. It became a royal residence about the time of the accession of the house of Stuart, and was long the favorite abode of the Scottish monarchs. It was the birthplace of James II and James V; and James VI and his eldest son Prince Henry were baptized in it. The palace, which was built by James V, is in the form of a quadrangle, and occupies the south-east part of the fortress. The buildings on the south side of the square are the oldest part of the Castle. One of the apartments is still called Douglas's Room, in consequence of the assassination of William, Earl of Douglas, by the hand of Jame II, after he had granted him a safe-conduct.

On the west side of the square is a long low building, which was originally a chapel, and is now used as a storeroom and armory. This building was erected by James VI, and was the scene of the baptism of his son Prince Henry. Underneath the exterior wall, on the west, a narrow road leads from the town, and descends the precipice behind the Castle. This is called Ballangeich, a Gaelic word, signifying "windy pass," which is remarkable as having furnished the fictitious name adopted by James V in the various disguises which he was in the habit of assuming, for the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently also from the less justifiable motive of gallantry. To the north of the Castle is a small mount on which executions commonly took place. On this eminence, and within sight of their Castle of Doune and their extensive possession, Murdoch, Duke of Albany, Duncan, Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stuart, were beheaded in 1424. This "heading-hill" now commonly bears the name of Hurley-Hacket, from its being the scene of an amusement practised by James V when a boy, and his courtiers, in sliding in some sort of chair from top to bottom of the bank. On the south side of the Castle Hill is a small piece of ground called the Valley, with a rock on the south side denominated the Ladies' Rock. On this spot tournaments used to be held. The view from the Castle Hill is remarkably magnificent. Stirling Castle is one of the four fortresses of Scotland, which, by the articles of the Union, are always to be kept in repair. It is now used as a barrack. South-west of the Castle lies the King's Park, and to the east of it are the King's Garden, which, though now unenclosed, and reduced to the condition of a marshy pasture, still retain the fantastic forms into which they had been thrown by the gardeners of the ancient times.

The Grayfriars or Franciscan church of Stirling was erected in 1494. In this church the Earl of Arran, Regent of the kingdom, abjured Romanism in 1543; it was also the scene of the coronation of James VI, on the 29th July, 1597, when John Knox preached the coronation sermon. The celebrated Ebenezer Erskine, founder of the Secession church, was one of the ministers of the West church.

At a very early period there was a wooden bridge over the Forth, about half a mile above the present structure, which was the scene of one of the most gallant achievements of Sir William Wallace, on the 13th of September, 1297. An English army of 50,000 foot and 1000 horse, commanded by Cressingham, advanced towards Stirling in quest of Wallace, who, on his part, having collected an army of 40,000 men, marched southward to dispute the passage of the Forth. He posted his army near Cambuskenneth, allowing only a part of them to be seen. The English hurried across the river, to attack the Scots. After a considerable number of them had thus passed over, and the bridge was crowded with those who were following, Wallace charged those who had crossed with his whole strength, slew a very great number, and drove the rest into the river Forth, where the greater part were drowned. The remainder of the English army, who were left on the southern bank of the river, fled in great confusion, having first set fire to the wooden bridge, that the Scots might not pursue them. Cressingham himself was among the slain, and his rapine and oppression had rendered him so detestable to the Scots, that they are said to have flayed off his skin and cut it in pieces to make girths for their horses.

BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

This celebrated battle, called the Marathon of the North, was fought about a mile from Stirling, June 24th, 1314, between the English army of 100,000 men under Edward II, and the Scottish army of 30,000 commanded by Robert Bruce, in which the former was signally defeated, with the loss of 30,000 men, officers, barons, and knights. On the evening before the battle, a warm action occurred between the advanced parties of the two armies, and it terminated in favor of the Scots. Bruce's followers hailed this as an omen of victory.

The next morning, at day-break, they gathered round an eminence, on which Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, celebrated mass, and exhorted the people to fight for the liberty of their country. At the close of his discourse, they answered with a loud shout, and the abbot, barefooted, marched before them to the field of battle with a crucifix in his hand, and as soon as they were formed, he again addressed them, and as he prayed they all fell upon their knees. "*They kneel to us,*" exclaimed the English king; "*Do not deceive yourself,*" replied a Scottish baron, who was in the English army, "*they beg for mercy, but it is from God.*"

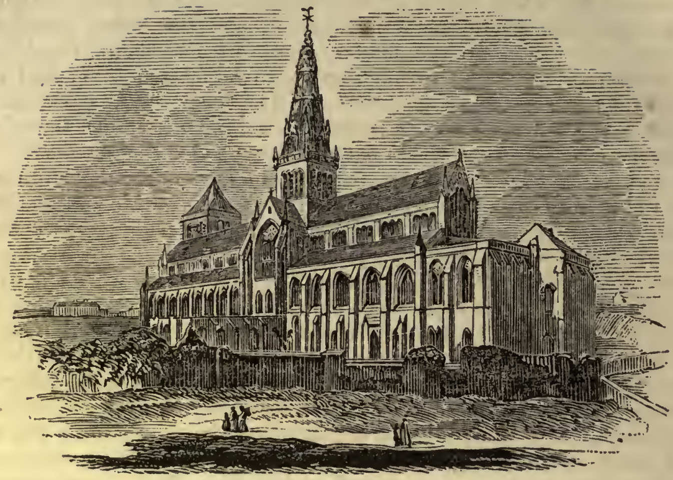
When the English were upon the point of advancing, a dispute arose about the post of honor between the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford; and the former, impatient of control, advanced immediately to the charge with great impetuosity, but his career was soon stopped by hidden pits and trenches, into which the horses fell headlong, and were staked in a miserable manner; this unforeseen event produced the utmost confusion, and the Scots, taking advantage of their disorder, fell upon the English with such fury that the greater part of them were cut to pieces. The Scots, with very few exceptions, fought on foot, armed with battle-axes and spears. The king appeared in front, and bore the same weapons as his subjects. The battle was chiefly sustained by the infantry and archers of the English army, and so fierce was the shock, so obstinate the resistance, that the result long remained doubtful. Bruce was compelled to call his reserve into the line, and as a last resource to order the small body of men at arms to attack the archers in flank. This movement decided the fate of the infantry. Edward, who was not deficient in personal bravery, spurred on his horse to share the fate of his followers, but the Earl of Pembroke wisely interposed, and led him to a distance.

The English were already dispirited by the destruction of the wings and the loss of their bravest officers; when the boys and other followers of the Scotch camp, who viewed the battle from a neighboring hill, perceiving the success of their army, began to shout and rush towards the field of battle for the sake of plunder. The English startled by their acclamations, and seeing a multitude in motion, imagined they were succors coming to reinforce the enemy, and on this supposition betook themselves to flight with great precipitation. Those who attended the king hurried him off the field; and Giles de Argentine, who had the defense of the royal person, saw the king out of danger, then rode back to the thickest of the battle and soon met with the death which he sought.

Upon the top of an eminence called Calden Hill, and close by the side of the old road from Stirling to Rilsythe, is a large earth-fast granite stone, called the Bored Stone, the very same that the Scottish king planted his standard in at the battle of Bannockburn. And so highly is this stone valued by the Scottish people, that fragments of it are frequently cut off and set in rings, brooches, &c., and worn as a memorial of one of the proudest days in the annals of Scotland.

GLASGOW.

Glasgow, the commercial metropolis of Scotland, and the third city in the united kingdom in point of wealth, population, and



Glasgow Cathedral.

manufacturing and commercial importance, is situated in Lanarkshire, in the lower part of the basin of the Clyde, at a point whence that river becomes navigable to the Atlantic Ocean. The population in 1801, was 77,385; in 1821, 147,043; in 1841, 282,134; and in 1851, 333,657, within the Parliamentary boundary; or including those portions of the suburbs which have stretched beyond that limit, 358,951.

St. Mungo, or, as he has also been styled, St. Kentigern, is the reputed founder of the city. Somewhere about the year 560, this dignitary is supposed to have established the bishopric of Glasgow, where the upper and older part of the town still remains. In those rude times, the vicinity of churches and churchmen was highly advantageous, on account of the comparative security which they afforded; and thus, the nascent elements of the future city were, under the pastoral protection of the good saint and his pious successors, gradually extended and matured.

The annals of Glasgow, from the middle of the sixth to the early part of the twelfth century, are involved in the obscurity which overshadows nearly the whole contemporary history of those ages. The first fact of any importance which emerges from the darkness, is the erection of her noble Cathedral. This venerable building contained formerly three churches, one of which, the Old Barony, was situated in a vault, but now there is only one—a new church having lately been erected in a different part of the city, in place of the second, the space occupied by which has been thrown into the choir, or central part of the fabric. The government, the custodiers of the Cathedral, have lately repaired and renewed certain parts of the building which had fallen much into decay. The repairs and restorations were intrusted to Edward Blore, Esq , an eminent architect and antiquary, and the general character and style of the ornamental work have been maintained with the most scrupulous fidelity. During the progress of the operations several fragments of mouldings were found, which had been used as filling-up in some of the walls, of a much older date than any part of the Cathedral, thus proving the existence of a previous structure on or near the same site. These mouldings are of beautiful workmanship. The revenues of the see of Glasgow were at one time very considerable, as, besides the royalty and baronies of Glasgow, eighteen baronies of land in various parts of the kingdom belonged to it, besides a large estate in Cumberland, denominated the spiritual dukedom. Part of these revenues have fallen to the University of Glasgow, and part to the crown. This fine old minster was erected by John Achaius, Bishop of Glasgow, in 1133, or, according to M'Ure, 1136, in the reign of David the First.

About forty years after the building of the Cathedral, William the Lion granted a charter to the bishop, to hold "a weekly mercat" in Glasgow, and a few weeks afterwards, another charter was obtained for an annual fair. In these concessions of a despotic sovereign, we behold the rude and early germs of the future wealth and commercial greatness of Glasgow. The same indulgent sovereign completed the emancipation of the city, by erecting it into a burgh of regality, and thus placing its rights of independent traffic upon a broad and liberal basis.

Some of the details of the early history of Glasgow are curiously illustrative of the times to which they refer. In 1588, it occurred to the kirk-session of the High Church or Cathedral, that it would be a great convenience to have seats in the church, no such luxury having been indulged in before, and they caused certain ash trees in the church-yard to be cut down for the purpose of making forms, but they ungallantly forbade women to sit upon them, ordering the latter to bring stools along with them.

At this period the people went generally armed, and habited in cloaks, which served to conceal their weapons. They were lawless and ferocious, and shed blood on the slightest provocation. Even clergymen went armed to the pulpit, carrying a dagger or hanger under their cloak.

A long-contested battle was fought in this town between the English, under Edward, and the Scots commanded, by Wallace. The action commenced with great bravery on both sides; and the English, from the superiority of their numbers, seemed for some time to have the advantage. The scale of victory, however, turned in favor of the Scots, who, upon the flight of the English, pursued them to the castle of Bothwell, where they obtained shelter; and Wallace and his army returned to Glasgow, after having killed in this engagement the English general and many hundreds of his men.

In 1348, a Parliament of the nation sat at Glasgow, which is the only instance of a meeting of the kind taking place in this city. In 1488, an act of Parliament was passed erecting Glasgow into a metropolitan see, a distinction it preserved till the final overthrow of episcopacy. Glasgow shared considerably in the troubles as well as the triumphs of the Reformation, in an especial manner suffering by the contests of Regent Hamilton, Earl of Arran, and the Protestant lords.

We afterwards find the citizens of Glasgow arranged under the banners of the regent Murray at the field of Langside against the adherents of Mary. That unhappy princess, whose misfortunes were only equalled by the fortitude with which she endured them, having escaped from her confinement in the castle of Lochleven, came to Hamilton. In that place she was joined by a number of her friends, zealous to support the cause of their sovereign, as well as to humble, if possible, the overgrown power of Murray.

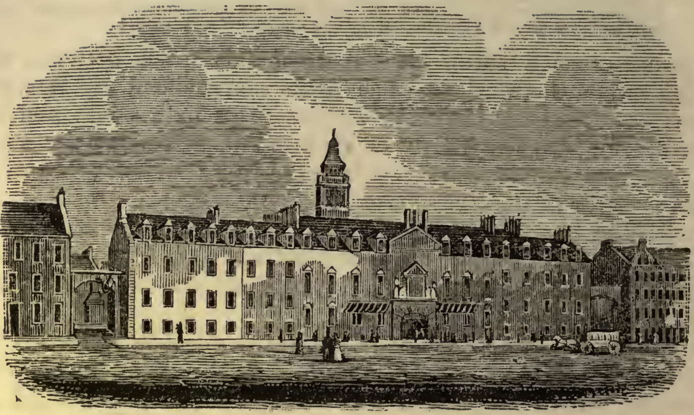
Accordingly, upon hearing that Mary was at liberty and at the head of a body of troops, the regent determined to intercept her flight. With this view he drew up his army to the amount of 4000 men upon the burgh muir near the town, a road which the queen's army must have necessarily passed had they gone by the north side of the Clyde. The queen, however, took a different route, by passing westward on the south of the river. Murray observing this, ordered his cavalry to ford the Clyde, and his foot to pass the bridge of Glasgow, in order to take possession of the hill of Langside before the queen's army could arrive. This situation he was fortunate enough to gain, and posted his troops in a small village and some gardens and inclosures adjacent. There he waited the approach of the queen's army, whose superiority in cavalry could be of no benefit to them on such broken ground.

The encounter was fierce and desperate; but as the forces of the Hamilton's were exposed on the one flank to a continued fire from a body of muketeers, attacked on the other by the regent's best troops, and not supported by the rest of Mary's army, they were soon obliged to give ground, and the rout immediately became universal. Three hundred fell on the field, and betwixt that and four hundred were taken by the regent, who marched back to Glasgow, where he returned thanks to God for this great, and on his side almost bloodless victory. During this engagement Mary stood on a hill at no great distance, and beheld all that passed in the field with such emotions as are not easily described. When she saw that fortune had declared against her cause, she immediately took flight upon horseback with a few friends, and without ever closing her eyes, till she arrived at the abbey of Drundenan, sixty Scots miles from the place of battle.

The cathedral church of Glasgow was several times attacked by the members of the reformed church, who, in their horror of Catholicism, would if possible have destroyed all her high places. The interior, so celebrated for the beauty and elegance of its workmanship, was despoiled of its ornaments and the roof stripped of its lead, when its enemies obtained a warrant for its final destruction, and in a few days it would in all probability have been levelled with the dust, had not the incorporations of the city exerted themselves in its favor, and, at the risk of their lives, preserved it from destruction; for no sooner were the workmen, to the amount of several hundreds, called together for this purpose, than the crafts assembled and threatened with death the first that should begin the demolition. To them, therefore, are we are indebted for the preservation of this venerable structure.

No sooner had the union of the two kingdoms in 1707 taken place than the good effects arising from it were felt over the whole country. To Glasgow in particular it was productive of the greatest advantages; for though before that period the city, from its inland commerce, and the extent to which it carried the fishery in the river, had a considerable traffic, yet by the restriction, or rather prohibition, that was placed upon their commerce with the American colonies and the West India islands, the merchants were unable to engage in those lucrative branches of trade.

About the middle of the eighteenth century the city received a material increase from the establishment of the linen manufacture, which, for many years, was carried on with distinguished success, and only at last yielded to cotton, which became a staple article at Glasgow within the memory of the present generation. From this period the history of the city is little else than a history of successful industry.

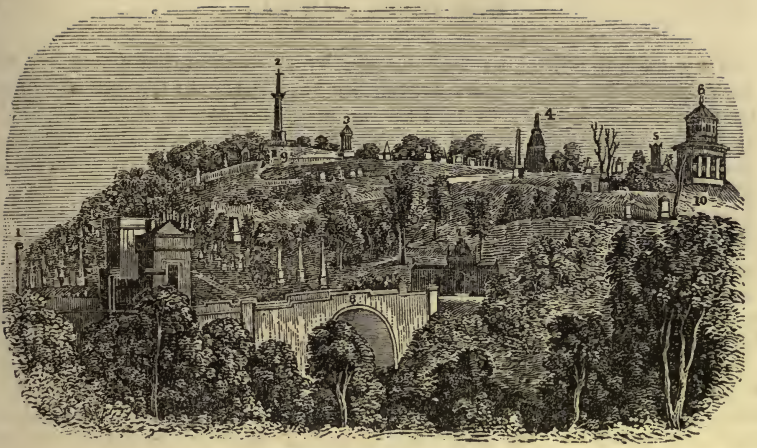


Front of the University of Glasgow.

In 1451, application was made to the Pope for a bull to establish a University, and eight years afterwards a member of the illustrious house of Hamilton bequeathed four acres of ground, with a tenement of houses, for the same purpose. After encountering many difficulties, arising from the unsettled character of the times, this noble educational institution rose, towards the end of the seventeenth century, into the highest fame, importance, and utility. It is unnecessary here to state the many eminent names which adorn its annals, and which have shed a luster over the literary and civil history of Scotland. The University is governed by a chancellor, rector, and dean. The number of students is at present between seven and eight hundred. The Hunterian Museum, attached to the College, is a very handsome edifice, and is rich in various departments of natural history, particularly in anatomical preparations, and in coins and medals. The whole has been valued at £70,000.

No department of the progress of Glasgow is more conspicuous than that which relates to her rapid increase as a port. For this she is mainly indebted to the great improvements which have been effected on the Clyde, in widening and deepening operations. Fifty years ago there was scarcely a depth of five feet at high water, so that the river was innavigable for vessels of above forty tons burthen. In 1820, the available depth was nine feet; in 1840, fourteen feet; and as it is now some eighteen or nineteen feet, vessels of the very largest class can unload and load at Glasgow. The length of quay wall in the harbor now reaches to upwards of 10,000 feet, and along this great extent, vessels are generally ranged three and four abreast. In 1850, the tonnage of sailing vessels arriving at Glasgow was 392,033 tons, and of steam-vessels 873,159 tons.

At the north-eastern extremity of Glasgow, a bold and rocky eminence, back of the Cathedral, rises up abruptly to the height of from two hundred to three hundred feet. This is called the Necropolis, and is the place of sepulcher of many distinguished



Necropolis, Glasgow.

[1. Jews' Ground; 2. John Knox; 3. Dr. Dick; 4. M'Gavin; 5. Colin Dunlop; 6. Major Monteith, 7. Facade; 8. Bridge of Sighs; 9. Egyptian Vault; 10. Colonel Pattison.]

persons. It was anciently called the "Fir Park," and is believed to have been one of the dark retreats of the Druids. It is approached by the "Bridge of Sighs," which spans the waters of a stream, called the Molendinar Burn, which, after being collected into a dam or lake, dash briskly, by an artificial cascade, down a steep ravine. A gateway, in the Italian style, appears in front, and the entire surface of the rock is divided into walks, and bristling with columns, and every variety of monumental erection, some of them peculiarly beautiful and chaste in design. Among the most conspicuous are, a fine column erected to the memory of John Knox, the monuments to Mr. William M'Gavin, the Rev. Dr. Dick, Major Monteith, Colin Dunlop, &c. From the summit of this hill of tombs, a striking and picturesque scene is exhibited; the massive and venerable Cathedral, the smoky city, with its vast number of spires and chimney stalks, intersected by the broad Clyde, and surrounded with the Lanarkshire, Renfrewshire, Dumbartonshire, and Argyleshire hills.

In George-square, in the central part of the city, is a monument erected to Sir Walter Scott, rising from the center part of the square in the form of a Grecian Doric column, about eighty feet in height. Directly in front of Sir Walter's pillar, is a noble pedestrian statue in Bronze by Flaxman, of the lamented Sir John Moore, who was a native of Glasgow. To the right of this in the south-west angle of the square, there is also Chantrey's bronze figure of James Watt, in a sitting posture.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

This gallant officer, so well known by the celebrated poem on his death, was born in Glasgow, November 13, 1761. At the age of fifteen he obtained an ensigncy in the 51st regiment of foot; of which, in 1790, he became lieutenant-colonel and served with his corps in Corsica, and was wounded in storming Mozello fort at the siege of Calvi. In 1796, he went out as brigadier-general to the West Indies, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. On his return home in 1797. he was employed in Ireland during the Rebellion. In 1799 he went on the expedition to Holland, where he was again wounded severely. He, however, soon after went to the Mediterranean and at the battle of Alexandria received a cut from a sabre in the breast, and a shot in the thigh. On his return to England, he was made a knight of the Bath. On the 6th of October, 1808, he was appointed command-er-in-chief of the forces in Spain and Portugal. Soon after this he commenced his advance into the interior of the Peninsula, in which he persevered until he reached Salamanca. The force, however, which he had under his command was utterly insufficient to cope with the gigantic armament which Bonaparte had by this time collected to maintain his brother's throne.

On the 26th of December, 1808, he began his route towards Vigo, in in the north-west corner of Spain, but was soon after induced to alter his course for the port of Corunna, still farther to the north. This march of two hundred and fifty miles, over a country almost without roads, in the depth of winter, with an army dispirited and disorganized, and pursued by superior numbers flushed with recent triumph, must rank with the ablest military achievements of ancient or modern times. It was effected amidst terrible privation, suffering, and loss of life; but at length, on the 16th of January, 1809, about 14,500 of the troops reached the neighborhood of the place of embarkation. Marshal Soult, however, with a body of not less than 20,000 men under his command, was close upon them, and ready to attack them before they could complete their preparations for going on board the ships.

The French made the attack about two o'clock in the afternoon, and for a time had the advantage; but Moore then ordered an advance on the part of his troops, who soon turned the tide of the contest. The French were repulsed at every point; and the English were allowed to embark without molestation. But the life of their gallant commander paid for the victory. "Sir John Moore," says Colonel Napier, "while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot; the shock threw him from his horse with violence; he rose again in a sitting posture; his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front; no sigh betrayed a sensation of pain; but, in a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt; the shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, a staff officer, who was near, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, 'It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me.' His strength was failing fast, and life was just extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, 'I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do me justice.' The battle was scarcely ended when his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honors, and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valor, raised a monument to his memory."

The death of Sir John Moore has furnished the subject of a poem of extraordinary beauty, the author of which was long unknown. It is now ascertained to be the production of one whose compositions were few, and who died young—Wolfe.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral-note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And our lanterns dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard by the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

JAMES GRAHAME.

James Grahame, the author of the "Sabbath," was born in Glasgow, in 1765. He studied law, and practised at the Scottish bar for several years, but afterwards took orders in the Church of England. He performed the services of a curate in Gloucestershire, and Durham, but was obliged to abandon his labors on acount of ill health. On revisiting Scotland, he died September 14, 1811. He was the author of several works in blank verse, but the "Sabbath" is called the best. He excelled in describing the scenery of Scotland, and may be called a devout *national* poet. His religion was not sectarian; he was equally impressed with the lofty ritual of the English Church, and the simple hill worship of the Covenanters.

ADAM SMITH.

Adam Smith, a writer of celebrity, and professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, was born in Kirkaldy, in Fifeshire, in 1723. In 1752, he was appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. In 1759, he published his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," and in 1771, his celebrated work on "Inquiry into the Nature and Cause of the Wealth of Nations." This procured him the appointment of the Commissioner of the Customs in Scotland. His latter days were spent in ease and opulence. He died in 1790.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow, July 27, 1777. His father was a respectable shop-keeper, or merchant. When a child he gave evidence of considerable powers of mind, and at the age of twelve he commenced his studies in the University, where he greatly distinguished himself. He continued for seven sessions at the University, receiving at the close of each session numbers of prizes, the reward of his industry and zeal. On leaving college he went to reside among the mountains of Argylshire. He was for some time tutor in a private family, residing on the sea coast of the island of Mull, and while in that situation he planned and wrote a considerable part of his most celebrated poem, "The Pleasures of Hope." His youthful musings were nourished amid the magnificent scenery around him; and by the contemplation of the wild aspects of nature which surrounded him, his imagination was filled with bright and majestic images, which he introduced with such admirable effect into his poetry.

The "Pleasures of Hope," his longest and greatest poem, was published in 1799, when he was twenty-two years of age. The success of the work was instantaneous, and at once the young author, and humble private tutor, found himself in the possession of a brilliant reputation, and taking rank among the first poetical names of the age. The profits of this work, which ran through four editions in the year, enabled him to make a tour in Germany.

Early in 1800 he proceeded to the Continent, where he remained about a year visiting several German States. War was at that time raging in Bavaria. He hastened thither with a strong desire of seeing human nature in its most dreadful attitude. From the walls of the monastery of St. Jacob, he witnessed the celebrated battle of Hohenlinden, fought on the 3d of December, 1800, between the French and Austrians. The sight of Ingoldstadt in ruins, and Hohenlinden covered with fire seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten. His spirit-stirring lyric of "Hohenlinden" was written on this event. On his return home, he casually became acquainted with some refugee Irishmen, who had been engaged in the Rebellion of 1798. Their story suggested to him his beautiful ballad of "The Exile of Erin," which he wrote at Altona. The hero of the poem was Anthony M'Cann, an Irish exile, whom he had met at Hamburg.

Early in 1803, Campbell removed to London, and soon after fixed his residence in Sydenham, in Kent, about seven miles from London, where he resided eighteen years. He married his cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair, of Greenock, in 1803. He returned to London in 1821, where he acquired an extensive circle of friends. About this time he wrote "Gertrude of Wyoming." Through the influence of Charles James Fox, in 1806, he obtained a pension from Government of £300 per annum. In 1820, Campbell undertook the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine, in which, for the first time appeared some of his most beautiful minor poems.

In 1826, Campbell was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. After the death of his wife, and suffering from an accumulation of domestic calamities, he gave up the editorship of the Magazine, and took chambers in Lincoln's-in-Fields. Soon after the Queen's Coronation she made Campbell a present of her portrait. This, with the silver bowl given him by the students of Glasgow, were considered by him the two jewels of his property.

In 1842, he again visited Germany, and on his return he took a house in Victoria Square, Pimlico, and devoted his time to the education of his niece, Mary Campbell, of Glasgow. But his health, which had been long in a declining state, began to give way rapidly. He was no longer the man he once was; the energy of his body and mind was gone. In the summer of 1843, he retired to Boulogne; he, however, gradually grew feebler, and on the 15th of June, 1844, he breathed his last in the presence of his niece, Dr. Beattie, and an English clergyman. He was buried in the Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abbey, July 3, 1844. His funeral was attended by a large body of noblemen, members of Parliament, and other distinguished gentlemen.

[Fac-simile of T. Campbell's Signature.] T Campbell

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud's rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
  The dew on his thin robe hung heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing,
  To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill;
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the glow of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh!

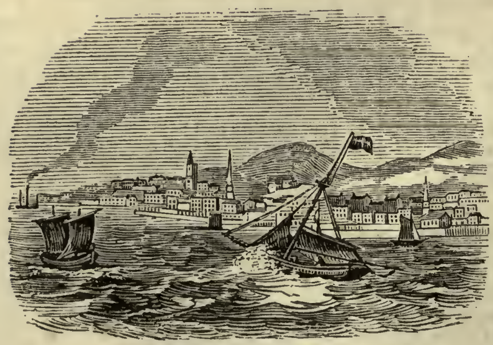
Oh! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me:
Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go Bragh!

Oh! where is the cottage that stood by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Oh! where is my mother that watched o'er my childhood,
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Ah! my sad soul long abandon'd by pleasure,
Oh! why did it doat on a fast fading treasure—
Tears like the rain drops may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far distant land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
Oh! hard cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me,
In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chase me?
Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me—
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

But yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw;
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers, Erin go Bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion
Erin ma vorneen, Erin go Bragh!

DUNDEE AND PERTH.



Dundee, Scotland.

Dundee, forty miles north of Edinburgh, is the third town in Scotland, containing, in 1851, a population of 78,931. Its trade is extensive, and is considered the principal seat of the coarse linen trade of Britain, and the great emporium for flax and hemp. In 1850, there were exported six hundred thousand pieces of linen goods, valued at £3,000,000.

The grandest and most important feature of Dundee is its harbor, with its wet docks, built and in progress, and a number of spacious quays, patent slip, graving dock, &c., spreading along the margin of the Tay, a mile and a half from east to west. In the accompanying engraving is given a view of the town as it appears from the Frith of Tay.

Dundee was, in ancient times, fortified with walls; but of its walls or gates, no traces remain except Cowgate Port, from which, Wishart, the martyr, is said to have preached to the people during the plague of 1544. At the period of the Reformation it was the first town in Scotland which publicly renounced the Roman Catholic faith; and so zealous was the spirit of its Protestantism, that it acquired the name of *The Second Geneva!*

Dundee was twice taken by the English in the reign of Edward the First, and as often retaken by Wallace and Bruce, the latter of whom partly demolished its castle. It was taken and burnt by Richard II, and again in the reign of Edward VI of England. It was stormed by the Marquis of Montrose, and with difficulty saved by the Covenanters. It was lastly taken and given up to pillage and massacre by Monk, during the protectorate of Cromwell. So great was the amount of plunder, that each of his soldiers is said to have received £50 as his share. According to tradition, the indiscriminate carnage which took place on this occasion was continued till the third day, when a child was found sucking the breast of its murdered mother.

Perth, one of the handsomest towns in Scotland, forty-five miles from Edinburgh, occupies the center of a spacious plain, having two beautiful pieces of public ground, called the North and South Inches, extending on each side. Its present population is about 24,000. On account of its importance and its vicinity to the royal palace of Scone, it was long the metropolis of the kingdom before Edinburgh obtained that distinction. Here too the Parliaments and National Assemblies were held, and many of the nobility took up their residence.

The oldest public building is St. John's Church, the precise origin of which is unknown. The demolition of ecclesiastical architecture which accompanied the Reformation, commenced in this church, in consequence of a sermon preached by John Knox against idolatry. At the south end of the water-gate stood *Gowrie House*, the scene of the mysterious incident in Scottish history, called the Gowrie Conspiracy. Previous to the Reformation, Perth contained an immense number of religious houses. In one of these, Blackfriars Monastery, James I was assassinated. In the reign of Edward I, Perth was occupied by the English, but it was besieged and taken by Robert Bruce. In the time of the great civil war it was taken by the Marquis of Montrose, after the battle of Tippermuir. In 1715, and again in 1745, it was occupied by the rebel Highland army who there proclaimed the Pretender as king.

Two and a-half miles from Perth, on the opposite side of the Tay, is Scone Palace, the seat of the Earl of Mansfield, who represents the old family of Stormont. It is an immense modern building, in the castellated style, occupying the site of the ancient palace of the kings of Scotland. Much of the old furniture has been preserved in the modern house. Among other relics are a bed used by James VI, and another of a flowered crimson velvet, said to have been wrought by Queen Mary when imprisoned in Loch Leven Castle. The gallery, which is 160 feet long, occupies the site of the old hall in which the coronations were celebrated. Charles II was crowned in the old edifice in 1651, and the Chevalier de St. George in 1715. The situation of the palace is highly picturesque, and the view from the windows of the drawing-room is most splendid. At the north side of the house is a *tumulus*, termed the Moat Hill, said to have been composed of earth from the estates of the different proprietors who here attended on the kings. The famous stone on which the Scottish monarchs were crowned, was brought from Dunstaffnage to this Abbey. It was removed by Edward I to Westminster Abbey, where it still remains, forming part of the coronation chair of the British monarchs. The Abbey of Scone was destroyed at the time of the Reformation by a mob from Dundee, and the only part now remaining is an old aisle, containing a magnificent marble monument to the memory of the first Viscount Stormont. The old market-cross of Scone still remains, surrounded by the pleasure-grounds, which have been substituted in the place of the ancient village.

St. Andrews, four miles from Perth, was formerly a place of great importance, and was the seat of the Primate of Scotland. It is entered at the west end by a massive antique portal—preserved unimpaired—its other extremity terminating in the ruins of the cathedral, church, and monastery. The city abounds in curious antique houses, which were once occupied by persons of rank, both in church and state, and it has an air of seclusion and quiet, which, taken in connection with its colleges and memorials of antiquity, gives it an appearance not unlike some of the cathedral towns of England. The origin of St. Andrews is involved in obscurity, but it is justly believed to have been at a very early period the seat of a religious establishment. It was originally denominated Muckross. According to the common tradition, about the end of the fourth century it became the residence of St. Regulus, who was shipwrecked here. The ruins of a chapel and an entire tower, known by the name of St. Regulus, or St. Rule, are still to be seen near the cathedral. On the union of the Scottish and Pictish kingdoms, the name of the city was changed to St. Andrews. It contains many interesting memorials of antiquity. The chapel of St. Regulus is, without doubt, one of the oldest relics of ecclesiastical architecture in the kindgom. The tower is a square prism one hundred and eight feet in height, the side of the base being twenty-four feet. A winding stair leads to the summit, from which a most delightful view is obtained. The stone of which this building is composed, is of so excellent a texture, that although it has been exposed to the weather for so many centuries, it still remains quite entire and unimpaired. The chapel to the east of the tower, which was the principal one, still remains; but of a small chapel to the west, which formerly existed, there is now no trace. The cathedral was founded in the year 1159, by Bishop Arnold, but it was not finished till the time of Bishop Lamberton, who completed it in 1318. This magnificent fabric, the work of several ages, was demolished in a single day by an infuriated mob, excited by a sermon of John Knox againt idolatry, preached in the parish church of St. Andrews. It was an edifice of great extent, the length being three hundred and fifty feet, the breadth sixty-five, and the transcept one hundred and eighty feet. The eastern gable, half of the western, part of the south-side wall, and of the transcept, are all that now remain of this once splendid wall.

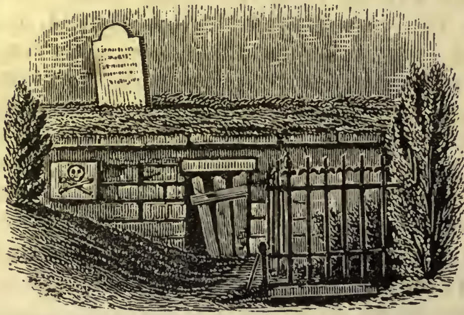
Upon a rock overlooking the sea, on the north-east side of the city, are the remains of the castle. This fortress was founded about the year 1200, by Roger, one of the bishops of St. Andrews, and was repaired towards the end of the 14th century by Bishop Trail, who died in it in 1401. He was buried near the high altar of the cathedral, with this singular epitaph:

Hic fuit ecclesiae directa columna, fenestra
Lucida, thuribulum redolens, campana sonora.

James III was born in the castle. It was the residence of Cardinal Beaton, who, after the cruel execution of the celebrated reformer, George Wishart, in front of it, was afraid of the fury of the people; and his knowledge of this, joined to his apprehension of an invasion from England, induced him to strengthen the fortifications, with the view of rendering the castle impregnable. In this fortress he was surprised and assassinated by Norman Lesley, aided by fifteen others. Early in the morning of May 29, 1546, they seized on the gate of the castle, which had been left open for the workmen who were finishing the fortifications; and having placed sentinels at the door of the Cardinal's apartment, they awakened his numerous domestics one by one, and, turning them out of the castle, without violence, tumult, or injury to any other person, inflicted on Beaton the death he justly merited. The conspirators were immediately besieged in this castle by the Regent, Earl of Arran; and although their strength consisted of only one hundred and fifty men, they resisted his efforts for five months, owing more to the unskillfulness of the attack than the strength of the place, for in 1547, the castle was reduced and demolished, and its picturesque ruins serve as a landmark to mariners.

The University of St. Andrews—the oldest establishment of that nature in Scotland—was founded in 1411 by Bishop Wardlaw. St. Andrews contains eight places of worship—the parish church, the college church, an episcopal, free church, secession, independent, and baptist chapel, and a new chapel in connection with the established church, which was opened in August, 1840. The parish church is a spacious structure, one hundred and sixty-two feet in length by sixty-three in breadth, and is large enough to accommodate two thousand five hundred persons. It contains a lofty monument of white marble, erected in honor of Archbishop Sharpe, who, in revenge for his oppressive conduct, was murdered by some of the exasperated Covenanters. On this monument is a bas relief representing the tragical scene of the murder.

ARCHBISHOP SHARPE, HIS MURDER, &c.



Archbishop Sharpe's Monument, Edinburgh.

James Sharpe, a Scotch prelate, born of a good family in Banffshire, 1618, was educated at Aberdeen, and early distinguished himself as an able opponent against the Covenanters. He was the advocate of a presbyterian party for Scotland before Cromwell, and acquitted himself of his duty with great dexterity, and when Monk was commander in Scotland, he used the talents of Sharpe in his attempts to settle the ecclesiastical affairs of the kingdom, and in soliciting the approbation of the exiled king to the proposed measure. At the restoration he became a convert to the principles of the church of England, and was made Archbishop of St. Andrews; but this elevation was considered as a shameful dereliction of his friends. His life was attempted in 1668, by a fanatic preacher; but in 1679, nine assassins proved more successful, and he was murdered on Magaskmoor, three miles from St. Andrews. He was then in his coach with his daughter, but neither her cries nor his entreaties availed, and he fell, pierced with twenty-two wounds.

The following account is from a "History of the Covenanters" recently published:

Among the numerous agents of the prelates and council, none were more oppressive and cruel than William Carmichael, sheriff-depute of Fife, who acted under the eye and at the instigation of Sharpe. For several months he had carried on a furious persecution in that county against all whom he suspected to be favorable to Presbytery. Many of the heritors were intercommuned, their estates forfeited, and their wives and children tortured by means of burning matches, to extort from them a discovery of the places in which their husbands or fathers lay concealed. The brutality of this monster, in short, was such, that nine of those heritors resolved to inflict on him an exemplary punishment, as a warning to his brethren in iniquity, and the third of May was fixed upon for carrying their resolution into effect. Carmichael had devoted that day to hunting, but on receiving a hint that a plot was forming against him, he hastily abandoned his sport and returned home.*

The party having searched in vain for Carmichael till the middle of the day, were on the eve of separating, when a boy informed them that Archbishop Sharpe was at Ceres, and would soon be at Blebo-hole, not far from the place where they were assembled. This unexpected information struck them with the greatest surprise, and one of them, exclaiming, "It seems he is delivered into our hands," proposed to take away the life of "this arch-enemy and fountain of all their woe." This proposition was opposed by Hackston of Rathillet only, who insisted that a matter of so much importance to both church and state ought to be the subject of greater consideration. Finding them, however, to be inflexible, he yielded so far as to accompany them, but decidedly refused to be their leader, alleging that having a private quarrel with the primate, he could not in conscience take an active part in their present proceedings. They accordingly rode forward to Magus-moor, about two miles from St. Andrews, where they descried the Bishop's coach. One of the party casting away his cloak, instantly pursued, and overtaking the carriage, cried, "*Judas be taken!*" The only answer which Sharpe returned was a vehement and reiterated cry to the postilion to "drive!" In vain did the postilion endeavor, by renewed exertion, to obey the command of his master; one of the pursuers outriding the coach, cut the traces and dismounted the servants, leaving the primate at the mercy of his enemies.

The whole party now being come up, Balfour, of Kinlock, ordered Sharpe to come out, that his daughter, who was with him in the carriage, might receive no injury. Refusing to comply with this order, several shots were fired at the coach, which, not taking effect, Balfour reiteratedhis command. Trembling for his life, the bishop earnestly begged for mercy, to which Balfour replied, "I take God to witness, whose cause I desire to own, in adhering to the persecuted gospel, that it is not out of any hatred to your person, nor from any prejudice you have done or could do to me, that I intend to take your life, but because you have been, and still continued to be, an avowed opposer of the gospel and kingdom of Christ, and a murderer of his saints, whose blood you have shed like water." Another of the party having cried, "Repent, Judas, and come out," Sharpe vehemently exclaimed, "Gentlemen, save my life, and I will save yours." "I know," replied the leader, "it is not in your power either to save us or to kill us; I again declare it is not any particular quarrel I have at you which thus moves me to this attempt, but because you are an enemy to Christ and his interest, and have rung your hands in the blood of the saints, not only after Pentland, but several times since, and particularly for your perjury and shedding the blood of James Mitchell, and having a hand in the death of James Learmont, and your perfidious betraying of the church of Scotland: these crimes, and that blood, cry with a loud voice to heaven for vengeance, and we are this day to execute it."

As a last resource the primate offered them a sum of money; but he was answered with the words of Peter to Simon the sorcerer, "Thy money perish with thee," and an exhortation to prepare for judgment and eternity. The bishop still refusing to come forth, one of the assassins cried, "Seeing there have been so many lives unjustly taken by him, for which there is not the least shadow of repentance, we will not be innocent if any more be taken that way." Finding all their orders to him to leave the carriage to be ineffectual, another shot was fired; upon which the primate came out, crying, "for God's sake to save his life, and he would lay down his Episcopal function." But all his entreaties were in vain. Refusing to make any other preparation for death but the repeated cry for mercy, the assassins fired and wounded him in several places of his body. Believing him to be dead they were preparing to retire, when one of them overhearing his daughter say, "Oh there is life in him yet," they returned and dispatched him with their swords. They then disarmed the servants, and carried off their arms, together with the bishop's papers. Although all this took place at mid-day, in a country full of military, yet they received no interruption. Mounting their horses, they deliberately rode off to a place about four miles distant, where they remained till the evening examining the bishop's papers, and then separated.

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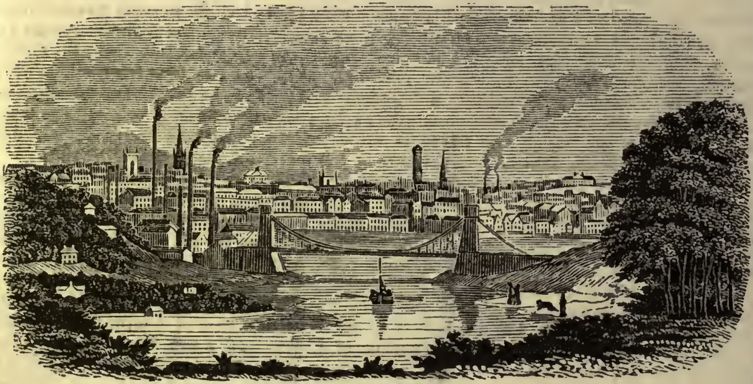
* The following more particular statement of Carmichael's cruelties is copied from the original MS. account of Sharpe's death:—"Mr. William Carmichell, some tymes merchant bailzie in Edr having spent all he had wt harlots and riotous living, gave in his very humble petition to Bishop Sharp, to be made sheriff-dept of fyffe; whose petition was accordingly granted, and instructions and orders given to him, to summond, fyne, imprison, punde, spoyle, and unlaw for absence, &c.: he not being content wt the rigirous extent of his commission, tho yt he should ingratiat himself mor in the Bishop's favors yn any oyrs had or could do; and yrfor, he not only fyned, imprisoned, poyndit, plundered, &c., but lykwayes caused fix fired matches betwixt servants fingers yt they might discover qr ther mrs were hyd; he caused beat and wound severall women and children and servants, and do many oyr insolences qch were to tidious and lamentable to relait."

ABERDEEN.



Aberdeen.

Aberdeen ranks next to Edinburgh and Glasgow in point of general importance, and is considered the capital of the north of Scotland. It is situated on a cluster of eminences which rise along the northern bank of the river Dee, in the immediate vicinity of its confluence with the German Ocean. It is 127 miles north from Edinburgh, and 115 south-east by east from Inverness. Population 71,973.

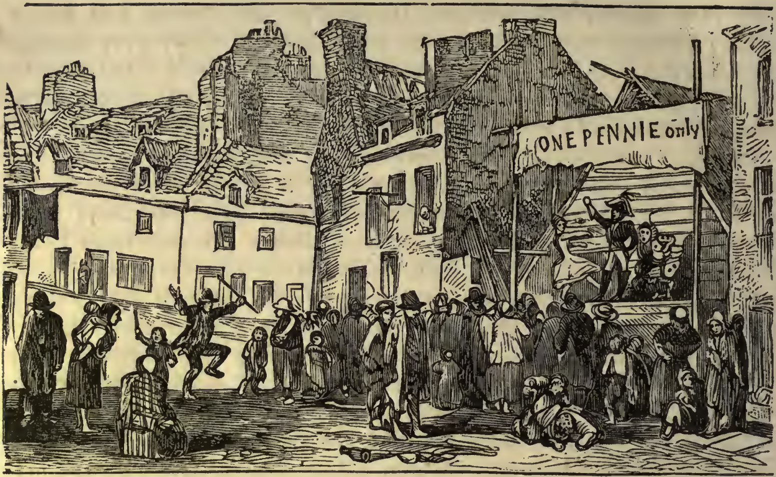
Old Aberdeen is a place of great antiquity. According to tradition, it was of note in the reign of Gregory, who conferred on it some privileges about the year 893. In 1004, Malcolm II founded a bishopric at a place called Mortlich, in Banffshire, in memory of a signal victory which he there gained over the Danes; which bishopric was translated to Old Aberdeen by David I. The town lies about a mile to the north of the New Town, at the mouth of the river Don, over which is a fine Gothic bridge, of a single arch, greatly admired, which rests on a rock on each side. This arch, said to have been built by a Bishop of Aberdeen about the year 1290, is sixty-seven feet wide at the bottom, and thirty-four and a half feet high above the surface of the river, which at ebb tide is here nineteen feet deep. This town, which consists chiefly of one long street, was formerly the seat of the bishop, and had a large cathedral, commonly called St. Machar's. Two very antique and lofty spires of stone, and the nave, which is used as the church, are now the only remains of it. They are finely ornamented, and are in a state of complete repair.

King's College, the chief ornament of the place, is a large and stately fabric, situate on the east side of the town. It was founded in 1494, by William Elphinstone, bishop of this place, and Lord Chancellor of Scotland, in the reign of James III, and Lord Privy Seal in that of James IV, and dedicated to St. Mary; but being taken under the immediate protection of the King, it was denominated King's College, and endowed with very large revenues.

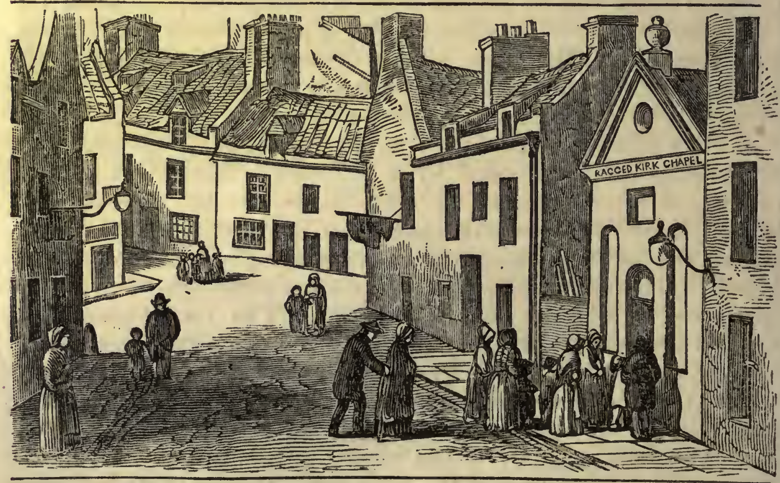
Aberdeen was, at a very early period, burnt and destroyed by the English; but being afterwards rebuilt by King David Bruce, who resided here for some time, and where he erected a mint, the whole town was accordingly called the New Town of Aberdeen, in contradistinction to the old one, which had been consumed. It is now a large and handsome city, having many spacious streets, lined on each side by elegant houses, built of granite from the neighboring quarries. In the middle of Castle-street is the Cross, an octagon stone building, highly ornamented with bas-relievos of the kings of Scotland, from James I to James VI, with a Corinthian column in the center, on the summit of which is a unicorn.

On the north side of Union-street, are situated the East and West Churches surrounded by a cemetery. The West Church contains a fine monument in white marble, to the memory of a lady, executed by Bacon at an expense of £1200; a curious monumental plate of brass, commemorative of the death of Dr. Duncan Liddel, and a stone effigy of Sir Robert Davidson, provost of Aberdeen, who fell at Harlaw, in 1411. The East Church is a modern building, in the Gothic style; the churches are separated by Drum's Aisle, so called from its being the burial place of the ancient family of that name. It formed the transcept of the original church of St. Nicholas, a fabric of the twelfth century. The only part of the old structure is the central tower, in which hang the bells. The original date of the great bell Laurence, which weighs 40,000 pounds, is 1352. In the churchyard are buried the poet of "The Minstrel," Principal Campbell, the learned Blackwell, and Dr. Hamilton, the well known author of the work on the National Debt.

The following cuts are copied from a work recently published in London, showing the superiority of blending the "temporal with the spiritual," in effecting a change for the better. In 1847, there were more than ten thousand adults in Aberdeen, who did not attend any place of worship, and many of them sunk to the lowest point of social degradation. In these circumstances, a new system



Albion-street, Aberdeen.—New Year's Eve BEFORE *the Chapel was erected.*



Albion-street, Aberdeen.—New-Year's Eve AFTER *the Chapel was erected.*

of aggressive effort was tried. The idea was this, "an organization of means which would blend the temporal with the spiritual," and do full justice to the law of self-improvement. The project was that of concentrated or localized effort, beginning, in the first instance, with the simple preaching of the gospel to a few destitute people congregated in a small room in a wretched house in one of the most depraved localities in the city, afterwards enlarge the operations, step by step, as the people themselves advanced in the progress of moral and social regeneration.

It was soon found necessary to erect a mission chapel in the same locality, which on being completed, became known throughout the city as "the Albion-street Ragged Kirk." The site of this church had long been occupied as a penny theater, a penny being charged for admission. Thirty persons attended the first evening the new church was opened. They were literally of the poor, the halt, the maimed, and the blind. Sunday-schools and week-day meetings for temperance and other benevolent purposes were likewise held in the building. Next Sunday sixty persons were in attendance, and very soon the church was filled. As the people improved, the chapel was improved. Thus instituted, the second step in the progress of the scheme was taken, namely, the formation of a self-supporting Tract and Bible Society. A Sunday-school was next formed, which soon became a prosperous branch of the mission. A prayer-meeting was opened on Monday evenings, a visiting committee was appointed to minister to the wants of the sick and invite the non-church going population in the district to attend the meetings. On Friday evenings, sacred music was taught. A library was formed, and distinguished lecturers on moral philosophy and physical science were employed. The next step was the establishment of a "Penny Bank," to afford the opportunity to treasure up small savings. The last, and not the least important step, was the erection of a school for the children of the reclaimed. By the means mentioned, a great change has been effected in an ignorant and depraved community. The "Ragged Kirk and School" has been the means of raising human beings from filth, misery, and brutality, to stations of honor, happiness, and respectability.

INVERNESS: BATTLE OF CULLODEN, &c.

Inverness, a town of upwards of 12,000 inhabitants, is situated on both sides of the river Ness, at the spot where the basins of the Moray and Beauly Firths and the Great Glen of Scotland meet one another. It is generally considered the capital of the Highlands, and contains a number of well-built streets and elegant houses. At the door of the Town-Hall is a strange blue lozenge-shaped stone, called Clach-na-Cudden, or "stone of the tubs," from having served as a resting-place on which the women, in passing from the river, used to set down the deep tubs in which they carried water. It is reckoned the palladium of the town, and is said to have been carefully preserved after the town had been burned by Donald of the Isles, in 1410.

Inverness is a town of great antiquity, but the exact date of its origin is unknown. On an eminence to the south-east of the town stood an ancient castle, in which it is supposed that Duncan was murdered by Macbeth. It is highly probable that Macbeth had possession of this castle, and it is certain that it was destroyed by the son of the murdered king, Malcolm Canmore, who erected a new one on an eminence overhanging the town on the south. This latter edifice continued for several centuries to be a royal fortress. It was repaired by James I, in whose reign a Parliament was held within its walls, to which all the northern barons and chiefs were summoned, three of whom were executed here for treason. In 1562, Queen Mary paid a visit to Inverness, for the purpose of quelling an insurrection of the Earl of Huntly. Being refused admission into the castle by the governor, who held it for the Earl, she took up her residence in a house, part of which is still in existence. The castle was shortly after taken by her attendants and the governor hanged. During the civil wars, this castle was repeatedly taken by Montrose and his opponents. In 1715, it was converted into barracks for the Hanoverian soldiers, and in 1746, it was blown up by the troops of Prince Charles Stuart, and not a vestige of it now remains.

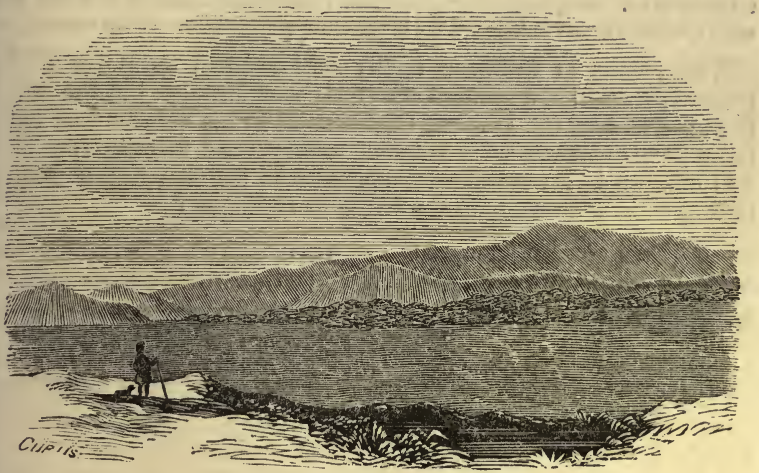
In the neighborhood of Inverness, is Culloden Moor, the scene of the final defeat of the Highland army under Prince Charles Stuart, which lies about five miles south-east of the town. It is a vast and desolate tract of table land, traversed longitudinally by a carriage road, on the side of which there are two or three green trenches marking the spot where the heat of the battle took place, and numbers of the slain were interred.

The level nature of the ground rendered it peculiarly unfit for the movements of the Highland army, against cavalry and artillery. According to the general accounts, about 1,200 men fell in this engagement. The number killed on both sides were nearly equal.

The following is from the "British Encyclopædia:"

> Culloden is a large plain in Inverness-shire, on which was fought the last battle between the houses of Stuart and Hanover, on the 16th of April, 1746, when the hopes of the former were forever extinguished. The spot on which the heat of the battle took place is marked by a number of green mounds, beneath which the slain lie buried. The whole has a desolate appearance, and many separate graves are to be seen between the moor and the town of Inverness.
>
> In the beginning of April, 1746, the Duke of Cumberland commenced his march from Aberdeen, and on the 12th of the same month passed the river Spey, without any opposition being offered by the insurgents. The Duke then proceeded to Nairn, where he received intelligence that the enemy had advanced as far as Culloden, which lay about nine miles from the royal army, with the intention of giving him battle. On the morning of the 16th, the king's troops began their march from Nairn, forming into five lines of three battalions each, headed by Major-General Husk on the left, Lord Semple on the right, and Brigadier Mordant in the center, flanked by the horse soldiers under Generals Bland and Hawley, who at the same time covered the cannon on the right and left. They marched in this order about eight miles, when a body of Highlanders, having advanced a little a-head, discovered the van of Prince Charles'

army moving towards them. The Duke immediately ordered his troops to form in order of battle. The battalions of the second line defiled to the left of those which formed the van; at the head of the line and in the center, the Earl of Albermarle commanded; the right wing was commanded by Major-General Bland; and on the left, three squadrons were commanded by Lord Ancrum.



Battle-ground of Culloden Moor.

Prince Charles formed the front of his army into thirteen divisions, being so many clans under their respective chiefs, with four pieces of cannon placed before their center, and the same number on each wing. The center was commanded by Lord John Drummond, the right wing by Lord George Murray, and the left by the Duke of Perth; to support the front line, and covered in the rear by some stone walls, was arranged Fitz-James' horse and four companies of French Picquets, on the left, one body of horse, which consisted of young Italians, some huzzars, the Perthshire squadron, and five companies of Lord Drummond's foot soldiers. In the rear was a line of reserve, consisting of three columns, the first on the left was commanded by Lord Kilmarnock, the center column by Lord Lewis Gordon, and the third to the right by Roy Stuart. Directly in the rear were stationed the regiments of Perth and Ogilvie as the final reserve.

In this order the insurgents commenced firing on the Duke's army, which was returned with great steadiness, so that the troops of the Prince were thrown into great disorder. They immediately attacked the right wing of the king's army, where the Duke of Cumberland commanded in person. This was only a feint to draw out the king's troops, and finding it not succeed they turned their whole force to the left, where they attempted to flank the king's front lines, but General Wolfe's regiment entirely defeated their design.

General Hawley with some Highlanders had opened a passage through some stone walls to the right, for the horse which advanced on that side, while the king's right wing wheeled off upon their left, and, dispersing their body of reserve, met in the center of the front line. The Highlanders, being repulsed in the front, and great numbers cut off, fell into universal confusion. The horse on the rear made a dreadful carnage, the foot moved on in due order, but Kingston's horse, from the reserve, galloped up, and, falling on the fugitives, routed them with great slaughter. Three thousand of Charles Stuart's troops were slain on the field and in the pursuit, and many noblemen and gentlemen were taken prisoners; so that in less than thirty minutes the whole army was entirely destroyed. The Prince immediately forded the river Nesse, and with a few adherents travelled as far as Aird; there he dismissed the whole of his followers, and wandered about a solitary fugitive among the mountains of Scotland for more than four months.

