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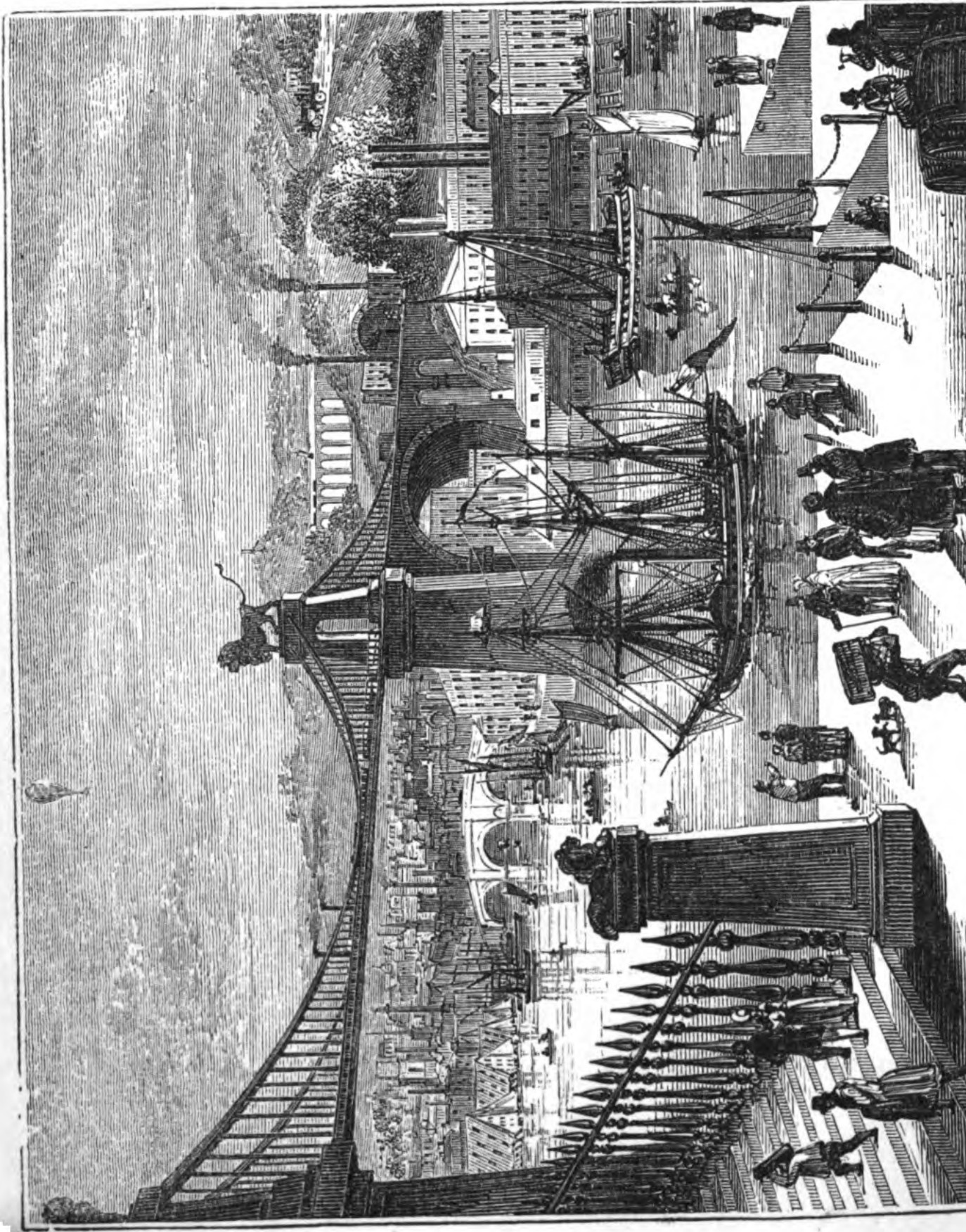
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TALES

ABOUT

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND,
AND WALES.





TALES
ABOUT
ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND,
AND WALES.

BY PETER PARLEY,

AUTHOR OF TALES ABOUT EUROPE, ASIA, ETC., ETC.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

WITH A MAP, AND NUMEROUS EMBELLISHMENTS.

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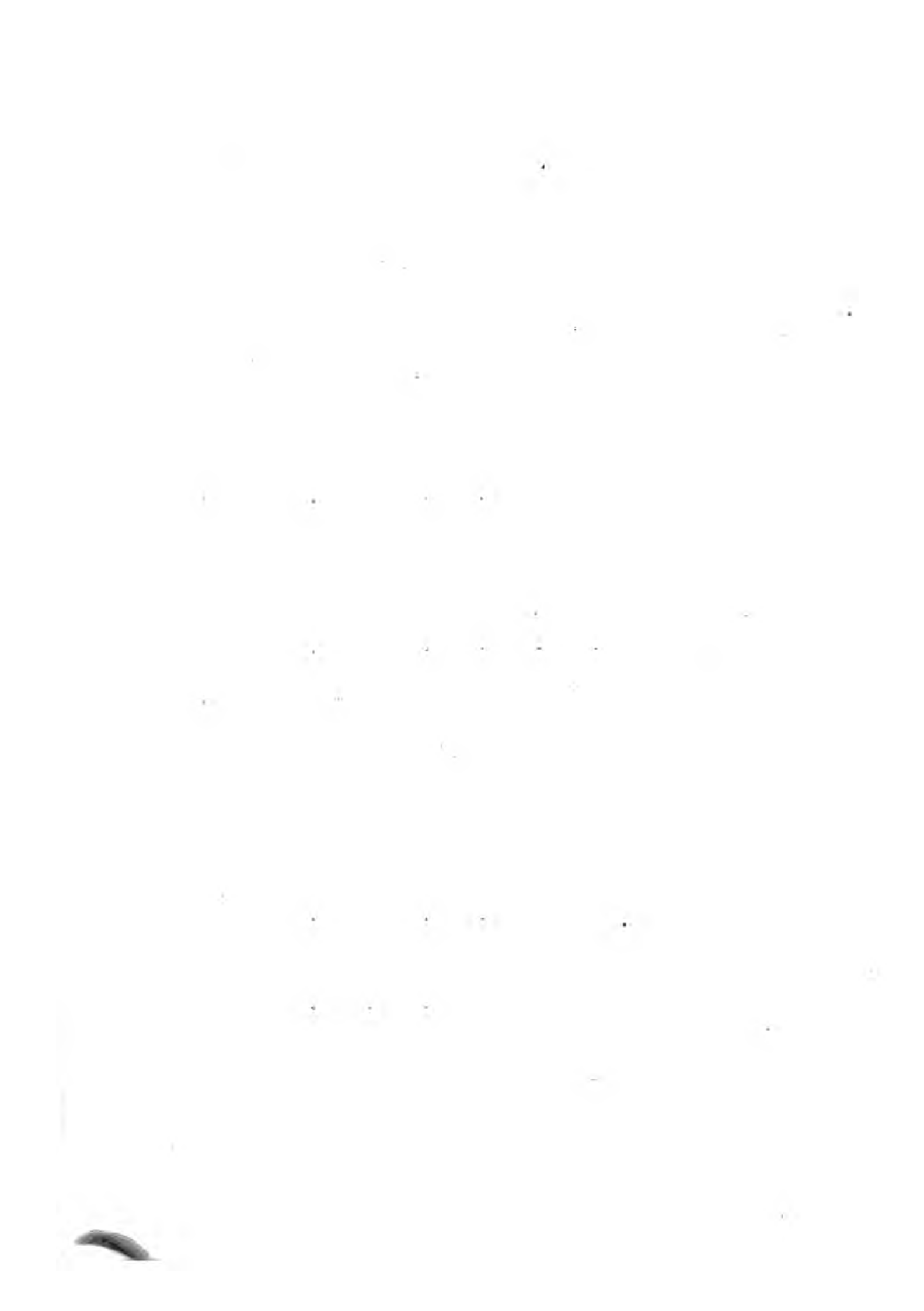
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PETER PARLEY'S TALES

ABOUT

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND,
AND WALES.

CHAPTER I.

PARLEY TALKS TO HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

WELL, my little friends, you look at me as though you could hardly believe your eyes. Here I am again, the very same Peter Parley who told you so many stories about different parts of the world. My hair may be a little whiter than it was, and another furrow may be added to my brow, but my heart is just the same. I am as fond, too, of telling stories as ever, and now I will fulfil my promise, for I said, when we met again, you should hear some tales about England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

I can walk without a crutch, now, having got a little

the better of my lameness; and you see that I dress just as I used to do, my coat has large pockets, my waistcoat-flaps come half-way down my thighs, and my hair hangs loose over my shoulders.

A great desire to see foreign parts first made me a sailor. But you want to know where I have been lately: you shall hear. Six thousand miles have I sailed on the salt seas since we talked together; besides journeying about in coaches, steam-packets, screw-ships, and railway trains. A great undertaking for an old man, but I am in good health, bless God for it, a hale, hearty old man, living a quiet, contented life, and telling stories to young people just as I used to do. Shall I tell you how it is that I have so much to say? This is the reason; wherever I go I ask questions about all that I see around me. Nothing escapes me. Though I have travelled much, I love to sit at home in quietness, and reflect on what I have seen; this suits an old man who has led an active life, and who cannot do as he once could.

When I was abroad I told the young people all about Boston, and about this little brown house of mine in which we now are. Everything seemed new to them, everything amused them. I told them that Boston was at the west end of Massachusetts Bay, and that it had a strong castle; that we made rum, and loaf-sugar at Boston,

as well as canvass, cordage and pearl-ash; glass, tobacco, and chocolate. I gave them an account, too, of the islands in the harbour, and told them that fifteen of them afforded pasturage and corn. They were pleased with my account of Boston, and that pleased me.

Young people are alike in one thing all over the world: whether they are white, brown, or black, they all like to listen to a pleasant story. I have told many tales in my time, and have not done yet: it amuses me as much as those who listen to me. My house is pleasant and quiet, being out of the bustle, so that I am seldom interrupted. This exactly suits me, being fond of stillness and peace. How different is sitting here, from being tossed about on the ocean, the winds whistling, and the waves roaring: or pushing my way through the throng of people in the streets of London, with the carriages, coaches, omnibuses, cabs, waggons, and carts rattling and rumbling about me. Many grand sights are to be seen abroad, but home is a pleasant place after all, especially to an old man like Peter Parley.

CHAPTER II.

PARLEY SPEAKS ABOUT THE MAP OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS.
MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS. SPEAKING A VESSEL.
SIGHT OF LAND. KINSALE. STORY OF THE ALBION.
MOUNTAINS OF WALES. A PILOT COMES ON BOARD.
ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL.

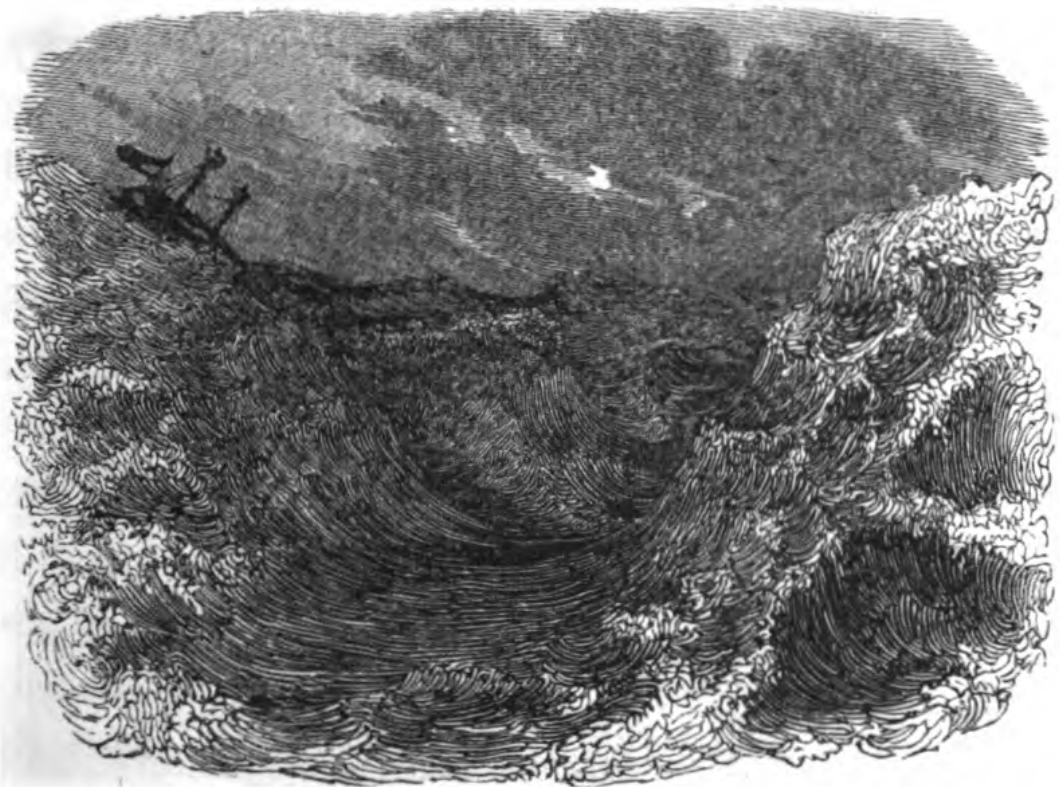
SEE what I hold in my hand! It is a map, which shows the shape of two islands. These two islands are large, and besides them, here are several smaller ones. The larger of the two contains three countries, England, Wales, and Scotland. The other is called Ireland. Well! It is about these countries that I am going to tell you. They are full of people, and are covered with cities, towns, and villages. They abound in curious and interesting things, and I shall be able to tell you many pleasant stories about them.

England lies at the distance of three thousand miles from New York. I have been there several times in a ship, and vessels are constantly sailing from that country to this one. Many large steamers are also continually going to and fro; they perform the voyage in a much shorter time than the sailing vessels; but Peter Parley

was in no hurry, so he thought he would go in the same way as he had often gone before. I will now give you an account of my last visit to England. On the day appointed for the sailing of the vessel, we quitted New York, crossed the bay, passed through the straits called the Narrows, and were soon on the broad Atlantic.

We proceeded in an easterly direction, and in a few hours lost sight of land. The breezes grew fresher and fresher; the sails were filled with wind, and the vessel, leaning on one side, moved forward at a rapid rate.

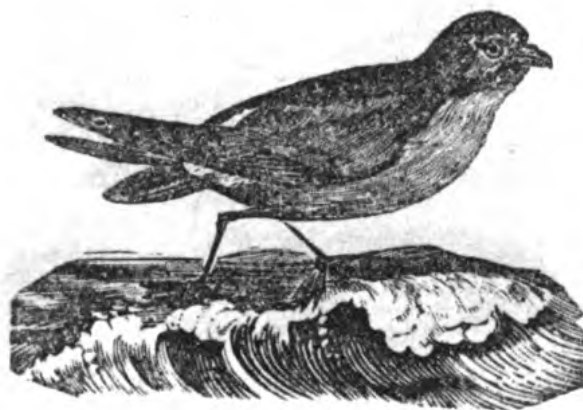
We soon could see nothing around us but the ocean. The waves lost their green appearance, and became



THE STORM AT SEA.

almost of an inky hue. They rolled onward with a ceaseless swell, their tops often breaking into caps of foam. Dash! dash! they came against the sides of the vessel, which heaved and groaned as if it were sick. Still, on she flew like a bird, and day after day, we got further and further from America, and approached nearer and nearer to England. You would not like to lose sight of the land, to see the sky above your heads hung with dark clouds, and to have nothing but water all around you: but I am an old sailor. A little tossing about on the billows would make you sick, and of all sickness, sea-sickness is the worst. This never troubles me now; I have been well seasoned in the course of my life.

Sometimes, when we were standing on the deck of the ship, and looking around us upon the waters, we saw great whales spouting on the surface of the sea. Sometimes we saw flocks of little birds, called by the sailors Mother Carey's chickens. You, perhaps, would like me



THE PETREL.

to tell you something about those interesting birds, called in Natural History, the Petrel. They are about the size of a swallow, their legs are long and slender, and their colour black. They are seen in all parts of the ocean busily engaged in searching for food. They brave the utmost fury of the storm, skimming along the waves, sometimes above their tops, and sometimes screening themselves from the blast by sinking down into the space between the billows. They do not sit upon the water, but often place their feet upon it, and sustain themselves by the aid of their expanded wings, while they pick up some pieces of food. They are said to be most excellent divers. Flocks of these birds often follow vessels for whole days, and eat such things as are thrown overboard.

The sailors will not kill these little birds on any account, for they think that if they did, something dreadful would happen to them.

Sometimes we met with vessels coming from England, France, and other parts of Europe. When two vessels approach, the captains speak to each other with loud trumpets, for the waves roar in such a manner, that they could not be heard without them. They ask a few questions, and then part. In a short time they disappear, and see each other no more.

After we had been upon the solitary waters for three

or four weeks, the captain of the vessel informed us that we were in sight of land.

In a short time, we were able to see in the distance a rocky headland, called Kinsale. This is situated on the south-eastern part of Ireland, and near it a fine ship from New York, called the Albion, was once wrecked. She was driven ashore by the wind, and the waves broke her to pieces upon the ragged rocks. A great many people were on board, and all but two were drowned. The bodies of some of them were found, but most of them were for ever lost in the sea.

In two or three days, after passing Kinsale, we came in sight of some tall blue mountains, which seemed to stand upon the very verge of the sea. These are in Wales, and on looking at them through a telescope, we could perceive some beautiful white cottages, surrounded by bright green fields. I observed that the fields were divided, not by fences made of stones and rails, as in America, but by green hedges.

As we approached the mountains, the sailors discharged a cannon. The passengers asked the captain what this was for. He told them he was in want of a pilot, that is, a man who is acquainted with the channel, and who is able to guide the ship safely into the harbour at Liverpool. In a few minutes we saw a small boat, with a white sail, coming out from the land, with a pilot on board.

He soon reached the ship, fastened his little boat to her stern, and jumping upon the deck, took command of the vessel. He then called upon the sailors; all the sails were set, and with a gentle wind, we proceeded toward Liverpool. We soon came near to the shore, and on our right hand we saw the beautiful green hills of England.

In a few hours we approached a large town, part of which was situated near the water, and part upon the surrounding hills and slopes. This was Liverpool, and we finally entered the harbour where a crowd of people had assembled to see us land.

CHAPTER III.

PARLEY DESCRIBES THE ISLANDS OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND. THE HEBRIDES. THE ORKNEYS
THE SHETLAND ISLES.

I WAS now in England, and about to travel in that celebrated country.

I have already mentioned the two large islands, which you see here on the map. The largest is divided into England, Wales, and Scotland, and is called Great Britain; it is six hundred miles in length, and varies in width from sixty to three hundred and sixty miles. It contains about ninety thousand square miles, and the population is about twenty-one millions.

Ireland is considerably smaller than the island of Great Britain, being only two hundred and ninety-five miles in length, and about one hundred and seventy miles in width. It contains thirty thousand square miles and a population of about six millions and a half.

Beside these two large islands, there are a great many smaller ones, some of which you will see marked on the map. Those lying on the west of Scotland are called the

Hebrides; the largest of them are Lewis and North Uist. To the north of Scotland are two groups of islands, one called the Shetland Isles, and the other the Orkneys.

The English, including the Welsh, are noted for their love of liberty, their sense of justice, and their plodding industry; the Scotch for their habits of caution, their love of learning, and their adventurous ambition; and the Irish for their natural love of wit, their generous hospitality, and their indefatigable powers of labour and endurance.



HIGHLANDERS SHOOTING DEER.

CHAPTER IV.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT ENGLAND. RIVERS AND MOUNTAINS. LIVERPOOL. DOCKS. PUBLIC BUILDINGS. BLIND ASYLUM. RAIL-ROAD. MANCHESTER. MANUFACTORIES. BOTANIC GARDEN. COUNTRY-SEATS.



LIVERPOOL.

I WILL now tell you something about England, and afterwards, give you an account of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. England is, certainly, one of the most beautiful

countries in the world. The western part is diversified by hills which sometimes rise into mountains. Along the eastern shore, the land is flat in some places; the middle parts are varied by hills, slope, and valleys. Almost all the ground in the kingdom is cultivated like a garden, and towns, villages, and country-seats are scattered over it. There are plenty of canals and railways, and common roads which are kept in good repair. The principal rivers in England are, the Thames, the Severn, the Humber, the Mersey, and the Tyne; In Wales, the Wye, and the Dee; in Scotland, the Clyde, the Forth, the Dee, and the Tweed. The principal mountains in England are, Scawfell Pikes, Helvellyn, Skiddaw, Cross Fell, Bow Fell, the Peak, Chiltern, Malvern, Cotswold, Mendip, the Wrekin, and the Cheviot Hills which divide England and Scotland; in Wales, Snowdon, Cader Idris, and Plinlimmon; and in Scotland, the Grampians, Ben Nevis, and the Paps of Jura.

I remained some days in Liverpool, where I found much to interest me. It is situated in Lancashire, on the river Mersey, and contains about four hundred and ten thousand inhabitants. Its commerce is very extensive; it constantly employs a great number of ships in its trade; and it is, with the exception of London, the most important seaport in England. The lower parts of the town

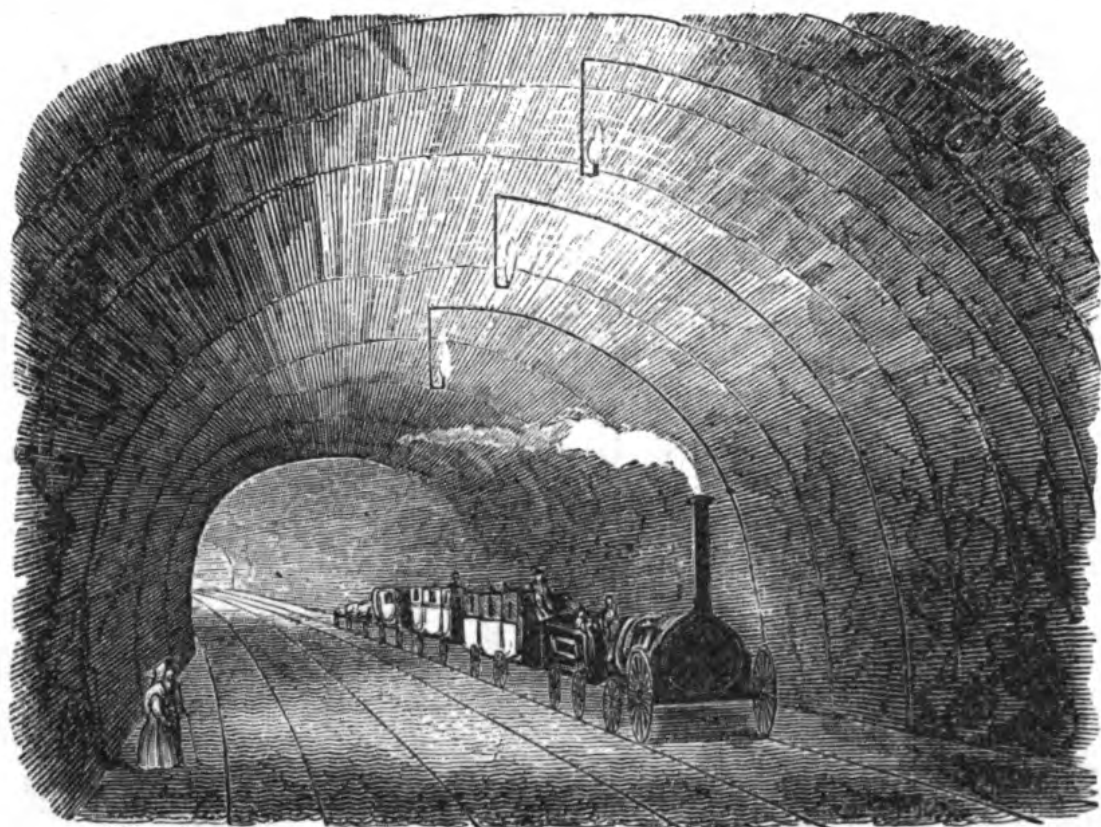
have rather a dismal appearance; but the houses standing on the hills around are extremely pleasant. There are several very handsome public buildings, among which I particularly admired the Assize Courts, and St. George's Hall, a very splendid building, the Exchange, and the Town Hall Buildings. It warmed the heart of an old sailor to see that the good people of Liverpool had not forgotten to provide a home for the honest tar, upon his landing, by erecting a handsome building, called "The Sailors' Home." I was also much pleased with visiting the Blind Asylum, which was the first institution of the kind established in England. I never saw such a sight before. Women were at work with their needles, and men and boys were making mats and wicker baskets, just as if they could see—you would have thought that every one of them had as good a pair of eyes as yourselves.

They walked about from one place to another, sat down, picked up their tools, and did things in a workman-like manner. I was thankful to see how much might be done by blind people, but I was still more thankful for the use of my eyes, and I did not forget to leave something for the poor blind people. Before I quit this important city, I should tell you that it possesses the finest docks, perhaps, in the world; when those are finished, which are now in the course of completion, the

port of Liverpool will stand in the pre-eminent position, of being the first sea-port in the kingdom,—possessing three hundred acres of docks and basins, with about fifteen miles of quay space. The river wall extends five miles and twenty yards in length, and affords a most delightful promenade. A most beautiful model of the Liverpool Docks was to be seen in the “Great Exhibition,” in Hyde Park, London, in 1851. It attracted very great notice among all classes of visitors to that Industrial Exhibition of all Nations, which will not be rivalled in another century.

After staying two or three days at Liverpool, I proceeded by railway train to Manchester. The distance from Liverpool to Manchester is about thirty-two miles; and the railway extends from the one place to the other. It was constructed at an immense expense, it being necessary that the road should be level, or nearly so, for the carriages to run well upon it. The people who made the railway were therefore obliged to fill up the valleys, and cut through the hills, in its course. In one place, it was necessary to cut a passage under ground, through an enormous mass of rock: a passage of this description is called a tunnel; it has rather a gloomy effect on the traveller, and I was glad to come out into the light again. In another place, the rock was cut away, leaving the

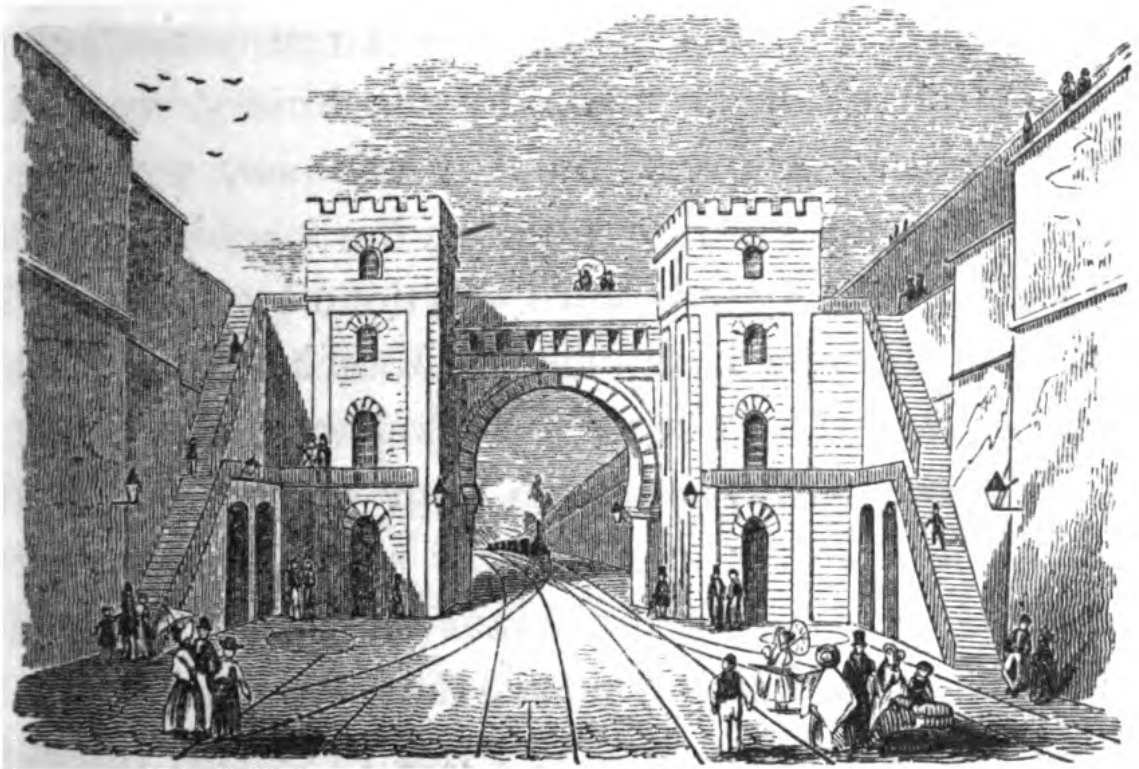
passage open overhead. The level here is about seventy feet below the natural surface of the ground; and the rocks rising on each side, appear almost to overhang, and seem to threaten the train with destruction. But still it



EDGE HILL TUNNEL.

flies rapidly and safely by, seeming to glide along upon the iron bars as swiftly, and as easily, as the birds in the air. On! on! it goes, upon its level track, and hills, valleys, towns, and villages appear to swim by on either hand as you pass. In less than an hour and a half my ride was over, and we had reached Manchester. There was a

melancholy event which occurred at the opening of this railway, in the death of William Huskisson, an eminent British statesman; he stumbled, in hastily crossing before a train in motion, which passed over his body, and so wounded him, that he survived only a few hours. We cannot be too cautious in travelling by railways; it is always better to ask information from the officials than to run the risk of such a fate as poor Huskisson.



MOORISH ARCH, LOOKING FROM THE TUNNEL.

Manchester is a very large, though not a very handsome town, and contains about three hundred and fifty

thousand inhabitants. It is seated on the river Irwell, a tributary to the Mersey, and is chiefly remarkable for its extensive manufactures of linen, silk, and cotton goods of which great quantities are made yearly, and sent out into various parts of the world. As England is too cold a country to produce cotton wool, it is imported from foreign countries. Most of that which is manufactured in Manchester is grown in the United States, and brought by steam-ships to Liverpool, whence it is conveyed to Manchester. In this town are large manufactories where cotton cloth is made by machinery worked by steam-engines. A great number of men, women, and children are employed in guiding the machinery, and in some parts of the manufacture still done by hand. There are some handsome buildings in Manchester. Its chief ornaments are the College, the Exchange, the Collegiate Church, another large church, and a spacious market place. The Charity and Sunday schools are numerous; besides, there are many important charitable institutions such as the General Infirmary, the Lunatic Asylum, the Fever Hospital, the Stranger's Friend Society, the School for the Deaf and Dumb, &c.

I soon found out that there were many clever people in Manchester, who had a thirst for knowledge and improvement. The Philosophical Society of the place is

universally known, and the Botanic Garden is an excellent institution of the kind.

One thing which made my heart ache at Manchester, was this:—There are thousands of girls who work in the manufactories, closely pent up at their employment from morning till night, and many of them look very sickly for the want of fresh air. To see so many young creatures early in the morning, trooping along to their unhealthy employment, made me sigh again and again. I am happy, however, to say that the British Parliament has mitigated this evil, by limiting the hours of labour. The Legislature has conferred another great blessing on the young, by requiring that they must be of a certain age, before they are admitted into the mills to work. Manufactories are, no doubt, excellent things for the public; but it is not all gold that glitters, for many a constitution suffers in the production of those commodities that are so useful to others.

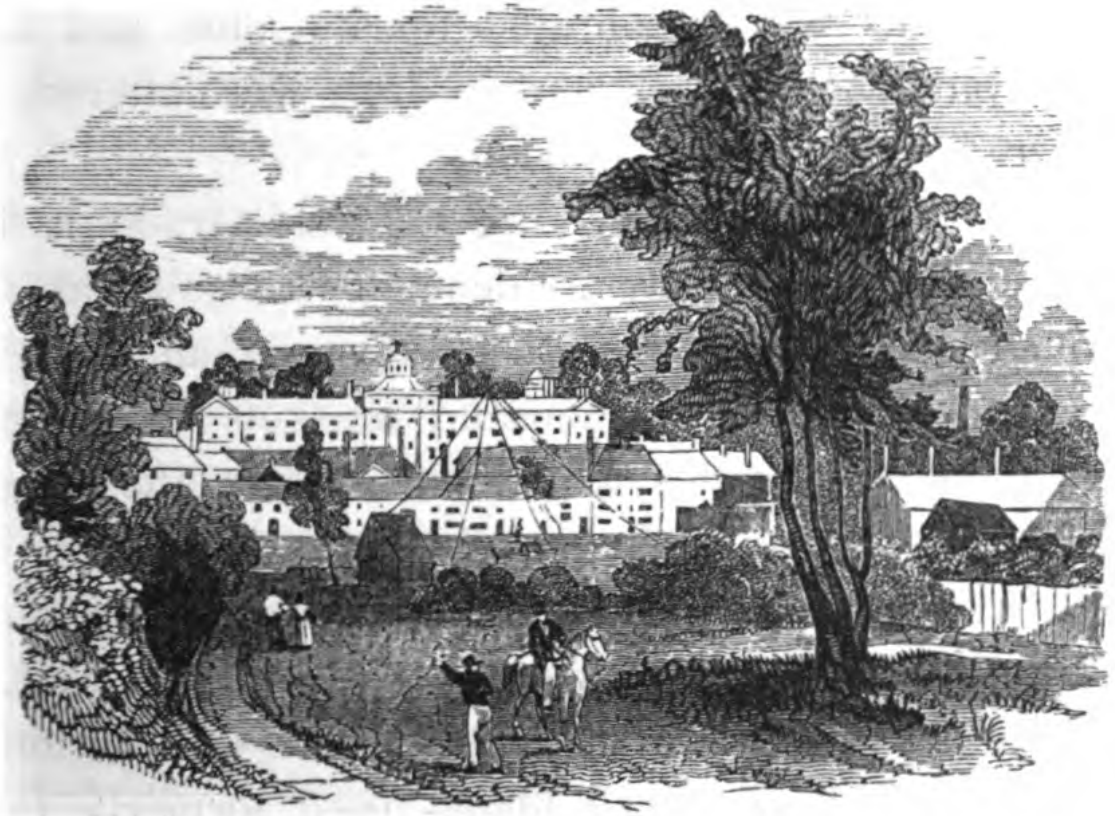
Having spent a few days at Manchester, I proceeded by the train to Birmingham.

The contrast between railway travelling and the old method by stage coach, was great. Formerly, we had time to catch a glimpse of the country. Every few miles we came to some village; and often we saw, at a distance from the road, the charming country-seats of

the noblemen and gentry, situated in fine parks and surrounded with beautiful trees. Now, we were hurried along with such rapidity, that it was impossible to recognise any object with distinctness; and we were glad to relieve the time occupied in transit, by a glance at the newspapers, or a dip into some railway volume.

CHAPTER V.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT BIRMINGHAM AND ITS MANUFACTORIES.



SOHO MANUFACTORY.

THE distance between Manchester and Birmingham is about eighty-five miles. I must tell you something about Birmingham. It is the most important town in Warwickshire, and contains about two hundred and fifty thousand

inhabitants. It is called the Toy Shop of Europe, because so many fancy articles are made there. It is also famous for hardware, locks, hinges, shovels, tongs, buttons, steel pens, and brass work of every kind, as well as japanned wares. I visited many of the manufactories. The lock on that door, the drawer knobs to that table, and the set of fire irons yonder, were all made at Birmingham. The place was once celebrated for its shoe and knee buckles; but when the fashions in dress were altered, the buckle trade was greatly reduced.

Birmingham has however, an extensive trade in fire-arms; and in time of war, the demand was so great, that upon one occasion, the gunsmiths of Birmingham delivered to government fourteen thousand muskets in a single week. The minie rifles which have taken the place of the old muskets, are made here in large quantities. As many as three thousand per week have been manufactured for the present war. It is a sad thing indeed to think of, that such articles are in demand for the destruction of human life. Bilboa sword blades used formerly to be much talked of for their excellence, but I believe they make such articles quite as good now at Birmingham. I went to see how they manufactured swords; the method of trying whether they are well tempered is very curious. A man lays hold of a sword blade and strikes

the edge of it with all his might across a strong iron bar; he then strikes it flatways on an iron anvil; the sword is then bent until the point of it touches the hilt; if the sword will bear this trial, it is supposed to be able to endure all that it will ever be called upon to perform. I went also to see the making of guns; and witnessed the welding, the boring, and the grinding of the barrels; the forging, the filing, and the fitting together of the locks; and the shaping and the beautifying of the stocks. Perhaps you never heard how they prove the gun barrels to prevent accidents afterwards. I will tell you. They lay down a great number of them on a frame, a little distance from each other, inside a building. Every barrel has a ball and a larger charge of gunpowder and wadding put into it, than it is ever likely to be loaded with again. A train of gunpowder is laid all along all the touch-holes, and when this is done every man goes out of the building and the door is shut. A red-hot iron is then thrust through a hole in the wall, and off go the barrels in a roll like thunder. All that are good are found whole, but all that are bad are burst in some part of the barrel. A good gun sells very high, but the price at which swords have been sold, especially in the east, would astonish you. I will tell you what some have sold for. A sword with a straight blade, that had cut off the heads of several buffaloes, belonged to

a great man. He was offered ten thousand pounds for it, but he would not sell it. Sir Gore Ouseley says that another great man, who was the Nawaub of Oude, gave £24,000 for a scimitar. If I had the best sword in the world, I should be glad to sell it for one tenth part of the money. I must not forget a trade of comparatively recent introduction into Birmingham, which has become one of the great staples of the town. I allude to the gold and silver plate, and electro-plating manufactories. Some idea may be formed of the extent of working in the precious metals, when I state that upwards of 3000 ounces of gold and more than 40,000 ounces of silver, are annually assayed at the Assay Office; and that many thousand ounces more are manufactured into small articles which are subject to duty.

Messrs. Elkington, Mason and Co's. establishment is worthy of a visit should any of my little friends ever find their way to Birmingham.

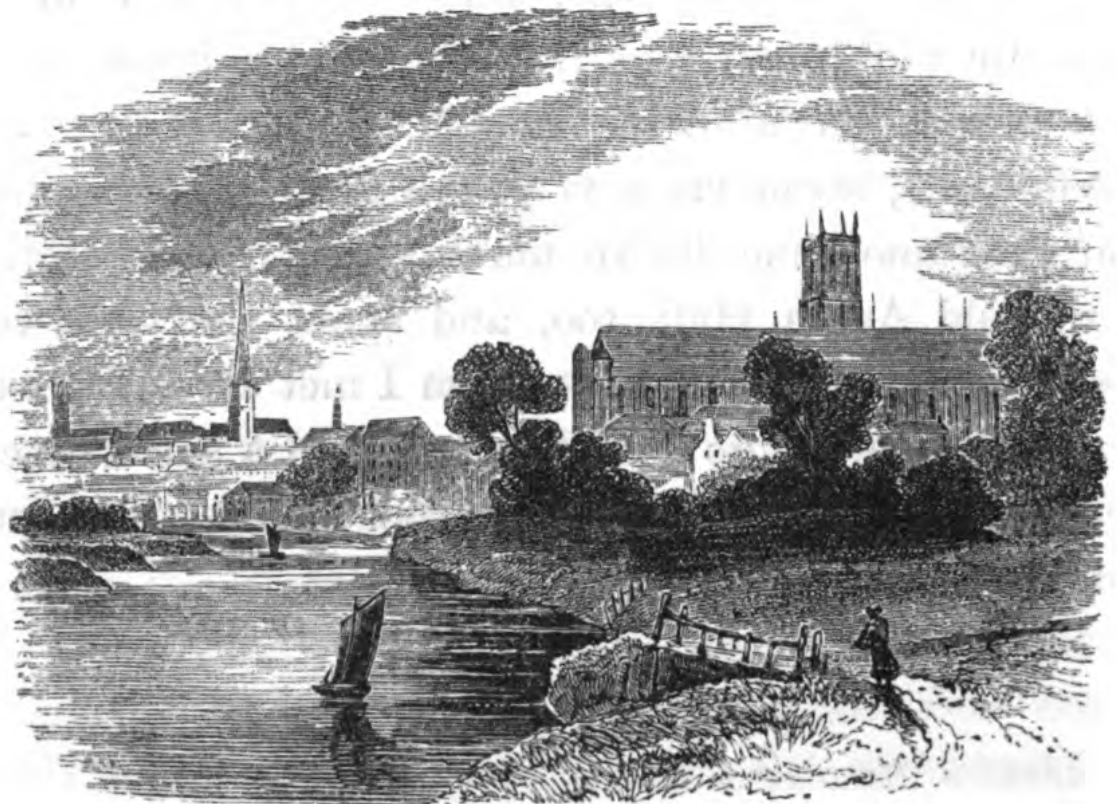
I went to see the Soho Engineering and Vesta Works which are about two miles from Birmingham. Here is a very large manufactory, which looks like a small town of itself. These works are celebrated for the beauty and utility of their productions; as flint, opal, enamelled and coloured glass lamps, and lustre work, chemical apparatus, plated and silver ware, and various other articles of manu-

facture peculiar to this establishment. Here also was brought to perfection the steam engine of Watt, which is never likely to be superseded by any invention more useful, more powerful, or better adapted to the wants of man. Some of these engines, as exhibited in the Great Exhibition, were of the enormous power of seven hundred horses, and were constructed to drive the screw propeller by direct action; a wonderful improvement in steam navigation.

Birmingham has also many fine institutions, churches and public buildings; and through the kindness of the manufacturers in allowing people to see their great establishments, strangers may pass a fortnight pleasantly, and at the same time derive much valuable information. I visited old Aston Hall, too, and spent the time very pleasantly. While at Birmingham I met an old friend, who would have me go with him to spend a short time in Herefordshire: so off we set, and I had no reason to repent my journey.

CHAPTER VI.

PARLEY GOES INTO HEREFORDSHIRE. THE LICKEY HILLS. BROMSGROVE. DROITWICH. WORCESTER. MALVERN. THE THREE HARVESTS. HOPYARD. HOP-PICKING. RIVER WYE. GOODRICH CASTLE. CHEPSTOW. WINDCLIFF. PEARCEFIELD. FAWLEY COURT. BASHAM. HILL EATON. SELLACK. SINGULAR COUPLE. MARCLE HILL. CAPLER SLIP.



WORCESTER.

HAVING started early in the morning, we passed by the Lickey Hills, and soon reached Bromsgrove in Worcester-

shire. I must tell you an odd thing that once happened here.

A waterspout burst on the Lickey Hills, and the water came running down like a river. It swept away every thing along the brook side, and ran along the streets till the good people of Bromsgrove were made half wild. Cellars were filled with water; the household furniture was carried up stairs, and some thought the world was once more going to be drowned. The lower part of the town was flooded to a great depth. Hundreds of people, who live there, will never forget the bursting of the waterspout on Bromsgrove Lickey.

The next town we came to was Droitwich, famous for its springs of salt. The quantity of salt made here, by boiling the water in large pans, or furnaces, is very great.

Worcester the chief town of the shire, is one of the most ancient cities in England, and is well known for its porcelain works. It has also a large trade in gloves, hops, and carpets. It was here that Cromwell, in 1651, obtained a victory over the Scotch army, which had marched into England to reinstate Charles II., who after this defeat with great difficulty escaped to France. It has, too, a cathedral, which was founded in the seventh century by Ethelred King of Mercia.

The prospect in riding over the Malvern Hills into

Herefordshire, is very fine. Many people go to Malvern to practice the "cold water cure," for which this neighbourhood is so celebrated. There are many fine establishments built there for the purpose of carrying out this mode of treatment for invalids, and many come to drink the waters, this place being noted for two celebrated chalybeate springs, the chief of which is St. Anne's Well.

Hereford is a fine county. It has three harvests in a year, one of apples, one of hops, and one of corn, productions for which it is famous. When the large orchards are in blossom they look delightful, and still more so when they are laden with golden fruit. If you were to see a hop-yard in the hop-picking season, you never would forget it. The hops grow upon high poles, and then hang down from the top very gracefully. There are wooden cribs placed in different parts to pick the hops into, and the poles are bent down for that purpose. Groups of women may be seen in all directions picking hops into the cribs but it is rather dangerous to one's personal stability to go near them. I will tell you why. If you do not give them money, they lay hold of you and toss you into the crib covering you all over with hops; sometimes they toss in one of the hop-pickers too. This might suit youngsters but not Peter Parley.

The river Wye which runs through the county is a fine

river, but it is only navigable after rains, for the water runs away so rapidly that it becomes too shallow for the barges at other seasons.

We sailed down the river to Ross, celebrated for the Man of Ross, as he was called by Pope, but whose name was John Kyrle; he was a good man, and remarkable for his charitable disposition. We went also to Goodrich Castle. The Castle itself is a ruin, but Goodrich Court is newly built, and contains, perhaps, one of the best collections of armour in the world. By-and-bye I will tell you all about Goodrich Court.

We went next to Chepstow in Monmouthshire, where there is another castle, and saw Windcliffe and Pearcefield, where the noble woods, the high rocks, the winding Wye, and the majestic Severn, with the distant view of the Bristol Channel, form a very fine picture. Tintern Abbey is one of the most picturesque ruins in all England: I could hardly get away from it.

In Herefordshire, the people are very hospitable. I found it so, go where I would. I went once to Holm House, and a noble house it is. I will tell you a curious tale about it. At that time it was undergoing a thorough repair, and as I had seen it years ago, when the Duke of Norfolk was living there, I wished to see it again, in order to judge of its improvements.

While I was gazing on the building, with heaps of lime, mortar, sand, and hewn and unhewn stones around me, a gentleman came up, and we began to talk freely about the improvements. I gave my opinions without reserve, and I dare say that he thought me a blunt man. We went over the whole of the premises together, and he explained the improvements to me in a very pleasant and satisfactory way. I was not a little pleased in having fallen in with so pleasant and intelligent a companion; and I said to him, "Well, the owner of this mansion has much to be thankful for. The poet says,

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

But the owner of this princely dwelling and beautiful park possesses much, and if he be a man of a grateful and hospitable disposition, while blessed with so fair an inheritance, he must be happy."

When I came to part with my conductor, I discovered that he was Sir Edwin Stanhope himself, the owner of the noble pile, in which we had spent an hour together. I have not forgotten him, though perhaps he may have forgotten Peter Parley.

I stopped at Fawley Court, and shall never forget the place, nor the people, nor the friends I met there. The

willow tree and the horse chestnut tree, by the side of the pond are no doubt still standing there.

I went to Hill Eaton and Basham Farms, where they gave me a hearty welcome, and I crossed over the ferry by Sellack Church. There is a small cottage in the lane near Basham farm. I have something to tell you about it. I love to tell a pleasant tale.

Many years ago a lady and gentleman came suddenly into the neighbourhood, who made the country folks stare, for they had never seen such people before.

They had very handsome but very old-fashioned clothes. The gentleman wore a coat with broad skirts and large open sleeves, lined with silk; and the buttons were large and made of gold. His waistcoat was silk, embroidered all over, stiff with gold lace, and the flaps almost reached to his knees. His breeches were of velvet, his stockings of white silk, and his knees and his shoes were adorned with golden buckles.

Every other part of his dress was equally singular; his shirt was of the finest holland with lace ruffles; his hair was powdered, and in a bag; and on his head was placed, with great care, a cocked hat.

You would like also, to know how the lady was dressed. I will tell you. She wore a dress of the richest silk and satin, very ancient in its appearance, her

shoes were very high in the heels, her head-dress rose far above her head, and she had a small straw hat placed on the top. You may be sure that when they walked abroad the country people stared at them with all their eyes, just as much as if they had fallen from the moon.

Well, they had made up their minds to live at Sellack and I daresay you expect they had a very grand house there; but no! they took the little cottage in the lane near Basham Farm, that I spoke of before. There they lived, and there they died.



RELIEVING THE POOR.

No one ever knew who they were, nor where they came from, but everybody saw at a glance that they were gentlefolks, and had lived in high life.

They were very charitable, and visited all the poor cottagers. They read the bible to them, gave them good advice, and were respected and beloved by both rich and poor. When they died they were buried in Sellack churchyard; a flat stone lies over them, with nothing on it but the letters J. H. and A. H., 1818. I sat upon that flat stone; the nettle and the dock, and the dandelion were growing round it; but that did not matter, for I felt that I was musing over the resting place of a worthy pair, who had lived a life of christian kindness and piety, and had gone down to the grave in peace.

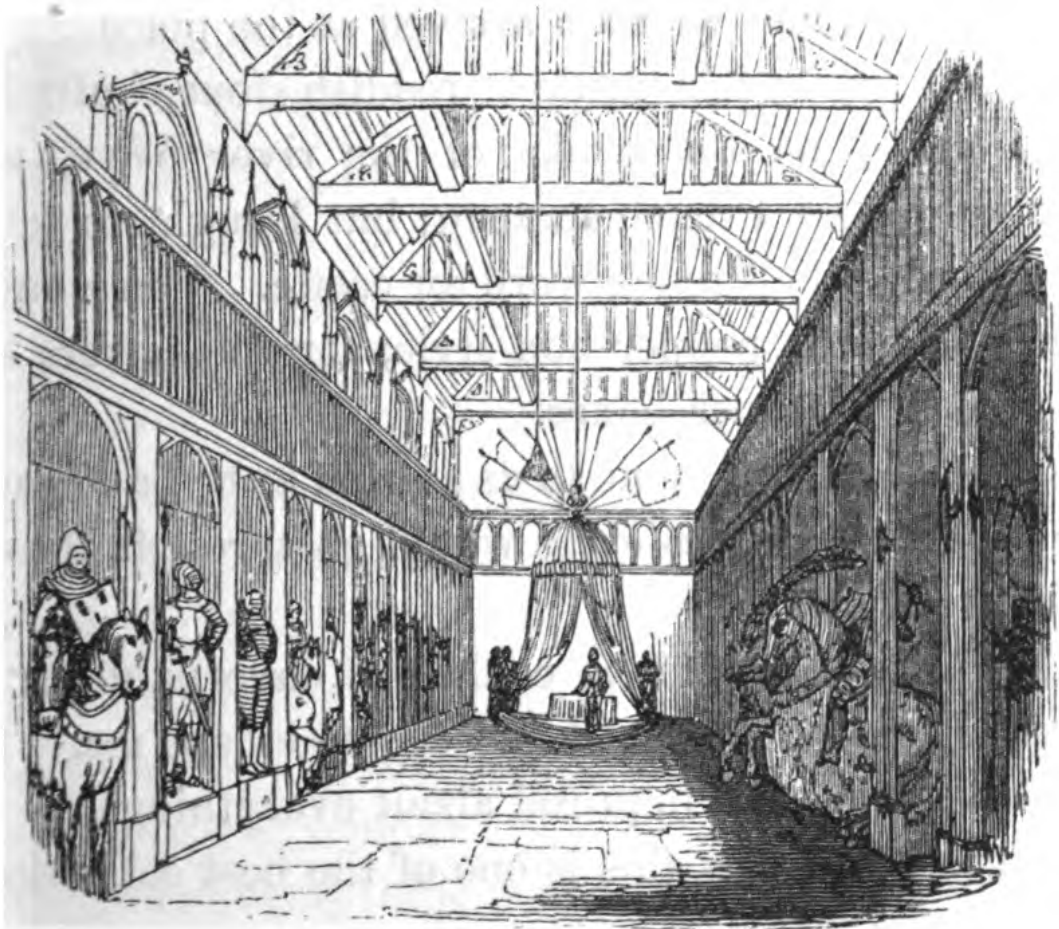
There is a place called Marcle Hill, not many miles from Sellack; some years ago a great part of it moved a considerable distance, to the astonishment of the neighbourhood. There is another place, called Capler Wood, at the top of which are the remains of a Roman camp. Well, a part of Capler Wood gave way, and sloped down some distance toward the river. It is now called Capler Slip; when I stood upon it, large trees were growing there as upright as they grew before they took this journey down to the river side.

Peter Parley has moved about very much among the busy scenes of men, but he loves better now to get into quieter places; he loves to sit down in a wood, or under the shadow of a rock, or beside a running stream. I have had many a tranquil hour musing in an old ruin, or sitting on a tombstone in a churchyard: these things are peaceful and suit me, for I think more, much more than I used to do, of a better world than this. See what deep furrows I have in my brow, and how thin and white my hair is grown. I cannot tell tales to children many years longer.

I see you look sorrowful, but I do not want to make you unhappy. O, no! there is so much in this world to be thankful for, that we ought always to be cheerful. But I forget that I have not told you a word about Goodrich Court. I must tell you all about it, for I think it will please you. Come, I will begin now.

CHAPTER VII.

PARLEY GOES TO GOODRICH COURT, AND TINTERN ABBEY,
AND TELLS ABOUT BRISTOL, CLIFTON, AND BATH.



GOODRICH COURT—INTERIOR.

SIR Samuel Rush Meyrick lives at Goodrich Court, and he has got together such a collection of armour there, that the like is not to be seen.

A gentleman wrote me a letter of introduction to him. "You are such a traveller," said he, "and take so much notice of everything curious, that Sir Samuel will be more pleased to see you, than he would be to see the duke of Buccleuch."

I set off with a worthy friend whom I knew in that part of the country, and we soon arrived at the place.

Goodrich Court is a castle of reddish stone, built in the modern style, on the banks of the river Wye, and is very much like a French chateau; but I ought to tell you that chateau is the French word for castle. You would say that it was in the pepper-box style, for the towers somewhat resemble pepper-boxes.

Well, Sir Samuel came to us as soon as he had read the letter I brought, and said he would go through the castle with us himself.

If I had been a lord he could not have paid me more attention; but he saw that I let nothing escape me. I was full of questions, and inquired about everything.

I will tell you why this is one of the best collections of armour in the world.

In most places where armour is kept, the people who know nothing about it, tell foolish tales that have not a word of truth in them: every piece of armour is said, by them, to have belonged to some renowned knight or other

But this is not the case at Goodrich Court. No: care has been taken to get the best information about all the arms and armour shown there.

I love to see anything that explains the manners and customs of those who lived hundreds of years ago. Before gunpowder was invented, armour was much worn in battle, by those who could afford it, and in some castles armed knights were always ready to mount their steeds, which were kept bridled and saddled in the stables.

At one time, armour was made of iron and steel rings sewed on cloth ; then of steel rings altogether ; this was called a shirt of mail, or a hauberk ; and then came plate armour, or armour formed of metal plates.

Armour was sometimes made in a very expensive manner. Sir Walter Raleigh went to court in a suit of armour made of solid silver ; the people said he carried a Spanish galleon on his back, meaning that it was worth as much as the silver taken as a prize from a Spanish ship. Only think of a silver suit of armour !

I tell you of everything I remember, otherwise I should not have thought of telling you of the armour. No doubt you recollect the armour mentioned in the Bible, which was worn by the giant Goliath, who was killed by David. His helmet was of brass, he wore a coat of mail, and the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam. After the invention

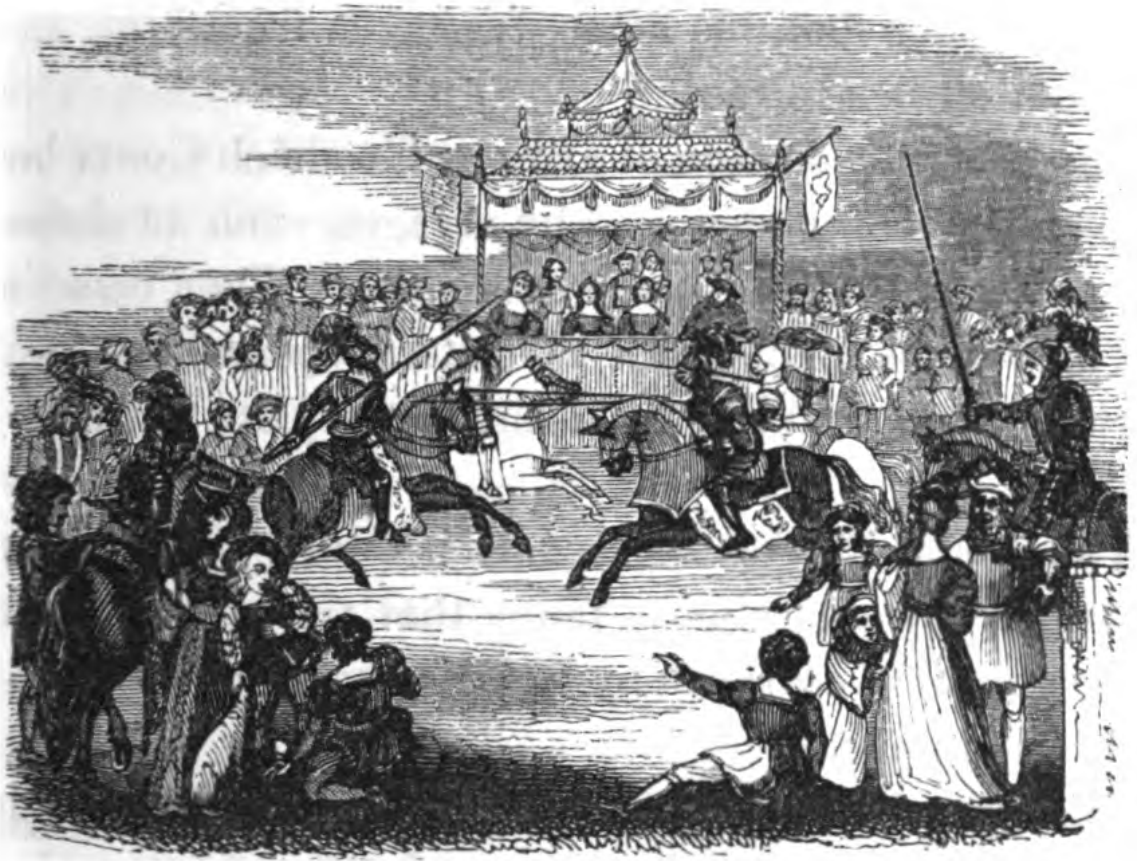
of gunpowder, armour became of little use, for the bullets and the cannon balls broke it to pieces.

I have seen fine collections of armour in different parts of the world, but they who keep it deceive you so much with their stories that they take away the pleasure of looking at it, because you cannot believe what they say.

Now I will tell you about Concy, Earl of Ulster, because I think you will like to hear of the feat that he did. He cut through a helmet of steel, with a single stroke of his sword, and buried his weapon so deep in the wooden post on which the helmet was placed, that no one besides himself was able to draw it out again. What do you think of Concy, Earl of Ulster?

Knights used in former time to meet together to tilt with each other at a tournament. Tilting is riding at each other with the pointed spears, and trying to knock one another off the horses they are sitting on. I do not think you would like tilting, would you? and I am sure it would not do for Peter Parley.

If I could, I would put an end to all fighting. Every nation should be at peace. "The swords should be beaten into ploughshares, and the spears into pruning-hooks. Nation should not lift up a sword against nation, neither should they learn war any more."



FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

The most famous tournament that ever I heard of was in France. It was called the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Henry VIII. of England, Cardinal Wolsey, and Francis I. of France were there. This tournament was so costly, that the expense of it half ruined many who attended it.

None but knights were allowed to fight at a tournament. How do you think they used to serve any one who ventured to fight without being qualified? Why they

made him ride bareheaded ; his shield and helmet were trodden under foot, his horse was taken from him, and he was sent off in disgrace.

The capital collection of arms at Goodrich Court begins with the rude weapons used by savages, such as clubs and daggers of wood, flint, stone, and slate. Then come arms and armour of copper, tin and steel, spears, battle-axes, shirts of mail, and suits of armour complete for man and horse.

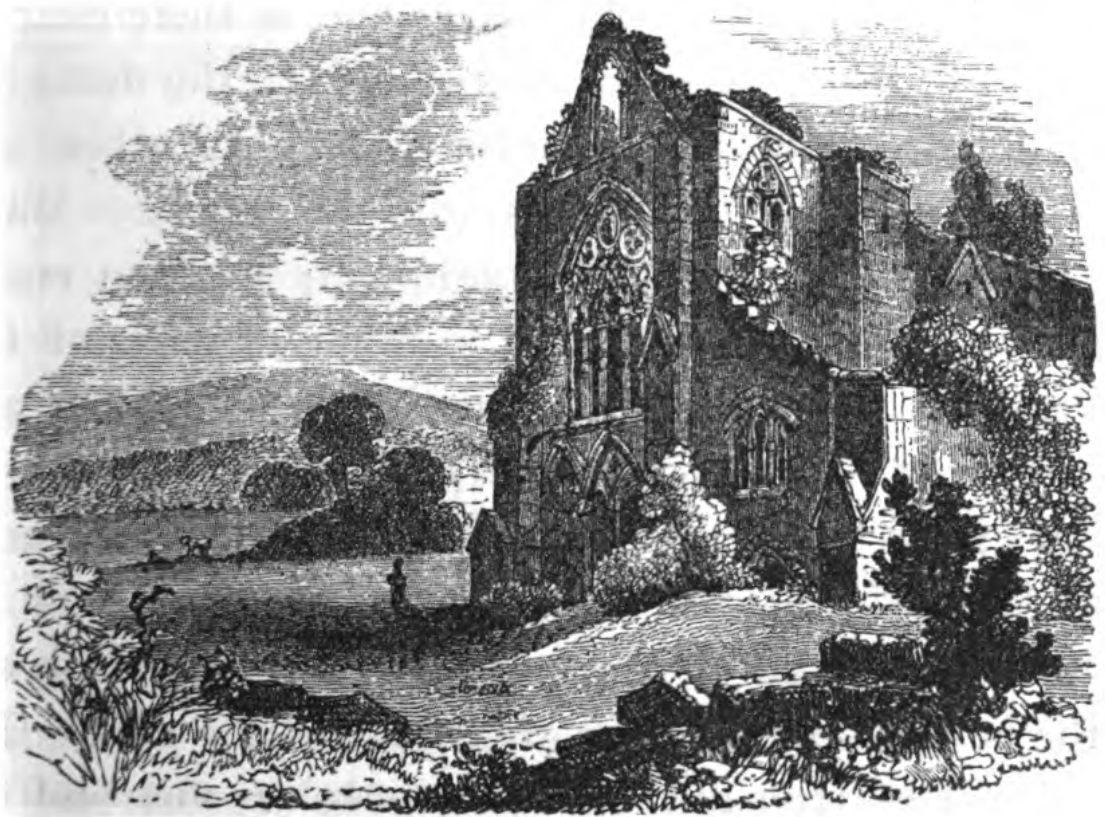
You would like to see Goodrich Court, fitted up as it is, and you would almost fancy that the suits of armour on horseback were worn by living men, who were fighting with one another.

The grand armoury is more than eighty feet long. Only think of between forty and fifty figures clad in complete armour, and ten of them on horseback, surrounded with clubs, maces, hammers, halberts, and battle-axes, swords, spears, cross-bows, and shields; sabres, poignards, stilettoes, matchlocks, petronels, and pistols! But I fancy now that you have had enough of arms and armour.

Sir Samuel saw how much I was interested with what I had seen, and told me that if ever I should come again to England he hoped I would pay another visit to Goodrich Court. After leaving the place, we went to Goodrich Castle, which is an old ruin, only a few hundred

yards off. Since then, my friend who went with me is dead, and his name is graven on the marble slab in the country church which he attended. I respected and loved him, and my cheek is not always dry when I call him to remembrance. I have no more to say now about Goodrich Court, and Goodrich Castle.

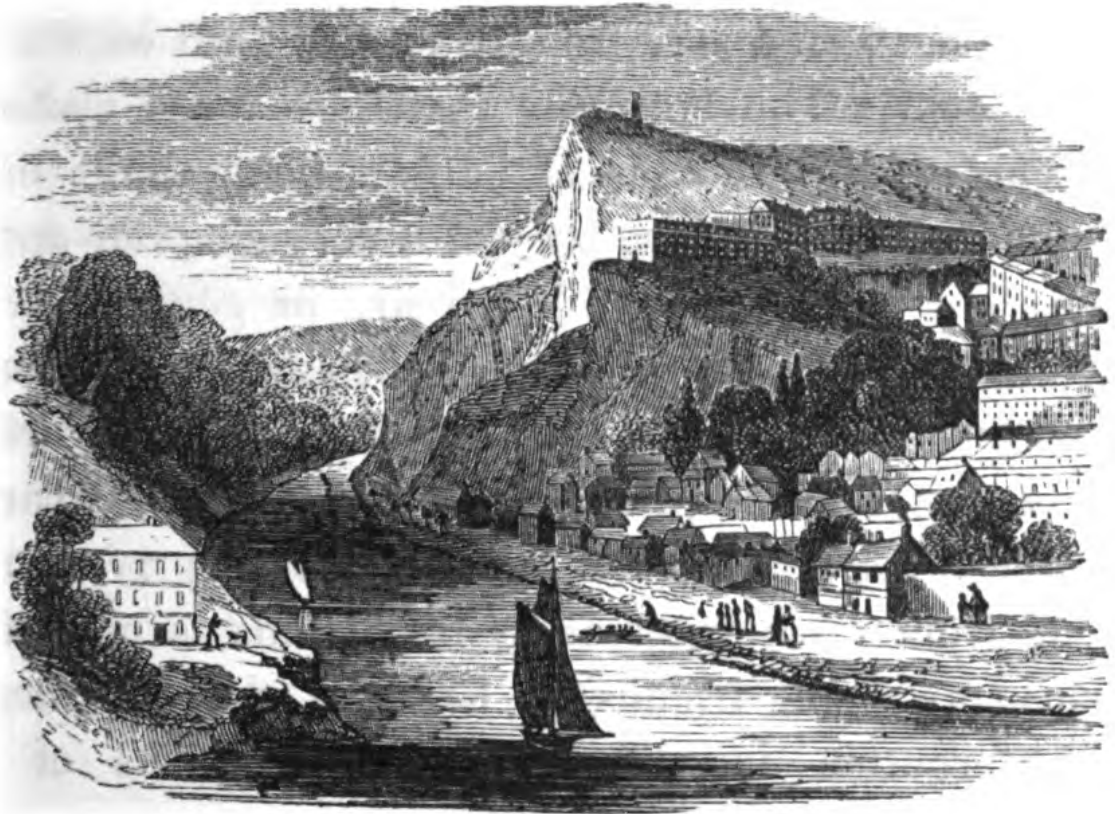
Not far from the banks of the Wye is a beautiful ruin, called Tintern Abbey, and off we set to see it next. It consists of the remains of a building erected many hundred years ago by the monks. The monks were men of the Roman Catholic religion, who made a vow to



TINTERN ABBEY.

lead a single and painful life, shut up from the rest of the world, and devoting themselves to religious and charitable occupations. They associated together in companies, each of which was ruled by an Abbot or Prior. The buildings in which they resided were called abbeys or monasteries. They consisted of a fine church with apartments for the monks, and rooms for the stranger who were often entertained there, as inns were not so frequent in those days as they are now. Many of the monks were at first very good men, but in later times, as they grew richer, they became ambitious, and greatly relaxed in the purity of their lives and in their charitable duties; till, in the reign of Henry VIII., the monasteries were destroyed, and the lands passed into other hands. Riches do a deal of mischief to some people. Many of the abbeys were very noble buildings; and the ruins of them, which are to be found in different parts of Great Britain, are among the finest specimens of ancient architecture. At Tintern, a great part of the abbey church remains: the walls are still standing, though the roof is fallen, and the shapes even of the windows are little injured; but many of them are blocked up and obscured by the ivy, which covers a great part of the ruin. There are also some remains of the monks' rooms and other apartments.

As we departed from Tintern Abbey, my friend told me that he had lately been at Bristol, Clifton, and Bath, so I asked him what kind of places they were.



CLIFTON.

“Why,” said he, “Bristol is a city, and a seaport on the river Avon. Formerly it was, for property, trade, and inhabitants, the second city in England, but now it is only a third rate town. It still possesses fine Docks and a noble Cathedral, and the beautiful Church of St. Mary Redcliffe; besides sixteen other churches, and five episcopal chapels, some of them beautiful and most of

them fine edifices. It contains several dissenting chapels and thirteen fellowship companies, some of which have elegant halls; there are also several hospitals, and other public buildings.

“Clifton, about a mile from Bristol, is built on St. Vincent's Rock. The hot wells there are much visited by the gentry. The houses of Clifton, being built on the rock, one above another, present a very singular appearance. The buildings of Clifton are in general elegant and commodious, and command extensive and beautiful prospects. There are six public baths, and a magnificent hospital for the reception of some who come to partake of the waters, who would otherwise be deprived of the benefit from their want of means. This is one of the charms (my young friends) of England, that the poor are never forgotten in the sanatory institutions of the country.

“As to Bath,” said he, “it is a very famous city, and has been so ever since the time of the Romans. The hot springs have performed wondrous cures. Perhaps there are more nobility and gentry in Bath than in any town or city in England, except London. There is an elegance about the whole place, which you will not find in any other large town, the houses being built of beautiful white stone, quarried on the spot, and many of them

very costly." I, however, had so much before me to do, that I had no time to go and see either the gentry or the fine houses at Bath; so I went back to Ross, which is not far from Goodrich Court. I much wanted to see Coventry, having heard a great deal of the place. It is a long way from Ross to Coventry, perhaps as much as seventy miles, for I passed through Birmingham again in order to reach it. After sleeping at the inn called "The Hen and Chickens," Birmingham, I set off for Coventry, and got there in about two hours. You shall have the account of what I saw there, in our next conversation.

CHAPTER VIII.

PETER PARLEY TELLS ABOUT COVENTRY. ABOUT WARWICK CASTLE, GUY, EARL OF WARWICK, AND THE IRON PORRIDGE POT. ABOUT KENILWORTH CASTLE, THE ROUND TABLE, THE FESTIVAL, AND RUNNING AT THE QUINTIN.



