



Gratia A. Countryman and Family Papers.

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He was always loyal to the truth, and yet he has carried into the fine instincts of his manhood, the feelings and simplicity of childhood. He scorned to express any emotion in his poetry which was not perfectly genuine.

There is in his poetry, no wild excitement, no lawless exaggeration, nothing but the most reverential feelings, purity of thought, mixed with the eagerness and joy, a childish delight in beauty.

His great difficulty is that in trying to find moral lessons in everything, he sometimes lacks spontaneity, he takes up such trivial incidents that the poem seems stupid. Lacking any sense of humor, there is no easy playfulness, no lack for a moment of seriousness.

Leaving out however all the stupid things, there remains a great body of the most beautiful lyrics and sonnets.

(See Selections in Palgrave.)

We rowed on the little lake of Grasmere, we rowed up and down Lake Windermere, We went to Church in the homely little Church, And we stood longly

beside that little corner in the graveyard, where Wordsworth and his wife and the dear sister Dorothy lie side by side. Hardy Coleridge, the gifted but dissipated son of Coleridge lies near by. It is the quietest place under the shadow of the hills that one could imagine.

We made an excursion up one mountain side, past a waterfall, up to a little tarn - or lake at the summit of the mountain. Easedale Tarn was a favorite resort of Wordsworth. A storm was gathering up here, and the shadows of the clouds chased themselves across the hills, the sun intermittently breaking through, until it seemed to us that the face of the hills reflected the moods of the sky more perfectly even than the ocean.

And so we lived those days in a blissful dream.

But then came a day when we bade goodbye to our Post office Cottage, and to the nice grocer lady who baked such good bread, and to the photographer's little boy who dogged our footsteps, and to the beautiful hills which we had grown to love, and away

We went out through the bracken in the hills over the smooth Coach roads. First we came to the little inn, from which Scott, Wordsworth and Southey began the ascent of Helvellyn. Past the beautiful little lake of Thirlmere from which the city of Manchester draws its water supply, till we come to the little town of Keswick.

Keswick is at the head of Derwentwater, and at the foot of the great peak of Skiddaw. The falls of Lodore is at the foot of this Lake, and this region is sacred to Southey.

We made our way on foot through the town, out to Crosthwaite Church where Southey is buried. In the Church is a fine marble figure of Southey, which they say does not do justice to his great personal beauty. Greta Hall, where Southey lived is not far from the Church.

In Keswick is a flourishing School of Industrial Arts in which Mr Ruskin has always taken great pride, especially in the department of linen and embroidery.

We saw a sign Ruskin linen

Industry, and one of my friends had to walk right in and investigate, We found that they were weaving on a hand loom, dyeing the linen themselves, then designing and embroidering it. It was very interesting from an art standpoint, and Mr Ruskin says it fulfils perfectly his theories, that Artisan and artist should be the same one.

We did not stay long in Kennoick, but meeting here two other young ladies on wheels whom we had originally met while we were at Gladstone's Church, we all six rode on to Troutbeck Station - a lovely little hotel just over the mountains, on a lovely moor, and stayed there over night.

Jan 19
~~from~~

(Told of meeting Andover students, riding to Ambleside with them, sitting on Wordsworth rock and singing College songs, going around a new road, finding stepping stones. Loitering around in this beautiful Wordsworth country.

Told of two American girls on wheels, whom we met at Harvard. Ann Arbor College girls. Came into Grasmere one morning. We asked them to stay to lunch

We sacrificed our Sunday lunch and put everything before them resolved to fast the next day rather than be inhospitable. When we reached Keswick several days afterwards, whom should we meet but our two friends again. They had broken down while taking a short trip out to Lake Windermere Buttermere, and were waiting in Keswick for the tire to be mended.

This accomplished, we all rode on together to Troutbeck Station for the night.

Here the mountains were left behind, and we soon came out upon level country. When we went that day when we left Troutbeck, I cannot tell. All the morning was spent in traversing the whole of North England. For the first time we lost our way and didn't seem able to find it again. We must have ridden around in a circle part of the time, and then seemed to be no use enquiring of the cottagers for they know the road to the next market-town and no farther. It seemed strange to find so many people that had never in all their lives been outside of their county.

We took lunch that noon in a wayside public house, and waited in the tap-room until it was ready for us. We wouldn't think of going into a saloon here, but somehow their public houses are as respectable as can be.

We finally struck the road to Carlisle, but at that point one of the girls whom we had picked up at Keswick broke down again. The entire party save myself and her had gone on, but we two walked for miles with that broken tire.

(This poor girl had brought her old wheel with her, the tires were rotten and kept breaking on the flint roads of England, it isn't safe to begin a long hard journey like that with a worn out wheel.)

Pretty soon our friends ahead suspected something was wrong and came back for us. I was selfish enough then to ride on with my party - leaving those two poor girls to come lagging into the hotel an hour or so later.

Carlisle is a good sized town of 40,000 people, and has always been an important border town. It has always been a point to struggle over in the

Contests between England and Scotland. There is an old Castle here, which has seen many a border struggle. Of course we visited the Castle, where a large number of English redcoats are garrisoned.

The guard took us into some horrible old dungeons, black as night except for the candles which he held, showed us the tortures, and contrivances for making prisoners miserable, until we were happy enough to get back into the daylight. In one place in the Castle Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned, and we were shown the place where she daily promenaded with her maids, little dreaming that she was imprisoned. From the Castle gates to the inner court, that villain Richard III had a secret underground passage for his own use, and the Castle is connected with the names of Robert Bruce, and the Young Pretender - Bonnie Prince Charlie. With the latter, the name of Flora McDonald will forever be connected. We saw a picture of the brave Scotch lass in Oxford which greatly attracted me.

Flora
McDonald

The next morning we left Carlisle. We realized by all of the historic associations that we were near Scotland, and in a very few miles from Carlisle we cross the border, and are in that most romantic of all countries - Bonnie Scotland. It seemed to us that we could detect a difference in the people right away, we could see the peat bogs out to our right and smell the peat burning. The language became broader, the little children answered us "aye" instead of "ye", and told us of a "brae" ahead, meaning a hill.

We came first to Gretna Green, and an old Scotchman pointed out to us the blacksmith shop, where the old blacksmith used to marry the runaway couples who came over the border for that purpose.

Several little storms descended that day, so that we took refuge in the wayside houses and chatted with the cottagers. We took lunch at Annan that day, and then made our way against a strong wind to Dumfries. Nearly forty miles on our wheels that day against a hard wind. Fortunately the roads were as

level and smooth as a floor
or we would never have been
able to go so far.

And here we are in the
Burns Country, a fact of
which we were forcibly
reminded immediately upon
our arrival in Dumfries.

Dumfries was the home of
Burns until his death, here
he died and here he is buried.

Coming into Scotland as we
did from the South, we pass
over the shrines of Burns just
the opposite way chronologically,
coming to his burial place first
and his birth place last, we
have to follow the incidents
of his life backward, which
doesn't make any great
difference.

Burns died in 1796, so that
last summer was the 100th
anniversary of his death, and
they were celebrating his death,
strangely enough, in every place
in Scotland which was in any
remote way connected with
Burns.

The day before we
reached Dumfries there had been
speeches by Lord Roebury, and
other noted people, and the
town was filled with tourists
and with the country people.

We knew there had been a

Celebration, but thought we had avoided it. We always preferred to visit historic places, or places of romantic interest by ourselves and not with a crowd of sight-seers. We thought we had missed the crowd, but after an hour's search for a lodging, only to find every place full, we began to wonder what had happened. We were tired with a long day's ride against the wind, and wanted to rest. We stood on a street corner disconsolately talking over the situation, when a nice looking man asked us what he could do for us. We enquired the way to the best hotel, and told him our failure to find any lodgings.

He told us that everything was full on account of ~~another~~ the Burns Celebration, and finally said hesitatingly, "We never take lodgers at our house, but if you will walk home with me, I will ask my wife about it". We were too stunned to reply. We, four foreigners, tired dusty bicyclists, why should he a perfect stranger, do anything more than direct us to a good hotel, but we followed, and found that he lived in a lovely

little villa at the edge of
 town, a well-to-do young
 Scotchman. Of course his
 wife would take care of us
 and bustled around, enquiring
 of us what we would like for
 tea. I think they would
 have turned Dumfries upside
 down to get it, if we had dared
 express the least preference
 for anything. Then they
 turned themselves out of their
 own beautiful room, turned the
 bathroom over to our exclusive
 use, insisted that we leave
 our boots at our door to be
 cleaned for morning. - In
 fact nearly killed us with
 kindness; - treated us as honored
 guests, not lodgers. - And
 that is Scottish hospitality; the
 real true Scottish spirit.
 There is not any better place in
 the world than Scotland, nor
 anywhere a finer sturdier people.
 And Burns, the ploughboy poet,
 speaking out of the tenderest
 of tender hearts, is the spokesman
 of this people, loved more
 dearly 100 years after his death
 than when he died. To
 understand Burns is to
 understand this people - their
 faults and their whole heartedness.
 Not the later day pictures

of MacLennan, or Barrie or Crockett, give any better view of this people than their own familiar port.

More than twice as many Pilgrims go yearly to the Shrine of Burns than to Shakespeare. Shakespeare belongs to the world not to any locality, Wordsworth has immortalized his locality, but is appreciated by the few, while Burns is the product of Scotland, he has immortalized his own locality, and has touched the heart of the great multitude.

You receive no new understanding of Shakespeare by visiting Stratford but you do of Wordsworth by visiting the Lake District, and you do of Burns, and of his place in the Scottish heart by visiting his old haunts. We were

sorry for many reasons that we were so unfortunate as to visit his shrines with such a celebration going on, but after all, it was a revotation of the people's homage.

When we walked down into Dumfries after dinner, we visited the little house where he last lived, - He lived there for three years only but his Jean lived there for 38 years after. Nothing about the place

reminded one of the Port.
 Crowds were out on the Street
 that night, the soldiers in
 their plaid trousers, and red-coats
 were parading the streets with
 their girls, and streamers were
 flying from the shop windows.

It was very gay, - over
 many shops were quotations
 from Burns. - Over the
 printing office was this quotation
 very apt. "There's a chiel amang you, takin
 notes."

And faith, he'll prevent 'em"
 In the square, is a magnificent
 statue of the youthful Burns,
 in ploughboy garb, - a most
 satisfactory statue, the honest
 handsome face, and the sturdy
 manly attitude causing you to
 look again and again.

On one side of the base was
 this quotation from Burns.

"To make a happy fire-side cheer
 For woman and wife
 Is the true pathos and sublime
 of human life."

On another side

"Then let us pray, that come it may
 As come it will, for a' that
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
 May bear the gair and a' that,
 For a' that and a' that

It's coming yet for a' that
 That man to man, the world o'er
 Shall brethren be for a' that"

On another side.

"Oh Scotia, my dear, my native soil
For whom my warmest wish to
heaven is sent
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic
toil
Be blest with health and peace and
Sweet content."

The next morning we visited
the mausoleum of Burns in
the church yard. We could
not get very near to it for the
flowers which had been piled
around it in such profusion.
Among the many other floral
offerings were some from Australia.
One we read from Chicago had
just arrived, and others from
other U. S. Burns Societies, and
Canada. We were sorry not
to get nearer to the grave, to
see the statue of the Vision
speaking to the ploughboy, made
to represent Burns poem "The
Vision".

The ride from Dumfries
to the North that day was
the most memorable ride in
all our trips. From 11. A. M.
until dinner time at night we
rode over 45 miles through the
most beautiful pastoral scenery.

We came first to Thornhill,
the home of Annie Laurie,

who did not marry the one to whom she "gave her promise true", but a rich man, and her old home stands a few miles out of Thornhill.

For many miles we followed the valley of the With, which flows through a deep gorge and rushes rapidly along many feet below the level of the road. We enjoyed the wild beauty of the With immensely, now and then getting off our wheels to look down on it. Pretty soon we came out on a very different scene, the road lay along the slope of a high hill, and across considerable distance lay another similar range, while between lay the most beautiful green valley. A river glided and wound as crookedly as possible through the little valley; the people were cutting hay or raking it into hummocks, men, women and children working happily together. It was such a happy peaceful picture - and this was the valley of the Afton, you will be reminded as we were of Burns' Song.

How gently sweet Afton, among
thy green braes.
If Burns looked down on this

beautiful scene, as he doubtless
did many a time, no wonder
his heart stirred within him.

All day long for 48 miles
we went through farmland
and looked out on the hay-
making. About six o'clock
we began to meet great
herds of cows going home
from pasture. The sensation
it gives one, to have the
hedge suddenly open and
a hundred or more cows
come tumbling out and filling
up the road, cannot be
described. It seemed to be
quite a sensation to the cows
as well, for they stood in
open eyed wonder gazing at us.
To say I was afraid is putting
it mildly, I simply fled into
the hedge and trembled
until the cows had been
persuaded to move on.

Then were come all over Scotland,
I think they should be prohibited
from the highways.

We stopped at one place
where twenty or thirty cows were
gathered in a byre, and watched
the milkmaids, and drank
several glasses of nice warm
milk.

We reached New Cumnock
about 6³⁰, where we intended

stopping for the night, and were just debating which hotel was the least objectionable when our good angel appeared in the shape of a good old Scotchman on his wheel. He advised us to go on five miles further to Old Cunnock, and himself rode on with us and introduced us to the proprietress of a nice hotel, whom he knew personally. This old Scotchman was a delightful type, looked just like the pictures of McLarn's Doctor McClure.

We had a funny experience at this hotel. It happened to be the headquarters of the Masonic Lodge. The Masons had that day gone to another big Burns Celebration at Mauchline - where Bonnie Jean Burns's wife had lived. They were just returning, driven home by some Scotchman dressed in their bonnets and Tartans. We hadn't seen any Highlanders in costume before and were too much taken up watching them to notice that the poor Masons had been celebrating in true Bobbie Burns style, and were tumbling off the coach in anything but a

dignified way. We didn't notice till they began to surround us and make remarks and reel from side to side.

The proprietress hurried to the scene, and you should have seen her manage them, scold them and hurry them into their lodge room. The Scottish woman is a whole host, and looks with charity on this failing of her lord.

We hurried to our rooms however, and could scarcely be persuaded to come down to dinner.