When the news of this battle arrived in England, the whole nation seemed transported with joy; both Houses of Parliament voted an address to the king, and extolled the Duke as a hero and deliverer; they also decreed that public thanks should be returned to the Duke of Cumberland, and the Commons added £25,000 per annum to his former income.

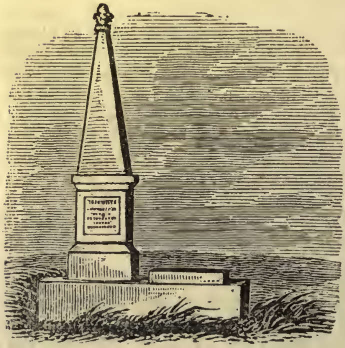
The numbers of both armies have been variously estimated; the king's troops are believed to have exceeded 8,000, while Prince Charles' only amounted to 7,000. The exact number which was killed of the king's army was never correctly known.

The victory at Culloden finally extinguished the hopes of the house of Stuart, and secured the liberties of Britain; but the cruelties exercised by the Duke of Cumberland on his helpless foes have stamped his memory with indelible infamy; and there are few who will not join in the sentiments expressed in the concluding stanza of Burns' pathetic song on the battle of Culloden:

"Drummosie muir, Drummosie muir,
A waefu' day it was to me,
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e.

Now wae to thee, thou cruel Duke,
A bluidy man I trow thou be,
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee."



Cameron's Grave.

Richard Cameron was the founder of a sect in Scotland, called Cameronians, who for a long time held their religious meetings in the fields. He was, in some respects, different from the Presbyterians, but like them, boldly protested against Prelatical power. He was quite an eloquent man, and traversed the west of Scotland with a Bible in one hand and a sword in the other. He refused to accept the indulgence to tender consciences, granted by King Charles II, thinking such an acknowledgement of the king's supremacy, to whom he owed no allegiance on account of his perfidy and covenant-breaking both towards God and man, to be wrong.

On the 22d of July, 1680, Richard Cameron, his brother, and about sixty Covenanters, when at Airsmoss, in the parish of Auchinleck, were surprised by Graham, of Claverhouse. Perceiving the approach of their enemies, Cameron, after engaging in prayer, encouraged the little band to stand on their defense. They fought bravely, but were overpowered by numbers, and nine of the party were killed on the spot, among whom was Cameron and his brother. Cameron's head and hands were cut off and sent to Edinburgh to be placed on some elevated place, according to the barbarous practice of the council. The remains of the Camerons and the others were buried where they fell, and a rude stone was erected over their graves by the Covenanters. In 1832, a sermon was preached at Cameron's grave, in aid of a subscription to erect a monument, when a vast concourse of people assembled from all parts of the west of Scotland, Catholic, and Cameronian, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian, without reference to sect or party, forming on the wild and lonely moor, perhaps as strange but impressive a scene as has been witnessed in the nineteenth century. The annexed engraving is a representation of the monument shortly after erected. The large flat stone formerly erected being laid horizontally over the base of the new monument.

The following, extracted from the beautiful tributary lines to the memory of those who fell at Airsmoss, was written by James Hislop, a native of the district where the skirmish took place :

CAMERONIAN DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the moorland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stane where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's hame was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mang the heather was lying.

* * * * * *

'Twas the few faithful ones who, with Cameron, were lying
Concealed 'mang the mist, where the heath-fowl was crying;
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brows was unbreathed;
With eyes raised to Heaven, in meek resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

* * * * * *

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the mighty were falling!

* * * * * *

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are riding.
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is before ye,
A crown never-fading, a kingdom of glory!

James Macpherson, celebrated as the translator of the poems of Ossian, was born at Kingussie, a village in Inverness-shire, north of Perth, in 1738. He first claimed general notice in 1762, by the publication of some poems, attributed to Ossian, the son of Fingal, which, though beautiful and deservedly admired, soon excited a violent controversy about their authenticity. Dr. Johnson, with forcible arguments, attacked them, and when censured in an angry and menacing letter by Macpherson, he returned that celebrated reply preserved by Boswell. The poems, however, were ably defended by Dr. Hugh Blair, and though for some time it appeared rather a national question, in favor of Scotland, Mr. Whitaker, among the English writers, has warmly espoused the cause of their authenticity. In 1773, Macpherson published a translation of the Iliad, in heroic prose, which is no longer held in esteem.

In 1775 he supported the measures of Lord North, by his "Rights of Great Britain over her Colonies asserted," and was rewarded by the ministers with a seat in the House of Commons, in 1780, and the lucrative office of agent to the nabob of Arcot.

Mr. Macpherson died February 17, 1796, at his seat in Belleville, on the river Spey, some thirty miles or more south of Inverness. His remains were interred in Westminster-Abbey.

Ossian, the son of Fingal, was a Scotch bard, who is supposed to have flourished about the beginning of the third century. According to tradition, he accompanied his father in his wars, and in the latter part of his long life became blind. The poems that go by his name are marked by a simple and sublime wildness, and are the most poetic compositions in the English language. They are represented as having been translated from the Gaelic by Mr. Macpherson, who died in 1796. Much controversy has existed about the authorship of these poems, which is not yet decided; it is believed, however, that their chief merit belongs to Macpherson.

The following are extracts from one of Ossian's poems, entitled "Carthon:"

> A tale of the times of old! The deeds of days of other years!
>
> The murmur of thy streams, O Lora! brings back the memory of the past. The sound of thy woods, Garmallar, is lovely in mine ear. Dost thou not behold, Malvina, a rock with its head of heath? Three aged pines bend from its face; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows, and shakes its white head in the breeze. The thistle is there alone, shedding its aged beard. Two stones half sunk in the ground, show their heads of moss. The deer of the mountain avoids the place, for he beholds a dim ghost standing there. The mighty lie, O Malvina! in the narrow plain of the rock.
>
> A tale of the times of old! the deeds of days of other years!

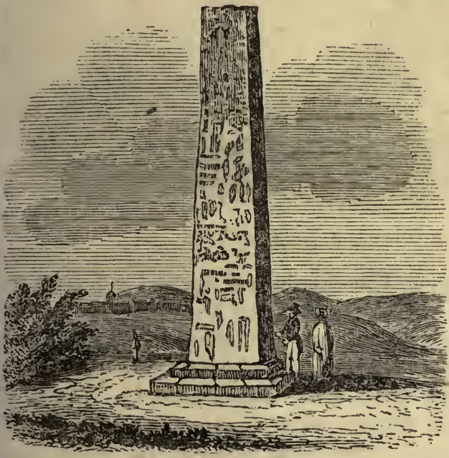
* * * * * * * *

> I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls: and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place, by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook, there, its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Monia, silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us; for, one day, we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it

howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day! The mark of my arm shall be in battle; my name in the song of bards. Raise the song; send round the shell; let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy brightness is for a season, like Fingal; our fame shall survive thy beams!

* * * * * * * *

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone; who can be a companion of thy course! The oaks of the mountain fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season, thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun! in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of north is on the plain, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

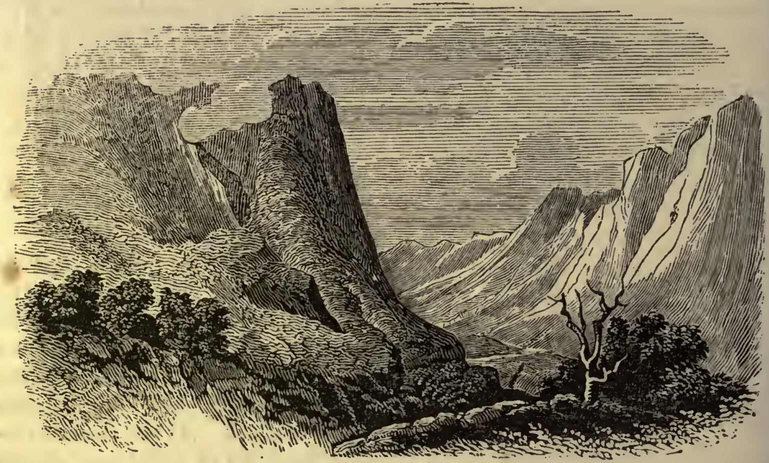


Sweno's Stone, Forres.

Forres is a place of considerable antiquity, twelve miles west from Elgin and two hundred and twelve north of Edinburgh, and contains about 4,000 inhabitants. At the eastern extremity of this town stands a remarkable stone obelisk, which is supposed to have been erected to commemorate a treaty of peace between Malcolm II of Scotland, and Sweno, a Danish invader. It consists of an immense pillar of grey stone more than twenty feet in height. It is slightly tapered upwards, and the figures on its surface are singularly distinct when we take into account the time that it has been erected. They are supposed to represent the circumstances of a battle, and the subsequent treaty of peace. In the annexed engraving, we give a view of this column with a person beside it, which gives an accurate notion of its height and size.

Shakspeare has immortalized Forres and its environs, by making it the scene of the principal events in his tragedy of Macbeth; and on the extensive heath, called the Hard Moor, which surrounds it, the spot is still shown where he is said to have met the weired sisters who so long deceived him with their delusive promises. This heath is "blasted" in the truest sense of the word; it being one of the most sterile and desolate tracts of land in Scotland.

At the western side of the town stands the castle, or rather the site on which the castle once stood, an object of much local interest; for here Duffus, one of the early kings of Scotland, was killed by the governor of the castle while on a visit, with circumstances very similar to those which are depicted by Shakspeare in the murder of Duncan by Macbeth.



Valley of Glencoe, Argyleshire.

The Valley of Glencoe, in the district of Appen, Argyleshire, in the west of Scotland, is celebrated for the wild grandeur of its scenery and its historical recollections. In the valley is a small lake from which issues the wild stream of Cona, celebrated by Ossian, who is said to have been born on its banks. The well known massacre of Glencoe, which casts a stain on the character of King William III and his ministers, took place at the north-west end of the vale.

In the year 1691, as the Highlanders, who were fondly attached to the Stuart family, had not totally submitted to the authority of William, the Earl of Bredalbane undertook to bring them over, by distributing sums of money among their chiefs; and £15,000 were remitted from England for this purpose. The clans being informed of this remittance, suspected that the Earl's design was to appropriate to himself the best part of the money; and when he began to treat with them, made such extravagant demands, that he found his scheme impracticable. He was, therefore, obliged to refund the sum he received; and he resolved to wreak his vengeance with the first opportunity on those who had frustrated his intention. He who chiefly thwarted his negotiation, was Macdonald of Glencoe, whose opposition rose from a private circumstance. which ought to have had no effect upon a treaty that regarded the public weal. Macdonald had plundered the lands of Bredalbane during the course of hostilities; and this nobleman insisted upon being indemnified for his losses, from the others' share of the money which he was employed to distribute. The Highlander not only refused to acquiesce in these terms, but, by his influence among the clans, defeated the whole scheme; and the Earl, in revenge, devoted him to destruction. King William had, by proclamation, offered an indemnity to all those who had been in arms against him, provided they would submit, and take the oaths by a certain day; and this was prolonged to the close of the year 1691, with a denunciation of military execution against those who should hold out after the end of December. Macdonald, intimidated by this declaration, repaired on the very last day of the month to Fort William, and desired that the oath might be tendered to him by Colonel Hill, governor of that fortress. As this officer was not vested with the power of a civil magistrate, he refused to administer them; and Macdonald set out immediately for Inverary, the county town of Argyle. Though the ground was covered with snow, and the weather intensely cold, he travelled with such diligence, that the term prescribed by the proclamation was but one day elapsed when he reached the place, and addressed himself to Sir John Campbell, sheriff of the county, who, in consideration of his disappointment at Fort William, was prevailed upon to administer the oaths to him and his adherents. Then they retured to their own habitations, in the valley of Glencoe, in full confifidence of being protected by the Government, to which they had so solemnly submitted. Bredalbane had represented Macdonald at Court as an incorrigible rebel, as a ruffian inured to bloodshed and rapine, who would never be obedient to the laws or his country, nor live peaceably under any sovereign. He observed, that he had paid no regard to the proclamation, and proposed that the Government should sacrifice him to the quiet of the kingdom, in extirpating him, with his family and dependents, by military execution. His advice was supported by the suggestions of the other Scottish ministers; and the King whose chief virtue was not humanity, signed a warrant for the destruction of those unhappy people—though it does not appear that he knew of Macdonald's submission:

An order for this barbarous execution, signed and countersigned by his Majesty's own hand, being transmitted to the Master of Stair, secretary for Scotland, this minister sent particular directions to Livingstone, who commanded the troops in that kingdom, to put the inhabitants of Glencoe to the sword, charging him to take no prisoners, that the scene might be more terrible. In the month of February, Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, by virtue of an order from Major Duncanson, marched into the valley of Glencoe, with a company of soldiers belonging to Argyle's regiment, on pretense of levying the arrears of the land-tax and hearth-money. When Macdonald demanded whether they came as friends or enemies, he answered, as friends; and promised, upon his honor, that neither he nor his people should sustain the least injury. In consequence of this declaration, he and his men were received with the most cordial hospitality, and lived fifteen days with the men in the valley, in all the appearance of the most unreserved friendship. At length the fatal day approached. Macdonald and Campbell having passed the day together, parted about seven in the evening, with mutual professions of the warmest affection. The younger Macdonald, perceiving the guards doubled, began to suspect some treachery, and communicated his suspicions to his brother: but neither he nor the father would harbor the least doubt of Campbell's sincerity. Nevertheless, the two young men went forth privately, to make further observations. They overheard the common soldiers say, they liked not the work; that though they would have willingly fought the Macdonalds of the glen fairly in the fields, they held it base to murder them in cool blood; but that their officers were answerable for the treachery. When the youths hasted back to apprise their father of the impending danger, they saw the house already surrounded: they heard the discharge of muskets, the shrieks of women and children; and, being destitute of arms, secured their own lives by immediate flight. The savage ministers of vengeance had entered the old man's chamber, and shot him through the head. He fell down dead in the arms of his wife, who died the next day, distracted by the horror of her husband's fate. The Laird of Auchintrincken, Macdonald's guest, who had three months before this period submitted to the Government, and at this very time had a protection in his pocket, was put to death without question. A boy of eight years, who fell at Campbell's feet, imploring mercy, and offering to serve him for life, was stabbed to the heart by one Drummond, a subaltern officer. Thirty-eight persons suffered in this manner, the greater part of whom were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore the Divine Mercy. The design was to butcher all the males under seventy that lived in the valley, the number of whom amounted to two hundred; but some of the detachments did not arrive soon enough to secure the passes, so that one hundred and sixty escaped.

Campbell, having perpetrated this brutal massacre, ordered all the houses to be burnt, made a prey of all the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children, whose fathers and husbands he had murdred, naked and forlorn, without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the whole face of the country, at the distance of six long miles from any inhabited place. Distracted with grief and horror, surrounded with the shades of night, shivering with cold, and appalled with the apprehension of immediate death from the swords of those who had sacrificed their friends and kinsmen, they could not endure such a complication of calamities, but generally perished in the waste before they could receive the least comfort or assistance.

GREENOCK.

Greenock is situated twenty-two miles west from Glasgow, and has a population of upwards of thirty-six thousand. It is finely situated for commerce on the southern bank of the Firth of Clyde, in a vicinity remarkable for its picturesque beauty. Greenock is indebted for its present commercial importance to the trade which was opened by the inhabitants of the west of Scotland with the United States after the Revolutionary war. In the admirably managed factory of the Shawswater Cotton Spinning Company in this place, is the largest water-wheel in Britain, measuring seventy feet in diameter. Its majestic revolutions are fitted to impress the spectator with feelings of admiration and awe.

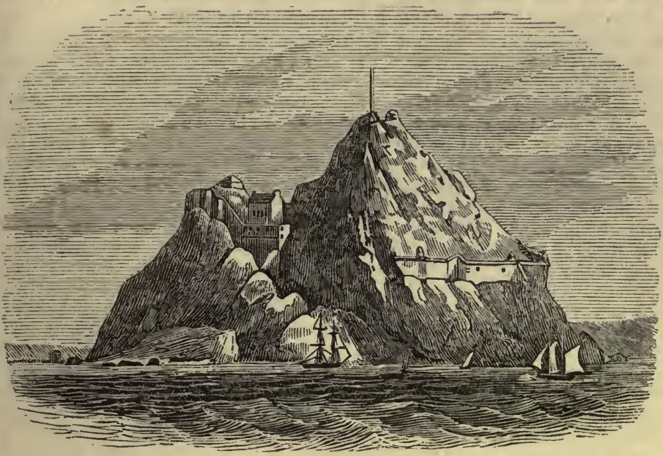
James Watt, the great engineer, was born in Greenock, January 19th 1736. His father was a merchant and also one of the magistrates of that town. His health being extremely delicate, as it continued to be to the end of his life, his attention at school was not always very regular. He amply, however, made up all deficiencies by the diligence with which he pursued his studies at home, where he made quite a proficiency in branches of knowledge. His favorite study is said to have been mechanical science. At the age of eighteen he was sent to London, to be apprenticed to a mathematical instrument maker. In 1757, he was appointed mathematical instrument maker to the college in Glasgow. In 1763, at the time of his marriage, he removed from his apartments in the University, and entered upon the profession of a general engineer. He soon became highly distinguished, and was employed in various public works.

While residing in the college, his attention had been directed to the employment of steam, as a moving power for carriages, &c. In the winter of 1763, he had occasion to examine a small model of Newcomen's engine. This gave an impetus to his investigations on the powers of steam. In 1774, he entered into partnership with Mr. Boulton, a hardware manufacturer, in Birmingham, and commenced the business of making steam engines the next year. An engine was constructed at Soho, which they offered to the inspection of all who felt interested in such machines. They proposed to erect similar engines wherever required on the principle of receiving as payment for each, only *one-third* of the saving in fuel which it would effect, as compared with one of the old construction. The revenue thus accruing to Messrs. Boulton & Watt, soon became very great. Mr. Watt obtained from parliament an extension of his patent for twenty-five years, and during this period his chief occupation was the perfection of his invention. In 1785, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow, in 1806; and in 1808, he was elected a member of the French Institute. He died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, August 25th 1819, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in the parish church of Handsworth where a marble statue to his memory by Chantrey has been erected. Other statues have also been erected, one at Greenock, another in the college of Glasgow, and one of a collossal size in Westminster Abbey, having an inscription furnished by Lord Brougham.

DUMBARTON ROCK; ITS CASTLES, &c.

Dumbarton, fifty-seven miles west of Edinburgh, and fifteen west of Glasgow, has a population of upwards of five thousand inhabitants. Dumbarton Rock rises from the point of junction of the Leven and Clyde, to the height of five hundred and sixty feet, measuring a mile in circumference, terminating in two sharp points, one higher than the other, and studded over with houses and batteries. Previous to his being sent to England, Wallace, the Scottish hero, was confined some time in this castle, the governor of which was the infamous Sir John Monteith, who betrayed him. The highest peak of the rock is still called "Wallace's Seat," and in one of the apartments a huge two-handed sword, said to have belonged to that hero, is still to be seen.

The ancient castle of Dumbarton stands on the summit of a high and precipitous rock, and is a place of great strength and antiquity. It was



Dumbarton Castle, Scotland.

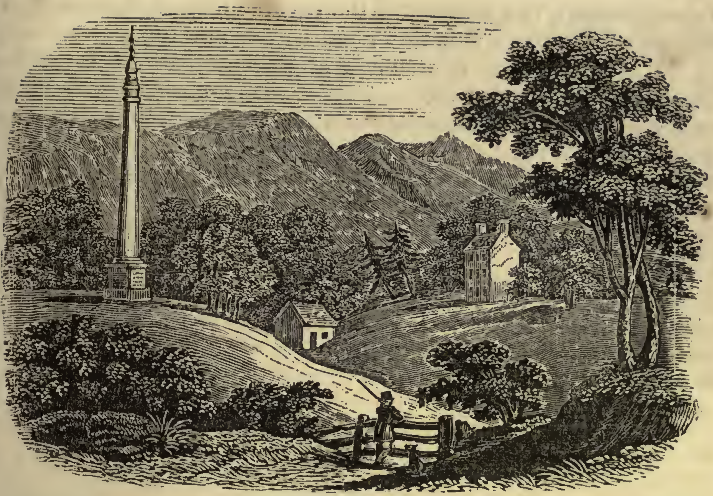
taken by escalade in 1571; this bold and singular enterprise was suggested by a common soldier, at the time that Lord Fleming was governor of the fort by commission of Queen Mary. It was the only place of strength held by the unfortunate Mary, and its retention was looked upon as an object of importance by her friends, as it was the most convenient place in the kingdom, to land any foreign force that might be sent to her assistance. The strength of the place rendered Lord Fleming more secure than he ought to have been, considering its importance. The plan of surprising the garrison was first suggested to the regent, then at Glasgow, by a common soldier, who had served in the fortress, but had been disgusted by what he supposed to be ill usage. While he lived in the garrison, his wife used often to visit him; and being accused (perhaps not unjustly) of theft, was punished by order of the governor. Her husband, as Buchanan observes, being an uxorious man, and persuaded of her innocence, burned with revenge; he deserted to the regent, and promised, that if he would assign a small party to follow him, he would make him master of the fortress. The man appeared confident and resolute: in short, the attempt was deemed worth hazarding; it being thought proper to risk almost any danger for such a prize. The expedition was committed to Captain Crauford, a bold and excellent soldier. The first of April was the day fixed on for the execution of this daring attempt; as the truce granted to the rebels through the mediation of the queen of England would then have expired. In the mean time ladders and other necessaries were prepared, and the whole was kept profoundly secret. On the evening of the 31st of March, an officer of the name of Cunningham was sent with a party of horse to guard all the avenues to the castle, that no intelligence of the design might reach the governor. Crauford followed him with a small but determined band; the place of rendezvous was the foot of the hill of Dunbuc, situated about a mile and a half from the castle. Here Crauford informed the soldiers of the object of their expedition; he showed them the person who was to lead them on, and had promised first to mount the walls; and told them that he and the other officers were determined to follow.

When they arrived at the bottom of the rock, the night was far advanced, and they were afraid lest the clearness of the sky, which was covered with stars, and the appearance of day-light, should discover them to the sentinels who watched above. The mist, however, which generally at this season of the year hangs heavy over rivers and lakes, had overspread the upper regions of the castle; a circumstance esteemed fortunate by the officers, and by the men superstitiously regarded as a good omen.

It was at the summit of the rock the assailants made this bold attempt, because in that place there were fewer sentinels, and their guide assured them they would find a good landing. Here, however, they met with an accident which had nearly frustrated the whole design. The first ladder was scarce fixed, when the weight and eagerness of those who mounted brought it to the ground; and though no person received any injury by the fall, yet they feared that the noise might alarm the sentinel. Listening a moment and finding all still, they proceeded again, and placing their ladders with more caution, several of them attained the first landing; there they found an ash tree growing out of a clift in the rock, to which they tied ropes, and then drew up their fellow-soldiers. Their ladders were made fast a second time; but in the middle of the ascent they met with an unforeseen difficulty. One of their companions was seized with a sudden fit, and clung, seemingly without life, to the ladder. All was at a stand—to pass him was impossible—to tumble him down the rock cruel, and might occasion a discovery; but Captain Crauford's presence of mind did not for a moment forsake him. He ordered the soldier to be tied fast to the ladder, that he might not fall when the fit was over, and turning that side towards the rock, they mounted on the other without difficulty. Day now began to dawn, and there still remained a high wall to scale; but, after surmounting so many great difficulties, this was soon accomplished. Ramsay the guide, and two soldiers, reached the summit; he leaped down into the castle, and was set upon by three of the guard. He defended himself with great courage, till his fellow-soldiers, seeing his danger, leaped down after him, and presently dispatched the assailants. The rest of the party followed as quickly as possible, with repeated shouts and the utmost fury, and took possession of the magazine and cannon. The officers and soldiers of the garrison, being alarmed, ran out, naked and unarmed, and were more solicitous for their own safety than for the protection of the place. The governor, Lord Fleming, slipped down part of the rock, then, descending along a by-path, was let out at a postern gate into a small boat which was under irs wall, and fled into Argyleshire. After the prisoners were secured and the soldiers had leisure to examine the path they had taken, it appeared to them such a tremendous precipice that they declared that if they had known the danger of the service, no reward whatever should have induced them to undertake it.

TOBIAS G. SMOLLET.

T. G. Smollett was of good family, being the grandson of Sir James Smollett, one of the commissioners for the union of Scotland with England. He was born in the house on the rising ground seen in the engraving, on the banks of the Leven, about two miles beyond Dunbarton, October 21st, 1720. He was bred for a surgeon at Glasgow, where he wrote his first poetic production, "The Regicide, a Tragedy." In 1741, he joined the expedition against Carthagena, under Admiral Vernon, which disastrous enterprise he afterwards described in his "Compendium of Voyages." Smollett returned to England in 1746, when the severity of the king's troops in Scotland, after the battle of Culloden, induced him to write *The Tears of Scotland*, a short poem distinguished for its pathos and grace. Among his next works were his "Roderick Random and Peregine Pickle," two works, which, on account of their licenciousness, ought never to have appeared.



Smollett's Birth-place, and Column to his Memory, near Dumbarton, Scotland.

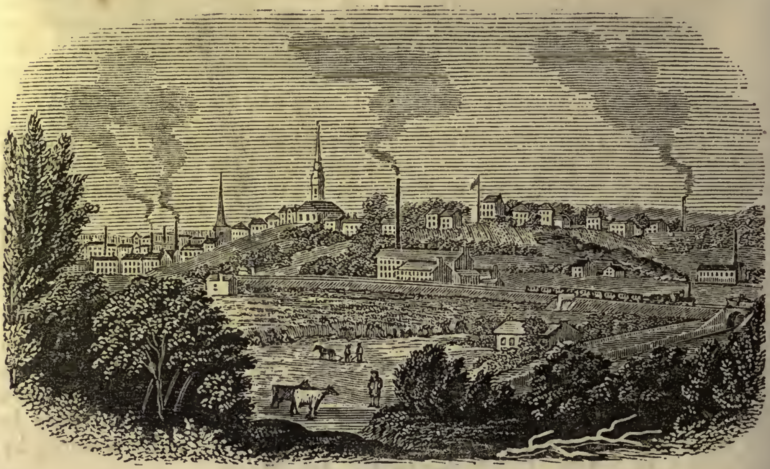
Dr. Smollett's Complete History of England, in four volumes quarto, appeared in 1758, which became quite popular. He afterwards wrote a continuation of the History of England, taken up at the Revolution, where Hume left it, and brought it down to the year 1765. At the commencement of the reign of George III, when Lord Bute was appointed prime minister, Smollett undertook to write in favor of his administration, and for that purpose commenced a paper called "The Briton." This led to the establishment of the "North Briton," a famous work brought out in opposition to it by Wilkes. Smollett, having become an invalid, visited Italy, and took up his residence near Leghorn, after a vain attempt to obtain the appointment of a consul. He died at this place October 21st, 1771, in the fifty-first year of his age, and was buried in the English cemetery, where a monument was erected to his memory by his wife, with a Latin inscription by Dr. Armstrong.

Three years afterwards the monumental pillar, seen in the engraving, was erected in honor of Smollett, near his natal house by his cousin, James Smollett, Esq., with a Latin inscription, revised and corrected by Dr. Johnson. Hard by glides the Leven, which Smollett has memorialized in his touching *Ode to Leven Water*. Smollet was generous and humane, and in versatility of writing, excelling as a poet, novelist, and historian. Notwithstanding his abilities, he considered his genius unrequited. His imprudence was great; and being too proud for servile patronage, he was tortured with the whips and frowns of fortune. He died so poor that a benefit play was performed for his widow.

PAISLEY.

Paisley is a place of great antiquity, and owes its first existence to a religious establishment founded here, about the year 1160, by

Walter Stewart, the ancestor of the royal family of Scotland. The progress of the town was slow, and it was not until the close of the last century that it assumed any appearance of importance. The original manufactures of Paisely were coarse checked linen cloth, and checked linen handkerchiefs, and these were succeeded by fabrics of a lighter and more fanciful kind. About the year 1760, the manufacture of gauze was introduced into Paisley, in imitation of the manufactures of Spitalfields. The experiment met with remarkable success, and the immense variety of elegant and richly ornamented fabrics which were issued from this place, surpassed all competition. The gauze trade now employs but few hands, and shawls of silk and cotton, plaids, scarfs, chenille and Canton crape shawls and handkerchiefs, silks, and Persian velvets, are at present the staple manufactures of the town.



View of Paisley.

Among the most interesting objects in Paisley, the Abbey Church occupies a prominent place. This magnificent building, which was dedicated to St. James and St. Mirren, suffered severely at the Reformation, and its immense revenues became the prey of the nobility. The chancel, which is now used as a parish church, still remains entire, along with the window of the northern transcept. Attached to its south side is a small but lofty chapel, which possesses a remarkable fine echo, and contains a tomb, surmounted by a recumbent female figure, usually supposed to represent Marjory, daughter of Robert Bruce, and wife of Walter Stewart, founder of the abbey. This lady, who was mother of Robert the Second, the first of the Stewart sovereigns, was killed by a fall from her horse, at a place in the neighborhood of Paisley.

Paisley is seven miles from Glasgow, and thirty-three from Ayr, and contains a population of about 48,000. A short distance to the south from Paisley is the straggling village of Elderslie. Here near the turnpike road is the oak in which, according to tradition, Sir William Wallace, the "Knight of Elderslie," concealed himself from the English troops.

William Wallace, the great military hero of Scotland, was born somewhere in this vicinity, and was the son of a private gentleman called Wallace, of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire. He was tall and handsome, and one of the strongest and bravest men of his time. With many of his countrymen, he felt indignant at the usurpation of Edward I of England, who had brought Scotland under his subjection. This feeling led him into various encounters with the English, in which he displayed the most undaunted courage and skill. These skirmishes—his almost miraculous escapes—and the belief in the prediction of "Thomas, the Rhymer," that he was destined to deliver Scotland from English tyranny, produced a wonderful sensation among the people. The immediate occasion of his rising in arms, was his killing an Englishman who had insulted him while walking in the town of Lanark. He immediately fled to a rugged and rocky glen, in the vicinity of this place, where he was safe from their pursuit. Hazelrigg, the governor, burned Wallace's house, put his wife and servants to death, and proclaimed him an outlaw. Wallace, however, collected a body of men, outlawed like himself, and in one of his early expeditions, killed Hazelrigg in revenge for the murder of his wife.

About this time a memorable event took place, called the "Barns of Ayr." It appears that the English governor of that town invited the greater part of the Scottish nobility to meet him at this place for friendly conference upon the nation's affairs. They were admitted, two at a time, and were treacherously strangled. Wallace, on learning this, collected his men, proceeded to the quarters of the English, and, having secured the buildings, set them on fire—the soldiers perished in the flames. Wallace's party now grew stronger, and many of the Scottish nobles joined his standard, among whom were Sir William Douglass, and Sir John the Graham. The English now came on with a large party into Scotland. They were defeated by Wallace, at Stirling, with great loss. Dundee soon surrendered, and in a short time there was not a single fortress in possession of the enemy.

Wallace, having laid waste the border country from Carlisle to Newcastle, Edward invaded Scotland with a great army. Notwithstanding the defection of many of the Scotch nobility, Wallace collected a considerable force from the middling and lower classes. With these he boldly marched forward against the English, whom he met near Falkirk. The Scotch were obliged to flee, being overpowered by numbers. Wallace, disdaining to submit to arbitrary power, refused to lay down his arms, and for seven years after this battle, maintained his ground among the woods and mountains of his native country. He was, however, basely betrayed by Monteith, a Scotch baron, seized, carried to London, and executed as a traitor, August 23, 1305. His body was quartered, his head was placed on London bridge, his right arm was sent to Berwick, his right foot and limb to Perth, and his left quarter to Aberdeen.

JOHN WILSON.—(Christopher North.)

John Wilson, the celebrated Scotch writer and critic, (better known by the appellation Christopher North,) was born in Paisley in 1788, and was the son of a wealthy manufacturer of that place. He was sent to the University of Glasgow at the age of twelve, and placed under the especial care of Mr. Jardine, Professor of Logic, a man who, to use Lockhart's words, "by the singular felicity of his tact in watching and encouraging the developments of youthful minds, had done more good to a whole host of individuals, and gifted individuals too, than their utmost gratitude could ever adequately repay." Five or six years' constant residence with and careful instruction from Professor Jardine, had fully prepared Wilson for entrance at the University of Oxford, which took place when he was in his eighteenth year. His father's wealth entitling him to the distinction, (which is an expensive one,) he became a Fellow-Commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford.

On completing his education in 1810, Wilson rejoined his mother, then a widow, and residing in Edinburgh. He very speedily formed literary connections in that capital, for a poem upon the death of James Grahame, author of "The Sabbath."

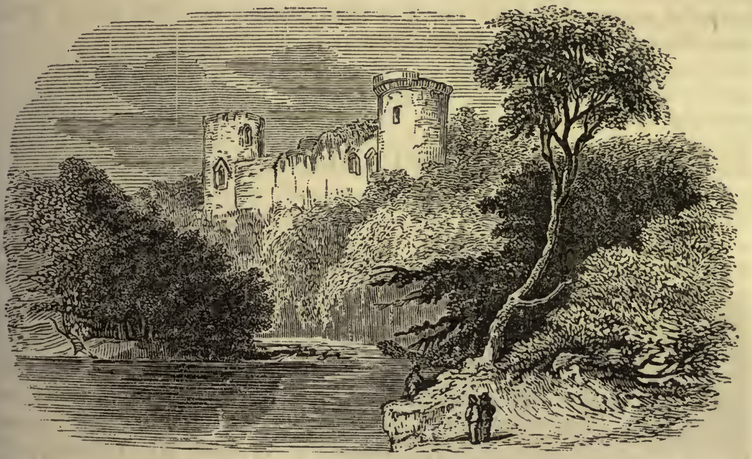
This was in 1812, and about the same time appeared Byron's "Childe Harold." Shortly before, Wilson had purchased the beautiful and romantic estate on the banks of Windermere, in Westmoreland, where he became a neighbor and friend of Wordsworth. Here he completed the "Isle of Palms," which was published in 1812. That poem placed him, at a bound, among the best living authors. By this time he was well acquainted with Scott, and may be allowed the honor of having originated for him the distinctive designation of "The Great Magician."

Blackwood's Magazine was commenced early in 1817, and Wilson soon became a principal contributor. Associated with Wilson were Lockhart, Hogg, Gillies, Syme, and Maginn. In a short time, Blackwood's Magazine had become not only a literary organ, but the wielder of great political power. It destroyed the force of the Edinburgh Review, previously despotic and dreaded, and soon assumed the unity of purpose and conduct, which has become its great characteristic.

In 1818, Wilson published another poem, called "The city of the Plague." Early in 1820 the Professorship of Moral Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh, became vacant by the death of Dr. Thomas Browne, and, among others, John Wilson became a candidate. The Edinburgh whigs, who had suffered from his wit in Blackwood, used every effort to prevent his success. Scott, on the other hand, had much influence on the other side, and exercised it in behalf of his friend. The contest ended in the appointment of Wilson, which even his opponents soon confessed was a credit to the University.

The famous "Noctes Ambrosianæ," were commenced in Blackwood, in March, 1822. They took their name from an inn kept by Mr. Ambrose, at which, being a snug, quiet, out-of-the-way place, the chief contributors were accustomed to meet once a fortnight.

A series of prose sketches which appeared in the Magazine were collected, as "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," and attracted much attention, from their purity of sentiment, poetic expression, and wonderful pathos. These were followed by two lengthened stories, also of lowly life in Scotland, entitled "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay," and the "The Foresters." Then followed, in the Magazine, the articles, poetry in prose, which were collected in 1842, and published in three large octavo volumes, as "The Recreations of Christopher North." After the "Noctes" had been discontinued for several years, the old hand and the old mind were recognized in a new series, full of high and thoughtful, but sometimes transcendental, philosophy, entitled "Dies Boreales, or, Christopher under Canvas." With this ceased his labors. In 1850 he was smitten with paralysis of the lower limbs, which prevented the performance of his usual duties as Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy. He retired into the country, where he continued till his death, April 3, 1854, at his brother's house.

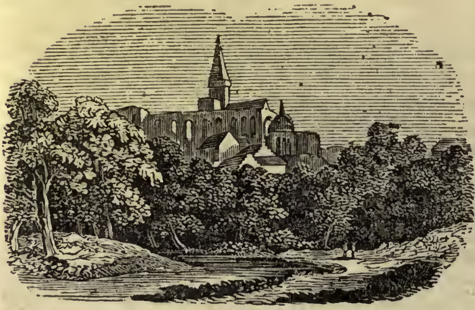


Bothwell Castle, Scotland.

Bothwell Bridge, two miles north from Hamilton, is the place where a famous battle took place in 1679, between the royal forces, under the Duke of Monmouth, and the Covenanters. The bridge, at that time, was long and narrow, having a portal in the middle, with gates, which the Covenanters shut and barricaded with stones and loads of timber. They defended it with three hundred of their best men, under Hackston and Hall. The royal foot guards led on by Lord Livingstone, covered by cannon on the east side, attempted to force the bridge. Hackston maintained his post with great courage till his ammunition was expended. Being unsupported, he was obliged to abandon the important pass. With a strange delusion, the main body of the Covenanters chose these precious moments to cashier their officers, and elect others in their room. While engaged in this operation, they were disturbed by the Duke's cannon, at the first discharge of which, the horse of the Covenanters wheeled and rode off, breaking, and trampling down the ranks of infantry in their flight. Monmouth humanely issued orders to stop the effusion of blood, but Claverhouse, burning to avenge his defeat, and the death of his kinsman, and cornet, at Drumclog, made great slaughter among the fugitives, of whom four hundred were slain.

Near by the bridge are Bothwell village and church, and about a mile and a half beyond, are the magnificent ruins of Bothwell Castle. This structure is a large oblong quadrangle, flanked towards the south by two huge circular towers. The origin of the castle is unknown, and its name unheard of till the time of Wallace, when it is said to have belonged to Sir Andrew Murray, of Bothwell. He, with Lord William Douglas, were the first noblemen to join the Scottish hero in the assertion of his country's independence, and the last to forsake him after the failure of his patriotic attempt. In this fortress, a number of the English nobility took refuge after the battle of Bannockburn, but were soon obliged to surrender. After passing through several hands, it at last reverted to the noble family of Douglas. The scenery around Bothwell Castle is remarkably splendid, and is adorned with luxuriant natural wood. The Clyde here makes a beautiful sweep, and forms the fine semi-circular declivity called Bothwell Bank, celebrated in Scottish song.

DUNFERMLINE.



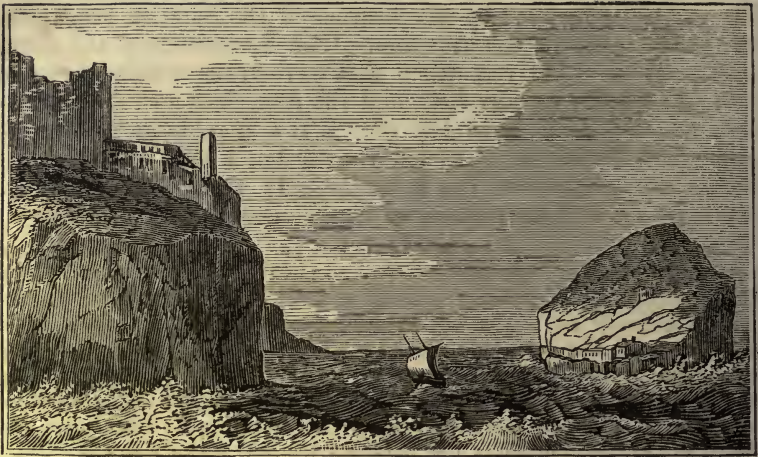
Dunfermline Abbey.

Dunfermline is a large burgh town in the county of Fife, sixteen miles from Edinburgh. It has been celebrated for different branches of weaving, particularly that of table linen. Population about 17,000. The town is built on an eminence about two hundred and seventy feet above the level of the sea, and has an irregular appearance, having been erected at various periods of time. The great object of attraction, however, is its abbey, part of which is now used as a parish church. The abbey was founded by David the First, and in a short time rose to almost unlimited power. The ecclesiastics possessed the privilege of a monopoly of the ferry between Queensferry and Inverkeithing; also houses, lands, annuities, salt-pans, and in 1291 they obtained a coal pit. The abbot was superior of lands that were unclaimed, though the property of others, and was invested with the formidable power of enforcing those rights by excommunication. The territory of the abbey was a regality until the Reformation; and even then it retained a considerable portion of its original greatness, for previous to Edinburgh being considered the capital of Scotland, Dunfermline was more honored by the presence of the Scottish kings than any other town in the kingdom. The demolition of the abbey took place in 1560, and since that period, the wasting lapse of time, the neglect of past ages, and the dilapidation caused by modern improvements, have left only a few mouldering ruins, the melancholy fragments of which convey but a faint picture of the former magnificence of the structure. In the accompanying engraving a view of the remains of Dunfermline Abbey is given.

The really ancient parts, now existing, are the side-wall and some vaults of the palace; the west window of the ruined fratry, much famed for its beauty, under which is a range of cells, formerly used by monks; and the nave of the old abbey church, used till the year 1818 as the parish church, but now disfurnished. The new parish church is erected on the site of the choir and chancel. In 1818, while the preparations for the new church above adverted to were going on, the supposed tomb of Robert the Bruce was accidentally discovered. No inscription was found to absolutely identify the tomb as his, but there was circumstantial evidence to support the supposition. The situation corresponds very nearly with that of King Robert's sepulcher, pointed out by our two earliest historians, Barbour and Fordun, while the appearance of the grave indicated it to have been one of no small distinction. There was a large trough built of polished stone, about seven feet in length, and eighteen inches in depth, the cover of which, when first observed, had on it several iron rings in a very decayed state, and some of which were even entirely loosened from the stone. In this trough lay a large body, six feet two inches in length, cased in lead. The lead was every where entire, except upon the breast, where it was much corroded, exhibiting part of the skeleton of the body, in a state of considerable preservation. The body had been wrapped in damask cloth, extremely fine, and interwoven with gold, some fragments of which remained. Something like a crown was observed upon the head, but in the hurried inspection, this was not accurately ascertained. A wooden coffin surrounded the body, of which some vestiges still existed. Sometime afterwards, the temporary grave was reopened in presence of the barons of the exchequer and others, and a cast was taken of his scull, which was transmitted in a mahogany case, lined with puce colored velvet, to his majesty George IV. The stone coffin was then filled up with melted pitch, and placed directly under the pulpit in the newly erected edifice.

About seven miles north-west of Dunbar, and two and a-half eastward from North Berwick are the ruins of the Castle of Tantallon. It is thus described by Scott in his poem of Marmion:—

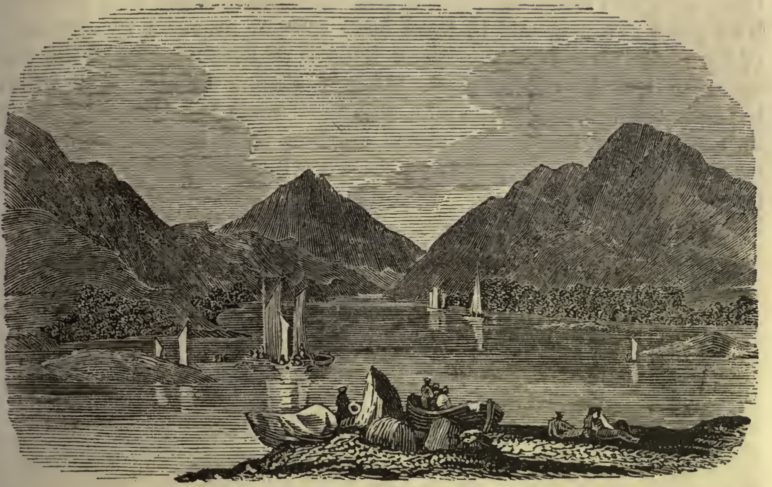
————————"Tantallon vast,
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war,
On a projecting rock it rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
And fourth the battled walls inclose,
        And double mound and fosse;
By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, an entrance long,
        To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square,
Around were lodgings fit and fair,
        And towers of various form.
Which on the court projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular;
Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the warder could descry
        Tke gathering ocean storm."



Tantallon Castle, with the Bass Rock in the distance.

Tantallon was a principal stronghold of the Douglas family; and when the Earl of Angus was banished in 1526, it continued to hold out against James V. The king went in person against it, and, for its reduction, borrowed from the Castle of Dunbar, then belonging to the Duke of Albany, two great cannons. Yet, notwithstanding all this apparatus, James was forced to raise the siege, and only afterwards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty with the governor, Simon Panango. Tantallon was at length "dung down" by the Covenanters; its lord, the Marquis of Douglas, being a favorer of the royal cause. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Marquis, afterwards Duke of Douglas, sold the estate of North Berwick, with the Castle of Tantallon, to Sir Hew Dalrymple, President of the Court of Session, and they now remain in the possession of his descendant, Sir Hew H. Dalrymple, Bart., of Bargeny and North Berwick.

Two miles north from Tantallon lies the Bass Island, or rather Rock, rising four hundred feet sheer out of the sea. The Bass is about a mile in circumference, and is conical on the one side, presenting, on the other, an abrupt and overhanging precipice. It is remarkable for its immense quantities of sea-fowl, chiefly solan geese. Upon the top of the rock gushes out a spring of clear water, and there is verdure enough to support a few sheep. The Bass was long the stronghold of a family of the name of Lauder, one of whom distinguished himself as a compatriot of Wallace. The castle, situated on the south side of the island, is now ruinous. In 1671, it was sold by the Lauder family, for £4,000, to Charles II, by whom it was converted into a royal fortress and state prison. Many of the most eminent of the Covenanters were confined here. At the Revolution, it was the last stronghold in Great Britain that held out for James VII; but, after a resistance of several months, the garrison were at last compelled to surrender, by the failure of their supplies of provisions. The Bass is now the property of Sir Hew Hamilton Dalrymple, Bart. This remarkable rock is visited in summer by numerous pleasure parties.

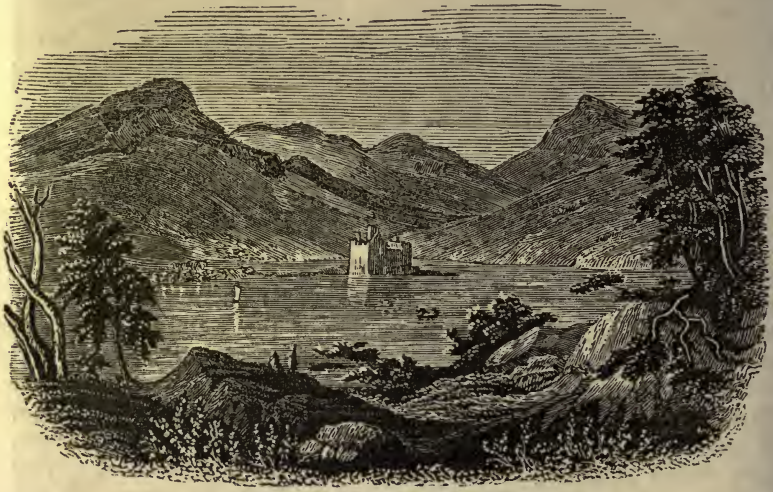


View of Loch Lomond and Ben Lomond.

Loch Lomond, ("lake full of islands,") about twenty miles north-west from Glasgow, is the pride of the Scottish lakes. It exceeds all others in variety as it does in extent and splendor, and uniting in itself every style of scenery which is found in the other lakes of the Highlands. Its length is about twenty-three miles, its breadth where greatest at the southern extremity, is five miles, from which it gradually grows narrower, till it terminates. The boundary line between Dumbarton and Stirlingshire passes through it. The islands of Loch Lomond are about thirty in number, and ten of them are of considerable extent. *Ben Lomond*, is on the east side of the lake, and rises 3,210 feet above its level, which is thirty-two feet above the level of the sea. The view from its summit is varied and most extensive, comprehending the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Lothian, and Stirling, and the castles of Stirling and Edinburgh to the east. A steamer plies on the lake and it is a place of great resort during the warm season of the year.

Loch Awe, nine miles from Inverary, the county town of Argyleshire, is surrounded by lofty mountains of a rude and savage aspect, the highest of which (Ben Cruachan) rises to the height of 3,400 feet. The sloping banks of the lake are richly clothed with natural wood. There are about twenty-four little islands in Loch Awe, some of them beautifully crowned with trees. On one of these islets are the ruins of a small nunnery of the Cisterian order, which was suppressed at the Reformation. On the Heather

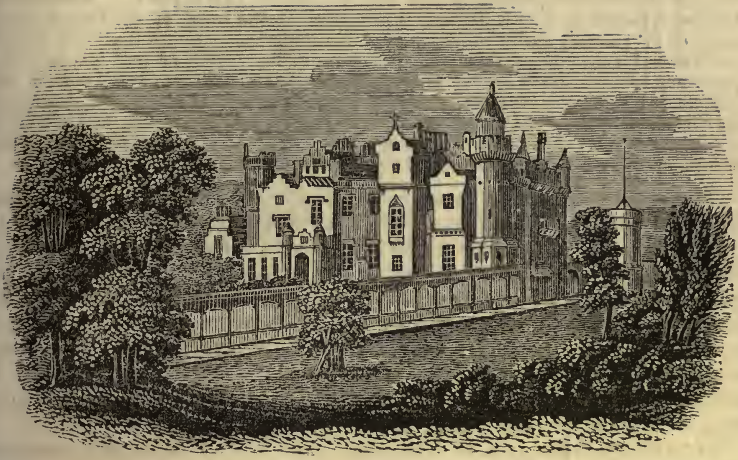
Isle are the ruins of an ancient castle of the chief of the M'Naughtens. At the eastern extremity of Loch Awe, at the base of Ben Cruachan, is a slightly elevated neck of land at the head of the lake, on which stand the ruins of the celebrated *Castle of Kilchurn.* The great tower is said to have been erected in 1443, by the lady of Sir Colin Campbell, the Black Knight of Rhodes, son of the ancestor of the Argyle family. He was absent on a crusade when his lady erected this noble pile, which, "in the Western Highlands at least, claims the pre-eminence, no less from its magnitude and integrity of its ruins, than from the very picturesque arrangements of the building."



Loch Awe, with Kilchurn Castle.

WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771. His father was a respectable writer to the Signet, a branch of the law profession in Scotland, and for many years was an elder in the parish church of Old Greyfriars. His mother was possessed of superior natural talents, had a good taste for poetry, and great conversational powers. Sir Walter was the third child of a family of six sons and one daughter, all of whom he survived. From an early period of his infancy until the age of sixteen, he was afflicted with frequent ill health. By some means his right foot was injured and rendered him lame for life. The delicacy of his health



Abbotsford, Seat of Sir Walter Scott.

induced his parents to consent to his residence with his grandfather, a respectable farmer at Sandy Know, in Roxburghshire. The farm-house occupied an elevated situation, overlooking a large portion of the vale of the Tweed and the adjacent country, the "Arcadia of Scotland, and the cradle of Scottish romance and song."

It was at this secluded spot that the future minstrel, by the aid of free air and exercise, became quite robust, though he never got rid of his lameness. It was here that his love of ballad lore, and border story, was fostered into a passion, and here he acquired that intimate acquaintance with the manners, character, and language of the Scottish peasantry, which he afterward turned to such an account in his celebrated novels.

He entered the University of Edinburgh in 1783, at the age of twelve years. He, however, did not make much progress in the regular studies, as he preferred poring over works of fiction. About the age of twenty-one, he passed advocate at the Scottish bar. Soon after, by the powerful influence of the Duke of Buccleugh, he was appointed quarter-master of the Edinburgh Light Dragoons. Being an excellent horseman, he distinguished himself in this favorite vocation. By the friendship of this nobleman, in 1799 he received the crown appointment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, with a salary of £300 a year. He was married to Miss Carpenter in 1797, and soon after commenced his literary career. His first successful work, "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," established his name in literature. His "Lay of the Last Minstrel," appeared in 1805, and attained a popularity for him far beyond his most sanguine hopes could have anticipated.

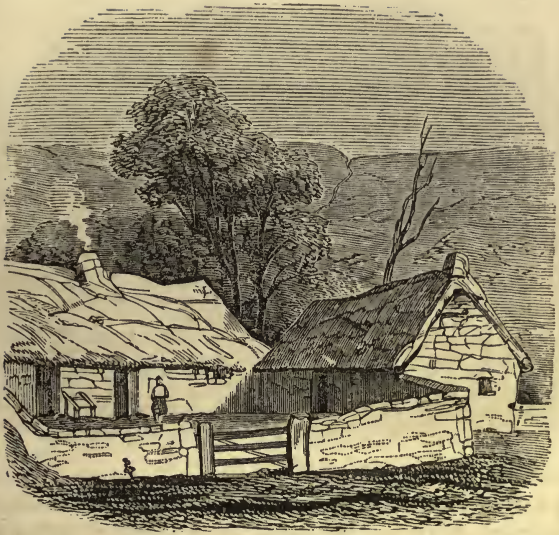
From the appearance of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the history of Scott is, with the exception of a few important incidents, little else than the history of his numerous publications. After the publication of the "Lady of the Lake," in 1810, the popularity of Scott's poetry began to decline. This was partly owing to the public having become satiated with his peculiar style, which had now lost the charm of novelty, and principally by the brilliant productions of Lord Byron, which now attracted the attention of the public. In the mean time, Sir Walter prospered apace in his worldly circumstances. He had an income of above £2,000 a year, independent of his literary revenue, which at this time was about £4,000 yearly. After he was appointed sheriff, he hired a romantic situation on the banks of the Tweed, where many of his poetical works were written. He afterwards purchased a small farm of one hundred acres, three miles above Melrose, in the center of that romantic and legendary country which his first great poem has made familiar to every reader. By degrees, as his resources increased, he added farm after farm to his domain, and reared his chateau of Abbotsford, turret after turret, till he had completed, what a French tourist not inaptly terms, "a romance in stone and lime," clothing the hills behind, and embowering the lawns with woods of his own planting.

The appearance of the prose romance of "Waverley," in 1814, forms an epoch in modern literature as well as in the life of Scott. It was in this style of composition that he found where the true secret of his strength lay. Such was his industry that *seventy-four* volumes of his tales were produced. Such was their success that all the chief booksellers of the kingdom competed for the privilege of turning his literary merchandise into money. From the sales of the novel of Waverley alone, he received upwards of *one hundred thousand dollars*, and it is estimated that his works must have produced to the author, or his trustees, the sum of *two and a half million of dollars.*

In 1820, Scott was created a baronet of the united kingdom by George IV, as a testimony of personal favor and friendship. In 1826, the house of Constable and Co., the great booksellers of Edinburgh, became bankrupt, and the public learnt, to their great surprise, that Sir Walter was involved by the failure to an extent which appeared utterly ruinous. He encountered this adversity with dignified and manly intrepidity. He refused to accept any compromise with creditors, and declared his determination, if life was spared him, to pay off every shilling. For five years, from 1826 to 1831, Sir Walter continued his indefatigable labors. During this period the "Life of Napoleon," History of Scotland," &c., with eight or ten new works of fiction, were produced. The profits of these and his other works were so considerable, that in 1830 he paid off £54,000 of his debts.

The great labor which these numerous works necessarily required was too much even for his ready intellect and robust frame. During the summer of 1831, his health became quite impaired, and his physicians forbid mental exertion. A visit to Italy was recommended, and a passage in a ship of war to Malta was readily obtained. He was accompanied by his eldest son and an unmarried daughter, his wife having died in 1826. His health seemed improved by the voyage; he was received with almost regal honors in Naples and Rome. He, however, earnestly desired to return home. In his passage down the Rhine he had a severe attack of his disorder, and he reached London in the last stages of physical and mental prostration. On the 11th of July, 1832, he reached Abbotsford in such a pitiable condition that he no longer recognized his nearest relations. He died September 21st, 1832, and was buried in his family burial aisle amid the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey.