WARWICK CASTLE.

COVENTRY is a large old town, and the houses for the most part are as old fashioned as any I ever saw. One

storey hangs over another, so that the topmost seems ready to tumble on your head.

This town is as famous for ribands and watches as Sheffield is for cutlery, and Birmingham for hardware and fancy articles. The riband trade is very considerable, and the quantity of silk used in it is astonishing.

Those who wear ribands are much indebted to the Coventry people; but there is somebody else that they are much more indebted to. Who is that? you will ask. Why, to the poor silkworm. All the silk used in ribands and silk dresses is made by silkworms.

If you ever keep silkworms, you must feed them with lettuce leaves; or rather with mulberry leaves, which they like better still. When they begin to spin, you must put every one of them into a small paper bag by itself, and hang it up where the sun can shine upon it. The silkworm will then cover over the top of the paper, and spin a ball of silk round himself. Silk worms for commercial purposes were successfully cultivated by the late Mrs. Whitby, of Newlands, in Southampton. The worms were bred and raised there by her own people. The mulberry plants on which they fed were grown on her own estate, and were imported by her from Turin. The silk produced was pronounced by the most eminent manufacturers equal to the best Italian silk. Specimens of

silk fabrics made from it were to be seen in the Great Exhibition.

Coventry is a place of great antiquity, and was formerly surrounded by strong walls, which were three miles in circumference, having twenty-six towers and twelve gates; but few vestiges of them now remain, having been demolished by order of King Charles II., in 1662, in despite, for the resistance made to the troops of his predecessor.

Warwick is the county town of the shire. It contains a strong jail and two churches. Lady Mary's Chapel is well worth seeing. It also possesses many charitable institutions, conducted upon a scale of liberality and extension which reflects great honour upon the inhabitants. You must not forget Warwick Castle, however. You may be sure that I went there.

This castle, as you look at it from the bridge over the river Avon, is a noble object. Its thick walls and its massy towers look as if they were intended to stand forever; but time, that has pulled down so many strong places, will one day lay them in the dust. Long before then I shall be mouldering in my grave.

The outside of the castle is grand, but the inside much grander. The rooms are large, beautifully fitted up, some of them with cedar, and the choicest paintings hang

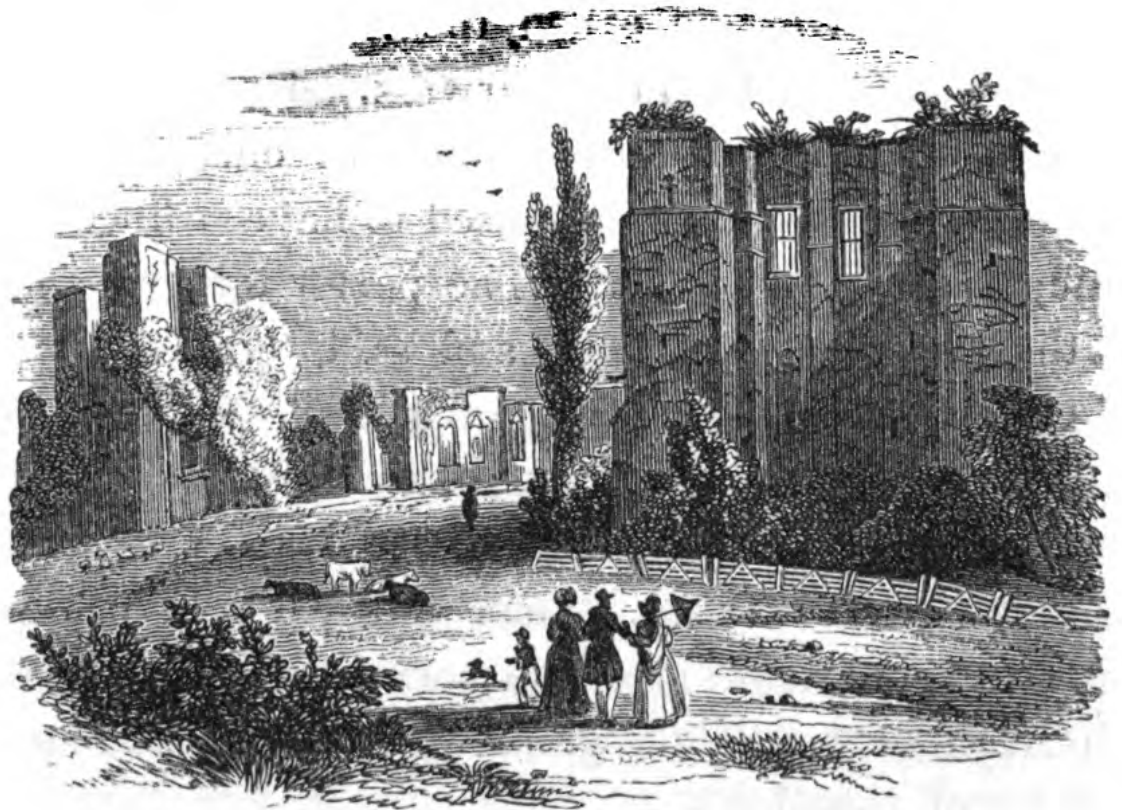
on the walls. There are also sculptures, carvings, and inlaid works, as well as curiosities of other kinds. The armoury I could have looked at for a whole day. In a greenhouse in the garden, is a celebrated vase, large and very ancient. It is reckoned to be of great value. The cedar trees are very graceful, their majestic branches sweeping the very ground.

After going up the great tower, I came to the porter's lodge, and saw what is called the iron porridge pot of the renowned Guy, Earl of Warwick. Half a dozen of you might stand in this porridge pot at once; but large as it is, I was told that Guy used to have it filled every morning for his breakfast. The porter took up an iron fork three or four feet long, and said, "this is the fork that Guy used to pick his teeth with." He then drew the fork across the edge of the porridge pot, and it gave a deep clanging sound, like the big bell of St. Paul's cathedral when it is tolled. Some young people, who were leaning over to look into the porridge pot, fell back as much frightened as if the giant Guy himself had spoken in a voice of thunder.

Guy, Earl of Warwick, was a great warrior, who went abroad in the holy wars, and lived the life of an anchorite when he came back again; but what is said of his being an enormous giant, of his killing an amazing

large dun cow, picking his teeth with the great fork, and emptying the iron porridge pot every morning for his breakfast, is not true.

After leaving the castle and seeing Guy's Cliff, where the Earl of Warwick once lived, I went on to Kenilworth Castle. You will no doubt like to hear something about this old castle.



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

It was first built about the year 1120, by Geoffrey de Clinton, a Norman, in the reign of Henry I., and a priory was attached to it. In 1279, a great many noble persons

assembled at the castle, and to prevent disputes about one sitting in a more honourable place than another, they formed a round table, at which sat a hundred knights and a hundred ladies. This custom of a round table is very ancient; I believe it was first established by the father of King Arthur.

In 1575 a grand festival was given, by the Earl of Leicester, to Queen Elizabeth, in the castle and grounds adjoining, for seventeen days. There was a floating island on the lake, and all manner of elegant figures. Besides these, there were bear-baiting, fireworks, Italian tumblers, running at the quintin, and other sports.

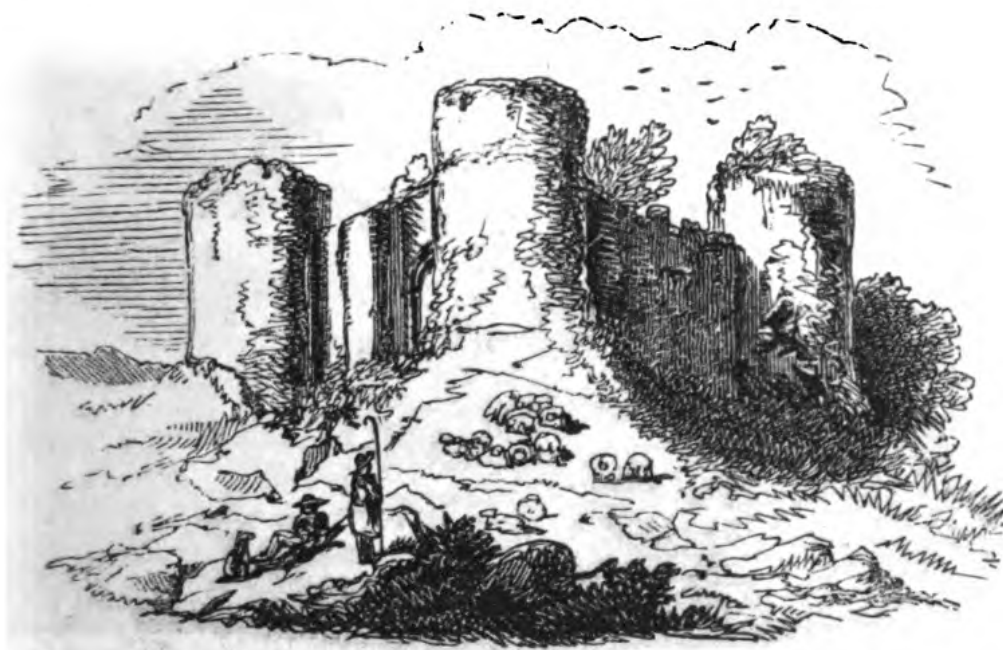
I dare say you do not know what running at the quintin means. You shall know directly. It was a game which country people played at in the following manner. A high post was stuck in the ground with an iron pivot at the top; on this pivot a beam was placed to turn round, the figure of a man was then fixed to the upright post, and the cross beam represented his arms. At one end of the beam was a shield with a hole in it, at the other end was a wooden sword or a bag of sand. The country bumpkins, mounted on cart-horses, used to ride full tilt at the figure, trying to strike the hole in the shield with a long pole shaped like a lance. If the lance struck the hole, all was well, and the people

applauded; but if it missed the hole and struck the beam the other end of the beam swung round with the wooden sword, or sand bag, at the end of it, and generally knocked the unskilful bumpkin from the back of his cart-horse. This is running at the quintin, and I doubt not you will remember it very well. There were three hundred and twenty hogsheads of common beer drunk at this entertainment. What the nobles and gentry drank I cannot tell.

Kenilworth is now nothing but an old ruin, but its remains tell what its size and strength must have been. In the Great Exhibition there was a splendid oak buffet with sculptured relievos, in which were portrayed a splendid representation of the pageant of 1575, in honour of Queen Elizabeth's visit. This buffet was made of a huge oak tree which grew near the castle, and was reckoned one of the finest pieces of modern art.

I wandered about among the gloomy chambers and mouldering walls of Kenilworth Castle for a long time; everything was still, and I mused on the uncertain state of earthly grandeur. All the knights and ladies who had sat at the round table,—all the great people who had visited the castle, when the festival was given, were gone,—the very castle itself was fast hastening to decay, and no one but myself was then to be seen among its mouldering walls.

I am a cheerful old man, but when I saw such thick-built archways, and such massy towers crumbling into ruin, I could not help thinking that it would soon be the same with Peter Parley.



PART OF THE RUINS.

Musing on these things, I went on my way to Oxford; and as this is a city of great importance, I must tell you something about it next.

CHAPTER IX.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT OXFORD.



CITY OF OXFORD.

OXFORD is a very handsome city, and famous for its University, which is very ancient, having been founded so early as the reign of King Alfred; but its principal buildings were erected between the reigns of Henry VI. and Queen Elizabeth. It was a place of considerable

political importance in the reign of Charles I. Parliaments were summoned to meet there, and it was the last city which that king maintained. Its university is richly endowed, and consists of twenty colleges, and four halls, several of which stand in the streets and give the city an air of magnificence. These academic institutions contain nearly three thousand students.

If you were to see Oxford, when the students are walking about in their caps and gowns, you would never forget it. Besides the cathedral, Oxford has thirteen parish churches, and a number of dissenting chapels. The High Street presents a noble appearance to the stranger, on his first visit to this ancient seat of learning.

I went through University College, the most ancient among them all, and Christ Church College. Some of the places seemed rather too gloomy for any one to be shut up in to study all day long; but many of the walks were delightful. The famous Bodleian Library belongs to the University of Oxford: I should be sorry, however, to be obliged to read a hundredth part of the books it contains. There is a noble monument, now, erected in Oxford, to the memory of Bishops Ridley and Latimer, and Archbishop Cranmer, who were burnt at the stake there about three hundred years ago, for their attachment to the Protestant religion.

I must tell you what happened as I travelled away from Oxford; it will amuse you to know all about it.

When I arrived at Henley-on-Thames, a smart young man with a beautiful spaniel of the King Charles's breed got up and seated himself opposite me. He had a diamond ring on his finger, and a gold chain across his bosom. Gay, thoughtless, and good humoured, he began to talk very fast, and to hand cigars round to his fellow-travellers. I told him that I did not smoke. "Not smoke! well then, take a pinch of snuff," handing to me a fine silver box. "I never take snuff." "And why do you not smoke and take snuff?" "Because I can do very well without the one or the other. It is not wise to increase our wants, and make ourselves dependent on such things." "Well, now, there is the difference! I half empty my snuff box, and smoke half a dozen cigars, and sometimes a pipe, too, every day of my life."

He then told me that he was an Oxford scholar, and had offended the heads of his college, and as he would not beg their pardon they had expelled him. He had been spending the night at Henley to keep up his spirits, but had found it a dismal place. "Why there is not an inn in the town," said he, "that has not a Bible in every bedroom, and that has made me as dismal as an owl."

Poor thoughtless young fellow! he had been sent to

Oxford to be educated as a clergyman, that he might direct his fellow creatures the way to heaven, and yet the Bible being in his bedroom was a trouble to him. I hoped that he would get wiser, as he got older. I had no opportunity of inquiring whether what he said about the Bible at Henley was true, but I have no doubt it was, and I dropped a word or two that, coming from an old man, might do him good. He shook me by the hand when he left the coach at Salt Hill, and seemed not at all out of temper with me on account of the little good advice that I had given him.

I then proceeded to Windsor, celebrated for its magnificent castle; the favourite residence of a long line of English monarchs, and at present occupied by Queen Victoria. Not having an opportunity of seeing this royal residence, I proceeded at once to London, the capital of the British Empire. In passing through its crowded streets, the noise of the carts and carriages almost deafened me; and I was not sorry to take refuge in a hotel, where I could get a quiet room to myself.

CHAPTER X.

DESCRIPTION OF LONDON. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



LONDON.

IN the morning I rose betimes, being no lie-a-bed. Now thinks I, what there is to be seen in London I will see, and sure enough I did, though it took me a long time.

LONDON is the largest city in Europe, and the richest in the world. It contains two millions and a half of

inhabitants, and is about thirty miles in circumference. Its general form is oval. There are from twelve thousand to thirteen thousand squares, streets, lanes, and courts, and about a quarter of a million of houses. The river Thames runs through it, and is crossed by several handsome bridges. These are seven in number, connecting the Middlesex portion of the metropolis with that on the Surrey side; of these, three are toll free, and four are subject to a small impost. The free bridges are London, Blackfriars, and Westminster; the others are Southwark, Waterloo, Hungerford, and Vauxhall. In the eastern part of the city the merchants transact their business; and in the western part the rich people and the nobility and gentry have their dwellings.

The streets are crowded, not only with people, but with carriages, omnibuses, and vehicles of every description; and you would at first imagine that some great occasion had drawn everybody out of their houses; but day after day you would observe the same busy multitude passing and repassing like so many bees.

In ancient times, London was not nearly so large as it now is. The houses were, in general, badly built, and constructed of wood and plaster; and the streets were mean and narrow. There were not wanting, however, several very handsome buildings, both public and

private; among the former, the old cathedral of St. Paul held the pre-eminence: its steeple is said to have been five hundred and twenty feet high. But in the reign of Charles II., a dreadful plague, which swept away one hundred thousand persons, was followed by a fire which destroyed almost all the city, consuming four hundred streets, thirteen thousand houses, eighty-nine churches including St. Paul's Cathedral, the Guildhall, the Royal Exchange, and many other buildings. In rebuilding, the city was much improved; the streets were widened, and the houses constructed with brick instead of wood and plaster.

One of the first places that I visited was St. Paul's Cathedral, which was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren after the great fire; the first stone was laid on the 21st of June, 1675, by the architect himself, who lived to see it completed, although it took thirty-five years in building; the top stone being laid by the architect's son, in 1710. It is a magnificent structure, and, with the exception of St. Peter's at Rome, the grandest cathedral in the world. Within it, are several fine statues in commemoration of generals, statesmen, and other celebrated persons who are buried there. Inside the dome is a curious gallery, called the whispering gallery. If a person at one end of this gallery puts hi

mouth against the wall and whispers ever so faintly, any one at the other end will hear him distinctly. The highest part of the building is about three hundred and seventy feet from the ground; and a fine view of London may be obtained from it; but the people, houses, carriages, and other objects, being seen from such a height, look exceedingly small, and have a curious effect. Another building which I visited, would, I think, interest you even more than St. Paul's. I mean Westminster Abbey, which is a very ancient building.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On its site originally stood a Christian church, built by Sebert, king of Essex, in 610, A.D., but afterwards destroyed by the Danes. The Abbey, as such, was founded by Edward the Confessor, who, in 1043, restored the Saxon line of the kings of England; it was afterwards rebuilt by Henry III. and enlarged by his successors. It was also repaired, and two of its towers were built by Sir Christopher Wren. One part of the abbey is called the Poet's Corner; and there are buried some of the most celebrated poets that England has produced. There I saw the names of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and many others; and there are many beautiful monuments in marble erected to their memory.

The chief curiosities of Westminster Abbey are the chapels at the eastern end of the church, with their tombs. One of these, which stands behind the altar, is dedicated to Edward the Confessor. Here is to be seen his tomb, which was built by Henry III., and which contains the ashes of the Confessor. In this chapel, also, are the tombs of several kings and queens of England. The helmet of Henry V. is preserved, with the saddle on which he rode at the battle of Agincourt; stripped of everything, however, but the wood and iron. At the eastern extremity of the church, and opening up to it

is the famous chapel of Henry VII., one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. It was built at an enormous expense, and Henry's tomb alone cost ten thousand pounds, a sum equal to two hundred thousand pounds of our money. The mosaic pavement of the choir is an object of great beauty. It was made by Archbishop Ware, and is formed of a great many pieces of jasper, alabaster, porphyry, lapis lazuli, serpentine marble, and touchstone, varying in size from half an inch to four inches. You may suppose this work cost great labour and patience. Now I will tell you about its size. The abbey from east to west, including Henry the Seventh's Chapel, is three hundred and seventy-five feet; from north to south two hundred feet; the nave is one hundred and one feet high; from the choir to the lantern, about one hundred and forty feet; and the height of the western towers two hundred and twenty-five feet.

Most of our kings lie buried here, even down to the time of George III. At his decease, in 1820, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was used for the last resting place of royalty. You must not forget to visit this noble abbey, if ever you visit London.

In going to Westminster Abbey I passed through the old gateway called Temple Bar, where the heads of state malefactors used to be exposed. The gate at Temple

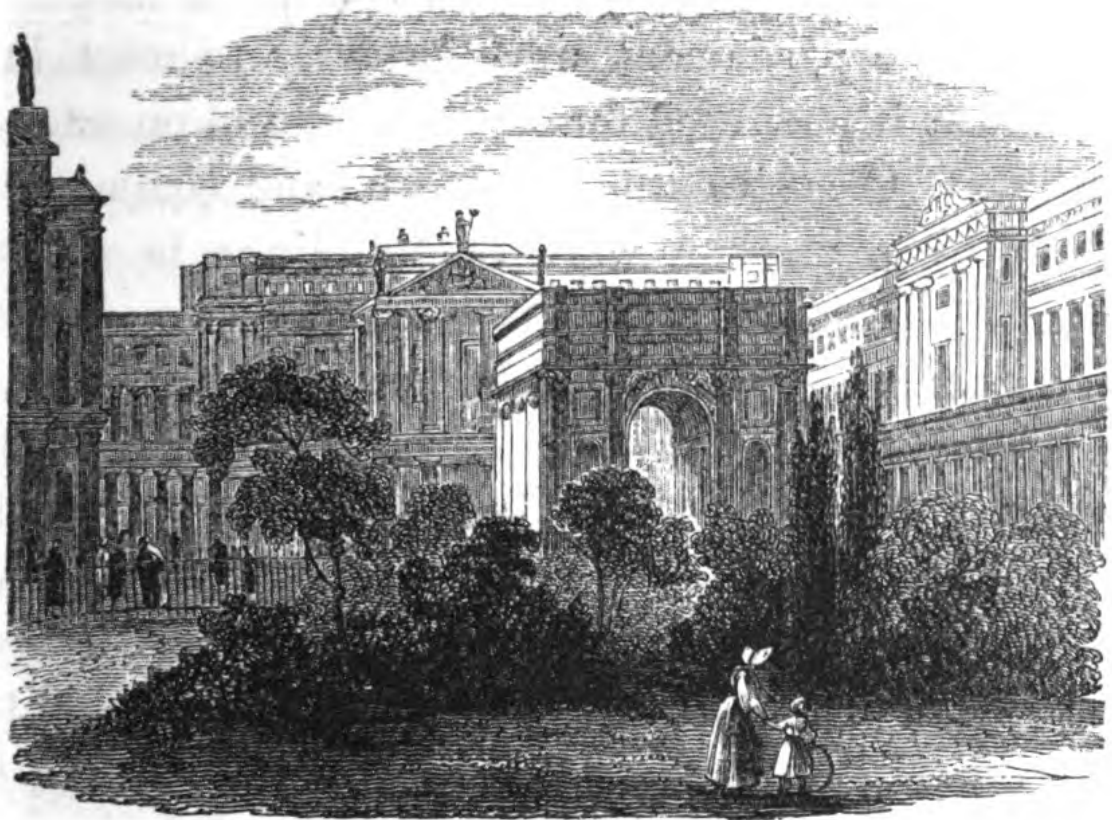


TEMPLE BAR.

Bar is always closed when it is known that the reigning sovereign designs to visit the city: the ceremony on this occasion is very imposing on account of the grandeur of the procession, and the crowds of people which assemble to behold the spectacle. Before the present gate was built, there was a bar or barrier of posts and chains which separated the Strand from Fleet Street, and which, from its vicinity to the Temple, received the name of Temple Bar.

CHAPTER XI.

PARLEY GOES TO WESTMINSTER HALL. THE OLD AND
NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. ST. JAMES'S PALACE.
BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND THE PARKS.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

I STOPPED a long time in Westminster Abbey, for, thinks I, it is ten to one if I shall ever see this edifice again, or anything like it.

Not content with seeing what was to be seen inside the abbey, I went up the winding staircase to the top of the tower, but the ascent made my limbs ache on the following day.

There is another very interesting building near Westminster Abbey, called Westminster Hall. It was built by William I. in 1097, and is part of a palace which he erected on the site of one occupied by Edward the Confessor. The ceiling is said to be the largest in Europe unsupported by pillars. The parliament used formerly to meet in this hall, and it is now used for state trials, and on some other occasions. Close to this structure, and communicating with it by a passage, were the buildings in which the parliament used to meet: these contained a variety of apartments connected by passages. In 1834, a terrible fire burnt down a great part of these buildings, and new Houses of Parliament have been erected; but it will be interesting to describe the former buildings, in which British eloquence once shone with the greatest brilliancy. The interior of the House of Lords was hung with tapestry of the time of Queen Elizabeth, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which happened in her reign. Each piece was set in a frame of brown wood, and was surrounded by a border consisting of portraits of the commanders of the English fleet on that memorable occasion. At one end of this room stood a magnificent

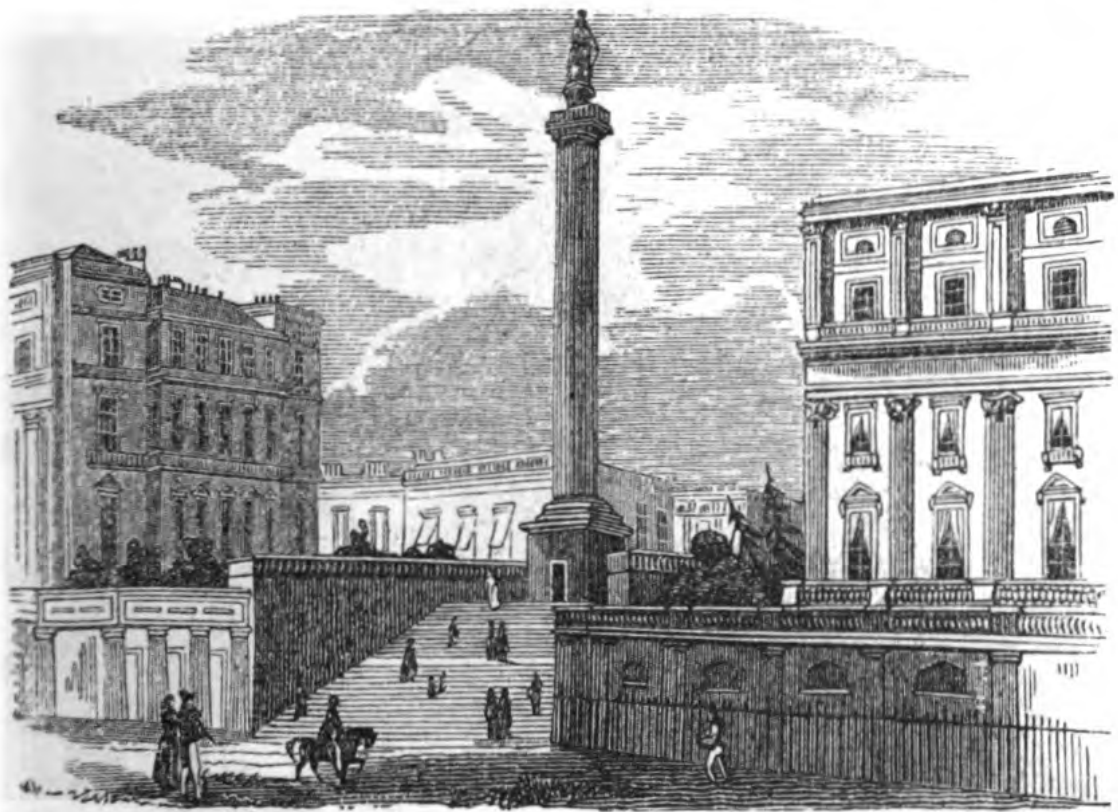
throne for the king, whenever he visited the house in person. The Painted Chamber was a long, lofty room, used for the conferences between the Lords and Commons; the walls were painted in the reign of Henry II. with various subjects, and the remains of these paintings might be seen in some parts of the room. The House of Commons was originally a chapel, founded by king Stephen, and rebuilt by Edward III. in a style of great beauty. This was altered by forming an inner roof, floor, and sides. On removing the wainscotting to enlarge the house, some years ago, the walls and roof of the ancient chapel were seen, uncovered, and ornamented with a profusion of gilding and painting in beautiful preservation. The vault, called Guy Fawkes's cellar, situated under the House of Lords, was the old kitchen of Edward the Confessor's palace. Within it the gunpowder and other combustibles, intended to blow up the king and parliament, were deposited by the conspirators, in the reign of James I. in 1605; and at the entrance of the vault Guy Fawkes was seized the night before the intended execution of his plot. I will tell you more of this before I have done speaking of London.

The new Houses of Parliament are much handsomer and more commodious than the old. This very handsome pile of buildings was erected under the superin-

tendence of Sir C. Barry; the first stone was laid on the 27th April 1840. The style is of richly decorated gothic and will be memorable for ages, as the largest building of the kind in the world. It covers an area of eight acres and has four fronts and three principal towers, the Royal Victoria Tower, which is 340 feet high, by 75 feet square; the Central Tower 300 feet high, by 60 feet square; and the Clock Tower, 320 feet high by 40 feet square. The north part of the building is devoted to the House of Commons and the various Committee rooms and other offices. The House of Lords is decorated in a more gorgeous style with richly gilt mouldings, emblazonings of arms, stained glass, and fine pictures of historical subjects. There is also a stranger's gallery, to which persons having orders signed by members are admitted.

In this neighbourhood the Queen has an extensive old palace called St. James's, and another much more splendid and far more costly, called Buckingham Palace. The latter palace, with its triumphal arch, magnificent gates of mosaic and gold, quadrangles, columns, capitals, pediments, entablatures, and internal magnificence, is a wondrous pile. King George said it was not "a King's Palace, but a Palace for Kings." The Queen does not always reside at Buckingham Palace, as she has several others in different parts of the country; but she spends a great deal of her

time in it, and there are given large parties, at which she is visited by hundreds of noblemen and gentlemen, both English and Foreign. These parties are called levees, and gentlemen only are admitted to them; but there are other parties still more magnificent, at which ladies are present. These are called drawing-rooms, and it is a beautiful sight to see the rich dresses of the company, and the plumes of feathers waving on the heads of the

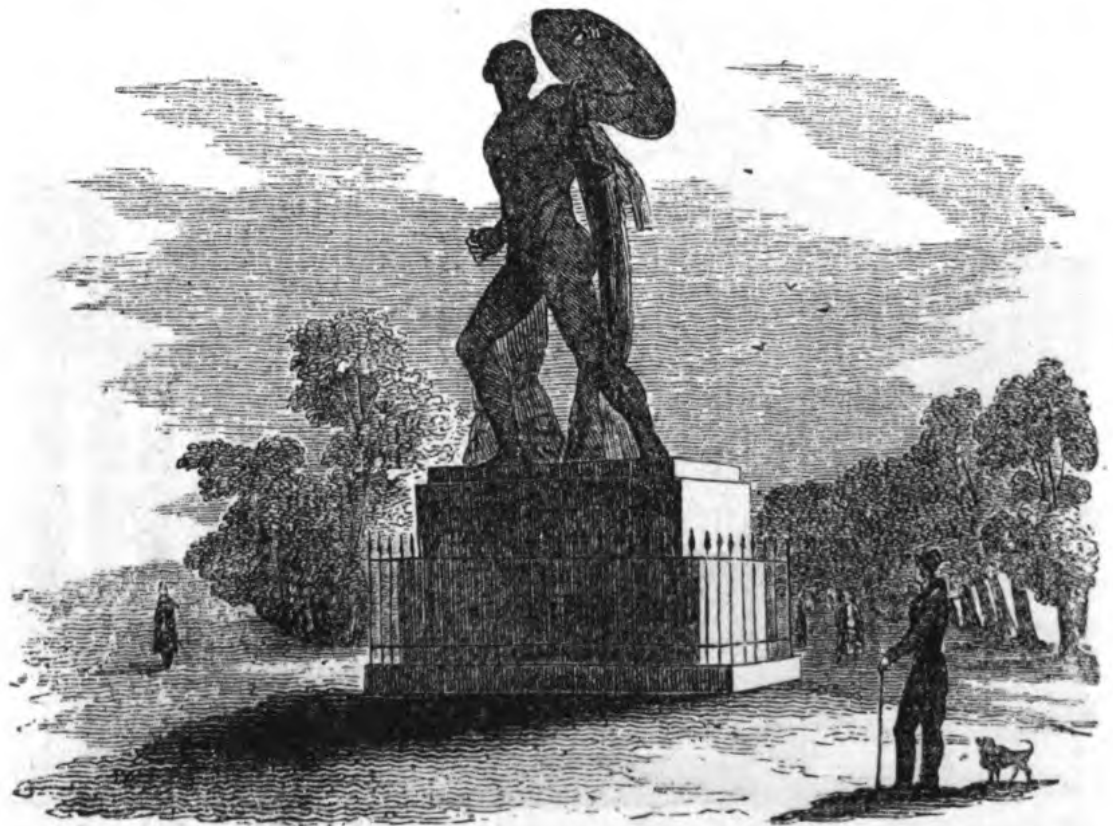


DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN.

ladies, and in the hats of the officers. The Duke of York's column is not far from the palace. The Duke is represented on its top in a flowing robe, with a sword in

his right hand, and in his left one of the insignia of the order of the garter. The height of the figure is thirteen feet six inches: the total height of the column, exclusive of the statue, is one hundred and twenty-four feet.

The interior of the column may be ascended by a winding staircase, from the summit of which a splendid view is obtained. Near this column there is a large space of ground, laid out in lawns and walks and shrubberies.



ACHILLES.

This is called St. James's Park, and here many people may be seen walking about at their ease, or lounging on

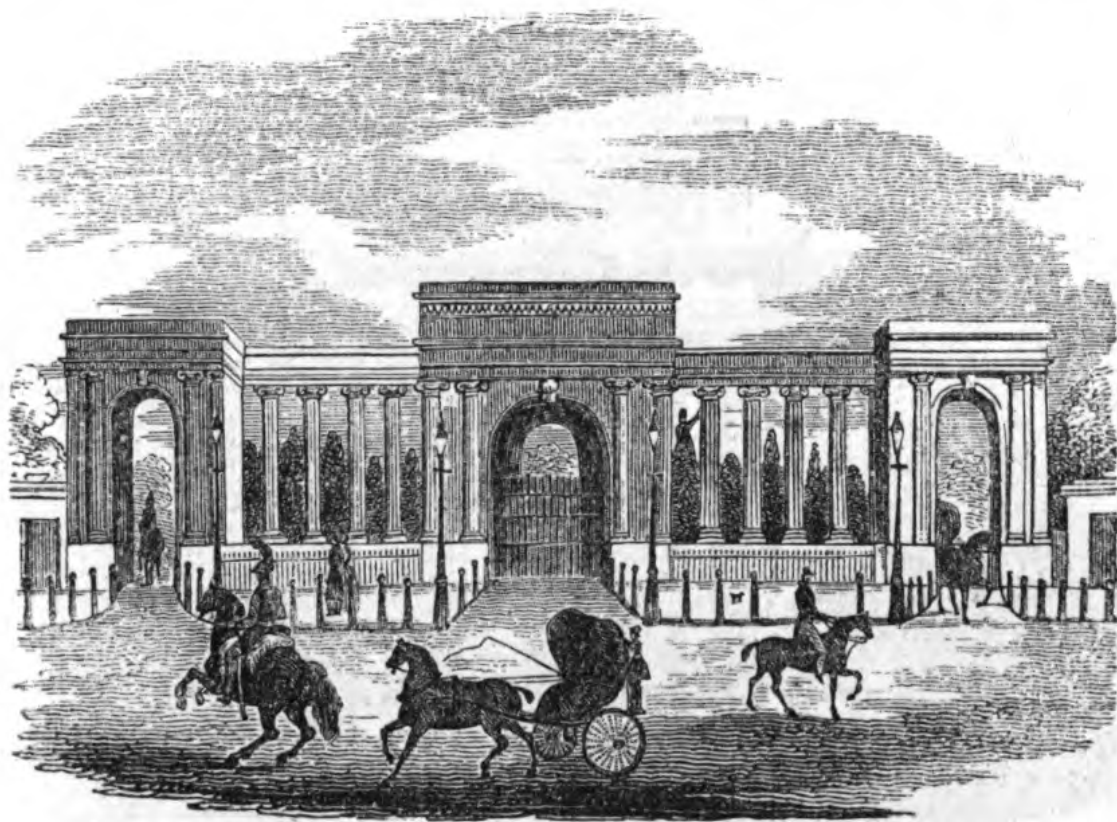
chairs under the trees. Besides St James's Park, there are other public pleasure grounds, equally frequented; of these, Hyde Park and Regent's Park are the most exten-



ENTRANCE TO THE GREEN PARK.

sive. In the former is a fine statue of Achilles: and in the latter, are some gardens called Zoological Gardens, containing a very fine collection of animals from different

countries. There are lions and ostriches from Africa, tigers and elephants from Asia, kangaroos from New Holland, and indeed too many curious beasts and birds from all parts of the world, for me even to tell you half their names. It was very pleasant to see these animals, for though they are in a state of confinement, they have



ENTRANCE TO HYDE PARK.

fresh air, and much more liberty than the animals in most zoological collections. Many of them have comfortable sheds or houses to sleep in, and green paddocks to walk about in by day; and the water-fowls have nice ponds of

water to swim and wash themselves in. But I must describe the gardens more at large. I should have mentioned that the entrances to the Green Park, and Hyde Park, which are nearly opposite to each other, are very grand.

CHAPTER XII.

PARLEY GOES TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

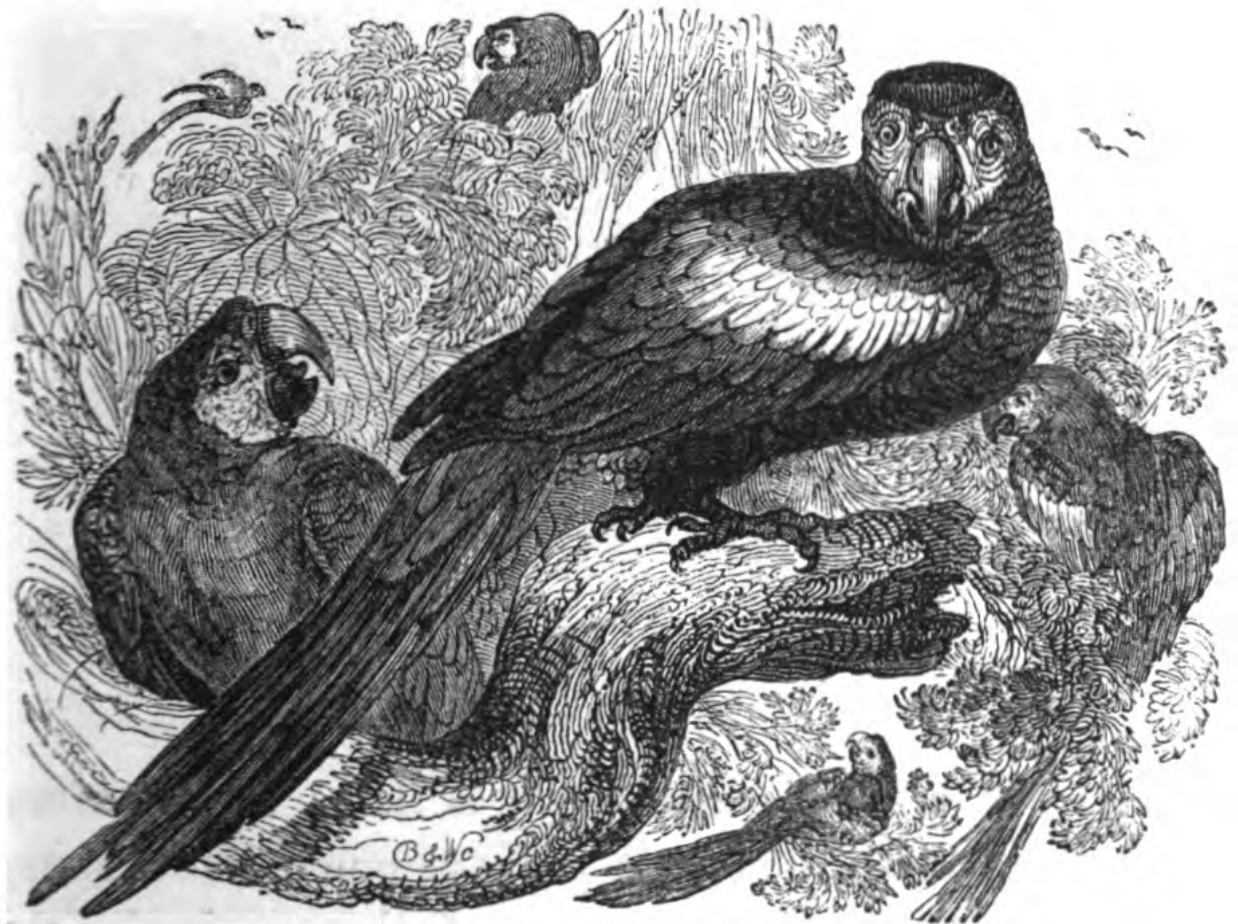


ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS attract as much attention as anything in London. When I got to the gate, there was at least a score of carriages of one kind or other, and some of them had very gay equipages.—As I thought I, some are born to ride, and some to walk on

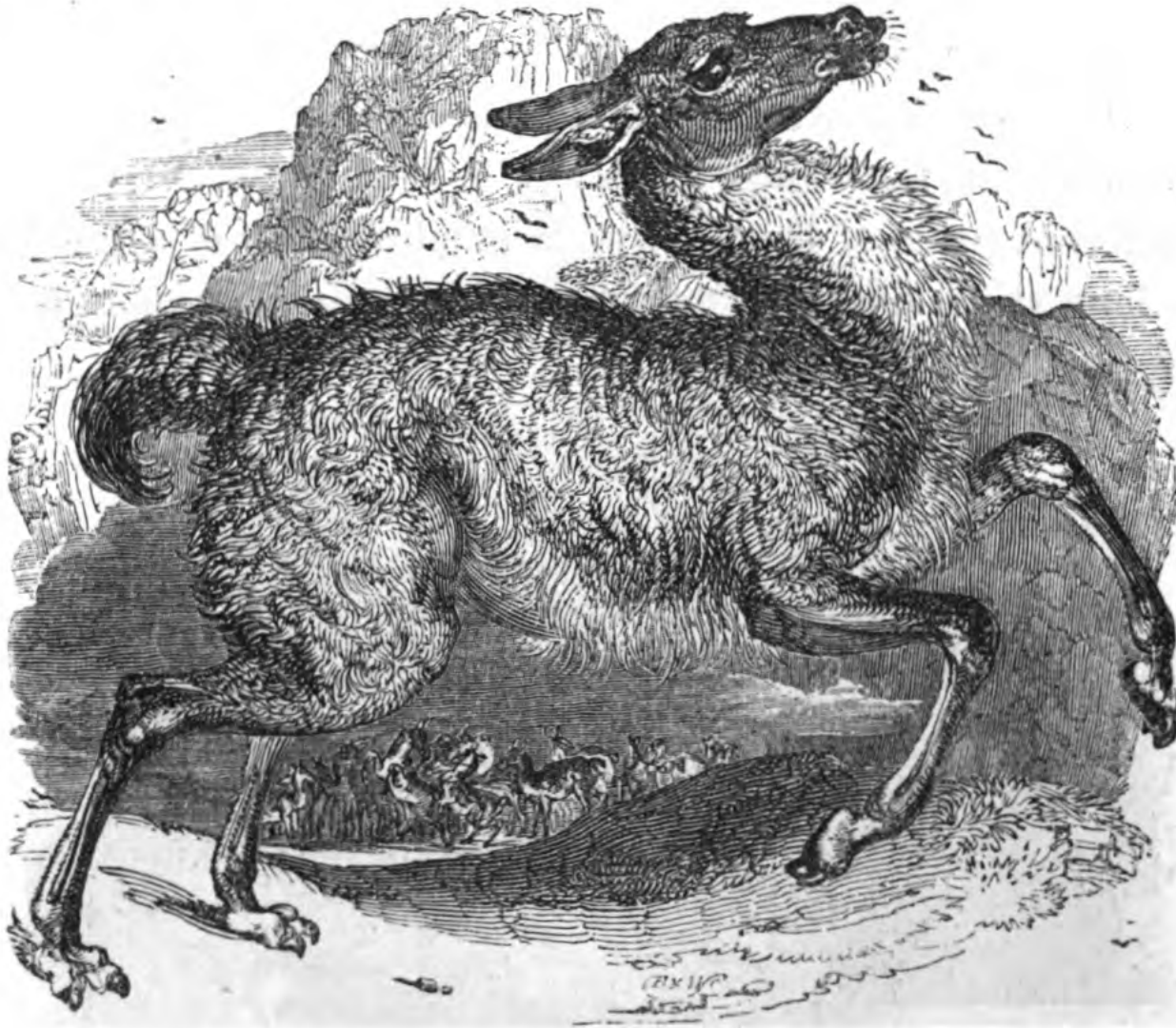
foot, but for the matter of that, I think it a greater blessing to walk with the free use of my limbs, than to ride in a carriage with a lame leg, or a gouty foot.

As I looked along the garden walk, I saw a bear upon a high pole, and when I got to the pit there were three or four others, walking about, and tumbling over one another at the bottom. Many a bear have I seen in different parts of the world. I stuck a piece of a bun on a long stick, and the bear on the pole was glad enough to lay hold of it.



THE RED AND YELLOW MACAW.

At no great distance from the bears, was a large cage well stocked with macaws, cockatoos, and a pond with plenty of waterfowl of different kinds.



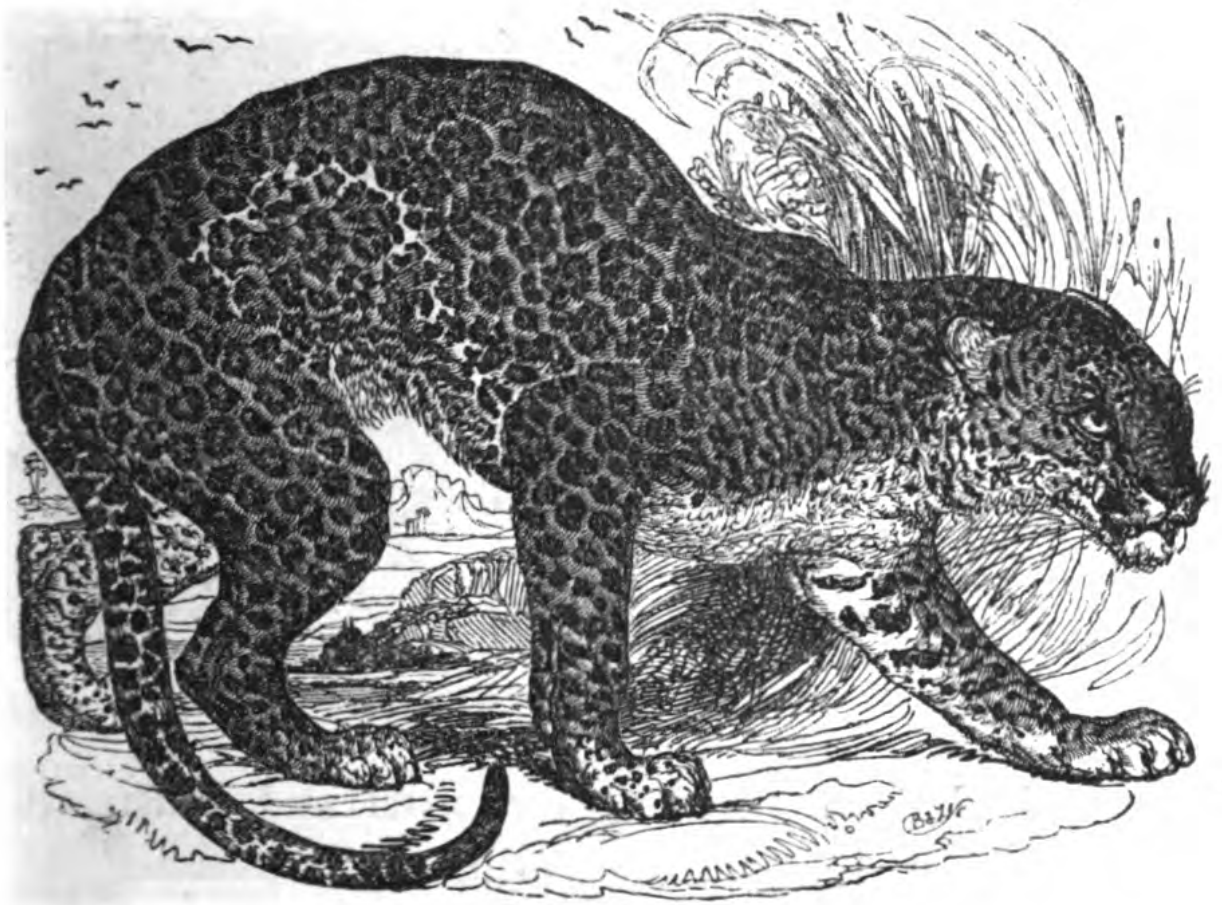
THE BROWN LLAMA.

There was also a llama-house. A llama is an animal of the camel kind, though it looks as much like a sheep as a camel; there are two sorts of these animals, the

brown and the white llama. When offended, the llama has a trick of spirting its spittle upon you.

There were lions, tigers, leopards, and panthers; wolves, hyænas, nyghaus, jackals, and antelopes. All these creatures are kept very clean, and the gardens are well stocked with flowers.

One of the leopards had got an iron shot, somewhere about an eight-pounder, in his cage with him; he rolled it about, and leaped backwards and forwards in a very graceful manner.



THE LEOPARD.

I cannot tell you how many kinds of fowl and large birds there were. Ducks, swans, gulls, herons, cranes, vultures, eagles, emeus, and pelicans. There seemed to



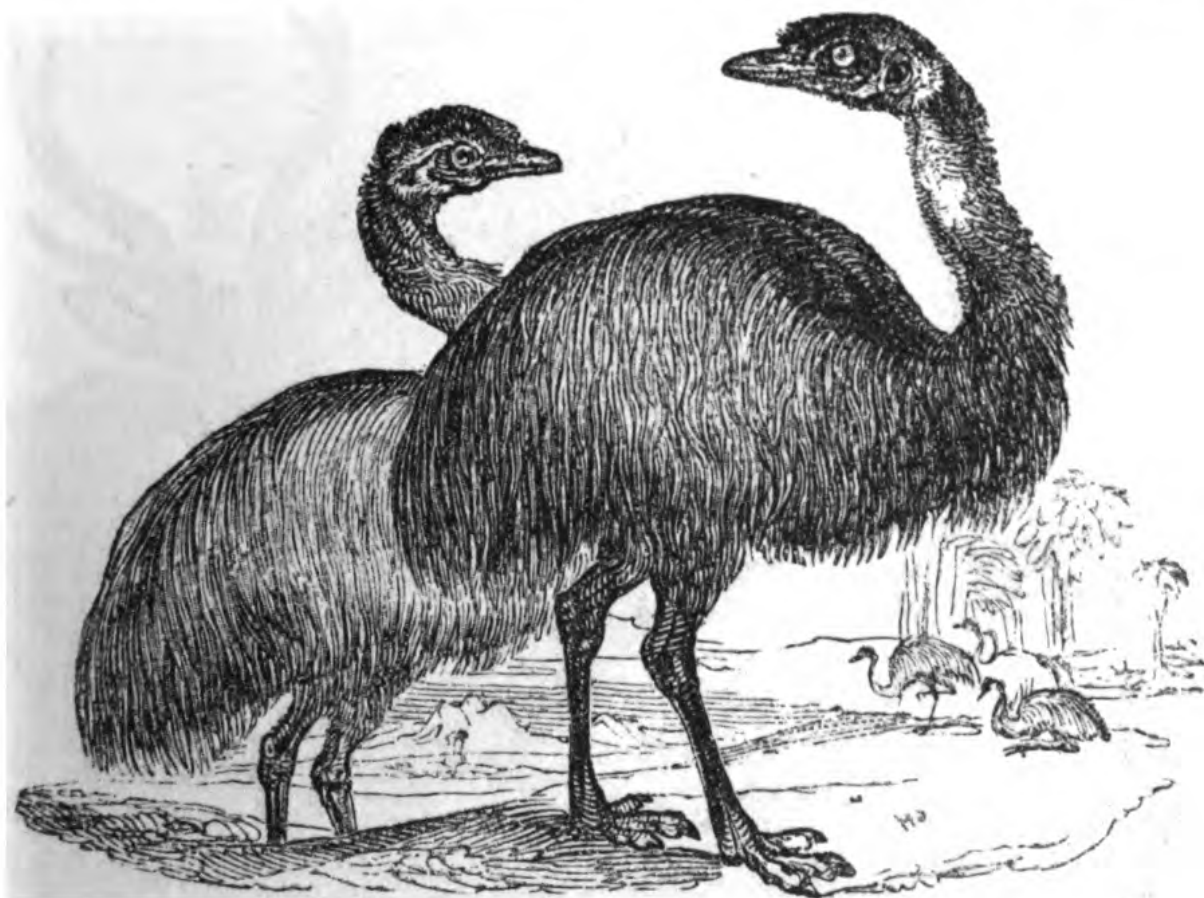
THE BEARDED VULTURE.

be no end of them. Indeed, for birds and beasts, it is one of the first sights in the world.

There were dogs from hot countries, and from col

countries—rein-deer, and tapirs, and kangaroos springing along on their hind-legs and their tails.

The polar bear, very large and of a dirty white colour, is one of the ugliest animals in the place, and he seemed

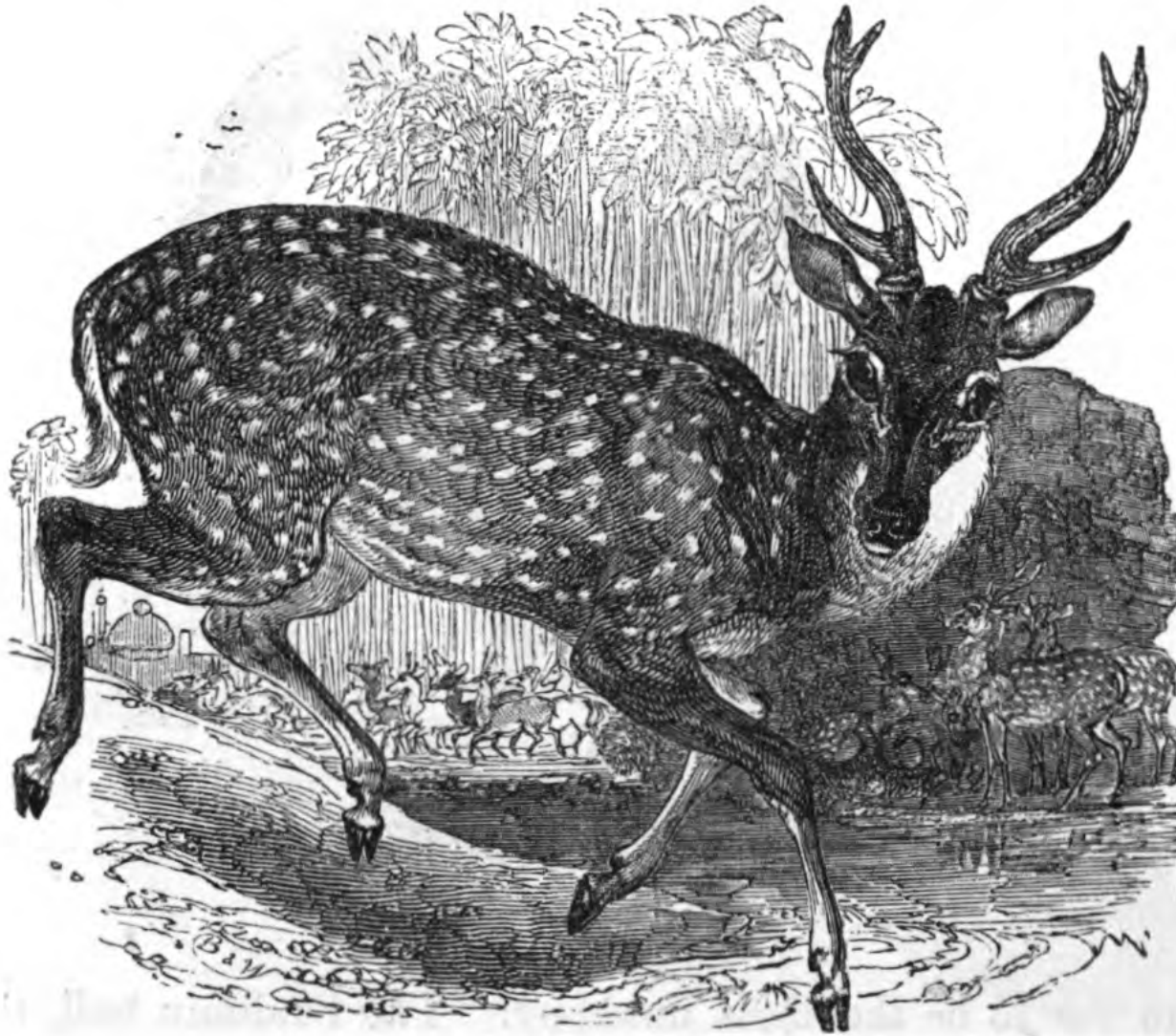


THE EMEU.

to me to be the most unhappy. The Brahmin bull, the American buffalo, the wapiti deer, axis deer, and the rhinoceros, were all well worth looking at.

There was a crowd of folks, and a great many young people round the large monkey-cage. There were the

monkeys, leaping, swinging, chattering, cracking nuts, and playing all manner of comical pranks. I have seen hundreds of them in Asia, Africa, and America; but



THE AXIS DEER.

stopped half-an-hour looking at the cage, for it did me good to see the young people round it so well pleased and so happy. There are few sights in this world that I like

to look upon better than a group of young people with sparkling eyes, and with happy hearts beating in their bosoms.



THE MONKEY HOUSE.

What a fine eye has the ostrich! If you were to see the bird in an African desert, you would think so.

Just as I came up to the elephant paddock, the huge animal came out of the water, where he had been to cool himself. A fine fellow he is, I assure you.

He pulled down a young tree that was growing in the place, and then giving it a blow with one of his fore-legs, broke it off short. He seemed to do this as easily as you would break a piece of tobacco-pipe.

In these gardens you will also see the hippopotamus. The form of this animal is ill-proportioned in comparison

with others, its legs being very short and thick, and its body large, round, and clumsy. This animal inhabits the rivers of Africa, principally from the Niger to the Orange River, near the Cape of Good Hope.



THE ESQUIMAUX DOG.

I did not go away till the animals were fed. When the people saw the lion open his mouth, and heard his deep roar, they fell back as though he was going to swallow them. The hyænas made noise enough while

they ate their food, and the Bengal tiger tore a beef-bone through the bars of his cage as if he would pull the whole den down. It was a laughable sight to see the pelicans fed. I daresay you never saw anything like it in your lives. No sooner did one of the keepers make his appearance with a large bucket, than the pelicans in the pond all set up a noise, and began to wave their long wings.



THE PELICAN HOUSE.

Another of the keepers was obliged to keep the gate fast, so that only one of the pelicans could get through at a time. No sooner was one set at liberty than off he set, crying out with a strange gabbling sort of noise, half running and half flying towards a tub of water placed on the green. Into this tub the keeper had put about a

dozen fish, while the company all stood round. The pelican waved his wings, and kept dancing round the tub, dipping in his long beak, and gobbling up the fish as fast as he could lay hold of them.

No sooner had he finished than he was sent away; some more fish were put into the tub, and another pelican set at liberty..



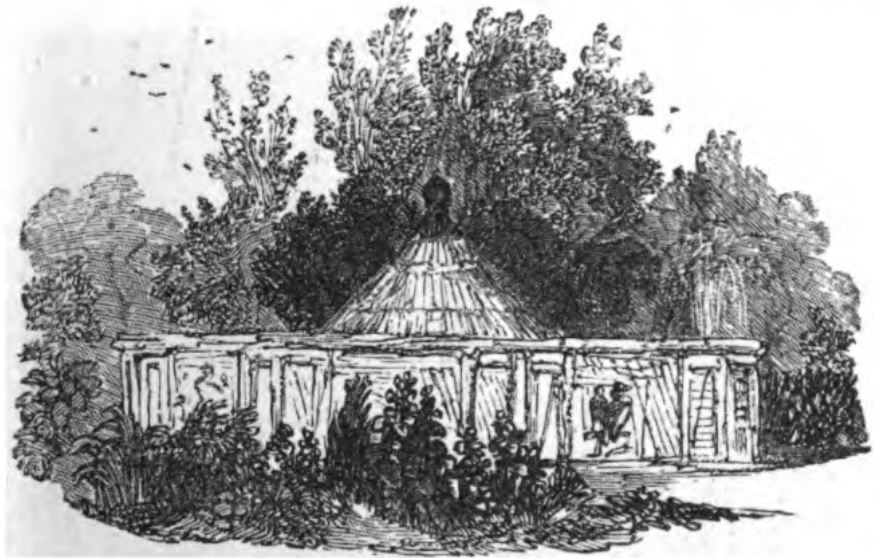
THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE INTO THE SECOND GARDEN.

What with the uncouth way in which the pelicans fled along, the greediness with which they ate up the fish, and the laughter of the whole company, it was altogether the most amusing sight in the whole gardens.

I forgot to tell you that in one room there were some fine boa constrictors. In England a large snake is quite

a sight. I should have stopped longer where the snakes were, but a hundred birds of different kinds, kept in the room, made such a shrill, whistling, chattering, screaming noise, that I was heartily glad to get away.

You must not suppose that these gardens are all the places of amusement that I have to speak of, by a great many. You remember that I told you London had nearly two



THE EAGLE HOUSE.

millions of inhabitants. Among so many people there is a great variety of dispositions; some must be amused one way, and some another. I will go on with my account.

They told me that the gardens were made better every year; some piece of land being added, some pond made, or some new kind of animal introduced every season. There are thousands of people who go to see the gardens,

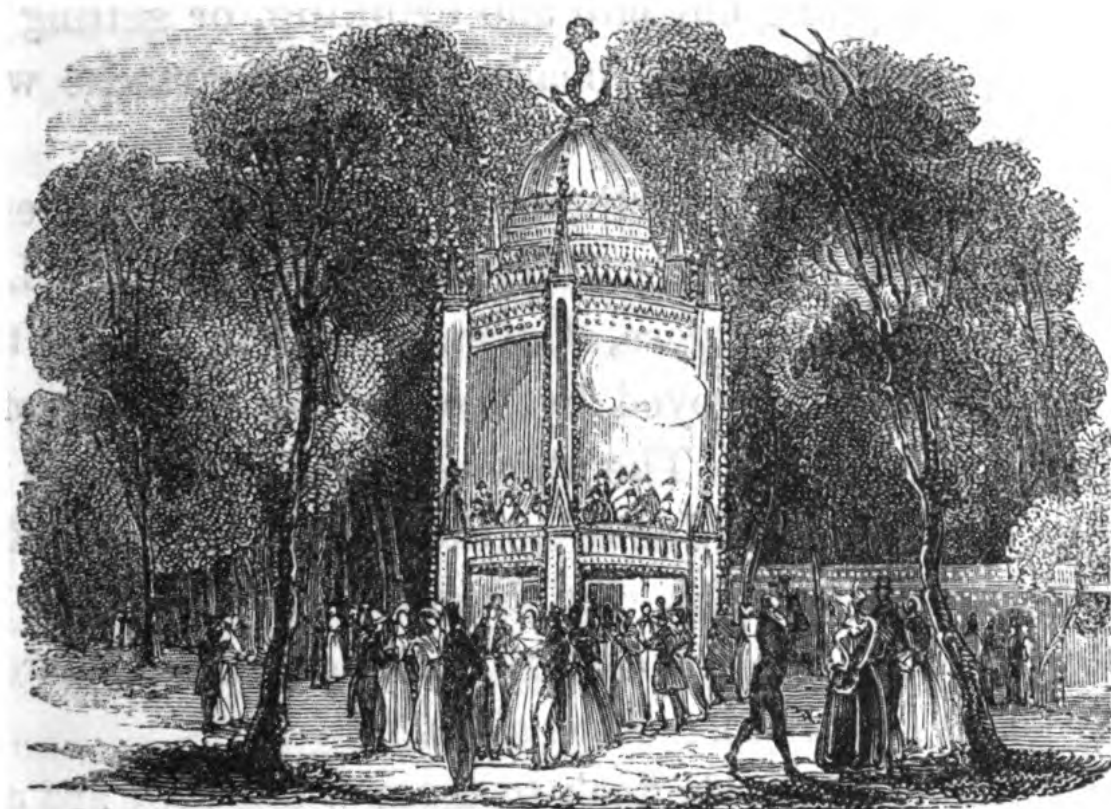
the beasts, the birds, and the gay company; and if I lived in London I should go as often as any one, if it were only to see the light-hearted boys and girls that flock there in the summer-time from morning to night. For a long and interesting account of these animals, I would refer you to my little book, which is called "PARLEY'S TALES ABOUT ANIMALS."



BEAR ON A POLE.

CHAPTER XIII:

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT THE THEATRES. VAUXHALL. THE
BAZAARS. THE EXHIBITIONS. THE COLOSSEUM.
WYLD'S GLOBE, ETC.



VAUXHALL ORCHESTRA.

THERE is no want of places of amusement in London. What do you think of there being twenty playhouses? Some of them are very grand, and all of them try their

best to draw the people into them. If I had the management of them, I tell you what I would do. No piece should be acted in them but what was likely to teach some useful lesson, as well as to give amusement. They again they should never be open late at night, nor people of bad character, known to be such, allowed to enter. If this were the case, there would be little danger of young people spending more money there than they could afford; or stopping out late and drinking, or getting into bad company. Many a headache and heartache would then be avoided.

The names of some of the most respectable theatres are Her Majesty's Theatre; Haymarket; and Drury Lane; the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, a noble theatre, which was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 5th of March, 1856. The above-named theatres are very large, but the St. James's, the Princess's, the Royal Lyceum, the Adelphi, the Strand, the Olympic, and Astley's are quite large enough. Besides these, there are many others of smaller dimensions.

Thousands of people flock to them when they are open and a large sum is received at the doors for their admission. So fond are the public of some of the entertainments that they have been acted over and over again, without any change, for two or three hundred nights together.

Vauxhall was a favourite place of entertainment for many years, and after having been closed for some time it has been re-opened. The gardens were laid out fancifully, and illuminated with a complete blaze of variegated lamps. Then the shady walks, the overhanging trees, the different entertainments, and the splendid fireworks, often kept the people there till two, or three, o'clock in the morning. This would not suit me. I must go to bed soon, and rise betimes, otherwise I should never be so well as I am.

You would not expect to see three or four thousand young people at Vauxhall Gardens at once, who assembled to see the fireworks. This was sometimes the case, however, when they were admitted at half price. On these nights the entertainments concluded at an earlier hour. The fireworks used to be of the most splendid description imaginable; as rockets, Bengola lights, temples, initials, crests, stars and triumphant arches, with representations of burning mountains.

I had no opportunity of visiting Cremorne Gardens, a rival to Vauxhall; but they told me it was a great resort during the summer season. I do not wonder that the people of London are glad to go to these places, for the town is so large that they do not often see the green fields.

I ought not to forget the Bazaars, for they are well worth seeing. Not one of them did I leave unvisited. There was the Soho Bazaar, the Pantheon, the Lowthion Bazaar, and others. All these places are well stocked with useful and fancy articles for sale, being fitted up in the most tasteful manner.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts is open for a month or two only in the year. The paintings are executed principally by members of the Royal Academy, and superior artists. The place is crowded with nobility, gentry, and strangers, who visit London in May and June. The National Gallery has in it also some of the finest paintings in the world, by the old masters. Besides other exhibitions of paintings, I should name, The Society of British Artists, The Vernon Gallery, The Society of Painters in Water Colours, The British Institution, and The New Society of Painters in Water Colours, all well worthy of a visit.

The Royal Polytechnic Institution was a fine treat. There were models of all kinds of inventions and improvements, steam-engines, fire-escapes, life-boats, raft steam-boats; experiments on the lodestone, with the diving-bell, and a variety of others too numerous to mention. Perkins's steam-gun made me start again, it threw out more than fifty bullets in a few seconds,

complete stream of lead: never did I witness the like before.

The Panopticon, in Leicester Square, similar to the Polytechnic Institution, you must not forget to visit, if only to see the exterior of the building.

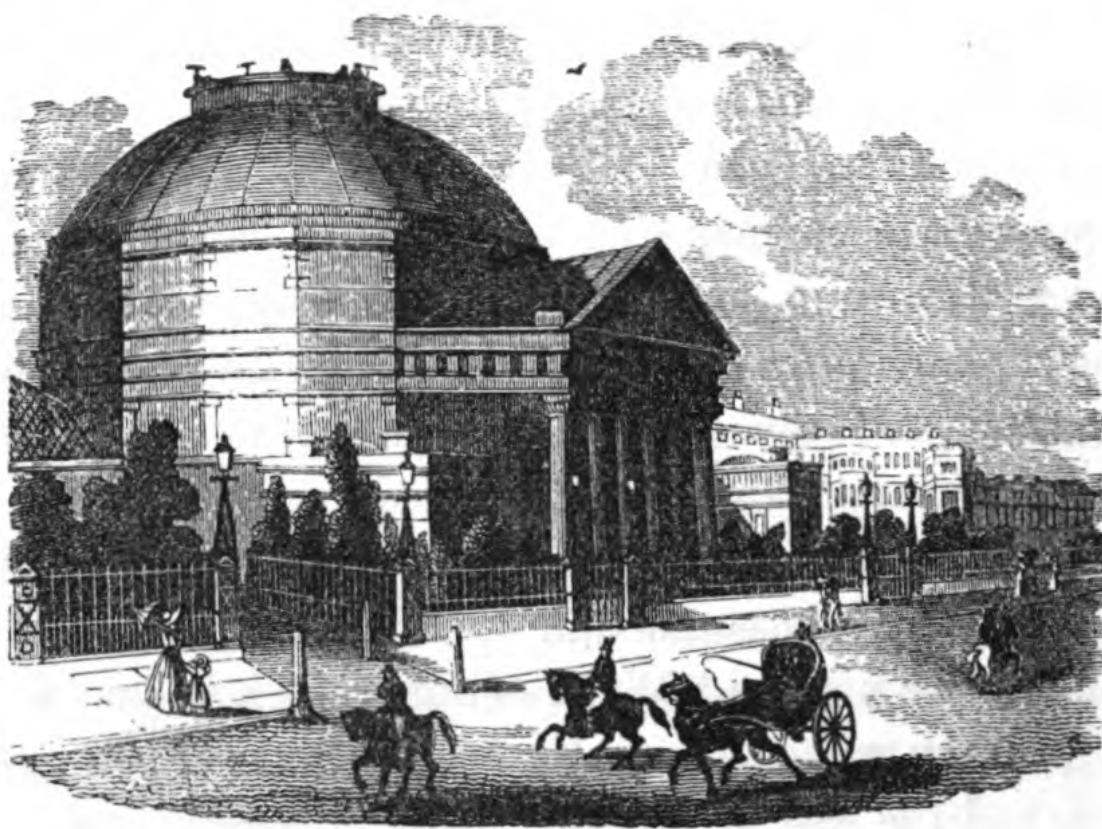
There are always a variety of panoramas, dioramas, and cosmoramas, to be seen in London. These are different sorts of paintings. The panoramas are circular, the cosmoramas you look at through glasses, and the dioramas are so managed as to have varied hues and shades thrown upon them, by means of coloured glass. Every year these exhibitions present new scenes to the spectator, and thus people may, as it were, see distant cities without leaving London.