The next morning we rode on 16 miles to Ayr, - the birthplace of Burns. Here we found crowds and crowds of people again. We made our way out to Alloway hoping that on the "Banks and braes of Bonnie Doon" we should find a quiet place to sit down and read some of our favorite poems. But the crowd was denser around Burns' old home, so that we did not go in. We rode on taking the same route that James' Shanty met, past Alloway Kirk where James saw the witches, and out

over the Old Brig o' Doon
 when "Maggie lost her
 ain gray tail". We walked
 across the bridge, but there
 were too many people there
 for us to imagine Jamie's ride,
 or get into the spirit very much,
 but we got away as far as
 we could, ate our lunch and
 read a number of the dear
 old Scotch songs.

Ayr is a beautiful little
 town on the ocean, with the
 river Doon running through
 one side. It was down by
 this river that Burns used to
 meet his Highland Mary -
 the purest love Burns ever
 knew, and ^{near} here was their
 last parting, when standing
 on each side of a little stream
 and clasping a Bible between
 them, they parted with the
 holiest vows. You'll remember
 that she died shortly after
 and Burns wrote that:

Beautiful poem to her - followed
 by one written after his marriage -
 "To Mary in heaven".

Burns' birthplace in Ayr
 is a very poor little affair, his
 father was a poor cottager and
 he himself was always poor,
 and yet the family love and
 tenderness in this little old

cottage brought forth the "Cotters Saturday night" - one of the finest things Burns ever wrote.

We rode on from Ayr that afternoon, facing the wind every step - to the town of Kilmarnock about 20 miles beyond Ayr. We were heading for Glasgow, but could not go the whole distance in one night. I have no pleasant recollections of Kilmarnock, It is a factory town of about 28000 people. The factories had evidently just closed as we wheeled in at 5 o'clock. Black-faced factories lads were filing up the streets, and when they caught sight of us they hooted and yelled worse than the boys had in Swindon. They of course called every body's else attention to us, and Kilmarnock lined up black all along the sidewalks quicker than it takes to tell it.

We had gone down into the town because there was a Memorial Building to Burns in the park, and many relics of him - chiefly manuscript copies of his poems.

We made our escape, as quickly as we could down a side street, went up to see the

Memorial - which was homely.
 Found that the manuscript
 had been taken to Glasgow to
 an exhibition there, and that
 we might have been saved our
 excitement. Disgusted with
 Kilmarnock, we decided to
 push on to a little town
 called Fenwick, and we
 decided not to go back into
 the town to find the high
 road again. So we went out
 a roundabout way, ran into
 a big herd of cows much to
 my disgust, lost our way,
 and finally had to go into a
 little cottage to ask ~~the~~ ^{her} way.
 The kind Scotch woman told
 her laddie to get his bonnet,
 and direct us. So the laddie
 led us down a road till we
 came to a stream. Of course
 teams could easily ford it, and
 the lad had not thought I
 suppose but what we could.
 There was a pickle, no bridge,
 but ~~ridge~~ ^{slippery} rocks, and a swift
 stream. It was either wade
 across, or go ~~there~~ back through
 Kilmarnock. That thought gave
 us courage, and in we loaded
 wheels, shoes and stockings and
 all. It was so slippery that we
 could hardly stand and guide
 our wheels across, and we were

so convulsed at the situation that we barely escaped a good ducking, but the procession forded the stream, mounted ~~the stream~~ our wheels, and left ~~Kilmarnock~~ Kilmarnoch behind us, as we thought former.

Five miles more of hard pushing up hill against the wind to Fenwick, Our tempers were worn to shreds, and our clothes didn't seem much better.

I won't try to describe the room we slept in that night, for the Hotel was being rebuilt, and rooms were scarce. At any rate we all four slept in one room, in beds built right into little cubby holes in the walls, and as hard as boards, only to awake the next morning to find a hard pouring rain.

What should we do, there was no railroad station in the town, and we couldn't ride our wheels on to Glasgow. The Hotel keeper said there wasn't anything to do but to go back to Kilmarnoch to take the train, so he had to hitch up one rig to take us in, and another to take our wheels, - all the teams and all the men in the hotel were employed to get us back to Kilmarnoch, We had worked terribly hard, fording streams

and pushing against wind
to get to Fenwick, and to work
almost as hard work to get
us ^{back} ~~out~~ again. But we
took the train out of Kilmar-
nock again just as we had
out of Swindon, in a pouring
rain, but glad to leave it.

We reached Glasgow before
noon, having ridden through
the entire Burns Country -
140 miles or more, except that
last 20 miles to Glasgow.

Glasgow

We saw Glasgow under rather discouraging circumstances. It rained nearly all the time we were there. Consequently our impressions of Glasgow were not clear. But they were just as clear as they probably would have been if the weather had been finer, for we were not partial to the large cities.

The country of England is so much more interesting than the cities. Indeed, one must stay for weeks in a city to get any notion of it, and it does not pay to attempt much sightseeing in a city, unless one can stay some little time. We were always sorry when we came into a big city, and glad when we went out.

We arrived in Glasgow in the rain, stored our wheels at the Station, and as we had several errands in the city, and had to call on our bankers, we took a cab. The Cabbie took us shopping, spending perhaps an hour or so with us, and then took us to a nice private hotel - charging us but a shilling apiece for all that time. Would that cabs were so accommodating here.

Of course we couldn't see Glasgow

in the rain, and we had been doing some pretty hard wheeling that week, so we settled down in our cozy room, and by a nice grate fire, wrote letters and talked over our experiences.

The next day however, we saw a good deal of Glasgow, after our usual fashion of seeing cities, from the top of a tram-car.

Glasgow is the largest city in the Kingdom, next to London, having nearly a million souls. It is a very wealthy prosperous city, a great commercial centre rivalling Liverpool in its great shipping trade. There are evidences of wealth everywhere one goes. The University of Glasgow with nearly 3000 students, has nearly if not quite the reputation of the University of Edinburgh.

~~The~~ ~~road~~ Glasgow is said to be one of the best governed cities in the Kingdom, no expense is spared to make the city a thoroughly up-to-date city. The water works is supplied from Laka Katrine - 40 miles away.

We rode out past the University Buildings, and the Parks to the Botanic gardens. We walked through miles of hot houses.

seeing what seemed to me a magnificent display of plants. The day was raw and cold if it was in July, so that the Conservatories were more enjoyable than the grounds.

We went to church in the Cathedral, ~~and~~ which is not a handsome structure at all, and here heard the Established Kirk Service instead of the English Church Service.

There seemed to be but little difference to us. I hope I do not shock anyone when I say that we grew very tired of the English service, - the responses and intoned service which seemed so beautiful at first, grew quite monotonous, and we rather longed to hear a good sermon and omit a little of the liturgy. The white robed choir boys and hooded priests were in entire keeping with the Cathedral buildings, but sometimes we wished we could hear some full toned adult voices filling the aisles, or that the priest would read with expression rather than intone. This not in the way of criticism or complaint, but for variety's sake for one does get tired of hearing the Queen and each of the Royal Family prayed for, - and of being reminded that it is a State Church.

A fine spot in Glasgow is the Public Square, around which the handsome municipal buildings, Post-office and some large hotels are grouped. In the Square are a number of good statues. One especially fine Column 80 feet high is surmounted by a statue of Walter Scott.

The river Clyde runs through Glasgow, and in the Firth of Clyde are the great shipbuilding works. Two thirds of all the British Steamers are Clyde built. James Watt, the inventor, built the first steam engine here in Glasgow. We did not visit the ship building yards, tho' I should have liked to.

One of the great trips to be made from this point is a visit to Iona and Staffa. Two little Islands of the Hebrides.

We started one morning by train down the Clyde to Gourock where we took steamer. The day was very clear, as we wound our way through an entirely new kind of scenery. The whole Scottish coast is wild and picturesque, broken into the most irregular shore line, with hills rising in every direction.

Every now and then the

Steamer stopped at some little town in the hills, which was filled with summer visitors. I cannot imagine a more beautiful place to spend one's summer than in these seashore towns on the West Coast of Scotland. It would be so delightful to explore the hills behind, visited from the outside world only by the daily call of the steamer.

To avoid going around so many Islands and projections of land to reach the little town of Oban, a canal called the Crinan canal has been cut through. This Canal had to go over a hill, so a series of twelve or thirteen locks have been built, that raise the boat gradually up, and then lower it down the other side. The Canal was like a small river and the boat went so slowly through the locks that we got ^{out} and walked. The Seacountry living near make all they can out of the tourists, here we were inveigled into buying bunches of heather, and at one place a sign of "fresh milk" attracted us to a little stand by the roadside, where sure enough you could get fresh milk, for there stood the cow ready to be milked.

We saw so many fishermen that day mending their nets, and looking so delightfully like a story book.

In the evening we reached the little town of Oban. All we could realize when stepping off from the steamer was that we were surrounded by hotel alert porters, and it seemed as if the town must be composed entirely of hotels, in a high state of competition, - and when we looked out on the little crescent shaped street facing the harbor, every building was a hotel. We ran the gauntlet of hotel porters however when a little girl stopped up and asked if we would like lodgings, and she took us to her mother's house just the place we were looking for.

Oban is built up on the trade produced by tourists. It is a starting point for any number of excursions, in the Highlands, up the Caledonian Canal and out to the Hebrides.

It would be a very pretty little town only everything was too new, and fresh looking.

It is built at the foot of high hills and overlooks the ocean. Its own harbor is a little landlocked bay.

We wandered around the street

that night, — by the way, it is so far north up here in Scotland that one almost forgets to go to bed because of the long twilights. It is scarcely ~~more~~ than sundown at nine o'clock, and one can see to read at ten, or perhaps later.

We saw a curious thing on the streets here in Oban. — we heard a bell ding donging up the streets and pretty soon the ringer stopped and called out an official notice of something, and then went on ringing up another crowd — a veritable town-crier.

But Oban was only a stopping place from which we started out next morning by steamer on our trip out around the Island of Mull. The day was perfect, the sky and ocean just as blue as could be, and a more beautiful spot could not be imagined. The ocean was simply dotted with tiny rocky islands as if the ocean had submerged some very mountainous region leaving only the peaks sticking out. Only the most careful pilot can pick his way around them.

The coasts of Mull itself are mostly precipitous. Just as one imagines that he is far away from any living habitation a little fishingboat will be seen

dancing up and down on the waves, coming toward us. Then our steamer stops, and unloads parcels into the row boat, which threatens to rock itself over when the scrolls from the steamer strike it again. And this is the way the little fishing villages up here get their mail, and maintain relations with the outside world.

Once in a while we are reminded by a ruined castle that these islands used to have each one its own Lord, and that the revolts and clan feuds of these Highlanders were something terrible. There is not a more romantic chapter in Scottish history than the history of the Lords of the Isles.

About the middle of the day we reached the little Island of Iona. It is a little Island only 3 miles long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles broad, a very small village on it.

The steamer could not go in to shore, but anchored out a ways; and great row boats manned by 8 of the finest specimens of Gaelic boatmen came out to meet us and took the passengers on shore. I do not wonder that artists love to paint these Highland fishermen

or that hoodlums like William Black lay their plots in these islands

Perhaps you wonder, if you do not already know, why tourists land at this small island

Because Iona has filled a marvellous place in the history of Christendom. 1300 years ago St Columba and 12 followers left Ireland - when he had already founded 37 monasteries, and threaded his way through this dangerous and rocky locality.

On the island of Iona he founded a monastery, and others like it on many of the other islands. St Columba had not only piety and learning, but a commanding figure and winning voice. Iona was soon sought by pilgrims - by the sick and maimed, much in the same way that Rome was.

For nearly a thousand years, the religion preached at Iona kept its purity, while the Church in Europe was growing more corrupt.

Iona stands for a pure, medieval church preserved so to its very end.

The first Christian Scottish King was crowned here by Columba at Iona. The stone on which the King sat - the "Stone of fate", and on which many Scottish Kings were afterwards crowned, was removed to

Stone, and now under the title of the "Stone of Scone" is in Westminster Abbey in the Coronation Chair, and all English Sovereigns are Crowned on this Stone, - the very one used by St Columba at Iona.

We saw the Stone in London. Iona, on account of its sanctity became a famous burial ground for the Scottish Kings, and in the grounds near the Cathedral are buried 40 Scottish Kings, 1 French King, two Norwegian and 2 Irish Kings, and many of the Chieftains of the Clans.

Columba probably built a rude monastery here, the Cathedral ~~monastery~~ afterwards built suffered with other Cathedrals and is now only a very imposing ruin standing in a most lonely bleak place.

Many beautiful Carved Crosses have been built in the Island but at the time of the Reformation they were ordered to be thrown into the sea. I only saw one of them standing.

A tiny Chapel stands near the Cathedral called the Chapel of St Oran - it is the most sacred spot in Iona, - the burial place of St Oran. It was probably built in the 12th Century.

by Queen Margaret of Scotland, but the old legend runs that St Columba built it, when the devil saw that St Columba was intruding on his rights, he pulled down at night what St Columba built by day. Columba was told in a vision that the Chapel could not be finished unless he buried a human victim alive. St Oran became a voluntary sacrifice. He was buried under the Chapel, but St Columba's conscience troubled him so that he dug him up. To his amazement he found St Oran alive, and talking with a dangerous knowledge of the under regions, St Columba thought he was safer under ground and buried him down tight. Whereupon the Chapel was completed without further trouble.

It is strange how often the same sort of a legend crops up in the German legends - the bargaining of a soul to the Devil as the price for his non-interference.

Iona is a perfect gold-mine for the antiquarian, so many curious carvings and relics.

After looking all around, we went back to the Steamer, and after another $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour, we were in sight of the Island of Staffa, and again our trusty

Strong boatmen come out to meet us, in row boats that will accommodate at least 40 people.

Staffa is a very tiny island, with no residents, but it is visited for the wonderful Fingals Cave. - A most marvellous formation of basaltic columns, through which the ocean roars forever.

The whole swell of the Atlantic comes across. Then and in time of storm the noise in the cave must be terrific. The boatmen rowed us out into the ocean and around right into the cave, where we woke the echoes. All around the island are these

wonderful caves, built up of ~~six-sided~~ columns so perfectly placed beside each other as to make you think that it must have been built so.