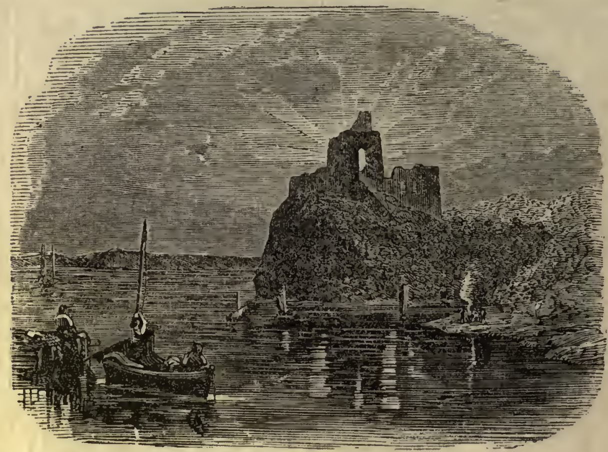
JAMES HOGG, generally known by his poetical name of "The Ettrick Shepherd," was perhaps the most creative and imaginative of the uneducated poets. He was born, as he alleged, (though the point was disputed.) on January 25th, 1772, the birth-day of Robert Burns. His



James Hogg's (the Ettrick Shepherd) Birth-place, Selkirkshire.

birth-place was in one of the pleasant secluded vallies of the forest of Ettrick, in the humble dwelling (now demolished) of which the annexed engraving is a representation. Hogg's forefathers had been shepherds for many generations, and when a mere child he was put out to service, acting first as a cowherd, until capable of taking care of a flock of sheep. When eighteen years of age he entered the service of Mr. Laidlaw of Blackhouse. His first literary effort was in 1801, when he published a small volumes of songs, &c. He was soon introduced to Sir Walter Scott, and was employed by him in collecting materials for his " Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Hogg repaired to Edinburgh, where he published several works. The " Queen's Wake," published in 1813, established his reputation as an author. This " legendary poem," consists of a collections of tales and ballads, supposed to be sung to Mary Queen of Scots by the native bards of Scotland, assembled at a royal wake at Holyrood, in order to prove the powers of Scottish song. He died, November 21st, 1835, in a cottage which he had built at Attrive, on a piece of moorland presented him by the Duchess of Buccleuch.

The ruinous Castle of Norham (anciently called Ubbanford) is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of magnificence, as well as strength. Edward I resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, scarce any happened

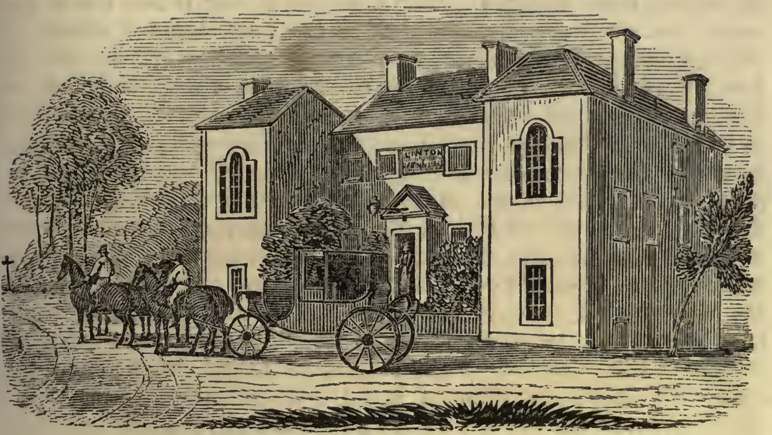


Norham Castle, on the Tweed.

in which it had not a principal share. Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank, which overhangs the river. The repeated sieges which the castle had sustained, rendered frequent repairs necessary.

The celebrated battle of Flodden-Field, September 9th, 1513, was fought about twelve miles south of Berwick, in Northumberland, between Henry VIII, of England, and James IV, of Scotland. It appears that for some cause, James suffered the English to pass the river Till, without molestation, when he might have attacked them to great advanage. Some authors ascribe it to his romantic declaration, "that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field." After a long and desperate fight, the Scottish army became surrounded by the enemy. James refusing to flee, drew up his men in a circular form, and obstinately continued the contest, till the most of his nobles and bravest men were killed; darkness now came; he was himself killed by an unknown hand. The English were ignorant of the victory they had obtained, and had actually retreated from the field of battle with the design of renewing it the next morning. The loss of the English has been estimated at 5,000, and that of the Scots at 10,000 men.

Gretna Green, so celebrated in the matrimonial world, is nine miles from Carlisle, and about one-fourth of a mile from the railroad station. A small stream, the Sark, divides Scotland from England. The engraving shows the house of Mr. Linton, the blacksmith, on Gretna Green, where so many irregular marriages have been performed. Here, it is said, that nothing further is necessary to constitute marriage, but a declaration before witnesses or a writing to the same effect. Since the death of Linton, his widow and his two daughters perform the business by which he became so celebrated. The parties who get married at this place



Gretna Green.

are mostly from England. It is said that at the present time more than one hundred marriages yearly are contracted at this place. The female officials ask the parties if they are willing to enter into the matrimonial state, and if an affirmative answer is given, they require them all to sign their names in a book kept for the purpose. In many instances the parties who are married here get "married over" in the usual form.

Mr. Pennant, in his journey to Scotland, many years since, speaks in the following terms of Gretna, or, as he calls it, Gretna Green:

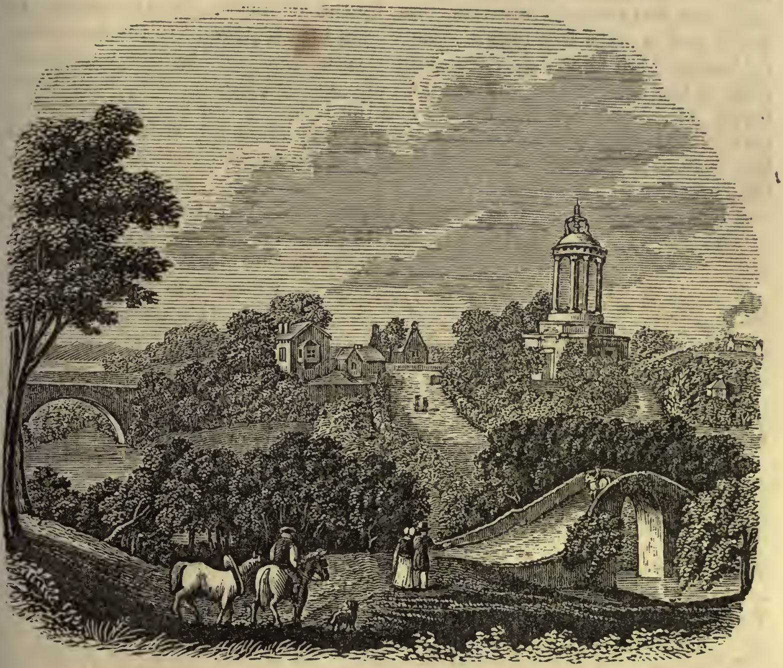
> At a short distance from the bridge, stop at the little village of Gretna—the resort of all amorous couples, whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits. Here the young pair may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a job to a dram of whiskey. But the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postillions from Carlisle, who are in pay of one or other of the above worthies; but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacredotal office. This place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place—a sort of land-mark for fugitive lovers. As I had a great desire to see the high priest, by stratagem I succeeded. He appeared in the form of a fisherman, a stout fellow in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chops a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast; we questioned him about the price, which, after eyeing us attentively, he left to our honor. The Church of Scotland does what it can to prevent these clandestine marriages, but in vain; for these infamous couplers despise the fulmination of the kirk, and excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict.

ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns was, on January 25, 1759, born near Ayr, under a humble, but, since that era, celebrated roof. He was, at the age of six, sent to a village school at the Mill of Alloway, and soon after that put under the tuition of John Murdoch, a young man hired by the father of the future poet and a few of his humble neighbors to educate their children. The father of Robert Burns was a gardener, but six years after the birth of the poet, became tenant of the farm of Mount Oliphant, near Ayr, and afterwards of that of Lochlea, near Tarbolton; yet his circumstances were such that, as his sons Robert and Gilbert grew up, they were made to aid him in the labor of earning their bread; hence they enjoyed such scant means of education, as being sent "week about" during one summer quarter to the school at Dalrymple would afford. Murdoch, the early instructor of Robert Burns, having been appointed to a school in Ayr, had his old pupil again under his tuition "for one week before" and "two weeks after harvest;" and there, although the embryo poet was but in the fourteenth year of his age, and with such brief and interrupted liberty of study, yet did he succeed in mastering the rudiments of the French language, and even gained some very slight knowledge of Latin. He was a hard student, and devoured earnestly the few books he gained the privilege of perusing.

Robert Burns and a few of his equals in age and circumstances formed a debating-club at the village of Tarbolton, reading essays in rotation, and stinting their outlay for "the good of the house" to three pence each night they met. In the twenty-third year of his age, Robert Burns spent six months in Irvine with the object of acquiring a knowledge of the heckling of flax, but the venture was soon closed, by the workshop being burnt when merrily bringing in the new-year of 1783. The period spent by the poet in Irvine did much to sap the principles of virtue and religion his excellent parents had striven to instil into his mind; and too soon after "the saint, the father, and the friend"—the father he so immortalized in his "Cottar's Saturday Night"—sunk, on February 13th, 1784, under the weight of ills he had striven manfully against. The family of Lochlea, were driven from its shelter, and moved to the farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline, where they supported their narrowed circle with difficulty, increased not a little by the results of an over intimacy of the poet with the softer sex, which drove him to seek a berth among the sugar fields of Jamaica; and to raise the means for conveyance to that island was the direct cause of his poems and songs being put to the press in Kilmarnock. The extraordinary merit of these remarkable productions were so cordially done homage to by the readers of the country and the literati of the city, that the poet was soon drawn to Edinburgh, where he was the "lion" of the season of 1786, and where an extended and rapidly disposed of edition of his works were printed by W. Creech, with the proceeds of which he was enabled to clear off the incumbrances at Mossgiel, to redeem his matrimonial engagement with "his bonny Jean," and to stock for himself the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries.

Robert Burns was soon after appointed an exciseman, and sought thereby to eke out the scanty income he strove to draw from a farm, which, soon proving unproductive of profit, was thrown up by him. The hard duties of a gauger, although most distasteful to the bard, were honorably and with scrupulous fidelity discharged by him; but the life

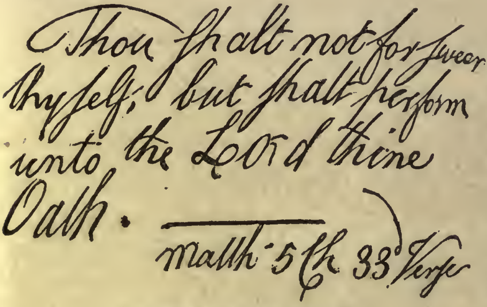


Burns' Monument, Auld and New Brigs o' Doon, Alloway Kirk.

it led him was one of vexation and temptation; as the incessant warfare, maintained between his high instincts and his low circumstances, at times made him yield to excesses, for which his unseared conscience did most bitterly upbraid him. The poetic fame he had earned, and dearly valued, with the extraordinary conversational powers he was gifted with, made his society courted by all the "fast" livers of the ancient burgh of Dumfries, and of the "ten muirland parishes," which were within his official "ride" as an exciseman. The frame of Robert Burns was strong in appearance, but, perhaps, not so constitutionally, as from his early youth he had been a martyr to severe headaches, and latterly suffered seriously from palpitation of the heart; he was, moreover, despondent in temperament, rarely content with his lot, and although the most benevolent and generous-hearted of men, allowed the iron of his hard circumstances to cut deep into his soul. In the winter of 1795, Robert Burns suffered acutely and long from a rheumatic attack, from the effects of which he never wholly recovered. In July following, he resorted to the sea-bathing hamlet of Brow, on the Solway, but returned home unrelieved, and died of a fever of four days' duration. Robert Burns died at Dumfries, on July 21st, 1796, and his remains are there covered by a mausoleum, erected in 1815.

The above is a representation of Burns' monument, the old and new ridges over the river Doon, with Alloway Kirk, and Burns' cottage, in the extreme distance.* The monument is nearly three miles south from Ayr, and forty-three from Glasgow, by the Railway. It was erected in 1820, and is sixty feet high. The "auld brig o' Doon" to the key stone of which, Tam O'Shanter is said to have been chased by the witches, is seen in the foreground on the right, the new bridge is seen on the extreme left. Between this bridge and the monument is a public-house, or tavern, beyond which is seen, in the extreme distance, Alloway Kirk, at the head of the street. Burns' College is seen in the extreme distance on the right.

In the room within the monument may be seen the pocket bible, in two volumes, as given by "the Ayrshire ploughman" to "his Highland Mary"—"the Mary in Heaven," whose "dear departed shade" he so beautifully apostrophised in lines of touching pathos and unsurpassed beauty. On the fly-leaf of the first of the two volumes is written by the lover, "and ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord."—Lev. xix, 13; and on the second volume is inscribed, "thou shalt not foreswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths."—Mat.



Thou shalt not forswear
thyself; but shalt perform
unto the Lord thine
Oath. Math. 5 Ch. 33 Verse

Fac-simile in Mary's Bible. †

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[*] This place was visited October 20th, 1853. When we arrived in the morning at Glasgow, on our way to Ayr, we found all the places of business shut, on account (as we were informed) of the Annual Fast. We found a large crowd about the Railway station, about starting to visit the monument. The keeper of the room in the monument, estimated that two thousand persons had visited it on this day. We visited the monument about the close of the day, and met many persons returning from the excursion. I saw more persons intoxicated than I had seen any where else in the kingdom. Some respectable-looking young men, I observed, had to be held up by their companions to prevent their falling in the street. When within a few rods of Burns' Cottage, I saw a soldier in his red coat, (her Majesty's uniform,) so drunk that he lay like a dead man in the gutter, by the side of the street.

[†] That "noblest of all his ballads," as the Address to "*Mary in Heaven*" has justly been designated, was composed at Ellisland, in 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love. According to the account given by Mrs. Burns to Mr. Lockhart, "Burns spent that day, though laboring under a cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow 'very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in the anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in. and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in. Immediately, on entering the house, he called for his desk, and wrote exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses—

'Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
  That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
  My Mary from my soul was torn.

'O, Mary! dear departed shade,
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid,
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast,'"&c.

v, 33; and both are signed Robert Burns, Mossgiel; while in one is preserved a lock of the hair of Mary Campbell, whose simple name has become thus linked with that of the peasant bard. The story of the bestowal and recovery of these relics of early love is brief. Mary Campbell died of fever at Greenock, when returning from her native highland home to redeem her troth with her Ayrshire wooer. These precious volumes were given by the mother of Mary Campbell, as an heir-loom, to another of her daughters who had married a mason, named Anderson, living at Renton, in Dumbartonshire, but whose family, emigrating to America, were induced to dispose of them for £25 to a party of Scotchmen in Montreal, but only parted with on condition that they were deposited where, and preserved as they now are, in the monument by the banks of the "bonny Doon." This interesting negotiation was accomplished in 1840, and mainly through the exertions of a son, settled in Montreal, of the active and energetic citizen of Glasgow, whose address may be fully seen on the envelope which lies so near to these sacred volumes. The monument also contains a marble bust of the peasant bard; a copy of his portrait, as originally drawn by Naysmith; and sundry illustrations of his poems.

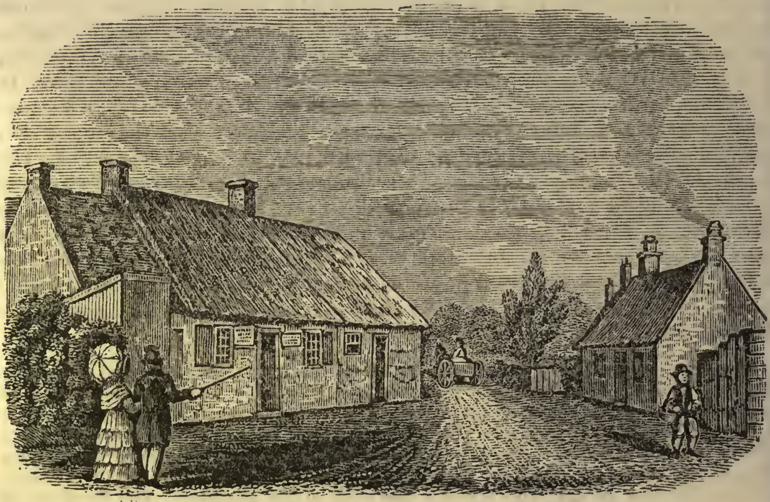
The grounds around the monument extends a little more than one acre, but they are kept with exquisite taste, and the walks and shrubbery which adorn them are so laid out that the visitor may believe them to be more extensive far. They stretch between the "auld brig" and new bridge of Doon, and close to the margin of that classic stream. It is usual for visitors to climb the "key-stane o' the brig," "where Maggie left behind her ain grey tail;" and a path by the opposite bank of the Doon leads to the new bridge, from which a fine view of the monument and the grounds around it may be had. At the entrance to the enclosure around the monument, a comfortable and respectable house has been erected for the entertainment of the traveller; for that, and much else that tends to guard and to beautify this lovely spot, the admirer of the genius of Robert Burns, has to thank the enthusiastic devotion of Mr. Auld, a gentleman who has given lavishly of his means and also liberally of time for that object. It is not the denizens of the ancieut burgh of Ayr, the inhabitants of the numerous villages around, nor the throng of tourists from afar, that during the season crowd these localities, now so dear to the Scotchman, but each Saturday, in the summer, the Ayrshire Railway so arrange that thousands of toil-worn artisans from Kilwarnock, Paislay, Glasgow, and the manufacturing districts around these busy towns, may have the privilege of visiting "the monument to Burns," and wandering by the banks of "the bonny Doon," for fares almost nominal in amount.

The original figures of "Tam o' Shanter," and of "Souter Johnnie," with that of their landlady, as cut in stone by the self-taught sculptor, James Thom, which after being exhibted throughout the three kingdoms, and most profitably to the proprietor, were secured for these grounds, by Mr. Auld. "Tam o' Shanter," and his perilous adventure, has been already so largely dilated on, that his portrait, as drawn by the poet, may here be given, and the tourist can thence judge of the sculptor's merits:

His wife Kate, ca'ed her Tam a skellum—
A bletherin', blusterin', drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on,—

But to our tale: Ae market-nicht,
Tam had gat planted unco richt;
Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow "Souter Johnnie,"
His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronnie;
"Tam" lo'ed him like a vera brither:
They had been fou for weeks thegither,

The landlady and "Tam" grew gracious,
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might roar and rattle,
"Tam" didna mind the storm a whistle.—
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy,—
Kings may be blest, but "Tam" was glo-
O'er all the ills of life victorious! [rious,



Burns' Cottage.—[*Drawn, October* 21*st*, 1853.]

The above engraving shows the present appearance of the cottage in which Burns was born, upwards of two miles from Ayr. Since this time there has been additions made both at the south and north ends. The addition at the north is used as a stable or barn, Burns' cottage is the central part of the building, having a sign on each side of the door, one of which reads thus:

"Burns' Cottage.—The Ayrshire Poet was born under this roof, the 25th January, A. D. 1759; died 21st July, A. D. 1796, aged thirty-seven and a-half years."

On the other sign—

"D. Richie, licensed to retail Wines, Spirits, and Ales."

The original erection consisted of two apartments, the kitchen and the *spence*, or sitting-room. The cottage was built on part of seven acres of land, of which Burns' father took a perpetual lease of it from Dr. Campbell, physician in Ayr, with the view of commencing business as nurseryman and gardener. Having built this house with his own hands, he married, in 1757, Agnes Brown, the mother of the poet, and having been engaged by Mr. Ferguson, of Doonholm, as his gardener and overseer, he abandoned his design of forming a nursery, but continued to reside in the cottage till 1766.

This house, for a long series of years, was kept open as a "public," *i. e.* wayside alehouse, by John Goudie, formerly miller at Doonside, a companion of the lamented poet, and buried in Alloway Kirkyard. The cottage, after Goudie's death, was tenanted by his daughter, Mrs. Hastings, and is now tidily and respectably kept by Mr. Richie, who has an album for the names of all proper visitors. Close by the "venerated cottage," is the kirkyard and roofless ruin of Alloway Kirk, a spot dear alike "in hut or hall," of Scotland, or beyond it, and delineated in the matchless poem of "Tam o' Shanter."

Alloway Kirk was, it may be long prior to the Reformation, the place of worship of the inhabitants of the parish it took its name from, but has been united with, or absorbed in the parish of Ayr, since the beginning of the sixteenth century. In the days of the poet, whose animated lines have, in all succeeding ages, linked its ruined walls with the fabled fortunes of "honest Tam o' Shanter;" the small, low-walled, narrow, but tall-gabled barn-like structure, was no longer used as an assembling place for worship on the Sabbath; while its ill enclosed graveyard, and silent aisle, had been, by local superstition, made the place, "whar ghaists and howlets nichtly cry." Disused as was the ancient church, the peasants of the district still so revered "the spot where their forefathers slept," that Gilbert Burns relates, his father, and his neighbors, had by their own labor repaired the ruined walls of the ancient graveyard enclosure, through which the cattle had been too long suffered to break.

Among the monuments which now crowd the church-yard which surrounds Kirk Alloway, may be seen, near the gate, a plain tombstone, placed there in remembrance of William Burness, and having upon it this epitaph from the pen of his gifted son:

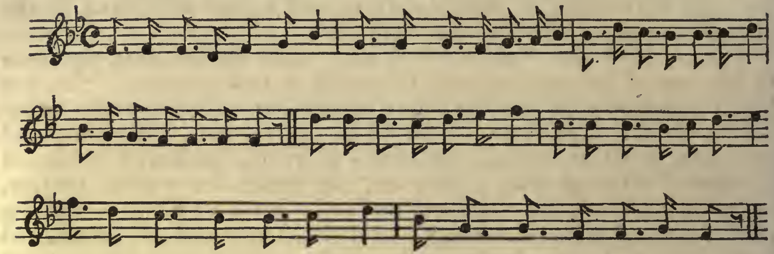
O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
  Draw near with pious reverence, and attend;
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
  The tender father, and the generous friend.
The pitying heart, that felt for human woe;
  The dauntless heart that feared no human pride;
The friend of man—to vice alone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

Twenty years ago, Robert Chambers remarked, "the church-yard of Alloway has now become fashionable with the dead as well as the living. Its little area is absolutely crowded with modern monuments, referring to persons, many of whom have been brought from considerable distances to take their rest there."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF ROBERT BURNS.

Burns was nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, indicated extensive capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardor and intelligence. His face was well formed, and his countenance uncommonly interesting and expressive. His mode of dressing, which was often slovenly, and a certain fullness and bend in his shoulders, characteristic of his original profession, disguised in some degree the elegance and symmetry of his form. The external appearance of Burns was most strikingly indicative of the character of his mind. On a first view, his physiognomy had a certain air of coaresness, mingled, however, with an expression of deep penetration, and of calm thoughtfulness, approaching to melancholy. There appeared in his first manner and address, perfect ease and self-possession, but a stern and almost supercilious elevation, not, indeed, incompatible with openness and affability, which, however, bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents. Strangers that supposed themselves approaching an Ayrshire peasant who could make rhymes, and to whom their notice was an honor, found themselves speedily overawed by the presence of a man who bore himself with dignity, and who possessed a singular power of correcting forwardness and repelling intrusion. * * His dark and haughty countenance easily relaxed into a look of good will, of pity, or of tenderness; and, as the various emotions succeeded each other in his mind, assumed with equal ease the expression of the broadest humor—of the most extravagant mirth—of the deepest melancholy—or of the most sublime emotion.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.—(SCOTS WHA HAE.)



Scots, wha hae, wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle low'r;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freemen stand, or freemen fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free!

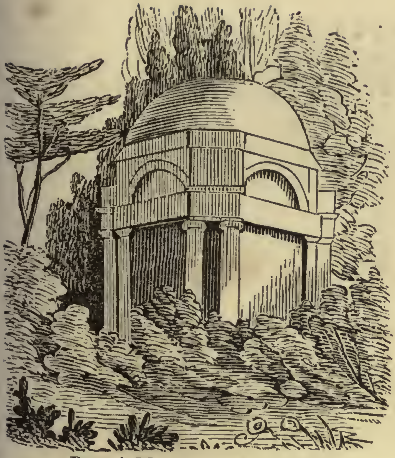
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!

Robert Burns is said to have composed his "Bruce's Address," the most inimitable of lyrics, when riding in a storm over the wildest parts of Galloway, and the elemental strife did seem to strike deeply the soul of one who chafed incessantly at the miseries so keenly felt by him, and which he too often plunged into dissipation to forget. Scenes of temptation it was hard wholly to avoid, as Mr. Lockhart states, "from the castle to the cottage every door flew open at his approach; if he entered an inn at midnight, the news of his arrival circulated from the celler to the garret, and ere many minutes elapsed, the landlord and all his guests were round the ingle, the largest punch-bowl produced, and

Be ours this night—who knows what comes to-morrow?

was the language of every eye in the circle that welcomed him." Of his conversational powers, says another, "I have been in the company of many men of genius, some of them poets; but I never witnessed such flashes of intellectual brightness as from him, the impulse of the moment, sparks of celestial fire."

Of the death of Robert Burns, Cunningham has written, "Dumfries was like a besieged place; wherever two or three stood together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history—person—works—family—fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate; they thought only of his genius—the delight his compositions had diffused—and talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more. On the fourth day of the fever, July 21st, 1796, Robert Burns died. I went to see him laid out for the grave. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with grey." "The impression of the genius of Robert Burns is deep and universal," says Campbell, "and viewing him merely as a poet, there is scarcely another regret connected with his name, than that his productions, with all their merit, fall short of the talents which he possessed."



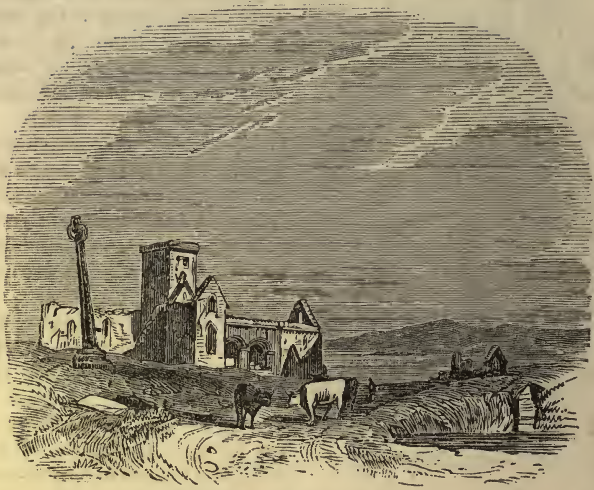
Burns' Monument, Dumfries.

DUMFRIES is beautifully situated on the banks of the Nith, about nine miles from its influx with Solway Firth, seventy-one miles south-south-west of Edinburgh, and thirty-nine from Carlisle. Population 13,166. Dumfries contains within itself many of the elegances and attractions of a minor capital having a large resident gentry, and in a general sense is considered the capital of the south-west quarter of Scotland.

One of the principal buildings of the place is the church of St. Michael; sometimes called the Westminster Abbey of Scotland. Among the many monumental structures on the ground, that erected to Robert Burns is the most important. This monument was built on the strength of a public subscription patronized by George IV, Sir Francis Burdett, and many other members of the aristocracy of North and South Britain. In the interior, the emblematic marble is composed of a plow and two figures, representing genius of Scotland investing Burns in his rustic dress with her inspiring mantle. The following is the Latin inscription:—

> In aeternum honorum Roberti Burns, poetarum Caledoniae sui aevi longe principis cujus carmina eximia patrio sermone scripta animi magis ardentis vique ingenij quam arte vel cultu conspicua facetiis jucundidate lepore affluentia omnibus litterarium cultoribus satis nota civis sui necnon plerique omnes mutarum amantissimi memoriamque viri arte poetica tam preclari foventis hoc mausoleum super reliquiat poetae mortales.

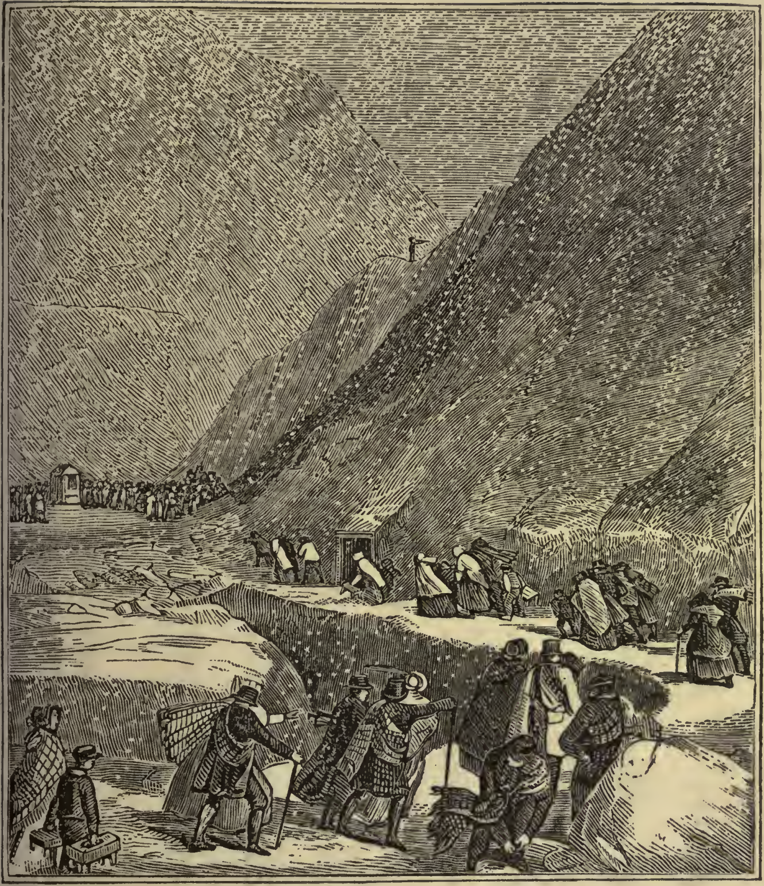
IONA or Icolmkill, celebrated as an early seat of Christianity, is about nine miles to the south of Staffa, which island is about eight miles from Mull, on the western coast of Scotland. "In any other situation," says Dr. Macculloch, "the remains of Iona would be consigned to neglect and oblivion; but connected as they are with an age distinguished by the ferocity of its manners and its independence of regular government; standing a solitary monument of religion and literature, such as religion and literature then were, the mind imperceptibly recurs to the time when this island was the 'light of the western world,' 'a gem in the ocean,' and is led to contemplate with veneration its silent and ruined structures. Even at a distance, the aspect of the cathedral, insignificant as its dimensions are, produces a strong feeling of delight in him who, long coasting the rugged and barren rocks of Mull, or buffeted by turbulent waves, beholds its tower first rising out of the deep, giving to this desolate region an air of civilization, and recalling the consciousness of that human society, which, presenting elsewhere no visible traces, seems to have abandoned these rocky shores to the cormorant and the sea-gull."



Iona, Scotland, early seat of Christianity.

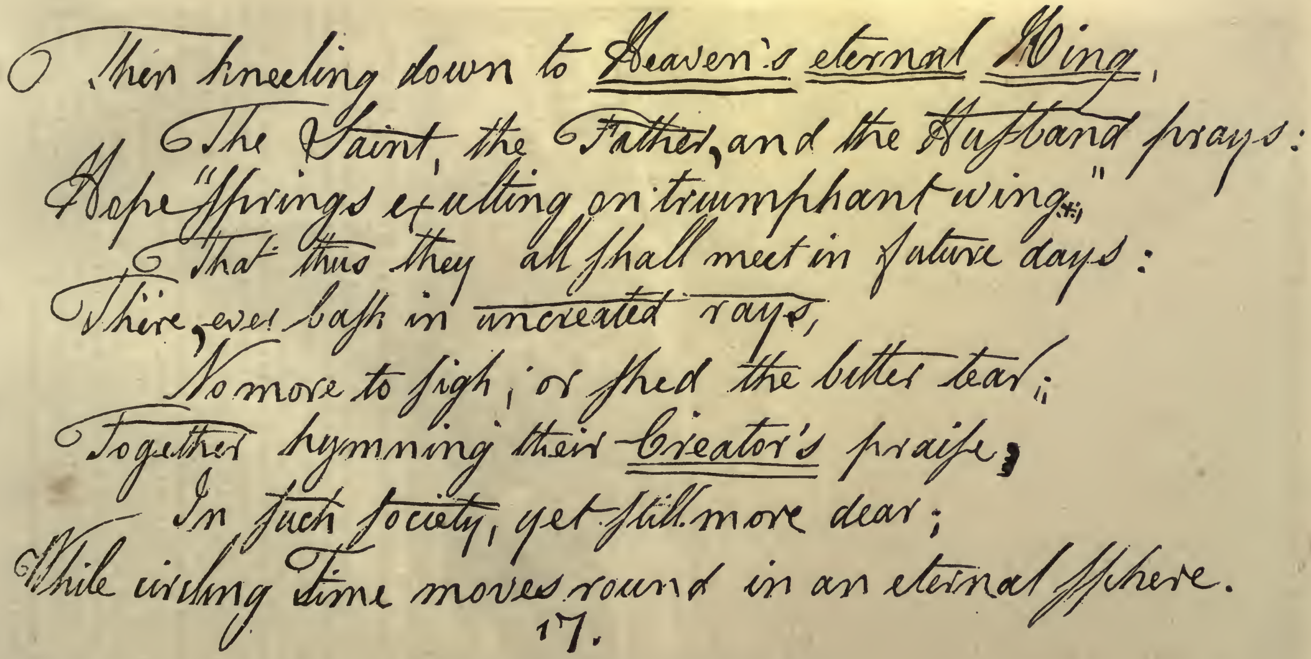
Iona is nearly three miles in length, and one in breadth. The origin of the celebrity of this island is to be traced to its having become, about the year 565, the residence of Columba, an Irish Christian preacher. The monastery became, in subsequent years, the dwelling of the Cluniacenses, a class of monks who followed the rule of St. Bennet. At the Reformation, Iona, with its abbey, was annexed to the bishopric of Argyle, by James VI, in the year 1617. The celebrated ruins consist of a cathedral, a nunnery, and St. Oran's chapel. The latter, which appears to be the most ancient of these ecclesiastical remains, is of small extent (forty feet by twenty) and rude architectural style, and was probably built by the Norwegians. It contains some tombs of different dates, and there are many carved stones in the pavement. The chapel of the nunnery is the next in the order of antiquity; it is in good preservation; the roof has been vaulted, and part of it still remains. The nuns were not displaced at the Reformation, but continued a long time after that event, to live together. They followed the rule of St. Augustine. The Cathedral Church of St. Mary is the principal edifice. Its form is that of a cross, the length being about one hundred and sixty feet and the breadth twenty-four. "Whatever may be its actual age, it now possesses enough of 'hoar antiquity' to throw an air of solemn grandeur over the general aspect of the scene, and produces, indeed, a most imposing effect, with its massive square tower rising to the height of seventy feet above the lonesome graves, the grassy verdure of its foundations almost washed by the murmuring sea, at this time flowing gently between the lower shores of the Sacred Island, and the stern and rocky coast of the opposing Mull." Most families of distinction in the Highlands had burying-places here, and many erected votive chapels in different parts of the island. On the west side of Martyrs'-street is Maclean's Cross, a beautifully carved pillar, and one of the three hundred and sixty stone crosses which are said to have once adorned the island; but about the year 1560, they were thrown into the sea by order of the Synod of Argyle. Iona contains four hundred and fifty inhabitants, and is the property of the Duke of Argyle.

"Homeward we turn. Isle of Columba's cell,
Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark
(Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark
Of time) shone like the morning-star,—Farewell!"



Assembling of the Congregation of the Free Church at Wanlockhead, Dumfries.

The village of Wanlockhead is situated in the parish of Sanquhar, the higher district of the county of Dumfries. It contains about eight hundred inhabitants, who are chiefly employed in the adjoining lead mines. The Duke of Buccleuch is the sole proprietor of the village, and of the immediate surrounding country. The villagers are in his employment. The parish church in the town of Sanquhar, is about eight miles distant, but, for the accommodation of the inhabitants, a chapel in connection with the established church was built here many years since. Since the Free Church movement, about three-fourths of the population of Wanlockhead have left the Establishment. They made an application to the Duke of Buccleuch, and others, for a site on which to erect a chapel, but none was granted. The number of communicants was two hundred and seventy-four, of whom fifty were from the neighboring village of Leadhills. Possessed of the spirit of the old Covenanters, the congregation regularly assembled for public worship on the Sabbath, in the open air, even in severe weather, during winter. The engraving represents the congregation at Wanlockhead, during a snow storm, on their way to their place of worship in a ravine about five hundred yards distant from the village, where the minister preached from a pulpit which partly gave him a shelter.



Then kneeling down to Heaven's eternal King,
The Saint, the Father, and the Huſband prays:
Hope "ſprings exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all ſhall meet in future days:
There, ever baſk in uncreated rays,
No more to ſigh, or ſhed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praiſe,
In ſuch ſociety, yet ſtill more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal ſphere.
17.

FAC-SIMILE OF ROBERT BURNS' HAND WRITING.

Being a copy of the sixteenth stanza of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, as he prepared it for the press. The whole of the poem is on three half sheets of paper (foolscap size) written on both sides.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

IN

HOLLAND,

AND

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

HOLLAND—the name of which, (the hollow land,) indicates the nature of the country—may be considered as little more than a large marsh drained by human industry. It extends from 51 deg. 10 min. to 53 deg. 30 min. north latitude, and from 3 deg. 20 min. to 7 deg. 10 min. of east longitude. In the northern provinces of this kingdom there are neither mountains nor hills to relieve the eye from the monotony of one continued flat surface; and when viewed from the top of a tower, or steeple, the country appears like a vast marshy plain intersected in all directions by canals and ditches. The prospect, however, is beautiful—vast meadows with the freshest verdure, covered with numerous herds of cattle, every where appear. The number of boats passing in every direction tend to enliven the scene, and the close succession of beautiful farms, villages, and towns, show at once the industry and wealth of the country.

Holland has been long noted as a Protestant state, although rather more than a third of the population are Catholics, and there are about 50,000 Jews. Since the separation from Belgium in 1830, the Dutch kingdom of Holland has consisted of ten provinces, the population of which, in 1850, was 3,081,153. The greater part of the Protestants are Calvinists in doctrine, and Presbyterian in church government. The clergy, of all denominations, are recognized by law, and receive salaries from the public purse, Catholic as well as Protestant.

The physical features of a large portion of this country has been entirely changed by the formation of the Zuyder Zee. It has been observed, that in few parts of the world does the ocean long retain precisely its original limits. It either encroaches with more or less rapidity on the land, or it yields its own bed to the operations of human industry. On the whole coast of Holland it has for many ages been making the most alarming encroachments.

On consulting the ancient maps, it will be found that the river Yssel ran into an inland lake called Flevo, and from that lake a river pursued its course for a distance of fifty miles before it reached the sea. But at present, this very lake forms part of the sea. All the intervening country has been swallowed up; a broad expanse of water, more than seventy miles in length and forty in breadth, covers it; and the islands of the Texel, Vlieland, Schelling, and Ameland are the only remains of the old continent. History is silent as to the period of this dreadful desolation, but it is subsequent to the time of the Romans.

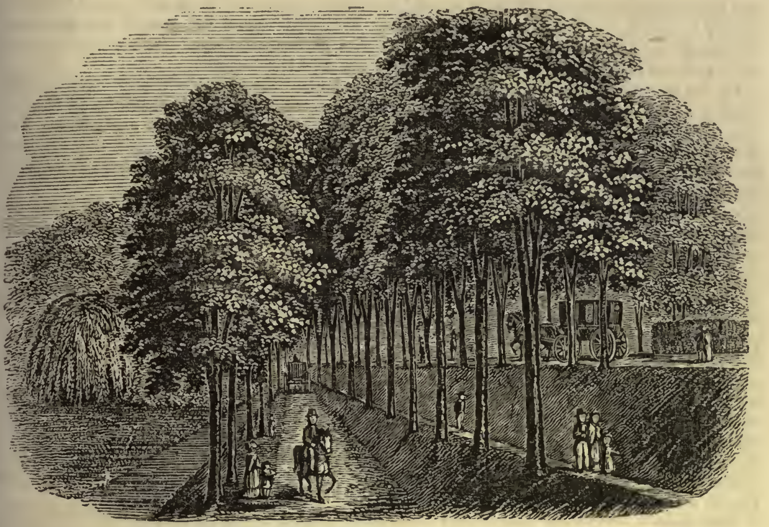
The Scheldt originally formed a mere delta at its mouth, divided by four or five moderate streams; but these are now widened into very considerable arms and creeks of the sea, and the continent is separated into the distant island of Beveland, Walcheren, and Schouwen. This occurred in the tenth century; and as lately as the fifteenth century a vast lake was suddenly formed to the south-east of Dort, overwhelming seventy-two large villages, with 100,000 inhabitants, who perished in the deluge.

This constant encroachment of the sea, and these sudden and horrible devastations threatened, perhaps at no very distant period, the inundation and destruction of the whole country. To avert this calamity, the inhabitants commenced and brought to perfection an undertaking which has filled Europe and the world with astonishment. They began to raise banks or mounds against the sea; and although the work of many a year was often swept away in an hour, they persevered with all the characteristic steadiness and obstinacy which have been justly attributed to them. Their banks slowly grew into enormous mounds. They became consolidated by time. The sea covered them with sand, and thus furnished them with a defense against its own fury; and the Dutch can now truly say to the raging ocean in its wildest commotion, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further."

These dykes are of various height and thickness, according to their situation, and the urgency of the case. They are formed sloping on each side, the breadth of the base being very considerable, and many of them sufficiently wide on the top for two carriages to go abreast. Although the sea has still continued to rise upon their coast, and some of their land is forty feet below high-water mark, they consider themselves in perfect security. The traveler experiences a sensation of mingled pleasure, astonishment, and apprehension, when he walks at the foot of some of the dykes, and hears the surges dash far above his head.

In the same manner they have built numerous dykes on the banks of their rivers, and seem to have brought into complete subjection the vast body of water which runs through or surrounds their country. These dykes are properly considerd to be national works, and are maintained at incredible labor and expense.

There is usually a second dyke within, and near to the first; so that should the water burst or overflow the outer embankment, the second may prevent it from inundating the neighboring country, while the hollow between the dykes serves as a canal or aqueduct to carry off any occasional flood. The side of the mound towards the sea is strengthened by a species of reed, (Arundo arenosa,) which the Hollanders carefully plant in the spring and autumn. This catching the sand which the tide drives against the dyke, it rapidly accumulates, and soon affords a thick covering for the original mound, and defies the ravages of storms.



Dyke between Rotterdam and Delftshaven.

Many of the towns of Holland derive their name from these dykes. Rotterdam is so called from the dyke or dam on the banks of the river Rotter, which flows through that city; and Amsterdam is so denominated from the dyke or dam on the Amstel. At convenient distances are vast sluices, by means of which the whole country may be inundated to a considerable depth at the shortest notice. In desperate cases this would prove a sufficient security against the attack of an enemy; but only in desperate cases could it be resorted to, for while the enemy would be checked or destroyed, the country likewise would be laid waste.

Having raised these immense bulwarks against the ravages of the ocean, the inhabitants next diligently employed themselves in draining the morasses with which the Netherlands abounded. They even attacked, and succeeded in recovering, many immense tracts of land which the sea had entirely covered. The canals that formed a high road from one town to another, and with which they intersected every part of the country, contributed to effect this object, and to secure its permanence.

The proximity of the northern provinces to the sea, and the numerous rivers, lakes, and canals, that intersect the country, render the atmosphere damp and foggy. This seems not to affect the health of the natives. Their countenances, except in a few districts, exhibit no traces of sickness or disease; and instances of longevity, especially in the provinces of Utrecht and Guelderland, are not uncommon.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

The early history of these kingdoms is enveloped in complete obscurity, and we can trace little with certainty before the time of Julius Cæsar. When that conqueror invaded Gaul, this country was inhabited by various warlike tribes. The Menapii, the Tungri, the Nervii, and the Morini, possessed Belgium. Holland and the northern provinces were peopled by the Batavi. The original population was doubtless Celtic;

but the Scythians or Goths, from the inhospitable regions of Northern Asia, had gradually expelled the Celts towards the west, and had seized on almost the whole of Germany and Gaul. The tribes which, on the arrival of Cæsar, inhabited the provinces of the Netherlands, were different families of the Belgæ.

In the course of two campaigns the Romans had overrun the whole of Gaul to the frontiers of Belgium. Cæsar had profited by the weakness and dissentions of the various tribes, and attacking them separately, had found them an easy conquest. But the Belgæ, learning wisdom from the misfortunes of others, formed a solemn and powerful confederacy, to defend themselves from the wanton and unprovoked attacks of lawless ambition.

On the borders of the Sambre, not far from Namur, they made their last stand for the independence of their country. The Roman approached with an army more numerous than he had commanded in any former period of the campaign, and strengthened by those who should have fought in a better cause. He encamped on the banks of the river. The Belgæ, eager to chase the invader from their land, passed the Sambre in the dead of the night, unexpectedly attacked the entrenchments of Cæsar, and penetrated into the very heart of his camp. The Romans were thrown into momentary confusion, and the auxiliary horse fled to Treves, bearing the report that their army had been defeated and cut to pieces; but the Belgæ had to contend with the star of Cæsar, and the best disciplined troops in the world. The irresistible phalanxes of the legions were soon formed, and led against them. In vain they opposed their osier shields to the impenetrable armor of the invaders. In vain they fought with all the courage which patriotism could inspire, and all the fury of despair. The fortune of the Romans prevailed, and out of more than 60,000 warriors who rushed on to the attack only 500 survived.

The Batavi, who had not joined the confederacy, were alarmed, and adopted a prudent, if not a patriotic, plan. They immediately dispatched ambassadors toCæsar, tendering, not exactly their submission, but their alliance, and offering to assist him with a considerable body of troops in the prosecution of his conquests. The proposal was gladly accepted, and this tribe alone became the ally of the Romans, without a previous struggle for their liberty.

The services which they rendered Cæsar, and the honorable mention which is made of them by the Roman historians, prove that they were not actuated by cowardice. Tacitus gives a long account of them, and of their peculiar manners and customs. He relates one circumstance at which the modern traveler will smile, that the head-dress of the Batavian women was so becoming, that it was universally imitated by the polished and fastidious dames of Rome.

The assistance of the Batavi was of such eminent use to Cæsar in his contest with Pompey, and so soon did they rival their masters in discipline and bravery, that Augustus chose them for his body-guard. On the other hand, the inhabitants of Holland were under considerable obligations to the Romans. Claudius Drusus, in the year A. C. 10, began the noble canal from Zutphen to the Yssel, which yet bears his name. It is likewise said that he elevated the first bank against the encroachment of the sea, and thus may be considered as the founder of those immense dykes which are justly the pride of the Netherlands, and the admiration of the world.

About the end of the second century numerous hordes of Saxons broke in upon them, and expelled or destroyed most of the Batavi and the other Belgæ. In the seventeenth century, the Frisians, the next adjacent people in the north, overran the Netherlands, and extended themselves as far as the Scheldt. These were in their turn subdued by the Franks under Charles Martel, in the eighth century, so that the present Belgians may be considered as the mingled descendants of the Belgæ, the Frisians, and the Franks.

The Netherlands had long been divided into various provinces, belonging to different families, and governed by different constitutions. These petty sovereigns began now to be known by the names of dukes, marquesses, and counts. Pepin, the first Duke of Brabant, and founder of the Carlovingian race of kings, held his court at Landen, and died in 647. The ruins of his palace are yet to be traced.

The earldoms of Flanders, Hainault, and Holland were successively established, and often exercised considerable influence on the affairs of Europe. Under the counts of Flanders, the southern provinces attained an eminence of splendor and power, of which few traces now remain. Philip the Good, Count of Flanders, displayed at Bruges a magnificence which not many sovereigns could rival, and possessed a power which none of them dared to provoke.

The princes, among whom the Low Countries were divided, were engaged in perpetual wars with the neighboring potentates and with each other. In these contests their personal and hereditary revenues were frequently exhausted, and they were compelled to have recourse to the benevolence of their subjects. The people, feeling their power, judiciously refused the requisite supplies, except on certain conditions favorable to their liberty; and they gradually extorted from the monarch so many concessions, that the provinces partook more of the nature of republics than of regal governments.

The supreme authority was nominally lodged in the person of the magistrate, but actually in the assembly of the representatives of the people. This assembly met whenever the members deemed it expedient, independent of, or even contrary to, the pleasure of the sovereign. Without the concurrence of this assembly no war could be undertaken, no taxes could be imposed, no new laws enacted; and no prince, although the government was hereditary, was allowed to assume the scepter, until he had solemnly sworn to observe and maintain the fundamental laws of the country.

In this situation the provinces of the Netherlands long remained; yet, notwithstanding, they gradually increased in power, in commerce, and in civilization. At length, by intermarriages, by conquest, and by the failure of the male line in some of the reigning families, they all fell under the dominion of the house of Burgundy, about the middle of the fifteenth century. After this event, the provinces continued to enjoy their ancient privileges, and to be governed according to their own laws.

Under the administration of the princes of Burgundy, and even long before, trade and manufactures flourished in the Netherlands more than in any other European state. No city, except Venice, possessed such extensive traffic as Antwerp. It was the great mart of the commerce of the world. It contained 200,000 inhabitants, Bruges nearly as many, and Ghent boasted a more numerous population than the metropolis of France. More than 100,000 were employed there in the woollen manufacture, long before the art was known to the English.

It is interesting and important to inquire into the cause of this unequalled prosperity. The Netherlands were undoubtedly much indebted to their situation and the nature of the country. They lay in the center of Europe, commanding the entrance and navigation of several of the great rivers of Germany, and they were almost every where intersected by these rivers, or by canals, or branches of the sea, admirably fitting them for foreign and inland trade. But these advantages would never have enabled the Flemings to leave the other European nations so far behind them, if the form of their government had not been peculiarly favorable to their exertions. The greatest advantages which Nature affords for improvement in commerce or in the arts of life will be rendered useless by an injudicious or tyranical exercise of the civil power. When the person is insecure, or the fruit of many a long year's economy and industry may be seized by the rapacious hands of a despotic and tyrannical prince, it is folly to expect that men will apply themselves with vigor to commercial pursuits. Happily for the inhabitants of the Low Countries, the small extent of the different principalities, and the constant necessities of their princes, rendered it both impolitic and impossible for the sovereign to execute any plan of tyranny against the people. The princes were perfectly aware of this, and, with a good grace, sanctioned those fundamental laws, which indeed somewhat abridged their prerogative, but greatly augmented their power and resources, by means of the prosperity which their moderate government enabled their subjects to attain. In no country in the world were the sovereigns so powerful in proportion to the extent of their territory—in no country in the world did the people exhibit such ardent attachment to the prince, or cheerfully submit to greater sacrifices.

At the death of Charles the Bold, in 1477, the government of the Netherlands descended to his daughter Mary, while the duchy of Burgundy became united to the crown of France. Mary, or rather her evil counsellors, who took advantage of her youth and inexperience, showed too evident a disposition to encroach on the liberties of the Flemings; and, being detected in a correspondence with her father to effect this purpose, two of her ministers were impeached by the States-general, convicted of treason against their country, and condemned to die. In vain the princess resorted to entreaties and threatenings to save them from death;

in vain she even rushed upon the scaffold, and, dissolved in tears, supplicated their pardon—the executioner inflicted the fatal blow in her very presence. In the autumn of the same year she married Maximilian, son of Frederic III, emperor of Germany, and, by this union, the Netherlands passed under the dominion of Austria.

Under this new dynasty, the Flemings showed their invariable determination to preserve the privileges which they had so long enjoyed. Maximilian had been educated in the belief of the divine right of kings, and soon showed no equivocal symptoms of a wish to reduce the Belgians to the degraded state of his other subjects. Finding that remonstrances were of no avail, that foreign troops were fast pouring in upon them, and that Ghent had been pillaged and almost destroyed, they resolved to make one desperate effort to maintain their freedom. As Maximilian entered the city of Bruges with a numerous train of attendants, the populace surrounded him in the market-place, seized upon his person, hurried him to the castle, and kept him prisoner for many months. The intercession and the menaces of the Pope and the Emperor were unavailing; nor could he obtain his release, until he had submitted to the humiliating condition of taking a solemn oath, that he would respect the privileges and the liberties of the Belgians.

Many years now passed with the marked desire of despotic power, and the frequent artful attempt at encroachment on one side, and watchful jealousy and steady resistance on the other, until Charles V, the grandson of Maximilian, assumed the reigns of administration. He perhaps might easily have subdued them had he been inclined to use his power ungenerously, and his arbitrary temper had sufficiently appeared in his government of Spain and Germany; in both of which countries he had trampled on the dearest and most valuable rights of the people. But he was born in the Netherlands, and had passed there his happiest days. He loved the people; for their manners, less reserved and stately than those of the Spaniards, accorded with his habits and taste. He therefore restrained his love of despotic rule, and permitted them to enjoy unmolested the freedom which they so highly prized. The Flemings were grateful for his kindness. They liberally assisted him in the wars in which he was almost continually engaged, and, except the insurrection of the people of Ghent, no considerable disturbance happened in the Netherlands during his reign. The eloquent historian of Charles V scarcely found one opportunity of mentioning them in all the busy period of that monarch's administration.

Charles would gladly have transmitted to his son Philip the affection which he bore towards the Netherlands, and the warm attachment and unvaried loyalty which they had displayed towards him. For this purpose he caused him to spend some time in Flanders; and when he formed the romantic resolution of retiring from the world, this constituted a prominent feature in the pathetic and admirable exhortation which he addressed to him. But Philip could not enter into his father's views, nor love a people whose manners were so different from his own.

The Protestant religion had lately been widely and rapidly diffused through Belgium. It had been imported by the French and German and English refugees, who had escaped from the prosecutions carried on against them in their native countries. Charles had endeavored to extirpate this growing heresy. He had had recourse to the faggot and the sword. But when numbers of the most industrious and valuable of his subjects flew from his power; when he saw his noblest provinces beginning to be depopulated; when the trade and commerce which distinguished his beloved country were enriching other lands, he wisely recalled his cruel orders, and permitted the Flemings to worship their God as their consciences dictated.

Philip was the child of superstition and bigotry. He had scarcely seated himself on the throne, ere he revived every inhuman edict, and commanded the magistrates to carry them into rigorous execution. He was even heard to declare, that if executioners were wanted to give full effect to the bloody decrees of the Inquisition, he would himself become one; and that he would rather be without subjects than reign over heretics. Every man who taught heretical doctrines—every man who was even present at a meeting of heretics—was ordered to be put to death by the sword, and every woman buried alive. A peculiar tribunal was established for the suppression of heresy. Persons were committed to prison on bare suspicion. They were tortured on the slightest evidence. The accused were not confronted with their accusers. They were not even made acquainted with the crimes for which they suffered. Their possessions were confiscated, and their families reduced to beggary.

To enforce this diabolical persecution, the country was inundated with Spanish soldiers. These lived at free quarters on the inhabitants, and committed with impunity every kind of outrage. The Flemings at first offered no resistance; but they refused to work at the dykes, saying that they had rather be swallowed up by the ocean than remain a prey to the terrors of the Inquisition and the licentiousness of the soldiery. The States-general remonstrated against these oppressive proceedings; but Philip, who was naturally haughty and unyielding—who considered the liberties claimed by the Protestants, in religious matters, as utterly incompatible with his thirst for despotic power, and who had taken a solemn oath to devote his reign to the defense of the Popish faith, and the extirpation of heresy—was immovable.

Driven to absolute despair, the people rose tumultuously against their oppressors in many places; but being undisciplined and unarmed, they were easily subdued. These insurrections afforded Philip new pretexts to give free license to his bigotry and revenge. The Duke of Alva was dispatched to the Netherlands with unlimited power to torture and destroy. He was an agent well calculated to execute the savage designs of his master; and he entered on his execrable office with a demoniacal zeal. No age, sex, or condition, was spared. Many, who had only once been present at a Protestant assembly, even though they declared their faith in the Catholic religion to be firm and unshaken, were hanged or drowned; while those who declared themselves Protestants, were put to the rack, to force them to discover their associates; they were then dragged by horses to the place of execution, their bodies committed to the flames, and their sufferings prolonged with ingenious cruelty.

Many of these noble martyrs bore unshaken testimonies to the truth in the very extremity of their tortures. To prevent the effect of this good confession on the surrounding spectators, the tongues of some were torn out; others had them burned with a glowing iron; and others were screwed into a machine contrived to produce the most excruciating pain. Wives were put to death for affording shelter to their husbands, children for performing the like kind offices to their parents; and a fathe rwas executed for allowing his son, who had returned from banishment, to lodge under his roof for a single night. During the administration of this monster in human shape, eighteen thousand persons suffered by the hands of the public executioner.

Resistance was ineffectual, and seldom attempted; for the partial insurrections which took place were easily suppressed, and furnished an excuse for more aggravated cruelty. Their only safety consisted in flight; and thousands of refugees carried to other countries the industry and skill for which the Netherlands had, during so many ages, been distinguished. It is said that more than 100,000 houses were abandoned. The population of the principal cities was evidently thinner, while many of the smaller towns were almost desolate. A great proportion of those who fled from persecution sought refuge in England, where they were kindly received by Elizabeth. That princess was well rewarded by the introduction into her kingdom of many branches of manufacture with which her people had before been unacquainted. From this period we may date the origin and rapid progress of the British manfacture.

