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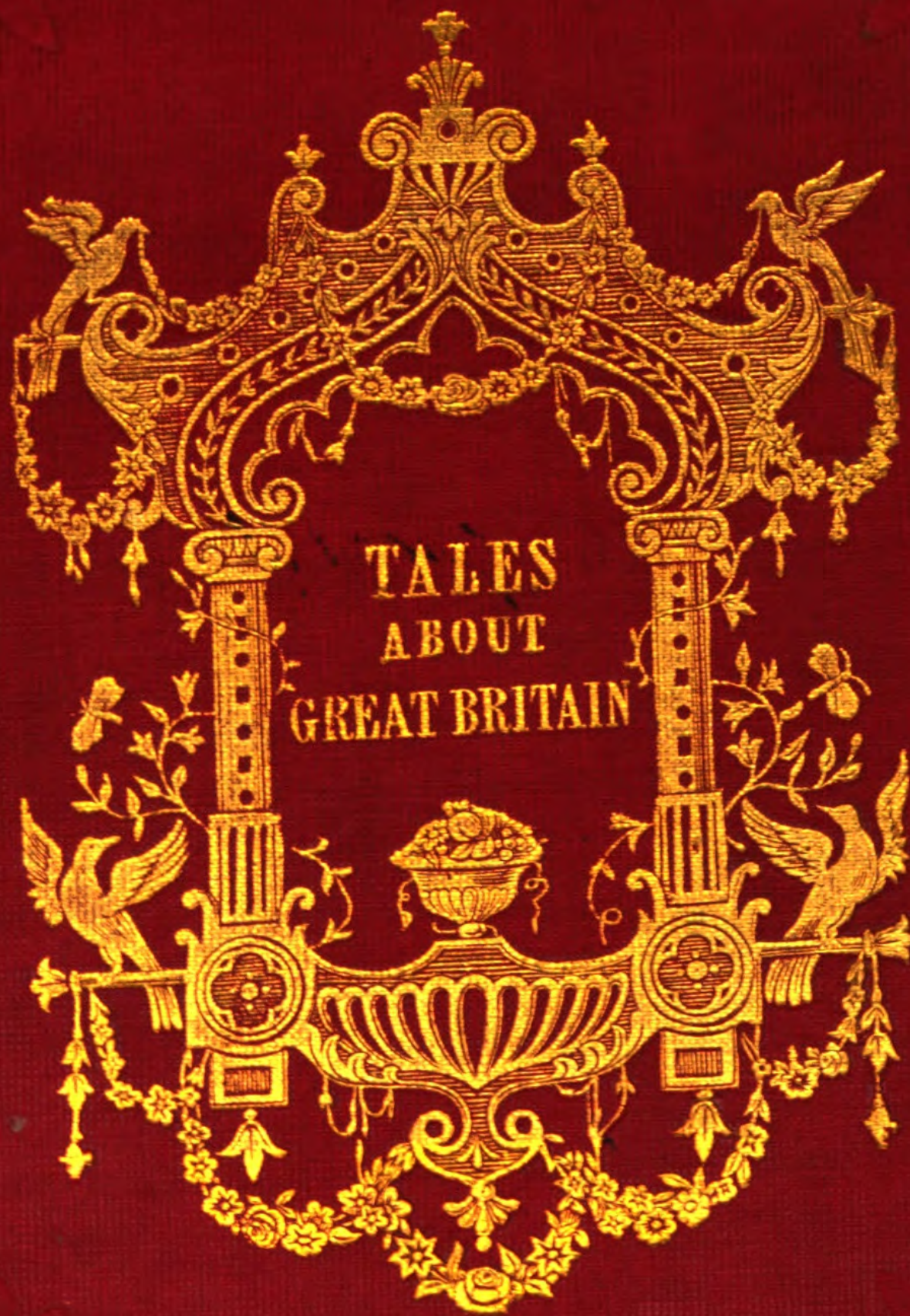
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TALES
ABOUT
GREAT BRITAIN

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Anne Frances Orsted
January 1st 1852

TALES

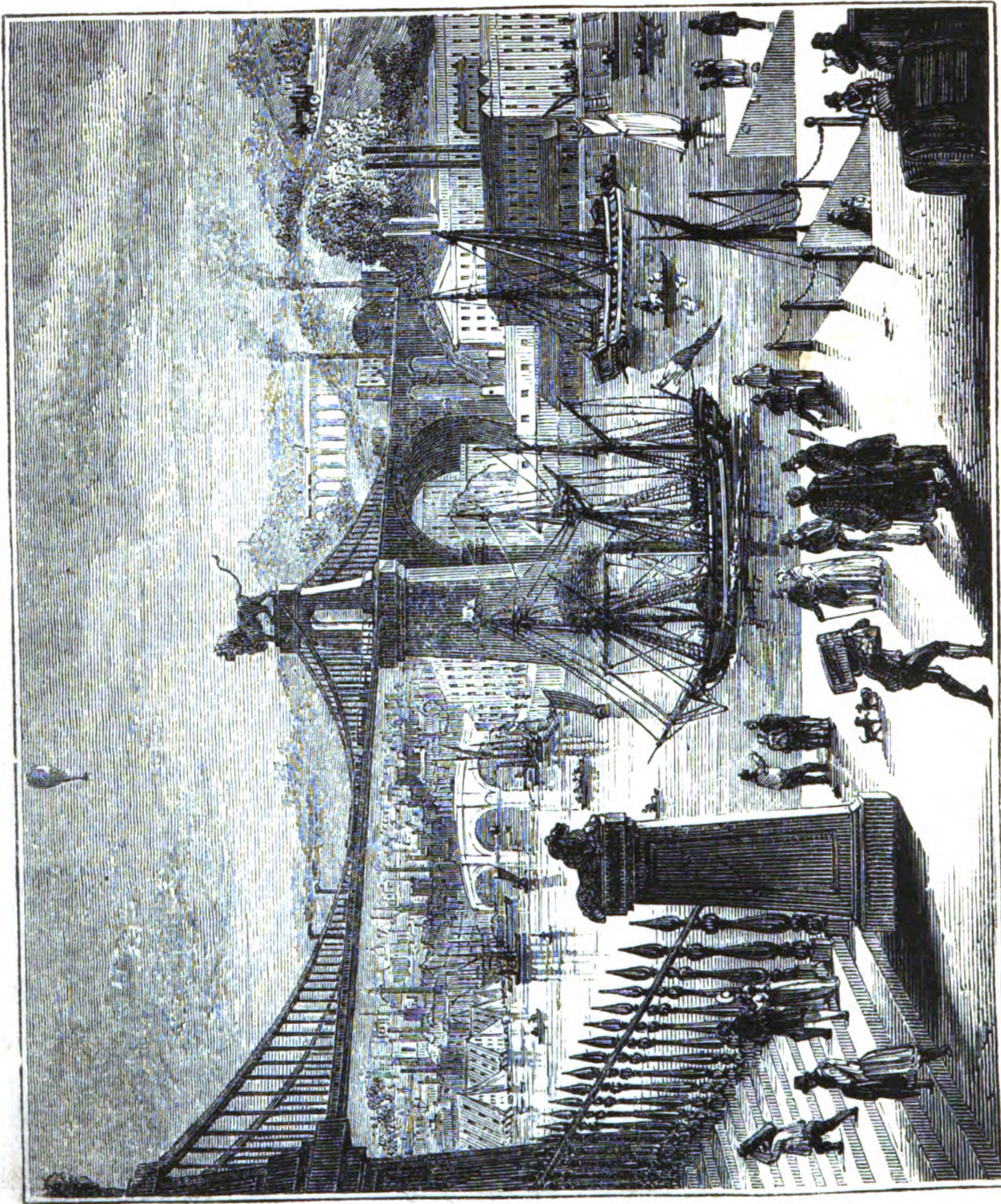
ABOUT

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.



ENGLAND.

O England, dear England, bright gem of the ocean,
Thy fields and thy valleys look fertile and gay,
The heart clings to thee with a sacred devotion,
And memory adores when in lands far away.



TALES
ABOUT
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

BY PETER PARLEY,

Author of Tales about Europe, Asia, &c. &c.

—◆—
THE FOURTH EDITION.

WITH A MAP, AND NUMEROUS EMBELLISHMENTS.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THOMAS TEGG, 73, CHEAPSIDE.

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YORK.

PETER PARLEY'S TALES
ABOUT
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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 Great Britain.

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, steam-carriages, and boats. 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 is 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 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 pearlash; 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 to being tossed about on the ocean, the winds whistling, and the waves roaring : or, to pushing my way through the throng of people in Cheapside, 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.



OMNIBUS.





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 one country to the other. 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 breeze grew fresher and fresher; the sails were filled with wind, and the vessel, leaning on one side, moved on at a rapid rate.

We soon could see nothing around us but the ocean. The waves lost their green appearance, and became 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 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. These pursue the ship and hover over its track ; sometimes setting their feet upon the tops of the waves, and poising themselves for a moment, and sometimes picking up little particles of food that swim in the water.

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 on the water 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 many 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; and our vessel coming up to the wharf, we jumped ashore, amid a crowd of people that had assembled to see us land.

CHAPTER III.

PARLEY DESCRIBES THE ISLANDS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. HEBRIDES. ORKNEYS. 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 about five hundred and eighty miles in length, and three hundred and seventy miles in width in the widest part. It contains about ninety thousand square miles, and the population is about seventeen millions.

Ireland is considerably smaller than the island of Great Britain, being only two hundred and thirty-five miles in length, and one

hundred and eighty-two miles in width. It contains thirty thousand square miles, and a population of about seven millions. 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.

CHAPTER IV.

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

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 broken by hills which sometimes rise into mountains.

Along the eastern shore, the land is flat in some places; the middle parts are varied with hills, slopes, 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 rail-roads, and the highways are kept level and in good repair. I wish we had such good roads in America. The principal rivers in England are, the Thames, the Medway, the Severn, the Humber, the Mersey, the Wye, the Dee, the Avon, the Tyne, and the Tweed;—and the principal mountains are Crop Fell, Sea Fell, Helvellyn, Skiddaw, the Peak, Endle, Bow Fell, Chiltern, Malvern, Cotswold, Mendip, Wrekin, and the Cheviot hills which divide England and Scotland.

I remained some days in Liverpool, where I found much to interest me. 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 are extremely



LIVERPOOL.

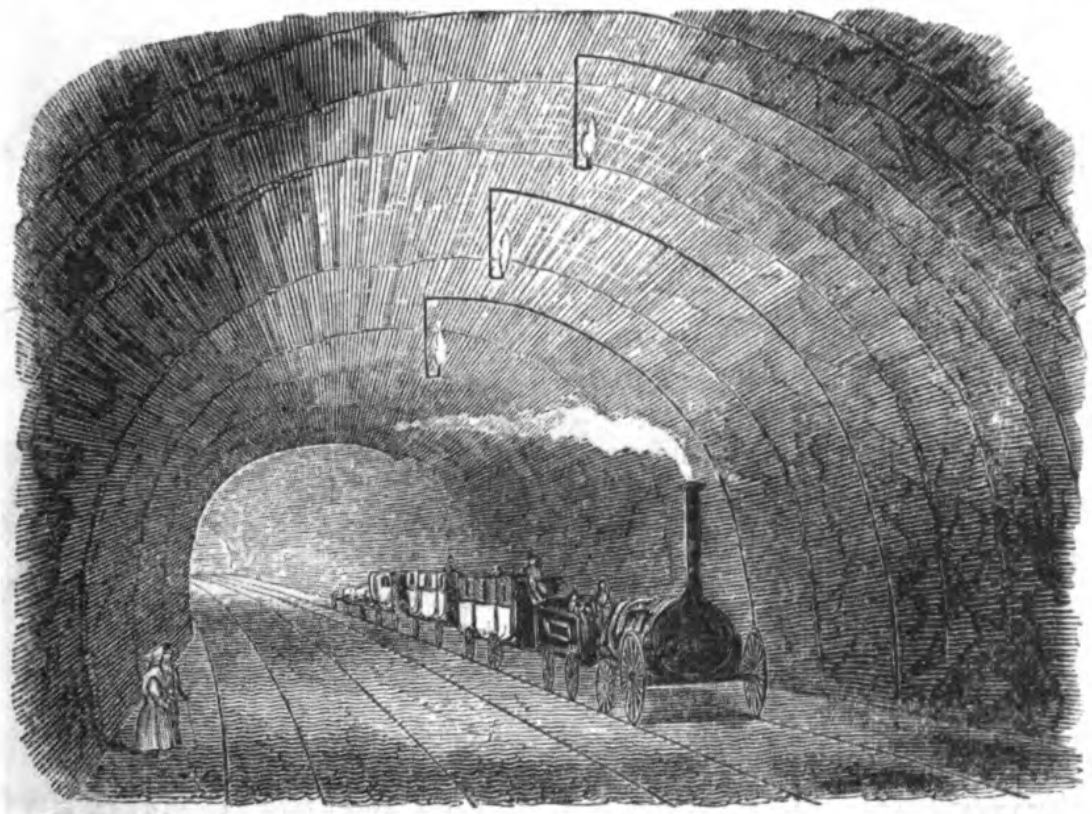
pleasant. There are several very handsome public buildings, among which I particularly admired the Town Hall, and the Exchange. I was also much pleased with visiting the Blind Asylum, which was the first institution of the kind established in England. I never saw such a sight before. Women were at work 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 workmanlike manner. I was thankful to see how much might be done by blind people, but I was more thankful for the use of my eyes. I will show you a table-mat, that was made there; I brought it away as a curiosity, and I did not forget to leave something for the poor blind people.

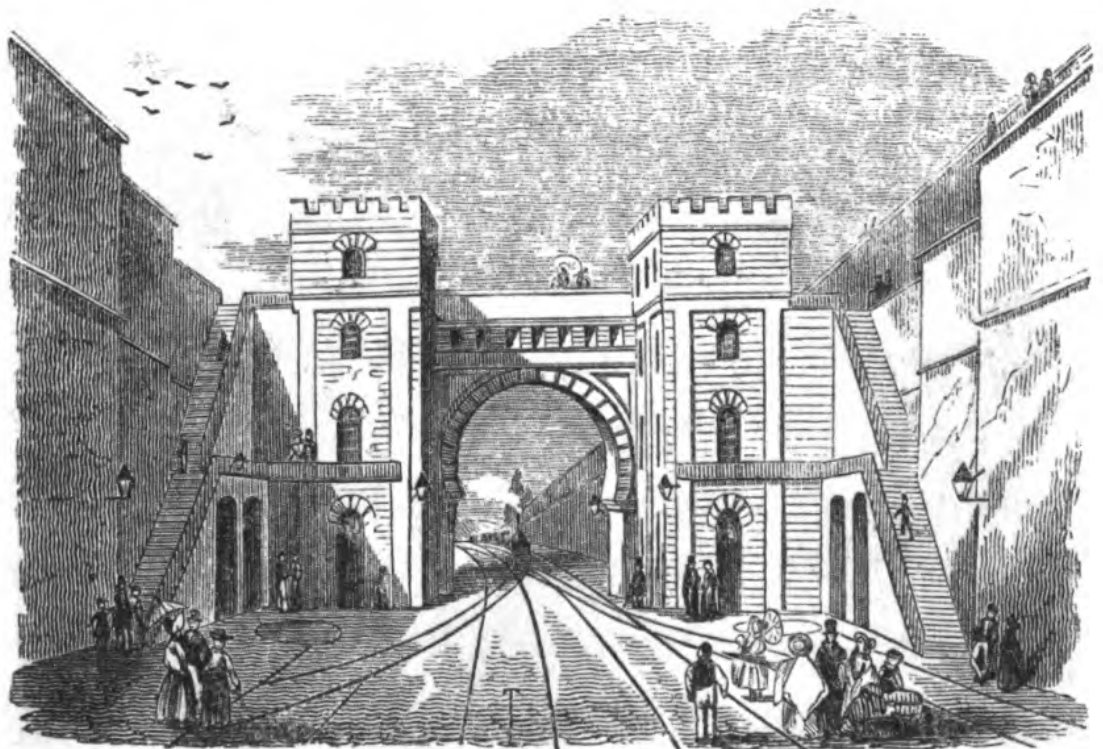
After staying two or three days at Liverpool, I proceeded on the rail-road to Manchester. A rail-road is a road made on purpose for steam-carriages to run upon. Along the surface of the road are placed long, straight, iron bars, or rails; and the wheels of the steam-carriages, which are turned round by a steam-engine, fit into these rails and run along upon them. The steam-carriages themselves do not carry any passengers; but they are used instead of horses; and each one draws

after it a long train of cars, the wheels of which all fit into the rails in the same manner. The distance from Liverpool to Manchester is about thirty-six miles; and the rail-road extends from the one place to the other. It was constructed at an immense expense; for it was necessary that the road should be level, or nearly so, for the carriages to run well upon it. The people who made the rail-road were therefore obliged to fill up the valleys, and cut through the hills, in its course. In one place



THE TUNNEL.

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, 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 road is here about seventy feet below the natural surface of the ground; and the rocks rising on each side, appear almost to



MOORISH ARCH, LOOKING FROM THE TUNNEL.

overhang, and seem to threaten the car with destruction. But still it 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.

This is a large though not very handsome town ; and is chiefly remarkable for its extensive manufactures of 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, it is imported from foreign countries. Most of that which is manufactured in Manchester is grown in the United States, and brought by ships to Liverpool, from which place it is conveyed to Manchester. In this town are large manufactories, where the cotton is made up by machinery worked by steam. A great number of men, women, and children are also employed in guiding the machinery, and in some parts of the work which are done by hand. There

are some handsome buildings in Manchester, and the Town Hall is said to contain one of the finest public rooms in England.

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 one.

One thing made my heart ache at Manchester; it was this.—There are thousands and thousands of girls that work in the manufactories, closely pent up at their employment from morning to night, and they look, many of them, as sickly as the want of fresh air can make them look. To see so many young creatures early in the morning, trooping along to their unhealthy employment, made me sigh again. Manufactories are excellent things, but it is not all gold that glitters, for many a heart aches in the production of those commodities that are so useful to others.

Having spent a few days at Manchester, I mounted the stage coach, and set out for

Birmingham. The roads in England are beautiful, and we travelled at a rapid rate.

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. You will travel a long way in America, before you see any thing of the kind, unless you are more fortunate than Peter Parley.

CHAPTER V.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT BIRMINGHAM AND ITS MANUFACTORIES.

THE distance from Manchester to Birmingham is about eighty miles. I must tell you about Birmingham. It is called the Toy Shop of Europe, so many fancy articles are made there. It is also famous for hardware, locks, hinges, shovels, tongs, buttons, and brass work, as well as japanned wares. I went through many of the manufactories. The lock on that

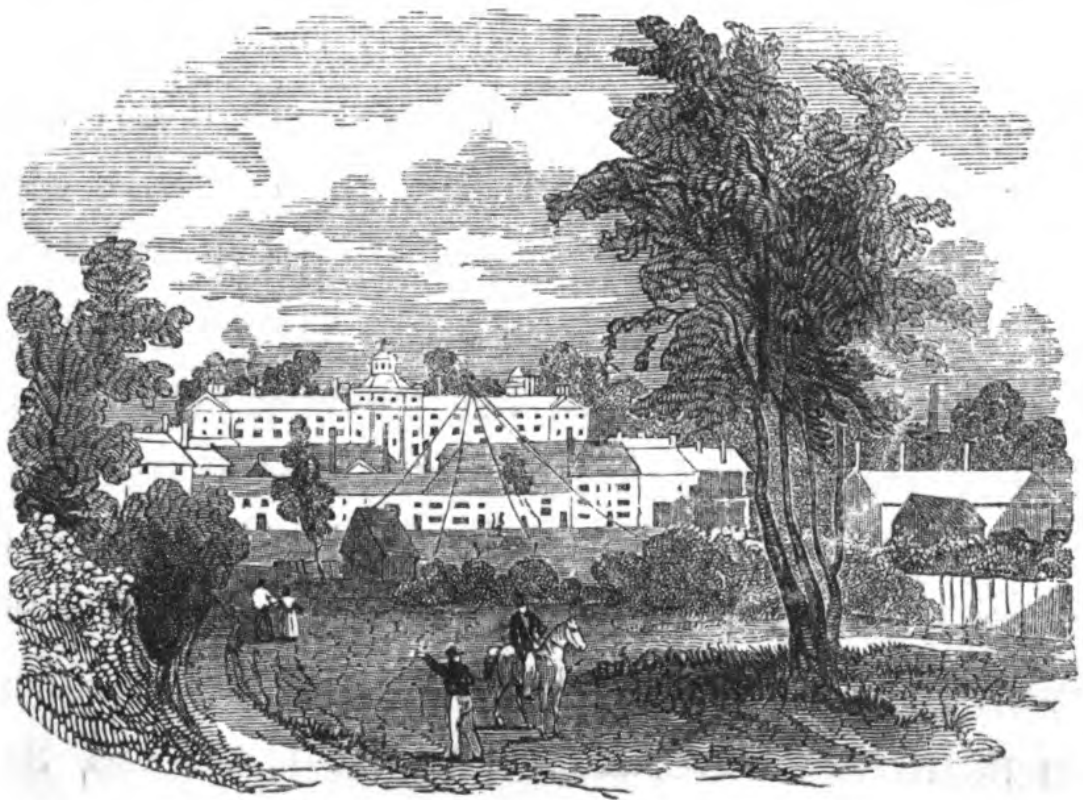
door, the drawer knobs to that table, and the set of fire irons yonder, were all made at Birmingham. The place was once well known for the buckles of all kinds that were made there, but when shoe strings came into fashion, the buckle trade was hardly worth attending to.

Birmingham has also an extensive trade in fire-arms, and in time of war the demand is so great, that upon one occasion the gunsmiths of Birmingham delivered to government fourteen thousand muskets in a single week. Bilboa sword blades used to be much talked of, but I suppose they make blades now quite as good at Birmingham. I went to see them make swords : the method of trying whether they are well tempered is very curious. A man lays hold of a sword and strikes the edge of it with all his might across a strong iron bar ; he then strikes the blade flatways on an iron anvil ; the sword is, in some cases, 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 ; the welding, the boring, and the grinding of the barrels ; the forging, the filing, and fitting together of the locks ; and the shaping and 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 powder and wadding put into it, than it is ever likely to be loaded with again. A train of gunpowder is laid all along the touch-holes, and when this is done every man goes out of the building and shuts the door. 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 one part or another. Sometimes 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 take 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 went to see Soho, which is very near Bir-



SOHO MANUFACTORY.

mingham. It is a very large manufactory, and looks like a little town of itself. Capital steam engines are made there, as well as medals, buttons, and a hundred other articles. I saw every thing belonging to the place. 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 for a short time to Herefordshire: 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.

THE coach set off early in the morning, passed by the Lickey Hills, and soon reached Bromsgrove. I must tell you an odd thing that once happened here.

A waterspout burst on the Lickey Hills,

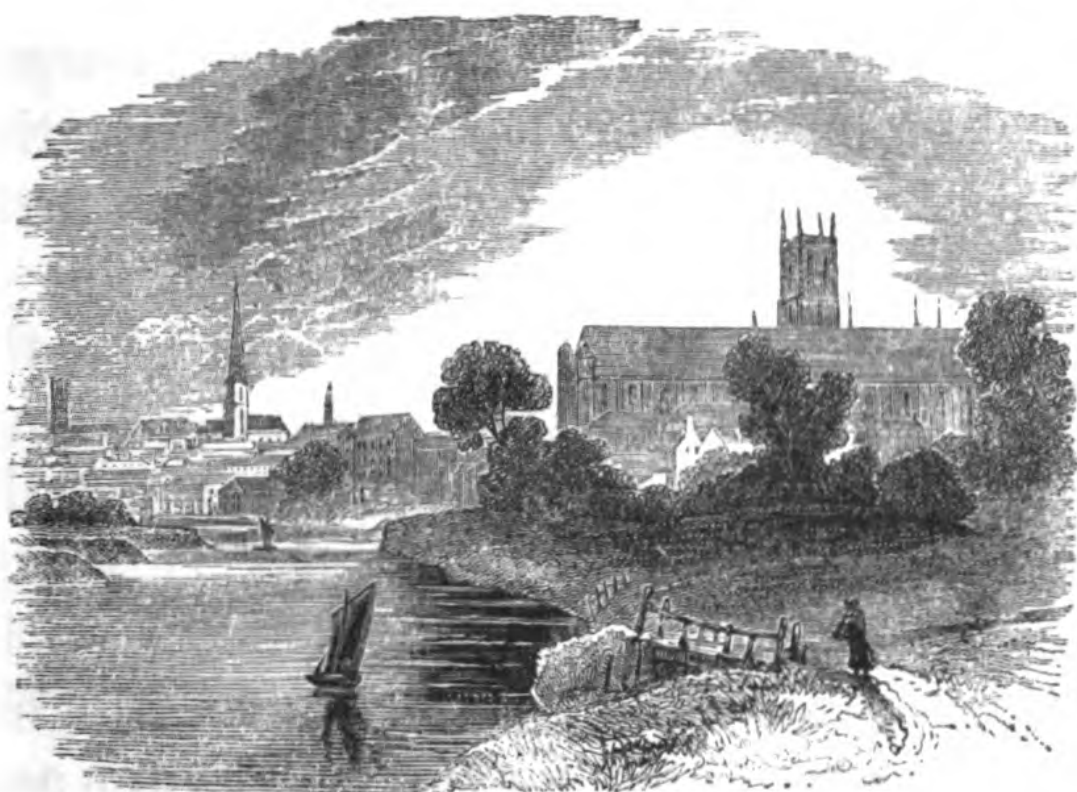
and the water came running down like a river. It swept away every thing along the brook side, and ran along the streets till the good people of Bromsgrove were half wild. Cellars were filled with water; the household furniture was carried up stairs, and some thought the world was once more going to be drowned. The lower part of the town was flooded over, 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 is a fine city, and is well known for its china works. It has, too, a cathedral, but the coach soon changed horses, leaving us no time to see either the cathedral, or the china works

The prospect in riding over Malvern Hills is very fine. Many people go to Malvern to drink the water there, which is excellent in illnesses

of different kinds. Boarding houses are built along the bottom of the hills, and parties of well dressed ladies and children may generally be seen winding up the serpentine paths a thousand feet high, some on foot, and some on the backs of donkeys kept for this purpose.



WORCESTER.

Herefordshire is a fine county. It has three harvests in a year, one of apples, one of hops, and one of corn, for the county is famous for all these things. When the large orchards

are in blossom they look delightful, and still more so when laden with golden fruit. If you were to see a hop-yard in the hop-picking season, you would never forget it. The hops grow up high poles, and then hang down from the top very gracefully. There are wooden cribs placed in different parts to pick the hops into, 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 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 you, but it would not suit Peter Parley.

The river Wye is a fine river, but it is only navigable after rains, for the water runs away so rapidly that the river gets 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; his name was John Kyrle; he was a good man,

and very charitable. We went also to Goodrich Castle. Goodrich Castle is a ruin, but Goodrich Court is newly built, and contains, perhaps, one of the best collections of armour in the world. By and by I will tell you all about Goodrich Court.

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

Herefordshire is a very hospitable county. I found it to be so, go where I would. I went to Holm House, a noble house it is. I will tell you a curious tale about Holm House. 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, and to judge of its improvements.

While I was gazing on the building, with heaps of lime, mortar, and sand around me,

and hewn and unhewn stones, a gentleman came up, and we began to talk freely about the improvements.

I gave my opinion without reserve, and I dare say that he thought me a blunt man. We went over the whole premises together, and he explained the improvements to me in a very pleasant and satisfactory way. And I was not a little pleased in having fallen in with so pleasant and intelligent a companion.

“Well,” said I to him, “the owner of this mansion has much to be thankful for.

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

But the owner of this princely dwelling and beautiful park has a great deal, and if he be a man of a grateful and hospitable disposition, 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 standing there yet.

I went to Hill Eaton and Basham Farms, where they gave me a hearty welcome, and 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 gentleman and lady came suddenly into the neighbourhood, and 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 care, a cocked hat.

You would like to know how the lady was dressed too. 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 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 made up their minds to live at Sellack, and I dare say 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.

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 the 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 pretty well 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 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 you to be 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. You must know 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.

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

A gentleman wrote a letter to introduce me. "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 Buccleugh."

I set off with a worthy friend that 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 a great deal 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 very expensive. Sir Walter Raleigh went to court in a suit of armour made of solid silver ; so 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, otherwise I should not have thought of telling you of armour. No doubt you remember the armour mentioned in the bible, 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. When gunpowder was found out, 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 that it takes away the pleasure of looking at it, because you cannot believe what they say.