It is said that at one time a solitary shepherd lived here the year round, but he begged to be taken away, for the roaring of the ocean in the caves below was more than he could endure.

The rest of the journey around the Mull was just as beautiful as the beginning, and we reached Oban again in time to catch the morning train back to Glasgow, having spent two days again on

the ocean.

The next day was again somewhat rainy, so that we did not dare start out on our trip through the Scottish Lakes by wheel, so toward evening we took the train to Balloch - a little village just at the edge of Loch Lomond, in our bicycle dresses, ready to proceed the next day. A little laddie in his plaidie met us at the station and acted as porter to his mother's hotel, we were so taken up with his tartans that we would have gone to any hotel he directed. Those Scotchmen in their kilts were most too much for our romantic sentiments. They might have stepped right out of Scott's novels. That evening we were amused to see the laddie chasing the cow in his kilts, his plaidie terribly in his way. And the next morning his kilts were hanging on the line, and he was only an ordinary boy again.

And now we come to the romantic Scottish Lakes, around which Highlanders like Roderick Duane have fought for their rights against the encroaching Saxon.

We took the steamer up Loch Lomond - the largest of the Scottish Lakes, and looking out

on the high mountains rising all around covered with heather, and could look off into fertile plains to the South, we realized Rhoderick Dhu's words

(Read. p. 137.)

The great mountain Ben Lomond rose up on the East Shore of the Lake, and we would have ascended it, but that its head was wrapped in mist, and we knew we would get no view. A number of little Mountain villages, summer resorts are situated on the Lake, and near the head of the Lake, at Invernaid, we disembark.

A Coach takes the ordinary tourists across a mountainous road to Loch Katrine. We however ~~had~~ resolved to try it on our wheels. We hurried off the steamer, first ones, and started on, for nearly two miles we coaxed our wheels up hill, dreading to hear the coach wheels behind us, but the last part of the way was down grade, so that we made up, and pulled up at Loch Katrine just as the coach came in sight. We were quite proud of that run. if we did ~~not~~ have to pass a herd of Highland cattle with great spreading horns, and a

monstrous beast with great flowing mane who stood at the edge of the wood.

My, but that was a lonesome road through them, ~~the~~ brown rocks and clumps of heather making just such hiding places as Roderick Du must have had for his men. One could imagine that whistle shrill and might still be answered from the hill, and the whole glen garrisoned by plaided warriors.

If you know your Lady of the Lakes while going through this country, every foot of the way is alive with association.

At Loch Katrine, a little steamer took us the length of the ~~the~~ ^{lake} length, and landed us at the edge of the wooded glen called the Trossachs. We were satisfied with this view of Lake Katrine, so after landing, we took our wheels and picked our way by a rough mountain road around the edge of the Lake, and then walked out on the a promontory that overlooks Ellen's isle. The whole scene was most beautiful, High peaks rose abruptly from the water, surrounding

the Lake, and casting
black shadows across its
surface, To our left was
Ben Venue, on our right
"Ben Aun's grey scalp. In
front of us Ellen's isle.
Here we sat down and
read the first Canto of Lady
of the Lake - tried to imagine
the lodge which the Douglas
had built on the Islet, and
tried to imagine just where
Fitz-James ^{first} saw the Lake
laying like burnished gold.
~~or where~~ (read p. 19).

After we had printed the picture
forever on our minds, we rode
our wheels down through the
Trossachs, to Loch Achray.
There is a fine hotel here, built
for tourists, which was a little
too expensive, but after due
deliberation, we decided that
we hadn't yet seen enough
of the country, and ~~took~~ it would
pay to stay.

After dinner, in the long
Scottish twilight, we again
started out to explore. We
found the place where Fitz-
James "lost his gallant grey"
and then followed up a tiny
foot path leading through the
heather, around the hills,
starting the wild deer as we

count. It was a romantic spot, especially when it is peopled in imagination, by the hunters and ministers of older times.

There could not be a better guide to this country than Scott's poems, or better descriptions of the places. He has thrown a romance too over the whole that will live forever.

The next morning, we retraced Fitz James path, as he must have come into the Trossachs, back to the Brig of Turk, past Loch Achray, and beyond it Lake Venachar. - You remember the lines

"And when the Brig of Turk was ^{won}
The ~~farthest~~ ^{last} horseman rode alone."
We lingered along the way imagining Rhodrick Dhu's men gathering in at the signal of Malise, imagining too the second visit of Fitz James, his fateful meeting with Rodenick Dhu, and Rodenick's promise to conduct him as far as Coilantogle Ford.

We followed on in the same direction, but Coilantogle Ford is not near the road, now, and we could not locate the exact spot where Rodenick was killed.

The little town of Callender was now at hand. One of the

wheels had a serious puncture just before we reached the town, and finding that neither the blacksmith nor the jeweller could mend the wheel, the poor owner of the wheel was obliged to take the train to Edinburgh, leaving the other three to follow on as they could. down the valley of the Teith.

We passed Stirling, with its Castle standing on a great high rock visible for miles around, - the castle in which Fitz James received Ellen and the Douglas. Many historical events took place here, for it was a favorite residence of the Scottish Kings. On a high hill stands a monument to William Wallace, for Stirling.

We did not linger long in Stirling, tho it would have been well worth it, but pushed on to the little town of Linlithgow, reaching it after dusk.

Here we had another pleasant experience with Scottish hospitality. We asked a young lady if she knew of any good lodgings in the villas just outside of the town. She didn't, but directed us to a good hotel

We were soon down into the town, walking our wheels, because it was too dark to ride, and were probably a quarter of a mile from where we asked the young lady, when some one hurrying up behind us spoke to us, and asked us if we wouldn't like to come back, her mother had sent her, because ~~she~~ we were girls alone in the town. She had walked all that way after us just out of pure kindness. So we saw the inside of another Scotch home.

It was a nice family that we must back to, and they too treated us like guests. You may think it strange, but the mother, who had a son in South Africa, and another in a distant place, had always lived in Linlithgow and had never in her life been more than ten miles away from it.

At Linlithgow is the ruined castle where Mary Queen of Scots was born, and after rambling around it, we start on - and reach Edinburgh about noon.

wheels had received a serious puncture, while riding from the Troasachs to Callender. Neither the blacksmith nor the jeweller could repair it, so after getting over lunch, the girl with the disabled wheel went on by train to Edinburgh and the other three mounted their wheels and rode on over very smooth and level roads again. We have left the purely romantic scenery now and are coming into the historic again. We can no longer imagine that the chieftain's shrill whistle will bring from behind each clump or bush a plaided clansman, for we ride out on into the plain toward Stirling, over the same road perhaps which Fitz James took after his encounter with Roderick Dhu.

Miles before we reached Stirling we could see the castle on its high rock, as Scott calls it "The Bulwark of the North Gray Stirling with her towers and town".

The road wound along just under the precipitous crag, and we could look up many feet to the castle above our heads.

On another hill separated from the town stands a monument

to William Wallace which can be seen from miles.

Over the Castle floats the English flag and it is a garrisoned fortress.

When Scotland and England united, one of the terms of the "Union" was that four castles should always be garrisoned Stirling & Edinburgh Castles, Dumbarton on the Clyde and Blackness on the Forth.

The castle buildings are very picturesque, of a dark gray color, harmonizing with the rock on which it is built, but one would scarcely appreciate it, unless they came upon it from the plain, seeing it rise high before them on its precipitous side.

This was the favorite resort of the Scottish kings, and well deserves a careful visit.

We however gave it very little time, but wheeled on past the field of Bannockburn, where Robert the Bruce triumphed so gloriously over Edward II.

In this little village, we heard a street singer with a lusty voice singing Scotch songs, and it reminded us of the minstrel's land through which we had just come, and seemed like an

echo of the minstrel's voice

We passed through Falkirk where another famous battle was fought, reaching Kilduthgow when the dusk was deepening.

We intended going right to the hotel, but as we were passing some of the villas on the edge of town, it occurred to us to ask about lodgings, we approached a young lady standing at a gate, but she did not know of any lodgings, so we trudged, on walking our wheels, for it had grown too dark to ride. We must have gone a quarter of a mile when footsteps came up behind us, and the previous young lady asked us if we wouldn't come back. She said her mother thought it would be pleasanter for us than a hotel, and had sent her after us.

So we went back and stayed there for the night, were treated like guests, and so for the second time felt the hospitality of the Scottish home.

It was a very nice home that we returned to, you may think it strange, but the mother who has a son in Africa, and another in a distant place, has herself never been more than

ten miles from Leithgow, where she was born. She is only one of many who never leave their birthplace even for a visit, and in my mind that largely accounts, for the great differences in dialect and ideas that will be found ^{within} a few miles, and also for the slowness and conservatism with which they adopt new ideas and customs.

We had not expected to find anything of interest in the town, but to our surprise we found one of the finest of the old ~~Scottish~~ royal castles, the very one indeed in which Mary Queen of Scots was born. It is now in ruins, but is kept from farther decay by the government.

A very beautiful place it is and was a total surprise to us. Since then I have seen Leithgow Castle mentioned many a time.

Then we ride on in the fresh morning air to Edinburgh. The smoke of the city can be seen from a distance, and because of this smoky look the old Scotch farmer out on the hills called it "Auld Reekie". - a name which old Edinburgh bears to this day.

We rode right into the city.

The very Castle
of James
V - the father
of Lady of the Lake
+ father of Mary.

Princes Street
down the great thoroughfare -
filled with fashionable people
and buses, to the Post Office.

Then our friend who had
preceded us by train, met
us by postal, telling us where
she was. We soon found
her and the lodgings which
she had engaged for us, and
were soon cozily settled for
a few days sojourn.

We had a very nice landlady
and maid here, and a cozy
little dining room of our own.

I don't know whether we took
lodgings in a different manner
from others, or whether we got
up an unusual name, whatever
it was, our maid always
seemed to think we were an
immense joke, and took the
greatest amusement in deriding
us. We never found out why
we excited her mirth so often,
and we used to wonder how
other people took lodgings, and
what sort of things they ate.

We always had good things
and enjoyed ourselves hugely ^{may} any!

The next day being Sunday,
we went to St George's Church
a Free Kirk, instead of going to
the Cathedral, we were rather
tired of the established church.
I wish I could tell you of

the young minister - Rev Hugh Black,
and of the spirit of that service.

It was one of worship from the
moment ~~you~~^{we} entered till we left.

There was no musical instrument
in the building, but the precentor
and his singers stood in the body
of church, and the congregation
sang, with a mighty volume of
sound that I never have heard in
any church. The pastor's face
was an intense, earnest one, and
his sermon was a masterpiece.

The Scotch are a very religious
people, and this pastor seemed like
a representation of the great spiritual
forces in the people.

In the evening, we all wanted
to hear him again, and the house
was so packed, that although we
went early we could scarcely get
inside. The sermon was even
finer than the morning, and the
whole mass of the people seemed
to be in perfect tune with their
spiritual leader.

It was such a treat to hear
those two sermons, and I am
confidently expecting to hear something
splendid some day from the
achievements of Hugh Black.

Speaking of the thoroughly
religious feeling of this Scotch
people, we went out Sunday afternoon
found that not a single trancer

in the city was running. If you wanted to get anywhere you could walk. Streets were deserted, and even the parks - some of them, were locked up.

Edinburgh is considered one of the most beautiful cities of Europe - It is called the "Modern Athens". Its situation is most picturesque - on a succession of ridges with ravines between. Right in the centre rises a huge crag - precipitous on one side and a rather steep climb on the other. On this high crag in the very centre stands the castle. To the north, but in the ~~centre~~ city is another high hill - Calton hill, crowned with an observatory and a number of monuments (among them one to the Scots who fell in our civil war).

Off to the East on the edge of the city is a range of hills called Salisbury Crags and above them a peak called Arthur Seat. The city lies in the valley part between and among these hills.

This perpendicular rock upon which the castle stands divides New Edinburgh from Old

Edinburgh - "Auld Reekie" - as the old town is called, from our "Modern Athens".

When Scott speaks of Edinburgh as "mine own romantic town" he means old Edinburgh.

But to speak first of New Edinburgh: -

Tourists always live in this part of town, and it does not seem like the same city with the old part - so completely different are the people, the buildings and the atmosphere.

The castle rock slopes down to a deep ravine through which the trains pass, then rises gradually on the other side. These slopes are beautifully green and are used as a park - called Princes Gardens. Just at the top of the slope runs the most beautiful street in all Edinburgh, and it is said - the most beautiful in Continental Europe. For nearly the length of a mile this broad boulevard, looks out across these green slopes to the castle-rock beyond - a street open on one side, and lined with fine buildings on the other side. You are in the heart of the business activities of Edinburgh, and yet looking across the street, are almost in the Park and in the

presence of the grim castle.

You would enjoy rambling down through these shops, with their tempting display of plaids and Scotch tweeds, but the thing you would notice first is the great monument standing on the open side of the street, - and so in the centre of the old and new town.

It is a most appropriate memorial to the memory of Walter Scott, and can be seen from all over the city.

Its base rests upon solid rock fifty feet under ground, and rises more than 200 feet above the ground. The first story is open on all four sides, with a groined roof, on each of the four corners are turrets. In this first story is a fine statue of Sir Walter 9 feet high, representing him in "shepherd's plaid", seated on a rock, with his faithful dog at his feet.

The second story is enclosed forming a small room in which relics of the poet may be kept. Above are statues of famous characters in his novels. - The whole rising as a majestic and enduring memorial. Reminding one in style, of the crosses which Edward built to Eleanor.

The buildings of ~~the~~ New Edinburgh are very massive and imposing. In the residence portion row after row of tenement blocks give the street a solid and prosperous look. The buildings make a straight sky line the same height all the way down the street - in great contrast to the zigzag irregularity of the Old town.

Yet the new town is not altogether unpicturesque. The ground is so uneven in places, that one street will cross high above another - as Stevenson says - "The New Town is walking over its own cellar". We walked out to Dean Bridge one day, - a long viaduct across a wide ravine. Down in the ravine lies the little village of Dean carrying on its quiet secluded life, as if a big city had not grown around it up on the hill - a village right in the midst of a city. - You can walk hundreds of feet above it, and look at its peaceful life.

