1931

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

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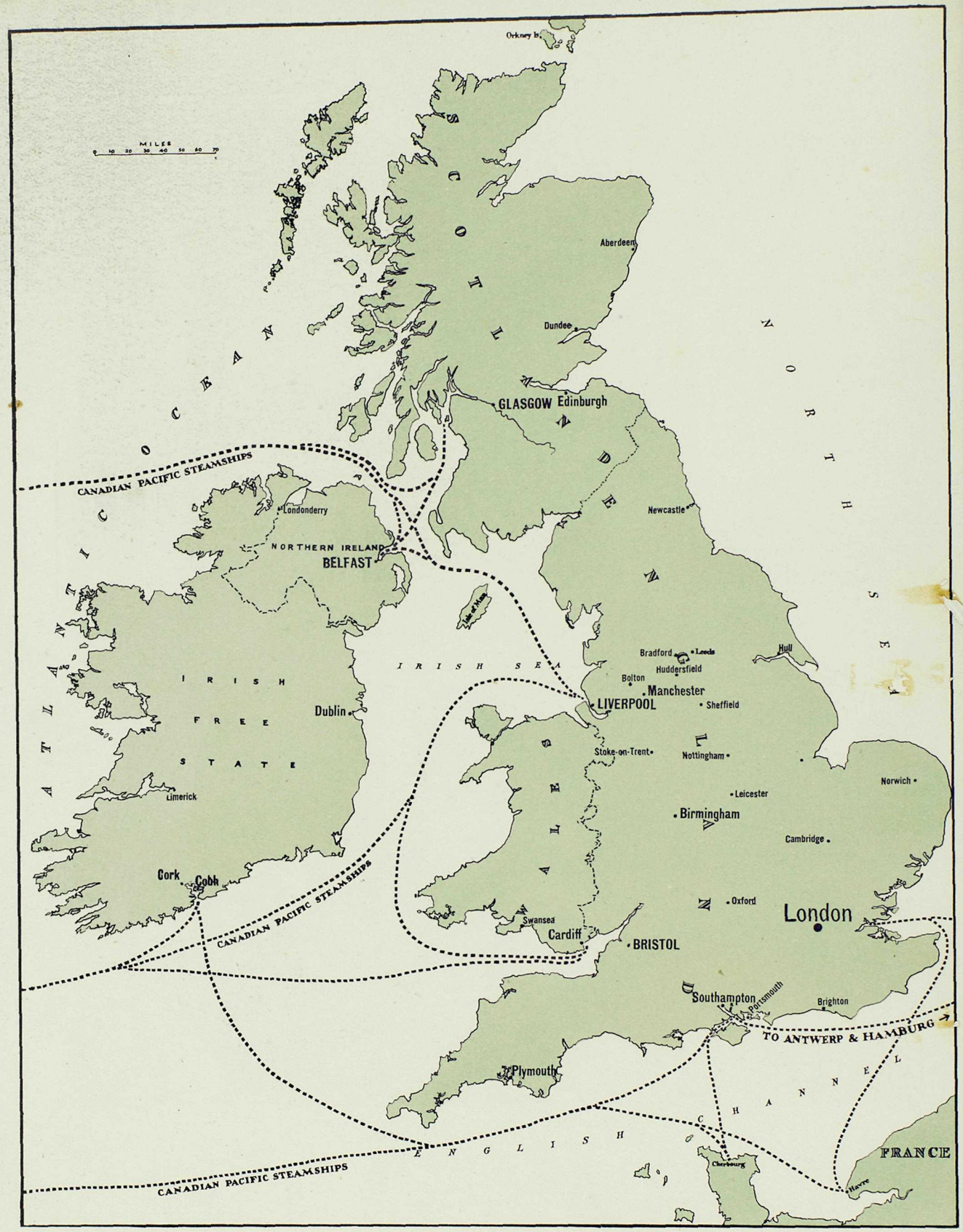

Sectional Maps of many popular centres on a larger scale will be found on the inside pages.

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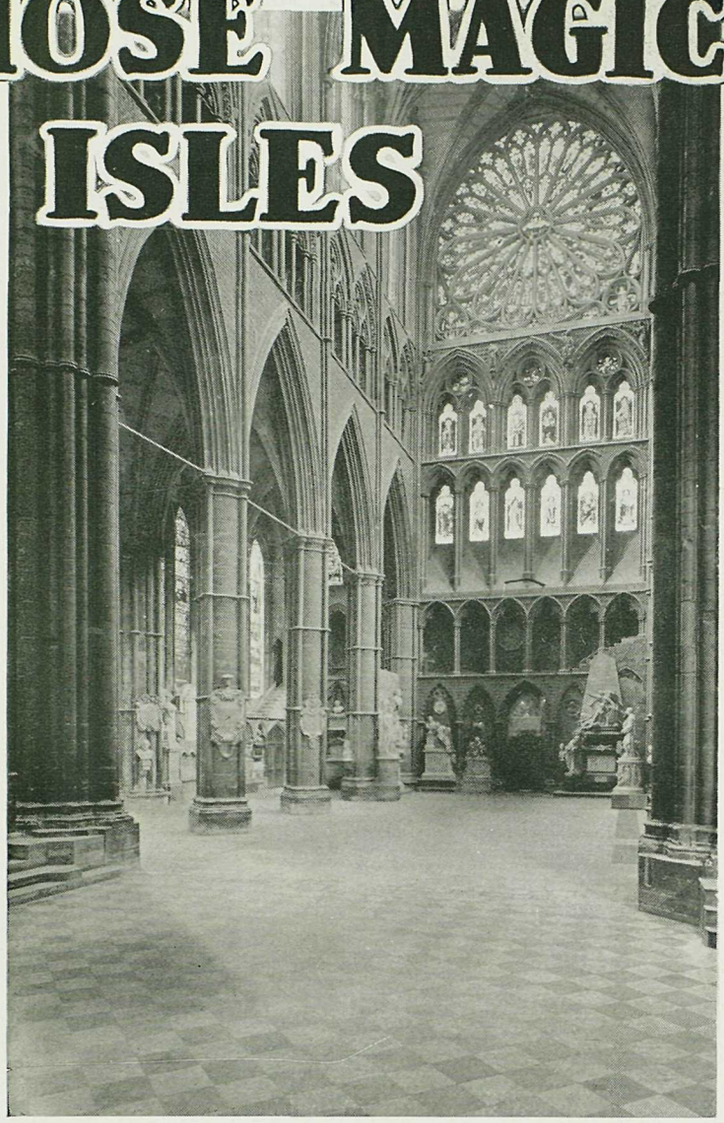

Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all.

Kipling.

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THOSE MAGIC ISLES

A Book about Great Britain and Ireland : *Written by J. P. Collins*

THIS PUBLICATION in no way pretends to be a "guide book." In fact, a great number of exceedingly attractive places are given but cursory notice simply because of the limitations of space. We describe only the "high spots," and the selective process has been extremely difficult owing to the vast amount of material available.

Nevertheless, if we have been able to convey, by pen and camera, only a tithe of the delights that await you in the "Magic Isles," we shall consider our job well done. If we have been able to suggest but a hundredth part of their varied beauty, their remarkable combination of history and tradition, their literary and social implications, all potent in the midst of a pulsing modern life—and if we have been able to stir your imagination to the great resolve of seeing all this for yourself, we are doubly satisfied.

A word as to the order of arrangement. Realising that everybody wants to reach the capital quickly, we have set down London first ; and after that, the sections come in order as they occur farther and farther away from the metropolis. For convenience of those framing itineraries, we follow what are really the main avenues in the flow of holiday travel.

We acknowledge with thanks the valuable assistance received from the British railway companies, as follows :—

Great Western Railway,
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London & North Eastern Railway,
Cheshire Lines Committee,
Belfast and County Down Railway,
Great Southern (Ireland) Railway.

We now issue a companion booklet to this, "What's On in Europe."

This contains some serviceable hints as to hotel accommodation and travel amenities in Europe.

It is obtainable from Canadian Pacific agencies in Canada and the United States, also on board east - bound Canadian Pacific Steamships.

Your attention is also directed to the facilities which the Canadian Pacific can offer you while in Europe (See page 88).

Trafalgar Square, which Lord Palmerston called "the finest site in Europe." Just to the right of the Nelson column are the Canadian Pacific offices.

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Westminster Abbey. (*Photo : Bedford, Lemere & Co.*)

LONDON, THE FLOWER OF CITIES

The Home of Many Extremes

LONDON should soon be keeping its 2,000th birthday. Capital of an empire numbering a fifth of the world's population, its own now reaches nearly 8,000,000 and is correspondingly miscellaneous. Since the Romans laid it out and walled it in, London has "growed," like Topsy, under successive invasions, from the Danes and the Normans to the latest liner-load of tourists. Its maze of populous thoroughfares, covering 120 square miles, teems with all the problems of congestion, and all the vivid phantasmagoria of human life. It has a thousand points of contact with history, and incredible extremes of wealth and poverty. The birthplace of great movements, and the venue of many congresses, it possesses interest for all, and the only trouble is which aspect to take first.

A Palace of the Powers

St. James's Palace, awakened from its slumbers by the famous Naval Conference, is a Tudor haunt that has made history. To the outside world it looks just a sombre background of crimson walls where nursemaids and youngsters gather every morning to watch the change of guard, and peep into an inner quadrangle to see where the Prince of Wales lives when in town.

Yet once on a time in the tapestried saloons of the old palace, Bluff King Hal made lieges and courtiers tremble for their heads; and Queen Bess assembled Drake and the other admirals to plan the destruction of the Spanish Armada. There, too, Charles the First slept the night before he faced the headsman and left a deathless memory.

The Typical Londoner

Over and over again, of course, the visitor bridles at what he calls the sluggish indifference of Britons to the age and fascination of their surroundings. Possibly, coming freshly to scenes like these, he sees more of the inwardness of things than the man who dwells among them for a lifetime. In any case, your Londoner, being typically English, lets others do the rhapsodising while he tucks his umbrella under his arm and toddles off home to his rooftree and his garden. Speechless himself, he leaves the orator's role to others. Yet he knows all the while that "the gas-works," as that rude old man Carlyle used to call it, is "the Mother of Parliaments," the clearing-house of innumerable problems, and "the best club in the world."

St. Paul's and the Abbey

London is rich in famous churches, beginning with St. Paul's Cathedral, one of the most harmonious and perfect structures in existence, and well worthy of the great pains which have been taken of late to secure it against instability caused by heavy traffic and its shifty subsoil of riverside clay. But dearer still to lovers of London and of history is the venerable Abbey of Westminster dedicated to St. Peter, and dating back nigh a thousand years. This national Valhalla is peopled with a myriad monuments to kings and warriors, statesmen and benefactors, playwrights and poets, from Shakspeare downwards—not to mention the grave of the "unknown warrior" near the great western door. If ever a building was a casket for a nation's cherished relics, it is Westminster Abbey.

The " Mother of Parliaments " times herself by " Big Ben." Here (*below*) we see number 10 Downing Street, the official residence of the Prime Minister: and a change of guard before Buckingham Palace.

(*Photos : L.M.S. and Topical.*)

The Master of Traffic. (*Photo : Topical.*)

THE LORD MAYOR'S REALM

A Friend of all the World

THE London constable is one of the world's masters of traffic, and despite his signals, one of the least demonstrative. He wears the white glove of a blue and blameless life. He is the only individual who raises his hand against his fellow-men without resentment. For one delinquent that he arrests he probably arrests ten thousand vehicles. He is equanimity personified. His bulk and his boots and his h's have been the theme of continual caricature; and he is still an essential ingredient in "Punch." Every day and all day he preserves a bland impartiality and a stoic countenance, even in the act of stopping a streetful of wheel-stuff for a winsome nursemaid and a pramful of prodigy.

His Greatest Problem

London has 25,000 constables and asks for more. Millions have been spent in broadening streets and planting refuge "islands" in the centre, for broader streets mean longer crossing, and more responsibility thrown on Robert for safeguarding the pedestrians who obey him, and rescuing those who don't. Drivers are guided by road-lines and directions painted or studded on the roadways; and a One-Way Route round public squares more than makes up for the circumbendibus by the delays it saves.

Deference from the King

A climb to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, with the vast configuration of London at your feet, and the pigeons wheeling in between, gives a clear idea of the "one square mile" which the City comprises. Here the Corporation does the governing for local purposes, and the Lord Mayor is paramount. It is a fixed tradition that before entering the confines of the City, the King shall halt his carriage at Temple Bar, outside the Law Courts, and ask the Lord Mayor's permission to invade his special domain. At this there is a quaint old custom of presenting and returning the mayoral sword of office, and it has certainly seen no bloodshed yet.

Anything but a Sinecure

The hospitality of the Mansion House is proverbial, and when royalty or the Ministers of State become the Lord Mayor's guests, the array of historic plate behind the host makes a golden reredos which is simply dazzling. But it takes twenty years of honorary service to become a Lord Mayor, and a personal outlay of about a hundred thousand dollars in a single year beyond the Corporation allowance.

The Bank and Mandalay

"The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," is the nickname of the Bank of England, which was started by a Scot. From the outside it used to look more like a prison, for there was not a window anywhere. Being restricted in area, it is finding expansion skywards, like New York. There ain't no 'buses running from the Bank to Mandalay, but there are 'buses to most places else, certainly within the outer London area.

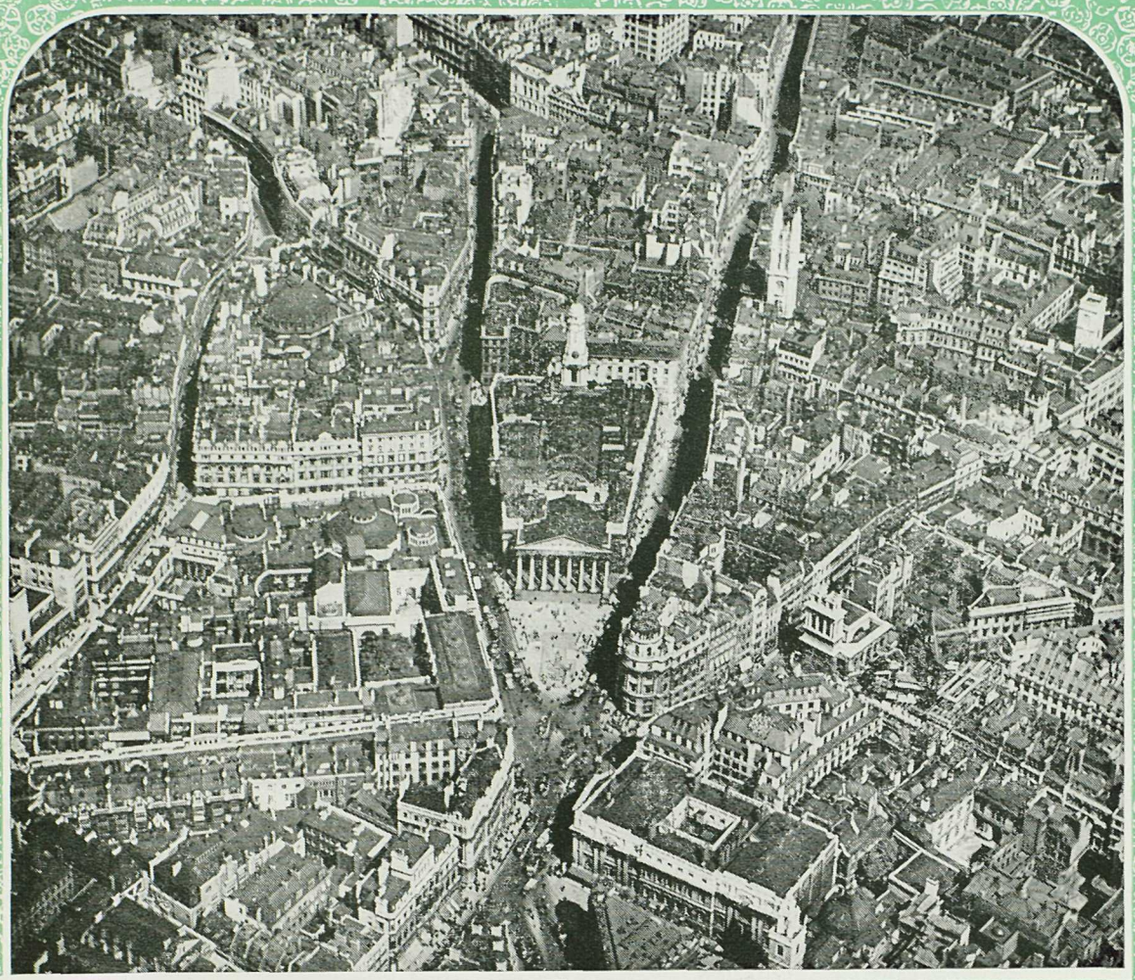
The Bank of England is surrounded by the head offices of other banks and financial institutions—the Royal Exchange, the Stock Exchange, Lloyd's, the pivot of all ship insurance, and so on.

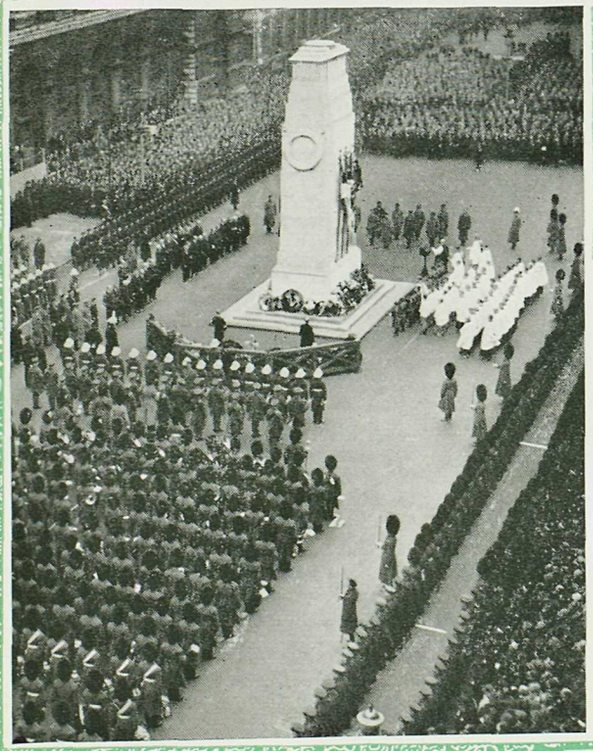
When all other resources of London are exhausted, the East End will still appeal to many visitors. Petticoat Lane still retains its fondness for cast-off raiment. But the East End is a seed-bed of fortunes still, and the ghetto peddler of today may be the magnate of Park Lane tomorrow. Still farther east is Limehouse with its medley of sailormen, Lascars and "Chinks" included.

The Great Silence

Once a year, on the anniversary of the Armistice, the space about the Bank is emptied of wheel traffic, and is given up to a packed and awe-struck multitude actuated by a single thought. A simultaneous scene occurs in Whitehall about the Cenotaph, with its mounds of elegiac flowers; and the Guards and other regiments assist with mournful music at as solemn a rite as temple or basilica ever had to show. At the stroke of eleven the mighty heart of London stops still, and for a two-minute spell that seems an hour in length, there is a silent Reverie of the Dead.

Through efflux of time, of course, this spirit of contemplation has gained in philosophy and pride what it has lost in tears. You will find this settled atmosphere of resignation brooding round the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in the Abbey. There he lies among kings and bards and statesmen, a hero without a name, but with a couple of million parents, for he represents a million of all ranks who gave their lives to win us peace.





The hub of the City of London—the Royal Exchange (*centre*), the Bank of England to its left and the Mansion House. The Cenotaph, in Whitehall, and the Life Guards are eloquent of valour past and present.

(*Topical, and Publisher's Photo Service.*)

The medals of old wars. (*Photo : Topical.*)

THE TOWER AND THE THAMES

Yeomen of the Guard

MYRIADS of folk who have never set foot in England know a "beefeater" by sight in print, because they have enjoyed the wit of Gilbert and the lilts of Sullivan in "The Yeomen of the Guard." But this catch-name is based on a false tradition that these forty good men and true were servers at the King's table, whereas they have always been the leal and trusted wardens of the royal palaces, and this is what instals them at the Tower of London. For it was a royal residence down to the time of Charles II, and being the Merry Monarch that he was, he left, and never came back.

A Cohort of Color

The resplendent uniform of these Yeomen warders is said to have been designed by Holbein, and one can quite believe it, for it defies comparison. Its scarlet tunic, with facings of black and gold, sets the Tudor rosette well in view, and all this, with halberd and ruffle, adds life and colour to the grimmest pile in all the kingdom. The Tower is now given up to the keeping of the Royal jewels and insignia, and a wonderful collection of historic armour. Its torture-fires are long since dead and the moat is dry; but its unsavoury memories linger still.

Traitors' Gate, that sinister entrance from the river, libelled its victims before they were led under it—a presage of the treatment they were to undergo. In fact the very place is thick with crimson shadows. The wonder is that its custodians keep their spirits alive in such surroundings; perhaps it is because they know the block exists no longer, and the rack and thumbscrew are thick with rust. There are more than twenty towers and turrets in all, and each has its special interest, from the Wakefield Tower which guards the Royal Crown Jewels, to the White Tower in the centre of the inmost square.

The Pool of London

Backing on Billingsgate—the market renowned for all sorts of fish and foul language—stands the Custom House, and here shipmasters coming up the river report their arrival from overseas. Otherwise, if any craft pushes her nose into the Pool of London, that is to say, the crowded waters just below London Bridge, without respect to regulations, she gets a challenge first, and then a shot across her bows, to teach her manners, and remind her that law is law and the Pool is deep. Until 1750 London Bridge was the only one that London had, and when it was widened a quarter of a century ago, the job cost five million dollars, or more than it cost to rebuild, entirely, a century before.

Tower Bridge and Dockland

Tower Bridge, which cost as much as both these sums together, and took nine years to erect, looks its best when the giant bascules rise to let a tall ship underneath, and its traffic continues on the upper level, 150 feet above the river. From this level one gets a capital view of the Thames, reaching as far as the palatial water-front of Greenwich Hospital. London's docks and wharves and warehouses deal with imports and exports averaging a total of 5,000 million dollars a year, and the docks under the control of the Port of London Authority alone cover more than 3,000 acres, with thirty miles of quays, besides fifteen more under independent management.

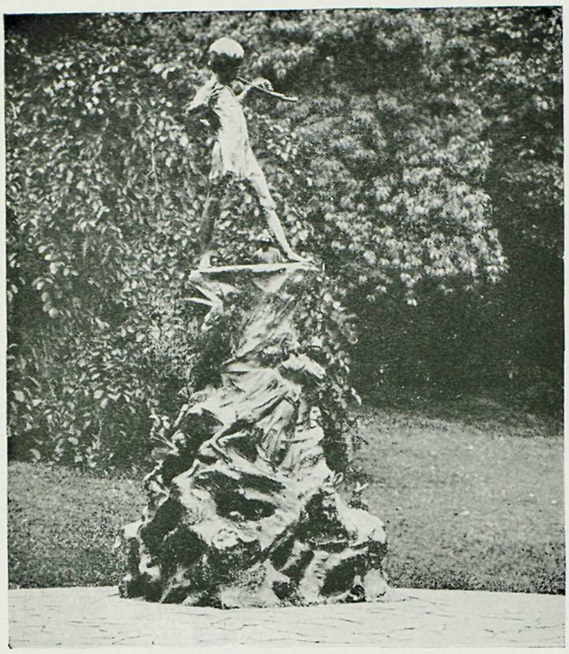
The Bells of St. Clement's

A marked feature in the prairie of houses and streets to be seen from the Monument is the number of Wren churches, marked by the white and graceful spires that ascend like unuttered prayers from a preoccupied and heedless world. There are some forty of these in and about London, more or less designed by Sir Christopher.

One of the best of the Wren churches, beset with ever-roaring traffic, is St. Clement Danes in the Strand. Its name gave rise to the nursery rhyme, "Oranges and Lemons Say the Bells of St. Clements," and on the last day of March oranges are still distributed to the children of the parish, as if to keep the old ditty alive. St. Margaret's, further west, and not of Wren's designing, is the parish church of the city of Westminster, which is the one part of London quite independent of the City proper and the County Council. St. Margaret's had its origins before its neighbour, Westminster Abbey. It contains amongst many interesting monuments, many of Transatlantic appeal, but it is chiefly famous because of its frequent appearance in the society columns as the scene of many Parliamentary and other fashionable weddings.

The Tower of London holds an illustrious place in English history. Hard by is the Tower Bridge. The bells of St. Clement's (*left*), in the Strand, are celebrated in a nursery rhyme, and below is that well-known paradise for youngsters, the Zoo.

(*Photos : Photochrom, Topical, and Lemere.*)



Frampton's statue of Peter Pan, Kensington Gardens
(*Photo : Topical.*)

LONDON THE EVER-GREEN

A City of Parks and Gardens

THERE is one laurel crown that may fitly be set on London's head, in respect of the way in which it wears its green old age, and the care that is lavished on its parks and gardens. There are as many squares inside the London area as there are days in the year, and as many public parks as there are weeks. Again, you may walk at a brisk pace for over an hour in a straight line, and practically all through London parks! In other words, you may walk from "Big Ben" or from the Cromwell statue outside Westminster Hall to the green slopes of Notting Hill Gate, and all the way you will enjoy an unbroken panorama of gardened landscape with recreative opportunities of every kind.

The Pied Piper Reversed

A great Frenchman once said that you could build an average Continental city on London's open spaces. They are the "lungs" which have helped to make it one of the healthiest of cities in spite of its eight million souls. A sight of one of the great London parks on a summer's afternoon with all the youngsters romping affords a tolerable guarantee that as long as London lasts, there will be plenty of the right people to fill and run it. Like Peter Pan, in Sir James Barrie's immortal fancy and Frampton's lovely statue, London has reversed the eerie legend of the Pied Piper. It lures the children from the slums and shadows, and brings them out into God's sunshine to renew the golden promise for which they were born. The very fact that London has chosen the Children's Author to have a statue in his life-time is not without its meaning.

Theatre Land

When we speak of the gay or the night side of London, our thoughts immediately turn to Piccadilly Circus. It is the heart of Theatre-Land, as Pall Mall is of Clubland. Purists and apostles of the Higher Drama lament the fact that theatres have become an annexe of the restaurant, and that the smart society group who are bent on an "evening out" make a prologue to the play out of a first-class feast at some "posh" hotel. But let them console themselves with the reflection that if, after all, diners-out do not make good listeners-in, so far as plays are concerned, the best and soundest criticism today may often be heard among the habitués of the pit and gallery. The "Old Vic," the well-known theatre, has renewed itself, and helped to rebuild Sadler's Wells Theatre on the northern side of the river.

Eros Returns

Piccadilly Circus clearly holds its own with the Strand as a centre of the shopping quarter and a happy hunting-ground for bargain-hunters. It has lately reinstalled Mr. Alfred Gilbert's beautiful statue of Eros, which had to be removed from its fountain base for a time, owing to the extension of the Underground station which now honeycombs the Circus underneath with what Gilbert called "a realm of radiant rehabilitation." Down there, shoppers may defy bad weather, and spend an hour or two in making the round of a complete amphitheatre of well-lit and well-arranged showcases ablaze with fashion. It is almost as brightly lit as the Circus above ground is at night with a profusion of illuminated advertisements, so that the result is called on account of its dazzling sensations gratis, "the Scotsman's Cinema." And while the promoters of such skysigns keep on adding to these attacks upon our tired eyesight, the architects and builders go on increasing the number of London's theatres, hotels, and restaurants. In the season, there are big hotels that turn away nearly a thousand applicants a week, with confusion and disappointment all round. It is necessary, therefore, that there shall be adequate accommodation for the arrivals in the holiday season, and London do herself justice by not turning her visitors away.

London's University

The Imperial Institute, to which the Princes of India gave so generously when King Edward conceived it years ago, accommodates the greater part of the activities of the University of London, until it shall build itself its own headquarters. This is a matter of some difficulty, for the immense area of the metropolis demands that the University's benefits shall be spread over as large an area as possible. This is why so many departments have been widely scattered of what is, in the number of its students and the variety of its curriculum, the largest University in the world. In the interim it may assuredly be congratulated on the suitability of its location. For the Imperial Institute stands in the heart of South Kensington—that western part of the capital which contains the most and best of its museums and institutions given up to the pursuit of the "humanities."

All roads lead to Piccadilly Circus, especially for the playgoer; and Fleet Street—that famous "street of ink"—shown here looking towards St. Paul's Cathedral—has amongst its many tasks that of advising the visitor what to look for in the way of entertainment. The Imperial Institute, the temporary home of London University, fairly represents the institutional dignity of South Kensington; and Petticoat Lane (or rather, Middlesex Street) may stand for the East End and costerdom, and all that atmosphere of humour and quaintness of outlook which is denoted by the word "cockney."

(Photos: Topical and L.M.S.)