Many of these exiles could not, however, forget the land which gave them birth, and which was endeared to them by a thousand ties. Under the Prince of Orange, and assisted by some auxiliary troops from the German Protestant princes, they determined on one noble effort to deliver their country; but they were soon defeated and dispersed by the Duke of Alva.

The cause of freedom and humanity now seemed desperate. All attempt at insurrection had ceased. They who were best capable of defending their country's liberties had either perished on the scaffold or submitted to voluntary banishment; and those who remained brooded over their miseries in silent despair; when Alva, adding absurdity and folly to oppression and tyranny, roused the dormant spirit of resistance, and excited a universal rebellion, which gave employment to the arms of Spain during half a century, exhausted the vigor and ruined the reputation of that monarchy, and terminated in the acknowledged freedom and independence of the United Provinces.

The people of the Low Countries had never been accustomed to be taxed by their princes. The power of imposing taxes belonged to the Assembly of the States; and when the prince had occasion for money, he had, from the earliest times, petitioned the states for a supply; which they either granted or refused, as they were satisfied or displeased with the reasons for demanding it. But Alva, without any previous application to the Assembly, and of his own simple authority, now proceeded to levy taxes more oppressive than the people could have borne in their most flourishing condition; and he enforced the payment of them with a rigor absolutely unexampled. This caused general discontent, spirited remonstrances, and, at length, universal insurrection.

A sanguinary and ferocious war now commenced. The Flemings again called to their assistance William, Prince of Orange, known afterwards by the name of William I. He was the representative of the ancient and illustrious family of Nassau, in Germany, and inherited several rich possessions in the Netherlands. Never was any person better qualified for the arduous task of delivering an injured people from the yoke of their oppressors. To vigilance, application, and sagacity, he united a peculiar dexterity in governing the inclinations of men, and conciliating and preserving their affections. He proved himself, what the Hollanders even of the present day fondly call him, the father of his country, and the guardian of its liberty and laws. He generously sacrificed his interest, his ease, and his safety, to the public good; and, after an arduous contest, in which he experienced alternate reverses and success, and in which he did more than was ever done before in such unfavorable circumstances by any patriot, he fixed on firm foundations the independence and the prosperity of Holland.

In 1579 he accomplished the union of Utrecht; but this illustrious founder of the Dutch republic did not long enjoy the fruit of his exertions. His life was several times attempted by assassins in the pay of Spain; and, in 1584, one, named Balthasar Gerard, killed him with a pistol. The provinces of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Guelderland, Friesland, Brabant, and Flanders entered into a confederacy to support each other in the assertion of their civil and religious liberties. Brabant and Flanders, overrun by the Spanish troops, torn by religious feuds, and weakened by their inveterate bigotry, again submitted to wear their chains. The northern provinces obstinately maintained the struggle, under Maurice, the eldest son of William, who gained the battle of Nieuport in 1600, and in 1609 compelled the Spaniards to acknowledge their independence.

From this time, the country was known by the two grand divisions of Belgium, or the Netherlands, and Holland. Belgium remained under the government of Spain, and pitiable indeed was the situation of those ill-fated provinces. By emigration, by the hand of the executioner, and by the sword, a great part of the country was nearly depopulated; and only a few of those who remained had either seed to sow, or horses and cattle to cultivate their grounds. Multitudes innumerable died of want, and of those pestilential diseases which want and unwholesome nourishment produce. In Antwerp, Brussels, and other places, many persons of the better ranks in life, after selling all their furniture and effects to purchase food, were reduced to beg openly in the streets. In Brabant and in Flanders several villages were entirely deserted, and, from the solitude and desolation which prevailed, wolves and other beasts of prey so rapidly multiplied, that more than one hundred persons were devoured by these ferocious animals within two miles of Ghent, in the best and most cultivated region of the Netherlands.

The ten provinces, under the milder administration that succeeded, gradually recruited their population and their wealth; but the principal part of their trade was irrecoverably fled. Amsterdam had monopolized all the trade of Antwerp and Bruges; and although these countries are interesting to the traveler, and have again, to a great degree, become the abode of commerce, literature, and the arts, they are but a shadow of what they were.

The Netherlands remained under the government of Spain until the memorable victory of Ramillies, in 1706, when Brussels, and a great part of the provinces, acknowledged Charles VI, afterwards Emperor of Germany, for their sovereign. The Austrians retained possession of them until the war of 1741, when the French overran and reduced them; but, at the interference of Holland and England, restored the greater part in the year 1748.

The house of Austria remained in undisturbed possession until 1788, when the Emperor assumed prerogatives more extensive than his subjects were disposed to allow, and the Flemings rebelled against his authority. The rigorous, or rather the barbarous, measures to which Joseph had recourse, in order to quell the insurrection, shocked and exasperated even the most moderate. The whole population flew to arms, and, ere the close of the year, the patriots were masters of every place in the Netherlands, except Antwerp and Luxemburg. Had the emperor lived a few months longer, the Low Countries would have been forever lost to the house of Austria. At this critical period he died; and Leopold, whose disposition was known to be mild and benevolent, succeeding, and judiciously commencing his reign with the most gentle and conciliatory measures, the Flemings were again induced to submit to the Austrian government, at the close of the year 1790.

In 1792 the French invaded Belgium, under General Dumourier, and overran it with an incredible rapidity. In 1793 it was almost entirely re-conquered by the Austrians, but retaken by the French in 1794. Is was then incorporated by the French republic, and in 1797 the emperor formally renounced all claim to it. In this situation it remained until the glorious campaign of 1813, when it was again separated from France, and, by the congress of Vienna, annexed to Holland, and designated by the title of the Kingdom of the Netherlands.

The northern states, which, after the union at Utrecht, assumed the name of the United Provinces, or were better known by the title of Holland, had no sooner thrown off the yoke, than they increased more rapidly than their southern neighbors declined, in commerce, wealth, and population. Every house was occupied; new streets and new towns were built; and the people grew richer every day, notwithstanding the perpetual burden of an expensive war. A multitude of merchants flocked from Babant and Flanders to Holland and Zealand. The calamities of the ten subjugated states increased the emigration, until Holland became the seat of the greatest part of that industry and prosperity which for ages past had distinguished the Netherlands above the rest of Europe.

Notwithstanding the contracted limits of the territories of the Dutch, they began to bear a prominent part in the politics of the continent. Their land forces were sufficient to repress the insults of their neighbors, and their navy rivalled that of England. They dispatched many adventurers to the East, and took possession of several tracts of country in the Indies, which excited the displeasure of the English, and gave them just cause of fear.

The faithful historian is compelled to narrate, that in their eagerness to establish foreign colonies, and to make the most of their commercial advantages, they were guilty of atrocities disgraceful to human nature. The man whose bosom, while he remained in Europe, appeared to glow with an unextinguishable love of freedom, was, when abroad, the tyrant and the scourge of those who fell under his power.

For some years the Hollanders retained a grateful recollection of the assistance afforded them by England in their struggle for independence. But interest and gratitude were soon opposed. The English and the Dutch divided the commerce of the world. They became jealous of each other; and each seemed to think that the greatness of the one was incompatible with the prosperity of his rival.

The ambassadors of Cromwell had received some trifling or pretended insult at the Hague. Both nations were too proud, or rather too disposed to quarrel, to make the slightest concession. The war of 1651 commenced; and so rapid had been the increase of the power of the Dutch, and so nearly balanced was the strength of the belligerents, that in the course of one year seven great battles were fought, with variable and almost equal success. The genius of Britian ultimately prevailed, and the Dutch, routed in repeated engagements, and crippled in their commerce, sued for peace.

These commercial rivals were, however, far from being sincerely reconciled, and twelve years afterwards a second war commenced on grounds as frivolous as the former. At one period of this contest, Admiral de Ruyter, with a broom at the mast head, swept the channel; and, advancing up the Thames as far as Chatham, destroyed every thing that fell in his way; but the English soon regained their wonted superiority, and peace was concluded on equitable terms.

The power of the Dutch continued to increase; and, from 1702 to 1712, they were principals in the grand confederacy against the insatiable ambition of Louis XIV. Many years may now be passed over, as they afford little that will be interesting to the reader. When Great Britain was engaged in the contest with America, the Stadtholder was favorable to the royal cause; but he could not restrain the avidity of many of the merchants, who clandestinely supplied the Americans with prohibited warlike stores. This contraband trade at length became so notorious, that England was compelled to repress it by force, which led to a new war between Great Britain and Holland. This war was most disastrous to the United Provinces. Their navy was destroyed, their colonies taken, and their trade completely ruined.

Holland had lately been distracted by contending factions. The Orange, or government party, was friendly to the cause of England; but the populace and most of the merchants had been misled by the intrigues of French emissaries, and espoused the cause of liberty. A succession of disgraceful defeats excited the animosity of the two factions to the highest degree. The patriots attributed these disasters to the treachery of the Stadtholders; and he reproached them with having, by their avarice and dishonesty, plunged their country into a war for which it was unprepared. Both parties flew to arms; and the provinces would have been deluged with blood had not the King of Prussia suddenly marched a considerable body of troops into Holland, and, overawing both parties, effected an apparent reconciliation. The seeds of discord, however, yet remained. The Stadtholder, whose notions of government were somewhat too arbitrary for the people over whom he presided, was engaged in continual quarrels with the States. The Dutch were ripe for revolt; and when the French revolution burst out, and spread its baneful influence over every neighboring country, they eagerly offered themselves to the fraternal embrace, and compelled their unfortunate sovereign to seek for shelter on the hospitable shores of Britain. Holland was now united to France, and formed a part of her enormous empire.

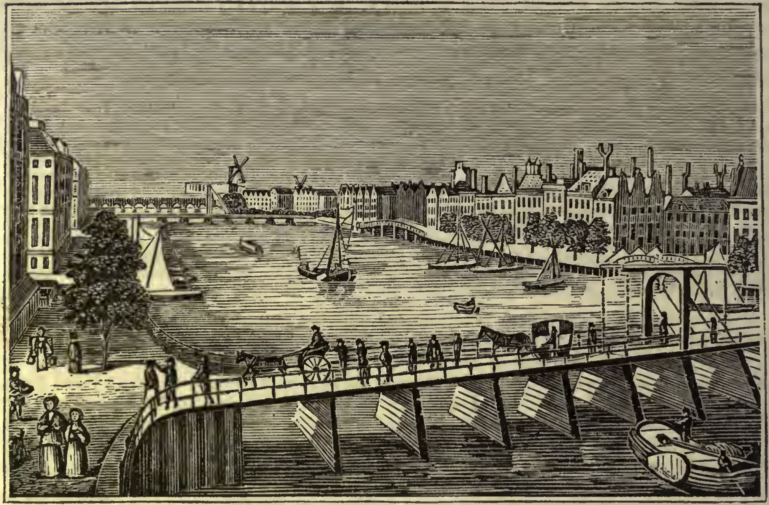
The pretended patriots were much and deservedly disappointed in the benefits which they expected to reap from a union with France. Their commerce, crippled before, was now reduced to the lowest ebb; their children were torn from them by arbitrary and unceasing conscriptions, and the wild and unprincipled schemes of Napoleon to shut the continent against British manufactures, drove them to absolute despair. A faint gleam of hope dawned upon them, when, (May 24, 1806,) Holland was declared a separate kingdom, and given to Louis Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon. He, however, possessed the mere shadow of royalty, without any of its privileges. He was the mere slave of his brother's caprice. It is said that he pitied and loved his people, that he would fain have devoted himself to the promotion of their interests, and that he actually connived at many things inconsistent with Napoleon's views: but when he found that he must sanction measures which his soul abhorred, and which would impoverish and ruin, rather than benefit the people whom he had sworn to protect, he resigned a crown which he could no longer wear without dishonor, (June 30, 1810)

Holland was now once more incorporated with the empire of France, and the Dutch experienced their full share of oppression and injury. They therefore hailed with joy the overthrow of the scourge of the world. For a while they seemed to forget their characteristic apathy. The cry of "Orange Boven" was enthusiastically spread from town to town. With one simultaneous movement, (November 13, 1813,) they every where expelled the oppressors of their country; while, with a dignity and moderation worthy of freemen, they disdained to wreak their vengeance of a fallen foe. The Stadtholder was invited to re-assume his former government, and Holland once more looked forward to days of prosperity and happiness.

Succeeding events placed the whole of Belgium at the disposal of the Allies, who, in the Congress of Vienna, determined to annex it to Holland, and thus form a sufficient barrier against the power of France on that side. The sixty-sixth article of the act of the Congress of Vienna declares, that "the old United Provinces, and the former Belgic Provinces, together with the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, shall form, under the Prince of Orange-Nassau, the kingdom of the Netherlands." In pursuance of this determination, William I was inaugurated King of the Netherlands, September 21, 1815.

It appears the people of the Belgian provinces were never very cordially united with Holland and the other Dutch provinces. It was found difficult to unite 2,000,000 of Dutch Calvinists, engaged principally in commerce, with 4,000,000 of Belgian Catholics, employed in agriculture and manufactures, whose interest, language, and manners, were opposed to each other. The revolution in France in July, 1830, was followed by one in Belgium in Aug., and on Oct. 4, 1830, they made a formal declaration of Independence. After a short struggle with the Dutch troops, France lent her aid in the contest. The European powers having become mediators, it was finally settled that Leopold of Saxe Coburg, should become the future head of the kingdom. The Dutch were very unwilling to give up Antwerp, and it was bravely defended by Gen. Chasse. . The French, by using artillery of a most formidable character, forced the garrison to capitulate December 23, 1832.

AMSTERDAM.



View of the inner Amstel, Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, the chief city of the Netherlands; longitude 4 deg. 44 min. east; latitude 52 deg. 25 min. north; situated at the mouth of the Amstel, where it falls into an arm of the sea, called Y or *Wye*, sixty-five miles from Antwerp, two hundred and forty miles north-east from Paris. This celebrated commercial city was, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, a fishing village, in the possession of the lords of Amstel. About the middle of that century, it became a small town, and obtained a municipal government. In 1296, it was suddenly attacked and plundered by the neighboring Kennemers, on account of the participation of Gysbert, of Amstel, in the murder of the Count Floris, of Holland, and Gysbert himself was expelled. In this way, Amsterdam, together with Amstelland, came under the rule of the counts of Holland, who granted the city many privileges.

Amsterdam soon acquired an important commerce in the Baltic Sea, and, in the 16th century, was a place of considerable commerce. The transition from the bondage of its lords to the state of subjects of the counts of Holland was the origin of its prosperity. A second cause was its deliverance from the Spanish dominion. It became, in a short time, the first commercial city in the United Provinces. In 1585, after Antwerp had fallen a second time under the dominion of Spain, its extensive commerce was transferred to Amsterdam, and the western or new part of the city was built. The city received new accessions in 1593, 1612, 1658. In 1662, it contained 100,000 inhabitants. Its increasing importance awakened the envy of its neighbors. In 1587, Leicester attempted to take it by treachery, and Prince William II, in 1650, by surprise. Both attempts were frustrated by the prudence of the two burgomasters, Hooft and Bicker.

The burgomasters of Amsterdam then acquired so much weight in the assembly of the states general, that their authority during the first ninety-four years of the eighteenth century, rivaled that of the hereditary stadtholder. During this period of prosperity, Amsterdam acquired so great wealth, that it surpassed every other city of Europe. It was the great market of all the productions of the east and west, and its harbor was always full of ships. The fame of Dutch honesty and frugality increased the flourishing trade of the city. This was obstructed, however, by the sand bank before the Pampus, on account of which large vessels could not enter without unloading part of their cargoes into lighters. Vessels, moreover, could not sail from the Zuyder-zee, near the Texel, except with certain winds. Finally, Amsterdam has often experienced great depression during the continuance of wars. Even in the glorious period of the seventeenth century, in 1653, the war with England did such injury to its commerce, that 4,000 houses in the city were left unoccupied, and it is said, the exchange was overgrown with grass.

Commerce, however, afterwards revived, and continued, with little dimunition, even during the unquiet period from 1780 to 1794, with the exception of the time of the English war, from 1781 to 1782. But after the change of government, in 1795, the trade and wealth of Amsterdam continually diminished. The forced alliance of Holland with France, which obliged her to follow the French policy, against the powers at war with France, operated to its great disadvantage. Louis Bonaparte endeavored to restore the trade of Holland by means of grants and privileges, and even transferred his residence and the seat of government to Amsterdam, in 1808; but the first measure only irritated Napoleon against Holland, and the other, though it opened some new sources of trade, was followed by various disadvantages. The complete incorporation of Holland with France, in 1810, entirely annihilated the foreign trade of Amsterdam, and many other measures, as, for instance, the introduction of the monopoly of tobacco, and of the *droits reunis*, as they were called, were very injurious to the domestic trade of the city. The revolution of 1813 restored the business of Amsterdam. Since that time, its commerce has increased very considerably. Many of the long-established houses are very rich.

In consequence of the badness of the foundation, the city is built on piles driven endwise into the mud; a circumstance which occasioned the witty remark of Erasmus, on visiting it, "that he was in a town where the inhabitants *lived like rooks, on the tops of trees.*" This circumstance also occasioned the restriction of coaches to men of consequence and physicians, who paid a tax for using them; the magistrates conceiving that the rolling of the wheels produced a dangerous concussson of the piles.

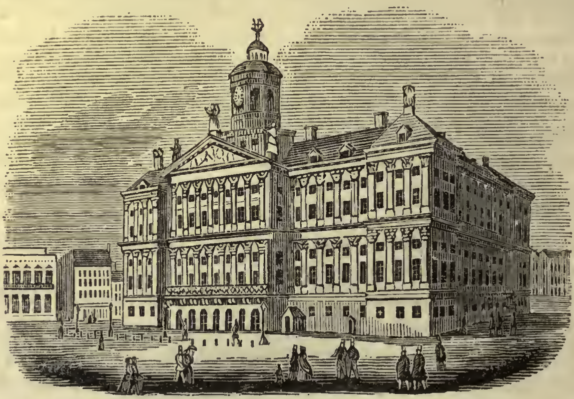
The dykes and sluices of late years, erected at Amsterdam, in order to connect that port with the canal of North Holland, so that the largest ship may proceed direct to the Heldex, and thence into the sea, form one of the most gigantic works that even Holland can boast of. The population of Amsterdam, in 1850, was 228,800, of whom 23,000 were Jews.

As soon as the Amstel enters the city it is divided into two streams, from each of which innumerable canals branch off, communicating with each other, and with the Y, and intersecting almost every street. These canals form ninety little islands which are connected together by two hundred and ninety bridges of wood or stone; but none of them are worthy of notice except the great bridge of the Amstel, consisting of eleven stone arches. This is six hundred and sixty feet in length and seventy in breadth, and being very elevated, it commands a fine view of the river and the adjacent buildings.

However convenient these canals may be in a commercial view, they are the nuisances of Amsterdam, for most of them, being entirely stagnant and covered with filth, diffuse a noisome and insupportable stench. The effect of this would be most pernicious were they not occasionally cleaned out. Mills are likewise constructed for the express purpose of communicating some motion to the water in a few of the principal canals.

A great quantity of soil is brought down by the Y, which threatens to choke up the mouth of the river, and injure the commerce of Amsterdam. To prevent this, several mills are erected, called mud-mills, which are incessantly employed in drawing up the mud. Many of the streets are narrow and crowded, but in Emperor's-street, (*Keyser's Graft,*) Lord's-street, (*Here Graft,*) and Haarlem-street, the houses present a most princely appearance. The principal square, or open spaces, are the Dam in front of the palace, the Butter Market, the Westermarket, and the New Market. An annual fair is held on the last three and on the Amsterveld.

Most of the houses are built with brick, and almost all are entered by flights of steps. Some have stone fronts with balconies and columns in the Italian style, but many of them are disfigured by transforming the center windows of the upper story into doors, through which merchandise of every description is drawn up by means of cranes affixed to the top of the house. Few of the houses can properly be termed hotels in the Parisian acception of the word, for, though spacious and well furnished, they have neither courts, stables, nor coach-houses. The apartments generally are tastefully ornamented, and some few are hung with tapestry. Except in the center of the town, many of the houses have gardens.



Palace at Amsterdam.

The Royal Palace, which stands upon 13,659 piles, formerly the town-hall or stadtholder, was built by Jacob Van Kampen, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and is one of the noblest structures in Europe. It is situated in the center of the Dam, and presents nearly a square of two hundred and eighty-two feet long and two hundred and twenty-two feet deep. Its height is one hundred and sixteen feet, exclusive of the tower, which is sixty-seven feet; each front has a projection two hundred feet in length and seventeen in breadth, and at the four angles of the building are pavilions forty feet long and four broad, surmounted by eagles of gilt bronze and imperial crowns, presented to the city by the Emperor Maximilian.

The pediment in front, by A. Guellin, of Antwerp, exhibits some well-executed allegorical figures. The principal one is the city of Amsterdam, under the character of a female seated on a car drawn by two lions, and holding in her right hand the emblem of peace. On her left are represented the arms of the town. The figures of Neptune, and several other emblematical personages, represent the commerce and opulence of the place. The cornice of the pediment is adorned with figures of Peace, Prudence, and Justice.

The pediment at the back of the building corresponds in size to that in the front. It represents Commerce as a female reposing on a globe and surrounded by the various emblems of navigation: at her feet are two river-gods, the Y, and the Amstel, and the various nations of the earth offering their produce. This pediment is also adorned with three bronze figures, representing Atlas, Temperance, and Vigilance. Behind the pediment in front, rises a square story supporting the tower, which is surmounted by a cupola and dome, and terminated by a vane in the form of a ship, the ancient arms of the town.

The summit of the dome commands a delightful view of Amsterdam and its environs. The front of the Palace has seven doors, which were intended for the representatives of the seven United Provinces, but the front entrance is now reserved exclusively for the royal family, and is guarded by the royal troops. The back entrance is open to the ministers, public officers, and persons visiting the palace.*

The principal hall in the palace is one hundred and fifty-two feet in length, sixty in breadth, and one hundred in height. Here is suspended nearly one hundred flags taken from the Spaniards; most of them looking very old and ragged. The Hall of the Throne is a magnificent room, on the ceiling of which are painted the arms of the different departments of Holland. In the Hall of Justice there is represented in relievo the "Judgment of Solomon," "The Judgment of Brutus," in which the Roman father is seen condemning his own sons to death, while his wife and daughter are in the agony of grief. There is also a representation of a judge who, after passing sentence on his son, is having one of his *own eyes* put out in order to save one for his son.

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* When Amsterdam was visited, [September 12th, 1853,] we stopped at a hotel in the vicinity of the Palace and Exchange. On our arrival we found the open space in the center of the city in front of the Exchange, filled with children. The little boys, with their fantastic military dresses, flags, and feathers, were marching and countermarching through the Exchange and its vicinity, beating their little drums, &c. The origin of this holiday, our landlord informed us, was this: at the time the Spaniards were obliged to leave the country, out of revenge they determined to blow up the Exchange. For this purpose they moored a boat under the Exchange, which stood on piles driven into the water, filled with kegs of powder. To this a train was laid which could be fired from a distance. This was fortunately discovered by a poor boy, who was then an inmate of the alms-house. In gratitude for the discovery, the magistrates asked the boy what they should do for him. To this, the little fellow replied, that if they would grant the boys a holiday every year, when they could have drums, military caps, march round like soldiers, &c., he would be satisfied. To this request the magistrates assented, and it was an interesting spectacle to behold the display, which has been for so many generations kept in vigorous existence.

At night, after a sleep of two or three hours, we were awakened by a noise in the street; on going to the window, a man in the garb of a sailor was discovered having an angry wordy contention with several women who appeared to be of the frail sisterhood. Some dozen or more spectators were looking on. Some speech or observation was made, which raised a general laugh: this (as in most quarrels of the kind) soon laid the contention. Just before the striking of the hour of the night, the melodious sound of the chime bells in the tower of the Palace fell most sweetly and pleasantly on the ear, after the noisy turmoil of the depraved wretches in the streets below.

Most of the ornaments throughout the Palace are peculiarly appropriate. Over the door of what was the secretary's apartment, is the representation of a dog nearly famished, watching the body of his murdered master; and by his seat is the figure of Silence with her finger on her lips. Over the hall formerly devoted to commissions of bankruptcy, is a group representing Dædalus and Icarus, alluding to the speculations which are the ruin of thousands.

On the ground-floor are the strong apartments which formerly enclosed the vast treasures of the bank. Before the war it was supposed to contain a greater quantity of bullion than any other bank in the world. The pile of precious metals was once valued at forty millions sterling. The present bank, which was established March 25th, 1814, is situated on the quay called the Oude Turf market.

The paintings in the Museum in Amsterdam, are, for the most part, of a very superior order. A number in the collection were painted by Rubens. There were many fine portraits of distinguished Dutchmen, princes, admirals, burgomasters, among which were those of the celebrated Admirals *De Ruyter* and *Tromp.* There were also large paintings representing the two De Witts, who were murdered at the Hague, in 1672; Princess Mary Henrietta of England, and her brother, the Prince of Wales; Maurice, Prince of Orange, who died at the Hague. The Count of Nassau, by *Holbien;* the Grecian Daughter sustaining her Father by nourishment drawn from her breasts, by Rubens; and one of Peter the Great. Quite a number of naval scenes were represented, among which was "the glorious battle of four days," between the Dutch fleet commanded by Ruyter, and the English under Admiral Monk, Duke of Albemarle.

There were in the collection a number of fruit and flower pieces, dead game, &c., which may be considered as some of the greatest triumphs of the art, particularly a bunch of grapes, which probably was never excelled if ever equalled. In one of the rooms there is a painting, entitled "An Emblem of the Different Sects of Christianity." As a work of art, considered in its details, it is a very feeble and imperfect production, but the design is one that arrests the attention. In the central part of the painting is a representation of a river, on both banks of which a great multitude of people in the costume of past centuries were collected. Above and beyond the whole was a representation of a rainbow. It is probable that the painter was a Protestant, as he had the Catholic part of the multitude represented in the back-ground. There was something of a long procession of this branch of Christian professors, preceded by an official character holding up a crucifix; also the Cardinals, distinguished by their red dress, were seen carrying the

Pope on their shoulders, holding a canopy over his head. The Dutch branch was represented as standing by some trees, near the water, on one of which was affixed *Psalm i*, alluding undoubtedly to the tree described by the Psalmist as standing by the rivers of water, whose leaf would not fade. As far as the outward symbol was concerned, it was at least a very expressive emblem of Holland. In the river were many boats with many persons on board, while some were represented in the water. This probably referred to those denominations who practice immersion in baptism.

The OLD CHURCH in Amsterdam, was built in the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is three hundred feet long, and two hundred and twenty-five wide, and is supported by forty-two pillars. The first window near the entrance is of stained glass, representing the arms of the burgomasters from the year 1578. The floor consisted of stone slabs or monuments, on which are engraved the names, armorial bearings, &c., of persons buried underneath. The second window represented Philip IV, of Spain, declaring the *Seven United Provinces* free and independent, at Munster, in 1648, after a war of eighty years. Three other windows in this church, painted by Digman, in 1648, represent events in Catholic history. Here is seen the monument of Admiral Heemskirk who wintered in Nova Zembla. He was killed in the battle of Gibralter, in 1607. The monument of Admiral Van Zaam, killed in 1660, has his portrait cut in marble above the inscription, and a representation of a naval battle below; there is also one in memory of Abraham Vander Hulst, killed in the naval conflict of four days, in 1666. He is represented as dying. Above him is seen an infant genii wailing at the loss Holland has sustained.

One of the chapels surrounding this immense edifice will be regarded as truly sacred ground. When the religious assemblies of the Protestants were every where forbidden, under pain of death; when, in every surrounding country, the reformists were persecuted, despoiled, and murdered; and when, in the provinces of Belgium, thousands fell every year beneath the hand of the public executioner, the magistrates of Amsterdam, although Catholics, and zealous for the faith which they professed, granted this spot, with most commendable liberality, for the worship and burial of the Hamburgh Protestant merchants. This was the first fruit and the pledge of that complete toleration and religious freedom by which the states of Holland have been so singularly and so honorably distinguished.

The NIEUWE KERK, or New Church, the second cathedral of Amsterdam, was founded in 1408, by a rich merchant, named William Eggaert. The edifice in its interior is three hundred and fifteen feet long by two hundred and ten feet wide. It receives its light through seventy-five great glass windows, upon which are painted, by Bronkhorst, historical sketches, allegorical subjects, and the arms of thirty-six senators of that time; fifty-two strong columns of hard stone support the roof.

Behind the choir is a stately mausoleum, erected in honor of the celebrated Admiral De Ruyter. This hero is here represented lying on a sarcophagus, the head resting on a piece of cannon; in his hand is the staff of command. A sculpture in bas-relief, between two black marble columns, represents a naval combat. At the top of this bas-relief are to be seen two genii, holding the arms of Holland and the other provinces. Fame is also represented, sounding her trumpet. On the cornice of this entablature are represented the arms of the seven United Provinces, and above these, are to be seen the arms of the Admiral, surrounded by standards and flags. In a niche on the right is represented Prudence, and in another niche on the left is the figure of Constancy. Under his lying statue is to be read on a table of hard stone, the following inscription in gilded letters:

D. O. M. S.

Et. aeternae. memoriae. Michaelis. de Ruiter. architalassi. Hollandiae. et. Westfrisiae. a. tribus. Europae. regibus. donati. gentilitiis. insignibus. equestri. dignitate. et. ducatu. regni. Neapolitani. viri. qui. nulla. sibi. praelucente. majorum. imagine. sibi. Deo. et. virtuti. omnia. debuit. experientia. LVIII. annorum. rei. navalis. suae. aetatis. peritissimus. rebus. maximis. toto. oceano et. mediterraneo. mari. per. VII. bella. bene. gestis. insulis. castellisque. ad. boream. et. meridiem. occupatis. asserta. belgis. vasta. ad. mare. atlanticum. ora. domitis. piratis. ductu. suo. justis. quindecim. praeliis invictus. decertavit. quatriduana. prae. reliquis. memorabili. pugna. edita. sociatarum. classium. vim. immanem. quater. ab. ipso. reipublicae. jugulo. prosperrime. submovit. copiis. minor. virtute. par. consilio. et. successibus. major. tandem. patria. praesentissimo. discrimini. erepta. secundo. apud. Siciliam. conflictu. saucius. Syracusano. in. portu. fortiter. occubuit. XXIX. April. A°. CIↃIↃCLXXVI. Natus. Vlissingae. XXIV. Mart. A°. CIↃIↃCVII. ordines. federatae. Belgicae. duci. optime. merito. monimentum. hoc. impensis. publicis. excitari. curaverunt.

Vixit. Annos. LXIX. mens. I. dies. V.

Immensis. Tremor. Oceani.

[To the Honor of the Most High

and to the immortal glory of Michel de Ruiter, Admiral-in-Chief of Holland and West-Friesland, whom three European princes invested with titles of nobility, with knightly dignities, and with a dukedom in the kingdom of Naples; a man, who, without the least renown of ancestors, owed all to God and to his own virtue; who, by an experience of fifty-eight years, became the most able seaman of his age; who in seven wars performed the most glorious actions in the Ocean and in the Mediterranean Sea, who conquered islands and castles in the north and the south; who cleared the way for the easy navigation of the Dutch along the coasts of the Atlantic; who subdued the insolence of the pirates, and fought in fifteen regular battles, without ever being vanquished; having sustained the memorable combat of four days, he happily delivered the Republic from the danger with which it was menaced by the formidable united fleet. With less maritime force, but with equal courage, he surpassed them in prudence and success. Finally, having saved his country from an imminent danger, he was wounded in a successful combat near Sicily, and died magnanimously in the port of Syracuse, the 29th of April, 1676. He was born the 24th of March, 1607, in Flushing. The States-General of the United Netherlands caused this Mausoleum to be erected at the expense of the nation, in honor of this man, famous for such rare merits.

He lived sixty-nine years, one month and five days.

The Terror of the Sea.]

On the right of the choir is erected a tomb to the memory of Rear-Admiral W. J. Baron Bentinck, deceased at the age of thirty-six years, in consequence of the wounds which he received in combating the English at Doggersbank, the 5th of August, 1781. This monument, from the chisel of A. Ziezenis, is ornamented with the arms of the Rear-Admiral; two weeping genii are holding a crown over the deceased; in the back ground are sculptured flags, nautical emblems, munitions of war, &c., &c. At the foot of the monument is read:

W. J. B. **Bentinck**, Schout bij Nagt van Holland en West-Vriesland. Adjudant Generaal, enz., enz., aan de gevolgen van zijne in den zeeslag op de Doggersbank bekomene wonden overleden, den XXIV Augustus MDCCLXXXI.

[W. J. B. **Bentinck**, Rear-Admiral of Holland and West-Friesland. Adjutant-General, etc., etc., died of the wounds which he received at the Doggersbank, the 24th of August, 1781.]

To the north, behind the pulpit, appears the Mausoleum of the valorous naval Commander John van Galen of Essen. We see here the hero, in his armor, lying on the sarcophagus with his helmet at his feet. The whole is of very fine white marble. On the foreside of this sarcophagus is a sculpture in bas-relief, representing the naval combat, before Leghorn, where he gained a signal victory over the English, capturing, burning, and chasing their vessels, but where he at the same time received wounds which caused his death. Under this bas-relief is read the following quatrain:—

Hier leidt in t Graf van Eer de dappere **van Gaalen**
Die eerft ging buit op buit Castilien afhaalen
En met een Leuwen hart naa by t Toskaaner strand
De Britten heeft verjaagt verovert en verbrandt.

[Here lies **van Galen**, the hero of story,
Who first from the Spaniards won booty and glory;
He met with the British. their might he o'erturned,
Their fleet he pursued—he captured—he burned.]

A tablet of black marble of a noval form, above the lying statue, contains in gilded letters the following inscription:

Generosissimo Heroi **Joanni à Galen** Essensi.

Qui ob res saepe fortiter et feliciter gestas, sexies uno anno Duinkerkanorum praedatoriam Navam captam, et a Barbaris opima spolia reportata, Ordinum Classi in mari mediterraneo praefectus, memorabili praelio ad Livornam Geo auxiliante Anglorum navibus captis, fugatis, incendio et submersione deletis, Commercium cum dicti maris accoli restituit Idibus Mart. A°. CIↃIↃCLIII. et altero pede truncatus, nono die post victoriam annos natus XLVIII. obiit. Ut in secula per gloriam viveret, Illustr. praepotentiss. Ordinum decreto nob. et potentiss. Senatus Architalass. qui est Amstelodami M. H. P.

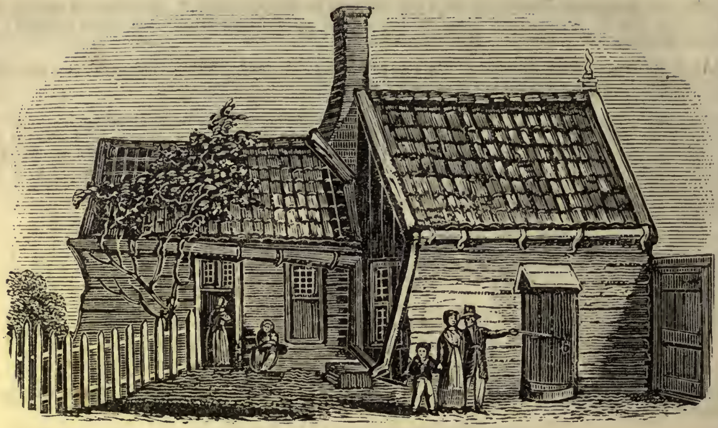
To the noble Hero, **John van Galen** of Essen.

On whom, for various exploits, accomplished alike with courage and success, he having taken in one year six corsairs of Dunkirk, and taken rich booty from the inhabitants of the coast of Barbary, was conferred the chief command of the fleet of the States-General in the Mediterranean Sea. After having taken, chased, burned and sunk the English vessels in a memorable battle before Leghorn, and by such means re-established the commerce with the inhabitants of the coast of the above mentioned sea, he lost a leg, and died the 15th of March, 1653, nine days after the victory, at the age of forty-eight years. In order that his glory should survive for ages, the noble and high Admiralty of Amsterdam, in consequence of a decree of the States-General, caused this monument to be erected.

This church also contains a simple monument, erected by the Literary Society [Diligentia Omnia] in 1772, in honor of *Vondel*, the Dutch poet. There is also a monument in memory of the patriot Van Speyk, who sacrificed his life at Antwerp, in 1831, by the explosion of a gun-boat intrusted to his command, and was in danger of being taken by the Belgians.

SAARDAM.

Saardam or Zaandam, a small village, situated some six or eight miles north-west from Amsterdam, formerly contained vast magazines of timber, but no large ships are built at this place, the harbor having for a long time been choaked up with mud. It is distinguished as the place where Peter the Great, of Russia, worked as a common shipwright, under the name of Peter Michaeloff. The hut in which he worked, is still in good preservation, being now covered over with a brick building. This engraving shows the hut and cottage, before the brick structure was erected.



Peter the Great's House at Saardam.

In 1696 that singular personage presented himself at Saardam in the dress of a sailor, and hired himself as a shipwright to one of the builders. He ate, drank, and worked with the other carpenters; and by his jocularity, and a certain superiority which he could not quite conceal, acquired the name of "Master Peter." Several weeks elapsed ere it was suspected that Master Peter was anything more than a journeyman shipwright: but when it was at length discovered that the Czar of all the Russias was concealed under this mean appearance, his companions began to treat him with the respect due to his rank. Master Peter, however, insisted that all their former familiarity should be resumed, and continued to associate with them, and to work like them, until he had become a good pilot, an excellent shipwright, and had thoroughly acquainted himself with the construction of every part of a ship of war. The reader well knows what use he afterwards made of the knowledge which he had thus acquired at Saardam, during a residence of two years, and at Deptford, where he adopted a similar disguise.

The hut in which Peter resided is situated by the side of a canal, and is covered by a brick building, erected in 1823, by order of the Princess of Orange, the sister of the Emperor Alexander, who purchased it and an adjoining cottage, of M. Otter, for 6,000 guilders. The hut consists of two rooms on the ground floor, over which is a loft where Peter kept various specimens of ship and boat building. The first room on entering, is that which he used as a sitting-room, and it still contains his oak table and three chairs, as well as a recess with two folding doors, which served him as a bedstead. Over the chimney-piece is the following inscription in gilt letters:—PETER MAGNO, ALEXANDER. Which was placed here by the Emperor Alexander, when he visited this spot in 1814; and near it is another inscription in Latin, put up by the Governor of Holland.

Opposite the door, on an oval table, is a third inscription, also put up by the desire of the Emperor of Russia, in Dutch and Russian, which may be thus translated:—"Nothing is too little for a great man." On the right of this room is a ladder ascending to the loft, and on the left is the entrance to the apartment which Peter occupied as a workshop at the close of his regular daily labor. The hut is now shown by a person appointed by the King of the Netherlands, and in the first room, on the table, are kept albums for visitors to inscribe their names. The cottage which formerly adjoined the hut, and in which resided the old woman who cooked for Peter, has been pulled down.

LEYDEN: ITS SIEGE BY THE SPANIARDS, &c.

LEYDEN is situated twenty-two miles south-west of Amsterdam, and is one of the neatest and most beautiful cities in Holland, containing about forty thousand inhabitants. The city stands on a branch of the Rhine, and was, even the time of Ptolemy, a place of considerable importance. It did not rank very high in the political, or military annals of Holland, during the middle ages, but its name stands high in the history of literature. The university of Leyden long took the lead in the west of Europe, as a superior place of instruction in the several departments of liberal education.* The circumstances of the establishment of the university are quite peculiar. When the Spaniards besieged Leyden, in 1573, the city was defended by the inhabitants against their attacks with the greatest fortitude and bravery. The Prince of Orange, as a reward for their unparalleled defense, gave them a choice between an immunity of taxes for a stated period, or the founding of a university in their city. To their immortal honor, they chose the latter, and the university was established.

The new place of learning soon acquired a high character. It exacted no exclusive tests; it demanded no oaths; its professors were of acknowledged eminence in the departments for which they were elected; its examinations were strict and impartial; its expenses were moderate: its very position, in a town marked for propriety of manners and advantage of situation, aided its progress. The wars with which this, like every other part of the country, was too frequently visited, diminished the numbers of students, but did not destroy the institution.

Among the many men of learning connected with the university, Boerhaave stands conspicuous. He was one of the first who extricated medicine from the mass of empiricism and mysticism which oppressed it, and elevated it to its proper rank among the sciences. The remains of this great man are interred in the church of St. Peter, in the town, and an appropriate monument has been erected over them. It consists of a pedestal supporting an urn, and surrounded by six figures, four of which represent the several periods of human life, and the two others the sciences most indebted to his labors—medicine and chemistry. The same church contains the tombs of Kerkhoven, professor of theology; of Bockenberg the historian; of Meerman the bibliographer; of professors Camper and Lusac; and of other distinguished characters con-nected with the university.

The number of professors is twenty-one; four of theology, four of law, four of medicine, four of philosophy, and five of languages. The annual salary of each averages about £200 sterling, besides a house, and the fees of pupils, which are very moderate. The students reside in private lodgings: the general period of studies extends to five years. The government of the university is in the rector, who is chosen out of three persons returned by the senate to the states; the senate consists of the professors; and, on extraordinary occasions, the senate and rector are directed by curators who are agents for the states.

The Botanic garden attached to the university, occupies about seven acres. It was partly planted by Boerhaave, though originally laid out at a much earlier period. The museum contains a noble collection of anatomical preparations. The library contains a vast collection of printed books, besides numerous Latin, Greek, Oriental, and other manuscripts. In this city, the celebrated Elzevir editions of the Latin classics, were first printed.

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* Leyden is rendered memorable for being a place of refuge for the "Pilgrim Fathers" of New England for several years previous to their embarkation for America. Calling on the Professor of Divinity, Mr. Kist, of the University, he informed me that there were no relics left to point out the residence of any of the Plymouth settlers; and the house in which they held their meetings, was now taken down. The Professor informed me that Mr. Robinson, the father of the colony, was buried in Leyden, but if I understood him, there had been no memorial raised to point out the spot. He, however, presented me with a pamphlet, which he had published respecting Mr. Robinsen, in the Dutch language, which, at my suggestion, he directed to Yale College, at New Haven.

The museum of antiquities, is one of the most extensive kind, comprising collections from India, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, all of which have separate rooms for their exhibition. There are also a collection of German antiquities. The East Indian collection consists principally of the uncouth divinities worshipped by the Hindoos, mostly in a sitting posture, some of which have many arms. Some of these deities have a human body, with the head of an elephant. There is an image of the sacred bull.

The Egyptian collection was quite extensive, occupying several rooms. It consists mostly of mummies, figures of their deities, vases, inscriptions on paper and other materials. Among the mummies, were those of *cats*, *beetles*, *crocodiles*, the *ibis*, or stork, all of which creatures they venerated or worshipped. The German antiquities were few and rude. The two most interesting things among them were a kind of calenders on wooden sticks.

The Grecian and Roman antiquities, consists of statuary, utensils, inscriptions from ancient temples; and coins of various Emperors with seals and signets. The Grecian sculptures of the human form, are in the highest perfection of the art, and have never been excelled, and rarely, if ever, equalled. They are, however, quite too indelicate for a public exhibition. In this respect, there is a striking difference between the Grecian and Roman statuary. The drapery of the Roman figures is so arranged, that they could be viewed and commented upon by a mixed company without offending the delicacy of the present times. The exhibition of this statuary, gives a strong presumptive proof that the morality of the ancient Romans was much superior to that of the Greeks.

During the war carried on by the Hollanders against the Spaniards, in defense of their religion and liberties, Leyden embraced the cause of freedom, and was consequently besieged by its former masters. For five months all other operations were suspended; all the energy of the Spanish commander was directed towards getting possession of the city; and all the energy of the Prince of Orange, on the other hand, towards assisting the citizens, and prevent it being taken. The issue, however, depended on the citizens of Leyden themselves. Pent up within their walls, they had to resist the attacks and stratagems of the besiegers, while the Prince of Orange could only harass the enemy as much as possible, and enable the citizens to hold out, by conveying to them supplies of provision and men.

Nobly, nay, up to the highest heroic pitch of human nature, did the citizens behave. They had to endure a siege in its most dreary form, that of blockade. Instead of attempting to storm the town, Valdez, the Spanish general, resolved to reduce it by the slow but sure process of starvation. For this purpose he completely surrounded the town by a circle of forts, more than sixty in number; and the inhabitants thus saw themselves walled completely in from all the rest of the earth, with its growing crops and its well-filled granaries, and restricted entirely to whatever quantity of provisions there chanced to be on the small spot of ground which they walked up and down in. They had no means even of communication with the Prince of Orange and their other friends outside, except by carrier-pigeons, which were trained for the purpose. One attempt was made by the citizens to break through the line of blockade, for the sake of keeping possession of a piece of pasture-ground for their cattle; but it was unsuccessful; and they began now to work day and night at repairing their fortifications, so as to resist the Spanish batteries when they should begin to play. Like fire pent up, the patriotism of the inhabitants burned more fiercely and brightly; every man became a hero, every woman an orator, and words of flashing genius were spoken, and deeds of wild bravery done, such as would have been impossible except among 20,000 human beings living in the same city, and all roused at once to the same unnatural state of emotion. The two leading spirits were John Van der Does, the commander, better known by his Latinised name of Dousa, as one of the best writers of Latin verse at that time, when so many able men devoted themselves to this kind of literary exercise; and Peter Van der Werf, the burgomaster.

Under the management of these two men, every precaution was adopted that was necessary for the defense of the city. The resolution come to was, that the last man among them should die of want rather than admit the Spaniards into the town. Coolly, and with a foresight thoroughly Dutch, Dousa and Van der Werf set about making an inventory of all that was eatable in the town; corn, cattle, nay, even horses and dogs; calculating how long the stock could last at the rate of so much a day to every man and woman in the city; adopting means to get the whole placed under the management of a dispensing committee; and deciding what should be the allowance per head at first, so as to prevent their stock from being eaten up too fast. It was impossible, however, to collect all the food into one fund, or to regulate its consumption by municipal arrangements; and after two months had elapsed, famine had commenced in earnest, and those devices for mitigating the gnawings of hunger began to be employed which none but starving men could bear to think of. Not only the flesh of dogs and horses, but roots, weeds, nettles, every green thing that the eye could detect shooting up from the earth, was ravenously eaten. Many died of want, and thousands fell ill. Still they held out, and indignantly rejected the offers made to them by the besiegers. "When we have nothing else left," said Dousa, in reply to a message from Valdez, "we will eat our left hands, keeping the right to fight with." Once, indeed, hunger seemed to overcome their patriotism, and for some days crowds of gaunt and famished wretches moved along the streets crying, "Let the Spaniards in; oh, for God's sake let them in." Assembling with hoarse clamors at the house of Van der Werf, they demanded that he should give them food, or else surrender. "I have no food to give you," was the burgomaster's reply, "and I have sworn that I will not surrender to the Spaniards; but if my body will be of any service to you, *tear me to pieces, and let the hungriest of you eat me.*" The poor wretches went away, and thought no more of surrendering.

The thought of the Prince of Orange night and day was how to render assistance to the citizens of Leyden—how to convey provisions into the town. He had collected a large supply; but all his exertions could not raise a sufficient force to break through the line of blockade. In this desperate extremity they resolved to have recourse to that expedient which they kept in reserve until it should be clear that no other was left—they would break their dykes, open their sluices, inundate the whole level country round Leyden, and wash the Spaniards and their circle of forts utterly away. It was truly a desperate resource; and it was only in the last extremity that they could bring themselves to think of it. All that vast tract of fertile land, which the labors of ages had drained and cultivated—to see it converted into a sheet of water! there could not possibly be a sight more unseemly and melancholy to a Dutchman's eyes. The damage, it was calculated, would amount to 600,000 gilders. But when the destruction of the dykes round Leyden was once resolved upon, they set to work with a heartiness and a zeal greater than that which had attended their building. Hatchets, hammers, spades, and pickaxes, were in requisition; and by the labor of a single night, the labor of ages was demolished and undone. The water, availing itself of the new outlets, poured over the flat country, and in a short time the whole of the region situated between Leyden and Rotterdam was flooded to a considerable depth. The Spaniards, terror-striken at first, bethought themselves of the fate of the antediluvians; but at last, seeing that the water did not rise above a certain level, they recovered their courage, and though obliged to abandon those of their forts which were stationed in the low grounds, they persevered in the blockade. But there was another purpose to be served by the inundation of the country besides that of washing away the Spaniards, and the Prince of Orange was making preparations for effecting it. He had caused about 200 large flat-bottomed boats to be built, and loaded with provisions; these now began to row towards the famished city. The inhabitants saw them coming; they watched them eagerly advancing across the waters, fighting their way past the Spanish forts, and bringing bread to them. But it almost seemed as if Heaven itself had become cruel; for a north wind was blowing, and so long as it continued to blow, the waters would not be deep enough to enable the boats to reach the city. They waited for days, every eye fixed on the vanes; but still the wind blew from the north, although never almost within the memory of the oldest citizen had there been such a continuance of north wind at that season of the year. Many died in sight of the vessels which contained the food which would have kept them alive; and those who still survived shuffled along the streets more like skeletons than men. In two days these would to a certainty have been all dead too; when lo! the vanes trembled and veered round; the wind shifted first to the north-west, blowing the sea tides with hurricane force into the mouths of the rivers; and then to the south, driving the waves exactly in the direction of the city. The remaining forts of the Spaniards were quickly begirt with water. The Spaniards themselves, pursued the Zealanders in their boats, were either drowned or shot swimming, or fished out with hooks fastened to the end of poles, and killed with the sword. Several bodies of them, however, effected their escape. The citizens had all crowded to the gates to meet their deliverers. With bread in their hands, they ran through the streets; and many who had outlived the famine died of surfeit. That same day they met in one of the churches—a lean and sickly congregation—with the magistrates at their head, to return thanks to Almighty God for his mercy.

The siege of Leyden was raised on the 3d of October, 1574; and the anniversary of that day is still celebrated by the citizens. It is the most memorable day in the history of Leyden; and many memorials exist to keep the inhabitants in remembrance of the event which happened on it. Usually, the object which first excites the curiosity of the traveller who visits Leyden is the Stadthouse, or Hotel de Ville, which occupies a conspicuous situation on one of the sides of the Breed Straat, or Broad Street. The date of the erection of the building, 1574, is carved on the front, along with the arms of the town, two cross-keys, and several inscriptions referring to the sufferings of the place during the period of its besiegement. The walls of the venerable apartment in which the burgomaster assemble are of dark panelled wood, partly hung with beautiful old tapestry, and ornamented with several paintings. One picture of modern date, by Van Bree of Antwerp, is of a size so large as almost to cover one side of the room, and represents the streets of Leyden filled with its famishing inhabitants, in the midst of whom stands prominently forward the figure of the burgomaster, Peter Van der Werf, offering his body to be eaten.

ROTTERDAM.

Rotterdam is situated thirty-six miles S. S. W. of Amsterdam, at the point where the river Rotte connects with the Merwe, the most northern branch of Meuse. In size, the beauty of its buildings, and its commerce and riches, is next to Amsterdam. The population is about sixty thousand. The streets are intersected with canals bordered with trees, and sufficiently deep for the largest ships to unload at the very doors of the warehouses. These canals and water channels are lined with trees, and the streets are, to some extent, wide and commodious for carriages in all parts of the city; and there are also beautiful quays, the most magnificent of which is the *Boompjes*, extending a mile and a-half along the river. This street is the residence of the most opulent families, and from it there is a fine prospect over the river.

The peculiar style of Dutch building is quite prevalent in Rotterdam. The houses are composed of small bricks. They are very lofty, destitute of Gothic ornament, but sometimes present a confused, motley, and clumsy mixture of difficult orders of architecture. Many of the more ancient houses project over as they ascend, giving them quite a singular and top-heavy appearance, so that the observer hardly knows what prevents them from falling into the street. Many of the houses have looking-glasses projecting from the sides of windows, so that the inhabitants can sit in their rooms unobserved, and see everything that passes up and down in the street.

The great Church or Cathedral of Rotterdam, has a tower two hundred feet high, which gives an extended view all over this flat country, embracing about the whole of South Holland. The organ is one of the most magnificent in the kingdom, and was completed in 1828. It is said to have been thirty-five years in building, at an expense of three hundred thousand florins. An angel appears on the summit of this immense instrument, which towers upwards in sublime grandeur, equal to any thing of the kind in Europe.* The church was evidently built for Catholic worship, having the usual recesses in the sides of the buildings for their various little chapels, &c. Some of these were closed up by a kind of gallery for part of the congregation to sit. The pulpit was on the side, as is usual in Catholic churches, and on each side and in front, were constructed temporary pews, or slips, rising above each other.

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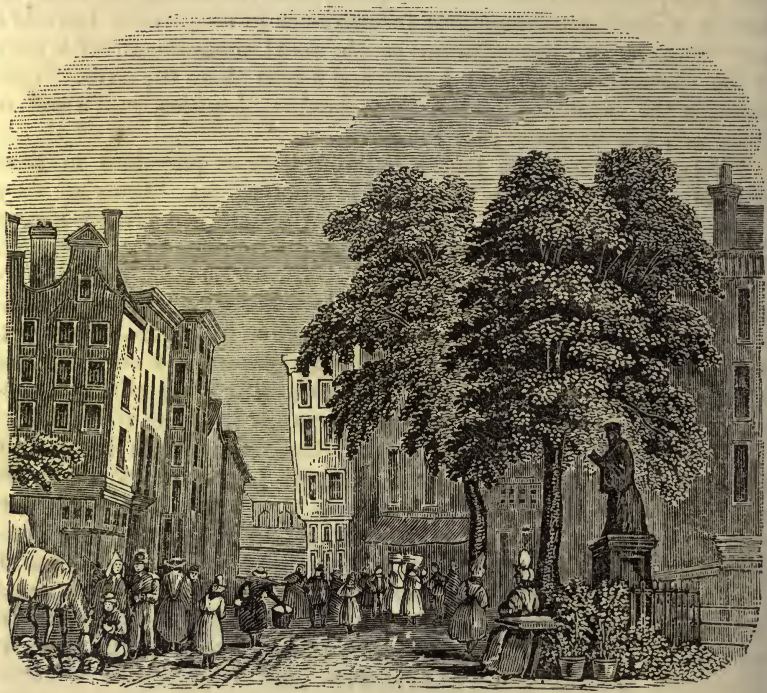
* We attended service in this cathedral on the evening of Sunday, September 11th, 1853. The exercises were performed in the same order as in the Congregational and Presbyterian churches in the United States, without any official display. The preacher, a young man, was evidently of superior abilities: we so judged from the riveted attention given to what he said by the vast congregation in attendance, (double to that of the Madalaine in Paris.) His *manner*, and the tones of his voice told that he was eloquent. The singing was in the Congregational style, all the congregation, men, women, and children uniting. Such a powerful combination of sacred music, we hardly expect to hear again in this world. It was true that some of the voices around us were somewhat discordant, but the grand and sublime notes of the majestic organ, overpowered and harmonized the whole.

In time of service, what we would call the broad aisle, was filled with numerous flag-bottomed chairs, which were brought out from some of the recesses, and for which, a compensation was expected from those who preferred sitting to standing. The whole arrangement for these "sittings" seemed to be a bungling contrivance, of which the architect probably never dreamed.



VIEW IN ROTTERDAM,

Showing part of the Market-place, and the Statue of Erasmus.

The most part of the floor of the Cathedral was composed of monumental slabs, inscribed with the names of distinguished persons, hardly any of which were earlier than 1600. There were on the walls a number of monumental carvings, commemorative of distinguished Dutchmen. Among these was one for *Admiral De Witt*, (or *De Widt* as here spelt.) He was represented in a recumbent posture, as dying with his eyes closed. Underneath his effigy was a representation of a naval conflict. Above the dying hero, was Fame, with her trumpet. Neptune, with a golden trident, is represented as standing by the side of a shield, with the name of De Widt, &c., inscribed upon it; having an expression of sorrow in his countenance on account of the death of the brave Admiral.

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS.

The learned Erasmus was a native of Rotterdam. The annexed engraving shows the appearance of the bronze statue, in the market-place. He is represented having on his doctor's hat and toga, and holding a book in one hand, while he is turning over the leaves with the other. Four inscriptions in Latin and Dutch, record the principal events in his life. The one in Dutch has been translated as follows.

> "Here rose the great sun that set at Bâle. May the imperial town honor and celebrate the saint in his tomb; the city that gave him birth, gives him this second life. But the luminary of the languages, the spirit of morality, the glorious wonder that shone in charity, peace, and divinity, is not to be honored by a mausoleum nor to be rewarded by a statue. Hence must the heavenly vault alone cover Erasmus, whose temple scorns a more limited space."