= But the real interest of Edinburgh is the Old Town. Crossing the Bridge - or Mound as it is called passing from ~~High~~ ~~the~~ Prince's Street across the gardens, and ascending a steep hill, we are at the castle. Every morning

the Black Watch Highlanders drill in front of the castle. They wear the Tartan Kilts, and are a gorgeous sight when a company is together. They did not drill the morning we went up, but went marching off, their bonnets waving and their kilts swinging. The bagpipes are used entirely for military music, and it is very easy to understand ~~that~~ ^{why} the Scots love the pipe. - It can be heard for miles across the moors, it is either very plaintive or very inspiring, and what is more to the Scotchmen, it is peculiarly their own Highland music.

We now enter by a drawbridge cross the moat and pass under the Portcullis. We are obliged to hire a guide to take us through here, for it is a garrisoned castle. Every time a kilted soldier came in sight, it was very hard for us to move on, ~~even~~ without a guide, we would surely have been rooted to the ground.

The castle is one of the most interesting places, its history is Scotland's history, beginning with Edwin of Northumbria in 617, who first built a fortress on this rock, and gave his own name Edwino burgh to the town,

down to Malcolm & his pious queen Margaret - who died in the Castle, to Robert Bruce, and the six Jameses of the Stewart line and their struggles with the Douglasses, to the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, and her struggles with the reformers, down to Cromwell and his possession of the Castle, and lastly to Bonnie Prince Charlie.

You are reminded of it all, as the guide tells you that the castle never has been taken except by strategy.

We come first to a tiny chapel, the smallest stone chapel I ever saw, - it was built by good Queen Margaret of Scotland about 1100, a very pious queen whom the Scots revere so much that she is called St Margaret. In this little chapel she died while Malcolm & her sons were at war, and it is the oldest building in Edinburgh.

Close by is a little room containing the Scottish Regalia - the Crown, the jeweled sword, ~~and~~ other royal trappings.

The great hall - banqueting hall, has been recently restored, it is now filled with fine specimens of old armor. In this room the young Douglasses were betrayed. The great house of Douglas was almost as powerful as the King for a number of centuries

And there were always quarrels between other great favorites of the King & the Douglasses. When James II - a boy of ten years old was King, his Councillors invited the two Representations of the Douglas family - who were only 14 & 16 years old as guests to the castle. They were banqueting in this great hall, when a bull's head was brought on to the table. This was an omen of death, and the young Douglasses alarmed sprang from the table, but their conspirators hurried them out and they were executed in the castle grounds. So this feud went on from James II to the time of James V - the father of Queen Mary, - and he the James Fitz-James of Lady of the Lake, subdued them entirely.

In this castle also one is shown the Royal Chambers. This castle was the official castle of the Kings, and although Mary of Scots was living in Holyrood Palace, she was obliged to come to the castle before the birth of her son James I (of England). The heir must be born in the castle. One is shown the

~~the great~~ Small Rooms which comprised the royal apartments, and the room in which James was

born.

The guide told us a strange story, he said that when the workmen were restoring or repairing a part of the royal building, they found just above the door that opens into the court, a coffin containing an infant wrapped in gold cloth. Undoubtedly a royal child, placed here by some one who wanted to hide its very existence.

Of course it could not be determined whose it was, too many dark stories have taken place in those walls, so the engineers put it back, and sealed up the walls again.

Before we leave the castle we notice something very pathetic, but a good deal more cheerful than the gruesome tales lurking around the castle. Down below one wall - between it and the next wall was a little corner of ground, where the pet dogs of the soldiers are buried. Ten or a dozen little headstones preserve the memory of the faithful companions who have followed the soldiers through various campaigns. "To little Tim who followed so & so for ten years &c" is one one, on another "Let sleeping dogs lie". The scotch dog is made of the same faithful stuff as his master, and we were touched by this tribute of the soldiers.

We left the Castle, glad enough that we were not a King or Queen in those early days.

From the castle, the hill slopes gradually down to Holyrood Palace - a mile away.

The street that passes from one to another has in the course of its progress three different names - Lawnmarket, High & Canongate Street - all one street, with various pieces of it bearing different names.

Scott's Canongate Chronicles are stories & legends picked up along this street.

It is by far the most interesting street in the whole City, once it was the fashionable street and gay processions passed from Holyrood Palace to the Castle, now it is the street of the poorer classes who fairly swarm on it.

The first object one notices is St Giles Church, with its peculiar lantern tower. This church has a romantic connection with Scotland and the reformers.

When England had promised that Scotland should have her own established church, Charles I decided to again establish the English church there, so he sent a bishop to fill St Giles.

The first time ^{this bishop} he arose to read the English Service, Jenny Geddes a good old Scotch woman, flung her stool at his head, he dodged, but the people rose and supported her, and the English Service was never attempted then again. On a pillar of the Church is a description of the incident and the stool is preserved in the National Museum. The Scotch have very persistent beliefs and were to anyone who interferes with them. I like it in them.

All around the church are hung flags commemorative of the battles in which the Highland regiments have fought, and the walls are almost white with the tablets placed there to their memory. There is a strange feeling in entering all the churches of England and Scotland. The dead are buried in the pavement underneath, and tablets are everywhere, so that a church reminds you of the dead more than anything else.

Near to St Giles once stood the old prison - The Old Tolbooth, called the Heart of Midlothian, Scott's story of that name has several scenes in it

The old Tolbooth is now torn down, but in the sidewalk is a large heart shaped groove, marking its location.

Once around St Giles, from whose pulpit Knox thundered was a large graveyard. One had to pass through it to get to the Law Courts & Parliament Buildings just beyond. It was so in the way, that it was finally paved over, and turned into an open space called Parliament Square, across which the numerous lawyers in wigs and gowns go and come. Only one thing reminds you that it was once a graveyard, for on one little paving stone, on the initials J. K. marking the spot where John Knox lies at rest, with the cabs and people hurrying above him.

We went into the halls of the Parliament buildings, - which are very fine, for Edinburgh is the centre of judicial matters in Scotland, but were not fortunate enough to meet any wigged individuals.

Now take a walk with me down High & Canongate Streets. No straight skyline here, but the most zigzag up and down line against the

sky. No long rows of tenement houses built just alike, but old fashioned timbered houses, with gables ~~facing you~~ turned toward the street, each gable a different angle, surmounted by rows & rows of yellow & red Chimney pots. Each is a single house running up to great heights, narrow and tall - ten and twelve stories high, toppling against each other, and fairly reeking with old age and antiquity.

Many of these old buildings have been pulled down in later years, for sanitary reasons.

It does seem a shame for human beings to swarm in those garrets, but it also seems a shame to tear the picturesque old buildings down.

These buildings, - each house are called Lands, each house called a Land, and have been there for the most part since the 16th Century.

In between the houses are long crevices - not wide enough to be called an alley, down which you can look a long way, I should be afraid to explore down many of them. They are called Wynds or Closes. One was called

Burns close, and I wandered down through the long passage to a little Court right in the middle into which many buildings opened on all four sides - houses all around the Court, from which dozens of families come. In the Court children from ~~every~~ so many families were playing, as if they were one great family.

Down in this close Burns lived when he first came to Edinburgh. I didn't have courage to venture down any more, for some of the windows looked pretty wicked. It was interesting enough just to walk down the street and watch the people. Poverty, rags and dirt everywhere in evidence, washings hanging from ~~before~~ ^{attic} windows flapped out in the street and crowded heads peered forth from garrets. Jailbirds swarm here and hundreds of dirty children with no clothes on to speak of, and each with several babies to lug. Women in striped petticoats, with apparently nothing to do junk shops and curiosity shops. A street to make one's heart ache, Scott might have picked up almost any character here. As you look at the tall

ancient houses, you can imagine almost any crime going on inside, and as you look back up the narrow irregular street, the picturesque of it and the antiquity of it impresses you indelibly. It is after all a quiet street, where no one is molested, turning its back on the beautiful Prince's Street across the ravine.

About half ^{way} down the street stands John Knox's house, bolding jutting out into the street, and beyond it the old Canongate Church. As usual I stoped into the graveyard here, where a number of noted men are buried. I could never pass a graveyard.

At the end of the street is Holyrood Palace. - Just beyond are the Salisbury Arms, at the foot of which stands the home of Jeanie Deans - the heroine of *Northanger*.

Holyrood Palace was built 800 years ago, by David, son of the good Queen Margaret. Many a Scottish King has lived there, but it will always be connected with Mary Queen of Scots. Here she lived as reigning queen of Scotland, here the bold John Knox attacked

her in her private rooms,
 Here she married her Cousin
 Darnley. You are shown
 her private apartments, her
 reception room, bedroom, bath
 room &c. All tiny rooms, with
 secret hiding places & escapes,
 the walls hung with tapestry
 that is falling into shreds and
 the bed tapestry likewise.
 Here is the stairway in which
 Rizzio her Secretary was
 murdered, Blood stains
 used to be shown on the floor
 when the little Italian bled, but
 the Keeper told our friends that
 he was tired of putting those
 bloodspots there. Down stairs
 are Darnley's apartments, and
 off to one side is the ruined
 Holyrood Abbey, where Mary
 used to say mass, even tho'
 her Country rebelled, and John
 Knox thundered. The Chapel
 is in ruins, and near one end
~~Mary Queen of Scots~~ & Darnley
 are buried.

Then is it time to
 mention other interesting places
 in Edinburgh - its great
 University and the famous
 men who have lived there
 Allan Ramsay, Adam
 Smith, Carlyle & others
 But no matter how many

names may be connected with it - it is almost as much the City of Scott as, Stratford is of Shakespeare, ~~or~~

Born in one of those narrow wynds, he was educated in the College, married and lived here for years. You run across his path at every step in his "own romantic town."

Not Knox, or Mary, or the Douglasses, or Holyrood or the Castle are more a part of it than Scott.

Trip to Leith & Newhaven -
Fish dinner, fish mous.
Bridge of Forth -

One of the pleasant excursions from Edinburgh is to Leith and Newhaven. Leith is an old town - nearly as old as Edinburgh on the Forth. It is the harbor of Edinburgh; for Edinburgh is nearly two miles inland.

Leith and Newhaven are practically one seaport town.

We wheeled down one morning to the beach in Newhaven, where a famous old inn - the Peacock Hotel is noted for its fine fish dinner. One mustn't fail to have one of these noted dinners. So we looked over the menu, took the dinner

that had the most courses, and while it was being prepared, we went out on the beach to look around. The Firth of Forth is very wide at this point, and looking up the Forth, we could see the immense Bridge of Forth - one of the greatest engineering works in existence. The man-of-war "Minneapolis" was lying at anchor near the Bridge.

The tide was out, so we sat on the beach, and watched the children paddling around. Here a group of boys all had their heads together down in a hole between some rocks, catching ^{crabs} ~~crayfish~~. Here a lot of little girls were picking up jelly fish and putting them on a board - a good deal as our children play with mud pies. Fancy playing with jelly fish.

Newhaven is ~~the home~~ a quaint fishing village, and the inhabitants are fisher-folk of Scandinavian origin. They settled here on this shore hundreds of years ago, but as they have not intermarried with the Scotch, they have kept all of their ancient customs. Down on the beach in a quiet little enclosed harbor, the fishermen's

dories were standing, many of the dories of course worn out on a trip. All along the shore, the fishermen sat mending their nets, or making new ones, for another catch.

Such delightful old Scandinavian fishermen. We entered into conversation with one of them who told us about their trade, and how large their catch usually was, and how their prosperity was interfered with by their rivals, and how they did in storms. The fishermen live an exciting life, and to me a most picturesque life.

When the fishermen come in in the morning with their night's catch, then the fishwives take the fish in great baskets on their heads, into Edinburgh for sale.

These "fish-wives" are even more picturesque than the men. Their heads are protected by a handkerchief tied about them, their striped skirts are a foot from the ground, ^{and very full} and their hips are very big around, making them look like a barrel. As we walked along the street just back from the beach, we met a number of the fishwives. One who had just returned with her empty

basket on her ^{back} ~~head~~, allowed me to take ~~her~~ her picture. One of the wives was opening mussels, which they use for bait in the lobster pots.

Anyone who wants to see a very characteristic little fishing village, must not omit seeing Newhaven, and the "fishwives."

Then we went back to our fish dinner. - which I want to describe to you in detail.

Naturally - with a five or six course dinner, we expected to have fish cooked & served in almost every sort of a way with the proper accompaniments,

but the Peacock Inn doesn't do it that way. A fish dinner meant nothing but fish, not even vegetables. Nothing but fried fish at that.

One course was fried haddock, then the next course was Fried whiting, fried flounders and fried Lady Leigh -

Then the next fried skates. &c &c. It became quite exciting to see how many kinds of fish they could fry. I made the waiter name each variety, so I should know there was variety. otherwise it might have been only monotonously fried fish. It was

positively the finest dinner I ever ate. By the time we had had fish soup and five courses of fried fish, all for 50 cents, we had had enough fish to do us for some time.

If you ever go to Edinburgh don't neglect to get a fish dinner at the Peacock Inn.

Then we rode back again through Edinburgh, and having packed our bags and sent them on to Lincoln, we reluctantly turned our backs on Edinburgh.

I left every place with regrets, but Scotland gained a warmer place than any other, and I did not like to be nearing the border.

We rode first out to Roslin Castle and chapel. We did not go inside the chapel, to our regret ever since, but went into the ruined castle, which sits back among the trees on a steep point just at the end of a deep ravine.

We had a funny little guide through the ruins. - no less than a small 12 year old boy - with a Tam o' Shanter cap covered with burdock burrs. He gleefully told us how a man had patted him on the head, not noticing his prickly cap. He was a bright little Scotch lad. He

had heard all the tales belonging to the Castle, but we began to suspect him when he told us about a speaking tube that the ancient lords used to have and the "lift" that went from the Kitchen to the top floor, when he finally pointed out Mary Queen of Scots' tricycle, our faith in him was shaken. He was just showing off the castle for his own amusement, and we enjoyed him more than the dungeons, or ancient Kitchens.

He told us there was an underground passage for a mile and a half to Hawthornden, but we didn't feel sure of it. Anyway we preferred to take the above ground walk to Hawthornden, leaving the castle at the top of the ravine, we walked down along the edge of a deep gorge through the Esk Vale, - the river Esk rushing along between its deep walls - the most romantic glen I ever saw, deeply wooded.