Where Dickens ended "Pickwick," in Doughty Street
(*Photo : Sport and General.*)

THE LONDON OF "BOZ"

Dickens, the City's Laureate

DICKENS and London are one, and we may take him as the most representative of London authors. No prospector ever struck gold or oil with more enthusiasm than "Boz" made himself London's Laureate. Cruel stepmother that she was, he forgave her for his wretched boyhood. How he ever emerged on such a career of high spirits and unbounded energy remains a miracle, unless, perhaps, the secret was to be found here in London. You may trace that career with ease if you are of an identifying turn of mind, and of all the homes "Boz" occupied at various times, the best-preserved is the house in Doughty Street, Bloomsbury, near the British Museum. But it would take a week to look up all the inns and other haunts that he celebrated in his novels, and many of the actual buildings have disappeared. Fame came to him with a rush. The House in Doughty Street was where he set up after his marriage, and here he saw some of the saddest and blithest days in his life. There, too, he wrote most of "Pickwick" and "Nickleby." Today it is a museum dedicated to his memory.

Cockney Wit

But if you are wise, you will leave this second-hand material alone, and study London as a Dickens city still, in its evergreen drama and clash of interest, its amazing variety of types, and its indefeasible spirit of humanity. The old half-fuddled cabby and his bony steed have disappeared, worse luck; but there is still a deal of the cut-and-thrust of Cockney wit and impudence such as has always served to wake laughter in the London streets. And if you are still incredulous after all this asseveration, about the reality of Dickens in the life of modern London, try it in the heart of winter, and you will find how much of its misery and jollity commingled are stowed away into his "Christmas Carol."

Where "Hamlet" was Born

On the other side of the Thames is the busy Borough of Southwark, one of the nearly thirty combined under the London County Council. Its old and historic cathedral, St. Saviour's, contains a wonderful array of stained-glass windows, a new and handsome reredos, and monuments of various kinds to Shakspeare and his brother players and playwrights who formerly lived in the parish. They built, among other old theatres the Globe close by, which produced "Hamlet," "Lear," "Othello," and "Macbeth"—a record of first-nights without a parallel.

Chaucer, too, is a human and actual memory hereabouts. For in his day there were continual pilgrimages to Becket's shrine at Canterbury, and after many pilgrims had crossed the Thames by bridge or ferry, they used to assemble at the Tabard Inn. And there, in the Borough High Street, though the place is sadly modernised and vulgarised, the Tabard tavern stands today.

Art Treasures in Plenty

The Victoria and Albert Museum is an offshoot of the British Museum in Bloomsbury. This break-away is occasioned by the accumulating wealth of the nation's possessions in the way of pictures and statuary, examples of the applied arts, and what the old dame called "objects of bigotry and virtue." One may spend a day or two at the Victoria and Albert and still fail to exhaust the bewildering and inspiring things that fill this wonderful storehouse of art treasures, drawn from every part of the globe and every age in history. It corresponds to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square (opposite the office of the Canadian Pacific Railway, by the way) as a place of European masterpieces; the Tate Gallery, in Millbank, overlooking the river, as an assemblage of modern British masters; and the Wallace Collection, in Mayfair, as a superb collection of every kind of French art from the time of Richelieu to the Revolution.

London's Own Museum

Reverting to South Kensington, another day may profitably be spent in the Science Museum, replete as it is with pioneer models and precious examples in the evolution of human ingenuity and skill. Yet another day may be given up to the Natural History Museum, which neighbours the last. As another branch of the British Museum (which is worth a day more) it makes an admirable counterpart in "still life" to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park a mile and a half away. But while the spell of London is on you, by all means repair to the London Museum near Buckingham Palace; for this is a palace full of every sort of domestic and other object that can illustrate the life of Britain, from pre-Roman times until to-day.

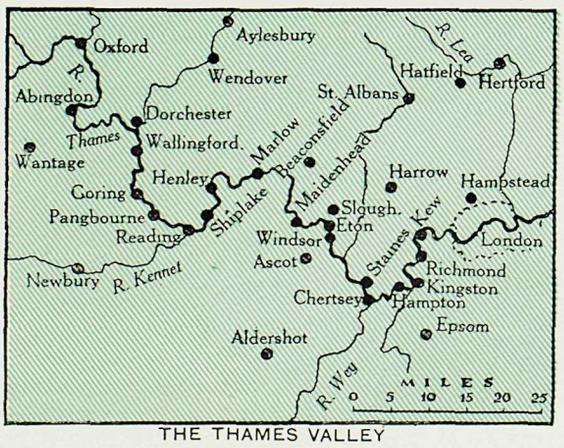
Hampton Court Palace, begun and relinquished by Cardinal Wolsey, was completed under William III, and is rich in beauty, inside and out. (*Photo: L.M.S.*)

LONDON'S ENVIRONS

The Joys of the Thames

IN a moment of inspiration John Burns called the River Thames "liquid history"! Others have christened it "London's river" and "the stream of pleasure." But the real pleasure aspect begins where London is left behind. In the summer months steamers ply daily up and down the ninety miles between Kingston and Oxford, and in May the spick-and-span houseboats lining the middle reaches break out into flowers.

Passing Ranelagh and Hurlingham—London's country clubs for polo and other games—we come to Kew Gardens, nearly 300 acres in extent, the headquarters of British botanical research.



THE THAMES VALLEY

The town of Richmond, further up the river, is rightly proud of its famous houses, and the riverward view from the summit of Richmond Hill has no superior for sylvan grace.

Hampton Court, erected by Cardinal Wolsey, was given as a peace offering to his arbitrary master, Henry VIII. Cromwell's occupation saved the palace from demolition by the Puritans, and "Dutch William" added fountain courts and gardens. No one misses seeing the great vine, with a main branch 114 feet in length and an annual yield of 800 bunches; or the oldest tennis court in England, nearly 500 years old. Bushey Park, with its mile-long avenue, draws vast crowds of rejoicing sightseers on "Chestnut Sunday" at the end of May.

Windsor town, with a thousand points of interest, is eclipsed by the regal keep of Windsor Castle, begun by William the Conqueror. Official guides conduct one through the State saloons, the Chapel of St. George (home of the Knights of the Garter), the Albert Memorial Chapel, and the Waterloo Chamber.

Eton and its Playing Fields

Eton College, planted amid playing-fields, is one of the most impressive landmarks in the Thames valley. Near at hand is Bray village, known all the world over through the ballad about its accommodating Vicar; and other favourite places are Taplow, Maidenhead, and Cliveden with its lovely woods. During the war it was a hospital for Canadian wounded, and its old Italian garden is now a war cemetery.

The Derby (pronounced "Darby") is probably the world's most famous horse-race, and attracts the greatest medley of population known. (*Photo: Topical.*)

THE VALLEY OF THE THAMES

Henley Regatta

In the first week of July, Henley holds its famous regatta on a mile-and-a-half course, and the event brings together one of the gayest crowds in the world of society and sport. Burnham Beeches, a few miles north of the Thames, possesses many ancient trees, and the foliage comes to its meridian of russet glory in the early autumn. Passing through Beaconsfield one comes to Chorley Wood and Chenies, in the pretty valley of the Chess; as also to the Chalfonts, with Milton's modest cottage.

The Church of the "Elegy"

The "ivy-mantled" church of Stoke Poges guards the tomb of the poet Gray, and recalls the plaintive accents of his immortal "Elegy." Here are "those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade, where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap"; here are the "long-drawn aisle and fretted vault," and here again are "frail memorials with uncouth rhymes and many a holy text that teach the rustic moralist to die." The melancholy epitaph he wrote upon his mother, also buried here, commemorates "Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her."

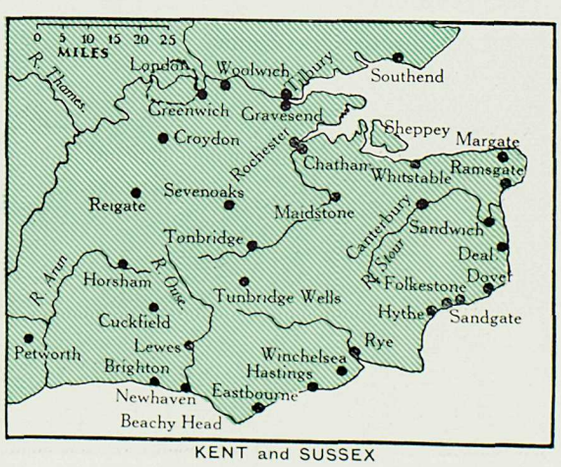
Kent and the North Downs

The southern side of the Thames is also rich in resorts of easy access from London. Epsom is where the most popular of all horse-races, the Derby, is run in May or June; and Guildford and Dorking, near Box Hill and Leith Hill, open up for us the landscape beauties of the North Downs. Cobham and Rochester and Chatham, further east, are haunts of Dickens-lovers, for the novelist lived for years at Gad's Hill near by.

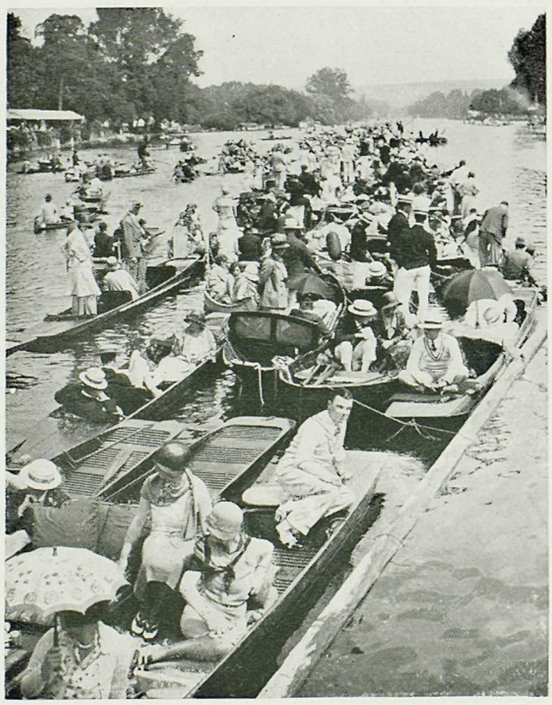
Tunbridge Wells, on the edge of the Kentish hopfield and orchard country, is proud of its Pantiles, a colonnaded boulevard which carries one's thoughts back to the eighteenth century.

Southend and the Dunmow Flitch

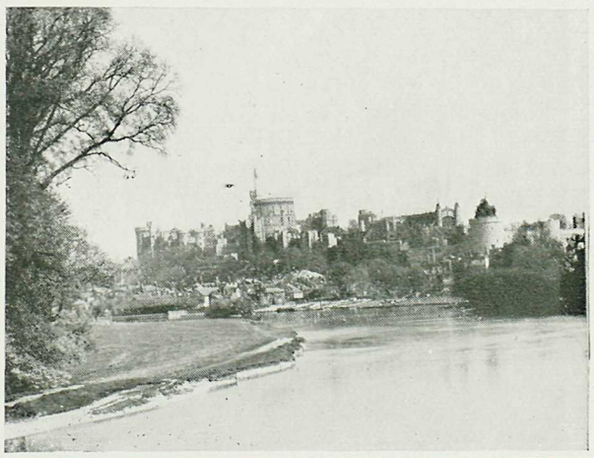
The River Medway divides the shire of Kent; on the east side the natives call themselves "Kentish men," whereas on the west the term in vogue is "men of Kent." No less interesting is the shire of Essex, across the Thames, and Southend is the nearest seaside resort to London.



KENT and SUSSEX



The valley of the leisurely Thames is jewelled with places of interest and beauty. Stoke Poges Churchyard holds the remains of the poet Gray. Henley Regatta represents the river's pleasures; and Windsor Castle a thousand years of English history. (*Photos: G.W.R., Topical and S.R.*)



STRATFORD AND THE SHAKSPEARE COUNTRY

WARWICKSHIRE is one of the typical, as it is one of the central, English counties. It has a kindly and comfortable atmosphere of its own which fairly represents the Midlands at their best; and castle and cottage mingle pleasantly throughout its pleasant countryside. Thus present and past shake hands, and if Shakspeare could return he would be surprised to find his native Stratford turned, on his account alone, into a shrine more honoured than any in the world save one. He would see, for instance, his birthplace in Henley Street faithfully restored and visited yearly by some 50,000 people, many of whom are Canadians and Americans. Restoration has hardened its outlines, and conversion to a museum of relics has impaired its domestic character, but it makes a perfect memorial. The caretaker shows the pilgrim the poet's birth-room, the living-room, the kitchen, and a cellar, which remain more or less as they were in 1564, the year of the poet's birth. The garden at the back is planted with a living array of old English herbs and flowers mentioned in the plays, from rosemary to rue.

A Link With Harvard

Among the other old Stratford buildings is Harvard House, identified and restored as the birthplace of Katherine Rogers, who married John Harvard and became the mother of the founder of Harvard University. New Place, now merely a garden, marks the site of the house that Shakspeare laid out for his retirement, but it was demolished by Francis Gastrell in a fit of spite. He also cut down the mulberry-tree which the poet was said to have planted himself, but this has been regrown from a slip.

The Grammar School gave the poet his "small Latin and less Greek," and the Guildhall probably showed him his first glimpse of the drama, through the medium of strolling players. The Memorial Theatre, consumed by fire in 1926, is being rebuilt by funds collected jointly through English and American committees. The village of Shottery, half a mile away, boasts the cottage and garden of Anne Hathaway, the poet's wife. Both, with their daughter Susanna, lie buried in the church of Holy Trinity, on the edge of the placid and willow-fringed Avon; but their other daughter, Judith, lies in the churchyard without a stone, and the grave of Hamnet, Shakspeare's son, who died young, is unknown.

The north aisle of the church has its font where the poet was christened, and its registers with the entries of his birth and baptism. The coloured bust over the grave is probably the truest portrait we have, and whoever composed the quaint doggerel upon his tomb must have dreaded trouble from the Puritan reaction he saw ahead. The church is also remarkable for its fine memorial windows, one depicting the Seven Ages of Man and another the Pilgrim Fathers, both erected from American donations.

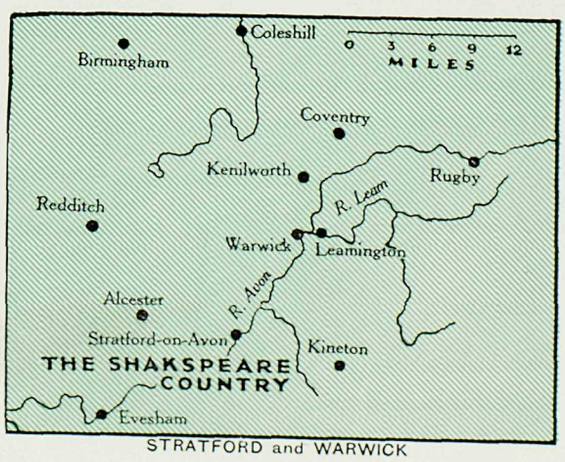
The Arden Country

Warwick, on the Avon, gives its name to a massive fortress-castle which has stood many centuries of conflict, contains a rich collection of treasures, and basks amid lovely water-gardens. Kenilworth Castle, that inspired Scott for one of his novels, was the scene in 1575 of lavish revels in Queen Bess's honour which almost ruined her ambitious suitor, Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Leamington, a "royal spa," nestles among sylvan surroundings, and had a great vogue in the time of George III. The whole region bristles with Shakspeare and other associations, and so does the Arden country close by, which undoubtedly inspired many of the field and forest scenes in "As You Like It."

"The shire which we the heart of England well may call" was the tribute paid to Warwickshire by the poet Drayton, and at Meriden it claims to possess the exact centre of the island. Its north-west corner is dominated by Birmingham, famous for the variety and volume of its products; the haunts of James Watt (of steam engine fame) and other worthies; and also for its pioneering record in the way of municipal government, ever since it had the late Joseph Chamberlain as its mayor for three years in succession. Nuneaton, in the county's north-east corner is the core of the district that George Eliot (Marian Evans) described in "Adam Bede" and her other novels, including "Felix Holt," the preface to which is the best account ever written of England's old coach-roads.

The Home of Rugby Football

Rugby (or as Dickens rechristened it, "Mugby Junction") on the county's eastern border, is best known for its great public school—that is to say public school in the English sense and not in the American. Rugby inspired "Tom Brown's Schooldays" and led the way in school reforms under the great Dr. Arnold. It was in its playing field in 1823 that Webbe Ellis, one of its lads, broke the rules of football by grasping the ball in his hands, and this innovation started the Rugby game, which is the sole rival to cricket in English schools. Coventry, in the middle of the county, is a thriving industrial town which keeps up an annual pageant in memory of Lady Godiva. She it was who lightened the burden of taxation on the townsfolk in feudal times by taking her lord and master at his word, and riding naked through the streets. The "thankless churl" who disobeyed her wish and was punished with blindness, is still commemorated in a local tavern as "Peeping Tom."



STRATFORD and WARWICK

Three centuries have passed since Shakspeare died, but the number of his pilgrims goes on growing. Here is his birthplace in Stratford-on-Avon, with two old Warwickshire Castles he must have known as a lad—Warwick, a stately feudal pile, and the ruins of Kenilworth, immortalised by Scott.

(*Photo : G.W.R.*)

This view (the High Street) shows Oxford's cluster of buildings at its best, with the domed Radcliffe Library in the centre and St. Mary's to the left. (*Photo: G.W.R.*)

OXFORD, GRAVE AND GAY

The Bloom of Centuries

NO city can vie with Oxford in throwing a mantle of dignity and grace around the pursuit of learning, nor is any better worth a visit as a cluster of choice architecture. From Alfred the Great to Cardinal Wolsey, England's kings and statesmen set themselves to found Colleges there, so that each has a worthy fabric and a record and surroundings to be envied. To saunter along "the High" (which Hawthorne called "the noblest old street in England") is to enjoy a double panorama of imposing and venerable fronts, and get through the gateways a tempting glimpse of some quiet green quadrangle within.

The City en Fête

To gain an idea of Oxford as a whole, however, one should ascend the tower of Magdalen, or the cupola of the Sheldonian Theatre. Then one realises what is meant by "the city of dreaming spires," for in all directions there are domes and vanes and grey old towers fading slowly away against the dim encircling hills, or the lush meadows of the Cherwell and the Isis. But Oxford has a livelier side as well, and it is not for nothing that it houses over five thousand students. When the close of summer term brings "Commemoration," with its hospitalities and the ceremonious conferment of degrees, habitual gravity is relaxed. Again, in Eights Week in the month of June, the academic spirit gives way to the athletic, and Oxford becomes a fair-ground of river-sports and revelry.

A Few Vivid Aspects

Festive memories apart, to think of Oxford is to recall many and many a feature without a parallel elsewhere—Christ Church, with a cathedral in miniature for its chapel; the graceful porch of St. Mary the Virgin; the laden shelves and hushed recesses of the Bodleian Library; the lovely groined ceiling of the Divinity School; the crowded amphitheatre of the Sheldonian on a gala day; the cool gardens of Worcester or of New College, set under the bastions of the old city wall; the choir singing from the summit of Magdalen tower on May morning; the exquisite Shelley Memorial at University College; the Rhodes statue over Oriel's gateway, and all that his great bequest has meant for the University's influence on the English-speaking world.

Woodstock and Blenheim

Woodstock and Blenheim must not be missed by anyone at Oxford with a day to spare. The first is a town with many romantic associations, and well deserves the honour Scott paid it by using its name for one of his novels. Blenheim Palace represents England's gratitude to John Churchill for his victories in Flanders, when it gave him this palace and its estate of nearly 3,000 acres, with a dukedom into the bargain. As you return to Oxford's river-meadows and Folly Bridge, wander along the river bank towards Iffley or Godstow, by the ruins of the nunnery where Fair Rosamond found her grave. Go where you will, the spell of Oxford lingers on the senses like a benediction.

EAST ANGLIA AND NEW ENGLAND

Bunyan's statue at Bedford. (*Photo: L.M.S.*)

Famous Hunting Country

THE summer visitor sees nothing of one characteristic old English institution, fox-hunting, because it lasts only from November to April. We are approaching some of the best hunting country—the land of the Quorn and Pytchley and Belvoir packs (pronounced "Beevor")—with Melton Mowbray and Market Harborough, near the beautiful Charnwood Forest, as two of the best-known centres. Leaving London in a northward line we pass the Rothamsted Agricultural Station founded nearly a century ago for the purposes of research.

The Chiltern Hills have furnished a paradox and a curious ruse in national politics. For it is a fixed rule that no member of Parliament can resign without the consent of his electors, but the Speaker can solve the problem by granting him the ancient stewardry of the Chiltern Hundreds. Talking of intelligent emancipation, the Zoological Society has purchased the Hall Farm, near Dunstable, as a country park for transferring the larger and wilder species from the London Zoo at Regent's Park, so that Whipsnade, as this new reservation is called, will give the public a safe and satisfying insight into wild life from all parts of the world.

Bedford and Bunyan

Bedford is justifiably proud that John Bunyan was born in its suburb of Elstow, and it possesses many reminders of the fact, including the Bunyan Meeting, a house of worship built on the site of a barn where he used to minister from 1672 until his death in 1688. Besides his chair and staff and cabinet, it contains the olden door of the county gaol which was his prison for the best part of twelve years, simply for the offence of persistent preaching. Howard House, another point of pride, commemorates John Howard, the eighteenth-century magistrate who toured the prisons of Europe at his own expense and risk, and did more for prison reform than any man who ever lived.

A Library in Chains

Letchworth, only twenty-five years old, is a flourishing town, and the first British instance of the garden city movement. Cardington, near by, gives its name to the Royal Airship Works. Huntingdon, a few miles further, is visited for its old grammar school, that gave an education to Oliver Cromwell and also to Samuel Pepys, the diarist. Leicester, a town of great antiquity and now a centre of the hosiery trade, contains many interesting buildings and monuments, including a notable art gallery, and a museum that shows the town's prominence in history, especially during the Parliamentary wars. Grantham, further north, can show a church with seventy of the old chained books that date from a time when few could read and fewer still could be trusted. There is also a statue to Sir Isaac Newton, who lightened the labours of science by formulating the law of gravity.

Boston and Peterborough

Boston, that is to say, the town of St. Botolph, dominates the great creek known by the homely name of the Wash, and rightly boasts of the "Stump," namely its parish church's splendid tower, containing a peal of thirty-six bells, and visible forty miles away. Boston, of course, is the cradle of the Pilgrim exodus that made New England, and is rich in memorials of that influential movement. So are the surrounding towns of Louth, Alford, Willoughby, Scrooby, and Gainsborough. The last-named suffers yearly from the tidal wave up the river Trent, which gave George Eliot the tragic finale for her "Mill on the Floss." Somersby is the centre of a region which produced Tennyson and figures largely in his earlier poems.

The city of Peterborough, as a "soke," enjoys the rare liberty of self-administration. Its Norman cathedral was consecrated in 1140, and had a predecessor, destroyed by the Danes, going back three centuries earlier. The cathedral contains the graves of Henry VIII's first wife, Katharine of Arragon; but the remains of Mary Stuart, which used to be alongside, were moved to Westminster Abbey, leaving the tomb to be demolished by Cromwell's soldiery.

The Country of the Fens, or "Broads," abounds in contrasts. On the one hand we have the Gothic mass and grace of Ely Cathedral, or the decorative, charming old shops at Ipswich—on the other, the ample sweep of inland waters.
(*Photos : Photochrom and L.N.E.R.*)

The Western Towers and front of Lincoln Cathedral. *(Photo : L.M.S.)*

LINCOLN AND CAMBRIDGE

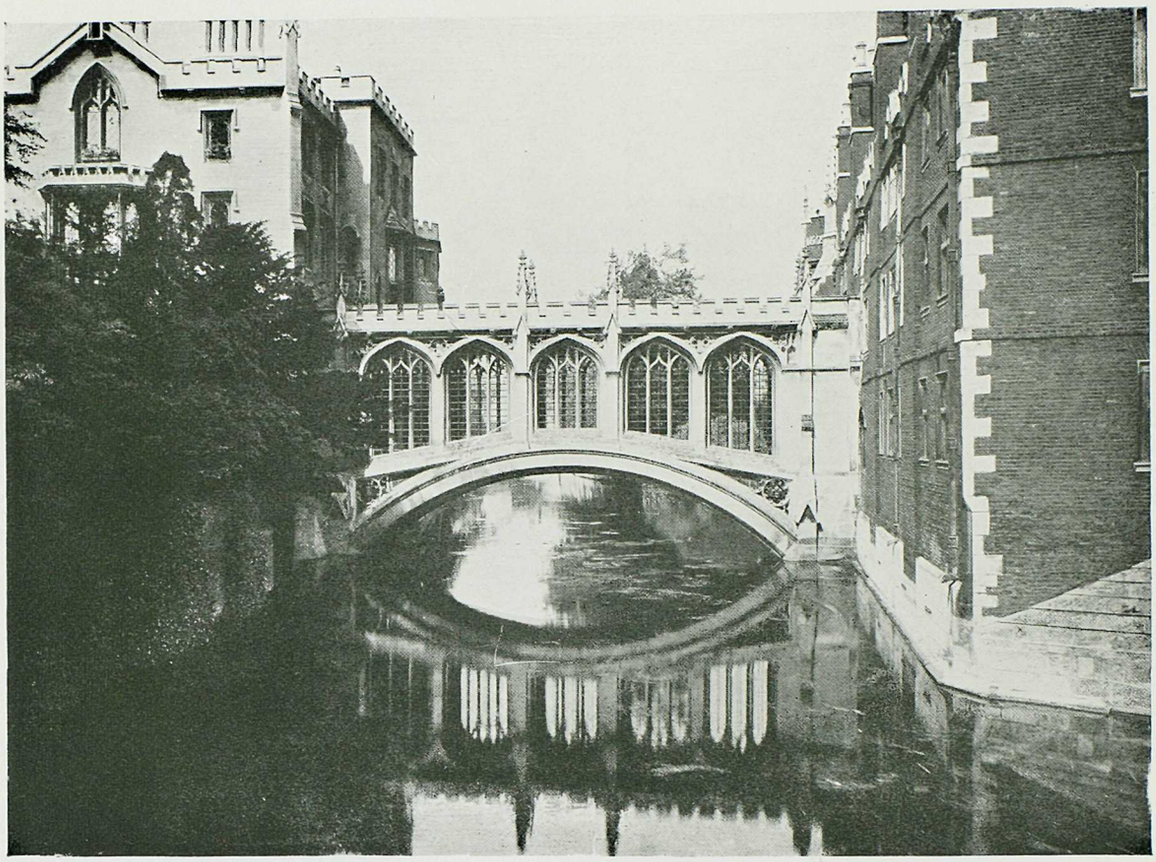
A City on a Hill

Lincoln's hill-throned cathedral, commanding many miles of view across the Fen Country, often suffered from early Viking invaders, and its wonderful western front is the fourth, for three earlier ones disappeared by fire or destruction. There is no better opportunity than Lincoln affords for the camera artist with an eye to beauty and the irresistible contrast of past and present. All the world admires the perfection of workmanship that has been put into Lincoln's three tall towers, the flying buttresses of its chapter-house, the sculpturing of its Angel Choir, and the ancient glass of its two rose windows. Nor can it fail to smile at popular features like the gargoyle near the southern porch, and the "Lincoln Imp" within.

But the visitor, if he is really just, and has a mind for the "eternal verities," must dismiss the ancient ballad of St. Hugh as a fable born of cruel feuds in primitive days when Jewish refugees from the Continent were a prey alternately to plunder and oppression. At any rate, here is Lincoln preserving carefully two of its finest houses, both traceable to Jewish occupation, as winsome old specimens of domestic architecture. The old city walls and the castle built by William the Conqueror are reminders that "Lindum Colonia" had Roman origins and honours, and Cologne on the Rhine is Lincoln's sole rival embodying that fact in its name, well nigh two thousand years after date.

Colleges and Lawns

If Cambridge lacks the hills that diversify the scenery around Oxford, and has no thoroughfare to compare with "the High," its position on the edge of the Fen country lends it freshness and greenery. Certainly the verdure that lines the College "backs," as they are called, makes a picture without a rival. This is why a boating jaunt along the Cam is one of the pleasantest ways of seeing the lawns and halls of Cambridge, and perceiving how the University rules what was a town of importance long before the Colleges arose. The place is proud of its loyal record and its sacrifices during the civil war, including the melting down of its plate to help the war-chest of Charles I. Nowhere is the past represented better by the silvery grey of well-kept buildings, or the present by the buoyant spirits of the stream of students passing through. Cambridge men tell gaily of the Oxford man who "looked as if he owned it all," and the Cambridge man who "didn't care a button who owned it." For some 5,000 undergraduates, there are seventeen colleges, besides hostels and halls for theological studies. The liveliest time of year is "Commencement" or May Week, but the college boat-races thus denoted come at the end of a term, not at the beginning, and May Week actually occurs in June. And here, as at Oxford, "the sweet girl graduate" has become, both academically and socially, a potent influence.