Desiderius Erasmus was born at Rotterdam, in 1467. His mother's name was Margaret, the daughter of a physician. He was, as he tells us himself, a natural son. The relations of his father, Gerard, had opposed his marriage with Margaret, and having been prevailed upon to make a journey to Rome, there persuaded him that she was dead, and by that means induced him to enter a monastery. The mother of Erasmus was his first teacher, and at nine years he was sent to a grammar school, where he greatly distinguished himself. Before he reached his fourteenth year, he lost both his parents, and his guardians forced him, by threats, to enter a monastery, and then possessed themselves of his property. This base treatment was a source of many difficulties. At last he prevailed upon his superiors to allow him to study in Paris, where he afterwards became a teacher. In 1497 he was induced to visit England. Here he was treated with great kindness and respect. In 1503, he published a work, in which he assailed the corruption of the Roman church. He afterwards went to Rome, where he was treated with all the respect and deference due to his merit and learning, by the cardinals and great men of the city. In 1515, he went to Basil, where he printed his translation of the New Testament in Greek, which drew upon him the censure of ignorant and envious divines. But to his labors, perhaps, more than to any other man, was learning indebted for its revival.

While thus engaged, the opinions of the world were agitated by Luther, to the papal authority, and it was expected that Erasmus would have joined the Reformer. But owing to his timidity or some other cause, he pursued such a course, that he did not give satisfaction to either party. He died at Basil, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and was buried in the cathedral in that place, where a Latin inscription is inscribed on his tomb.

THE HAGUE.

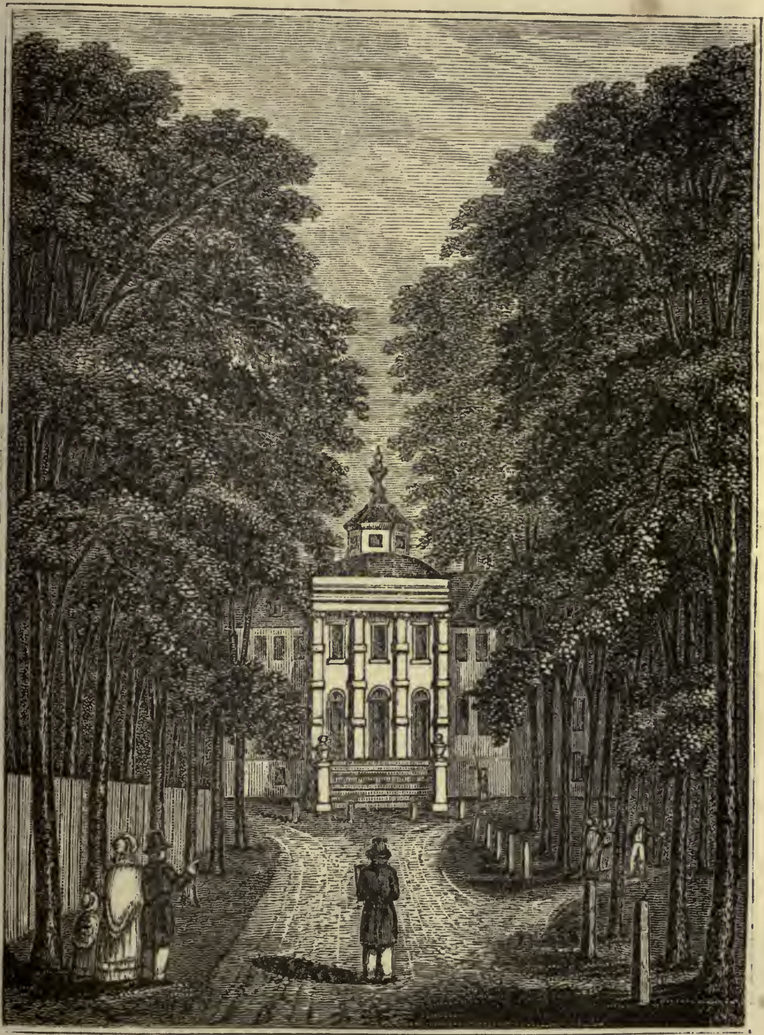
Hague is thirty miles south-west from Amsterdam, and about two from the ocean, containing a population of about 43,000 inhabitants. The natural advantage of its situation, being placed on a dry soil and on an elevation somewhat higher than the surrounding country, rendered it the favorite residence of the governors or counts of Holland at a very early period. During all the civil contests of government occasioned by the dissentions between the Prince of Orange and the popular party, it still continued to be the seat of government, till the erection of Holland into a kingdom by Bonaparte, who removed the seat of government to Amsterdam, much to the injury of the Hague. When Holland was united with Belgium, Hague with Brussels was the alternate seat of government.

The streets are broad and elegant, paved with minute nicety, bordered with trees, intersected with canals, and embellished with bridges. The main street exhibits a succession of splendid mansions. The most beautiful part of the Hague is the Vyverberg, a vast oblong square with a noble walk and an avenue of trees on one side, and on the other the palace and a large basin of water, variegated by an island of poplars in its center. The spot in the street where Adelaide de Poelgeest, the favorite of Count Albert, was murdered by an infuriated populace, in 1392, is designated by a triangle paved with whiter stones than the rest. In this place also the celebrated brothers and statesmen De Witt were assaulted by the populace in 1673. The place where one of them was afterwards killed is pointed out, within a few paces from the spot where he resided.

The Royal Museum occupies the house called Hotel Maurice, which was built, in 1640, by a prince of this name, who was governor of Brazil. It contains a choice collection particularly of the Flemish school, and others of a superior order. One of the paintings, supposed to represent the discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, is well executed. He is represented as standing over a corpse with an instrument showing some part of the heart with the hand of the body before him. He is looking around with an air of triumph upon his audience of fellow professors or physicians, who are listening and looking upon the demonstrations before them with the deepest attention.

A number of rooms are devoted to the exhibition of articles from China and Japan, probably the greatest collection of the kind in Europe. The Dutch, who at one time were the greatest naval power on the ocean, have had great facilities for making collections of this kind, probably greater than any other nation. A great variety of Chinese and Japanese dresses, implements, models of their houses, fortifications, &c., are exhibited. Among other articles was a Japanese map of the world, projected and engraved in the usual manner. The outline of the North American coast was tolerably correct, but no characters that answered for names in any part of the present limits of the United States except in Florida. On some part of the map were views of places engraved in a rude manner; one scene represented the whale fishery. There were one or two views of cities. The artist, however, that made the drawings, evidently had no knowledge of perspective.

The most interesting relic of the past to be seen here is the complete dress of William, Prince of Orange, which he wore when he was murdered by *Balthazar Gerard* on the 10th of July, 1584. His coat showed the place where the ball entered his body, the ball itself, and the bone it broke in its passage. His hat, shirt, collar, and watch, are also shown in the glass case. By the side of these relics are seen the shirt and waistcoat of the Prince of Orange, worn by him when killed by a fall from his horse. There is also deposited here, the armor worn by Admiral Tromp, very heavy and musket-proof; together with the sword and other relics of Admiral De Ruyter. Among those of modern times, is the watch



Drawn by J. W. Barber, Sept., 1853.

PALACE IN THE WOOD NEAR THE HAGUE.

This summer Palace of the rulers of Holland, is situated about two miles from the Hague, on the eastern border of the wood extending from the city. The engraving shows the western front of the Palace, back of which are the gardens.

belonging to Louis Napoleon, and the chair and cup used by General Chasse during the memorable siege of Antwerp, in December, 1832.

The royal library and the cabinet of medals are in the same building. The former consists of 70,000 volumes, preserved with the greatest care. The latter is considered to be one of the richest collections of the kind; and it consists of 34,000 pieces, in which is a series of Egyptian coins, and another of Macedonian, comprising those of Philip, Alexander, and his successors. The museum of natural history was removed to France during the revolution; but was afterwards restored, with the addition of duplicates from that of Paris.

The only manufactures carried on at the Hague are those of porcelain and of cannon. The foundery in which the latter are cast is an immense building, having on its entrance an inscription, intimating that it was erected for the purpose of obtaining peace.

The celebrated preacher Saurin, delivered his admired discourses in one of the churches of this town, now a chapel. It is a low brick building near the palace, with a cupola and a small bell.

Among the objects worthy of notice in the vicinity of the Hague, the Scheveling is peculiarly interesting. Visitors go to it by a road which, though nearly two miles long, is so accurately straight, that on quitting the Hague, the steeple of the village church may be distinctly seen at the farther end. The road is shaded by rows of forest trees, which grow to an immense size. The village is wholly inhabited by fishermen, who retain all the peculiarities of the country, notwithstanding their vicinity to a town in which the appearance and manners of the residents are scarcely distinguishable from those of the capitals of Great Britain and France. Neither does this singular adherence to ancient customs arise from the want of intercourse. the village is constantly visited by strangers, either from curiosity or for the benefit of the baths in its neighborhood.

At a nearly equal distance from the Hague, but in another direction, is the castle of Ryswick, which gave name to the well-known treaty signed there in 1697.

"The House, or Palace, of the wood," formerly the residence of the princes of Orange, is more than a mile from the Hague. The house is plain in its external appearance, but contains some splendid apartments, furnished with paintings. The garden, instead of being laid out in the formal and precise mode usual throughout the country, branches out into curves, leading the visitant into the most unexpected situations; and thus forming a kind of labyrinth, the investigation of which, after exciting much curiosity, ends in disappointment, the termination presenting nothing to compensate for the labor of inquiry. But the chief attraction of this palace to residence of the Hague, whose favorite resort it is, consists in a noble wood, three miles long and three-quarters of a mile broad, by which it is surrounded. It exhibits a fine display of majestic oaks, thriving in the greatest luxuriance. It is much to the credit of the Dutch character, that no instance has occurred in which the smallest injury has been done to this fine plantation.

The Royal Palace in the city, is an ancient building, which was in former times inhabited by the Prince of Orange. The front is very plain; but the side, towards the garden, is more ornamented. The gardens are not open to the public; several, however, of the inhabitants have the privilege of walking there, but in order to do this they must procure tickets signed by the proper officer.[*]

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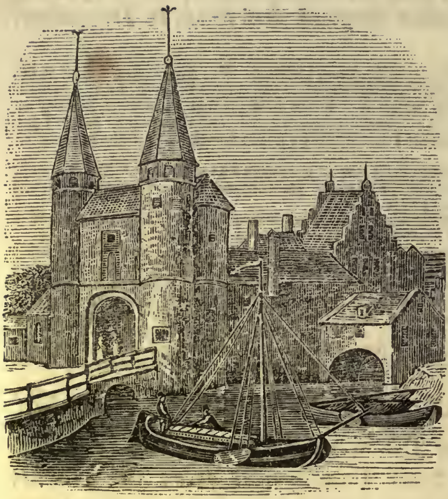
[*] Hague was visited September 16th, 1853. Being in the palace yard, and my conductor having left me, and not knowing the regulations of the place, I ventured (the gate being open) to enter a small garden, being attracted by the extreme beauty of the flowers. I soon found, however, that I was on forbidden ground. After I had advanced but a short distance, a woman, who appeared to have the charge, came in great haste after me, saying something in a very earnest manner, to which I replied in English, stating I was a stranger, &c. We were probably on an equal footing as to understanding each other's language. But enough was comprehended on my part to know that I must walk out.



View in Delft.

DELFT contains about 14,000 inhabitants, and is nine miles north-west from Rotterdam, and twenty-nine south-south-west from Amsterdam, and is traversed by a canal which communicates with the river Maese, at Scheidam and Delftshaven. The city is built in an oblong form, and was commenced in the year 1075, by Godfrey de Bossu, Duke of Lorraine. The country around the city is so very low, that if the greatest care was not taken to keep the sluices and dikes in good repair, the whole neighborhood would run great hazard of being overwhelmed with waters. Delft was formerly much celebrated for the manufacturing of beer, of which it exported great quantities, and also for a particular kind of glazed earthenware, well known in this country by the name of *delft*. This city holds a third rank in size, and has many handsome buildings. Among those most admired is the town-house. The streets are straight, and nearly all of them watered by a canal between two quays. The church has a handsome steeple, and the view of the surrounding country from it is considered the finest in Holland. It contains the tomb of Admiral Van Tromp, with effigies in white marble, lying in the midst of military trophies. On the banks of one of the principal canals is the new church, dedicated to St. Ursula and the Virgin Mary. It has a large tower furnished with musical chimes, composed of above a thousand bells, from the size of one foot in diameter up to the largest that are constructed. In this church is the mausoleum of William, Prince of Orange. It is situated in the center of the church; ten pillars support four marble columns, against which are placed figures representing the four cardinal virtues. Beneath are the statues of his two sons, Prince Maurice and Frederick, and at his feet lies his favorite dog, who died of grief at the death of his master. This prince was treacherously assassinated on the 10th of July, 1584. The old house in which he was murdered, the staircase on which he fell, and the holes made in the wall by the bullets, are yet shown. The principal arsenal in Holland is in this place, also a military and Latin school and several hospitals.

The following account of the assassination of the Prince of Orange is from the third volume of Chambers' Miscellany:

Philip, surrounded by the haughty ceremonial of a Spanish court, kept his dark and evil eye ever rolling towards the Netherlands. Foiled, defeated, gaining an advantage only to lose it again, he had watched the course of the struggle with a bitter earnestness. A scowl passed over his brow at every recollection of the manner in which his heretical subjects had resisted his authority and baffled his purposes. But the last indignity was worst of all. To be open deposed in the face of all Europe, to be rejected and cast off by a portion of his subjects inhabiting a little corner of his vast dominions, to have another sovereign elected in his stead; this was an insult such as monarch had never experienced before. And all this had been done by that one man, William of Orange. In the course of his life he had already been thwarted, or supposed himself to be thwarted, by one personal enemy after another; and these, if history be true, he had successively disposed of, by sending them prematurely out of the world. The poisoned cup, or the dagger of the hired assassin, had rid him of several blood relations whom he conceived to be his enemies. His own son, his eldest born, had died by his orders; and now he resolved to rid himself by similar means of the man who had robbed him of the Netherlands. Early in 1580 he issued a proclamation, offering a reward of 25,000 golden crowns, with a patent nobility, and a pardon for all past offenses, to any one who should assassinate the Prince of Orange. In reply to this brutal proclamation, the Prince published a defense of his own conduct, which, under the name of "The Apology," has been always admired as one of the noblest refutations ever penned. It is believed to have been the composition of a Protestant clergyman, a friend of the Prince.

For some time no effects followed the issuing of Philip's proclamation, and William was quietly engaged in consolidating the government under the Duke of Anjou. He had gone to Antwerp to attend the ceremony of the new sovereign's inauguration, and was to stay there some time, until every thing was fairly settled. On the 18th of March, 1582, he gave a great dinner at the castle of the town to celebrate the duke's birth-day. Leaving the hall to ascend to his own chamber, he was met at the door by a silly melancholy-looking young man, who desired to present a petition. While he was looking at the paper, the young man fired a pistol at his head. The ball entered below the right ear, and passing through his mouth, came out at the other side. The prince fell apparently dead, and the assassin was instantly put to death by the attendants. It appeared, from papers found on his person, that he was a Spaniard named John Jaureguay, clerk to Gaspar Anastro, a Spanish merchant in the town. Anastro had engaged to Philip, for a reward of 28,000 ducats, to effect the object which the proclamation had not been able to accomplish; but, unwilling to undertake the assassination in person, he had fixed upon his melancholy half-crazed clerk as his deputy; and the poor wretch had been persuaded by a Dominican monk of the name of Timmerman, that the death he was sure to die in the performance of so glorious an act of duty would be an immediate entrance into paradise. Timmerman, and Venero, Anastro's cashier, who was also implicated in the murder, were seized and executed; but Antastro himself escaped. It was long feared that the wound was mortal: but it proved not to be so; and in a short time the prince was again able to resume his duties, dearer now than ever to the people of the Netherlands. He had scarcely recovered, when he was summoned to act in a new crisis. The Duke of Anjou began to act falsely towards his subjects. Failing in a treacherous attempt to seize the town of Antwerp, Anjou was obliged to become a fugitive from his own kingdom. Perplexed and uncertain how to act, the states again had recourse to counsel of the Prince of Orange; and after much hesitation, he gave it as his deliberate opinion, that, upon the whole, in the present state of matters, nothing was so advisable as to readmit the duke to the sovereignty, after binding him by new and more stringent obligations. In giving this advice, William spoke from his intimate knowledge of the state of Europe. The reasons, however, which actuated the Prince of Orange in advising the recall of Anjou, although very satisfactory to men experienced in statecraft, and gifted with the same political insight as himself, were too subtle to be appreciated by the popular understanding; and it began to be murmured by the gossips of Antwerp that the Prince of Orange had gone over to the French interest, and was conspiring to annex the Netherlands to France. Hurt at these suspicions, which impeded his measures, and rendered his exertions fruitless, William left Antwerp, and withdrew to his own northern provinces, where the people would as soon have burnt the ships in their harbors as suspected the good faith of their beloved stadtholder "Vader Willem." By removing into the north, however, William did not mean to cease taking any part in the affairs of the southern provinces. He continued to act by letters and messengers, allaying various dissensions among the nobility, and smoothing the way for the return of the Duke of Anjou, who was then residing in France. But it was destined that the treacherous Frenchman should never again set his foot within the Netherlands. Taken suddenly ill at the Chateau-Thierry, he died there on the 10th of June, 1584, aged thirty years.

Again were the Netherlands thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion. The northern provinces alone, under the government of William, enjoyed internal tranquillity and freedom from war. The southern provinces were torn by religious dissension; while, to aggravate the evil, the Prince of Parma was conducting military operations within the territory. And now that the sovereign they had elected was dead, what should be done? Who should be elected next? Rendered wise and unanimous by their adversity, the secret wishes of all turned to William; and negotiations were set on foot for electing William, Prince of Orange, and stadtholder of the northern provinces, to the constitutional sovereignty of the Netherlands. He was to accept the crown on nearly the same terms as he had himself proposed in the case of the Duke of Anjou.

These hopes were doomed to be disappointed. William had gone to Delft, and was there engaged in business, preparatory to his accession to the sovereignty. On the 10th of July, having left his dining-room in the palace, he had just placed his foot on the first step of the staircase leading to the upper part of the house, when a pale man with a cloak, who had come on pretense of getting a passport, pointed a horse-pistol at his breast and fired. The prince fell. "God have mercy on me and on this poor people," were the only words he was able to utter; and in a few moments he was dead; his wife, Louisa de Coligni, whose father and first husband had also been murdered, bending over him. The assassin was seized, attempting to escape. His name was Balthasar Gerard, a native of Burgundy. Like Jaureguay, he had been actuated to the crime by the hopes of fame on earth and glory in heaven. Documents also exist which show that he was an instrument of the Spanish authorities, and had communicated his design to several Spanish monks. He suffered death in the most horrible form which

detestation for his crime could devise; his right hand being first burnt off, and the flesh being then torn from his bones with red-hot pincers. He died with the composure of a martyr.

HUGO GROTIUS.—[The learned Grotius.]

Hugo Grotius, the celebrated Dutch scholar, and one of the most remarkable men of his time, was born at Delft, April 10th, 1583. His father was a burgomaster of Delft, and his mother an accomplished woman, descended from one of the first families of Holland. In his early years he manifested a strong inclination for learning: every facility was afforded for the cultivation of his genius. When he was only seven years of age, he was placed under the tuition of masters, with whom he made such extraordinary progress, that before he had completed his ninth year, he composed verses which obtained the approbation of the learned. At twelve, he was so great a proficient in the classics, and in *belles lettres*, that he was qualified to pursue his studies at the University. He was, accordingly, sent, in 1593, from Delft to Leyden, where he spent three years in the study of mathematics, philosophy, theology, and law, and excelled in the knowledge of each of these sciences. The celebrated statesman, John Barnevelt, attorney-general of the republic of Holland, having been, in 1598, appointed ambassador to France, the young Grotius accompanied him thither. Henry IV, who then reigned in France, gave him the most gratifying marks of his esteem. The monarch presented him with a gold chain, and a portrait of himself; and it is said that Grotius was so highly pleased with such attention, that he caused his own portrait to be engraved, adorned with these tokens of royal favor. While he remained in France, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Law at the early age of sixteen.

At the age of twenty-four, he was appointed attorney-general of Holland, Zealand, and West Frieseland, and filled his high office with such talents and integrity, that the salary attached to it was augmented.

In 1613, Grotius removed to Rotterdam, and as chief magistrate of that city, succeeded the recently deceased Elias Barnevelt, brother of John, his early patron and friend. He was also admitted into the assembly of the States of Holland; and, as he had written in defense of the right of the Dutch to trade to India, he was sent to England to adjust the differences which had arisen between the merchants of the two countries. He succeeded in the object of his mission, and received marks of regard from James I.

On his return home, Grotius found the United Provinces divided and distracted by quarrels between the Calvinists and the Arminians; and, while he had the affliction to see that true patriot and able politician, John Barnevelt, sacrificed to a faction, under the pretense of treason and heresy, to gratify its own ambitious projects, Grotius himself narrowly escaped sharing the same fate. Barnevelt was tried by twenty-six commissioners deputed from the Seven Provinces, and according to the sentence of this cruel tribunal, was beheaded in 1619. Grotius, who had been warmly attached to him, and who was suspected by the bigots of the day of favoring the Arminians, was involved in his disgrace. He was arrested in August, 1618, and in May following was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and to have all his property confiscated. He was closely confined in the castle of Louvestein, near Gorcum, in South Holland, where his wife obtained permission to share his fate. In this fortress, Grotius remained nearly two years, devoting the time to literary pursuits. The grand fruit of his studies was a treatise in Dutch verse "On the Truth of the Christian Religion," which formed the groundwork of his celebrated Latin production on the same subject.

Grotius was, at length, liberated from prison through the ingenious fidelity and fortitude of his wife. He had been permitted to borrow books of his friends, which, when consulted, he was accustomed to return to Gorcum in a chest, which also served to convey him a supply of linen from his laundress. The chest was, at first, regularly searched. His wife having remarked that the guards neglected the search, advised Grotius to conceal himself in it, after having made holes in the part of it over his face to allow him to breathe. He entered into the scheme, his wife having previously informed the commandant's lady, whose husband was absent, that she was about to send away a larger load of books, to prevent Grotius from injuring his health by study. At the time appointed, Grotius entered the chest, and was thus conveyed down a ladder by two soldiers. One of them observing its weight, jocularly remarked, "There must be an Arminian in it." "There are Arminian books in it," replied the wife of Grotius. This did not quite satisfy the soldier, who informed the governor's lady of the circumstance before the chest was allowed to leave the fortress. However, misled by the previous information from the wife of Grotius, the lady directed the removal of the chest unexamined.

Grotius was thus carried to the house of one his friends at Gorcum, whence he went to Antwerp by the ordinary conveyance, after having passed through the market-place at Gorcum, disguised as a mason with a rule in his hand. His wife, who had so dexterously managed the affair, pretended that her husband was much indisposed, in order to afford time for his escape; but when she supposed him to be in a place of safety, she told the guards that the bird had flown. It was at first intended to prosecute her, with a view of having her confined in her husband's stead; but she was liberated by a majority of votes of the States General, and universally commended for having restored her husband to freedom. This took place in March, 1621.

At Hamburgh, Grotius received the most gratifying offers of protection from the kings of Denmark, Poland, and Spain, accompanied with solicitations from each, that he would attach himself to his court. He preferred the patronage of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, whose death, in 1632, obliged him again to remain for some time unemployed in Hamburgh. Queen Christina fulfilled the wishes and intentions of her predecessor; and in 1634, appointed Grotius one of her counsellors. She soon after nominated him to be her ambassador at the court of France. This new diplomatic appointment displeased Cardinal Richelieu, then prime minister of Louis XIII, and he used influence with Oxenstiern, the chancellor of Sweden, to have him recalled. Grotius, who had awaited in retirement at St. Denis, near Paris, the ulterior pleasure of the Swedish court, made his formal entry into the French capital, as Swedish ambassador, in March, 1635.

After having spent eleven years in France, he was, by his own request, recalled; and having to pass through Holland in his way to Sweden, he was received at Amsterdam with every mark of respect and honor; for, many of his enemies had retired or were dead, and several of his friends were restored to offices of public trust. Soon after he retired from the Swedish court, Queen Christina presented him, on the eve of his departure, with 12,000 rix-dollars. Stress of weather drove the vessel in which he embarked for Holland upon the coast of Pomerania, when Grotius was put ashore in a bad state of health, intending to finished his journey by land. He was unable to proceed further than Rostock, where he expired, on the 28th of August, 1645, in the sixty-third year of his age.

The remains of this good and great man were embalmed and removed to Delft, where they were committed to the sepulcher of his ancestors.

Grotius was the author of seventy-five works, most of which were published during his lifetime, and exhibit him respectively as a scholar, a poet, a patriot, a philosopher, a philanthropist, and a theologian. His fame, however, chiefly rests upon his work, "*De Jure Belli et Pacis*," the political doctrines of which, as expounded by Puffendorf, have since been taught almost to our own day, in the most celebrated universities of Europe; and, in the opinion of respectable judges, form the foundation of the ethical and political philosophy of the present time. His celebrated treatise, "*De Veritate Religionis Christianæ*," has been translated into all the European languages, and preserves its rank as a standard work on theology to the present day.

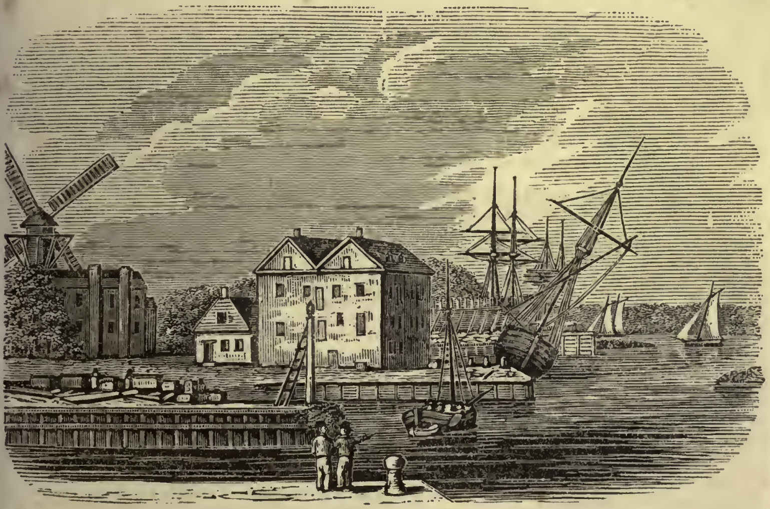
HAARLEM

Haarlem, eleven miles from Amsterdam, contains about 20,000 inhabitants, a much less number than it contained about a century since. It is built on the banks of the river Spaaren, about three miles from the sea, and has a water communication with Amsterdam, Leyden, and the lake of Haarlem by its extensive canals, a number of which traverse the city in different directions. Many of them are bordered by trees, and add considerably to the general appearance of the city. The town was originally fortified with brick walls, and its ramparts still afford a pleasing promenade to the inhabitants. It is celebrated in history for the valor and sufferings of its garrison during the sanguinary wars that led to the independence of the United Province. This event took place in the year 1672.

After resisting for more than seven months the efforts of the Spanish army, and exhausting every kind of food, even of the most offensive description, by which nature could be supported, the garrison determined to cut a passage through the enemy's camp. The women and old men, whom it was intended to leave behind, on hearing of this resolution, flung themselves at the feet of the governor, and entreated not to be deserted; they were prepared, they said, to share all dangers with their husbands, their brother, and their kinsmen, rather than be exposed to insults and death in a more horrible shape from the sanguinary ferocity of the Spaniards. Their plea was irresistible; and the troops, marshalling themselves in a hollow square, of which their bravest soldiers formed the front and rear, placed the women and aged men in the center, and thus prepared to execute their purpose.

The Spanish commander, the Duke of Alva, son of the celebrated and merciless general of that name, having been informed of the projected movement, and apprehensive of the irresistible effects of courage wrought upon by despair, offered a capitulation on condition of a free pardon, with the exception of fifty-seven specially named. These hard terms were accepted, chiefly through the exertions of the excepted townsmen, who thus hoped to save the lives of all those who were dearest to them by the devotion of their own. The agreement was concluded; the town surrendered, and the fifty-seven leaders delivered to the enemy. At the expiration of three days, during which the townspeople were kept in anxious suspense as to the conduct of their enemy, the Duke of Alva entered the town; and on the same evening, not only put to death the persons selected for punishment, but seized and executed nine hundred more of the garrison. The citizens, in despair at this bloody infraction of the treaty, hurried from the town; but their escape was intercepted, and a total and indiscriminate massacre ensued. Those who escaped the sword, were tied in pairs and flung into the river: the very inmates of the hospitals were slaughtered. This wanton act of cold-blooded atrocity produced an effect totally contrary to that which it was intended to excite. The Hollanders, finding that no reliance was to be placed on the promises of the Spaniards, were stimulated to that protracted and stubborn resistance which ultimately led to the full acknowledgment of the independence of their country.

The stadthouse is an ancient building at the extremity of the market-place; it was formerly the residence of the counts of Holland, and contains some valuable pictures. There are fifteen churches in the town. That of St. Bavon is said to be the largest in Holland; it contains many curiosities preserved from the period of the crusades, among which are the models of three ships in which the adventurers from this town sailed to Damietta in 1249, and in the steeple are two bells brought from that place; but its organ, which is universally acknowledged to be the largest and finest in Europe, is the principal object of attraction; it has upwards of eight thousand pipes, one of which is thirty-two feet long. With respect to the qualities that have entitled this stupendous piece of mechanism to so high a character in the musical world, there is much difference of opinion: by some, Hamburgh is said to be larger, and that of Amsterdam better toned. Even its celebrated stop, called "vox humana," from its imitation of the human voice, is said by some critics not to have any resemblance to the sound which it was designed to imitate. There are in the town several literary and scientific institutions, but no one of peculiar celebrity. Haarlem will always be illustrious in the history of literature, as being the residence of Laurence Coster, to whom the Dutch attribute the invention of the invaluable art of printing. Mr. Konig, a member of the Dutch Society of Sciences, devoted much time and industry to prove that the first attempts in this art were made by Coster about the year 1420. The first two books executed by him are preserved in the stadthouse. His statue, also, has been set up in the street before the house in which he resided: it is nine feet high, placed on a pedestal, on one side of which Coster is represented carving letters on the bark of trees; and on the other, working in a printing-office. This town gave birth to the celebrated painters, Wouvermans, Berghem, Ostade, and Ruysdaal. Haarlem was the principal seat of the celebrated mania for tulips, which prevailed in Holland in the early part of the last century, when 10,000 florins are said to have been given for a single root. Though the extravagance of the passion has subsided, the flowers, and more particularly the tulips, raised here, are much esteemed, and bear high prices.



DELFT-HAVEN, HOLLAND.

[*The place of Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers.*]

The above shows the present (September, 1853) appearance of Delft-Haven, a ship building village, about two miles south-west of Rotterdam, on the river Meuse, and about 20 miles from Leyden, containing about 2,700 inhababitants. It is an object of interest on account of its being the place from which the "Pilgrim Fathers" of New England embarked for America. The village, with its docks and warehouses, has quite an ancient appearance, where large ships can come up, and where ship building, to some extent, is carried on. The wharf, or quay, seen in the central part of the engraving, is believed to be the spot from whence the pilgrims embarked. The following, relative to the Plymouth settlers during their residence in Holland, is from "Morton's New England's Memorial."

In the year 1602, divers godly Christians of our English nation, in the north of England, being studious of reformation, and therefore not only witnessing against human inventions, and additions in the worship of God, but minding most the positive and practical part of divine institutions, they entered into covenant to walk with God, and one with another, in the enjoyment of the ordinances of God according to the primitive pattern in the word of God. But finding by experience they could not peaceably enjoy their own liberty in their native country, without offense to others that were differently minded; they took up thoughts of removing themselves and their families into the Netherlands, which accordingly they endeavored to accomplish, but met with great hinderance; yet after some time, the good hand of God removing obstructions, they obtained their desires; arriving in Holland, they settled themselves in the city of Leyden, in the year 1610, and there they continued divers years in a comfortable condition, enjoying much sweet society and spiritual comfort in the ways of God, living peaceably among themselves, and being courteously entertained, and lovingly respected by the Dutch, among whom they were strangers, having for their pastor, Mr. John Robinson, a man of a learned, polished and modest spirit, pious and studying of the truth, largely accomplished with suitable gifts and qualifications to be a shepherd over this flock of Christ; having also a fellow-helper with him in the eldership, Mr. William Brewster, a man of approved piety, gravity, and integrity, very eminently furnished with gifts suitable to such an office.

But notwithstanding their amiable and comfortable carrying on (as hath been said) although the church of Christ on earth in holy writ, is sometimes called heaven; yet there is always in their most perfect state, here in this lower world, very much wanting as to absolute and perfect happiness, which is only reserved for the time and place of the full enjoyment of celestial glory; for, although this church was at peace, and in rest at this time, yet they took up thoughts of removing themselves into America with common consent; the proposition of removing thither being set on foot, and prosecuted by the elders upon just and weighty grounds; for although they did quietly and sweetly enjoy their church liberties under the States, yet they foresaw that Holland would be no place for their church and posterity to continue in comfortably, at least in that measure that they hoped to find abroad; and that for these reasons following, which I shall recite as received from themselves.

First, Because themselves were of a different language from the Dutch where they lived, and were settled in their way, insomuch that in ten years time, while their church sojourned among them, they could not bring them to reform the neglect of observation of the Lord's day as a sabbath, or any other thing amiss among them.

Secondly, Because their countrymen, who came over to join with them, by reason of the hardness of the country, soon spent their estates, and were then forced either to return back to England, or to live very meanly.

Thirdly, That many of their children, through the extreme necessity that was upon them, although of the best dispositions, and graciously inclined, and willing to bear part of their parents burthens, were oftentimes so oppressed with their heavy labors, that although their spirits were free and willing, yet their bodies bowed under the weight of the same, and became decrepid in their early youth, and the vigor of nature consumed in the very bud. And that which was very lamentable, and of all sorrows most heavy to be borne, was that many by these occasions and the great licentiousness of youth in that country, and the manifold temptations of the place, were drawn away by evil examples into extravagant and dangerous courses, getting the reins on their necks, and departing from their parents. Some became soldiers, others took upon them far voyages by sea, and other some worse courses, tending to dissoluteness, and the destruction of their souls, to the great grief of their parents, and the dishonor of God; and that the place being of great licentiousness and liberty to children, they could not educate them, nor could they give them due correction without reproof or reproach from their neighbors.

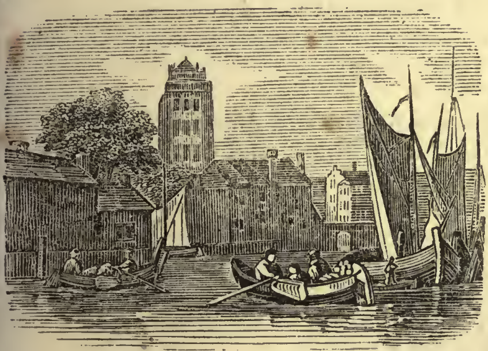
Fourthly, That their posterity would in few generations become Dutch, and so lose their interest in the English nation; they being desirous rather to enlarge his Majesty's dominions, and to live under their natural prince.

Fifthly and lastly, and which was not the least, a great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation, or at least to make some way thereunto for the propagating and advancement of the Gospel of the kingdom of Christ in those remote parts of the world, yea, although they should be but as stepping stones unto others for the performance of so great a work.

The reasons of their removal above named being debated first in private, and thought weighty, were afterwards propounded in public; and after solemn days of humiliation, observed both in public and private, it was agreed, that part of the church should go before their brethren into America, to prepare for the rest. And if in case the major part of the church did choose to go over with the first, then the pastor to go along with them; but if the major part stayed, that he was then to stay with them.

They having employed sundry agents to treat with several merchants in England, who adventured some considerable sums in a way of valuation to such as went personally on in the voyage; the articles of agreement about the premises being fully concluded with the said merchants, and sundry difficulties and obstructions removed, having also obtained letters patent for the northern parts of Virginia, of King James, of famous memory, all things were got ready and provided, a small ship was bought and fitted out in Holland, of about sixty tons, called the Speedwell, as to serve to transport some of them over, so also to stay in the country, and attend upon fishing, and such other affairs as might be for the good and benefit of the colony when they came thither. Another ship was hired at London, of burthen about nine score, called the Mayflower, and all other things got in readiness; so being prepared to depart, they had a solemn day of humiliation, the pastor teaching a part of the day very profitably, and suitably to the present occasion. The rest of the time was spent in pouring out of prayers unto the Lord, with great fervency, mixed with abundance of tears. And the time being come that they must depart, they were accompanied with most of their brethren out of the city unto a town called Delft Haven, where the ship lay ready to receive them, so they left that goodly and pleasant city, which had been their resting place above eleven years; but they knew that they were pilgrims and strangers here below, and looked not much on these things, but lifted up their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, where God hath prepared for them a city, Heb. xi. 16, and therein quieted their spirits.

When they came to the place, [about July 1st, 1620.] they found the ship and all things ready; and such of their friends as could not come with them, followed after them, and sundry came from Amsterdam to see them ship, and to take their leave of them. One night was spent with little sleep with the most, but with friendly entertainment, and Christian discourse, and other real expressions of true Christian love. The next day, the wind being fair, they went on board, and their friends with them, where truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting, to hear what sighs and sobs, and prayers did sound among them; what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each other's heart, that sundry of the Dutch strangers, that stood on the key as spectators, could not refrain from tears. Yet comfortable and sweet it was, to see such lively and true expressions of dear and unfeigned love. But the tide (which stays for no man) calling them away, that were thus loth to depart, their reverend pastor falling down on his knees, and they all with him, with watery cheeks commended them with most fervent prayers unto the Lord and his blessing; and then with mutual embraces, and many tears, they took their leave one of another, which proved to be the last leave to many of them. Thus hoisting sail with a prosperous gale of wind, they came in a short time to Southampton, where they found the bigger ship come from London, being ready with all the rest of their company, meeting each other with a joyful welcome and mutual congratulation.



View of part of Dort.

Dort is an ancient town of the Netherlands, in South Holland. It is built on an island formed by the Maese and the Biesboch. It was first separated from the main land by a dreadful inundation which occurred in 1421; and after breaking down the dykes, swept away seventy-two villages; in which 100,000 persons perished. The present town is well built, and although the fortifications are very slight, yet its natural situation gives it great security. In the annexed engraving we give a partial view of the town and harbor. The harbor is spacious, and its commerce in Rhenish wines and lumber, (which is brought down in rafts, and exported to Spain, England, and Portugal,) is important. Ship-building, the manufacture of salt, bleaching, and the salmon fisheries, are extensively carried on. Dort has an artillery and engineer school. It was formerly the residence of the counts of Holland, and is the native place of De Witt, John Gerhard Vossius, the painter Varestag, and other distinguished persons. In 1618, and 1619, the Protestants held here the celebrated synod of Dort, the resolutions of which still constitute the laws of the Dutch reformed church. The synod declared the Arminians heretics, and confirmed the Belgic confession with the Heidelberg catechism. There are several large docks, and a considerable trade carried on in linen, &c. The population of Dort amounts to nearly 20,000 persons. It is thirty-six miles south by west of Amsterdam, and fifteen north-west of Breda.

The Synod of Dort was a national synod, summoned by authority of the states-general, the provinces of Holland, Utrecht, and Overyssel excepted, and held at Dort, 1618. The most eminent divines of the United Provinces, and deputies from the churches of England, Scotland, Switzerland, Bremen, Hessia, and the Palatinate, assembled on this occasion, in order to decide the controversy between the Calvinists and Arminians. The synod had hardly commenced its deliberations before a dispute on the mode of proceeding, drove the Arminian party from the assembly. The Arminians insisted upon beginning with a refutation of the Calvinistic doctrines, especially that of reprobation; while the synod determined, that, as the remonstrants were accused of departing from the reformed faith, they ought first to justify themselves by scriptural proof of their own opinions. All means to persuade the Arminians to submit to this procedure having failed, they were banished the synod for their refusal. The synod, however, proceeded in their examination of the Arminian tenets, condemned their opinions, and excommunicated their persons: whether justly, or unjustly, let the reader determine. Surely no one can be an advocate for the persecution which followed, and which drove these men from their churches and country into exile and poverty. The authority of this synod was far from being universally acknowledged, either in Holland or in England. The provinces of Friesland, Zealand, Utrecht, Guelderland, and Groningen, could not be persuaded to adopt their decisions; and they were opposed by King James I and Archbishop Laud, in England.—*Buck's Dict.*

Utrecht, eighteen miles south-east from Amsterdam, is built on rising ground on the banks of the Rhine, and is one of the most beautiful cities of Holland next the Hague, and contains upwards of 30,000 inhabitants. The banks of the canals are steep and high, and the water is twenty feet below the street. The access to them for the servants of the adjoining houses is by a subterranean passage. These canals are much neglected as to cleanliness. The place boasts of great antiquity, being known to the Romans, and was one of the principal fords of the Rhine.

The ruins of the Cathedral afford a fine specimen of Gothic architecture; one aisle remains, scarcely injured by time. In this, public worship is performed. The tower is lofty, and from its top, fifty-one walled cities and towns may be seen. The view is said to be the most extensive in Europe. This church contains monuments in honor of several bishops, as well as the tomb of Admiral Van Gent, who perished in an action with the combined French and English ships in 1667.

The University of Utrecht was formerly highly celebrated, but the number of students is now much diminished. It has, however, an observatory, museum, &c. The Town House is an ancient building, but is remarkable as the place where the famous peace of Utrecht, in 1713, was signed. The principal manufactories are for woolen cloths, bleaching, bricks, silk, and fire-arms. The environs are full of gardens and pleasant walks, which, added to the general purity of the air, make Utrecht a very agreeable residence.

BELGIUM.

Belgium is that portion of the Netherland lying on the south-west of the lower branches of the Rhine, as Holland lies on the north-east, and consists of the provinces of Brabant, Antwerp, East and West Flanders, Hainault, Namur, and Liege. These unitedly form a compact country, now a distinct kingdom, with about four millions inhabitants. The political history of the country (the province of Liege excepted) is nearly the same as that of the northern provinces of the Netherlands, until the epoch of Dutch independence in 1579. The southern provinces were less successful in freeing themselves from the Spanish yoke, and hence their period of national freedom has been postponed to a much later date. In 1714, they were ceded by Philip III of Spain to his daughter Isabella, when she espoused Albert, Archduke of Austria, by which change of masters they became known as the Austrian Netherlands.

In 1795, they were united with France, and continued under its dominion till 1814, when they were attached to the northern provinces, to compose the kingdom of the Netherlands. Their separation in 1830, to form the Belgian monarchy, and to depend, for the first time, on their own united resources, is known to every one. More French in character and language than the Dutch, and almost entirely Roman Catholic in their religious profession, the Belgians differ in various respects from their neighbors in Holland; they are, however, not less distinguished by their industry and love of order, and have attained a considerably higher taste for art.

The revolution which ended in the separation of this important continental state from the Dutch government, may be said to date its commencement from a meeting principally composed of citizens, which was called at Brussels, August 24, 1830. From that moment the whole of the Netherlands seemed at once determined to throw off the yoke of the Dutch monarch; and it happened somewhat strangely, that one of the most popular monarchies on the continent became the first to follow the example of France, in changing its form of government. On the 26th of November, in the same year, a national congress, which had been convened by the people came to a resolution, by a majority of 161 to 28, to exclude the House of Nassau from the Belgic throne; and in the following month they decreed—1. That the territory of Belgium should be divided into four great territorial arrondissements, which should be called the first, second, third, and fourth divisions. 2. The first should comprehend the provinces of East and West Flanders; the second, the provinces of Antwerp and South Brabant; the third, the provinces of Limberg, and Liege; the fourth, the provinces of Hainault, Namur, and Luxemburg. 3. Each arrondissement to be commanded by a general of division. 4. Each province to be commanded by a general, or superior officer, who should have at least the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

After a short struggle with the Dutch troops, in which the latter generally had the advantage, France lent her aid in the contest; and the European powers having become mediators, for the express purpose of dismembering the countries, it was finally settled that Leopold of Saxe Coburg should become the head of the future kingdom.

Thursday, July 21, 1831, Leopold made his public entry into Brussels, and in sight of the assembled people, solemnly repeated the oath to observe the constitution and maintain the national independence and integrity. In sight of the people also, the king signed the constitution. On the 8th of September, his majesty, king Leopold, opened the Belgian parliament for the first time with a speech from the throne.

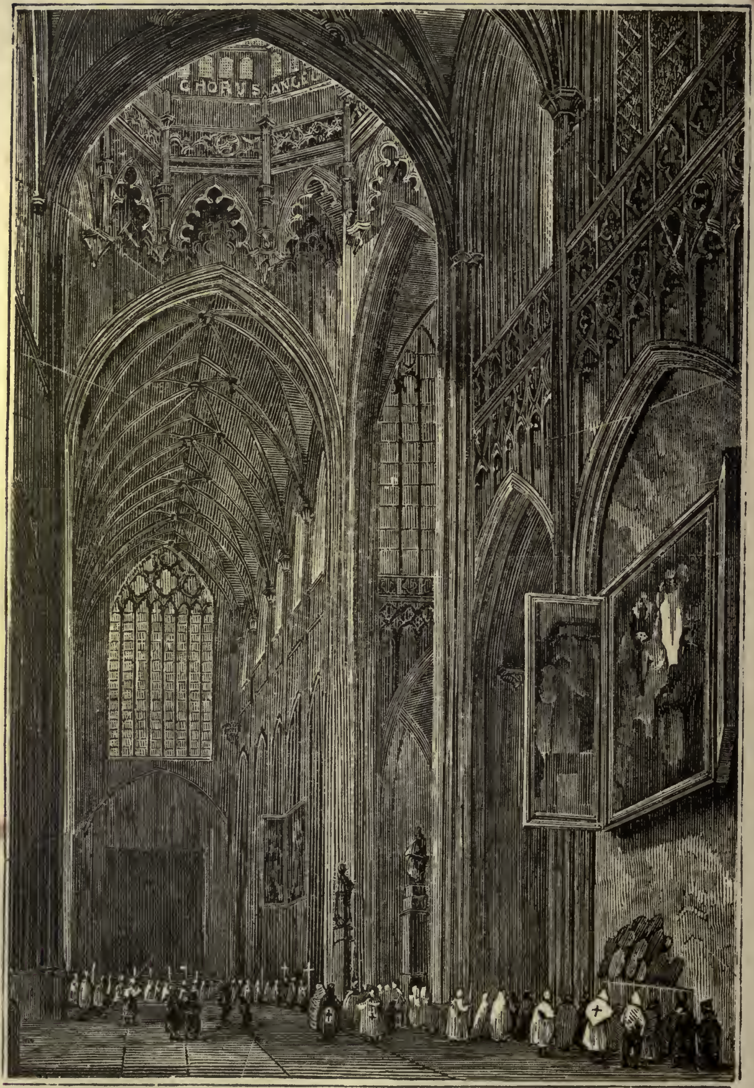
But little has since occurred to disturb the tranquillity of the two countries, with the exception of the attack on Antwerp. The Belgians now possess a constitution of their own framing; and the general prospects of the country appear to have improved by the change.

ANTWERP.

Antwerp, or *Anvers*, as it is called by the French and Belgians, is situated on the east bank of the Scheldt, about sixty miles from Flushing, where the Scheldt passes into the ocean. Population about 80,000.

The era of its greatest importance was about the commencement of the seventeenth century, when its population amounted to about 200,000, but the devastating policy of Austria and Spain involved it in the bigoted and ruthless contentions of that period; further, by the extent of the commercial transactions, which its localities drew hither as to a center, it greatly rivalled the transactions of Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and as such excited the jealousy of the Hollanders: the navigation of the Scheldt was therefore obstructed in 1648, by the treaty of Westphalia, between Spain and Holland; and Antwerp, in consequence, progressively declined in population and importance, until the period of the French revolution. When the French overran this part of Europe in 1794, they proclaimed the free navigation of the Scheldt, and after the renewal of the war subsequent to the peace, or rather the respite of Amiens in 1802, Antwerp claimed the especial notice of Napoleon, who constructed a basin to hold about twenty sail of the line, and a doble quay, along the east bank of the river, and made it his principal naval arsenal for the northern part of his empire. It was not, however, till subsequent to the general peace of Europe in 1814, when the Netherlands were ceded to Holland, and Antwerp declared a free port for the transit of merchandise, that it began to resume its former wonted activity and importance. Since that period, Brussels, and a vast extent of country westward of the Rhine, draw their supplies of foreign produce from Antwerp, which is, in consequence, progressively, though slowly, increasing in population and interest. It has, however, but few articles of export, either within itself, or of transit.

The city is nearly a semicircle, of about seven miles round. It was defended by the citadel, built by the duke of Alva to overawe the inhabitants. The whole appearance of its public buildings, streets, and houses, affords the most incontestible evidence of its former splendor. Many instances of the immense wealth of its merchants are recorded: among others, it is said that when Charles V once dined with one of the chief magistrates, his host, immediately after dinner, threw into the fire a bond for two millions of ducats, which he had received as security for a loan to that monarch, saying that he was more than repaid by the honor of being permitted to entertain his sovereign.



INTERIOR OF ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

This magnificent structure is one of the finest specimens of the Gothic architecture in Europe. On the walls of the transept, on the right, is seen Reubens' picture of the "Descent from the Cross," with its folding wings. In the distance, beyond the choir, is the "Elevation of the Cross," another celebrated painting of Reubens, underneath which is seen a religious procession.

The quays present a noble appearance: they are richly planted, and form one of the most favorite promenades. In the neighborhood of the basins for shipping, is a square building, two hundred and thirty feet long each way, intended as a place of merchandise for the Oosterling or Hanseatic towns of Germany. In its middle story, which has a gallery quite round the square, there are three hundred lodging rooms, but they are no longer used as such. The cellars serve for stables.

Besides the canals usual in all Dutch towns, others of an extraordinary construction are to be found here. They are carried on wholly under ground, having been excavated at the expense of individuals, in order to convey, in small boats, to their storehouses, the goods which had been brought in by the usual conveyance of the open canals. They are now used as sewers. The town-hall, in the great market-place, is a spacious building, two hundred and fifty feet long, having its front adorned with statues. It was rebuilt in 1581, the period of the commercial downfall of the city.

Of the places of public worship, the cathedral is by far the most noble, not only as compared with those in the neighborhood, but with any other on the continent. It is five hundred feet long, two hundred and thirty wide, and three hundred and sixty high; its erection occupied a period of ninety-six years. The spire is four hundred and sixty-six feet in height. According to the original design, another of equal dimensions was to have been erected on the other side of the great entrance. But after having been carried up to a certain height, the work was discontinued; yet, notwithstanding this defect in uniformity, it is thought that the want of the second spire adds to the simple grandeur of that which has been completed. The gallery to the summit of the tower is attained by an ascent of six hundred and twenty-two steps, and the toil of going up is well repaid by the commanding view afforded of the city beneath; the country, the Scheldt, and its neighboring islands, stretching into the main sea. This church contains many fine paintings, mostly by Rubens: that of the taking down of our Savior from the cross, in which the figures are as large as life, is universally considered his masterpiece.* In this cathedral Henry VIII of England, together with the then kings of France, Denmark, Portugal, Poland, Bohemia, and the Romans, were made knights of the order of the Golden Fleece, by Philip II of Spain, in the year 1555.

Antwerp boasts of being the native place of Rubens, and Vandyke, as also of Teniers, Snyders, and Joerdans. Opposite to the town, and near the spot whence it was bombarded by the English in 1809, the place of a new city was traced out by Bonaparte.

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* At the time this place was visited, (September 9th, 1853,) we found that this painting had been taken from its place for the purpose of being retouched or repaired. It being the time of evening service, a considerable number of worshipers were in various parts of this immense building, most of whom appeared to be of the laboring class. While we remained in the church, there were three or four processions of priests and boys carrying lights, with a censer of incense, which was swung to and fro. The priests, in their splendid robes, moved around the high altar, stopping occasionally to perform some particular service at some altar or shrine in the vicinity. A very powerful and fine-toned organ was heard in some part of the services. Antwerp, to all appearance, is essentially a Roman Catholic city. At almost all the corners of the principal streets, is an image of the Virgin and child. Most of these are said to have been erected at the time the Spaniards had possession.

The following account of the siege of Antwerp, in 1585, by the Spaniards, under the Duke of Parma, is from "Blackwood's Magazine."

The success of this enterprise depended altogether upon depriving the besieged of the resources of the Scheldt. To do this, it was necessary, in spite of its great depth, breadth, and rapidity, to build a bridge upon its heaving waters. It would be as tedious to record, as it was glorious to overcome, all the difficulties which occurred before everything was ready to commence this huge construction. First the city was strictly blockaded, and two forts erected on each bank of the river to protect the workmen at their labors. Then immense stakes, which formed what was called the estocades, were driven by force of engines into the bed of the river, cemented together by masses of stones and earth, and descending on the one side to the depth of two hundred feet, and on the other of nine hundred. On these were built two piers, projecting so far into the stream, as to contract its channel to the one half of its original width. These were armed with rows of long pikes tipped with iron, which darted out above the surface of the water, rendering the passage still narrower, and the navigation extremely dangerous. Parapets were besides raised on the piers, planted with cannon; and two forts, built in the middle of the stream, at the extreme ends of the estocades, were ready to open their fires upon all hostile vessels. To complete the whole. the strait between the two piers was filled up with a considerable number of dismasted ships, fastened together by chain-hooks and anchors; and this prodigious structure, thus completed, stood together in immovable firmness, undamaged by the winds, floods, and ice of the whole winter.

The Antwerpers, who had at first regarded the idea of the bridge with derision, beheld its progress towards completion with terror. They resorted to an expedient for its destruction, as extraordinary and as striking to the imagination as was the stupendous barrier itself. This was the construction of fire ships, or infernal machines as they were called, of which Giambelli, an Italian engineer, was the inventor. These ships, of which three were built, had each a mine or chamber, stored with gunpowder, bullets, cannon ball. rugged stones, and other weighty materials and hard substances, forcibly compressed together, to be ignited by a slow train which should catch only at the proper moment. As the royal army had merely heard uncertain reports of this invention, they could make no preparation to avert the danger. Their dismay and astonishment were consequently the greater when they beheld one night, the whole surface of the stream burst suddenly into light, and present the appearance of a sheet of vivid flame, while three enormous ships were hurrying through this extraordinary splendor, and by favor of the wind and tide driving directly upon the center of the bridge. Multitudes drawn by curiosity, crowded on the piers to witness the dazzling spectacle. Though the night was pitchy dark, every object was more distinctly seen than at noon-day. The city, the forts, the fleet, and bridge appeared to be invested with a supernatural light. The country all around was lit up with a fairy-like brilliancy, and the flags and banners with their inscriptions, and the arms and distinctive badges of the soldiers, were brightly visible in the intense radiance which filled the whole atmosphere. Presently one of the ships exploded before it reached its destined mark, with a dreadful noise. Some Spanish soldiers, with incredible boldness, leaped into the others, and endeavoured to extinguish their trains: and the Prince of Orange had hardly been hurried from the bridge, where he was intently watching their success, when the two machines, bursting through it with a ruinous crash, and exploding at the same time, shattered it to atoms, and men, cannon, and the huge machinery upon it, were in an instant dispersed in the air—eight hundred perished by this explosion. The Prince of Parma was struck to the earth by a beam, where he lay for a long time insensible. Many others were frightfully disfigured and maimed by the ghastly wounds inflicted by the missiles with which the machine was stored. The river, forced from its bed, rushed into the adjacent forts, and swept away many individuals of their garrisons, and the ground shook all around as with an earthquake.

The damage of the bridge was soon repaired by the diligence and zeal with which the Prince of Parma knew how to inspire his army; and to prevent the like disaster in future, the ships between the piers were made removable, so as to afford a free passage to the fire-ships should they be sent on a second errand of destruction. The besieged now sought to inundate an immense plain which stretched up to the walls of Antwerp, by which to render the navigation free, despite the blockading up of the river. This plain was traversed by a dyke, and along this dike the Prince of Parma had built several forts. To take them, and be thus able to let loose the water over the plain, became at present the sole hope of the Antwerpers, and on its frustration depended the success of all the labors of Farnese. Several of the most furious encounters of the war took place on this important spot. The Prince of Parma, who seemed to delight in the exposure of his person when prudence permitted it, fought on one of these occasions at the head of his men, sword in hand, like a common soldier, and to this personal example he owed victory. His men had before given way, and the besieged considered themselves as conquerors, when Alexander appeared on foot with his naked sword in his hand, and rushing forward at the head of his men, he renewed the combat, and beat back the enemy on every point, who at last fled to their ships. They left 3,000 dead upon the dike, or at its base, and the Spaniards lost 800 men. Antwerp immediately afterwards surrendered, and was granted the most favorable conditions.