Now I will tell you of 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 their pointed spears, and trying to knock one another from the horses they sit on. I do not think tilting would suit you, and I am sure it would not suit Peter Parley.

If I could, I would put an end to all fighting. Every nation should be at peace. "The swords should be beat into ploughshares, and the spears into pruning-hooks. Nation should not rise against nation, and people should learn war no more."

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 on a rail; his shield and helmet were trodden under foot, his horse was taken away from him, and he was sent away on the back of a mare.

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.

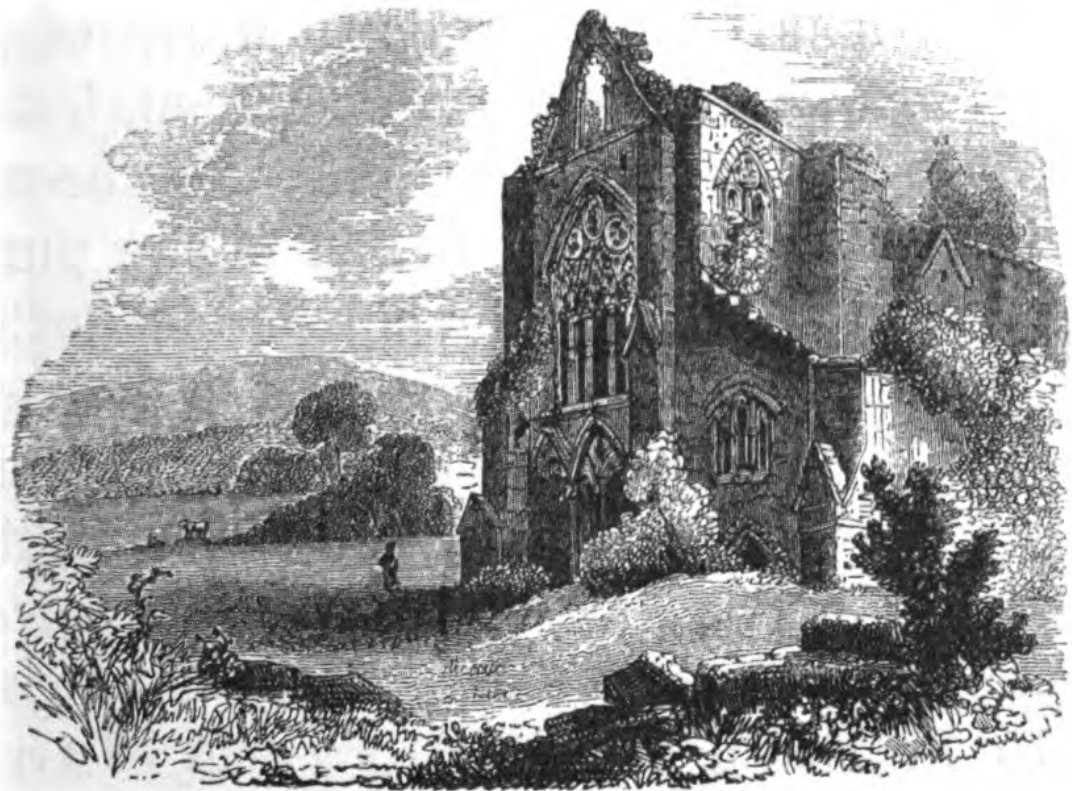
You would like to see Goodrich Court, fitted up as it is, and you would almost fancy that the suits of armour on horseback were worn by living men, who were fighting one with another.

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 away we set off to see it. It consists of the remains of a building erected many hundred years

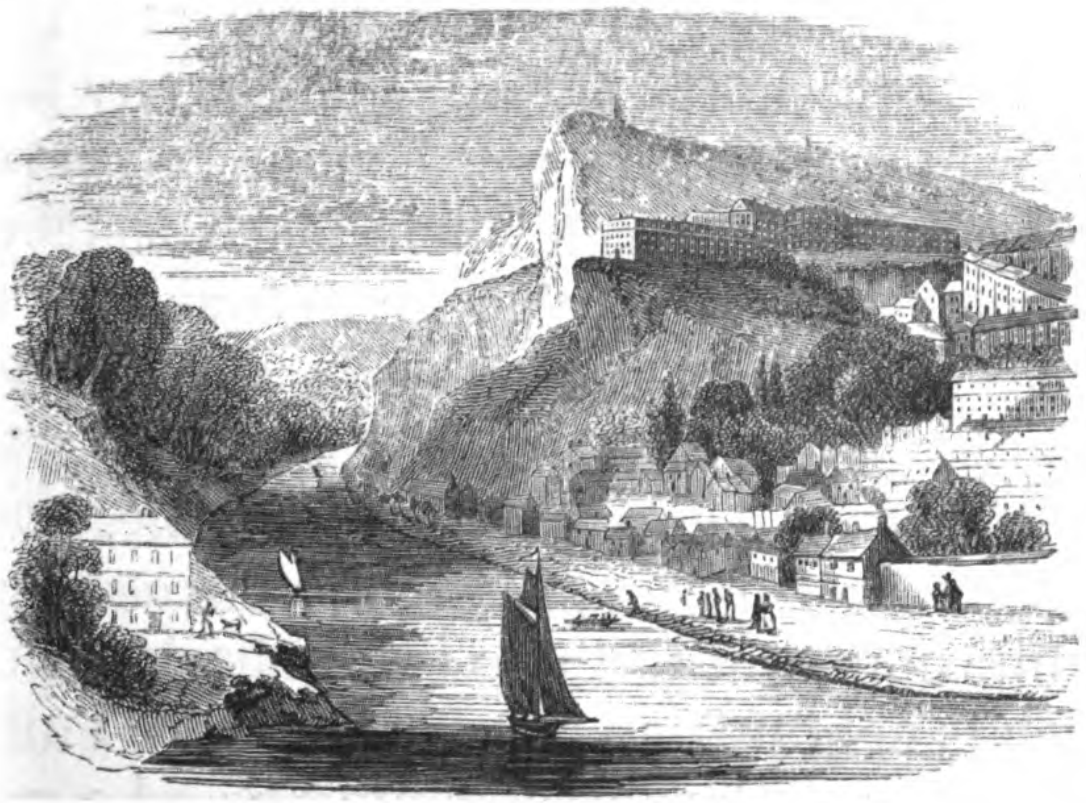


TINTERN ABBEY.

ago by the monks. The monks were men of the Roman Catholic religion, who made a vow to 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, and apartments for the monks, and for the strangers 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 aftertimes, 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 made away 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. At one time of day it was, for property, trade and inhabitants, the second city in England, but it is not so now. Clifton is very near Bristol. It is built on St. Vincent’s Rock. The hot wells there are much visited by the gentry folks. The houses of Clifton, being built on the rock, one above another, have a very singular appearance.

“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, that you will not find in any other large town, for the houses are built of white stone, and many of them very costly.”

I, however, had so much before me, 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 to go there.

After sleeping at the Hen and Chickens, Birmingham, the inn where the coach stopped at, I set off for Coventry, and got there in about two hours. You shall have the account of what I saw there.

CHAPTER VIII.

PETER PARLEY TELLS ABOUT COVENTRY, PEEPING TOM, THE SHOW FAIR, AND LADY GODIVA. 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.

COVENTRY is a very old city, 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 city is a famous place for ribands and watches, just as Sheffield is for cutlery, and Birmingham for hardware and fancy articles.

The riband trade is a great trade, 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; or on mulberry leaves, which they like better still. And when they begin to spin, you must put every one 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.

I saw Peeping Tom at Coventry. Can you guess who he is? Peeping Tom is a figure dressed up in fine clothes, with a cocked hat on his head; he is looking through a window into the street: but you must know more about him than this. I will give you the whole account, and tell you about the Show Fair, and Lady Godiva too. I cannot answer

for the truth of my tale, but I will tell it to you just as the Coventry people told it me.



LADY GODIVA.

A long while ago, a certain Earl of Mercia, whose name was Leofric, no doubt a cruel oppressive man, made the inhabitants of Coventry pay very heavy taxes. So they went to his lady, whose name was Godiva, and besought her to beg the earl to take off the taxes. He, however, was very unwilling to do this, but said he would on one condition,

and that was that she should ride on horseback through the city in the middle of the day without her clothes. No doubt he thought she would not do this; but he was mistaken, for she pitied the oppressed people, and said she would agree to his proposal.

An order was given for every door and window to be closed on pain of death, that she might not be seen, and then she rode through the town. But one man, led by curiosity, peeped through the window, and people say he was immediately struck blind; they call him Peeping Tom on that account. The figure in fine clothes and the cocked hat that I spoke of, is meant for him. There is a great Show Fair held at Coventry, and the mayor and aldermen at that fair walk through the town with a female on horseback, who has flesh-coloured clothes fitted close to her body, to look as if she had no clothes on.

This is a strange custom. If I were not fond of telling tales to young people, I should not have told this to you, for I do not believe that more than one half of it is true.

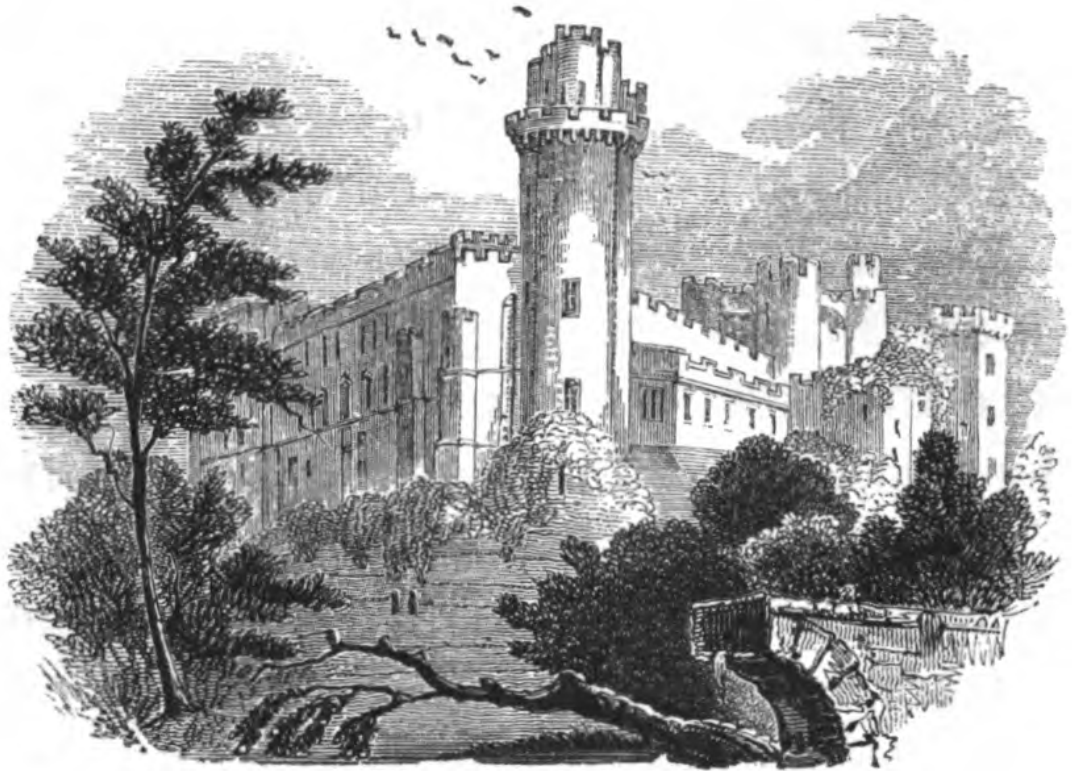
You will remember, now, all about Peeping Tom, and the Show Fair, and Lady Godiva.

Warwick is the county town of Warwickshire. There is a strong jail there, and Lady Mary's Chapel is well worth seeing, but there is something else much more entertaining than either the jail or the chapel of Lady Mary, and that is Warwick Castle. You may be sure that I went there.

The 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 for ever; 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 sculpture, carvings, and inlaid work, as well as curiosities of other kinds.

The armoury I could have looked at for a whole day. In a greenhouse in the garden



WARWICK CASTLE.

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, and yet the porter said that Guy used to have it filled every morning for his breakfast. The porter took up an iron fork three or four feet long ; this fork, he said, 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 affrighted 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 calling at Guy's Cliff, where the Earl of Warwick once lived, I

went on to Kenilworth Castle. You will like to hear a little of this old castle.



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

It was first built about the year 1120, by Geoffry 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 that there might be no dispute 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.

I wandered about among its gloomy chambers and mouldering walls 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.

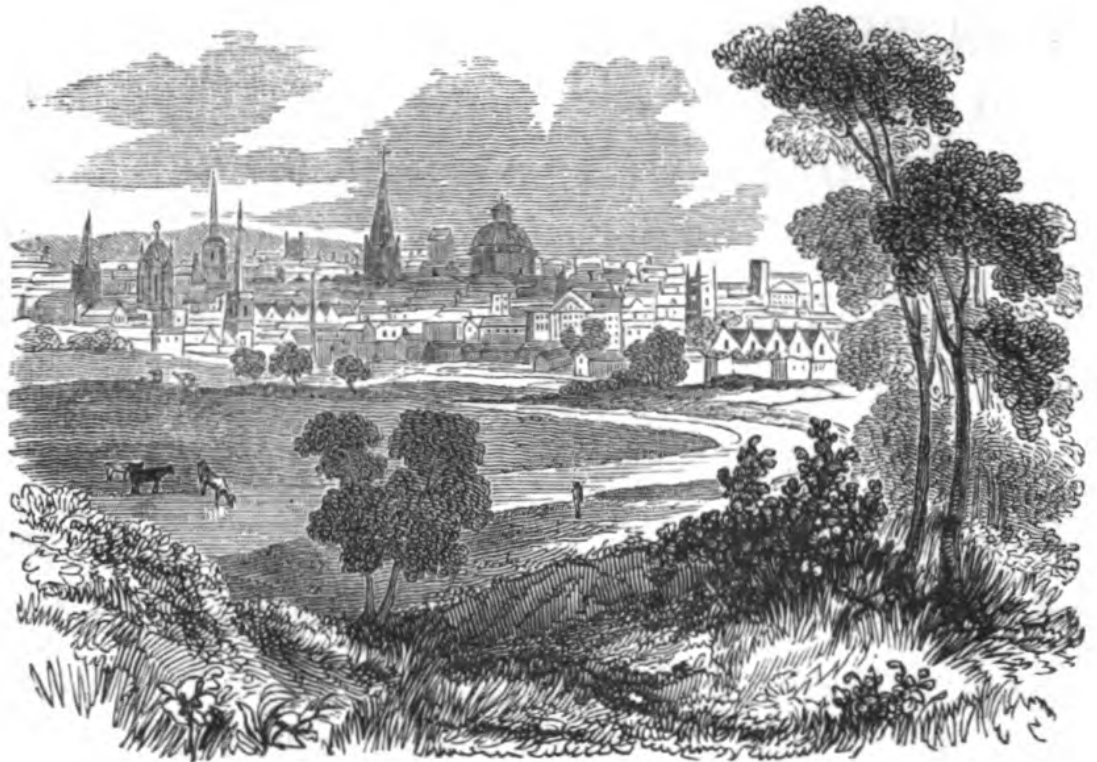
I mused on these things on my way to Oxford. I must tell you a little about this place, for it is a city of great importance.

CHAPTER IX.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT OXFORD.

THIS is a very handsome city, and famous for its university, which is very ancient, having been founded so early as the reign of Alfred, and its principal buildings were erected between the reign of Henry VI. and that of Queen Elizabeth. Oxford 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.



CITY OF OXFORD.

Its university is richly endowed, and consists of nineteen or twenty colleges, and four or five halls, containing nearly 3000 students.

If you were to see Oxford, when these students are walking about in their caps and gowns, you would never forget it. The students at one time were much disposed to be

thoughtless and wild, breaking out into open riots with the people of the city, but they behave better now.

Besides the cathedral, Oxford has about thirteen parish churches ; there is, too, a noble market-place and a capital bridge.

I went through University College, the most ancient among them all, and Christ Church. Some of the places seemed rather too gloomy to be shut up in to study all day long, but many of the walks were delightful. The famous Bodleian Library is at Oxford: I should be sorry 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 burned at the stake there, about three hundred years ago.

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

When the coach 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.

On went the coach, leaving Windsor Castle a little to the right ; we entered London at Hyde Park Corner.

The noise of the carts and carriages almost deafened me ; and I was not sorry when the coach put up at an inn, and I was able to get a quiet room to myself.

CHAPTER X.

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



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 nearly a million and a half of inhabitants, and is about

thirty miles in circumference. The river Thames runs through it, and is crossed by several handsome bridges. In the eastern part of the city, the merchants transact their business ; and in the western part, the rich people have their dwellings.

The streets are crowded with people, houses, and carriages ; 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 of wood and plaster, and the streets were mean and narrow. There were not, however, wanting 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. 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 his 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, &c. 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, having been



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

founded by Edward the Confessor, one of the Saxon kings of England, and rebuilt by Henry III. and his successors, with the exception,

however, of the two towers, which were built by Sir Christopher Wren. One part of the abbey is called the Poet's Corner; and there some of the most celebrated poets that England has produced are buried. There I saw the names of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and many others; and there are many beautiful monuments in marble to their memory. But the chief curiosities of Westminster Abbey consist in 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 seen his tomb, which was built by Henry III., and contains the ashes of the Confessor. In this chapel are also 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, however, of everything 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. In going to Westminster Abbey I passed through the old gateway called Temple Bar, where the heads of state malefac-



TEMPLE BAR.

tors used to be exposed. The gate at Temple 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.

CHAPTER XI.

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

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

Not content with seeing what was to be seen inside the abbey, I went up the winding staircase to the top of it, but this made my legs and thighs terribly stiff on the morrow.

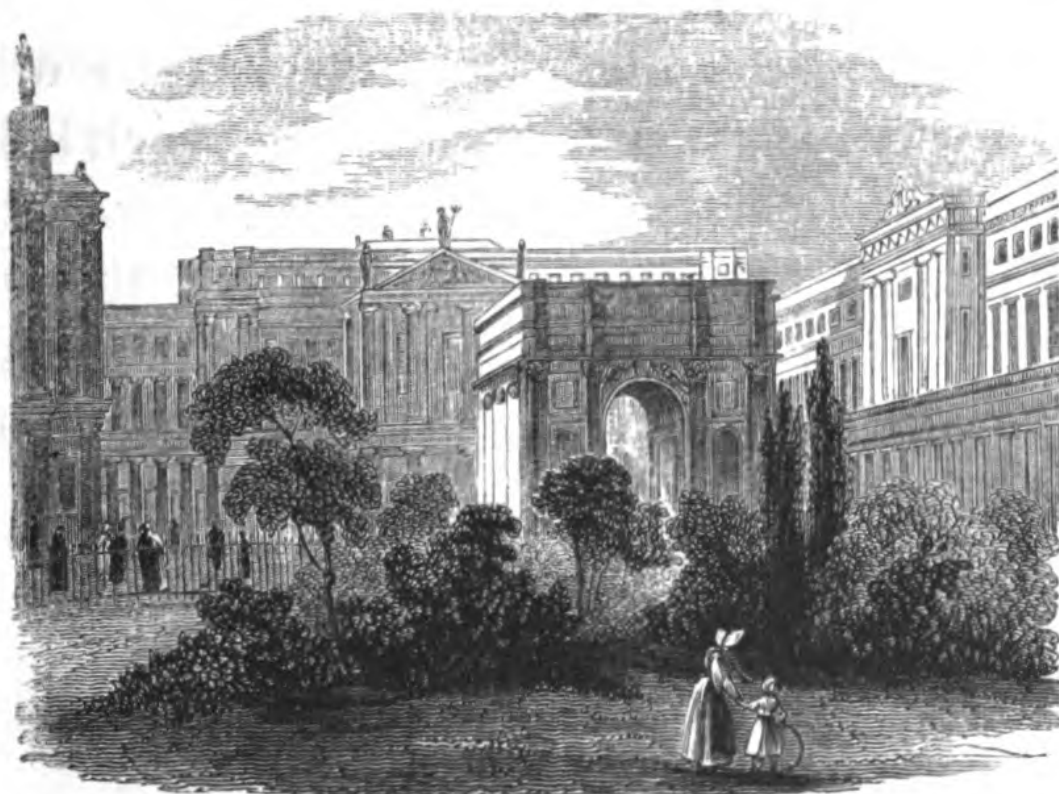
There is another very interesting building near Westminster Abbey, called Westminster Hall. It was built by William II. and is part of a palace which he erected on the site of one occupied by Edward the Confessor. The ceiling is said to be the largest in Europe unsupported by pillars. The parliament 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. Since I was in London a terrible fire has burnt down a great part of these buildings, and others have been erected, but I will describe them just as they were when I saw them. 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. ; 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.

In this neighbourhood the queen has an extensive palace called St. James's, and another much more splendid, and far more costly,

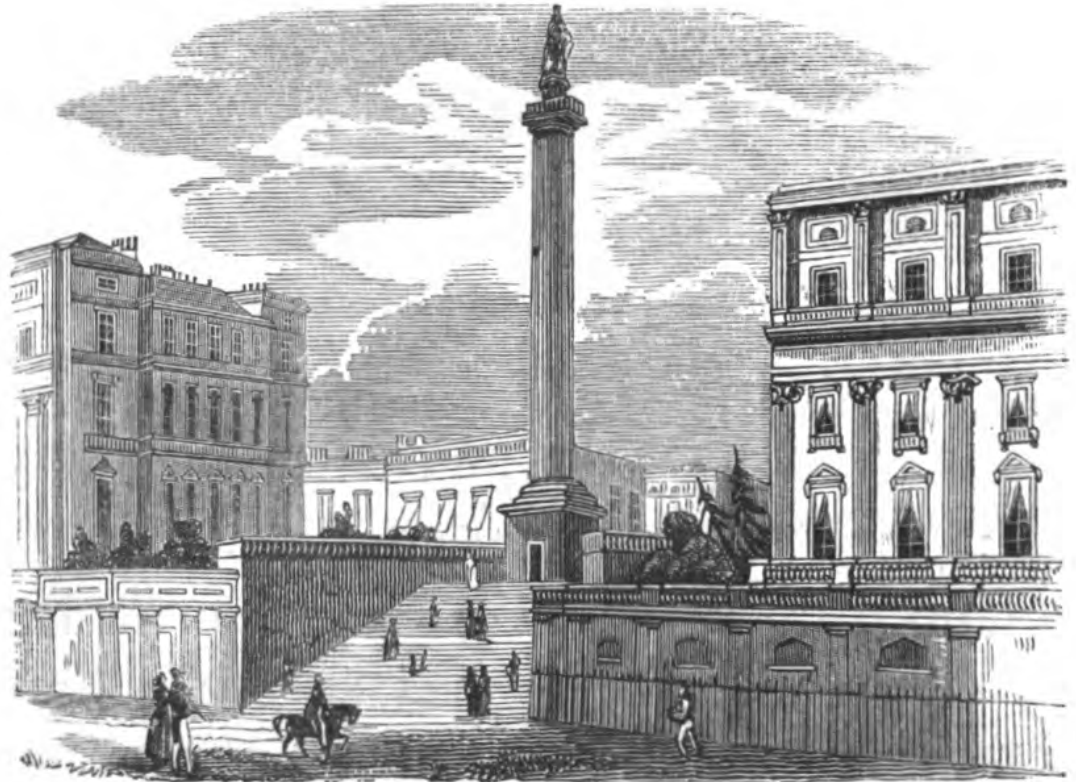
called Buckingham Palace. This palace with its triumphal arch, magnificent gates of mosaic gold, quadrangles, columns, capitals, pedi-



BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

ments, 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 there, and there are

given large parties, at which she is visited by hundreds of noblemen and gentlemen, both English and from other countries. These parties are called levees, and only gentlemen 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 ladies,



DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN.

and in the hats of the officers. The Duke of York's column is not far from the palace, and near it there is a large space of ground, laid out in lawns and walks and shrubberies. This is called St. James's Park, and here many people may be seen walking about, or sitting down on chairs under the trees. Besides St. James's Park, there are others equally pleasant ; of these, Hyde Park and Regent's Park are the most extensive. In the former is a



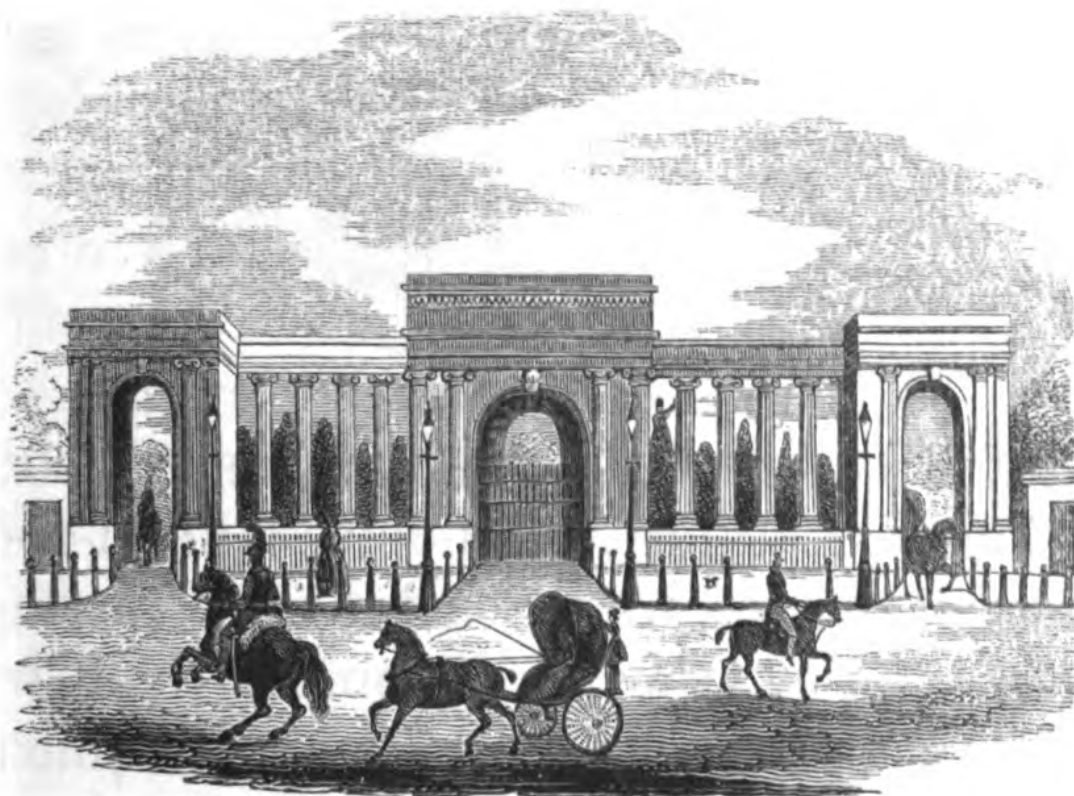
ACHILLES.

fine statue of Achilles: and in the latter, are some gardens called the 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, as, though they are in a state of confinement, they have fresh air, and much



ENTRANCE TO THE GREEN PARK.

more liberty than the animals in most collections. Many of them have comfortable sheds or houses to sleep in, and green paddocks to walk about in by day; and the water-fowl 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 entrance to the Green Park, and also that of Hyde Park opposite, are very grand.



ENTRANCE TO HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER XII.

PARLEY GOES TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS attract as much attention as anything in London. When I got to the gate, there were at least a score carriages of one kind or other, and some of them with very gay equipages ;—Ay, 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.

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

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—when offended it has a trick of spirting its spittle upon you.

There were lions, tigers, leopards, and panthers, wolves, hyænas, nylghaus, 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.

I cannot tell you how many kinds of fowl and large birds there were. Ducks, swans, gulls, herons, cranes, vultures, eagles, and pelicans. There seemed to 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 cold 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 to me to be the most unhappy. The Brahmin bull, the American buffalo, the wapiti 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 I stopped half an hour looking at the cage, for it did me good to see the young people 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.

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.

They told me that the gardens were made

better and better every year; some piece of land being added, some pond made, or some new kind of animal introduced every season.



THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE INTO THE SECOND GARDEN.

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.

The Surrey Zoological Gardens are a few miles from those in the Regent's Park, but you may be sure that I went to see them.

There is a noble collection of birds and beasts there. The large conservatory, under which the lions, tigers, panthers, leopards, and other animals are kept, is three hundred feet in circumference, and all of glass. The whole covering contains more than six thousand feet of glass.

The lake is a fine sheet of water, with canoes floating on it, and there is a kind of island on which grow large willow trees, that bend over the water. This is one of the sweetest places that can be imagined.