We walked on and on enjoying the day and the scenery hugely, but did not go clear to Hawthornden.

Hawthornden was the home of the poet Drummond, who was a contemporary of Shakespeare. Ben Jonson visited him here.

Leaving Roslyn we pushed on our way south, getting to a little village by six o'clock, when we decided to stay for the night, because the weather looked threatening. But the inn was full, some other Americans were there, they couldn't possibly accommodate us, and so we just took a train to the little town of Peebles, to escape a rain. We were glad that

we went, for we stayed at the Cross-Keys - an ancient old inn, and slept in the same room when Scott had slept, and felt highly honored.

The Scottish inns were on the whole better than the English, somewhat more expensive, but very satisfactory.

In the largest inns in England we had nothing but candles to write by, but even in the little villages and in private lodgings in Scotland we had gas. Scotland seemed more progressive to me than England - the children on the streets were much cleaner.

There was no fault to be found with anything in Scotland.

This old town of Peebles was an ancient one, the date over the old inn was 1693.

All around this region the Scott's story of the "Black Dwarf" is laid, but we did not stop to identify them.

We met on the roads of Scotland so many immense flocks of sheep. They were worse than corn, for they would not separate and let us pass. We would wheel right into the herd, but they would close up all around us and we would be obliged to dismount right in the midst.

I remember on the road out from Peebles we met such a big flock, but this time the fine Scotch Collie seemed to comprehend the situation, and the dear old dog rounded them up, drove them head first into the hedge, and there he made them all stand in a funny long row, their tails toward us and their heads in the bushes until we had passed.

The ride we had that day from Peebles to Melrose was the finest ride we had had anytime except through the valley of the Afton.

We rode down the valley of the Forth, skirting the Lammermoor Hills, on a perfectly level road.

All through this region is where they make the Scotch hivers and chevists.

We ~~ate~~^{bought} our lunch at a little place called Galashiels, where one may turn aside if he chooses to visit the yarrow of which Wordsworth wrote. We pushed on however to Sir Walter Scott's home a few miles beyond.

While in Galashiels we asked our way out to Abbotsford. One directed us to go by the ferry, another man said "no" go around to the bridge, another man that we asked said we couldn't possibly get over the ferry with our wheels, ~~that~~ and directed us still another way. So we just followed our noses until we came to the Tweed river. Riding along the bank, we saw directly opposite us - his beautiful home - Abbotsford, facing the river bank on the opposite shore. but we couldn't find the ferry. we finally decided that it was probably named from an old Abbots ford, and probably we would have to ford it too.

But after a while a while we came to the ferry, which was only a ~~large~~ row boat. We had to be taken across two by two, standing up holding our wheels, while the two on the bank jeered.

but it was better than fooding. A short ride brought us to Abbotsford. This celebrated residence is the shrine of Scott most visited. It is his "romance in lime and stone" as he called it, planned by him inside and out, and representing his taste long-when. It was built when he was in the height of his prosperity, and you will remember how commercial disaster overtook him, and how he worked night and day on the Waverley novels to pay for his beautiful pile, and how honorable he was with his creditors, and how when at last he had secured to his descendants the home he had built, the tax on his exertions crushed out his life.

The house is the baronial style, about 150 feet long on the river side the gateway is castellated, and the court-yard is surrounded by embattled walls. So long had his fancy dwelt in castles and towers that his own home was an attempt to realize his own romances.

The tourist is not admitted from the front, but comes in from the back, not so impressive a view of the house.

The house is now occupied by Mrs Maxwell Scott - herself an author - and the great granddaughter

of Scott.

The visitors to Storn Scotts own rooms in exactly the state he left them. The grounds and his private rooms are kept scrupulously as Sir Walter left them.

Here is his study, his desk and his leather chair, the books he consulted lining the walls. in a little adjoining room are some precious relics - the clothes he last wore - his thick shoes & gaiters black and white checked trousers, coat with bright steel buttons.

You then go into the great library where Scott has collected so many treasures, - here is Flora McDonald's purse, some trifles belonging to Rob Roy - and many such things.

The Catalogue of his Collections is quite a sizable book.

In a little armory adjoining is Rob Roy's sword, the keys from the Old Tolbooth (or Heart of Midlothian) of Edinburgh.

Almost all the ornamentation in the house is copied from Roslin Chapel, and from the beautiful carvings in Melrose Abbey.

From here we rode on two or three miles to the little town of Melrose, ~~and~~ we engaged our lodgings of a lovely old Scotch lady - who spoke in a delightfully broad way, and brought our provisions.

and then rode out to Dryburgh Abbey about five miles farther.

The road was pretty hilly, but the queer part of it was that we lost each other coming home and all came back a different way, and all arrived in the Square of Melrose at the same time much surprised to know how the others could have got there.

To get to Dryburgh Abbey we had to cross the Tweed on a tiny suspension bridge made only for foot passengers, and made in so fragile a way that only ten people are allowed on it at once, and it swings back and forth in an alarming way.

Dryburgh Abbey is a very interesting ruin, its gray walls much demolished, but there in a corner, among his ancestors lies Walter Scott. Beside him his wife, and ^{an only} son who left the title extinct. At his feet lies John Lockhart, ^{his son-in-law} who wrote the finest biography of Scott - a piece of literature itself.

It seems strange that Scott should have chosen to be buried in a ruined abbey

4
If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright
Go visit it by the pale moonlight
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray,
When the broken arches are black in night
When the cold lights
And each shafted Oriel glimmers white
When the cold lights uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower
When buttrees and buttress, alternately
Seemed framed of ebony & ivory;
When silver edges the imagery
And the scrolls that teach thee to live & die
When distant Towed is heard to roar
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead ^{grave} man's
Then go, but go alone the while
Then view St David's ruined pile
And home returning softly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair."

Back to Melrose - and a visit to Melrose abbey, which stands on the edge of the village.

This is the most beautiful ^{ruin} abbey in Scotland. It was built by King David, who built Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh. The vaulted roof remains, a beautiful east window, and a great deal of fine carving done by the monks, which has been reproduced at Abbotsford.

Scott was very fond of this ruin, and visitors are shown the stone on which he often sat and meditated. Here is shown the tomb of Michael Scott the wizard who figures in the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Here too are buried the Black Douglasses, and the Heart of Bruce.

(See verses).

In Washington Irving's essay on Abbotsford, he speaks of a guide who used to be at Melrose abbey - honest Johnny Bower. There was a great demand for moonlight effects by tourists, and the old guide sorely puzzled to provide a shining moon, devised a great candle on a pole.

He would say "It does no light up a' the abbey at aince, like sun, but then you can shift it about and show the auld ruin bit by bit, whiles the moon only shines on

See
Lords
of
Scott

one side."

We had neither moon nor a candle on a pole, but saw it in the "gay beams of light-Some day" - a beautiful ruin in any light.

Abbotsford, Dryburgh and Melrose, - the Land of Scott, filled with delightful memories and surrounded by beautiful scenery, is a place to spend many days, but we cannot loiter any more.

From Melrose we take the train to Durham, and are soon out of Scotland - the land of romance - and are going down the East Coast of England - with London ahead.

Tuesday - Feb 16 -

(Gave talk on Suppression of the Monasteries & Cathedral System)

Our trip from Melrose to Durham though only a hundred miles or so, took us all day long. Sometimes England's fast trains can be very slow. We reached Durham toward evening, and could see from the train windows the great Cathedral looming up over the town.

We took lodgings here, but they weren't as pleasant as our Scotch lodgings had been.

It was too late to see the Cathedral that night, and as we wanted to take a comparatively early train ~~the~~ next day - a forenoon train, we visited the ~~Verger~~ ~~Station~~ that night to see how early he would take us over the Cathedral, and he told us nine o'clock - That evening we wandered over the ancient old town, with the river Wear bounding like a horseshoe around it, and the great Cathedral & its Castle looming over our heads, dwarfing the town into perfect insignificance. No English Cathedral is more grandly situated, and none other impressed me so much both inside and out as Durham. As you look up at ~~the~~ its

three great towers, you recall
Scott's words -

"Gray towers of Durham
Half Church of God, half castle
'gainst the Scot".

~~He had time~~. And indeed it
was a hill fortress, and suffered
severely from the Scottish invasions.

We had time to look all
around inside before the service
began. As you enter the

nave, you have an unbroken
view of the full length of the
building! ^{through the nave and choir.} The ~~it~~ is mighty,

massive, lofty - and yet so
seemingly simple in its way.

The great piers give one a
sense of strength and ever-
lasting endurance more than
any other Cathedral.

We sat down in the back
of the nave while the white
procession went up the steps
and filed into the choir. Then
we listened to the service
echoing through the whole
building, and there was a
resonance and reverberation to
the echo here sweeter than
anywhere else.

This Cathedral was built as
the shrine of St Cuthbert, and
the bones of the Holy man
were deposited here. His
shrine was one of the richest

in England, but Henry VIII dismantled it as he did all other shrines, and it is now ~~only~~ ^{perfectly} bare. In Durham, the Lady Chapel is not as usual in the East End but is in the West end - the only instance in England in which the Lady Chapel has been placed in the West end. In the nave a long way back from the choir is a blue marble cross in the pavement, showing the limit beyond which women were not allowed to pass.

In the Lady Chapel - called in this Cathedral the "Galilee Chapel", is the shrine of the "Venerable Bede" - the great historian.

Aside from that there were no important shrines there.

Leaving Durham, we took the train to Ripon, - bought our lunch and mounted our wheels again. Our object in coming to Ripon, was to visit Fountains Abbey, which is a three miles spin out from Ripon.

The ruins of the Abbey belong to the Marquis of Ripon and are in his beautiful Park grounds. He lets you into his Park for a shilling, then you can wander around everywhere, enjoy the beautiful grounds and trees and visit the ruins.

The ruins of Fountains Abbey are very extensive, the walls of the great Church standing, the kitchens, refectory, abbots house and I don't know what beside. But there are no windows or roofs left. and the ruins are not so picturesque, except for their beautiful surroundings in the Park.

Leaving the Abbey, we rode on to York. All the roads down this East Coast of England are very level indeed. Arriving in York, tired, and finding it a large town of 70000 inhabitants, we went directly to the Hotel. We found York to be an old walled city, with a good share of the wall still surrounding the city, and a number of the beautiful old gates still standing through which we had to pass.

York was a very important town even in the Roman days, Constantine the Great was proclaimed Emperor here. And even yet the Duke of York is the title of the Prince of Wales Son.

York Cathedral was just a block beyond our hotel and the ruins of St Mary's Abbey just across the street.

York Cathedral does not stand on a high eminence, but is

rather buried in the town, so that after seeing Durham the situation is a little disappointing. But the Cathedral is supposed to be one of the grandest and largest in England. To me it was not so imposing and impressive as Durham, but as you sit in the back of the nave and look down 525 feet, along rows of clustered piers, it is magnificent enough to silence one. The great glory of York is its ancient stained glass windows. The great West window - is - as it is called - "a wall of glass." Twice the Cathedral has burned, and twice the heat has been drawn up the Central tower in such a way as to save the old glass, so that this Cathedral has kept the oldest and best examples of glass in the Kingdom. and this gives a rich effect to the whole. There were no shrines or monuments in York that interested me.

It is too bad that York doesn't stand on a high place, so that its wonderful exterior should show to better advantage.

Well, from York, we take the train again to Lincoln, where we hire an enterprising caddy to take us around to get lodgings.

he drove us up on the high hill right in the middle of which is the famous Cathedral, he drives from door to door, and each time comes back and pops his head in to announce that they are all "full up". We began to think that every place was "full up", but he finally got us stowed away into some comfortable quarters, - that were a little small, and presided over by a formal, precise but strange individual, but considering the "full up" condition of the town, did very well. That was Saturday, and we intended staying over Sunday. So we went directly to the Cathedral, so that we could go through the Choir Chapter house, cloisters &c before they closed. Take it all in all we didn't care so much for Lincoln as for York or Durham.

But the town of Lincoln, was the most fascinating place, Why people should rave over Chester and not say anything about Lincoln I cannot understand. It is just as old, has just as fine Roman remains - in fact, here is an actual Roman gate, and a piece of the actual Roman wall still standing.

We walked down town after

scupper. through the narrowest, steepest street imaginable. Down in the town, somebody was out walking. They had no regards for sidewalks, but filed up and down the streets, filling it up completely as if they were a great street procession, no chance for carts or horses. That English town was out walking - it seems to be the custom on Saturday night and Sundays to turn out en masse that way and fill up the streets with a surging good natured crowd.

We walked back up another street called "Steep hill," so narrow, and so steep, that no teams can go up. All the streets are so zigzag and crooked and lined with houses with over hanging stories, that you are right in fairy land and legend, expecting all sorts of queer people to appear. It is after all, the Antique that draws the attention of the new-American.

Before we leave our lodgings in England, I must tell you why I shall always remember those particular lodgings. We had been used to having flowers always on the dining table in Hotels, quantities of them, disposed with no taste

whatever, in the Country inns.
 But we never provided them when
 we were in lodgings.

In Lincoln our table was very
 small, but a very large
 bouquet of crêpe paper roses
 callas, poppies, etc ornamented
 the table. Our menu was
 large enough to fill that table
 and we didn't propose to let
 paper flowers usurp any space
 needed for eatables, so we set it
 off. But regularly every meal, it
 was the first thing served. As
 soon as the maid disappeared
 we gently removed it. But it
 came back again to adorn the
 table between meals, and sat
 staring at us while we wrote
 our letters around it, until some
 exasperated girl again removed
 it. It was a most remarkable
 and a most persistent bouquet
 and I shall always remember it.

From Lincoln we decide to
 take the train, leaving out Ely,
 Peterborough, and Cambridge and
 go straight to London.

London.

We arrived in London in a great state of excitement, to think that we were actually in the largest city in the world, and the centre of the English speaking races. We had saved it until the last purposely, so that we might give it our undivided attention.

We spent several days in London before going over to the Continent, then returned to it again after our visit to Paris, with the feeling that we were returning home.

So much better did we love London than Paris, that we would have gladly doubled the time we spent in London, while we had plenty of Paris in a week.

Paris is a gay superficial city so beautiful that I felt that its art was overdone, and that it was only a great show place.