The "Bridge of Sighs," St. John's College, Cambridge. (*Photo: L.N.E.R.*)

THE EASTERN MIDLANDS

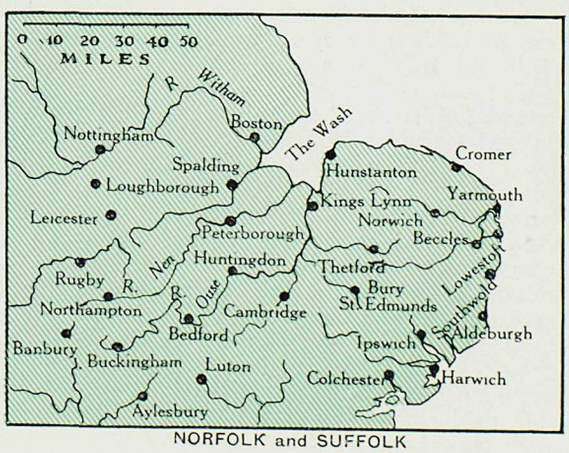
Visions to Remember

A tour of Cambridge and its University building, in fact, occupies some days, and would lay a heavy demand on present space. But the following features call for special attention—the noble Senate House, which sees the principal University functions; the University Library, with nearly a million volumes and 100,000 maps; the beautiful gardens of Pembroke and Clare and Trinity Hall; the glorious chapel of King's with one of the finest choirs and roofs in England; the Erasmus Tower of Queens', where the famous scholar once taught Greek; the round church of the Holy Sepulchre; the pre-Raphaelite windows of Peterhouse; the treasures in the Fitzwilliam Museum; the Pepysian Library of Magdalene; and the five courts and imposing gateway of Trinity. These and many other points of interest leave an impression which is ineffaceable.

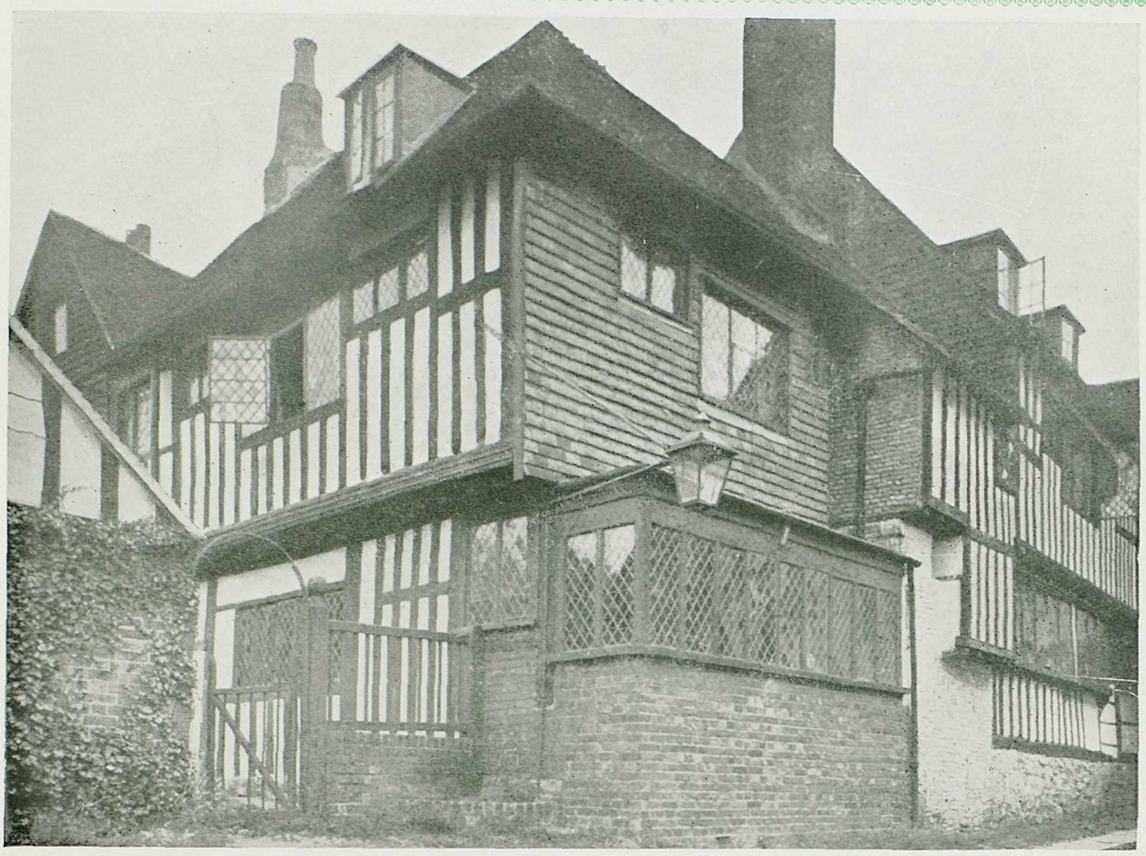
Norwich and Ely

Norfolk and Suffolk, with Essex, constitute what are known as the Eastern Counties, and are alive with attractions of every sort. Newmarket for three centuries has been the headquarters of English horse-racing. Colchester, besides many antiquities, and its nearness to the country of Constable, the painter, is noted for the feast which inaugurates the oyster season in October. Dickens associations are numerous hereabouts, for the White Horse Hotel at Ipswich recalls Mr. Pickwick's delicate encounter with the dame in yellow curl-papers, and Sudbury was the original of Eatanswill of comic election fame. Norwich and Ely possess cathedrals, mainly Norman, with a striking contrast in design. Norwich has a spire almost equal to Salisbury's for height and elegance; and the massive octagonal "lantern" of Ely is a wonderful feat of lightness and strength. The coast is rich in popular resorts like Clacton, Felixstowe, Cromer, Hunstanton, Yarmouth and Lowestoft. Within reach of all of them is the watered region known as the Broads, a magnificent holiday-ground for cruising and angling in the summer months, and skating in the winter.

Nottingham was one of the few British towns that played the line of passive resistance after the Conquest, and kept the invading Normans at bay in a reservation of their own. Today it is a centre of the British lace and hosiery trades.



NORFOLK and SUFFOLK



The Mermaid Inn, a fine example of the old-world style of Rye. (*Photo: Southern Railway.*)

THE BREEZY CHANNEL COAST

THE lines of railway that radiate from London southward bewilder one by the wealth of pleasant places that they open up, but priority in point of age and interest goes to Canterbury, whose Primate, Dr. Gordon Lang, is the 97th prelate to fill St. Dunstan's throne. It is Becket, however, who made the cathedral famous through his martyrdom in 1170, and turned the old pack-house road from the western tin-mines into a Pilgrims' Way which is traceable to this day, and recalls the frolic and color of the pilgrimage in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The place of the tragedy is still shown and venerated, and so is the place of the shrine, though this was destroyed and cleared of all its precious jewels by Henry VIII.

Henry II, who marked Becket for attack, had to expiate his fault, and the royal knees had to help in wearing the depression in the stone floor, as may be seen today. "Great Harry" is the finest tower in the country, and the whole cathedral the safest guide for the study of English Gothic architecture. By the way, Canterbury contains a tiny church ("the mother church of England") dedicated to St. Martin, which is older than the cathedral.

In the heart of the city you will find the first English home of the Franciscan friars, as well as the shop where the Huguenot refugees set up their looms and started a new and flourishing weaving industry.

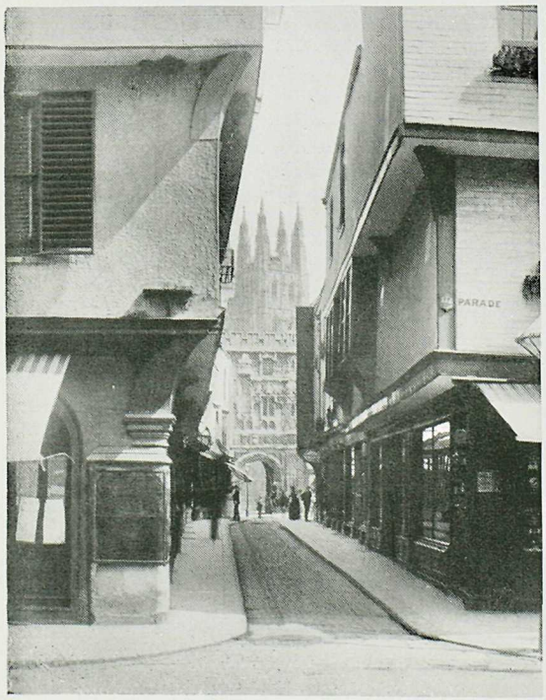
Margate and Ramsgate

A string of first-class resorts extends from the Thames estuary away down the Channel coast. Margate, at the peak of the "island" of Thanet, is famed for its tonic and bracing air; and under the handsome sea-front along its cliffs, palatial winter gardens make the year melodious with music programmes of the most spirited description. On the east the North Foreland, with a quaint lighthouse, is the headland off which Admiral Blake defeated that bold sea-dog, Admiral De Ruyter, in 1666, the year of the Great Fire of London, and ended the Dutch sea-raids for ever.

Broadstairs, which Dickens christened "the freest and freshest place in the world," is near Margate's rival, Ramsgate, no less renowned for its stimulating air. It touches many places of various appeal, from Pegwell Bay, close by where St. Augustine landed from Rome thirteen centuries ago, to Sandwich and Deal, known today for splendid golf links. Deal is also famed for a lifeboat service which has done miracles of valour and endurance when vessels have been storm-spilt on the Goodwins—the dreaded banks of sand swept up by the Channel tides. Near Deal a transport station was set up in war-time for sending freight trains of material across to France, and this speaks volumes for the vigilance of the Dover sea-patrol that was kept up day and night throughout the war against a determined and active enemy.

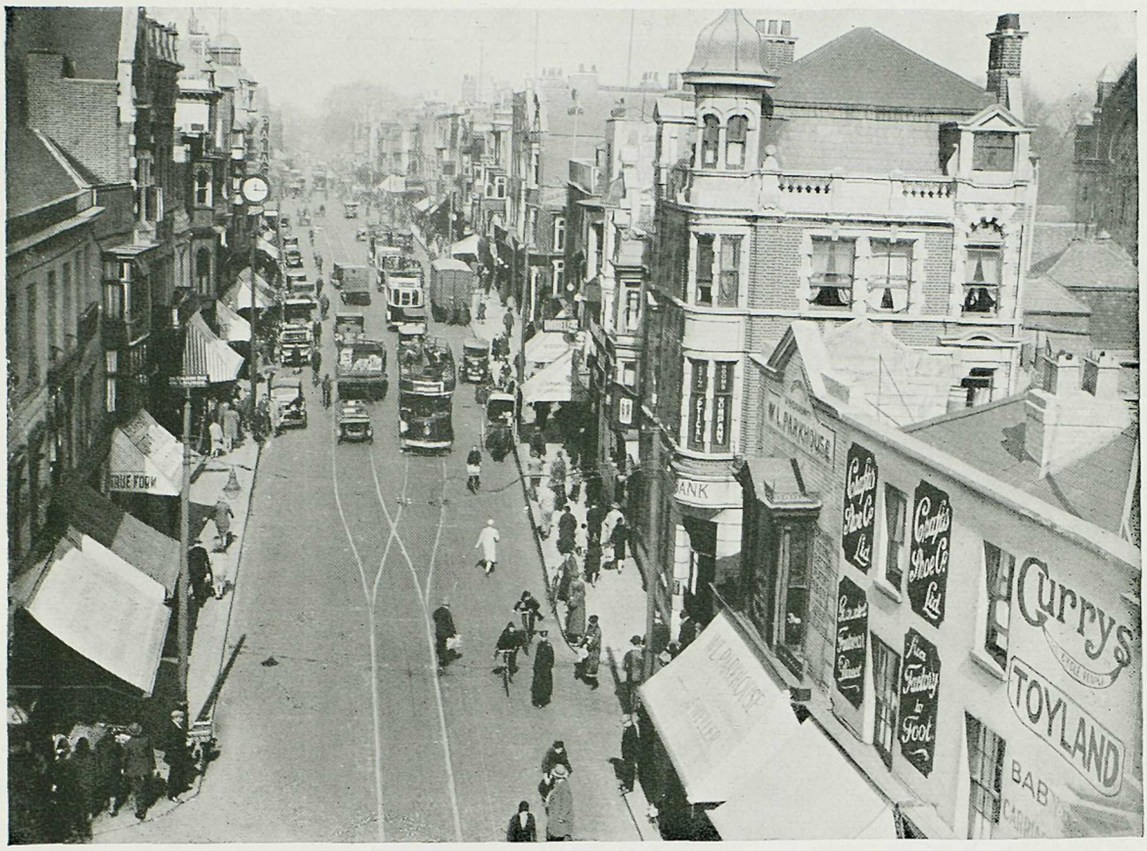
The Cinque Ports

From very early times the Cinque Ports had their privileges and duties of defence. They were Dover, Sandwich, Hastings, Romney, and Hythe, to which Rye and Winchelsea were added.



Brighton is accounted the best "doctor" in England, and with good reason. Canterbury Cathedral, seen at the end of a typical narrow street, is an epic in sanctity and stone, and Battle Abbey a reminder of the Norman Conquest.

(*Photos : S.R., S.R., Sport and General.*)



Above Bar (the city gate), Southampton. (*Photo: Shepherd & Hedges.*)

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF ALBION

Dover, because of its powerful cliff fortifications, is the most important factor in cross-Channel traffic. Patriots like Pitt and Wellington used to fill the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and some of the Ports still hold court-session with old-time rites. Shakspeare Cliff, 350 feet high, figures formidably in Shakspeare's "King Lear," but a descent may be made for a walk back along the sands when the tide is low. Through this cliff the railway penetrates to Folkestone of the zesty cliff promenade called the Leas. At the end of this is the steep "Road of Remembrance," set with beds of rosemary, where so many hosts of war-time heroes sang their way down to the ships for France, many of them never to return.

Sussex and Surrey

The shire of Surrey has marvellously survived its nearness to London in respect of the beauty of its commons and the pleasantness of its towns; but there is no doubt that Sussex has gained immensely by being further afield. On its coast is the site of the long and desperate struggle waged by the Saxons against the invaders under Norman William, and Battle Abbey perpetuates his conquest. Hastings, near by, forms with St. Leonard's one of the most inviting sea resorts, and the bathing here is excellent. Moreover, it is convenient for visiting Hurstmonceux castle, and the queer old towns of Rye and Winchelsea, once half demolished by the sea, but now left high and dry.

Lewes, further inland, has a rough-and-tumble quality about its castle and streets, due to its hilly site; and Arundel, crowning a bend of the Arun river, snuggles under the feudal tenth-century stronghold of the Dukes of Norfolk, hereditary Earls-Marshal of England. Midhurst and Petworth are typical Sussex towns of old-world charm, like their Surrey neighbours, Guildford and Godalming, Reigate and Dorking. These last are favoured by their nearness to the sylvan heights of Box Hill and Leith Hill, with spacious views across the well-tilled Weald.

The Devil and Local Tradition

Compton is a pretty village nestling under the Hog's Back, a bold ridgeway leading west to Farnham and Portsmouth by way of Hindhead, the loftiest height for miles around. There are three curious mounds called the Devil's Jumps, and a great hollow basin called the Devil's Punchbowl. Waverley Abbey, a ruin on the banks of the river Wey, gave Scott a title for his romances, and Moor Park (not to be confused with its namesake further north), is an estate near Farnham where Swift—while acting as secretary to his patron, Sir William Temple, the lover of gardens—met his goddess, Stella.

"London by the Sea"

Brighton (short for the old name Brighthelmstone) is the best-known English sea-resort, with a nearly five-mile esplanade, and a season lasting all the year through. It has gay and vivid memories of the Prince Regent, his repudiated wife, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the ruffianly old Marquis of Steyne, immortalised in Thackeray's novel "Vanity Fair." Today Brighton, linked with "Town" by one of the briskest rail services, keeps up its title of "London by the Sea."

SOME FAMOUS SEASIDE RESORTS

"Glorious Goodwood"

Of Brighton's neighbours, Worthing proves the mildness of its climate by the grapes it grows. Eastbourne shelters cosily west of the cliffs that tower up to Beachy Head. Chichester, fortunate in its cathedral and its fine bell-tower, retains from Roman times the transverse formation of its four main streets, and has a lovely old market cross in the centre. "Glorious Goodwood," the racecourse of the Duke of Richmond, crowns the uplands beyond, and draws a brilliant race crowd every August. From the summit one commands a breath-bereaving view of the broken Sussex coast from Chichester Harbour to the homely peninsula of Selsey Bill.

A Pocket England

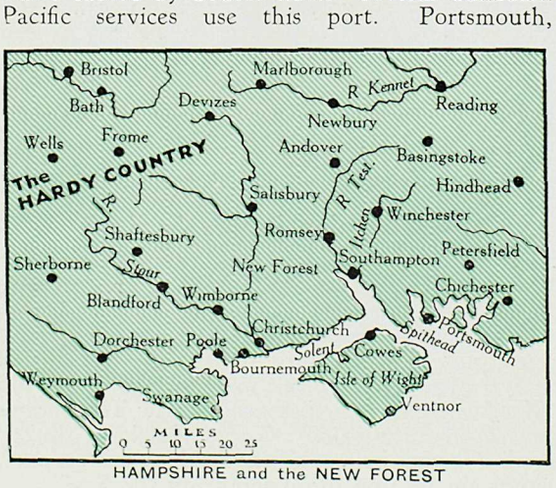
The Isle of Wight, a dozen miles broad, is a sort of England in miniature, with hills and downs and rivers all in keeping, and a ring of choice summer resorts, all rich in sunshine and amenity. Ryde, of the splendid pier, saw the Schneider Trophy races of 1929. Sandown has a splendid beach. Shanklin, of the old thatched cottages, nestles near its "chine," or fissure in the cliffs. Bonchurch, with its broad plateau, the Undercliff, is often called the "English Madeira." Ventnor is the gem of the southern side. Yarmouth smiles westward at the mainland; and Tennyson's Freshwater and Totland lend their names to pleasant bays that flank the headland ending in those dreaded crags, the Needles.

The Channel Islands

The Channel Islands, approached by many routes, are a romantic cluster of fragments torn by sea-action from France not so many centuries ago, for there are records of Norman bishops crossing dry-shod for their visitations. Jersey, the largest island of the six, is the more popular, but Guernsey is the quainter and older-fashioned, and retains the home of Victor Hugo's exile where he wrote "The Toilers of the Sea." Sark, smaller and wilder still, is entered by a cradled harbour and a rock tunnel.

A Pair of Famous Ports

Southampton, as a world's port, has grown around a far-reaching harbour with extra high water caused by double tides. Several Canadian Pacific services use this port. Portsmouth, England's biggest naval station, possesses Nelson's flagship, the "Victory," and Dickens' birthplace. Its many miles of docks and wharves and the never-ending come-and-go of vast liners and innumerable minor craft, are infinitely fascinating for those who love the sea.



HAMPSHIRE and the NEW FOREST

Winchester, to the north, was England's capital when London was a scrubby riverside village, and William of Wykeham, the statesman-builder of Winchester cathedral, also gave it the famous school that bears his motto—"Manners makyth Man." To this day at the ancient Hospital of St. Cross you may get at the porter's lodge your dole of bread and horn of ale.

The New Forest and Stonehenge.

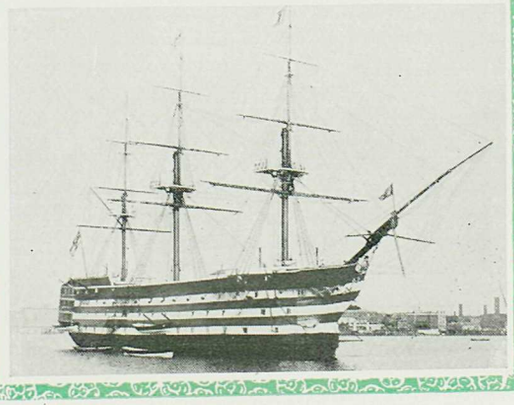
West of Southampton Water is that magnificent nature-reservation, the New Forest, ruthlessly laid out by Rufus for a hunting-ground and doomed to be his murder-grave. Beaulieu Abbey, Brockenhurst, Ringwood, and Lymington are all urban jewels in this sylvan setting, and the minsters of Wimborne and Sherborne are not far away. Guarding the verdant sweep of Salisbury Plain are the tumbled megaliths of Stonehenge, assigned to prehistoric times and human sacrifice, but more probably a vast rostrum for primitive law-givers. At any rate, their construction is such that the morning rays at the spring solstice pierce through the eastern slabs and gild the central altar with the rays of dawn. To watch this awesome spectacle is like rehearsing the mystery of Creation. After this, the elegant spire of Salisbury Cathedral seems the mere confectionery of Christianity, and yet it is unequalled as an idyll in stone.

Bournemouth and Its Charms

Bournemouth, the handiest coast centre for seeing the New Forest, and so much else, is a purely modern creation. Living memory goes back to days when it was a mere fishing village described as "near Christchurch"—famed for its beautiful Norman priory linked with Shelley, the poet. Bournemouth enjoys a favoured climate, sheltered as it is by Poole Harbour, St. Alban's Head, and Portland Bill. In addition, it boasts every kind of charm, pine trees, cliffs, far-reaching sands, and lovely "chines" crossed by rustic bridges. Enterprise has endowed it with well-known golf links, superb gardens, and a magnificent Casino rich in high-class programmes, concerts, and dances, and every social attraction, all set amid scenery of great natural beauty. One of the treasured associations of the place is that R. L. Stevenson came here when "ordered south," and found health before betaking himself to San Francisco and thence to exile among the Pacific Islands.

The Hardy Country

It was the late Thomas Hardy who revived the old title of Wessex and gave it new meaning. He changed the names of the places he has pictured, but the humorous types he draws are everlasting. Dorchester, where he was born, has made folk-plays of his novels; and the tiny hamlet of Wool is famed for ever because its broken-down manor house inspired him with his moving tragedy of the frail and beauteous "Tess of the Durbervilles."



Ventnor decks the outer shores of the Isle of Wight, as that island does the Channel. Cowes assembles annually all that is smartest in English yachtsmanship. And Nelson's flagship, the "Victory," still preserved at Portsmouth, reminds one vividly of the Battle of Trafalgar.

(*Brown, Sport and General and S.R.*)

Stonehenge, hoariest of ruins, is the only record of its own mysterious prehistoric era, and so deep that none can read it. Mont Orgueil, in Jersey, represents the old fighting defences of the Channel Islands in a sea of trouble. And the birthplace of Thomas Hardy pictures the idyllic side of his beloved Wessex. (*Photos : S.R., G.W.R., and Bernard Griffin.*)

Bristol Cathedral. (*Photo: Photochrom Co., Ltd.*)

THE COTSWOLD AND MALVERN HILLS

Bath and Bristol

THE pastoral Cotswolds, that sound so woolly in the very name, are a proverbial paradise of shepherding. In Queen Bess's time Captain Robert Dover set up old English sports and games at Whitsuntide, and now that Dover's Hill has been secured for the public, the Cotswold Games look like lasting for generations.

Bath is a Roman watering-place dumped down amid modern surroundings. Everything in Bath is tasteful, especially its health-giving mineral springs. Even in a region famous for its fanes, Bath Abbey bears away the palm for beauty. And Bath's Grand Pump Room is unique and bristling with notable memories, from Beau Brummell onwards.

Cirencester (pronounced Cisseter) is a township of great antiquity, as its Roman name betrays. Bristol, its flourishing neighbour, and once the second city in the kingdom, is honoured as the home of those valiant explorers, the Cabots. Its Cathedral, and its guildhall, the noble parish church of St. Mary's, Redcliff (linked with the early days of the boy-poet Chatterton), its young University, and its old Dutch House, are all worth visiting, and so is the fine suspension bridge at Clifton.

A Cluster of Cathedrals

Gloucester Cathedral, another jewel of the west, has a whispering gallery well worth testing. and together with Worcester and Hereford keeps up the Three Choirs Festival in September —an unequalled chance for the enjoyment of old English sacred music. Cheltenham was a fashionable spa in the Regency time, and remains a charming centre of culture and gentility.

Wells Cathedral has a distinctive feature which has probably been its salvation as a building—a double arch in the shape of St. Andrew's Cross, set up boldly across the nave in the 14th century to support the weight of the central tower. The bishop's palace has a well-kept moat, with a bell that the swans ring when they want to be fed. Glastonbury, with the ruins of the abbey that legend associates with St. Joseph of Arimathæa and the Holy Grail, used to boast a miraculous thorn that flowered at Christmas, and though this has been cut down, by unfriendly hands, it survives in various off-shoots in the abbey grounds. Cheddar, the sponsor of a standard cheese, fascinates one with its gorge of limestone rocks leading up to the Mendip hills, and its enthralling stalactite caverns.

Weston-super-Mare is a favourite coast resort with a broad bay and a splendid beach. There is a tonic in its air that puts everyone in key with life and health. Further west is Minehead, backed by wonderful uplands sweeping away towards Devon.

Tewkesbury and Worcester

The Malvern Hills, rounded and bold, centre in the lofty Worcestershire Beacon, which commands an almost boundless view of green and fertile plains. Malvern Wells, the local spa, draws any number of visitors in search of invigoration. Tewkesbury's abbey church is a gem

The Roman baths that gave renown to Bath many centuries ago. (*Photo : G.W.R.*)

THE BROAD SEVERN VALLEY

of Norman architecture with a grim memory, for behind the high altar in the vault, "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence" was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine. Droitwich is a busy and favoured spa, which for invalids often means a new lease of life. Worcester was the "royal city" of Charles I, and the last to surrender in the civil wars until Cromwell won his "crowning mercy" there by means of a drench of blood. Its cathedral is a remarkable blend of many styles, and makes a striking series of pictures reflected in the ample waters of the Severn. Evesham, that has given its name to this part of the Avon valley, links itself with its neighbour Pershore, famous for big yellow plums.

King Arthur's Land

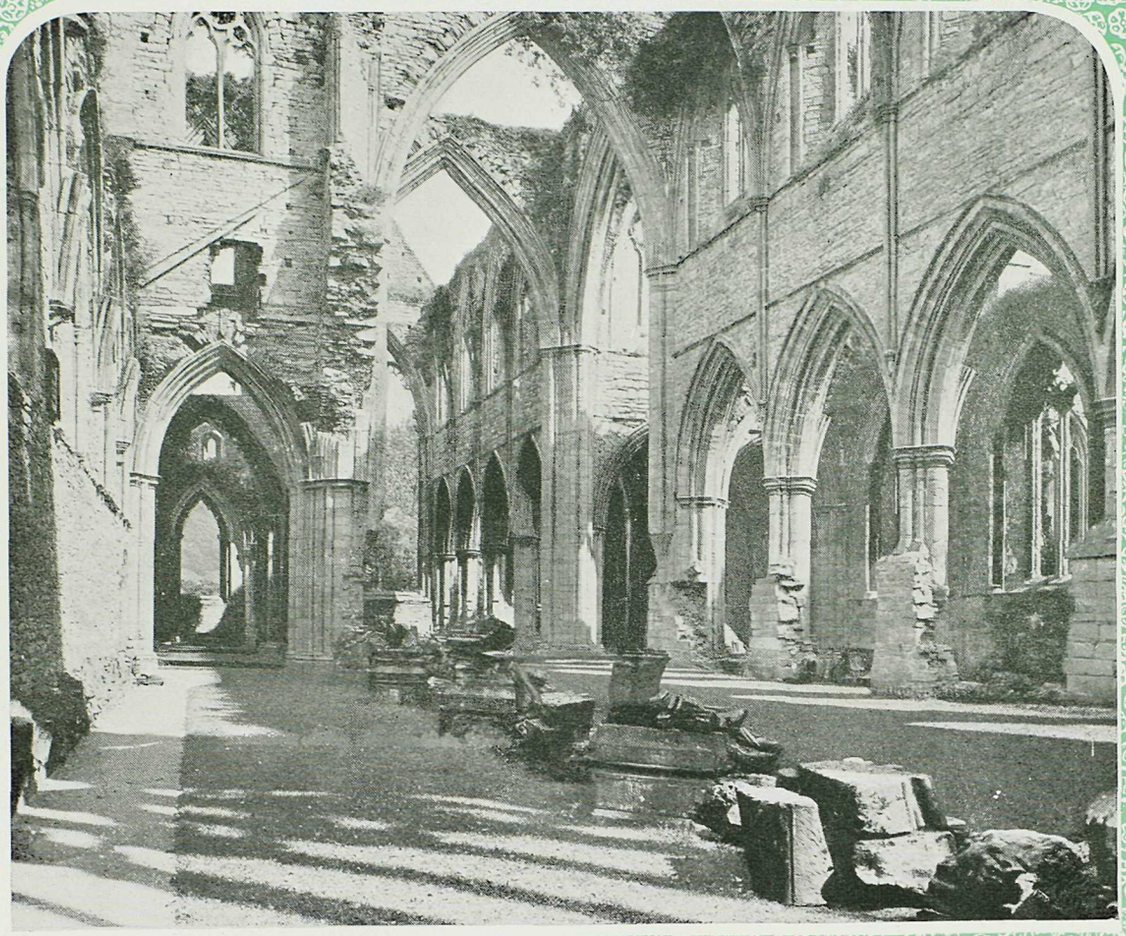
A trip across under the estuary by means of the Severn Tunnel brings us to Newport, and the northward line of the Marches of Wales. Here we get the ancient city of Caerleon, including the only Roman amphitheatre in Britain, and the relics disinterred there are making it almost a British Herculaneum. No wonder Tennyson made it the court of the fabled Arthur and his knights in the "Idylls of the King." Newport has the extra attraction of opening up the beauties of the Wye valley, beginning with the modernised town of Chepstow, possessed of a new race-course and other interesting features. Passing round the lofty Wyndcliff, which the bending river almost makes into an island, we come to Tintern Abbey, a veritable picture of silvery ruins in an entrancing setting of woods and waters. Monmouth, with its own castle planted handsomely at the confluence of the Wye and the Monnow, is a convenient point of approach for the ivy-clad ruins of Raglan Castle, used as a background for many a romance.