Burford's Panorama, in Leicester Square, ranks the best. And while you are in this part of the town, you should pay a visit to "Wyld's Globe." There you will see the country where your old friend Peter Parley comes from, and the seat of war in Europe.

The Colosseum is a very large building, four hundred feet round, adapted for panoramas, dioramas, and moving scenery of all kinds. It contained, when I visited it, a grand picture of London painted on almost an acre of canvass.

You will wonder how London could ever be painted in such a manner. This is the way it was done. The

artist got on some scaffolding that was put up above the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and there he took sketches in the morning before the people lighted their fires. If he had not done so, the smoke would have hindered him sadly. When the sketches were done, another art



COLOSSEUM.

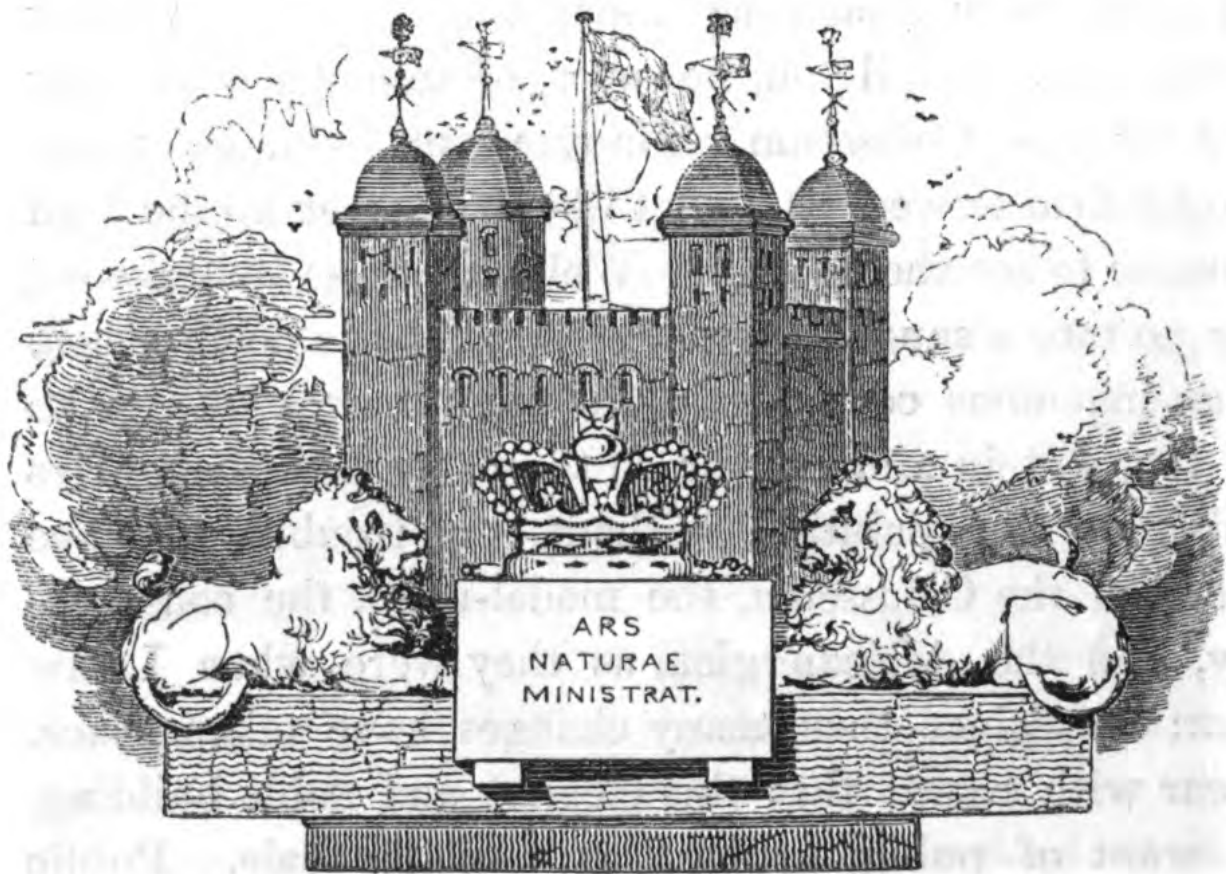
painter painted the picture from them. Besides the great painting, there were other things to be seen. Among these, there was a model of the cross of St. Paul's, and the original ball. There was a large room below filled with statues and models, and other curiosities: a beauti

cottage, just like those in Switzerland, with Alpine scenery; a fine conservatory; and an African glen, which has in it all manner of stuffed wild animals, looking as if they were alive.

I could talk an hour about the Colosseum, and the crowds of people that went there; but I must go on, for you must hear something about the Tower and other places. Let me tell you, however, of an odd scheme they have at the Colosseum. Many people who go there, being infirm or weakly, do not like to clamber up the high staircase to see the painting. Well! all those that choose, may go into a snug little room, and shut the door; when, by an ingenious contrivance, the room moves quietly to the top, and in a minute or so the party find themselves gazing on the painting without any trouble. I have described the Colosseum, the model-room, the conservatory, and the African glen, as they were when I saw them; but, since then, many changes have taken place. I hear with regret that this elegant and noble building, for want of public support, is now for sale. Public exhibitions, my young friends, are like most other things in this world: they have their fashion and their day for a time, and then they are obliged to be closed. I should think it a pity if the Colosseum were to meet with this fate. Now for the Tower.

CHAPTER XIV.

PARLEY GOES TO THE TOWER. THE MONUMENT. THE
BRITISH MUSEUM. THE THAMES TUNNEL.



THE TOWER.

THE Tower of London is a large collection of fortified buildings surrounded by a moat or ditch, containing several streets, and covering upwards of twelve acres of land. It was begun by William the Conqueror in the

eleventh century, and was used as a royal palace, till the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was also used, as it still is, for a state-prison; and it was here that the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey was confined and executed. I shall notice a few of the most important buildings.

The White Tower, which is the most important part of the edifice, is a large square building in the centre of the fortress. On the top there is a watch tower at each corner; one of these was used as an observatory before that at Greenwich was erected, and it still retains the name. This tower contains, in different apartments, various sorts of arms, and the models of such warlike engines as are presented to Government. On the top is a large cistern, which is filled by a water-engine from the Thames, to supply the garrison with water. The Sea Armoury which is in this tower is furnished with arms for nearly fifty thousand sailors and marines. Ah! well may you look surprised! The Grand Store-house was, before its complete destruction by fire, in 1841, a large, handsome, brick building of the time of William III. The ground floor formerly contained part of the royal train of artillery, among which was one of the earliest invented cannon, formed of bars of iron hammered together and bound with iron hoops. This cannon was moved, not on a carriage, but by six

rings conveniently placed for that purpose. What difference between this and the cannon now used! This room was used as a store-room for small arms ready packed to be sent off anywhere on the shortest notice. Above this was the Small Armoury, reckoned one of the finest rooms of its kind in Europe. It contained arms sufficient for one hundred and fifty thousand men, all arranged in the most beautiful order. I see you are more surprised now than ever. Many people think that the fire, which consumed the Grand Store-house, destroyed all the armouries and the antiquities they contained, but this was not the case, for some were preserved in the White Tower, and some in the Horse Armoury.

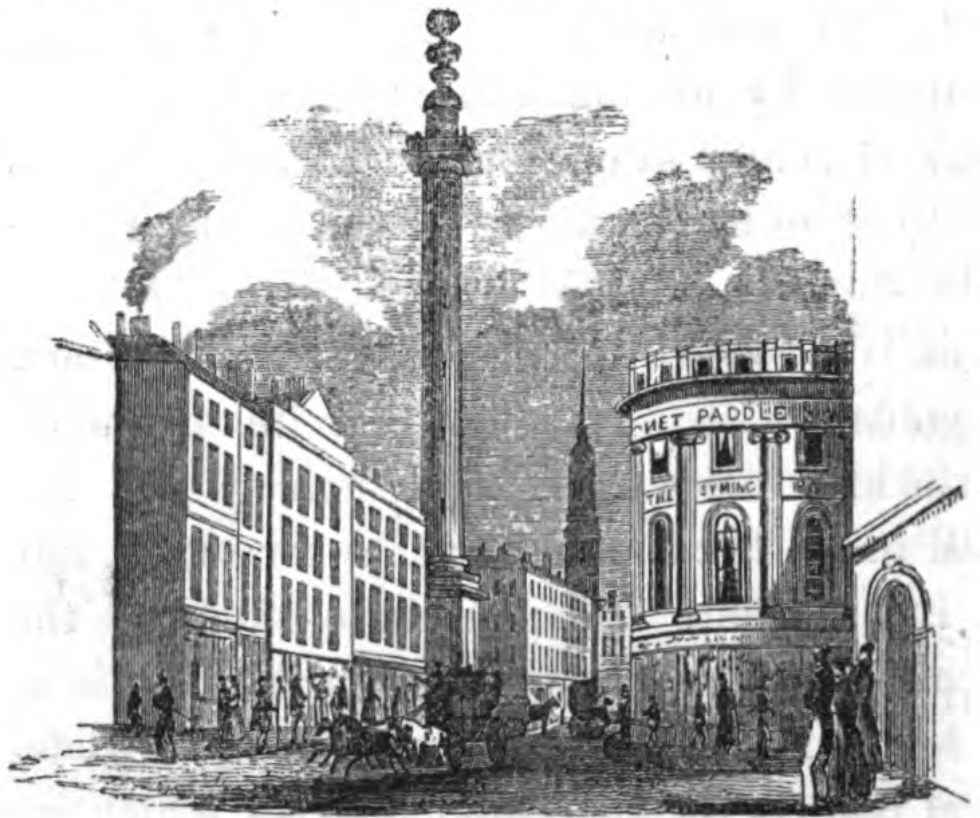
The Horse Armoury is a modern edifice, built against the southern side of the White Tower. It contains a curious collection of suits of armour from the time of Edward I. to that of James II., arranged in chronological order. In the Spanish Armoury there is a collection of weapons and instruments of torture, conjectured to have been found among the spoils of the Spanish Armada. There is also the axe with which the ill-fated Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey were beheaded: I did not much like to look at it.

In the Jewel Office are exhibited, among other valuable articles,—1. The crown used at the coronation

which was made for George IV., and contains, among a profusion of precious stones, a sapphire above two inches long and one broad, and a ruby that was worn by the Black Prince and Henry V. at the battles of Cressy and Agincourt.—2. The crown of state so called, because it is worn by the king when he goes in state to the House of Lords. It was made for King Charles II., and is distinguished by an emerald seven inches in circumference, and valued at one hundred thousand pounds, and a pearl said to be the finest in the world, besides other valuable stones.—3. The crowns of the Queen and the Prince of Wales.—4. The sceptres of the king and queen. 5. A golden globe ornamented with precious stones, which the king holds in his right hand before the coronation, and in his left hand after that ceremony, having the sceptre in his right. Besides these, there are the golden eagle, containing the oil with which the king is anointed; the golden spurs; a silver font used at the christenings of the royal family; the salt cellar of state, which is a model in gold of the White Tower; and a number of other articles of value, all of which, on account of their costly nature, are only permitted to be seen through a light iron railing. Altogether, reckoning some of the gems whose value is not estimated with exactness, the amount of the jewels and plate contained in this office, cannot be less

than three millions of pounds sterling. The crown worn by her present Majesty cost one million!

After leaving the Tower, which took me a long time to see, I proceeded to visit the Monument in Fish Street Hill, which was erected by Sir Christopher Wren, in commemoration of the great fire of London in 1666. I



THE MONUMENT.

is a fine column of Portland stone, situated near the spot on which the fire broke out. It is fluted, and surmounted by a flaming urn of gilt brass, and its total height is two hundred and two feet. The bas-relief on the west side of the pedestal, executed by Cibber, is emblematic of the

dire event; in it, Charles II. is represented as surrounded by Liberty, Genius, and Science, giving directions for the restoration of the city. After entering it through a door in the pedestal, I ascended by a winding staircase of three hundred and forty-five black marble steps, which seemed as if they would never end; but, at last, I came out upon an iron balcony at the top, from which I had such an extensive prospect as quite repaid me the trouble of going up. This was an undertaking that few men would venture on who are so old as I am. In a fit of insanity, several persons formerly leaped from the top of this place, and thereby lost their lives. There is now a covering of open iron-work to the balcony at the top, in order to prevent this taking place again.

My next visit was to the British Museum, which is so crowded with curiosities that I can only mention some of the principal. The collection is placed in a house formerly belonging to the Duke of Montague, to which some additions have recently been made. The collections of various antiquities and curiosities became so large that it was necessary to build a new Museum, upon a grander scale; this was undertaken under the direction of Sir Richard Smirke, and the present noble building was completed in 1847.

The Library contains about five hundred thousand

volumes, many of which are rare and valuable; admission to the Reading and Print Rooms can only be obtained by application to the principal librarian.

In the hall of the Museum is a curious piece of Hindoo sculpture, found at the bottom of the Ganges. There is one room which contains curiosities from all parts of the world. Here I saw, arranged in cases, a variety of articles brought by Captain Cook and others from North America and the South Sea Islands. Among these, were Esquimaux dresses; the mourning dress of a Tahitian lady; and weapons, musical instruments, rich cloaks, helmets of feathers, and hideous idols from the Sandwich and Friendly Islands. You never saw uglier things than these idols! In this room, are, also, a beautiful miniature of Oliver Cromwell, with his watch alongside of it; and two curious portraits of William III. and Queen Mary, carved on walnut shells. In other rooms, are arranged extensive collections of Greek, Roman, and Egyptian antiquities; minerals, shells, birds, insects, dried plants, and many other curiosities. The Elgin Marble deserve particular attention; and the antiquities from Nineveh, lately brought over by Mr. Layard, at great labour and expense, form a remarkably interesting subject of contemplation. Among the shells, one of the most curious is that of the paper nautilus. This animal

has eight long arms or feelers, the two foremost of which it throws back, and spreading them out into a thin membrane or skin, uses them as sails; the remaining arms it uses as oars; and by alternately emptying its shell or filling it with water, it can either float on the surface of the sea or sink to the bottom. Did you ever hear of the

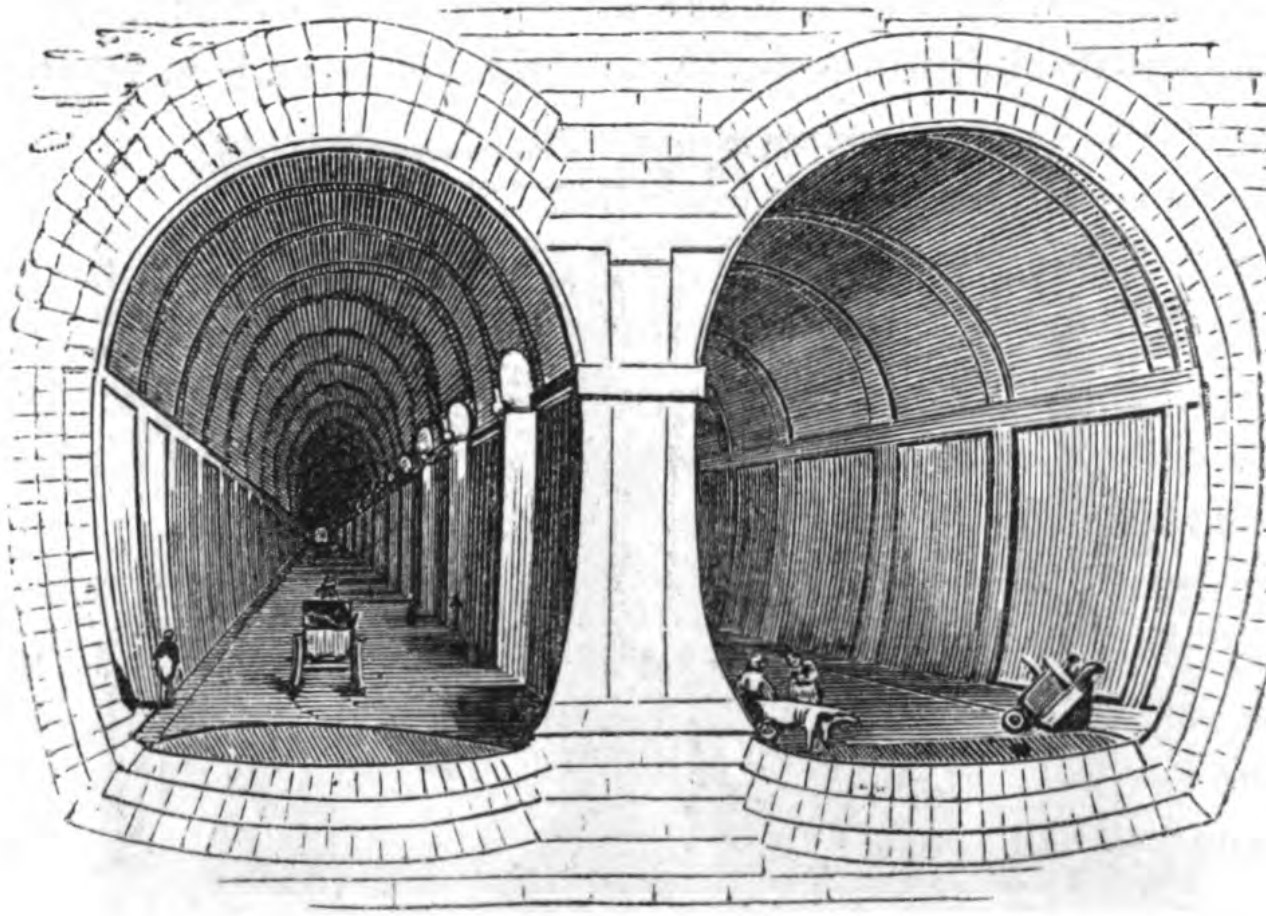


ELGIN MARBLES.

paper nautilus before? Very many important alterations and additions have been lately made at the Museum. Whether I shall live to see them all, I cannot tell.

I have already told you that the river Thames passes through London, and that it is crossed by several fine

bridges. But a communication was needed between the two banks of the river, at a part where it is very broad and deep, between Rotherhithe and Wapping; and where, besides, it was impossible to have a bridge, on account of



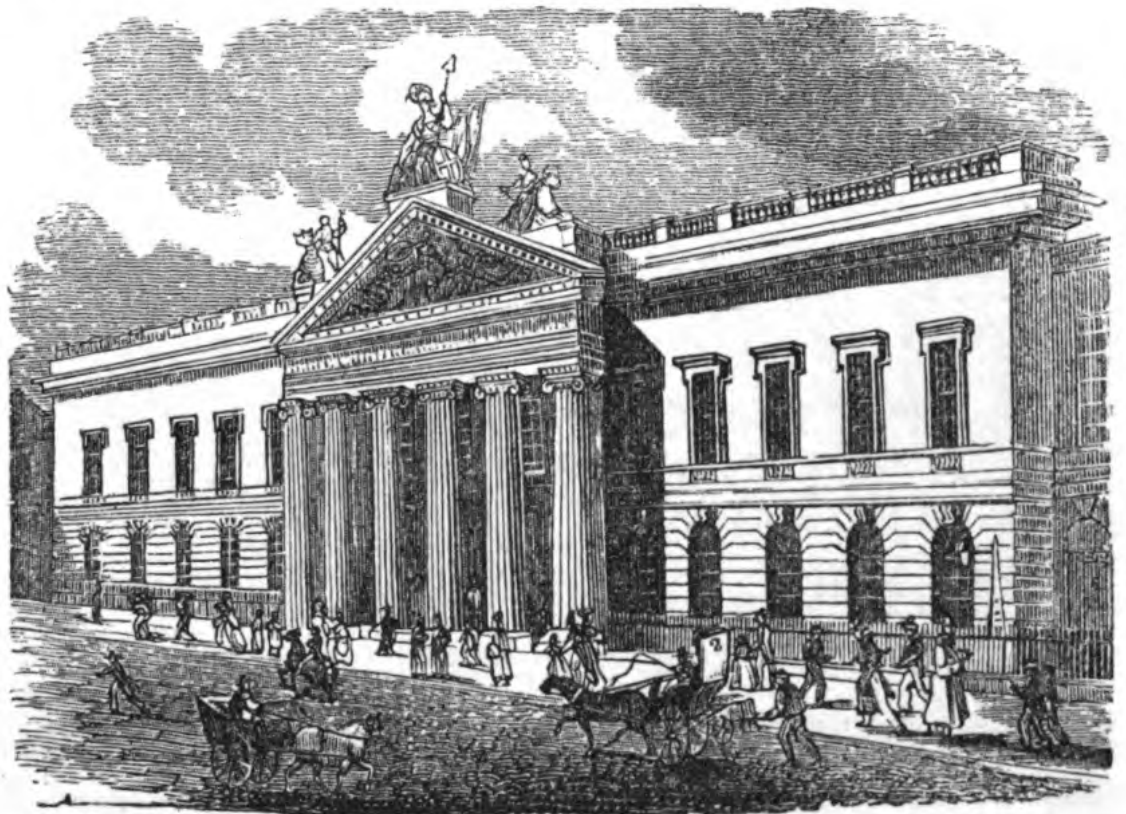
THAMES TUNNEL.

the ships, with their tall masts, which are continually sailing up and down the river, either going to, or returning from, foreign countries. It was therefore determined to dig a tunnel beneath the river, and thus form a passage from the one side to the other.

This ingenious undertaking was designed and executed by I. K. Brunel, Esq., at a cost of six hundred and fourteen thousand pounds, and was opened for passengers in 1843. It is twelve hundred feet in length, thirty-five feet in width, and twenty-two feet in height. It has been visited by many thousands of persons, and I amongst the number. The admission is only one penny.

CHAPTER XV.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT THE INDIA HOUSE. TIGER GUNS. PICTURES. TURKISH BIBLE. TIPOO SAIB. CURIOUS MACHINE. STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM. SILK BANNERS. ARMOUR. CHARMED MANTLE, AND OTHER CURIOSITIES.



INDIA HOUSE.

Now, what say you to be told all about the India House? I see that you do not know what to make of the India

House. It is a large building where the directors of the East India Company keep their accounts and manage their affairs. There are large pillars in front of it, and a group of figures at the top. An old man, who stood under the portico, dressed in a large blue coat, with red cuffs, explained them all to me. He said the highest figures were Britannia, Europe upon a capital horse, and Asia seated on a camel. I could see it was a camel by the great hump on its back.

As I went along the passage, people bustled in and out, as though a deal of business was being carried on in the building. Presently I saw two long tiger-guns, shaped like a tiger's head at the muzzle.

In the court were a fine chimney-piece, and beautiful female figures in white marble, emblematic of India, Asia, and Africa. On the panels of the room there were also some fine paintings of Indian scenery and affairs.

I shall never be able to remember one half of the curiosities that I saw in the museum. There were pictures of Indian Nabobs, as fine as jewels and splendid dresses could make them; and then there were the likenesses of Warren Hastings and Marquis Cornwallis, two noblemen who had high command in India. You would have stared with astonishment at one picture: it was a

portrait of the Emperor of Persia, with a long black beard; there were ten or a dozen fine jewels on each of his arms; he is drawn squatting down on a sort of carpet ornamented all over with gold and pearls. I was sadly puzzled at the library, not being able to make out a single word of most of the books, as they were written chiefly in the languages peculiar to India. You have, perhaps, heard of the Turkish bible. It is called the Koran, and was written by Mahomet the Impostor. Well, there is a copy of this Koran in the India House; it once belonged to Tippoo Saib, the son of Hyder Ali. I will tell you a little about Tippoo Saib. He was the chief of the Mysore country, and a sad, cruel, and treacherous tyrant. Whether the English ever gave him cause for the hatred he bore them I cannot tell, but he did hate them with all his heart, as you will believe when I tell you a little more about him. He employed an artist to make him a machine, in which he took much delight. It consisted of the figures of a British soldier, and a tiger. On turning round a handle, the tiger sprang forward with a terrible growl to tear out the soldier's heart, and the soldier moaned in a piteous manner. This gave great pleasure to Tippoo Saib.

I saw this machine in the India House, and just as I was turning round the handle to make the tiger spring on the

man, a stranger came up to me, and began to talk about Tippoo Saib. He told me that some years ago there was a grand panorama, or painting, of the taking of Seringa-



DEATH OF TIPPOO SAIB.

patam to be seen in London, painted by Sir Robert Kerr Porter. Seringapatam is the capital of the country where Tippoo lived. The place was stormed at three

different points at the same time. Tippoo's soldiers made a desperate defence, and his tiger grenadiers charged furiously from a secret pass, but it was all in vain. A shot broke the chain of the drawbridge; and the British soldiers and their allies, the natives, rushed forward. The place was taken, and Tippoo Saib himself was found under an archway covered with the slain. So much for Sultan Tippoo.

There are in the India House many curiosities which were taken at the storming of Seringapatam. Silken banners of different kinds, with many a bullet hole in them. The footstool of Tippoo's throne, Tippoo's armour and helmet: the helmet is made of cork, and light enough you may be sure, though I question if a musket ball would go through it; it is covered over with rich silk. The mantle that he wore was said to be invulnerable because it had been dipped in the holy well at Mecca; whether he had it on when he was killed or not, I cannot tell; nor does it much matter, for had he been dipped in the well himself he would have fared no better. I have seen a tyrant, whether he lives in one part of the world or in another.

There were two or three people sitting at a table copying some of the strange manuscripts; as I peeped over their shoulders, and asked pardon for doing so, one

them told me that I was very welcome to read as much of what they were writing as I pleased. He might well say that, for it was in Persian, Hindustanee, and Bengalee, of which I knew nothing.

There were hundreds of volumes of Chinese books, in blue covers, flaps, and buttons, but he who could read them must have been at a different school to that where I went. The Malayan manuscripts were nothing but leaves of the palm tree, scratched over with something sharp, and doubled up into different shapes.

Besides these, there were manuscripts with paintings, and ornamented capital letters in them, and large books filled with beautiful coloured engravings of Indian views. Ancient bricks, written all over with what they call the nail-headed letters. Chinese rock-work, curiously cut in wood, like bronze. Ivory temples, with silver and pearl men, birds, and trees, among them. There were a great number of idols, ugly enough in all conscience. It seems as if heathen people tried to make the gods they worship as ugly as they could. What a great blessing it is to be brought up in the knowledge of the true God, and to possess his holy word! but the poor ignorant heathen have not these advantages.

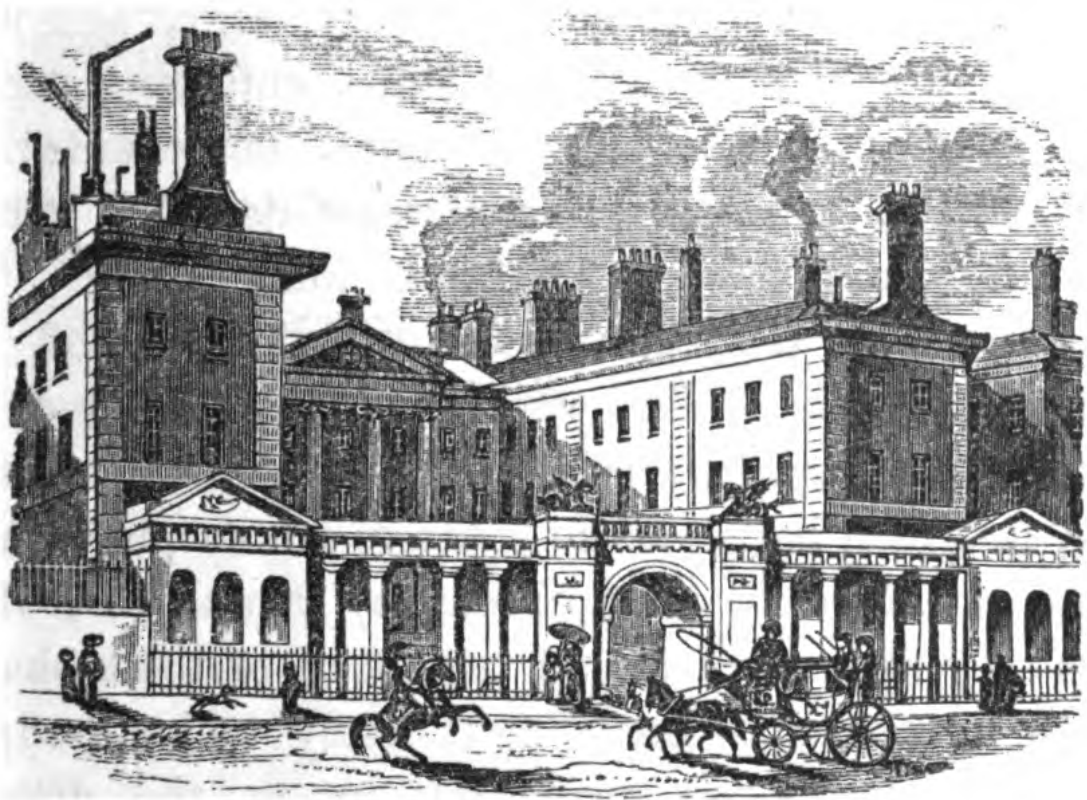
You would be pleased with the glass cases of birds, beetles, and butterflies, that are in the India House, the

colours of them are so very bright and beautiful; as well as with those of monkeys, wild cats, and foxes. There are Indian dresses in abundance, finely carved combs, shirts of gold and silver chain, and hundreds of other things, that I should not remember if I were to see them ten times over.

The East India Company is very rich, and powerful. Thousands of English people have gone over to India and returned with plenty of money: but that has not been all; they have, in too many cases, brought home a ruined constitution. What is wealth without health? I had rather be Peter Parley, and live in health and peace, with God's blessing, in this little brown house of mine, than be the owner of all India with a diseased liver and a broken-down constitution. Now I will tell you of something else.

CHAPTER XVI.

PARLEY DESCRIBES THE ADMIRALTY AND TELEGRAPH.
THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH. ALSO, WHITEHALL,
MANSION-HOUSE, BANK, ROYAL EXCHANGE, GUILD-
HALL, MINT, AND CUSTOM-HOUSE.



THE ADMIRALTY.

THE days passed pleasantly along in London, for I had always something in prospect. One told me to go and see this, and another advised me to go and see that.

Being an old seaman, I naturally went to visit the Admiralty, where so much business is done on account of the sea service. It is a fine building, with a portico and two wings. There are offices all round the hall where business is transacted, and at times they have enough to do, especially in the case of war.

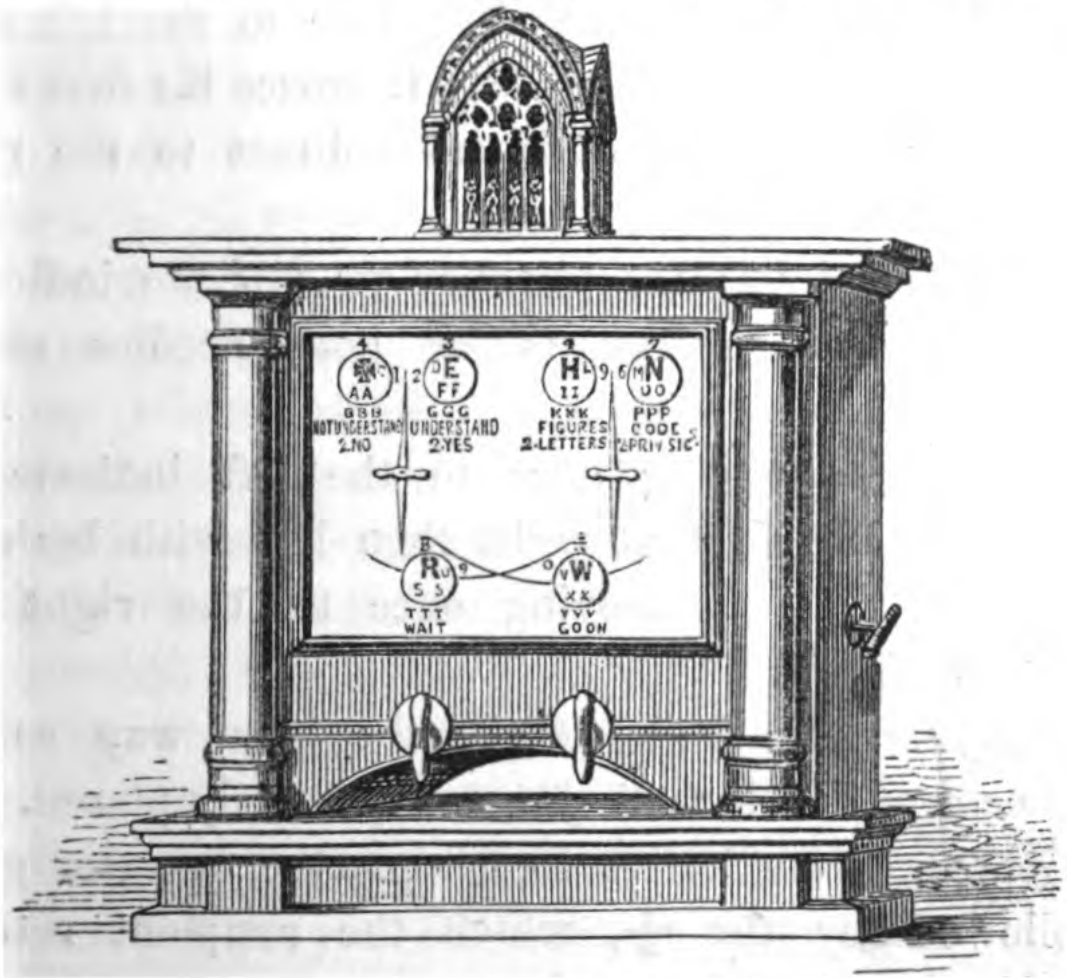
Some of the Lords Commissioners live on the premises so that no time may be lost when immediate attention is required. The British navy is very large, and what with giving orders to different ships, enforcing regulations, appointing admirals, captains, lieutenants, and other officers, arranging court martials, and various other duties, they have no need to be idle.

Formerly, a telegraph stood on the top of this building, by which orders were sent to all parts of the coast, and information received. It consisted of a large frame, in which half a dozen shutters are so placed as to be moved into different positions by ropes. By these means they have signs for all the letters of the alphabet, the ten figures, and words most likely to be used; so that, by having a telegraph put up at the distance of every eight or ten miles, news might be transmitted at the rate of a hundred miles in three or four minutes.

In the engraving, the old telegraph stands on the top of the building to give you some idea of it.

This, my young friends, was the old way of doing things, before science stepped in and produced the **ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH**, which I will describe to you.

This very ingenious machine conveys messages to distant places in a few seconds of time, by means of the electric fluid acting on wires. It consists of three parts:—the *battery*, the *conducting wire*, and the *working*



ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

instrument. The cut represents the dial side of the instrument.

The letters of the alphabet, figures, and a variety of signals, are indicated by the single and combined movements of the needles on the dial. The left hand needle moving once to the left indicates the ✚, which is given at the end of a word; twice in the same way **A**; thrice **B**; first right, then left **C**; the reverse **D**; once direct to the right **E**; twice **F**; thrice **G**.

The *right-hand needle* moving once to the left indicates **H**; twice in the same way **I**; thrice **K**; first right then left **L**; the reverse **M**; once direct to the right **N**; twice **O**; thrice **P**.

The *signals below the centre of the dial* are indicated by the parallel movements of both needles simultaneously.

Both needles moving once to the left indicate **R**; twice **S**; thrice **T**; first right then left with both **U**; the reverse **V**; both moving once to the right **W**; twice **X**; thrice **Y**.

The *figures* are indicated in the same way as the letters nearest to which they are respectively placed.

To change from letters to figures, the operator gives **H**, followed by the ✚, which the recipient returns to signify that he understands.

If after the above signs **H** and **✝** were given, **CRHN** were received, **1847** would be understood.

A change from figures to letters is notified by giving **l**, followed by the **✝**, which the recipient also returns.

Each word is acknowledged. If the recipient understand, he gives **E**; if not, the **✝**, in which case the word is repeated.

The attention of the attendant is called to this instrument by the *ringing of a bell*, an operation which is effected through the agency of an electric current. The little case above contains the bell.

I will now tell you a little about Whitehall. This edifice is at no great distance from the Admiralty, but it is on the other side of the street.

Whitehall is not now what it has been. When Cardinal Wolsey, who was Archbishop of York, lived there, he kept four hundred servants, and many of these had servants under them. Hospitality and pomp were displayed on a broad scale. The cardinal was proud and high-minded, and pride but ill becomes any man, especially a minister of religion. He fell from his greatness, for he lost the king's favour.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, Whitehall was in all its splendour and glory. The banqueting house was erected more than three hundred feet square, and was lighted with nearly as many glass lights.

When this banqueting house was destroyed, that which is now standing was built, and a fine piece of architecture it is. James I. gave the famous Reubens three thousand pounds for painting the ceiling.

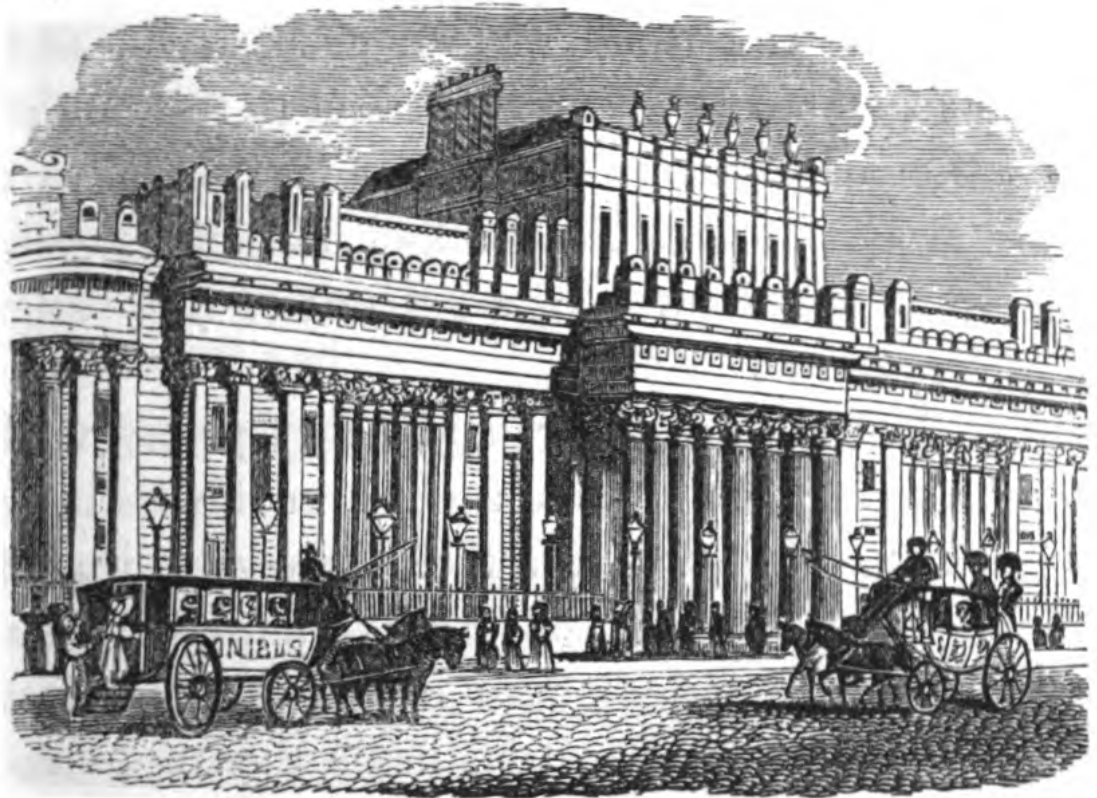
King Charles the First was beheaded in front of Whitehall. As I stood to look at the place, I thought to myself, Better live in safety and peace in a small house, than in danger and distraction in a large palace.

Oliver Cromwell, and, after him, Charles the Second, lived at Whitehall. Then James the Second, and William the Third and his queen, followed each other as its possessors.

The fire that took place about the year 1691 ruined the place. Only the present banqueting house, now used as a chapel, and a remnant of the other parts, were left standing.

The Mansion House, as the house of the Lord Mayor is called, was built in 1739. It is a handsome building, though many think the portico in front is a great deal heavier than it ought to be. The Lord Mayor is the principal magistrate of the city, and he sits at the Mansion House to administer justice. I peeped in, but I could not stay long, having so much to see at other places. In consequence of recent improvements in the municipal institutions of London, it is thought that the office of the

Mayoralty will ere long be reckoned among the things that were, and that towards the close of the present year it will approach a *finis*.



THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank of England, in Threadneedle Street, is, I suppose, the first place in the whole world with respect to money matters. What heaps of gold! what piles of bank notes did I see there! It is said to contain generally eighteen millions of gold sovereigns.

It is very large, and of different kinds of architecture, and looks as though it would be no easy matter to get out any of the gold it contains against the will of the owners.

The present building was opened for business in May 1817. Its length is four hundred and ninety feet, and breadth one hundred and eight feet.

Over the hall is a very curious clock; it has in the different rooms of the Bank sixteen clock faces, and the hands are all moved by brass rods fixed to this one clock.

The name of Abraham Newland is known to most people, as it appeared on the Bank of England notes. I must tell you who he was, as a portrait of him hangs up in one of the rooms.

He was the son of a miller, and being pretty well instructed in figures, he became a clerk in the Bank when he was young. He was a proof of the saying that there is nothing like integrity and perseverance in business. He rose from one situation to another, till at last he became the principal cashier: his name then appeared on the notes. Every year added to his prosperity, so that when he died his property was worth six thousand a year.

One part of the Bank is called the Rotunda, and if ever confusion reigned any where, it seems to reign there—for, what with the bargaining and trafficking of fundholders and stockbrokers, it is the last place in which you would look for peace and quietness. This great national bank was first established in 1694, in the reign of William III. and Mary II. It was projected by one Paterson, and its

original capital was one million two hundred thousand pounds. The style of the firm is the Governor and Company of the Bank of England.

I stopped half an hour at the Royal Exchange. It took me some time to notice the statues of the kings of England that are placed in niches round it; but the murmuring noise that rose around me, it being the time when the people meet on 'Change, made me glad to get away. The space in the middle, where the merchants and others meet, was a hundred and fifty feet by a hundred and seventeen. There were different walks for persons dealing in different



OLD ROYAL EXCHANGE.

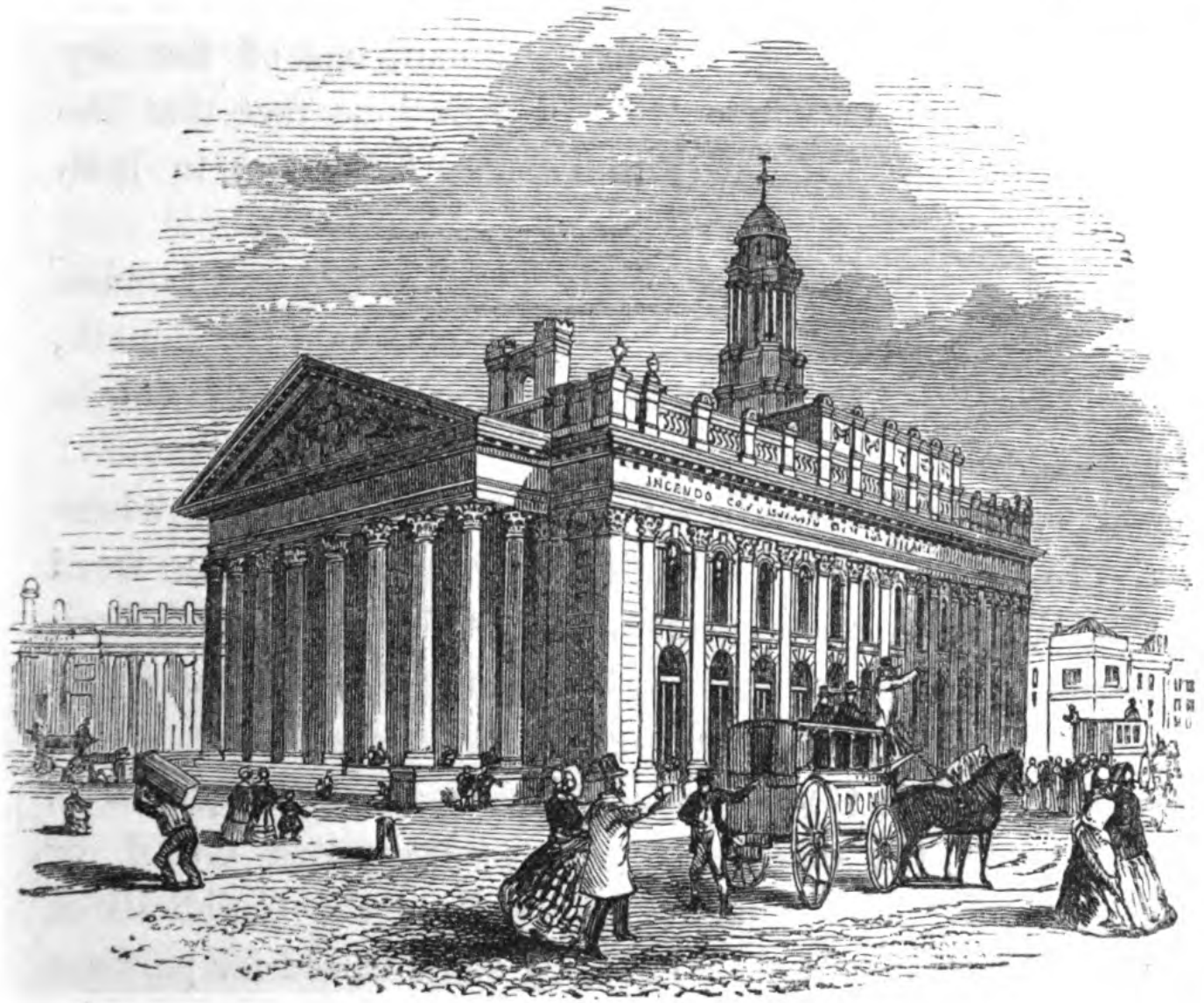
articles of merchandise. There were the Irish walk, the Scottish walk, the brokers' walk, the East India walk, and others.

As I walked round, the different statues were pointed out to me. King Charles the Second stood in the middle. The place was said to be paved with real Turkish stone.

In one part of the building was the famous Lloyd's coffee-house, where everything of importance with respect to shipping was registered; such as vessels going out, or coming in, shipwrecks, and other intelligence. The hours of business were from twelve to four, and then no hive of bees was busier than the people who frequented this establishment.

On the 10th January, 1838, the edifice I have just described to you was destroyed by fire; and on the 17th January, 1842, Prince Albert laid the first stone of a splendid building in its stead, spreading the mortar with a silver trowel; and the Queen herself was present at the opening of it on the 28th of October, 1844. It is built entirely of stone, the extreme length from east to west being three hundred and eight feet. In the centre of the court area, which is one hundred and seventy feet by one hundred and twelve feet, is a fine marble statue of the Queen. In this building there are also other statues, amongst which are those of Sir T. Gresham, the founder,

Sir Hugh Middleton, Queen Elizabeth, etc. On the front of this noble pile is engraven this inscription, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Some people have supposed that there is a creature called a salamander, which lives in the fire; and I am almost tempted to say that some grasshoppers will live there too, for the gilded



NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.

grasshopper which is now at the top of the New Exchange is, I believe, the very same which survived the burning of the old one.

The first Royal Exchange was founded by Sir Thomas Gresham, June 7th, 1566, and opened by Queen Elizabeth, January 23rd, 1570. This building was destroyed in the great fire of London, in 1666. The second Exchange was built by Edward Jarman, one of the city surveyors. I may also tell you a curious fact, that the statue of the founder, Sir Thomas Gresham, in both fires, remained uninjured.

On a pedestal in King William Street, fronting London Bridge, is a colossal statue of King William the Fourth. The figure is fifteen feet three inches high, and weighs twenty tons.

I went to Guildhall, a venerable-looking place, where a court of justice is held. To your young ideas the word Guildhall may seem strange, but I will explain it to you. *Guild*, signified, among our Saxon ancestors, a fraternity derived from the Saxon word *to pay*, because every man paid his share towards the expenses of the community, and hence the place of meeting was called Guild, Guildhall. The "hall of guilds," or the Guildhall in London, was erected in 1411, by sums raised for pardon of offences, and by fines. It was destroyed in the gre

fire of 1666, and rebuilt in 1789. Its length is one hundred and seventy feet, and breadth sixty eight feet. In this hall there are two figures like giants standing up by the sides of the western window, as ugly as you can imagine giants can be. People say that the one represents an ancient Briton, having a long beard and flowing hair, and the other a Saxon, with black bushy beard, and wearing a helmet.

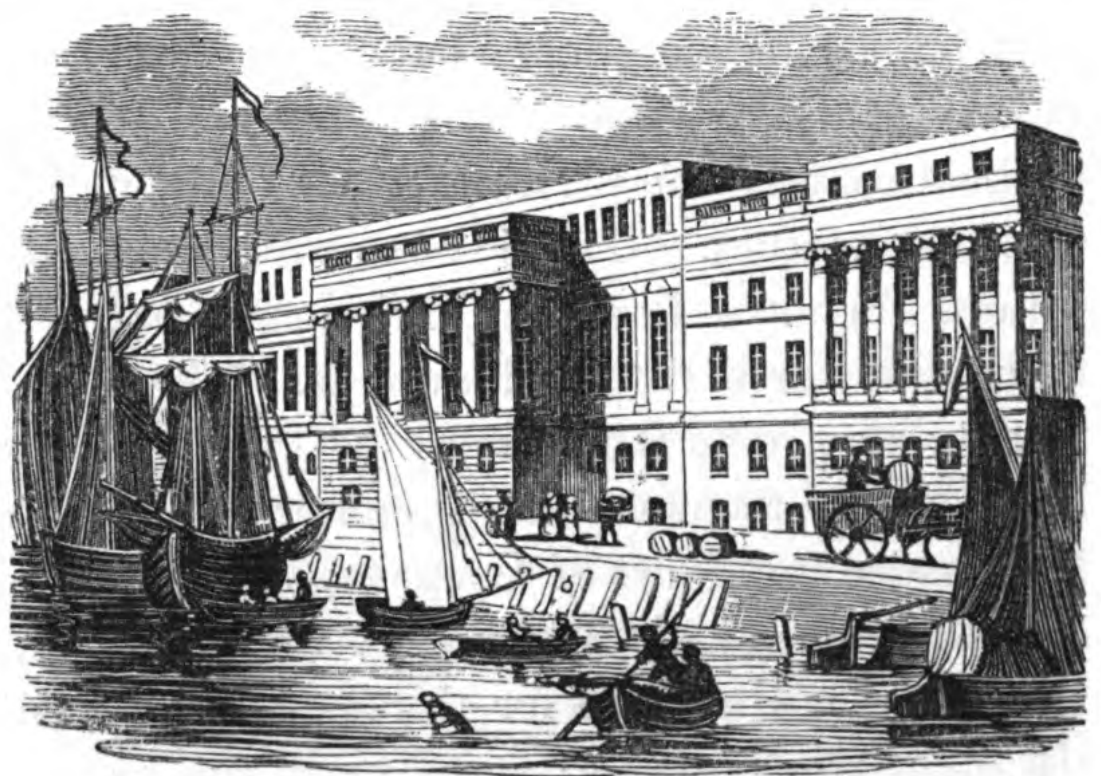
I asked when it was, and for what purpose, they were put up in Guildhall, but no one could tell me. I therefore left off asking questions; but found out that those giants were called Gog and Magog.

Guildhall contains the portraits of a great many judges, and also some statues. There is one statue of Beckford, twice Lord Mayor of London. The monument of Lord Chatham cost three thousand guineas. There are also monuments erected to the memory of William Pitt and Lord Nelson. On the north side is the Lord Mayor's Court.

There is also the Court of Common Council Chamber, where the aldermen and the Common Council meet; and the Lord Mayor sits there for the dispatch of business. It is a sight worth seeing; but I must run away from Guildhall.

The Mint is the place where all the money is made. It stands by the Tower, on Tower Hill, and is a very hand-

some edifice, in the Grecian style, executed from a design by Mr. Smirke. Steam engines are used in making money, and you would be surprised to see how rapidly a piece of misshapen metal is turned into a beautiful coin. The love of money, however, is, we are told on good authority, the root of all evil. When a man dwells contented, living in peace with God, and in charity with all mankind, he can do with very little money; and if he does not do this, all the gold and silver in the Mint will not make him happy.



CUSTOM HOUSE.

I next went to the Custom House. It stands by the side of the river Thames. The present building was

opened May 12th, 1817; the Long Room which it originally contained was superior to the present one, but it gave way in 1825. This room was reconstructed at an expense of £180,000 in addition to the original sum of £255,000 expended on the building. This addition to the cost was owing to the neglect of the architect in securing the foundation. I mention this to you to shew that it is better to be cautious and secure in the first instance, with anything we do, than to run the risk of we know not how much trouble, expense, and regret at a future time.

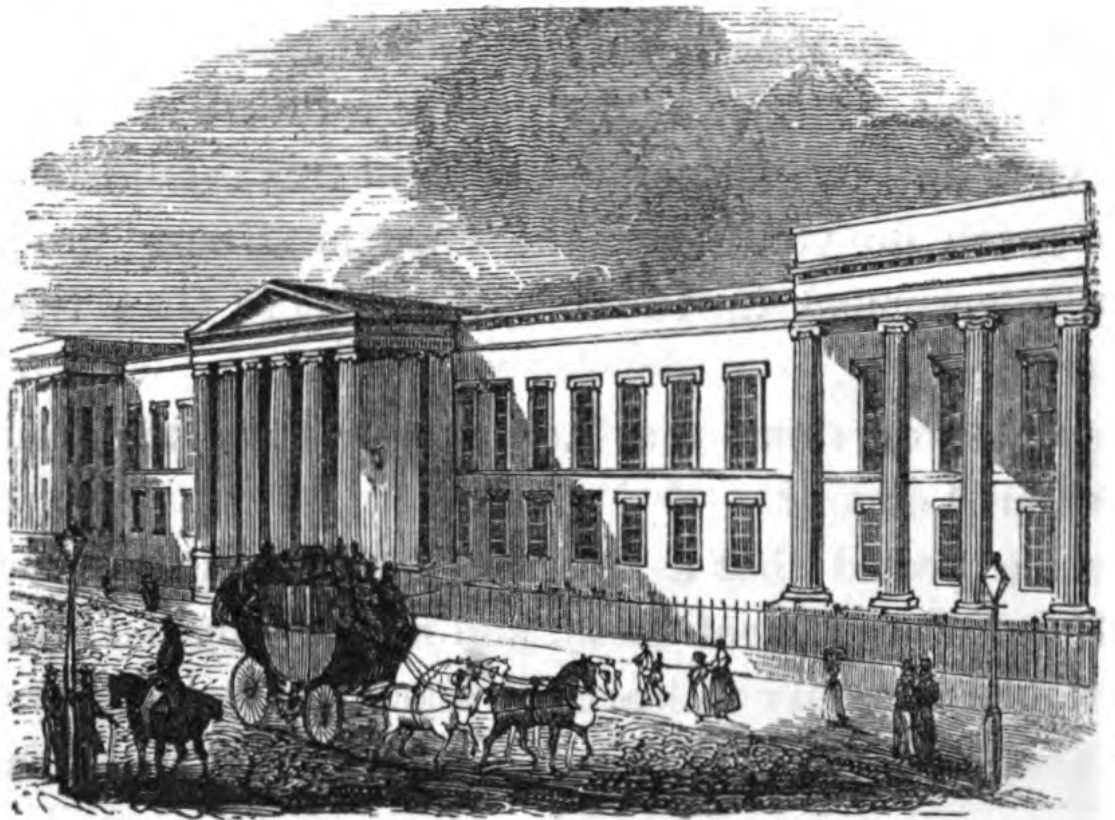
A vast deal of business is done in this establishment. How much do you think the Custom House brought in to government in 1854? Why, more than twenty millions.

Now do you think that I shall ever have done telling you about London?

As I expected that a letter would be lying for me at the Post Office, I went there: and now, thought I, this is just the opportunity to learn all about the establishment. You shall hear all that I learned about this in my next tale.

CHAPTER XVII.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT THE POST OFFICE, ROADS, MACADAMIZING, PAVING, ANCIENT MODE OF TRAVELLING, RAILWAYS, ETC.



POST OFFICE.

I HAVE seen many a Post Office, but I never saw one like that in London. You would take it at first sight for a palace; and after you were told that it was a Post Office,

you would wonder why it was made of such an extraordinary size. The principal front of this edifice is four hundred feet long; and when I stood by the lofty columns under the portico, I felt as though I was nobody.

One of the fronts has one hundred and eighty windows. Think of that—one hundred and eighty windows for only one front of a Post Office!

It would take me an hour to tell you all about the Great Hall, which is a common thoroughfare, and the pillars, and the granite pedestals, and the receiving rooms, and the different offices fitted up with drawers and pigeon-holes, and the sorting and stamping tables. Then, there is the Foreign Office, the place for foreign letters, and the London District Post Office. Every minute that I stood in the hall, a score or two of persons ran up the stone steps to put in letters, and now and then a foreigner inquired, in broken English, what part of the place he must go to.

A fire would be a terrible thing in this building, for the burning of the letters would occasion much distress, as well as destroy all the bills they contained; therefore every care has been taken to make the basement of the building fire-proof, by turning arches of brick. The whole edifice is lighted with gas.

You may think that a great many letters go through the Post Office here at Boston; and such is the fact, but

there is nothing like the number that go through the Post Office in London. I made particular inquiry about it and found that about twenty-three millions of letters go through the post every year, without reckoning those of the Foreign Office, the Ship Letter Office, and the London District Post. No wonder that the building is so large and that so many people are employed in it. Why there must be as many as seventy-five thousand letters every day. Owing to the new system of the penny postage introduced by Rowland Hill, Esq., the number of letters which now pass through the Post Office amount to about four hundred millions a year. For the accommodation of the public, the Post Office authorities have lately adopted a system of money orders, by which sums under £5, may be safely transmitted to any part of the United Kingdom. On paying the money at the local Post Office, nearest your own house, an order is handed to you, which you send to your correspondent by post, and the amount is paid when he presents it at the Money-order Office nearest to him. This plan was adopted in consequence of a great deal of money being lost when sent by post; for when coin is put into a letter, independent of the danger of its being stolen, it may be dislodged by its being tossed about in offices and bags.

Then, again, look at the newspapers: some days there are twenty-five thousand put in the post, and, at times, a

many as fifty or sixty thousand; why, the newspapers themselves are more than thirteen millions in a year. All these letters and papers amount to a large sum. How much do you think? why, about a thousand pounds a day, not reckoning Sundays, or three hundred thousand pounds a year; latterly this sum has increased to nearly seven times the amount, owing to the recent regulations in this department.

The great change which has taken place in the plans of the Post Office is owing to the grand regulation, that letters are conveyed to any distance, in the United Kingdom, for the postage of a single penny, provided they do not exceed half an ounce in weight. The advantage derived by the public from the cheap postage is so great, that many more letters are sent by post than there were formerly, and the number is increasing every year.

You must know that when the clock strikes six at night, the Post Office holes are shut, so that people who put letters into the office after that hour pay one penny more. I was in the Great Hall a little before six, and I never saw such a sight before. The place was filled with a mass of people all in motion, just like a mob, so many people running to get their letters in before the holes were closed. You may think what a hurry-scurry there was, when I tell you that, besides all the letters, as many as twenty

thousand newspapers were put into the post in less than a quarter of an hour. Just as the clock struck the last stroke, in a twinkling all the holes were shut. One window, however, where they put in bags of newspapers would not go down close, for it had caught one of the leathern bags. The folks inside pulled, and the people outside pushed at the bag. All this time those who had newspapers to put in, kept throwing them at the window. Sometimes as many as twenty were flying in the air at once, some went through the opening, some dashed against the panes, and some fell among the crowd, while the people were all crushing, and cramming, and laughing, together.

Post Offices were first established in England about 1581, but regulated by parliament and made general in 1656. The Penny Post was set up in London and suburbs, by one Murray, an upholsterer, in 1681. But it was reserved for Rowland Hill, Esq., a gentleman of sound knowledge, to give to the world the idea of a uniform inland rate of postage of one penny per half ounce, a plan which came into operation 10th January, 1840. This, my young friends, is a great boon to all who have children and other relations from home; for what is more pleasing than to receive a note from one's dear father or mother, sister or brother; and what more delightful than reciprocity of feeling, which can be carried on at such a cheap rate.

As I went away from the Post Office, my foot slipped from one of the side stones in the street, and I should have fallen down, but for a quick, handy, good-humoured sailor who caught me and held me up. This reminded me of my fall on the ice in crossing the Common here, which laid me up, and made me walk on crutches, for so long a time. Well, I have got over that, thank God! and can now walk as upright as a maypole.

The roads in England, and especially about London, are for the most part excellent, they are made by spreading over them a thick coating of hard broken stones. Thousands of men are employed in breaking stones for this purpose, and in many places you may see great piles of them ready for use. These stones render the road rough at first, but afterwards they so fit in, and bind one another together, that the road becomes smooth, solid, and dry; this process is called Macadamising roads, after the name of its inventor.

The street roads in the centre of towns and cities are made in a different manner: large square stones are formed with the chisel, so as to be pretty much of the same size; these are laid down with as much regularity as if the workmen were building a wall; a liquid cement is then poured over the stones, which, running between them, becomes hard, and binds them fast together. Another way is to knock large stones into the ground,

with a rammer. Do you know what a rammer is? It is a large heavy piece of wood, broader at the bottom than at the top, shod with a thick ring of iron. It has handles projecting from its sides, and with this the paviments knock the stones into the ground. Wood pavement has of late years been introduced into London, in order to deaden the noise of the carriages and other vehicles which run on the streets, but it has not been found to answer well, as it soon gets into ruts and holes, and is very dangerous in wet and frosty weather. Iron plates have also been tried, but apparently with as little success.

A hundred years ago, when people went from Glasgow, in Scotland, to London, they went on horseback, for there was no turnpike road till they came to Grantham, about a hundred miles from London. They travelled along a narrow causeway, with a soft, badly constructed kind of road on each side, and when they met a string of the pack-horses, that were then used, thirty or forty in a gang, to carry goods from one place to another, they were obliged to turn off the causeway, and hard work they had, at times, to get upon it again. The leading horse of those gangs carried a bell to give warning to travellers coming the other way.

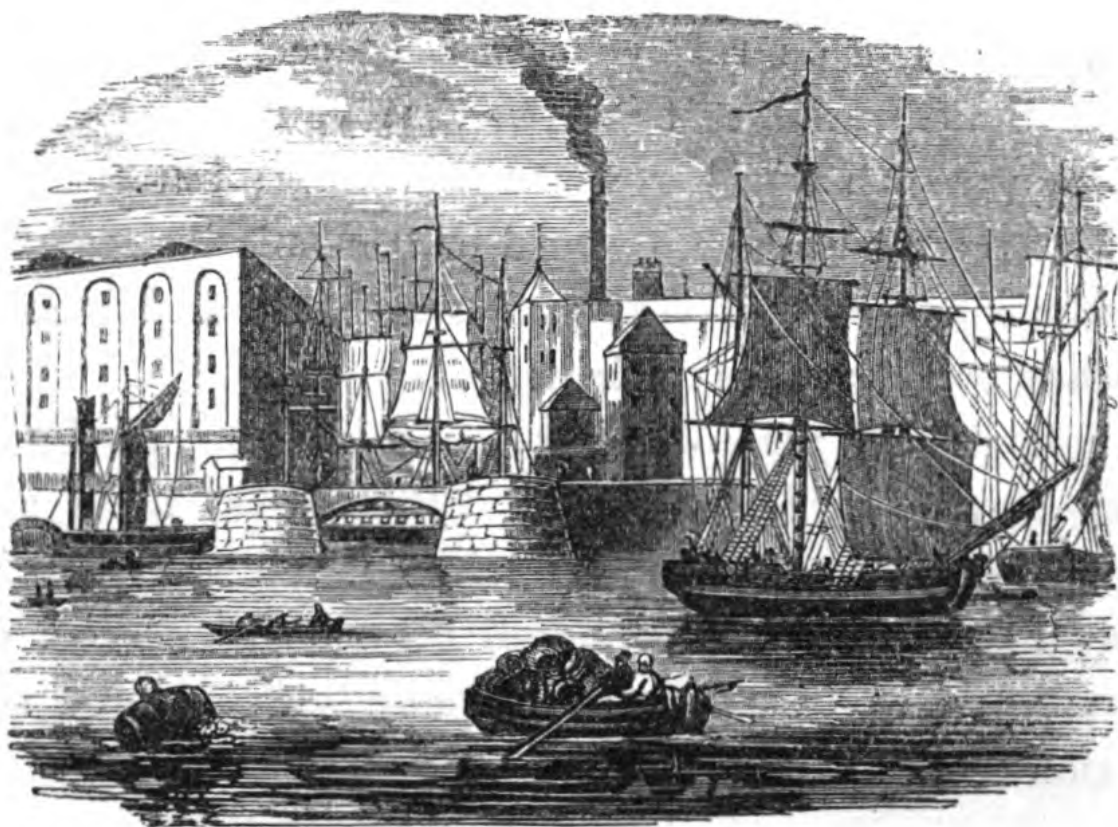
The advantage of a good road is very great, whether travelling on horseback, or in a carriage. I have tra-

velled on the back of a horse, a mule, a camel, and an elephant; I have also been dragged along on sledges, carried in a palanquin, and other ways, according to the customs of the country I happened to be in: but of all modes of travelling, that by the Railway train is decidedly the best. In a first-class carriage, in the train, you may sit as much at ease as in your fireside chair at home, and you will, except on rare occasions, scarcely feel the motion of the carriage. It is true that you cannot see the country through which you are travelling; but the want of this is made up by the speed of transmission, which is sometimes as great as sixty miles an hour, and is rarely less than twenty miles an hour.

England is a place famous for ships, and as I went along Tower Hill, I thought "they must have some famous docks here, so now I will go and see them."— Away I went, and soon entered the London Docks, and was very well pleased with them, and with others I shall mention soon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PARLEY SPEAKS ABOUT THE DOCKS, THE BRIDGES,
AND THE MARKETS.



ST. KATHERINE'S DOCKS.

I MUST be very short in my descriptions of the Docks, otherwise I shall never get through my account of this great city. The London Docks, opened in 1805, are visited by almost all strangers: they are situated at

Wapping. St. George's Dock, which covers twenty acres, will hold four or five hundred ships, being more than twelve hundred feet long and near seven hundred feet wide. The other docks are also very large.

The warehouses are of very great dimensions: those for tobacco alone are above a thousand feet long, and cover four acres of ground. Such a stock of wine as there is in the vaults below ground, you never saw, and are never likely to see unless you visit them.

The West India Docks covering fifty-four acres, are at the Isle of Dogs; and the East India Docks covering about half of this space, are at Blackwall. The warehouses of the latter are not over large, because the company have very great magazines in the city. Hundreds of waggons used to be put in motion as soon as an East India fleet came in. It would be a hard matter to say how many million pounds of tea have been landed here, besides coffee, mace, nutmeg, wool, indigo, camphor, and ivory in the shape of elephants' teeth. Since the cessation of the East India Company's charter, these docks have been united, as the property of the East and West India Dock Company.

St. Katherine's Dock is near the Tower of London, on the east side of it, and is famous for its warehouses. It covers twenty-four acres, and is surrounded with high

walls. More than a hundred and twenty ships can find accommodation in this Dock.

There is a wharf here for steam packets, so that the place is kept in a continual stir with business.

I must tell you something about the new Docks called the Victoria London Docks; they are intended to meet the demands of the rapidly increasing trade of the port of London. They are situated on the northern bank of the Thames, on the open tract of land extending from Bow Creek to Galleon's Reach, known as the Plaistow Marshes. The works comprise a Wet Dock and a Tidal Basin on the western side, as well as a canal on the eastern side with proper Basins and Gates. The Western Dock and Tidal Basin will afford, together, an area of water accommodation of ninety acres, and upwards of a mile of quay and wharfage room, together with one hundred and sixty thousand feet of fire proof warehouses, on a single floor, adapted for the reception of every description of merchandise.

I must say a word, or two, about the bridges that cross the Thames. There was once a timber bridge across the river where London Bridge* is now. It was built by the priests belonging to a college. A fire burnt a great

* For a full account of London Bridge, however, I must refer you to the work entitled "Chronicles of old London Bridge."