As you walk round the gardens you see all kinds of forest trees with their names upon them.

In one part there is a very odd, but at the same time a very beautiful pile of stones and old sculpture, adorned with mosses, lichens, and creepers. This is for the eagles, and they looked as though they were perched up among their native rocks.

There are almost all kinds of animals and birds to be seen here, as there are at the Regent's Park Gardens.

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 will be bound for it that you never saw anything like it in your lives. I will describe the way in which they fed the pelicans.

No sooner did one of the feeders 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.

Another of the feeders 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 a noise, half running and half flying towards a tub of water placed on the green. Into this tub the feeder 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 driven away ; some more fish were put into the tub, and another pelican set at liberty.

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 two fine boa constrictors. You know we have snakes enough in this country, but 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.

As I came by the macaws I met Mr. Cross, who, they said, was the owner of the gardens.

I talked with him for some time about the

habits of many of the beasts and the birds, but he little thought that he was holding a conversation with Peter Parley. In the season when company can visit the gardens by night, the most superb fireworks in the world are here exhibited. There is nothing like them to be seen in any other place. Now you know all about the Zoological Gardens.

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 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.

CHAPTER XIII.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT THE THEATRES. VAUXHALL. THE
BAZAARS. THE CLARENCE VASE. THE EXHIBITIONS.
THE COLOSSEUM, CONSERVATORY, AND AFRICAN GLEN.

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 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.

Then again they should never be open late at night, nor people of bad character, known to be such, allowed to enter.

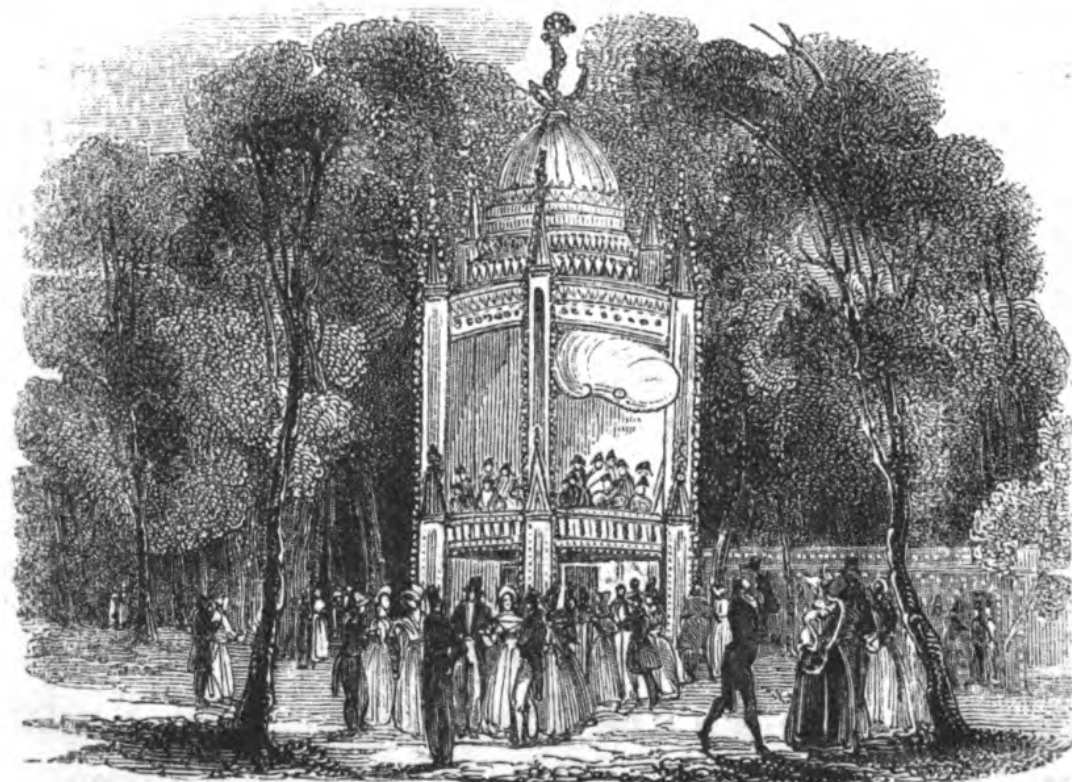
If this was the case, there would be but little danger of young people spending more money there than they could afford; or stopping out late, and drinking, and getting into bad company. Many a headache and heartache would then be avoided.

The Italian Opera, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden, are very large; and the Haymarket, the St. James's, the Princess's, the English Opera, the Adelphi, the Strand, the Olympic, and Astley's, are quite big enough. Then, besides these, there are the Surrey, the Victoria, Sadler's Wells, the New City Theatre, the

Queen's Theatre, the Marylebone, the Pavilion, the Garrick, and the New Standard.

Thousands of people flock to them when they are open, and a pretty penny is received at the doors for their admission. So fond are the folks 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, but it is now altogether



VAUXHALL ORCHESTRA.

closed. 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 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. Poor Simpson, the master of the ceremonies, is now dead. To see him make a bow, with hat in hand, and one leg kept gracefully behind, was quite a picture.

You would not expect to see three or four thousand young folks at Vauxhall Gardens at once, to see the fireworks. This was sometimes the case when young people were allowed to go in at half price. On these nights the entertainments were over at an earlier hour. The fireworks used to be of the most splendid description imaginable. Rockets, Bengola lights, Temples, Initials, Crests, Stars and Triumphant Arches, with representations of burning Mountains.

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 Queen's Bazaar, the King's Bazaar and others. All these places are well stocked with useful and fancy articles for sale, being fitted up in the most tasty manner. You will, perhaps, like me to tell you about the Clarence Vase.

It is a large beautiful vase, of a Grecian model, made of the finest cut glass, ornamented with enamel and gold.



THE CLARENCE VASE.

When I went into the room where it is kept, some of the lamps which surrounded it were put out, making the others appear the brighter. Well ! the lighted lamps all shone together upon the glass vase, and made it look for all the world as if it was of dazzling gold.

I then went up into a gallery above, that I might see down into the inside of the vase, and a fine sight it was.

They told me that it was worth ten thousand guineas, and I am not much surprised at it, for it took fifteen workmen three years and a half to make. It weighs about eight tons, and will hold between five and six thousand bottles of wine. There is a vase for you. I stood talking with the owner of it for an hour, and had an opportunity of examining it thoroughly. It is a treat to young people and old to see this vase.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts is only open for a month or two in the year. The paintings are principally done by members of the Royal Academy, and superior

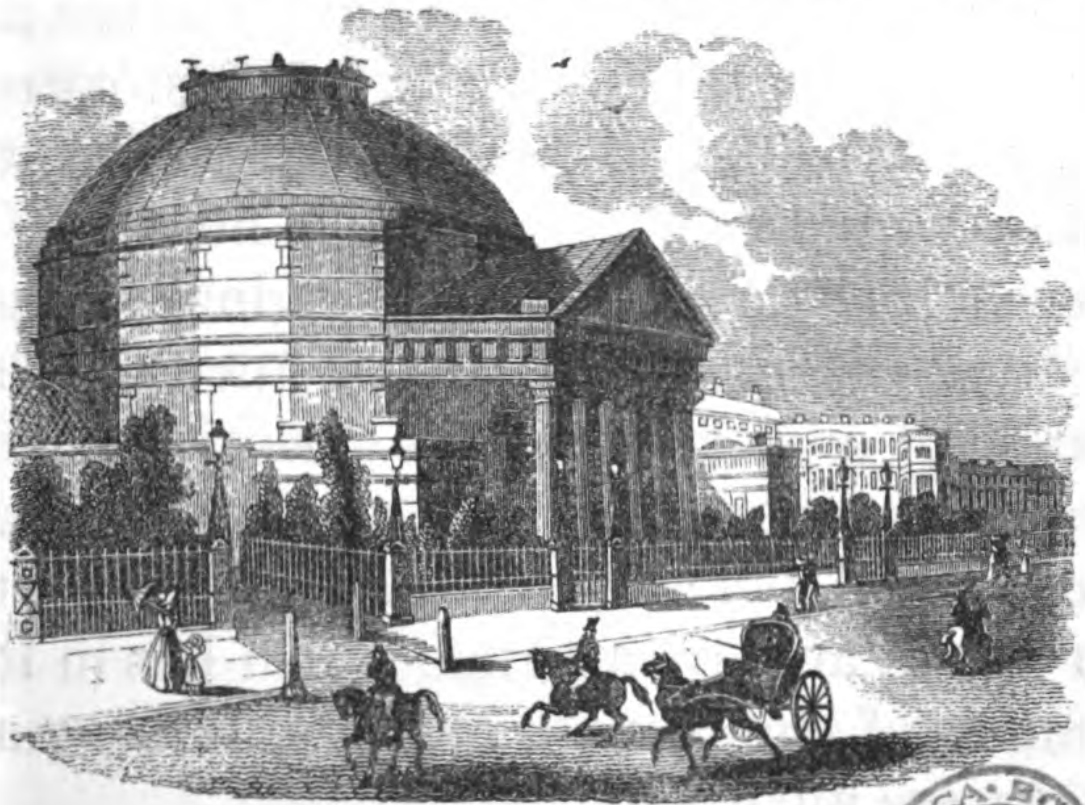
artists. The place is crowded with nobility, gentry, and strangers, who visit London in May and June. The National Gallery has in it also some of the finest paintings in the world, by the old masters. In Trafalgar Square, opposite the National Gallery, are monuments erected in honour of Nelson, and the Duke of Wellington. Nelson is represented on a high column, and Wellington is on horseback.

The Exhibition of Water-colour Drawings, and the British Institution, are sufficiently stocked with good pictures to amuse any one for a week,

The Gallery of Practical Science, in the Lowther Arcade, was a fine treat. There were models of all kinds of improvements, steam-engines, fire-escapes, life-boats, rafts, steam-boats; experiments on the lodestone, and with the diving-bell, and others of different kinds. Perkins's steam-gun made me start again: it threw out more than fifty bullets in a few seconds, a complete stream of lead: never did I witness the like before.

There are always 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.

The Colosseum is a very large building,



COLOSSEUM.



four hundred feet round, and contains a grand picture of London painted on almost an acre of canvas. It is capitally done.

You will wonder how London could ever be painted so correctly. This is the way it was managed. The artist got on some scaffolding that was put up above the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, and there he sketched in a 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 artist painted the picture from them. Now you know the whole history of it.

Besides the great painting, there are other things to be seen. There is a model of the cross of St. Paul's, and the original ball.

There is a large room below filled with statues, and models, and other curiosities ; and a beautiful cottage just like those in Switzerland, with Alpine scenery ; and 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 go there, but that would not do. You must hear something about the Tower and other places. Before I give you this account, let me tell you of an odd scheme they have at the Colosseum. Many people who go there are infirm, or weakly, or do not like to clamber up the high staircase up to the painting. Well! all those that like go into a snug little room, and shut the door, when by a capital contrivance, up goes the room quietly to the top, and in a minute or so, the party are 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. Now for the Tower.



CHAPTER XIV.

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



THE Tower 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, 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 is, or rather was, for it has been altogether destroyed by fire, 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 a 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 any where 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. 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, said to have been among the spoils of the Spanish Armada; but this account has been contradicted. I cannot settle the point. There is also the axe with which the ill-fated Ann Bullen 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, without reckoning some of the gems whose value is unknown, the amount of the jewels and plate contained in this office, cannot be less than two hundred thousand pounds sterling.

After leaving the Tower, which took me a long time to see, I proceeded to visit the Monument, which was erected by Sir Christopher Wren in commemoration of the great fire of London. It is a fine column of Portland stone, situated near the spot on which the fire broke

out. It is surmounted by a flaming urn of gilt brass, and its total height is two hundred and two feet. 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 it would never end ;



THE MONUMENT.

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 as old as I am. You will hardly believe that any one would be desperate enough to leap from the top of this place, but many have done so, and thereby lost their lives. There is now a covering of iron open-work to the gallery at the top, 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 Montagu, to which some additions have recently been made. The rooms on the ground-floor are occupied by the library of printed books, to which strangers are not admitted. In the hall is a curious piece of Hindoo sculpture, found at the bottom of the Ganges. The first room on the upper story 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 Taheitan

lady; and weapons, musical instruments, rich cloaks, and helmets of feathers, and hideous idols from the Sandwich and Friendly Islands. You never saw uglier things than these! In this room are, also, a beautiful miniature of Oliver Cromwell, with his watch placed by its side; 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

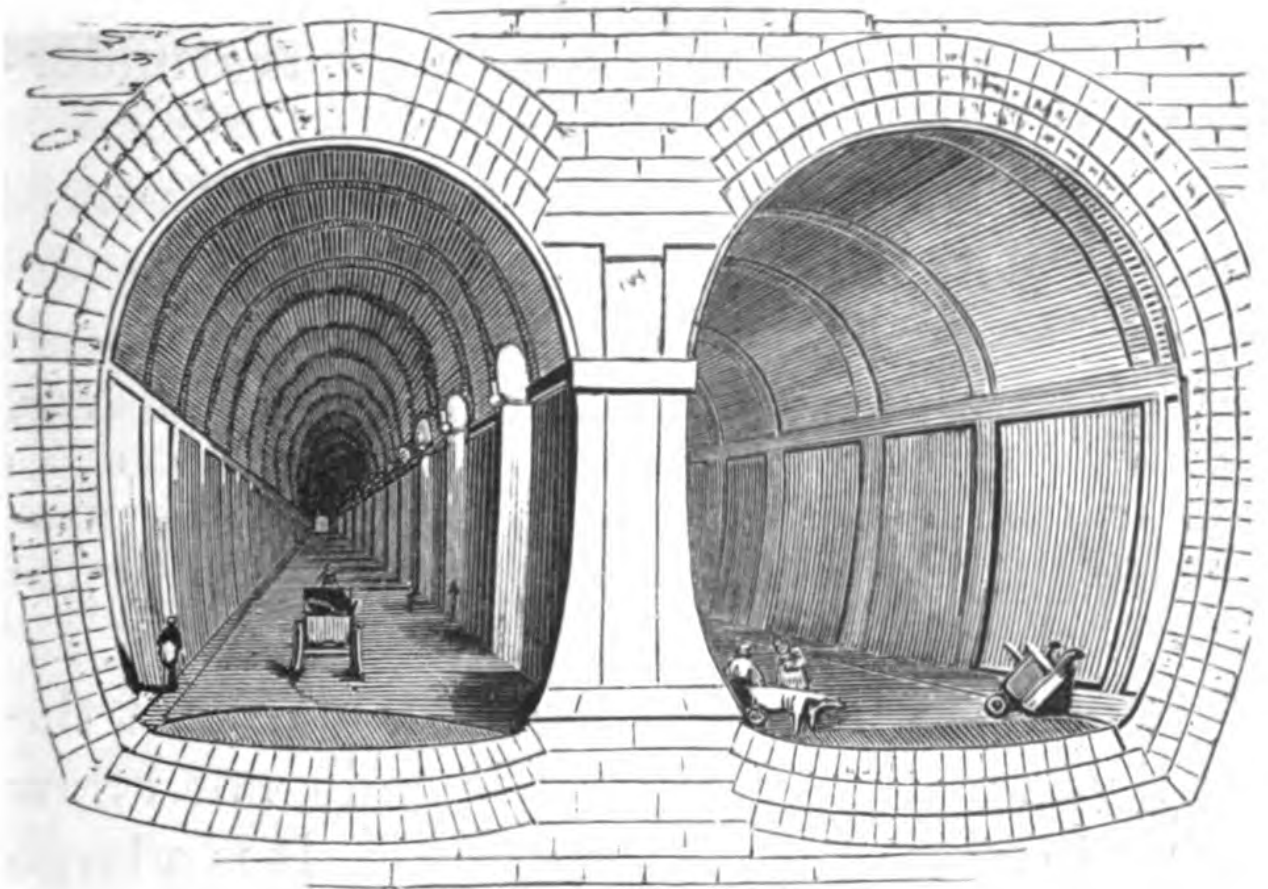


ELGIN MARBLES.

plants, and many other curiosities. The Elgin Marbles deserve particular attention. 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 paper nautilus before? Very many important alterations and additions have been made lately at the Museum. Whether I shall live to see them, 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 also needed between the two banks of the river, at a part where it is very broad and deep, and where, besides, it was impossible to have a bridge, on account of 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 one side to the other.



THAMES TUNNEL.

This work was begun some years ago, and considerable progress was made in it. But, owing to the badness of the soil, the river broke in, and although this injury was repaired, other difficulties arising, the execution of the project was suspended. The tunnel

was, however, kept open for visitors ; many people went to see it, and I among the number.

This wonderful work, one of the greatest curiosities in London, is now completed, government having advanced a considerable sum of money in furtherance of the undertaking.

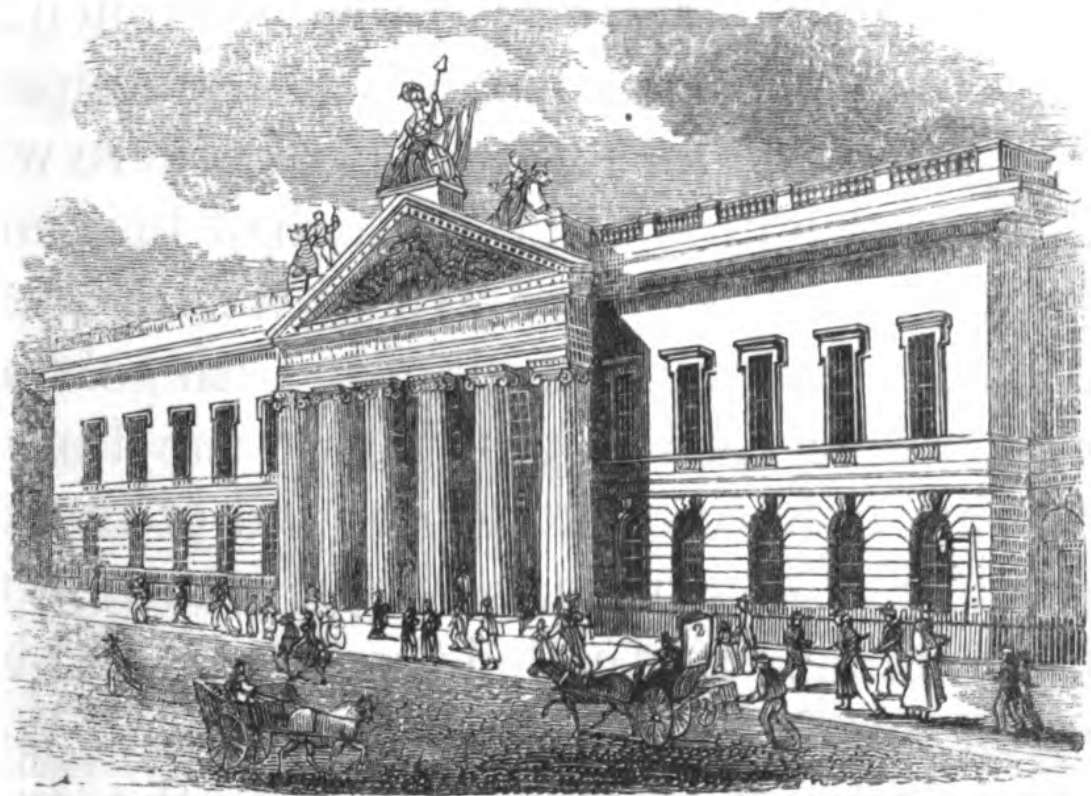
CHAPTER XV.

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

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. King George the Third, and Britannia, and Liberty, are among them ; though I should never have made them out myself. An old man, who

stood under the portico, dressed in a large blue coat and 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 somewhere in the building. Presently I saw two long tiger-guns, shaped like a tiger's head at the muzzle.



INDIA HOUSE.

In the court was a fine chimney-piece, and beautiful figures in white marble, but I quite forget now what they were. On the panels of the room there were views in India.

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 that is ornamented all over with gold and pearls. I was sadly puzzled at the library, not being able to make top or tail of most of the books. 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 was the figure 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 Seringapatam 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 taken at the storming of Seringapatam. Silken banners of different kinds, with many a bullet hole through 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 hate 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, so I peeped over their shoulders, and asked pardon for doing so, when one of 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, Hindostanee, and Bengalee, of which I knew nothing.

There were hundreds of volumes of Chinese books, in blue covers, flaps, and buttons, but he who would read them must go to 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 can. 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 very powerful. Thousands of English people have gone over to India, and taken back on

their return plenty of money with them : but that has not been all ; they have, in too many cases, taken back a ruined constitution too. 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 the owner of all India with a diseased liver and a broken-down constitution. Now I will tell of something else.

CHAPTER XVI.

PARLEY DESCRIBES THE ADMIRALTY AND TELEGRAPH. ALSO, WHITEHALL, MANSION-HOUSE, BANK, ROYAL EXCHANGE, GUILDHALL, MINT, AND CUSTOM-HOUSE. WOOLWICH AND DEPTFORD.

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

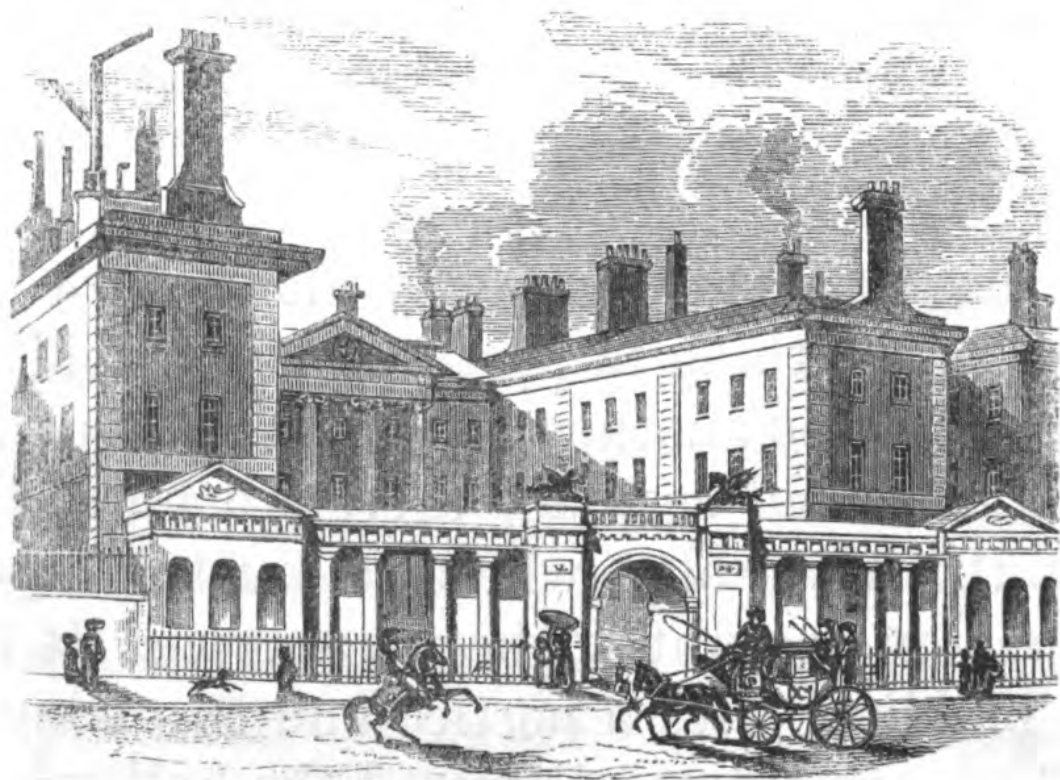
I am an old seaman, therefore I went to visit the Admiralty, where so much business is done on account of the sea service. It is a fine building, with a portico and two wings.

There are offices all round the hall, where

business is transacted, and at times they have enough to do.

Some of the Lords Commissioners live on the premises, 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, making new regulations, appointing admirals, captains, lieutenants, and other officers, arranging court martials, and other duties, they have no need to be idle.

At the top of the building are the telegraphs, to send orders to all parts of the coast, and to



THE ADMIRALTY.

receive information. I must enable you to form some notion of what a telegraph is, though I had no time to see those on the top of the Admiralty.

It is often of great importance to governments to be able to convey information in the least possible time. A telegraph consists of a large frame, in which half-a-dozen shutters are so placed as to be moved in 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 wanted ; so that, by having a telegraph put up about every eight or ten miles, news may be sent at the rate of a hundred miles in three or four minutes. I warrant that is fast enough for anything.

I will now speak a little about Whitehall.

Whitehall is at no great distance from the Admiralty, but on the other side of the street.

It is not now the Whitehall that it has been. When Cardinal Wolsey, who was archbishop, lived there, he kept four hundred servants, and many of them had servants under them. Hos-

pitality 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, lighted with almost three hundred lights of glass.

When this banqueting house was destroyed, that which is now standing was built, and a fine piece of architecture it is. King James gave the famous Rubens 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 in possessing it.

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

The Mansion House, the house of the Lord Mayor, 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.

The Bank of England 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 !

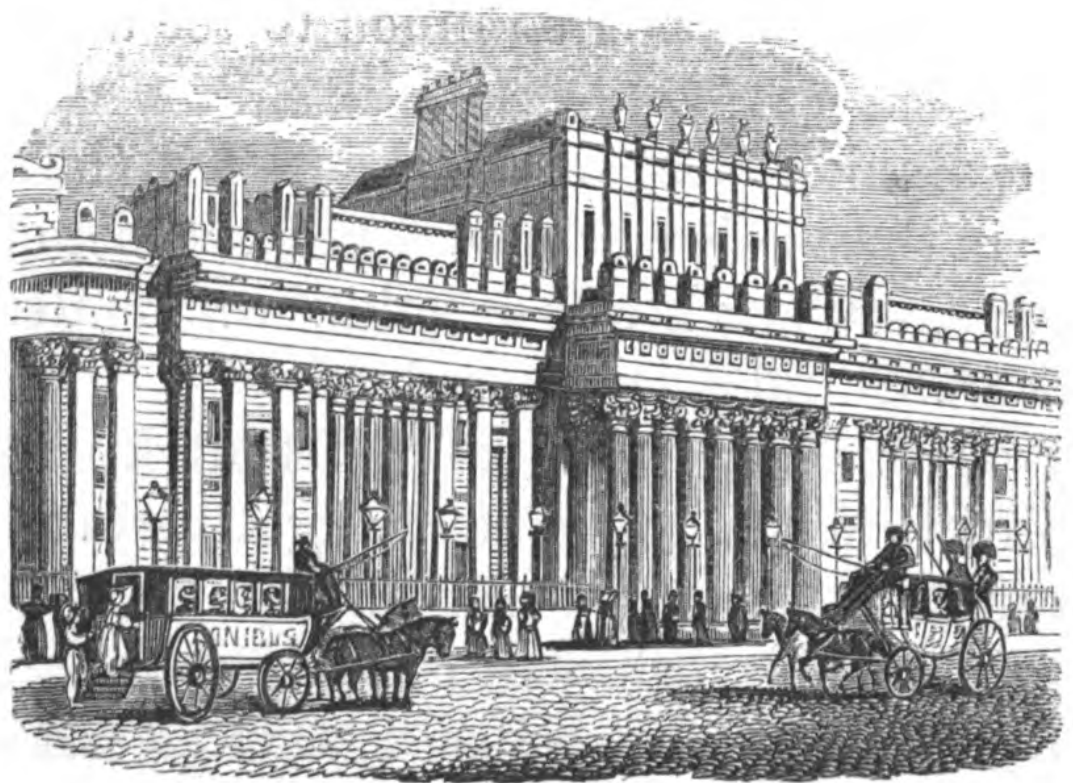
It is very large, and of different kinds of architecture, and looks as though it would be no easy matter to get out any of the gold it contains against the will of the owners.

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. There is a picture of him hangs up in one of the rooms.

He was the son of a miller, and being pretty well instructed in figures, became a clerk in the Bank when he was young. Nothing like



THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

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.

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 round me, it being the time when the people met on 'Change, made me glad to get away. The space in the middle, where the merchants and others meet, is near a hundred and fifty feet by a hundred and seventeen. There are different walks for persons dealing

in different articles of merchandise. The Irish walk, the Scottish walk, the Brokers', the East India walk, and others.

As I walked round, the different statues were pointed out to me. King Charles the Second stands in the middle. They say that the place is paved with real Turkish stone.