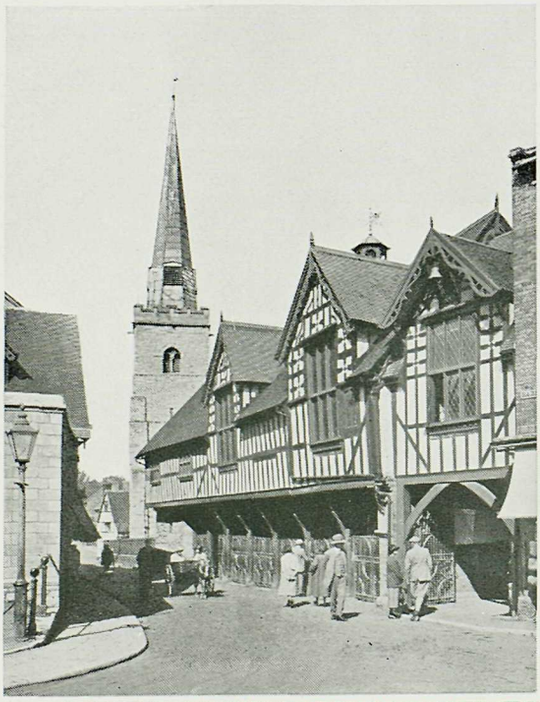
The Middle Wye

Hereford Cathedral, besides its rich architectural qualities, has a famous early "Map of the World," with a library of old chained books; and the city, with a wealth of quaint features, is framed in an almost perfect vignette of river, orchards, and woodlands. Ross, almost encircled by a horse-shoe curve of the Wye, is a happy hunting ground for landscape artists; and Symond's Yat (or gate) yields a perfect panorama of river-gorge, woods and hills.

A British Pompeii

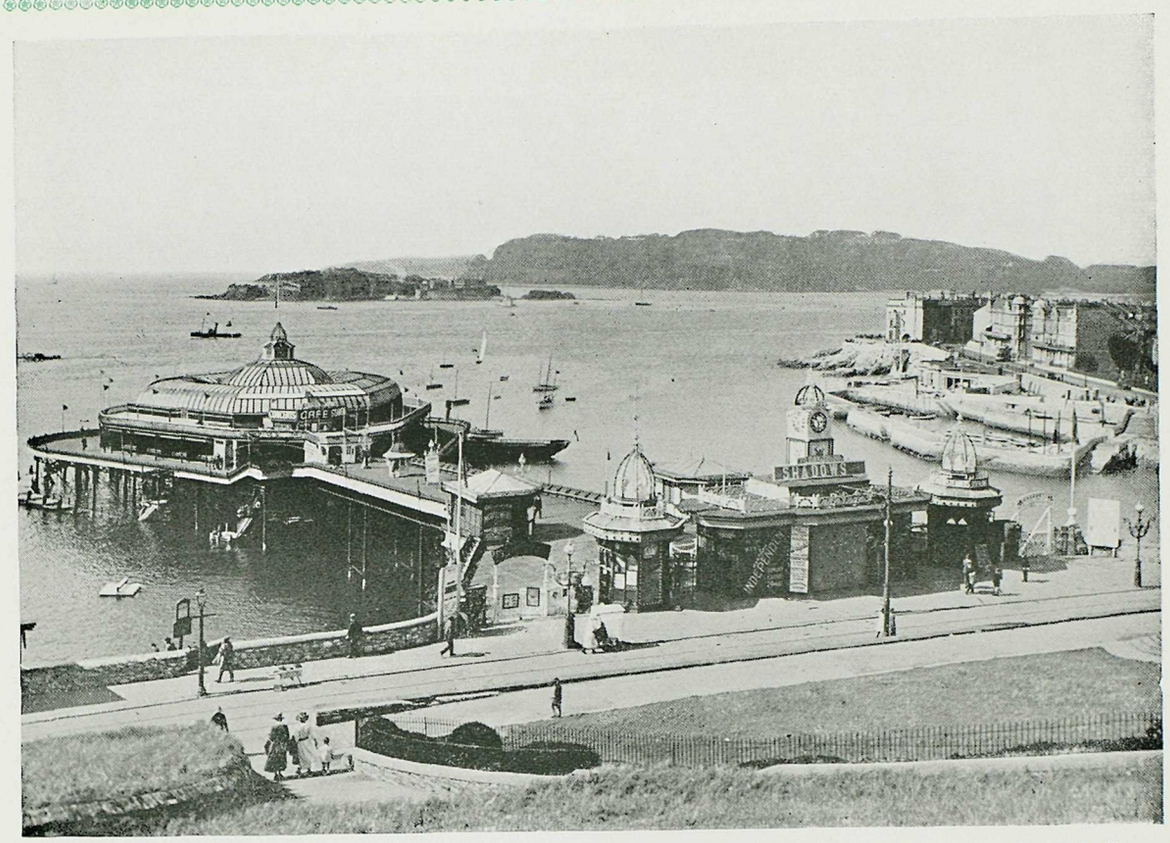
Shrewsbury is the county town of Salop or Shropshire. Besides the school that taught Darwin and other world-renowned thinkers, it shows its flourishing past by the number of old gabled houses, and neighbours the old battle-ground where Falstaff boasted that he fought "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock." Wroxeter, half a dozen miles away, is the ancient Uriconium, Britain's Pompeii, though many of its curiosities rest in Shrewsbury Museum. Much Wenlock, near the ridge of Wenlock Edge, with further wealth of scenery, is a happy compound of hills and half-timbered houses, a fine ruined abbey, and a stately guildhall, with the olden stocks and whipping-post at hand. Similarly, Leominster has its ancient ducking-stool for refractory wives and spinsters, and this was used as recently as 1809. Ludlow was the seat of the Lords President of the Marches, and its castle saw the first performance of Milton's fanciful masque of "Comus."





In its very ruins, Tintern Abbey breathes of "tranquil restoration." Much Wenlock is a typical ancient borough; and the chained library in Hereford Cathedral symbolises the shackles in which knowledge was formerly bound.

(Photos: G.W.R.)



Plymouth Pier and the Hoe, showing Drake's Island and Mount Edgcumbe. (*Photo : Southern Railway.*)

DEVON, GLORIOUS DEVON

The Sea-Dog Tradition

THERE are some places that win you to love them by the very name, and Devonshire is one of them. This is the county of half-aggressive joviality born of a sea-dog tradition, with a shadowy past of piracy and smuggling beyond. It is a shire of hoary antiquities veiled by a luxuriance of verdure; of ancient castles and abbeys and churches jostling comfortably with cosy farms and dairies rich in luscious clotted cream. And all the while there rings in your ears some old-fashioned stag-hunting ditty or ballad like "Widdecombe Fair," that turns a grisly ghost-yarn into the drollest of choral processions :—

"Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, old uncle Tom Cobbleigh, and all!"

Exeter and its Cathedral

Exeter, the county's capital, is a city of bridges and ramparts and carven Tudor fronts. The cathedral took four centuries a-building, without losing in harmony or style; and no one would think it was ever quartered up with plank partitions for simultaneous worship by several denominations at once. Its roof-vaulting, for length and freedom, is the finest in Europe, and its transept towers as a Gothic feature are said to be unique in the kingdom.

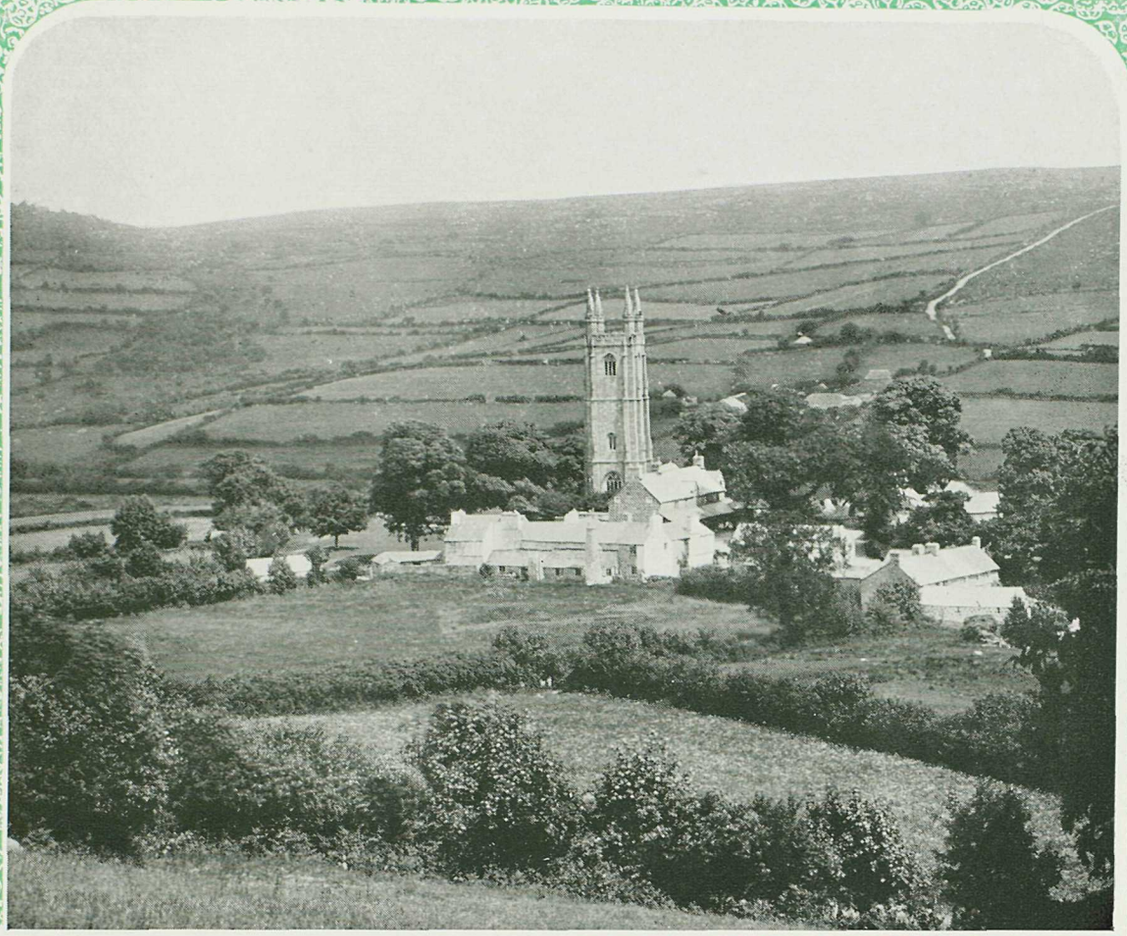
Topsham, once the port of Exeter, is noted for its Dutch-style houses, as Brixham is for its smacks and trawlers. Exmouth claims attention for its golf course (one of the oldest in England), abundant stretches of sand called the Warren, and any number of splendid sunsets. Budleigh Salterton makes the most of the fact that banks of shingle have closed its ancient haven; and Sidmouth, Teignmouth, and Dawlish stand high among Devon's pleasant coast resorts. It is well worth while to trace the Teign valley as far as Kingsteignton; and Chudleigh Glen will be found an idyll of streamlet and greenery.

Torquay Takes it Easy

Torquay gives you the summer afternoon feeling of rocking-chair gossip and strawberries for tea. Kent's Cavern has proved a gold-mine of prehistoric "finds." But these geological treasure-chests are three a penny in Devon, and who can bother about antiquity in view of Torquay's gentle hills and tree-clad promenades?

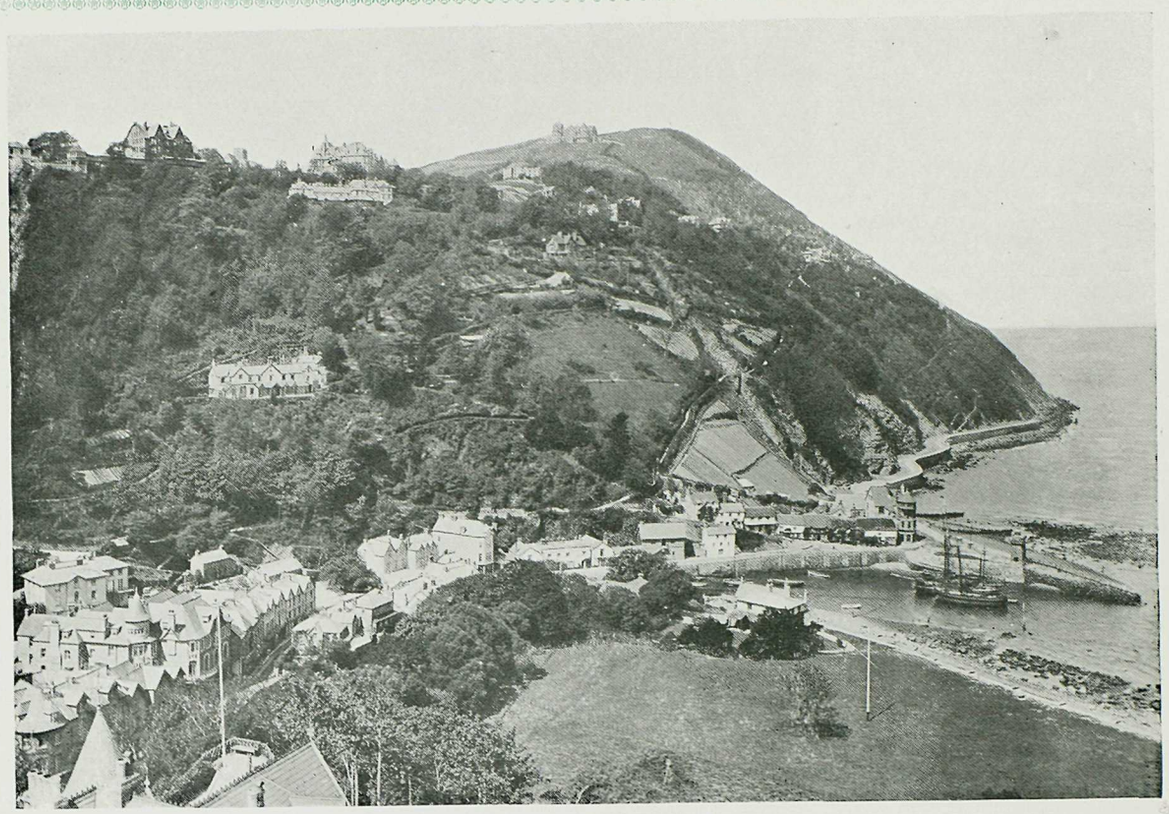
Drake on Plymouth Hoe

Plymouth, with a fortress and arsenal second only to Portsmouth, commands a vast and comely harbour alive with sea-traffic, and islands like Mount Edgcumbe that are thrones for lordly mansions or forts of defence. It was on Plymouth Hoe that Sir Francis Drake was playing bowls when the Armada hove in sight; and alongside the roadway near at hand is the tercentenary monument put up in 1920 to commemorate the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Fourteen miles out, in the full sweep of the Channel, is the fourth of the Eddystone Lighthouses, to safeguard passing ships from the rock it covers. Devonport is Plymouth's complement in the way of extra naval and military equipment, and many of its official establishments are accessible to sightseers.



Who would think the droll ballad of "Widdecombe Fair" ever grew around so dainty a hamlet? Or that Devon folk could pile a village like Clovelly up the face of a cliff? And frame a haven of elegant ease like Torquay?

(*Photos: S.R. and G.W.R.*)



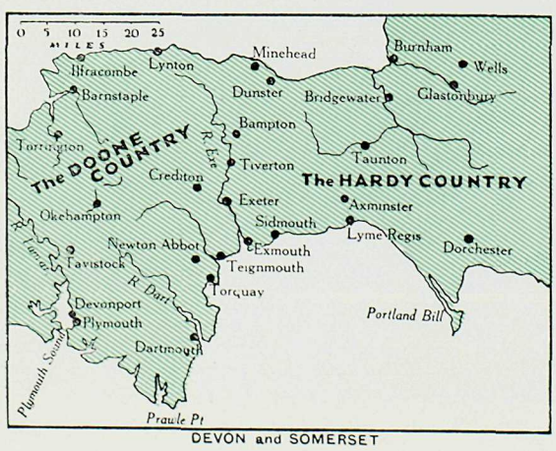
Lynton and Lynmouth, types of the billowy character of North Devon's scenery. (*Photo : G.W.R.*)

THE HOME OF SEA HEROES

The First Pipe of Tobacco

Dartmouth is snugly ensconced inside an almost landlocked harbour, and was famous as long ago as Chaucer's time. Dittisham, an up-river village, guards the Anchor Rock, half-sunk in the stream, and they say it was on this that Sir Walter Raleigh used to sit and smoke the first pipe ever known in England. Greenway, the village opposite, was the birthplace of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half-brother, the first governor of Newfoundland; or as Kingsley would have it, Gilbert was "the most learned of all Elizabeth's admirals in life, the most pious and heroic in death." Dartmouth, by the way, is Britain's Annapolis, for here is the Royal Naval College, that has superseded the old "Britannia" training ship.

To wind your way up the lovely valley of the Dart is to find how Dartmoor with its 200 square miles of hills and green spaces and granite "tors" dominates the county. Princetown, at the watershed, was the prison of 9,000 French and American prisoners in the Waterloo era, as it was of "conscientious objectors" during the European War.



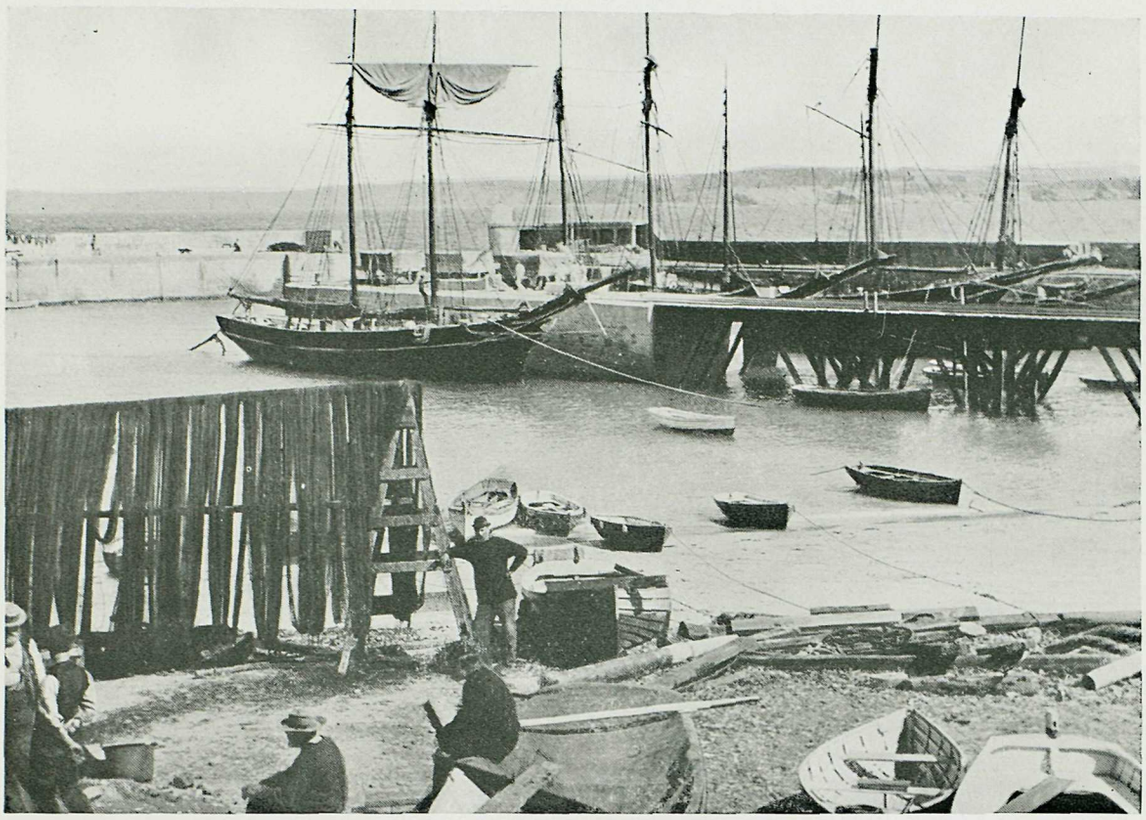
DEVON and SOMERSET

"Lorna Doone" Land

Lynton and Lynmouth, on the north coast, are vivid idylls of green hills and embowered mansions, rock-strewn cascades and ferny glens. Similarly you may say that Clovelly, their neighbour, is one of nature's cornucopias for spilling cottages and inns and stairway streets down the cliffside to a tiny bay of azure waters. Exmoor, inland and eastward, is another Dartmoor, with red deer at large; and these immense uplands used to harbour coveys of romantic rogues and vagabonds of the sort you find in "Lorna Doone." Ilfracombe is another vision of headlands and creeks and picturesqueness, but with all the panoply of a first-class resort.

From Kingsley to Kipling

Bideford (called "Biddyford") went far to inspire Kingsley with his tale of "Westward Ho," and much of it was written here. But Westward Ho is also the name of a neighbouring resort where Kipling was at school (see "Stalky and Co") and where thousands of keen players now come for golf all the year round. Combe Martin, to the eastward, nestles at the feet of giant cliffs, one of which bears the stylish title of Gallantry Bower. Barnstaple used to be united with Bideford, but a brisk rivalry has kept them separate for years, and a recent wrangle as to the honour of seniority ended in that spirit of tolerant good humour which is the essence of Devon.



The Harbour of Newquay, Cornwall. *(Photo: Wide World.)*

THE COAST OF CORNWALL

A Sea-Worn Peninsula

WITH a double coast-line, and an endless display of cliff and rock scenery, Cornwall possesses wonderful natural advantages and a population that belongs to the soundest Celtic type. The shire's soft climate is tempered by ocean breezes, and the Delectable Duchy (of which the Prince of Wales is Duke) is a blend of gusty moorlands, prehistoric menhirs and dolmens, sparkling river-glens, mines that go back to Phœnician times, and gardens that flourish with orange and myrtle, palm and vine.

The Cornish Riviera

Fowey, or Foy, is the Troy of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's romances, and a favourite corner of the southern shore. Truro, the county capital, has a fine modern cathedral. Penzance, the capital of the "Cornish Riviera," drives a busy trade with its pilchard and mackerel fisheries, and dominates the ample waters of Mount's Bay.

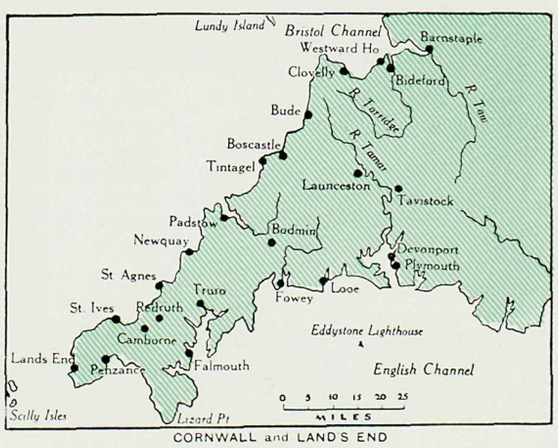
A Fool and his Folly

Newlyn, a western suburb of Penzance, is made famous through its group of local painters, and there are many points and features westward along the coast as it rounds towards its extremity, the rugged granite conformation of Land's End. On the southernmost edge is the balancing freak of the Logan Stone, seventy tons in weight. A century and half ago Lieutenant Goldsmith, a nephew of the poet, while in a larkish mood, got his men to topple it over into the sea, and for this mad prank he was made to put it back, an operation that cost him ten thousand dollars.

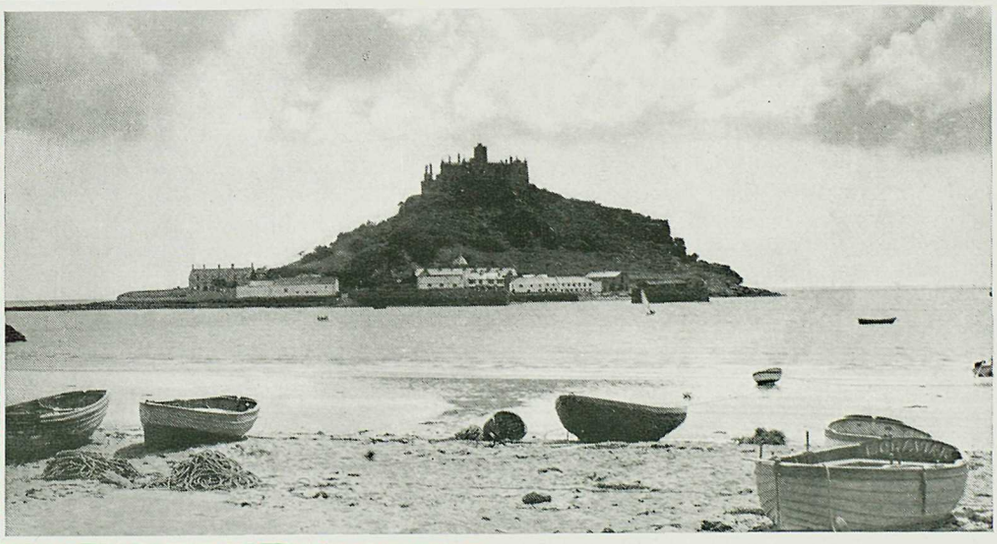
King Arthur's Land

To take the northern coast, the best way is to begin at Bude, near the edge of Devon, and its neighbour, Morwenstow, where Hawker, a former rector, wrote his ringing Cornish ballads. Tintagel and Boscastle rejoice in legendary associations with King Arthur and his court. Newquay is a fashionable resort built upon a superb amphitheatre of sandstone cliffs looking down upon an extensive beach; and there are few better natural playgrounds in the kingdom.

Forty miles out from Land's End, well past the lighthouses of Longships and the Wolf Rock, the Scilly Isles, two hundred in number, form a picturesque archipelago.

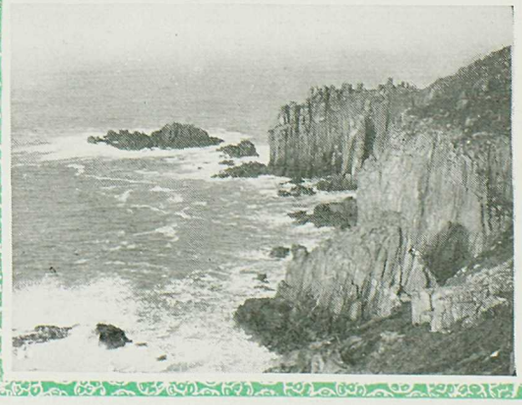


CORNWALL and LAND'S END



The Atlantic surges that buffet the shores of Cornwall have given them only an added grandeur. Tintagel is a ruined monument to King Arthur and his Knights. Mount St. Michael is an island crowned by stateliness; and Land's End (*below*) adds "Finis" to the volume of English landscape.

(*S.R., G.W.R., and Topical.*)



Newstead Abbey, forever linked with the memory of Byron. (*Photo : L.N.E.R.*)

THE PEAK DISTRICT AND THE POTTERIES

Derbyshire and Dovedale

THE Peak District, one great ornament of Derbyshire, is the southern extremity of the great Pennine chain of hills which somebody has called the backbone of England. Curiously enough, there is nothing actually peaky about the Derbyshire hills, for most of them are rounded at the summit, and wonderfully popular playgrounds they make. But there is plenty that is dominant about the millstone and limestone formation of Derbyshire, and no one who has ever threaded the valleys of the Dove, the Derwent, and the upper Wye, will fail to note their massive cliffs, like orisons in stone.