The years 1830 and 1832 will be long memorable in the history of the Citadel of Antwerp. At the first of these periods, when the Belgian revolution was in full operation within the walls of the city, General Chasse having retired with his forces into the citadel, entered into a convention with the insurgents for the preservation of the arsenal. This having been violated within a few hours, either from accident or design, provoked the Dutch commander to a severe retaliation on the town, which was bombarded from the citadel and the gun-boats during several hours on the night of the 28th October. On this occasion, the arsenal and the entrepot, containing nearly a million sterling of property of different nations, an entire street called the Rue du Couvent, and many houses in various parts of the city, were completely destroyed. Many lives were also sacrificed.

In November, 1832, a French army of fifty-six thousand men under command of Marshal Gerard, acting in alliance with England, whose fleet was at the mouth of the Scheldt, appeared before the citadel of Antwerp, and called upon its veteran commander Chasse, who occupied it with a garrison of five thousand men, to surrender. His reply was, that he was ordered by his government to defend the place to the last extremity. Accordingly he at once opposed from his bastions the opening of the trenches by his opponent, on the 30th November. It was not, however, until the 4th December that the French batteries commenced their fire, which was kept up incessantly during twenty days and nights from sixty or seventy pieces of heavy artillery. Occasional sallies were made by the Dutch troops from the citadel, but were always immediately repulsed. At the end of ten days, a strong outwork of the citadel, called Fort St. Lawrence, was carried by assault. This gave considerable advantage to the besiegers, who thus gained a new and strong position of attack against the principal fortress. On the 23d December, General Chasse finding that the enemy had already effected a breach, and that all means of defense were exhausted, capitulated, and having refused to pledge himself not to bear arms against France or her allies, pending the arrangements between Holland and Belgium, was conducted prisoner to France with the whole of his brave garrison. The loss of the Dutch during the siege was ninety killed, three hundred and forty-nine-wounded, and sixty-seven missing;—that of the French, one hundred and eight killed, and six hundred and eighty-seven wounded. It is impossible to conceive the state of ruin which the interior of the citadel presented: all the buildings which had been considered bomb proof were broken down by the incessant shower of shells, and lay a heap of smoking fragments: even the hospital, on the security of which no doubts had been entertained, was so dreadfully shattered as to cause the greatest alarm for the poor wounded inmates: it had been twice struck by bombs of the extraordinary size of two feet in diameter, fired from a huge engine of fifteen thousand pounds weight, brought from Liege, and called the "Monster Mortar." Nothing could resist the fall of such tremendous missiles. At this siege the Duke of Orleans and Nemours made their first military campaign, taking their regular turns with other officers to do duty in the trenches.

"A journey to Antwerp," says Emerson Tennant, "is a pilgrimage to the shrine of Rubens." It is so: and here, in the very beautiful church of St. Jacques, immediately behind the high altar, is the small chapel which formerly belonged to his family, and which is now their consecrated mausoleum. On the 30th May, 1640, Peter Paul Rubins died, and the rites with which his remains were carried to this their last resting-place, were performed with the most imposing solemnity. The surrounding walls and aisles were hung with black cloth, and the clergy belonging to the church walked in advance of the funeral procession. Next came sixty orphan boys, two bearing a crown of gold, followed by others carrying lighted tapers in their hands; and then the coffin, surrounded by the more immediate relatives and friends of the deceased. The chief officers of the city, many noblemen of distinction, and merchants, and all the members of the Academy of painting, attended; and in the midst of this vast assemblage, while the requiem for the dead was being chanted, his body was lowered into the vault before us, which now contains all that may yet remain of that dust which is "even in itself an immortality." Nor does it sleep there alone; for on each side are likewise deposited the remains of two dear companions who were the chosen partners of his life. Looking through the rails which divide this sacred spot from the aisle at the back of the choir, we behold a plain white marble altar, over which is one of his own most beautiful paintings, representing the Virgin Mary and infant Savior, with the adoration of St. Bonaventura. In this singularly effective picture, the coloring of which, says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is yet as bright as if the sun shone upon it," he has introduced the portraits of his two wives, his father, his grandfather, and himself in the character of St. George, in compliment to King Charles I, who conferred on him, when in England, the honor of knighthood. The life of Rubens is singularly interesting. He lived in an eventful age; and while, as a diplomatist, he enjoyed the friendship and confidence of kings and princes, as a private individual he was respected and esteemed by all classes of society. His habits were frugal; his diligence extraordinary; and nothing can inspire us with a more favorable idea of his disposition, than his conduct towards other artists. His doors were open to them at all hours, even when he was himself at the easel; and although he seldom paid visits, he was ever ready to inspect the work of any artist who wished his advice, and often would take the brush himself to touch such parts as required it. In every picture he sought to discover something good; for it was his great delight to acknowledge merit, and encourage upon every occasion his brother artists. He used to rise very early—in summer, at four o'clock in the morning—and immediately afterwards attended mass. He then went to work, and while painting, employed a person to read to him from one of his favorite classical authors; for he was an excellent scholar, and delighted in Plutarch, Livy, Cicero, and Seneca, which, with Horace and Virgil, were his favorite authors. An hour before dinner he devoted to recreation, which consisted chiefly in conversing with visitors, who, being aware of his habits, knew at what hour their company would be agreeable to him. He indulged sparingly in the pleasures of the table, and drank but little wine. After working again until the evening, he usually rode out for an hour or two. He was extremely fond of horses, and his stables generally contained some of remarkable beauty. On his return home, it was his custom to receive a few friends, principally men of learning, or artists, with whom he shared his frugal supper-meal, and passed the evening in instructive and cheerful conversation. Such were the domestic habits of this illustrius artist, the details of whose life cannot be perused without conveying a lively conviction of the truth of the observation, that when industry is allied with genius men may command success, and often attain the highest honors of the state.

GHENT, the capital of East Flanders, is thirty miles south-west of Antwerp, and contains a population of about 30,000. The city is situated on the banks of the Scheldt, where that river is joined by the Lys, Lievre, and the More. It is built on a beautiful plain, and its area is perhaps as large as that of any city on the continent of Europe, the circuit of the walls being little less than fifteen miles. A large proportion, however, of this vast space is occupied, not by building, but by gardens, orchards, and corn-fields, as well as by the canals and rivers. Most of the canals are bordered with magnificent quays, some of them with beautiful rows of trees, forming convenient promenades. The streets are in general wide and straight; but some of them are narrow, and do not admit of two carriages passing abreast. The commercial prosperity of Ghent, like that of Bruges and Antwerp, originated in the middle ages, and it also shared largely in the various troubles which agitated Europe during the wars of that period. In the time of Charles V, its splendor began to decline. Enormous taxes induced the inhabitants, in 1539, to throw themselves into the arms of Francis I, of France. But Francis betrayed them to Charles V, who ordered thirty of the principal citizens to be executed, and many to be exiled, took possession of the public buildings, abolished all the privileges of the city, which were very great, built a citadel, and imposed on them a heavy fine.

The great peculiarity of Ghent is its division into twenty-six islands by the navigable canals that intersect it at different parts; these streets or islands are joined by upwards of three hundred small bridges. The canal between Ghent and Bruges is on a very large scale, and has been in use for more than two centuries; another of almost equal size proceeds northwards till it reaches a branch of the Scheldt at the town of Sas van Ghent. Several important political negociations have taken place in this town. It is also the birth-place of John of Gaunt, so well known in English history.

The war of 1812 between Great Britain and America, was terminated by the treaty of Ghent, December 24, 1814. The British commissioners for negociating a peace—Lord Gambier, Messrs. Henry Golbourn and William Adams, arrived in that city in August, where the American commissioners, J. Q. Adams, Gallatin, Bayard, Clay, and Russell, were already assembled. Excepting the establishment of peace, the treaty made no alteration in the situation of the countries, the terms proposed by the respective commissioners being mutually rejected. The disputed points of maritime law and the subject of commerce were reserved for future discussion. The treaty related principally to boundaries, but settled nothing in respect to them; it merely provided for the mutual appointment of commissioners to examine and report to their respective governments on certain disputed points of the treaty of 1783.

The principal objects of interest in this city are the public library, the beautiful botanic garden, the Maison de Force, and the number of elegant public walks. The cathedral is an extensive and venerable building, and is much admired for the richness and beauty of its internal decorations. It contains many highly ornamented altars and tombs, and also a subterraneous church beneath. The Benedictine abbey of St. Peter's is a richly endowed establishment, and has a large library which contains a great number of rare works. The cathedral or church of St. Bavon, is an edifice of the thirteenth century, enriched with twenty-four chapels, and possessing some carved rails and sculpture in marble, executed in a style of exquisite beauty. Before the grand altar in the choir stand four massive silver-gilt candlesticks, each at least five feet in height. They originally belonged to St. Paul's in London, and were sold during the protectorate of Cromwell. The tower of the cathedral is less conspicuous in the town than an isolated square turret, which is called the Belfry, and was anciently used as a post of outlook by the citizens. Its date is 1183. On the summit is a gilt dragon, which was originally brought from Constantinople during one of the crusades by a detachment of the citizens of Bruges. At the conquest of Bruges by the inhabitants of Ghent—these towns were always fighting against each other—in 1445, the gilt dragon was carried off as a trophy, and has been here ever since.

"The conventual establishment called the Beguinage," says a late traveller, "is a very curious place. It consists of an entire square surrounded with houses, with a church in the open space in the center; also several lanes lined with houses—the whole being inclosed, and entered by a single gateway. In front of the houses there was a secluding wall, in which were doors leading to the respective dwellings. Each door had inscribed upon it a particular motto or saint's name, by which in all probability the dwelling within was known. All these houses are residences of nuns, and the number of the establishments must be nearly one hundred—the whole, indeed, form a distinct town of nunneries. There were lately six hundred inmates, of whom we saw several, both here and on the streets, in their black stuff-garments and white head-coverings: they were all elderly women, of a respectable appearance; and I was informed that they devote themselves to the duty of sick-nurses, and are to be found wherever there is either sorrow or suffering. Some are ladies possessing considerable wealth, and to these, others act as attendants or domestics; but all meet on an equal footing in the religious services of the church. They are bound by no vow, as other nuns usually are, and may therefore be described as single women of a religious turn of mind, who devote themselves to works of charity and mercy."

Ghent contains a university, which was founded by William, when king of the Netherlands; also a botanic garden, and several educational establishments, including a school of arts. It likewise possesses a Casino, situated in a pleasing part of the environs, and at which musical entertainments are given: it is surrounded by a garden for the recreation of visitors during fine weather.

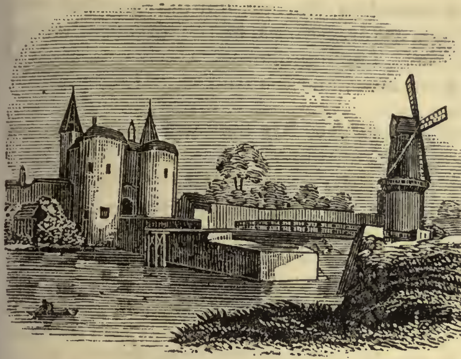
At the commencement of the fifteenth century, Ghent was the chief seat of the cloth manufacture on the continent, and contained 40,000 weavers. These formed the strongest and boldest corporation of craftsmen in Europe, and to their invincible love of freedom, the cause of constitutional liberty is deeply indebted. In 1801, the cotton manufacture was introduced in this place, which is now carried on to a considerably extent.

Bruges, is twenty-two miles north-east of Ghent, and twelve east of Ostend. It is situated in a spacious and beautiful plain about six miles from the sea. It is called Bruges from its numerous bridges, and was formerly the residence of the Counts of Flanders, and attained its highest prosperity in the time of Philip the Good, who displayed a magnificence which no monarch could rival, and whose power was dreaded by all his neighbors. It was then the emporium of the commerce of the world, and could boast that consuls from every kingdom in Europe resided within its walls. It was one of the leading cities of the Hanseatic league, which was a confederacy of sixty of the principal towns of Europe for the protection and improvement of commerce. Bruges was selected as the grand depot of naval stores.

In 1301, Philippe le Bel visited Bruges. Astonished at the opulence and magnificence of the place, he exclaimed, "I thought that I was the only king in Flanders, but here are a hundred kings." Many of the public buildings of Bruges yet testify the ancient splendor of the place.

The civil wars in the sixteenth century drove the trade of Bruges first to Antwerp and aftewards to Amsterdam. Its canals, which communicate with every part of Holland and Flanders, still secure it some traffic, and it is the chosen residence of many of the principal Flemish families and merchants retired from trade. Its chief manufactures are lace, china, earthenware, woollen cloths, tickings, and dimities. It contains 40,000 inhabitants, and is a bishop's see.

No place in Belgium is probably more abundantly supplied with water, for the purpose of navigation, than Bruges; yet there is no natural current of water through the town. By means, however, of the Ghent canal, water is drawn from the rivers Schelde and Leye, and is collected in the large reservoir called the Minne-water. Hence the numerous canals which intersect the city are supplied, and these, by means of locks, communicate with the canal to Ostend.



Gate of Ghent, at Bruges.

The view of Bruges from the banks of the Minnewater is very picturesque; including the towers of the principal church and town-hall, together with the ancient tower and bridge at the entrance of the great canal. The streets, although narrow, are neat and clean, and the houses wear an appearance of grandeur combined with comfort. The town-hall is a noble specimen of Gothic architecture. The tower at the extremity of the great square affords an extensive and not unpleasing view of the city and surrounding country. It possesses an exceedingly musical set of *carillons*, or chimes, and the cylinder that sets them in motion is curious on account of its immense size and height. They play every quarter of an hour.

In the church of Notre Dame is one of those curiously-carved pulpits which are almost peculiar to the Netherlands, and which certainly are not excelled in any country. An exquisite statue of the Virgin with the infant Jesus, by Michael Angelo, will not escape the attention of the connoisseur. It was stolen by the French during their occupation of Belgium, but restored after the second capture of Paris by the allies. This church contains, besides other monuments, the magnificent tombs of Charles the Bold and his daughter, Mary of Burgundy. During the period of revolutionary anarchy, the ornaments of these tombs were carefully secreted by one of the officers of the church. For this he was proscribed, and a price set on his head. His pious care was afterwards rewarded by Napoleon, who repaired these ancient sepulchers, and likewise that of the grandmother of his empress. These tombs are kept covered, except when shown to visitors.

A convent of English Augustin nuns exists in Bruges, which has been established upwards of one hundred and twenty-five years. The church attached to it is of handsome architecture, being surmounted by a noble dome, and enriched with a profusion of marble and splendid ornaments.

This city was the birth-place of John of Bruges, or John Van Eyck, the inventor of painting in oil: and although the town presents merely a shadow of its former magnificence, it has lost little of that taste for the fine arts for which it was once pre-eminently distinguished. It yet boasts an academy of paintings, sculpture, and architecture. The professors are well appointed, and the lectures are attended by numerous pupils. Van Eyck was buried in a small chapel at Bruges. Decimal arithmetic is said to have been invented at Bruges, by Simon Stephen, in 1602.

Ostend is a fortified sea-port, situated among numerous canals. The harbor is considered to be the second in Europe, but the entrance to it is only practicable at nearly high water. Ships of the greatest burden then enter the town with the tide. The light-house, which was erected by Napoleon, is built in very good taste, and the sluices, particularly the Slykens, are worth attention.

Ostend boasts of considerable antiquity. It endured a remarkable siege of three years and three months against the Spaniards, from 1601 to 1604; 50,000 of the garrison and inhabitants perished by disease or the sword, and 80,000 of the besiegers. It at length capitulated on honorable terms. In 1798, the English landed and destroyed the sluices of the Bruges canal; but the wind shifting before they could re-embark, they were compelled to surrender to the French.

The Town-hall, though low, is very handsome. The churches present nothing to arrest the traveller's attention, unless he pauses to view with wonder and disgust the grotesque yet horrible representation of the tortures of purgatory on the outside of one of them.

The town affords no fresh water, and the inhabitants are obliged to procure it from Bruges. It is preserved in enormous reservoirs, which in summer too often diffuse a noisome and pestilential smell. Provisions are cheap, and vegetables plentiful.

The chief commerce is in linen of every kind. The houses being built very low, on account of the high winds that often blow from the sea, would give Ostend a mean appearance, did not the width of the streets, the beauty of the market-place, and the immense size of many of the edifices, excite recollections of former grandeur. The town now contains only 10,000 inhabitants; among these are numerous English families, for whose accommodation there is a Protestant church. During summer it is frequented for sea-bathing, and the ramparts form a delightful promenade. On the principal of these, a hand somepavillion was erected, in 1832, for the accommodation of visitors. It is elegantly fitted up for the convenience of bathers, and contains a spacious saloon, in which newspapers and periodical publications are read. The fashionable amusements usually pursued in watering-places are here amply provided.

Ostend witnesses so great an influx of French and English travellers, that French, English, and Flemish are spoken with almost equal facility by the merchants, and by those who are more immediately connected with the shipping. Even the signs of the inns, the inscriptions on the houses of the tradesmen, and the common posting bills, have usually a French and sometimes an English translation annexed to them. The names of the streets are inscribed on the corners in French.

BRUSSELS, BATTLE OF WATERLOO, &c.

Brussels, the capital of the kingdom of Belgium, is twenty-four miles south of Antwerp and contains about 100,000 inabitants. In the salubrity of its air, the beauty of its situation, the fineness of its roads, the abundance and cheapness of provisions, it is hardly excelled by any city in Europe. It is partly built on a delightful eminence, and partly stretches along the banks of the river Senne, a small stream which flows into the Scheldt.

Its existence can be traced to a very remote period, and the simplicity of its origin forms a striking contrast with its subsequent splendor. Early in the seventh century, St. Gery, Bishop of Cambray, erected a small chapel in one of the islands formed by the Senne, and there preached the gospel to the surrounding peasantry. The beauty of the situation, and the piety and eloquence of the preacher, attracted many to the spot; their united numbers soon formed a large village, which increased so, that in the year 990 it could boast of a market and a castle. In process of time it became the favorite residence of the dukes of Brabant, and of the Austrian governors who succeeded them, and even acquired the title of "the ornament of the Netherlands." In the year 1555, it was chosen by the Emperor Charles V as the place in which he made a formal resignation of his dominions to his son, afterwards Philip II; the chair in which he sat, on that memorable occasion, is still religiously preserved. During the wars that raged in Europe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of which the Netherlands were the principal theater, Brussels underwent its share of suffering; being occupied, in turn, by each of the contending powers. In 1695, it was bombarded by Marshal Villeroy; when fourteen churches, and upwards of 4,000 houses, were destroyed. After the celebrated battle of Ramillies, its keys were surrendered to the Duke of Marlborough. It was taken by the French under Marshal Saxe, in 1746, but restored to its former master at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. During the revolutionary war it again fell into the hands of the French, to whom it remained subject till the general peace of Europe in 1814. While under their government, it was made the seat of a court of criminal and special justice, a chamber and tribunal of commerce, and a court of appeal for five departments. During the revolution of 1830, it was the scene of the most bloody battles between the inhabitants and the Dutch troops. The 24th, 25th, aud 26th of October were days of perpetual and terrible carnage in the streets of the city. The Dutch were driven out of Brussels on the 27th with the loss of 3,000 men.

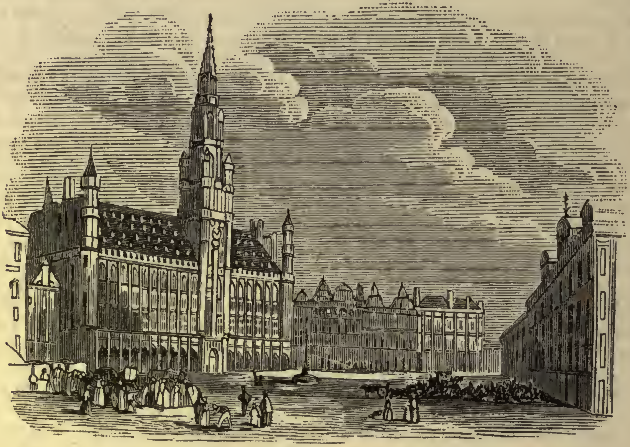
Brussels has always been eminent as a manufacturing town; the fabric of lace, which is in high estimation every where, gives employment to upwards of 10,000 individuals. Its camlets, and still more its carpets, are much admired, and command high prices. It is celebrated for the manufacture of carriages.

The present flourishing condition of the city is also owing to the great influx of foreigners, particularly French and English. To the latter it has become peculiarly attractive of late years, from its contiguity to the plain of Waterloo.

So early as the time of Cromwell, it was marked in the annals of England, as being the chosen residence of Charles II, and of his brother, afterwards James II, during the greater part of the period of their exclusion from their native country. The interior of the town, of itself, offers much to attract and to retain strangers. Its environs are also beautiful by nature, and are rendered still more so by the elegant additions of art guided by refined taste.

The city was formerly surrounded by a wall and ditch, neither of which now exist: what were the ramparts, are, at present, beautiful walks bordered with trees; those to the north and east are called boulevards. The lower part of the city, adjacent to the river, is irregular, and, from its situation, somewhat unhealthy; but in the new port, which occupies the more elevated portions, the streets are spacious and airy, the houses well built and lofty. Considerable attention is paid to architectural ornament; and the custom of painting the outside with some lively color presents an agreeable variety to the eye.

The appearance of the city is much enlivened by the elegance of its squares; the principal are the Place Royale, the Great Market, the Place St. Michael, the Corn Market, and the Grand Sablon. Of these, the great market-place is indisputably the finest: it is an oblong of large dimensions.



Hotel de Ville, Brussels.

The square is surrounded with exceedingly picturesque buildings, in the Spanish style, harmonizing well with the magnificent structure of the Hotel de Ville, which they environ. This large pile of building is several stories in height, and of great length, with a vast number of windows in front, and also in the tall narrow roof. The tower springs from nearly the center of the front, and, rising to a height of three hundred and sixty-four feet, is probably the finest specimen of the Lombardo-Gothic in the world. It is light, elegant, and pointed with a gilt copper figure of St. Michael standing on the apex, as a vane. The house is quadrangular, with a square in the center, and is now used for municipal purposes, including those of the police. It was erected in the year 1441. In the grand saloon, on the first floor from the street, Charles V held his court while in Brussels; and here, on the 25th of October, 1555, did he abdicate his sovereignty in favor of his son, Philip II, through whose cruelty the northern Netherlands were lost to the Spanish crown. It was in the middle of the square, or ancient market-place, in which stands the Hotel de Ville, that the Counts Egmont and Horn were executed on the 5th of June, 1568.

The Cathedral of Brussels, or Church of St. Gudule,* is a fine old Gothic structure meriting the admiration of visitors. It stands in one of the old sloping streets, with an open space around, and its spires, though not tall, are seen at a great distance. It was erected in 1275; but having been partially destroyed by a mob of violent reformers in 1579, much of it is of a more modern date. The appearance is, nevertheless, old and dingy; and at present considerable repairs are in the course of being made on the exterior ornamental stones. The interior is remarkable for figures of saints in stone on the rows of pillars in the nave, and a pulpit of carved wood-work. The figure of each saint, which is ten feet in height, and elevated twenty-five feet from the floor, is sculptured with surprising skill: the whole are by Flemish and French artists. The pulpit, which stands on the open floor, between two of the pillars, is a most elaborate work of art, emblematic of the Fall of Man. Adam and Eve are represented the size of life, sustaining the globe; an angel is driving them from Paradise, and Death is pursuing them. The figure and countenance of Adam (carved in dark yellow wood) are exceedingly expressive and striking. The concavity of the globe forms the pulpit, which rests upon the tree of Good and Evil, laden with fruit, and decorated with birds, some of which, by the way, it would be difficult to find in any work of ornithology. The tree is represented as growing up the back of the pulpit, with its branches and two angels supporting the canopy overhead. This beautiful work of art was executed by Verbruggen of Antwerp in 1699, and was presented to the Cathedral of Brussels by Maria Theresa a few years later. The church contains several splendid objects in the side-chapels, besides some monuments of distinguished personages connected with the history of the Netherlands.

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* In this edifice is a beautiful statue of the Virgin Mary and child, part of Mary's dress was gilt. We observed quite a number of silver articles, &c., affixed to the wall back of her shrine. These, we were informed, were presented by parents in gratitude for the recovery of their children from sickness. The shrine of the Virgin

The favorite place of recreation for the inhabitants is the Park. It is a large pleasure ground, adjoining the palace, laid out with great taste, planted with a variety of fine trees and flowering shrubs, and diversified with lawns ornamented with fountains and statues. Some of these latter are of the purest style of sculpture. In the center is a fine basin, stocked with gold and silver fish. On each side of the principal walk is a valley planted so as to exclude all annoyance from the overpowering rays of the sun. A fountain, in one of these, is marked with an inscription, stating that Peter the Great, during his residence here, sat down by its margin to drink a bottle of wine: another version of the story says, that he fell into it, while strolling through the park after dinner. Both may be true.

One of the approaches to the town also forms a favorite promenade. It is called the Allee Verte, and is planted with a triple row of trees along the canal; the prospect of which, with the numerous villas around, and the varying scenes of pleasure

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was much resorted to for those having sick children to implore her intercession for them.

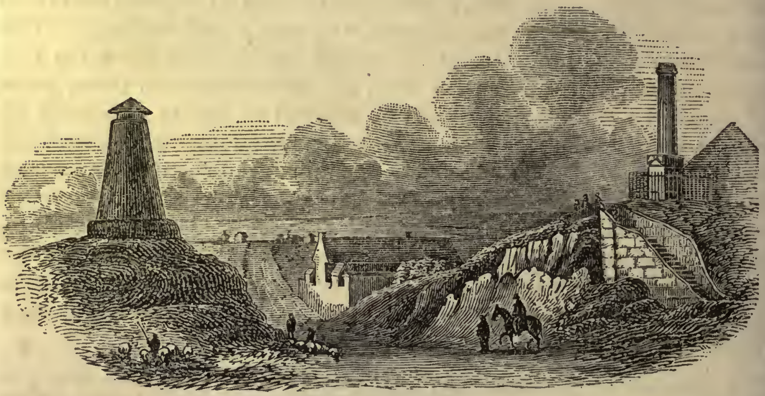
The pulpit and all the figures described as connected with it, were carved in oak. Surmounting the canopy is seen the woman described in the book of Revelations, having the moon under her feet, crowned with stars, with the man-child before her. The child is represented as having his heel placed on the head of the enormous serpent, who has so wound himself upward from the floor that his head appears above the canopy.

and employment that every moment present themselves, render it singularly beautiful.

The cemeteries are detached from the churches, being situated outside the boulevards. David, the celebrated French painter, is buried in that without the gate of Louvain. Among the hospitals, is one for foundlings, one for penitent women of the town, and a third in which strangers are maintained gratuitously for three days.

In the village of Lacken, about half a league to the north of Brussels, is the splendid palace of Schoenburg, or Shoonenburg, originally intended for the reception of the governor of the Netherlands. During the reign of Napoleon, it was occasionally his residence, as also that of his brother, the late King of Holland. The interior of the palace is laid out in a style of superior magnificence. A subterranean grotto, and some temple connected with it, are also much admired. The inhabitants of Brussels are Catholic, and speak the French language, but all religious tenents are tolerated.

In the northern part of the city is a statue surrounded with female figures in attitudes and countenances expressive of sorrow. This is erected in memory of the Belgians and Hollanders who lost their lives in the Revolution of 1830. Both parties were buried in the circular excavation around the monument, and the names of the soldiers killed were engraved on tablets of brass.



Plain of Waterloo.

[The monument on the left is in memory of the Hanoverian officers who fell on this spot. Colonel Gordon's monument and part of the mound surmounted by the Belgic lion on the right. The farm house of La Hay Sainte, appears in the distance between the monuments.]

Immediately after the return of Napoleon from Elba, in 1815, the allied powers proclaimed against him. Having collected an army of 150,000 men, he suddenly passed into Belgium to attack the British and Prussian forces under Wellington and Blucher. The following is said to be one of the most concise and popular accounts of the memorable battle of Waterloo yet published.

Napoleon, having ascertained the retreat of the Prussian, (Blucher) now committed the pursuit of him to Marshal Grouchy, and a corps of 32,000 men—and turned in person to Quatre-bras, in the hope of pouring his main force, as well as Ney's, on Wellington, in a situation where it was altogether improbable he should receive any assistance from Blucher. But no sooner was the Duke aware of Blucher's march on Wavre, than he, in adherence to the common plan of the campaign, gave orders for falling back from Quatre-bras. He had before now been heard to say, that if ever it were his business to defend Brussels, he would choose to give battle on the Field of

Waterloo, in advance of the Forest of Soignies; and he now retired thither—in the confidence of being joined there in the morning, ere the decisive contest should begin, by Blucher. The day was rainy, the roads were covered deep with mud, and the English soldiery are of all others most discouraged by the command to retreat. Their spirits, however, rose gallantly when, on reaching the destined field, they became aware of their leader's purpose; and having taken up their allotted stations, they bivouacked under the storm in the sure hope of battle.

All his arrangements having been effected early in the evening of the 17th of June, 1815, the Duke of Wellington sent to Blucher, informing him that he had thus far effected the plan agreed on at Bry, and would expect two divisions of the Prussians to support him on the morrow. The veteran replied, that he would leave a single corps to hold Grouchy at bay as well as they could, and march himself with the rest of his army upon Waterloo. The cross roads between Wavre and Mont St. Jean were in a horrid condition; the rain fell in torrents, and Grouchy had 32,000 men to attack Thielman's single division, left at Wavre. Blucher's march, however, begun; and if it occupied longer time than had been anticipated, the fault was none of his.

The position of the Duke of Wellington was before the village of Mont St. Jean, about a mile and a half in advance of the small town of Waterloo, on a rising ground, having a gentle and regular declivity before it—beyond this a plain of about a mile in breadth—and then the opposite heights of La Belle Alliance, on which the enemy would of course form their line. The Duke had now with him about 75,000 men in all; of whom about 30,000 were English. He formed his first line of the troops on which he could most surely rely—the greater part of the British foot—the men of Brunswick and Nassau, and three corps of Hanoverians and Belgians. Behind this the ground sinks and then rises again. The second line, formed in rear of the first, was composed of the troops whose spirit and discipline were more doubtful—or who had suffered most in the action of Quatre-bras; and behind them all lay the horse. The position crosses the two highways from Nivelles and Charleroi to Brussels, nearly where they unite: these roads gave every facility for movements from front to rear during the action; and two country roads, running behind and parallel with the first and second lines, favored equally movements from wing to wing. The line was formed convex, dropping back towards the forest at either extremity; the right to Marke Braine, near Braine-la-Leude; the left to Ter-la-Haye. The chateau and gardens of Hougomont, and the farm-house and inclosures of La Haye Sainte, about 1,500 yards apart on the slope of the declivity, were strongly occupied, and formed the important out-works of defense. The opening of the country road leading directly from Wavre to Mont St. Jean, through the wood of Ohain, was guarded by the British left; while those running through Souhain and Frichemont, further in advance, might be expected to bring the first of the Prussians on the right flank of the French, during their expected attack.

The field was open and fair; and in case the enemy should force the Duke from his position, the village of Mont St. Jean behind, still further back the town of Waterloo, and lastly the great forest of Soignies—offered successively the means of renewing his defense, and protecting his retreat. The British front extended in all, over about a mile. It was Wellington's business to hold the enemy at bay, until the Prussian advance should enable him to charge them with superior numbers: it was Napoleon's to beat the English ere Blucher could disengage himself from Grouchy, and come out of the woods of Ohain; which being accomplished, he doubted not to have easy work with the Prussians amidst that difficult country. He had in the field 75,000 men; all French veterans—each of whom was in his own estimation, worth one Englishman, and two Prussians, Dutch, or Belgians. But on the other hand, Wellington's men, all in position over-nigh, had had, notwithstanding the severe weather, some hours to repose and refresh themselves; whereas the army of Napoleon had been on the march all through the hours of tempestuous darkness, and the greater part of them reached not the heights of Belle Alliance until the morning of the 18th was considerably advanced. Napoleon himself, however, had feared nothing so much as that Wellington would continue his retreat on Brussels and Antwerp—thus deferring the great battle until the Russians should approach the valley of the Rhine; and when, on reaching the eminence of La Belle Alliance, he beheld the army drawn up on the opposite side, his joy was great. "At last, then," he exclaimed, "at last, then, I have these English in my grasp."

The tempest abated in the morning—but the weather all day long was gusty, and the sky lowering. It was about noon that the French opened their cannonade, and Jerome Bonaparte, under cover of its fire, charged impetuously on Hougomont. The

Nassau men in the wood about the house were driven before the French; but a party of English guards maintained themselves in the chateau and garden, despite the desperate impetuosity of many repeated assaults. Jerome, masking the post thus resolutely held, pushed on his cavalry and artillery against Wellington's right. The English formed in squares, and defied all their efforts. For some time both parties opposed each other here, without either gaining or losing a foot of ground. At length the English fire forced back the French—and the garrison of Hougomont were relieved and strengthened.

The next attempt was made on the center of the British line, by a great force of cuirassiers and four columns of infantry. The horse, coming boldly along the causeway of Genappe, were met in the path by the English heavy cavalry, where the road has been cut down deep, leaving high banks on either side. Their meeting was stern; they fought for some time at sword's length; at last the cuirassiers gave way, and fled for the protection of their artillery. The English followed them too far, got amidst the French infantry, and were there charged by fresh cavalry and driven back with much loss. It was here that Picton died. Meanwhile the infantry of this movement had pushed on beyond La Haye Sainte, and dispersed some Belgian regiments; but being then charged in turn, in front by Pack's brigade of foot, and in flank by a brigade of heavy English horse, were totally routed—losing, besides the slain and wounded, two thousand prisoners and two eagles. The only favorable result of this second grand attempt was the occupation of the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, which had been garrisoned by Hanoverians. And scarcely had the charge of Pack proved successful, ere the French were again compelled by shells and cannon to evacuate this prize.

The third assault was levelled again on the British right—where the infantry awaited it, formed in a double line of squares, placed chequerwise, and protected in front by a battery of thirty field pieces. The French cuirassiers charged the artillerymen and drove them from their guns; and then rode fiercely on the squares behind. These remained stedfast until the enemy were within ten yards of them, and then fired with deadly effect. The cavalry gave back—rallied again, and renewed their charge; this they did several times—and always with the like result. Sometimes they even rode between the squares, and charged those of the second line. At length protracted exposure to such cross fire completed the ruin of these fearless cavaliers. The far greater part of this magnificent force was annihilated in this part of the battle.

When the relics of the cuirassiers withdrew, the French cannonade opened once more furiously all along the line; and the English were commanded to lie flat on the ground for some space, in order to diminish its effects. Wellington had by this time lost 10,000, Bonaparte at least 15,000 men. It was now half-past six o'clock. The heads of Prussian columns began to be discerned among the woods to the right of the French. It was obvious, that unless a last and decisive onset should drive Wellington from the post which he had continued to hold during near seven hours of unintermitting battle, his allies would come fully into the field, and give him a vast superiority of numbers wherewith to close the work of the day. Napoleon prepared, therefore, for his final struggle. Hitherto he had kept his guard, the flower of his fine army, out of the fray. He now formed them into two columns,—desired them to charge boldly, for that the Prussians, whom they saw in the wood, were flying before Grouchy—and they doubted not that the Emperor was about to charge in person at their head. He, however, looked on, as they put themselves in motion, and committed them to the guidance of Ney, "the bravest of the brave," whose conciousness of recent treason must have prepared him, even had his temper been less gallant, to set all upon the cast. Four battalions of the Old Guard only remained as a reserve; and were formed in squares to protect the march of the columns.

The English front by this time presented not a convex line, but a concave, either wing having gradually advanced a little in consequence of the repeated repulses of the enemy. They were now formed in an unbroken array, four deep, and poured on the approaching columns, (each man firing as often as he could reload,) a shower which never intermitted. The wings kept moving on all the while; and when the heads of the French columns approached, they were exposed to such a storm of muketry in front and on either flank, that they in vain endeavored to deploy into line for the attack. They stopped to make this attempt, reeled, lost order, and fled at last in one mass of confusion.

The Duke of Wellington now dismounted, placed himself at the head of his line, and led them, no longer held to defense, against the four battalions of the Old Guard—the only unbroken troops remaining—behind whom Ney was striving to rally his fugitives. The Marshal, at Wellington's approach, took post once more in the van, sword in hand, and on foot. But nothing could withstand the impetuous assault of the victorious British. The Old Guard also were shaken. Napoleon had hitherto maintained his usual serenity of aspect on the heights of La Belle Alliance. He watched the onset with his spy-glass—became suddenly pale as death, exclaimed, "They are mingled together—all is lost for the present," and rode off the field, never stopping for a moment until he reached Charleroi.

Hardly had the English advanced for this fatal charge, when Blucher's columns, emerging from the woods, were at length seen forming on the right of the French, and preparing to take part in the battle. Their cannonade played on the flank of the Old Guard, while the British attack in front was overwhelming them. The fatal cry of *sauve qui peut* was heard everywhere: the French were now flying pellmell in the most woeful confusion. Blucher and Wellington met at length at the farm-house of La Belle Alliance; and the Prussian eagerly undertook to continue the pursuit during the night, while the English general halted to refresh his weary men.

The loss of Wellington's army on this great day was terrible: 100 officers slain, (many of the first distinction,) and 500 wounded, very many mortally; and of rank and file, killed and wounded, 15,000. The Duke himself had been, all through the day, wherever the danger was greatest; and he alone, and one gentleman besides, of all a very numerous staff, came off the ground unhurt.

Of the 75,000 men whom Napoleon conducted to this last and severest of his fields, what with the slain and the wounded, and those who, losing heart and hope, deserted and fled separately to their homes, not more than 30,000 were ever again collected in arms. The Prussians followed hard on the miserable fugitives, and in every hamlet and village, for many miles beyond La Belle Alliance, cut down the lingerers without mercy.

Napoleon at length halted at Philippeville; from which point he designed to turn towards Grouchy, and take in person the command of that remaining division, leaving Soult to re-assemble and rally, at Avesnes, the relics of Waterloo. But hearing that Blucher was already at Charleroi, (which was true,) and that Grouchy had been overtaken and made prisoner, (which was false,) the Emperor abandoned his purpose, and continued his journey, travelling post, to Paris.

Napoleon reached Paris the second evening after the battle. Having resigned his crown to his son, he repaired to Rochfort, where he continued about a week waiting the course of events. Having in vain endeavored to escape by sea, he resolved to throw himself on the generosity of the British. In a letter to the Prince Regent, he remarks: "I have terminated my political career; and I come, like Themistocles, to seat myself at the hearths of the British people. I place myself under the protection of her laws, which I claim of your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies." On the 16th of July, 1815, he unconditionally surrendered himself into the hands of Captain Maitland, of his majesty's ship Bellerophon, and was conducted to Torbay. The allied sovereigns, having determined upon the measure, he was sent to the rocky island of St. Helena, where he died, May 6th, 1821.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I.

The following summary notice of the Emperor Napoleon, the greatest captain of modern times, is from Lord's edition of Lempriere's Universal Biography, 1825.

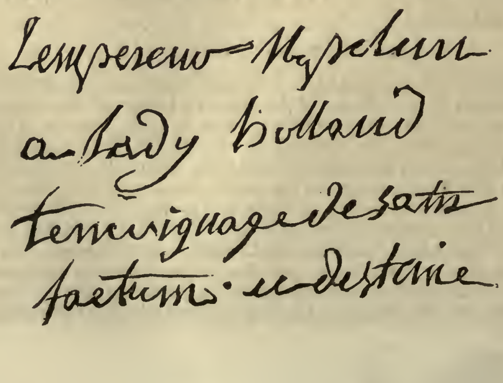
Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of France, was born at Ajaccio, a small town in Corsica, August 15th, 1769. He entered the Royal Military School at Brienne, in Champagne, in 1779, where he continued till 1784, when the extraordinary military talents which he discovered, procured his election to the military school at Paris. In 1785, he became a lieutenant in the artillery, but soon quitted the corps, and returned to Corsica, where he employed himself in writing a history of that island. In 1791, he obtained a captaincy in the artillery, and in 1793, was intrusted with the direction of the artillery at the siege of Toulon, and there first distinguished himself. He had the direction of the artillery also in the battle at Paris betwen the factions on the 5th October, 1795; and his important services on those occasions, procured his appointment, in the beginning of 1796, to the command of the army of Italy, with which he gained a series of victories and conquests which astonished the world, and gave him the highest reputation as a commander. His chief battles were at Lodi, Arcola, and Mantua. In the spring he advanced from Italy into the Austrian territory, and after a succession of victories, proceeded within sixty miles of Vienna, where a peace was concluded.

He embarked May 10th, 1798, with forty thousand men for the conquest of Egypt, and having taken Malta, while on the way, landed at Alexandria on the 2d of July, and soon after, having fought several successful battles, and conquered Lower Egypt, proceeded to Syria. Being repulsed by the British at Acre, he returned to Cairo, and soon after left his army, and in August, 1799, embarked for France. In November he was appointed First Consul. In the following year, he commanded in the campaign in Italy, and fought the memorable battle of Marengo on the 14th June, in which he was victorious. He was elected president for ten years of the Cisalpine republic in January, 1802, and was crowned Emperor of France on December 2d, 1804. He commanded in the campaign of 1805, in Austria, and having captured the army under General Mack, and taken Vienna, fought the battle of Austerlitz on the 2d December, and in the War with Prussia the following year, on the 14th October, gained the battle of Jena, and on the 25th, that of Pultush. The battle of Eylau with the Russians took place on the 7th and 8th of February, 1807, and that of Friedland on the 14th of June, which led to the peace of Tilsit. He soon after conquered Portugal, and in the spring of 1808, seized the Royal family of Spain, and deposing Ferdinand, conferred the sovereigty on his brother Joseph.

In the war with Austria in 1809, he took Vienna the second time, and fought, on the 22d of May, and the 5th of June, the battles of Essling and Wagram, which led to the peace of Vienna. In 1810, he repudiated the Empress Josephine, and on the 11th of March, received the hand of Maria Louisa, archduchess of Austria, and the birth of his son took place the following year. In June, 1812, he invaded Russia with an army of four hundred thousand men, and after taking Smolenski, and gaining the battle of Borodino on the 7th September, he on the 14th, advanced to Moscow, which the Russians had laid in ruins. He was compelled by the destruction of that city to commence a retreat on the 19th October, during which, by the severity of the climate and a succession of defeats, his forces were reduced to twenty thousand. Immediately after his return to Paris, a new army was organized, and the campaign of 1813 commenced in April, during which were fought the battles of Lutzen, on the 2d of May, at Dresden on the 17th of August, in which he was victorious, and of Leipsic on the 18th of October, in which he was defeated, and compelled to retire into France. The campaign of 1814 terminated on the 14th of June, by the surrender of Paris to the Allies.

On the 17th October, 1815, he was landed on St. Helena, with a small suite, and continued there, guarded by a body of British troops, until his death, which took place on the 6th of May, 1821, in consequence of an internal cancerous affection, by which his health had for some time previous been impaired.

The following engraving is a fac-simile of the hand-writing of the Emperor Napoleon, being a note accompanying a box which he presented to the late Lady Holland. This box and note was bequeathed by her Ladyship to the British Museum. The box was presented to Napoleon by Pope Pius VI, at Talentino, in 1797. The words of the fac-simile are—"L' Empereur Napoleon a Lady Holland temoignage de satisfaction et d' estime."



Lempereur Napoleon
a Lady Holland
temoignage de satis
faction et destime

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

IN

FRANCE.

PARIS.

Paris, the capital of France, and of civilized Europe, lies on both banks and occupies two islets of the Seine. This city, which pretends to a rival in arts and elegancies with Athens, and in magnificence with Thebes, had the meanest commencement. Julius Cæsar found the principal islet, now called " the city," (la cite,) covered with huts, and serving as a retreat for fishermen of the tribe of Gauls called " Parisii." The surrounding woods and marshes, and the waters of the Seine, which had hitherto protected these barbarians, were but a weak obstacle to the Roman legionaries, upon whose approach they burned their huts and fled farther into the woods Cæsar, having completed the conquest of Gaul, held a conference with the chiefs of the Gallic hordes in this islet, and approving the site, laid in it the foundation of a city, called by the Romans " Lutetia Parisiorum," from the name of the tribe, and the word " Loutouhezi," by which the natives designated the cluster of huts which had disappeared. The new city improved rapidly under the influence of Roman laws, arts and administration.

During the reign of Charlemagne, who, amidst his conquests, never lost sight of the arts of civilization, Paris advanced in arts and letters as well as wealth and extent. The adventurous and roving Normans, tempted by the wealth of the city, and despising the feeble successors of Charlemagne, who had abandoned the capital as a patrimony to hereditary counts, plundered it three times, after short intervals—in 845, 857, and 872. Under the third, or Capetian race, it improved still more rapidly than before. It became the fixed royal residence and seat of government; the capital of the kingdom in fact as well as in name. Philip Augustus added to its strength and beauty by many new edifices, by paving the streets, and by surrounding the whole city with deep fosse, and thick wall, defended by five hundred towers. Paris at this time had sixteen gates, and covered a surface of seven hundred and thirty-nine square acres. Louis IX, (St. Louis,) built hospitals and schools, reformed the more barbarous and vexatious "customs," (laws,) regulated the administration of justice, and created a police. Paris was taken in 1426 by the English, who were compelled to abandon it in 1436. Francis I had the glory of introducing into Paris, science, literature and the fine arts. The Grecian orders of architecture were now adopted for the first time, and the interior of the new edifices adorned with sculpture and the paintings of the Italian masters. Henry IV erected the Pont Neuf, and laid out several squares, or *places* in the old city in the islets on the Seine, hitherto the quarter of the court. Paris is indebted to Louis XIV for a great portion of its magnificence.

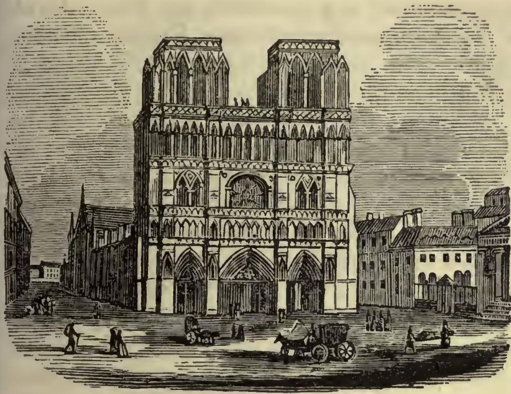
The Revolution came, and with it the genius of devastation for a time. The works of art only are a permanent loss, and fortunately they were neither many, nor irreparable chefs d'œuvre—while the public health, convenience, and beauty of the town, have gained incalculably by the removal or desecration of the churches and convents. Spacious and convenient markets, open and well-built streets or other edifices of great public ornament and utility, now occupies the sites of such religious houses as were destroyed; and those left standing, but desecrated, have been converted into prisons, penitentaries, hospitals, colleges, schools or other public establishments for the purposes of society or charity. Paris is under obligations to Bonaparte: he did more for it than even Louis XIV. He combined, in a greater degree, the useful with the magnificent. Despotic as he was, he saw that the mass of the people was now a power which must not be dazzled merely, as in the time of Louis XIV, but conciliated and served. His designs are said to have been essentially his own. It seems most probable that they could have been conceived only by the same mind which had the force, energy and resources to execute them. He freed the bridges and banks of the Seine from the embarrassment and deformity of the old houses by which they were still crowded; built magnificent quays and wharves; and erected four bridges of remarkable beauty, as monuments of art. He not only conceived, (for even the conception was a great merit,) but had nearly executed, at his fall, the Canal de l'Ourcq. He distributed the public supply of water by fifteen new and abundant fountains, of which some are beautiful specimens of architecture. The immense architectural and sculptural mass called "the Fountain of the Elephant" was left by him, and still remains unfinished. The people, not merely of Paris, but of the whole kingdom, are indebted to him for those spacious markets, so commodiously arranged for the sale of every kind of produce; for public stores, especially the wine stores, which surprise by their vastness, the happy ingenuity of their distribution, and their architecturual grandeur. Many of the public buildings, canals, and other public works left unfinished by Bonaparte, have been carried on, and some have been completed.

Judging by the daily congregation of both sexes in the open air—young men idly lolling or lounging—old men, with even a certain air of gravity, wasting life in the coffee-houses and public gardens—the gaming-houses equally public and crowded—one would be disposed to pronounce the people of Paris a race the most frivolous, idle, and depraved. But the loungers and gamesters are, to a considerable extent, congregated from all parts of Europe; and the old men are small annuitants, content with their actual means of subsistence—without further increase by industry or speculation. Science, literature, and the fine arts, are at the same time cultivated in a still greater proportion of numbers by the studious and the industrious, and with every advantage which schools of public instructions, libraries, and museums, can afford.

Paris is the great center, not only of French but of continental intellect in literature and science. From its press issue the most valuable, if not the greatest number, of literary publications; and it has a still more decided lead in scientific research and discovery. Paris is also as decidedly the first manufacturing town of France. Paris also excels in many of the commonly used articles of luxury and fashion—in male and female dress, jewelry, wrought gold and silver, watches, clocks, furniture, carriages, &c. So strong is the tendency to trading, industry, that its exports have increased since the Revolution to a degree unprecedented in the history of commerce.

Society has become essentially changed in Paris since the Revolution. The nobles have lost their importance, if not existence, as a caste. That numerous aggregate of families formerly called the "court," has disappeared. Wealth, however, is not the first distinction, nor has it the same weight in obtaining access to good company, in Paris as in other places. The Parisian society of men of letters and artists is. perhaps, the most intellectual, interesting and polished, in existence—from the fund of knowledge and accomplishment which it contains, and the passing admixture of European rank and talents. The Parisians are doubtless polished and artificial in their manners; but they are also really social and obliging; and the many hospitals which they support for the helpless of both sexes—of which seven contain 3,156 beds—with. moreover, several bureaux for the distribution of private domiciliatory relief—sufficiently prove that tkey are humane and charitable.

Paris lies in north latitude 43. 50. 11.—longitude 20. 11., (reckoning with the French astronomers, from the western point of the *Ile de Ferro*,) 98 leagues south-east of London, 250 leagues south-west of Copenhagen, 380 leagues south-west of Stockholm, 500 leagues south-west of St. Petersburgh, 600 leagues south-west of Moscow. Population 900,000.



Church of Notre-Dame, Paris.

NOTRE-DAME.

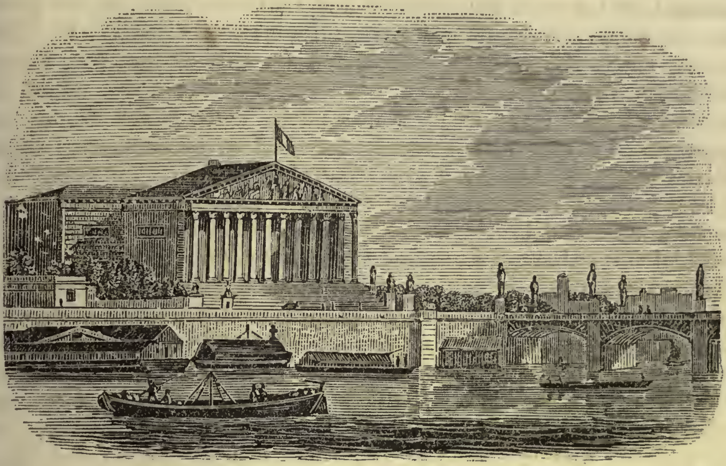
Notre-dame is one of the most ancient edifices in Paris, and is the mother church of France. It is situated at the eastern extremity of the *Cite*, and its origin is unknown. Tradition says that the original site was a temple in the time of Tiberius, consecrated to Jupiter, Castor, and Pollux.

Authentic records establish that it was named after St. Denis till 522, when Childebert the First, devoted it to the Virgin Mary. In 1163, Maurice de Sully, Archbishop of Paris, reconstructed the Cathedral, Pope Alexander the Third laying the first stone. Henry, legate to the Papal See, constructed, in 1182, the great altar. Its chapels are of the fourteenth century. The above edifice is 414 feet long, 102 in height, and 144 wide.

The architecture is Gothic, and the boldness and singularity of nearly three hundred immense columns, with no less than forty-five chapels, inspire the spectator with awe and admiration. A double colonnade of one hundred and twenty enormous columns will be much admired. The *facade* has an imposing appearance. There are three portals of unequal elevation, that of the north-east being remarkable for eleven signs of the Zodiac sculptured. The twelfth, that of the Virgin, is in larger proportions, and is placed on the pillar separating the two doors. The portals of the two extremities are surmounted by two large square towers, forty feet square, and two hundred and four feet high, from the summit of which there is an extensive view of Paris and its fortifications. The ascent of three hundred and eighty-nine steps is easy, and it has been frequently chosen, like the column in the Place Vendome and the Triumphal Arch, as a place for suicide—the French not thinking it worth while to shut up their public monuments because some crazy people choose to hurl themselves from their summits. Victor Hugo's dizzy description of the hurling of the monk by Quasimodo, forces itself on the mind when at the top of one of these towers. The exterior of Notre-Dame has been much improved lately by the removal of buildings which formerly disfigured it. Visitors linger most, however, in the splendid choir, with its stalls for the Archbishop, and its immense brazen eagle in the center. The scriptural subjects of the bas-reliefs are finely developed, and the paintings, by the most distinguished French masters, fix the eye for some time. The relics left by the Revolution in the sanctuary are as authentic as most relics are. The chapels are restored in great part. Midnight mass on Christmas-eve, and the great religious festivals, attract large congregations on account of the music, which is on the most extensive scale. After the July Revolution, Notre-Dame was shorn of many honors ; but a religious reaction has made great progress lately in France, and the king of the French, to his honor, has been encouraging it. So long as the royalist Archbishop was living, little was done for the church in France ; but the present prelate, being dynastic, has entered cordially into the king's views. The first great sign of reconciliation was at the christening of the Count of Paris, and all the gorgeous attributes of the Papal church were put in requisition on that interesting occasion ; followed, alas ! so speedily by the last funeral ceremonial for the father—the lamented Duke of Orleans. Still it was a remarkable fact, during the funeral of the late Prince Royal, to witness, for the first time since 1830, the clergy walking in a public procession. Notre-Dame was then supreme in the celebration of cathedral rites, St. Denis having been neglected to make way for the metropolitan see. It was a striking contrast in the two ceremonies—the christening and the funeral—following each other in such rapid succession. In the former, the head of the Orleans branch of the Bourbons saw the consolidation of his dynasty by a reconciliation with the church ; in the latter, the stricken king could only see the grave of his hopes, and the prospect of convulsion from the perils of a long regency. But still the Gothic edifice remains there untouched by time, and its towers frown on the fleeting mortals whom ambition leads within its massive walls. Nineteen centuries, and there is Notre-Dame still. What changes is this structure yet doomed to outlive?

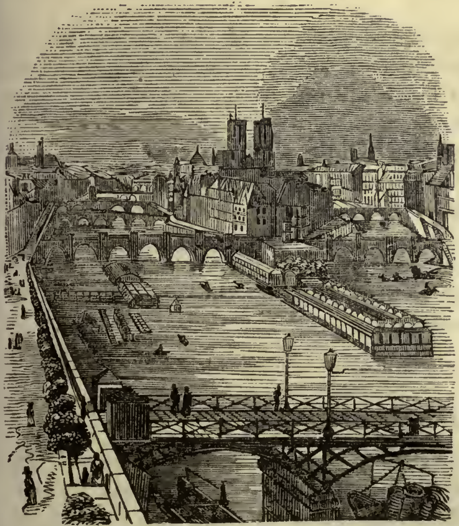
NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.—(CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.)

The engraving shows the appearance of this national structure, as seen from the opposite side of the Seine. The bridge on the right, (Pont de la Concorde,) connects it with the Place de la Concorde, formerly Place de Louis XV, de la Revolution. The front of the National Assembly building has a triangular pediment 100 feet long, supported by twelve Corinthian columns, resting on a broad pavement, approached from the street by twenty-nine steps. The bas-relief is composed of a figure fourteen feet high, representing France holding in her right hand the Constitution. Beside her are Force and Justice, with groups of figures allegorically personifying Peace, Eloquence, Industry, Commerce, Agriculture, the rivers Seine and Marne, the Navy and the Army. At the foot of



National Assembly, formerly Chamber of Deputies.

the whole is a strong, tall iron railing, to protect the members of the Assembly from being suddenly, as they were on the 15th of May, 1848, ousted from their seats by a mob.