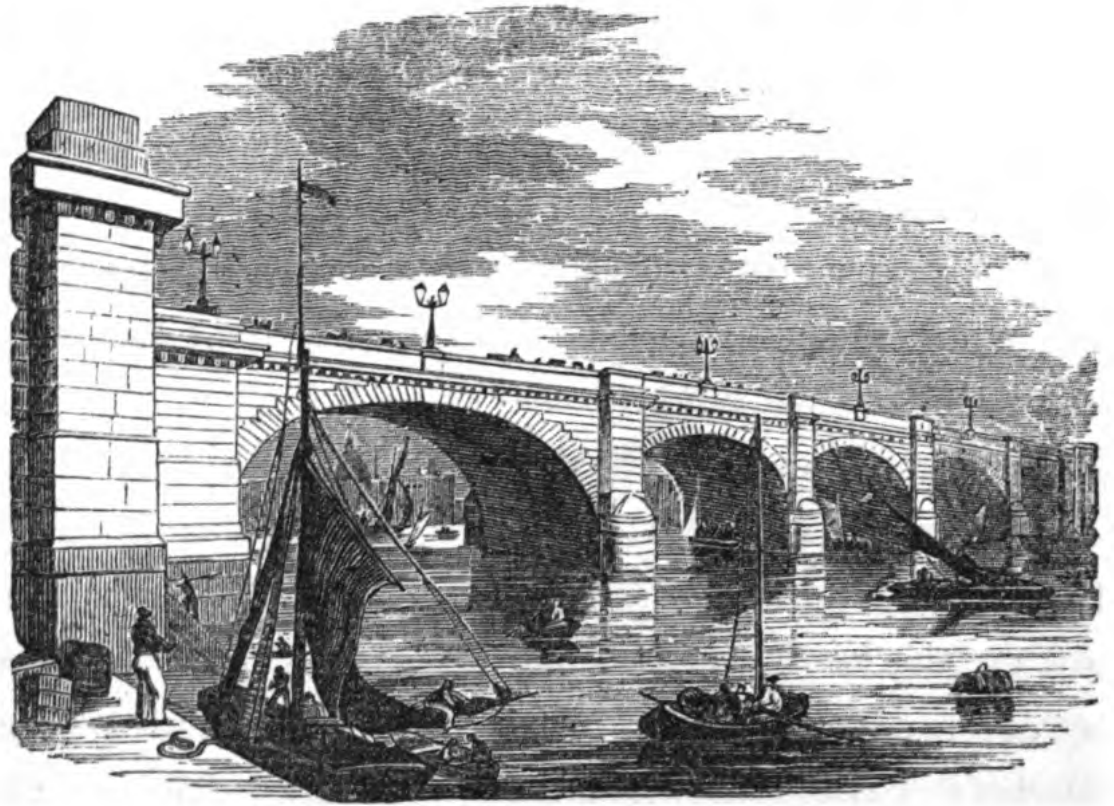
part of it down, and then it was rebuilt. No wonder that it was rebuilt, for it was a very great accommodation, as there was only a ferry in its place before.

After that, a stone bridge was erected, and people said it was built on woolpacks; the reason was, that a tax was put on wool in order to raise the money that was wanted to build the bridge with.

There were houses and shops on this bridge, but, like the other, it was burnt down. Several others followed in turn. The great fire of London in 1666, burnt the houses on the bridge that was then standing. They were, however, built up again. John Bunyan, who wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress," lived in one, and the celebrated painter Hans Holbein, who painted the "Dance of Death," dwelt in another. What was latterly called Old London Bridge was pulled down some time since.

The new bridge is a noble structure with five arches. The middle arch is a hundred and fifty feet in the span. The form of these arches is semi-elliptic, and they exceed, in span, those of any other stone bridge in Europe.

The east side of the bridge is built of purple Aberdeen marble—the west side of light gray Devonshire, and some of the stones of the arches are of red-brown granite from Peterhead. The first stone of this noble bridge was laid June 15, 1825, and it was opened in 1836 with great



NEW LONDON BRIDGE.

pomp by William IV. The cost with the approaches was nearly £2,000,000. This is a large sum for a bridge, but when we consider its convenience, we must not think it wasted. It is absolutely essential to the traffic between the Borough and the City, and the comfort of nearly a million of inhabitants.

Blackfriars Bridge, so named from a convent of black friars that once stood there, was begun to be built in 1760, and finished in 1771: it has nine semi-elliptical arches. The repairs of this bridge, which were made for public safety, have injured its elegance as an architectural

structure; nevertheless, many thousands of persons, besides carriages of all kinds, pass over it daily. This is the best place to stand on in order to see St. Paul's Cathedral to advantage.

Southwark Bridge, to my mind, is a beautiful bridge. It is made entirely of iron, and has three arches, resting



SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.

on stone piers. The middle arch is two hundred and forty feet in the span. There is an arch for you! This bridge which was opened in 1819, cost eight hundred thousand pounds; and I believe the middle arch is wider

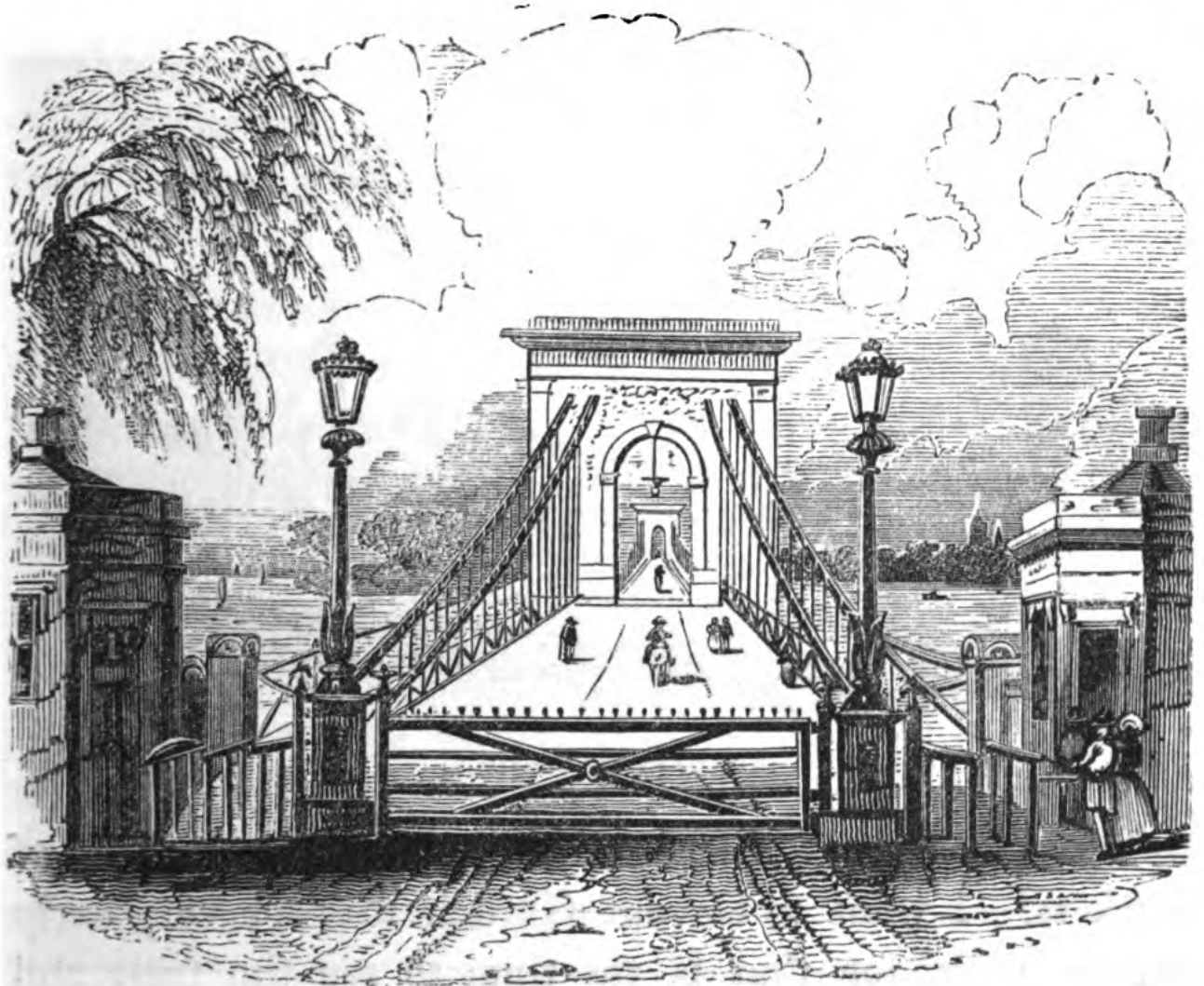
in the span than the arch of any other bridge in the world. It was cast at Rotherham in Yorkshire, and is one of the wonders of this iron age; the arches rise and fall about an inch, within the usual range of temperature.

Westminster Bridge was built in 1757. It has fifteen arches. This bridge is now being taken down, to make room for a splendid one, intended to be in keeping with the New Houses of Parliament. In the next edition of my little book, I hope to give you a full description of it.

Waterloo Bridge opened in 1817, is perhaps one of the most perfect in the world. There is no other stone bridge in Europe of so great a length. It is for the most part built of granite. Every arch, and there are nine of them, is a hundred and twenty feet in span, and the whole bridge is as level as a rule can make it. It received its name on account of the great battle fought on the field of Waterloo in 1815. There is a wooden bridge at Battersea over the Thames, and another at Fulham. Vauxhall Bridge, opened in 1816, is a neat structure of cast iron. A new bridge is now being erected, called the Battersea Suspension Bridge, crossing from Pimlico to Battersea.

At Hammersmith there is an elegant Suspension Bridge, erected in 1827. Double chains of an enormous size are hung over the river, being made fast to a high

and handsome stone pier at each end. There are rods of iron fixed to the large chains, and these support the iron-work, the woodwork, and the roadway over which the



HAMMERSMITH SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

carriages and passengers pass. This bridge is as level, and as firm, as any one could desire, and the footpath is separate from the carriage road.

Besides the bridges already spoken of, there is a sus-

pension bridge erected at Hungerford Market for foot passengers. The foundation consists of two massive brick piers, nearly eighty feet high; the central span is one of nearly six hundred and eighty feet; the cost of this bridge was about £111,000.



HUNGERFORD BRIDGE.

You may be sure that London is not without plenty of markets. I went to Covent Garden Market very early one morning, for that is the time to see the fruit and vegetables come in. Carts and waggons, piled up with different kinds of vegetables, kept pouring in, till I wondered where the stuff was all to be stowed.

Fruit, too, was brought in baskets by men and women in great abundance. There seemed to be nothing

wanting that the ground produces ; and all was as fresh as if just gathered. The Market is covered over, and the different stalls are arranged with great order. The flowers are placed above them in the conservatories, in great profusion.

If you are in London and want fish, you must set off to Billingsgate or Hungerford Market, where you will find plenty.

There are more than fourteen thousand boats of sea fish sold in Billingsgate Market in a year, without reckoning mackerel. The salmon is brought in fresh and cool. I will tell you how they manage it. It is packed up, not in warm straw, but in cold ice, in boxes. In this way it is brought from Berwick and the fisheries in the north, and it finds a ready sale in London.

When I went to Billingsgate, two of the fish women were quarrelling ; one was very short and fat, the other very tall and thin ; but though they were so different in appearance, they were alike in one thing, and that was in having a long tongue. There they stood, bending forwards till their noses almost touched, clenching their fists, and railing at each other, till you might almost have heard them at London bridge.

Smithfield Market, principally for the sale of cattle, was an open area containing about six acres of ground,

the entrance to which was by Giltspur Street from the Old Bailey. For centuries, this market has been famous for the merchandise of sheep, horses, cattle of all kinds and hay. It has long also been celebrated for its fair called Bartholomew Fair. Both the market and the fair, are among the things that were. The latter has been entirely suppressed, and the former has been removed to Copenhagen Fields, Caledonian Road, where accommodation is made for conducting the business in a much superior style. This new market was opened by her Majesty and Prince Albert in 1855. There is also the new Coal Exchange, opposite Billingsgate, opened by Prince Albert in 1849. This is an elegant and commodious building.

There are other markets, particularly that for corn in Mark Lane; but I must go on with my account. I did not pass over a great deal that is worth speaking about, you might sit listening to me for a month; and even then, I should not have finished my story.

One day as I walked on the banks of the Thames looking about me, an old man in a red coat passed by. I overtook him, and began to talk with him: when he told me that he was a Chelsea pensioner. Understanding that Chelsea Hospital was well worth a visit, I went to see it. I must give you some account of my visit.

CHAPTER XIX.

PARLEY GOES TO CHELSEA AND GREENWICH HOSPITAL;
TELLS A STORY ABOUT GREENWICH FAIR; AND
TAKES A TRIP TO RICHMOND AND HAMPTON COURT.



CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

THERE are a great many things worth looking at on the banks of the river Thames, and among them Chelsea Hospital, not so much on account of the building, as the

use it is put to. You will like to know what they use the hospital for: I will tell you all about it.

There are between four and five hundred old soldiers there, who, after fighting their country's battles (by which many of them are sorely maimed), find a comfortable home for the rest of their days.

There are among them twenty-six captains, thirty-two sergeants, and as many corporals; the rest are all privates.

These old fellows, dressed in red turned up with blue, pass their lives very comfortably. They walk about, go and see their friends, smoke their pipes, and seem to fight their battles over and over again, as they sit chatting together.

You must not think that these are all the old soldiers supported by Chelsea Hospital. O, no, there are thousands of out pensioners too.

I went all over the hospital and talked with a score of people, but I could not find any that had been at the battle of Bunker's Hill.

The first stone of the building was laid by Charles II, who, it is said, was persuaded to do so by Nell Gwyn, of whom he was very fond. It is said that as she was one day driving out in her carriage, a poor soldier came up to beg charity. He told her a pitiful tale about his being

wounded in the king's cause, and so she persuaded the king to have an hospital built for aged and wounded soldiers. I cannot answer for the truth of this story; but whether it be true or not, Chelsea Hospital is a noble institution.

I must not tell you what is done for soldiers, without telling you what is done for sailors too. I am an old sailor myself, and I shall never forget my messmates, the blue jackets.

There is a grand Hospital at Greenwich, for seamen; one of the finest buildings in the world. There are three ways of going to Greenwich, nay there are four—you may walk, or ride in an omnibus, or travel either by railway-train or in a steam-boat. I only wish we had such a place as Greenwich Hospital for American seamen: if it was not quite so grand, it would still do very well. I went to see this Hospital. A part of it was once a palace, and a costly one too; but what changes take place in the world; think of jack tars living in a king's palace! You never saw such a place; and if you were to stand in front of the Hospital on a fine summer's day, it would surprise you. There is the river crowded with merchantmen, steamers, smacks, barges, and pleasure boats; and there is the Hospital, with its stone staircases, broad pavement, arcades, wings right and left,

pillars, and ornaments of all kinds, with a handsome dome at the top, and a beautiful park at the back of it.

Here you may see a thousand old tars walking about

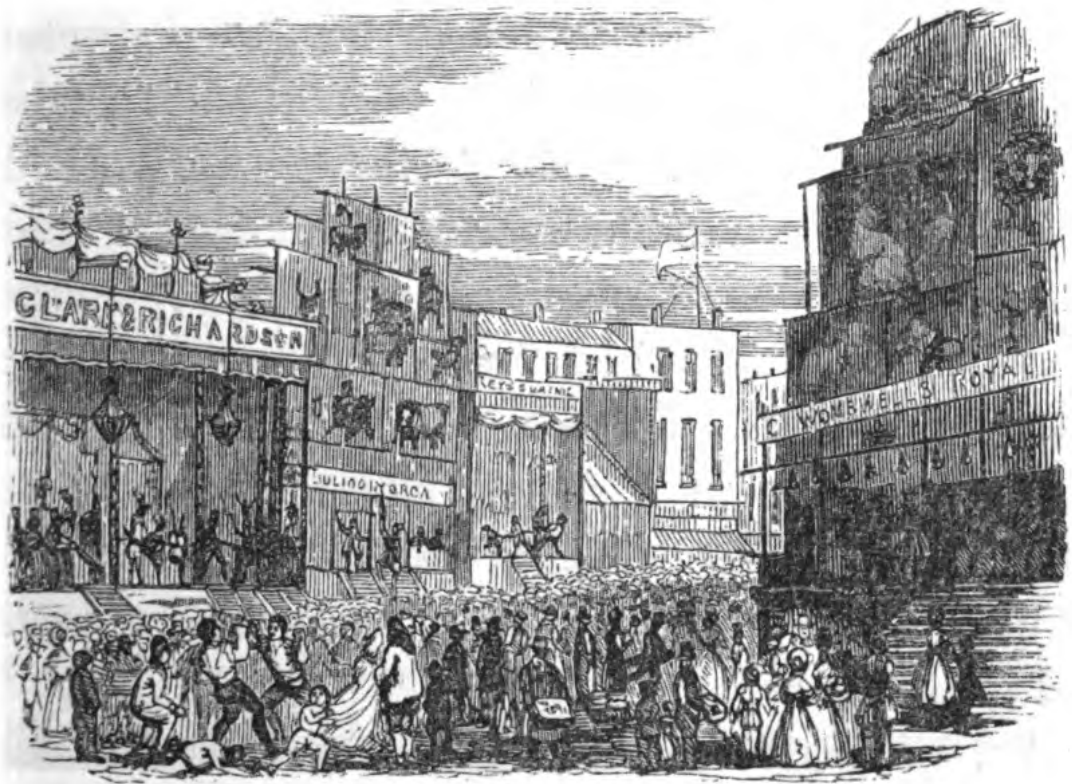


GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

round the building, and in the park, or sitting on the stone benches in the sun. They are dressed in blue, with brass buttons, and many of them wear cocked hats. Some are blind, some lame, some have lost an arm, and some a leg. The hall has a fine painted ceiling, and the walls are hung with pictures of sea fights, and portraits of admirals. Many who go to see Greenwich expect to find the old

pensioners fierce looking fellows, because they have been the thunderbolts of war in days gone by, but instead of that, they, most of them, look as meek as lambs. Old age fetches the fire out of a man. It is time now for them to be looking for peace, even the peace of God that passes all understanding, for most of them have hair on their heads as gray as Peter Parley's.

There is a fair held in the park, and thousands and thousands of lads and lasses go there from London, to dance on the grass, to climb up and run down the hills, and to play at different games and enjoy themselves; but



GREENWICH FAIR.

I am afraid that this fair, like most others of the kind, does a deal of mischief one way or other: there is too much spending, and drinking, and stopping out late, among its visitors.

I will tell you a tale about Greenwich fair. But first let me say that there is an Observatory in the park called Flamsteed House, and the longitude is calculated from the meridian of this place. The pensioners have telescopes mounted on the high hills of the park, and pick up a little money by letting the company look through them. But I said I would tell you a tale, and so I will. I had it from one whose industry and integrity raised him from being a poor friendless boy, to respectability and affluence. Peter Parley likes to tell such a tale.

“When I was a young man,” said he, “I worked five years at one place without ever asking for more than one holiday, and that one I shall have reason to remember all my days. When I applied for it, my master, who was a Quaker, said to me, ‘Thomas, I have no objection to thy having a holiday, but I should like to know how thou intendest to spend thy time.’—‘Why, sir, I have heard a great deal of Greenwich fair, and never having seen it, I intend to go there.’

“‘Ay, Thomas! so I thought; but it is my duty to tell thee, thou hadst better not go. In the first place,

thou wilt lose half a day's wages; in the next, thou wilt spend, at the least, two days' wages more, and it is not very unlikely that thou wilt get into bad company. What mischief bad company will do thee, it is impossible to say, but it often leads young men to their ruin. Thou mayst run into some excess, and if thou thinkest rightly of the follies and accidents that excess brings about, sometimes ill health, and sometimes sudden death, thou wilt be persuaded, and wilt not go.'—'Why, sir, I mean to walk there, and back again, and that will cost nothing; then I can take a bit of bread and cheese in my handkerchief, and need not spend anything; and as to bad company, I think that I am proof against any temptation of the kind.'

“‘No doubt thou thinkest so, Thomas, but thou dost not know what Greenwich fair is. If thou hast made up thy mind to go, we will have dinner at one o'clock, that thou mayst be off at two; but again I tell thee, thou hadst better not go.’—‘Why, sir, I have set my heart upon it, and shall think it rather hard not to go there once in my life.’—‘Very well, Thomas, at two o'clock thou mayest go.’

“Exactly at one o'clock my master ordered in dinner, and no sooner did the clock strike two, than he told me I was at liberty. It took me but a short time to get

ready, and to set off for Greenwich with my little stock of provisions to prevent my spending money. A great many people were going over old London Bridge; for all the way to Greenwich, on a fair time, the road is like a market. At the foot of the bridge, at that time, there were some water-works, and I leaned over the bridge to look at them; but although I thought of the crowds of people, of Greenwich fair, and of the water-works that I was looking at, I thought more of what my master had said to me than of all put together.

“When words once get a firm hold of you, it is a very hard matter to get rid of them. Here had I a half-day’s holiday, victuals, and money in my pocket, the sun shining, and crowds of people hastening on to enjoy themselves, and yet, for the life of me, I could not go on. The advice of my master was uppermost in my mind, and I thought that I should do better in attending to it and going back to my employment, than in going forward to Greenwich fair.

“I cannot say but it cost me a great deal to give up the point. I looked one way and the other way, and the scales were so nicely balanced that a feather would have turned them. When I thought of Greenwich, it seemed impossible to give up the fair; and when I thought of my master’s advice, it was impossible to go on. At last prudence won

the day, and I made the best of my way back to my work. —“ ‘ Why, Thomas! is that thee?’ said my master, when he saw me, ‘ why I thought thou wert junketting at Greenwich—what has brought thee back again?’ I told him that in stopping on London Bridge to look at the water-works, I had thought over the advice he had given me, and had made up my mind to come back to my work. ‘ Thou art a prudent lad, Thomas,’ was the remark he made to me; and I set to work a great deal more comfortably in my mind than I had ever been since I first set off for Greenwich.

“ Nothing more was said about it during the week, but when Saturday night came, my master paid me my wages in full, and then put down a guinea by itself. ‘ There, Thomas,’ said he, ‘ take that; thou hast acted prudently in following thy master’s advice, and not going to Greenwich, and I trust thou wilt never have occasion to repent it.’

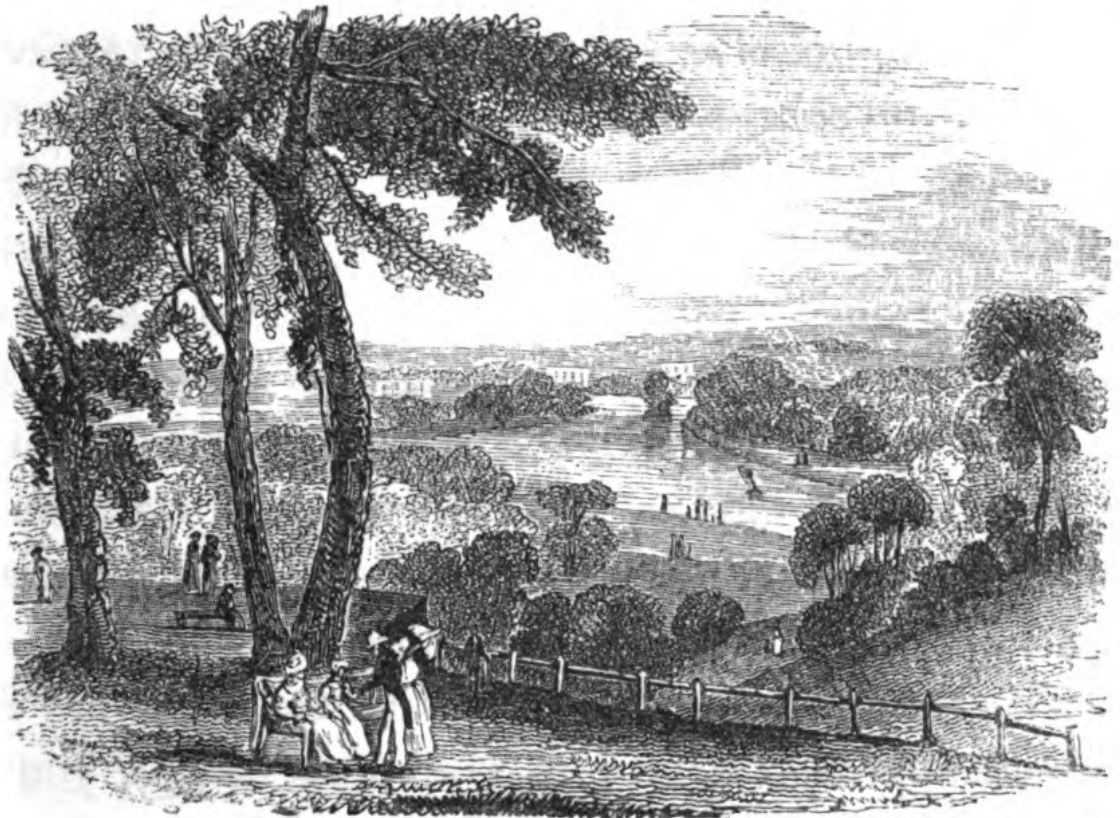
“ For ought I know this was a turn in my life. Had I gone to Greenwich fair, it is not unlikely that things would have happened just as my master said; and if nothing else had occurred, perhaps it would have been the beginning of bad habits, which might have clung to me all my days: whereas, by taking good counsel I had got a golden guinea, the good opinion of my master, and the consciousness of having acted properly.”

I have now told you my tale. If it could be but told to the world, it would serve as an encouragement to masters and servants: to masters who have principle enough to give good advice, and liberality enough to reward good conduct; and to servants who are industrious enough to be diligent in business, and prudent enough to take good counsel.

Of course I went to Woolwich to see the grand sights there, with the Dock-yard, Arsenal, Rotunda, and Garrison belonging to it; it is here that most of the instruments of war are manufactured; such as cannon balls, spikes, shells, &c. This is the most ancient arsenal in England. In the Royal Dock-yard, men of war were built as early as the reign of Henry VIII. It has now been made the principal dock-yard for the steam navy, and large men of war will no longer be built here. At the eastern part of the town is the Royal Arsenal, in which are vast Magazines of artillery, and every necessary equipment for the army and the navy; a foundry with three furnaces for casting ordnance; and a chemical laboratory, where fire works and cartridges are made for the public service.

Peter Parley next took a delightful trip in a steamer to Richmond. There he saw one of the most beautiful views in England, from Richmond Hill. On account of its lovely scenery, this place was anciently called *Sheen*,

that is, bright or shining. Of the beauties which I saw here, it is impossible to give you, my young friends, any



RICHMOND.

idea; you must see them for yourselves, before you can appreciate any description of them. Suffice it to say, that

“ Here, Thomson sung *the seasons*, and their change.”

After a stroll in the park, I came down the hill to the bridge, which connects Richmond with Twickenham, where Pope lived,

“ Who lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.”

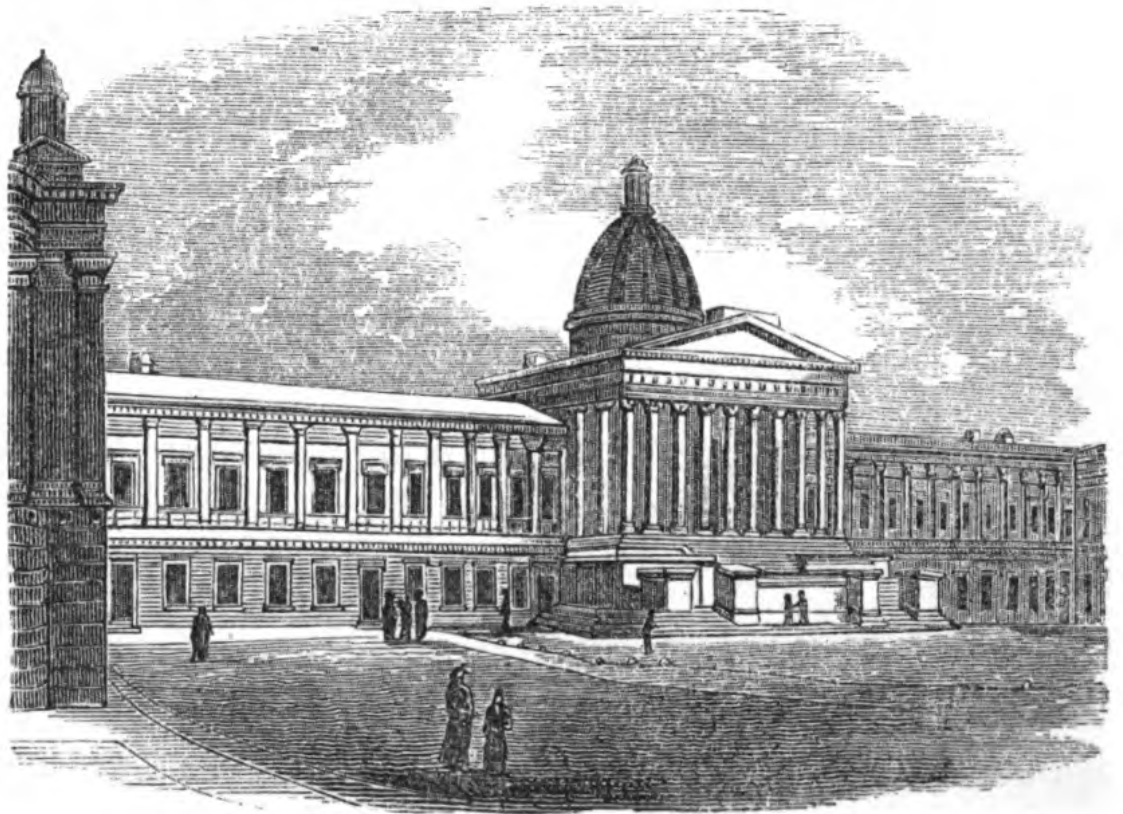
At the bridge, I was accosted by a good natured looking waterman, with the words, "Boat, Sir—boat to Hampton." Thinking, perhaps, that I might never have an opportunity of seeing Hampton Court again, I engaged him to row me to this beautiful spot; and I suppose you would like to hear something about it. The palace, called by this name, which is a little way from the village of Hampton, is a source of great attraction to the Londoners. It was originally erected by Cardinal Wolsey; and additions were afterwards made to it by Sir. Christopher Wren. It stands amidst a sea of woodland foliage, and resembles a little town for extent, covering eight acres of ground. The glimpse of the west entrance, from the Thames, seen through the old elms, with the river sparkling between them, is very fine.

As you approach nearer to Hampton bridge, you see more of the old palace, with its decorated Tudor chimney shafts, "windpipes of good hospitality," and other quaint touches of the picturesque. The pictures in this palace are very grand; such as the Cartoons of Raphael, and others. Many thousands of people visit Hampton Court every month, during the summer and autumn; and this is one of the reasons why Queen Victoria is so much liked among her subjects, it being one of the first acts of her reign to throw this palace and its artistic treasures open to the public.

It is not a very pleasant thing to visit a prison, but if there be any thing to be learned there, Peter Parley is not the man to pass it by. Well! shall I tell you about the prisons of London or not? I see that you will not rest satisfied till you hear my account ; I will, therefore, begin with them next.

CHAPTER XX.

PARLEY SPEAKS ABOUT PRISONS. NEWGATE. QUEEN'S BENCH. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. KINGS COLLEGE. DISSENTING COLLEGES AND THE LONDON UNIVERSITY. THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

I WISH you to know something about every thing I have seen. London has a great many good people in it, but it

has many bad people too, and I cannot tell what could be done without prisons. It is an easy thing to get into a prison, but oftentimes a hard matter to get out again. Prisons used to be very different places from what they are now: men and women, boys and girls, were confined together in an indiscriminate mass; and they were often so crowded, and so dirty, that fevers and distempers of different kinds used to break out among the prisoner. At the present day, they are managed in a better manner, being kept clean. The men and boys are in one part, and the women and girls in another. An Englishman, named John Howard, was a man famous for visiting prisons, and a great deal of good he did, not only in England, but in other countries; at last, he caught an infection in visiting a foreign prison, and died, I think, in Russia. A Quaker lady, too, of the name of Fry, has done much for the relief and improvement of prisoners; and her name is celebrated, like Howard's, as that of a benefactor to mankind.

Newgate prison is very strong; it is called Newgate on account of one of the gates of the city of London which stood near the place. This gate was originally called Chamberlain's gate. The old building was used as a prison as far back as 1218, for the incarceration of state prisoners, before the Tower was employed for that purpose. In 1422, the gate was rebuilt by the executors of the famous Sir

Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, out of the effects he had allotted for works of charity. A statue of him and his cat are stated to have remained in a niche till its final demolition, when the prison was built. This prison, thence called Newgate, was destroyed in the great fire of 1666; and then rebuilt in the renewal of the city.

A jail fever once broke out within the walls, and the dead bodies of those who died were taken away by cart loads. Fifty thousand pounds were then granted to build a new prison, and that prison is the Newgate now standing. The walls are raised fifty feet, the cells for the condemned are above ground and dry, and there is a chapel that will hold between three and four hundred people. The prisoners are allowed a candle at night till a certain time, and they have a prayer-book and a bible to read; so you see, bad as they may be, they are not neglected. There is another thing, too, that I ought not to forget, and that is that fetters are not used, except when the prisoners are very unruly. You think, no doubt, my young friends, that it is a sad thing to go to prison, and be deprived of your liberty; and so it is. But how is this to be avoided? Only thus: Keep the commandments; for they who break the commandments go the readiest road to destruction.

There is another prison called the Queen's Bench; and it is very different from Newgate. You will, of course

like to know something about it. It is a place where people are confined for debt; and when I visited it, I expected to find every one within its high and gloomy walls, very sorrowful; but guess how surprised was I to find it just the contrary! In one place, men were drinking and smoking; in another, amusing themselves with divers games, laughing as loud, and joking each other, as if their hearts were as light as a feather. In the large yard, they were playing at rackets, a game which consists in striking a ball against a high wall with bats like battledores, and very clever at it they were. Well, thinks I, these folks, for all that I see, are as happy in prison as other folks are out of it, but a moment's reflection made me alter my opinion. To be happy, a man must be uprightly and usefully employed, and that was not the case at the Queen's Bench prison. Hearing that one whom I once knew in better circumstances, was confined there, I inquired for him, when a man shouted out his name in the yard so loudly that he made the walls ring again. At last he came, and I went with him up to his little room, which was hung round with pictures of the favourite dogs and horses that he once kept. "Come," said he, "you shall pay for a pint of wine now, and I will pay for a pint when I get out of prison." His heart seemed as light as the merriest of them, and I

came away thinking that the Queen's Bench was not a place to make men either wiser or better than they were before.

There are many other prisons, and at some of them the men work at the treadmill. This is a large wheel turned round by treading on the broad cogs: the prisoners look just as if they were trying to climb up it. They also pick oakum, and if any works are going on in the prison they lend a helping hand. The women and girls work at a treadmill of their own, besides which, they wash, make and mend clothes, and knit coarse stockings for the prisoners' use. It is better to be honest than to get into a jail; coarse food, hard work, and heavy irons are unpleasant things. But there is a worse thing than the coarse food, or the hard work, or the heavy irons either. What can that be? you will say. I will tell you. They have formed a plan, lately, in some prisons to keep all the prisoners silent: not one word will they let them speak to one another, either by day or night. This is the way they manage it. They give some of the prisoners more food, and let them sit or walk about without working, that they may watch over the rest; the turnkeys watch too; and if any prisoner speaks a word, in a few minutes after, he is shut up in a cell by himself. It would never do to put me there, I could not live long without talking

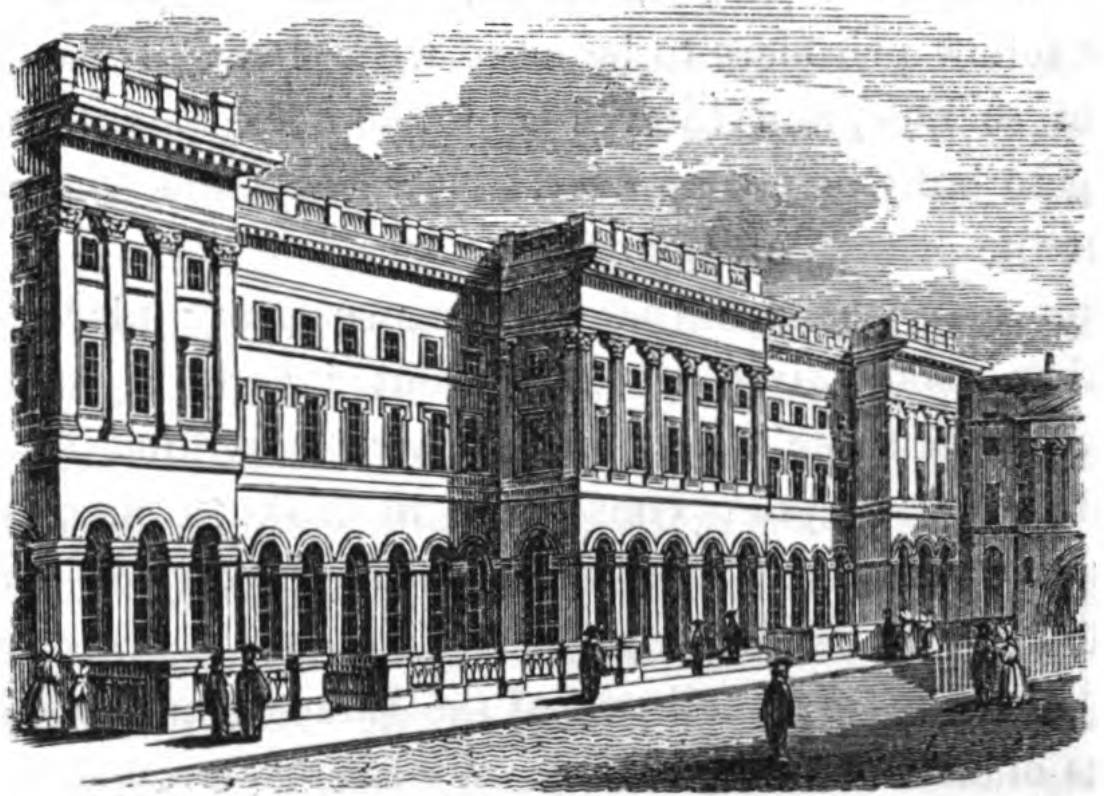
Before this silent plan was found out, there was plenty of cursing and swearing, and many prisoners came out of jail worse than they went in, for they learned from their fellow prisoners to be more wicked than before. It is not so now, and thieves and pickpockets will dread going to jail worse than ever. Now you know something about the prisons of London.

You may be sure that visiting so many places, and walking about, tired me sadly; but a good night's rest generally sets me up again. There is nothing like the nightcap of a quiet conscience to make a man sleep soundly. If I had been trying to set the city on fire, or to blow up the Parliament House, I should not have slept at all. I must now tell you of the Educational establishments of London.

University College was founded in 1827, to supply the increasing demand for education, and to afford college advantages to dissenters as well as to members of the Church of England. I went to see it. It is a fine building, and has some excellent museums. The professors are learned men in their several departments, and the medical school is a very admirable one.

King's College is an additional wing to the buildings of Somerset House. It was founded for the same purpose as University College, with the exception of

religious instruction, which is here conformable to the principles of the church of England. This college is



KING'S COLLEGE.

rival to the former; and both of these metropolitan establishments are rivals to the ancient colleges which constitute the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. This honourable rivalry is rendered complete by the establishment of the University of London, where the students of the metropolitan colleges and all dissenting colleges of respectable standing throughout the United Kingdom may enter as matriculated students, and after proper academic training, graduate as Bachelors

Masters of Arts, just as they do in the ancient Universities of England. The curriculum for these degrees is much the same in all the Universities, whether old or new; but facilities are afforded in the latter, especially to dissenters, which are not allowed in the former; but it is to be hoped that the day is coming when the doors of learning shall be alike open to all students, to whatever creed or religious persuasion they may belong.

As to the University of London, this institution must not be confounded with the College in Gower Street, which at first assumed the same title, but which was compelled to abandon it on the establishment of the present one. The apartments of the London University which were at first in Somerset House, have been removed to Burlington House for a time. Here, the students of the affiliated colleges of this University, which include New College, an institution supported by the Independents or Congregationalists, and Stepney College, an institution supported by the Baptists, both in the metropolis, besides many others throughout the United Kingdom, may be examined for matriculation or taking degrees, on the payment of certain sums for the salaries of the examiners, and come out into the world with the same *éclat* as if they were members of the older

Universities. The University of London was established by royal charters issued by King William IV. and Queen Victoria, in 1837 and 1850.

There are some admirable schools in London, the best of which are endowed and of an eleemosynary nature. St. Paul's School was founded in 1509, for the gratuitous education of one hundred and fifty-three boys; Westminster, re-founded by Queen Elizabeth; Christ's Hospital, or the "Blue Coat School," founded by Edward VI., which educates about one thousand four hundred children; the Charter-house, founded in 1611, for forty boys and eighty pensioners; and the Merchant Tailors' School, founded in 1547, for the education of boys at a moderate expense to the parents. The City of London School was founded by the Corporation, under an Act of Parliament, procured in 1834, on an ancient endowment of John Carpenter, City Clerk, granted in 1442. Eighty scholarships are bestowed in memory of the founder. Besides these, there are the Times, the Beaufoy, the Salomons, the Travers, and other scholarships of considerable value. The scholarship founded by the late Thomas Tegg, Esq., Bookseller, Cheapside, had a curious but interesting origin. This gentleman, having been elected to the office of sheriff, paid a fine of £400 to be excused from serving; and the Corporation directed the

amount to be appropriated for the benefit of this school. In 1844, Mr. Tegg testified his approval thereof by adding a contribution of £100. The two sums are invested in a fund for a scholarship, denominated the "Tegg Scholarship." In addition to this, Mr. Tegg gave a donation of a great number of valuable books to the library.

Besides the City of London School, which is situated in Milk Street, Cheapside, there are Day Schools attached to University and King's Colleges, where youths are trained up for these colleges, or for the old Universities of England.

In going about London, I saw many other curious places; I will tell you about some of them.

CHAPTER XXI.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT CROSBY HALL. OLD HOUSE IN BISHOPSGATE STREET. THE HIGHEST SPOT IN LONDON. ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, AND THE LADY CHAPEL. ST. JOHN'S GATE.



ST. SAVIOUR'S LADY CHAPEL.

I AM very fond of old buildings. They make me think of other times, when the customs of the world were different to what they now are.

I remember going to see Crosby Hall. This is, perhaps, the finest remains of the domestic architecture of old times, of any to be found in London.

It is cooped up in an odd-looking place called Crosby Square, on the east side of Bishopsgate Street, just to the south of Great St. Helen's.

The great fire of London swept away most of the ancient domestic buildings, and the changes and improvements of the city have removed almost all the remainder, but in the midst of these changes, Crosby Hall is still left standing.

The great banqueting hall is between fifty and sixty feet long, and nearly thirty wide, and the height from the original floor up to the crown of the ceiling is forty feet.

The roof of this hall is a work of great skill and beauty; whether it is made of heart of oak or of chestnut I cannot tell; the different projections hanging down have a very striking effect.

Crosby Hall was built soon after the year 1466, by Sir John Crosby, on a lease granted by the prioress and convent of St. Helen. The Duke of Gloucester, afterwards, Richard III., lived there. It was used, too, as a dwelling-house by several foreign ambassadors, the celebrated Duke of Sully having been among them.

A great part of it was burnt down about the

seventeenth century. The hall was afterwards used as a Presbyterian meeting-house, and then as a warehouse. A literary and scientific institution is now established in the hall, and lectures are given on different subjects. The first stone of the new buildings was laid in June 1836, and the hall was opened in July 1842.

Within a short distance of Crosby Hall, a little below Bishopsgate Church, is an old house, that has a most imposing appearance. I will describe it to you as well as I can.

It is three stories high, and was, when I saw it, occupied as a public-house, or spirit shop. The window of the second story is circular, projecting a long way out. Underneath, it is ornamented with grapes and leaves, carved in wood. The window itself is divided into thirty-four compartments; the lowermost are filled up with coats of arms, the other with glass or carved work.

The third story agrees with the second, only the window is not quite so large. The top of the house falls back, and is decorated with a scallop ornament and points rising up. The whole front of the house is painted in so fanciful a way with red, green, yellow, brown, and light clay colour, that it catches the attention of almost every passer by.

While I stood looking at it, several persons did the same. The date of this old house I do not know.

I had heard a great deal of St. Saviour's Church, over London Bridge, so I made the best of my way there, but having occasion to go to the Post Office first, I passed from that building to Paternoster Row, by a narrow passage.

Well! there I saw the figure of a boy cut in stone in the wall, and underneath were engraven these words,

“ When I have sought the city round,
Yet still this is the highest ground.”

O ho! thought I, then Peter Parley is now standing on the highest ground in the city of London.

I soon found my way to St. Saviour's Church, and a fine building I found it to be. This church used to be called St. Mary Overie or Overier, a name corrupted or shortened from St. Mary Over-river. The story is this: A ferry was formerly kept where London Bridge now stands. When the ferryman and his wife died, the ferry was left to their only daughter, whose name was Mary. The ferry, with the property left by her parents, and the profits arising from it, enabled her to build a house of sisters; and at her decease she bequeathed the whole to them for the building and endowing a church, which they called St. Mary Over-river as above mentioned.

It was not, however, the Church, but the Lady Chapel at the east end of it, that principally engaged my attention.

The body of the church is supposed to have been built about the year 1106 by Bishop Gifford. It has twenty-six massy pillars, thirteen on each side, to support the roof.

These pillars are of different kinds, round, octagon, and clustered. At the west end the tomb of Gower, the father of English poetry, once stood.

Over the western door is a very large window, but this is not remarkable for its beauty. On the south side are carvings of uncouth looking figures, with large wings, holding their arms in different positions.

The four beautiful arches which support the tower attract much attention, and there is a magnificent altar screen.

It is thought that the Lady Chapel is the finest piece of workmanship of the early pointed style of the thirteenth century, of any in the kingdom.

Those who know a great deal more about architecture than I do, consider it the fairest Gothic specimen to be seen, and then it is in capital keeping with the church itself. As you look at the whole pile in passing by it, from London Bridge, the tower, roofs, and buttresses of the church, the gothic windows, and painted glass of the chapel, have a striking effect.

But I must tell you why it was that I wanted so much

to see the Lady Chapel. It was in that very chapel that the cruel Bishops, Bonner and Gardiner, tried many of those who afterwards perished at the stake. The good and pious Hooper, and Bradford, and Ferrer, and many other such men were tried there.

I almost shuddered on entering the chapel to think of the cruel deeds of those iron-hearted and ungodly men, Bonner and Gardiner, in condemning so many to be burned alive. If the great Judge of all should be half as severe to them as they were to their fellow creatures, it will fare ill with them.

Whatever errors we may have fallen into, I trust that God of his goodness will keep us from an unforgiving disposition, and from bitterness and cruelty one towards another, so that we may be able without condemning ourselves to repeat that part of the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." I must now leave St. Saviour's Church and the Lady Chapel.

St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, must next be noticed. I will tell you something about this gate in a few words. About seven or eight hundred years ago, the poor Christians, who visited Jerusalem to offer up their devotions at the sepulchre of our Saviour, and the church of John the Baptist, were sadly harassed by the Turks. Well! an

abbot and some Benedictine monks were supported there in order that they might receive and entertain all Christian pilgrims and travellers, in the hospital where they dwelt. They were called Hospitallers. In the year 1099, many Christian princes joined together and besieged Jerusalem and these Hospitallers fought so bravely on the side of the Christians that the Holy Land was taken.

From that time these Hospitallers became a military order under the name of "The Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem." They made themselves famous by the services they rendered Christian princes; and they spread into different nations, until they, though at first professing their willingness to remain poor, became possessed of nineteen thousand manors in Christendom.

The order was suppressed, and restored again, more than once. And their church and religious house were destroyed, and again rebuilt. This was so long ago, that it is no great wonder so few remains of any part of their buildings should now be seen.

I went to see the old gateway of St. John's Priory, in Clerkenwell. One part of it is now used as a public house called "The Old St. John of Jerusalem." The lower part of the western tower was used as a watch-house.

There is another circumstance that renders St. John's Gate remarkable, and that is, that about a hundred years

ago the Gentleman's Magazine was first printed there by Edmund Cave. This periodical still ranks as one of the first in the world, and even to this day, it has an engraving of St. John's Gate for its frontispiece. You have now heard enough about the gate, I will next tell you of the government of England.

CHAPTER XXII.

GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND. THE SOVEREIGN, LORDS,
AND COMMONS. NOBILITY. LAWS.

GREAT BRITAIN is governed by the sovereign and the parliament. The sovereign is at the head of the government, and has several exclusive privileges which invest the possessor with great power. The crown, and the right to rule, are hereditary. When a sovereign dies the succession falls upon the eldest son, or if there be no son, upon the eldest daughter; if there be no children the crown goes to the nearest relation. As soon as the sovereign dies, the lawful successor comes into power, though the coronation does not take place for some months afterwards. The parliament consists of the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, two bodies of members which I shall describe separately: the same names are given to the rooms in which they meet. The House of Commons consists of six hundred and fifty-eight members who are elected or chosen in the following manner. Every county in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland sends one or more members to parliament; and when

there is an election, gentlemen come forward and offer themselves as members; if, as sometimes happens, there are only as many candidates as are required, they are sent to parliament without dispute; but if a greater number offer themselves, every one who possesses certain property in the county is entitled to give a vote to whichever of the candidates he chooses, and those who have most votes are sent to parliament. Some of the counties send only one member, others as many as four or five. Besides the county members, many of the large towns send one, two, or more members to parliament, who are chosen in the same manner as those for the counties. Have I made this matter plain to you? Well, let me proceed.

The House of Lords consists of peers, or persons possessing certain titles. They are not chosen by the people, but have a right to sit in the House, on account of their titles, which they inherit from their estates. These lords, with their families, constitute what is called the nobility. There are different orders or ranks among peers: as dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts, and barons; of these the title of duke is highest, and that of baron the lowest. To each of these orders belongs a different sort of coronet or little crown, of which each peer possesses one. They have also magnificent robes; but you are not

to suppose that they wear these always ; on the contrary they dress like other people, and only use their coronets and robes at a coronation, or some other such grand occasion. All the English peers, amounting to above four hundred, have the right of sitting in the House of Lords ; but only sixteen Scottish, and thirty-two Irish peers, chosen from among the rest by vote, have this privilege. You know that we have no peers in America.

The sovereign and the Houses of Lords and Commons together form the Parliament.

Parliament generally sits only during part of the year but the sovereign has the power of calling it together at pleasure, and of proroguing it, that is, ordering it not to sit for a given time. The sovereign has also the right of dissolving parliament. When this is done, a new House of Commons has to be elected, and new peers chosen for Scotland and Ireland. If a parliament is not dissolved for seven years, it comes to an end itself, and an election takes place.

Any member of either House has the right of proposing a new law, after first obtaining leave of the House. This is called *bringing in a bill*, and it is then read over at three different times, and carefully discussed. The members then divide, and give their votes as to whether the bill shall become law or not. If there are most votes

against it, it is rejected ; if for it, it is said to have *passed the House*, and it is sent into the other House. If it passes this also, it is sent up to receive the signature of the sovereign. If the sovereign refuses to sign it, it does not become law ; but this is very rarely done ; and when it is signed, it becomes a law, and the people are obliged to obey it. The laws thus made are in force over the whole country, and the people of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, are as much obliged to obey them, as those of England.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EXTENT AND POPULATION OF THE BRITISH ISLES. FOREIGN POSSESSIONS. ARMIES. NAVY. COMMERCE.

I HAVE already given you some account of the British Islands, viz.—Great Britain (including England, Wales and Scotland), and Ireland, besides several smaller islands. They are not of very great extent, containing only about one hundred and twenty thousand square miles, but they possess a population of about twenty-one millions; and in no part of the world is there a nation so rich, or so powerful, as the British. Great Britain possesses extensive colonies in almost every part of the world, so that the Queen of England reigns not only over the twenty-one millions of people in the British Isles, but over one hundred and ten millions in Asia, Africa, and America. Nearly the whole of America, north of the United States with Newfoundland, and the West India Islands, belong to this country. There are also English colonies on the western coast of Africa, and at the Cape of Good Hope and the whole of the vast territory of India, is in the possession of the British. Various islands in the Pacific

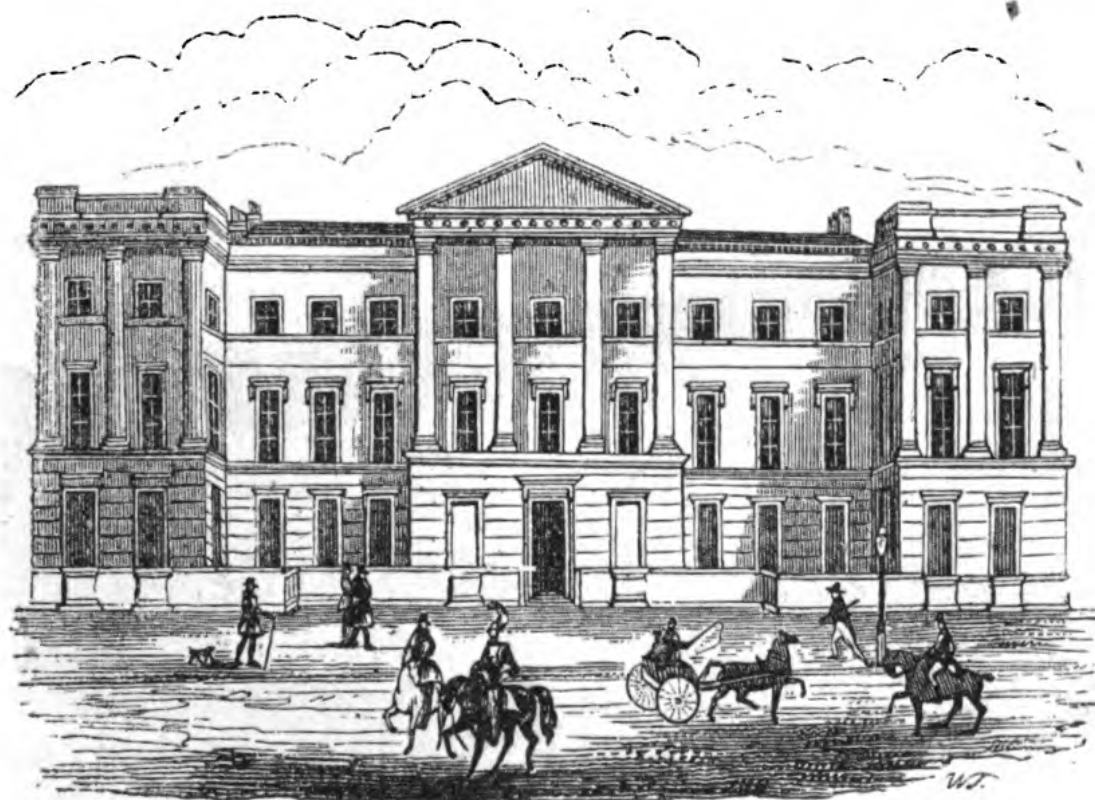
the Mediterranean, and the Indian Ocean, also obey the British sceptre. Besides these, England possesses the islands of Australia and Tasmania, which are equal to the half of Europe. Thus the British empire exceeds every nation in the world, except Russia, in the extent of its dominions; it is more populous than any other, excepting China; and far surpasses the most powerful empires of antiquity. The armies of England are not very numerous, but the invincible courage of her soldiers, and the skill of their former generals, have enabled them to achieve victories in all parts of the world. Her fleets are numerous and powerful, and the excellence of her ships, and the determined bravery of her sailors, have placed England in undisputed command of the five great oceans, which cover nearly two-thirds of the surface of the globe. When you look on the map and see what a little spot England is, you would not suppose it to be so powerful.

Nor is the commerce of England less extensive than her dominions. Her trading vessels carry her manufactures of cotton, woollen, and metal goods, to all parts of the world, and return laden with the produce of the various countries. They bring dried fruit from the Greek islands; carpets from Turkey; tea from China; pearls, spices, and rich shawls, from the East Indies; gold, ivory, and ostrich feathers, from Africa; gold from

California and Australia ; silver and precious stones, from South America ; cotton, sugar, coffee, and tobacco, from the West Indies and North America ; and rice from various parts, both of the eastern and western continent.

CHAPTER XXIV.

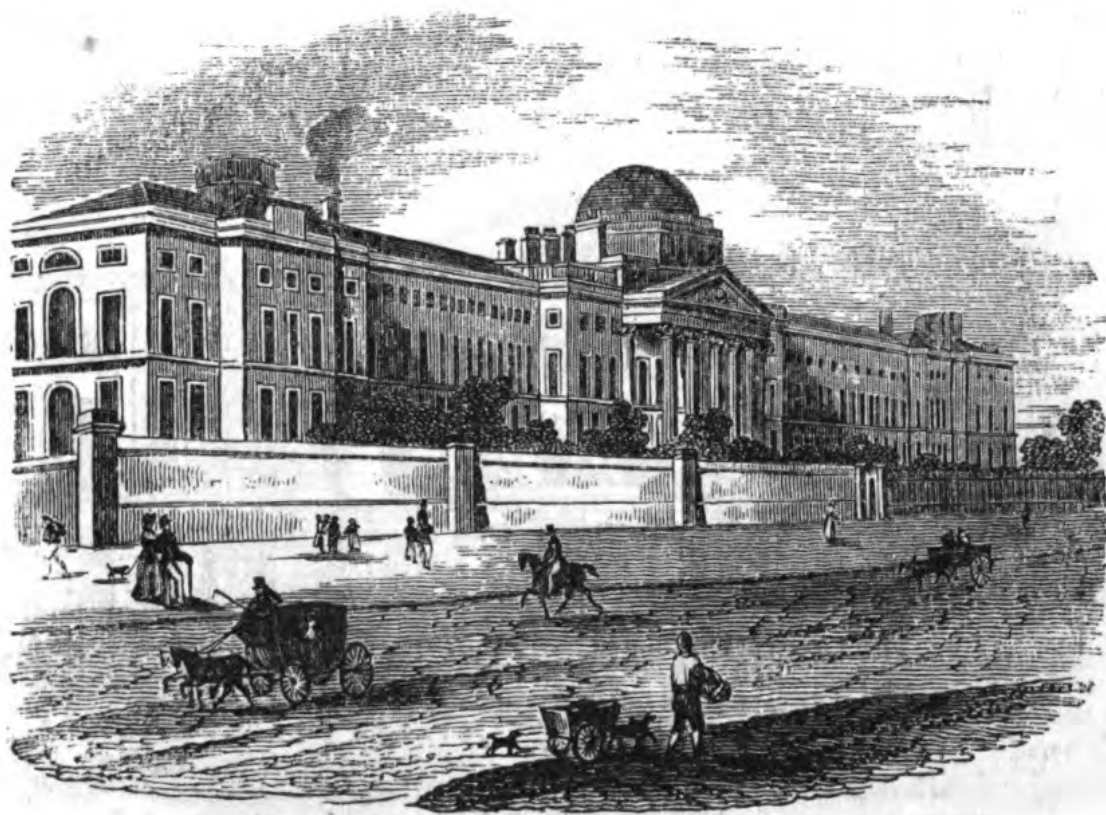
PARLEY GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE CHARITIES OF
LONDON, THE HOSPITALS, THE SOCIETIES, &C.



ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL.

I COULD not leave London without knowing something about her far-famed charities. I will tell you a great deal about them in a few words. English people have the credit of being the most charitable in the world, and I

believe they deserve it; but you shall hear, and judge for yourselves. There are in London hospitals for the lunatic, the maimed, the sick, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the poor, the degraded, and almost all other afflicted people. Here I have a print of New Bethlehem Hospital, St. George's Road, and I wish I had one of St. Luke's Hospital, Old



NEW BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

St. Road, and half-a-dozen more. The two hospitals just mentioned are for lunatics; the former accommodates 500 patients, and the latter 300 patients. There are almshouses for the old, asylums for the young, places of refuge

for the destitute, and societies for the relief of almost all kinds of distress. Then besides these, there are other societies for the spread of the bible, and true religion, in the world. To tell you about them all would be impossible, as they amount to some hundreds, to say nothing of the schools and visiting societies that belong to the different places of worship. However, you shall have a few of them. I ought, when speaking of hospitals, to have mentioned St. Bartholomew's Hospital, West Smithfield, which contains 580 beds, and affords relief to 70,000 patients annually, of whom as many as 5000 have been indoor patients; St. Thomas's Hospital, Southwark, which contains 485 beds, relieves about 50,000 patients annually, of whom about 4,000 are indoor patients; Guy's Hospital, Southwark, which contains 530 beds, and relieves nearly as many patients as St. Bartholomew's; and, St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner, which contains 317 beds, and relieves numerous patients. Besides these, there are, Middlesex Hospital, Charles Street; the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road; the Westminster Hospital, James Street; the Charing Cross Hospital, Strand; the Metropolitan Hospital, Gray's Inn Road; and several others, all for the cure of the wounds and diseases "which flesh is heir to."

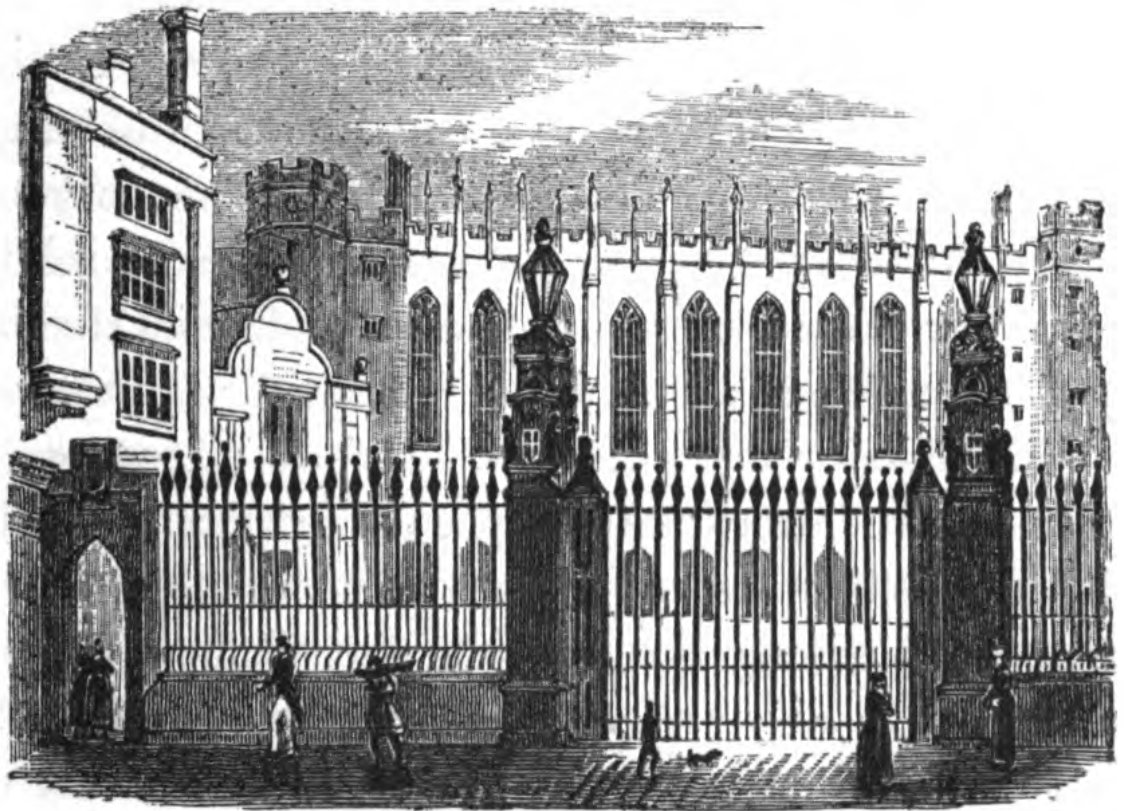
With the University and King's Colleges, are also connected Hospitals for general purposes, which are, like St.

George's, supported by voluntary contributions. The Hospitals form excellent practical schools for training young medical practitioners under the eye of the eminent physicians and surgeons who attend the patients. There are also the Foundling Hospital, Guildford Street, which rears about 400 exposed children, under proper regulations; the Caledonian Asylum, Islington, for the children of soldiers, sailors and marines, natives of Scotland; the Duke of York's School, for the children of soldiers in the regular army, which maintains 1000 boys and girls; and various Orphan Asylums, too numerous to mention at present.

The Royal Humane Society has been very useful, in recovering people taken out of the water, to all appearances dead. It provides proper machines to search the water with for persons supposed to be drowned. It uses the best means to restore such as are found, and gives rewards to all who save the lives of their fellow-creatures. There is also a Society for relief to persons who have suffered by fire.

Christ's Church Hospital, already mentioned, is a famous school, that educates more than a thousand boys; but 'ever lads wore ugly clothes, these boys do.' Long blue gowns with a leathern strap for a girdle, yellow petticoats and yellow stockings, with a little cap stuck on one side

of the head. You never saw such frights. The dress, however, is tolerated for the great advantages conferred on them by the institution. This School has produced many eminent men, and useful members of society.



CHRIST'S CHURCH HOSPITAL.

Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals are capital charities, but I have already spoken of them.

There is the London Society for the improvement and encouragement of Female Servants. A capital institution, that is not so much encouraged as it ought to be, though the Lord Mayor of London is at the head of it. It gives

money and books to good servants who live for a certain time with a master or mistress, and finds places for them and helps them in sickness, and makes them a present if they marry. The comfort of families depends much upon the good conduct of servants, and therefore such a society ought to be well supported.

There is plenty of work to do in London to clear the streets of beggars, and deceivers, who go about getting money, pretending to be sea captains, or sailors, or soldiers, or any other trade likely to produce an effect on the liberality of the passenger. And the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity undertakes to do this. Thousands of impostors have been thus found out, and great numbers punished. When the society first set to work, it made strange work among the beggars, for soldiers who had been seen, with only one arm, begging, were taken off to prison, with two arms as good as yours; and sailors, who had for a long time hobbled about on one leg, found another leg to scamper off with, when afraid of a jail; and mothers with children in their arms, who were left destitute by their husbands, were found to have borrowed the children for the purpose of exciting pity, and were glad to escape as unmarried females; but enough about beggars.

There is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to

Animals, and the Animal's Friend Society; you would hardly believe the cruelty that is practised towards poor brutes, by butchers, drovers, drivers, and other hard-hearted people; they ought to know better; and the society has taught many of them better. Never be cruel; a cruel child will make a cruel man, and a cruel man ought to be shunned by all: so says Peter Parley, and I hope you will say so too.

The British and Foreign Bible Society is one of the first charities in the world, for it sends the word of God abroad into all nations. You may think the statement exaggerated, when I tell you that it has scattered already more than twenty-four millions of bibles and testaments abroad, printed in more than a hundred and seventy languages; but there is no reason to doubt what the Society has stated in its own Report, for the books they circulate forbid their making such a statement.

There would, however, be but little use in sending bibles, unless somebody went with them to teach the poor ignorant heathen folks how to read; and a great many people are sent for this purpose, and to preach the gospel. Let me see: there are so many Missionary Societies, that I shall never recollect them. There is the London Missionary, Moravian Missionary, the Church Missionary, the Wesleyan Missionary, and the Baptist Missionary

Societies; besides the Home Missionary Societies of various kinds. All these societies are employed in teaching men to fear God and to keep his commandments. I will tell you where the money comes from that enables them to do so much good. They have public meetings every year, in the months of April and May, at Exeter Hall in the Strand, and in the Churches and Chapels of the Metropolis, and thousands of people assemble to hear what good has been done, and what is doing, and the speeches that are made warm the people's hearts, so that they are ready to support the societies. Oh! it is a good thing for good men to get together for such a noble purpose for they do not part again till they have made up their minds to do more good than ever. Then, there are sermons preached, and collections and subscriptions made, for the society; and this is the way that the money is gathered for the support of the Societies.

I wish the Anti-Slavery Society would impart a little of their benevolence to the people of this country. See how old England has set her slaves at liberty, and given twenty millions of money to pay the planters for them while we Americans are still sinfully carrying on the slave trade. Shame upon us! Shame upon us! This is the blackest mark on the brow of our country. I would trudge a hundred miles and back again without shoes, to persuade my countrymen to abolish the slave trade.

The Temperance Society, another excellent institution, enables many a poor woman to put something in the pot for her family, that, before, was half starving. A drunken man is a heavy tax on himself and all belonging to him. Now the Temperance Society persuades people to leave off drinking brandy, rum, and gin, and thereby to preserve their health, and lay up money for comforts.

There are many folks who laugh at this society; but while the drunkard laughs, and gets poorer, the temperate man adds to his comforts, and gets richer.

I saw the evil of drinking spirits when I was a sailor. Nothing could be done without grog then, and jack tars were often seen rolling about the deck when they ought to have been aloft doing their duty. Never did I expect to live to see the day when a thousand ships would sail the salt seas without a drop of spirits on board, except what was wanted in illness and accidents, and yet that is the case now. But let the English say what they will about their Temperance Society, we Americans beat them hollow, and set them an example that they ought to follow. I am getting an old man now, and ought to speak up for temperance, morality, and religion; for what is wealth without health, and a good character? And what is this world without the hope of a better?

You know something now about the Temperance Society. Come! I see you are getting tired with so many societies, so I must not tell you of many more. I never like to tire people with my tales. There are plenty of societies for sailors. There is the British and Foreign Sailor's Society, of which the object is to increase religion among sailors of all nations. The Sailor's Home, designed to afford comfortable lodgings for seamen while they are on shore, and to prevent them from getting into bad company and squandering their money; and the Destitute Sailor's Asylum, intended to receive and relieve them when in distress. I was glad to see that the English did not forget sailors. The Sunday School Union, and the Society for the Support and Encouragement of Sunday Schools, are among the very best in all London. Millions of young folks have been taught in them to remember their Creator in the days of their youth.

I ought not to forget the General District Visiting Society, and the Society for Promoting Christian Instruction in London and the Neighbourhood, for they are both excellent charities: had my pockets been full of money, would have given something to them all.