London has far too few artistic attractions, but it is a solid commercial centre, where the push and whirl of business is so vast as to overwhelm you. One might almost say that the wealth of the world passes through London and that it is the international banking centre. It confuses one's mind to even think of the vastness of London. But more of its size later.

We landed at King's Cross Station, took a cab and started out to find a Boarding Place. We went directly to Russell square, around which most Americans stop, and soon found a very nice place with Mrs. Timmins. It was a very good place, and we had two weeks experience in a London boarding house. We were spoiled for boarding houses. We didn't like being lined up on one side of a table, with a whole row of strange people across from us. There were other Americans there, and Hungarians and Germans and Austrians, and typical London business men, all sitting down in a cosmopolitan way together at a typical English table. As one of the girls said, it was very improving to table manners but not to dispositions. We found we had grown almost as conversational as the English themselves and enjoyed a private dining room.

We packed our wheels away while we were in London; the roads were excellent, and wheels were thick everywhere, but we didn't enjoy riding in such densely crowded streets, where your attention had to be given solely to guiding your wheel, instead of sight-

seeing.

The very best way to see London is from the top of an omnibus. And the first thing we did, was to ride miles and miles on the different bus lines, until we had the plan of the city in our heads, and could recognize where we were.

The omnibus is like our hotel 'bus, except that it has a platform at the back, and a little winding stair to the top. On the top are rows of seats facing the front, with an aisle down the middle. The driver's box is very high, almost on a level with the top seats, so that he can see where he is driving. He is strapped tight into his seat, so that in an emergency, he would have ^{both} ~~enough~~ hands free for his horses.

We always lined up, all four of us across the two front seats, then we made friends with the driver, who would point out everything of interest to us, and with our guide books and maps in our hands, we looked and pointed at everything we saw in a most courtly manner. However two or three days spent on top of a London bus, will give one

a better idea of the city than any other way. Before I leave the subject of buses, let me say that that is practically the only way to get around in London. There are no trolley cars except out in the suburbs, but the buses have their regular routes, just as our street cars do. They are all marked so that you can tell where they are going. About 4000 buses ply through the thoroughfares of London. The omnibus driver is a character, he is usually perfectly acquainted with the part of London through which he drives. And he is the most wonderful driver, driving his bus through crowds of teams where his bus will practically touch other vehicles on both sides without ever drawing rein on his horses. At first we held our breath, and our hearts almost stood still when we threaded our way at a rapid rate through the throngs of teams, but we soon learned that these drivers knew their business.

The fare depends on ^{how} far you ride. One penny to such a point two pence, to a point further on &c. and when you pay your fare, they give you a little

check showing just how far you've paid to ride.

I cannot tell you the joy and delight of some of those first bus rides, in just reading the names of the streets, Piccadilly, High Holborn, Cheapside, Regent St. The Fleet, the Strand, Thread-needle Street - and all the familiar names, learned from Dickens and Thackeray. It didn't seem like going to a strange city at all, but as if you were right among the places you had always heard of.

To be well acquainted with Dickens & Thackeray is almost as good an introduction to London as Scott is to Scotland.

I wish I could make you see the fascinating panorama of a London Street. One could never tire of it. From your place on the top of the omnibus, you look down on a street perfectly black with teams, not a break between them, but all moving like a solid mass down the street, such a throng! - Every kind of vehicle. Suddenly it all stops dead still.

Up at the crossing a policeman stands. he holds up his hand and every vehicle stops, so that the teams on the cross street can get through for a while. Then he holds up his hand and

everything stops on the cross street and you can go on again. So at every crossing policemen stand, and control the traffic perfectly. What would otherwise be a bewildering confusion, becomes a well organized though immense crowd.

As I said, no one ever tires of watching these ever-varying street scenes, and he is also struck by this peculiarity: In spite of these throngs of passing teams, omnibuses and cabs, the London streets are quiet compared to New York. There is a great hum of sound which can be heard for a long distance, but there are no sharp sounds, no ringing of bells, no rattle of street cars, no elevated trains running over your head, ~~even~~ the hundred of cabs that pass to and fro have rubber tires on the wheels to deaden the sound.

It would not be true to say that London streets are quiet but they seem quiet to one because those nervous, distracting sudden noises are gone.

These and many impressions of this sort, are the first effect which London has on one. Then its size begins to grow on one.

Mr John Bright - the famous orator.
said once to an ~~London~~ audience

"A great many of you have
been to London, but you know
nothing about it, I have spent
six months there every year for
forty years and I know nothing
about it. I don't believe there
is a man in it who is fairly
acquainted with all the parts
and districts of that vast city."

Its vastness is something one
cannot comprehend. One
could walk for fifteen miles
in a straight line and not get
away from closely built up
streets. The area which the
London police control covers
690 square miles. (26 miles square)

Numbers mean very little
when we say that there are
more than 5 million people
in London, and with the suburbs
just around the edge of the city
there are 8 million souls.

Some people have tried to
express it by saying that in
London there are "more Scotch
than in Edinburgh, more Irish than
in Dublin, more Jews than all
Palestine, etc."

Let me express it this way,
that if you should add together
New York, Chicago and Philadelphia

our greatest cities, you could then add St Louis, Boston, San Francisco Cincinnati and Cleveland, and still have enough people in London to make St Paul & Mpls.

We think over here that we can produce pretty big things, but our biggest cities could be set down in London and be lost.

London is put together in a peculiar way. It is not one city, it is many cities

(point out parts)

The old city, Westminster, Chelsea, Piccadilly, Kensington &c &c. These parishes

each with their own government gradually grew up all around the Ancient city. The Fleet & Strand, was the highway between the City and Westminster.

The town of Westminster is nearly as old as the city, but the Fleet for centuries was the suburb portion of both and was lined with mansions and palaces. Now it is the most thronged of business streets.

But a city put together by the union of so many cities has always been a strange combination to govern. To this day there is no fixed boundary line, and no real

municipal government. It lies in 3 or 4 different counties and has been governed as a whole by various acts of Parliament and not by any Central government.

The old city of London has always been governed by the great Trade guilds. The old city is only a mile square, and in this medieval portion, the Trade and Labor guilds have always been the controlling power. There are the Companies of Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers &c. They became incorporated companies in those early days, and finally assumed joint control of the city. To these days, London proper is controlled by the great guilds, who have an annual income of \$5,000,000. The membership of these guilds is about 7,000 men, They live all over Greater London, but they control Lesser London. Their government is in this wise. The city is divided into 26 wards. Each ward elects an Alderman for life, and a number of Councillors for a year. From among the Alderman one is appointed to serve as Lord Mayor

for a year. After a year the Lord Mayor takes his place again as an Alderman who has "passed the Chair", and usually the Queen Knights every Lord Mayor upon his retirement from office.

The Lord Mayor of London lives in the Mansion House, and has to entertain very expensively, but he has no jurisdiction over any section but the old city of a mile square. So the old mediæval government is perpetuated in its same form in old London.

Now the other parishes which have grown together to form Greater London have each had their own separate government by a Board of Vestrymen. Of course, since there was no central government each village did its own lighting and paving, and no great work could be undertaken. Such a condition as that existed up to 1855. There was no London until then, except the old London. In 1855, these parishes were divided into 38 districts. Each with their own Vestry Board. Each district sent a representation to form a Metropolitan Board

of Works. This was the first Central government which London ever had, and it created sewer systems, Park systems built bridges, improved the streets - often cutting new streets right through blocks of solid houses. This Metropolitan Board found nothing done except what each little parish had done for itself, and it made a modern city out of London. This Board existed up to 1889.

Then in 1889, when the Counties of England were reorganized, it was inconvenient for London for London to be in so many Counties, so it was made into a County by itself, and the old Metropolitan Board was changed into a County Council. The City of London has a certain no of members, and each district has representation. Several women are serving on the present Council, and widows and unmarried women who are householders can vote for the Councillors.

It not until the last eight years has this great city had anything like a Central, permanent government. And the old city is still governed by Trade guilds.

Now let us take some walks around London just to get the localities.

First, we will go on a shopping expedition, we mount a bus at Russell Square; ride down to Piccadilly Circus (a circular space where a number of streets cross.). Then walk up Regent Street. This shopping district is in the newer West end of London, and the principal shopping streets are Regent Street, Oxford Street and Bond St.

They are wide beautiful streets, lined with the great London shops. One of the girls had to have some shoes, and she wanted some "Smart little London boots", so we headed for Peter Robinson's, the largest dry goods establishment in the world, at the head of Regent Street. Here the men clerks wore fine frock coats, and the women black dresses, - satin dresses with trains. They served us terribly, but they couldn't fit us with English boots, They said Americans never could wear their shoes, and my friend had to content herself with buying American boots in London.

We passed the beautiful windows of Liberty, with those

exquisite Liberty silks, and Liberty gowns in the windows,

Then we came to Fullers, a real American Confectionery Shop, where they kept a soda fountain, and molasses Candy, and nice twisted doughnuts and Chocolate cake, things that caused a thrill of patriotism.

But Bond St. (you have heard of Bond St prices) was the best of all, then the shops were small and exclusive, and almost all of them seem to be patronized by the Royal family according to the signs. They read "Milliner to the Queen", "Purveyor to the Queen" &c &c

1st Coming back to Piccadilly Circus we will ride down Piccadilly past famous old houses, among them Wellington's old home, with Green Park on one side until we come to Hyde Park. We can go into Hyde Park and sit down (taking care not to sit in the detached chairs but on the benches), or we can wander up and down Rotten Row, the fashionable driveway of Hyde Park.

Or we can go around Green Park, and soon come to Buckingham Palace, the Queen's London residence

Sentries walk up and down and all around it, guarding it. — Not far off is St James's Palace, which used to be the royal Palace, and is still the official residence. Walking on around St James ~~Palace~~ Park, we come upon the Wellington Barracks, where you will be sure to stand and watch the soldiers drilling. We would be fortunate if we happen to come here in time to see Guard Mount. At ten o'clock every day, a band of soldiers leaves the barracks, and marches to St James palace, and there relieves the previous guard, and to Buckingham Palace, ^{the same way} these guards of the day before march back to the Wellington barracks, and after various manoeuvres, are off duty. One Sunday we went down to the barracks to the soldiers Chapel for service. The chapel was crowded with red-coats, each with his busby beside him. It was a beautiful sight, a chapel full of red coats. A military band played, and a choir of soldiers sang, and it was very inspiring, closing with "God Save the Queen".

2nd
—

Instead of getting off at Hyde Park, you can stay on the Piccadilly bus, riding down past Hyde Park, to the Albert.

Memorial Hall, - a great
 Concert hall which accomodates
 8000 people comfortably. We
 went out one Sunday afternoon to
 a sacred concert, and heard the
 great pipe organ. Opposite
 this hall - in Kensington Park
 is the Albert Memorial monument.
 Both of these memorials were
 erected by the nation in memory
 of the Queen's husband - Prince Albert.
 Both of them are very magnificent
 and gorgeous, but are covered with
 color and gilding. - Queen Victoria
 seems to like that dutchy style.

3rd

Starting again from our
 home in Russell Square, we
 will get off the bus before we
 reach Piccadilly, at St Martins

Lane, and walk down the
 Lane to Trafalgar Square, or
 Charing Cross (Charing Cross is
 the station just to one side of
 Trafalgar Square. and the original
 old Cross has been replaced by
 one copied from the old one.)
 Trafalgar Square is a great open
 square, not green, but a paved
 area raised above the level of the
 street, so that cabs cannot drive
 across it. In this raised area
 two immense fountains play
 night and day, and statues of
 famous men are placed around.
 At one side rises a very

Beautiful tall ^{Granite Column} ~~white Shaft~~
 140 feet high, Crowned with
 a statue of Lord Nelson, the
 hero of Trafalgar Bay. Around
 the pedestal on the four sides
 are four colossal bronze
 lions, modelled by Raudseer.
 This Square is a favourite
 place for great mass meetings.
 The Nelson column stands so
 that as you look toward ~~from~~
 the square from almost any
 of the streets which converge at
 the square, the statue stands
 directly in front of you. On
 one side of the square stands the
 National Gallery, at one corner
 is the old church "St Martins in the
 Fields" where the famous actress
 Nell Gwynne is buried. It is
 one of the most attraction spots
 in London, and always seemed to
 me like the centre of London.

Taking the bus at the square
 and riding south down Whitehall,
 we pass Whitehall Palace, and
 think of poor Charles I imprisoned
 there, and the tragedy of his being
 beheaded right here before the public
 gaze. We pass too the Horse
 Guards, and before the gates stand
 always two immovable mounted
 soldiers, horse and man looking
 like pieces of statuary. Riding on
 we soon come to Westminster

Abbey and the glorious Parliament buildings.

^{4th} Let us start out from Trafalgar Square once more and go down the Strand. This street like many another London street, changes its name every few blocks. The Strand soon becomes Fleet Street, then Ludgate Hill & so on. As we ride down the busy Strand and Fleet St, we pass the beautiful Courts of Justice and the Temple, and are soon in the old city, passing by St Paul's Cathedral, whose great dome is a landmark all over the city. We cross such streets as Milk St, Wood St, Ironmonger's Street, Poultry St, named from the shops that used to be there. We come out upon the Royal Exchange, a beautiful building, which is the sign and symbol of London's commercial greatness. Over the columns are these words "The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." Around this building are grouped the great banks, among them the Bank of England. Across the open space is the Mansion House, the official home of the Lord Mayor.

The old city which is still the centre of Commercial London was once surrounded by a wall

None of which is now standing, except one of the old gates, which we went to visit one morning. The main defense of the city was the Tower which you can reach easily from the Royal Exchange.

Or if you choose to go another direction, you can go down the Whitechapel Road and soon find yourself in the poverty stricken East End. (Read Besant's "All sorts and conditions of men" for a good picture of East London.)

Chelsea

One day we took a bus down to Chelsea, and after wandering around for some time along the embankment of the Thames, ~~until~~ we came to Carlyle's old home, in a very quiet secluded little street, near by Leigh Hunt also lived, and George Eliot lived and died not far off. ^{No 4 Cheyne Walk}

Kensal Green

Another day, we took a ride out to Kensal Green Cemetery. There are not many detached cemeteries in England - almost all ~~of them~~ ^{grave} are in churchyards, but Kensal Green is an exception, it is an immense cemetery, and knowing that many famous men were buried there, I had

to go. I had a weakness for
cemeteries, and it took a
body guard to steer me
safely by one.