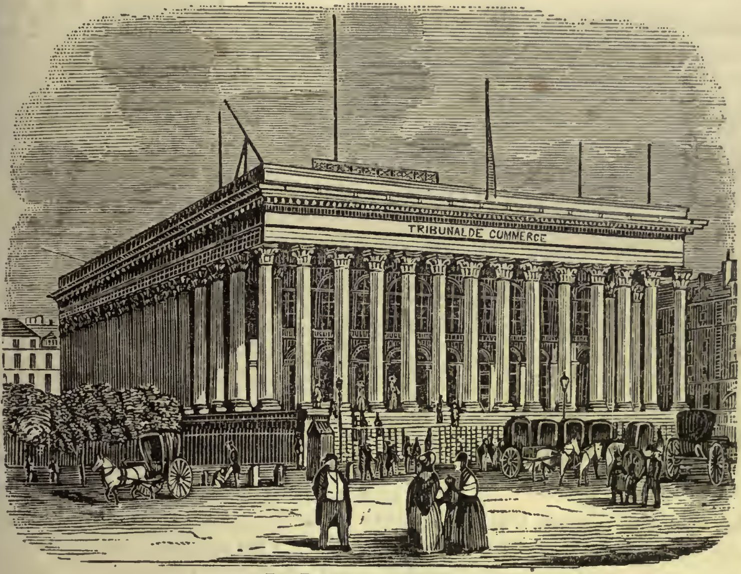
View on the River Seine, Paris.

The bridge in the foreground of the engraving is part of the Pont des Arts for foot passengers only, takes its name from the Louvre which at the time the bridge was constructed was called Palais des Arts. It was the first iron bridge built in Paris. The first bridge beyond on the left is the Pont Neuf. This was begun in 1578, but was not completed until 1684. Being built at the western extremity of the Ile-de-la-Cite, it communicates at once with the Rue Dauphine on the south. The northern branch of the bridge is formed of seven semi-circular arches; the southern of five. Its entire length is 1,020 feet, and its width seventy. This is the London bridge of Paris; as it forms the principal communication between the northern and southern banks of the river; the concourse of vehicles and passengers is always great. In 1775, twenty small shops were constructed on this bridge, but, during the late repairs, were removed. That end of the island which divides the bridge into two parts was called Place Henri IV, in consequence of having been formerly occupied by an equestrian statue of that monarch, destroyed in 1792. It was the intention of Napoleon to have erected an obelisk here, which was to have been two hundred feet in height. The foundations were already laid, and had risen above the ground, when the events of 1814 occurred. The modern statue which now adorns this place was erected on the 25th of August, 1818. The pedestal which supports the monument is in freestone of Chateau Landon, and rests upon the basement of granite intended for the support of the obelisk. Two bas-reliefs in bronze, ornament the pedestal of this monument. That towards the north represents the entry of Henri IV into Paris, on the 22d of March, 1594; that on the south exhibits the same monarch, while beseiging the city, supplying the inhabitants who came to his camp for provisions. The statue itself is forty-four feet in height, weighs 30,000 pounds, and cost 337,860 francs. This bridge which was formerly incumbered with sheds, stalls, &c., is now undergoing a thorough repairing and cleaning—near this bridge there are several large floating baths, where every description of bath is supplied.

On the right of the engraving is seen one of the quays, which are built with balustrades upon both sides of the river Seine. The first bridge beyond the Pont Neuf is that which continues the road which passes by the Palais de Justice on the Island de la Cite, which at one time comprised the whole city, the next is the Pont Notre-Dame, the next is the bridge Arcole, for foot passengers, passing the river by the Hotel de Ville—the fifth bridge seen in the distance is the Pont Louis Phillippe. The two towers seen in the distance are those of Notre-Dame. Numerous washing and bathing establishments are seen moored along the quays, some of which are tastefully ornamented.

LA BOURSE, OR EXCHANGE.

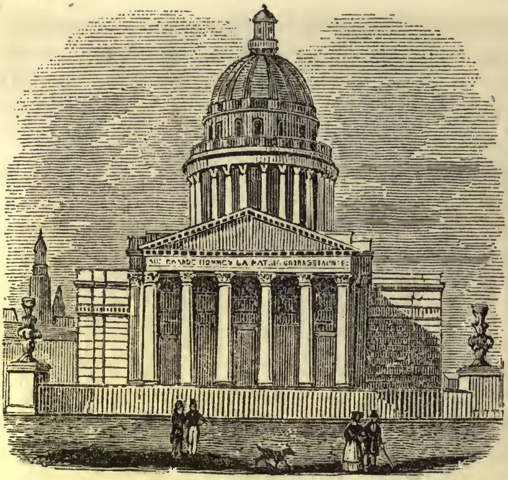
This building is one of the most magnificent in Europe. Its form is a parallelogram of two hundred and twelve feet by one hundred and twenty-six. It is supported by sixty-six Corinthian columns; the interior is admirably arranged for business, and ornamented with sixteen paintings in grisaille. The erection cost 8,149,000 francs. The first stone of the present edifice was laid in March, 1808, but it was eighteen years before it was completed, it



La Bourse, or Exchange.

having been suspended in consequence of political events. The hall in which the business of the funds is transacted, is one hundred and four feet in length and fifty-nine broad, and will hold two thousand persons. Some years since it was attempted to exclude females from the Bourse. The women in France are accustomed to take an active part in business, a practice in accordance with the habits and feelings of the French They were active among the speculator's at the Bourse, and, driven from its precincts, they carried on their operations in one of the adjoining houses, and the fluctuations in French and foreign stocks were conveyed to them by messengers. The exclusion was not long kept in force. The Bourse is in the center of the gayest part of Paris, only a short distance from the Boulevards and Palais Royal. Immediately facing this building, dedicated to business, is the Theater des Nouveantes.

The Palais de Justice, on the Isle de la Cite, is one of the oldest edifices in the city, and all the courts except the Tribunal of Commerce are here united. Until 1431, (when it was given up to the Parliament of Paris by Charles VII,) it was made use of as an abode by the kings of France. To the south of the Falais de Justice stands the Sainte-Chapelle, a sumptuous Gothic edifice connected with the old palace. It was built in 1248, during the reign of St. Louis, as a depository for the relics brought by this king from Palestine, and which are now deposited in Notre-Dame.

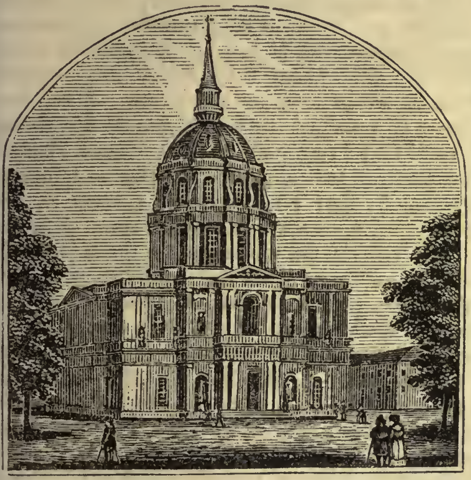


View of the Pantheon.

Pantheon, the ancient church erected by Clovis, and dedicated originally to the apostles Peter and Paul, and which has subsequently been consecrated to St. Genevieve, in consequence of the intermen of that saint in this church in the year 512; Louis XIV, having determined to erect a structure that should be at once a monument of his power, and an evidence of the progress that had been made in the fine arts during the eighteenth century. The first stone was laid on the 6th of September, 1764. The portico consists of a peristyle formed of twenty-two fluted Corinthian columns, of which six are in front, elevated on a flight of steps, and supporting a triangular pediment, in which is a bas-relief. These columns are fifty-eight feet three inches in height, and five and a-half feet in diameter. On the plinth is the following inscription:—"*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante.*" The total height of this edifice, from the ground to its summit, is 249 feet four inches.

The interior in the form of a Greek cross, is composed of four naves and aisles similar in form, but of unequal dimensions, at the union of which rises the dome. The total length of the edifice, within the wall, is two hundred and eighty-two feet, and its greatest width two hundred and thirty-eight The height of the ceiling of the naves, from the beautiful marble pavement, is one hundred and seventy feet. The naves are divided from the aisles by one hundred and thirty fluted Corinthian columns, thirty-seven feet seven inches in height, and three feet six inches diameter. Above the entablature rises a peristyle, composed of sixteen Corinthian columns, supporting a cupola, in which is an opening twenty-nine feet five inches in diameter, whence a second cupola may be observed, in which is a painting in fresco, by Baron Gros, representing the apotheosis of Sainte-Genevieve. This magnificent composition extends over a superficies of three thousand two hundred and fifty-six square feet, and occupied a time equal to six entire years of labor. To see the entire of this chef-d'œuvre it is necessary to mount the balcony of the second cupola, as only a part of it can be seen from the pavement of the church.

The vaults contain the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau, Mirabeau, Pelletier, LaGrange, Bougainville, Cardinal Erskine, the Dutch Admiral de Winter, Marechal Lannes and Vice-Admiral Thevenard are among those who have received the honors of the Pantheon. The body of Marat was interred here by a decree of the 21st of September, 1793; but on the 27th July, 1794, his remains were disinterred by the populace, and thrown into the public sewer in Rue Montmartre. At the extremity of one of the passages in these vaults is a remarkable echo.



Hotel des Invalides.

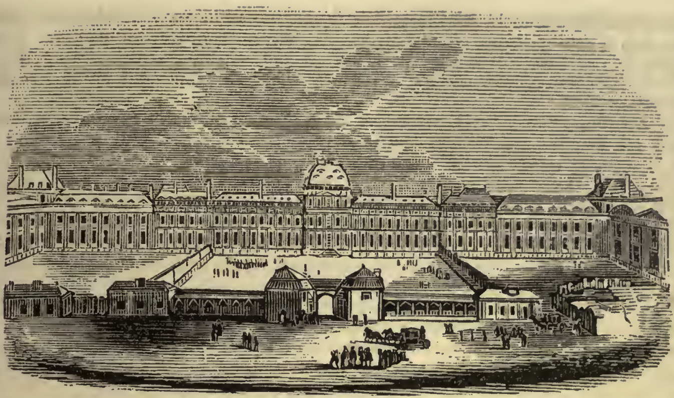
The Hotel des Invalides is an asylum for veteran French soldiers who have fought and bled for their country, where they find a calm retreat when age or wounds render them unable to perform military duties. Officers and privates are paid and lodged in proportion to their rank. All soldiers who are actually disabled by their wounds, or who have served thirty years, are entitled to the privileges of this institution. The officers breakfast at half-past ten, and dine at five. The sub-officers and privates, being numerous, are divided into three parties to take their meals, viz.:—first party breakfast at half-past eight, dinner at four; second party, breakfast at nine, dinner at half-past four; third party, breakfast at ten, dinner at five. They have all some soup early in the morning besides. The soldiers have for breakfast, soup, beef, and a dish of vegetables; for dinner, a ragout, with vegetables, or eggs and vegetables. Each man also receives a litre of wine, and a pound and a-half of white bread, daily. Each man has his bed, straw mattress, and bolster, with a small cupboard for his clothes. Great order, comfort, and cleanliness prevail. In the distribution of meat, wine, and clothing, if any person does not choose to consume the quantity of his allowance, he may receive an equivalent for it in money. The hotel will hold 5,000 invalids. They all wear the same uniform.

Church.—At present there are two churches, but which, in consequence of the works in progress, will soon form but one. A screen separates the one from the other. The first is called "l'Eglise Ancienne," it consists of a long naive, and two low aisles, supporting a gallery which appears behind the arches of the nave. The peers of the arches are fronted by Corinthian pilasters, which support a bold entablature, above which a line of arched windows throws light upon the banners that are ranged along both sides of the nave. A fire broke out in this church on the 12th of August, 1851, while full of persons to witness the funeral obsequies of Marechal Sebastiani. Out of the two hundred and fifty flags which adorned the walls, five were entirely consumed, as well as the high altar and a large painting by Ritable.

In the time of Napoleon 2,800 flags filled the nave; but on the evening before the entry of the allied armies into Paris, March 31, 1814, the Duc de Feltre, Minister of War, by order of Joseph Bonaparte, commanded them to be burnt, and the sword of Frederick the Great, which was preserved there, to be broken. Most of the piers of the nave are adorned with monumental inscriptions in marble. Two bronze tablets are besides inscribed with names, among which are those of Marechal Mortier, killed in 1835 by the infernal machine of Fieschi. Governors dying while holding office, are alone allowed to be buried under the nave monuments erected in the church. The pulpit is of white marble with gold ornaments, and bronze bas-reliefs of scriptural subjects. A portion of the nave, railed off by a fence of polished iron and brass, forms the choir. The high altar is of wood and bronze gilt. The second church is the Dome, under which the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon is being erected. The dome is supported by four large masses, arched at the base, so as to afford from the center a view of as many round chapels. The Corinthian columns on each side of the entrances to these chapels support on their entablature four galleries with gilt balustrades. The entire pavement is formed of marble, inlaid with various emblematic devices. The high altar presents a front to each church, and stands in the midst of six columns, spirally entwined with bands of wine-leaves and ears of corn. Upon their entablature are six angels, by Marin, eight feet in height, supporting a canopy or holding censers. The chapels are six in number; two of them, with the great porch and the sanctuary, form the cross; the others are at the angles. The latter are ascended by seven marble steps. Their height is about seventy-six feet by thirty in diameter, and are adorned with Corinthian pilasters. The compartments of the attic and dome are painted, and represent the acts and apotheosis of their patron.

THE TUILERIES.

The ground on which this edifice stands was originally occupied by tile-kilns, whence its name was derived. The foundations of this kingly residence were laid by Catharine de Medicis, in 1564. She built the center pavilion in front of the palace, with the ranges of building immediately adjoining, and the pavilions by which they are terminated. The front of the Palace is 1,008 feet in length and 108 in breadth. The roof is relieved by three magnificent pavilions, which gives the whole an imposing appearance. On the side next the river this palace is connected with the Louvre by a gallery 1,300 French feet in length. On the north side also a gallery to correspond with this, is in the progress of erection. A



East Front of the Tuileries.

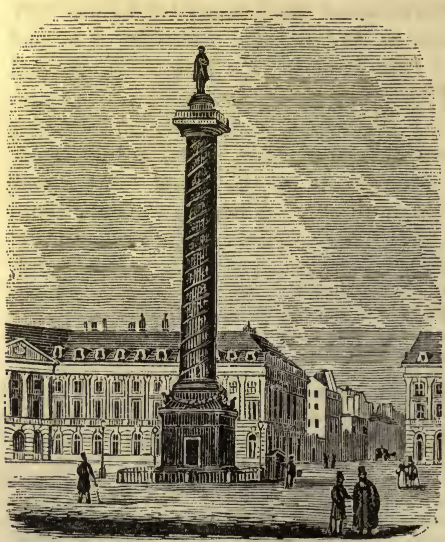
court is thus formed between these palaces, called the "Place du Carrousel," from a splendid tournament held there by Louis XIV in 1662. Fifteen thousand troops, cavalry and infantry, it is said can go through their exercises with ease in this place. Here, and near to the Tuileries, is the Triumphal Arch, erected by Napoleon in 1806. "The Palace of the Tuileries," says a recent writer, "has probably witnessed more scenes of woe, more intensity of unutterable anguish than any other palace on the globe. Its rooms are of spacious, lofty, cheerless grandeur. Though millions have been expended upon this structure, it has but occasional occupants."

The greater part of the furniture now in the Palace was placed there since the Revolution of 1848. During the months of February and June of this year, the mob made great havoc of its costly decorations. In the former month a numerous party of *emeutiers* installed themselves in the palace with some loose women, made free with the ex-Kings wine-cellar and provisions, and celebrated their orgies, night and day, in the most sumptuous apartments. It was not till after the lapse of ten days that the Provincial Government felt itself sufficiently strong to turn them out by main force. In June the apartments were used as barracks for the National Guards and troops of the line on duty. The whole palace was afterward transformed into a refuge for the wounded of those eventful days, and it was only the most energetic determination of the Emperor, when President, which prevented this magnificent pile being converted into a permanent public hospital. During the last months every thing has been done to restore the interior to its pristine splendor.

Passing from the court of the palace we enter the *Garden*, containing about sixty-seven acres. In the time of Louis XIII, this beautiful spot was separated from the palace by a street. It composed an orchard, a fishpond, a menagerie, a theater, the Hotel de Mlle de Guise, and a garden which the great men of the time frequented in pleasure parties. Louis XIV commanded Le Notre to lay out this ground in a style worthy the majesty of his crown. Never was prince better obeyed—the genius of this great man has created a garden in which every thing is at once grand, simple, and symmetrical, but without monotony; where each object is in its exact place, and in its proper proportions. The descent of the ground, which inclines towards the Seine, has been remedied by surrounding the garden with terraces. In front of the palace extends an immense parterre, glowing with all the varied tints of the rainbow, and changing with every season—beyond it is a plantation of elms and chesnut-trees, and at the extremity of this plantation is an octagonal piece of water.

The grand alley in the garden, which conducts from the center pavilion of the the palace to this point, extends beyond the garden through the Champs-Elysees up to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, which, from the road being throughout of the same width, and of gentle ascent, offers a perspective view of no common beauty. The entire garden is profusely decorated with statues and marble vases. During the fine season the borders of all the alleys and avenues are studded with orange-trees and laurel roses.

This alley, with the adjoining terrace, is the most fashionable promenade, both in summer and winter; all the gayest of the gay world are to be found here; some seated on the chairs, which are let out at two sous a-piece, many walking, and others lounging with their friends. On Sunday afternoons, the crowd, if not so select, is much more numerous, and the orange-alley frequently forms a compact mass, presenting every variety and color of dress adopted for the moment by the refined taste of the Parisians. The garden of the Tuileries is also the favorite rendezvous of children and elderly gentlemen, who may be seen economizing on cold stone seats reading the newspapers. The immense size of the garden, and the white marble of the statues, produce a pleasing effect contrasted with the foliage of the trees. Persons in working dress, or carrying any parcels except books, are not allowed to enter it. The gardens are open from seven in the morning till dusk in winter, and nine in summer. The gardens at the time of closing, are always cleared by beat of drum, and a company of soldiers.



Place de Vendome and Column.

THIS spot owes its name to the hotel of Cesar de Vendome, which was formerly situated here. It was formed from 1699 to 1701, on the designs of Mansard. This place is in form of an elongated octagon, the four smaller sides of which are of equal length; while the longer and opposite sides are four hundred and fifty and four hundred and twenty feet respectively. An equestrian statue of Louis XIV was erected in the center of this place in 1699, by Girardon. This statue was destroyed in 1792. An elegant column was erected on its site.

The column is of the Tuscan order, in imitation of the pillar of Trajan at Rome, of which it preserves the proportion on a scale larger by one-twelfth. Its total elevation is fully one hundred and thirty-five feet, and the diameter of the shaft is twelve feet. The pedestal is twenty-one feet in height, and from nineteen to twenty in breadth. The pedestal and shaft are built of stone, and covered with bas-reliefs in bronze, representing the various victories of the French army, composed of one thousand two hundred pieces of cannon taken from the Russian and Austrian armies. The bronze employed in this monument was about three hundred and sixty thousand pounds weight. The bas-reliefs of the pedestal represent the uniforms, armor and weapons of the conquered troops. Above the pedestals are garlands of oak, supported at the four angles by eagles in bronze, each weighing five hundred pounds. The double door of massive bronze is decorated with crowns of oak, surmounted by an eagle of the highest finish; above is a bas-relief representing two figures of Fame, supporting a tablet; the bas-relief of the shaft pursue a spiral direction from the base to the capital, and display, in cronological order, the principal actions of the campaign, from the departure of the troops from Bologne to the battle of Austrelitz. The figures are three feet high; their number is said to be two thousand, and the length of the spiral band eight hundred and forty feet. A *cordon* or band, ascending in the same direction as the bas-reliefs, divides them, and bears inscriptions of the actions which they represent. Above the capital is a gallery, which is approached by a winding staircase of one hundred and seventy-six steps. The capital is surmounted by an acroterium, upon which was originally placed a statue of Napoleon in the heroic costume. This was destroyed in 1814, and melted down to form part of the horse of Henri IV, now on the Pont-Neuf. After the Restoration it was replaced by a fleur-de-lis and a flag-staff; but on the 1st of May, 1833, the present statue of Napoleon was fixed upon the summit. The ceremonial of its installation took place in presence of Louis Philippe, the Royal Family, the ministers and municipal functionaries, on July 28th succeeding It is eleven feet high, habited in the favorite costume of the Emperor. This sumptuous monument stands upon a plain plinth of polished granite surrounded by an iron railing; and from its vast size and happy position produces a grand effect when seen from the Bulevars or the garden of the Tuileries; and the total cost of its erection was 1,500,000 francs.

CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.*

Louis XV ordained the construction of this edifice; the first stone was laid in 1764. Constant d'Ivry formed the plans; but after his death, in 1777, great changes were made by Couture, his successor. By order of Napoleon, who conceived the project of converting this edifice into a temple of Glory, the plans were once more modified by Vignon; but on the return of Louis XVIII, its original plan was resumed. The expenses incurred in building and pulling down were enormous. The church, one of the finest buildings of the capital, constructed at length under the direction of M. Huve, has the shape and simplicity of an ancient temple. It is in the form of a rectangle, of about three hundred and twenty-six feet by one hundred and thirty, is raised on a basement eight feet high, and surrounded by a peristyle, formed by fifty-two Corinthian columns.

On the north and south are two porticos, surmounted by triangular pediments. A bas-relief, 118 feet in length by twenty-two in height, composed of nineteen figures, ornaments the southern fronts. The Magdalen is represented at the feet of Jesus, supplicating the forgiveness of sinners. On the left of the spectator, Angels are seen

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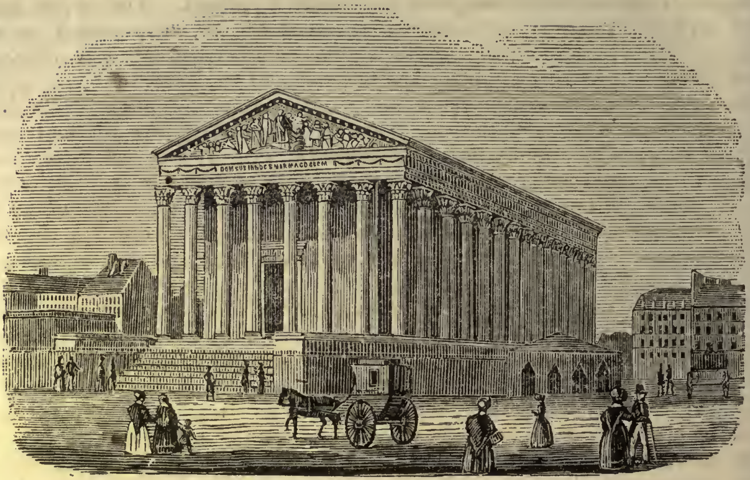
* We attended service in this church, September 4th, 1853. The interior is one of the most splendid in Europe. We observed nothing like pews, but rush-bottomed chairs in abundance, one for sitting, and one in front to kneel in. After the services were partly over, a man came round the congregation to collect a fee of three sous, which we understood to be for the use of the chairs. The preacher, an elderly man, delivered his discourse without the use of notes. He would occasionally sit for a moment or two, and at the same time continue speaking. Part of the services were performed in a kind of half-singing, plaintive tone, similar to that which we heard in St. Paul's church in London.

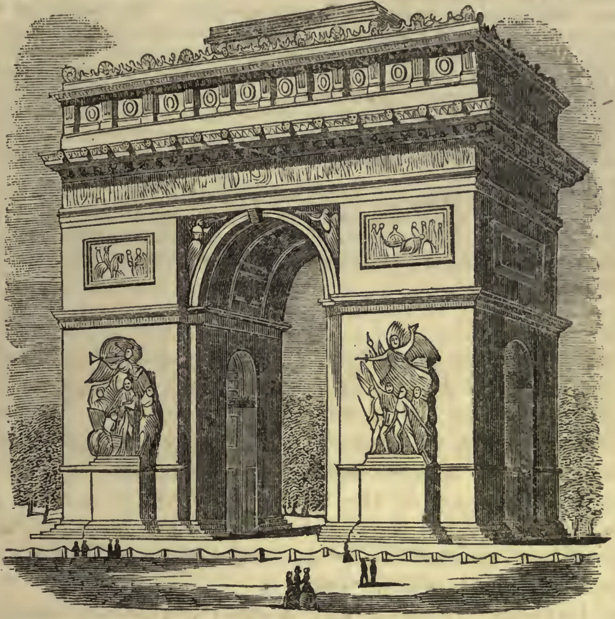


Church of the Madeleine.

contemplating the converted sinner. The Savior sent on earth to call the just, suffers Innocence to approach, supported by Faith and Hope; Charity, taking care of two children, cannot follow her sisters, but points out by her expression the place reserved in heaven for the virtuous. In an angle an angel receives the soul of a saint quitting the tomb, and shows him the abode of his new state. On the right, an avenging angel with a flaming sword drives before him Envy, Lewdness, Hypocrisy, and Avarice. In the angle, a demon hurls the souls of the damned into everlasting flames. The roof is entirely formed of iron and copper, and is ninety feet in height. The effect of the exterior is similar to that of the Parthenon at Athens, and the most favorable place for viewing it is from the opposite side of the Boulevard. The interior is one of the most splendid in Europe, and it rivals, in some respects, the magnificence of St. Peter's at Rome. The first religious ceremony performed here was over the body of M. Humann, Minister of Finances, 30th April, 1842.

The *Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile*, stands near the western extremity of Paris, and presents a striking boundary of the view from the gardens of the Tuileries and the Champs d' Elysees. This arch was thirty years in the course of erection, under the superintendence of nine architects, and during the reign of four sovereigns, and at an expense of nearly ten million of francs. It was begun in 1806, to commemorate Napoleon's triumph over Russia, and his alliance with the Emperor Alexander at Tilsit. The whole arch is elaborately decorated externally and internally, and a description of its sculptured groups, list of victories, generals, &c., would occupy several pages.

In its colossal proportions, this noble work considerably exceeds the arches of ancient or modern times. That erected in honor of the Emperor Constantine at Rome, was but sixty-eight feet high. The Porte St. Denis, at Paris, hitherto the most remarkable of modern arches, is but seventy-seven feet in breadth, and seventy-seven feet in height; whereas the proportions of the *Arc de l'Etoile* are nearly double those of Constantine's Arch, or the Porte St. Denis, and are as follows: height, one hundred and fifty-two feet; breadth, one hundred and thirty-seven feet; and thickness, sixty-eight feet. The facade is pierced by one arch of ninety feet by forty-five feet; and the arch which pierces it transversely is fifty-seven feet by twenty-five feet.



Arch of Triumph.

Each of the principal fronts is embellished with two groups of sculpture, each of which, with its supporting pedestal, is thirty-six feet in height.

The first group, upon the right of the Paris front, represents the Departure for the Armies in 1792, when revolution spread its horrors throughout France, and the country was menaced on every frontier. The Genius of War points with his sword to the spot where the enemy is to be met and vanquished:

> Aux armes, citoyens ! formez vos bataillons ; Marchons, marchons.

In the middle of the group, a commander waves his helmet, and invites the citizens to follow him: he is joined by a young man on one side, and on the other by a man advanced in years, who has drawn his sword, and thrown aside his mantle for the march; while behind him is an aged man, who can no longer fight for his country, but is giving advice to the commander, who is too far off to hear the hoary sage.*

The group to the left, on the same front, represents the triumph of the French army, in 1810; the most glorious era of the empire, and the zenith of Napoleon's glory: Victory crowns the Emperor; Fame is proclaiming his proud deeds, while History records them. A group of citizens of conquered cities approach in homage to the Emperor; on a palm-tree are hung trophied arms taken from the enemy; and, to complete the group, (so closely are glory and misery allied,) is a prisoner in chains.

Sufficient space could be found for thirty victories only in the exterior decorations of the Arch; but, as it is dedicated to the French armies, it was thought desirable that it should not only exhibit a list of the victories of France, but also of her greatest generals. To do justice to the many distinguished men of the Revolutionary and Bonapartian era, it has been necessary to cover the interior walls of the arches with inscriptions, which have a singular and striking effect. The names of ninety-six victories are inscribed on the walls of the great arch, in four divisions, headed north, east, south, and west; each division containing the names of twenty-four victories, headed by the names of the army that gained them. The walls of the small arches are inscribed with the names of three hundred and eighty-four of the most celebrated French generals. On each wall are ninety-six names, in four columns, also headed north, east, west, and south, signifying which army they served in. Under these are inscribed the names of the armies maintained by France on the various theaters of war.

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* There is one figure in this group which shocks all our American ideas of decency or propriety. As a work of art, the group is really of the first order in all its details, but it is to be regretted that such exposures (totally uncalled for) are exhibited. In the garden of the Tuileries "the Frenchman's Heaven," and most other places of public resort, the naked figures of heathen divinities are among the most prominent objects.

In the interior of the edifice, over the arches, are several apartments; the entrance to which is by two staircases, constructed in the thickness of the piers. On either side are a square room over the lateral arches, and two large halls, one above the other, and each extending the whole length of the monument; these are lighted by apertures in the frieze.

The Louvre was formerly the old royal palace at Paris on the north bank of the Seine. It is a splendid quadrangular edifice with a court in the center completed by Napoleon. Some parts of the structure are very ancient, and as early as 1370, Charles V brought his library and treasury to this spot; and, in 1528, Francis erected that part of the Palace now called the Old Louvre. Various additions have been made by different monarchs, and this spot is rendered memorable for the many scenes of historic interest both in ancient and modern times.

The Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman antiquities occupy nine apartments on the first floor. In the rooms devoted to Egyptian antiquities there is quite a collection of mummies, not only of human beings, but also of *cats*, *crocodiles*, and other of their sacred animals. There were also numerous images, large and small. One favorite figure was that of the human body with the head of a cat or the head of a bird. Suspended on the walls were Egyptian writings on a kind of paper, some of which appeared to be illustrated by drawings. The *Gallery of the Louvre* is a vast collection of paintings divided into three schools,—the French, the Flemish, and the German, and modern copies of ancient paintings.*

The most interesting apartment, was that which contained the relics of the great Napoleon. Here is the coat which he wore at

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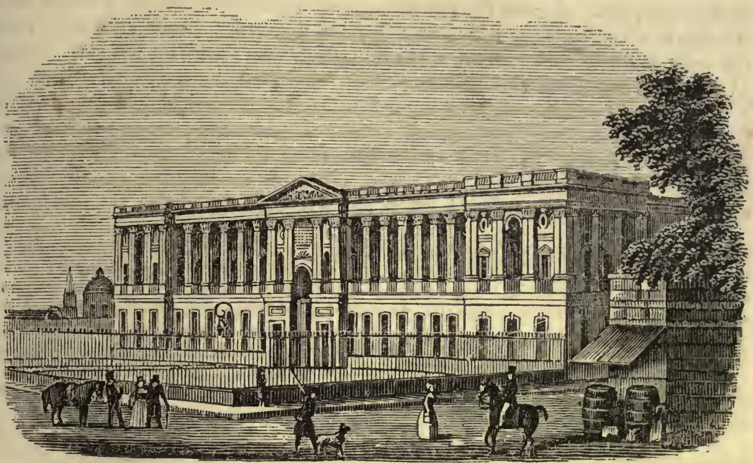
* The Louvre, Museum, and the Tuileries are all one connected building around an oblong square, except on the north, which is now being constructed. The galleries of paintings extend all around in these buildings. Such was their number, that we could only take a passing glance at the paintings which covered the walls, about all the distance. As in the London collections we were disappointed in regard to the execution of the paintings, not being so well done as we expected. In the Flemish and Dutch schools some were very inferior. The majority of the paintings were Scripture scenes and subjects relating to the Catholic religion. We saw quite a number of artists making copies of various paintings in the collection; they were principally young women from twenty to thirty-five years of age, and were perched on an apparatus which elevated them a little distance from the floor. In some instances we observed that the copy was quite equal to the original.



View of the Louvre (Front Side.)

the battle of Marengo, and the splendid saddles he used when in Egypt, his robes of state, the wreath which he wore around his head, his camp-bed, his chair, the hat he wore in the campaign of 1814, the small round hat he wore when at St. Helena, and the pocket-hankerchief he used when on his death-bed. Here are also the little clothes of the Duke of Reichstadt, his son, and his cradle. Here is the flag he presented to the Imperial Guard, the one he kissed when he left Fontainbleau. Near this room there is another devoted to the ancient relics of the monarchs of France. The scepter of Charlemange, his *Evangiliare*, executed in 780, is to be seen,—the identical armor worn by the ancient French kings,—articles discovered in the tomb of Childeric,—the jewel-box of Marie Antoinette the queen,—the writing-desk of Louis Phillippe, just as he left it, &c., &c., are all to be seen.

Palais Royal, originally Palais Richelieu, was built in 1629. As the Cardinal's fortune continued to increase he continued to embellish his palace, till at length he considered it worthy to be left as a legacy to Louis XIII. When Louis ascended the throne, he bestowed this palace upon his brother, the Duke of Orleans, for life. After his death, in 1693, it finally passed into the possession of this branch of the royal family, in the person of Philip of Orleans, his nephew. This palace and its gardens have been the scene of many events recorded in French history. The Duke of Orleans, father to Louis Philippe, having exhausted his revenues by an unparalleled course of profligacy, for the sake of replenishing his coffers, converted this princely residence into an immense bazaar, parcelling it out into little shops, which were speedily let to the highest bidders; other apartments were converted into sale-rooms, cafes, ball-rooms, and saloons for gambling and every species of debauchery. At this time the palace was called Palais Egalite. More recently, after the execution of that prince, a spacious hall was fitted up for the sittings of the Tribunat, and the building then assumed the name of Palais du Tribunat. It recovered its former title in the time of Napoleon; and its ancient possessors at the period of the Restoration, in the family and persons of Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, late King of the French. The garden was the scene of some of the first revolutionary meetings, at one of which, in 1789, the tricolored cockade was adopted.

The splendid Galerie d'Orleans, uniting the pavilions and completing the ensemble of the second court, is three hundred feet in length and thirty in width, and forms an agreeable promenade in winter and wet weather. On each side are rows of shops, perfectly similar in size and exterior decoration, and separated from each other by pilasters and mirrors; each shop has a double front, on one side looking towards the promenade and the court, on the other the promenade and the garden. These shops, though only about eighteen feet square, and having for family accommodation only a small entresol and a cellar, were formerly let for 4,000 francs per annum each. The rent has been considerably lowered since February, 1848.

The garden forms a parallelogram of seven hundred feet by three hundred. In the center are two grass plots, surrounded by flower-beds, and slight iron railings. The one near the Galerie d'Orleans contains an Apollo Belvidere in bronze, and a Meridien a Detonation, the explosion of which announces the sun's passage over the meridian. In the other is a Diana, likewise in bronze, and four modern statues in white marble, and representing Euridice stung by a snake, Elysses on the sea-shore, a boy struggling with a goat, and a young man about to bathe. In a basin, sixty feet in diameter, between these grass plots, is a fountain supplied from the Canal de l'Ourcq; the water, which rises to the height of twenty or thirty feet, falling in the form of a wheatsheaf. Near the angles of the garden are four pavilions: two are occupied by portrait painters, in the two others newspapers are lent out to read. On the ground floor is a row of one hundred and eighty arcades of equal dimensions throughout. The piers by which they are formed are ornamented with immense fluted pilasters of the composite order, supporting an attic crowned throughout by a balustrade. The galleries are separated from the garden by iron railings and gates, and between each arcade is a stone bench for the accommodation of elderly people of the poorer class, or such fashionable loungers as prefer a stone accommodation to a wooden one; the latter requiring, however, a modicum of two sous. Besides the above, around the grass plots, and more especially in the vicinity of the Cafe de la Rotonde, (where has been purchased at a great price the privilege of serving liqueurs, &c., in the garden,) are innumerable chairs, which, in the cool of the evening summer, are crowded by well-dressed company, who take their ices, or sip their lemonade, their orgeat, or their cafe, at luxurious ease.

Viewed on a fine summer evening, what with the bright gas lamps flashing from under the arcades,—what with those in the garden, the lamps in the brilliant shop-windows, those in the cafes and other establishments above the gallery,—the whole presents a lightness, airiness and elegance, unrivalled by any building of any other capital. The Palais Royal is the resort of all classes, for business or pleasure; it is the heart of Paris, the emporium of fashion. The shops which surrounds the garden offer a profusion of all that can satisfy the luxury or the vanity of man.

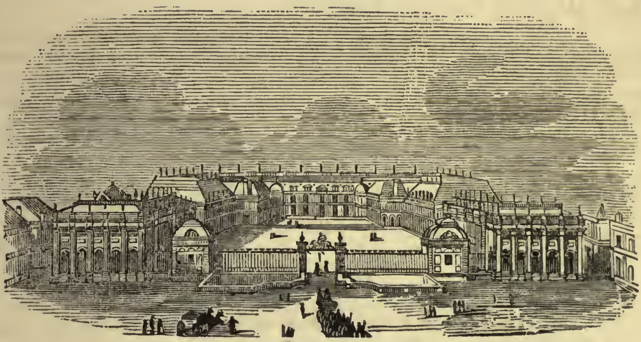
Shops of millinery, jewelry, clothing, booksellers, clocksellers, printsellers, china-houses, coffee-houses, bagnios, money-changers, and gamesters, all unite in amicable rivalry to ease the unwary idler of his money. Let a man walk under any of these arcades, at any hour of the day or night, and he will never want food either for meditation or amusement. It would be no difficult matter to pass one's whole life in the Palais Royal, without feeling the necessity of going one step beyond its walls: there is no want, either natural or artificial, no appetite of the grosser or more refined order, no wish for the cultivation of the mind or decoration of the body, no sensual or spiritual humor, which would not here find food, gratification, and perpetual variety.

The restaurateurs in the Palais Royal are considered the most famous; their larders are the choicest, their bills of fare the longest, and their dining-rooms the most elegant in Paris; you have in them the choice of more than a hundred dishes, above twenty kinds of wine, and more than twenty species of liqueurs.

The coffee-houses form another point of meeting for the multitude who do not go merely for taking a walk, or who choose to recreate themselves after walking. The commodities, as well as the prices, are alike in all the coffee-houses in the Palais Royal, some of which are on the ground floor, others up stairs, and a few are subterranean; a cup of coffee costs eight sous, a glass of Cognac brandy six sous, a glass of liqueur eight sous; a tumbler of lemonade, orgeat, or biravoise, just the same; a glass of ice one franc, a breakfast of tea costs thirty-six sous.

If the stranger be in want of a suit of clothes, here he may be furnished by the time he has perused the newspapers; in short, it is on this spot one may witness every scene that can well be imagined, and here every wish may be gratified.

The concourse of people in the Palais Royal is never at an end; its company is the most numerous, (*i. e.* was,) the most brilliant, of any of the places of resort in this city. As Paris devoured the marrow of France, so the Palais Royal devoured the marrow of Paris. The Palais Royal was formerly notorious for its gambling-houses, but these are no longer allowed.



Palace of Versailles (*Court Entrance.*)

Versailles is about ten miles westward from Paris, and is distinguished for its historical associations with Paris and modern French history. In the reign of Louis XIII, it was only a small village, in a forest thirty miles in circuit; and here this prince built a hunting seat in 1630, which Louis XIV enlarged into a magnificent palace, and it was the usual residence of the kings of France till 1789, when Louis XVI and his family were removed from it to Paris. The buildings and garden were adorned with a vast number of statues by the greatest masters, and the water works were magnificent. Before the great revolution, Versailles contained a population of more than 100,000, but at present about 35,000.

The numerous saloons in the palace buildings contain a vast collection of paintings, and it is stated that if they were ranged side by side they would extend *seven miles!* The collection, as a whole, is superior and much more of an interesting nature than that of the Louvre. Here is represented all the important events in the history of France, from the earliest period to the present time. Portraits of all the kings and queens, almost every person we read of in French history, warriors, poets, authors, &c. The most interesting historical paintings were those representing events in the life of Napoleon and Louis Phillippe. Many of these are the size of life, and correct portraits and dress of the actors in the scenes represented, and the observer feels assured that he has before him the scene precisely as it occurred. There were also portraits of distinguished persons in other countries, among which was Laurent de Medicis (a most inferior looking personage, by the way) of Florence, 1492. There were also monarchs of other nations, among which were a number of the kings of Spain, a most effeminate and imbecile race. Many of these royal personages were very inferior specimens of humanity, evidently showing by their countenances, lives of dissipation and luxury, having their moral and physical energies destroyed.

The gardens and forests of Versailles are said to be five miles in circumference and surrounded with walls. There are a great variety of statues, groups of figures, fountains, lakes, beautiful flowers, shrubbery, &c., &c. The forests here are much more true to nature than at the Tuileries. The statuary consists principally of heathen divinities, mostly naked. Many of the figures under the trees had the appearance of being moss-covered ; many were cracked, and showed the places where they had been repaired, and the marks of time every where to some extent prevailed. *Le Grand Trianon* is a royal villa at the extremity of the park, built by Louis XIV, for Madame Maintenon, one of his mistresses. It is in the Italian style, consisting of one story and two wings ; this was a favorite residence of Napoleon, who made a direct road from thence to St. Cloud.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The French Revolution which commenced in 1789, and convulsed the whole civilized world, was brought on by a variety of causes. Previous to this time, the French people were borne down by a load of taxation, to support the extravagance and profligacy of their monarchs. The nobility and clergy had many privileges which were not allowed to other subjects, especially their exemption from taxes. The common people were despised, yet they bore all the burdens and expenses of the state. The feelings of liberty were much excited by the American revolution, especially on the return of the French officers and army from the United States. The fearful horrors accompanying the revolution, may be ascribed to the general prevalence of infidelity throughout all classes of the French people. The atheistical writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other French philosophers, brought on a fearful state of public morals.

The French monarch, Louis XVI, wishing to restore the disordered state of the finances to order, convoked the notables, a body selected from the higher orders. To this body it was proposed to lay a land tax, proportioned to property, without any exception of the nobility or clergy; this measure they refused to sanction. The assembly of the states general was now called, which was composed of three orders, the nobility, clergy, and the third estate, or commons. This body, which had not been assembled since 1614, was convened in 1789. Difficulties arose in this assembly how questions should be decided. At length the commons, together with such of the nobility and clergy as would join them, seized upon the legislative authority, and constituted themselves the national assembly. After this body was formed, there remained nothing of the monarchy but the name.

"The three orders, at length, convened at Versailles, May 5, 1789. But their first proceedings were attended by circumstances inauspicious. Unanimity of council was prevented by the opposite views of the different orders; and the people, distracted by various rumors, imagined that these dissensions were fomented by the intrigues of the court. An unusual scarcity of provisions, at the same time, increased the ferment; and the populace, corrupted by disorganizing principles, ascribed every evil, whether political or natural, to regal or aristocratical influence. While the court was embarrassed and torn by party views and feelings, the general ferment in Paris increased. The people, at length, broke out into open revolt, rushed to the hotel of Invalids, and seized on the arms there deposited. The Parisians now being supplied with arms and ammunition, broke through every restraint. But while the Bastile remained in the power of the crown, the revolutionists could not think themselves secure. On the 14th of July, 1789, that awful fortress of despotism, whose name, for ages, had inspired terror, was invested by a mixed multitude of citizens and soldiers, and levelled with the ground. But so comparatively mild had been the government of Louis, that in the apartments of this justly dreaded prison, so long sacred to silence and despair, were found only seven prisoners; four of whom were accused of forgery.

With a view of having the king more completely in their power, the revolutionary chiefs resolved to procure a removal of the assembly to the metropolis, where riots might easily be excited for the purpose of intimidation.

To effect this, men and women of the lowest class were instigated by the democratic faction, to go to Versailles to demand bread. A formidable body, with Maillard at their head, commenced a disorderly march for that purpose. The mayor and municipality of Paris ordered La Fayette instantly to set out for Versailles, at the head of the national guards. When he arrived with his army at ten o'clock at night, he found the Assembly in a very unpleasant situation. Their hall and galleries were crowded with Parisian fishwomen, and others of the mob, who, at every instant, interrupted the debates. La Fayette prevailed upon the assembly to close their sitting for the night, and planted guards in every quarter. All was quiet, till six in the morning, when a great number of women and desperate persons rushed forward to the palace, and attempted to force their way into it. Two of the guards were killed, and the assailants entered the palace, denouncing vengeance against the queen. She had opportunely escaped to the king's apartment. The tumult every moment became more violent, and sudden death seemed to threaten the royal family. La Fayette, now at the head of his troops, was successful in driving the mob from the palace, which they were beginning to pillage. The riot being quelled, the royal family ventured to show themselves at a balcony. A few voices exclaimed, "The King to Paris." The shout soon became general; and Louis after consulting his ministers, concluded to take up his residence at Paris, provided he should be accompanied by the queen and his children. The assembly voted itself inseparable from the court, and made preparations for the immediate progress of one hundred members, in company with the royal family. The heads of two victims were carried upon pikes by the advanced guard of the rabble; the Parisian militia followed; and the "royal captives (in the forcible and indignant language of Burke) were slowly moved along, amidst the horrid yells, and shrill screams, and frantic dances, and infamous contumelies, and all the unutterable abominations of the furies of hell, in the abused shape of the vilest of women." This triumph of faction over royalty, so disgusted many of the representatives, that they seceded from the assembly. The king was constrained to dismiss the body guards from the precints of the palace. His ministers were harassed with suspicions and calumnies; and his views and intentions were studiously misrepresented.

In the progress of varied arrangements, alterations were made in the state of the church, by placing all her property at the disposal of the nation; monastic establishments were dissolved; feudal privileges and rights suppressed; and the kingdom, by the artful Abbe Sieyes was divided into eighty-three departments. As the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastile approached, great preparations were made for the celebrity of a national confederation. A spacious amphitheater was thrown up in the Champ de Mars, or plain of Mars, capable of containing 400,000 spectators. Two thousand workmen were employed in this operation; and the people of Paris, fearing, lest the plan might not be completed, assisted in the labor. All ranks of persons, the nobles, clergy, and even ladies, with an eagerness for novelty so peculiar to that people, united their efforts.

The 14th of July, at length, arrived. At six in the morning, the procession was arranged on the Boulevards, or walks, which was extremely splendid. The National Assembly passed through a grand triumphal arch, and the king and queen, attended by the foreign ministers, were placed in a superb box. After a solemn invocation to God, the king, amidst the deepest silence, approached the altar, and took the following oath: "I, the King of the French, do swear to the nation, that I will employ the whole power delegated to me by the constitutional law of the state, to maintain the constitution, and enforce the execution of the laws." Then the National Assembly, the deputies of the national guards, and every individnal of this immense assembly, took the civic oath. *Te Deum* was then sung. The performance was sublime beyond description. Never perhaps before was there such an orchestra, or such an audience. Their numbers baffled the eye to reckon, and their shouts in full chorus, rent the skies.

After an interval of comparative tranquillity, new disturbances arose. The Count of Provence, the late Louis XVIII, and the Count d'Artois, Prince de Conde, and several nobles of high rank and fortune, at the commencement of the disturbances, retired from France, and found an asylum in Germany. Louis, weary of captivity, had resolved to adopt the same measure. On the night of the 20th of June, 1791, the king and queen with their family, made their escape from Paris. But their plans being ill-concerted, and their mode of travelling calculated to excite suspicion, they were arrested at Varennes, in proceeding toward the German frontier, and reconducted to the Tuileries. This singular and unfortunatee occurrence destroyed all confidence in the nation and the king.

In 1792, Austria and Prussia manifested a disposition to interfere in behalf of the king and royal family. But instead of intimidating the revolutionary party, it drove them to greater acts of violence. In April, war against the king of Hungary and Bohemia, was ratified by the French monarch. In the meantime, the combined armies of Austria and Prussia were ready to enter France; and their general, the Duke of Brunswick, published a declaration, threatening the city of Paris with total destruction, if the least outrage should be offered to the king, queen, or any of the royal family.

This thundering menace, in all probability, determined, or at least, accelerated, the fate of Louis and his family. The hostile armies were advancing toward Paris; and the people imagined, the king was confederate with their enemies. A terrible scene was the consequence. In August, an attack was made upon the palace. The nearer approach of the Prussian army occasioned new outrages. The prisons of Paris were filled with nobles, ecclesiastics, and opulent citizens, suspected of favoring the aristocratic party. The Jacobinical demagogues urged the expediency of destroying them, before the enemy should reach the capital. On the 2d and 3d of September, bands of ferocious assassins burst open the prisons, and massacred all the aristocrats, estimated at not less than five thousand. The power of the legislative assembly was annihilated; and from this moment, the cannon of the Parisians dictated all its decrees. The period, which ensued, has justly been styled, the "Reign of Terror." During these transactions, General La Fayette, finding himself marked out for destruction by the Jacobinical party, resolved to avoid the scaffold by quitting his country. He was arrested by the Austrians, and carried to the prison of Olmutz, where he underwent a series of sufferings seldom paralleled in a civilized world.

A new National Assembly, or Convention, met on the 24th of September, 1792; and on the opening of the session, the abolition of monarchy was decreed, and France was declared a *republic.* They then decided, that the king should be brought to trial. On the 11th of December, Louis was ordered to the bar of the Convention, where, though he had received no previous intimation of the charges against him, he replied with clearness and precision, and with much composure and dignity. But his implacable enemies were bent on his destruction. The convention decided, that Louis Capet had been guilty of a conspiracy against the liberty of the nation, and made an attack on the general security of the state. By a majority of only five voices, he was condemned to suffer death by the guillotine; and on the 21st of January, 1793, was publicly executed.

The execution of Louis excited general horror. All governments concurred in condemning the conduct of the French regicides. Great Britain, Holland, Spain, Portugal, and the princes of Germany and Italy, united with Austria and Prussia against the French republic. While menaced from abroad by the combined forces of Europe, the sufferings of the republic at home under the tyranny of the blood-thirsty Robespierre, and the execrable Marat, are without a parallel in history.

The horrid butcheries, perpetrated by the committee of public safety, are shocking to the feelings of humanity. One of the earliest victims was Maria Antoinette, the wretched widow of Louis. She had suffered a close captivity of three months in a miserable dungeon, when she was led before the revolutionary tribunal, and charged with various crimes, which were not substantiated; but revolutionary vengeance had pre-determined her death. She heard the sentence without the least discomposure, and retired from the court in dignified silence. October 16, preparations were made for execution. At eleven o'clock in the morning, the queen was brought out of her prison, dressed in a white dishabille; she was conducted to the place of execution in an open cart; her hair from behind was entirely cut off; and her hands tied behind her. In this degraded situation, she passed through the streets, wholly unmoved by the brutal shouts of the people. On reaching the scaffold, she ascended with seeming haste and impatience, turned her eyes with great emotion toward the garden of the Tuileries, the abode of her once happy days, and then submitted to her fate, with heroic intrepidity. She had not completed her thirty-eighth year, but her sufferings had given to her countenance and form, the appearance of more advanced age. The hair upon her forehead had become perfectly white. The death of the queen was followed by the destruction of the Girondine party.

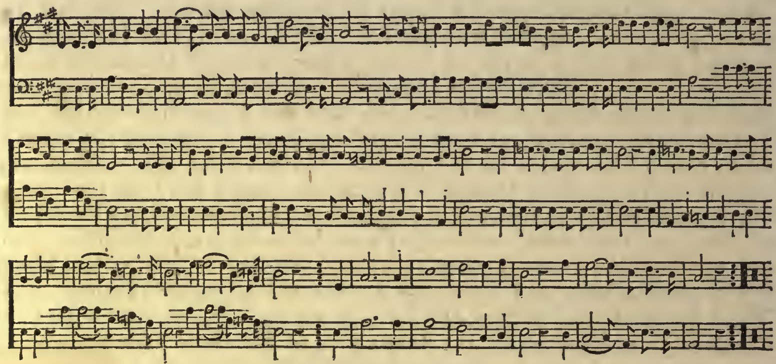
The profligate and intriguing Duke of Orleans was brought to trial. He was executed on the 6th of November, amid the deserved insults and reproaches of the populace. On the 17th of this month, the Christian religion was abjured by the Convention. Reason, Liberty, and Equality, were considered as the only deities, and of course, the only objects of worship. The Sabbath, that grand safeguard of the morals of man, was abolished; and a respite from labor allowed every tenth day. During a great part of the year 1794, the system of terror reigned at Paris with increasing vigor; and the mutual distrust of the tyrants rendered it not less destructive to themselves, than to those who were subject to their authority. The members of the Convention, actuated by mutual jealousies and suspicions, directed their views toward mutual extermination, and successively fell on the same scaffolds, on which they had immolated so many innocent victims.

The government of France, although nominally republican, was now almost entirely vested in one man, the tyrant Robespierre. Never before was the reign of any despot so terrible. Under his sanguinary administration, the prisons of Paris, at one time, contained more than seven thousand persons; and a day seldom passed without sixty or eighty executions. Among the many victims that were sacrificed to his tyranny, was the beautiful and accomplished princess Elizabeth, sister to the unfortunate Louis. She was condemned on the most frivolous charges; her royal birth being her only crime.

But the reign of Robespierre was now soon to terminate. Every member of the Convention began to tremble for his own safety. Those who were most sensible of their danger, resolved to prevent their own destruction, by the death of the tyrant. Having artfully prepared the public mind, and taking the most judicious measures for diminishing the influence of the demagogue over the Parisian populace, they impeached Robespierre and his accomplices in barbarity, of a conspiracy against the Convention. Their arrest was decreed. Robespierre now discovered, that his reliance on the mob was fallacious. He was himself deserted by the people; and convinced, that his tyrannical career was at a close, shot himself in the mouth with his pistol. The ball failed of its intended effect, but carried away part of his jaw. He was seized, together with his friends (if the name of friend can be applied to demons) and dragged before the revolutionary tribunal. And by that tribunal, which had so often been the instrument of his cruelty, Robespierre was sentenced to death, together with twenty others. On the 28th of July, 1794, they were executed amid the loud bursts of public execration. Thus fell a monster, who in cruelty surpassed all other tyrants both of ancient and modern times; and whose death put an end to what is so emphatically denominated the "*reign of terror.*"

Notwithstanding the internal scenes of horror, the exertions of the republic during this period, were prodigious, and almost incredible. France displayed a political and military picture, to which the history of the world affords no parallel. Infidels directed her councils, and desperadoes conducted her armies. Her generals placed between the scaffolds of Paris and the cannon of their enemies, having no alternative between death and victory, immortalized their names by their enterprises and splendid successes."—*Whelpley's Com.*

MARSEILLES HYMN OF LIBERTY.



Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath:
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise,
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And, lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare—
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded—
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore:
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

Oh! Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield:
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arm! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath:
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

M. de Lamartine, in his Historie des Girondins, published in Paris, gives the following account of the origin of the French national air, the Marseillaise.

"In the garrison of Strasburg was quartered a young artillery officer, named Rouget de Lisle, a native of Louis de Salnier, in the Jura. He had a great taste for music and poetry, and often entertained his comrades during their long and tedious hours in the garrison. Sought after for his musical and poetical talent, he was a frequent and familiar guest at the house of one Dietrich, an Alsatian patriot, mayor of Strasburg. The winter of 1792 was a period of great scarcity at Strasburg. The house of Dietrich was poor, his table was frugal, but a seat was always open to Rouget de Lisle.

One day there was nothing but bread and some slices of smoked ham on the table. Dietrich, regarding the young officer, said to him, with sad serenity, 'Abundance fails at our boards; but what matters that if enthusiasm fails not at our civic fetes, nor courage in the hearts of our soldiers? I have still a last bottle of wine in my cellar. Bring it,' said he to one of his daughters, 'and let us drink France and Liberty! Strasburg should have its patriotic solemnity. De Lisle must draw from these last drops one of those hymns which raise the soul of the people.'

The wine was brought and drank, after which the officer departed. The night was cold. De Lisle was thoughtful. His heart was moved, his head heated. He returned staggering to his solitary room, and slowly sought inspiration, sometimes in the fervor of his citizen-soul, and anon the keys of his instrument, composing now the air before the words, and then the words before the air. He sung all and wrote nothing, and at last, exhausted, fell asleep with his head resting on his instrument, and awoke not till daybreak.

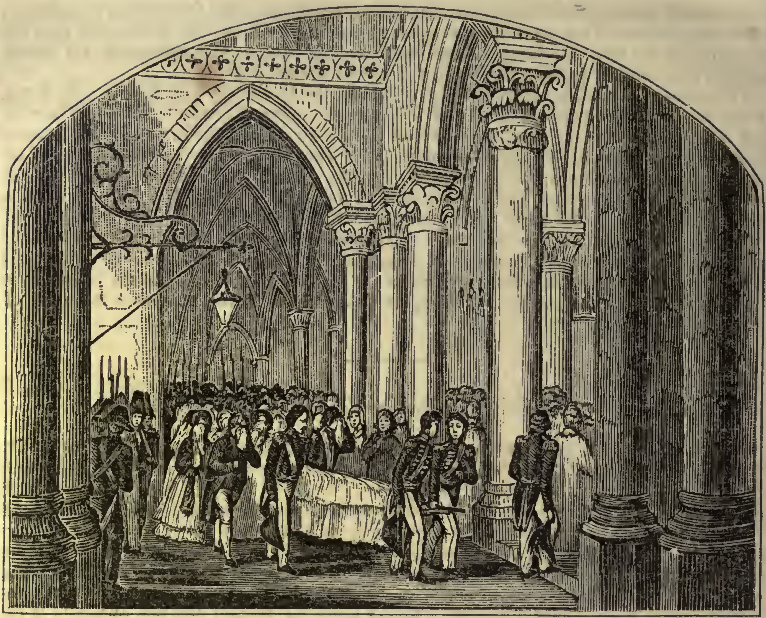
The music of the night returned to his mind like the impression of a dream. He wrote it, and ran to Dietrich, whom he found in the garden digging winter lettuces. The wife and daughters of the old man were not up. Dietrich awoke them, and called in some friends, all as passionate as himself for music, and able to execute the composition of De Lisle. At the first stanza cheeks grew pale; at the second tears flowed; and at last the delirium of enthusiasm burst forth. The wife of Dietrich, his daughters, himself, and the young officer, threw themselves, crying, into each other's arms.