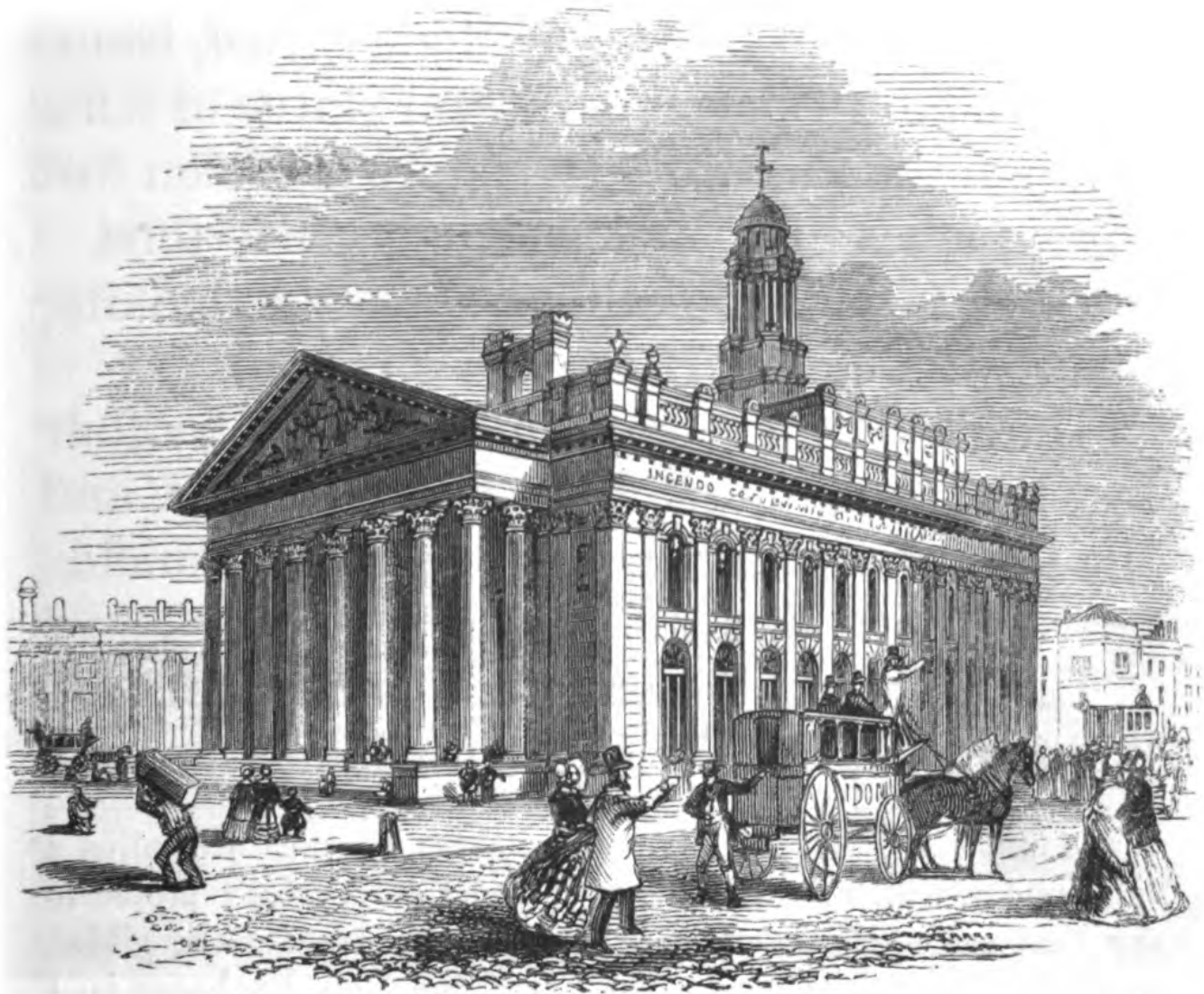


OLD ROYAL EXCHANGE.

In one part of the building is the famous Lloyd's coffee-house. Here everything of importance with respect to shipping is registered;

vessels going out, or coming in, shipwrecks, and other intelligence. The hours of business are from twelve to four, and no hive of bees is busier than they are then.

I understand that, since my visit to London, the Royal Exchange has been destroyed by



NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.

fire, and another, a splendid building, erected in its place. Prince Albert laid the first stone of it, spreading the mortar with a silver trowel; and the Queen herself was present at the opening of it. In the front of the noble pile is this inscription, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." *

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.

The great hall is one hundred and fifty-four feet long, and more than fifty feet wide, and the pillars round it are adorned with shields bearing coats of arms.

There are two figures like giants standing up by the sides of the western window, as ugly

* 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 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.

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.

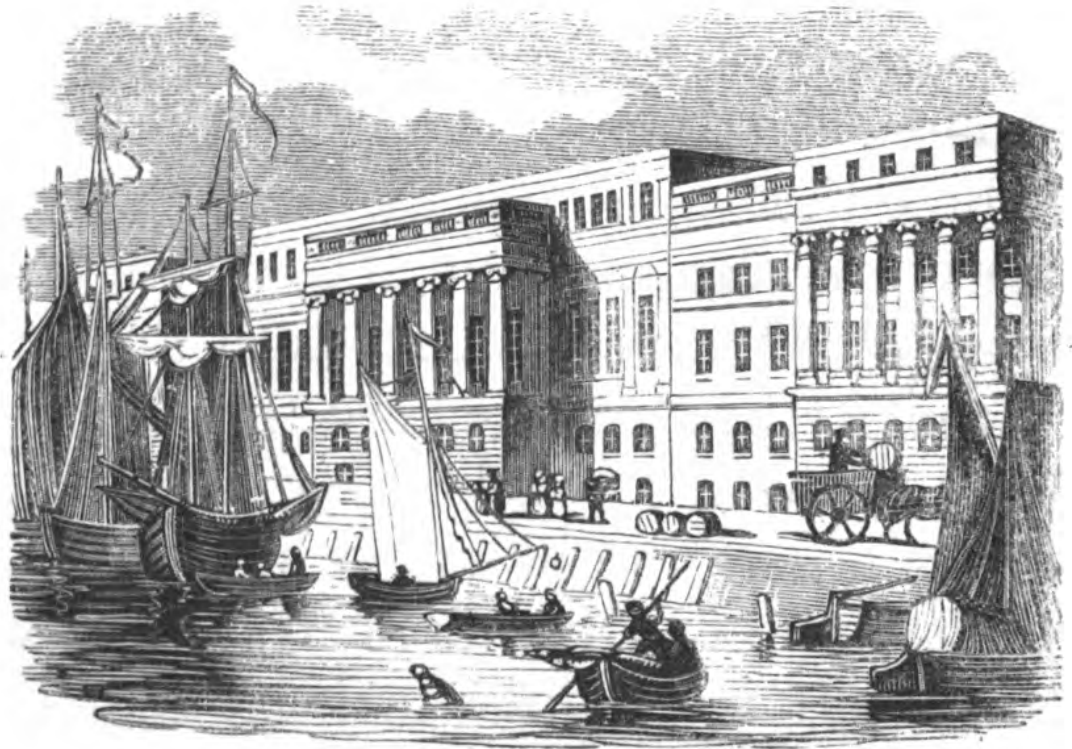
There are also monuments erected to the memory of William Pitt and Lord Nelson.

On the north side is the Lord Mayor's Court.

There is also the Court of Common Council Chamber, where the aldermen meet, and the Lord Mayor sits in his red velvet chair on a platform. It is a sight worth seeing; but I must run away from Guildhall.

The Mint is where all the money is made. It stands by the Tower, on Tower Hill. 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. 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.

I went to the Custom House. It stands by



CUSTOM HOUSE.

the side of the river Thames. A deal of business is done here. How much do you think the Custom House brought in to government a few years ago? Why, sixteen millions and a half—and, no doubt, it brings in as much now.

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

I went to Woolwich, to see all the stores in the Great Arsenal there; and to Deptford, to see the ship-building: spending a complete day at those places.

As I expected that a letter would be lying for me at the Post Office, I went there: and now, thinks I, this is just the opportunity to learn all about the establishment. You shall know all that I made out.

CHAPTER XVII.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT THE POST OFFICE, THE MAIL
COACHES, AND THE ROADS.

I HAVE seen many a Post Office, but never one like that in London. You would take it at first

sight for the king's palace, and after you were told it was a Post Office you would wonder why it was built half the size that it is. The principal front of it is four hundred feet long, and when I stood by the high columns under the portico, I felt as though I was nobody.

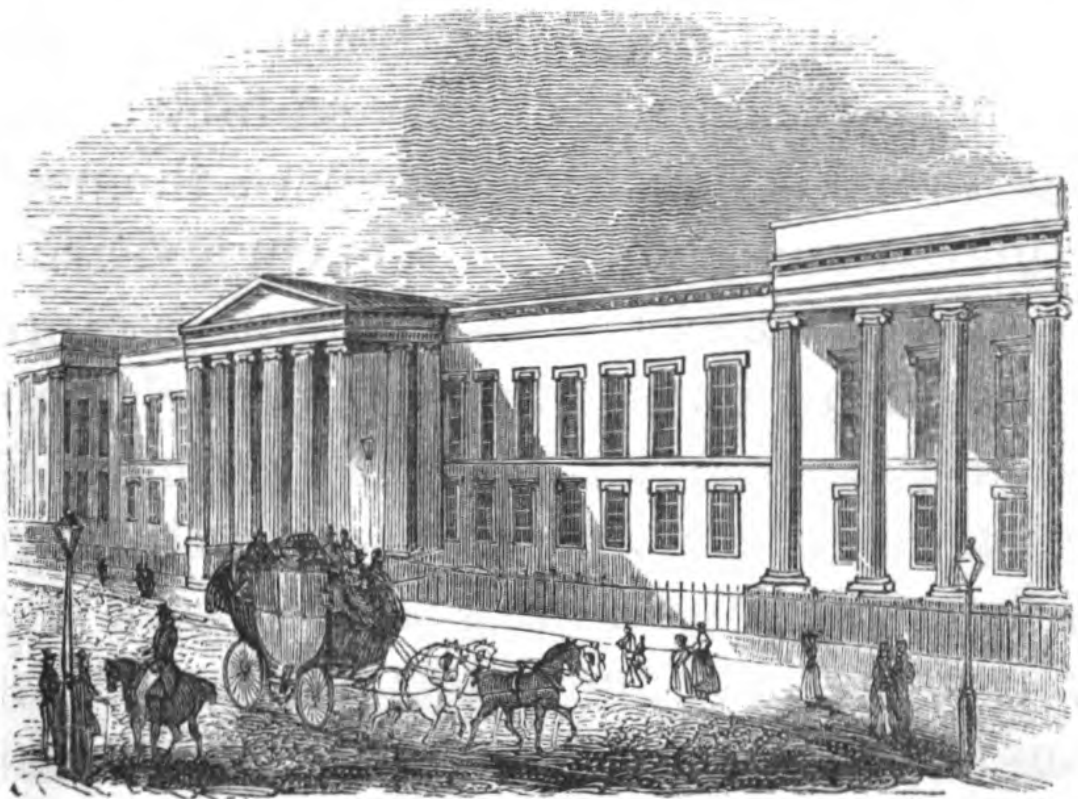
One of the fronts has one hundred and eighty windows. Think of that—one hundred and eighty windows for only one front of a Post Office !

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 Twopenny 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 build-

ing, for the burning of the letters would occasion much distress, as well as destroy 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. So there do, but nothing like the number that go through the Post Office in London. I made



POST OFFICE.

particular inquiry about it, and found that above twenty-three millions of letters went through the post every year, without reckoning those of the Foreign Office, and Ship Letter Office, and the Twopenny Post. No wonder that the building is so large, and that so many people are employed there. Why, there must be as many as seventy-five thousand letters every day, reckoning those that are received, and those that are sent.

Then, again, look at the newspapers: some days there are twenty-five thousand put in the post, and, at times, as 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 pretty penny. How much do you think? why, about a thousand pounds a day, not reckoning Sundays, or three hundred thousand pounds a year.

I have described the Post Office as it was, but now a great change has taken place in its plans, for letters are conveyed to any distance, in the kingdom, for the postage of a single

penny, if they do not exceed half an ounce in weight. The postage money, of course, amounts to much less than it used to do, but, then, the advantage derived by the public from the cheap postage is great, many more letters are sent than there were formerly, and the number is increasing every year.

You must know that when the clock strikes seven, at night, the Post Office holes are shut, so that letters put into the office after that time pay more. I was in the Great Hall a little before seven, and I never saw such a sight before. The place was like a beehive, all commotion, 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.

I was in no hurry to leave the place, for I wanted to see the mails go off. Exactly at eight o'clock, while hundreds of well-dressed people were standing opposite the Post Office yard, the horns began to blow, the horses' hoofs to clatter, and the coach wheels to rattle along the pavement. To one mail there were four bay horses, to another four black ones, and to a third four fine dappled grays. Every guard had a pile of large leathern bags of letters and newspapers before him on the roof of the mail coach. Beside the coaches, there were numbers of mail carts rattling along with bags of letters

for other parts of London—so that, what with the new scarlet clothes of the coachmen and guards, the prancing of the horses, the rattling of the wheels, the blowing of the horns, and the company, I had not witnessed a more lively scene in London.

Should you visit London, you will not now be able to witness the scene which I have just described to so much advantage as I did, for so many mail carts are employed to carry the letter-bags to the rail-road stations, that the number of mail coaches which set off from the General Post Office is comparatively few.

As I went away my foot slipped from one of the side stones in the street, and I should have been down, but a quick, handy, good-humoured sailor 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 are for the most part capital, they are made so 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.

The roads in 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, and with this the paviers knock the stones into the ground.

Before stage coaches were so general, the

roads were not half so good. 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, unmade kind of a 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 by a stage coach.

I have travelled 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 there is no mode of travelling so pleasant as by an English mail coach. You are sure to have good horses, to go at a swift rate, and, generally, to meet with respect from the guard and coachman. The number of mails, stage coaches, and post chaises, to say nothing of private carriages, that are continually travelling in England, require good roads all over the country.

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

PARLEY SPEAKS ABOUT THE DOCKS, BRIDGES, AND
MARKETS.

I MUST be very short in my descriptions, otherwise I shall never get through my account of

London. The London Docks are visited by most strangers: they are at Wapping. St. George's Dock will hold four or five hundred ships, being more than twelve hundred feet long and near seven hundred feet wide. The other docks are very large.

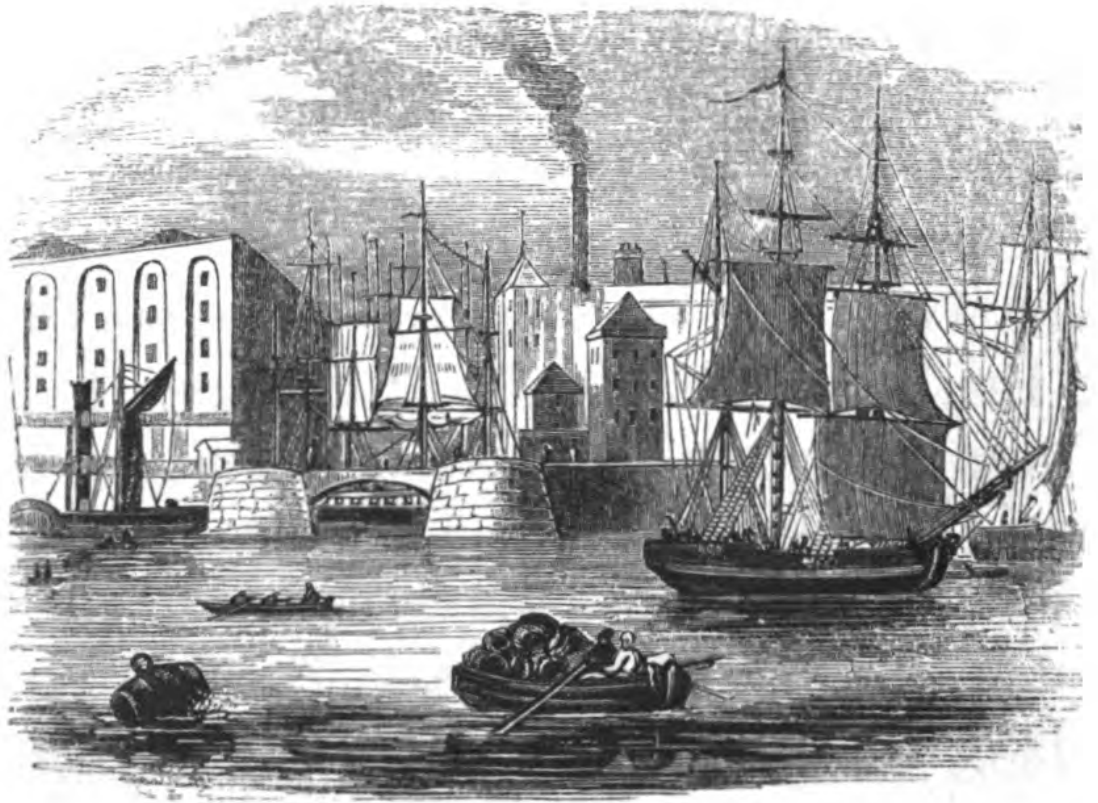
The warehouses are of great dimensions: those for tobacco are above a thousand feet long, and cover four acres of ground. Such a stock of wine as there is in the vaults below you never saw, and are not likely to see unless you visit them.

The West India Docks are at the Isle of Dogs; and the East India Docks at Blackwall.

These last cover thirty acres at least, so that there is no want of room. The warehouses are not over large, because the company have very great magazines in the city. There are hundreds of waggons put in motion as soon as an East India fleet comes 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.

St. Katherine's Dock is near the Tower of London, and famous warehouses it has attached to it. It covers twenty acres, or more; so that I suppose better than a hundred and twenty ships can find accommodation.

There is a wharf here for steam packets, so that the place is kept all alive.



ST. KATHERINE'S DOCKS.

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

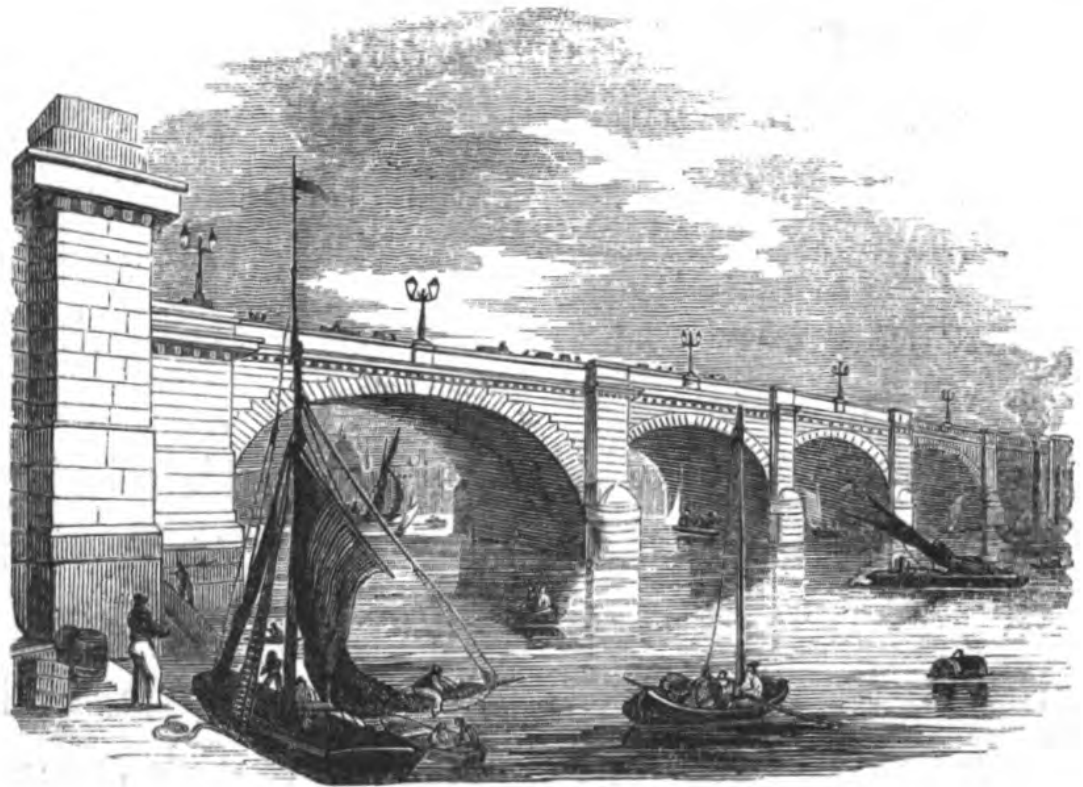
After that, a stone bridge was erected, and people said it was built on woolpacks; the reason was, that a tax was put on wool to raise the money that was wanted to build the bridge with.

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 people now call 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 east side of the bridge is built of purple Aberdeen marble—the west side of light gray



NEW LONDON BRIDGE.

Devonshire, and the stones of the arches are some of them red-brown granite of Peterhead.

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 arches.

It is said that sixty thousand persons, besides carriages of all kinds, pass over this bridge daily.

This is the spot to stand on 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



SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.

three arches, resting on stone piers. The middle arch is two hundred and forty feet in the span. There is an arch for you! This bridge

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.

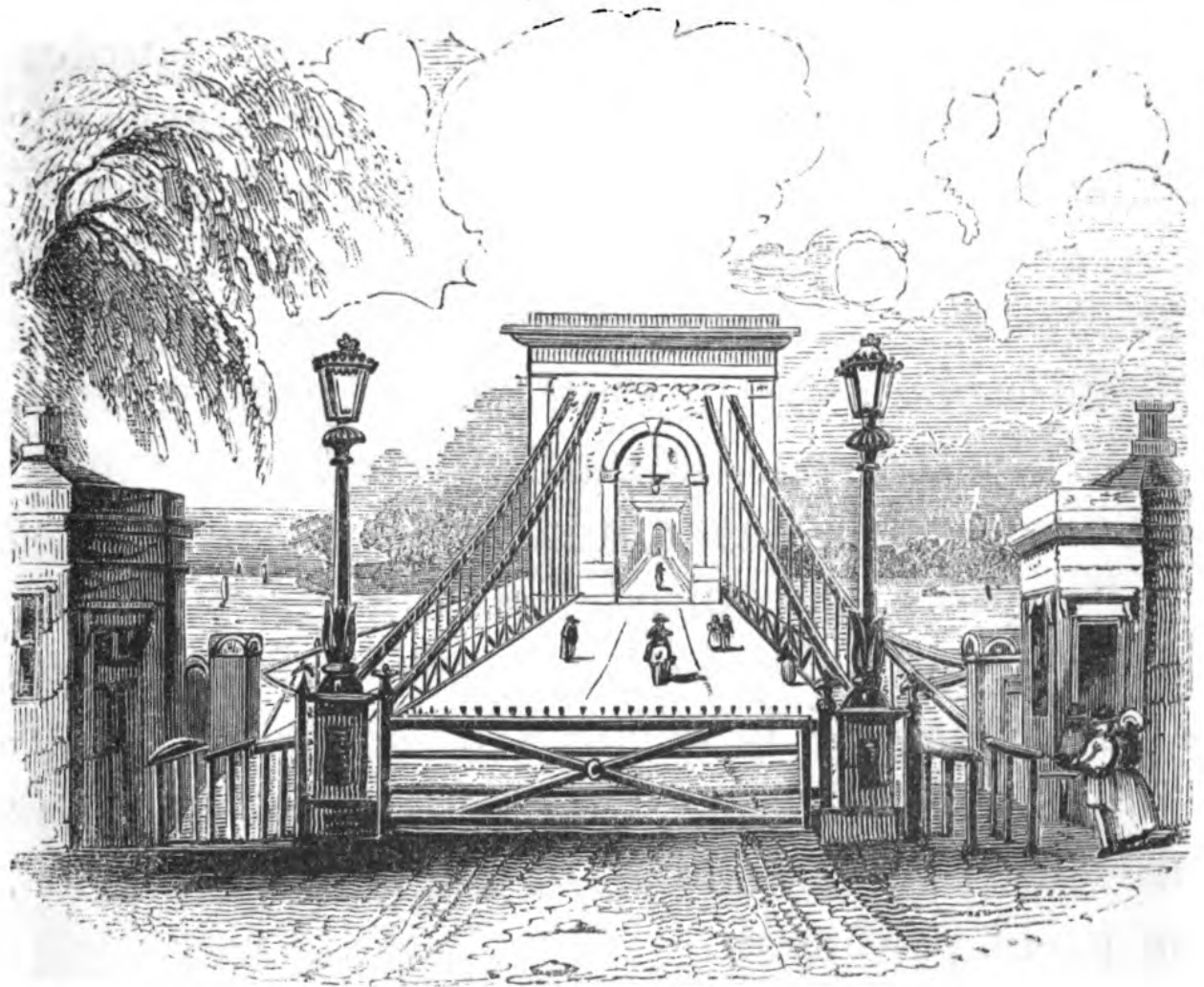
Westminster Bridge was built in 1735. It has fifteen arches, though two of them are but small. The piers are of solid Portland stone.

Waterloo Bridge 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, and the whole bridge is as level as a line can be drawn. It is called Waterloo Bridge on account of the great battle fought on the fields of Waterloo. There is a bridge at Battersea over the Thames, and another at Fulham. Vauxhall Bridge is a neat structure of cast iron.

At Hammersmith there is a Suspension Bridge of great beauty. 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 gravel over which the carriages and passengers pass.

The bridge is as level, and as firm, as any



HAMMERSMITH SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

one could desire, and the footpath is separate from the carriage road. Besides the bridges already spoken of, there is a suspension bridge

erected at Hungerford Market for foot passengers, and people begin to talk of a railroad being erected beside it—what think you of a railroad crossing the river Thames

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 wanted that the ground produces ; and all was as fresh as if just gathered.

The market is covered over, and the different stalls arranged with great order. The flowers are up above, 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 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 finds a ready sale in London.

When I went to Billingsgate, two of the fish women were quarreling; 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.

There are other markets, particularly that for corn, in Mark Lane; but I must go on with my account. If I did not pass over a great deal that is worth speaking about, you might sit here 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, but I soon overtook him again, and began to talk with him: he told me that he was a Chelsea pensioner. Understanding that Chelsea Hospital was but a little way off, I went to see it. You will like to hear all about it.

CHAPTER XIX.

PARLEY GOES TO RICHMOND, TO CHELSEA, AND GREENWICH HOSPITAL, AND TELLS A STORY ABOUT GREENWICH FAIR.

PETER PARLEY had a delightful sail in a boat up to Richmond. There is one of the most beautiful views there that can be found in England.

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 (many of them are sorely maimed), find a comfortable home for the rest of their days.



RICHMOND.

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 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 King Charles, who, it is said, was persuaded to do so by Nell Gwyn, of whom he was very fond.



CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

Nell Gwyn was one day driving out in her

carriage, when 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 sailorstoo. 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 take a place by the Rail-road, or go on board a steam-boat. I only wish we had such a place as Greenwich Hospital for Americans: if it was not quite so grand, it would do very well. I went to see this Hospital.

A part of it was once a palace, and a costly one;—what changes take place in the world,

jack tars to live 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, 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 walk-



GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

ing about 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 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 wake or fair held in the parks, 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 I am afraid that this fair, like most

others of the kind, does a deal of mischief one way or other : too much spending, and drinking, and stopping out.

I will tell you a tale about Greenwich wake. But first let me say that there is an observatory in the park called Flamsteed House, and that 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 thee thinkest so, Thomas, but

thee 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 thee mayst 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 though 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 junketing 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. 'Thee beest a prudent lad, Thomas,' was the remark he made to me; and I set to work a great deal more comfortable in my mind than I had been since I had 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 aught 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 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.

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? Ay! I see that you will not rest satisfied till you hear my account. I will begin it at once.

CHAPTER XX.

PARLEY SPEAKS ABOUT PRISONS. NEWGATE. QUEEN'S BENCH. LONDON UNIVERSITY, AND KING'S 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 to what they are now : men and women, boys and girls, were confined there altogether, and they were often so crowded, and so dirty, that fevers and distempers of different kinds used to break out among them. 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. One Howard was a man famous for visiting prisons, and a great deal of good he did, not only in England, but in other countries ; but he caught an infection at last in visiting one, and died, I think, in Russia. A Quaker lady, too, of the name of Fry, has done much among the prisoners.

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. The old building was made a prison in the

reign of King John. It was rebuilt soon after the death of Henry V., and enlarged after the great fire of London. 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. I saw three men hung in the open space in front of the prison. You shall hear about it. It was no pleasant sight to see, but I wanted to see all that I could. It was early in the morning, and the bell of St. Sepulchre's Church had been tolling a long

time. A wooden scaffold had been set up for the occasion, and as thousands and thousands of people were crushing and cramming, I gave a shilling to go into a house opposite, where, from the window, every thing could be seen. When the sheriff and his officers made their appearance with the three culprits, my breath grew shorter and shorter; when the halters were tied round the poor fellows' necks, and the caps put over their faces, my heart beat sadly; but when the clergyman began to pray, and I expected the drop on which the men stood would fall every moment, you might have knocked me down with a straw. Just then there was a commotion among the crowd, and a fellow was caught picking a man's pocket. I thought this a strange thing, but was told it was common enough to rob under the gallows. When the drop fell, there was a scream of terror, and while I looked on the poor wretches, struggling in their agonies, I thought how much better was a hard-earned crust, than the gain of dishonesty, followed by

such a miserable and dog-like death. Keep the commandments! for they who break the commandments go the readiest road to destruction.