Before starting to Kensal, we
had read that Sidney Smith
Mulready, Kemble, Leigh
Hunt, Thackeray, and many
other eminent people were
buried here. Of course

I thought we could find them,
but it was so immense, that
we had no idea where to look,

We finally found Thackeray's
grave, and then my dear
friends went and left me, except
one sacrificing girl, she stayed
and helped me find Kemble,
and we tried to find Leigh Hunt,
but in vain. Only darkness
drove me out of that cemetery,
and we found our dinner cold
and our landlady cross, and the
girls wouldn't let me go to
any more cemeteries without them.

Highgate. Another pleasant trip is out
to the suburb of Hampstead Heath
& Highgate Hill. A tram takes
one most of the way, and you
then walk on farther up a grade
which overlooks the city. If the
atmosphere is clear, one can
have most extensive views of the
city & country. The dome of St Pauls

and the spires of Westminster
rise in the distance, and
they say that one could even
Windsor, 30 miles away.

Hampstead Heath is an open
pleasure ground, of about 240
acres, not kept up like a
Park, but like a great Common.

This used to be the notorious
place for highwaymen, and
it was across this open space
when Bill Sykes ran after he
had killed Nancy, in Dickens
'Oliver Twist'. In the village
of Hampstead close by, Leigh Hunt
used to live, and now Walter
Besant and Henry James live
here and so did Du Maurier.

In the suburb of Highgate
which lies on a ^{little lower} ~~higher~~ elevation
next to Hampstead, we came
upon a stone, which said that
at that point Dick Whittington
turned back ~~across~~ into London when
he heard the bells ringing
according to the old rhyme -

"Turn again, Whittington
Thrice Lord Mayor of London".

In Highgate also there is another
cemetery. In this we found the
grave of George Eliot. The great
author lies near by her first husband
Mr Lewes, with these words carved
on her tomb -

"Of those immortal dead, who live ^{again}
In minds made better by their presence"

Hampstead & Highgate are beautiful healthy suburbs, and many of the locality classes live out there.

Thames - Let us take one more walk tonight, along the river bank. Once the Thames came nearly up to the Strand, and along its edge were many palatial houses.

Now much of this land has been reclaimed, an embankment thrown up, consisting of a solid granite wall running along the North bank of the Thames, 8 ft thick, and 40 feet high. This wall is more than a mile long^{7000 ft} - and next to it is a beautiful boulevard, lined with rows of trees, and grass plots, with a broad roadway and sidewalks. Just on the other side, the reclaimed land has been ~~turned~~ into a long narrow park running along by the boulevard. This curved embankment offers one of the finest prospects that London can offer. Across the ~~curve~~^{river} you can see Lambeth Palace - the city home of the Archbishop of Canterbury, - a little farther ^{& across} the ^{from} glorious Parliament buildings on the river bank. Across the river is the busy section of Southwark.

A stroll along this Victoria

Embankment is just full of interest, - the river filled with every sort of craft, and the beautiful bridges crossing at frequent intervals.

Once upon a time the only way to cross from one side to the other was by London Bridge, or by the numerous ferries that would take one across. Old London bridge was built in 1176, and built so well, that with various patching it lasted up to this century 1823. It was built with houses all along the top over the roadway, and these houses were almost toppling over many years. "London Bridge is falling down". Now a magnificent structure crosses the river at the same point, which is crowded with traffic all day long.

Mar 1

{water
gate

When the Victoria embankment was built, a great many of the antiquities of London disappeared. One interesting one still stands, turning out of the Strand into a quiet side street - Buckingham St, one soon comes to the Park just this side of the Embankment; first at the entrance to the Park stands the old water gate. It was once the place where prisoners were

embarked and taken down the Thames to the Tower. Now it stands far inland, because so much land has been reclaimed from the river.

It is falling into ruins, but is a most historical feature of the old river bank. When traitors were embarked here, they were taken down the Thames to the Traitors gate of the Tower, up the broad river steps, and into a strong tower.

We went down to see the old "water gate", then walked along the boulevard till we came to the "Temple Buildings". They are a group of very old and fine buildings whose green and well kept grounds extend out toward the river, and open from the Boulevard. On the side toward Fleet Street, they are protected by rows of buildings, through which lanes open into the Fleet. If you come to the Temple ~~down~~ from the river bank, they show up beautifully, but if you come down the Fleet, you enter through a narrow little arch, and wind around a narrow lane to come to them.

Now what are the Temple Buildings?

When the Crusades were in the height of enthusiasm, a military order called the Knights Templar was founded at Jerusalem to protect the Holy Sepulchre. When these Knights Templars returned to England, they founded their Lodge here where the

Temple Buildings now are. They built a beautiful little Church and fine hall and various buildings. Later the Order was dissolved and the property belonged to the Crown. After passing through various hands, it was leased to the Students of law, and from that time to this, it has been a great law school. where the students live together, just as they do in Oxford. There was once the Outer Temple, Inner Temple and Middle Temple, three Corporations of law students. The Outer Temple has now been replaced by other buildings and only the Inner and Middle Temples remain. The two schools have their separate buildings and libraries and dining halls. but the little Temple Church which was built by the old Knights Templars is used in common by both of them.

We rather stumbled onto the buildings, not realizing how interesting they would be. We went up to one of the buildings which looked like a Church, and knocked. A keeper came to the door and informed us that we were at the great dining hall of the Middle Temple. It was deserted by students, for it was not yet term time; and no tourists were there. Such a find as that hall was. A magnificent oak ceiling, made from the ships of the Armada ^{Spanish}.

Nothing could be more beautiful than these wooden ceilings. All around the rooms are the armorial bearings of the Knights. At the farther end is a table which they keep covered, which was taken by Drake from one of the Spanish ships, and at which Drake Queen Elizabeth and Raleigh have sat in that very room. Across the farther end is a platform; upon which Shakespeare played his "Twelfth night". We paced up and down the very platform trod by Shakespeare. It is the only platform still remaining upon which he is supposed to have acted.

This room too was the place where the "War of the Roses" began, and you can look out on the garden from which the white and red rose was picked.

Read Shakespeare's Henry VI, and he says the trouble began in the Temple Hall.

After admiring this beautiful historic place, we made our way through a little passage to the Temple Church, a beautiful little structure built in 1185. Consisting only of a round vestibule and the choir part. In the vestibule are the monuments - bronze effigies of nine Knight Templars in their crusading uniforms. Around the little church a number of the Knights are buried. Just above this tiny graveyard is a walk leading over to

the Inner Temple, and there beside the wall, we came upon a solitary tomb, marked ^{"Here lies"} Oliver Goldsmith; just a gray coffin shaped slab, after the fashion of the Templars. Goldsmith lived here in one of the lanes, so also did Charles Lamb, and the famous lawyer Blackstone, and Dr Johnson. Even now lawyers & rooms are all around these little lanes, it is the lawyers quarter. Coming out on the Fleet again, you are facing Chancery Lane, so called because so many barristers & lawyers have Chambers, and always have had along that street. Near by are the magnificent Courts of Justice and if you follow up Chancery Lane, you come to Lincoln's Inn, - another law school, and still a little further Gray's Inn - another school. So that this region represents the law precincts of London.

Now, let's go to the "Ye old Cheshire Cheese Chop house" and get a lunch. This was the old inn where Dr Johnson used to gather his friends and carry on a one sided conversation. It is up Nine Office Court opening from the Fleet. When we first found it, we were afraid to go up the narrow little alley, so we asked a policeman about it, and he took us in. But we needn't have feared, for we found everything as nice as could be, other Americans

them, and everything just as quaint as we expected. We had our luncheon in a little shut off "Cozy Corner" with oak settees for chairs and ate breakfast and pigeon pie, milk-stewed Cheshire cheese on toast to close with. They brought on water in old tankards, and beer too.

The old inn had a real old atmosphere that was delightful, and when we tipped the waiter, he took us up stairs and showed us the Chair Johnson sat on, and let us sit on the edge of it. Then he showed us of the funny kitchen just as it used to be. And altogether, if you go to London, you must be sure to go there.

Now the Tower.

We took the bus on High Holborn and rode down past the City Temple Church where Dr Parker preaches, passed the old Newgate prison, and the Bow Church. within the sound of whose bells one must be born to be a true Londoner. When we arrived at the Tower, I was greatly surprised at the ground which it covered. I had thought of it simply as a great castle, ~~but~~ a single building. But one comes first to a wall surrounded by a dry moat, all the gates but one opening on the River side.

On the wall are several great towers, and inside are several very large buildings - the Waterloo barracks, and the great Arsenal. Rising very conspicuously in the centre is the Tower, the white tower built by William the Conqueror.

When we entered the gate we hired a guide at so much per hour to take us around. We were also requested to leave all luggage with the gatekeeper. even a little Chatelaine had to be removed. They are very careful for fear of dynamites.

It was quite a walk from the entrance gate through several portcullises to the inner court, the guide pointing out on the way the house where Queen Elizabeth was imprisoned by her sister Mary - the house standing on the inner wall. Then the guide explained to us the ceremony of closing up the Tower every night.

The soldier who is in charge for the day goes down at 12 o'clock with the great keys and locks the gate through which we had just passed, walking back into the inner court he is met by a Serjeant and a squad of soldiers, who challenge him with the words

"Who comes there" "Keys."

"Whose Keys" Queen Victoria's Keys"
 Then they ~~order~~ salute and the
 order is given "Guard turn out,"
 and "Keys" says. "Long may she reign,"
 and the soldiers answer "Amen" and
 they march away.

This ceremony is performed every
 day or rather every night.

The first thing one is taken to see
 is the Crown Jewels. They are
 in one of the wall towers, in a
 great glass case surrounded by an
 iron cage. The finest thing there
 was of course Queen Victoria's
 Crown with its 2700 diamonds, and
 the beautiful ruby in front which
 Henry V - the good "King Hal" wore
 at the battle of Agincourt. The
 Crown of the Prince of Wales was
 a simple Crown of pure gold.

The Kohinoor diamond isn't kept
 with the other Crown jewels, only
 a model of it. But there is the
 Royal Sceptre, and the gold maces
 which are carried at coronations
 and the silver baptismal font
 in which the Royal Children are
 baptized and many other things.

One is not allowed to go into
 all of the tower towers, but
 the historic White Tower is
 partially shown. As you go up
 a little staircase, you are told
 that under that very staircase, the
 bodies of the little princes who

were ~~also~~ murdered by their uncle Richard III, were found. This staircase leads to a little chapel, where the soldiers of the Tower have service. It is the oldest church in London - and a beautiful specimen of a Norman chapel, for the whole White Tower remains as when it built it. Several of the great rooms were filled with armour which didn't particularly interest us, except the suit which belonged to Henry VIII. + Robert Leicester, and Charles I. The old headsman block and axe stood there, it hasn't been used since the uprising of Bonnie Prince Charlie. It looked terribly cruel.

We were taken ~~to~~ into many one of the smaller towers, and shown the cells where many noble prisoners had been confined, their tiny cells being only a little recess in the wall not big enough to lie down in. On the walls they had carved their names to amuse themselves.

In the yard is the spot marked by a stone where Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn were beheaded. Nearly all others were publicly beheaded on Tower hill. a little piece of ground just outside the walls.

In the court stands the little old church of St Peter - the saddest place I ever was in

for here in urns are gathered the remains of the poor unfortunates, Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Lady Jane Grey and others.

Death with such unpleasant unhappy associations.

On the whole I was glad to get out of the Tower again, it so forcibly recalled all that is contemptible in English history.

I haven't spoken of the Beefeaters, they are stationed as guards all around the tower, and are dressed in a quaint tunic shaped garment belted down. They are old pensioned soldiers given this duty at the tower as a great honor.

We stopped at Tower hill and saw the place where the public scaffold once stood, now kept as a private park or square. Walking on we stopped to rest in a little church where William Penn was baptized. Then across London bridge into Southwark.

Just at the north end of London Bridge stands the London Monument.

It was this part of the town that was burned in 1666. And this monument was built when the city was restored, in Commemoration. It is a tall column, and is said to be as high as its distance is from the spot where the fire started.

There are several interesting things just across London bridge

The old world lingers lovingly here, and High Street which is a continuation of the bridge seems more like a country road.

Several old inns of the days of Chaucer and before are still standing. The old Tabard inn, where the Canterbury pilgrims assembled has been replaced by a newer inn but the old White Hart of Dickens still stands. Sam Miller was "the boots" at the White Hart, and Mr Pickwick was introduced to Miller at the White Hart; so we go to dinner that day in the White Hart Inn, and eat our chops in quaint little wooden stalls with high backs and wooden seats.

The Globe Theatre in which Shakespeare acted used to stand near by, It is now a brewery, but Shakespeare's Church St Saviours Church is close at hand. It is a beautiful little church and is being carefully remodeled. In the Lady Chapel Bloody Mary's victims - so called heretics were condemned by Bishop Gardiner, and his bones lie

now in the Chapel. One is filled 257
with pity for the brave men who
were condemned here for their beliefs.
But one feels a very different feeling
walking down the choir, for then
he suddenly comes upon a stone
in the pavement marked Edmund
Shakespeare, & another, Philip
Massinger, and Fletcher. Strange
that the younger Shakespeare's grave
should be so marked, and the
greater brother's resting place be
really unknown. Shakespeare must
often have frequented this Church
and also Queen Elizabeth and Mary.

In the nave of the Church is
the tomb of John Gower, the poet.
And in one of the transepts stands a
very elaborate and imposing tablet,
to an unknown Dr Lockyer, who
must have been a maker of pills,
for his epitaph reads

"His virtues and his Pills are so
well known

That Envy can't confine them under
stone.
But they'll survive his dust, and not expire
Till all things else at the universal fire.
This verse is lost, his Pill embalms
him safe."
etc

Such abundance in such a sacred place.
Leaving St Saviour's Church we rode
down through Southwark, made a
visit to the Doulton Pottery works,
looked at Lambeth Palace from the
outside, admired the Parliament
buildings from the outside as they
were reflected in the Thames and
marvelled at the vastness and
interest of London.