Lichfield and Dr. Johnson

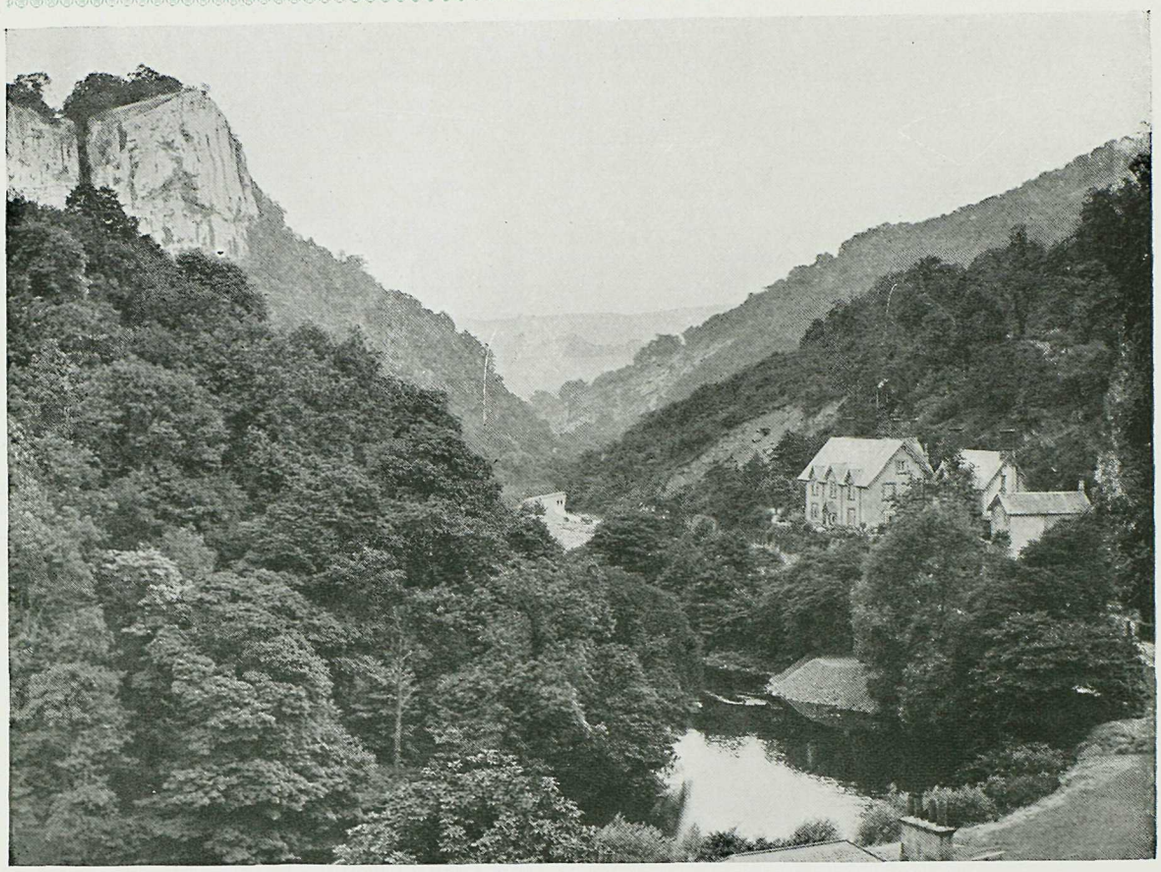
The town of Derby itself is a busy centre for many flourishing industries, from iron to silk, and it was here that the first silk-mill in England was set up over two centuries ago. The town is famous also for the porcelain to which it gives its name, and for the fact that Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, had his birthplace here. Lichfield has one of the best-proportioned of cathedrals, and one hardly knows which to admire the more—its three beautiful spires (called "the Ladies of the Vale"), or its fine west front peopled with over a hundred statues of modern make, set up to replace the old ones smashed by the Cromwellian troops. Lichfield was Dr. Johnson's birthplace, and he said it was a place of "real civility" with "the purest English speech." His birthplace, the Guildhall, and St. Michael's Church are full of links and memories with that redoubtable talker, and there are celebrations here every year for his birthday in September. Stafford, a centre of the boot-making trade, used to have a house in Eastgate where Izaak Walton was born, and keeps his memory green with a statue in St. Mary's Church, where he was baptised.

Burton and Brewing

Burton benefits from the physical merits of the district because of the purity of its water, and this, with the skill and energy of its sons, has made the town a stronghold of the brewing interest. There are sixteen breweries on a large scale, including those of Bass and Allsopp and Worthington; and the sight of mountains of barrels is supposed to engender an overwhelming thirst. They remind one of Thackeray's jest about one of the German brewing towns when he said it was "enough to make Bass bitter and Burton pale."

Matlock and Haddon Hall

Matlock, envied for its hill scenery, has long been renowned for mineral springs and hydropathic treatment; and mineralogists find intense interest in the extent to which its abandoned lead mines yield material for extracting radium. Darley Dale, an enchanting bit of streamland, boasts the oldest yew in the kingdom. Haddon Hall, overlooking the point of confluence between Wye and Derwent, retains the romantic story of the beautiful heiress, Dorothy Vernon, and her elopement with Sir John Manners three centuries ago; but the house is not now accessible.



Matlock, with High Tor and the River Derwent. (*Photo : Topical.*)

ROBIN HOOD'S COUNTRY

Chatsworth and Buxton

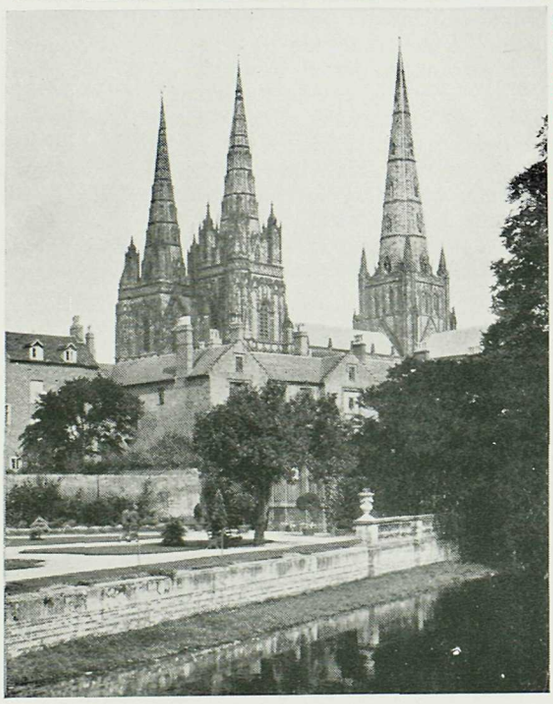
Chatsworth, on the other hand, known as "the Palace of the Peak," belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and is a favourite resort with people of taste, as well as a luxurious example of the Italian renaissance style. No one should leave without seeing its State apartments, its noble galleries, frescoes, deer park, and stately formal gardens. Buxton, higher than any town of its size in the country, is a favourite resort all the year round, especially with clients intent on benefiting by its baths and springs for all sorts of ailments. No district, as will be seen, is richer in scenery and the means of health than the Peak District; and the ascent of Kinderscout, or any of the neighbouring hills, gives a splendid survey of Midland landscape at its best.

The Five Towns

Wolverhampton is one of the busiest manufacturing towns on the edge of the mining and industrial area of the north-western Midlands, known as the Black Country. Kidderminster, besides its carpet-weaving industry, boasts of two famous worthies, Baxter the divine, and Sir Rowland Hill, inventor of the penny postage system. Stoke-on-Trent and Burslem compete in honouring Josiah Wedgwood, the illustrious potter, and the works he started at Etruria, near by, are intensely interesting. Hanley is the largest of the Five Towns, and the capital of the Potteries, celebrated in the fiction of Arnold Bennett. Better than realistic description of either Potteries and Black Country, however, is the aspiration of local patriots who look for some future scheme of reafforestation which shall restore the verdant quality of a region once as fair as any in the kingdom. And as Surrey has reclothed with greenery the region of its oldtime ironworks, leaving memoried names like Ironbridge, etc., so Staffordshire may look to enlightened treatment for removing the grime of its industrial pre-occupation, and once more making the pit-blackened wilderness blossom as the rose.

The Dukeries and Sherwood Forest

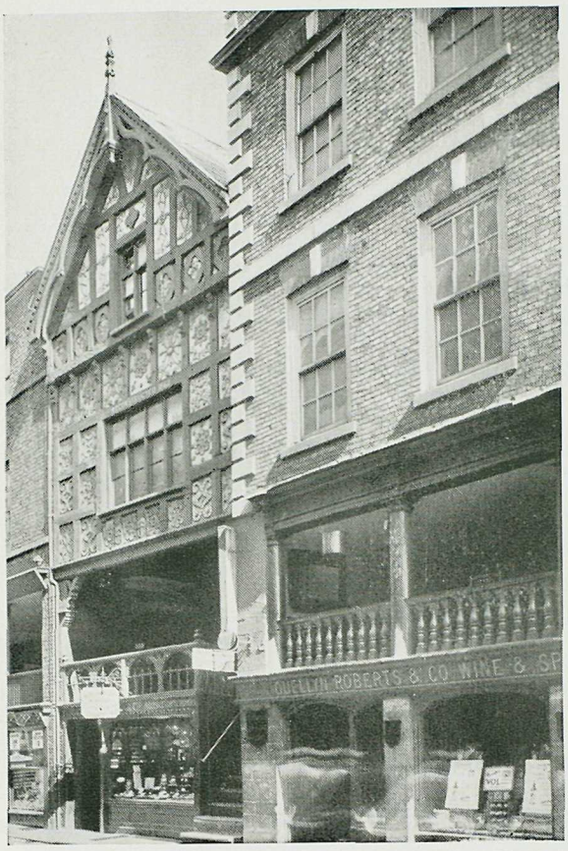
"The Dukeries" is an instance in this respect of what the Midlands used to be. This is a label for the well-wooded area comprising the great estates of Welbeck (the Duke of Portland), Clumber (the Duke of Newcastle), Thoresby (formerly the property of the Duke of Kingston), and Worksop (formerly belonging to the Duke of Norfolk). They fringe the glorious Sherwood forest, once a royal demesne of 100,000 acres, and in spite of encroachments by the Nottinghamshire coalfield, make a fine range of woodland still, which rings with the stories of Robin Hood and his many exploits. Bolsover Castle and Rufford Abbey are other rich ornaments to the district; and Newstead Abbey, the ancestral home of Byron, and destined to be a national possession, retains many visible associations with the poet. Hardwick Hall, a magnificent example of the Elizabethan mansion, was built by the masterful "Bess of Hardwick," the strong-minded wife of four husbands, and is full of treasures recalling its storied and interesting past.



Buxton is the highest town in all England. Lichfield rejoices in its graceful cathedral and its memories of Dr. Johnson. And this (*right*) at Haddon Hall, is probably the doorway by which Dorothy Vernon escaped to her lover.

(*Photos : L.M.S.*)

CHESHIRE AND LANCASHIRE



God's Providence House, Chester. (*Photo : G.W.R.*)

Chester's Pride of Survival

IF ever you want to stray back into the atmosphere of the middle ages, and surround yourself with a city that has carefully preserved the semblance of the past, try Chester.

Greater than anything else it possesses, even the river Dee or God's Providence House—originally erected in pious thankfulness for deliverance from the plague—is the quaint series of "Rows," timbered arcades wandering along the first floor of three of the oldest streets, and along the ground floor of a fourth. In Continental cities—Turin, for example—such arcades serve to protect pedestrians from the glare of the summer sun, and the Rows at Chester were fashioned for sheltering sightseers and customers from the inclement weather. Nowhere will you find better specimens of the timber-and-plaster or (as it is commonly styled) the "magpie" style of old English architecture.

Gladstone and Hawarden

Only two minsters in the kingdom, those of Lincoln and Beverley, can rival the beauty of the wood carving in the choir of Chester Cathedral, and indeed it may fairly rank as the choicest in the country. Among many treasures, the south transept contains the colours of the Chester Regiment, some of which figured at Bunker Hill, and others served to wrap round the body of General Wolfe after his tragic victory at Quebec. St. John's Church, the Town Hall, the bishop's palace, and the Grosvenor Museum are all distinctive features; and at the Castle, the Julius Cæsar tower looks worthy of its name. Southward, on the Dee, is the park of Eaton Hall, accessible to the public, while Hawarden Castle abounds in memories of Gladstone. There in the park one may see the type of oak he used to hew for exercise.

Lancashire and the Cotton Trade

Lancashire, the most thriving industrial district in the kingdom, has the double advantage of two commercial capitals in Liverpool and Manchester, the chief port and the chief market for the cotton trade which is the pride of the County Palatine, as Lancashire calls itself by long tradition. Nearly all the local inventors to whom that trade owes its ingenious appliances, suffered insensate persecution in their day, had their machines and models destroyed for their pains, and for the most part died in poverty, leaving their ideas to make innumerable fortunes for other men. In spite of fierce competition of late years from countries which have imported Lancashire machines and copied its skill, the country has continued to surmount recent depression. Its half-humid climate adapts it peculiarly for the finer makes of cotton goods, so that a rainfall which would be a handicap elsewhere has here been turned to rich account.

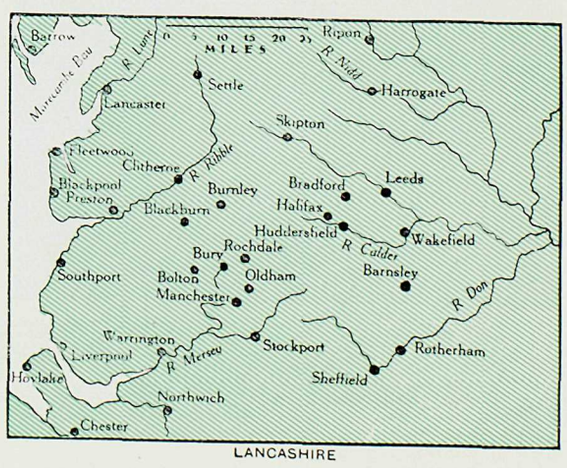
Liverpool's River-Front

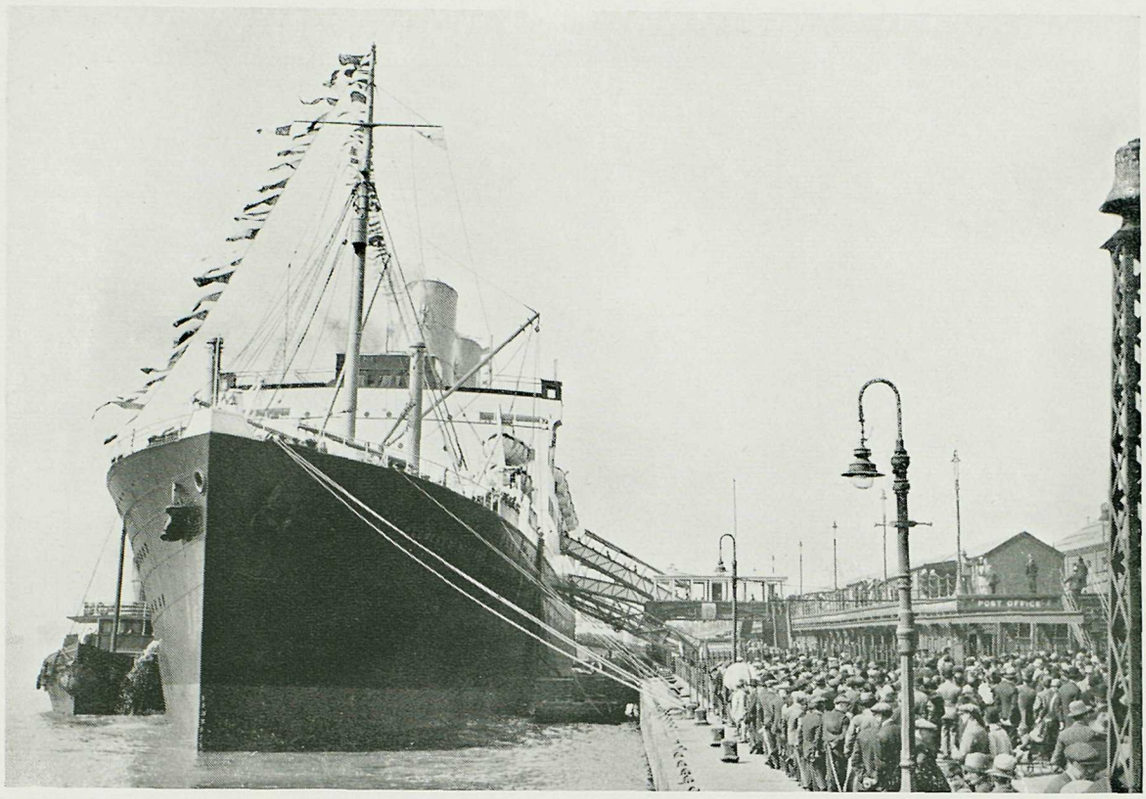
No city has closer contact links with the New World than Liverpool, which is London's rival in the way of a seaport; or a finer approach than the Mersey estuary affords, as the visitor passes the lively resort of New Brighton, and confronts the row of imposing headquarters representing the city's many important interests. Over all there looms the magnificent Gothic bulk of its new cathedral, newest and greatest of its type. It has been a quarter of a century a-building, and the commission was given to Sir Giles Gilbert Scott when he was only 21 years old. Curiously enough, he is the Catholic architect of an Anglican cathedral, and here commissions go by contraries, for the designing of the new Catholic cathedral has been given to Sir Edwin Lutyens, a Protestant.

To and from Liverpool sail several of the Canadian Pacific steamships to Canada.

Manchester's Ship Canal.

No one disputes Manchester's title to be called "Cottonopolis," as the chief British cotton mart,





Few scenes do more justice to Liverpool and its fundamental interests than the departure of a great liner.
(*Photo : Topical*)

THE COUNTY PALATINE

or the home of the Free Trade Movement of Bright and Cobden, which has been so long a contentious theme in British politics. When the American Civil War stopped cotton supplies and the Lancashire operatives were starving, they nevertheless sided with the North and abolition, while the "intellectuals" of the nation were divided. Manchester has always been a centre of enlightenment in music and the arts, and is envied for its University, Rylands Library, and Whitworth Institute, not to mention the Ship Canal which has placed the city among the great seaports of the world.

A Variety of Interest

Of the many interesting towns that stud the county and throb with various activities, may be mentioned Burnley and Wigan, Oldham and Bolton (known in local dialect as "Owd'am" and "Bowt'n"), St. Helens, noted for plate-glass and pills, and Preston, where Joseph Livesey in 1830 started the teetotal movement. One of "Proud Preston's" festivals is the egg-rolling carnival on Easter Monday, and this is almost as famous as the fair called Oldham Wakes.

Blackpool and its Gaieties

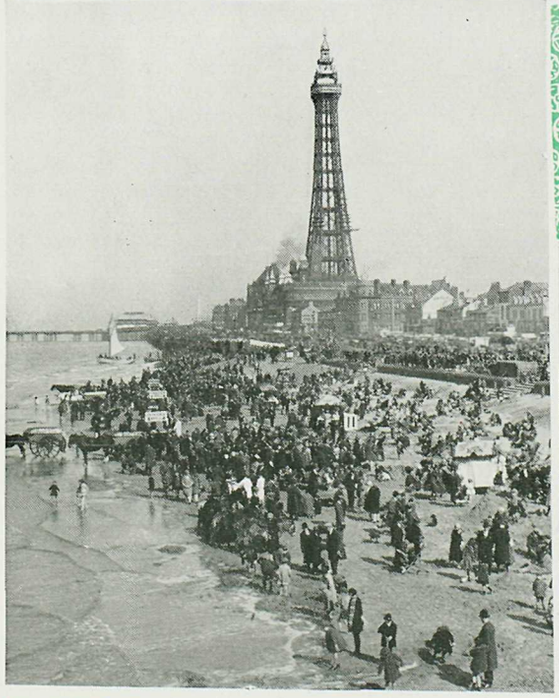
Lancaster, the county capital, is a handsome old town with a fine position and surroundings, a pretty stretch of river, a castle turned into a prison, and memories of Shakspeare's patriarch, John o' Gaunt. Northerners regale themselves whole-heartedly in summer time at Blackpool and Southport, both unexampled for their enterprise and jollity in the way of popular attractions, as well as at Lytham and St. Ann's on the Ribble estuary, and Morecambe seated on a glorious spread of beach and bay.

The Isle of Man

Three hours delightful trip by sea from Liverpool or Fleetwood lands one on the Isle of Man, one of the quaintest and most characteristic parts of the British Islands, whether in history, folk-lore, or method of government. With a population of only 60,000, it enjoys, as Sir Hall Caine's romances remind us, the oldest and quaintest parliament in Europe. This consists of the Lord of Man, appointed by the King, a Council with a couple of Deemsters, or judges, and the House of Keys, consisting of twenty-four men and women with qualifications of residence or ownership. These and various officials, lay or clerical, constitute the House of Keys, and Westminster's laws do not affect Manxland unless they are read by special arrangement from Tynwald Hill, the island's seat of laws from time immemorial.

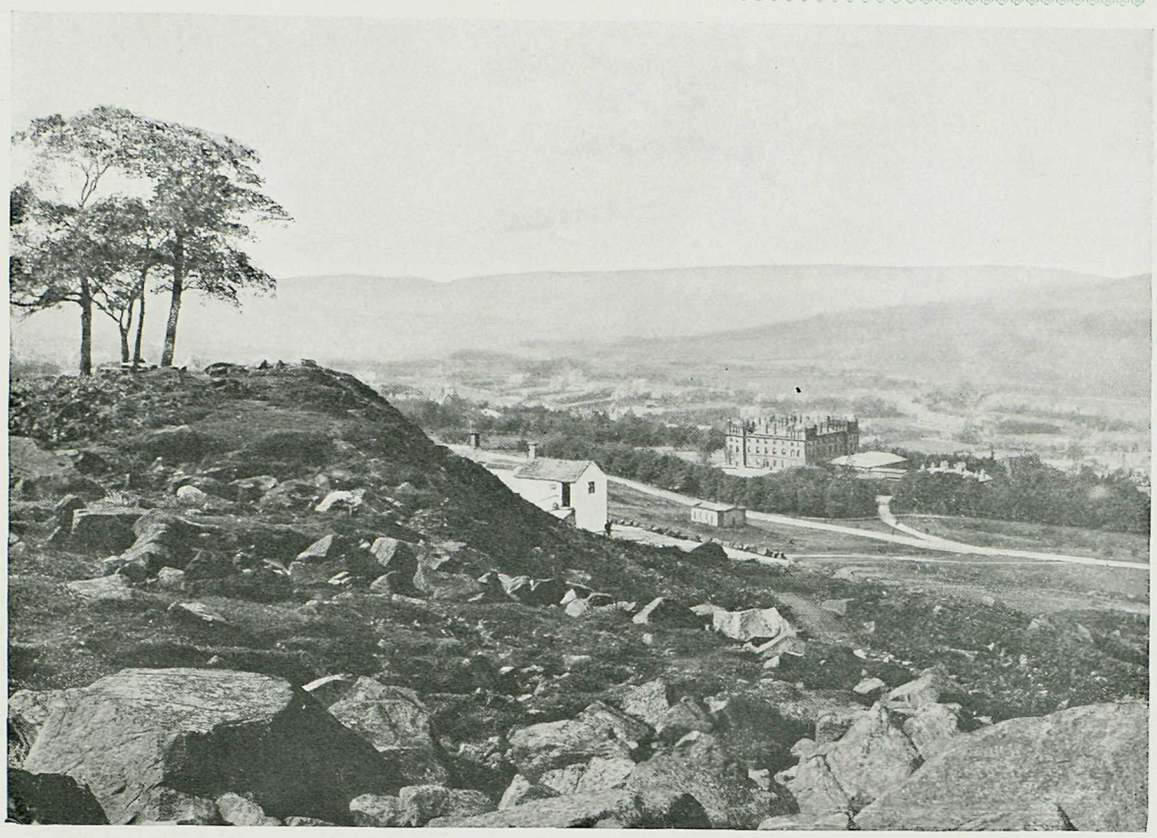
The Land of the Deemsters

The island, which is only thirty-three miles in length and twelve in breadth, is ringed with choice coast resorts. Douglas, the capital, seated on a fine bay, has many handsome features, including a marine drive leading to Port Soderick; and Castletown, the ancient capital, boasts Castle Rushen, for centuries the seat of the Island's kings. Port Erin is sheltered by the promontory of Bradda Head; Peel, near the aforesaid Tynwald Hill, is the best preserved ancient town, with a ruined castle mentioned in Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." Laxey retains from the flourishing days of the lead mines their motivating water-wheel, the largest in existence; and has an electric railway to the top of Snaefell, the island's highest mountain.



Manchester, or "Cottonopolis," is intellectual as well as commercial, and here we see her municipal buildings. Blackpool (*left*) is the Brighton of Lancashire; and Douglas, the capital of the Isle of Man, well repays the sea journey.

(*Photos: L.M.S., Topical, and L.M.S.*)



Ilkley is the gateway to some of the finest hill and dale scenery in the county of the White Rose.
(*Photo : Bontoft.*)

THE ROLLING DALES OF YORKSHIRE

York and its Minster.

YORKSHIRE, the shire of broad acres, and the only one divided up into Ridings, consists for a great part of billowing leagues of upland and dale, descending to a magnificent coast-line of alternating beach and cliff. Start with a typical modern town like Leeds, and you will catch the breezy energy with which its people have made it a world-centre of the cloth industry. Then pass on to Bradford which has done the same with worsted, and Halifax, with cloth and cotton. Sheffield, set amid charming surroundings, stands unrivalled in the production and utilisation of steel, and its fame in this is centuries old, for Chaucer's miller carried a Sheffield blade in his hose.

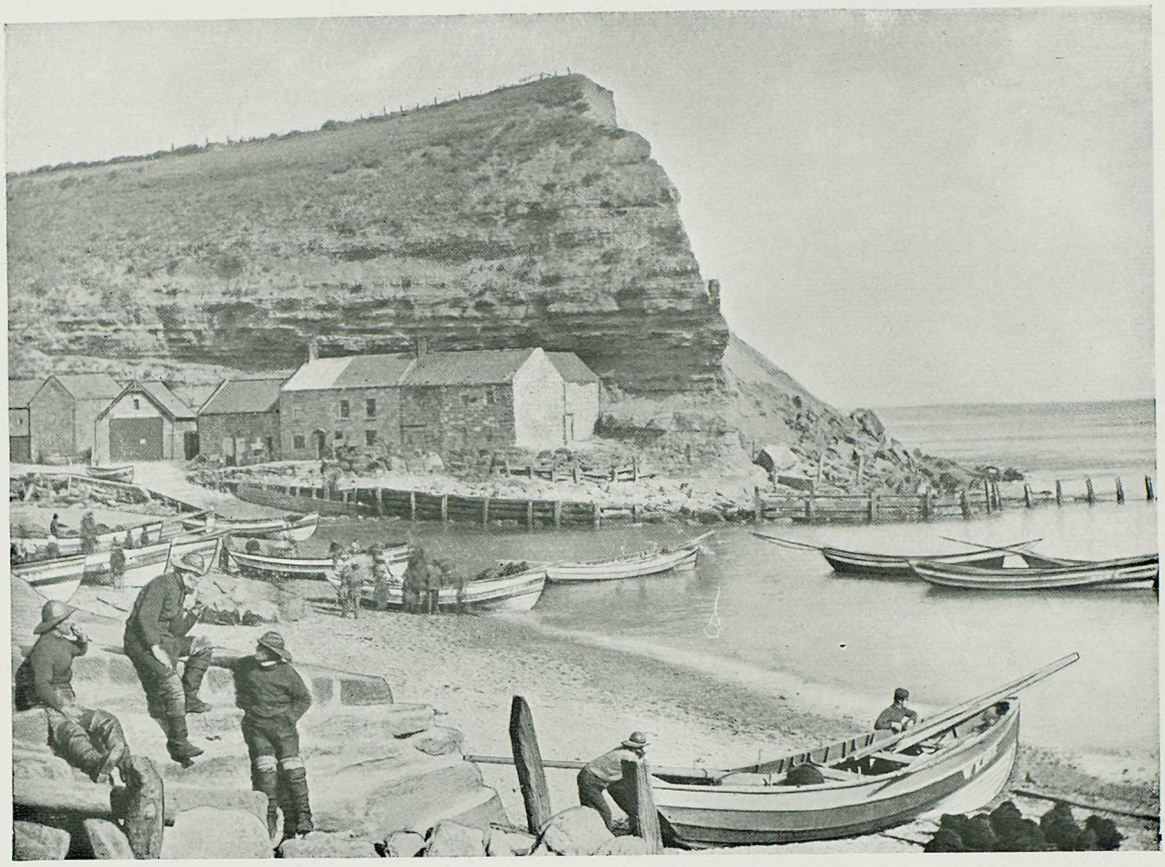
York, going back in history for well nigh 2,000 years, is a cluster of quaint streets and ancient buildings, set within a perfect circuit of olden ramparts and gateways. Centring it all is the famous Minster, which celebrated the other day its 13th centenary, and is the seat of the Northern Primacy, as well as one of the largest of English fanes. Note the lofty chapter-house, the massive central tower, the grandeur of nave and transepts, and the majestic choir. Its "Five Sisters" window has been fitly restored as a war memorial by the women of England; and the Minster has enough original stained glass, many centuries old, to cover some acres. Add to all this, York's Norman castle, its mediaeval Guildhall, and its old carven hall of the Merchant Venturers, and you will appreciate the reasons for a long local tradition of civic pride.