There is a prison called the Queen's Bench. You will like to know something about it. It is a place where people are confined for debt, and I expected to find every one within the high and gloomy walls very sorrowful, but how surprised was I to find it just the contrary! In one place men were drinking and smoking, in another amusing themselves at divers games, laughing as loud and joking each other as if their hearts were 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 battledoors, 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 best 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.

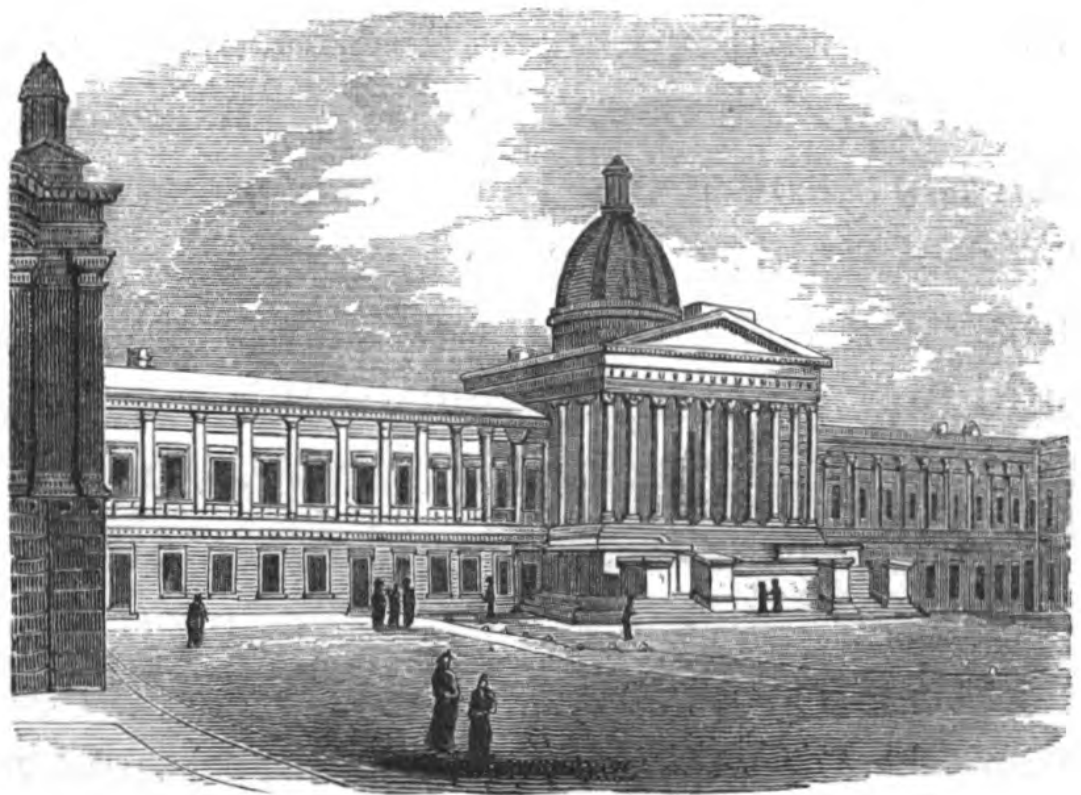
There are many other prisons, and at some of them the men work at the treadmill. This is a large wheel turned round by treading on the broad cogs: the prisoners look just as if they were trying to climb up it. They also pick oakum, and if any works are going on in the prison they lend a helping hand. The women and girls work at a treadmill of their own, besides which, they wash, make and mend, 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 ever. 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 generally set me up again. 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.

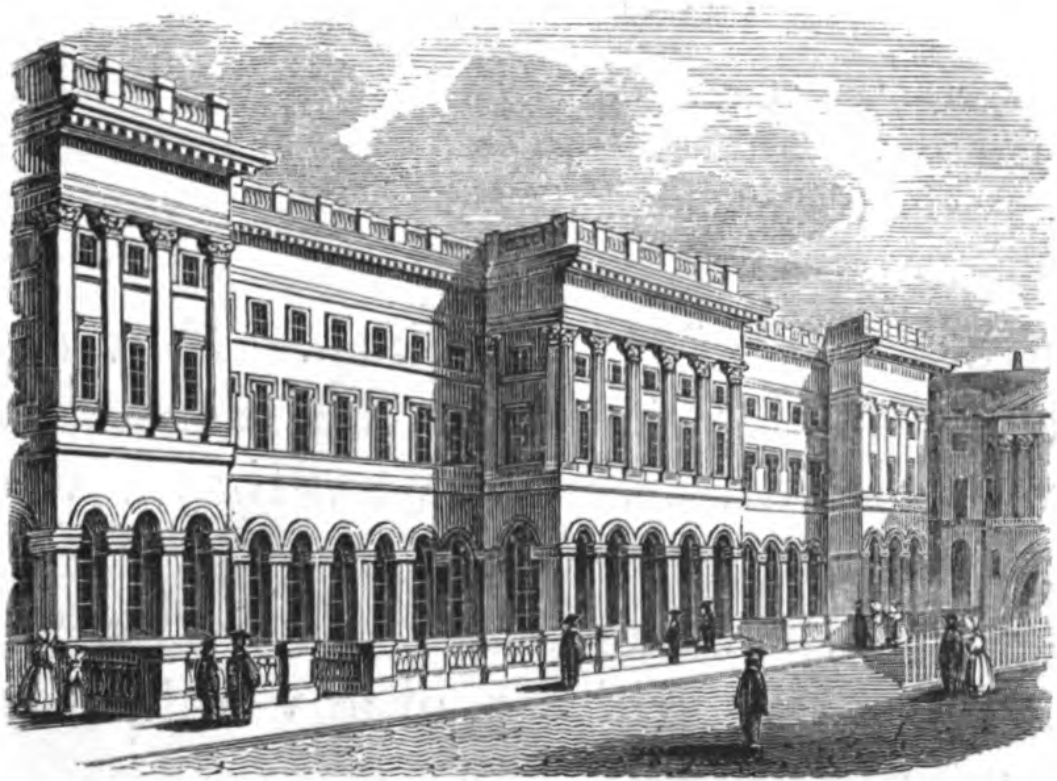
The London University was founded to sup-



LONDON UNIVERSITY.

ply the increasing demand for education, and afford college advantages to dissenters as well as those 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 forms a part, as it were, of



KING'S COLLEGE.

Somerset House. It was founded for the same purpose as the London University, but reli-

gious instruction conformable to the principles of the church of England, forms a part of the education given. This is not the case at the London University.

In going about so continually I saw many 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.

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 chesnut 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 among them.

A great part of it was burnt down about the seventeenth century. The hall was afterwards

used as a meeting house, and then as a warehouse. A Library is now established there, and lectures are given on different subjects.

When I first visited Crosby Hall, it presented an odd appearance. In one part where it had been repaired, quite in the olden style, the stone work appeared new, and the fine gothic windows were beautifully formed. In another part the roof seemed falling in, and the old fashioned window frames tumbling down on one side, while the broken glass, the old lead hanging down in strips, the windows stopped up with old boards and shutters, and the ruinous state of the walls, altogether, cut a deplorable figure. I should not have liked to leave London without peeping at Crosby Hall.

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 was graven the 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. It was not, however, the Church, but the Lady



ST. SAVIOUR'S LADY CHAPEL.

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, 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 merciless 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 be noticed. I will tell you something about this gate in 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, 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 spread into different nations, until, though they at first professed willingly to remain poor, they possessed 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 has been so long ago, that it is no great wonder that 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 ranks as one of the first in the world, and I believe, up to this day, it has an engraving of St. John's Gate for its frontispiece. You have now heard enough about it. I will next tell you of the government of England.

CHAPTER XXII.

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

GREAT BRITAIN is governed by the king and the parliament. The king is at the head of the government, and he possesses several exclusive privileges which give him great power. He inherits the crown, and the right to rule, as a son inherits land from his father. When one king dies he is succeeded by his eldest son, or if he has no son, by his daughter; if he has no children, the crown goes to his nearest relation. As soon as one king dies his successor comes into power, though he is often not crowned for

somemonths afterwards. The parliament consists of the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, two bodies of men which I shall describe separately: the same names are given to the rooms in which they meet. The House of Commons consists of about six hundred and fifty 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 of these candidates, as they are called, as are required for members, 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 members to parliament, who are chosen in the same manner as those for the counties. Have I made this matter plain to you? Yes, I see that I make myself understood, and will therefore go on.

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 like their estates. These lords, with their families, constitute what is called the nobility. There are different orders or ranks among peers:—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, amount-

ing 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 House of Lords and Commons together form the Parliament.

Parliament generally sits only during part of the year; but the king has the power of calling them together whenever he pleases, and of proroguing them, that is, ordering them not to sit for a given time. He 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 of 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 king. If the king refuses to sign it, it does not become law ; but this is very rarely done ; and when he has signed it, it becomes a law, and the people are obliged to obey it. These laws 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, including England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, besides several smaller islands. They are not of very great extent, containing only about one hundred and seven-

teen thousand square miles, but they possess a population of above twenty-four 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 King of England reigns not only over the twenty-four millions of people in the British Isles, but over other millions in Asia, Africa, and America. Nearly the whole of America, north of the United States, with Newfoundland, and the West India Islands, belongs 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 island of New Holland, which alone is equal to half Europe. Thus the British empire exceeds every nation in the world, but Russia, in the extent of its dominions; is more populous than any other,

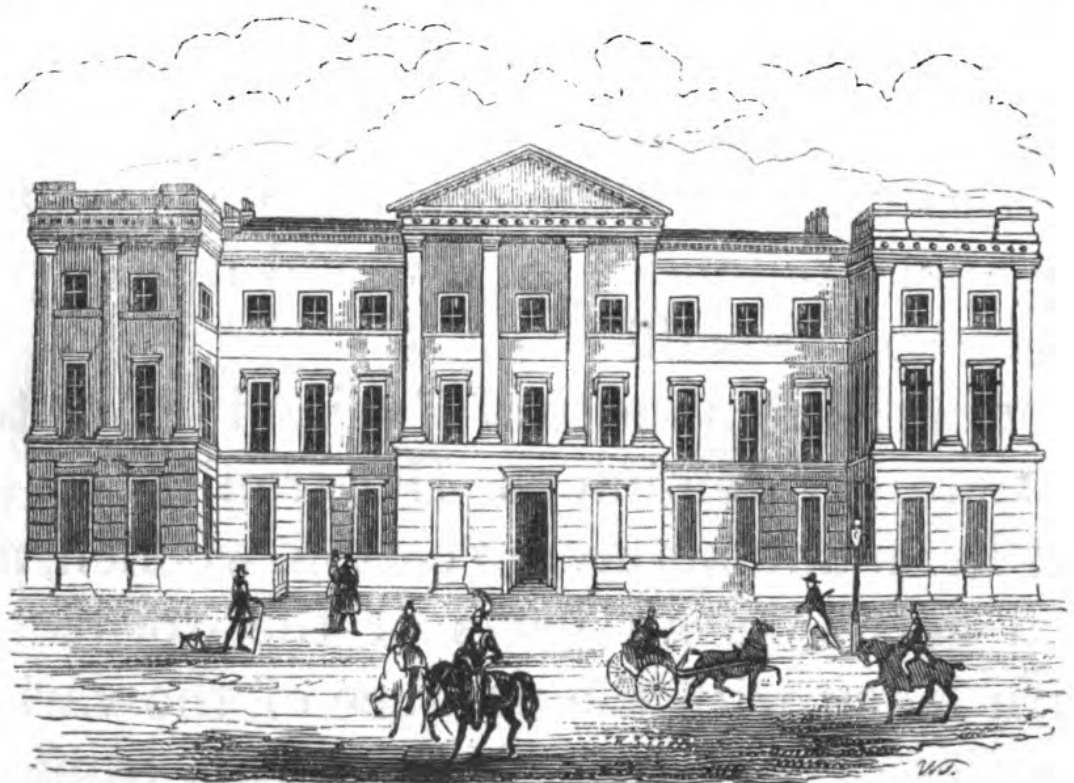
excepting China; and far surpasses the most powerful empires of antiquity. The armies of England are not very numerous, but the invincible courage of her soldiers, and the skill of their generals, have enabled them to achieve victories in all parts of the world. Her fleets are numerous and powerful, and the excellence of her ships, and the determined bravery of her sailors, has 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 fea-

thers, from Africa ; silver and precious stones, from South America ; and cotton, sugar, coffee, and tobacco, from the West Indies and North America : rice is imported from various parts, both of the eastern and western continents.

CHAPTER XXIV.

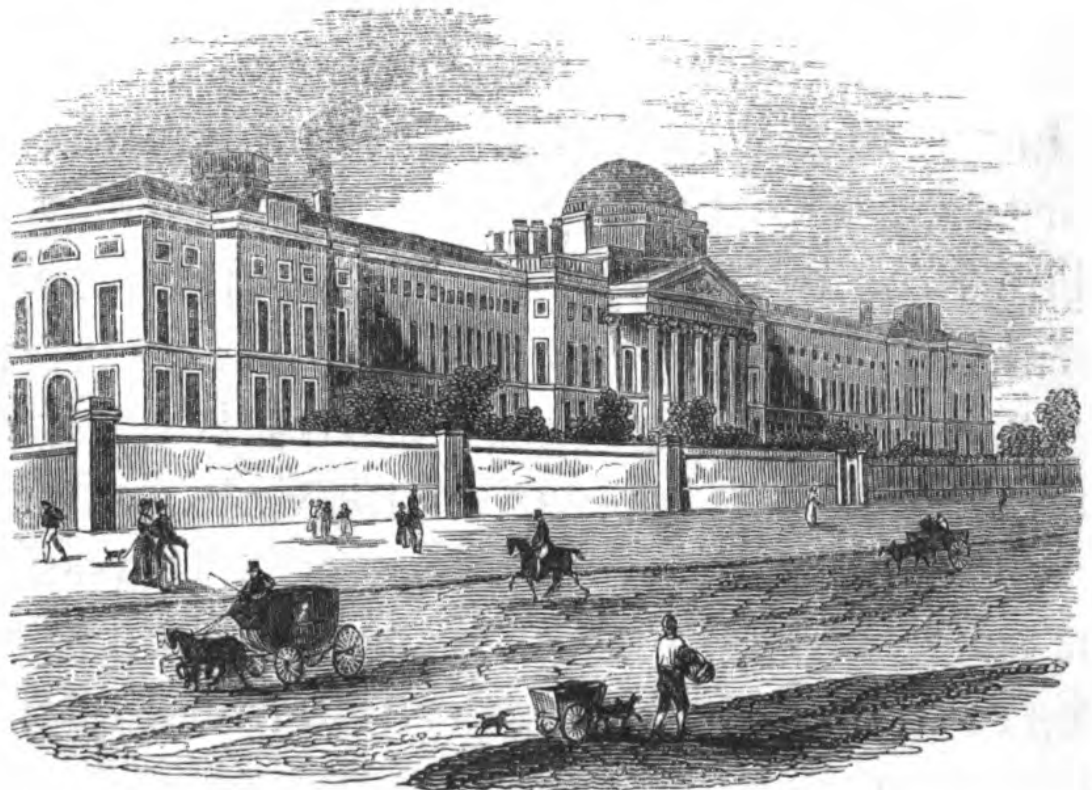
PARLEY GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE CHARITIES OF LONDON.



ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL.

I COULD not leave London without knowing something about the charities of the place. 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 should think 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, and almost all other afflicted people. Here I have a print of New Bethlehem Hospital, and I wish I had one of



NEW BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

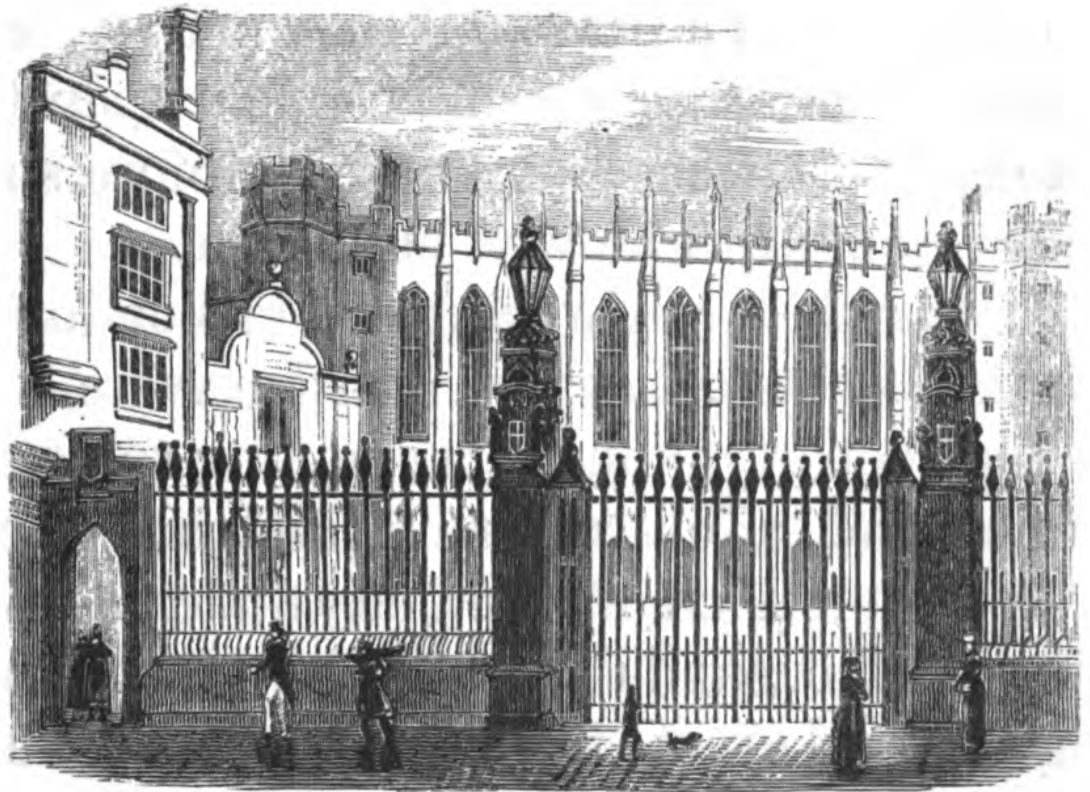
St. Luke's and half-a-dozen more. There are

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, St. George's, and others.

The Royal Humane Society has been very useful, in recovering people taken out of the water, to all appearance 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.

Christ's Church Hospital is a famous school, that educates more than a thousand boys ; but

if 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.



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, and sailors, and soon; and the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity undertakes to do this. Thousands of impostors have been 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; 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, and other hardhearted 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 me joking when I tell you that it has scattered already more than eight millions of bibles and testaments abroad, printed in more than a hundred and fifty languages; but it is as true as that I am now talking to you.

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, the Moravian Missionary, the Church Missionary, the Wesleyan Missionary, and the Baptist Missionary, besides Home Missionaries. 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 a public meeting every year, and hundreds and thousands of people get together 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 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 got together.

I wish the Anti-Slavery Society would impart a little of their benevolence to the people of this country. Here 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 guiltily 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 give over the slave trade.

You have heard of the Religious Tract Society, for it has found its way into every place. Here is one of their tracts, you can read it another time. The society has spread abroad two hundred millions of tracts and books. Yes, two hundred millions! and if they were to be laid down on the ground, singly, as close as you could put them together, they would reach all round the world. A great deal of good is done by these books and tracts, but they are sold so cheap, that it is enough to put all the booksellers in the world out of

temper. However, the society means to do good, and does not wish to hurt the booksellers.

The Temperance Society 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 preserve their health, and lay up money for comforts.

There are many folks 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 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, and 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, to increase religion among sailors of all nations. The Sailor's Home, 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, 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 En-

couragement 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, I 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 them 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 Bloomfield Street, Moorfields. Now, thinks 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 whenever a temptation to spend 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 having pay 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 more in altogether 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 has 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 out; 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, 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, there had been more than two millions of money paid in; and more than a million and a half drawn out again, leaving, at that time, near half a

million in hand. You see that the business of Savings' Banks is conducted on a large scale.

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

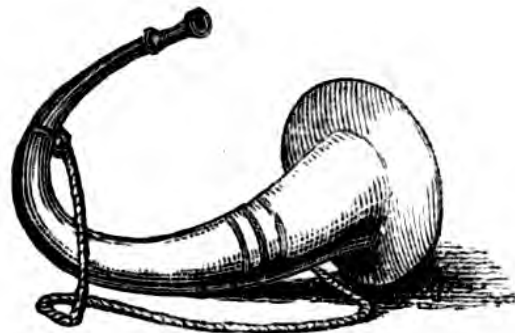
Many an honest servant-man has been able to assist a sick father, out of the money he had laid up in the bank by a little at a time; and many a tidy, industrious, and dutiful maid-servant has, by her little savings, smoothed the death-bed of an afflicted mother. These things are much to their credit.

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 that there is between one man who is in debt, without a farthing to pay 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. It took me but a short time to pack up my portmanteau, and soon I mounted the coach that called at the White Horse Cellar, in Piccadilly. Away we went, the coachman driving four capital gray horses, and the guard blowing his horn.



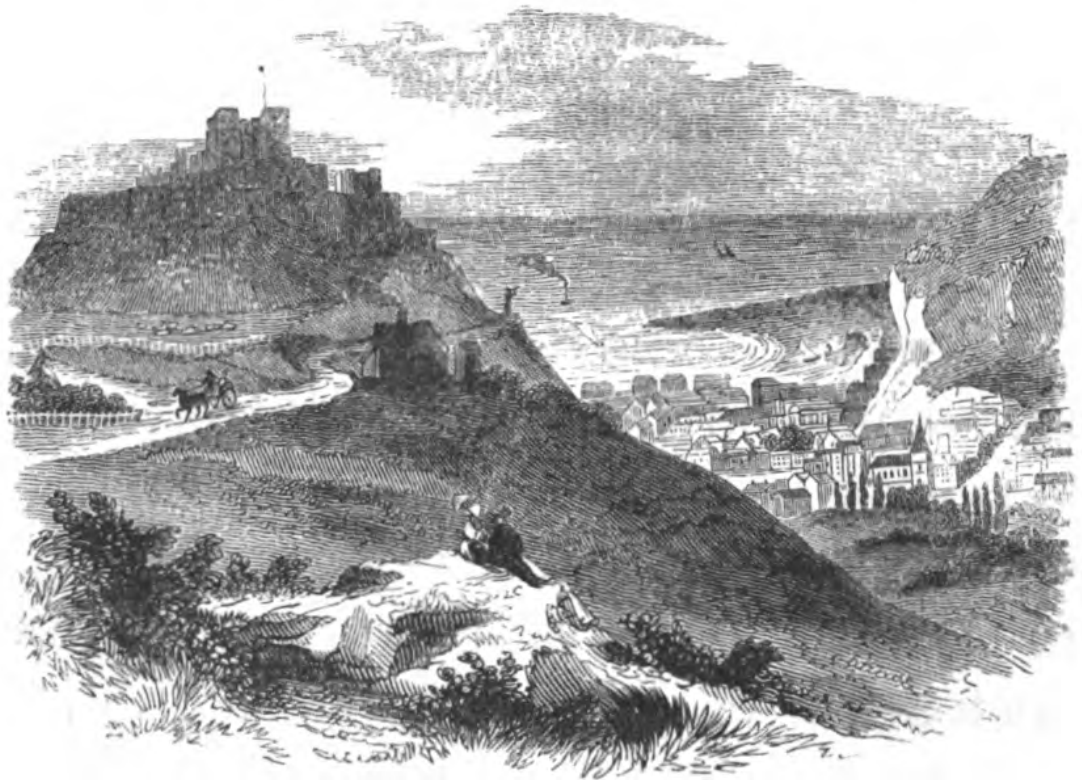
CHAPTER XXVI.

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

AFTER leaving London I proceeded in a south-westerly direction, for I thought it would never do not to see the mines of Cornwall. On the top of the coach 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 takes up somewhat about thirty acres of ground. To stand upon the high crag, and look down at the ships, so far below, requires a steady head. The last



DOVER CASTLE.

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. It's as true as I sit here, young man! why the ships down 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.— Well ! on we went 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 shepherds 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 one part of Salisbury Plain there is a curious monument of antiquity, which is known by the name of Stone Henge. 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 distance, 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 pro-

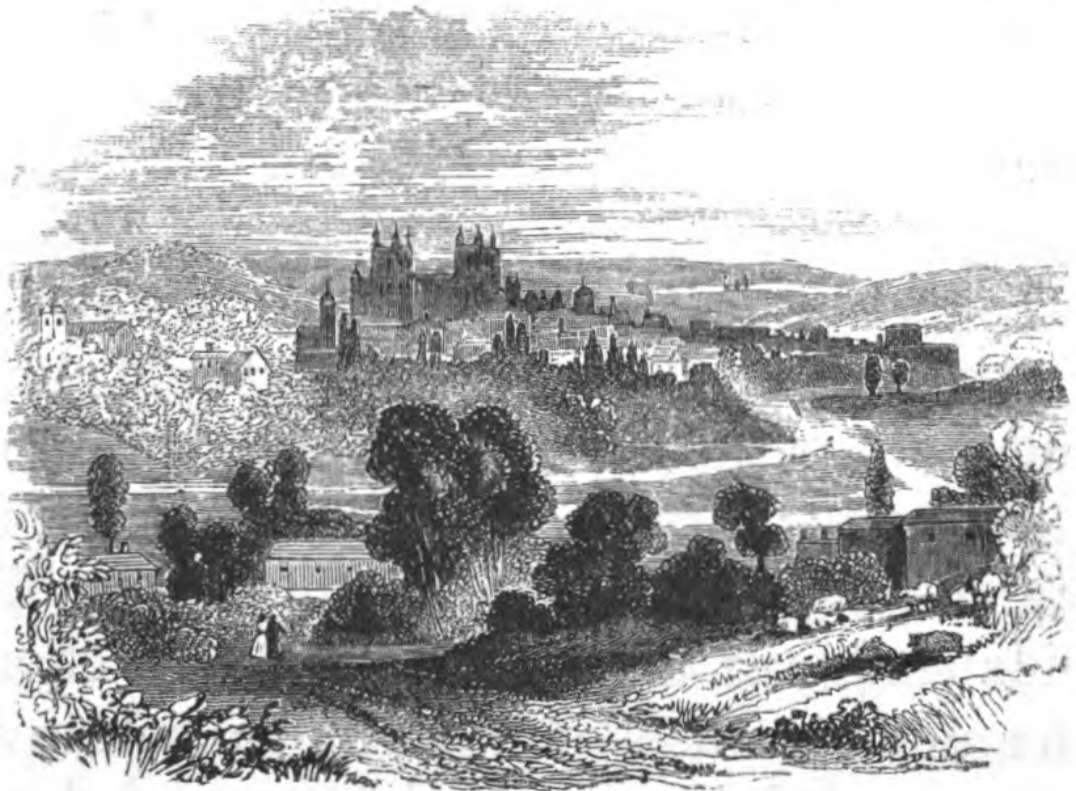
digious. Many of the stones have fallen from their original positions, and others have entirely disappeared, but from those that remain, they appear to have been arranged in circles, one within the other.

The whole work was enclosed by a double ditch, and had three entrances. There are 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 also 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 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 the office for the rest of his life. The Druids were held in great veneration by the rest of the people, and settled most of their disputes ; and if any one disobeyed their commands, they excommunicated him : this was their principal punishment, and it consisted in excluding the criminal from all public assemblies, and from holding any office in the state ; and every body avoided him, not daring even



EXETER.

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.

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.

I once more mounted the coach. Smack went the whip, whirl went the wheels, and very soon I found myself in Cornwall. This is the most south-westerly county of England, and is about ninety miles in length, gradually narrowing in breadth from forty-three to four miles.

The largest town in Cornwall has only about four or five thousand inhabitants—while Exeter, in the next county, has more than twenty-three thousand.

The greater part of Cornwall is barren and rocky ; its chief wealth consisting in its mines, which are chiefly of copper, and tin ; but lead, silver, and other minerals, have also been worked. The southern extremity of Cornwall is a narrow strip of land projecting into the sea, 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 great part, 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 it by and by.