The London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, is a proof that Christians have not forgotten that they are indebted to the Jews for the Holy Scriptures.

The Irish Society of London, the London Hibernian Society, and the Scripture Reader's Society, for Ireland, have done much for Irish people in teaching them to read, giving them Bibles and good books, and preaching the gospel. Did you ever hear of so many societies before? I could go on for another hour, and find societies enough to tell you of, for London is full of them; but I have said quite enough for once on the subject of charities.

CHAPTER XXV.

PARLEY GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF SAVINGS' BANKS.

MINE has been a busy life, take it altogether, for though I love peace and quietness, yet a man may be quiet and peaceable without being idle.

It occurred to me that, while I was in London, it would be a good opportunity to learn something about Savings' Banks in England, for I always thought there were very good things.

When a man wants to get information, the best way is to go straight to those who are most capable of giving it, and not lose time by inquiring from people who know no more about the matter than himself.

Off I set to the London Provident Institution, or Savings' Bank, in Blomfield Street, Moorfields. Now I think I, most likely the whole affair will be explained to me.

No sooner had I entered, and asked half-a-dozen questions through the square hole in the skreen that divides the people who manage the bank from those who go to pay in their money, than a gentleman came out of a private room and requested me to walk in, so in I went.

He turned out to be the Actuary, the very man of all others that I wanted to see. He felt sure that he had met me before then, and very likely he might have done so. I did not tell him that I was Peter Parley, but if I had told him that I was the President of the United States, he could not have behaved better to me.

Everything that I asked him he told me, and a great deal more too; and the balance sheet that he laid before me was so plain, that a schoolboy might have understood it.

It so happened that I had but little time to spare, so he asked me to call again; and I would have called again, but for the life of me I could not find the time; and now there is a sea rolling between us three or four thousand miles broad.

But let me tell you what information I got from him. You must understand that there are Savings' Banks all over the country, but it will not do for me to attempt to describe them all. I will only describe the Savings' Bank in Moorfields, which is quite independent of all others, and that will be quite enough.

This Bank was established to receive such small sums as different people, especially servants, could save; and to lay them out, if required, in government securities, so that a sum might thus be gradually acquired against a

time of need, or provision made for infirmity and old age. Mind this, that the bank is under the protection of the government, so that the money is as safe as if it were in the Bank of England.

One principal reason why servants and others have not been accustomed to save money is, because they could not lay by a small sum in their own boxes, or leave it in the hands of their employers, without running for it when ever a temptation to spend it came in their way; but when once the money is in the Savings' Bank, it is pretty safe.

A week or a fortnight's notice must be given before taking the money out; therefore, if a pedlar come to the door with ribands ever so fine, or gilt earrings ever so cheap, when Sally's money is in the bank she cannot lay it out in finery.

Servants, or children, or other people, may pay into the bank a sum as small as a shilling at a time, and when it comes up to a pound, about three per cent. of yearly interest will be allowed upon it. Many people have the money they save laid out in an annuity, so that they receive at a certain age so much every year for their lives. How much better this is than receiving money from the parish, or even being supported in old age by friends!

No one can put into the bank more than thirty pounds.

in one year, nor pay into it, altogether, more than a hundred and fifty pounds.

When once a person begins to save, it soon becomes a habit; and shilling to shilling, and pound to pound, are added faster than you would imagine.

You begin to know a little about Savings' Banks now, but I have a great deal to tell you yet.

Let me explain to you how it is that the business is carried on, for you must know, that not one of the managers of the bank receives the least benefit from the money paid in, either directly or indirectly.

The money paid into the bank is received by government, which allows somewhat more interest for it than the bank does, so that the difference is sufficient to provide for all the expense of the institution. Is that quite clear to you?

The bank is managed by very substantial and respectable people, one of whom always attends when money is to be paid, or received; and the treasurer, actuary, cashier, and other officers employed, give good security to the Clerk of the Peace for their uprightness and fidelity.

Some people say, that the trustees are all personally liable for the acts of others, as well as their own; the

rules of the bank say not, but if the trustees see that the officers of the bank give proper security, how is it possible for them to suffer loss? If I were rich, and in a suitable situation of life, I would willingly be either a trustee or the president of a Savings' Bank to-morrow.

When a person takes money to the bank, he tells his name, his business, and the place where he lives, and signs a declaration, that he has no interest in the funds of any other Savings' Bank. The money is then entered in a book while he is there, and he receives a book for himself too, wherein it is entered. This last book he must always take with him to the bank, when he puts in money, or draws it out. The money paid in may be taken out again at any time, on giving a week's notice on a Wednesday.

Peter Parley is of opinion, that well-conducted Savings Banks are capital things; he therefore asked many questions about them.

In looking over the accounts I saw, that since the bank first opened in the year 1816, till 1856 there had been more than seven millions of money paid in; and more than six millions drawn out again, leaving, at that time, near half a million in hand. You see that the business of this Savings' Bank is conducted on a large scale.

Any person wishing information, may receive it on applying at the bank on a Friday. I came out of the establishment a much wiser man than I went in.

Many an honest man-servant has been able to assist a sick father, out of the money laid up in the bank by little and little at a time; and many a tidy, industrious, and dutiful maid-servant has, by her little savings, smoothed the death-bed of an afflicted mother. These things tell much to their credit.

Young people too, by laying up small sums in the bank, instead of spending them on trifles, have been able to purchase what has been of great use to them.

If the drunkard and the spendthrift would run to the bank with their money, instead of tossing it down their throats in the shape of gin, rum, and brandy, or squandering it away in hours of folly, it would be better for them and their families.

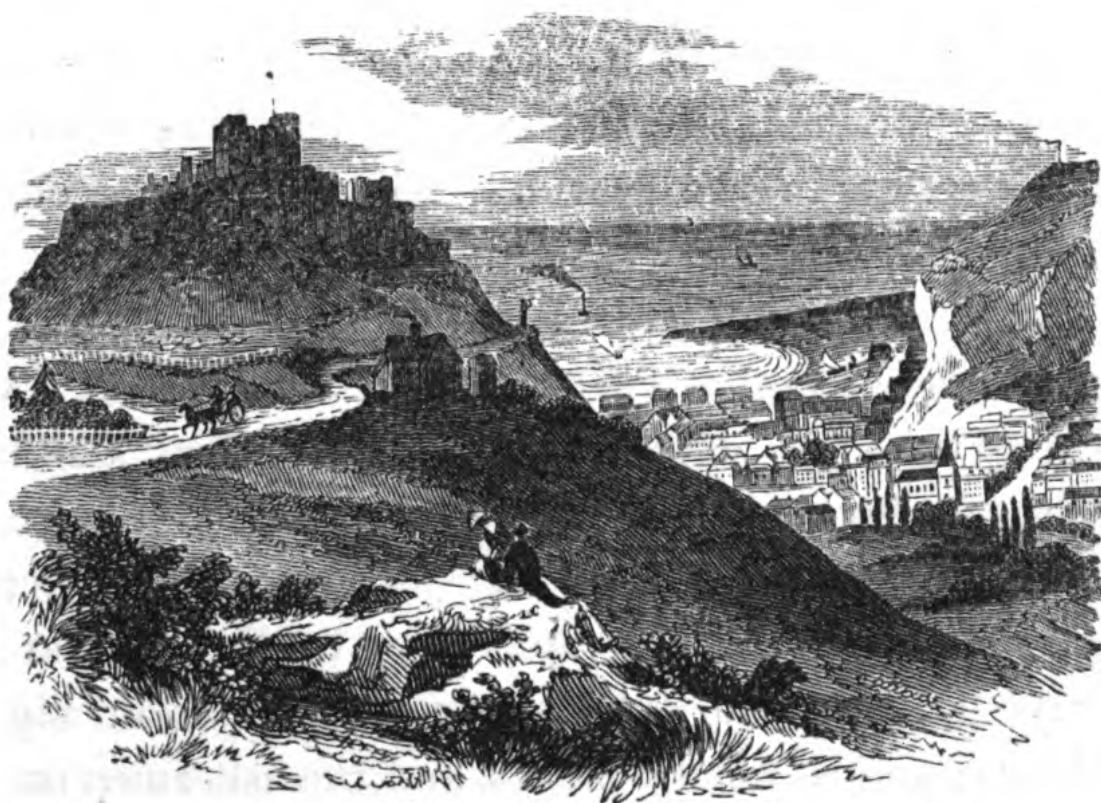
Think of the difference there is between one man who is in debt, without a farthing to pay it with, and another who owes nothing, and has money in the Savings' Bank, with government security; why, the one creeps along in fear of his own shadow, and the other holds up his head before the whole world.

I could have stopped in London a month longer, and found good entertainment, but that would not have been

wise, having so many other places to see. So I made up my mind to leave London for a while, and pay a visit to some other places in Old England. I shall, therefore, next relate to you, my young friends, some of my travels in the southern parts of that wonderful country.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PARLEY SPEAKS OF DOVER CASTLE, AND CROSSES SALISBURY PLAIN. TELLS ABOUT THE SHEPHERDS. STONEHENGE. DRUIDS. CORNWALL. ROCKING STONE. TIN MINES. COPPER MINES. DIVINING ROD.



DOVER CASTLE.

AFTER leaving London, I proceeded in a south-westerly direction, for I thought it would never do, if I did not see the mines of Cornwall. One of my fellow-passengers

was a man dressed in a thick shaggy coat, who appeared by his conversation to have been in every county in England. He told me that he had just come up to London from Dover, and was going then to Salisbury.

I listened while he gave an account of Dover Castle to a young man who sat beside me. "Dover Castle," said he, "is worth going a hundred miles to see. It is very large, and stands upon a high rock, rugged and steep as it can well be. This rock on the sea side of it, rises up to an extraordinary height. At one time Dover Castle was so well fortified, that it was considered the strongest old fortification in the world. Altogether it occupies about thirty-five acres of ground. To stand upon the high crag, and look down at the ships, so far below, requires a steady head. The last time I was there, I was obliged to quit the edge of the rock, for all of a sudden a dizziness came over me, and I seemed to be turning round like a pegtop. You may judge of the effect of being on such elevated ground, when I tell you that the ships lying in the harbour below me seemed no bigger than boats; and as for the sailors, and the fishermen on the beach, they were like so many rats and mice. There are several curiosities to be seen there, and one is a brass cannon. They call this Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol. I don't know, for my part, what sort of pockets Queen

Bess used to wear, but they must have been somewhat large, if ever that brass gun was in them, for it is two-and-twenty feet long if it is an inch." I was amused, and so was the young man, with this account.

I may mention that Dover is a very ancient place, and it was considered by the Romans, and not without justice, as "the lock and key of the whole realm." In consequence of its connection with the South-Eastern line of railways, it has increased in importance and prosperity. It is to be made the Harbour of Refuge, under government, a national undertaking which will enclose a space about a mile in length, to the east of the present harbour, which will then be converted into floating docks. Dover is the best medium of communication between England and France; and an electric telegraph conveys instantaneous messages between the two countries. The next thing will surely be a tunnel under the straits, by which passengers may escape the dangers of storms at sea.

We continued our journey till, at last, we crossed a very extensive tract of barren country, called Salisbury Plain. It is perfectly destitute of trees, and, as far as the eye can reach, exhibits a succession of waving hills, covered with low grass, which affords pasturage to large flocks of sheep. These are attended by shepherds, who spend the whole day in taking care of them. They are

assisted by dogs, who are very active, and know almost as much about taking care of the sheep, as the shepherd does themselves.

There are no towns or buildings upon this great plain except the cottages of the shepherds, which are made of rough stones, and thatched with straw. You would expect to find nothing but poverty in such houses, but if you were to enter one of them, you would see bright faced happy children, and a general appearance of comfort and contentment.

The shepherd's life is sometimes a toilsome one, for the weather is often severe, and the care of his flock requires that he should be exposed to it. But yet, his days are spent in peace, and he is, usually, able to supply the wants of his family. In all ages and in all countries, the shepherd's life has been considered an emblem of peace and contentment; and the condition of the sheep under a good shepherd, the most enviable one in the world. Hence, one sung of old, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;" and He who spake as never man spake said, "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

In one part of Salisbury Plain there is a curious monument of antiquity, which is known by the name of Stonehenge. It consists of a number of immense stones

set upright, with others laid across on the top. Some of these are nearly thirty feet in length, and of enormous weight. They must have been brought from a great dis-



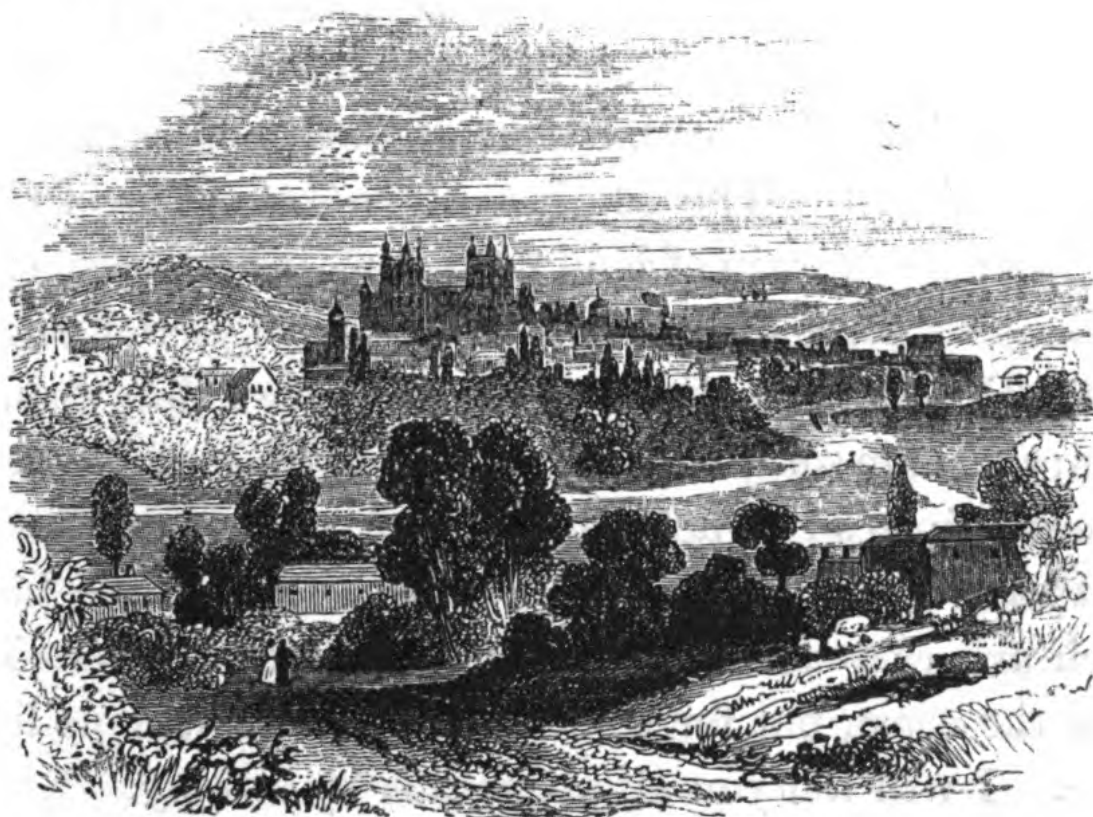
STONEHENGE.

tance, as there is no stone of the same kind within many miles; and the labour of bringing such huge blocks, and placing them in the required situation, must have been prodigious. Many of the stones have fallen from their original positions, and others have entirely disappeared, but from those that remain, they appear to have been arranged in circles, one within the other.

The whole work was enclosed by a double ditch, and had three entrances. There are great differences of opinion as to the origin and use of this structure, but many persons suppose it to have been a temple, in which the Druids performed their religious ceremonies.

The Druids were the priests of the ancient Britons, and they exercised the offices of physicians and magistrates. They wore very long garments, and a golden ornament round the neck, called the Druid's egg: they also wore bracelets, and gold chains round their necks, and generally carried a wand in their hands. They cut their hair short but let their beards grow remarkably long. The Druids had one chief, or Arch-druid, chosen from among themselves, who had an absolute authority over all the rest and commanded, and punished at pleasure. When one Arch-druid died, another was chosen in his place, and continued in office for the rest of his life. The Druids were held in great veneration by the rest of the people and were accustomed to settle most of their disputes; if any one disobeyed their commands, they excommunicated him: this indeed was their principal punishment, and it consisted in excluding the criminal from all public assemblies, and from holding any office in the state; and everybody avoided him, not daring even to speak to him or give him any food, for fear of being polluted. The Druids

taught the people to worship the sun, moon, and stars, and sacrificed animals, and even human beings, to them. Other remains, similar to those of Stonehenge, are found in different parts of the country.



EXETER.

After crossing Salisbury Plain, the road led through several towns and villages, and among the most beautiful scenery, till we came to Exeter, the chief city in Devonshire. Here I stopped one day, to visit the ancient cathedral, the organ of which is said to be one of the finest in England.

Leaving Exeter, I proceeded on my journey, till I reached Cornwall. This is the most south-westerly county of Eng-

land, and is about ninety miles in length, varying in breadth from forty-two to fifteen miles. Truro, the largest town in Cornwall, has about eleven thousand inhabitants; and Exeter, in the next county, has about forty-one thousand.

The greater part of Cornwall is barren and rocky; its chief wealth consisting in its mines which are principally of copper, and tin; but lead, silver, and other minerals, have also been found. The south-western extremity of Cornwall is a narrow strip of land projecting into the sea, called the Land's End, and the whole coast is rocky, and dangerous for ships. Sometimes a storm throws a ship upon the rocks; and I am sorry to say, that many of the inhabitants of the coast, instead of helping the poor sailors, subsist in a great measure by plundering the wrecks, and the bodies which are cast ashore: these men are called wreckers.

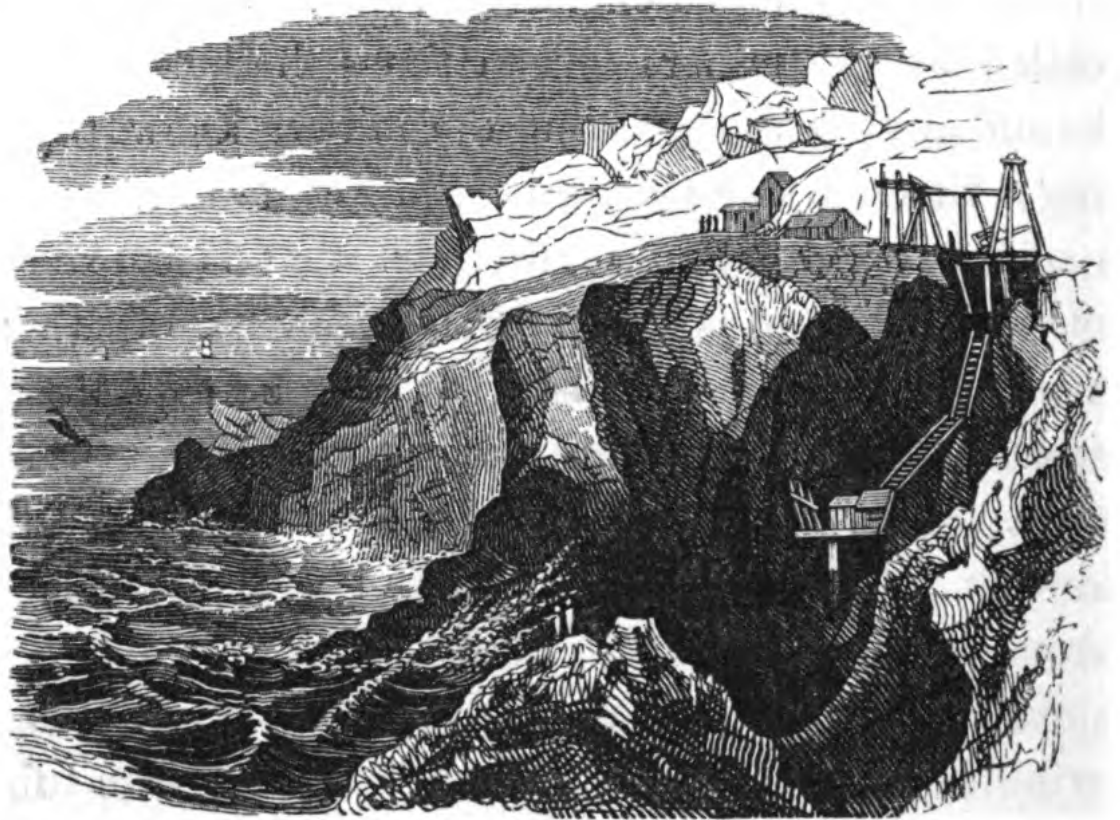
On the coast, not far from the shore, is a famous lighthouse. I will tell you all about this by and by.

In one part of Cornwall, near the Land's End, there is a curious stone called the logan, or rocking stone, weighing about 100 tons, which is so nicely balanced, that a very slight effort will move it backwards and forwards, while the greatest exertion will not displace it. There are several stones of this kind in Great Britain, some of which are natural, and others artificial; the latter are supposed to be monuments raised by the Druids.

The principal mines of Cornwall are those of tin. The descent into these is by shafts, or pits resembling wells, which are often six or seven hundred feet deep. The mines then proceed in a horizontal direction, following the course of the metal, which lies in veins, or *lodes* as they are called by the miners. Sometimes the lode suddenly breaks off and disappears, but the miners know that by digging a little on one side, they shall come to a continuation of it corresponding to the part that is broken off. Sometimes the metal is found in large masses, of as much as twenty pounds weight; and it is obtained either by blasting the rocks with gunpowder, or by digging it out with pickaxes. There are many springs in the mines, and they would soon be flooded, but the water is either carried off by drains, or pumped out by steam-engines. When the tin is obtained, it is taken up one of the shafts, by means of a windlass, like that used in a well, and a large tub or bucket; and the men descend in the same manner.

There is a tin mine in one part of Cornwall which has been carried even under the bed of the ocean, and the sound of the waves beating over head is so plainly heard there, that the miners themselves sometimes run away, expecting the sea to break in upon them through the roof. There are no tin mines of equal consequence, with those of England, in any part of the world; and this metal was

an article of trade between England and other nations long before the country was conquered by the Romans. In 1849, about 10,000 tons of tin were annually produced in Cornwall.



ENTRANCE TO THE BOTALLACK COPPER MINE.

There are, also, several important copper and lead mines in Cornwall, some of which are one thousand two hundred feet in depth, and extend horizontally for miles underground.

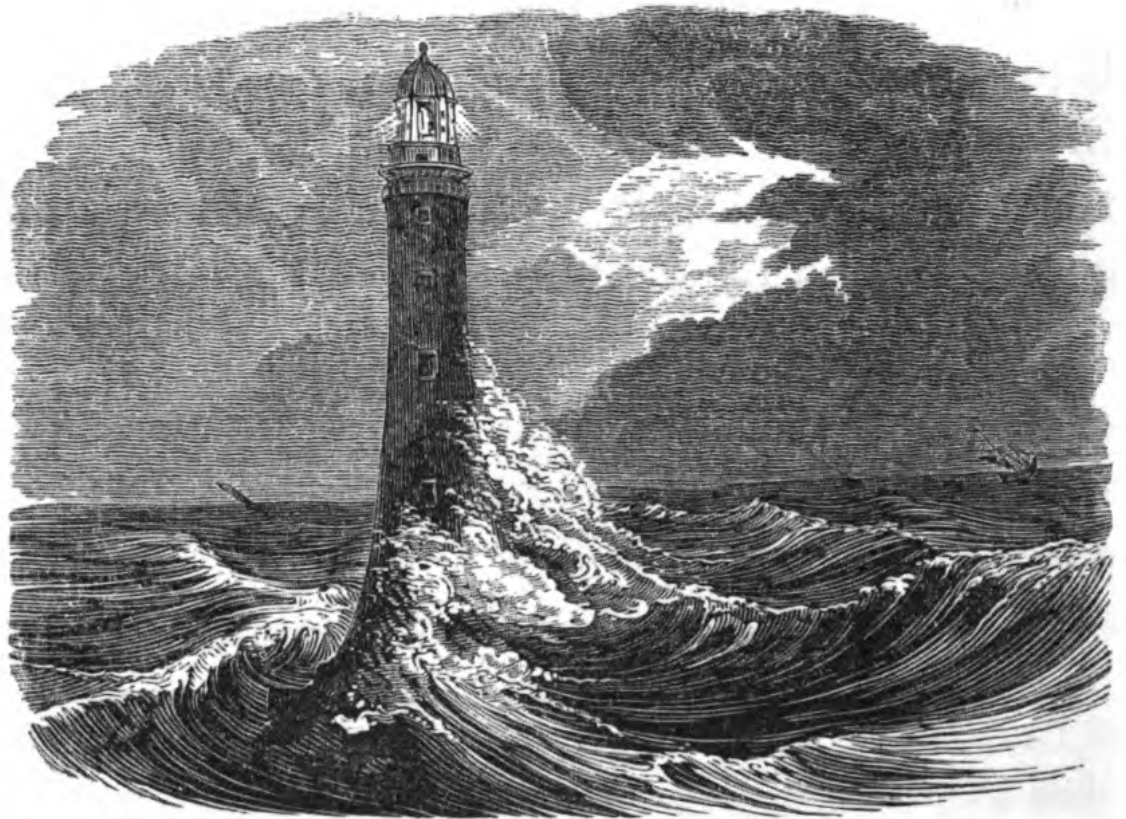
In 1850, the annual produce of the copper mines was upwards of 12,000 tons, valued at about £840,000. I

1849, the annual produce of lead in Cornwall was upwards of 10,300 tons.

The Botallack mine is very remarkable. Many steam-engines are employed, some in bringing up the ore, and others in pumping out the water to drain the mines. Did you ever hear of the divining rod? Perhaps not, but it is of no consequence, for what is said of it is not true. The divining rod is a slender hazel wand, and many people believe that if it be held in a certain position, while certain words are spoken, and certain ceremonies are performed, it will bend down towards the earth, wherever there is any metal beneath the surface. If I were a miner, I would never depend upon the divining rod.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PARLEY TELLS ALL ABOUT THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE
AND ABOUT GAS. MEETS AN OLD FRIEND. PLYMOUTH
BREAKWATER. ARRIVES AT NORTH SHIELDS.



EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

I SAID that I would tell you about the Eddystone Light-
house, but perhaps you may not know exactly the use of
a lighthouse. It is a high building, like a tower, bu

narrower at the top than the bottom. It is most commonly built on a rock, and when the tide covers the rock, the lighthouse looks as though it stood in the ocean. In the top part of it is a lantern, with a very strong light in it, which is reflected by mirrors, so that it may be seen a long way off at sea. The use of the lighthouse is to point out to sailors that dangerous rocks lie hidden in the sea where it stands; for there are many rocks only just covered with the water, and if the lighthouse did not warn the ships off these rocks, they would, in dark nights, be dashed to pieces against them. Here is a picture of a LIGHTHOUSE, and the waves dashing against it.

Now you know what a lighthouse is, and what it is built for; I will now tell you about Eddystone Lighthouse. The rocks on which it stands are very dangerous; they lie in the English Channel, about fourteen miles from Plymouth Sound; and all the heavy waves that roll along from the Bay of Biscay, and the Atlantic Ocean, break upon them. Many a good ship, that rode bravely on the watery deep, formerly went to the bottom, after striking on the Eddystone rocks. At last it was determined to build a lighthouse on these rocks, to prevent the terrible shipwrecks that took place. This was right, was it not? The lighthouse was begun by one Winstanley, in the year 1696, but it took four long years to finish it, and hard

work too. Winstanley wished to be in the lighthouse in the heaviest storm that ever blew, believing that neither winds nor waves would ever stir a single stone. Poor fellow, he was there one night in the year 1703, during a dreadful hurricane. That was a sad night for Winstanley for when morning came neither he, nor the lantern, nor the lighthouse were to be seen! all were clean swept away but a few of the strong irons that fastened the stones to the rocks.

No doubt you are sorry for poor Winstanley, and dare say you wonder what the people did without a lighthouse. I will tell you. In 1709, a wooden one was built by a silk-mercator of London, whose name was Rudyard. It was rather an odd thing that a silk-mercator should build a lighthouse; and you think, perhaps, that soon came tumbling down again, but you are mistaken. It stood for forty-six years, and had it not been destroyed by fire, for aught I know, it might be standing now. After this, another wooden one was built, which was likewise burned down.

These things were enough to make people tired of building lighthouses; but the English are very persevering in what they undertake; so, soon after the last was destroyed, a celebrated engineer called Smeaton built another of stone, something like the shape of the stem

a large oak tree, which grows tapering at the highest part. It has four rooms, one above another, with a gallery and lantern at the top. Smeaton's lighthouse is still standing. It is nearly eighty feet high.

Gas light, you know, is much stronger than the common light which is given by a candle or an oil lamp. It is usually made by burning broken coal in air-tight vessels or ovens. Gas works are carried on in a very large way in England. I remember the time when London was lighted up with dingy lamps; now its public places, its squares, and streets, are blazing every night with gas: the discovery of gas was a capital thing.

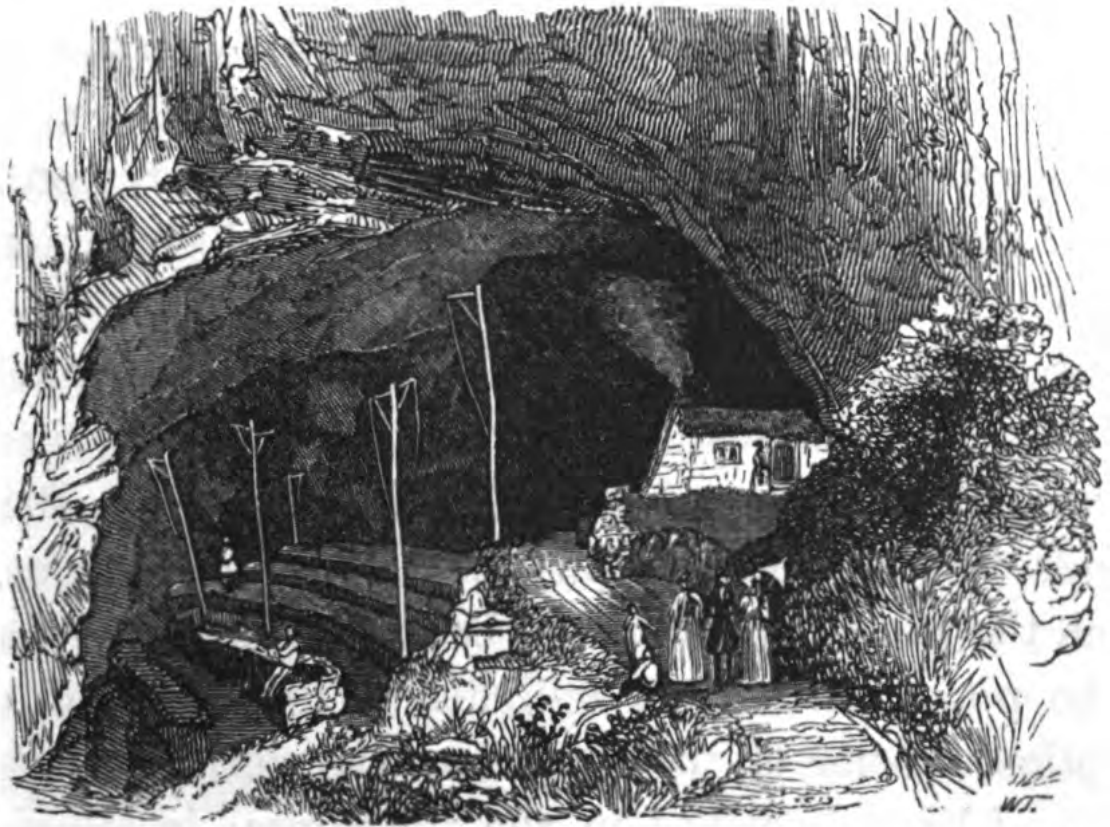
In Cornwall I met with an old messmate, who had been at sea with me many years ago. I told him what I had seen of England.—“Oh,” said he, “you must not think of leaving, till you have seen the coal mines of Newcastle. I am going to Shields in a vessel of my own; I will give you a passage, and we can talk of old times as we sail along the Channel.”

I was too much pleased to refuse, so we got aboard at Torbay, and sailed along the British Channel. As we passed the different places of note, he pointed them out to me. “I cannot show you the Plymouth Breakwater,” said he, “because that is astern, but all that is ahead of us you shall know.” The breakwater is a noble work and a capital defence against the raging billows.

As we passed by the Isle of Wight, and Portsmouth, and Brighton, and Beachy Head, he described them all, which made it very pleasant. When we had passed Dover, and the South Foreland, the wind was not so favourable, but we held on our course. Harwich, and Yarmouth, and Flamborough Head, were passed in succession, as well as Scarborough, Whitby, and Sunderland, and at last we landed at North Shields. Here my friend and I parted.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PARLEY DESCRIBES THE COAL MINES AT NEWCASTLE.
AT WHITEHAVEN. CHOKE DAMP. FIRE DAMP.
SAFETY LAMP. IRON MINES. MINERAL SPRINGS.
DROPPING WELL. PETRIFYING SPRINGS. BURNING
SPRING. PEAK CAVERN.



THE PEAK CAVERN.

THE consumption of coal in England, is very great;

much greater than in many other countries, where wood is the principal fuel used; for, besides warming most of the houses, it is used in the immense furnaces for melting iron, glass, &c.; so that if the supply were not very large, it would soon be exhausted. But, happily, no part of the world seems better supplied with coal than England; in various parts of the country there are inexhaustible mines of it, and thousands of people are constantly employed in digging it out. Among the most celebrated coal mines are those of Newcastle, a large town in the north of England, situated on the river Tyne, and not far from the sea. This town, with Gateshead on the opposite side of the river, contains about one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants. There are about twenty workable coal mines in this neighbourhood, some of which are six or seven hundred feet deep, and the quantity of coal obtained from them is enormous. The annual produce of coal in the British Islands is estimated at thirty-five millions of tons, of which the value is reckoned to be nine millions of pounds at the pit, and eighteen millions at the place of consumption. Some of the coal mines are worked by shafts such as I have described in the tin mines; in others the descent is slanting, and the coal is drawn out upon little waggons, pulled by horses or men. I put on a collier's

hat and flannel jacket, and went down several of the pits, to learn all about them. A curious figure I cut, I assure you.

The miners dig out the coal with picks, leaving here and there huge masses untouched, for pillars to support the roof. The inside of a coal mine presents a busy and curious scene; the long rows of black pillars, forming streets, some of them wide enough to admit carts; the miners at work, digging out the coal with their picks by candle-light; the rumbling waggons that convey the coal from place to place; all seem more like an under-ground town than anything else.

There is a coal mine near Whitehaven, in Cumberland, which is said to extend twenty miles under ground in various directions, both under the sea, and under the town itself; so that there is some fear of the latter falling in, some houses having, already, given way.

The miners have many difficulties to overcome. Sometimes, while one is quietly working, a single stroke of the pick will let in a torrent of water, and force them all to fly for their lives. All the mines are, more or less, troubled with water, which has to be pumped out by steam engines. Besides this, the nature of coal is such, that it produces two different gases or airs, both of which are destructive to human life. One of these gases

is called the choke-damp or carbonic acid gas; it is the heaviest kind of air known; it can be poured out of a vessel like water; it puts out candles, and if breathed, produces suffocation; it is also found in old wells, and similar places, where there is not a free current of air. The other gas, called hydrogen gas, which is still more dangerous, is called the firedamp; and when a light is brought to it, it catches fire, and explodes like gunpowder, destroying all within its reach. To prevent this, a lamp, called the Safety Lamp, was invented by Sir Humphry Davy, surrounded with fine wire gauze, through which the gas cannot pass, and the miners may thus work in safety, unless a mixture of pure hydrogen and atmospheric air takes place.

The mines of Cumberland, especially the lead mines, were visited by me, as well as the beautiful lakes. I went also into Yorkshire: you must be told of the Dropping Well there. This is a curious spring, near Knaresborough, in which the water trickles very fast, in thirty or forty places, over the edge of a rock. This water has the power of petrifying the things upon which it falls, that is, of apparently turning them into stone. This is effected in the following manner: the water contains particles of stone, so small as to be invisible; these particles are deposited by the water upon the

substance on which it falls, and form an incrustation over it, which gives it the appearance of being turned to stone. Here are to be seen birds' nests, baskets of eggs, and even old wigs, and other objects, which have been petrified in this manner. There are several other petrifying springs in different parts of England, the most famous of which are at Matlock, in Derbyshire.

In one part of Lancashire there is another very curious spring, the water of which takes fire and burns like oil, on a lighted candle being applied to its surface. There is a great deal of coal in the neighbourhood of this spring, and it is supposed that the flame is caused by the same gas, which, under the name of fire-damp, occasions such dreadful explosions in coal mines.

There are, in different parts of England, several very wonderful natural caverns, of which I can only notice one of the most remarkable, called the PEAK CAVERN. This is situated near the village of Castleton, in Derbyshire. On entering, the visitor finds himself in a grand and spacious chamber of rock, about forty feet high, and one hundred and twenty feet wide. After penetrating about ninety feet into the cavern, the roof becomes lower, and the daylight gradually disappearing, the visitor is provided with a light. Proceeding along a low, narrow passage, and crossing a small piece of water in a boat, he enters an

immense hollow, two hundred feet in breadth, and in some places one hundred and twenty feet high; but from the want of light, neither the distant sides nor the roof can be seen. Beyond this there is a succession of caverns and passages till the cavern terminates, or, at least, becomes no longer passable, at the distance of nearly half a mile from the entrance.

I have a very great delight, as I travel along, in admiring fine scenery: a high mountain, a wide lake, a wood, a cottage, and a running brook. Before now, I have gazed around me in the midst of scenery that has brought tears of gladness into my eyes, and made my heart beat with thankfulness to the bountiful Creator of all, who has clothed the world with beauty. Though England is not large, it seems to me to have in it almost all the beautiful variety of scenery that is to be found in larger countries.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PARLEY TELLS OF ENGLISH CUSTOMS. CHRISTMAS.
TWELFTH NIGHT. VALENTINE'S DAY. SHROVE TUESDAY.
APRIL FOOL DAY. GOOD FRIDAY. EASTER MONDAY
AND TUESDAY. MAY DAY. LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

I WAS always fond of knowing the different customs of different countries, and have been accustomed to make every inquiry about them: I will tell you of a few that are observed in England. Christmas, the 25th of December every year, is a merry time there; friends meet, who seldom see each other, and good cheer and smiling faces abound; and, for days and weeks before and after new year's day, friends and relations assemble at each other's houses in many a pleasant family group. Among the rich, gay parties are formed; and among the poor, sons and daughters trudge miles upon miles from their places of service, in order to see their aged parents. Roast beef and plum-pudding is the old fashioned Christmas dinner, and many people would scarcely think Christmas was really come, if they did not make mince pies for the occasion. Mince pie is generally made of boiled beef,

suet, raisins, currants, and apples, chopped up together with candied lemon peel, sugar, nutmeg, cloves, and cinnamon. Some brandy is poured in, and then the whole is baked in a rich paste. Almost every one who calls in, is asked to eat a mince pie, and some people amuse themselves in telling you that you will have just as many happy months in the year, as you eat different sorts of mince pie. At night all get round the fire, the brown jug is filled to the very brim, pipes and tobacco are laid on the table, and many a tale is repeated that has been told twenty years ago.

Twelfth day is the twelfth day after Christmas day, and used to be kept as a feast more than it is now. The custom of making merry with twelfth cakes is derived from the feasts of Saturn, called Saturnalia. It was a sacrifice to Janus, a god of the Romans, from whom the month of January takes its name. The Roman conquerors introduced this practice into Britain; it was celebrated by them in December. The utmost liberty prevailed at that time; all was mirth and festivity: friends made presents to each other; schools were closed; the senate did not sit; no war was proclaimed; no criminal was executed; slaves were permitted to jest with their masters, and were even waited on at table by them. Such were the practices of the heathen!

In the towns of England, the confectioners pile up their windows with rich cakes, covered over with iced sugar; these cakes are ornamented with figures, flowers, and fruit, and one, generally, is bought to put before the parties invited to spend the day. Pictures of different characters are drawn on paper, such as kings, queens, soldiers, sailors, milkmaids, farmers, and so on, and the young people draw for them. Whatever character any one draws, he or she must act the part of that character till the party breaks up; this occasions a great deal of diversion. Thus a vast quantity of cake is annually consumed on the 6th of January, and all the juvenile branches of families are supposed to derive much pleasure and gratification from the ceremony of choosing king and queen; but, indeed, persons of all ages join in the sport; for—

“Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs.”

In the country they fill up what they call the wassail bowl, and sometimes light twelve bonfires. Wassail is a liquor made of apples, sugar, and ale. When a man is called a wassailer, it means that he is a drunkard. You may think these odd customs, but we have customs odd enough here at Boston.

On Valentine's Day, the 14th of February every year, young persons amuse themselves in choosing valentines for their friends or particular friends for the year. This is done by sending letters to one another, generally in verse, with a drawing; many of these are very nonsensical. It is about this time of the year that birds choose their mates, and the custom of choosing valentines may have arisen from this circumstance; or it may have sprung from the popish custom of choosing patron saints on St. Valentine's day: I cannot tell which.

Shrove Tuesday is the day before Lent. It is called Shrove Tuesday, because, in old times, the people used to shrove, or confess their sins to the priests, on that day, that they might keep Lent more strictly. On this day there is a custom with the people to eat pancakes and fritters. Pancakes are made of flour, eggs, and milk, and are so called because they are fried in a pan over the fire.

April Fool Day, the first of the month, may, perhaps, be kept up for many years to come, but I never could find out what was the origin of the custom practised on that day. I have heard that prayers used to be offered up on that day for all persons of weak understanding, such as lunatics, and silly people, and perhaps it was the case. Among the Romans, it is said that the idiots had the annual holiday on the first of April; and that the

children were encouraged to make them objects of derision, by sending them on needless errands and the like, hoping thus to make them desirous of education, lest they should also become objects of contempt. The end, however, did not sanctify the means, which cannot be approved of.

No sooner, it appears, do young persons, and many grown people too, rise up in the morning, on the first day of April, than they begin to put some joke or other upon those around them, sending them on fruitless errands, or calling them to look at something, when there is nothing to look at. There is a custom much like it in France; but whether it be practised by the French or English, I think it equally silly and improper.

On Good Friday, a moveable fast of the Church of England, held in commemoration of the day on which the Saviour is supposed to have suffered, buns, made rather sweet, with caraway seeds in them, are much eaten: they are marked with a cross, no doubt in remembrance of the cross of Calvary, and as they are usually eaten hot, so they are called hot cross buns. Thousands upon thousands of them are sold and eaten on Good Friday. The festival which Christ himself appointed in remembrance of his sufferings and death, is the Lord's Day.

In some parts of England, it is no very pleasant thing

to go abroad on Easter Monday, and Easter Tuesday the two days after Easter Sunday, which is a moveable feast held in commemoration of Christ's resurrection from the dead, owing to a strange custom called heaving, which I will tell you of. Among the lower class of people, the men heave the women, and the women heave the men from the ground, by putting their arms round their waists. If a well-dressed person passes by, he will be perhaps surrounded by a dozen dirty, ill-dressed women, who insist on heaving him if he does not give them money. No sooner has he bought himself off from one party, than he is liable to be directly surrounded by another. Is not this a strange custom?

May Day the first day of the month, and of summer according to popular notions, is one of the liveliest of the year, for great numbers walk abroad, early in the morning, while the sun is shining and the lark singing, to go a maying, as it is called, that is, to gather May flowers. They generally bring home a sprig, and many bring a bough of the hawthorn in blossom. In country places, too, a tall Maypole is set up, adorned with garlands of flowers, for the village people to dance round. London in olden times abounded with Maypoles, which were called shafts. A shaft or Maypole was kept in the vicinity of the church of St. Andrew, Undershaft, in an alley called Shaft Alley; and on the first of May it was

brought out, dressed with flowers and birds' eggs, and reared up close to the church, amid the shouts and rejoicings of the onlookers. Washington Irving describes his delight on first seeing a Maypole in the city of Chester. He says, "I had been carried back into former days by the antiquities of that venerable place; the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black letter volume, or gazing on the pictures of Froissart. The Maypole on the margin of that poetic stream (the Dee) completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May Day. The mere sight of this Maypole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plains of Cheshire, and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from among swelling hills down a long green valley, through which 'the Beva wound its wizard stream,' my imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia. One can readily imagine what a gay scene it must have been in jolly old London, when the doors were decorated with flowering branches, when every hat was decked with hawthorn; and Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the Morris dancers, and all the other fantastic masks, and revellers, were performing their antics about the Maypole in every part of the city."

The gayest scene of all on May Day now, is, perhaps, that of the dancing chimney-sweepers. Go where you will, in towns, you are sure to meet them. There is a tale told about a great family having had a child kidnapped, who was afterwards sent to sweep a chimney at the house of his parents; notwithstanding his black face, his brush



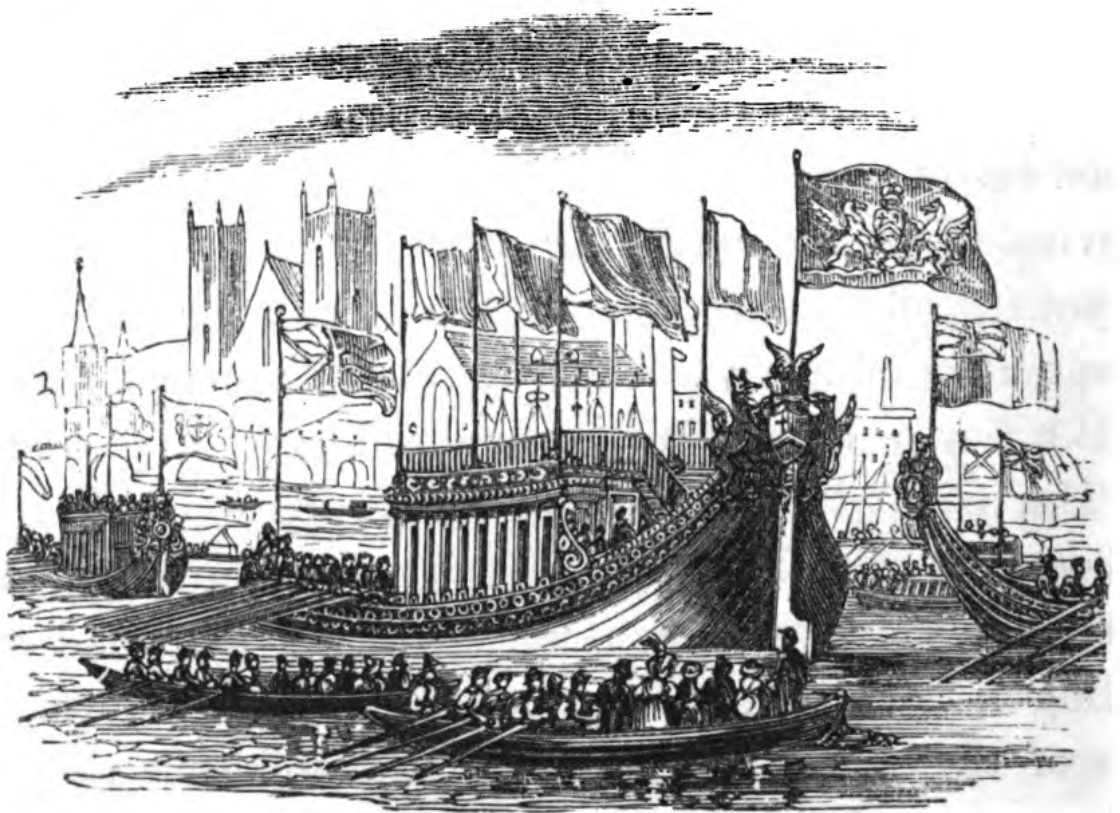
JACK IN THE GREEN.

and his soot-bag, he was discovered, and some say that it is in remembrance of this circumstance that chimney-sweepers dance on May Day. I, however, know nothing about the truth of the matter.

At an early hour on May Day, the different parties of chimney-sweepers set off to go round the neighbourhood, kicking up a strange clatter, and dancing at every house. All their faces are painted in an odd way, and their clothes are odder still. They are dressed up in strips of paper, and shreds of linen, of all the colours of the rainbow, with caps of the same kind on their heads. One carries a dust-pan and a brush, which he knocks together. Another shakes and rattles two hard dry bones between his fingers, and makes noise enough to be heard half a mile off. A third jingles a steel triangle. A fourth, dressed like a woman, has a salt-box and a wooden spoon; and what with the clattering of the spoon and the box lid, you hardly know how to bear the noise. But the oddest figure of all is what is called Jack in the Green; this is a boy or a man in the very middle of large boughs of laurel, who whirls round and round like a top. Well! all these keep hopping, and jumping, and turning round together, making as much noise as they can, and then handing a ladle with a long handle to the windows and doors of the houses for money. A round sum they get in the course of the day, I assure you, and glad enough are they at night, to get to bed after their hard day's dancing.

There is a gay day in London, called Lord Mayor's Day:

I will tell you why it is so called. On that day the lord mayor takes upon himself the honours and duties of his high situation. Off he sets in a grand barge, attended by the liveries of several of the city companies, to go to the barons at Westminster. Well! after being presented there, he takes the oaths of office. O, if you were to see the river Thames on that day, you would never forget it! There sail along the splendid barges, while the flags are



LORD MAYOR'S BARGES.

floating in the air; the music playing, and the people in boats, or crowding together on the bridges, waving their

hats and handkerchiefs, or shouting, just as they please. At Blackfriars' Bridge, the whole party leaves the water and gets again into the grand carriages, in order to dine at Guildhall. The sheriff's carriage is very grand, but the state carriage of the lord mayor is much grander. It appears as if it was made on purpose to be looked at. The panels are ornamented with costly paintings, and every other part of the carriage is decorated or gilt in the most magnificent manner. Fancy that you see this splendid carriage, and a great number of others with the richest liveries; the city companies in procession; men in armour on horseback, with bands of music, and flags flying; fancy these things, and that you see all London collected together, crushing, cramming, shouting, laughing, and squealing, and then you will be able to form some notion of the pageant of Lord Mayor's Day. The earliest Lord Mayor's pageant on record is that which took place on the occasion of the passage of King Henry III. and Eleanor of Provence through the city of Westminster in 1236.

I have told you some strange things about England, but there are stranger yet to come.

CHAPTER XXX.

PARLEY TELLS OF THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER. OF GUY
FAWKES, AND OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT. BEATING
THE BOUNDARY. WHITBY PENNY HEDGE.



A GUY.

OF all the nights in the year, the night of the fifth of November is, perhaps, one that is most rejoiced in by young people in England; but I must speak of the day

before the night. In almost every town, early in the morning, boys are heard laughing and huzzaing. Here a group is seen going one way, and there a party trudging another. Every party of boys has a figure called Guy Fawkes, dressed up in an odd fashion with a mask for a face. This figure is usually seated on a chair, and carried from house to house, the boys rapping at the doors and bidding the "good people remember, the fifth of November, for the gunpowder plot, should never be forgot." Thus they collect money, which enables them to buy fireworks to be let off at night at their bonfires. I will tell you who Guy Fawkes was, and all about the gunpowder plot, by and by.

People as they sit at breakfast, sipping their tea and coffee, and eating their hot rolls, and not remembering the day, are often surprised to see the figure of Guy Fawkes looking in at their windows, where it has been put by the boys lifting up the chair with the figure on it. Every time the party receives a penny, the boys set up a huzza and hurry off, carrying Guy Fawkes with them, to the next house.

All this is famous fun for the young rogues, but when night comes they have better fun still; I will tell you why.

Throughout the day, boys are employed going about in all directions to pick up sticks and wood, and to beg

coals to make their bonfires. On these occasions, they are often very mischievous, and think but little of breaking off branches of trees, pulling sticks out of the hedges, and running off, when they can, with an old rail or broken palisade.

All the fuel that they can get is heaped up to be ready and in the evening, look whichever way you will, smoke ascends, and flames burst forth from their bonfires.

When it gets dark, they begin to let off their fireworks and what with the smoke, the flame, and the sparks from the blazing wood, the report of guns and pistols, the squibs and the crackers hissing and bouncing around you and the huzzaing of the throng, it forms one of the liveliest scenes in the world. The figure of Guy Fawkes is sometimes put upon the flames and burnt. As the fire burns lower, some stand round it to warm themselves, some roast chestnuts or potatoes in the hot ashes; while others run about with blazing sticks, whirling them round and round in the air. At last, when the squibs and crackers are all let off, the chestnuts and potatoes roasted and eaten, and the fire is got quite low, the red ashes are kicked about, and the young people, by degrees walk away to their several homes.

The next thing that I shall tell you about, will be Guy Fawkes and the gunpowder plot. It is in remembrance

of the gunpowder plot that Guy Fawkes is carried about in the morning, and burnt at night in the bonfires that are made.

The gunpowder plot was one of the most shocking designs that ever entered into the mind of man, but it pleased God that it should not be executed.

I believe that all respectable catholics would set their faces against such doings as that, but there are cruel and bitter people of all religions. Well, some Roman Catholics in England, in the reign of King James the first, in 1605, formed a conspiracy to change the religion of the country, by setting aside the protestant faith and establishing popery in its place. How do you think they intended to do this? I will tell you.

Several of them got together and formed the plot of blowing up the parliament house with gunpowder, when the king, the queen, the king's eldest son, the nobles, and the members, were all present. This was what is called the gunpowder plot. Did you ever hear of anything more terrible?

One Catesby first thought of this plan, thinking it possible to place a sufficient quantity of gunpowder under the parliament house, to blow the whole up together. Great secrecy was observed, as you may suppose, and a house joining the parliament house was hired, that they

might bore a hole through it, under the other. The wall was three yards thick, but they got through it, one way or another, and then found that the parliament house had vaults under it, which contained a quantity of coal. These vaults were to let; so they hired them, and placed there, secretly, thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, which had been bought in Holland. Only think of thirty-six barrels! Why, it was almost enough, one would think, to blow up the half of London.

When the gunpowder was placed in the vaults, the barrels were covered over with coals and faggots, and as the door of the vaults was left open for people to go in and out, no one was likely to suspect the plot. Was not this a cunning contrivance? Cunning, however, as it was, it did not succeed; for it often pleases God to disappoint the cruel designs of wicked men. How much better it is to fear God, and keep his commandments than to run headlong to destruction by plotting evil against others!

Among the conspirators was one Sir Henry Percy, who, not liking to blow up a friend of his, Lord Mouteagle, with the rest, wrote him a letter to put him on his guard. I dare say you would like to know what he said in the letter. I will tell you; as near as I can remember, the words were these:

“My Lord, stay away from this parliament, for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of the times. And think not slightly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety. For though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they will receive a terrible blow, this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm, for the danger is passed as soon as you have burned this letter.”

Well, what do you think of the letter? Was it not enough to frighten Lord Mouteagle?

At first he thought it was only intended to alarm him, but afterwards he took it to Lord Salisbury, the secretary of state, who laid it before the king in council. The letter puzzled the council as much as it had puzzled Lord Mouteagle, and King James himself was the first to suspect that there was some plan to blow them up with gunpowder. The vaults under the parliament house were searched, and there they found, not only the barrels of gunpowder, but Guy Fawkes himself, one of the conspirators, wrapped up in a loose cloak, with boots on, and a dark lantern in his hand. Thus was the plot discovered, and that dreadful explosion prevented, which would not only have destroyed the king, the lords,

and the commons, but also have plunged the nation into confusion, and perhaps into a civil war. Did you ever hear of a plot half so terrible as the gunpowder plot, and are you not heartily glad that it was found out before Guy Fawkes set fire to the train of gunpowder?

The custom of Beating the Boundaries which I witnessed is a very ancient one. I made some inquiry about it. In all parishes, on a certain season, the churchwardens, or some persons of authority, go round their several districts to mark the boundary of the parish, carrying boughs, switches, or wands in their hands: with these they beat about all round the limits, so that there is but little danger of the parish boundary being forgotten, and the more so as a crowd of the parishioners, especially young people, usually attend them.

The custom is looked upon as a kind of holiday, and the persons who go round frequently indulge in pranks of different kinds. They will pull off the hat of any person they meet, and skim it into a pond, or over a garden wall, and not unfrequently, people are laid hold of and pitched into the brook, or river, forming a part of the boundary. This is done, they say, that the persons thus served may remember what the real boundary of the parish is. In going round the district it is necessary that some one should go, as near as possible, along the place where the

boundary happens to be, so that if the line crosses a brook, he wades through the brook. In some cases they are so careful as to go between the fork of a tree, if the tree be on the exact line. This old custom has no doubt been very useful in preventing disputes between adjoining parishes.



BEATING THE BOUNDS.

The charity children of the different parish schools throughout London, attended by beadles and parish officers, go their rounds on Holy Thursday. Sometimes one party meets another, and then they stand for every

inch of ground in their different boundaries. The custom of flogging a boy at each boundary was, no doubt, intended to impress on the boy's mind the boundary line, while the stripes afflicted his body. What say you? Should any of you like to be the boy flogged on this occasion? I dare say not, until I tell you how the flogging is now managed. It is not done with a birch rod, nor a whip nor a switch, but with a small bunch of silk of different colors; and this, after a few stripes, is given to the boy. Oh! oh! I see now, that you are all willing to be flogged on Holy Thursday, with such a rod as this, especially when you get it afterwards for your pains. You will not forget the odd custom of beating the boundaries.

There is at Whitby in Yorkshire, an odd custom observed on Ascension Day, of building an hedge in the sea sands called the Penny Hedge; you will wonder what it could arise from. I will explain it to you; as I asked a great many questions about it.

Many years ago two persons of property and distinction were out hunting a wild boar, a sport attended with some danger, though followed with much ardour. Well! the boar, finding himself hardly pressed by the dogs and men, made for the Hermitage of Eskdaleside, but no sooner did the poor animal get into his place of refuge than he fell down dead.

The hermit of Eskdaleside had closed the door, but the hunters were so enraged by this that they broke it open, and so unmercifully beat the poor old man that he died soon after. This was a very cruel and inhuman act, and the abbot of Whitby, who attended the hermit when he died, was determined to make them undergo a penance of some kind for it. He, therefore, gave command that, every Ascension Day, they should go into his woods, while his bailiff went before them blowing a horn, and crying out every now and then, "Out on you!" And that with a knife, not worth more than a penny, they should cut a certain number of stakes and stowers. You will guess what these were for. They were to be taken to the seaside at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at low water mark in the harbour of Whitby, and there made into a hedge sufficiently strong to endure the washing of nine tides. If this was not done by them regularly, then they were to lose all their lands.

You may be sure that rather than be deprived of their property, they would go through the penance, and as their successors held their lands on the same tenure, so the custom was kept up by them.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT THE BABES IN THE WOOD. CHEVY CHASE. ROBIN HOOD. ROBINSON CRUSOE. SANDFORD AND MERTON. PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, AND PETER PARLEY'S TALES.



CRUSOE LOOKING AT THE FOOT-PRINT.

You will like to know a few of the works that the young people in England are fond of reading: I will tell you some of them, for I asked one who knew all about it. The fine ballad of the Babes in the Wood is read by all; the tale is so touching, and so tenderly told, that it wins its way to their young hearts. It is about two children

whose parents, on their death bed, leave them to the care of their uncle, who, instead of watching over them, gives them up to two ruffians that they may be murdered, in order that he may keep their money.

The ruffians, when they come to the wood, quarrel, because one wishes to kill, and the other to spare their lives. The villains fight, and one falls, after which the helpless children are left to themselves to wander in the wood, expecting the man to come back according to his promise. The poor babes, with their pretty lips stained with blackberries, are at last found dead, locked in each other's arms, and covered over with leaves by robin redbreasts.

The old ballad of Chevy Chase is a great favourite. It gives an account of Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and his men, going to hunt the deer in the woods of Scotland, where they are met by Earl Douglas and his men; a terrible battle takes place between them, and Earl Douglas is slain, as well as a great number on both sides. Percy, when he sees Douglas fall, is moved with pity and grief, and taking the dead man by the hand, he wishes rather that he had lost his lands than that Douglas should have been slain.

There is another ballad that is read, perhaps, as much as those I have mentioned. It is called Robin Hood, and

gives an account of the deeds and adventures of a celebrated outlaw in Sherwood Forest. Robin Hood, with Little John and all his men, were famous at shooting with the cross-bow, but the tale is too long for me to tell you now.

The *Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* is a book that young people are never tired of. I read it many years before I went abroad, and I think it somewhat disposed me to a roving life. Perhaps the worst thing that can be said against the book is, that it makes the reader of it desirous to go to sea, and to meet with the same adventures as Robinson Crusoe did. It was written by one Daniel De Foe, but you will like to hear a little about it.

Robinson Crusoe goes to sea when a lad, and after meeting with strange adventures, he is cast upon an uninhabited island, where he lives for many years. The account of the manner in which he builds himself a hut, provides himself with food and clothing, and the way in which he spends his time, is given in so simple and natural a manner, that it is very entertaining and instructive. One day when Robinson Crusoe went out towards his boat, he was much surprised and terrified by seeing the print of a man's naked foot on the sand. After that he saw several boats filled with savages, who brought

their prisoners to the shore to kill and eat them, and this frightened him still more. He contrived to deliver one of these prisoners who was going to be killed; and as this happened on a Friday, so he called the savage by that name. This savage became his servant, and a capital servant too. On one occasion Friday is pursued by a bear, which follows him up a tree. Friday gets to the end of a bough, where the bear durst not follow him, and shakes it to make the bear dance; the frightened bear makes the best of his way down the tree, going backwards, but Friday drops from the end of the bough to the ground, and taking up his gun, shoots the bear through the head. Robinson Crusoe at last got safe back to old England. Almost every boy in England reads the History of the Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

There is a book called Sandford and Merton that is much read, and a nice book it is too. It gives an account of two boys. One is a gentleman's son, and the other a hard-working lad, the son of an honest farmer. Thomas Merton the gentleman's son, at first undervalues the other, but Harry Sandford convinces him that he is far the most useful of the two, for his knowledge enables him to help himself and others also, while that of Thomas Merton does not keep him from being dependant on all around him.

Perhaps there is no book in old England more generally

read than the Pilgrim's Progress. It suits both young and old. I have read it through many a time, and most likely shall read it again. It is an account of a pilgrim's dangers and adventures in his journey from the City of Destruction to the Heavenly City; and is so full of interesting particulars, excellent advice, and godly instruction, that no book is like it except the Bible, which of course, is the best book in the world. When you begin to read, it is an hard matter to shut up the leaves before you have read them through. The book was written by John Bunyan.

There are other books worth mentioning, but I hardly know whether I ought to speak of them or not, as it concerns myself, but the truth is the truth, and therefore shall be spoken. The books I mean are no other than Peter Parley's Tales. Yes, all the tales that you have heard me tell, are printed and put together in neat volumes.

What I have hitherto told you has been principally about England; but as I went to Wales, I must not be silent about it.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT WALES. INHABITANTS. MOUNTAINS.
RIVERS. ANCIENT CASTLES.

BEING fond of mountainous places, I was very glad to find myself in Wales. It is very different from England, for it consists, almost altogether, of mountains with deep valleys between them. The peaks of these mountains have no trees upon them, and they have a ragged, bare, and desolate appearance. Torrents and rivulets come leaping down their sides; sometimes shining in the light like silver, and sometimes darkened by the shadows of the overhanging rock and precipices.

Yet these wild regions are traversed by good roads, and in passing through the country, a traveller is frequently delighted by the appearance of green valleys, white cottages, and quiet towns. The people have a peculiar dress. The men wear blue coats, breeches, and stockings, with red waistcoats, and their shirts are of blue or red flannel.

The women wear a jacket made tight to the shape, and a petticoat of dark brown or striped linsey-woolsey, bound with different colours. They usually wear hats like those

of men, and they are very industrious; it is common to see them knitting, while they are walking from one house to another.

Wales is divided into North and South Wales. The principal mountains are in the former. Its valleys are deeper and narrower, and its scenery more wild and rugged.

In South Wales, on the contrary, the valleys are broader, more fertile, and full of towns and villages; they often even spread into wide plains encircled by mountains.

There are many rivers in Wales, and though none of them are large, several are very beautiful. The most celebrated, in North Wales, are the Severn, Conway, Deira, and Clwyd; those in South Wales are the Towey, Usk, and Wye.

This last is the largest river in Wales, and is very famous for the fine scenery along its banks. Sometimes it winds between grassy meadows, and sometimes the steep cliffs overhang its surface. Many ancient castles, now falling into ruins, stand upon its margin; some of these are celebrated in history.

They once belonged to the warlike chiefs who lived among these wild mountains, and spent their time in war and the chase. They were bold and daring men, and the history is full of strange adventures.

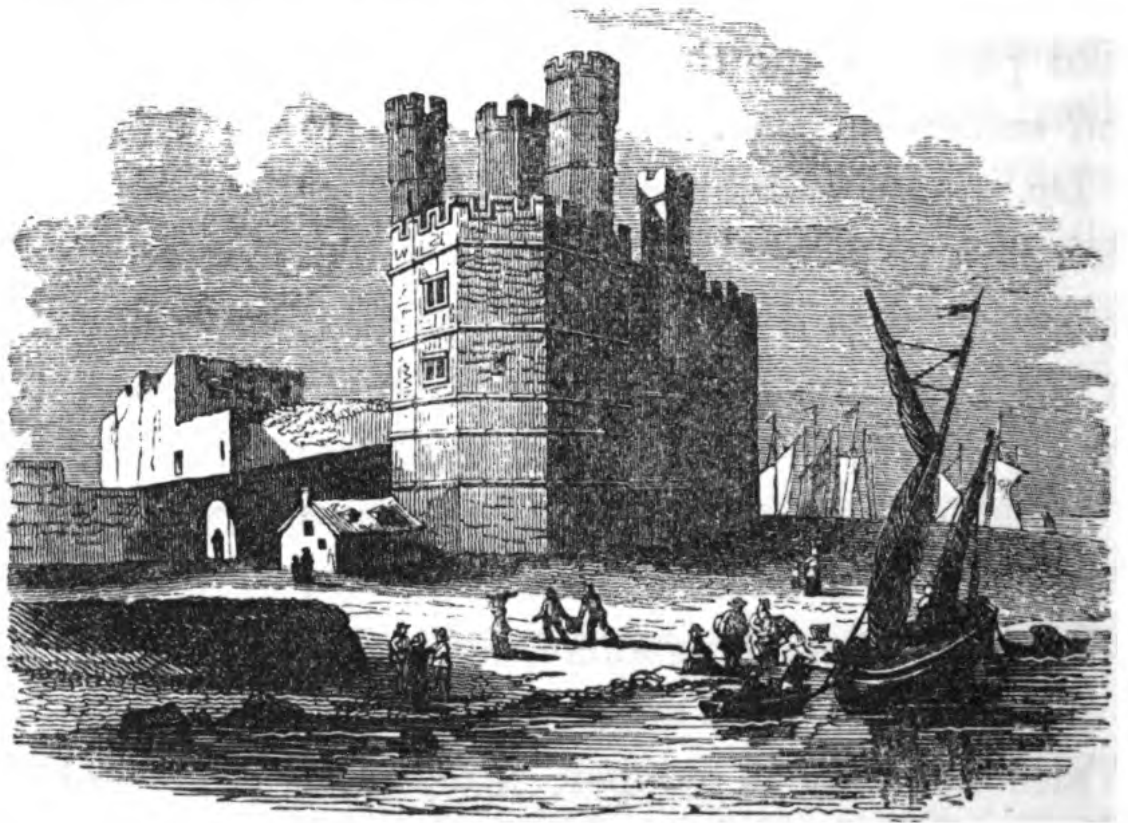
The Welch have a language of their own, which is spoken by all the country people; but the English language is chiefly used in the towns. The principal manufacture of Wales is flannel, and other woollen goods, in which it excels all other countries; it contains also some manufactories of iron and hardware goods.

I have no objection to wear the flannel of the Welch, but I would not undertake to learn their language for a trifle. Every word sounds as if it had been split into three or four parts in the throat. The Welsh language may sound somewhat harsh and guttural to an English ear, but Dr. Samuel Johnson says that "the sound of the Welch in a continued discourse is not unpleasant." This language is primitive, and is allowed to have a claim to very high antiquity, bearing a striking similarity to the Hebrew. In its formation and grammatical construction the Welch has a great affinity to the original tongue, a fact which is partially shewn in Davies's edition of Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar, and in Rowland's Comparative Table, as well as Owen's Dictionary.

Wales abounds in copper, lead, iron, coal, and other minerals: silver has also been found in Cardiganshire, and Flintshire.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PARLEY TELLS OF CAERMARTHEN. CAERNARVON. SWANSEA.
TENBY. ANGLESEA. MENAI BRIDGE. BRITANIA TUBULAR
BRIDGE. HOLYHEAD. COPPER MINE. COAL MINE. IRON
MINE. SLATE QUARRIES.



CAERNARVON CASTLE.

CAERMARTHEN is the chief city in South Wales. It is situated upon the river Towey, and has nearly eleven

thousand inhabitants. It was once surrounded by walls and defended by a stone castle. This is now in ruins; one of the gates still remains, which is used for a prison.

Caermarthen is a well-built town, though it has rather a strange appearance; many of the houses being in a curious style of architecture. A large part of the inhabitants are engaged in making tin plate, and in manufacturing iron. The town is not far from Bristol, and has some commerce by way of the Bristol Channel.

Caernarvon, situated upon the Menai Strait, is one of the largest towns in North Wales, its population being about nine thousand. It is surrounded by a wall which is defended by a number of round towers. There is also a castle in the place, in which Edward the Second, one of the kings of England, and the first Prince of Wales, was born.