Robin Hood and the Wars

Traces of Robin Hood, noble and outlaw and public benefactor, abound hereabouts, and one of the best of his relics is his well, near Doncaster. Doncaster, by the way, is the home of one of the greatest of horse-races, the St. Leger, run in mid-September. Middlesbrough is the capital of the Cleveland iron district; and Huddersfield is a flourishing centre of cloth and woollen manufacture, as Macclesfield is of silk. Chesterfield is known all the world over for its crooked spire, as quaint a freak of architectural arrest as the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Wakefield and Northallerton are old battle-grounds and landmarks in history, and Marston Moor gave Cromwell a crushing victory over the Royalist forces.

Scarborough's Breezy Bay

The "Queen of Watering Places," Scarborough has a castled headland dividing the great sweep of bay in two, and the North Bay is making great strides of improvement and development so as to overtake the South. Few places encompass so many attractions as Scarborough does—history, scenery, lofty cliffs and tremendous beaches, and a wealth of moorland behind it all, with a race-course and a cricket ground whose annual meetings are famous. Bridlington, on the other side of Flamborough, makes a popular bid with its sheltered position and all sorts of attractions. Filey, in another charming bay, finds shelter from heavy seas through its "Brig," a rampart of rock reaching out boldly into the sea.



Staithes, near Whitby. *(Photo: F. M. Sutcliffe.)*

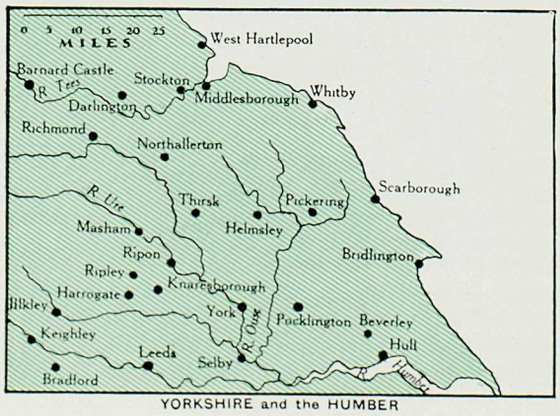
THE SHIRE OF BROAD ACRES

Whitby and its Abbey

Hull, on the Humber estuary, some way down the coast, is the kingdom's chief port in touch with northern Europe, and a great shipping and trading centre. Whitby, at the northern end of the Yorkshire coast, is a romantic blend of cliffs and inlet, a busy fishing quarter, up-to-date jet works, and the ancient Abbey of St. Hilda. It was here that the Saxon swine-herd Caedmon woke from a vision and forthwith told it in epic verse that is immortal.

O'er Hill and Dale

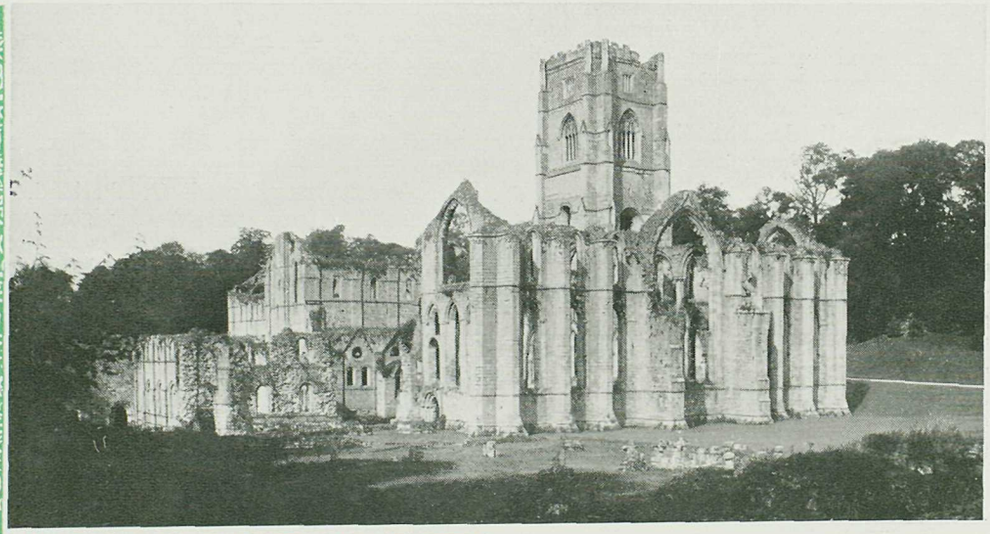
To strike inland is to invade the green enchantment of the Yorkshire dales, and river-washed valleys where woods and boulders, castles and villages seem to be playing games in very joysomeness of heart. The loveliest, perhaps, is Wharfedale, a paradise of landscape, then Teesdale, Swaledale, Wensleydale, and Nidderdale, and many more. This last contains the town of Knaresborough with a pair of heroes in sharp contrast. For Eugene Aram was brought back and hanged after many years of prosperity, on the evidence of a worse rogue than himself; and "Blind Jack" Metcalfe was a valiant giant who overcame his disability and made himself a roadmaker without a rival. Richmond Castle lords it over the Swale and commands a splendid view; and Barnard Castle makes an excellent centre for seeing the beauties of Teesdale, including the wild cascade of High Force.



YORKSHIRE and the HUMBER

Harrogate and Fountains Abbey

Harrogate has a cluster of nearly a hundred mineral springs for all sorts of human ailments. An easy journey leads to the caverns of Stump Cross, the quaint old village of Pateley Brig, or the sober glories of Ripon and its cathedral. But Ripon is outclassed by the ruins of Fountains Abbey, planted in the green and stately park of Studley Royal. The monastic out-buildings used to spread over ninety acres, and Fountains is only one, after all, of a long list of abbeys that stud the length and breadth of Yorkshire—Bolton, Rievaulx, Byland, Jervaulx, Kirkham, Easby, Selby, and St. Mary's at York. Finally, Middleton Castle and Bolton Castle are ruins with a history, and the latter was for years the prison of Mary, Queen of Scots.



Yorkshire, heartiest and largest of English Counties, may well be proud of its capital city and its Minster, haloed by thirteen centuries of power and prayer. Fountains (*middle*) is no less pre-eminent among the shire's many Abbeys, as Scarborough is "The Queen of Watering-Places" in the north. (*Photos : Photochrom.*)

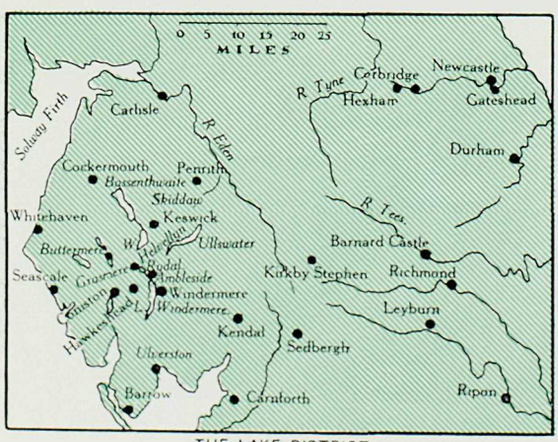
THE GLORIES OF LAKELAND

Switzerland in Miniature

LAKELAND and landscape are synonymous. Nowhere is it easier to realise how England is a compendium of all the gentler forms of natural beauty, achieved without exaggeration in point of size. Helvellyn, for instance, loftiest of Lakeland peaks, is barely more than 3,000 feet high, yet this modest scale of things goes unperceived when you get the effect of Switzerland's majesty without the everlasting snows, and the color of Tyrol without its pines. In short, a region not more than forty miles square comprises everything the heart desires in the way of mountains and glens, woodlands and waterfalls, austere passes where the eagles reign alone, and lakes so lovely that they surpass the conjuration of a dream. That is why Lakeland has created a descriptive and imaginative literature all its own, for Wordsworth, its chosen laureate, is only one of a group of eminent writers who have passed its fame on to the ends of the earth and the confines of time.

Windermere and Grasmere

Sixteen lakes radiate more or less from the central point of the Langdale Pikes, like the spokes of a vast wheel; and of the group, Windermere takes first place by reason of its length and the meandering shape that inspired its name. To view it from Orrest Head, just above the twin towns of Windermere and Bowness, is to revel in a vision of blue and placid waters beset with gem-like islands, and framed in every attribute of sylvan charm. Coniston Water, half the size, lies alongside Windermere like its pinnace, and cherishes the remains of Ruskin, who dwelt at Brantwood, on its banks. for many years. Ambleside, at the head of Windermere, is one of the best centres for seeing the district, and gives easy access to the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal Water, where Wordsworth for many years made his home, and held a simple court of honour. devoted to "plain living and high thinking." The prosy Southey, the opiated De Quincey, the eloquent Coleridge may be forgotten; but not the poet of the hills, who "murmured by the running brooks a music sweeter than their own."



THE LAKE DISTRICT

Ullswater and Keswick

"All rail abandon ye who enter here" might well be written as a slogan and a warning over most approaches to the district. Yet the tourist who has covered the eastern side of Lakeland will find one line handy on its northern edge. He has trudged over Kirkstone Pass down to Brothers Water, and then through Patterdale to Ullswater, grandest and sternest of the lakes; and having cruised its length, finds himself at Penrith. There, a local line will take him westward to Keswick, picturesquely planted between Bassenthwaite and Derwentwater, the shapeliest lake of all. Excursions here are easy to the lesser-known meres on the western side, like Wastwater, Crummockwater, and Buttermere, and also to the steep sierra of Great Gable and Scafell.

Returning southward, he will traverse the charming vale of St. John, and skirt the east side of Thirlmere, the lake which a bold engineering scheme has deepened fifty feet as a reservoir for Manchester. The ascent of Dunmail Raise brings him back through Grasmere and Ambleside to Windermere again, and the loop of travel thus complete will leave enviable impressions of grandeur and beauty to last a lifetime.

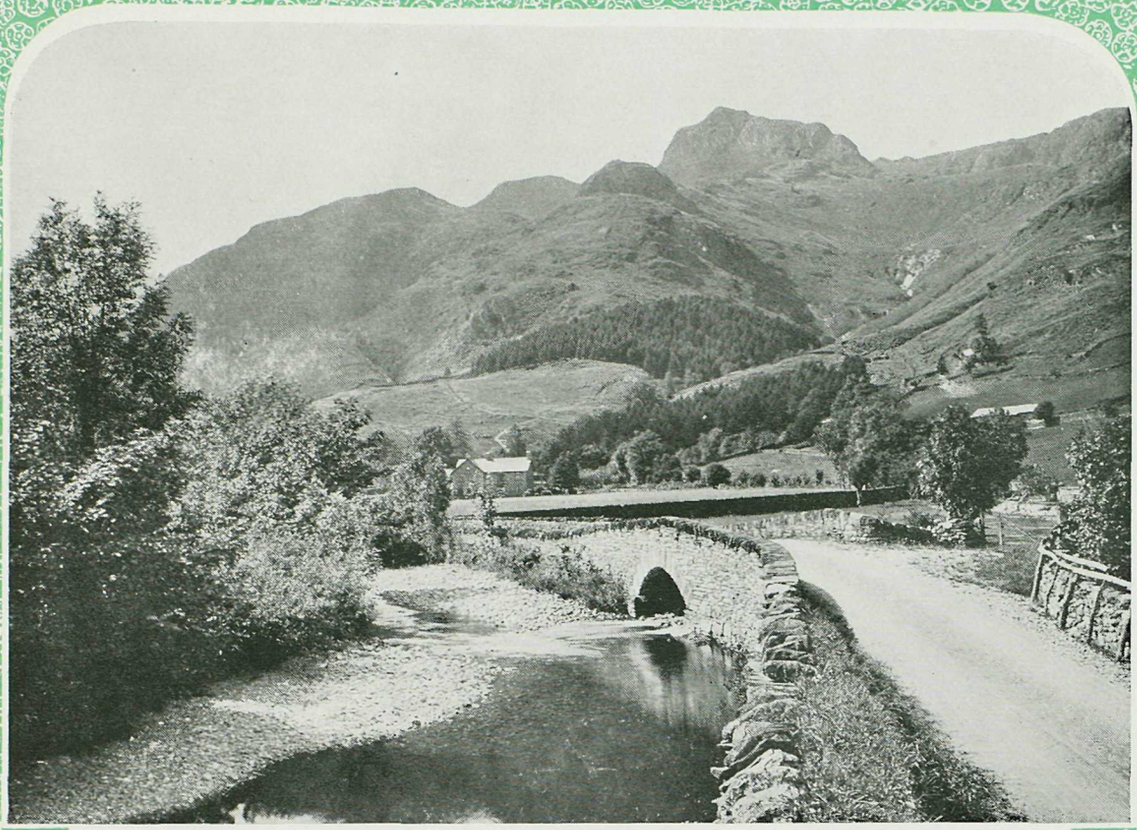
Fell-Racing and its Thrills

The Lake District has another cue for the sportsman besides yachting and hunting, angling and climbing. Many of the fells have practicable sides for the hardy venturer, and out of this fact has grown the annual tournaments of fell racing and other sports, all of them popular in the northern counties, especially Yorkshire, and the three counties that make up Lakeland—Lancashire, Westmorland, and Cumberland. It is thrilling to watch a cohort of vigorous young athletes tear up the bleak hillsides at the word of command, reach the summit with a gesture of triumph, and then with a random clutch at rock or tree in their descent, literally hurl themselves down the slope again to the starting-point, achieving the perilous journey within the compass of a few breathless minutes.

The Land of "John Peel"

Lakeland, besides, boasts a folk-lore all its own, to be best discovered at the various rush-bearing festivals and the wonderful sheep-dog trials. There was a still more notable gathering lately to celebrate the centenary of that rattling song, "John Peel." Above its hero's grave in Caldbeck churchyard a host of hunting enthusiasts, point-device in "pink" and spurs, sounded the old horn that used to be carried and wound by the doughty veteran himself.

Carlisle, a little further north, is the capital of Cumberland, and has but a mutilated cathedral, due to the fact that the Roundheads battered it badly, and the Scots, to repair an ugly castle, pulled down nearly all the nave. But there are no such memories when you attend the annual sports at Grasmere or the pretty town of Kendal, and these are attended by competitors from all parts of the kingdom, as well as from abroad.



A great part of the beautiful English Lake district is already national property. Here we get three of its typical aspects—the Langdale Pikes, for tramping and climbing; Friars' Crag, on Derwentwater, for the artist; and Wordsworth's cottage at Mount Rydal, for lovers of literature.

(*Photos: L.M.S.*)

Newcastle and the new Tyne Bridge. (*Photo: L.N.E.R.*)

DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND

A Cathedral Fortress

TYNEDALE, that divides Durham from Northumberland, is one of the most closely populated districts in the world. It is in one of the dips in these northern moorlands that there rises the spur of land that caused the monks of Lindisfarne, when taking refuge from Viking invaders, to fix on the hill site of what is now Durham's majestic cathedral. In its Norman style and fortress quality, it looks like the grandsire of English cathedrals, just as Reims is the "mother" of those in France

Newcastle and the Stephensons

Newcastle-on-Tyne has given rise to a proverb, for "taking coals to Newcastle" is a byword for the last degree of superfluity. George Stephenson and his son Robert lived in Eldon Place, and George's original locomotive, "Billy," is preserved in the railway station here; just as at Darlington one may see their engine which worked the first train on the pioneer railway to Stockton in 1825. It was Robert who built the High Level Bridge of which Newcastle is justly proud, and the city has always had a name for its engineering achievements. The Armstrong College and the College of Medicine are sections of Durham University; and the War Memorial to the Northumberland Fusiliers is a noble addition to the city's possessions.

A Group of Northern Ports

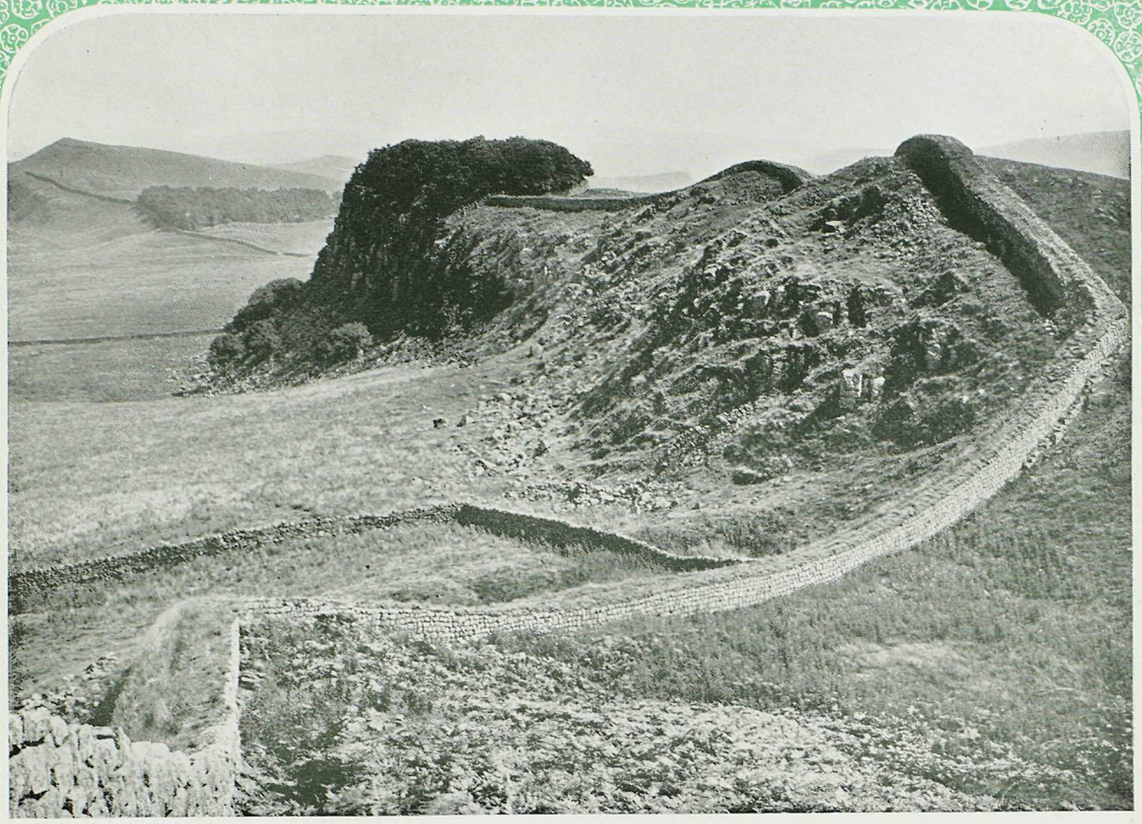
Barnard Castle in Teesdale had a clockshop years ago that inspired Dickens with his "Master Humphrey," and it was at Bowes that he came across the original of his Dotheboys Hall. North and South Shields (linked by a ferry), Gateshead, Tynemouth, and Sunderland, with its important shipbuilding yards, are all outlets for the coal district. The Hartlepools, further down the coast, came into prominence early in the Great War, because of the shell raids there by German cruisers in 1914.

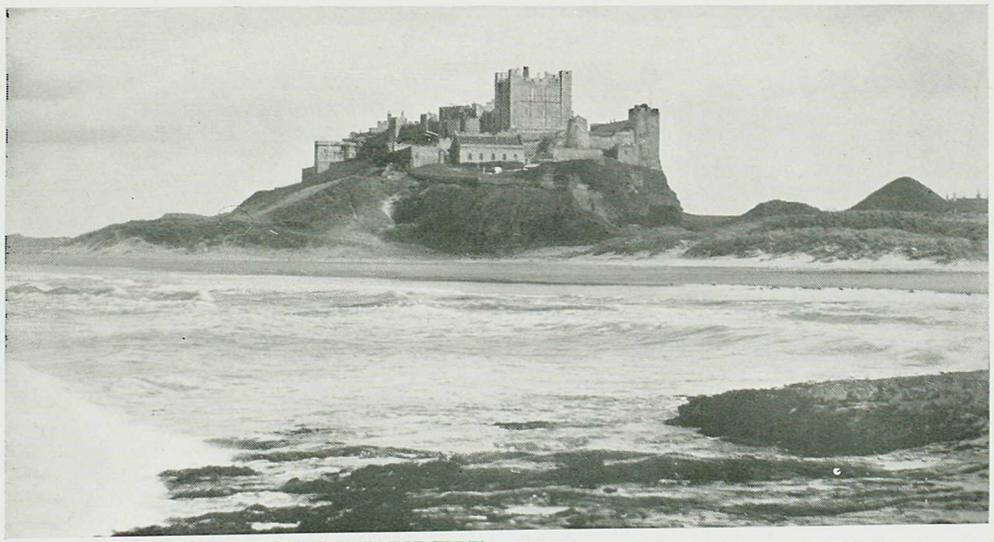
The Border Country

Further north towards the Border one may note Alnwick, the ancestral home of the Percys, of ballad fame; Warkworth, the home of Shakspeare's Hotspur; and Gilsland Spa, with the "Popping Stone," where Sir Walter Scott put the all-important question to his sweetheart. Dunstanborough and Bamburgh Castles are fine old feudal features on this striking piece of coast. The first has a natural waterspout caused by the rush of the sea upwards through a hole in the rocks.

Grace Darling's Exploit

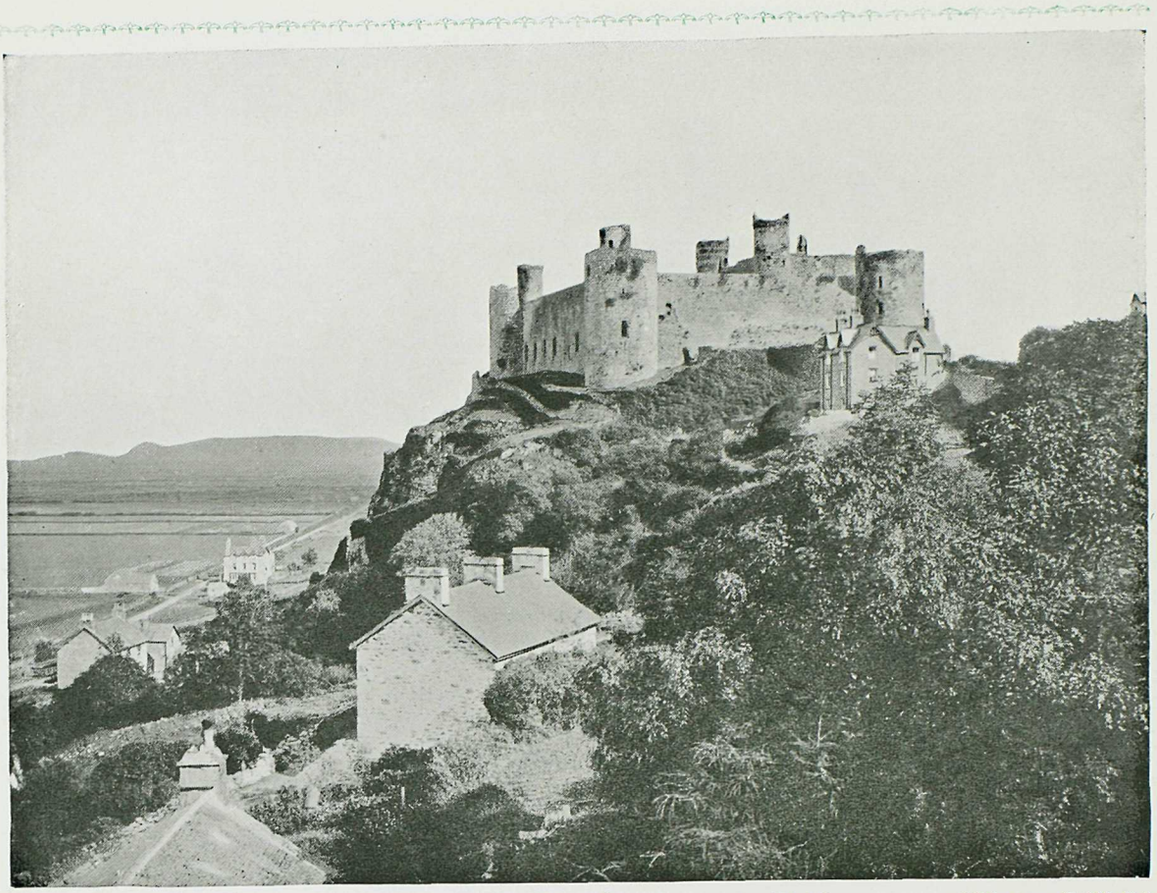
Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, can be reached dry-shod at low tide by means of guide-posts warning the adventurer against the many quicksands hereabouts. The Farne Islands are seventeen in number, and Longstone, the chief one, was the scene of Grace Darling's brave exploit ninety years ago. Little more than a girl, she helped her father to keep his lighthouse, and rowed out with him in terrible weather to rescue the crew of the wrecked "Forfarshire." No visitor should neglect the Cheviot Hills and the Roman Wall, barriers erected between England and Scotland, the first by nature and the second by the Roman legions in the fourth century.





Here are three noble monuments which have survived centuries of conflict. The wall built by the Roman Emperor Hadrian, to keep the Scots from invading the South, a utility then, is a futility to-day. Bamburgh Castle long defied the Danish Vikings; and Durham Cathedral is perhaps the stateliest the world can show.

(*Photos : Photochrom.*)



Harlech, the oldest and wildest of castles on the Welsh coast. (*Photo: G.W.R.*)

THE WITCHERY OF WALES

A Land of Scenery and Song.

WALES has claims to call itself the most British part of Britain. Its ancestry lies among those early possessors of the soil who withdrew to its mountain fastnesses, and maintained them for centuries of valour as a refuge against invaders from the east. But Wales, a land of scenery and song, has also been styled "the British Tyrol," and the "country of castles." It certainly contains a rare combination of landscape beauty and historical association. The best approach to Northern Wales is through the far-famed Vale of Llangollen, from Chester or Shrewsbury.

The Ladies of Llangollen

Llangollen is a quaint town nestling under the shadow of the Eglwyseg rocks. (Here, at the outset, we must disclaim any attempt to render Welsh topography into phonetics.) The chief attraction is Plas Newydd, the home of the two eccentric Ladies of Llangollen, where Wellington, Scott, and O'Connell, and every notability who passed through the town was expected to call. Near at hand are the ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey, and overlooking the town the fragments of Castell Dinas Bran.

Telford's great highway takes one alongside the Dee, and there you may see fishing carried on in light coracles of a type dating back to Saxon times. A few miles away is the fathomless lake of Bala, which, as Tennyson says, "fills all the sacred Dee"; while Lake Vyrnwy, supplying Liverpool with water, is some distance across the hills.

Ruthin, to the north, is beautifully situated on the Clwyd, with a castle of red sandstone. Denbigh is another castled town, and St. Asaph has in its cathedral a painted window to the memory of a forgotten poetess, Mrs. Hemans.