In one part of Cornwall there is a curious stone called the logan, or rocking stone, 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.

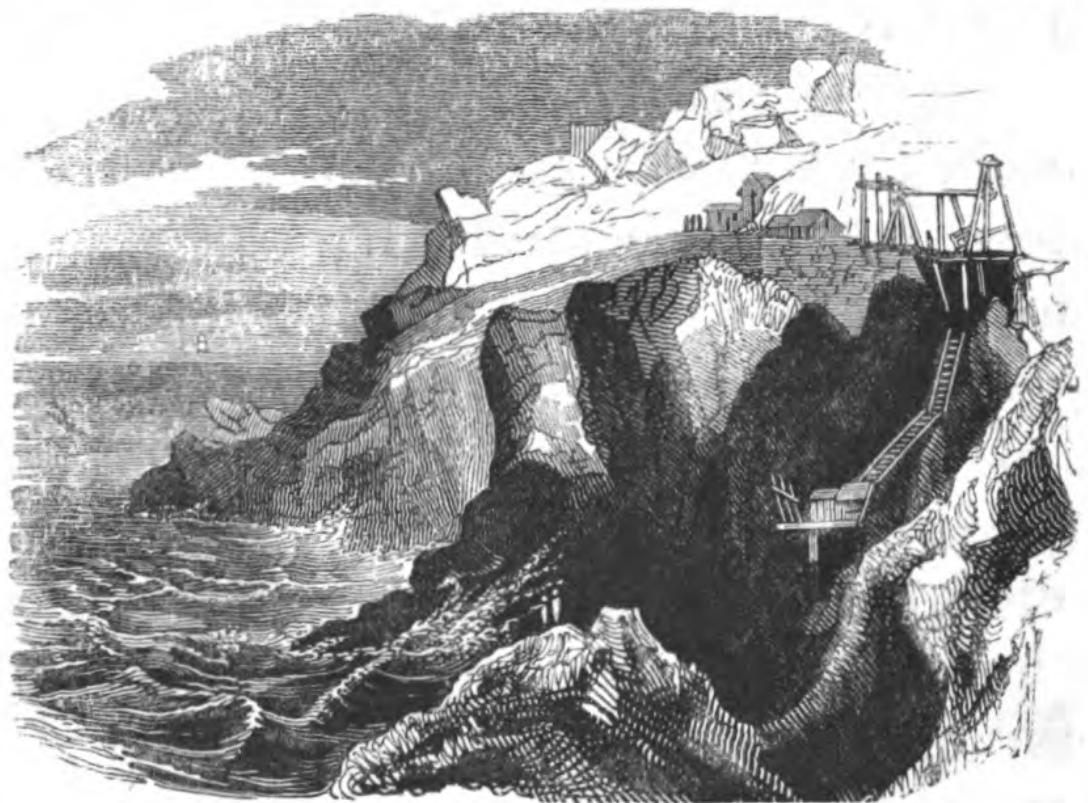
The principal mines of Cornwall are those of tin. The descent into these is by shafts, or pits resembling wells, which are often six or seven hundred feet deep. The mines then proceed in a horizontal direction, following the course of the metal, which lies in veins, or *lodes* as they are called by the 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 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.

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

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.



ENTRANCE TO THE BOTALLACK COPPER MINE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

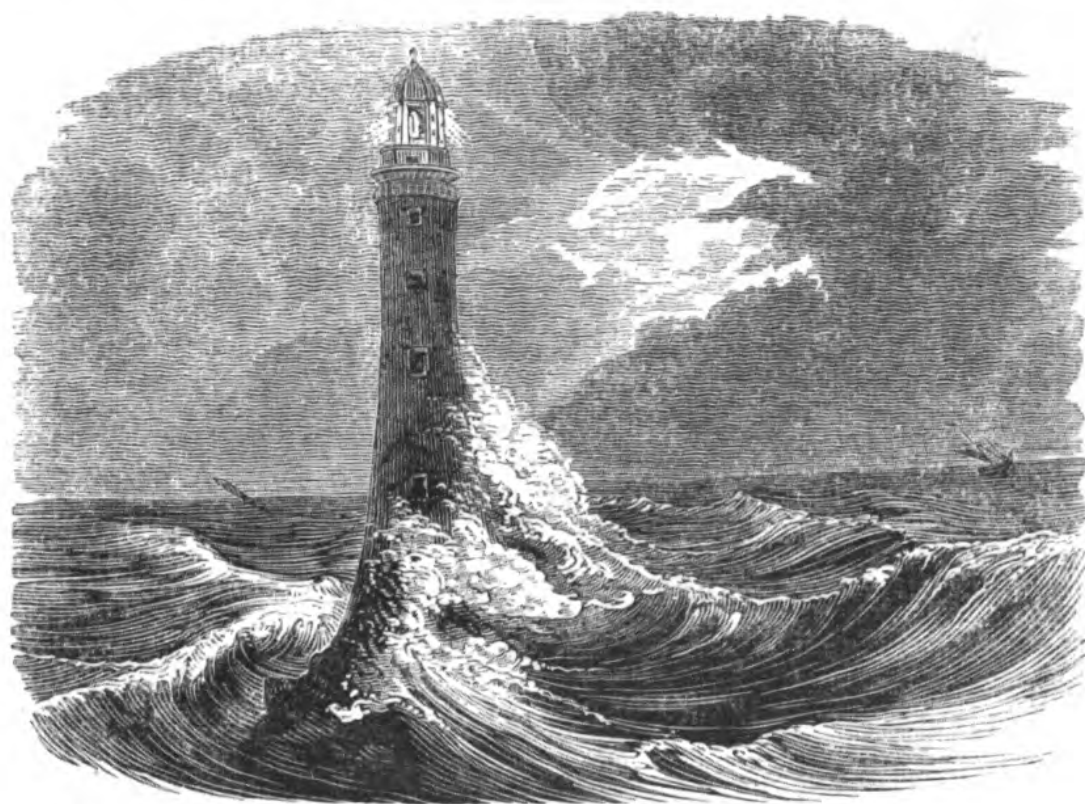
PARLEY TELLS ALL ABOUT THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE,
AND ABOUT GAS. MEETS AN OLD FRIEND. PLYMOUTH
BREAKWATER. ARRIVES AT NORTH SHIELDS.

I SAID that I would tell you about the Eddy-
stone Lighthouse, but perhaps you may not

know exactly the use of a lighthouse. I will make it as plain to you as I can. A lighthouse is a high building like a tower, but 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 reflected by mirrors, so that it may be seen a long way off. The use of the lighthouse is to point out to sailors where dangerous rocks lie hidden in the sea; 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. Opposite 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, as well as I do, and yet, I dare say, you would like to hear about Eddystone Lighthouse. Come then, I will tell you. Eddystone rocks are very dangerous; they lie in the English Channel, about four or five leagues from Plymouth, 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, has gone to the bottom after striking on 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.

I see you are sorry for poor Winstanley, and I 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. Rather an odd thing that a silk-mercator should build a lighthouse, and you think, perhaps, that it 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 the people tired of building lighthouses, but the English are very persevering in what they undertake, so, soon after the last was destroyed, one Smeaton built another of stone, something like the shape of the stem of a large oak tree, growing rather taper at the highest part. It has four rooms, one above another, with a gallery and lantern at the top. Smeaton's lighthouse is standing yet. It is near eighty feet high.

The light that is kept burning in the lantern at the top of a lighthouse is a very strong one, that it may be seen a long way off.

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. I remember the time when London was lighted 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.

It was an odd thing, but in Cornwall I met with an old messmate, one 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 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. There are twenty, or thirty, 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. Some of these 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; 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, which is still more dangerous, is called the fire-damp; 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 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.

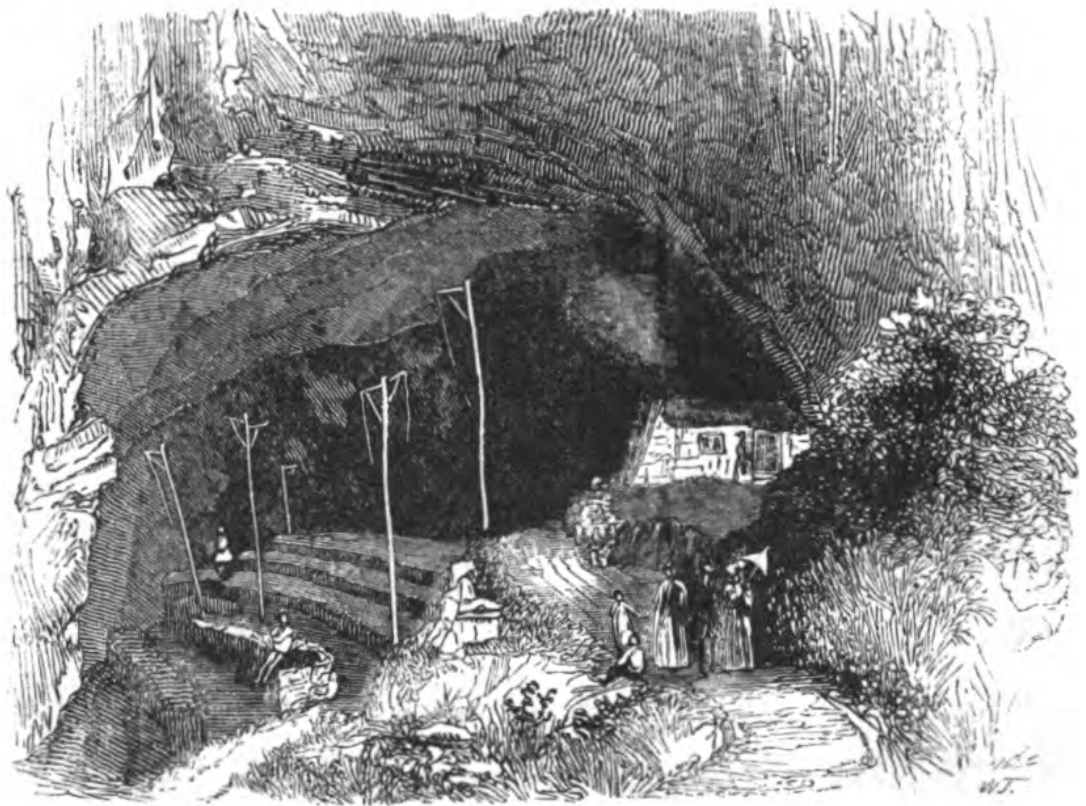
The mines of Cumberland, especially the lead mines, were visited by me, as well as the beautiful lakes. I went also into Yorkshire: you must be told of the Dropping Well there. This is a curious spring, near Knaresborough, in which the water trickles very fast, in thirty, or forty, places, over the edge 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 pas-



sage, 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 is a merry time there ; friends meet, who seldom see each other, and good cheer and smiling faces abound, and, for days and weeks, 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 and miles from their places of service 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. 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. In towns 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 parties. 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. 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 young persons amuse themselves in choosing valentines, 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 shrive, or confess their sins to the priests, on that day, that they might keep Lent more strictly. On this day it 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 will, no doubt, be kept up many years to come, but I never could find out what the custom sprung from that is practised on that day. I have heard that prayers used to be offered up on that day for all of weak understanding, such as lunatics, and silly people, and perhaps it was the case. No sooner do young persons, and many grown people, too, rise up in a 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 practised by the French or English, I think it equally silly.

On Good Friday, buns, made rather sweet, with caraway seeds in them, are much eaten : they have a cross, no doubt in remembrance of the cross of Calvary, upon them, and as they are usually eaten hot, so they are called hot cross buns. Thousands and thousands of them are sold on Good Friday.

In some parts of England it is no very pleasant thing to go abroad on Easter Monday, and Easter Tuesday, 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 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. But, perhaps, the gayest scene of all, on May day, is that of the dancing chimney-sweeps. 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, and his soot-bag, he was discovered, and some say that it is in remembrance of this circumstance that chimney-sweeps 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-sweeps 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 colours of the rainbow, with caps of the same kind on their heads. One carries a dust-pan and brush, which he knockstogether. Another shakes and rattles two hard dry bones between his fingers, and makes noise enough to be heard half a mile off. A third gingles a steel triangle. A fourth,



JACK IN THE GREEN.

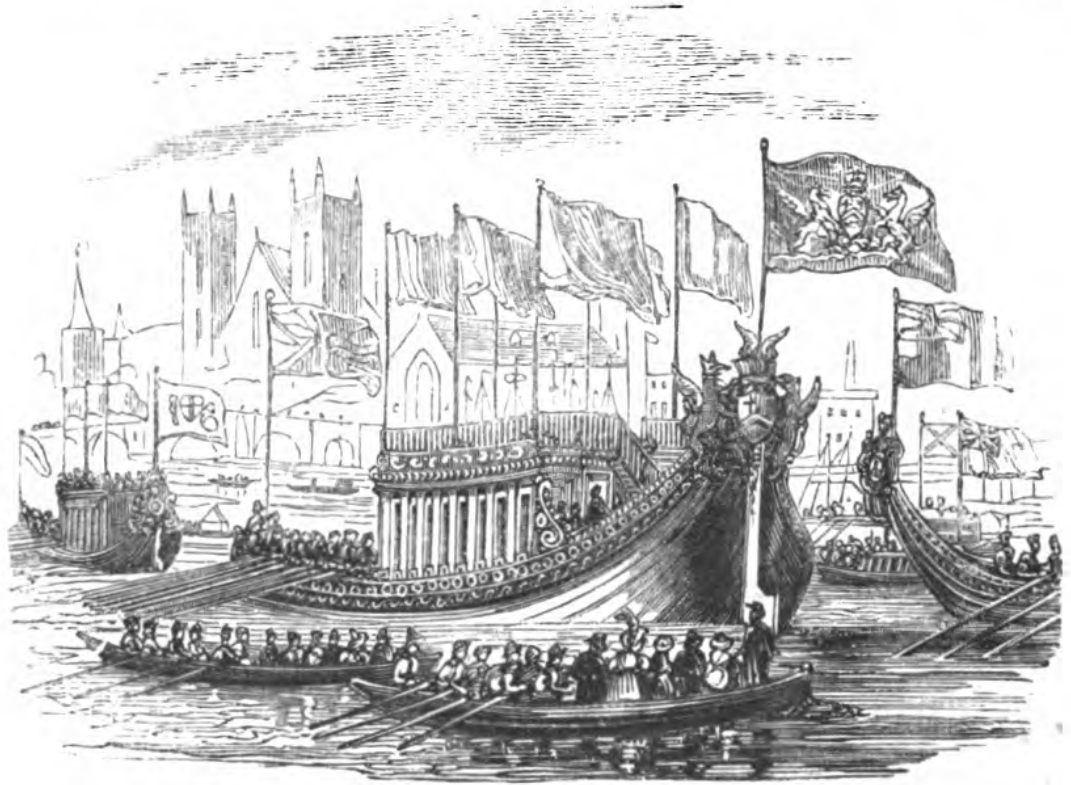
dressed like a woman, has a salt-box and a wooden spoon; and what with the clattering



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 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 for money. A pretty penny 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 floating in the air; the music playing, and



LORD MAYOR'S BARGES.

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 leave the water and get again into their grand carriages, in order that they may 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 have costly paintings on them, and every other part of the carriage is decorated in the most magnificent manner with ornaments superbly gilded. 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 horses, with bands of music, and flags flying; fancy these things, and that all London is collected together, crushing, cramming, shouting, laughing, and squealing, and then you will be able to form some notion of Lord Mayor's Day.

I have told you some strange things, but have others to tell you of yet.

CHAPTER XXX.

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

OF all the nights in the year, the night of the fifth of November is, perhaps, one that is most

enjoyed 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 has a figure called Guy Fawkes, dressed up in an odd way 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 that gunpowder plot should never be forgot. Thus they collect money, and are enabled to buy fireworks to let off at night at their bonfires. I will tell you who Guy Fawkes was, and all about gunpowder plot, by and by.

People as they sit at breakfast, sipping their tea and coffee, and eating their hot rolls, are often surprised to see the figure of Guy Fawkes looking in at their windows, for the boys lift up the chair to the window. Every time the party receives a penny they 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 coal 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 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, and the flame, and the sparks from the blazing wood, the report of guns and pistols, the squibs and the crackers, hissing and bouncing about 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, turning them round and round in the air. At last, when the squibs and crackers are all let off, the chestnuts and potatoes roasted, 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 will be about Guy Fawkes and gunpowder plot: it is in remembrance of gunpowder plot that Guy Fawkes is carried about in the morning, and burnt at night in the bonfires that are made.

Gunpowder plot was one of the most shocking designs that ever entered into the mind of man, but it pleased God that it should never be executed.

I believe that all respectable catholics would set their faces against such doings, but there are cruel and bitter people of all religions. Some roman catholics in England, in the reign of King James the first, 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 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 half 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 wicked 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 condemned, 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

king, lords, and the members of parliament, 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 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 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.

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 occa-



BEATING THE BOUNDS.

sion? 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 colours; 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 a 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.

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 worse. 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. When you begin to read, it is a hard matter to shut up the leaves before you have read them through. The book was written by John Bunyan.

There is another book, but I hardly know whether I ought to speak of it or not, as it concerns myself, but the truth is the truth, and therefore shall be spoken. The book is no other than Peter Parley's Tales about Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Yes, all the tales that you have heard me tell are printed and put together in a book with more than a hundred pictures in it ; but how this has happened I must leave you to guess.

I am told that the book is a short, thick, yellow volume, of a very taking appearance, having maps, and different animals and figures representing the four quarters of the world, engraven on the outside ; but some may be ornamented in a different way. Little did I

think, when first I began to tell tales, that they would ever be known as well in England as in America. Yet so it is, for the young people there will read the account of Peter Parley's travels and adventures.

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 to England, for it consists, almost altogether, of mountains with deep valleys between. The peaks 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 to 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, Dee, 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 story of their deeds 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, in which it excels all other countries.

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. No Welch language for Peter Parley.

Wales abounds in copper, lead, iron, coal, and other minerals: silver has been found in one part of Cardiganshire.

CHAPTER XXIII.

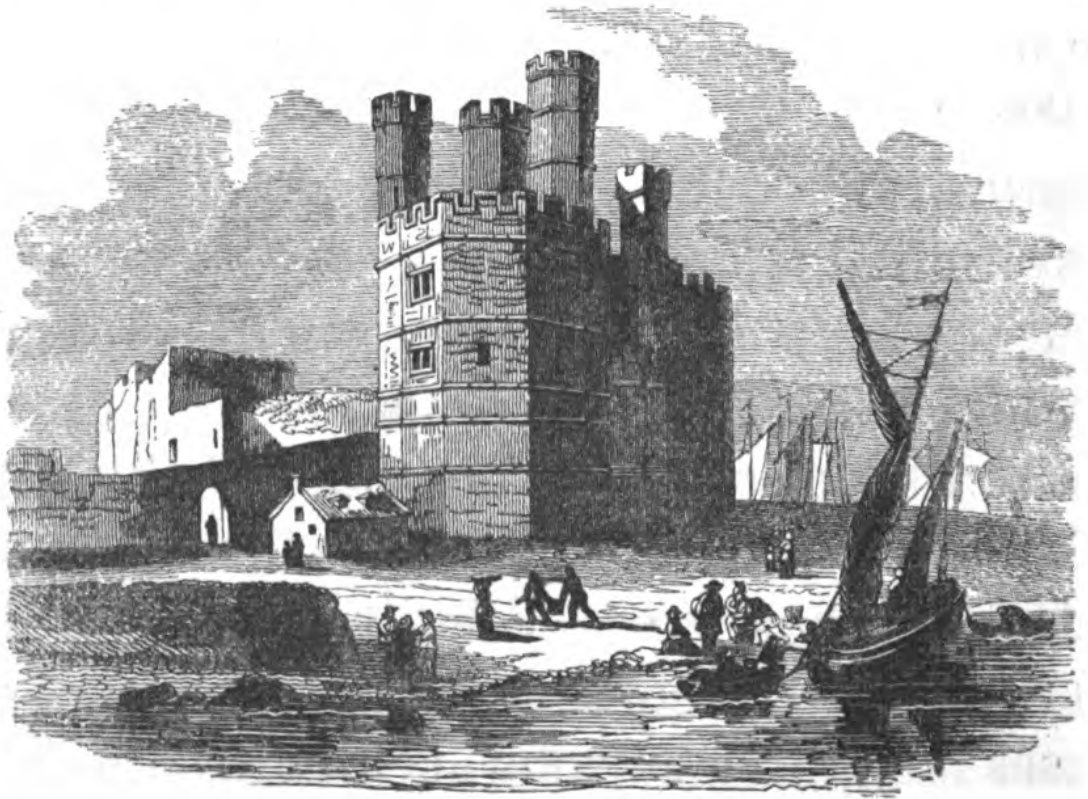
PARLEY TELLS OF CAERMARTHEN. CAERNARVON. SWANSEA. TENBY. ANGLESEA. MENAI BRIDGE. HOLYHEAD. COPPER MINE. COAL MINE. IRON MINE. SLATE QUARRIES.

CAERMARTHEN is the chief city in South Wales. It is situated upon the river Towey, and has nine thousand inhabitants. It was once surrounded by walls and defended by a stone castle. This is now in ruins, excepting one of the gates, which still remains, and 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. 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.



CAERNARVON CASTLE.

The town is well built, and has a good harbour. The number of inhabitants is about six thousand, and they 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 cakes 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. Tenby 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.

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 rock 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.

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 between three and four thousand 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 limber 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 Creigiaur Eira, or Snowy Mountain. Try if you can speak this hard word Creigiaur. Well, if you can remember Snowdon better, never mind.

The best way of seeing this mountain in perfection is to start a little after midnight, so as to get to the top 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 Dolbadern Castle in the vale of Llanberis, keeping on the side of the lake, and then by the cataract Ceunautmawr, to the vale 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 much pleased me; it is near three thousand feet high. Plinlimmon is two thousand four hundred and sixty-three, and Brecknock Beacon two thousand eight hundred and sixty-three feet. Glorious prospects from them all. Wales is so mountainous a country, that the views are continually changing as you move along. Those at Cwm Claiw, and Pont Bren, and Castel Dinas Brân, and Great Orme's Head, were very fine, as well as at Trivaen, Llanberis, Criccieth, and Tremadoc.

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 ferried me across the river into the bargain. O! ho! thought I, when I 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 now.

CHAPTER XXXV.

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

I HAD heard so much of Devil's Bridge 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

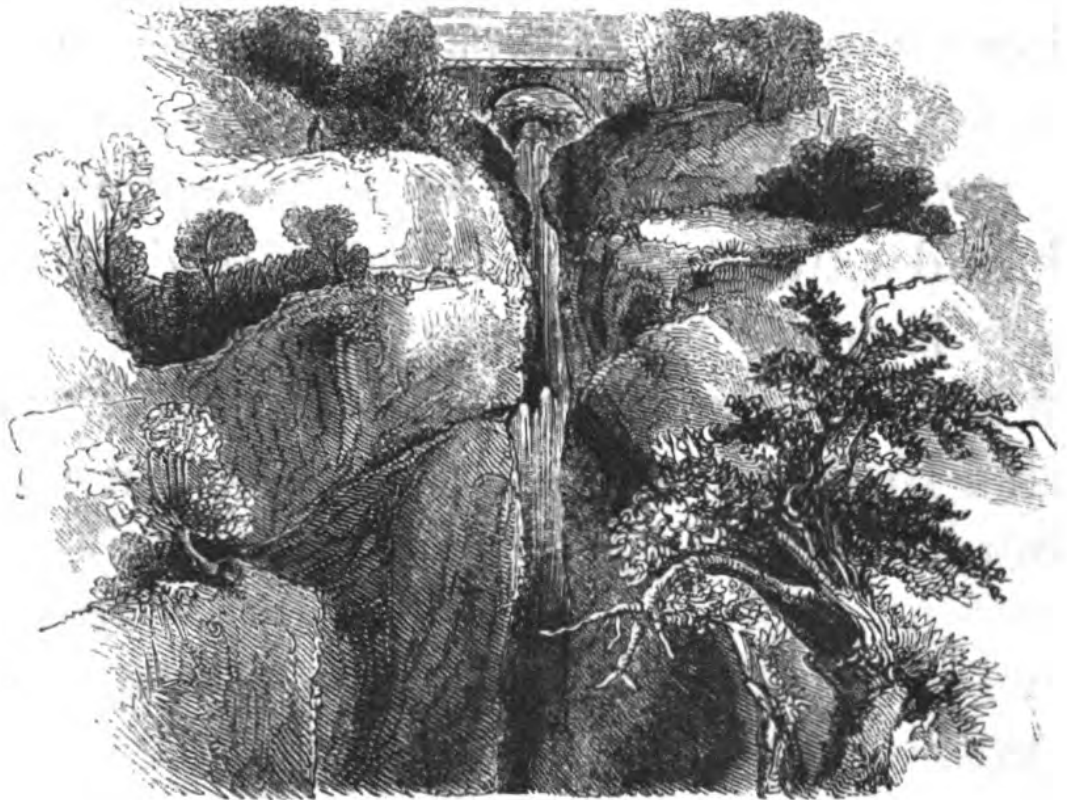
works of creation made me think of God's greatness. Never did I long more in my life for a testament. To have read a chapter would have done my heart good. As I stood in a kind of bewilderment, looking round me in this fearful place, I lifted up my heart to the Almighty maker of all things, for his fatherly care, in preserving such an emmet as I appeared 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, and there it meets with massy rocks, and through these forces its way to the edge of the grandest fall of all: this is a hundred and ten feet, so that the



DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

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 Rhydal is above three hundred and twenty feet.

There is a fine sweeping fall of the Rhydal 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 try to please you in my account of castles, and Welch harpers.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

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

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 round them, make us

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

I went to Powis 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 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.

Conway Castle, built also by Edward the First, stands on a high rock; it has eight round towers, and commands the river.

Dinas Bran Castle, and Dolbadern, and Dolwyddelan, are mere ruins, and so are Howarden, Holt, and a score others. They show, however, that the Welch were a warlike people.

We should travel a long way from Boston before we could find the remains of an old castle, 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.

They were highly honoured, and sometimes played with chains of gold round their necks, and costly cups, and presents of great value were at times given to them.

I saw many 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 were a different kind of people, but capital players on the harp.



If Edward put the Welch minstrelsto death,

as they say he did, he was but a cruel king for his pains. What a deal of blood has been shed in first getting, and then keeping, a crown !

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

The Eisteddfod was a meeting together of bards and minstrels, to show their skill 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. 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. Well, Peter Parley must tell you, if you cannot tell him.

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 so much larger than any other.

Sometimes a cromlech is formed of a number of flat stones set up endways. Others are made of large stones set up in the same manner with flat stones across them at the top.

I remember a hill on Craig-y-dinas 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 taught better; 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 sides 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 descended, 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 hallooed 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.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

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

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 pretty much of rugged mountains, of narrow valleys, and of bright blue lakes.

In ancient times, the inhabitants of these wild regions were a bold 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 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.

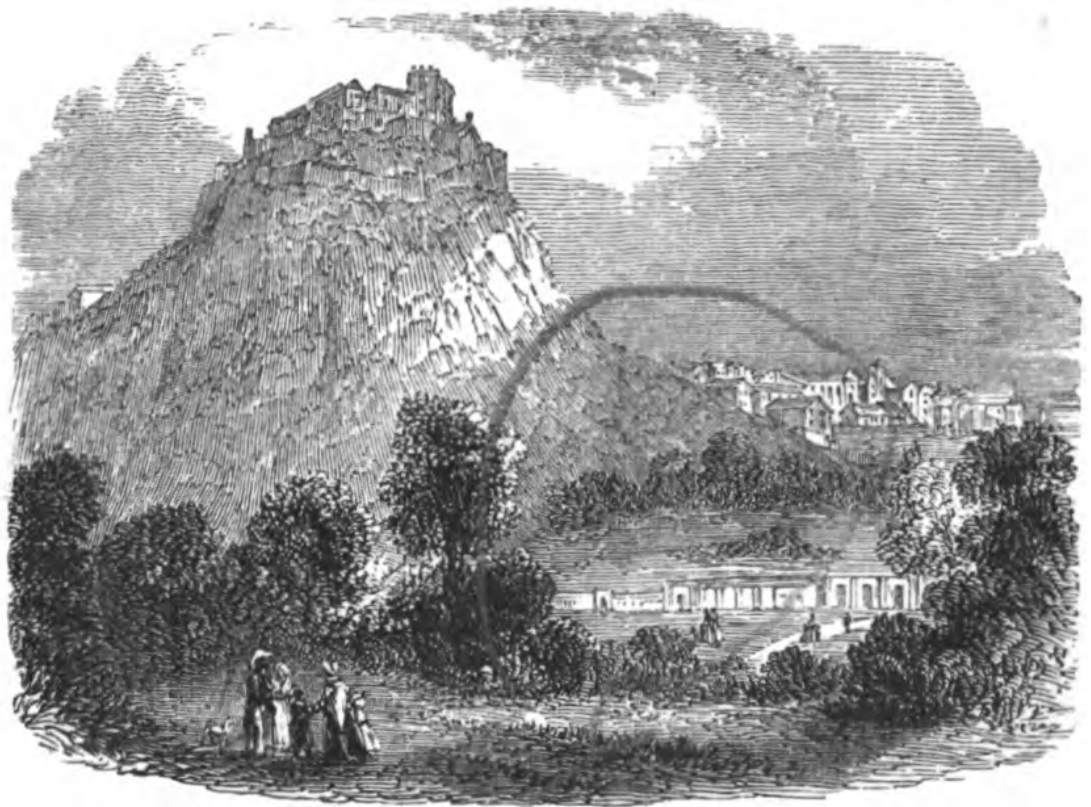
The capital of Scotland is Edinburgh. This

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 formerly 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 streets, 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.