The town is well built, and has a good harbour. The inhabitants carry on a good deal of trade with London, Bristol, Liverpool, and Ireland. They manufacture flannels and stockings in great abundance, and obtain a good deal of slate from the quarries, and copper ore from the rivers. They export a great many articles of these various kinds.

The inhabitants, in the neighbourhood of Caernarvon, live in a state of great simplicity. Their dress is very

plain, and their food consists chiefly of milk, and cake made of oatmeal. Encircled by their hills and mountains, these people seem to live in contentment and happiness, satisfied with their own quiet valleys, and careless of the great world around them.

Beside Caermarthen and Caernarvon, there are several other considerable towns in Wales. Swansea is a flourishing sea-port, containing more than thirty thousand inhabitants. Tenby, with three thousand inhabitants, has a fine port, and is a fashionable place for sea-bathing.

There are several quarries of slate in different parts of Wales. This is chiefly used for the roofs of houses, and is carried to all parts of England, Scotland, and Wales. It is also sent to the United States, though in smaller quantities than formerly, because slate is now found in America.

There is an amazing number of writing slates manufactured in Wales. All of you have got writing slates, I dare say; well! most likely every one of them was brought from Wales.

The Island of Anglesea, off the coast of North Wales, was anciently the chief resort of the Druids, and the remains of their altars, &c. are more numerous in this island than in any other part of Britain. Anglesea derives its principal importance from a famous copper mine, in a

mountain called Parys. This mountain originally consisted of an entire mass of copper ore; but the greater part has been extracted, and the mine is not nearly so productive as formerly. The interior of the mountain has been excavated in every direction, and, standing upon the edge, the spectator sees a range of gloomy caverns and hollows, and the miners busily employed in obtaining the ore. The mine is worked by blasting the rocks with gunpowder, eight tons of which are supposed to be used there every year. Holyhead, situated upon this island, is the resort of all the packets that sail between Ireland and Wales. It has nearly six thousand inhabitants, and is about sixty miles distant from Dublin.

Anglesea is separated from Wales by the Menai Strait, which was formerly crossed by several ferries; and many accidents occurring, it was determined to build a bridge over from the island to the main land. Owing to the tides and the depth of the channel, it was nearly impossible to build a bridge in the usual manner upon arches; and besides, it was necessary that there should be a sufficient space for the ships, which are often passing through the Strait. The roadway is therefore suspended from huge chains fastened into the rocks on each side of the Strait, instead of resting upon arches. There are sixteen chains fastened in this manner, from side to side;

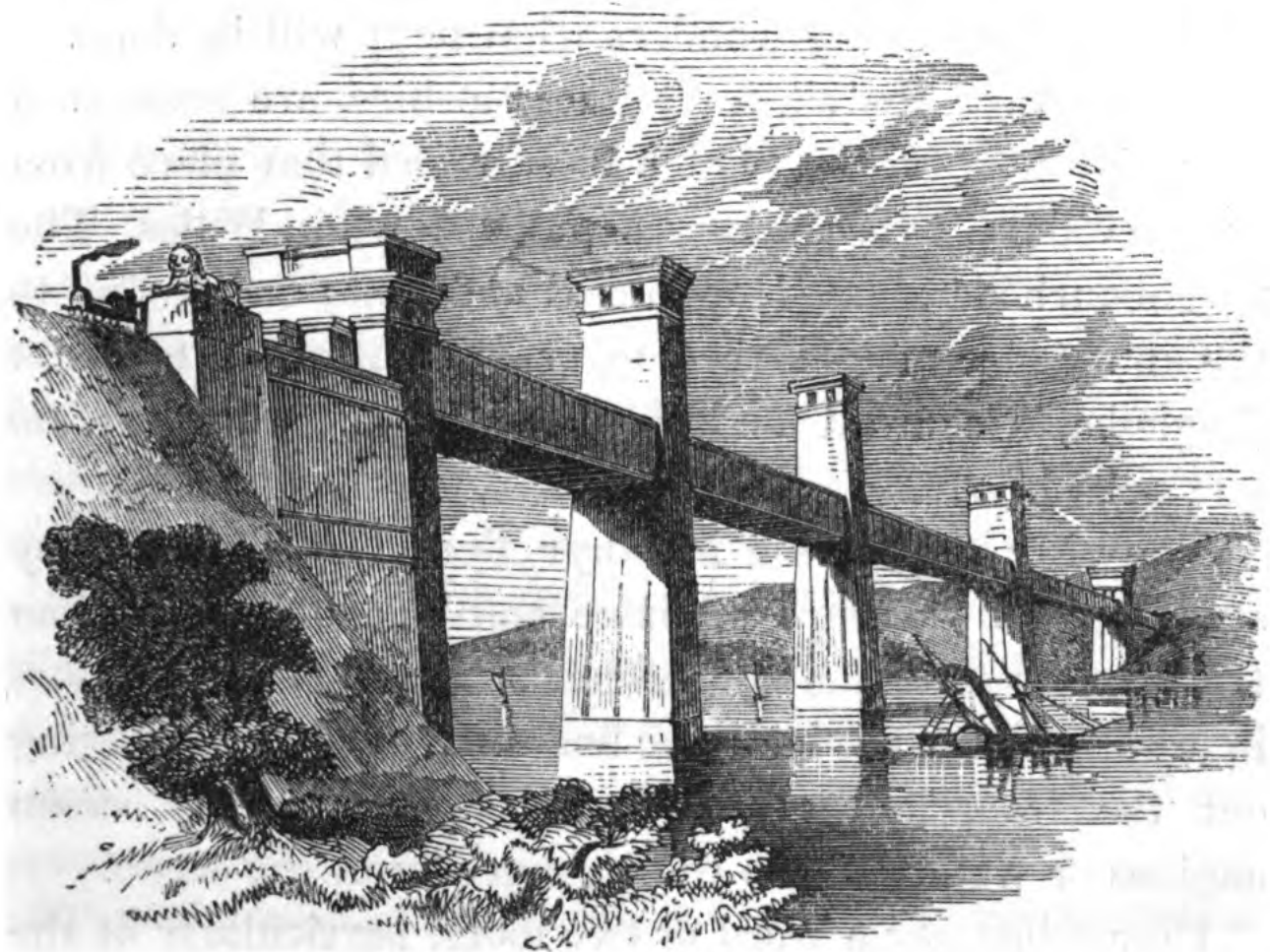
from these are hung upright rods to support the road which is made of three layers of planks, well covered with pitch and with granite broken very small, spread over the whole.



MENAI BRIDGE.

But this bridge did not meet the demands of the public; to travel fast seems to be the passion of all; so when the Railway was brought to the "Menai Strait" the difficulty arose how to make it cross the Strait. Accordingly here began *one* of the greatest undertakings ever accomplished by man; R. Stevenson, the celebrated

engineer, constructed the Britannia Tubular Bridge. This structure is supported on three piers built in the water, and rising 230 feet above it; and on each shore are strong abutments of masonry more than 160 feet high.



BRITANNIA TUBULAR BRIDGE.

It contains a million and a half of cubic feet of masonry. The total length of the tubes exceeds 2,980 feet and their weight of metal is about 12,000 tons. The strength of

the supporting power of this wonderful structure, has been tested by heavy trains of more than 500 tons weight ; and its total cost amounted to six hundred thousand pounds. It was opened for traffic March 18th, 1850. The train pass through this wonderful bridge three and four times a day. Peter Parley wonders what next will be done.

At Merthyr Tydvil, in Glamorganshire, are some very extensive iron works, which have raised that place from a mere village, to be the most populous town in Wales. The neighbourhood abounds with coal and iron ; and, owing to the abundance of fuel, the copper dug out of the mines of Anglesea, Cornwall and Ireland, is brought here to be smelted.

The view on entering Merthyr Tydvil by night is very striking ; the columns of flame and smoke issuing from the furnaces have the appearance of numberless volcanoes in eruption ; and the immense hammers used in hammering out the iron, and other machinery, moved by steam engines or water, add to the strangeness of the scene.

I must just say a word or two more, particularly of the mountains of Wales.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PETER PARLEY GOES TO SNOWDON, AND TELLS ABOUT CADER IDRIS, PLINLIMMON, THE BEACONS, AND OTHER PLACES.

THE highest mountain in Wales is Snowdon in Caernarvonshire. It is three thousand five hundred and seventy-one feet high. From the top of it you may see a part of England, Scotland, and Ireland. I always liked to go up to the top of high places, and down to the bottom of deep ones, but I am not so supple in my joints as I once was.

It is no easy task to get to the top of Snowdon. The Welch people told me they called it Creigiau-yr-Eyri, or the *Eagle's Cliffs*. Try if you can utter this hard Welch word. Well, if you can remember Snowdon better, never mind.

The best way of obtaining a view from this mountain in perfection is to start a little after midnight, so as to get to the top in time enough to behold the rising sun. Ah, that is a sight worth looking at from Snowdon!

I got on the back of a stout, shaggy Welch pony, and went up the ascent from Dolbadarn Castle in the vale of

Llanberis, keeping on the side of the lake, and then by the cataract Ceunantmawr, the *Waterfall of the great chasm*, to the vale Gwaun Cwm-Brwynog, but you will not like these Welch words. From the top is a noble view, mountains in abundance, and between twenty and thirty glassy lakes. No words of mine could describe the scene.

As I stood on the top ridge, I dropped two stones, one from my right hand and the other from my left, and away they went, running, bouncing, and leaping, till they were soon a thousand feet below me, and I dare say half a mile apart one from the other.

I visited many other mountains both in North and South Wales. Cadir Idris, situated about 27 miles, south by east of Snowdon, much pleased me; it is nearly three thousand feet high. Plinlimmon is two thousand four hundred and sixty-three feet high, and Brecknock Beacon two thousand eight hundred and sixty-two feet high. These altitudes are all above the level of the sea, and glorious prospects are visible from them all. Wales is such a mountainous country, that the views are continually changing as you move along. Those at Cwm Claiwy, and Pont Bren, and Castel Dinas Bran, and Great Orme's Head, were very fine, as well as those at Trivaen, Llanberis, Cricaeth, and Tremadoc. Of these places, I

can only speak of Llanberis in Caernarvonshire. It is romantic in the extreme. It lies in a narrow grassy glen, surrounded by immense rocks, whose cloud-capped summits are seldom visible to the inhabitants below, who are also deprived of the reflection of the sun, for nearly three months in winter. Camden says, "nature has here reared huge groups of mountains, as if she intended to bind the island fast to the bowels of the earth, and make a safe retreat for the Britons in the time of war. These mountains may be truly called the British Alps; for besides being among the highest in the island, they are like the alps bespread with broken crags on every side, all surrounding one, which towering in the centre far above the rest, lifts its head so loftily, as if it meant not only to threaten, but to thrust it into the sky."

Then the vale of Llangollen, the lake of Bala, the Black Cataract, the Roman roads, and the old camps, are all worth looking at again and again.

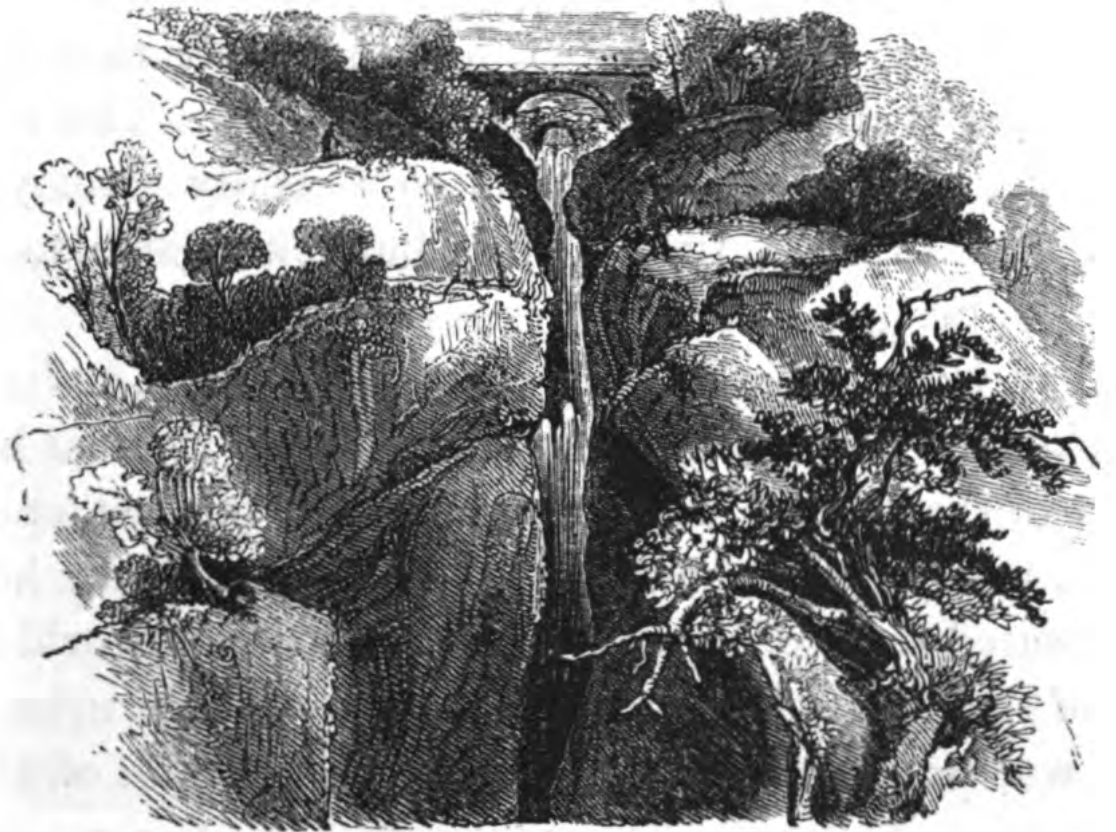
You may travel at little expense in Wales. One day, when I was walking to a place called the Rock and Black Pool, I stepped into a sort of pothouse, the owner of which ferried passengers over the river. I had a big basin of milk as thick as cream could make it, and a slice of bread. What do you think they charged me for my reckoning? Why, only one penny, and they ferried me

across the river into the bargain. Oh! ho! thought I, when I once stepped into the London Tavern, and the hotel at Brighton, for a few minutes, I did not come out again on such easy terms.

I do not suppose that you ever heard of such a place as Devil's Bridge. You shall hear of it next.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PETER PARLEY GOES TO DEVIL'S BRIDGE. MYNACH
AND RHYDIOL RIVERS.



DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

I HAD heard so much of Devil's Bridge, called in Welch, Pont y Mynach, that I was determined to visit the spot. It is one thing to hear of a place, and another to see it. Peter Parley likes to see and judge for himself. If he

had not seen Devil's Bridge, he never would have believed it to be half so striking and romantic as it is. The mountains round about the place rise up, boring their way into the very clouds. Devil's Bridge is a new arch thrown over an old one, and the depth down to the river rushing below it, is one hundred and fourteen feet. You never saw such a place: it looks as if the rocks had been torn asunder to make room for the river that comes rushing and foaming from the mountains. The rift is a black, narrow, rugged chasm, so fearfully gloomy and dark, and so deep, that it suits but few people to look over the bridge.

I had work enough to get down to the water, and when I looked up through the rocks it seemed as if I was in the heart of the earth. The roaring flood at my feet, and the black, massy rocks above me, seemed to humble my heart. I appeared to be of no more consequence in the world than one of the drops of spray that were showering upon me. The wondrous works of creation made me think of God's greatness. Never did I long more in my life for a testament. To have read a chapter would have done my heart good. As I stood in a kind of bewilderment, looking round me in this fearful place, I lifted up my heart to the Almighty maker of all things, for his fatherly care, in preserving such an emmet as I appeared to be in my own estimation.

After once more clambering up to the bridge, I went to a point where I could see all the four falls of water at one time. This was the place to see Devil's Bridge in perfection. Here was the river Mynach seen leaping from one precipice to another, foaming and roaring. The first fall is about forty or fifty yards from the bridges where the rocks confine the rushing flood into a narrow stream; it is about eighteen or twenty feet. The second fall is three times as deep, and a fine fall it is, as clear as crystal, and then the rocks on each side are so fanciful and beautiful, adorned with trees of different kinds. The third fall is about twenty feet, where it meets with massy rocks, and through these it forces its way to the edge of the grandest fall of all: this is a hundred and ten feet, so that the sheet of water is five times as high as this house. Altogether the river falls more than two hundred feet, to say nothing of the running pools at the bottom of the falls. The whole perpendicular depth from the bridge to the place where the river Mynach tumbles into the river Rhydiol is above three hundred and twenty feet.

There is a fine sweeping fall of the Rhydiol near where it leaps down from the hills to receive the falls from Devil's Bridge. I went to it, and crept under it, between the water and the rock, so that I had a kind of moving glass curtain hanging before me. Altogether, for wood, rock,

and water, foam, roar, and solitude, Devil's Bridge is one of the finest places in the world.

If I have pleased you in this account of Devil's Bridge, I will next try to please you in my account of castles, and Welch harpers.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT CASTLES, AND WELCH HARPERS, AND
THE EISTEDDFOD.



WELCH MINSTREL.

WALES has been a famous place for castles, and bravely have these places been defended in former times. Most of them, however, are now in ruins. Castles, with their gray, mouldering stones, and ivy clinging around them,

make us think of former days. They were built strong as though they were to last for ever, but, alas, time is crumbling them to dust. These old castles speak loudly to old men, and among them to Peter Parley.

I went to Powys Castle, which stands near Welch Pool in Montgomeryshire. They say it was built by Bleddyn ab Cynvin, about seven hundred years since. The Welch call it Castell Coch, or the red Castle, as the stone, of which it is built, is red, but it is plastered over now with a red lime much the same in colour as brick.

It seemed to me to be an odd mixture of new and old for sash windows agree very ill with an ancient castle. The furniture, however, is both ancient and handsome, and there is plenty of old faded tapestry and antique curiosities as well as paintings. Did you ever see any ancient tapestry? It is put all round the inside walls of rooms, and figures are marked on it as large as life. You never saw uglier figures than some that are found on old tapestry.

The castle of Caernarvon stands on a rock. It is built of white hewn stone, with a red edging about the corners and windows. Edward the First built it to curb the spirit of the Welch whom he had subdued; and in order to reconcile them to his sway, he gave his son the title of Prince of Wales, because he was born in this castle. Hence, Wales is called the Principality.

Conway Castle, built also by Edward the First, stands on a high rock; it has eight round towers, and commands the river Conway which was formerly noted for its pearl fishery. This fishery is still carried on, and affords employment to many poor families. The use of the pearls is not known in the neighbourhood, as they are carried off to London as soon as they are obtained.

Dinas Bran Castle, and Dolbadern, and Dolwyddelan, are mere ruins, and so are Howarden, Holt, and a score others. All these ruins show, however, that the Welch were once a warlike people, and fought hard for their liberty.

We should travel a long way from Boston before we could find the remains of an old castle here, for America is but a new country; for all that, she has had her share of fighting, and I hope that she will long remain at peace.

In ancient times there used to be a great number of bards or minstrels, in Wales. They animated the warriors, in battle, and went from castle to castle, and from hall to hall, playing on the harp, and singing the warlike deeds of the chiefs.

The bards were highly honoured, and sometimes played with chains of gold round their necks; these with costly cups, and other presents of great value were often given to them for rewards.

I saw many of the Welch harpers, but they were not like what I had fancied them to be, old men clad in loose cloaks or gowns, with white locks and long beards floating in the winds; no, they are a different kind of people now; but still they are capital players on the harp.

If Edward put the Welch minstrels to death, as they say he did, he was but a cruel king for his pains. What a deal of blood was shed in first getting, and then keeping, a crown!

Having told you of the Welch harpers, I must now tell you about the Eisteddfod.

The Eisteddfod was a meeting together of bards and minstrels, to show their skill in their art, and to obtain such prizes as the appointed judges thought proper to give. At these assemblies permission was given to such of them as showed talent of a high order, to play before princes, as well as the nobility and gentry of the land. This congress of the Welch bards is of very ancient date; the last commission granted by royal authority was in the year 1567, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. After this period the Eisteddfod was discontinued till 1798, when it was revived at Caerwys, in Flintshire, when prizes were given for poetry in the Welch language, and music on the Welch harp. The Eisteddfod has been frequently held since in various places of the Principality as well as in London.

The Eisteddfods of former days might be attended better than they now are, but I should hardly think the old minstrels played better than the harpers do now. I heard several who had won prizes at the Eisteddfod. They wore a badge of honour, and I never heard such playing on the harp before. I have told you of Welch Castles, Welch Harpers, and the Eisteddfod. Now for a word or two about Cromlechs.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT CROMLECHS AND CATARACTS, AND
RELATES AN ADVENTURE.

Most likely none of you can tell me what a Cromlech is. Not one of you know anything about it, I suppose. Well, Peter Parley must tell you.

Cromlechs are rude heaps of large stones, placed, or piled one upon another. They are supposed to have been used as altars for religious worship, but it is so long since and writers know so little about the ancient Britons, that different opinions are entertained about the matter. You remember the account I gave you of Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain. Well, that is a sort of cromlech, only it is very much larger than any other. Sometimes a cromlech is formed of a number of flat stones set up endway. Others are made of large stones set up in the same manner with flat stones across them at the top. About six miles from Cardiff, in Glamorganshire, there is a cromlech said to be the largest in Britain. The superincumbent stone, which is cracked about six feet from its narrow end, is supported by five stones of large size, which enclose

entirely on the east, west, and north sides, forming a low room, open to the south, sixteen feet long, fifteen feet wide, and six feet high; it has been filled up with rubbish, both inside and outside, so that its original height must have been considerably greater. The supporting stone on the north is sixteen feet in length, that on the west nine feet, and the three on the east are set close together. The roof or horizontal stone is twenty four feet long, seventeen feet in the widest part, ten feet in the narrowest, and about two feet and a half thick. It overhangs about two feet, and is partly covered with ivy.

I remember a hill on Craig-y-dinas, the "Fortress Precipice," in Glamorganshire, surrounded with a vast heap of stones. On a plain beyond Llyn Urddyn there are two circles with upright columns, several yards apart. Half a mile from these, is a great cromlech, composed of sloping stones, one placed over the edge of the other, and flat ones put upright.

Cromlechs are generally found in lonely places, and few people can visit them without musing on the past. Though cromlechs are put to no use, yet, as they are monuments of olden time, and enable us to form some opinion of the manners of those gone before us, it would be a pity to remove them.

I sat myself down on many of them, overgrown with

moss and thin grass, and thought that, for all I knew, hundreds of people in former days might have knelt there, and worshipped the sun, moon, and stars.

I thought, too, what a blessing it was to be better taught, to have the Holy Scriptures to instruct us, to believe in God and his Son Jesus Christ, and to look forward to a better world than this, through the merits of our blessed Redeemer.

Wales is not only famous for mountains, and castles, and cromlechs, but also for cataracts. Go which way you will and you will soon come to a waterfall. Having told you about the falls at Devil's Bridge, I need say but little about the rest; still you will like to hear of one adventure I met with. I will tell you how it took place.

It happened that I went with two others to see a place among the mountains of Radnorshire, called the Rock and Black Pool. This place was famous for a waterfall that fell into a deep hole; people said the hole had no bottom. To get to the foot of the fall we had to go down the side of a mountain, almost as steep as the sides of this house, but luckily it had shrubs growing on it all the way to the bottom, and these helped us capitally. One of my companions was afraid to go further, so I left him, and went on with the other, who was a Welchman, for my guide. The deeper we got, the narrower became the space between

the mountain we were descending, and the opposite rock, so that, at last, it was a dark rift in the earth, with trees bending over it. Against the sides of the rock we could see the nests of hawks and kites as we went down. When we came to the bottom, the water from the fall almost filled up the rift, so that we had to cling to the side of the rock as we cautiously picked our way, sometimes jumping from one loose stone to another.

When we came to a ledge of shelving rock, we found it as slippery as glass, for the slime from the water was upon it, and my guide told me that it would be dangerous to go further; but I was not to be frightened, I had set my mind on getting to the foot of the fall. When my guide saw me going on, he told me that he durst not follow, being well acquainted with the danger; still on I went until my feet slipped from under me, and I began to slide from one ledge of the rock to another toward the black hole that the folks said had no bottom to it.

The Welchman cried out, but it was too late, for I slid from rock to rock, till one of my legs was fairly in the hole, and had I not caught hold of a rugged part of the rock, I should have gone at once over head and ears. My guide called to know if I could swim, and I halloed out yes, so that his mind was set a little at rest. You would have either pitied or laughed at me, if you had seen how gently

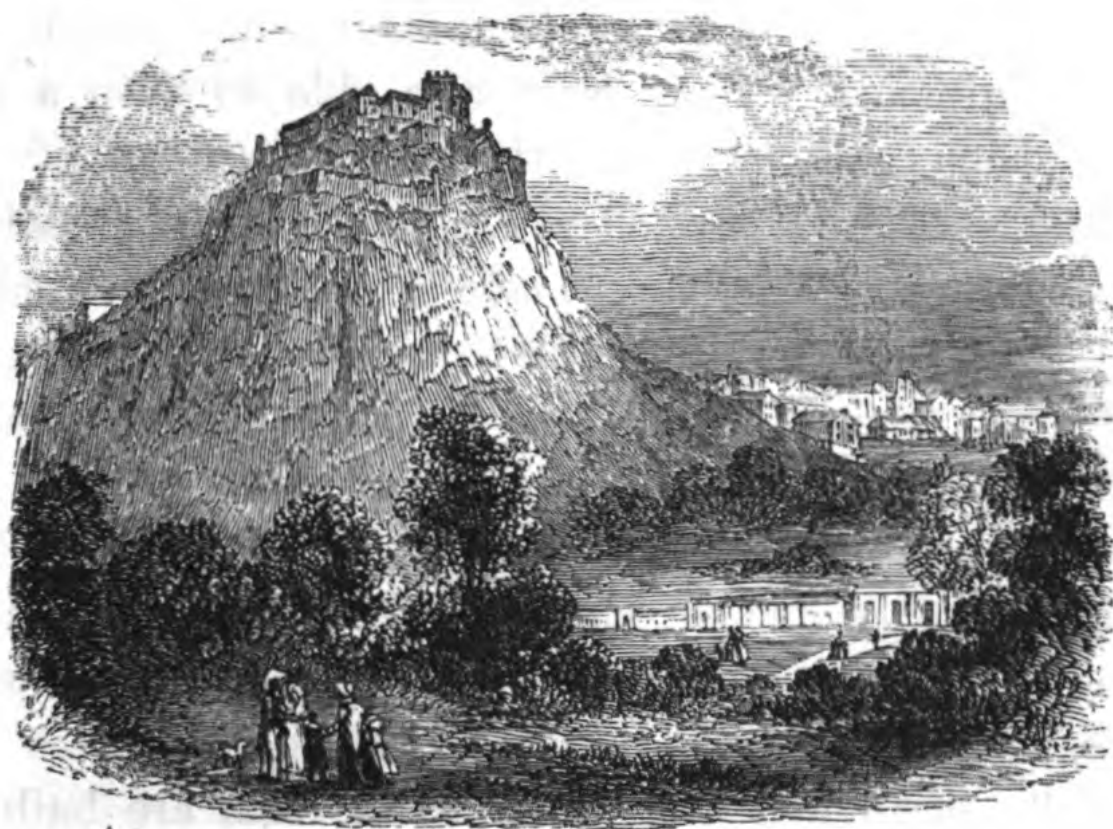
and how cautiously I crept on my hands and knees along the rocks to get away from the black hole.

When I got back to my guide, I felt very thankful in having escaped so well. He said that strange tales were told about that black hole. Some said a rope had been let down hundreds of yards, but that no bottom could be found and others said that a goose, let down with a weight tied to her, came up again with her feathers singed off her back.

I did not believe these tales, but I did believe that the Rock and Black Pool was a dangerous place, and I shall remember it as long as I live. Peter Parley was really too venturesome on this occasion, and he warns his young friends never to leave their guide when they set out on any expedition that requires one.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PARLEY BEGINS HIS ACCOUNT OF SCOTLAND. HIGHLANDERS. LOWLANDERS. EDINBURGH. OLD TOWN. CASTLE. NEW TOWN. ARTHUR'S SEAT. ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL. HOLYROOD.



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

THOUGH I was well pleased with Wales, I could not always stop there. I wanted to see Scotland, and so off

I set. This country is divided into two parts—the Highlands and the Lowlands ; the former are in the north, and the latter in the south. The Highlands are very romantic and interesting, and I had some happy days among them. They consist chiefly of rugged mountains, of narrow valleys, and of bright blue lakes.

In ancient times, the inhabitants of these wild regions were a bold and warlike race, speaking a language of their own, and living by hunting, fishing, and plundering their neighbours. They were also able to keep a few small sheep and cattle in the sheltered parts of the mountains. The Highlanders used to dress in a curious manner, their clothes being made of checked cloth called plaid. The men wore a short petticoat called a kilt ; their knees were left bare ; and they had caps or bonnets on their heads. Some of these people still dress in the same fashion : but, in general, they now wear clothes like those of the people of England. There are no large towns in the highlands ; and with the exception of a castle, or a country-seat here and there, the houses are generally mean and dirty. Many of them are built of stone filled in with mud, with roofs of straw and branches of trees. They have often no chimneys, and the smoke escapes through the door, or through a hole in the roof.

The Lowland Scotch are a different race altogether

from the Highlanders, and resemble the English in their dress and modes of living. They also speak the English language, though they use a good many curious words, and pronounce others in a very strange way. If you were to go to Scotland, you would hardly understand the common people, their manner of speaking is so singular. In the sixth century, Scotland was inhabited by five nations or tribes, the Anglo-Saxons, the Picts or Gothic Celts, the Irish Scots, the Britons, and the Galloway Scots. Hence, the language spoken by the Lowland Scotch approaches the Anglo-Saxon; while that spoken by the Highlanders or Irish Scots, is Gaelic or Erse.

The capital of Scotland is Edinburgh. This city is the chief town of Mid-Lothian, and is situated about two miles from the Frith of Forth; its site is considered to be unequalled in panoramic splendour by any capital city in Europe. It consists of two parts, each being situated on a hill. One part is called the Old Town, and the other is called the New Town. They are divided by a deep narrow valley called the Loch; this was formally filled with water, but it is now dry.

The Loch is crossed by bridges and mounds of earth, which form communications between the Old and New Towns. The Old Town is built upon the summit and sides of a long, steep ridge; and, with the exception of

two large streets, called the Canongate and Cowgate, and several smaller ones, it consists chiefly of narrow lanes or closes, as they are called, some of which are not more than six feet wide. Most of the houses are very old, and some of them are twelve or even fourteen stories in height. One common staircase leads to all the stories, each of which is inhabited by a separate family. People of wealth or rank used to reside in the lower floors, while the upper parts of the house were occupied by the less opulent; the ground-floor being generally used as a shop. But, latterly, the Old Town has been almost entirely deserted by the wealthier inhabitants, who have fixed their residences in the New. The plan of building houses in flats, each containing a number of rooms sufficient to accommodate a family, and having a common staircase accessible to all, is very old, and is to be found in Paris and other towns on the continent. It is now about to be adopted in London, and several large houses have recently been built on this plan.

On a craggy rock, three hundred and eighty three feet above the level of the sea, stands EDINBURGH CASTLE, an ancient and strong fortress, with a drawbridge on the only accessible side. It is garrisoned with soldiers, containing accommodation for two thousand men, and a room in the armoury for thirty thousand stand of arms.

The principal battery is mounted with cannon; and another contains the celebrated piece of artillery called Mons Meg. In the crown room are to be seen the ancient Scotch Regalia, or Royal Crown, Sceptre and Sword of State.

The view from the walls of this structure is exceedingly fine. To the north, you can see the Frith of Forth; to the east, are two gigantic rocks, almost overhanging the town, one called Salisbury Crags, and the other Arthur's Seat; and to the south and west, is an undulating country of hills and valleys, dotted with country-seats. Amethysts, and other precious stones, are said to be found among Salisbury Crags, which abound with rich ores, spar, and numbers of rock plants.

The New Town of Edinburgh is laid out on a regular plan like a chess-board. The houses are chiefly built of hewn stone, and are very handsome.

It is a walk of two or three miles from Edinburgh to the top of Arthur's Seat; but the magnificent prospect from its summit, which is eight hundred and twenty-two feet above the level of the sea, will repay the labour of the ascent. The whole city of Edinburgh seems to be near you; and the Old Town, dingy with age, and veiled in smoke, seems to lie at your very feet.

You can hear the rattling of the carts in the streets,

and catch the murmur of voices that rise on the air. You can look into the streets, see Nelson's monument, watch the busy multitude, and almost peep into the chimneys.

Such is the near view from Arthur's Seat. The distant objects are more grand and beautiful. To the north is the broad bay of the Forth, stretching out and mingling with the ocean. To the east are distant mountains, and to the south and west a prospect of endless variety.

It is hardly possible in any country to find a spot more interesting than this. A person may here sit on the rock for hours without fatigue, and muse over the busy scene exhibited by the city below, or look with delight upon the objects of grandeur and beauty that rise to view in the distance from every side.

After the traveller has been to the top of Arthur's Seat, he will find in his way back to the town an old ruin called St. Anthony's Chapel. It is very ancient, and a great part of it has crumbled into dust, but portions of the wall remain, and the spot is much visited, for many strange stories are told about the ruin.

Not far from St. Anthony's Chapel, on the skirts of the city, is an old edifice called Holyrood, formerly occupied as a palace by the kings of Scotland. It is often mentioned in history, for many remarkable events have

occurred within its walls. In the north-west tower, said to have been built by James V. of Scotland, is shown the room where the beautiful Queen Mary sat at supper when Rizzio was dragged from her side, and murdered by Ruthven. Stains are still shewn at the door of the apartment, said to have been produced by the blood of the victim. Such scenes as these sadly take away the glitter of high life that sometimes dazzles our eyes. It may be a fine thing to sit at a queen's table in a grand palace, but the dagger after supper makes it fearful, and it would have been better for Rizzio had he supped on a mess of pottage in a meaner habitation.

Edinburgh has about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, but it has few manufactures. The Great Law courts for the whole of Scotland are held there, and consequently a great many lawyers, judges, clerks, and sheriffs, reside in the place. Besides these, people of great wealth dwell in the town, and men of great learning, who spend their time principally in writing books. The buildings worthy of notice in Edinburgh, are, the Register House, or Depository of Public Records which forms a square of two hundred feet, with a dome of fifty feet in diameter ; the monuments to Dugald Stewart and Professor Playfair; the Observatory and the unfinished national Monument to the heroes of Waterloo; and the High

School; all on the Calton Hill. Next, the North Bridge connecting the Old and New Town; the Royal Exchange and St. Giles's Cathedral nearly opposite each other, the latter being at least as old as David II., 1359; the old Scots Parliament House, where the courts of Justice are held; the Advocate's Library, containing one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, and one thousand seven hundred MSS.; Heriot's Hospital, founded by the jeweller to James VI. of Scotland and *First* of England, an educational establishment similar to Christ's Hospital in London, and more than a dozen other valuable Hospitals besides many other eleemosynary Institutions. I must mention lastly, the Royal College of Surgeons, this city being famous as a School of Medicine; the University of Edinburgh founded in 1582, the present structure being of modern erection, its foundation having been laid in 1789, and its celebrity made European by the names of its Professors, Reid, Smith, Robinson, Cullen, Black Stewart, Leslie, Playfair, Brown, Forbes, and others; the Scott Monument; the Royal Institution, where the Royal Society, the Institution for the Fine Arts and the Improvement of Manufactures, and the Society of Antiquaries, hold their meetings; the George IV. statue, the Melville Monument, and many other splendid specimens of architecture, which I cannot stop even to mention.

I cannot conclude my account of "the Modern Athens," without giving you some account of a very interesting game peculiar to Scotland. On Bruntsfield Links, adjoining the Meadows, the inhabitants of this city, are wont to amuse themselves with the national game of "The Golf." This game is played with a club and ball. The club is made of ash, flexible and finely tapered, measuring from three to four feet in length, according to the stature of the player, or the length of his arm. The head is faced with horn, and loaded with lead. The ball is about the size of a common tennis ball, made of feathers compressed very tightly into a hard and slightly elastic leather cover. The game consists in striking the ball successively into a certain number of small holes, about a quarter of a mile apart, the player who does so in the smallest number of strokes being the victor. Each player carries an assortment of clubs varying in elasticity, and thus adapted to the distance to which the ball is to be driven, the best club for a long stroke being laid aside for one less elastic when the distance becomes shortened. An expert player will strike a ball to a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. One player struck a ball over the top of St. Giles's steeple from a point within Parliament Square; and another struck his ball over Melville's Monument, which is one hundred and fifty feet

high. The Thistle Golf Club of Edinburgh have their arms, crest and uniform.

Leith is the port of Edinburgh. It has spacious docks for ships, but nothing else, that I know of, that is remarkable. I have heard say that Edinburgh is the place to study books, and London to study men. But I was too busy in both these cities to study either men or books.

From this city I went to Glasgow, the Western Metropolis of Scotland.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

PARLEY DESCRIBES GLASGOW. PAISLEY. AYR. TELLS
ABOUT ROBERT BURNS. SIR WALTER SCOTT.
ABBOTSFORD. ABERDEEN. MOUNTAINS. RIVERS.
IRON MINES. COAL MINES. GOLD. LEAD.



GLASGOW.

GLASGOW is a large manufacturing and commercial city, which unites the advantages of Liverpool and Manchester

in one, and contains about three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the river Clyde, and is the chief town of Lanarkshire and of Scotland, being the third city in the kingdom in population and commercial importance. St. Mungo, otherwise called St. Kentigern, founded this city in 560, and a noble cathedral bearing his name was erected there in 1136, in the reign of David I. This edifice has been lately renewed; and with its ancient church-yard, in which George Whitfield once preached to twenty thousand persons, forms a striking contrast to the Necropolis, or "City of the Dead," a cemetery opened not many years ago to receive the ashes of an overflowing population. This cemetery stands on a bold and rocky eminence, and on its summit is placed a statue of the celebrated reformer, Knox, two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river, looking down, as it were, on that cathedral, which, in his holy wrath against popery, he was only prevented from destroying by the sagacious remark of a native, "would it not do just as *weel to preech* the truth in, as *ony ither* building?"

The University of Glasgow, founded in the middle of the fifteenth century, has long been celebrated as a seminary of learning, of which the names of Hutcheson, Simson, Reid, Adam Smith, Millar, Young, and Thomson

are sufficient evidence. The city is also noted for eminent men, who were either born there or rose to fame within its walls; such as Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine; Bell, the inventor of steam-vessels; Campbell the poet; Dr. Birkbeck, founder of Mechanics' Institutions; Alison, the Historian; Sir John Moore, Dr. Chalmers, and many others. Of the buildings in Glasgow the University is more remarkable for antiquity than beauty, excepting the Hunterian Museum. Anderson's University is plain, but useful as a public Institution; but the Royal Exchange, in Queen-street, is a noble and commanding edifice; behind this is the Royal Bank. At the Cross, in the Trongate, are the Tontine buildings, and an equestrian statue of William III. In the Green are the Court Houses and Jail, a fine specimen of Grecian architecture, and Nelson's Monument, one hundred and forty-three feet high, modelled on the Trajan Pillar at Rome. The Lunatic Asylum, a fine modern building, and the Roman Catholic Chapel, a Gothic structure, are architectural objects of interest. The bridge over the river at the Broomielaw is a noble commencement to the Quay and Harbour of the city, which extend to more than a mile in length, and are crowded with vessels of every description and from all parts of the world. Here it was that steam was first effectively applied to naviga-

tion. Standing on this quay, looking at the vessels crowded with merchandise, if you turn round and cast your eyes to the more elevated parts of the city, you will see masted vessels on an elevation one hundred and fifty feet above the level of your station, with no small degree of surprise. These are at Port Dundas, on the Forth and Clyde Canal, which unites the eastern and western seas, the German and Atlantic Oceans, and saves the voyage round the northern part of the island.

The climate of Glasgow is, from its situation, humid; and the air, from its factories, is loaded with sooty particles, which gives its houses, which are all built of freestone, a heavy and dingy appearance; but being by statute all two feet thick in their walls, they are solid, substantial, and comfortable within.

I fell in with a shrewd Scotchman in Glasgow, from whom I got much information; from what part of Scotland he came he did not say. I will tell you something said by this Scotchman worth remembering. "I never refuse," said he, "to talk with any one who will converse with me, for men have such different dispositions, and see things in such different lights, that I am sure to learn something from them. I consider every man's mind to be a well, and they who will take the trouble to let down a bucket into it, may draw up the water of

instruction.” “Well done, Scotchman!” thinks I, “Peter Parley will not forget that remark as long as he lives.”

Paisley is another large manufacturing town, containing forty-eight thousand inhabitants. It is celebrated for its muslins and shawls, and being only seven miles from Glasgow, it may be considered as one of its suburbs, or at least an auxiliary to it in trade.

Greenock, twenty-two miles from Glasgow, situated on the Frith of Clyde, used to be the port of that city, until the improvements made in the river reduced its importance. It is still a flourishing seaport, and contains about thirty-seven thousand inhabitants. It is remarkable for a mechanical advantage which it owes to its local situation. On a hill behind the town has been constructed a reservoir which is five hundred and twelve feet above the level of the Clyde at high water. It is supplied by a grand reservoir at six miles distance, containing about three hundred millions of cubic feet of water, and capable of supplying six hundred millions per annum. On this hill there are two lines of mills on the whole fall from the near reservoir, the first having sites for nineteen mills of twenty-seven feet fall, and the second sites for thirteen mills of twenty-eight feet fall. If the mills on these falls were all in operation, the power employed would be equal to that of two thousand horses. In the town there

is a fine large Custom House with other buildings of importance; and here is the birth-place of the immortal Watt.

Ayr, a small town in the south-western part of Scotland, is celebrated as the birth-place of Wallace, and the residence of Burns. Sir William Wallace's history



THE POET BURNS' HOUSE.

is well known as that of a hero who rescued his country from slavery. He lived at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Robert Burns was brought up as a

farmer, and had no advantages of education; yet he has written some of the most beautiful poems that were ever penned. Although they are written in the language peculiar to the Lowlands of Scotland, many of them have been set to music, and they are often sung and always admired wherever the English language is known. His finest piece is the "Cottager's Saturday night."

There has been another very favourite Scottish author since Robert Burns flourished, of the name of Walter Scott. They say he was a plain, gray old man, a little lame, and walked with a cane. He was fond of telling tales as I am, and desirous to make young people good as well as wise. He was kind, and gentle, and quiet, and benevolent. In many things he would have been the very man for Peter Parley.

Sir Walter, after writing a great number of works in poetry, which charmed readers of all ages, suddenly stopped in his career. Nobody knew what was become of him for some years.

During this time an unknown writer sprang up, and became a kind of wonder in the world. At last this great unknown author proved to be Sir Walter Scott. He lived at a place called Abbotsford, a very romantic estate on the banks of the river Tweed.

The editor of the Edinburgh Review, Francis Jeffrey,

being a man of short stature, was called "The Little Known," in contrast to the "Great Unknown." You will like to hear about Abbotsford.

Formerly there was scarcely to be found a spot more unlovely and less interesting than that on which Abbotsford now stands. There was a mean-looking farm-house, as well as a kale-yard, and a straggling grove of firs, not in a very thriving condition. Nor did a naked moor and a few turnip-fields much mend the matter. Things were in this state when Sir Walter Scott became "the laird" (owner) of Abbotsford, but a great improvement was soon observed in the place; he cultivated the ground, he planted trees, and laid out the whole of the lands with so much taste and care, that, at last, it assumed a different appearance altogether.

There are now beautiful lakes, romantic waterfalls among the ravines, wide-spread woodlands, broad riding-ways in good repair, and benches or bowers placed here and there in the most picturesque situations, where the visitor may sit and admire the fairy-land around him. Among the woods and winding paths you might wander for a week, and find fresh beauties every day. Here Sir Walter used to ramble or to ride on his pony, with an axe or pruning knife in his hand, attending to his trees, unbending his mighty mind, and holding communion

with his own reflections, and the beauties of creation so freely spread around him.

But now having told you about the grounds, let me give you a short description of the house, or rather the mansion of Abbotsford. Hundreds, nay, I may say thousands of people have made a willing pilgrimage to the place. The genius of Sir Walter Scott, and the high estimation in which he was held, have given such an interest to Abbotsford, that people are drawn there almost whether they will or not. They feel a strong sympathy for him who is now mouldering in the tomb, and look around on all that was his with a melancholy pleasure.

Abbotsford is on the brink of a hill near the Tweed, and Sir Walter made it what it is, by taking a hint, when he could, from anything that was excellent in the building way. He borrowed, as it were, his roof from Roslin; his chimney-piece from Melrose; a gateway from Linlithgow; and a postern from the Heart of Midlothian, the toll-booth of Edinburgh. There is no building like it to be seen; and if it be "a thing of shreds and patches," those patches and shreds are put together in so pleasant a way that one would regret to have one of them altered by the first architect in the world.

Soon after turning out of the public road, about a mile

and a half from the junction of the Ettrick and the Tweed rivers, you come to the Great Gate of Abbotsford, a lofty arch rising out of an embattled wall. Next you see an enclosure with high walls, a trellised walk overhung with roses and honeysuckles, and a screen of open gothic stone arches, with a net-work of iron through which are seen the gardens, and ornaments of turret, vase, urn, and porch, highly picturesque. The gray wall with its little turrets, and the oaks, elms, birch-trees, and hazels, form a kind of amphitheatre; the garden loses itself in the forest, and glimpses, here and there, are caught of the Tweed.

The mansion itself has a tall tower at each end, very different from each other, with zigzagged gables, scalloped parapets, eaves, fantastic waterspouts, and windows of painted glass. Then it has old-fashioned chimneys, small and great balconies, carved heraldic stones let into the wall, and a noble projecting gateway adorned with enormous petrified staghorns.

It would take me too long to describe the dark hall with its carved oaken walls, black and white marble floor, and coats of arms; its shields, escutcheons, inscriptions, arms, and armour. The narrower armoury near the hall, is filled with smaller armour, swords, firelocks, spears, arrows, darts, and daggers. Here are

too, the gun of Rob Roy, the blunderbuss of Hofer, the sword of the great Montrose, the hunting bottle of bonnie King Jamie, and a pair of pistols which once belonged to the Emperor Buonaparte I.

I might tell you of the dining-parlour, with its richly carved roof of dark oak, projecting bow window, and crimson walls covered with paintings; of the breakfast-room, looking on one side towards the Tweed, and the other towards Yarrow and Ettrick; and of the dim, religious-looking corridor; but I must draw to a close.

The library is a noble room, with a roof of richly carved oak, well filled with books, manuscripts, and a few curiosities; but there is a snugger apartment, "the Lion's own Den," the room where Sir Walter himself sat at his studies, in his plain arm-chair covered with black leather. In this room, are various antique cabinets and busts, with axes and bill-hooks for forest service, as well as Highland claymores. The writing-box of carved wood, and lined with crimson velvet, is furnished with silver plate apparatus of a very venerable appearance: it would have suited old Chaucer himself, but I believe it once belonged to an Italian prince, whose arms are seen on the lid.

Take Abbotsford altogether, both outside and inside, it is worth going far to see, and I only wish that my

description of its gateway, its towers, its great hall, and its libraries, its carved roofs and sculptured projections, were more worthy of the place. Nothing can be finer than the broad lawn of sweet turf upon the bank of the clear stream, fringed with wild birch woods, and the green hills of Ettrick Forest for a back-ground.

Aberdeen the capital of a shire of that name, situated between the rivers Don and Dee, and the seat of the University, is remarkable for the fine granite found in its neighbourhood, of which twelve thousand tons are shipped annually for London and other places, to be used in bridges, pavements, &c. It is called the "Queen of the North," and is the third city in Scotland for wealth, intelligence and population, the latter amounting nearly to 72000. The University consists of two Colleges, King's College, founded in 1494, by Bishop Elphinstone, under James IV; and Marischal College, founded in 1593, by George Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland. The names of Boethius, Beattie, Campbell, Gerard, and others, confer honour on this University. Aberdeen is remarkable for its harbour, constructed of granite.

Some of the mountains in Scotland are very lofty. Ben Macdhui, among the Caingorm range, is the highest, and its top is four thousand three hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea. Ben Nevis in Invernesshire

the next in elevation, is 4374 feet high. Their summits are covered with snow during the whole year. Cairngorm, which gives name to the former range, is 4095 feet high.

Ben Lomond in Stirlingshire, is three thousand one hundred and ninety-one feet in height, and is often visited for the beautiful prospect it affords. Lake Lomond, or Loch Lomond, is a charming sheet of blue water, washing its base. From the top of the mountain, you look down upon this lake, and you behold many others scattered among the ridges and cliffs, seeming like magnificent pearls sparkling among a sea of mountains.

Scotland has several beautiful rivers; the most important of which are the Forth, which runs near Edinburgh; the Clyde, which runs through Glasgow; and the Tay, which runs by Perth. The Tweed is a smaller stream, but it flows through a pleasant country, forms part of the boundary between Scotland and England, and is celebrated for the charming scenery along its banks.

There are several canals in Scotland; one of which already mentioned passes from Glasgow to Edinburgh, and opens a communication between the Friths of Forth and Clyde; another called the Caledonian Canal in Invernesshire, unites the German and Atlantic oceans, between the Murray Frith and Loch Linnhe.

There are some iron mines in Scotland, the most celebrated of which are at Carron, two miles from Falkirk. Here there are twenty furnaces employed in smelting the ore, and these consume eight hundred tons of coal every week, four hundred tons of ironstone and one hundred tons of limestone. About three thousand men are employed at the works. All sorts of iron goods are made here, especially pots, saucepans, grates, &c. This place is a celebrated foundry for the making of cannon. Several hundred are cast every year, and some of peculiar form are called carronades.

The village of Carron has sprung up within a few years. The Carron Company was chartered in 1769. Before the discovery of the mine, the spot now covered with buildings was a desolate heath.

There was formerly a coal mine at Borrowstoness, on the Frith of Forth. Great quantities of coal were taken from it, and deep excavations were made in the rock extending under the very bed of the ocean. But, at length, a storm arose, and the waves came rolling in upon the land. By and by, they burst over the entrance of the mine, and pouring down the cavity, suddenly drowned all the workmen within.

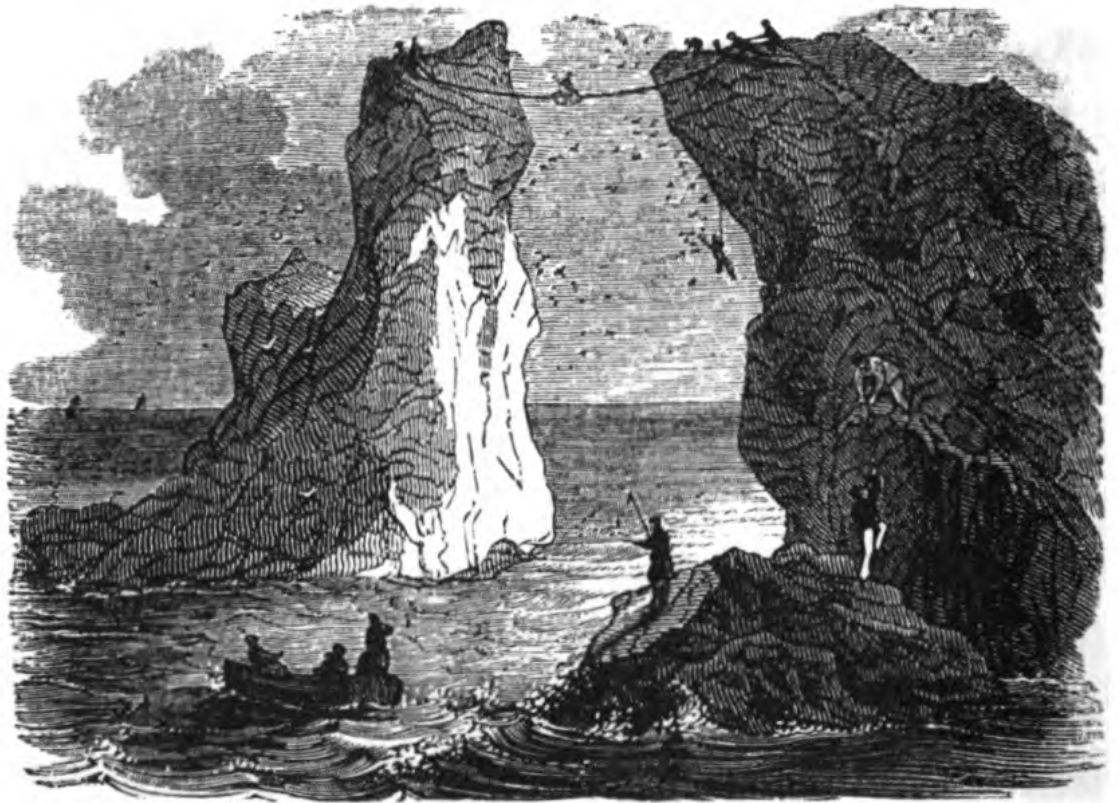
At Dysart, sixteen miles north of Edinburgh, there are several coal mines, and there are beds of coal which ha

been on fire for two hundred years. Smoke and flame have sometimes issued from the crevices, and the surface of the earth is so heated, that snow, when it falls, is instantly melted. The same accident has happened in some parts of England.

There are many other coal mines in Scotland; and in the southern parts of the country, particularly round Glasgow, the beds of that mineral appear to be inexhaustible. Gold was once found in Scotland, and a little is still found there, but there is not enough to make it an object to seek for it. There are several lead mines, especially in Leadhills, in Lanarkshire, from which a great deal of lead is procured.

CHAPTER XL.

PARLEY DESCRIBES THE HEBRIDES. KELP. SEA-FOWLS.
PEOPLE. BIRD CATCHERS. ST. KILDA. VIEW FROM
THE PEAK.



BIRD-CATCHING IN THE SHETLAND ISLES.

THE Hebrides are islands lying on the western shores of Scotland. They are upwards of 300 in number, and contain two millions of acres. The principal are Lewis

and Harris, (attached to Rosshire); North and South Uist, (attached to Invernesshire); Mull, Jura and Colonsay (attached to Argyllshire), and Bute and Arran. forming the shire of Bute. These islands are almost entirely destitute of trees, and nothing can exceed their dreary and desolate aspect. Their coasts are for the most part rocky, and the restless sea keeps up a perpetual roar around them.

There are many thousands of people upon them, who live in miserable huts, and subsist partly by fishing, partly by catching birds, and partly by the manufacture of kelp.

This latter article is the ashes of sea-weed, which is gathered in large quantities upon the shore, by the people. The sea-weed is then set on fire, and the kelp which is thus produced is carried to England, and is used in making soap, glass, and other things.

The rocky islands of the Hebrides are the resort of multitudes of sea-fowl. These make their nests in the crags and cliffs which overhang the sea; sometimes they are many hundred feet above the water, and they often hang completely over it.

The number of birds that frequent these places is prodigious. Sometimes they appear almost like a cloud, bending and waving over the peaks, and they settle in

such numbers upon them as at a little distance to appear like masses of snow.

In these bleak islands, the people can raise but little grain, and but few cattle, they therefore are obliged to search for fish in the sea, and catch what birds they can; even these are sometimes insufficient to supply them with food, and they are then obliged to eat sea-weed to save themselves from starving.

Under such circumstances, the people are induced to use every art to catch the wild birds, and to get the eggs. They often climb along the edges of the precipices and if you were to see them on the lofty cliffs, you would almost fear that the first breath of wind would sweep them down, and plunge them in the waves below.

But the bird-catchers resort even to more dangerous means than these. They put ropes around their bodies and with a small net in hand, they are let down from the top of the rock by their companions, and, descending among the birds catch them in their nets.

Sometimes they enter the deep hollows in the rock and here they find a great many eggs and young birds. The islanders even go to these frightful places in the night with torches, and catch the bewildered birds in their hands as they are sitting on the rocks.

One of the most remarkable islands in the Hebrides

St. Kilda, the most western piece of land belonging to the British islands, and 140 miles from the mainland of Scotland. It is about three miles in length, and has several high peaks, with beautiful little valleys between them. These are fertile, and about one hundred and fifty people inhabit them. Here they live in winter and in summer, cut off from the rest of mankind, and surrounded by the rolling sea.

It almost makes one shudder to think of living in such a place; yet the inhabitants of St. Kilda appear contented and happy. They venture forth upon the water in their little boats, and catch a great many fish; and they climb the steep cliffs, and catch a great many birds.

One of the peaks on the island rises to the height of fifteen hundred feet. A person, standing upon it, can look around him to the distance of fifty miles in every direction, at sea level, and at the distance of seventy miles objects elevated 270 feet above that level.

To the east he may see some peaks of the other Hebrides; but to the north, the west and the south, nothing is visible but the wide ocean, with here and there some whales spouting upon its surface, or some lonely ship pursuing its way across the Atlantic. Such is the magnificent view presented in the distance to him who stands upon the peak of St. Kilda. But if he

looks beneath his feet, a terrific sight is before him. Down, far down, in an almost perpendicular line, to the distance of a quarter of a mile, are the tumultuous waves breaking against the rocks, and sending their faint murmurs up to his ear.

Thousands of birds are hovering along the rocks, and skimming over the sea, and those whose wings are six feet in extent seem diminished to the size of swallows. The harsh scream of the seagull is scarcely heard, and the thousand voices of the ducks and geese come upon the ear only at intervals between the roarings of the surge.

It is almost impossible for a person to look down from this cliff, without being dizzy; yet the inhabitants of Skye and Kilda fearlessly climb along the very edges of the rocks, and swing over them with ropes about their bodies.

Such is their skill, that accidents seldom happen, and the bird-catcher, who has been all day exposed on the precipices in search of eggs, or game, generally returns at night to his family in safety.

Sometimes, indeed, it is otherwise. In a few instances the rock upon which the climber has placed his foot has broken away; or a stone has fallen upon him, and swinging downwards through the air, he has been plunged for ever in the tide.

This bird-catching, whether in the Hebrides, the Ork

neys, or the Shetland Isles, is a fearful pursuit. Whenever I think of these people, swinging from the high rocks catching birds, to provide themselves with a meal, I feel thankful for every bit of food that I put into my mouth. It is good to think of other people's dangers and deprivations, that we may be the more grateful for our own safety and abundant comforts. What if I were obliged to go bird-catching for my bread: swinging by an old rope from a rock a thousand feet high! I cannot bear to think of it. Let us eat our morsels in peace, and put up our daily prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," with a thankful heart and confiding spirit.

I had no wish to stay longer at St. Kilda, so I set sail to see Fingal's Cave. You must hear all about this cave.

CHAPTER XLI.

PARLEY GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF STAFFA. FINGAL'S CAVE.
BENDING PILLARS. PEOPLE OF THE HEBRIDES. SONGS
OSSIAN'S POEMS. THE ORKNEYS. PEOPLE. CLIMATE.
SHETLAND ISLANDS. PEOPLE. CLIMATE. NORTHERN
LIGHTS.

THERE is a very remarkable little island among the Hebrides called Staffa. It is about a mile and a half in circumference, and is celebrated for the basaltic pillars, that is, rocks in the form of columns, which support the great part of the island. The most wonderful specimen of these is in what is usually called Fingal's Cave. This is a magnificent cavern among the cliffs on the seashore; it is two hundred and fifty feet long, varying in breadth from fifty-three feet at the entrance to twenty feet at the further end, and in height from one hundred and seventeen to seventy feet. The sides of the cave are composed of ranges of basaltic pillars, and the roof is formed of the tops of such as have been broken away. The floor is at some depth below the water, so that a boat can proceed to the further extremity of the cavern. There are in the

island some other caves of the same kind, though of less importance; and in some parts the pillar-like rocks are bent and twisted in a very curious manner.

The people at the Hebrides do not speak the English language, but the Erse or Gaelic, which is the same as that used in the Highlands of Scotland.

They have so little intercourse with the people of England and other countries, that they live on from year to year, in their black and smoky huts, preserving their ancient language, and their ancient manners and customs. Yet they are by no means destitute of intelligence, and they have in their language many wild songs, which are thought very beautiful.

Let us now take leave of the Hebrides, and proceed to a group of islands to the north of Scotland, called the Orkneys, from which they are separated by the Pentland Frith. These are about thirty-eight in number, but more than half of them are barren, desolate, and uninhabited, except by flocks of grazing sheep.

The largest are Mainland, Hoy, North Ronaldshay, South Ronaldshay, Sanday, Stronsay, Eday, and Westray. These contain, along with the Shetland Isles, about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, who live by raising cattle, by fishing, and by catching sea-fowl.

The western shores consist of wild, precipitous rocks;

and here, as well as in the Hebrides, the bird-hunters exercise their perilous vocation. There are some rich people in these islands, who have large stone houses, but most of the inhabitants are poor, and live in miserable black huts. They are also very ignorant, and have many strange superstitions. They speak the English language, but in such a manner that you would hardly understand them.

You will bear in mind that the Orkneys are very far north, and are in the same latitude as Hudson's Bay, or Labrador. The regions of North America are very desolate, and a great part of the year they are swept by the bitter winds of winter. The climate of the Orkneys is similar, only it is more moist. Storms and tempests are also more frequent; and the rocking billows seldom cease to roar around their shores.

The winters are very long, and at noon, the sun is so near the horizon, that you would scarcely think it more than an hour high. But the sun is almost constantly hidden by clouds, and during the months of January and February, the tempests bring with them terrific storms of thunder and lightning.

Still further north are the Shetland Isles. These are eighty-six in number, and forty of them are inhabited. The largest is Shetland, or Mainland, which is seventy miles in length, but quite narrow.

These islands are covered with mountains, having deep valleys between them. They are wholly destitute of trees, and at a little distance you would imagine that they were only a collection of sterile rocks. But thousands of people live in these lonely abodes, subsisting chiefly by fishing and agriculture. They are, however, very poor and ignorant, yet contented. Like the people of the Orkneys, they speak the English language.

The climate is even more severe than that of the Orkneys; the winter is long and dreary, and such are the fierce storms here, that, for several months, no vessel can come to them, or go from them, and the people are cut off from all intercourse with the rest of mankind.

During the day, the sun sheds but a dim light, but at night, the moon and stars shine with peculiar lustre. The aurora borealis, or northern lights, is also seen there in much greater brilliancy than with us. I have a few other particulars to mention before I bid farewell to Scotland, for I do not like to do things by halves.

CHAPTER XLII.

PARLEY DESCRIBES SOME OF THE FALLS, CAIRNS, AND
PASSES OF THE HIGHLANDS. A TERRIBLE TALE.

WHOEVER gives a description of the Highlands of Scotland, must, on no account, forget to say something about the falls of water, which so frequently meet the eye of the traveller. I was always fond of waterfalls, and many an hour have I sat on a rock, overhanging a glassy fall, gazing on the boiling foam and the rising spray. Time has been when I had as steady a head and as firm a foot as any one, but Peter Parley is obliged to be careful now in dangerous situations.

Not soon shall I forget Aberfeldy, in Perthshire. It is a village of a tolerable size, and the stream that passes through it is as picturesque as any that runs in Scotland, on account of the many falls into which it is broken. The dell, where the falls are, is very confined, and about two hundred feet deep. The trees on each bank almost meet. There are a number of cascades formed by rivulets pouring down the east side of the dell, altogether about eighty feet. You then see a clear pool, which glides through

the narrow chasm of moistened black rock, and falls at such a distance that its soft murmuring is grateful to the ear. The mingled spruce firs, straight elms, and leafy beech-trees, make the place beautiful, while the drooping ash-trees, from the opposite bank, dip their taper branches into the water. The pointed crags, too, add much to the beauty of the falls, for they are all covered with creeping mosses and hanging fern. Further on is a series of other falls, a hundred feet in the whole, in all the wildest variety you can conceive. The last cascade is about fifty feet deep, and, here, there is a rude bridge. I do like Aberfeldy!

The falls of Ghivach would almost equal the famous falls of Foyers if the water was not so scanty: the wooded bed of the stream is deep, and narrow, and very romantic.

About five miles from Struy, to the north of Strathglass, in Inverness-shire, a wild torrent comes tumbling down from a glen called Glencannich. This is a fearfully wild region, and many a smuggler has fixed his hut there. The falls of Kilmorack are not so deep as many are, but they are famous for breadth and their amount of water, as well as for the lofty rocks, smooth green banks, and hanging woods which enclose them. Fish are often caught as they try to fling themselves over some of the lesser falls. It is a dangerous pastime to take them. How do you think they carry it on? Why, by fastening spears, or

hooks, to the ends of long rods; with these they catch the fish. Many a stout Highlander has met his death in spearing salmon. Now I will tell you a singular thing. It is said that the old lords Lovat, who lived at Beaufort Castle near the falls, had a particular contrivance in the fishing sport, so that the salmon, in trying to escape, threw themselves into a kettle of boiling water, kept ready for the occasion: you never heard of such a thing as that before.

Near the village of Comrie, in Perthshire, runs a little stream, as wild and turbulent as ever you saw: it is called the Humble-bumble. An odd name, is it not? At the far end of a long, deep chasm, it falls over the rocks. Soon after this, it falls again, and rushing a little slantwise, it leaps headlong into a wide, deep pool, partly arched over by moss-covered rocks. The water is remarkably dark, and the pool is called the Devil's Caldron.

The falls of Foyers, near Fort Augustus, are worth walking a hundred miles to see. The river Foyers enters a deep and narrow ravine, and tumbles over a ledge of rocks thirty feet. Below the fall, the channel of the river is deep and rocky. The water is lashed into foam, and hurries forward in a rage. It then dashes through a narrow gap, and falls ninety feet. The principal fall descends from a height of two hundred and twelve feet.

The ground trembles from the shock of the falling water. The bold rocks, and the different kinds of trees, the solitude, the thundering din, the glassy fall, the foam and the rising spray, often tinted like a rainbow, all together, form one of the finest pictures in the world.

In the Highlands are to be found abundance of stone circles, cromlechs, and cairns. It is difficult, at times, to say to what purpose these were applied, but the cairns, at least many of them, are certainly burial places. In some of them have been found urns, supposed to contain the burnt ashes of human beings. In others skeletons are not unusual. No doubt, however, that heaps of stones have been piled up as remembrances of different things, and now it is hard to say which are burial places, and which are not. The people told me that it was a common mark of respect to say to one another, "I will add a stone to your cairn."

The passes, or narrow defiles necessary to be passed through in going from one part to another, are very numerous in the Highlands. The pass of Aive is very magnificent in its scenery. At this place John of Lorn tried to withstand Bruce's advance into his dominions; the Argyle men were routed with great slaughter, and Bruce gained the pass.

The deep and dangerous pass of Slochmuicht, which

means the Boar's Den, was once the favourite haunt of banditti. Hence they sallied forth, and infested not only this, but most of the different roads across the Grampian Hills to the low country. This ravine is now more dangerous on account of the snow with which it is at times blocked up, than on account of robbers.

Killiecrankie is a celebrated pass near Blair Athol. The hills rise up from the bed of the river in a perpendicular wall of rock, and both banks, to the height of several hundred feet, are covered with waving birch. It is said that the last exploit of the "bloody Clavers" took place there. The terrible adventures and encounters that have taken place in the Highlands are without number. I will tell you of one.

About two hundred years ago, Angus, eldest son of Glengarry, made a foray into the Mackenzies' country. Making a foray is going with a band of armed men to plunder and destroy. Well! as he came back he was met by a few Mackenzies, and slain. Some time after this a strong body of Glengarry's men, headed by one Alasdair Mac Raonuil, went to revenge the death of Angus. Alasdair led his men into the parish of Urray, in Ross-shire, on Sunday morning, and set fire to a chapel called Cillie Christ, preventing any of the congregation from making their escape, so that men, women, and children, a

perished in the flames. Did you ever hear of anything more shocking?

The flames of the church aroused the neighbourhood, and the Glengarry men were pursued. Alan made to a place where the burn rushed through a yawning chasm of great depth and breadth. He took a desperate leap, and cleared the chasm. A Mackenzie followed, but though he reached the opposite side, he was obliged to grasp the branch of a birch-tree which hung over the abyss. Alan, perceiving this, turned back, and drawing his dirk, lopped off the branch, when down fell the Mackenzie into the dreadful chasm.

This is bad enough, but this is not all. A band of the Mackenzies overtook a party of the Glengarry men, who, thinking themselves safe, were regaling themselves in a public-house at Torbreck. The house was surrounded, and set on fire, and thus, thirty-seven men died the same miserable death they had, in the morning, inflicted on others.

There is a chapter in the bible which says that he who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, and the Glengarry men found it awfully fulfilled. My advice is, to live a quiet and peaceable life, and not to give way to anger and revenge. I will next tell you about the cavern of robbers, and Rob Roy.

CHAPTER XLIII.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT FREEBOOTERS. BLACK MAIL. THE
CAVERN OF ROBBERS. A TERRIBLE AFFAIR. CATTLE
LIFTING. ROB ROY. OLD YEW TREE.

YOU have perhaps heard that at one time there were many robbers in Scotland called freebooters. Many persons of property were very glad to pay them sums of money that they might not rob them. This money was called black mail, and so long as it was paid, the parties were not robbed. Had you lived in Scotland then, and possessed herds of cattle, no doubt you would have been as ready to pay black mail as the best of them.

The cavern of robbers is about two miles south-west of Belleville near Kingussie in Invernesshire, and on the line of the old road. Many terrible banditti have, at different times, sheltered themselves in this place.