The hymn of the country was found. Executed some days afterwards in Strasburg, the new song flew from city to city, and was played by all the popular orchestras. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the commencement of the sittings of the clubs, and the Marseillaise spread it through France, singing it along the public roads. From this came the name of 'Marseillaise.'"

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.—MADAME ROLAND.

Charlotte Corday, was born of respectable parents at St. Saturnin, in Normandy. She was brought up at Caen, where her beauty and accomplishments were seen and admired by Belsunce, the major of a reginent quartered in the town. The death of this worthy favorite, who was murdered by some assassins, excited the vengeance of the youthful heroine, and when she saw her lover branded with the name of conspirator, in a paper published by Marat, she hastened to Paris, determined to sacrifice to her resentment the man who had so shamefully abused the object of her affections, and had defended the condemnation of the deputies of merit and virtue in the convention. She was refused admittance at the house of Marat; but she obtained it by writing a letter, in which she informed him that she wished to disclose some secret of importance; and while the tyrant was engaged in conversation with her, she stabbed him to the heart, and he fell at her feet. Undismayed, and glorying in the deed, she refused to fly, and was dragged to the Abbaye, and then to the revolutionary tribunal, where she heard the sentence of condemnation with tranquil composure. The serenity and dignity of her features were so commanding, as she walked to the scaffold, that Adam Lux, a deputy from Mayence, captivated by her beauty, requested of the bloody tribunal to follow her to death; and he had the singular satisfaction of expiring by the same guillotine. Charlotte suffered July, 1793. She was twenty-four years and nine months old; and it is said that by the female line she was descended from Peter Cornille.

Madame Roland, wife of J. M. de la Platiere Roland, was born in Paris in 1754, and received from her father, who was an engraver of merit, an excellent education. Early devoted to books, she acquired a very extensive knowledge of the arts, and became known for her wit and learning. At the age of twenty-five she married Roland, though much older than herself, and when he was raised to consequence in the revolution, she lent all the resources of her mind to assist him, and often wrote the dispatches and letters which were to issue from his hands. Her house was the receptacle of the learned, the powerful, and the intriguing, and she was the soul of the party, and secretly guided many of the public measures which were proposed in the convention. Her influence escaped not, however, without envy, and when accused, she appeared before the convention, and cleared herself with all the graceful energy of innocence. When her husband was proscribed, she hoped to be permitted to remain secure at Paris, but in vain; she was soon after seized and sent to prison, and after five months confinement she was dragged to the scaffold, as the active accomplice of the Girondists. She was guillotined 8th November, 1793, aged forty-one, and as she expired she exclaimed, *O liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name.* Her works consist of tracts on melancholy, morality, friendship, Socrates, &c., besides memoirs which she wrote during her captivity, and in which she gave an interesting history, or appeal to posterity, about her husband, his conduct, his ministry, and their private life. She also published an account of her travels in England and Switzerland, two places where she imbibed true principles of liberty and government.



Procession in the Chapel at Neuilly—Duke of Orleans' corpse.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

The following account of the death of the Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of Louis Philippe, is from Galignani's Messenger:

Yesterday, (July 13, 1842,) at 12 o'clock, the Duke of Orleans was to leave Paris for St. Omer, where he was to inspect several regiments intended for the corps of operation on the Marne. His equipages were ordered and his attendants in readiness. Exery preparation was made at the Pavilion Marson for the journey, after which his Royal Highness was to join the Duchess of Orleans at Plombiere. At eleven the Prince got into a carriage, intending to go to Nielly, to take leave of the king and queen and the royal family. This carriage was a four-wheeled cabriolet, or caleche, drawn by two horses, a la demi-Daumount, that is, driven by a postilion. It was the conveyance usually taken by the Prince when going short distances round Paris. He was quite alone, not having suffered one of his officers to accompany him. On arriving near the Porte Maillet, the horse rode by the postilion took fright, and broke into a gallop. The carriage was soon taken with great velocity up the Chemin de la Revolte. The Prince, seeing that the postilion was unable to master the horses, put his foot on the step, which is very near the ground, and jumped down on the road, when about half way along the road which runs direct from the Port Muillot. The Prince touched the ground with both feet, but the impulse was so great that he staggered, and fell with his head on the pavement. The effect of the fall was terrible, for his Royal Highness remained senseless on the spot. Persons instantly ran to his assistance and carried him into a grocer's by the way-side, a short distance off, opposite Lord Seymour's stables.

In the meantime the postilion succeeded in getting command of his horses, turned the carriage round, and came to the door of the house where the Prince was lying. His Royal Highness never recovered his senses. He was placed on a bed in a room on the ground floor, and surgical assistance was sent for. Dr. Banny, a physician in the neighborhood, was the first who came. He bled the royal sufferer, but this produced no good effect. The news of the accident was conveyed to Neuilly. The Queen immediately set out on foot, and the King followed her. His Majesty was to be at Paris at twelve o'clock to hold a council of ministers. His carriages, which were ready, soon overtook their Majesties, who entered them, with Madame Adelaide and the Princess Clementine. They proceeded to the house into which the Duke of Orleans had been taken. He was by that time nearly lifeless. It may be easy to imagine, but it will be impossible for any one to describe the grief of their Majesties, and royal highness, at the spectacle they beheld.

At two o'clock, as the case became more and more desperate, the King sent for the Duchess de Nemours, who had remained at Neuilly. She came attended by her ladies in waiting. No pen can paint the afflicting scene presented by the chamber when the Duchess de Nemours came, and added her bitter tears to those of the rest of the family. The Queen and Princesses were on their knees by the bedside praying, and bathing with their tears the hands of their departing son and brother, so intensely beloved. The Princes were speechless, and sobbing almost to suffocation. The King stood by silent and motionless, watching, with painful anxiety, every fluctuation in the countenance of his expiring heir.

Outside the house the crowd continued to increase, every one overwhelmed with consternation. The Cure of Neuilly and his clergy, immediately obeyed the King's summons, and came to Sablouville. Under the influence of powerful medicaments, the agony of the dying Prince was prolonged. Life withdrew but very slowly, and not without struggling powerfully against the utter destruction of so much youthful strength. For a moment respiration become more free, and the beating of the pulse was perceptible. As the slightest hopes are grasped at by hearts torn with despair, this scene of desolation was interrupted by a momentary calm, but the gleam soon passed away. At four o'clock the Prince showed the unequivocal symptoms of departing life, and in another half hour he rendered his soul to God, dying in the arms of his King and father, who, at the last moment, pressed his lips on the forehead of his child, hallowed by the tears of his afflicted mother, and the sobs and lamentations of the whole of his family.

The Prince being dead, the King drew the Queen into an adjoining room, where the ministers and marshals were assembled, threw themselves at her feet, and endeavored to offer her consolation. Her Majesty exclaimed, "What a dreadful misfortune has fallen upon our family, but how much greater is it for France!" Her voice was then stopped by her sobs and tears. The King seeing Marshal Gerard absorbed in grief, took his hand, pressed it with an expression showing his sense of his bereavement, but, at the same time, a firmness and magnanimity truly royal.

The mortal remains of the Prince were placed on a litter covered with a white sheet. The Queen refused to get into the carriage, declaring her resolution to follow the corpse of her son to the chapel at Neuilly, where she desired it to be carried. Consequently a company of the 17th Light Infantry was hastily marched down from Combevoïe to line the procession on each side, and thus, those brave men who had shared with the Prince in all the dangers of the passage of the Iron Gates, and the heights of Mouzaria, in Africa, served as the escort of his now lifeless body. Several of the men wept, and called back to their minds the brilliant valor with which the Duke of Orleans had assailed the enemy, and, at the same time, the mild and delicate beneficence with which he had ever tempered the necessary rigor of command. At five o'clock the mournful procession moved towards the chapel at Neuilly. General Athalin walked at the head of the bier, which was carried by four non-commissioned officers. Behind followed the King, Queen, Princess Adelaide, Duchess de Nemours, Princess Clementine, Duke d'Aumale, and Duke de Montpensier. Then came Marshals Soult and Gerard, the ministers, general officers, the household of the King and Princess, and an immense number of persons. The sad and solemn procession moved along the Avenue de Sablonville, and crossing the old Neuilly road, entered the royal park, and traversed its whole length to the chapel. Here their Majesties, and Princes, and Princesses, after prostrating themselves before the altar, left their beloved child and brother under the guardianship of God. In the evening the royal family remained in seclusion, except that the King conferred with his ministers.

Saturday, July 16. The Duchess of Orleans arrived to-day, at noon, from Plombieres. On the road between Epinal and Neuf chateau, M. Barten de Veaux, the Prince's Aide-de-Camp met the Duchess' carriage. When her Royal Highness saw him, her emotion could not be controlled. She said "I understand he is dead!" From that moment she gave herself up to despair, and would receive no consolation. After passing Merecourt, the Duchess of Weimar, and the Princess Clementine were met—she had letters to the Duchess from the King and Queen. A most distressing interview ensued. The Duchess of Orleans had a succession of fainting fits. The unfortunate sisters went direct to Neuilly, where the Duchess again became insensible, when she was embraced by the royal parents. It was only at three o'clock this afternoon that she came to her senses, and the royal family is still with her. At half-past three the children were brought to her, and she was then relieved by abundant tears.

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The Queen, it is said, has expressed her desire to have a building, precisely representing this chamber of death, erected at Neuilly, as a memorial of the fatal event. The whole house has been purchased of the landlord. It is to be pulled down and a chapel is to be erected on its site.

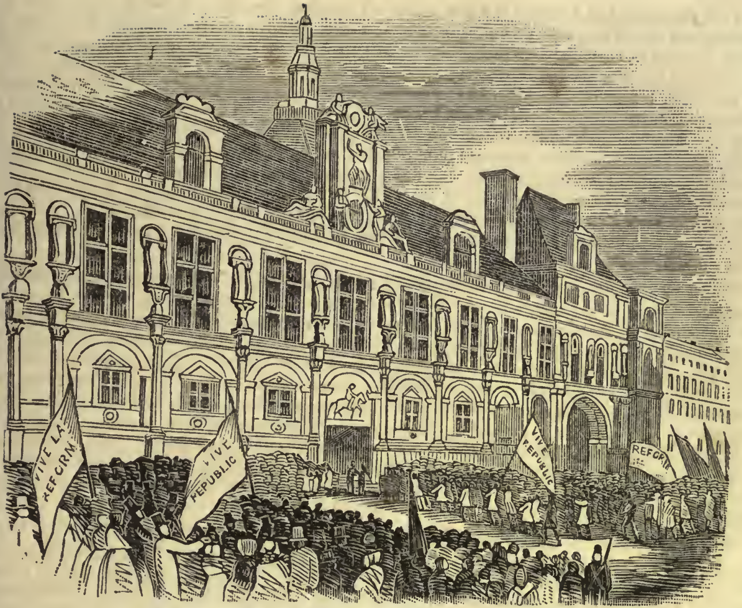
REVOLUTION IN 1848.

Just previous to his flight from France, in March 1848, Louis Phillippe was considered the " most prosperous, the most powerful, and accounted the ablest sovereign in the world. His numerous and dutiful children, his brilliant alliances of them recently concluded—which brought into one family interest the vast region from Antwerp to Cadiz; Algeria pacified after an eighteen years war; possessed of an immense private fortune, and eleven or twelve palaces unequalled for magnificence, a splendid army of four hundred thousand men, a metropolis fortified and armed to the teeth against the world, the balance of Europe, the causes of people and kings, the issues of peace and war, were apparently in his hands."

Feeling powerful at home and abroad, Louis Phillippe, became careless of the wishes of his people, and determined to keep them under his control by acts of arbitrary power. On the 8th of February, 1848, a debate arose in the Chamber of Deputies on the reform banquets. M. Duchatel declared that the government did not intend or promise any reform. M. Odilon Barrot, reminded the ministers, that if they persisted in such a course, a revolution might be expected. Sixty members threatened to resign their seats if a certain phrase in the king's speech was retained.

On February 21st, the Chamber of Deputies, called on the ministers to explain the rumor of the intention to suppress the reform banquet of the morrow. The ministers avowed their purpose, and the sitting closed in tumult on the morning of the 22d. Numerous bodies of the disaffected paraded the streets, but no blood was shed till the afternoon, when some persons were wounded on both sides in the attempt to keep the mob in check. *February* 23.—Immense numbers of insurgents disturbed the streets, barricades were erected, blood was shed, and many lives were lost. The soldiers now began to vacillate, and the third legion of the National Guard fraternized with the people. In the afternoon of this day the king summoned M. Mole to form a ministry. The attempt failed, and Paris was controlled by an excited mob.

On the 24th of February, at eleven o'clock, the king issued a conciliatory proclamation, but it was unavailing. At one o'clock, the king having signed his abdication in favor of the Count of Paris, fled from the Tuileries and escaped from Paris in haste. At two P. M., O. Barrot issued a proclamation of abdication. The Deputies met at one P. M., and the Duchess of Orleans, with her two sons, waited upon them. The regency of the Duchess was announced by M. Dupin, but *it was too late;* the hall was forcibly entered by the mob, the Duchess and her children escaped by a side door, and the sitting ended in an uproar. The cry was now *vive la Republique*, and a provincial government was named. The Palace of the Tuileries and other conspicuous buildings were sacked. The Provisional Government sat at the Hotel de Ville, in a terrible tumult of a mob, which was only kept from outrage by the efforts of M. Lamartine. On the 25th, the city and forts were in possession of the people: the soldiers of the line, excepting the Municipal Guard, tacitly joined the revolt. On the 26th of February, M. Lamartine, of the Provisional Government, proclaimed "*the French Republic, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.*"



Procession before the Hotel de Ville, March 16, 1848.

On June 22d, 1848, the disbanding of the operatives at the national workshops at Paris, began by drafting off three thousand to the provinces. These men, after leaving the city, returned in large bodies and paraded the streets. Much uneasiness prevailed among the workmen at large. An organized rebellion made rapid progress, and during the night of the 23d, formidable barricades were erected, and many houses were loopholed. The National Guards were twice repulsed in attacking the barricade at the Porte St. Denis; and all the troops were employed throughout the city in a bloody warfare against the strong positions. In the afternoon, all executive authority was confided to General Cavaignac, by the executive committee. On the 24th, about noon, General Cavaignac bombarded the barricades and houses, having found his cannonade ineffectual. In the evening the Assembly made General Cavaignac military dictator, and declared Paris to be in a state of siege. The troops gained many points but they progressed slowly. On the 25th, a most bloody fight took place at the Pantheon, and the Clos St. Lazare, but the insurrection was quelled on the left bank of the Seine. The Archbishop of Paris was killed while attempting to calm the insurgents. On the 26th, the fighting was continued along the canal St. Martin, in the Clos St. Lazare, and at the faubourg St. Antoine, which was reduced by shells and red-hot balls. The insurrection was finally subdued after great slaughter on both sides. Seven generals and four members of the Assembly were either killed or mortally wounded. The total number of the killed and wounded was estimated at from three to four thousand.

The following account of the above insurrection is from an American correspondent living in Paris at that time:

"On the very day I posted my last letter, (Thursday, the 22d,) in which I gave you to understand that Paris was assuming a more orderly aspect, numerous crowds of workmen were formed in various parts of the city. They gave rise however to no serious fears, as a crowd in Paris is no extraordinary thing. Even the next day, (Friday,) no alarm existed till about ten or eleven o'clock, when barricades were seen going up in different quarters, particularly about the Sorbonne, on one side of the river, and the gates of St. Denis and St. Martin, noted points of sedition on the other. The "rapple" and the "generale" were then beaten, but the National Guards having been so frequently called upon since February, and not suspecting any real danger, turned out slowly and reluctantly. Not more than one-third at first answered the call. But soon the true state of things became known, and then the Citizen Guards, in conjunction with the Guards Mobile, the Republican Guards and the regular troops, showed an alacrity and zeal which can never be too much praised.

The first attacks on the barricades being made with feeble numbers, were universally repulsed, but as larger forces kept moving upon the various hostile points, the combat soon assumed a more equal and desperate character. The insurgents held their ground for a long time, and it was only when cannon was brought to bear upon them that any important advantage was gained. The struggle then became terrible. The insurgents fought like fiends. One barricade near the Sorbonne sustained a continual cannonade of twelve hours before its defenders gave way, and took refuge behind similar constructions more remote. The ground was gained by the government forces only inch by inch. One barricade taken, only opened the way to another equally formidable behind. The slaughter was immense, particularly of officers. At the taking of one barricade, (one out of the many thousands that existed,) there were killed one General, two Colonels, and ten inferior officers.

One company of a hundred regular troops lost seventy-five of its number at a single barricade. No people but the French could thus fight regular troops. This arises from the spirit of their laws, which makes every man a soldier. While the army is usually composed of young men from seventeen to twenty-seven, the men of real experience are among the people. Many of the insurgents were veterans of the African wars, and these formed the officers and leaders. The struggle continued Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, four bloody days, and even on Monday night and Tuesday occasional shots were kept up in the outskirts of the city.

Among the parts most desperately contested by the insurgents was the Place du Pantheon. They had made the building of the Pantheon and the Church of St. Etienne du Mount adjoining, a sort of head-quarter, and here they made a terrible stand. Dislodged once, they retook their position, and only at four o'clock the second day were they finally overcome. The churches were everywhere seized as strongholds, and many of them have been sadly mutilated. The noble structure of the Pantheon was much injured.

As the insurgents were driven from the central parts of the city, they were obliged on the third day to move into the distant faubourgs. The Bastile and the faubourg St. Antoine was their last stand, and here they fortified themselves in a manner that would have done honor to a besieged army.

General Cavaignac, who had been appointed by the Assembly chief of executive power, and commander-in-chief of all the forces, now ordered a final parley. He even threatened if the insurgents still refused to submit, to bombard the quarter, as he was unwilling, he said, to sacrifice his soldiers in the narrow, obscure streets of the faubourg. The insurgents still continued to make unreasonable demands, such as the dismission of the Guard Mobile, the dismemberment of the National Guard, the sending of the regular troops from Paris and the indemnity of a milliard of money, &c.; but after a little more fighting, in which at least they saw there was no hope, they submitted unconditionally. Thus stopped, after four days, a carnage unequalled in the history of civil war. I feel that I can give you but a faint idea of its incredible atrocities. The shooting of prisoners, practised throughout on both sides, was most malicious. The insurgents began it, and the troops did the same for vengeance. A National Guard whom I know, told me, personally, that he saw two hundred shot down one after the other. The insurgents did not content themselves with merely putting an end to these victims, but practised upon them the most horrid cruelties. Some they hung up by the wrists and then stabbed them with bayonets in various parts of the body. Others they deprived of hands and feet, and then left them to die slowly in that condition. Other species of barbarity are mentioned which make one shudder to think of it. It is said that some of the women were worse than the men. Many of them have been taken dressed in men's clothes. One woman is now in prison for having cut the throat of an officer in open day. He was walking the street unconscious of any danger, when she suddenly stepped up, seized him by the collar, and with a large knife almost severed his head from his body. Yet this was not the general character of the women. On the contrary, they saved many of the prisoners.

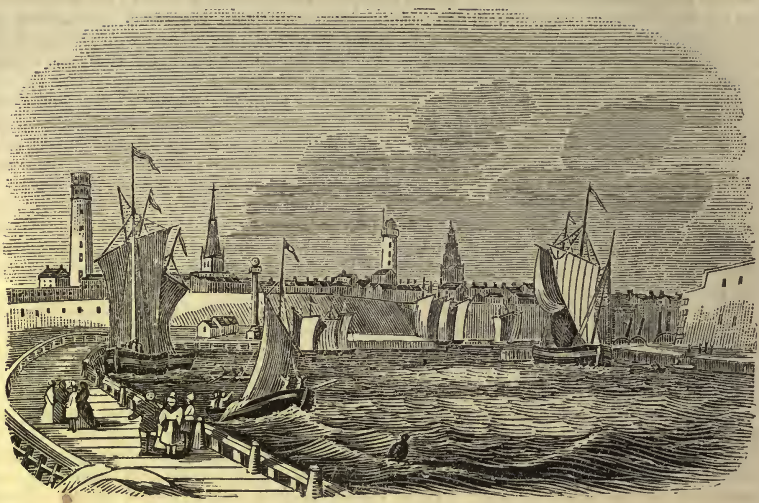
Fifty young Guards Mobile, who were obliged to yield in the court of the law school near the Pantheon, were saved by the entreaties of the women among the insurgents. Nor did the men exhibit unmingled atrocity. Many of them were honest workmen who had been deceived. One man having killed a Guard Mobile, wept over him bitterly. Another, when an officer had been taken prisoner, and was about to be shot, stepped up and said "no! I am an old soldier of Africa: I will not see a disarmed officer shot like a dog!" He immediately took the prisoner's arm and led him to Gen. Cavaignac's head-quarters. When the story was told by the officer, all gathered around the insurgent to praise him for his magnanimity, but he turned to leave, saying, "Gentlemen, you have your work to do, and I have mine," and went direct to the place he had left.

The Guard Mobile, which was formed immediately after the revolution of February, and consists mostly of quite young men from the working-classes of Paris, exhibited, during the four days, remarkable bravery, and has suffered more severely than any troop engaged. Many instances of individual heroism are signalized among all the different troops engaged. It is painful, however, to think that the Guard Mobile, which has suffered much from the insurgents, and inflicted so much upon them, consists of individuals, in many instances the near relatives, and in some perhaps the children, of those against whom it struggled hand to hand. It was the combatants of the barricades of February that entered the Guard Mobile, and they are closely connected in station and blood with the builders of the barricades of June. I have, indeed, heard it said, though I cannot believe it true, that a Guard Mobile stated that he had killed his own father, and added, he thought he had done well.

The conduct of the National Assembly in this crisis has been admirable. It has sat in permanency, holding its deliberations day and night. Nothing was spared to stop, if possible, the effusion of blood. Proclamations were repeatedly issued to the insurgents, to enlighten as to their true position, to remove the delusion under which many of them fought. Representatives personally wearing the badge of their office, attempted by visiting the various points of hostility, and even mingling with the insurgents, to bring about peace. But all their efforts were useless, and two or three lost their lives in their attempts. Some of the most distinguished French generals have fallen. General Negrier, after leading his troops bravely for three days, at last fell.

Near the faubourg St. Antoine another general was killed dastardly by a prisoner while attempting to save him from the fury of the men. It is only as it were by a miracle that General Lamoriciere, so distinguished in the Algerian war, (he took Ab-del Kader,) has escaped. He had three horses killed under him, being constantly in the thickest of the fight. Many eminent citizens have been killed and wounded while fighting in the ranks of the National Guard. But the death which has created the greatest sensation was that of the Archbishop of Paris. He received it on the top of a barricade while attempting to restore peace. It was, however, doubtless by accident. The fire had been stopped on both sides that he might approach the barricades to speak to the insurgents. The latter met him, many with signs of humility, but others with a stern countenance. While talking with them the combatants on the other side, fearing he might be in danger in the midst of the insurgents, approached to defend him in case of need. Altercation immediately commenced between the two parties, and a shot being fired, whether accidentally or otherwise, the cry of treason arose, and both sides renewed the combat. The Archbishop ascended the barricade between the two fires, and thus received a ball in his side which caused his death.

The city presented during the contest, and indeed does yet in many parts, a most awful appearance. It was declared in a state of siege the second day, and nearly all communication was stopped. Nearly every street was guarded and rendered impassable. The inhabitants not out as National Guards were required to keep in. In most of the streets all the windows were obliged to be kept closed, as much execution had been done from them against the troops, even in the streets where there was no barricades. You may imagine the condition of the people, obliged to occupy close rooms in the month of June, and in some cases not even able to stir out for war or provisions. In the districts which had been under the insurgents, who seem to have been even more strict than the regular forces, persons were found nearly dead with hunger."



Harbor view of Calais.

Calais, the well-known sea-port of France, situated on the channel which separates England from France, is about twenty miles from Dover, with which it has a steam communication three times a day. The time of passage between the two places is about two hours. The harbor of Calais is formed by a small rivulet, but it is too much obstructed by sand to admit of large vessels except at high tide. The harbor commences at the gate of the town, where a fine massive quay terminates in two long wooden moles, which extend far into the sea, one of which is seen on the left of the engraving.

Calais is a fortress of the second class situated in a barren district with sand-hills, raised by the wind and sea, on one side, and morasses on the other. It has a citadel on the north-west side, and near the sea, and is strongly fortified. Its chief strength depends upon its situation among the marshes which may be overflowed at the approach of an enemy. The pier of Calais is an agreeable promenade, on which stands a pillar to commemorate the return of Louis XVIII to France. The principal gate leading from the sea-side was built by Cardinal Richelieu in 1685, and is the one introduced by Hogarth in his well-known picture. In the great market-place stands the Hotel de Ville, (Town Hall.) In front of it are placed busts of St. Perrie, the Duc de Guise, and Cardinal Richelieu. In the same square is a tower which serves as a landmark by day, and a light-house by night. Around the walls in the inside of the town are admirable promenades which command a distinct view of the white cliffs of England. Calais, of late, has been a manufacturing town; mills and steam-engines have been multiplied, and inner ramparts have been removed to make way for factories. Calais contains 12,500 inhabitants. It is twenty miles north-east from Boulogne, and one hundred and forty-five from Paris.

Its walls and castle were built by Philip, Count of Boulogne, in 1228, but its municipal laws and privileges are supposed to have been granted by Ida, Countess of Boulogne, and her fourth husband, Renaud de Dammartin, in 1191. From these laws the city was governed by its own magistrates, elected by the citizens, and by a bailiff, appointed by the Count. Among its privileges, if a woman offered to take as her husband a man condemned to death for theft, she might demand and obtain his pardon.

In 1347, Calais was taken by Edward III of England, after having been reduced to great distress by famine. Edward finally consented to spare the lives of the inhabitants if they would deliver up six of the principal citizens to suffer in their stead. In this extremity, Eustace de St. Pierre, one of the richest merchants in the place, voluntary offered himself as one of the six victims. His example was soon followed by five others. These illustrious patriots went barefooted, with ropes about their neck, into the camp of Edward, and implored his mercy. By the entreaties of his queen, their lives were spared.

[ADDITIONAL.]

RUSSIA.

THE Russian Empire extends over nearly half of Europe, the whole of Northern Asia, and a portion of the north west coast of America, extending from 19° east longitude easterly, to 130 degrees of west longitude, embracing 211°, or considerably more than one-half the circumference of the earth. The southern boundary of the Russian possessions in America, was settled by a convention between Russia and the United States, to the line of the 55th degree of north latitude. The whole territory of Russia is computed to be eight millions of square miles, equal to one-seventh part of the habitable globe. The number of inhabitants is estimated to be sixty-five millions, of which fifty-four are in Europe.

The surface of the Russian territory is the most level of any in Europe. The great tract of low-land which begins in northern Germany, expands in Russia to its greatest breadth, exceeding 1200 miles. A great portion, in the south expecially, consists of those immense levels called *Steppes*, over which the eye may range for hundreds of miles without meeting a hill. They terminate only at the long chain of the Ural mountains, which, rising like a wall, separates them from the equally vast plains of Siberia.

Russia was but little known to the ancients, Scythia was the name given to the southern part of Asiatic Russia by the Greeks and Romans. The Russian territory appears to have been originally divided into various tribes or nations, and there is a greater diversity of languages and races in its limits than in any other country. The principal stocks are 1st,—the Sclavonic, in which are comprised the Russians, the Poles, and the Lithuanians, &c., 2d,—the Fins, 3d,—the Turkish or Tartar, 4th,—the German or Dutch, and 5th,—the Gothic or Swedes.

The settled population is divided into six great classes, viz., nobles, clergy, citizens, peasants, serfs and slaves; of the last named there is said to be twenty-three millions. The government of Russia is an absolute monarchy, all power emanating from the Czar. The title of Autocrat, which he assumes, indicates the nature of his authority, which he is presumed to derive only from God.

The monarchy of Russia appears to have been first formed, about the ninth and tenth centuries, under the reigns of Ruric and Vladimir the Great. At this period, having intercourse with the court of Constantinople, it was converted to the Greek church, which has ever since been the established religion of the empire. In the twelfth century, the country was overrun and subjugated by the Tartars. Since this period despotic ideas and eastern habits, derived from this source, have ever continued to prevail in Russia. In the fifteenth century, the monarchy was re-established under the name of *Muscovy*, and the Tartars, after making a desperate stand, were driven out of Europe.

In the 17th century, White and Little Russia were conquered from the Poles, and the Cossacks of the Don, or Ukraine, acknowledged the supremacy of Czar. In 1696, Peter the Great ascended the throne and the civilization of Russia commenced. This "Father of his Country" showed the greatness of his soul and magnanimity of his patriotism, in quitting his throne and laboring as a carpenter in the docks in England and Holland, in order to introduce the arts of civilization among his countrymen. By his energy and perseverance, he overcome in a great measure their stubborn prejudices and habits. By his knowledge of ship building, he gave his people a fleet. He also conquered large provinces, laid the foundations of a noble city which bears his name, and before his death in 1725, Russia had taken her station among the civilized nations of Europe.

The next distinguished occupant of the Russian throne was Catherine II. Her reign from 1762 to 1796, exhibited her extraordinary talents in extending the Russian power by her acquisitions in Poland and the Black Sea. She died in 1796, and was succeeded by her son Paul. His short reign of five years exhibited nothing but his folly and weakness: he was assassinated, being strangled in his bed chamber by his courtiers. Alexander his son was declared emperor. In 1812, Alexander refusing to concur with the emperor Napoleon, in excluding British commerce from the continent, Russia was invaded by nearly half a million of men. The first action of importance was at *Smolensk*, which was burnt by the Russians themselves when forced to abandon it. After the battle of *Borodino*, in which 75,000 men were killed, the French entered *Moscow*, in September, 1812. The Russians, in order to deprive the French of winter quarters, fired their ancient Capital, and three-fourths of it was laid in ashes. Being short of provisions, Napoleon was obliged to retreat towards the frontiers. A severe Russian winter set in; the wretched soldiers, pursued by the Russians, overcome by hunger, cold and fatigue, sunk down and perished amid the ice and snow by thousands; and it is said that not more than one man in ten survived to cross the frontiers. On the fall of Napoleon, Alexander was considered as at the head of the holy Alliance between the crowned heads of Europe, the object of which was to put down revolutionary movements. He died suddenly near the Black Sea in 1825, at the age of 48, and was succeeded by his second brother, Nicholas.

In 1828, the Russians declared war against the Turks. The Russian commander *Diebitsch*, gained a number of victories over the Turks, particularly near Shumla, in which 4,000 Turks were killed. Diebitsch, leaving Shumla, passed the Balkan mountains, and took possession of Adrianople. Constantinople now lying open to the Russians, the Turks were obliged to make peace on humiliating terms.

In 1831, the Poles made an attempt to regain their ancient liberties. The Russian troops were expelled from Warsaw; they however soon returned with overpowering numbers under the command of Field Marshal Paskewitch. Warsaw was taken by storm, and many of her brave defenders imprisoned, or exiled to Siberia. Circassia, lying between the Black and Caspian Seas, is included by the Czar in his dominions. For a long period the brave inhabitants in this mountainous region (hardly a million in number) have successfully resisted the authority of the Russian rulers. The brave *Schamyl*, one of their leaders, has rendered his name famous for his daring exploits. In 1854, the Russians having engaged in a war with Turkey, Great Britain and France, fearing that they would obtain possession of that country, and thus obtain an undue influence and power, remonstrated, and finally declared war in favor of the Turks. The principal theater of the allied armies thus far, has been at Sebastopol, on the Crimea, the chief station for the Russian fleet in the Black Sea.

St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, is situated at the confluence of the river Neva with the Gulf of Finland, about 400 miles N. W. of Moscow, 430 N. E. of

Stockholm, and 1,400 E. N. E. from London. It was founded by Peter the Great in 1703, on a low marshy spot occupied by a few fishermen's huts. It contains about 470,000 inhabitants, and is connected with Moscow by a rail-road, built under the superintendance of American engineers. *Cronstadt* is about 22 miles from the capital, and is the chief station for the Russian navy. It commands the entrance to St. Petersburg, being its chief defence by sea. Its fortifications are extensive and are said to be exceedingly strong. Population about 45,000.

Moscow, the old capital before the invasion of the French, was the largest city in Europe, the circumference within the rampart that enclosed the suburbs, being twenty miles; but its population does not correspond with its extent. It is the center of the inland commerce of Russia, connecting the trade between Europe and Siberia. It is noted for its extensive cotton and other manufactures. Population about 350,000.

Siberia is the general name for a vast region owned by Russia, occupying all the northern parts of Asia. It is mostly a vast plain. The cold in the northern part is more severe than in Lapland. The country is divided into seven great governments. Tobolsk being the most western, and Kamtschatka the eastern. The town of Tobolsk, the capital, is about 1,200 miles eastward of St. Petersburg, and contains about 15,000 inhabitants. The Russians commonly send their state prisoners to this city.

PRUSSIA.

Prussia, formerly a small state of Germany, is now an extensive and flourishing kingdom. It has in general a level surface abounding in lakes and marshes, and slowly gliding streams. The soil is better adapted for grass than grain. The higher classes of the Prussians are intelligent and refined, and the population, by a well organized system of education, is perhaps the best educated in Europe. The prevailing religion is Protestant, but all creeds are tolerated. Population, 14,000,000.

The foundation of Prussian greatness was laid by *Frederick William*, surnamed the Great Elector, who succeeded to the government in 1640, and had a long and prosperous reign. His successor, Frederick, was a weak and vain prince. *Frederick II*, surnamed the *Great*, ascended the throne in 1740. Being ambitious of conquest and military glory, he invaded and took possession of *Silesia*. In 1756, he declared war against *Maria Theresa*, empress of Germany, who was aided by the French and Russians. After a contest of seven years, in which more than half a million of combatants fell in the field, the struggle was terminated by the peace of *Hubertsberg* in 1763. Frederick had gained military glory but nothing more. He afterwards applied himself to the internal improvement of his kingdom. He was fond of literature and considerable merit as an author, but was a despot in his disposition. In the first partition of Poland he was the prime mover and principal agent.

In the great European war with the French under Bonaparte, Frederick William III, the king of Prussia, suffered a great defeat at *Jena;* and at the peace of Tilsit, he lost nearly half of his territories. In 1813, he joined the Allies against France, and his army under *Blucher*, contributed a powerful aid in the overthrow of Napoleon, and by the treaty of Vienna, he gained a large accession of territory.

Berlin, the capital, 100 miles N. of Dresden, contains 311,000 inhabitants, and is one the largest, best built and best regulated cities in the German states. It was taken in 1760, by an army of Russians, Austrians and Saxons, who were obliged to evacuate it in a few days. In 1806, ten days after the battle of Jena, the French entered the city, and Bonaparte held a court in the palace. Konigsberg, the capital of E. Prussia, contains about 68,000 inhabitants. Cologne and Dusseldorf are in a section of territory belonging to Prussia, on the river Rhine.

GERMANY.

GERMANY is an extensive country in the central part of Europe. It comprises portions of Austria, Prussia, with the whole of Saxony, Bavaria, Hanover, Wurtemberg, 28 smaller states, and 4 republics or free cities. "These form the Union called the "*Germanic confederation;*" the object of which is to provide for their mutual safety and defense. Each state is independent within itself, but for general purposes the whole are governed by the *Diet*, a body composed of plenipotentiaries from the different states."

In 843, the Empire of the West was divided into three monarchies, France, Germany and Italy. In 887, the imperial dignity was transfered entirely to Germany, which was now styled, by way of eminence, the *Empire*, and its subjects the *Imperialists*. During the reign of the various emperors, numbers of them were engaged in contests with several of the popes respecting the right of spiritual and temporal authority, which both claimed. The pope having excommunicated one of the emperors, the princes of the empire met at Frankfort, in 1338, and established the famous constitution, called the *Pragmatic Sanction*, which determined that the Pope had no right to approve or reject the election of an emperor.

During the reign of *Sigismund*, the famous *Council of Constance*, met to determine the contest respecting the Papal authority. *John Huss*, and *Jerome of Prague*, were condemned and burnt by this council. Their adherents in Bohemia took up arms in defense of their liberties, and under their famous leader, *Ziska*, resisted Sigismund in a war of 16 years. *Charles V*, the greatest sovereign of his age, after a reign of 40 years, voluntary resigned his imperial dignities, and retired to a monastery in Spain, having left the throne of Germany to his brother Ferdinand. During his reign the *Reformation*, under Luther, made great progress in Germany.

The reigns of Ferdinand I, and Ferdinand II, were signalized by the *thirty years' war*, which commenced in 1618, and was terminated by the peace of Westphalia, in 1648. This war grew chiefly out of the religious dissentions between the Catholics and Protestants. It issued in securing an equal establishment of the Protestant and Catholic religions. After the death of Charles VI, there were two claimants to the throne: this gave rise to a war styled the war of the *Austrian Succession*, which terminated in 1748, by which the claim of the celebrated *Maria Theresa* was acknowledged. In 1806, Francis II, who had two years before assumed the title of hereditary emperor of *Austria*, solemnly resigned his title as emperor of Germany. Thus, in a certain sense, ended the German empire, after having lasted, from the commencement of the western empire under Charlemange, 1006 years.

The German universities are among the most celebrated in Europe. In nearly all parts of the country various institutions of learning are numerous. In the means of education, the northern states surpass those of the southern. In religion, Germany is divided between the Catholic and Protestant. The German language is of Gothic, or Teutonic origin, and has several dialects.

AUSTRIA.

AUSTRIA is a large and important state, being next to Russia, the most populous state in Europe, containing upwards of thirty millions of inhabitants. A large part of what was formally called Germany, is now comprised in the limits of Austria, as is also the kingdom of Hungary, the northern part of Italy, called the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and a considerable part of what was once called Poland. Three-fourths of the inhabitants are Catholics. The government is a monarchy exercised with vigor, and has but little sympathy with political liberty. Francis I, emperor of Austria, died in 1835, and was succeeded by his son Ferdinand I. Prince Metternich, chancellor of the court and state, and minister of foreign affairs, was born in 1773. This distinguished courtier, for the last half century, has had the principal direction of the Austrian affairs.

Vienna, the capital of Austria, stands in a fertile plain on the Danube, 570 miles E. of Paris, and 330 N. from Rome. It has an extensive trade, and many magnificent edifices. Population 360,000. Vienna was ineffectually besieged by the Turks, in 1589 and 1683. At this later period, the siege was raised by John Sobieski, king of Poland, who totally defeated the Turkish army. In 1805, the city was surrendered to the French, but was given up by the peace of Presburg. In 1809, it was again surrendered to the French, but was restored on the conclusion of peace. *Prague*, the capital of Bohemia, stands on a branch of the Elbe, and has a population of upwards of 120,000. *Venice*, once a most powerful and commercial Republic, and called the "Queen of the Adriatic," is a much less important city than formerly. It contains at present nearly 100,000 inhabitants.

BAVARIA, joins Austria on the west, and contains a population of 4,370,000. Munich, the capital is on the Iser, and contains 106,000 inhabitants. This place is celebrated for its excellent police, and the admirable provision for paupers, for which it is indebted to an American, by the name of Thompson, from New Hampshire, afterwards Count Rumford. His philosophical researches, and the improvements he made in the construction of fire places, stoves, &c., have contributed much to the benefit of mankind. He died in 1814, at the age of 61.

SAXONY, in the N. E. part of Germany contains 1,706,000 inhabitants, the most of which are Lutheran Protestants. It was reduced to one-half its original limits by the congress at Vienna. *Dresden*, the capital, is situated on the river Elbe, 239 miles N. W. from Vienna, and contains 70,000 inhabitants. *Leipsic*, the second city of the kingdom, standing on a large fertile plain, contains 47,000 inhabitants. The great fairs of Leipsic usually draw together 8 or 10,000 citizens and foreigners from various parts of Europe. Germany is noted as being the land of authors, and two great book fairs are annually held in Leipsic. This city is noted for the decisive military events which took place at, and in its vicinity, in Oct. 1813. Napoleon being in the city and its environs, with an army of 100,000 men, he was encountered by the allied armies of Austria, Russia and Prussia, consisting of 120,000. After a conflict of several days, Napoleon was obliged to retreat with a loss of two-thirds of his army; this was the end of his successful military career.

Hungary, is the largest and southeasternmost division of the Austrian empire, containing a population about fifteen millions; nearly one-half are of the Magyar race, the remainder are of different origin, language, &c. The Magyars are of Asiatic origin, who in ancient times fought their way into the heart of Europe in the ninth century, where they have ever since, till the late revolution, enjoyed a certain degree of self-government.

To the Romans, Hungary was known under the name of *Pannonia*. In A. D. 433, the *Huns* established themselves in this country, which from them has ever since retained the name of Hungary. It was erected into a kingdom in A. D. 1000, and in the 14th century, Louis the Great, its monarch, carried his arms into Italy. The union with Austria took place in 1538, through the marriage of Albert of Austria, to the heiress of its deceased king. For a period of about three hundred years, it appears to have been the settled policy of Austria to bring her Hungarian subjects under her arbitrary power, and curtail, in some way, their civil and religious liberties. A majority of the Hungarian nobles desired the emancipation of the peasantry; the Hungarian Diet in 1839 proposed the measure. This was rejected by the Austrian Cabinet. As the government prohibited the publication of any votes or speeches on political subjects, *Louis Kossuth*, a journalist, caused the reports of the Diet to be lithographed, and afterwards to be written and spread through the county. For this, he was seized and condemned to three years imprisonment.

In 1848, intelligence of the French revolution reached Presburg, where the Diet was sitting. Kossuth, at the head of a deputation from the Diet, demanded a restoration of their privileges. The emperor Ferdinand, intimidated by the posture of affairs, readily granted the request, and swore to support the new Hungarian Constitution, by which the peasantry were endowed with the same civil and political rights as the nobles; the lands on which they had labored as serfs was given to them. These measures, brought about principally by the influence of Kossuth, were passed by an unanimous vote of the Diet.

The Austrian cabinet, after their alarm was over, began to take measures to counteract the concessions they had given. They stirred up the other races in Hungary, the Sclavonians, Servians, &c., and the Ban of Croatia against Magyars, representing them as intending to root out their nationality, religions, &c. In this they were successful. Jellachich Ban of Croatia, at the head of a large body, crossed the Drave into Hungary. As he proceeded towards *Buda Pest*, the capital, he devastated the country, massacred the Magyars, sparing neither age nor sex. Kossuth aroused his countrymen, pressed forward and defeated the invader, who fled to the Austrians for protection. The second campaign opened in the spring of 1849, by the invasion of Hungary, by 220,000 soldiers. This army was also defeated and driven back. Austria now applied to Russia for help, and the third invasion of Hungary took place with a force of nearly four hundred thousand men, nearly 300,000 of which were regular troops, out of which 150,000 were Russians. To oppose this force, the Hungarians had but 140,000 men; they were, however, in possession of the strong fortresses of Peterwardein and Comorn. The treachery and surrender of Gorgey, destroyed the hopes of the Hungarians; and at the termination of the war, thirteen Hungarian generals and leaders were hanged or shot. It is supposed that over a thousand gentlemen of station and character, among them several clergymen, perished on the scaffold.

POLAND.

Poland, in ancient times formed the chief portion of that vast plain, called by the Romans, *Sarmatia*. Its early annals are obscure, and possess but little interest. In the 5th century, Poland was one of the most powerful monarchies of Europe, and the exploits of Sigismund and Sobieski are distinguished in history. Poland, for two centuries was the main bulwark of Christendom against the Turks. Its decline may be dated from the beginning of the last century, and may be ascribed to its bad government, and the rapacity of her neighbors, Russia, Prussia and Austria. The partition of Poland, (regarded as one of the most iniquitous transactions of modern times,) was begun in 1772 by Prussia and the empress Catherine, of Russia, and Austria was dragged into the league. In 1792, these three powers again united, another partition was made, and Poland was reduced to a little more than half her original dimensions. The Poles, now under the hero *Kosciusko,* made the most gallant efforts to preserve their liberty and independence. They were however overpowered by the Russians under *Suwarrow*, who, with superior numbers, stormed the fortress of Braga, the last hold of the patriots. An entire partition of Poland was now made, in which Russia had the most extensive portion; Prussia, the best situated, and Austria, the most productive.

In 1830, the Poles, inspired by the success of the French and Belgian revolutions, rose in insurrection at Warsaw: the Grand Duke Constantion fled from the city; the revolt immediately spread throughout the kingdom, and extended to Lithuania and other parts of ancient Poland. A most sanguinary war took place, and the Poles fought bravely. The Russians brought an overwhelming force into the conflict, and after two days' hard fighting, Warsaw, the capital, was taken by storm, Sept. 1831, and Poland was reduced to unconditional submission.

TURKEY IN EUROPE.

The Turks are a Tartar nation, originally from Asia. The first notice of them in history, is about the year 800, when issuing from an obscure retreat, they took possession of a part of Armenia. In 1453, Mahomet II, took Constantinople, which has ever since continued to be the seat of the Ottoman or Turkish empire. The Turks afterwards widely extended their empire in Europe, Asia and Africa, and gained possession of the greater part of the countries most celebrated in ancient history.

For a long period, the Russians have directed their views towards the acquisition of Constantinople, as an outlet for their intercourse with the rest of the world. Their provinces joining those of Turkey, pretexts have not been wanting to engage in hostilities with their weaker neighbors.

In May 1828, the Russian army passed the Pruth, and occupied the principalities without opposition, but their only conquests of importance were Brailow and *Varna*, this last of which was obtained by treachery. The capture of Varna and the destruction of the Turkish fleet at *Navarino*, gave the Russians a decided advantage in their next campaign. Gen. Diebitsch commenced his operations on the Danube, by the investment of Silistra, which afterwards capitulated. After a victory near Shumla, and at other places, count Diebitsch passed the Balkan, and entered Adrianople, 20th of Aug., 1829. Constantinople was now evidently in the power of the Russians, and the Turks were obliged to submit to a peace on the Russian terms.

Constantinople, the capital of the Turkish empire, is 780 miles in a meridianal line, S. W. from Vienna, and contains about 600,000 inhabitants. It was anciently called *Byzantium*, but the name was changed in the year 330, by Constantine the Great, who made it the seat of the Roman empire in the east. *Adrianople*, 135 miles N. W. from Constantinople, contains 100,000 inhabitants. It was conquered from the Greeks in 1362, and was for some time the European seat of the Turkish dominion. Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, is a large dirty city built in a swamp. Belgrade on the Danube is a noted fortress.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

Sweden and Norway formed the *Scandinavia* of the ancients, the original seat of the *Goths* and *Vandals*. Each state has its own constitution, laws, &c., but both are under one government which is a limited monarchy. A limited portion only of the soil is suited for agriculture. Population, 4,200,000. In the 14th century, it became subject to Margaret of Denmark, who joined the three kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, in one, by the *Union of Calmar* in 1397. By the tyranny and oppressions of Christian II, the Swedes were forced into a revolt. In 1520, *Gustavus Vasa*, a descendant from the ancient kings of Sweden, was raised to the throne, and after a long struggle, compelled the Danes to acknowledge the independence of his country. The reign of *Gustavus Adolphus*, was a memorable era for Sweden. The Protestant religion having been introduced by Gustavus Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus took part with the Protestants in the *thirty years' war*, and was their most distinguished general, and is ranked among the greatest commanders of modern times. He was slain in the battle of *Lutzen*. Charles XII, so distinguished by his passion for military glory, was, after a brilliant career of victories over the Danes, Poles and Russians, terribly defeated by Peter the Great, at the battle of *Poltavia*. Gustavus IV, having lost Finland by a war with Russia, brought his kingdom upon the point of ruin, was in 1809 deposed, and *Bernadotte*, one of Bonaparte's generals, was elected crown Prince. *Norway* was united to Denmark from 1380, until 1814, when it was annexed to Sweden.

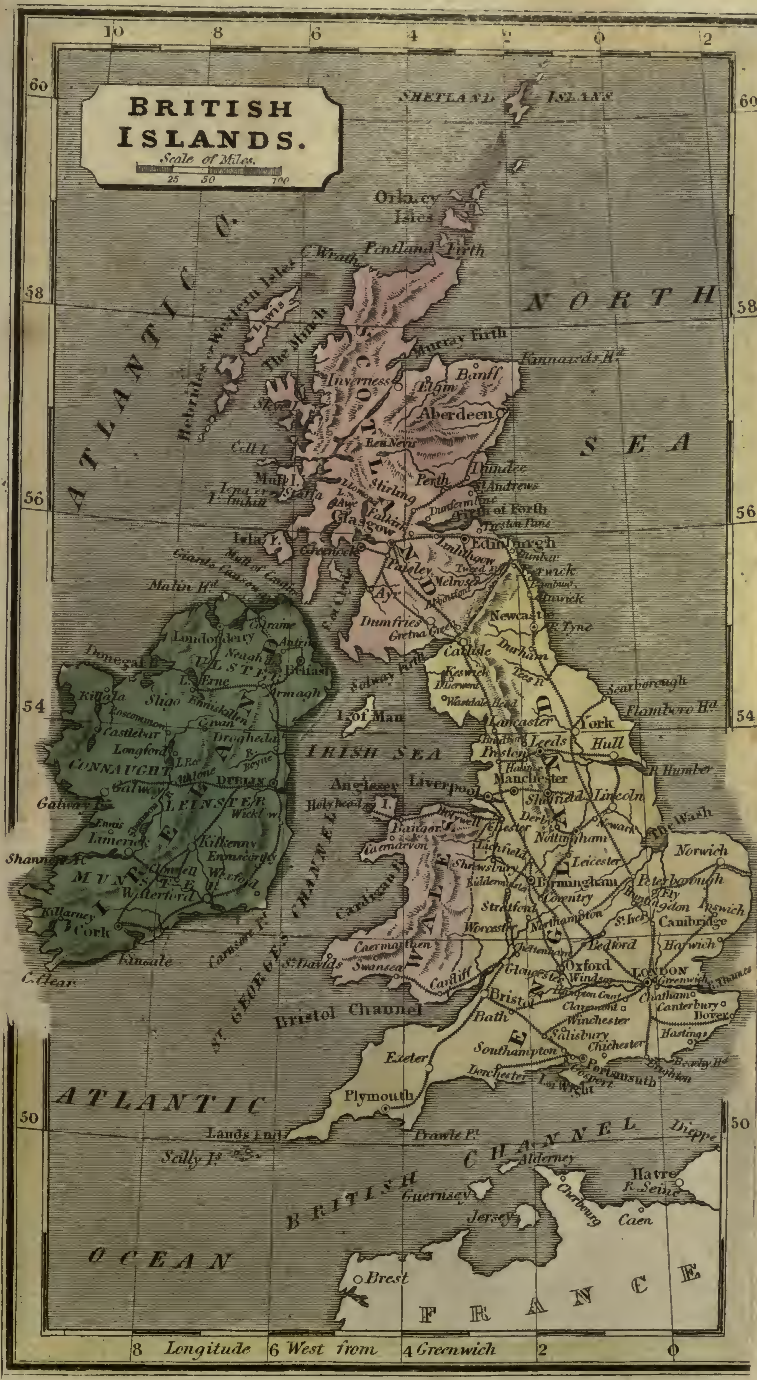
DENMARK.

Denmark was once the most powerful state in the north of Europe, but now ranks as one of the smallest of kingdoms. Population, 2,100,000. During the early period of the middle ages, the swarms of pirates sent forth by Denmark, spread desolation and terror to the remotest parts of Europe. The decline of Denmark began in the thirteenth century under the tyranical reign of Christian I. In 1801, Copenhagen was attacked by a British fleet under Lord Nelson; and in 1807, by an armament under Lord Catheart, and Admiral Gambier, under the supposition that Denmark intended to throw herself into the scale of France. The whole Danish fleet consisting of 18 ships of the line, and 15 frigates, were surrendered to the British. The established religion of Denmark is Lutheran. Copenhagen, the capital, contains 119,000 inhabitants, 340 miles S. W. from Stockholm, and 500 N.. E. from London. Greenland, Iceland, the Faroe Isles, and the Islands of St. Thomas and Santa Cruz , in the West Indies belong to Denmark.

ITALY.

Italy, the conntry of the ancient Romans, once the garden of Europe and mistress of the world, though now much fallen, is still one of the most interesting countries in the world. It abounds with the most splendid specimens of painting, sculpture and architecture, and also contains many monuments of ancient art and glory. It contains a population of about twenty-two millions.

Italy has for a long period, been divided into several small states, of which the following are the principal. The kingdom of Sardinia in the N. W. Turin is the capital. Genoa, the birth place of Columbus, is its chief port. *Lombardy*, or Austrian Italy in the N. E. Capitals, Milan and Venice, which last place was long the chief city in the south of Europe. The Grand Duchy of *Tuscany*, capital, Florence, the kingdom of Naples or two Sicilies. capital, Naples. The Roman States, or States of the Church. *Rome*, on the Tiber, the most celebrated city in the world. is the capital. and has a population of 149,000. Ancient Rome was the metropolis of one of the greatest empires that have ever existed. The Romans were governed by seven kings for about 220 years. During the next 488 years, they were governed by consuls, tribunes. decemvirs and dictators by turns. They were afterwards governed by sixty emperors, for 518 years. Rome is the residence of the Pope, the head of the Catholic church. In 1798, the Papal government over Roman states, was for a time suppressed by the French, In 1848, the Pope being besieged in his palace, fled in disguise to Gaeta. In 1849, the "glorious Roman Republic" was proclaimed, but was in the same year overthrown by the French.


BRITISH ISLANDS.
Scale of Miles.
25
50
100
SHETLAND ISLANDS
Orkney Isles
Pentland Firth
C. Wrath
NORTH SEA
ATLANTIC O.
Hebrides or Western Isles
Lewis
The Minch
Skye
Murray Firth
Kinnairds Hd.
Inverness
Elgin
Banff
Aberdeen
Ben Nevis
SCOTLAND
Coll I.
Mull I.
Staffa
Iona
L. Lomond
L. Awe
Perth
Dundee
St. Andrews
Stirling
Dunfermline
Firth of Forth
Preston Pans
Falkirk
Glasgow
Greenock
Edinburgh
Linlithgow
Dunbar
Berwick
Paisley
Tweed R.
Melrose
Alnwick
Ayr
Islay I.
Mull of Cantyre
Giants Causeway
Malin Hd.
F. of Clyde
Dumfries
Gretna Green
Newcastle
R. Tyne
Durham
Carlisle
Solway Firth
Keswick
Derwent
Wastdale Head
Tees R.
Scarborough
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York
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R. Humber
Lancaster
Leeds
Preston
Halifax
Manchester
Liverpool
Sheffield
Lincoln
Derby
Newark
Nottingham
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Norwich
Leicester
Lichfield
Shrewsbury
Birmingham
Coventry
Peterborough
Ely
Huntingdon
Ipswich
St. Ives
Cambridge
Harwich
Stratford
Worcester
Northampton
Bedford
Cheltenham
Gloucester
Oxford
Windsor
LONDON
Greenwich
Thames
Chatham
Canterbury
Dover
Hampton Court
Claremont
Winchester
Salisbury
Chichester
Hastings
Beachy Hd.
Brighton
Bristol
Bath
Southampton
Portsmouth
Gosport
Dorchester
I. of Wight
ENGLAND
Exeter
Plymouth
Lands End
Scilly Is.
Prawle Pt.
I. of Man
IRISH SEA
Anglesey I.
Holyhead
Holywell
Chester
Bangor
Caernarvon
Cardigan B.
WALES
Kidderminster
Caermarthen
St. Davids
Swansea
Cardiff
ST. GEORGES CHANNEL
Carnsore Pt.
Bristol Channel
IRELAND
ULSTER
Coleraine
Londonderry
Antrim
L. Neagh
Belfast
Armagh
Donegal B.
L. Erne
Enniskillen
Killala
Sligo
Roscommon
Castlebar
Cavan
Drogheda
Longford
L. Ree
R. Boyne
CONNAUGHT
Athlone
DUBLIN
Galway
Galway B.
LEINSTER
Wicklow
Shannon R.
Ennis
Limerick
Kilkenny
Enniscorthy
Shannon R.
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Clonmell
Wexford
Waterford
Killarney
Cork
Kinsale
C. Clear
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OCEAN
BRITISH CHANNEL
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Cherbourg
Dieppe
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