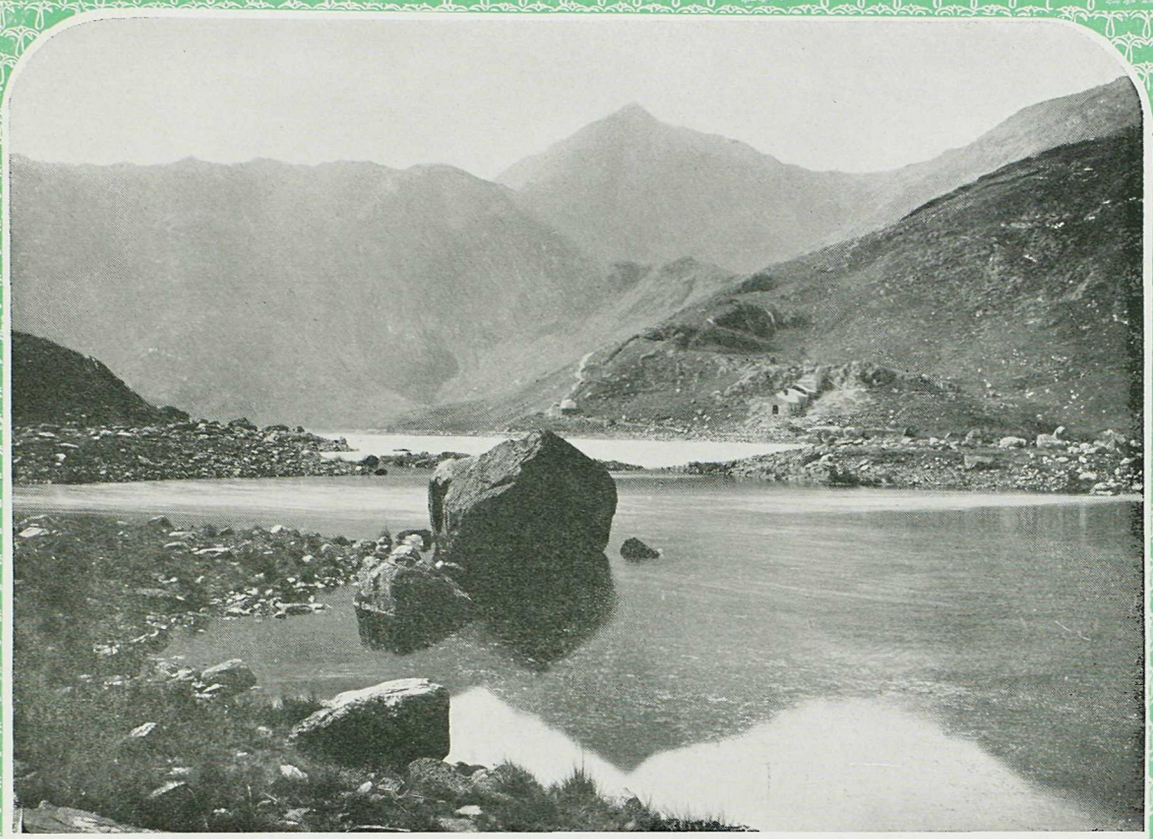
A Welsh Naples

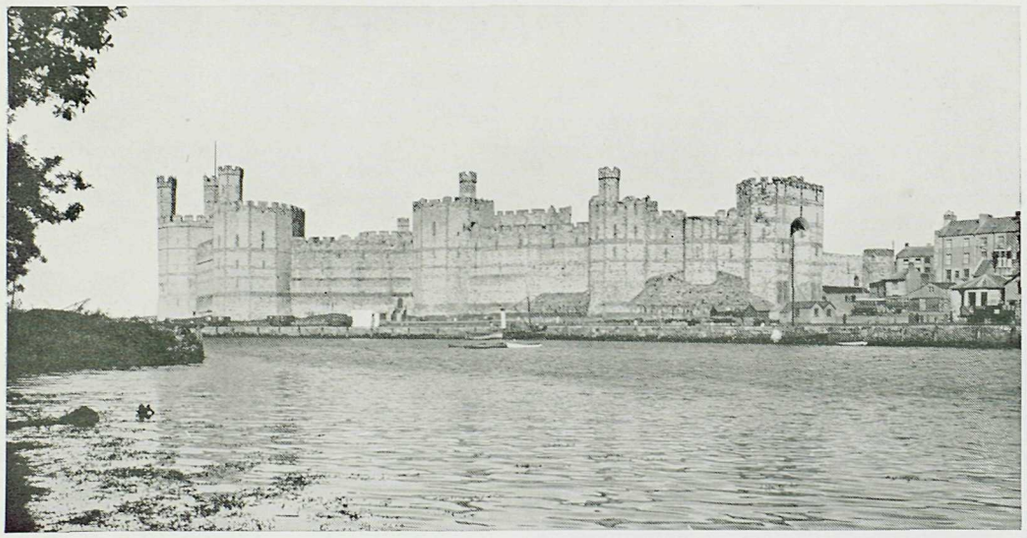
We strike the coast at Rhyl, and pursue it through Colwyn Bay to Llandudno, which has been compared to Naples. Indeed, all three places are favourites, deservedly, among holiday makers. Conway's sturdy fortress, built by Edward I, retains much of its former grandeur, and the neighbouring square contains a statue to Llewellyn, his implacable foe.

Leaving Conway by Telford's suspension bridge, or Stephenson's tubular bridge, we pass Penmaenmawr, and soon reach Bangor, famous for its cathedral and university. At the south-west end of the Menai Straits is the old grey town of Carnarvon, once the capital of Wales.

The Region of Snowdonia

From Llanberis, the Chamonix of Wales, a mountain railway mounts to the summit of Snowdon, 3,570 feet high. Within the radius of a few miles—all equal to taxing a walker's powers—are Capel Curig, with a pair of lakes, shadowed by Moel Siabod, the Glyders with the Devil's Kitchen, Bethesda, noted for its output of slates, and Bettws-y-Coed with its Fairy Glen. Nor must we forget Beddgelert, where they show the grave of the half-fabulous hound immortalised in a touching ballad.





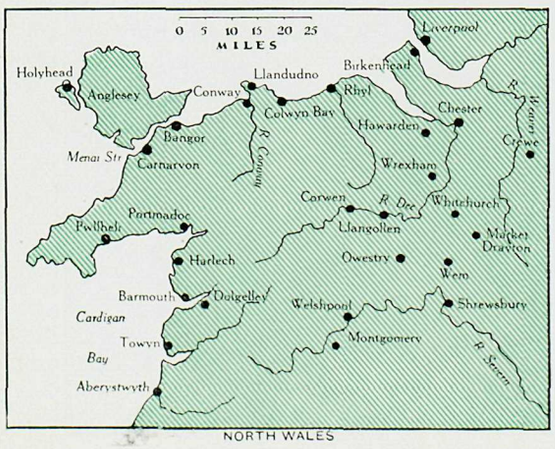
Snowdonia has no fairer lake at its feet than Llyn Llydau. Carnarvon Castle was built in Plantagenet times to subdue the Welsh ; and the heirs of England have been Princes of Wales ever since. The Swallow Falls, at Bettws-y-Coed, are an example of Welsh river scenery at its wildest.
(*Photos : Photochrom, L.M.S. and G.W.R.*)

The Happy Valley, Llandudno, seen from the Great Orme's Head. (*Photo: L.M.S.*)

ROUND THE COAST OF WALES

Bardsey and its "King"

Along the Pass of Aberglaslyn a pleasant road takes you to Portmadoc, and affords glimpses of Moel Hebog and Cnicht, hills rising proudly from the lowlands, and views not incomparable with the best in Switzerland. At Portmadoc is a tract of land recovered from the sea, in which Shelley the poet was deeply interested when he lived at Tremadoc, near by. The railway carries you to Criccieth, a bright little watering-place with another Edwardian castle, and to Mr. Lloyd George's favourite village of Llanystumdwy. If weather and water permit, you may invade Bardsey Island, reputedly the resting-place of 20,000 local saints—besides odd ones—and until lately the dominion, more or less, of a popularly elected "king."



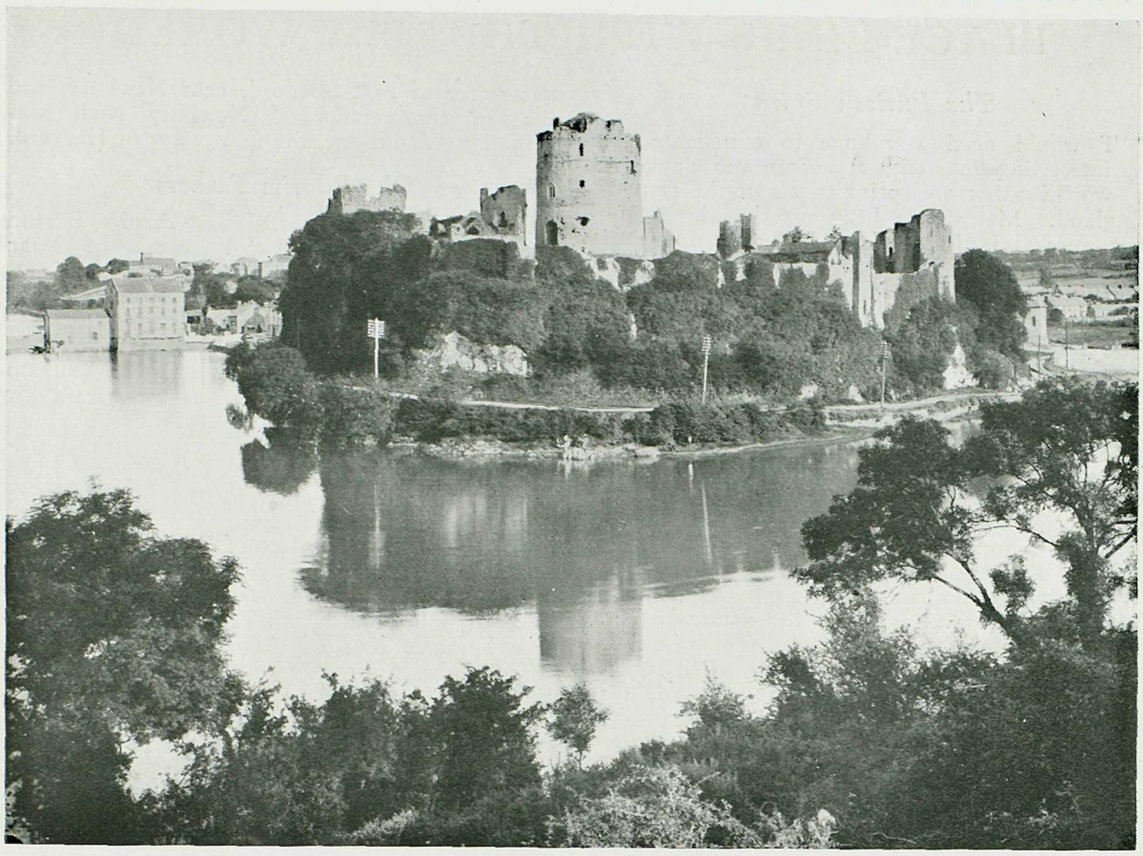
Harlech and its Castle

Harlech Castle occupies a lofty rock, now a mile inland but formerly lapped by the ocean. For the coastline has receded, and tradition has it that the sea's inundation long ago was caused by the carelessness of a tipsy sentinel. Like so many other Welsh strongholds, it owes its origin to Edward I.

Easily the finest tramp we know starts from Llanbedr, up the glen of the sparkling Artro to Cwm Bychan, set in an amphitheatre of mountains, over the Roman Steps, and through the pass of Ardudwy. A few miles more take us to Barmouth, on the lovely estuary of the Mawddach. On the right is the great ridge of Cader Idris, which every visitor should climb.

The Bells of Aberdovey

After visiting the Torrent Walk and the Precipice Walk at Dolgelly, and passing along Tal-y-Llyn to Towyn, which possesses one of the oldest of Norman churches, we come to Aberdovey, famous for its bells recorded in song, and then to Aberystwyth, a favourite watering-place. Charles I, hearing of the silver in the Welsh hills, ordered a mint to be set up here, and today an Aberystwyth shilling is worth £25. The Devil's Bridge, with the ideal glen of the Rheidol and the fine falls of the Mynach are only about twelve miles away.



Pembroke Castle and its remarkable surroundings of wood and water. (*Photo : G.W.R.*)

SOUTH WALES

WITH no such mountain scenery as occurs in the North, South Wales has beauties of vale and river that cannot be gainsaid. Many of its villages are scarred by industry, but Cardiff, the Welsh metropolis, attracts one by its castle, its City Hall, and the National Museum of Wales. Three miles off, Llandaff boasts a cathedral with thirteen centuries behind it. Thence the road should be taken to Neath, whose valley boasts the loveliest scenery. Swansea, a great mineral port, needs no praise, but the Gower peninsula, with its golden sands, lures thousands of visitors year by year.

Burning a Bishop

Of the roads from Llandilo to Carmarthen, the lower is preferable with its view of Abergwili, palace of the bishops of St. David's. Carmarthen's history, dating back to Roman times, includes the burning of a Bishop Ferrar in the market-place. Kidwelly is remarkable for its ruined castle, and Tenby is certainly one of the fairest spots on the coast, if only for the color of its sea.

A Pilgrimage for Kings

From Pembroke, ten miles away, Henry II set out for the conquest of Ireland. Haverfordwest was the chief Welsh stronghold of the Flemings whom Henry I established here, and it neighbours St. David's, the smallest cathedral city in Britain. The cathedral, on the left bank of the Aran, was the scene of many a kingly pilgrimage, and is the reputed burial place of Giraldus, first of Welsh historians.

Fishguard, the fast-developing port for Irish and American traffic, was the only place where the French landed in the Napoleonic era and surrendered, it is said, at the sight of a crowd of red-cloaked Welsh women whom they mistook for British soldiers. From Cardigan and its castle, we speed eastward to Brecon, via Newcastle Emlyn, Lampeter, and Llandovery, near which the scenery of the Towy river attains its climax.

A Strong Family Man

The river Usk is famous for its salmon and trout, while Brecon Beacons, with an easy ascent of 3,000 feet, yields wonderful views. Brecon itself owes its foundation to Brychan, the Irishman, and a good part of its census, too, for he had 49 children. The cathedral stands for the new See of Swansea and Brecon; and the Ely Tower draws its name from Morton, Bishop of Ely, who, while imprisoned there, plotted to overthrow Richard Crookback and to unite the warring houses of York and Lancaster. Mrs. Siddons, the famous actress, by the way, was born at Brecon in 1755, at the Shoulder of Mutton tavern, and the memory of that gifted woman seems to increase with the flight of time.

The best wind-up to a memorable tour is by way of Hay and Hereford, with a saunter down the Wye, or a run may be taken to Llandrindod Wells, and thence to the Elan Valley which has been converted into a lake to supply Birmingham with water. Farewell, Wales, land of beauty!

PLACE-LINKS WITH THE NEW WORLD

The Puritan Spirit

IT would need a volume to enumerate the interesting links with American and Canadian worthies that are sprinkled about the map of England. Many have been mentioned already, but we will indicate others that may prompt a visitor here and there to make a pilgrimage. They occur chiefly in East Anglia, because its contact with Protestant centres abroad fostered the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers; or else in the Eastern Midlands where there flourished the yeoman class that threw in its lot with Cromwell.

Washington and Lincoln

Sulgrave, in Northamptonshire, which has become an Americans' Mecca, was the home of the President's grandsire, Lawrence Washington, and there are country churches like Brington, Selby, Bowness, and Adwick-le-Street, with Washington memories and monuments. Purleigh, in Essex, has as rector the namesake and fifth son of the aforesaid Lawrence, who was ejected because of his Royalist proclivities.

Lincoln's associations take us eastward, for Robert, his earliest known ancestor, lived and died at Swanton Morley, in Norfolk, and was buried at Hingham, where a bust of the President clinches the connection.

Oxford and Cambridge

Oxford remembers Lord Baltimore, who studied at Trinity College, and was the founder of Maryland. Trinity College, Cambridge, is linked with several Pilgrim Fathers, including Thos. Pownal, the Governor of Massachusetts; and Cambridge is far richer than Oxford in American associations. The church of St. Mary the Less has a tablet to Godfrey Washington, who was a Fellow of Peterhouse College, and this bears the family arms. Pembroke College once had as student Roger Williams, the founder of Rhodes Island; Corpus Christi had General Braddock; St. John's had Peter Bulkley, the founder of Concord; Jesus College had John Eliot, the apostle of the Indians; and Magdalene, Henry Dunster, a president of Harvard. Emmanuel was the college of several Pilgrim Fathers, including Nathaniel Ward, John Cotton, Thomas Hooker, Nathaniel Rogers, Thomas Shepard, Samuel Stone, and John Harvard himself.

Harvard, Yale, and Princeton

Harvard's links, however, are chiefly with Stratford-on-Avon, where Harvard House commemorates the Founder's mother, and with Southwark, where she married, and where John Harvard was born—a fact enshrined in the fine Harvard chapel in Southwark Cathedral. He married the daughter of the vicar of Ringmer, in Sussex.

Yale's links are few, but unmistakable. The Yale family came from Plas-yn-Yale, a tiny Welsh village in Denbighshire, whence Elihu Yale's father emigrated to Connecticut. The porch of Bryn church contains family monuments, and Wrexham, near at hand, has the tomb of the University's Founder, who was born at Boston, Mass. The founder of Princeton, John Prince, was rector of East Shefford, near Newbury, and one of the rectors of Newbury itself was Benjamin Woodridge, the first rector of Harvard.

The Pilgrim Fathers

Among the Americans of East Anglia, Boston comes first, with a chapel record of Isaac Johnston, Atherton Haugh, Thomas Leverett, and others as having sailed with John Cotton, the future Governor of Massachusetts, who was born at Edwardstone, near Groton, in Norfolk. It was in Boston's guildhall that William Brewster and his Pilgrim friends were tried for attempting to leave the country. Scrooby, on the edge of Yorkshire, was Brewster's birthplace. He kept the post office there, and lived in the manor house, and his pew in the parish church is still pointed out. Austerfield, close at hand, was the birthplace of William Bradford, who became the second governor of Plymouth, Mass. Willoughby, near Grimsby, was the birthplace of John Smith, of Virginia; and Alford, near by, was that of Anne Hutchinson, who founded the Antinomian sect in New England. Finally, at Sturton-le-Steeple, near Gainsborough, and still in East Anglia, was born John Robinson, pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers at Leyden.

The Penn Family

The little burial-place called the Jordans, near Beaconsfield, contains the graves of William Penn and five of his children, and the village of Penn, near at hand, was the place from which the family took its name. Ringmer, already mentioned as giving John Harvard his wife, did the same for Penn. The church of St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol, keeps the armour of Penn's father; and Pennsylvania Castle, on the island of Portland, was built for Penn's grandson.

"Mayflower" Connections

The "Mayflower" memorials at Plymouth and Southampton have already found mention, but it is not generally known that the registers of St. Nicholas' Church at Harwich record the marriage of its master and part-owner, Christopher Jones; or that the Chantry House at Wickford, near by, formerly the meeting place of the Pilgrim Fathers, has been moved to America. To return south, the hero of Longfellow's "Miles Standish," John Alden, was born in French Street, Southampton; and Miles himself, who founded New Plymouth, was probably born at Duxbury Hall, near Bolton, the seat of his family. Droitwich was the birthplace of Edward Winslow, and St. Peter's Church there has a monument to John White, the Puritan divine who sent out a colony of Dorset men to Massachusetts.

Wolfe and Westerham

Most Canadians with a sense of history find their way to Westerham, in Kent, to see the vicarage which was the birthplace of General Wolfe, and admire its fine statue of that hero. But few recall that Preston, near Brighton, was the birthplace of William Shirley, the early governor of Massachusetts, who instigated the expulsion of the French authorities from Canada

Most of England's links with North America are in its eastern counties. Here (*top*) we have the home at Scrooby of William Brewster who organised the Pilgrim Church of which he became a ruling elder. Next is the "Stump" or church tower, of Boston, Lincolnshire, stronghold of the Pilgrim Fathers; Wolfe's statue in his native Kentish village of Westerham; and Sulgrave Manor, chief home of the Washington family. Planned with some ambition, it now finds honour as a New World shrine in the Old World.

(*Photos: L.N.E.R., S.R., Photochrom and L.M.S.*)

THE SPELL OF SCOTLAND

A Land of Grit and Grandeur

THERE is no better or finer tonic than a visit to Scotland, whether in respect of national spirit, bracing air, or stirring record. Out of hard conditions its people have made themselves one of the dominant races, and none the less so because the greater part of them are scattered. One reason for the continual exodus from Scotland may be that the national energy would get turbined, as it were, and go to waste if it were penned up at home. So every other Scot proceeds to some other land—England for choice—in order to show how it should be run and governed, and he usually ends by doing his share in the job.

By way of amends, every Scot in exile consoles himself by sounding the praises of the land that gave him birth.

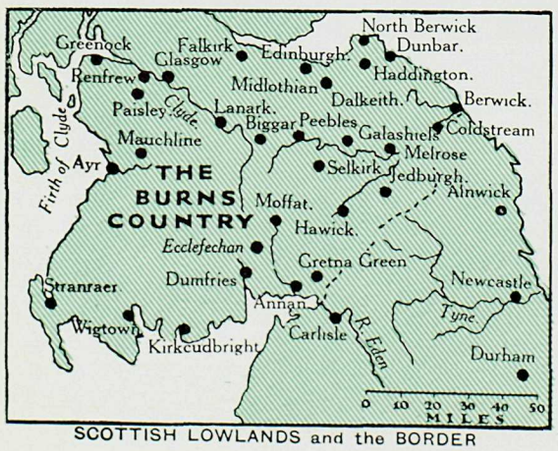
An Era of Prosperity

Glasgow is a supreme instance of Scotland's national instinct for progress, and so competing with southern rivals that the distance northward proves no handicap. For years the city has been busy laying down power-plant in many quarters so as to profit by an extraordinary wealth of water energy. The old idea of a ship canal has been actively revived, as we shall see, for the purpose of linking the Forth and the Clyde. Scotland is even coquetting with the theories of Home Rule and Prohibition, and this says much for a land that has turned its old subjection to England into a lucrative partnership, and makes a substantial revenue by supplying the finest whiskey to three-quarters of the world. Add to all these points of interest the countless features of interest the country possesses, its many thriving cities and its purple moorlands, its battlefields and monuments; and its spell is irresistible.

Queen of the Clyde

Second only to London among British cities, Glasgow is the chief point of Scotland's contact with the New World, and a paramount triumph of modern times. Historically it dates aback fifteen centuries, but the last half-dozen generations have done more than all the rest to make it the stronghold of prosperity we see today—rivalling Liverpool as a seaport, Newcastle and Cardiff in coal output, Manchester in cotton, and Staffordshire in the iron trade. Thus, with a population fast approaching a million and a quarter, Glasgow's interests and opportunities are boundless. James Watt, born at Greenock near at hand, built the first steam engine with a separate condenser; and another native, Henry Bell, launched here the "Comet," the first passenger steamer this side the Atlantic. This faculty of inventiveness has worked wonders, so that today the Clyde yards are responsible for two-thirds of the engines of all British steamers if not for the vessels themselves. The Clyde hereabouts has been tripled in width, and deepened for containing the biggest of ocean liners.

Glasgow is the port of the Scottish services of the Canadian Pacific.



SCOTTISH LOWLANDS and the BORDER

The City's Public Spirit

Democratic to a fault— and the "Clydesiders" are a distinctive type of progressivism in British politics—it has long had its People's Palace on Glasgow Green, together with a fine Winter Garden and Art Gallery attached; its superb Corporation Galleries, containing Whistler's incomparable portrait of Thomas Carlyle, with many other masterpieces, ancient or modern; and its Royal Infirmary, where Lister developed the system of antiseptic surgery that is saving more lives than any League of Nations. Nearly 5,000 students throng the University, boldly planted on a handsome set of buildings on the heights of Kelvinside. Nor in a somewhat stormy past has the city failed to cherish its cathedral, so that this remains today the finest example of oldtime Scottish Gothic with little or no mutilation. But the greatness of Glasgow rests less on buildings and institutions than on its hard-headed and practical sense, and a walk along Sauchiehall Street and the business quarter will be proof enough for anyone.

Paisley the Pawky

There is no better centre in the kingdom than Glasgow in the way of cheap and delightful trips by rail or water. Among the handiest resorts and opportunities may be instanced the Falls of Clyde, now being utilised for hydro-electric power; Lanark, where Wallace, greatest of Scottish chieftains, scored his first exploit; and Paisley, the town of cotton thread production. Just as "Peebles for Pleasure" is proverbial, so Paisley is known by the graceful shawls it used to turn out, in Victorian times. It also airs the time-honored vaunt that "what Paisley thinks today, all Scotland will be thinking tomorrow." One of the statues in its Abbey churchyard is to a native, Alexander Wilson, who went to America and became there one of our greatest authorities on bird-life. Also within easy distance of Glasgow is Hamilton, where a ducal palace has made way for a popular race-course. Blantyre was the birthplace of David Livingstone, the missionary and "saviour of Africa," the house having lately been dedicated and endowed as a national monument. Finally, one may see Bothwell Castle, the feudal seat of Mary Stuart's unruly spouse; as also Loch Long, surrounded by natural features of surpassing grandeur, and an earnest of the many scenic and romantic splendors beyond.

The yards of the Clyde have built and launched many of the great Atlantic liners. The Clyde is also a river for sportsmen, and Hunter's Quay sees the best of its yachting. Glasgow is the commercial capital of Scotland, and its municipality is unexampled in influence and enterprise.

(*Photos : L.M.S.*)

Loch Leven, showing the entrance to the Pass of Glencoe. *(Photo : L.M.S.)*

THE GLORY OF THE TROSSACHS

Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine

THE moment we make for the Trossachs, the core of the most picturesque and romantic part of Scotland, we enter another world, and man's achievements fade away in comparison with the beauty and prodigality of nature. One of the best ways of approach is by Balloch and Loch Lomond, whose "bonnie bonnie banks" have made a song-refrain that resounds the whole world over. It has the added advantage of reflecting in its placid waters the massive outlines of Ben Lomond, a mountain that well repays the toil of its ascent.

Loch Katrine, nestling under the shadows of Benvenue, is smaller but fairer still, and has the same meandering quality through well-wooded glens, while its silver strand and Ellen's Isle enhance its loveliness beyond compare. Ellen was the "Lady of the Lake" that so inspired the Muse of Scott, and her name is a synonym for a type of wild-rose beauty at its best. Skirting Loch Achray, and Brig o' Turk, we come upon Loch Vennachar, with Ben Ledi on the left, and emerge upon Callender, with the falls of Bracklinn. We emerge at last on Aberfoyle, after a glowing experience of one of the fairest regions on earth, where any aspect might be taken at random and reveal fresh beauties at every turn.

St. Andrews, a Golfer's Eden

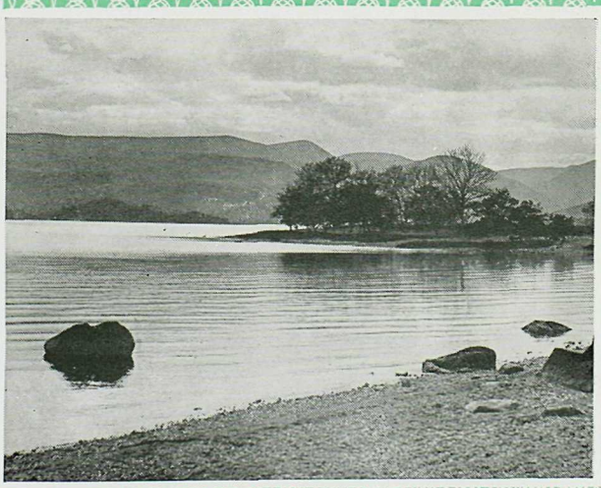
The east coast, fronting the North Sea, is favoured with bracing winds and splendid air, and along the south-eastern edge there ranges a belt of many towns whose names are more or less familiar. But St. Andrews eclipses all the rest in respect of its antiquity and history, its university, and famous associations, and the fact that here is the golfer's Mecca and court of appeal. The game has been controlled from St. Andrews, in fact, ever since the year 1754. The town, again, was one of the first resorts to establish links at the public expense, and the number of "star" players it has sent to America are legion. The game has its Valhalla, too, for in the churchyard of St. Rule's lie the remains of its sturdy pioneers, Allan Robertson, and both the Tom Morrises, father and son. The University dates back to 1411, and comes out strong when some first-class celebrity—preferably one of its own old students—comes back in the character of Lord Rector to deliver the annual address. In this respect the Scottish Universities choose wisely, and their rolls of honour shine with the names of many famous men.

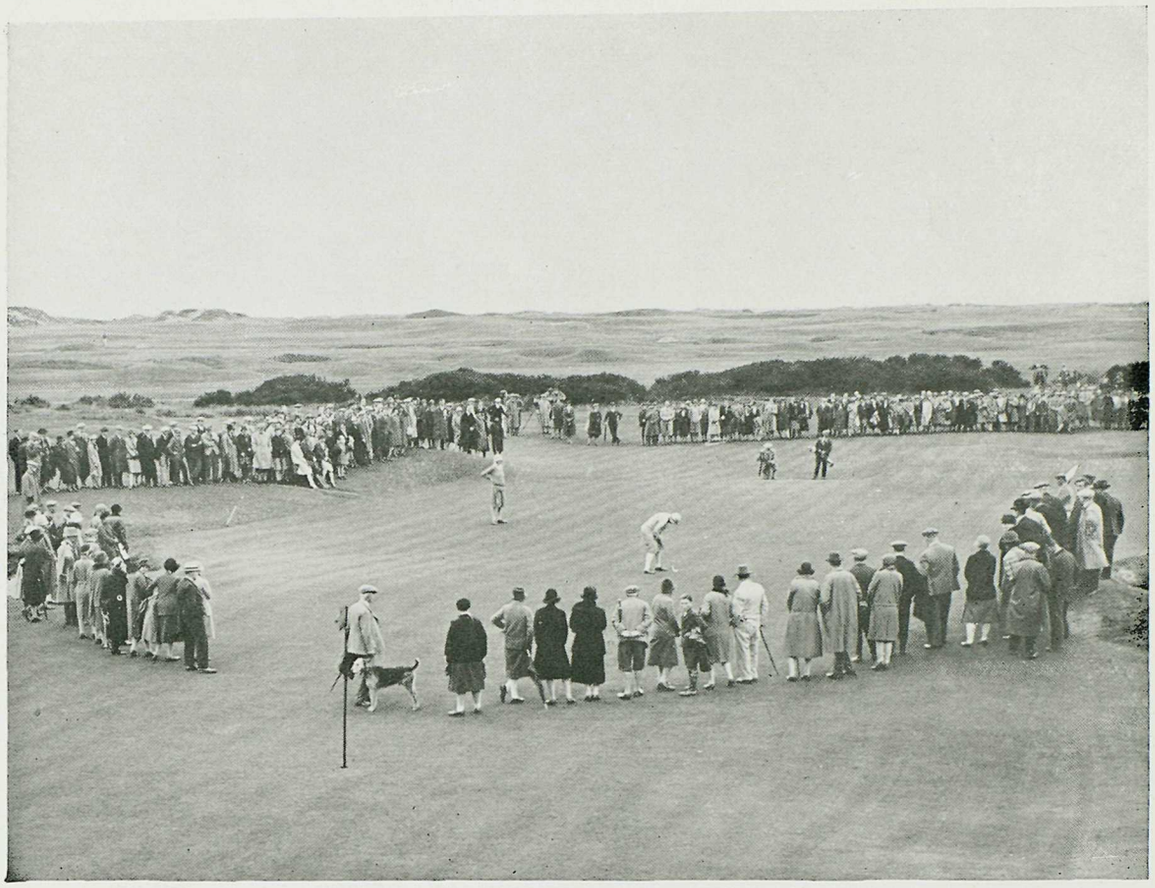
The Field of Bannockburn

Talking of golf, by the way, North Berwick on the southern side of the Firth of Forth, and another resort famous for its links, is not to be confused with Berwick, which is the capital of the Border Country. Gleneagles Hotel, another golfing centre in the heart of Perthshire, is noted for its triple course and its tournaments. Near at hand is Stirling with its castle-crowned rock, haloed by centuries of kingly associations and a spectacular effect that make it almost vie with Edinburgh. The Field of Bannockburn recalls the fight where Bruce in 1314 vanquished with his little force an English army thrice its size.