There was once a tribe frequented the place called Clan-Mhic Gillie Naaigh. They plundered the country round about, but especially the clan of the Macphersons. The Macphersons could never discover the place where the robbers retreated to; at last one of them succeeded:

will tell you how. He pretended to be weary, and ill, and went to the hut of a miserable-looking beggar, whom he suspected had some connexion with the robbers. At first he was refused admittance, but as he seemed so very ill, he, at length, was allowed to enter. Well, what do you think? the hut of this wretched-looking beggar was over the cave where the robbers hid themselves. When night came on, the Macpherson pretended to be asleep, and, soon after, out came the robbers from their hiding-place. They partook of a good feast, and not only boasted of what they had done, but talked about their plans for the next day. The Macpherson, however, hindered them from putting their plans in execution, for, stealing out of the hut, he soon raised his clansmen, whose broadswords put every one of them to death.

I will tell you of another terrible affair, for Scotland is a land that abounds with adventures. The castle of Raits was the principal stronghold of the family of the Cumings, Earls of Badenoch. One of these earls, jealous of the Laird of Mackintosh, formed the plan of murdering him and his principal friends. For this purpose he invited them to a banquet, and took care that they should not sit by one another, having arranged with his followers that the bringing in a boar's head should be the signal for slaughter. The Laird of Mackintosh, however,

discovered the plot, so that no sooner did the boar's head make its appearance, than every Mackintosh plunged his dirk into the bosom of the Cuming that sat beside him.

I heard a great deal about the way in which cattle were, at times, driven off during the night; this was called lifting cattle. Some of the wild scenery of Scotland seems exactly suited to the strange relations that are told. Rocky mountains, of blood-red granite, rise up high in sharp-pointed cliffs from the edges of the rivers, and throw so deep and dark a shade on the waters, that some of the small hamlets on the brink of the running streams seldom see the sun. Every now and then, where the rocks are wider apart, may be seen little patches of cultivated land and Highland cottages. The mountain slopes, too, are wooded, and the banks of the rivers fringed quite to the water's edge with trees of different kinds, such as the alder-tree, the rowan, and the birch. It was in the midst of scenery like this that a pass was pointed out to me, through which many a drove of cattle had been hurried by the freebooters of other times.

Rob Roy was a famous freebooter. At one time he was taken by a party, headed by the Duke of Montrose and buckled behind Grahame of Gartnafuorach. When they came to some fragments of rocks, in the braes of Balquhidder, Rob Roy persuaded Grahame to slip the

belt. He did so, and the freebooter escaped across the river. This famous robber frequented the upper end of Lochvail, in the latter part of his life. I visited his grave in the Kirton of Balquhidder. The place was at the lower end of the lake, and two or three miles from the public road.

I must not forget to tell you of a yew-tree that I saw in a Scottish churchyard, near Loch Tay. A hundred years ago, the trunk was single, and measured fifty-six feet round it. It looks now as though it had two trunks; the largest, which is quite hollow, is thirty-two feet in girth. Learned antiquarians say that this yew-tree is more than two thousand years old. I have now told you of a great many things, and will take my leave of Scotland, hoping that you will not forget what you have heard. It may happen that some day you may see Scotland with your own eyes. It is not at all likely that Peter Parley will ever go there again.

CHAPTER XLIV.

PARLEY GOES TO IRELAND. DUBLIN. CORK. BELFAST.
BATTLE OF THE BOYNE. CONDITION OF THE IRISH
PEASANTRY. MANNERS OF THE IRISH. MINES. PEAT
BOGS. SHAKING BOGS.



DUBLIN.

IRELAND is often called "the Emerald Isle," and is inhabited by a warm-hearted people. I felt kind

towards them, when I first put my foot on Irish land, and I felt more kindly still when I came away from the country. Ireland is nearly three hundred miles long, and about two hundred broad. It contains about thirty thousand square miles, and has a population of nearly seven millions.

Dublin is the capital of Ireland, and contains a population of about two hundred and thirty-three thousand. The river Liffey, which falls into the bay of Dublin, and has two capital bridges, divides the city into two parts, one much about the same size as the other. It is a place of great antiquity: the Irish call it *Drom-choll-coil*, which means "the brow of a hazel wood." It was anciently called *Baly-lean-cliath*, or, "The town on the fishing harbour."

The suburbs are poor enough, consisting, chiefly, of wretched hovels, inhabited by very poor people, ill fed, and clothed in rags. Silk, woollen, and cotton manufactories are carried on in the place, as well as other branches of useful traffic.

The bay of Dublin is one of the finest in the world. In order to improve it, as a harbour, for giving shelter to the ships, a pier three miles in length has been built, composed of enormous blocks of granite, having a lighthouse at the end. Dublin has but little foreign trade, its

chief commerce being with England, especially with Liverpool. Three miles below the city is a fortress called the Pigeon House, and a commodious dock. To my mind, the city is not seen to much advantage from the harbour, though the view of the country is one of the finest I ever beheld; there is such a gentle rising to the north and west, and such a bold towering up of the lofty mountains on the south.

Dublin is the seat of a university, celebrated for learning. The inhabitants are frank, open, and generous, and hospitality dwells in their very hearts. Many of the back streets, as I said before, are not to be praised; but go into Merrion Square, Grafton Street, and Coleridge Green! Pass through Sackville Street, and Westmoreland Street, and Rutland Square, and you will say that these, and Gardiner's Row, and Mountjoy Square, are equal to anything in the shape of streets that you ever saw.

There are five very handsome squares, and I am told that one of them, Stephen's Green, is a mile round. It has a statue of George the Second, on horseback, in the middle of it.

There is no want of public buildings in Dublin; they seemed to me to be not only very numerous, but all noble edifices. The Castle, the Exchange, the Custom House, the Bank of Ireland, and the Four Courts, a

worth looking at; and the cathedrals, churches, schools, hospitals, and other benevolent institutions, cannot be looked at without a proud feeling gathering round the heart. To speak the truth, when in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, I felt that the English, Scotch, and warm-hearted Irish, were my brethren; and I looked on their flourishing commerce, elegant edifices, and noble institutions with double pleasure on that account.

It would take me hours to describe, properly, the venerable cathedral of St. Patrick, with its transepts, choir, and organ; its walls and panelled gallery-fronts, adorned as they are with the swords, helmets, and banners of the knights of St. Patrick, and the canopied stalls of carved oak, rich with armorial bearings, and golden characters. The quakers, moravians, and methodists have all places of divine worship; and those of the roman catholics are numerous. The chapels in Ann Street and Exchange Street are very elegant.

The Royal Dublin Society and the colleges ought not to be passed over, for they are among the things which exalt the city in public estimation.

I had a walk in the Phoenix Park, and I could never wish a sweeter place to walk in. I was delighted with the Zoological Gardens. The noble bay, the canals, the Royal and the Grand, and the railway, add much to the

improvement of Dublin, and the extension of her commerce.

Very willingly would I have remained longer in Dublin than I did, for the warmth and friendliness of the people made me feel very kindly towards them; but that could not be. I was obliged to hurry on, yet I did not quit the place without expressing my best wishes for its lasting prosperity.

Cork is the second city in importance. It has a population of about eighty-six thousand, and a considerable trade in supplying the vessels which frequent its harbour with provisions. Belfast, with a population of one hundred thousand, is the chief town in the north of Ireland; it has a fine harbour, and a considerable trade. Drogheda is an important town, situated on the mouth of the Boyne, and a mile or two higher up the river was fought the famous battle of the Boyne, on the first of July, 1690, which ended in the total defeat of James the Second, and the establishment of William the Third as king of Great Britain and Ireland. A beautiful obelisk, about one hundred and thirty feet high, has been erected on this spot to commemorate the event.

The chief manufacture of Ireland is linen: it is of very good quality, and a great proportion of what is used by the English is made in Ireland. The dwellings of the

poorer Irish are wretched hovels, built of earth and rudely thatched, without any boards, consisting of only one story, and frequently of only one room. Almost every Irish peasant possesses a pig, which usually shares his cabin and his meals: and upon which greatly depends the payment of the rent, and the support of the family.

A traveller, who was visiting an Irish cabin, expressed his surprise that the pig was treated so much as an equal, when the master replied, "Sure we cannot turn out the gintleman that pays the rint." Fowls, geese, and even a cow, also, often have their lodgings with the family. Large numbers of sheep and cattle are bred in different parts of Ireland; and great quantities of geese are kept for the sake of their feathers, which are cruelly plucked from the animals alive. The chief food of the Irish peasantry consists of potatoes, accompanied, when possible, with milk.

The Irish are brave, hospitable, gay, and thoughtless; the lower classes are greatly addicted to fighting. They do not fight singly, but in large companies; on receiving an injury they collect their friends, and, armed with sticks and stones, advance to the attack. It has been said that they are never at peace unless they are at war with one another. Fairs are held annually in every large town and village in Ireland, and almost always end in a

general fight, in which all the Irish present engage with the utmost willingness and glee. The Irish have many singular customs, one of which is their manner of celebrating a funeral. On these occasions, they have what is called a wake. Inviting all the neighbours and friends of the deceased, they entertain them with meat and drink, and engage in dancing, and other amusements. They also hire women to attend the funeral for the purpose of howling over the body.

Mines of iron, copper, lead, and coal, are worked in different parts of Ireland: gold has also been obtained, but not to any very great amount.

Among the most curious things in Ireland are the immense peat bogs, which cover a great part of the island. These spots are supposed to have been formerly occupied by large forests, which have long since fallen and help to form the bogs; and the trunks of trees are often found embedded at different depths below the surface. The peasantry use the peat, or turf, which they dig out of these bogs, for fuel, as it is cheaper than coal. Some of the bogs are what are called moving, or shaking bogs: these are caused by a great quantity of water being collected under the surface of the peat; and they sometimes burst, and flood the surrounding country.

CHAPTER XLV.

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY. GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND. RIVERS.
LAKES. PETER PARLEY'S IRISH FRIEND. GOOD WISHES
FOR IRELAND. UNION WITH ENGLAND.

ON the northern coast of Ireland is a very great natural curiosity, known by the name of the Giant's Causeway. It is a vast collection of basaltic pillars, similar to those found in the Isle of Staffa. The principal, or grand, causeway consists of many hundred thousand columns, so closely fitted together, that even the blade of a knife can scarcely be introduced between them. The greater number of the pillars have five unequal sides, and they are formed of a black rock, nearly as hard as marble. The columns are not all in one piece, but divided into lengths of about two feet each; these are very curiously joined together, the end of one piece having a circular hollow, into which the end of the other fits exactly, so that you would scarcely notice the joint. Besides the principal causeway there are several other masses of the same kind, and in the neighbourhood are two remarkable caverns. They are of great height and

depth, and, the bottom being covered with water, boats may enter them from the sea.

Ireland is governed by a lord lieutenant, who resides in Dublin, with a chancellor and other ministers. Before the year 1800, Ireland had a parliament of its own; but since that year, when it was united to England, it has sent thirty-two Peers to Parliament, and returned one hundred and five members to the English House of Commons.

I have not said so much about Ireland as about Scotland, on account of my visit there being a hurried one. However I contrived to make the most of it. I should have told you that, beside the rivers Liffey and Boyne, there are in Ireland the Shannon, the Blackwater, the Suir, the Barrow, and the Noir.

There are some fine lakes, too, and Peter Parley had a capital sail on that of Killarney. I always liked Ireland and I will tell you why. In my younger days I had a friend who came from Carrickfergus, a seaport of Antrim county in Ireland. He had a warm heart and many a pleasant ramble in the woods and fields, and many a hard day's toil did we share together. I called him "Forward," because he was so ardent in all he undertook, and he called me "Steady," because I was so persevering. "Forward" and "Steady" suited each other capitally as companions.

Ireland has long known adversity and discord, and I wish from my heart that she may now enjoy prosperity and peace. I wish her the blessings of gospel truth, wise laws, considerate rulers, constant employment, and God's grace; and then, with less of party spirit, and with more love to one another, Irish people will be happy.

I have now given you a description of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; of the manner in which they are governed; and of the most remarkable things and places in each country. And, now, after speaking of a few other things, I shall give you some account of the history of these various nations; and, then, my story will be finished.

CHAPTER XLVI.

PARLEY TALKS ABOUT SAVAGES, AND CIVILIZED PEOPLE
AND TELLS ABOUT SPECTACLES AND CLOCKS, AND
THE BAROMETER AND THERMOMETER.

PERHAPS you have never thought how much useful inventions add to our comfort. What is the thing most necessary to man? Why, food; and this, when he is in a savage or uncivilized state, he gets mostly by hunting. The ancient Britons were savage enough, they were obliged to hunt for their food; but civilized men can get food without hunting for it, for they plough and sow, and reap corn, and bring up animals tame. You see that the head is swifter than the foot, and stronger than the hand.

What is the next thing most necessary to man? Why, clothing. Savage men go naked, or clothe themselves with skins of animals; but a civilized people weave flax and wool, and make cloth. Do you think savages would wear skins if they could get cloth? No, that they never would.

The next thing man wants is a house to dwell in. The ancient Britons lived in huts and caves, but they

would not have done so if they had known how to build houses. I should think a cave or a hut a poor sort of dwelling, after having lived so long in this comfortable little brown house, with so many conveniences around me. It will do you good to look, some day, at all the articles that are used in a house, that you may be thankful you are not savages.

The savage is obliged to rub two hard pieces of wood together to make fire; but thanks to Chemistry, we can get a light in an instant, by means of a lucifer match-box. The ancient Britons had no carpets to walk on, no chairs to sit on, and no beds to lie on. Pots and kettles, and ovens, and hasteners, and spits were unknown to them. They knew nothing of knives, forks and spoons, plates and dishes, candles, candlesticks, and snuffers. Now all these are comforts that we should not know how to do without, and we ought to be thankful for them. Do you not think so?

You are young, and think but little of many things that you will think a great deal of by and by. For instance, look at my spectacles; they would be of no use to you, but to me they are very useful indeed. When men grow old they know many things worth writing down, but if their eyes are dim they cannot see to do this without glasses. Spectacles give young eyes to old

heads. It is the form of the spectacle glass that enable us to see better through it; different eyes require differently formed glasses. There! you may try; but you cannot see properly with the spectacles that I use.

The ancient Britons knew nothing about spectacles nor the other things I am going to mention. You all know what a clock is, and what a watch is, too, and that they both answer the purpose of telling us the hour of the day and night. The watch may be said to be a little clock, and the clock is nothing more than a large watch. It is true the clock strikes the hour, but then some watches do the same thing. The clock is kept going by the pressure of weights upon wheels, which is regulated by a pendulum; but the wheels of a watch are moved by a spring, wound up in a box. This spring, in unwinding itself, gives the movement. Sun-dials were used before clocks, but when the sun did not shine the people could not tell the hour. When clocks were first made, they could tell by night as well as by day, having only to light a candle to see the figures. After that came the improvement of making the clock strike, so that on the darkest winter's night, when tucked up in bed, the hour may be known without stirring an inch.

Clocks were first introduced into England five hundred years ago. There are two famous clocks in the cathedral

of Strasburg and Lyons, in France, but it would take me too long to describe them. One that once stood in the palace of Versailles, in France, was thought much of. Before it struck the hour, two cocks clapped their wings and crowed, and then came figures, with cymbals in their hands, which were beaten with clubs.

I must not forget to tell you about two English clocks. They were made to be presented by the East India Company to the Emperor of China. These clocks are made in the form of a chariot, in which sits a beautiful lady; underneath the figure of the lady is a small clock, a little bigger than a shilling, which goes remarkably well for eight days without winding up, striking the hour, and repeating it when wanted to do so. There is a bird on the lady's finger, only the sixteenth part of an inch in size, set with diamonds and rubies; this bird spreads its wings, and flutters them for a considerable time, having wheels inside for this purpose. Over the lady's head is an umbrella; at the feet of the lady is a golden dog.

There was a clock at St. Dunstan's church, in London, that strangers once flocked to see, for the hour was struck by two figures with massy clubs; but it is now taken down, for, since then, a new church, called St. Dunstan's in the West, has been built where the old one stood.

There are two other things used in houses, though they are not so common as clocks, I mean the barometer, and the thermometer. You have seen them both. The barometer is an instrument that tells the state of the atmosphere, and the changes of the weather, by means of a vertical tube which, being closed at one end, is filled with quicksilver, then carefully inverted, and placed with its open end, in a cup of the same liquid. When the air is dry and springy, it presses on the quicksilver in the cup, and forces a little up the tube; but when otherwise, the quicksilver in the tube sinks, and a little then comes into the cup.

By this means any one who looks on the figures by the side may see the state of the atmosphere, and judge whether it is likely to be wet or dry.

Is not this a curious contrivance? The same instrument when you are climbing up a mountain, will tell you how high you are, for the higher you get, the less the pressure of the air becomes, and the more the quicksilver sinks in the tube.

The thermometer tells you the degree of heat or cold wherever it is placed. I will explain this. Quicksilver and spirits expand when heated, taking up more room than when they are cold. Well, a ball filled with spirit or quicksilver has a tube with a very small bore fixed to

it, with so small a bore, that in some thermometers it looks like a thread. When the air is cold, the quicksilver remains in the ball; but when warm, it mounts up in the narrow tube. There, now you understand all about the barometer and the thermometer: that is what the ancient Britons never did, because these instruments were not invented till the revival of learning, the one about the middle, and the other about the beginning of the seventeenth century.

If you remember all that I tell you, you will remember a great deal, but do not let it make you vain. The more you know the better, if you make a good use of it; but much better will it be for you, to be simple and virtuous, than wise and wicked. The longer I live, the more convinced am I that good affections are worth more than great talents; and that he who fears God, and keeps his commandments, will be happier than all the knowledge in the world can make him.

I have not yet finished all that I have to say about useful inventions: I will therefore mention a few more of them in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLVII.

PARLEY DESCRIBES THE MICROSCOPE, TELESCOPE, STEAM ENGINE, STEAM BOAT, BALLOON, AND MARINER'S COMPASS.

ONE word about optical instruments, the steam engine, and a few other things. I need not stop to say more of the microscope than that it is an instrument which, by the means of glasses of different forms, adjusted in a tubular apparatus, makes very small objects appear much larger and more distinct than when seen with the naked eye.

The telescope, a similar instrument, enables us to see distinctly objects that are at a great distance from us. Large telescopes are used to examine the appearances of the heavenly bodies, and small ones to see distant ships, mountains, and other objects.

I have seen a microscope which made the shadow of a small insect full ten feet long; and I have looked through a telescope at the moon, till I almost fancied that I could see houses on the surface, and living creatures moving.

I want you now to understand the principle of the

the steam engine; the particular parts belonging to which you may examine when you have the opportunity. The first inventor of the steam engine is said to have been the Marquis of Worcester, in 1655, who was sitting comfortably at his breakfast, when he observed that the steam of the boiling water lifted up the lid of the kettle. The thought struck him, directly, that the power of steam might be turned to some advantage. He set to work, and from this simple beginning, the steam engine has been brought into notice, after many improvements.

In a steam engine, the steam of boiling water is thrown into a cylinder which has a moveable piston, or stopper. This piston rises when forced up by the steam, and falls when cold water is thrown in to condense the steam.

Mr. Watt, a native of Greenock in Scotland, not only greatly improved the steam engine, but actually made the first real steam engine, by fixing a lid at the top of the cylinder, and making the piston-rod work up and down through a hole in it. He admitted steam alternately above and below the piston; thus forcing it down as well as up, with the steam. The piston-rod being fastened to the one end of a strong beam, balanced at the middle of it, moves the beam alternately up and down: and this is the power which the mechanic turns to his advantage, by making it turn round wheels, lift large levers, and work in any

other way in which he chooses to employ it. The other end of the beam is fastened by a connecting rod to a crank, and the crank to a fly-wheel and shaft, from which the motion is communicated to the wheel-work and other apparatus by which the labour is performed.

The steam engine is a machine of amazing power, and one that may be employed to innumerable useful purposes. You may remember what I said about the railway train and steam carriages that run between Manchester and Liverpool. In England, Scotland, Ireland, and many places of the continent, this is now the only mode of conveyance by land.

Useful as steam may be on the land, however, it is equally so on the water. It was a long time before it could be properly managed; but now, the steam boats that sail from London to Greenwich, Gravesend, Southend, Herne Bay, Margate, and other places along the coast appear to be as manageable as so many tractable children. You would be surprised to see the throngs of people that these boats carry. Our steam boats do not load like those in England.

You have sent up a fire balloon in the air, no doubt many a time. The fire makes the air that fills the balloon lighter than the other air, and, of course, the balloon rises. It is just the same with an air balloon, only the air, of

gas, that fills it, is made in a different manner. I have seen several fine balloons, made of silk, and covered over with network, filled with gas, and I will tell you one of the ways in which the gas is obtained.

Water, and sulphuric acid, are mixed together, but there is five times as much water as acid. Well! this mixture is poured over iron filings, when the gas rises into the balloon, rendering it twelve times lighter than common air; no wonder, then, that it should mount up so high as it does. Common coal gas is now generally used to fill balloons with. M. Lunardi, accompanied by a dog, a cat, and a pigeon, made the first ascent in England in 1784. I have heard of a man who made about three hundred ascents in the car of a balloon: his name is Green. On one occasion, M. Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries sailed in a balloon across the British Channel, from Dover to Calais.

The loadstone or magnet was a wonderful discovery. In old times seamen were afraid of venturing out of sight of the land; but, now, they can sail all over the world. It was found out that if a loadstone was suspended on a point, and left to itself, it would always turn to the north; so that when a sailor had one with him at sea, he could direct his course as he pleased.

When this magnet, or needle, as it is called from its

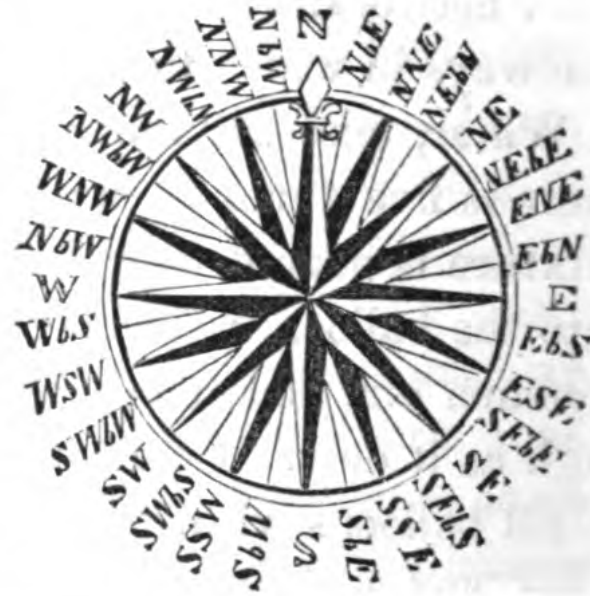
shape, was placed in a frame with a glass over it, and having a card marked with the thirty two points the compass, it was called

a **MARINER'S COMPASS.**

Landsmen may talk about it, and praise it, but none besides an old sailor like me, who has been accustomed to the dangers of the sea, can feel as he ought to do for the blessing of the mariner's compass. It may be just as well, however, to

tell you that there are only a few places in the world where the needle points due north. In almost every other place there is a difference between the direction of the needle and the true north, which is called the variation of the compass.

I have now but a few things more to speak of, and therefore I will give you the history of England in as pleasant a way as I can.



MARINER'S COMPASS.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

PARLEY DESCRIBES FIRE ESCAPES, AND THE FIRE ENGINE.

THE DOG TYKE. LIFE PRESERVER. DIVING BELL.

AIR GUN. AIR PUMP. LIGHTNING ROD.

DID you ever hear of the fire escape? Perhaps not. There are fire escapes of different kinds, but if I describe one or two it will be enough. A fire is a dreadful thing, especially if it happens in a narrow, populous street in the night time. I have been at many fires, and seen the terrible effects produced by them, and therefore I think fire escapes are capital things. They are intended to assist people in getting out of houses that are on fire.

There is one very simple fire escape; it is merely a very large cloth made of elastic materials, with strong handles to lay hold of. This is spread out and held by four, six, or eight men, as the case may be; and when a fire takes place, so that people who are in danger cannot otherwise get out of their burning houses, they leap from the window into the fire escape, and are saved.

Another fire escape consists of a long pole, with a rope, and a basket. The pole is from thirty to forty feet long.

It has a pulley on it near the top, and a cord put over the pulley. To one end of the cord is fastened a large wicker basket. When a house is on fire, and the people cannot get down stairs for the smoke and flames, the long pole is put up against the house, and the wicker basket is pulled up to one of the windows, by persons in the street. The people of the house then get into the basket, and are let down gradually and safely by the rope and pulley, thereby escaping the flames.

If the people in the burning house are ill, or too much frightened to get into the basket, a man jumps into it while it is on the ground, he is then hoisted up to help the people above.

You have, I dare say, seen a fire engine. It is used to put out fires. It has a sort of trough into which water is pumped as fast as it can be had. Several men then go on each side, and begin to work just as if they were pumping. They force the water out of the engine along a leathern pipe which will bend in any direction. There is a metal pipe at the end of this, which one of the firemen guides with his hands, pointing it in the direction where the fire is doing the most mischief. The water is then forced out of the pipe in so strong a stream that it mounts up to the top of the highest houses, and is of the greatest use in extinguishing the flames.

I will tell you an odd occurrence. There was some time since in London, a dog named Tyke, and a very ugly dog he was, of the bow-legged turnspit kind. Well, this dog no sooner heard the lumbering wheels of a fire-engine, and saw the firemen in their thick jackets, skull caps, and boots, than away he scoured after them. The firemen all knew him well. I never heard of his doing anything towards putting out a fire, but if one took place any where about the neighbourhood of Blackfriars, or even if it were miles off, and the firemen passed over the bridge, he was sure to be present. He once stopped sixteen days at a fire, and never quitted it so long as a fireman remained there. This animal seemed to have some peculiar instinct, approaching to human reason, which led him to be present on such awful occasions.

Having told you of things which relate to fire, I will now speak of some that relate to water. There are many kinds of life-preservers, or machines to bear up people in the water, and thereby prevent their drowning. Sailors are so liable to accidents in the water that all of them ought to be swimmers; yet very many of them can no more swim in the water than I can fly in the air.

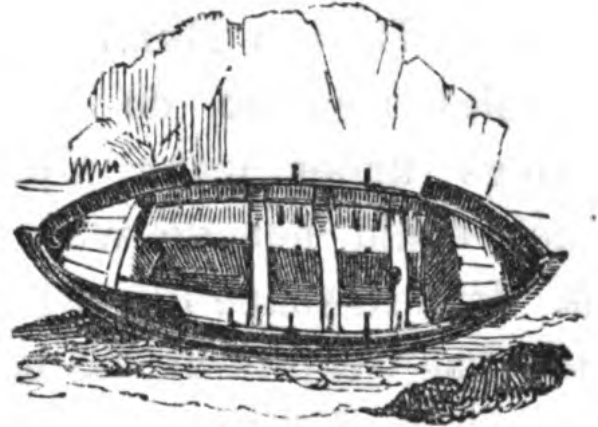
One life-preserver is a cork-jacket, which answers the purpose very well; another is formed of a cylinder, or ball, of thin copper, which, having nothing but air in it, will

bear up a great weight. Blown bladders answer the same end, but they are more liable to injury. The human body does not require much assistance to make it float on the water, but a life-preserver, even to a good swimmer, is a very necessary article after he has been in the water a long time.

There is another life-preserver, and a very good one. It is a collar of cork two inches thick, and nineteen inches across, with a hole in the middle to put the head through. Perhaps you never heard of a tippet made of cork before. This life-preserver is a cork tippet, and weighs between two and three pounds. It will hold up the man who wears it, and another clinging to him in the water, without their moving either arms or legs to help themselves. You may make a cork-tippet yourself. The cork only wants a few pieces of string, to tie under the arms. Now I have taught you how to make a life-preserver.

There are also life-preservers made of Macintosh or India-rubber-cloth. They are made in the form of a hollow tube, which is so adjusted as to fasten round the body under the arms like a ring, and they are fitted with a brass tap for inflating them with air by the mouth. Thus equipped, a man may be supported in the water for hours till assistance reaches him, and he is enabled to make his escape.

A LIFE BOAT is another capital contrivance. Life boats are made of twenty different kinds. The first, I believe, was formed principally of cork. If a hole was bored through the bottom, it would still swim. Thousands of lives have been saved by these boats. It is a fine sight, when a vessel is



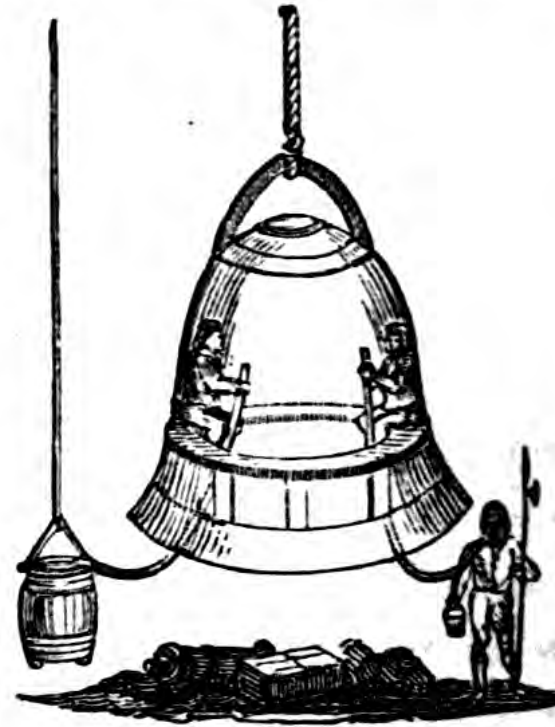
LIFE BOAT.

almost a wreck, and beating about with the crew in danger of their lives, to see the life-boat manned with a few hardy sailors, forcing its way through the foaming breakers, and bearing the crew to land. There are rafts of different kinds that are very useful in shipwrecks. Some are made of spars and some of empty casks. These are put together by the sailors, and often enable them to get to land.

You know that it was Dr. Franklin who first brought lightning rods into use. They are meant to attract the lightning, and to direct it to the ground, where it can do no mischief. You have seen them put up by the sides of chimneys; church-spires and towers in England are generally provided with them. In England, they have also been applied to the masts of vessels, so that, when out at sea,

they may escape the danger of being set on fire, or otherwise injured by the electric fluid.

The DIVING BELL is a very useful machine, for it enables men to do many things under water which they could not do without it. It is in shape like a bell, and has weights at the bottom when let down into the water, to prevent it turning over. The air inside prevents the water from running into it, just as the air in a hollow vessel or glass tumbler does, when put into water with the mouth downwards.



DIVING BELL.

A forcing pump sends down fresh air to the men inside and enables them to stop under water as long as convenient.

By means of the diving bell, the ground can be examined at any particular place under water, where wrecks have happened; and rocks may be blown up, if necessary, to make a better foundation to build upon, whether it be for a bridge or a lighthouse.

You will say, how can they blow up rocks with gun

powder under water? Very easily. The men in the diving bell bore holes in the rocks, and put in them tin cartridges a foot long, filled with gunpowder, with sand over them. There is a tin pipe fastened to the top of the cartridge, and as the diving bell is raised higher and higher, fresh pipes are added, till, at last, the tin pipe is above the water. They have then only to drop a small piece of red-hot iron down the piping, and bounce goes the gunpowder at once, blowing up the rock. Many articles are got out of vessels at sea, that have been lying under water for years, by means of the diving bell.

I must say one word about AIR GUNS. It has been said that instruments resembling the air gun were known to the ancients, but the first account that can be found of air guns is, I believe, in a French work called



Elements of Artillery, written by David Rivaut, preceptor to Louis XIII., king of France, who died in 1643. Air may be condensed, or pressed together, so that it may be made a thousand times more elastic

or springy than common air. It has, therefore, been used for many purposes, and among the rest, for the same purpose to which gunpowder is applied. A bullet shot from an air gun is as destructive as if shot from a common gun with gunpowder. When the air has been forced into the gun by a condenser, a valve suddenly opens, and the air in rushing out forces the bullet out too. The more closely the air is pressed together in the gun, the more forcibly does the ball fly out of it. Air guns are made of different forms and with different contrivances, but the principle is the same in them all.

The air pump is a machine for exhausting air out of a vessel, thus enabling men of science to make curious experiments on the properties of air, and to find out how it can be most usefully employed. This well known machine was the invention of Otto Guericke, consul of Magdeburg, who exhibited his first public experiment with it, in the presence of the Emperor and States of Germany, at the breaking up of the Imperial Diet at Ratisbon in 1654.

In an air pump, a glass receiver is so placed that the air can be pumped out of it by the action of the machine, which, like other pumps, is fitted with pistons used for that purpose.

Curious things are found out by means of the air pump. When the air is drawn away from the receiver, a downy feather will fall in it as swiftly as a lump of lead. You look surprised, but this is true. If a bell be shaken in it, you will not hear the sound; no doubt you think this as strange a thing as the other. No animal will live, nor any light burn in it. Neither will smoke ascend, but fall to the bottom.

I must stop my account of inventions here, however, for want of time; and begin the history that I said I would tell you.

CHAPTER XLIX.

PEOPLE OF ANCIENT BRITAIN. CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY. MANNERS OF THE INHABITANTS. ROMAN INVASION. SCOTS AND PICTS. ROMAN WALL. DEPARTURE OF THE ROMANS. DISPUTES AMONG THE BRITONS. THE SAXONS. BRITAIN SEIZED BY THE SAXONS. KING ARTHUR. THE HEPTARCHY. RELIGION OF THE SAXONS.

I LIKE to know something of the history of every country I visit, and I like, also, to tell it to other people. Now then, for the history of Great Britain. You must not forget that it is about your own forefathers, for this part of America was peopled by Englishmen and English women. Now you will pay attention to all I have to say. I must go back at least two thousand years. Is not that a long while? What strange things must happen in two thousand years!

Ancient Britain was peopled by savage tribes which came over from France, or, as it was then called, Gaul. The first of which we have any account was a nation called the Cambrians, or Cimbri, who are supposed to

have landed in Britain some centuries before the birth of Christ.

The inhabitants whom they found already upon the island were driven by some of them over the sea, to Ireland, then known by the name of Erin, and others to the northern parts of Britain, now called Scotland. But other colonies came over from the continent; and the Cambrians were compelled, in their turn, to give up the eastern part of the island to the new comers, the chief of whom were a tribe called the Kelts.

England was, at that time, very different from what it is now. If the ancient Britons were to come again, they would not know it. The greater part of it was covered with immense forests; and the rest was chiefly moor or marsh land, very little being cultivated. The country was overrun by bears, wolves, and other wild animals; and the inhabitants were hordes of fierce savages, dwelling in rude huts, and caves; dressing in the skins of the wild beasts which they killed; and painting their bodies all over with figures of the sun, moon, &c., to make them appear more terrible in battle. What do you think of these ancient Britons?

The priests of the ancient Britons were called Druids. I have already given you some account of them in my description of Stonehenge. They were the only persons

in the nation who had learning, such as it was, and the highest chiefs sent their sons to them to be taught. They studied astronomy, the sciences, and made so many verses on various subjects, that it took twenty years to learn them. A number of verses might be learned in twenty years, do you not think so?

In the year 55 B.C., Julius Cæsar, a famous Roman general, invaded Britain with a large army. He was firmly opposed by the natives, and was at last forced to retire. Every one likes to stand up for his own country. Peter Parley, if necessary, would do so to-morrow.

Some years after this, Britain was again invaded by the Romans, and, after many battles, it was conquered. They were bravely resisted in one part by Caractacus, A.D. 50, a British chief, at the head of his tribe; but he was at length taken prisoner, and sent to Rome. I have seen a picture of him, laden with heavy irons. In another part of Britain, they were met by Queen Boadicea, A.D. 61, with a powerful army. She attacked the Roman settlement, at St. Alban's, and put to death seventy thousand soldiers; but the Britons were defeated in a great battle, with the loss of eighty thousand men.

Queen Boadicea poisoned herself for fear of being taken prisoner, which was a very foolish thing: and the Romans, at last, triumphed. They continued in Britain

about four hundred years, during which time they built several towns and cities, defended by walls, and containing buildings far more splendid than any that the Britons had ever seen before. Bath was one of the principal Roman cities, and remains of their works are still found there. I have spoken to you about Bath before.

The inhabitants of North Britain or Scotland were divided into two principal races: the Scots, and the Picts; the former answering to the Highlanders, and the latter to the Lowlanders, of modern times. These two tribes used to unite in attacks upon the Roman settlements; and, to prevent their incursions, the Romans built two immense walls, stretching from sea to sea: one, from the Tyne to the Solway Frith; and the other, between the Friths of Forth and Clyde. The remains of these walls are scarcely now to be seen, and no wonder, it is so long since they were built.

After remaining in Britain, as I have said, about four hundred years, the Romans left it, to defend their possessions nearer home. The Romans were famous warriors, and were never easy unless they were fighting with some nation or other. On their departure, the Britons proposed to elect a supreme chief, or king, who should have authority over the whole island. This proposal occasioned

many disputes and battles; each of the two great tribes of Britain pretending that they alone ought to have the honour: the Cambrians, because they were the most ancient inhabitants; and the Celts, because the chief city, Londinium, now London, was in their dominions. People seldom stand still for a reason when they want to lift up their heads above their neighbours.

In the midst of these divisions, the Scots and Picts, who inhabited the northern parts of the island, broke down the great Roman walls, and the Britons were unable to resist them.

About this time, A. D. 450, Britain was visited by German or Saxon pirates, commanded by two brothers named Hengist and Horsa. The British king agreed to give the Saxons land and money if they would fight against the Scots for him. They agreed to this, and defeated the Scots several times. But soon they asked for more land from the Britons; and at length being joined by more Saxons, they called in the Scots and Picts, making war upon the Celts, and conquered them, and drove the Cambrians into Wales and Cornwall. Things generally end in this way, when one nation calls upon another to defend it.

Among the Cambrians, a king named Arthur made a very brave resistance; but he was killed or murdered

about the year 542. He was much beloved by his countrymen; and as it was not exactly known where he died, or was buried, they continued to expect his return, even hundreds of years after his death. This was not very wise on their part, do you think it was?

Different tribes of Saxons coming over, one after the other, founded seven kingdoms in different parts of England. This state of government was called the Heptarchy.

The names of the different kingdoms, their founders, the dates of their foundation, and the counties they included, are as follow:—

Cantia, or Kent, by Hengist, in 457; the County of Kent.

Sussex, or South Saxons, by Ælla, in 490; the Counties of Sussex and Surrey.

Wessex, or West Saxons, by Cerdic, in 519; the Counties of Berks, Wilts, Hants, Dorset, Somerset, and Devon.

Essex, or East Saxons, by Erkinwin, in 527; the Counties of Essex, Middlesex, and Herts.

Bernicia, or Northumbria, by Ida, in 547; Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, Yorkshire, and Lancashire.

East Anglia, by Uffa, in 575; Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire.

Mercia, by Crida, in 585; Cheshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Shropshire, and the counties of Hereford, Gloucester, Oxford, Buckingham, Bedford, Huntingdon, Northampton, Rutland, Leicester, Nottingham, and Lincoln.

The Saxons did everything to abolish the Christian religion, which is supposed to have been brought into Britain, either by St. Paul himself or one of his disciples. Some say that Augustine, a Roman monk, had this honour, but I shall speak of this, by-and-by. The Saxons were idolaters, and worshipped several gods.

They knew no better; but their descendants are a very different sort of people. There is no country in the whole world, now, whose religion is more pure. The Americans are a religious people, but not more so than the English.

The Saxons having been joined by a people named the Angles, are often called Anglo-Saxons, and from them Britain was called the land of the Angles, or England. Now you know why the country is called England, which I dare say you did not know before.

CHAPTER L.

CONVERSION OF THE SAXONS. DANISH INVASION.
KING ALFRED AND THE COWHERD'S WIFE. ALFRED
IN THE DANISH CAMP. HE ATTACKS AND DEFEATS
THE DANES. HIS DEATH. SECOND DANISH INVASION.
THE DANES DRIVEN OUT OF ENGLAND. NORMAN
INVASION. DEATH OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

I WILL now go on again with my history, for I have a great deal to speak of. Sit round comfortably, and then you will all hear the account.

In the year 598, a monk named Augustine, accompanied by some other monks, landed in the Isle of Thanet. They had come from Rome, to teach the Saxons the Roman Catholic religion. The king of Kent, and afterwards the other Saxon kings, were converted; and other monks having come over from Rome, bishops were ordained, and abbeys, churches, and cathedrals built, in different parts of England.

The heptarchy had continued about two hundred years, sometimes one kingdom being most powerful and sometimes another, till in the year 827, Egbert, who

became king of Wessex in 800, succeeded in conquering all the other kings, and was crowned at Winchester, then considered the capital of England.



THE ASSASSINATION OF EDWARD.

Soon after his death, England was attacked by a race of pirates, called Danes, who came from the islands in the Baltic. The leaders of these men were called the Sea Kings. I will tell you why. They lived chiefly in

their ships, landing now and then upon the shore of some country, and plundering it of whatever they could find: then, having set fire to the houses, they returned to their ships, and sailed away. A pretty set of thieves you will say they were.

At first, the Danes visited England only in this sort of way; but in A.D. 871, in the reign of Alfred, a grandson of Egbert, afterwards called Alfred the Great, they came in numerous bodies, and settled upon the coast of Northumberland, driving away the Saxon inhabitants. Alfred was at this time a very proud man, and not much beloved by his subjects; so, although he fought bravely, his army deserted him, and the Danes became masters of the island. You see how necessary it is for a king to have the good will of those he governs.

Alfred was obliged to hide himself. At one time he took refuge in a cowherd's cottage, where the wife of the cowherd, not knowing who he was, used to leave him to mind her cakes when baking, while she went out; and it is said, that once, when he had forgotten to turn them, she not only scolded him, but actually boxed his ears. What think you of a king having his ears boxed?

Afterwards, he lived for some time with a few of his friends in a little island, surrounded by swamps, from which they used to go out and attack small parties of Danes.

At last, in order to discover the actual state of the enemy, king Alfred dressed himself like a minstrel and went into the Danish camp. Was not this a bold action? He went about from tent to tent, singing songs and playing upon his harp. The Danes, little thinking who he was, were pleased with his music, and in the evening he returned to his island. Had it been known who he was, he never would have come back in whole skin.

While he was in the camp, he saw that the Danes, supposing themselves safe from any attack, thought only of drinking and amusing themselves. He, therefore, sent messengers throughout all the kingdom, and having collected a powerful army, he attacked the Danes, and defeated them in a great battle. A considerable part of England was thus delivered from the Danes, and Alfred was proclaimed king in 880: his people were so grateful to him, that his former unpopularity was quite forgotten. Now you think better of him than you did before. Alfred enacted many wise and good laws: he died in the year 900.

His successors defeated the Danes in several battles, and, at last, either entirely conquered them, or drove them from England.

I will tell you of a piece of treachery practised toward

Edward, surnamed the Martyr. Edward was made king, in 975, principally by the influence of the monks; but he had only a short reign. Now for the piece of treachery that I spoke of.

You must know that one day Edward was out hunting, and, somehow or other, got separated from the rest of the hunting party. Being at no great distance from Corfe Castle, where Elfrida his mother-in-law dwelt, he went there to call upon her, all alone as he was. Had he been more cautious he would have kept away, but he little expected what was to follow.

Elfrida was no friend of his, for though she appeared to treat him with great courtesy and respect, evil was in her heart. Even while he lifted the cup, which she had just handed to him, to slake his thirst, and recruit his strength; even while the cup was at his lips, one of her domestics, by her orders, stabbed him in the back. There was treachery for you!

The king clapped spurs to his horse and rode for his life, but he was too late, for his wound was deep, and he soon fell from the saddle, fainting with loss of blood. The horse continued to gallop away, and as King Edward's foot was fast in the stirrup, he was dragged along till he died. You shake your heads, and well you may, for it was a miserable end, especially for a king.

About a hundred years after the death of Alfred the Danes returned with a powerful army; and, after many battles, again became masters of England. You see what changes have taken place, and how many different masters England has had one time or another.

Three Danish kings, Sweyn, Canute, and Hardicanute reigned one after the other in England. On the death of Hardicanute, in 1041, the Saxons, with a man named Godwin at their head, revolted, and finally drove the Danes out of England. I see you are glad that the Danes were packed off to their own country.

Edward, surnamed the Confessor, was then chosen king, and was succeeded by Harold, also a Saxon. A part of France was at this time inhabited by a race of men called North-men or Normans, who had come originally from Norway: this part of France is still called Normandy. In the year 1066, during the reign of Harold, William, Duke of Normandy, assembled a powerful army, and landed upon the coast of England near Hastings. Here a terrible battle was fought between the Saxon and Norman armies, which ended in the death of Harold, and the defeat of the Saxons.

William then marched to London, where he was crowned king of England, under the title of William the First. But such was the resistance offered to the Normans, that

it was not till many years afterward that all England was conquered. Peter Parley does not wonder at the English standing up boldly to defend themselves.



THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Many were the efforts that the Saxons made to regain their ancient freedom; but, at last, they were all either killed, driven out of the country, or reduced to the condition of slaves. Their lands and property were seized by the Normans, so that those who had come to England as poor soldiers, now found themselves possessed of lands,

houses, and slaves; and the poor Saxons were obliged to till the ground for others, which had once been their own property.

The French language was introduced into England by the Normans; the Saxon being spoken only by the poor people: the language now spoken there is a mixture of these two.

From his having conquered England, William is generally called William the Conqueror. He was a brave warrior but crafty and deceitful. He died at Rouen, in Normandy, of a wound occasioned by a fall from his horse, in the year 1087. You see that kings must die like other people however great the victories they may obtain.

CHAPTER LI.

WILLIAM II. HENRY I. PRINCE ROBERT. THE CRUSADES.
QUARREL BETWEEN HENRY AND ROBERT. IMPRISON-
MENT AND DEATH OF ROBERT. DEATH OF HENRY.
KING STEPHEN. HENRY II. CONQUEST OF IRELAND.
RICHARD I. CRUSADE. IMPRISONMENT AND LIBER-
ATION OF RICHARD. HIS DEATH. KING JOHN. PRINCE
ARTHUR. QUARREL WITH THE POPE, AND SUBMISSION
OF JOHN. JOHN'S DEATH.

Do you not think that I have a good memory to remember all these things? If I did not walk about in the open air, and dig a little in my garden, and live temperately, not only my memory but all my other faculties would soon be impaired. It is a good thing, too, to get to bed soon. I heard a saying when I was in England, and I have often thought of it since: Sitting up late at night is not only burning life's taper at both ends, but also running a red hot poker through the middle of it.

It would take me much too long to tell you every thing that happened in the reigns of William and his successors down to the present time. I can therefore only mention

their names, and some of the most remarkable events which have taken place in their time.



JOHN'S HUMILITY TO RICHARD.

William the Conqueror was succeeded by his son William the Second, surnamed Rufus or *the Red*. He was killed by an arrow in the year 1100, while hunting in the New Forest. His father had planted this forest after de

stroying the houses of thirty-six parishes for the purpose. This action was equally selfish, cruel, and wicked.

On the death of William Rufus, the throne was seized by Henry the First, son of the Conqueror, although his eldest brother Robert, to whom he had sworn allegiance, was still alive. Robert was at this time in Palestine, engaged in what was called a crusade, that is, an expedition in which most of the princes and nobles joined with large armies, to gain possession of Jerusalem, from the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet: for in those days it was thought a very holy act to make a pilgrimage to what the monks showed as the sepulchre of our Lord; and the Saracens treated the pilgrims very cruelly, which was the reason that the crusades were undertaken.

Henry had been cunning enough to marry a Saxon wife, in order to gain the Saxons over to his side; but for this reason many of the proud Normans hated him; and when Robert returned to England, he found many of the Normans ready to support him. A battle ensued in which Robert was defeated, and his brother caused him to be deprived of sight and imprisoned in Cardiff Castle, where he died after a captivity of twenty-seven years. The love of conquest and power makes men as cruel as tigers.

Henry had two children: a son named after himself,

and a daughter named Matilda. The young Henry was drowned near the coast of France. Matilda was married first to the Emperor of Germany, and, after his death, to Geoffrey Plantagenet, count of Anjou: from her first marriage, she was always called the Empress Matilda. We have no kings and queens, and emperors and empresses, in America. Two days after Matilda's second marriage Henry died in Normandy, in the year 1135.

Immediately upon his death, Stephen, count of Blois, set sail for England, where he contrived matters so as to be chosen king by the Norman bishops and nobles. They had all long before sworn to obey Matilda as their queen after her father's death; but now they disregarded the oath, because Henry had married his daughter without their consent.

Matilda had many friends, and a contest took place which ended in the defeat of the empress; and Stephen retained the crown till his death, which happened in the year 1154. He was succeeded by the son of Matilda under the title of Henry the Second.

I will now tell you a strange thing. This Henry's reign was remarkable for a quarrel between himself and Thomas à Becket, a Saxon archbishop of Canterbury. The king having once in a fit of passion dropped some unguarded expressions about the archbishop, four Normans

knights, taking this speech as their authority, immediately set out for Canterbury, and murdered Becket at the foot of an altar, where he was officiating. Though Thomas à Becket was a proud priest, it was a mean and a cruel act to murder him in that manner. In this reign, in 1172, Ireland was conquered by the English, and has remained under their dominion ever since.

The latter part of Henry's reign was disturbed by rebellions among his sons. He died A.D. 1189, after a reign of thirty-six years, and was succeeded by his eldest living son, Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion, or the Lion-hearted, on account of his bravery. A great part of Richard's reign was taken up in aiding a crusade against the Saracens. I told you what a crusade was before.

He fought very bravely in Palestine; but, at last, he was obliged to return home, and, on his way back, he was taken prisoner by the duke of Austria. For a long time nobody but the duke knew where he was confined; but his faithful page, Blondel, a French minstrel, found him out by his answering to an air played by the minstrel; and on the English paying a great sum of money, equal to two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, he was permitted to return home. What wonderful things money will do!

During Richard's absence, his younger brother, Johr,

had seized the crown; but, on his return, John submitted and Richard kindly forgave him.

I almost wonder that Richard pardoned him. To be sure it must be rather a cutting sight to see a brother bowing down at one's very feet, asking forgiveness. No doubt Richard was a fine figure of a man when he stood up in his hauberk and cloak, with a crown upon his head leaning on his sword. You perhaps may remember that a hauberk is a shirt of mail, made of small rings, that covers the body all over. No doubt Richard was a fine looking fellow.

Richard was killed in battle in the year 1199, after a reign of ten years, not one of which was entirely passed in his own kingdom. The king of England is not allowed to go out of the country in that manner now.

John succeeded his brother to the throne of England but immediately on the death of Richard, his subjects in France revolted, and chose for their king, Arthur, a young nephew of Richard and John.

Arthur was supported by Philip, king of France; but he was, at last, taken prisoner by king John's soldiers; and some time afterwards he died, no one exactly knew how, but many people suppose that he was murdered by his uncle John.

As the history of Prince Arthur, in the way in which

it is generally told, will, I think, amuse you, I will relate it, without being answerable for its truth.

Arthur was the nephew of Richard Cœur de Lion, and on the death of his uncle should have been king; but unfortunately, his other uncle, John, a very wicked cruel man, wanted to be king himself, and made himself king accordingly.

Getting possession of poor Arthur, he immediately shut him up in a prison, a great lonely tower, which was the most dismal place that can be imagined. The keeper of this prison was called Hubert, a bad man, whom king John employed in the business, because he promised to murder the young prince; for John was afraid that the people would insist on making his little nephew king.

Arthur had not been long in this tower, when the king sent an order to Hubert to put him to death; but it seems Hubert was not quite so wicked as the king thought him to be, and he could not bring himself to commit murder on a young innocent creature like Arthur. But as he was still willing to prevent Arthur's ever being king, he thought that if he put out his eyes, it would prevent his coming to the throne as much as if he killed him.

But though Hubert had resolved to blind the poor prince, he was not so savage as to think of doing it with his own hands; so he hired two ruffians to commit this

crime, and gave them two irons, which they were to make red hot in the fire, and then thrust them into the eyes of this unhappy little boy.

When Hubert brought these two ruffians into Arthur's presence, the prince was terrified at their wicked looks at the irons which they held in their hands, and at the fire which was brought into the room in a brazen pan, for the purpose of heating them.

But when he heard what their design was, he burst into tears, and fell on his knees to Hubert, and kissed his hands and his feet, and wept so bitterly, and prayed so earnestly that if his eyes must be put out, it should be done by Hubert himself, that the men were sent away, and Hubert prepared to do the cruel deed with his own hands.

But no sooner were they alone, than Arthur threw himself into Hubert's arms, and kissed him, and redoubled his prayers and entreaties; he told Hubert how much he had always loved him, and reminded him how patiently he had watched over him when he was ill a short time before.

He put Hubert in mind of the great pain he had suffered when only a little piece of straw had got into his eye, and he prayed him not to put him to the torture of having both his eyes burnt out; nay, rather than undergo such shocking pain, he begged his dear Hubert, his sweet

Hubert, his only friend in the world, to be so merciful as to put him to death.

His entreaties, his prayers, and his kisses had so much effect on Hubert, that he threw away the irons, and catching the poor prince in his arms, said that he would never do him any harm, and that he would rather die himself than suffer any one to injure him. These words made the little prince quite happy, and he affectionately thanked this dear friend, who had so lately appeared his cruel enemy.

But Hubert, who dreaded the king's fury when he should hear that he had neither blinded nor murdered Arthur, began to think how he and the prince might make their escape together; he went away therefore to find some means of escape, promising to hasten back as soon as possible.

Now that poor Arthur was left alone in the tower, he began to be afraid lest the ruffians should come back, and execute their purpose; and there happening to be just then a great noise in another part of the tower, the poor boy thought the ruffians were coming. Being resolved to suffer any thing rather than have his eyes burned out, he opened a little window in the tower, and though it was almost the height of a house from the ground, he leaped down, and falling upon some pointed stones, he was dashed to pieces, and died upon the spot.

When the dead body was found under the walls of the tower, everybody believed that the king was the cause of his death; then all the lords and people rose up against that cruel monster John, who died soon after in great torments, with few friends to pity him, in the year 1216.

'This is a very interesting and pathetic tale, though in many parts it may not be true.

The king of France avenged the death of Arthur, by invading king John's possessions in France and Normandy and John, being a weak and indolent prince, suffered this invasion without any attempt to help his subjects.

Some time after this, king John had a quarrel with the pope; and the latter, to punish him, laid an interdict upon England, by which all the churches were commanded to be shut, and the common rites of religion were forbidden. The pope had a great deal more power then than he has now, and, at last, John was obliged to submit. He resigned his crown to the pope, and received it again on promise of paying a large sum of money every year. Popes have always been fond enough of money, and authority, but Peter Parley hopes they will never have so much of either the one or the other as they have had.

The reign of John was also disturbed by an insurrection among his barons, in which he was obliged to sign a document called Magna Charta, granting extensive privileges

to his subjects. The agreement for this famous charter is still to be seen at the British Museum, in a glass case. John was hated and despised by his people, and would, probably, have been deposed but for his death, which took place, as I said, A. D. 1216.

CHAPTER LII.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT MAGNA CHARTA.

As Englishmen think and talk a great deal of this charter I must not pass it by without explaining it to you. I like everything to be made so plain to me that I can fully understand it, and no doubt you do so too. Now then for the account of Magna Charta.

King John, like too many kings before him, thought more of his own interest and pleasure than he did of the good of his subjects. He was a bad man, and whether a bad man can make a good king I leave you to judge. His prosperity did not last long, for, as you have heard, the king of France took away his possessions in the country; the pope compelled him to resign his crown from him, and, after that, his oppressed people obliged him to submit to them, and to sign Magna Charta.

In 1214, king John, notwithstanding he had been humbled by the pope, oppressed his subjects more than ever, till, at last, they were determined no longer to endure his tyranny. A large body of the nobility met together in the cathedral of Bury St. Edmunds, as though

they went there to their devotions, but it was for a very different purpose, it was to enter into a solemn league against king John. Before the high altar of the church, they took oath to stand by each other, in warring against him, till they compelled him to grant them what they considered right and reasonable. After this they came to London, and sent messengers to the king, to tell him what they had resolved to do. You may be sure that king John was pretty well frightened; he required time to consider about the matter, and then got the pope to threaten the barons; but that did not signify, for the barons were not to be frightened by either the pope or the king. Things got worse and worse, till the barons finding nothing else would do, assembled an army to obtain by force what they could not get any other way. It was not, however, till they had taken Bedford castle, that John agreed to grant them their demands.

There is on the south bank of the river Thames a large plain, called Runnymede; it is in the parish of Egham, in Surrey, and on that plain it was that king John and the barons met to settle their disputes; at least I understand it was there, though some people say they met on a little island in the Thames, called Charta Island. However, wherever it was, king John was obliged to sign the articles of agreement drawn up by the barons.

Well, what was to be done next? Why, these articles of agreement were then drawn up at greater length in a charter called Magna Charta, the great charter of the common liberties; and a copy was sent to every diocese in England. At that time the people, to a great degree, were bondsmen to those on whose estates they lived; and many of the others, who were free, were cruelly oppressed. Magna Charta, however, laid the foundation of a better state of things. I will tell you a few lines that were in it that were worth more to the people than a king's ransom. "No freeman shall be apprehended, or imprisoned, or diseized (deprived of any thing he possesses) or outlawed, or banished, or any way destroyed, nor will we go upon him (pronounce sentence against him, or allow any of the judges to do so,) except by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. To none will we sell, to none will we deny, to none will we delay right or justice."

King John would never have put his name to this charter if he could have helped it, because it laid down the principle that the subject had his rights as well as the sovereign reign, and that one ought to be respected as well as the other.

This is the rock, then, upon which English liberty has been built; the iron rod with which kings ruled wa

broken by the signing of Magna Charta; no wonder, that Englishmen talk so much about it as they do.

It is not the great charter itself, but the agreement signed by king John, before the charter was made, that is in the British Museum. I have now told you all that I know about the matter.

It seems to be almost impossible for a man to possess great power for a long time together, without abusing it. Peter Parley is quiet and peaceable, not wishing to trespass on the poorest man he knows; but if he were rich and powerful, he might be as cruel and oppressive as king John himself. They that are low are kept from many temptations, to which higher people are liable, therefore they should be less bitter against the great when they do wrong, and more thankful that it has pleased God to put a hedge round about them, keeping them from evil. "Better is a handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit." So says the Bible; so say those who have had experience; and so says Peter Parley.

CHAPTER LIII.

HENRY III. EDWARD I. INVASION OF SCOTLAND AND WALES. EDWARD II. HE IS DEPOSED AND MURDERED. EDWARD III. BATTLES OF CRESSY AND POICTIER. BLACK PRINCE. ARMIES IN EDWARD THE THIRD'S TIME. HIS DEATH. RICHARD II. HE IS DEPOSED. HENRY IV. OWEN GLENDOWER. HENRY V. BATTLE OF AGINCOURT. DEATH OF HENRY V.

You will wonder where I got all that I tell you about England. I have read a great deal of late years, and also asked a great many questions; otherwise, I should never have known it.

In the reign of John's successor, Henry the Third, the disturbances among the barons continued, and the House of Commons was first instituted as a check on the faithlessness and tyranny of the king. Although the first Parliament was held in 1116, yet the House of Commons as now constituted, takes its date from the reign of Henry III, May 14th, 1264. Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, after defeating the king's troops, called a Parliament at Winchester in the king's name, which was the first wherein two knights for each county, and two

burgesses for each borough, were summoned to appear; and this was the origin of the House of Commons. In this reign, many improvements were made in domestic life; coals were substituted for wood, a licence being granted to the people of Newcastle to dig for coal; candles were used instead of splinters of wood; linen shirts took the place of woollen ones; leaden pipes were introduced for conveying water; magnifying-glasses, magic lanterns, and gunpowder were invented by Roger Bacon; gold coin first used; distilling learnt from the Moors; and the houses formerly thatched were covered with tiles or slates. Henry III., after the longest reign in the annals of the kingdom, excepting that of George III., died A. D. 1272.

Edward the First was the son of Henry the Third; and when his father slept in the tomb, and could no longer wear the crown, it was placed on his head. His reign was occupied with wars against the Welch and Scotch. The Welch were conquered, and Llewellyn, the last king of their race was slain, in 1292. In his wars with the Scotch, Edward was resisted by Sir William Wallace and Robert Bruce. Wallace was taken prisoner, and conveyed to London, where he was beheaded, in 1305; but an expedition against Bruce was stopped by the death of Edward, A. D. 1307. What blood has been shed, and what numbers have lost their lives, in struggling for a

throne! In this reign windmills and spectacles were introduced, and the mariner's compass, which was invented by Flavio Gioia, a Neapolitan. An additional law was added to the great charter, that no tax should be levied upon the people without the consent of the Commons.

Edward's son and successor, Edward the Second, was a weak-minded prince. He was defeated in his wars against the Scotch at Bannockburn, near Stirling, in 1314, and was obliged to acknowledge their leader, Robert Bruce as king of Scotland. This, you may be sure, was a trouble to him. His weak fondness for favourites created a rebellion, which was headed by the Earl of Lancaster; but the latter was defeated and beheaded in 1322. The king, however, was deserted, invaded and imprisoned by his own wife, the queen, who usurped the royal authority. In this reign the House of Commons further increased its powers; earthenware was introduced into common use; and the order of the Knights Templars suppressed. Edward the Second was at length deposed, and barbarously murdered in prison, in the year 1327.

The reign of the next king, Edward III., is famous for his wars against the French, for the recovery of the dominions which king John had lost. In these wars, the celebrated battles of Cressy and Poitiers were fought and won by the English.

In the first of these, which took place in 1346, the eldest son of Edward, generally called the Black Prince, then only a boy of fifteen, distinguished himself by his bravery. You will think fifteen rather a tender age for a warrior. The title of the "Black Prince" is said to have arisen from his wearing a black covering over his armour at tournaments. The motto of the Prince of Wales "Ich Dien," (I serve), and the plume of feathers, were first adopted by this prince. The motto "Dieu et mon Droit" (God and my right), first assumed by Richard I., was dropt by his successors, but revived by Edward III. when he first claimed the crown of France.

The second battle was fought ten years afterwards, entirely under the direction of the prince, when John, king of France, was taken prisoner, and brought to London, where his captor, the Black Prince, treated him nobly, waiting upon him at table, and paying him great honour. I dare say you think well of the Black Prince for this.

Cannons were used by the English for the first time at the battle of Cressy; but the success, both there and at Poitiers, was greatly owing to the English archers, who were the most skilful in Europe. These men were of great importance in battle, before fire-arms came much into use. They shot with bows about six feet high, and arrows a yard long; and so skilful were they, that, it is said, some

of them could split a thin rod of hazel with an arrow, at the distance of eighty yards.

The rest of the army consisted, in those times, partly of knights on horseback, clad in steel armour, having their horses generally defended in the same manner. These knights were armed with swords, shields, lances, and sometimes with a dreadful weapon called a mace, which was an iron ball covered with sharp spikes, having an iron handle. There were, too, soldiers on foot, defended by steel caps and armour, and small round shields; and armed with pikes, swords, and battle-axes. In this reign occurred that dreadful pestilence called the "Black Death," which raged throughout Europe, and did more injury than the calamitous wars which had taken place. St. Stephen was erected, and afterwards appropriated to the use of the House of Commons; the art of weaving cloth brought from Flanders; and Thomas Blanket, of Bristol, established the weaving of those cloths which cover our beds, and from him borrow their name. Windsor Castle was also changed from being a fortress into a royal residence; and the title of Duke of Cornwall added to that of the Prince of Wales.

Edward III. died in the year 1377, and would have been succeeded by the Black Prince, had he not died before his father. Richard II., son of the Black Prince, was therefore raised to the throne.

The history of thrones is little more than a history of strife and bloodshed. If I were a king, I should, no doubt, live in a grander house than I now do, and wear finer clothes, but then I should not have the peace and quietness that I now enjoy. Never be over anxious to get above that state of life in which it has pleased God to place you,—better have contentment in the heart than a crown upon the head.

The reign of Richard II. is remarkable for an insurrection among the lower classes, arising from unequal taxation; it was headed by two men, named Wat Tyler, and Jack Straw. This revolt, which happened in 1381, was put an end to by the death of Wat Tyler, who was killed by the Lord Mayor of London. A pardon was offered to the insurgents, many of whom were afterwards executed.

In this reign, the great English reformer, named Wycliffe, became better known, and being protected by John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, uncle to the king, he obtained many followers. Wycliffe having lived more than a century before Luther, the great German reformer, is very properly called “the morning star of the Reformation;” he died, and was buried at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, in 1385. His bones, however, were not suffered to rest; for in 1428, by an order from the Pope,

they were taken up and destroyed. Chaucer, the father of English poets, flourished about the end of this reign.

I must tell you the character of Richard II. He was at once, weak and tyrannical, and his subjects were so discontented, that at length he was deposed by them; and Henry, duke of Lancaster, son of John of Gaunt, was enthroned in his place, in the year 1399.

In the reign of Henry IV. some attempts were made to restore Richard to the throne; these are supposed to have hastened his death. He is said to have been murdered in Pomfret Castle, in Yorkshire, A. D. 1400; other accounts say that he made his escape in disguise, and fled to Scotland, where he was treated like a king, and supported as a guest till he died, and was buried at Stirling.

The reign of Henry IV. was disturbed by a revolt among the Welch, headed by a brave descendant of the ancient British kings, named Owen Glendower. The Welch were conquered by the king's eldest son, afterward Henry V.; but Glendower continued his hostility: his end is unknown.

Henry IV. passed several salutary laws; but he also enacted several bad ones, among which was one condemning all Lollards, as the followers of Wycliffe were called, to be burned alive, unless they returned to the Romish church. The Rev. William Sautre, rector of

St. Oswyth's, London, was the first who was burned in England for his religious opinions. In causing the death of this man, the king and those who urged him forgot the precepts of the gospel of our Saviour Jesus Christ. That gospel breathes forbearance, and mercy, and forgiveness; and does not allow the practice of intolerance, cruelty, and irreconcilable hatred. If I have learned anything from the Holy Scriptures, it is particularly this, to exercise charity to all mankind. Bitterness of spirit is not allowed by the gospel, and he who indulges in it condemns himself. As we all have need of mercy, so ought we all to practise it towards one another.

Henry IV. died in the year 1413, and was succeeded by his son, Henry V.

At the time when Henry V. came to the throne, France was divided between different parties contending for the regency of that country, the French king, Charles VI., having fallen into a state of insanity. Henry, therefore, thought it a favourable opportunity for regaining possession of the old Norman dominions in France, which had been lost by king John. He therefore landed at Harfleur, in the year 1415, and soon afterwards, was fought the famous battle of Agincourt, in which the English were victorious, although the French were nearly three times the number of the English. Three to one is a fearful odds at any time.

This victory, like those of Cressy and Poitiers, was greatly owing to the skill and courage of the English archers, who let fly clouds of their long arrows among the French horsemen. Some time after this battle, Henry concluded a peace with the French, by which Charles V. still retained the title of king; but Henry was created regent, and heir to the throne. In this reign the Wycliffites were treated with great severity; and lord Cobham, otherwise Sir John Oldcastle, was burned in St. Giles' fields, London, in 1417. Linen shirts were at this time deemed a great luxury; a lighted candle was, by law, placed at every door in London during winter, a practice which gave rise to the lighting of streets; and the nobility began to leave their fortified castles and live in more splendid mansions; but flock beds and chaff bolsters were used by the great; and straw pallets with wooden bolsters by the lower classes. In this reign flourished Sir Richard Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor of London;" he acquired great riches by trading in a vessel of his own, called *The Cat*. This gave rise to the wonderful story of his adventures. Henry V. died at Vincennes, near Rouen, in 1422.

CHAPTER LIV.

HENRY VI. JOAN OF ARC. THE DUKE OF YORK. WARS OF THE ROSES. HENRY DEFEATED AND IMPRISONED. EDWARD IV. EARL OF WARWICK LIBERATES AND RE-PROCLAIMS HENRY. EDWARD'S FLIGHT. BATTLE OF BARNET. BATTLE OF TEWKESBURY. DEATH OF EDWARD IV. EDWARD V. HIS DEATH. RICHARD III. LANDING OF THE EARL OF RICHMOND. BATTLE OF BOSWORTH, AND DEATH OF RICHARD.

How little, when I first went on board ship, as a sailor, did I think of ever giving such accounts of different countries as I have done! Some day or other, perhaps, you may amuse young people as I am doing now. This will be better than making a noise in the world, and doing mischief. If you had known me in my younger days, you would not have supposed that I should ever become so quiet an old man. It is true that I talk a great deal, but I do it in a still, quiet way, and make no bustle. Let us now go on with our history.

Henry V. was succeeded by his son, Henry VI.,

who was proclaimed King of England and France at the age of nine months, under the protectorship of his uncle, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. What do you think of a baby-king?

During his reign the English, though at first successful, were driven back by the French army, under a young woman called Joan of Arc, who believed, or pretended to believe, that she had a command from Heaven, to drive the English from her country; and though she was taken prisoner, and actually put to death by the English, yet the French, being roused by her example, at length succeeded in driving the invaders from France, in the year 1431. The success of this heroine on behalf of her native country being her only crime, it is a sad reflection on the name of the duke of Bedford, that he caused her to be executed as a witch.

Henry VI. was a prince of very feeble intellect, and he sometimes sunk even into a state of idiocy. He had married a French princess named Margaret, of a fierce and domineering temper. She would never have suited Peter Parley. These two circumstances caused the people to become greatly discontented; and in the twenty-eighth year of Henry's reign, an insurrection broke out among the peasantry, who were headed by a man named Jack Cade, who assumed the name of Mortimer.

mer, to pave his way to power. Jack Cade does not sound much like the name of a general, does it? The insurgents marched to London, and murdered several noblemen and gentlemen. But on a pardon being offered them, they at length dispersed, and their leader was slain.