One morning we did something quite unusual, we got up early. And with a small boy for Chaperon, we visited the great markets of London. to see how London is fed.

Well, if you could have seen the way the streets ^{were} blockaded with green grocer's carts for blocks all around Covent Garden, you would be able to picture the rush and scramble there was, boys running back and forth with great baskets on their heads and yelling and shouting at the tops of their lungs. Teams were so jammed in together, they could scarcely get out when their carts were full. We went on into the central court when the supplies were, and men were carrying around baskets five or six deep on their heads, and it was a very picturesque sight.

One great hall was the flower market, a marvel of delight, but not so cheap as one might have expected.

After the vegetable and flower market at Covent Garden, we went over to Smithfield, where the great meat, poultry and fish market. I think we walked through miles of meat.

They say this meat market is not paralleled anywhere else in the world, and I suppose it is not. One ought not to miss seeing these great markets of London, for they give one an excellent idea of the size of the city, and the problem of feeding it.

It would be impossible to describe
Kensington Museum and the National
Gallery. You have to see an Art
gallery, no one else can see it for
you. The Kensington Museum is more
for educational uses, connected with Art
Schools. The National Gallery is
not so large, nor so filled with
wonderful masterpieces as the Louvre
but I enjoyed the Reynolds and
Romneys and Gainsboroughs, and
Landseers. Murillo's beautiful Holy
Family is here, and many Raphaels &c.
We spent several mornings there, one
morning I devoted to a vain attempt
to like Turner's pictures, which fills
several good sized rooms.

The British Museum too, could not
be well described unless one should
spend an hour or two. Dr Hoare
gave me a personal introduction to
the Head Librarian, Dr Garnett, so
we were taken behind the scenes and
showed all the in and outs of the
great library. It is too England, where
our Congressional Library is to us, a
place where ^{one of} every copyrighted book
printed in England must be deposited
and every Newspaper. One could scarcely
realize the vastness of its 2,000,000 volumes
unless they were allowed as we were to
wander among its treasures with an
official as our guide. The place is
always frequented by famous men and
I suppose $\frac{4}{5}$ of the books written in
England are composed within its walls.
One can study from the beautiful

Specimens of early printing and
manuscripts the whole history of
book-making. I think one of the
most interesting things I saw in the
Library part of the British Museum
were the little librettos of the plays
of Shakespear, which were given to
the spectator when he entered the
theatre. I did not know there was
any such thing in existence, as an
outline of the play made as it was being
performed.

The rooms filled with antiquities
would take weeks to examine, there
are the Egyptian, and Assyrian and
Greek rooms, rooms with mummies and
Egyptian idols, others with Greek
vases, and things too numerous to
mention. The room in which we
spent the most time was the
Elgin Rooms, in which are the
beautiful Greek marbles taken from
the Parthenon. On the whole, antiquities
are not so interesting grouped in
great masses, as they are viewed in
their native place.

The Parliament buildings ^{Palace of Westminster}
are only opened on Saturdays, so
we had to go with a mob of other
people, and be hurried through like
a flock of sheep. Again all bags
are taken from people before entering.
These Parliament buildings are
superb, covering 8 acres of ground.
There ~~was~~ are 100 staircases and
1100 rooms, but we didn't have to
visit them all.

The first room that I remember going
into was the Queens Robing Chamber
where Queen Victoria puts on her
robes of state when she opens

Parliament, then we proceeded just as she wound down the Royal Gallery a beautiful gallery 110 feet long, richly decorated, through the Prince's Chamber, a magnificent little room lined with portraits of the Tudor monarchs, and then you go into the House of Peers. They hurried us along too fast, but I insisted upon staying in this room long enough to understand where the Queen sits and the Prime Minister and the Liberals & Conservatives &c.

Out in the Peers lobby were the pegs on which the noble hats hang, and we took delight in reading off the titled names under each peg. But the most

magnificent part of the Buildings was the old Hall of William Rufus, where the House of Commons used to meet.

It is an immense hall, with one of those beautiful wooden ^{oaken} roofs unsupported by any columns. It is the largest roof in the world unsupported.

This old hall, built first by William I in 1097, is now used only as a great vestibule to the main buildings, but it is filled with historic associations. The great Coronation festivals were held here. Charles I was condemned here, and a little while after Cromwell was greeted here as Lord Protector. But Cromwell's head was afterward exposed on one of the pinnacles on the roof where it stayed for 30 years until a high wind blew it off.

Just across the square from the Parliament Buildings is Westminster Abbey. No one can be satisfied with one visit to this place, for here

lie England's great ones. We visited it again and again, until I know when almost every tomb is.

Perhaps as you first enter, you may be a little disappointed. There are so many visitors always there, they distract one's attention, and ~~one~~ cannot get into the spirit of the place. The second and third visit make you wholly unconscious of the people.

As you go in not at the west end of the nave, as in most Cathedrals, but in one end of a transept, several great statues ^{of heroic size} confront you on either side. Here is William Pitt, Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Palmerston,

But the fact of seeing these statues here or of seeing a tablet on the wall, does not necessarily imply that the person commemorated is buried there. The walls are simply white with tablets to people, not half of whom are buried there. The manner of burial is in a vault just under the floor, and the pavement block covering the vault is marked with the name. When there is service in the Abbey, the chairs are placed all over the graves in the most unconcerned manner.

We wandered directly to the Poets Corner where the names of Lord Tennyson and Browning are carved side by side. Here lies Chaucer, and there is the familiar bust of our own dear Longfellow. Another interesting spot is where Dickens, ^{Dr.} Johnson, Garrick, Macaulay and others rest side by side.

As you wander down the nave many great names lie under ones feet. Here is David Livingstone, *

Sir Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin
and Sir John Herschel.

We thought we ought to find some
memorial to Lowell, and after searching
all over the abbey, we walked out
through the cloisters, and into the
Chapter House, and there in the entrance
is a stained glass memorial window
representing the search for the Holy Grail
in memory of our Lowell. All the
windows in the Chapter house are
memorials to Dean Stanley.

Then are a number of famous
Chapels built on at the east end
of the abbey. The first chapel
we went into contained a lot of royal
dukes & duchesses, we let the guide
discourse to the other people, while
we hunted up the tomb of Lord Bulwer-
Lytton, whom the guide never mentioned.

Several other little Chapels contained
uninteresting nobility, until we came
into the wonderful Henry VII Chapel.

We went for service in this chapel
another day, just to feast our eyes
on the elegance of its carving, fretwork
and wonderful fan tracery ceiling. There
is an elegance and luxury about this
Chapel that we did not see equalled.

In the central part Henry VII
himself is buried with James I in
the same vault. On one side in
the aisle, James I caused his mother
Mary Queen of Scots to be buried in
an elaborate tomb. And on the other
side in an exactly similar tomb and
place, is Queen Elizabeth.

Before we left England we had
located the burial place of almost
every monarch of England.

In the Chapel of Edward the Confessor are several other Kings and Queens, and here is the Coronation Chair of the Scottish Kings, with the Stone of Scone in the seat.

These royal Chapels are very interesting indeed, and cause one a good deal of reflection.

But instead of dwelling on dead Kings, let us go out to the home of a live Queen.

We had hoped to ride our wheels out to Windsor Castle about twenty miles away, but it had been raining a good deal, and we couldn't risk the roads. So a train had to answer. We found Windsor an old town, very quaint and old-fashioned, clumped around the Castle hill.

The Queen was away, else we should not have been admitted so freely. Soldiers stood guard everywhere. A great wall encloses the various buildings, and on the walls are many towers. Inside the walls, we made our way first into St George's Chapel - The royal Chapel of Windsor where lie Henry VIII, Charles I, and others. The Albert Chapel adjoins the other, and is a Chapel built in memory of the Prince Consort, whom the Queen has mourned so tenderly. It is not a large Chapel, and is completely faced inside with various kinds of marbles, giving a very rich and elegant effect, but a gaudy

overdone effect. ~~In a magnificent~~
~~marble mausoleum are the remains~~
~~of Prince Albert and~~, The Chapel was
formerly built by Henry VII, before he
decided to build at Westminster. It
was left in ruins for some time,
until Victoria adorned it so gorgeously
for her husband. This chapel
contains a magnificent Effigy of
the Prince Consort, and of their
son the Duke of Albany, and of the
son of the Prince of Wales.

This Chapel is in the lower
Court, and we pass through an
old Norman gateway into the upper
ward. Here in the centre, stands
the Round tower on a hill
42 feet higher than the Court and
surrounded by a deep moat.
This is a fine old tower, built also
by Wm the Conqueror, and used as
a prison down to 1660.

We walked up the many steps to
the battlements, and enjoyed the
splendid view from the top. England's
quiet rural scenery lay all
around, greenery reaching all before
one. The long drive out through
Windsor Park, through a beautiful
Avenue, and the beautiful green park
itself were charming. Just over them
rise the towers of Eton, and on
yonder is Frogmore, where Prince
Albert is buried.

Coming down from the Round
tower, we are taken through the
State apartments. We were hurried
through at such a rate that I
have no very distinct notions. The
furniture too was covered over with

Chintz. We went through the
Queen's Audience Chamber
Queen's Presence Chamber
hung with tapestries representing
the story of Esther.

Guard Chamber - containing many
fine old suits of armor.

The Throne room, with the
beautiful ivory throne

and various other rooms too numerous
to mention. The Private
apartments are not shown.

Then we visited the Royal
Mews, or Stables, where a groom
took us all around, showing us
rows of shining horses kept in
the most beautiful order, their
names all written over their stalls;
He showed us the different
Carriages of State, the Queen's
own Carriage, the beautiful black
ponies of the Princess and
the riding school for the children.

It was all very grand indeed
(Royal Mews in London)

After dinner in Windsor, we
hire a carriage with a tiny
Coachman to take us out to
Burnham Beeches and Stoke Poges.

Just out of Windsor, we crossed
a toll-bridge, the first place we
ever paid toll in England. Just
a little ways out, we passed
Eton College - the school of the
aristocracy, we got out and went
into the quadrangle and into the
Old Chapel, where King's School

princes have often gathered, and
then drove on through beautiful
country road, past tiny villages to
the famous Burnham beeches.

This is a grove of very ancient beech
trees, no one knows how old, their
trunks are very thick, some of them
being four to six feet through and
almost hollow. The branches are
short and stunted, and the roots
spread in every direction in
most fantastic shapes.

It is a most fascinating grove of
trees, and is very celebrated because
of the curious old tree Thomas
Gray, the poet often used to study
and write out in this grove.

Leaving the grove, we drove back
through the little village of Stoke
Pogis. The little church where
St. Gray is buried is out in a
secluded place, and leaving the
carriage, we walked across the
fields and through a little wicket gate
to the church yard. In the field
was a monument erected to Gray
with some lines taken out of his
own famous Elegy.

Stoke Pogis is a dear little ivy
covered church, very picturesquely
situated with green fields and trees
all around it. As you sit in the
churchyard, in the quiet of that
"yew tree shade" - the peace and calm
of the beautiful elegy comes over your
spirit. The day was cloudy and gray

when we were there, and completed
the impression of quiet that reigned
there. Then, "When ^{begins} the turf
in many a mouldering heap", the
poet wrote his elegy. Then, unchanged
during the last hundred years, is the
lea over which the ploughman
might still "mud his weary way."

The yew tree still stands under which
the poet sat, and then near by the
little church is a tomb in which
he and his mother lie. On the

grave is the epitaph which he
wrote to his mother, calling her
"The careful tender mother of many
children, one alone of whom had
the misfortune to survive her"

His epitaph is not on the tomb,
the whole place and all the
surroundings, the quiet churchyard
and the rustic loveliness are all
reminders of a poet who has left
us so little in quantity, but that
little so priceless.

The only regret about our visit
to Windsor, and Stoke Poges was that
we could not have ridden through
that beautiful country on our wheels.

We had all along planned to
take the regular Canterbury
Pilgrimage, beginning at the old
Tabard inn, and following Chaucer's
pilgrims all the way to Canterbury.

It had been raining, but we could not
bear to give it up. Finally the
morning we had to start dawned

just as cloudy as possible, but we put on our bicycle dresses however, and amid the kind goodbyes and interested gazes of the boarders and our landlady, we took a cab to the depot, arranging for some boys to bring our wheels. We took the train to Rochester hoping that the rain would be left in London, and that we could ride part of the way. But here the rain fell in torrents and there was nothing for it but to ride by train all the way to Canterbury. It was a great disappointment, but we soon forgot it when we got into this delightful, quaint old town, and found lovely lodgings, and once more were buying our own provisions. It had been nearly six weeks since we had been in lodgings.

Of course the Cathedral is the great sight - Thomas a Becket's Cathedral, and beside the Archbishop of Canterbury is the Primate of all England. Here in Canterbury St Augustine planted the first Church in England and Canterbury is the Cradle of the Christian Church in the Island.

It is a very beautiful Cathedral in a large close. At one side are the ruins of the extensive monastery building that were once connected with the Cathedral. Henry VIII did not quite dare to tear down this Cathedral, but contented himself by tearing down the other buildings and carrying away the magnificent shrines. Of course the chief figure in the

History of this place A' Becket, and
as we stood in the transept where
he was murdered, it seemed very real.

(Read from Mrs Dorro Cathedral pilgrimages)

Another most interesting shrine in
Canterbury is the tomb of Edward
the Black Prince - the beloved of England.
It is a plain tomb with his effigy in
bronze, and above it hang his gauntlets
helmet and shield. Cromwell carried
away his sword. but strange to say
although Cromwell stabled his horses in
the Cathedral, and was generally an
iconoclast, he would not allow his
soldiers to touch the tomb of the Black
Prince.

Canterbury Cathedral has probably seen
more pilgrims than any other one. They
come by scores to A' Becket's tomb, they
have worn the steps into hollows,
and you feel very reverent as you place
your feet in the same hollowed out steps.

The next day we left Canterbury
on our wheels, hoping to ride across to
Southampton. We rode all day,
stopped by the rain several times,
and taking refuge in wayside inns
or barns. until we reached the
 quaint old town of Rye.

The next day we rode to Hastings,
and in such a heavy rain that we
gave it up. Our steamer started in
two days, and we couldn't risk anything
more, for our trunks had to be packed
and our bicycles crated. So back we
went through London, by train to
Southampton.