On a craggy rock, two hundred feet high, stands the CASTLE, an ancient and strong



fortress, with a drawbridge on the only accessible side. It is garrisoned with soldiers.

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 Craigs, 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 Craigs, 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 will repay the labour of the ascent. The whole city of Edinburgh seems to be near; 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 rocks for hours without fatigue, and muse over the busy scenes 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 is shown the room where the beautiful Queen Mary sat at supper when Rizzio was dragged from her side, and murdered by Ruthven. 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 better for Rizzio had he supped on a mess of pottage in a meaner habitation.

Edinburgh has about one hundred thousand inhabitants, but it has few manufactures. The 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. 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 Edinburgh I went to Glasgow.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

PARLEY DESCRIBES GLASGOW. PAISLEY. AYR. TELLS ABOUT ROBERT BURNS. SIR WALTER SCOTT. ABBOTS-FORD. ABERDEEN. MOUNTAINS. RIVERS. IRON MINES. COAL MINES. GOLD. LEAD.



GLASGOW.

GLASGOW is a large manufacturing city, with about one hundred and forty-eight thousand

inhabitants. It is generally covered with clouds of coal smoke, rising from the factories. There are some good houses there, but most of the dwellings have a dingy appearance, so that at a little distance you might almost suppose they were painted black.

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, and has about sixty thousand inhabitants. Greenock on the Frith of Clyde, is a flourish-

ing seaport, to which American vessels often go for the purposes of trade.

Ayr, a small town in the south-western part of Scotland, is celebrated as the residence of Robert Burns. This man was brought up as a



THE POET BURNS' HOUSE.

farmer, and had no advantages of education ; yet he has written some of the most beautiful poems that were ever penned.

Many of them have been set to music, and they are often sung and always admired wherever the English language is known.

There has been another very favourite Scottish author since Robert Burns, 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 state on the banks of the river Tweed. You will like to hear about Abbotsford.

At one time of day 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 became the laird 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 visiter 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.

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, you come to the Great Gate, 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 network 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, scallops, 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 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 in, it is worth going far to see, and I only wish that my description of its gateway, its towers, its great hall, and libraries, its carved roofs and sculptured projections, were more worthy the place.

Nothing can be finer than the lawn of sweet

turf upon the bank of the clear stream, fringed with wild birch woods, with the green hills of Ettrick Forest for a back-ground.

Aberdeen 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 for bridges, pavements, &c.

Some of the mountains in Scotland are very lofty. Ben Nevis is the highest, and its top is four thousand three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. Its summit is covered with snow during the whole year.

Ben Lomond is three thousand two hundred 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 many others scattered among the ridges and cliffs, seeming like magnificent pearls sparkling among a sea of mountains.

Scotland has several beautiful rivers; the

three largest of which are the Forth, which runs by Edinburgh ; the Clyde, which runs by Glasgow ; and the Tay, which runs by Perth. The Tweed is a smaller stream, but it flows through a pleasant country, and is celebrated for the charming scenery along its banks.

There are several canals in Scotland ; one of which passes from Glasgow to Edinburgh, and opens a communication between the Friths of Forth and Clyde.

There are some iron mines in Scotland, the most celebrated of which are at Carron. Here there are twenty furnaces employed in smelting the ore, and these consume two hundred tons of coal every week. About two thousand men are employed at the works. At this place is a celebrated foundry for the making of cannon. Several hundred are cast every year.

The village of Carron has sprung up within a few years. Before the discovery of the mine, the spot now covered with buildings was a desolate heath.

There was formerly a coal mine at Borrow-

stoness, on the margin of the sea. Great quantities of coal were taken from it, and deep excavations were made in the rocks, 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 to the mine, and pouring down the cavity, suddenly drowned all the workmen within.

At Dysart, twelve or fifteen miles north of Edinburgh, there are several coal mines, and there are beds of coal which have 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, 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, from which a great deal of lead is procured.

CHAPTER XL.

PARLEY DESCRIBES THE HEBRIDES. KELP. SEA-FOWL.
PEOPLE. BIRD CATCHERS. ST. KILDA. VIEW FROM
THE PEAK.

THE Hebrides are islands lying on the western shore of Scotland. These are almost entirely destitute of trees, and nothing can exceed their dreary and desolate aspect. Their shores 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 these 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 seaweed to save themselves from starving.

Under such circumstances, the people are induced to use every art to catch the wild birds, and to get their 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 rocks, 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 is St Kilda, the most western piece of land belonging to the British islands. 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 seventy miles in every direction.

To the east he may see some of the Hebrides, but to the north, the west, and the south, nothing is visible but the wide ocean, with here and there some whale 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.

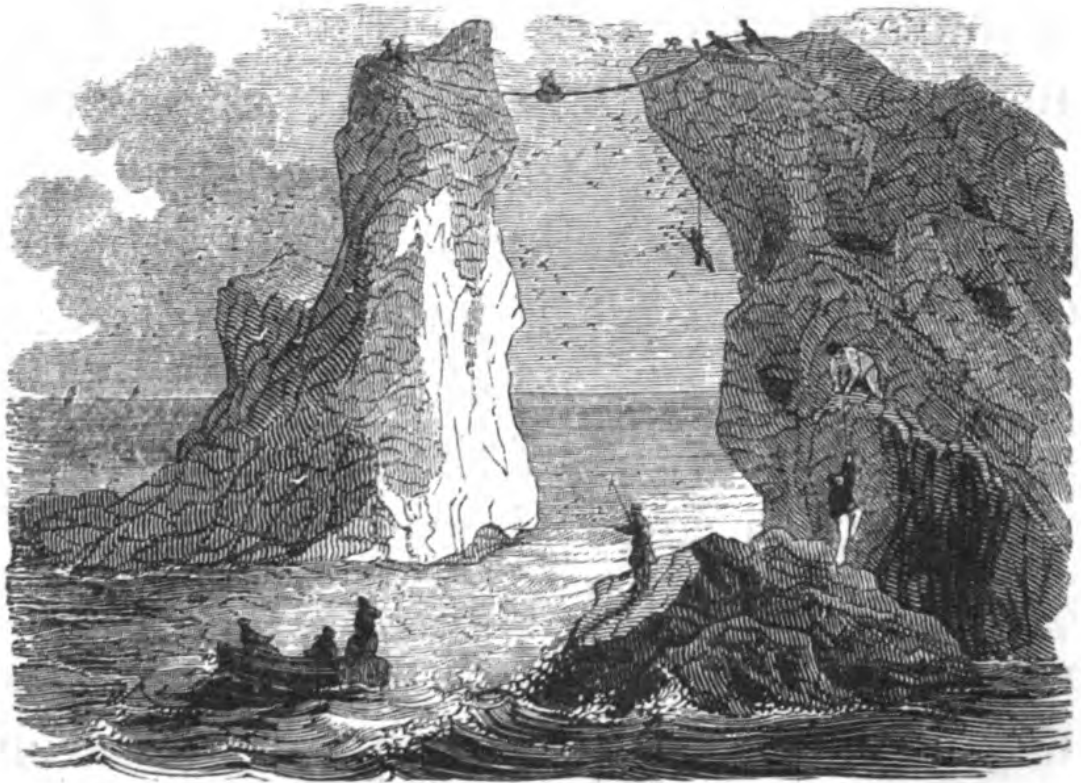
Thousands of birds are hovering along the rocks, and skimming over the sea, and those whose wings are six feet in extent seem diminished to the size of swallows. The harsh scream of the seagull is scarcely heard, and the thousand voices of the ducks and geese come upon the ear only at intervals between 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 St. 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 Orkneys, or the Shetland Isles, is a fearful pursuit. Whenever I think of these people, swinging from the high rocks catching birds, to



BIRD-CATCHING IN THE SHETLAND ISLES.

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 others' 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 long 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 a 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 above two hundred feet long, varying in breadth from fifty 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 a strange rough tongue, called 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. These are about twenty 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, Strousay, Eday and Westray. These contain about twenty 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, and a part of Labrador. The regions of North America are very desolate, and a great part of the year 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 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, with 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 twenty thousand 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 meet the eye of the traveller so frequently. 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. 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, 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 had a particular contrivance in their fishing sport, so that the salmon, in trying to escape, guided 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 runs a little stream, as wild and turbulent as ever you saw one: 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 rock. 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 dark enough of all conscience, and the pool is called The Devil's Caldron.

The falls of Foyers 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 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 Slochmuichk, which means the Boar's Den, was once the favourite haunt of banditti. Here 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. 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 Alan Mac Raonuil, went to revenge the death of Angus.

Alan led his men into the parish of Urray, in Ross-shire, on a 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, all 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 now tell you about the cavern of robbers, and another adventure or two.



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, 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: I 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 morrow. 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, the latter part of his life. I visited his grave in the Kirkton 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 someday 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.

IRELAND is often called "the Emerald Isle," and is inhabited by a warm-hearted people. I felt kindly 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 more than two hundred broad. It contains about thirty thousand square miles, and has a population of nearly eight millions.

Dublin is the capital, and it certainly must be reckoned, in many respects, the second city in her majesty's dominions. 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-clath, or, "The town on the fishing harbour."



DUBLIN.

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 gazed on: such a gentle rising to the north and west, and such a bold towering up of the lofty mountains on the south.

The inhabitants of Dublin cannot be short of two hundred thousand, 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 College-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 in all your lives.

There are five very handsome squares, and I am told that one of them, Stephen's Green, is a mile round it. 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 also noble edifices. The Castle, the Exchange, the Custom House, the Bank of Ireland, and the Four Courts, are worth looking at; and the cathedrals, churches, schools, hospitals, and other benevolent institutions, cannot be looked on 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 pa-

nelled 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 railroad, 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 this could not be. I was

obliged to hurry on, yet I did not quit the place without leaving behind me my best wishes for its lasting prosperity.

Cork is the second city in importance. It has a population of one hundred and seven thousand, and a considerable trade in supplying the vessels which frequent its harbour with provisions. Belfast 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. I will now tell you of the peat bogs.

CHAPTER XLV.

PEAT BOGS. SHAKING BOGS. GIANT'S CAUSEY, OR CAUSEWAY.
GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND. UNION. CONCLUSION.

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. I saw many a stout-hearted Irishman at work in the peat bogs.

On the northern coast of Ireland is a very great natural curiosity, known by the name of

the Giant's Causey. It is a vast collection of basaltic pillars, similar to those found in the Isle of Staffa. The principal, or grand, causey 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 join. Besides the principal causey, there are several other masses of the same kind, and in the neighbourhood are too remarkable caverns. They are of great height and depth, and, the bottom being covered with water, boats may enter them from the sea.

You must know how Ireland is governed by England.

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 returned about one hundred 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 Liffey river, and the 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, to overtake and overcome their prey ; 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 but 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 we can take up a tinder-box, and by striking a piece of flint against a piece of steel, get fire directly ; or we can dip a match in a phosphorus-bottle, and do the same thing. 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 enables 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 end of letting us know 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 weights, and regulated by a pendulum; but the wheels of a watch are moved by a spring curled up in a box: this spring, in uncurling 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 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 might be known without stirring an inch.

I cannot tell you, for certain, when, or by whom, clocks were first made, but they were introduced into England between four and five hundred years ago. There are two famous clocks in the cathedrals of Strasburgh and Lyons, 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 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 has been built where the old one stood.

There are two other things used in houses, though not so commonly as clocks, that I must speak about ; the one is a barometer, and the other a 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 putting a tube deprived of air, and stopped up at the top, into a basin of quicksilver. When the air is dry and springy it presses on the quicksilver, and forces it up the tube ; but when otherwise, it has not the power to do so.

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 lighter is the air pressing on the quicksilver.

The thermometer tells you the degree of heat or cold, wherever it is placed. I will explain this. Quicksilver and spirits spread out, when heated, taking up more room than when they are cold. Well, a ball filled with spirits or quicksilver has a very small tube fixed to it, so small, that in some thermometers it looks like a thread. When the air is cold, the quicksilver keeps in the ball, but when it is hot it mounts up the narrow tube. There, now you understand all about the barometer and the thermometer: that is what the ancient Britons never did.

If you remember the whole 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 it will be for you to be simple and virtuous than wise and wicked. The longer I live, the more convinced I am 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 could make him.

I have not yet finished all that I have to say about useful inventions: now for a few more of them.

CHAPTER XLVII.

PARLEY DESCRIBES THE MICROSCOPE, TELESCOPE, STEAM ENGINE, STEAM CARRIAGE, STEAM BOAT, BALLOON, AERIAL SHIP, AND MARINER'S COMPASS.

ONE word about 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 means of glasses of different forms, makes very small objects appear much larger and more distinct than when seen with the naked eye.

The telescope enables us to see distinctly objects that are at a great distance from us. Large telescopes are used to examine the heavenly bodies, and small ones to see distant ships, mountains, and other objects.

I have seen a microscope which made the

shadow of small insects full ten feet long ; and I have looked through a telescope at the moon, till I almost fancied that I could see houses, and living creatures moving.



STEAM CARRIAGE.



Now for the steam engine. I want you to understand the principle of it ; the particular parts belonging to it you may examine when you have the opportunity.

The first inventor of the steam engine 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.

In a steam engine, the steam of boiling water is thrown into a cylinder which has a moveable lid, or stopper. This lid rises when forced up by the steam, and falls when a little cold water drops in to condense the steam.

One Mr. Watt greatly improved the steam engine by fixing the lid at the top, and introducing a rod to work up and down through a hole in it. He admitted steam above and below the piston-rod; thus forcing it down as well as up, with the steam. The piston-rod being fastened to the end of a strong beam, moves the beam up and down: 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 steam engine is an amazing power, and maybe employed to a thousand useful purposes. You may remember what I said about the steam

carriages that run between Manchester and Liverpool. England will have them running in all directions in a few years, no doubt.

Useful as steam may be on the land, 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, 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, or 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. I have heard of a man who has made near 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.

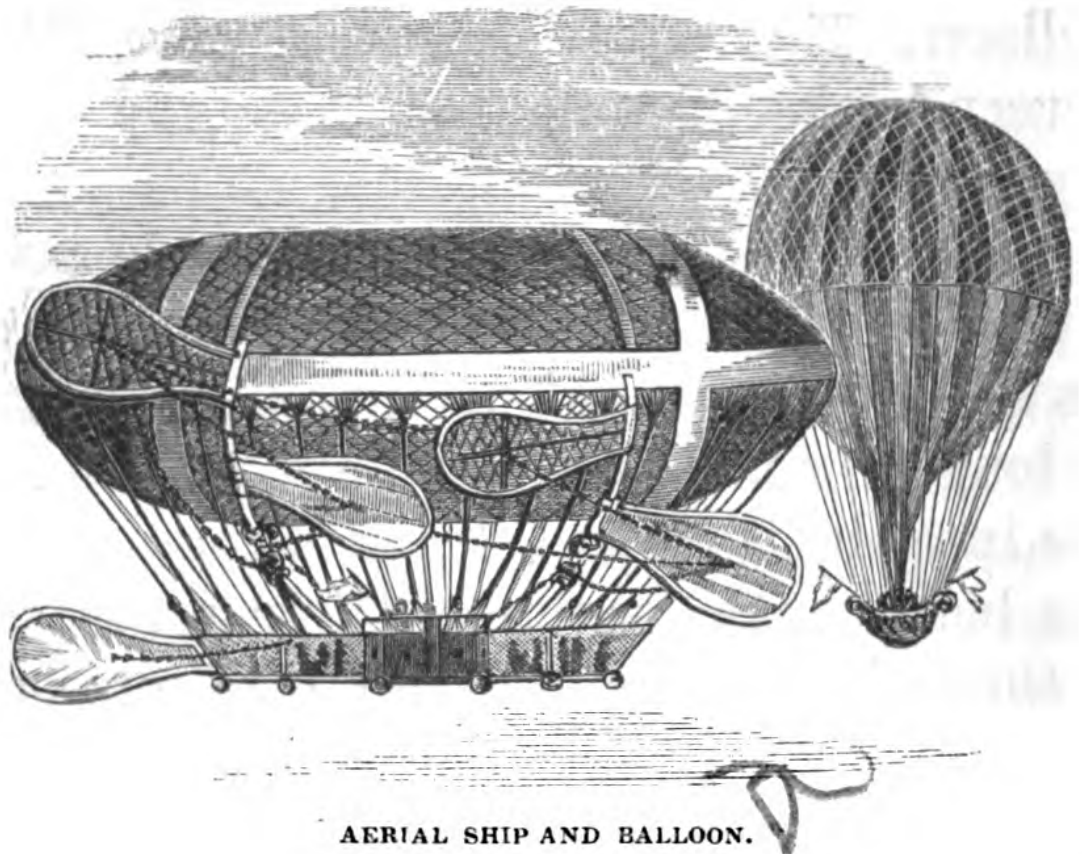
It has been proposed that a man should be fastened to a balloon with broadgirths, instead of getting into a car, so that he would lie along in the air, hanging from the balloon.

You will want to know what object is to be gained by this plan. I will tell you. The man, by lying in this position, would be able to make use of paddles, or artificial wings, so that he might guide the balloon any way he pleased.

This plan has not yet been tried, so if any of you would like to go up, you will be the first. It would not suit me ; what would the world say to Peter Parley flying about, hanging from a balloon ? They would have a picture of him in every bookseller's shop window, and every body would laugh at him.

Since my return to America I have heard of an aerial ship, that has been shown in England. This ship, no less than one hundred and sixty feet long, fifty feet high, and forty wide, is said to be intended to establish direct communications between the capitals of Europe, by sailing through the air. Its crew is to consist of seventeen men, besides which, it is to carry many passengers. The balloon part of the ship, to be filled with gas, is very large, and to the body of the car part, below, there are attached large flappers, or wings, which have a very curious appearance. In a common balloon, ballast is thrown out, if the balloon is wanted to go higher, and gas let out, when it is required to descend ; but the contrivance in the

aerial ship is quite different. There is a method planned, to render the car part of the ship heavier and lighter, by expelling and drawing



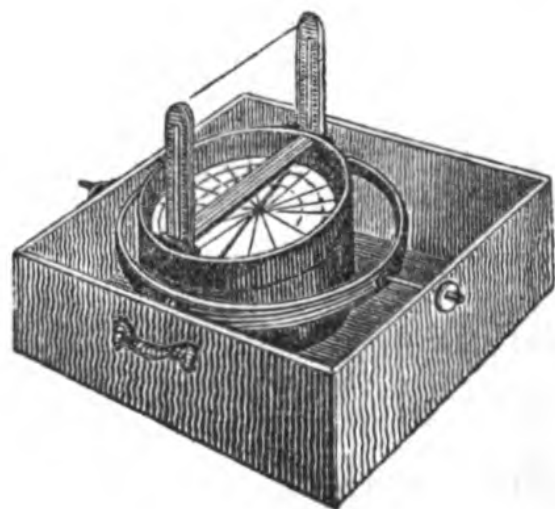
in the air just in the same way as a fish does when it wants to sink or swim in the water. I have not yet heard of this aerial ship having made a voyage across the British Channel : when I hear of it, I will tell you all about it. But however wonderful the aerial ship might

be, the aerial machine afterwards introduced was intended to be more so. It was to be propelled by a steam engine, and fitted up to carry many passengers as far as India; when in motion it would have resembled a bird, having a large tail and spread wings. The method proposed to get it into the air was singular. It was to run from a height rapidly down an inclined plane, in order to spread out its wings, after which its onward motion, it was thought, would keep it in the air. At first people laughed at it—but afterwards they believed it would succeed, but like the aerial ship it all came to nothing.

The loadstone 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 certain ore of iron was suspended on a point, and left to itself, it would always turn to the north; so that when a sailor had one of these magnets, or loadstones, with him at sea, he could direct his course as he pleased.

When this magnet, or loadstone, or needle, for it is called by all the three names, was placed in a frame with a glass over it, surrounded with the thirty two points of 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.



I have now but a few things more to speak of, and then I will give you the history of England in as pleasant a way as I can.



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, when a fire takes place, that such people that cannot

otherwise get out of their burning houses, may leap from the window into the fire escape.

You may think that no one would dare to leap from a window, but you are mistaken. I have seen this done when there has been no fire escape to catch them, and they have been dreadfully bruised.

Another fire escape consists of a long pole, 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 against the house, and the wicker basket is pulled up to one of the windows, by the folks in the street. The people of the house get into the basket, and are let down safely, thereby escaping the flames. That is a good method, is it not?

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. Now can you think of a better plan than that?

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 poured as fast as it can be had. Several men then get 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 it, and this, one of the firemen guides with his hands, pointing it in the direction where the fire is doing the most mischief. The water is forced out of the pipe in so strong a stream that it mounts up to the top of the highest houses.

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 there. He once stopped sixteen days at a fire, and never quitted it so long as a fireman remained there. I cannot tell whether this dog is now alive, but if he be, I am sure that you would like to pat old Tyke on the head.

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.

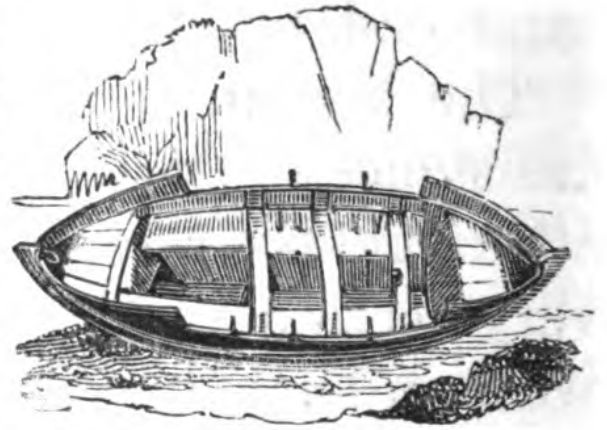
One life-preserver is a cork-jacket, which answers the purpose very well; another is

formed of a cylinder, or ball, of thin copper, this 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 yourselves. The cork only wants a few pieces of string, to tie it under the arms. Now I have taught you how to make a life-preserver.

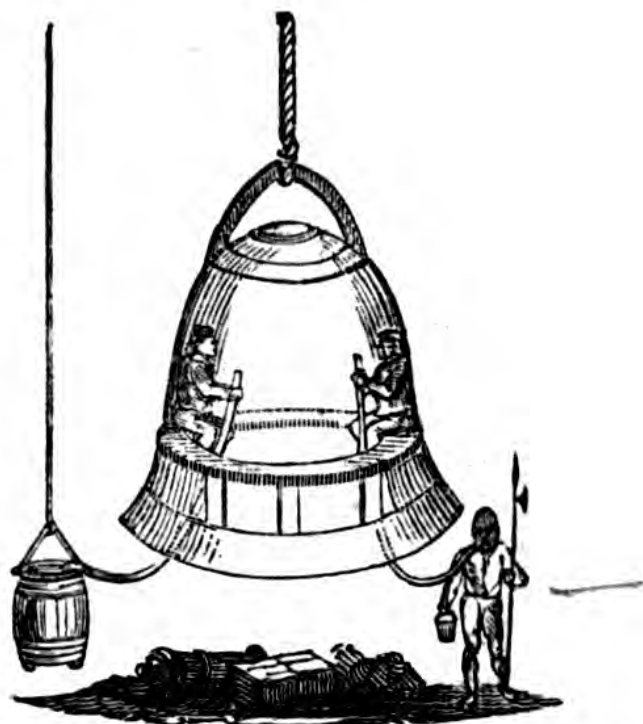
A LIFE BOAT is another capital contrivance. Life boats are made of twenty different kinds. The first I believe was formed principally of cork. If a hole was bored through the bottom, it would still swim. Thousands of lives have been saved by life boats.



It is a fine sight, when a vessel is almost a wreck, and beating about with the crew in danger of their lives; it is a fine sight 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 made of spars and some of empty casks. These are put together by the sailors, and often enable them to get to land.

The DIVING BELL is a very useful machine, for it enables men to do many things under water which could not be done 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 glass does, when put into water the top way downwards. A forcing pipe sends down fresh air to the men inside, and enables them to stop under water as long as they like.

By means of the diving bell, the ground can be examined at any particular place under water, and rocks blown up, if necessary, to make a better foundation to build upon, whether it be a bridge or a lighthouse.

You will say, how can they blow up

rocks with gunpowder 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.

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, 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.

In an air pump a glass receiver is so placed that the air can be pumped out of it by the action of pistons used for that purpose.

Odd things are found out by means of the air pump, for when the air is drawn away from the receiver, a downy feather will fall down 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, no, it will fall to the bottom.

You know that it was Dr. Franklin that 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. What a many things I have spoken about! Come I will now 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 Englishwomen. 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 happen in two thousand years !

Ancient Britain was peopled by savage tribes who came over from France, or, as it was then called, Gaul. The first, of whom we have any account, were a nation called the

Cambrians, or Cimbri, who are supposed to have landed in Britain some centuries before the birth of our Lord.

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 Loegrians.

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, very little being cultivated. The roads were few and bad. 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 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 learned persons in the nation, 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 Julius Cæsar says it took their pupils, 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, at last, retired. Every one likes to stand up for his own country ; Peter Parley would do so to-morrow.

About ninety 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 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 with a powerful army. She attacked the Roman settlement, at St. Albans, and put to death seventy thousand soldiers, but the Britons were defeated in a great battle, with the loss of eight 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 anything that the Britons had ever seen before. Bath was one of the principal Roman cities, and remains of their works are still sometimes found there. I have spoken about Bath before.

The inhabitants of North Britain or Scotland were divided into two 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: the remains of these walls are scarcely now to be seen, and no wonder, it is so long since they were built.

After a length of about four hundred years, the Romans left the island, to defend their possessions nearer home. These Romans were famous fighters; never easy without battling with somebody or other. Upon their departure, the Britons agreed to elect a supreme chief, or king, who should have authority over the whole island. This occasioned many disputes and battles; each of the two great tribes of Britain pretending that they alone ought to have this honour: the Cambrians, because they were the most ancient inhabitants; and the Loegrians,

because the chief city Londin, 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 broke down the great Roman walls, and the Britons were unable to resist them.

About this time 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, made war upon the Loegrians, 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 in battle about the year 546. 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 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. The Saxons were idolaters, and worshipped several gods.

They knew no better, but their descendants are a very different kind 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. Ay! that is right. 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, when in the year 800, Egbert, king of Wessex, succeeded in conquering all the other kings, although he did not take the title of king of England.

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 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 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 king Alfred dressed himself like a minstrel, and, in this disguise, he 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 a 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 through 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: 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 towards Edward, surnamed the Martyr. Edward was made king, principally by the influence of the monks, but he had but a short reign of it. 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.

But 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 Hardykanute, reigned one after the other in England. On the death of Hardykanute, 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.

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 we now speak 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. IMPRISONMENT
AND DEATH OF ROBERT. DEATH OF HENRY. KING STE-
PHEN. HENRY II. CONQUEST OF IRELAND. RICHARD I.
CRUSADE. IMPRISONMENT AND LIBERATION 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, I dare say. 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 pre-

sent time. I can therefore only mention their names, and some of the most remarkable events which have taken place in that time.

William the Conqueror was succeeded by his son William the Second, surnamed Rufus. He was killed by an arrow in the year 1100, while hunting in the New Forest. His father had planted this forest after destroying the houses of thirty-six parishes for the purpose. This was a selfish, a cruel, and a wicked act.

On the death of William Rufus, the throne was seized by Henry the Third, 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 Mohammed: 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 Geoffry 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. These had all long before sworn to obey Matilda as their queen, after her father's death; but now they disregarded their 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. 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 Norman 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 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 found him out; and on the

English paying a great sum of money, he was permitted to return home. What a many things money will do!