Soon after this, Richard, duke of York, laid claim to the British crown, on the ground that he was connected by marriage with the descendants of the second son of Edward III; while Henry IV., who usurped the throne on the deposition of Richard II., and from whom Henry VI. was descended, was only the son of John of Gaunt, third son of Edward. There never yet was a crown to fight for, but what there were plenty of people ready to fight for it.

The duke of York found many partisans, some of whom really thought his right to be the best; and others were won over to his side by their dislike of Henry and his queen. Open war broke out between these two parties in the year 1455, and the Yorkists chose for their emblem and standard the white rose; while the Lancastrians, as the followers of the king were called, from his ancestor, John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, adopted the red rose for their standard: from this circumstance, these struggles were called the Wars of the Roses. Too sweet

a title to give to a war, was it not? But it might be considered emblematic, as roses are surrounded with thorns.

For some time the war continued with varying success. The duke of York was killed, and his head placed over the gates of the city of York, with a paper crown on it in mockery of his pretensions to the throne, by order of Queen Margaret; but his son Edward IV. continued the struggle, and was at length crowned in London, in the year 1461, after a great battle fought near Towton, Yorkshire. This battle lasted ten hours, and Edward was victorious.

In the reign of Henry VI., the right of voting in elections for members of Parliament for counties was limited to freeholders possessing estates of the year value of forty shillings rent; coffee was imported; glass first introduced; and the Lord Mayor's show established. The winter of 1434 was so severe, that the frozen Thames bore heavy waggons on its surface, all the way from London to Gravesend; and what was worse, the national debt was commenced in this reign.

I would willingly pass by all the battles, but then you would not understand the history so well. But, take my advice, and encourage a peaceable temper all through life. If you could win a crown by quarrelling, it is ten to one

but the wearing of it would make your heads ache, and perhaps your hearts too.

Soon after the battles I have spoken of, Henry was brought prisoner to London, and lodged in the Tower. You remember I told you all about the Tower. Margaret and her young son, prince Edward, made their escape to France, where they were taken care of by the French king. It was not long, however, before the earl of Warwick, who had taken so conspicuous a part on the Yorkist side that he had obtained the title of "the king maker," quarrelled with the king; and, on the occasion of Edward's going to the north to quell an insurrection, Warwick openly espoused the Lancastrian cause, and bringing Henry out of the Tower, again proclaimed him king. Great people are no more able to control themselves than others, for they quarrel, sometimes, about mere sticks and straws.

Warwick was joined by a numerous party; and Edward was obliged to leave the country for Holland, where he collected an army with which he returned to England. A battle was fought at Barnet, in which Warwick was killed, and the Lancastrians routed. Do you not think there was fighting enough among them?

In the meantime, Queen Margaret landed at Weymouth with an army which she had raised in France. Edward

hastened to meet her, and defeated her in a battle fought at Tewkesbury, A. D. 1471. Margaret and her son were taken prisoners; and on the latter being brought before the king, and asked why he had dared to return to England, replied, "to recover my father's kingdom." Upon this, Edward struck the young prince with his gauntlet when the dukes of Clarence and Gloucester instantly killed him with their swords. Edward returned in triumph to London; and soon after Henry VI. died in the Tower. He was supposed to have been murdered there by Richard, duke of Gloucester, in the same year.

To establish his authority, Edward put to death above fourteen hundred persons of rank in the kingdom. His brother the duke of Clarence, being found guilty of treason, was drowned, at his own request, in a butt of malmsey wine. In this reign, printing was introduced by Caxton in 1473. Previous to this time, it would have taken all the wages of a labourer for two years to buy a copy of the New Testament, which can now be had for sixpence. At this period, also, a dreadful plague happened, in which more people perished than in the previous wars for fifteen years.

Edward IV. died in the year 1483. He was succeeded by his son, Edward V., but as the young king was not of age, his uncle Richard assumed the office of Lord Pr

tector ; and soon afterwards Edward V., with his brother the young duke of York, disappeared, after a short reign of rather more than two months. They are generally supposed to have been murdered in the palace of the Tower, by order of their uncle Richard.

You will like to know all about this inhuman affair. I will tell you what has been reported about it in a few words. Richard sent word to the governor of the Tower to put both the young princes to death, but not being so hard-hearted as Richard, the governor, sir Robert Brackenbury, refused to obey this cruel command.

Sir James Tyrrel, to whom the keys of the Tower were given for one night, by order of the usurper, was not so merciful, for he chose out three sturdy villains fit for his purpose, and went with them, at night, to the chamber where the princes slept.

These remorseless murderers smothered the young princes with the bolsters and pillows of their bed, and then buried them in a deep hole under the stairs. Bad as these men were, Richard was every whit as bad as they.

What a sight it would have been at the hour of midnight to see sir James Tyrrel, clad in armour, with his sword, and a large key in his hands, directing the ruffians where to bury the naked bodies of the smothered princes!

I should have liked to shout out in the middle of them
"Thou shalt do no murder!"



MURDER OF THE YOUNG PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

Richard immediately succeeded to the throne, by the title of Richard III. How do you think he began his reign? I will tell you. He commenced by murdering such of the noblemen as he thought were opposed to him.

But he was not allowed to retain his ill-gotten crown long in peace, for on the 6th of August, 1485, Henry, earl of Richmond, the son of a Welch gentleman, descended from John of Gaunt, landed in England with an army to assert his claims to the crown. Richard soon marched to meet him, for he was a bold man; and a battle was fought at Bosworth in Leicestershire, on the 22nd of August, 1485. In this battle Richard III. was killed, fighting bravely, and his army was defeated with great loss. The crown of England, which was found among the spoils, was placed on Henry's head, and he was proclaimed king upon the field of battle.

Thus ended a domestic war which had lasted thirty years, and occasioned the death of a hundred thousand Englishmen. Notwithstanding the cruelty and folly of kings, knowledge was now advancing among the people, thanks to the art of printing. The statutes of the realm were now published in English, having been formerly given out in Latin or French; and travelling was improved by post-horse stages, at regular distances.

CHAPTER LV.

HENRY VII. HIS MARRIAGE. SIMNEL. PERKIN WARBECK.
 DEATH OF HENRY VII. HENRY VIII. CARDINAL WOLSEY.
 HENRY'S QUARREL WITH THE POPE. HE DIVORCES
 HIS QUEEN, AND MARRIES ANNE BOLEYN. DEATH OF
 CARDINAL WOLSEY. EXECUTION OF ANNE BOLEYN; AND
 HENRY'S MARRIAGE WITH JANE SEYMOUR. HER DEATH.
 HENRY MARRIES ANNE OF CLEVES. HENRY DIVORCES
 ANNE, AND MARRIES CATHERINE HOWARD. CATHERINE
 HOWARD EXECUTED FOR TREASON. HENRY MARRIES
 CATHERINE PARR. HENRY'S DEATH. EDWARD VI.
 LADY JANE GREY. EDWARD'S DEATH.

You never heard half so much about kings before, I dare say. In early times, they seem to have been so much taken up in getting their crowns on their heads, and in keeping them there, that they had but little leisure to attend to the happiness of their subjects. Some of them would, no doubt, if they could, have been as peaceable as Peter Parley, but seldom can kings do as they like.

I can sit in my arm-chair without people coming

to flatter me, or to ask favours from me. I can go out and in, without being followed and gaped at; and sleep soundly at night, without dreaming of plots and rebellions. If a king cannot do this, then he is not half so happy as I am.

Soon after his ascending the throne, Henry VII. married the princess Elizabeth, the heiress to the house of York, by which means the quarrels between York and Lancaster were put an end to. In this reign, however, two pretenders to the English crown appeared. The first of these was a young man of the name of Lambert Simnel, who pretended to be Edward Plantagenet, and nephew of Edward IV.; but on the real Edward, who was a prisoner in the Tower, being brought out to the people, they were undeceived, and Simnel's supporters deserted him, excepting a few thousand Irish and foreign soldiers, who landed in Lancashire, and were defeated in a battle fought in the year 1487. I should like to know how many men have fallen in fighting for the claimants of the British crown.

The second Pretender was a man named Perkin Warbeck, who said he was the duke of York, brother to Edward V., and generally supposed to have been murdered in the Tower. Perkin was supported by an army of Cornish men, but he was defeated, and afterwards

executed at Tyburn in 1499. He had better have been satisfied with an arm-chair, like this of mine, than have lost his life in fighting to get a throne. In this reign, the continent of America was discovered by Christopher Columbus, in 1498, who had previously found out the Bahama Islands in 1492. Sebastian Cabot discovered Newfoundland in 1497. He was an Englishman, and the first who published a map of the world, including both hemispheres. The Cape of Good Hope was first doubled, and the route to India discovered by Vasco de Gama, in 1497. The arbitrary court called the Star-chamber was established; shillings first coined; a war ship built; and the florid or Tudor style of architecture introduced; all in this reign.

Henry VII. died in the year 1509, and was buried at Westminster, in the chapel which bears his name. He was succeeded by his son, Henry VIII.

This period is memorable for its being the era of the Reformation. Luther, Calvin, and other reformers then appeared, and obtained many followers. A great change took place in religious matters, and the number of Protestants increased very fast.

The most influential person at Henry's court was the chancellor Wolsey, who, though only the son of a butcher, had risen by his talents to the rank of cardinal, and who

of course hated and persecuted the heretics, as the protestants were called.

Henry himself wrote a book against the new doctrines, for which service the Pope conferred on him the title of Defender of the Faith, which has been retained by the sovereigns of England ever since.

Some time after this, Henry wished to obtain a divorce from his wife, Queen Catherine of Arragon, and on the Pope refusing to grant it, Henry renounced the papal authority and declared himself supreme head of the English church. He divorced Queen Catherine, and very soon afterwards, he married Anne Boleyn, a lady of the court.

About the same time cardinal Wolsey incurred the displeasure of the king, and was deprived of all his honours and offices, many of which were, however, afterwards restored to him; he died shortly afterwards at Leicester Abbey, uttering these remarkable words, "had I but served God, as diligently as I have served the King, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs."

But Henry had not been married above three years, before he grew tired of Anne Boleyn, and caused her on some pretext to be tried for high treason. She was found guilty, and condemned to be beheaded; and the very next day after this cruel sentence was executed, Henry married

Jane Seymour, a maid of honour to the late queen. When I think of the crimes of many kings, I am thankful that my lot is low. It is a sad thing to be surrounded by flatterers and temptations of all kinds.

Although Henry denied the supremacy of the Pope, he was in many other respects a decided Romanist. He often changed his opinions, and those who did not change with him were punished as heretics; so that Roman Catholics and Protestants were sometimes burned at the same time for opposite opinions.

Henry VIII., however, greatly aided the Reformation in England, by allowing the use of English Bibles, which had before been prohibited. This was a famous thing for England. He also suppressed the convents and monasteries, and confiscated their property and revenue to the use of the Crown.

Jane Seymour died in giving birth to Edward, VI. and Henry then married Anne of Cleves, an amiable princess; but, taking a dislike to her, after a few months he procured a divorce. In about a fortnight he married Catherine Howard, a niece of the duke of Norfolk; but in a few months, some facts came to the king's knowledge upon which Catherine was tried for high treason, and executed.

About two years afterwards Henry married his sixth

wife, Catherine Parr, who survived him. She was considered to be a woman of discretion and virtue, and she contrived to manage the king's odd and passionate temper better than former queens had done.



HENRY VIII. AND CATHERINE PARR.

I never liked the bold and bluff figure of Henry VIII. as I have seen it in prints and paintings. His broad

shoulders with a collar over them; his large head surmounted with a round cap: his short cloak with full sleeves, and his rosettes in his shoes, must have made him an odd figure to stand beside Catherine Parr.

On the establishment of peace between France and England, Henry VIII. and Francis I. met on the plain of Ardres, near Calais, in 1520, where tournaments and other knightly diversions were celebrated; the place of meeting, from the splendour displayed there on that occasion, was called the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Henry was such a tyrant, that he caused the death of almost all the officers of state, who aided him in his unlawful authority or in his guilty pleasures. Cardinal Wolsey died, in 1530; Thomas Cromwell, in 1540; sir Thomas More, in 1535; the earl of Surrey, in 1547; the duke of Buckingham, in 1521, the bishop of Rochester, in 1535; and others. The duke of Norfolk, only escaped by the king dying on the day previous to that appointed for his execution.

In this reign many important events took place; the first lord high admiral, sir James Howard, was appointed; Whitehall and St. James's Palace were built; Mexico and Peru were conquered by the Spaniards; St. Paul's School in London, and the College of Physicians there, were founded; the whole of the Bible was, for the first time

translated into English; many nice fruits and hops were first cultivated in England; classical literature, including Greek, was studied at the Universities and Schools. Cotton thread, pins, and coined money were introduced; shipbuilding extended; the Trinity corporation formed; the first secretary of state appointed; Wales represented in parliament; and, alas! the order of Jesuits instituted. Henry VIII. died in the year 1547. He left two daughters and a son: these were Mary, daughter of Catherine of Arragon; Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn; and Edward, who succeeded him, the son of Jane Seymour.

Edward VI. was crowned at the age of rather more than nine years; and the duke of Somerset, a zealous protestant, was appointed protector of the realm, and the king's guardian.

Edward himself had been brought up in protestant principles, and the Reformation made great progress in his reign. The use of the mass, a popish religious ceremony, was abolished; and the church of England was established on much the same footing as it now exists.

The duke of Somerset had many enemies in the council; and by their contrivances he was displaced, and afterwards beheaded on the charge of high treason in 1552. See what it is to be of high rank and of great importance! No one ever thought of beheading Peter Parley.

The duke of Northumberland was then appointed protector. The son of this nobleman had married the beautiful and accomplished Lady Jane Grey, the next heir to the crown, after the king's sisters, Mary and Elizabeth.

As Edward's health was beginning to decline, the duke of Northumberland suggested to him, that in the event of his death, and the accession of Mary, who was a Roman catholic, the Protestant church, so happily established in England, might be destroyed; and that it would therefore be advisable to pass over the king's sisters, and settle the crown on Lady Jane Grey. After some persuasion, this was agreed to by Edward and the council, and documents to this effect were drawn up. But before they could secure the assent of parliament, Edward died of consumption in the year 1553, at the age of sixteen. He kept a diary, still preserved in the British Museum, in which he entered the transactions of his reign. What a loss he was to England! In his reign, lords-lieutenants of counties were instituted; grapes cultivated; crowns, half-crowns, and sixpenny pieces coined; the Psalms turned into rhyme by Sternhold and Hopkins; and protestant clergymen permitted to marry. The pestilence, called the "Sweating Sickness," which prevailed from 1483 till 1551, disappeared in the latter year.

Edward for a long time refused to sign the warrant for the execution of Joan of Kent, who was burned for heresy; and at last only submitted to his ghostly advisers with tears in his eyes. He was an amiable prince, and forward in his studies; he understood Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and Spanish, and had also studied logic, and music. Young as he was, how much had he acquired! Is he not an example to you in learning? Always imitate the good, whether kings or commoners.

CHAPTER LVI.

LADY JANE GREY PROCLAIMED QUEEN. MARY PROCLAIMED
 QUEEN; AND LADY JANE GREY DEPOSED AND IMPRISONED.
 LADY JANE GREY EXECUTED. QUEEN MARY'S MARRIAGE.
 PERSECUTION OF THE PROTESTANTS. DEATH OF MARY.
 QUEEN ELIZABETH. MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. HER IMPRISONMENT,
 TRIAL, AND EXECUTION. EXPEDITION OF THE SPANISH ARMADA
 AND ITS DEFEAT. DEATH OF ELIZABETH. JAMES
 GUNPOWDER PLOT. DEATH OF JAMES. CHARLES
 SCOTTISH COVENANTERS. THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.
 TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

I WILL tell you what once happened to me on board ship. In one of my first voyages, I was up at the main-top mast in a squall, and a little frolicsome, when one of my messmates, seeing that I was in danger, cried out, "Hold hard, Peter! a main-top roll-over is no joke."—Now when great folks fall, it is often a main-top roll-over with them; that is they are never able to rise again. The history of England is full of instances wherein lofty heads have

been laid low to clear the way to the throne. Many a one born to better hopes, has met with a main-top roll-over.

Upon the death of Edward, Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed queen. The greater part of the country, however, was on the side of Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII.; she also was proclaimed queen, and entered London with an army: and after a reign of ten days, Lady Jane was deposed, and committed to the Tower, together with her husband, and her principal adherents. She had been raised to the throne against her will, and her fall excited more sorrow in her friends than in herself.

In a short time Mary was crowned, and about the same time a plan was set on foot for her marriage with Philip of Castile, son of the emperor Charles V. The idea of having a foreign prince over them made the people so discontented, that an insurrection was the consequence; this, however, was quelled before it had time to become general.

Early in the year 1554, Lady Jane Grey was executed, together with her husband, for high treason. Her father, the duke of Suffolk, and other persons who had espoused her cause, suffered the same fate. Soon after, Prince Philip landed in England, and was married to Mary.

The reign of Queen Mary is memorable for the number of people brought to the stake on account of their religious profession. Persecution is a black mark on the



EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY.

forehead of the protestant or the papist who indulged in it. Burning the body is not a likely way to impress the mind with the justness and kindness of their cause who can act so cruelly.

The authority of the Pope was again acknowledged, the old laws against heretics were revived, and new ones made; the protestant bishops were displaced, and several of them burnt: among these were Cranmer, Ridley, Hooper, and Latimer; and numbers of protestants shared the same fate, without regard to age, sex, or rank. Mary even wished to put her sister Elizabeth to death, and

this was debated in council, but decided against. As it was, Elizabeth was kept in rigorous confinement.

In this reign, the English lost Calais, the last portion of their once extensive dominions in France.

This loss so affected the Queen that she said, when she died, the word Calais would be found engraven on her heart. To extinguish what she thought heresy, appeared to her a religious duty; and nearly 300 persons suffered at the stake for their religious opinions.

In her reign, coaches were first seen in England; drinking-glasses introduced; flax and hemp grown; and the use of starch discovered. Beards, at this time, were worn of great length; a fashion which seems about to be revived in the present day.

Queen Mary died in the year 1558. Let us hope that she found more mercy than she showed to others; and while we censure cruelty, let us take care that we do not practise it ourselves. Whatever you do, be kind to one another, and to all around you. How I hate an unkind and cruel disposition!

On the death of Mary, Elizabeth was immediately proclaimed queen, and the Protestant religion was re-established. But Queen Elizabeth had many enemies among her Roman catholic subjects. The Pope had issued a bull, excommunicating Elizabeth, and offering

the English crown to any prince who would conquer England, and bring it back to the Roman catholic faith, and many persons secretly wished to place upon the throne Mary Queen of Scots, a Roman catholic, and one of the nearest heirs to the crown, being the daughter of the elder sister of Henry VIII., by Louis XII. of France.

In the year 1558, this unfortunate princess was driven by the commotions in Scotland to take refuge in England, where, I am sorry to say, instead of aiding her, Elizabeth caused her to be seized and imprisoned.

In the year 1586, a law was passed by the English parliament, that if any conspiracy was formed against Elizabeth's life, in favour of any other person, that person should suffer equally with the conspirators. The real object of this law was supposed to be to procure the death of Mary.

Not long afterwards, such a conspiracy was discovered, and poor Queen Mary was brought out to be tried for sanctioning it, after a captivity of nineteen years so rigorous that she had partly lost the use of her limbs.

She went through the form of a trial, in which she was not allowed the aid of counsel, and the chief evidence against her were letters which she denied to be hers, and written evidence said to be that of her two secretaries

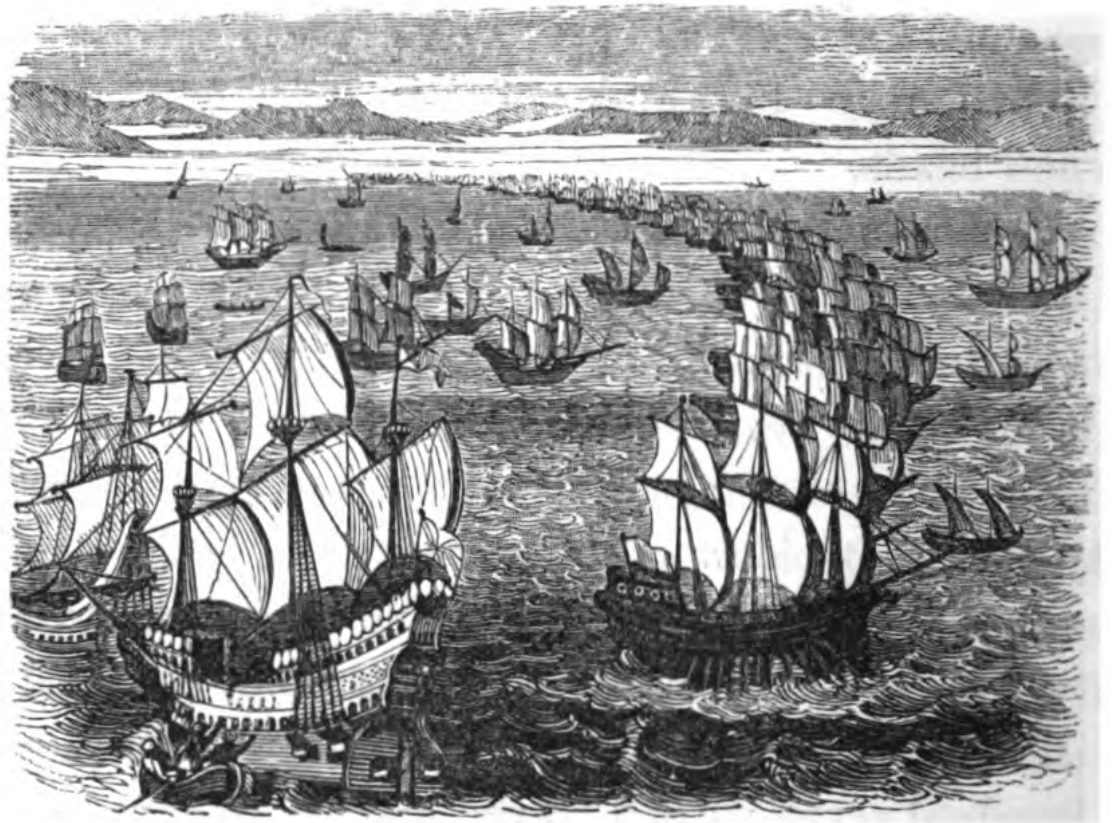
who were then in prison, and were not brought forward at her request.

She was condemned; and the warrant having been signed, after much seeming reluctance by Elizabeth, she was executed at Fotheringay Castle, A. D. 1587. It makes my heart ache to think of the hardheartedness of crowned heads.

In the year 1588, Philip II., king of Spain, the late husband of Queen Mary of England, assembled a large fleet and army, for the purpose of invading England. The fleet consisted of one hundred and thirty-five large ships of war, with two thousand six hundred and thirty-six great pieces of brass ordnance, besides smaller vessels, carrying nineteen thousand two hundred and ninety-five soldiers, eight thousand four hundred and fifty-six sailors, seven hundred volunteers, two thousand five hundred servants and slaves, and six hundred monks. It was the largest fleet that had ever been launched, and the Spaniards named it the Invincible Armada. An army of about thirty thousand men, under the command of the duke of Parma, was also ready in the Netherlands to join the Spaniards in the British Channel.

In the meantime, Elizabeth was preparing for resistance, and her subjects, catholic as well as protestant, contributed nobly to the defence of their country. Two fleets were

equipped for service, and armies, to the amount of eight thousand men, were disposed in different parts of the south of England.



THE SPANISH ARMADA.

The army for the defence of London, consisting of about thirty thousand men, was encamped at Tilbury Fort, where they were visited by Queen Elizabeth, who rode on horseback between the ranks, and addressed the soldiers, telling them that sooner than the Spaniards should prevail, she would herself be their general, and lead them to the field.

The Spaniards reached the British Channel, where they were defeated in several actions by the English. The duke of Parma's army was unable to join them; and they were finally obliged to retreat round the north of Scotland and Ireland, by which means, after suffering further loss by storms off the coast of Ireland, the remains of the fleet, consisting of fifty-three ships, in a wretched condition, at length reached Spain.

Elizabeth went in procession to St. Paul's, to return thanks for the victory, and there were great rejoicings throughout the nation. In this reign, the Acts of Supremacy and Conformity were passed, by which the crown had the power to direct the nation in matters of religion. Silk stockings were first worn by the queen; pocket watches were introduced; paper-making from linen rags established; and the use of telescopes, decimal arithmetic, the Italian method of bookkeeping, knives, and newspapers introduced. Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world, and brought potatoes from America. Tobacco was brought by sir Walter Raleigh from the West Indies, and tea brought from China by the Dutch. The whale and cod fisheries were established, and English manufactures in various cloths and metals were exported.

Queen Elizabeth died in 1603. She was succeeded by James VI., son of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots,

As he was king of Scotland, his accession united England and Scotland in one monarchy. The reign of James is memorable for the Gunpowder plot, which I have already described to you; but most of all for the authorized translation of the Bible, produced in three years, by forty-seven divines. It was printed in the Roman letter, the previous translations having been printed in what is now called Old English, but which was in fact the German letter. The English language had, at this time, reached a degree of excellence which was perpetuated by this translation; in fact, the nation owes more to the Bible, as a standard of that language, than to any other work of the time; the writings of Bacon, Shakespear, and others, have become partially obsolete, while the Bible retains its original freshness and vigour.

In this reign, brick buildings began to be erected in London; horse-racing introduced at Newmarket; the broad silk manufacture established; and copper money came into use. Logarithms were invented by Napier, in 1614; and the circulation of the blood was discovered by Dr. Harvey, in 1619.

The crowns of England and Scotland were united in this reign, but the kingdoms were not united till a century later.

James I. died in the year 1625. He was succeeded by

his son Charles I. At the time of his accession, there were many grievances, which the House of Commons required to be redressed. Charles reluctantly agreed; but he was so displeased with this check upon his authority, that he dissolved the parliament, and determined to govern for a time without it.

He rendered himself extremely unpopular by proposing taxes,—a stretch of power which was beyond his prerogative; and by attempting to enforce the use of the English liturgy in Scotland, contrary to the wishes of the whole nation. This latter step was the cause of the famous league and covenant, in 1638, by which the Scotch bound themselves to resist all interference in their religious services. Charles attempted, but ineffectually, to put down the covenanters with the sword. This was an unwise and wicked course. Religion is neither to be spread nor restrained by the sword. Men cannot be made christians by act of parliament.

At length, in 1640, the king was obliged to summon a parliament, in order to obtain money, after a dissolution which had lasted eleven years. Once met, the parliament determined to secure themselves against another such a sudden dissolution as had before happened, and they compelled Charles to declare its sittings perpetual, by enacting that it should neither be dissolved nor adjourned,

except by its own decree. They proceeded to redress many grievances, indicted and condemned to death the King's favourite servants, the Earl of Strafford and Laud Archbishop of Canterbury, and demanded the control of the militia for some time. On Charles refusing to do this, they raised an army; the king did the same, and both sides prepared for war, in the year 1642. This is of that, a war between a king and his subjects!

The struggle continued for some time, with alternate success; but the battles of Marston Moor, in 1644, and Naseby, in 1645, decided the fate of the king. He took refuge in Scotland, but was delivered up to the parliamentary army; and after some time, the House of Commons determined to try him for attempting to destroy the rights of the people.

They resolved themselves into a sort of court of justice, in which the peers refused any participation. Charles was called before this court, and arraigned; but, when called upon for his defence, he declined making any, saying, that his subjects had no authority to try him. He was, however, condemned to death; and two days afterwards he was beheaded, on the 30th of January, 1649.

Before his death he desired permission to see his children, and the interview was a very affecting one. He talked kindly for some time to his daughter, and gave her

much good advice; and then he took his little son, a child of about three years old, in his arms.

Poor king! I dare say he gave the little fellow a hard squeeze, and I doubt not the boy clung closely round his



CHARLES I. TAKING LEAVE OF HIS FAMILY.

neck. He then spoke to him in this manner: "They are going to cut off thy father's head, and to make thee a

king—but mark what I say : thou must not be a king long as thy brothers are alive. They will cut off thy heads when they can take them, and at last thy head too. Do not be made a king by them.” It is said that the child burst into tears, and replied, “I will be torn in pieces first.”

When I think of this interview, I always fancy that King Charles was dressed as I have seen him in pictures, with a broad-brimmed, high-crowned hat and feather, lace-frill round his neck, full sleeves, boots half-way up his legs, with a sword by his side, and large rosettes on his knee and instep.

In this reign, the excise and landed property taxes were imposed by parliament, and the star-chamber abolished ; letters first sent by post, and public-houses licensed ; the invention of barometers introduced, and the manufacture of linen in Ireland established.

Charles I. was the ninth English sovereign who had died a violent death, since the year 1066. Who would wish to be a king? All the English kings who had married French princesses had displeased their subjects, and suffered such a death, with one exception, Henry V. How difficult it is to secure domestic happiness by foreign alliances !

CHAPTER LVII.

ABOLISHMENT OF THE HOUSE OF PEERS. CONQUEST OF THE ROYALISTS IN IRELAND. BATTLE OF WORCESTER. ESCAPE OF CHARLES II. OLIVER CROMWELL DISSOLVES THE LONG PARLIAMENT. CROMWELL IS APPOINTED LORD PROTECTOR. CROMWELL'S DEATH. HIS SON APPOINTED PROTECTOR, AND DEPOSED. THE RESTORATION. GREAT PLAGUE. FIRE OF LONDON. DEATH OF CHARLES II. JAMES II. COMMITMENT OF SEVEN BISHOPS TO THE TOWER. LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, AND DEPOSITION OF JAMES II. BATTLE OF THE BOYNE. DEATH OF WILLIAM III. PETER THE GREAT.

It has often appeared strange to me that the calamities and bloodshed which have occurred so frequently among the great and mighty ones of the earth, have not humbled them more, and kept them from anxiously desiring to be placed in high stations. If I had any expectation of being made a king, or a prince, or a duke, or a lord, I would set sail to-morrow, and leave Boston and my little brown

house, and hide myself till the danger was over. What is the sum of kingly glory and power, that it should be so much desired? No more than what is said in the Bible of the wisest king who ever sat on a throne—that he died, was buried, and another reigned; “Solomon slept with his fathers, and he was buried in the city of David his father, and Rehoboam his son reigned in his stead.”

After the death of Charles, the commons in England abolished the house of lords, and appointed a council of state to superintend the parliamentary business.

Scotland and Ireland, however, acknowledged Charles II., son of the late monarch, as their king. But the parliamentary force under the command of Oliver Cromwell,—a member of the council who had been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland,—reduced that country to obedience in a series of battles and sieges. Cromwell then marched into Scotland, where he hemmed in the royalist army, forced them to move into England and defeated them at the battle of Worcester, in 1651.

Charles made his escape to the Continent, assuming different disguises, and incurring great danger of being seized, as a price was set upon his head. Rather an awkward state to be in, was it not? At one time he was so closely pursued, as to be obliged to take refuge in an oak, where he saw soldiers on horseback pass under him

in search of him, and heard them express their hopes of finding him.

At this time, England was governed by the Long Parliament, as it was called; that is, the one that had been declared perpetual. They were meditating a reduction of the army; but Cromwell, who knew that this would destroy his power, was bent on preventing it. Cromwell was a wily sort of a man, you may depend upon it.

He represented to the parliament that they ought to dissolve themselves; but as they were unwilling to do this, he at length went to the house with a party of soldiers, declared the parliament at an end, turned out the members, and locked up the doors. Thus, the Republic of England which had existed for four years and three months, was annihilated in a moment, in 1653.

To keep up the appearance of a parliament, Cromwell appointed one hundred and thirty-nine persons, called *Barebone's Parliament*, to meet and transact parliamentary business. These legislators, however, were soon dispersed; and Cromwell caused a deed to be drawn up, constituting himself supreme magistrate, with the title of Lord Protector. How often this is the case, that a man talks much about the good of others, and then serves his own end! He possessed nearly all the prerogatives of

royalty, and governed by the aid of a Council, and the House of Commons.

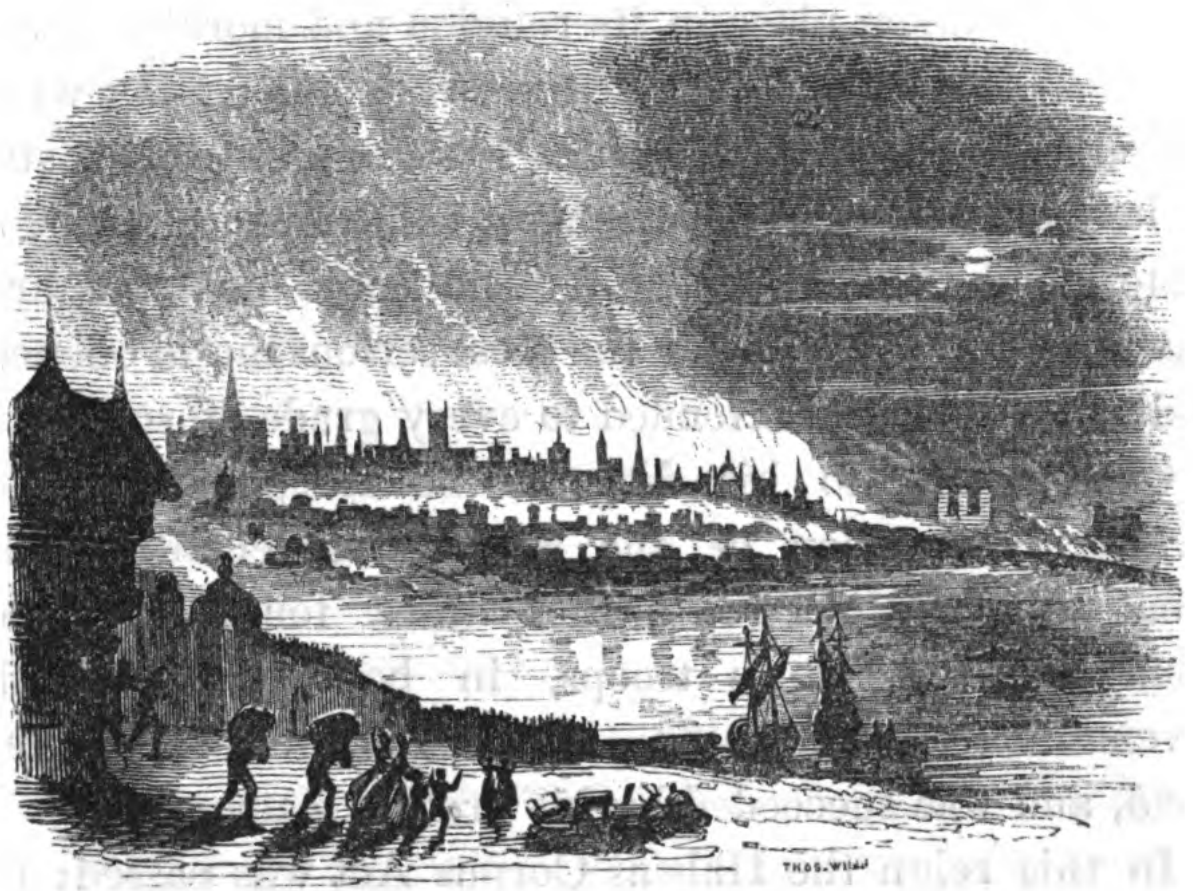
The protectorate of Oliver Cromwell lasted till his death in 1658; and during that period, he caused England to be feared and respected by the neighbouring kingdoms.

In this reign, several eminent men flourished in England; as Milton, Waller, Cowley, Denham, Hobbes, and Clarendon; sir Matthew Hale, archbishop Usher, George Fox, and others; and Kepler and Galileo on the Continent.

On his death, his son Richard was proclaimed Protector. But he possessed neither the talents nor the spirit of his father. The officers of the army, who had been kept in subjection under the stern rule of Oliver, now determined to take the supreme power into their own hands. They deposed Richard, and for some time the country was governed alternately by a council of officers, and by the members of the Long Parliament which Cromwell had dissolved, but which had again assembled. This was called, in derision, the *Rump Parliament*. They, however, dissolved themselves, and issued writs for a new parliament, which accordingly met, and decided on inviting their king to return.

Charles II., having agreed to a full indemnity for all past grievances, complete liberty of conscience

religion, and payment to the army of all arrears, landed at Dover, and entered London on the 29th of May, 1660, to the great joy of the people.



GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

Among the events most worthy of notice in the reign of Charles II., were the plague, which, in the year 1665, swept away above one hundred thousand of the inhabitants of London; and the great fire of London, which happened in the following year, destroying four

hundred streets, eighty-nine churches, and thirteen thousand five hundred houses. Were not these awful events? They were considered, and most probably were, judgments sent from heaven on the nation, for the sudden change which had taken place in its religion and morals. From a state of stern and unrelenting religious feeling which prevailed during the civil wars, it had passed into a state of licentious riot and debauchery, condemned alike by all systems of Christian faith. The court and the aristocracy were notorious for the most serious moral offences, and their influence extended to every grade of society.

Charles II., to his disgrace be it spoken, carried on the persecution of the Scottish covenanters with great cruelty. Two battles were fought between them and the king's troops, in both of which the covenanters were defeated. Charles II. died in the year 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James.

In this reign the Habeas Corpus Act was passed; the Royal Society was founded; the crown stolen by one Blood; the Episcopal church re-established in England, and the regiments of the horse-guards established. The Test Act was also passed; the terms *Whig* and *Tory* first used; the term *mob* applied to the meetings of the people; theatres revived; flags used for sea signals; and the salt mines of Staffordshire discovered.

King James II., the brother and successor of Charles II., was a Roman catholic; and soon after he came to the throne, he began to take measures for bringing back the nation to that religion. He issued a proclamation intended to give greater liberty to the papists, which he commanded every clergyman to read from the pulpit.

The archbishop of Canterbury, with six bishops, petitioned the king against this order, for which they were sent to the Tower. But on their trial they defended themselves so well, that they were acquitted.

The people became, at length, so dissatisfied, that they applied to William, Prince of Orange, for assistance, and he landed with an army at Torbay, on the 5th of November, A.D. 1688.

The Prince of Orange was a protestant, grandson of Charles I., and had married Mary, eldest daughter of James II. Many of James's favourite nobles and officers, with a large part of the army, joined William's standard.

James fled into France, where he was hospitably received by Louis XIV.; and both houses of parliament declared that the king, having endeavoured to subvert the protestant constitution, had rendered the throne vacant. The parliament soon afterwards offered the crown to the Prince and Princess of Orange, who were proclaimed by the titles of King William III. and Queen Mary II., A.D.

1688. This important event is called the Revolution of 1688.

James had still many friends in Ireland, and he arrived there and raised an army. William also went over with an army of thirty thousand men, and a battle was fought on the banks of the Boyne, in 1690, in which King William was victorious.

King James set sail for France, and although he afterwards renewed his attempts with a French army, he was unsuccessful. Had James gained the throne, he would have made great changes in the government and among the people.

Many conspiracies were formed for the purpose of assassinating King William, and restoring James II., but happily, they were all discovered in time to prevent them proving effectual. King James II. died in exile at St. Germain's, in France, in 1701.

When the parliament conferred the crown on William III., they required his assent to the Bill of Rights, as it was called, which declared that the king cannot suspend the laws, or their execution: he cannot levy money without consent of parliament; the subjects have a right to petition the crown; a standing army cannot be maintained in time of peace, but by consent of parliament; elections and parliamentary debate must be free; parlia-

ments must be frequently assembled, &c. In short, it was now an established maxim that the public good is the great end of all government.



WILLIAM III. FALLING FROM HIS HORSE.

William III. died in consequence of a fall from his horse in the year 1702. He was riding from Kensington to Hampton Court, when his horse stumbled and fell

under him: his collar-bone was broken by the accident. You may be sure that he had every necessary assistance; indeed he did so well, that he set off back again to Kensington the same day in his carriage, but this only did mischief. Had he been a healthy, hearty man, most likely he would have got the better of it, but he was weakly, and it occasioned his death.

It was during William's reign that Peter the Great, of Russia, came to England, and worked as a shipwright at Deptford, in order to learn the art of shipbuilding, and to teach it to his subjects. You have heard of many kings, but you never heard of more than one working as a common shipwright in a dockyard.

In this reign, the Act of Succession to the Throne was passed; the national debt represented by funded money; the bank of England established; triennial parliaments instituted; and public lotteries permitted. The following eminent men flourished in this reign:—Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe;" John Locke, sir Isaac Newton, and sir Robert Boyle; also Archbishop Tillotson, the reverend Matthew Henry, and Flamsteed, astronomer royal.

CHAPTER LVIII.

QUEEN ANNE. BATTLE OF BLENHEIM. CONQUEST OF
GIBRALTAR. SCOTTISH UNION. DEATH OF QUEEN
ANNE. GEORGE I. THE PRETENDER. GEORGE II.
THE YOUNG PRETENDER. SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

How many kings and queens have I told you of! Such are the changes which take place in the world, that, perhaps, before a hundred years are gone by, America may have a king, and countries that are now monarchies may become republics. Well, that is a matter of very little importance to Peter Parley.

William III. was succeeded by his sister-in-law Anne, second daughter of James II. By the Act of Succession, she ascended the throne instead of Prince James, the son of James II., who was a Roman catholic. Queen Anne married George, Prince of Denmark, and had a numerous family, who all died young.

A great part of Queen Anne's reign was occupied with foreign wars, in which the English troops, under the duke of Marlborough and the earl of Peterborough, achieved

several victories. The most celebrated of these was that of Blenheim in 1704, obtained by the duke of Marlborough for which the queen presented him with Woodstock park and had a splendid mansion, called Blenheim-house, built there for him.

In this reign also Gibraltar was taken by the English and it has remained in their possession ever since. I am now drawing nearer to our own times. You see that we have got to the reign of Queen Anne, and there are no many more monarchs to come.

Scotland, although it had been governed by the English monarchs from the reign of James I., had a parliament of its own till Queen Anne's reign. But in the year 1706 it was united to England, on the condition of being represented, in the parliament of Great Britain by sixteen peers, and forty-five commoners ; and that the Episcopal and Presbyterian forms of church government be established for England and Scotland respectively, as an essential part of the Union.

In this reign, Winstanley's Eddystone Lighthouse was destroyed ; the first British parliament met ; the Government took the management of the Post-office ; Addison, assisted by Steele and others, published the " Tatler," " Spectator," and " Guardian" in numbers ; steam engine and paper-mills were invented ; and promissory-notes and newspaper stamps introduced.

Queen Anne died in 1714. On her death George I., Elector of Hanover, was proclaimed king. There ! now we are come to another reign, and we shall soon get through it.

George was descended from a daughter of James I., and being a protestant, succeeded to the throne in preference to some nearer heirs, who were passed over on account of their being Roman catholics.

Among the claimants thus set aside, was the Chevalier St. George, a grandson of James I., generally known as the Pretender. He had friends in England and Scotland, who excited rebellions in order to set him on the throne. He landed in Scotland, and was there proclaimed king ; but the rebels were defeated in several actions, and many of their leaders taken and afterwards executed. The pretender himself escaped to the continent.

In this reign, the Riot Act for preventing tumultuous assemblies was passed ; as also the Septennial Parliament Act. The South-sea bubble was commenced, by which more than half the trading community were made bankrupt, and the number of suicides unparalleled ; the Quadruple Alliance was formed ; inoculation for the smallpox was introduced ; and the East India Company monopolized the trade of India. The eminent men were Dr. Samuel Clarke, Dr. Louth, Dr. Watts, Gay, Congreve, Parnell, and others.

George I. died in the year 1727, and was succeeded by his son George II.

During this reign Charles Edward, son of the pretender, repeated the attempt which his father had made in the



THE PRETENDER RECEIVING THE KEYS OF CARLISLE.

preceding reign. He landed in Scotland with only seven followers, and proclaimed his father king in 1745. His army gradually increased to nearly six thousand men, and

defeated the king's troops at the battles of Falkirk and Prestonpans. They also took Edinburgh, Stirling, and Carlisle.

I can fancy that I see him standing dressed as a Highlander in his kilt and plaid, with a broad-sword in his hand, and a pair of pistols stuck in his girdle. He was a fine brave fellow, and no doubt the great men of Carlisle thought so when they knelt down dressed in their wigs and gowns, to offer him the keys of the city placed on a velvet cushion.

With all the bravery, however, of Charles Edward, the English nation would not have him for a king. His army advanced into England as far as Derby ; but were obliged to retreat to Scotland ; and were finally defeated at Culloden, by the duke of Cumberland. The young pretender, after wandering about in various disguises for several months, and undergoing great hardships, at last made his escape to France.

The greater part of George II's. reign was occupied in wars with the French, during which many victories were gained by the English both by land and by sea, among which was the one obtained at Quebec, in 1759, in which General Wolfe was killed.

General Wolfe had been a very successful soldier. He encountered the French on the heights of Abraham, in Canada, and when the battle was warm he was aimed at

by one of the enemy's marksmen and received a shot in the wrist.

The general was not a man to be put aside on account



DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

of a wound in the wrist, so he twisted his pocket-handkerchief round it, and still kept the command. Soon after this, while he was advancing at the head of the grenadiers with their bayonets fixed, he had a ball in his breast

This was enough to bring any one down, and it brought down the general.

While he was leaning on the shoulder of a soldier, the cry caught his ear, "They run!" Think of him sitting on the ground in the agonies of death, the cannon roaring around him. See a soldier hastening towards him carrying a standard taken from the enemy; and an officer waving his cocked hat to announce the victory. The general revives for a moment, and when he learns that the English have gained the day, he tells those around him that he dies happy, and then closes his eyes.

In this reign, commodore Anson sailed round the world; the new style of the calendar was introduced in 1752; lighthouses became general; stereotyping was invented; and magazines and newspapers began to abound.

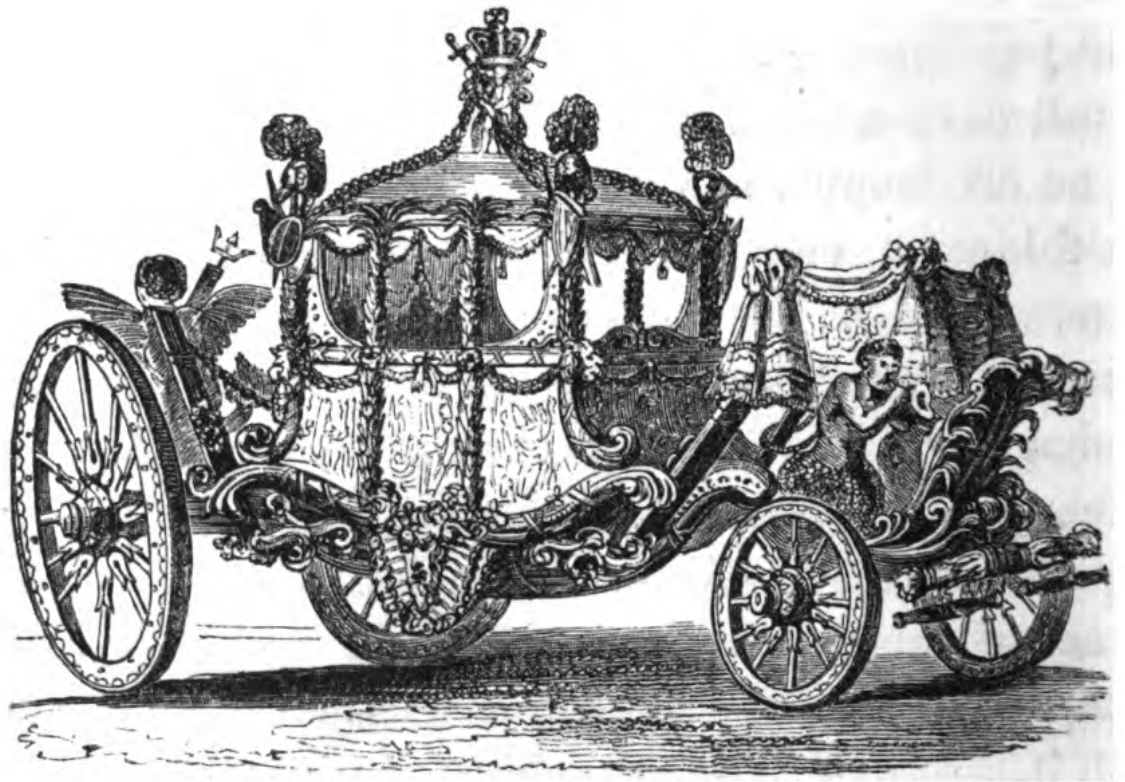
George II. died suddenly in the year 1760: he was succeeded by his grandson George III.

I am getting now towards the end of my history, which perhaps you have thought rather long. Suppose before I finish it, just to change my subject, I give you an account of the king of England's state coach; this will amuse you, and then we can finish the history.

I should never have thought of leaving England without seeing the king in his state carriage, drawn by eight beautiful, long-tailed, cream-coloured horses.

CHAPTER LIX.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT THE KING OF ENGLAND'S STATE
COACH.



IF you were to go from one end of America to the other you would find nothing in the form of a coach half so grand as the one I am going to tell you of. America is but a young country compared with Old England; her habits and customs are plainer than they are there, and she ha

not so much money to spare. Seven thousand pounds is a great deal to give for a coach. Ay, you may stare, but I am telling you nothing but the truth. The state coach of the sovereign of Great Britain cost more than seven thousand pounds, to say nothing about what money has been laid out from time to time in repairing it.

If I were a monarch and wanted to be looked at, I would not have so handsome a carriage, for fear the people should pay more attention to my fine gilded coach, and long-tailed, cream-coloured horses than to myself. I see that you are laughing; very well, the English would have an odd king if they were obliged to put up with Peter Parley!

The state coach was built about seventy years ago, from a design of sir William Chambers. Sir William saw that his plan was well executed. The body of the carriage is borne up by four tritons. A triton is a supposed sea god, the upper part like a man, the lower like a fish, but there are no such beings in existence. The two first tritons carry the driver on their shoulders, while they are represented as blowing shells to announce the approach of the monarch of the ocean. The board, on which the coachman sets his feet is a large scallop shell, with sea plants under it. You have, perhaps, seen a drawing of an ancient triumphal chariot; the wheels of the state coach

are like those of such a car, and the pole resembles a cluster of spears. Eight palm trees springing up, and spreading out at the top, support the roof, on which three boys stand. These boys are meant for the genii of England, Scotland, and Ireland, bearing up the imperial crown. There are wreaths of laurel which fall from them to the corners of the roof, and the boys hold in their hands the sceptre, and sword of state, as well as the ensigns of knighthood. All these things were explained to me, or it is ten to one if I should have found out on half of them.

The upper part of the coach, between the palm trees is fitted up with plate-glass, and the panels below are painted. I must tell you what these paintings are. That on the panel in front is Britannia on a throne, attended by Religion, Justice, and other figures. The right door has on it, figures of Industry and Ingenuity; and on the panel on each side of it, are History writing down the reports of Fame, and Peace burning the implements of War. On the back panel is Neptune the god of the ocean, and another figure drawn by sea-horses. Besides these there is a painting of the royal arms. Another represents Mars, Minerva, and Mercury, supporting the crown; and a third represents the liberal arts and sciences. Now I have described them all.

You will like to know something about the inside of the carriage. I will tell you about it. It is beautifully lined with scarlet embossed velvet, and this again is laced and embroidered with gold in a very superb manner. There is, in the very middle of the roof, a star surrounded by the collar of the order of the Garter, with an imperial crown, and the device of George and the Dragon; the corners are filled up with the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, entwined together.

The inside of the coach is ornamented with the badges of St. George, St. Patrick, and St. Andrew, adorned with the rose, shamrock, thistle, and oak-leaf; and the hammer-cloth, on the coachman's box, is of scarlet-velvet, embroidered as handsomely as possible.

It is not very likely that such a coach will ever be ordered for our President. I will, however, give you an exact account of what the state coach cost. In the first place the carriage-maker, whose name was Butler, charged for his part of the work, including the work of the wheelwright and smith, £1,673. 15s. 6d.

Next comes Wilton, the carver. You may depend upon it the very best workmen were employed. Wilton charged £2,504. If you were to see the carving, you would not wonder that it cost a great deal of money. Rujolas was the gilder, and received £933. 14s. 6d. The laceman had

£737. 10s. 7d., and Coit, the chaser, charged £665. The harness-maker's bill was £385 15s.

Cipriani was the painter, and the sum given him was 300 guineas. There are a few odd items yet, such as the mercer, £202. 5s. 10d.; the saddler, £107. 13s.; the bi-maker, £99. 6s.; the milliner, £30. 4s.; the woollen draper, £4. 3s. 6d.; and the cover-maker, £3. 9s. 6d. If you add all these sums together, you will find they amount to £7,661. 17s. 5d. I cannot tell you what the eight long-tailed, cream-coloured horses cost, but if you were to see them richly caparisoned, arching their necks and prancing with the state-coach behind them, you would say with me, that you had never seen such a sight before in the world.

Having told you all that I know about the state coach I will now go on with my history.

CHAPTER LX.

GEORGE III. AMERICAN REVOLUTION. SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR. PEACE WITH AMERICA. IRISH UNION. THE REGENCY. WAR WITH NAPOLEON. NAPOLEON'S ABDICATION AND BANISHMENT. HIS ESCAPE FROM ELBA. BATTLE OF WATERLOO. NAPOLEON BANISHED TO ST. HELENA. DEATH OF GEORGE III. GEORGE IV. WILLIAM IV. QUEEN VICTORIA.

DURING the greater part of the long reign of George III., England was at war with different countries.

In the year 1774, the British colonies here, in America, after trying in vain to obtain the repeal of some oppressive laws, enacted by the English parliament, revolted, and declared themselves independent. The military in vain attempted to quell the insurrection. They were everywhere resisted by the people, who armed and organized themselves under the command of General Washington. Peter Parley was one that fought for the independence of America.

France and Spain acknowledged her independence, and assisted her with arms and stores. England therefore

declared war against those countries, and was victorious in several battles with the French and Spanish fleets.

In this war the Spaniards endeavoured to recapture Gibraltar, and in this they were aided by the French. Both nations assembled a large fleet, provided with



SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

immense quantities of artillery and ammunition, with which they expected to be able, in case the garrison should be so foolish as to resist, to level the fort with the ground in less than twenty-four hours. There was also a large army to attack it on the land side.

The English garrison, however, defended themselves bravely, and repulsed the besiegers on every side, throwing quantities of shells and red-hot shot, which set fire to ten large ships, supposed to be fire-proof: the expedition was thus entirely defeated, in 1783.



DEATH OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

I must not omit to tell you of the death of the Earl of

Chatham, in 1779. He was one of the wisest, and one of the most eloquent, of any that have ever filled the office of minister to the crown.

It was well known that he was not in a state of health to attend the House of Lords, but being anxious to express his opinion on a measure of importance, he was determined to attend. The effort was too much for him. He was seized for death in the midst of the assembly.

You may judge of the confusion that prevailed when he sank down, while numbers of the lords present, arrayed in their ermine robes, ran to his assistance.

The British parliament granted twenty thousand pounds to discharge his debts, and settled an annuity of four thousand on his son and successor. His monument was ordered, also, to be erected in Westminster Abbey at the public expense.

The American war continued till the year 1783, when two British armies having been obliged to surrender themselves prisoners, Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States.

Ireland enjoyed a separate parliament of its own, but after a great rebellion which took place in that country in 1798, a union of the British and Irish parliaments was thought advisable, which accordingly took place, though not without much opposition.

The French were very strong in Egypt, and the British troops assembled at Malta, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie.



DEATH OF ABERCROMBIE.

It was on the 2nd of March, 1801, that the British appeared off Aboukir. On the 8th they prepared to land, and pretty work they had of it. The wind and the sea were

against them for some days, but, at last, they got into their boats and made their way to the shore, though fifteen pieces of cannon, and twenty-five hundred muskets were peppering away at them all the time.

On the 21st a general action was fought, in which the British forces were triumphant, but their loss was great, for the gallant Abercrombie was slain. Poor fellow! he was unhorsed in a charge, and wounded in two places, but for all that he wrested the sword from the hand of his enemy, and gave it afterwards to Sir Sidney Smith. He kept the field all through the day, wounded as he was, and saw the victory won, but he died a week after on board the admiral's ship. I heard that he was buried at Malta under the Castle of St. Elmo.

All the success and prosperity in the world will not make us happy, when it pleases God to afflict us, and King George was heavily afflicted. His reason had been impaired, and though he recovered sufficiently to act and enjoy himself as before, his malady was brought on again, as many suppose, by the death of the Princess Amelia.

This princess was very amiable, and the king loved her very tenderly. He visited her on her bed of sickness and pain, and his grief was greater than he could bear. People commit a great mistake when they suppose that kings are happier than other people. They may have

more clothes, but they cannot wear two suits at a time! they have abundance of good fare, but they cannot eat



DEATH OF THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

more heartily than their subjects. Then they have many cares that we know nothing of, and hearts in their bosoms that feel disappointment, grief, and pain as acutely as ours do. King George felt the loss of his daughter, and it

cast a cloud over the remnant of his days. For the last ten years of his life, George III. was deprived of the use of his reason; and to supply his place, his eldest son afterwards George IV., was appointed Regent, in 1811 with the powers of royalty.

Rather before the beginning of the regency, Spain was invaded by the French under the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte, who had reduced the greater part of Europe under his dominion. The Spaniards refused to obey the French rule, and a British army was dispatched to help the Spaniards. The British troops won several victories under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was created Viscount Wellington, as a reward for his services. I saw Wellington when he was in London; he was riding in Hyde Park, on a white horse.

The French were at length driven out of Spain; and Lord Wellington carried the war into France. The sovereigns whose countries Napoleon had invaded, entered France with large armies, took Paris, and obliged Napoleon to abdicate, and retire to Elba, a small island in the Mediterranean. Lord Wellington returned to England, where he received the thanks of parliament, and was created Duke of Wellington. After this triumph, peace was proclaimed throughout Europe, A. D. 1814.

This was a good thing,—but stop a little;—in the year

1815, Napoleon escaped from Elba, with about six hundred followers, in three small vessels, and landed in France, where he was received with enthusiasm by the soldiers and the people. He advanced to Paris, where he was again proclaimed emperor, and raised an army.

The powers of Europe immediately declared war against Napoleon, and assembled armies on the French frontier. Napoleon marched to meet them. He first attacked and defeated the Prussian army, under Marshal Blucher, at Ligny. He then marched to attack the British, commanded by the Duke of Wellington, who had taken up a position at Waterloo.

Between ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of the 18th of June, 1815, the French began the attack, which was continued, but in vain, till about seven in the evening, when a last and furious effort was made, commanded by Napoleon in person. This was also repulsed, and Marshal Blucher coming up with the Prussians, the British army made a general charge, and the French fled in total disorder, pursued by the whole Prussian army.

This battle sealed the fate of Napoleon. He returned to Paris; and having again abdicated, attempted to escape to America. He was stopped by an English fleet, and trusting to the usual generosity of the nation, surrendered himself to the captain of the *Bellerophon*.

He was not, however, allowed to land in England, but was sent a prisoner to St. Helena, a small rocky island in the South Atlantic; where he died, in the year 1821. What a lesson is presented to mighty monarchs in the end of the great Emperor Napoleon! Many wonderful events happened in this reign, and not the least was the outbreak of the first and greatest French Revolution in 1789, and the establishment of the French Republic in 1793. The influence of this event was great in England, but it was overcome, and the British constitution prevailed. Bryon, Wallis, Carteret, and Cooke, successively sailed round the world. Sunday-schools were established; new planets were added to the solar system; aërostation was introduced; the national debt reached eight hundred and sixty millions of pounds; the bank of England suspended cash payments; telegraphs came into use; mutiny of the fleet at the Nore; rebellion in Ireland in 1798, and union to England in 1801; slave trade abolished; Buonaparte made Emperor of France in 1804; the steam engine perfected by Watt; the spinning-jenny invented by Hargreaves; the spinning-frame by Arkwright; and the power-loom by Crampton. The eminent men were: Wellington, Moore, Abercrombie, and Sidney Smith, generals; Nelson, Duncan, Howe, Hood, and Rodney, admirals; Walpole, Pitt, Burke, Fox and Sheridan, statesmen; Hume, Gibbon,

Smollet, and Robertson, historians; Herschell, Davy, Stewart, and Brown, philosophers; Johnson, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, and others, authors; and Boulton, and Brindley and Rennie engineers.

George III. died in the year 1820, and the Prince Regent, George IV., being publicly proclaimed in London and Westminster, became king.

I will now tell you of one of the most daring conspiracies that ever entered the mind of man. It was found out the very month after George IV. ascended the throne. Several very poor and wretched persons, headed by one Arthur Thistlewood, who had formerly been tried for high treason, formed a plot to murder all his majesty's ministers together. Well you may look astonished!

There was a cabinet dinner to be held at Lord Harrowby's, in Grosvenor-square, and then the conspirators intended to put their plot in execution. They met together in Cato-street, in a loft over a stable, and carried there, by night, sacks and parcels of different kinds, fire-arms, swords, pikes, and hand-grenades. Well! they intended to go all in a body to Lord Harrowby's. Thistlewood was to rap at the door and deliver a packet for lord Harrowby, and when the servant turned his back the gang were to be let in. Every minister was to be murdered.

The plot, however, was discovered. A strong body of police-officers and of the foot-guards proceeded to the stable. The conspirators resisted, and killed a police-officer; but for all this they were overpowered, and many of them taken. Thistlewood got away, but was soon afterwards discovered and captured. Five of these wretched men, whose names were Thistlewood, Davidson, Ings, Brunt, and Tidd, were hung, and afterwards beheaded; and so this dreadful affair ended.

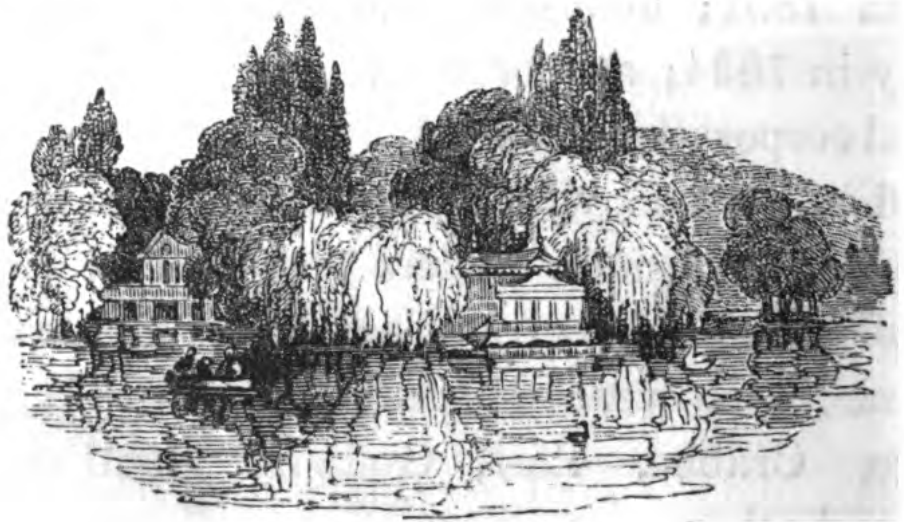
The coronation of the king was one of the most splendid ceremonies of the kind ever known. George IV., it was said, was the first British monarch that ever set foot in Ireland in a peaceable spirit, therefore you may be sure that he was well received. It was in his reign that Napoleon Buonaparte died at St. Helena. In 1817, George IV. lost his daughter, the Princess Charlotte, who was married to Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, afterwards king of the Belgians; she died universally lamented. In 1820, he caused his wife, Queen Caroline, who had been absent on the continent for six years, to be tried for her conduct abroad; but the trial was abandoned at the voice of the nation. She died soon after of a broken heart. In 1828, the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed; next year Catholic emancipation was obtained; and in 1830, the new police force was established. The

eminent men of this reign, were Canning, Huskisson, Castlereagh, and Liverpool, statesmen; Byron, Scott, and Pollock, poets; Mitford, Roscoe, Hall, and Clarke, literati; West and Lawrence painters. George IV. visited Hanover and Scotland, and died, June 26, 1830.

William IV., formerly Duke of Clarence and brother of George IV. became king on the death of the latter. The greatest service which he did to Great Britain was his passing the Reform Bill in 1832. He opened New London Bridge in 1831; abolished the East India Company's monopoly in 1834; and brought about the reform of the municipal corporations in 1835. In his reign, a revolution happened in France, which placed Louis Philippe on the throne in 1830; Asiatic cholera appeared in England in 1831; and both houses of parliament were burnt in 1834. The eminent men were, Macintosh, Wilberforce, Lamb, Coleridge, Crabbe, Ross, Godwin, Bentham, Astley Cooper, and others.

William IV. died in 1837, and her present Majesty, Queen Victoria, ascended the throne. She was the daughter of the Duke of Kent, brother of the late king. She was crowned at Westminster in 1838, and married, in 1840, to her first cousin, Prince Albert, the second son of the Duke of Saxe Cobourg Gotha. The heir-apparent to the throne is Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born in

1841. In the present reign, the British arms have been successful in India, Syria, China, and Russia. Great additions have been made to the British possessions in India; Acre was taken by Sir C. Napier, after a bombardment of three hours; the island of Hong Kong ceded by the Chinese, and made a British settlement; and Sebastopol, in the Crimea, taken and destroyed, after the loss of many men and much property on the part of the allied army of French and English.



VIRGINIA WATER.

The great public boon of the universal penny post throughout the kingdom, the invention of Rowland Hill, the abolition of the Corn Laws; the extension of Railways; the adoption of the Electric Telegraph; and the invention of Screw Steamers, are among the wonderful improvements of the present age. The completion of the Thames Tunnel in 1841; the rebuilding of the Royal Exchange

in 1844; and the opening of the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, in 1851, in Hyde-park, are among the wonders of Victoria's reign. Among other important events, the Duke of Sussex was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery 1843; great political convulsions took place in Europe in 1848; a Republic was erected in France, which ended in the election of Louis Napoleon, as Emperor, in 1852; the King of France died in exile at Claremont in 1850; and the papal aggression in England happened in the same year.



WINDSOR GREAT PARK.

I wish you could see Windsor Castle, where the queen principally resides, it is a beautiful place; and at a short distance there is Virginia Water, which is well worth visiting, and also Windsor Great Park.

I have now only to tell you of my return home, and then you will have heard the whole of my long story.

CHAPTER LXI.

PARLEY EMBARKS AT ST. KATHERINE'S DOCKS TO RETURN HOME. ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK. CONCLUSION.

I CAME home in a vessel that sailed from St. Katherine Docks, London, bound for New York.

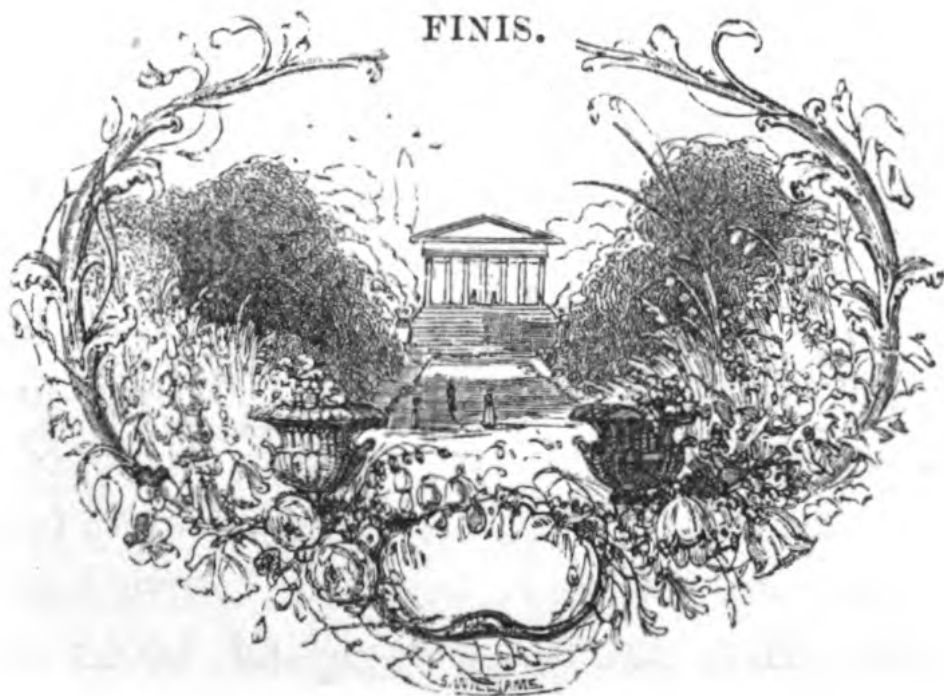
Before we were many hundred leagues on our passage there was some danger of our being obliged to return. I will tell you why; we were very near having a mutiny among the crew. It was all owing to their superstition.

You must know that we got under weigh on a Friday, and most of the hands on board were sulky about it, thinking it was unlucky, just as though one day could be more unlucky than another; however, the sailors thought so, and there was no way of changing their mind.

On the whole, our voyage was a fair one, and we arrived safe at New York without accident. I have now told you all about my trip to Great Britain and back again, with the principal things that happened to me. What my next tale may be about I cannot tell, but I trust you will come and see me in this little brown house many a time yet. Here are some toys and books which

brought from England on purpose to give away, so you are welcome to them.

And now let me advise you to bear with one another, and to act kindly towards each other. Peter Parley has travelled far, and noticed a great many things, and he has always found that the best kind of people are those who like to dwell in affection, contentment, and quietness. You cannot do better than read such books as will make your heads wiser, and your hearts better. There is nothing in this world like being useful, and leading quiet and peaceable lives, doing all the good we can, fearing God, and keeping his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.



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