During Richard's absence, his younger brother, John, 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 your 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. Yes! yes! I will be bound for it Richard was a fine-looking fellow.

Richard was killed in battle in the year 1199, after a reign of ten years, not one whole one of which was 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, every body 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 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 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 that country; the pope compelled him to resign his crown to 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 so 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 Runnemede; 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 disseised (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 if he could have helped it, because it laid down the principle that the subject had his rights as well as the sovereign, 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 was 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 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 an 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 CRECY AND POICTIERS. BLACK PRINCE.
ARMIES IN EDWARD THE THIRD'S TIME. HIS DEATH.
RICHARD II. HE IS DEPOSED. HENRY IV. OWEN GLEN-
DOWER. 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. Henry 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 the last king of

their race slain. 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; 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!

Edward's son and successor, Edward the Second, was a weak-minded prince. He was defeated in his wars against the Scotch, and was obliged to acknowledge their leader, Robert Bruce, as king of Scotland. This, you may be sure, was a trouble to him. Edward the Second was at length deposed, and murdered in prison, in the year 1327.

The reign of the next king, Edward the Third, 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 Crecy and Poitiers were fought, and won by the English.

In the first of these, 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 second battle was fought several years afterwards, entirely under his direction, and 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. Ay! you think well of the Black Prince.

Cannon were used by the English for the first time at the battle of Crecy; but the success, both there and at Poictiers, 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.

Edward the Third died in the year 1377, and would have been succeeded by the Black Prince, had he not died before his father. Richard the Second, 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 content-

ment in the heart than a crown upon the head.

The reign of Richard the Second is remarkable for an insurrection among the lower classes, headed by two men, named Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. This revolt 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.

I must tell you the character of Richard the Second. He was, at once, weak and tyrannical, and his subjects were so discontented, that at length he was deposed ; and Henry, duke of Lancaster, son of John of Gaunt, enthroned in his place.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth 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.

This reign was also disturbed by a revolt among the Welch, led by a brave descendant of the ancient British kings, named Owen Glendower. The Welch were conquered by the king's eldest son, afterwards Henry the Fifth ; but Glendower continued his hostility ; his end is unknown.

Henry the Fourth 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.

In this he 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. I wish that I had paid more attention to holy things through the course of my life, for then I should

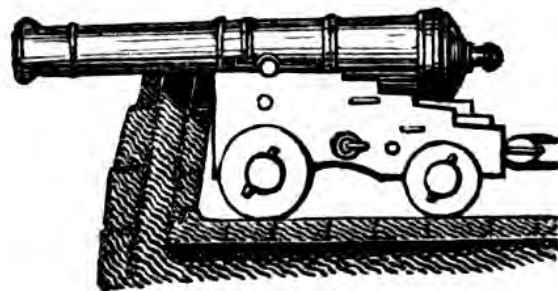
have gained a better knowledge of my bible, and received more comfort from it; but if I have learned anything from it, it is to exercise charity to all mankind. Bitterness of spirit is not allowed by the gospel, and he who indulges it condemns himself. As we all have need of mercy, so ought we all to practise it one towards another.

Henry the Fourth died in the year 1413, and was succeeded by his son, Henry the Fifth.

At the time when Henry the Fifth came to the throne, France was divided between different parties contending for the regency of that country, the French king, Charles the Sixth, being in 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 Crecy 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 the Sixth still retained the title of king; but Henry was created regent, and heir to the throne. He died at Vincennes, A. D. 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 ships, 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 do 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 the Fifth was succeeded by his son,

Henry the Sixth, who was proclaimed King of England and France at the age of nine months. What do you think of a nine months' 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 1453.

Henry the Sixth 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 me. 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. 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.

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 the Third; while Henry the Fourth, who usurped the throne on the deposition of Richard the Second, and from whom Henry the Sixth 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. An odd title to give a war, was it not?

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, by order of queen Margaret; but his son Edward continued the struggle, and was at length crowned in London, in the year 1461, after a great battle fought near Towton, in Yorkshire. This battle lasted ten hours and Edward was victorious.

I would willingly pass by all the battles, but then you would not understand the history so well. Take my advice, 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 this, 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 very 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 the Sixth died in the Tower. Edward the Fourth died in the year 1487.

He was succeeded by his son, Edward the Fifth, but as the young king was not of age, his uncle Richard assumed the office of Lord Protector ; and soon afterwards Edward the Fifth, 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 refused to obey this cruel command.

Sir James Tyrrel, however, 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 bolster 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.

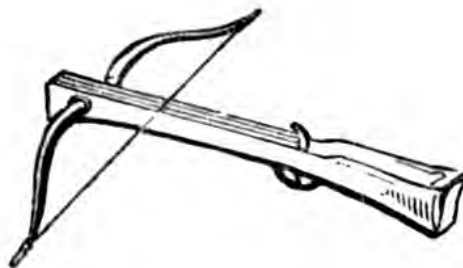
What a sight it would have been at the hour of midnight to see Sir James Tyrrel, clad in armour, with his sword, and a large key in his hands, directing the ruffians where to bury the naked bodies of the smothered princes! I should have liked to shout out in the middle of them, "Thou shalt do no murder."

Richard immediately succeeded to the throne by the title of Richard the Third. 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 22d of Aug. 1485. In this battle Richard the Third was killed, fighting bravely, and his army was defeated with great loss. The crown, which was found among the spoils, was placed on Henry's head, and he was proclaimed king upon the field of battle.



CHAPTER LV.

HENRY VII. HIS MARRIAGE. SYMNEL. 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 from me favours.

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 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 the reign of Henry the Seventh two pretenders to the English crown appeared. The first of these was a young man of the name of Symnel, who pretended to be Edward Plantagenet, and nephew of Edward the Fourth; but on the real Edward, who was a prisoner in the Tower, being brought out to the people, they were undeceived, and Symnel'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 the Fifth, 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. 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.

Henry the Seventh died in the year 1509, and was buried at Westminster, in the chapel which bears his name. He was succeeded by his son, Henry the Eighth.

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.

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 the Eighth, 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 revenues.

Jane Seymour died in giving birth to Edward the Sixth, 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.

Catherine Parr was considered to be a woman of discretion and virtue, and she contrived to manage the king's odd and passionate tempers better than former queens had done.

I never liked the bold and bluff figure of Henry the Eighth, 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.



Henry the Eighth 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 the Sixth was crowned at the age of rather more than nine years; and the duke of Somerset, a zealous protestant, was appointed protector.

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 established on much the same footing as it now is.

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. 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, 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 in the year 1553, at the age of sixteen.

He was an amiable prince, and forward in his studies; he understood Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and Spanish, and had also studied logic, physic, and music. Do you think that you shall ever know as much as he knew?



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 I. GUNPOWDER PLOT. DEATH OF JAMES I. CHARLES I. 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. It was in one of my first voyages. I was up at the main top in a squall, and a little frolicksome, 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; 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 the Fifth. 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. 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 forehead of the protestant or the papist who indulges 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; and the protestant bishops were displaced, and many of them burnt: among these were Cranmer, Ridley, Hooper, and Latimer; and numbers of protestants shared the same fate, without regard for 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.

Queen Mary died in the year 1558. Let us hope that she has 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 !

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.

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 reluct-

ance, by Elizabeth, she was executed at Fotheringay castle, A. D. 1587. It makes my heart ache, to think of the hard-heartedness of crowned heads.

In the year 1588, Philip, king of Spain, the same who had married Queen Mary, 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, besides smaller vessels, carrying nineteen thousand soldiers, eight thousand 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 above 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 eighty thousand men, were disposed in different parts of the south of England.

The army for the defence of London, consisting of about thirty thousand men, was encamped at Tilbury, 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 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.

Elizabeth died in 1603. She was succeeded

by James, 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 the First is chiefly memorable for the Gunpowder plot, but I have already described this to you.

James the First died in the year 1625. He was succeeded by his son Charles the First. 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, which was beyond his prerogative; and by attempting to enforce the use of the English liturgy in Scotland, which produced the famous league of the Scottish covenanters, by which they bound themselves to resist all interference in their religious services.

Charles attempted to put down the covenanters with the sword, but ineffectually. This was an unwise and wicked course. Religion is neither to be spread nor restrained by the sword.

At length, however, after an interval of eleven years, the king was obliged to summon a parliament, in order to obtain money.

Once met, the parliament determined to secure themselves against another such sudden dissolution as had before happened, they compelled Charles to declare them perpetual. They proceeded to redress many grievances, indicted and condemned to death some of the king's most favourite servants; 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.

The struggle continued for some time, with alternate success; but the battles of Marston Moor and Naseby 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 9th 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 will be bound for it the boy clung closely round his 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 as long as thy brothers are alive. They



will cut off their 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, a lace-frill round his neck, full sleeves, boots half way up his legs, with a sword by his side, and large rosettes at the knee and instep.

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 of the earth, have not humbled them more, and

kept them from anxiously desiring 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? The sum total of it all is a little like what is said in the bible of the wisest king that ever sat on a throne—that he died, and that 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 abolished the House of Lords, and appointed a council of state to superintend the parliamentary business.

Scotland and Ireland still acknowledged Charles the Second, 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.

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.

To keep up the appearance of a parliament, he appointed one hundred and thirty-nine persons 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 ; and during that period, he caused England to be feared and respected by the neighbouring kingdoms.

On his death, his son Richard was pro-

claimed 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. They, however, dissolved themselves, and issued writs for a new parliament, which accordingly met, and decided on inviting their king to return.

Charles the Second consequently landed at Dover, and entered London on the 29th of May, 1660, to the great joy of the people.

Among the events most worthy of notice in the reign of Charles the Second were a 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?

Charles the Second, 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 the Second died in the year 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James.

King James, the brother and successor of Charles the Second, 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 the First, and had married Mary, daughter of James the Second. Many of James's favourite nobles and officers, with a large part of the army, joined William's standard.

James fled into France, and the parliament soon afterwards offered the crown to the Prince and Princess of Orange, who were proclaimed by the titles of King William the Third and Queen Mary, A. D. 1689.

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 which King William was victorious.

King James set sail for France, and although he renewed his attempts with a French army,

he was unsuccessful. Had James gained the throne, it 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 the Second, but, happily, they

were all discovered in time to prevent their proving effectual.

William the Third 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, like me, 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 ship-building, 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 dock-yard.

CHAPTER LVIII.

QUEEN ANNE. BATTLE OF BLENHEIM. CONQUEST OF GIB-
RALTAR. SCOTTISH UNION. DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE.
GEORGE I. THE PRETENDER. GEORGE II. THE YOUNG
PRETENDER. SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

WHAT a many kings and queens I have 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 me.

William the Third was succeeded by his sister-in-law Anne, second daughter of James the Second.

A great part of Queen Anne's reign was occupied with foreign wars, in which the English troops, under the duke of Marlborough and earl Peterborough, achieved several victories. The most celebrated of these was that of Blenheim, obtained by the duke of Marlborough, for which the queen presented him with Wood-

stock Park; and had a splendid mansion, called Blenheim House, built there for him.

In this reign also, Gibraltar was taken by the English, and has remained in their possession ever since.

I am now drawing nearer our own times. You see that I have got to the reign of Queen Anne, and there are not many more monarchs to come.

Scotland, although it had been governed by the English monarchs from the reign of James the First, 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 English parliament, by sixteen peers, and forty-five commoners.

Queen Anne died in the year 1714. On her death, George the First, 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 the First, and being a protestant, suc-

ceeded to the throne in preference to some nearer heirs, who were passed over, on account of being Roman catholics.

Among the claimants thus set aside, was the Chevalier St. George, a grandson of James the First, generally known as the Pretender. He had friends in England and Scotland, who excited rebellions in order to seat 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 afterward executed. The pretender himself escaped to the continent.

George the First died in the year 1727, and was succeeded by his son George the Second.

During this reign Charles Edward, son of the pretender, repeated the attempt which his father had made in the preceding reign. He landed in Scotland with only seven followers, and proclaimed his father king. 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 the Second'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 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 by on account 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 round 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.

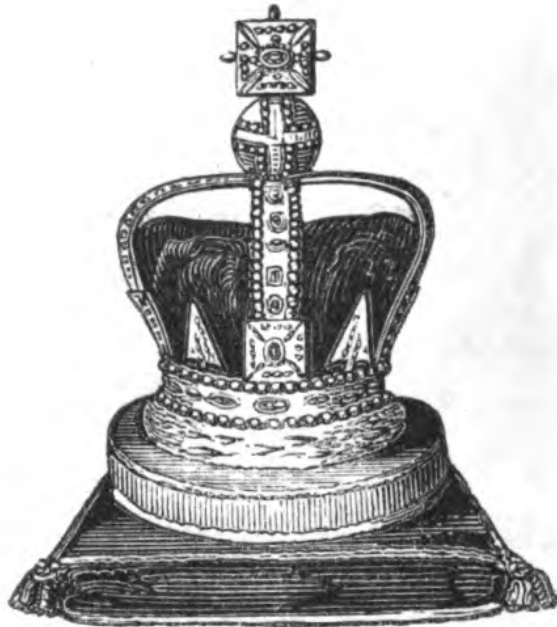
George the Second died in the year 1760: he was succeeded by his grandson George the Third.



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. Ay, that will amuse you, and then we can finish the history after.

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. You shall have the best account of the carriage that I can give you.



CHAPTER LIX.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT THE KING OF ENGLAND'S STATE
COACH.



I DARE say that you would like to have seen KING WILLIAM and QUEEN ADELAIDE, for you do not see a king or a queen every day.

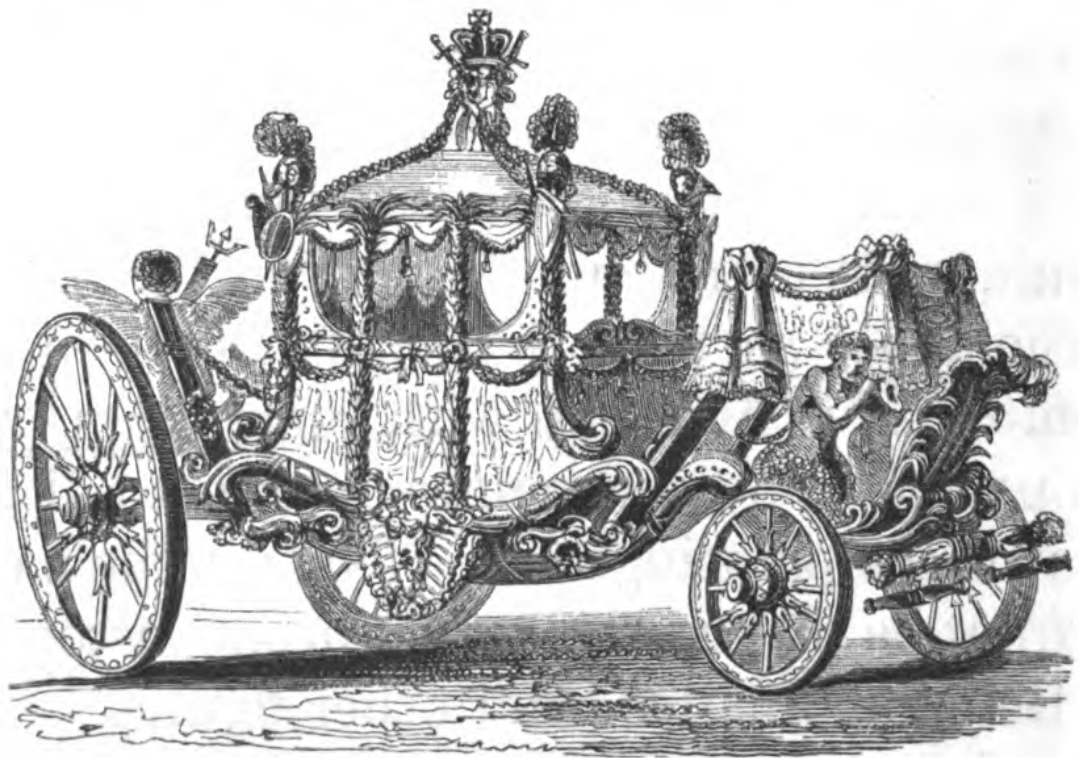
If you were to go from one end of America to the other, you would find nothing in the

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 has 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 king's state coach 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 king 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 me. I see you are laughing, and well you may; a pretty king the English would have, 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 one 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 panels 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 of Mars, Minerva, and Mercury, supporting the crown; and lastly one of 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 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 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 I shall ever order a coach, but some of you may, therefore I will

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, 1673*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*

Next comes Wilton, the carver. You may depend upon it the very best workmen were employed. Wilton charged 2504*l.* 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*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* The lace-man had 737*l.* 10*s.* 7*d.*, and Coit, the chaser, charged 665*l.* The harness-maker's bill was 385*l.* 15*s.*

Cipriani was the painter, and the sum given him was 300 guineas. There are a few odd items yet, such as the mercer, 202*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.*; the saddler, 107*l.* 13*s.*; the bit-maker, 99*l.* 6*s.*; the milliner, 30*l.* 4*s.*; the woollen-draper, 4*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; and the cover-maker, 3*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* If you add all these sums together, you will find them amount to 7661*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.* 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 the Third, 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 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,



SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

supposed to be fire-proof: the expedition was thus entirely defeated.

O! I must not omit to tell you of the death of the Earl of Chatham. 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 pre-

vailed 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. It was on the 2d 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 Sydney 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 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 the Third was deprived of the use of his reason; and to supply his place, his eldest son, afterwards George the Fourth, was appointed Regent, 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, 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 well-known hospitality of our nation, surrendered himself to the captain of the *Bellerophon*.

He was not, however, allowed to land in Eng-

land, 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!

George the Third died in the year 1820, and the Prince Regent, 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 the Fourth 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!

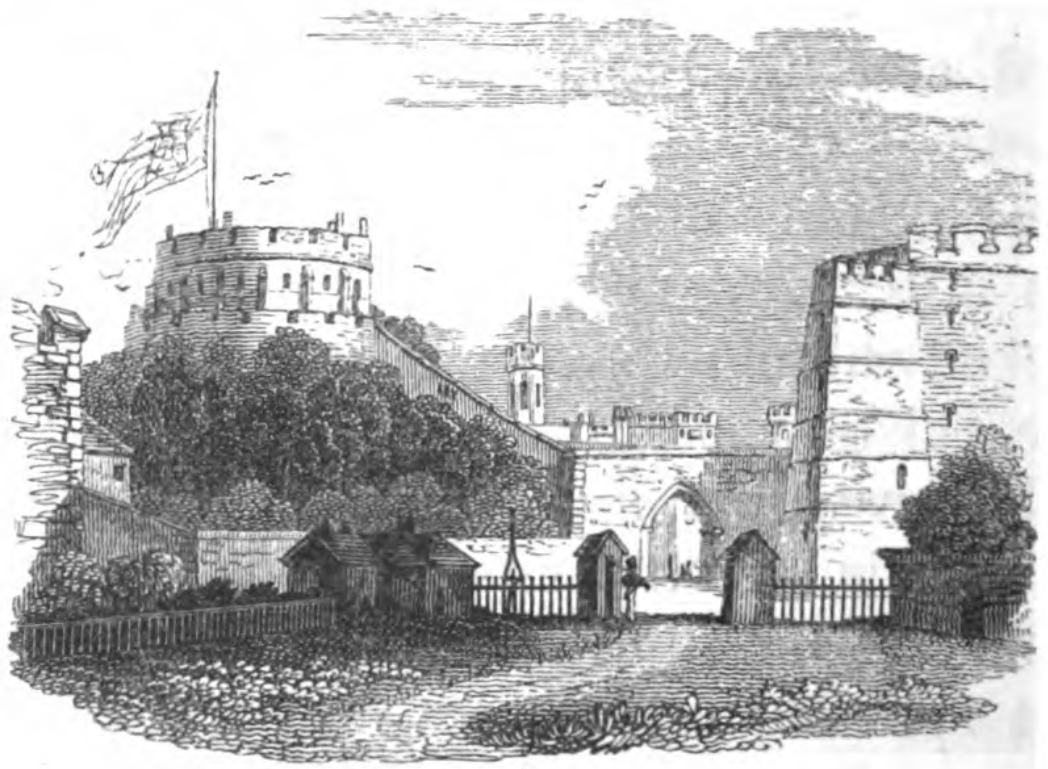
There was a cabinet dinner to be held at Lord Harrowby's, in Grosvenor Square, and then the conspirators intended to put their plot in execution. They met together in Cato Street, in a loft over a stable, and carried there, by night, sacks, and parcels of different kinds, fire-arms, swords, pikes, and hand-gre-

nades. 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 the Fourth, 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. George the Fourth visited Hanover and Scotland, and died, June 26, 1830; King William, his successor, was crowned the 8th of September, 1831, and died June 20, 1837; and the present sovereign, Queen Victoria, was crowned the 28th of June, 1838. I wish you could see Windsor Castle, where she principally resides.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

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 the Nancy, that set sail from St. Katherine's Docks, London, after taking in a cargo principally of hardware goods. She was bound for New York.

Before we were many hundred leagues on our passage, there was some danger of our being obliged to return again. I will tell you why; we were very near having a mutiny among the crew. It was all owing to their superstition.

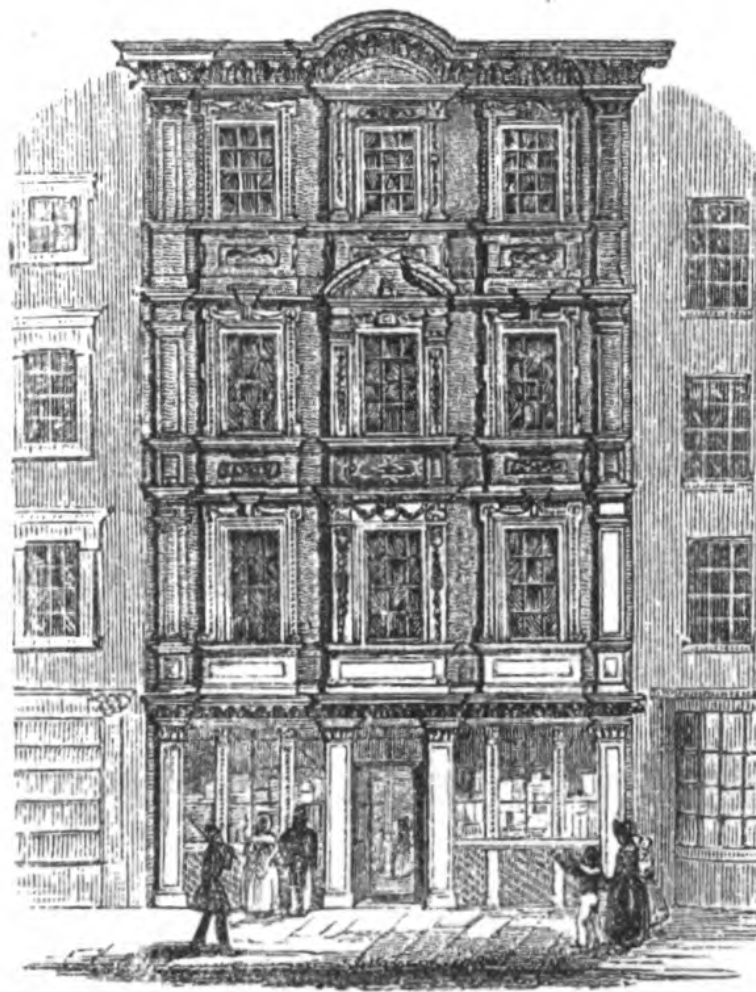
You must know that we got under weigh on a Friday, and most of the hands on board were sulky about it, thinking it was unlucky, just as though one day could be more unlucky than another; however, the sailors thought so; and there was no turning them. At one time of day I thought so too.

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 ! I will give you a humming-top a piece, for I brought some from England on purpose to give away, as well as some little books. I bought the tops at a corner shop near St. Paul's cathedral. I bought the books at Mr. TEGG's shop, in Cheapside, that used to be the OLD MANSION HOUSE: they are nicely bound, but, for all that, I hope you will like the inside better than the out.

And now let me advise you to bear with one another, and to act kindly. Peter Parley has travelled far, and noticed a great many things, and he has always found that the best kind of people 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 peaceable lives, doing good to all we can, and fearing God, and keeping his commandments.

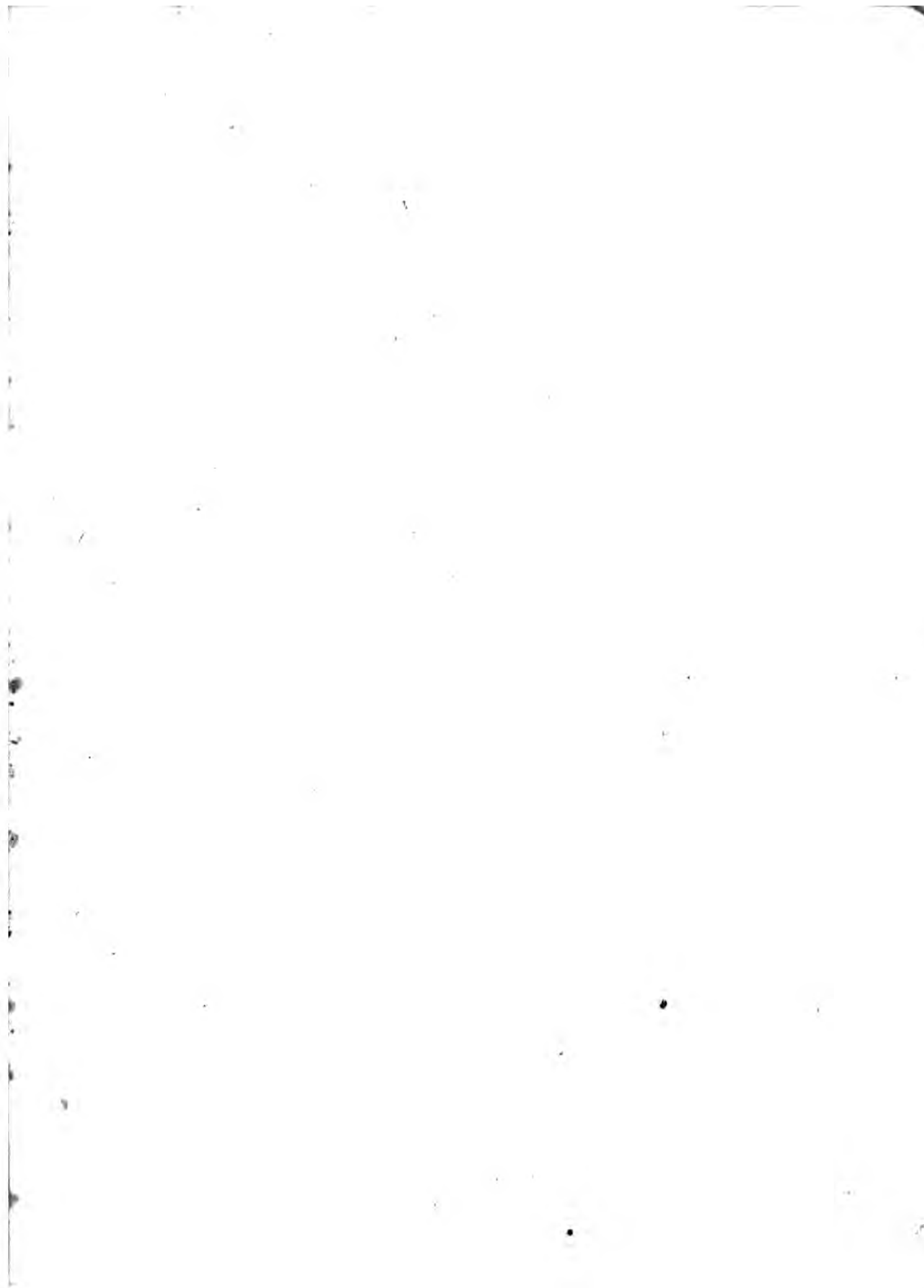


MR. TEGG'S, PUBLISHER OF PETER PARLEY'S WORKS, AT THE
OLD MANSION HOUSE, CHEAPSIDE.



LONDON :

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.







The image features a highly decorative, gold-embossed frame on a dark red, textured background. The frame is symmetrical and intricate, with a central archway. At the top, there are two winged figures (cherubs or angels) flanking a central crest. The sides of the frame are supported by classical columns, each topped with a bird (possibly a phoenix or a similar mythical creature). The base of the frame is a wide, fluted pedestal. The entire frame is adorned with floral motifs, including roses and other flowers, and hanging tassels. The text "TALES ABOUT GREAT BRITAIN" is centered within the archway.

TALES
ABOUT
GREAT BRITAIN