Language is vain when it comes to describe the charm of the Brig o'Turk, the silvery expanse of Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and the exquisite beauty of a region that turns holiday into romance, as every visitor must realise.

(*Photos : L.M.S., Sport and General.*)





A Ladies' Championship Match at St. Andrews. (*Photo : Sport and General.*)

THE EAST COAST—SPORT AND SCENERY

Perth and "The Fair Maid"

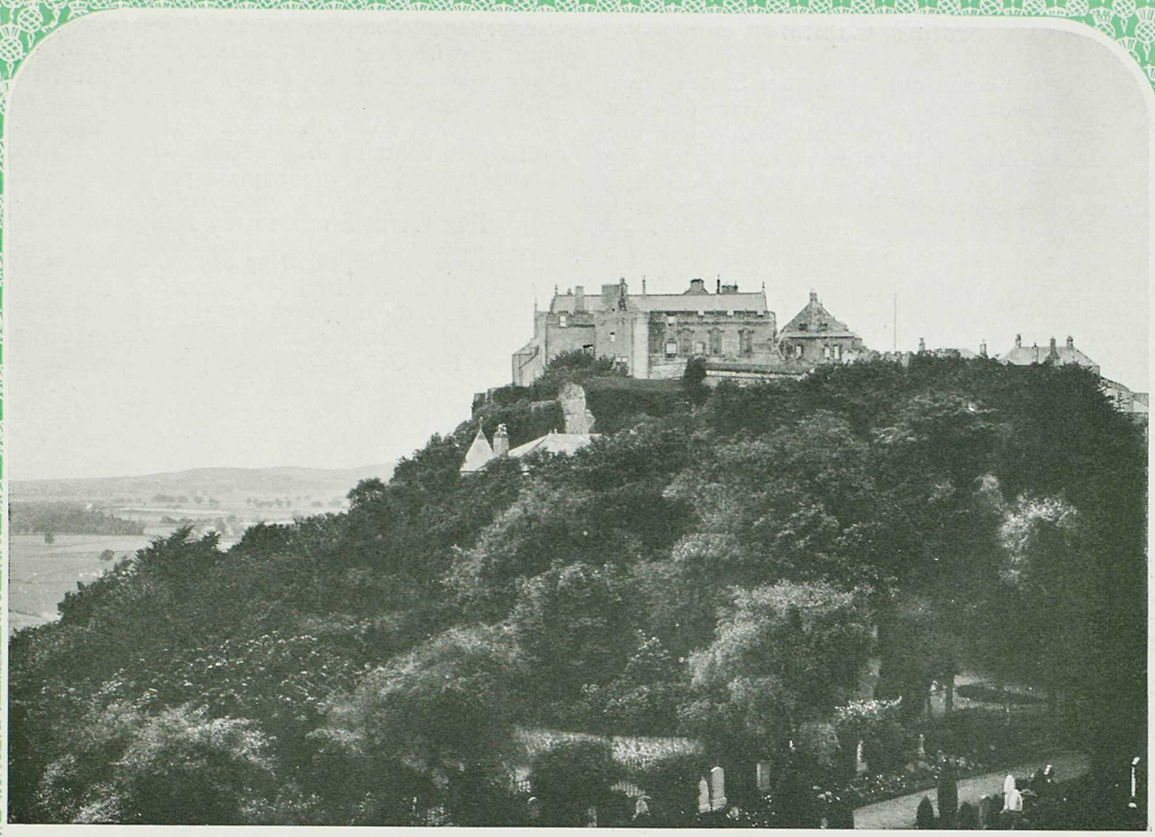
Perth, basking under Kinnoull Hill, with the Tay flowing between, still keeps the memory green of that terrific fight between rival clans described by Scott in "The Fair Maid of Perth," where practically the sole survivor unscathed was a local blacksmith who belonged to neither side but took a hand because he was a sportsman and there was one retainer short. Nor is it to be supposed that the "guidwives" of those old warriors were any whit behind their lords and masters when it came to the enforcement of their own ideas. One old Jacobite chieftain was taking the field against an adversary, and reviewing his men on the morning of departure. Resolved that he should stay behind, his wife volunteered to wait on him herself, and in the act of pouring boiling water to make his "brose" for breakfast, she resorted to a harsh expedient. By an intentional accident, she loosed the lot into his lap, so that he had to retire to bed and let the fight proceed without him. An historic pleasantry, this, well worth reflection as one winds down the Tay valley from Aberfeldy and across Loch Tay eastward to the sea, commanding along the way some of the richest and most varied scenery in all Scotland.

Dundee and Montrose

Back upon the coast again, Dundee claims attention as the thriving seat of many industries, marmalade-making among the rest, and shipyards that build many of the vessels for whaling expeditions to the far north. Montrose, at the mouth of the South Esk, and Arbroath, of the ruined abbey, looks towards the storied Inchcape Rock, one of the few islands on this coast to weigh against the thousands on the west. Glamis Castle shows the room where the venerable King Duncan was slain by Macbeth, its onetime lord; or was it by his determined dame, as Shakspeare would have us believe? Today the castle is the seat of the Earl of Strathmore, whose daughter has married the Duke of York, and therefore comes nearer the throne of England than anyone since an earl's granddaughter became Queen Anne.

Barrie and "Thrums"

Kirriemuir, in Forfarshire, is the "Thrums" of Sir James Barrie's enchanting fancies, and glories in being his birthplace. Carnoustie, with excellent golf links, and its neighbour, Stonehaven, lead up the coast to Aberdeen, whose folk export so many a diverting story of Scottish thrift. Aberdeen is the "silver city by the sea" on account of its glistening architecture, and rightly boasts the oldest of Scottish universities. The motto of its Marischal College—"They say. What say they? Let them say"—is a slogan that well embodies what Burns called "the glorious privilege of being independent." Further still around the coast by way of Peterhead and Fraserburgh, we come to Banff and Lossiemouth, where Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had his birthplace, and has his favourite home, looking westward to the Moray Firth.



Stirling Castle is a tabernacle filled with memories of "old, unhappy, far-off days, and battles long ago." Gleneagles is almost unrivalled among British golf-courses; and the Marischal College, of Aberdeen, outshines even that city of granite, where hard thinking and clean ways are a strict tradition.

(Photos: L.M.S. and L.N.E.R.)

THE MODERN ATHENS

Scotia's Capital

ROYAL Edinburgh, Sir Walter Scott's "own romantic town," makes a far different appeal from that of Glasgow. For one thing, it is much further down its estuary, the Firth of Forth, and its winters are proverbially hardy. But for the remainder of the year, it is a city of enchantment, and reigns supreme in the admiration of those who know it for what it is—a vision of palaces and civic stateliness, incomparably fortunate in respect of its favoured situation, and its convenient group of hills. This is why a walk along Princes Street on a spring or summer day is like pacing down Fifth Avenue in New York, with the terraced gardens of London's Piccadilly and the heights of Quebec thrown in.

A Noble Panorama

Enbosomed amid the green pleasance of the East and West Gardens are the Royal Scottish Academy and the National Gallery, replete with coveted art treasures, and having the ornate outlines of the Scott Monument alongside, to set off their classical severity. Beyond are the heights of Morningside, studded with varied buildings on an ample scale, and away to the right is that historic citadel, Edinburgh Castle, planted on its formidable pinnacle of rock. This again has been crowned with the new and beautiful National War Memorial, evincing a people's gratitude to valour, and expressing it in perfect form. Such a scene justifies the prophecy of Shelley—

"Another Athens shall arise
And to remoter time
Bequeathe, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime."

Heroic and tragic associations crowd about "Auld Reekie," as the city used to be dubbed in darker days. So the visitor is to be pitied who does not walk up the Lawn Market and the Esplanade to study the Castle's many points of interest, and then make the long and straight descent through the High Street with its "wynds" and "closes" and turreted old mansions, through the Canongate down to the sombre keep of Holyrood. On the way he passes St. Giles' Cathedral, where Jeanie Geddes, the doughty dame, hurled a three-legged stool at an Episcopalian envoy in the pulpit, and demolished more alien ritual at a blow than John Knox did in a lifetime. One of the monuments within St. Giles' is a bronze plaque to R. L. Stevenson by the American-Irish sculptor, Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

The Heart of Midlothian

Near the cathedral is the old Tolbooth, the city prison known by the grim title of "The Heart of Midlothian." Behind it is the old Parliament House, now given up to lawyers, but awaiting the day when Scotland rules her own affairs close at hand, instead of having them administered from an office in London, four hundred miles away. Knox's house, commonly so called, looks worthy of the fierce old Calvinist, and another lower down the hill recalls the last ride of the gallant Montrose. There is a tradition that from the hangman's tumbril the peerless warrior and champion of an undeserving king flung a withering look at the balcony of the house where stood his enemy and betrayer, the "fause Argyll," whose head was to replace his own on the Tolbooth spike. The Canongate churchyard contains the monument Burns erected to the memory of the hapless poet, Fergusson.

The Grim Shadows of Holyrood

Holyrood, palace of Mary Stuart, and of many a monarch before her, is a grim compound of the old and the modern, for it is the scene of the annual exchange of courtesy and sanction between the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and the King's Commissioner. You may smile at the long procession of crude and conjectural portraits of Scottish kings and queens, for these were done by contract in an inartistic age, and it is rumoured among the gossips that the models used were a string of doxies and rapscallions from the slums of the Canongate. You are forced back to gravity, however, when you light upon the spot where Mary's minstrel, David Rizzio, was slaughtered at her feet by Darnley, her first husband, and his wastrel gang. Darnley soon got his deserts, though, in the Kirk o' Field, not far away, and Scotsmen still come to blows in the vain endeavour to establish the hapless Mary's guilt in that incendiary and midnight horror.

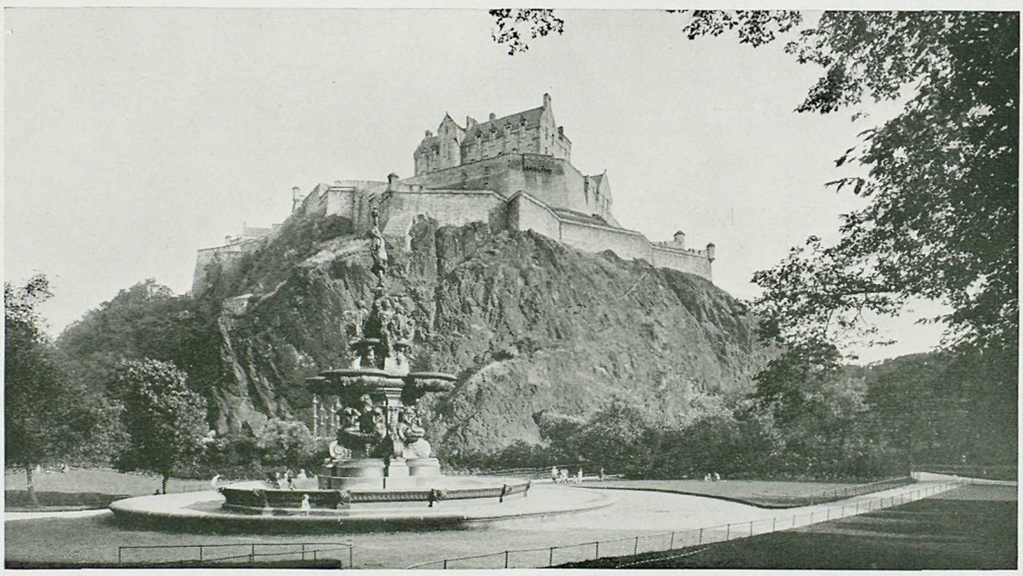
Edinburgh's University

Edinburgh University, the Royal Scottish Museum, the National Library of Scotland (with the precious Glenriddell manuscript of Burns, brought back from America), the Royal Botanic Gardens and many another institution with a royal or patriotic title, all show the city's pride of place as the seat of successive dynasties. Nestling in its dingiest part, the old churchyard of the Greyfriars affords a telling contrast, with its many famous tombs. So does the Calton Burying Ground, with the Lincoln Monument to Scots who fell in the American Civil War.

But your visit is half wasted unless you mount the Calton Hill, and Salisbury Crags, and Arthur's Seat, and send a wistful glance across country towards the Pentlands and the Lammermuir Hills. Or you may turn your gaze seawards to the island of Inchkeith, and the old sea-prison of the Bass Rock, which is Scotland's sinister counterpart to that terrible sea-girt fastness, the Chateau d'If in "Monte Cristo."

Carnegie and His Trust

A short journey takes us to Linlithgow and its ancient palace where Mary Stuart was born; Falkirk with the dim remains of the Antonine Wall built by the Romans to keep the wild marauders of the north at bay; and Dunfermline, where one turns from the memories of kings and rebels and feuds to inspect the humble birthplace of Andrew Carnegie, the Pittsburg steelmaster. He bestowed 2½ million dollars in buying Pittencrieff Park and Glen for the townsfolk to enjoy for ever; and many more millions besides, in forming that Trust of his which is helping so many worthy movements for promoting a variety of humanities and philanthropies up and down the Kingdom.



Princes Street, Edinburgh, is perhaps the stateliest street in Europe, and one that summarises the many aspects of Scotland's capital. Her storied castle has been crowned with a splendid National War Memorial, and Holyrood Palace serves to enshrine the strange and pitiful story of Mary Stuart.

(*Photos : L.M.S.*)

Melrose Abbey, described in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." (*Photo : L.M.S.*)

THE SCOTT AND BURNS COUNTRY

Abbotsford and its Treasures

THERE is something half invidious and arbitrary in labelling any special region the "Scot Country," because, properly speaking, the length and breadth of the land owes allegiance to Sir Walter as its laureate and celebrant. But to get the essence of the man and gauge his ideals of domestic splendour it is necessary to see Abbotsford, the lordly pleasure-house he built himself and stored with treasures, upon the banks of his beloved Tweed.

Then you must needs go on to Melrose Abbey, the nation's choicest ruin, and its sister abbey of Dryburgh, where the "Wizard of the North" lies buried among his kin. Bemersyde, not far away, is the ancestral estate once owned by the Haigs, and when the greatest came home victorious from the Great War, a grateful Empire bought it back for him. There he lies, at his own desire, like a warrior taking his rest, with his martial cloak around him, for Canadians and others who served under him to do him honour.

Burn's Birthplace

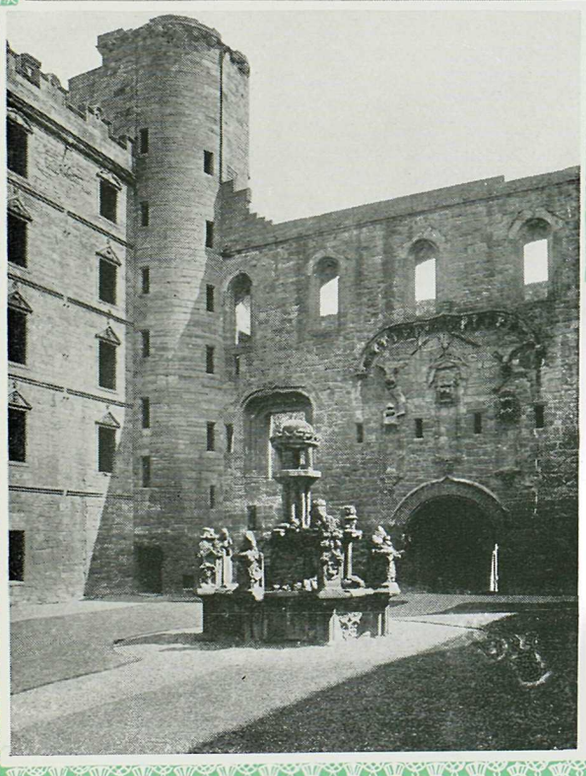
Ayr has its claims and intrinsic interest. There you may see the Alloway cottage where Burns first saw the light; the ruined kirk of Tam o' Shanter's spellbound vision; and the little bridge that spans "Bonnie Doon," the stream the poet has immortalised in one of his most melting songs. Kilmarnock, in the same shire of Ayr, saw the first issue of his poems, and has erected one of the best among his many monuments. Turnberry, with a golf course looking seawards to Arran and Ailsa Crag, is honoured as the birthplace of the hero that Burns so admired, Robert Bruce. Nearly every lowland hamlet and glen, in fact, has its links with Burns and attests the truth of what Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has said in his praise, that Burns's mission was to "cuddle doon at the breast of Mother Nature, and as he listened to the beating of her heart, to turn it to immortal song."

Galloway and the Covenanters

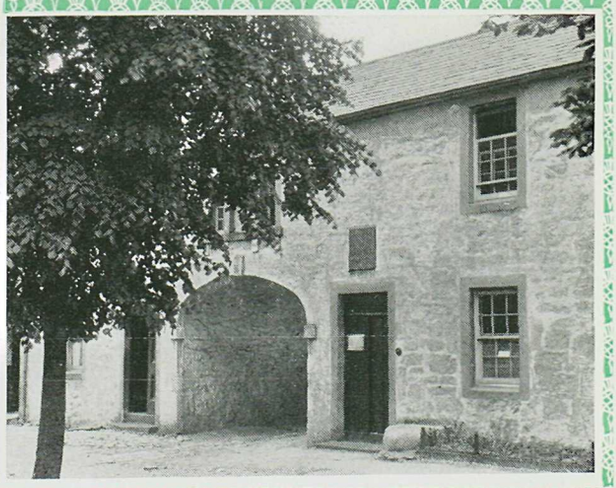
Ayr, by the way, is a playground of golfers, with its breezy links at Troon and Prestwick; and Dalry is an irresistible resort for anglers. Wigton, capital of the county of that name, introduces us to the country of the long-persecuted Covenanters, who have covered this region with heart-rending memories. In Wigton churchyard they show you the graves of two martyrs, one an aged woman, the other a mere child, who in 1685 were betrayed by a neighbour, refused to take the oath of abjuration, and were tied to stakes to be drowned by the incoming tide.

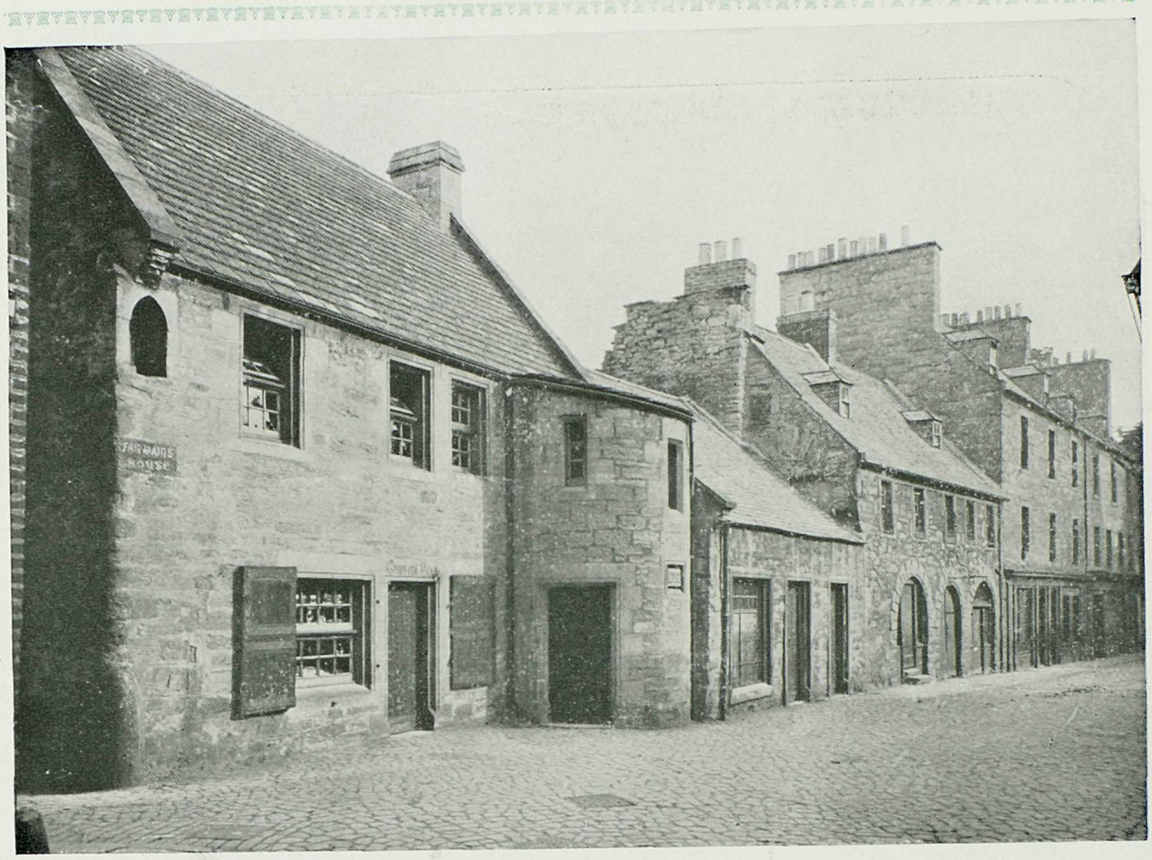
Kirkcudbright (which means the church of St. Cuthbert, and is pronounced Kir-cóo-bree) stands at the estuary of the Scottish Dee, and leads to St. Mary's Isle, where the manor house of the Earls of Selkirk was raided in 1758 by that immortal sea-dog, Paul Jones.

Portpatrick, on the outer side of the Mull of Galloway—a hammer-head-shaped peninsula on



Abbotsford, with his working library, makes a fitting memorial for the toil and genius of Sir Walter Scott, who made romance out of such grim material as Linlithgow Palace (*lower left*). But the birthplace of Thomas Carlyle, built with his father's own hands, is just as proud a monument in its own way. (*Photos : L.M.S.*)





The house in Curfew Row, Perth, which links with "The Fair Maid." (*Photo: L.M.S.*)

CARLYLE—AND GRETNA GREEN

the extreme south-west—is only separated by twenty miles from Donaghadee, on the Irish coast. It was for many years a refuge for run-away lovers in this part of Scotland, and was also the sally-port for early raids on the sister isle.

Keats, the poet, once landed here after an Irish tour, and records that when he asked for letters at the hands of the Portpatrick authori-ties, he was met with the query "What regi-ment?"—so great was the military obsession hereabouts in the stormy times of Waterloo.

A Comic Apocalypse

Further inland, "Auld Brig o' Dee" affords an example of what a kirk synod could do in 1700. For when the Privy Council in London resisted all local applications for help in the matter of a much-needed bridge, the Galloway synod imposed a house-to-house collection and the bridge was promptly built. Corsock has a fearsome legend of a headless piper who used to make night hideous; and Crocketford seasons its gloomy memories of the Covenanters with queer records of the Buchanites. This was a local sect which indolatrised a half-witted and illiterate peasant-woman who railed against "the Devil and the world, especially the clargie." Declaring she was the "starry woman" of Revelations, she adopted a Rev. Mr. White as her Man-child, and the sect erected a platform for the purpose of ascending into heaven. Alas! the miraculous platform collapsed with ignominious results, so that instead of invading Heaven in this apocalyptic way, some of the elect went into hospital and the rest departed for America.

Gretna Green, the Lovers' Goal

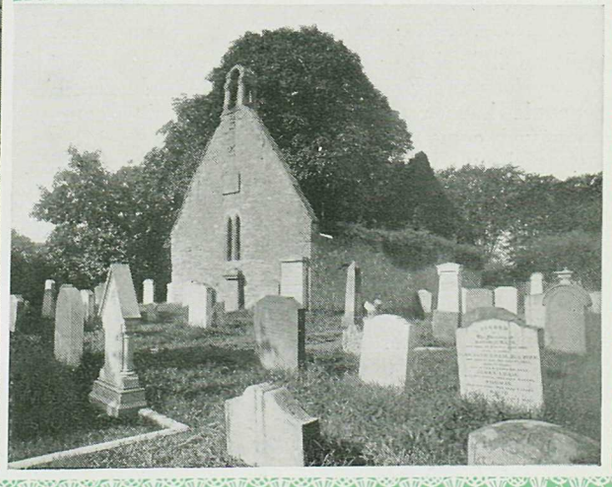
Dumfries, a few miles from the Solway Firth, contains the house in which Burns died, and a domed mausoleum in St. Michael's churchyard over the graves of himself, his wife, and their son. Two of his favourite taverns, the "Globe" and the "Hole in the Wall," contain many relics of the bard, and certain lines of poetry he cut upon the windows with a diamond. The diamond was somebody else's, of course, and the panes are more valuable today than the gem itself.

Sweetheart Abbey, near at hand, has a pathetic story of its origin and a long history, besides being picturesque as well. Irongray churchyard contains the grave of Helen Walker, the original of the heroic and devoted Jeanie Deans, immor-talised by Scott in "The Heart of Midlothian." At Ellisland is the white farmhouse where Burns lived when he wrote "Tam o' Shanter" and "Auld Lang Syne." Mauchline contains the house of Gavin Hamilton, where the bard was married to the faithful and long-suffering Jean Armour.

Ecclefechan is visited all the year round by pilgrims intent on seeing the birthplace of Carlyle, and his grave in its parish churchyard; while Netherby Hall and Cannobie Lea recall the galloping metre of "Young Lochinvar." Gretna, near the Border, was for a century a goal of romance for eloping English lovers. For a fee they could be "married" by the innkeeper or the village blacksmith, and one of the clients who profited by it was the young lawyer who became Lord Brougham, Lord Chancellor, and head of the British judiciary.

The waters that pass beneath the Brig o'Doon seem for ever murmuring a descant to the saddest of all Burns's songs, "Ye banks and braes." But the "Tam o' Shanter" inn at Ayr (*lower left*) represents the bard's convivial moods, and Alloway's haunted "kirk" his daring imagination.

(*Photos : L.M.S.*)



THE WIZARDRY OF THE HEBRIDES

A SHORT journey down the Firth of Clyde brings one to the pleasant resort of Rothesay, headquarters of the Royal Northern Yacht Club and the great regatta that fills the first half of July with its thrills. Emerging from the estuary we encounter the island of Arran, the Mull of Kintyre, and other peninsulas divided by the Kyles of Bute — never so glorious as when silhouetted against the sunsets for which the Firth of Clyde is famous. Loch Fyne is known for its noble timber and its herrings, but "oh, its beauty is far beyond!"

The island of Islay possesses a melancholy interest in the tower commemorating the loss of 400 American soldiers and sailors drowned in the torpedoed "Tuscania" during the last year of the war. Ardrishaig is the embarkation point for Loch Awe, with numberless islands of its own, and nearly every one with its ruined castle. The Crinan Canal severs Kintyre and shortens the coast trip by nearly eighty miles of sea. Past Crinan and Corryvreckan, a notorious and destructive whirlpool, we get a taste of the full Atlantic, and soon reach Oban, the metropolis of Scotland's middle west, situated on the lovely bay of Lorn.

Skye and its Pipers

Here at Oban the tourist commands an unequalled choice of easy sea excursions among that wonderful array of islands christened with a no less wonderful sprinkle of quaint names—Coll and Tiree, Eigg and Rum and Muick, the haunt of porpoises; and best known of all, the island that brings to mind R.L.S.'s boyish song:—

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

The Isle of Skye, among other claims to attention, is the time-honoured home of Scotia's favourite music of the bagpipes, for the MacRimmon family established a college of pipers here years ago. Ever since, it has helped to maintain a standard for all the Highland regiments in the British army and other experts to attain and preserve.

Strangers usually vote it an acquired taste—this music of "chanter" and "drone," but enthusiasts vaunt it above any other. They have traced it back to a terrific antiquity, even to the Assyrians and Egyptians; to which less susceptible people have retorted that some of the sounds evolved come to the ear as if they had been cooped up all that time. At any rate, the art is one of the most difficult in the whole range of music, and it needs either natural gifts or tremendous application before one is able to produce "something distinctly resembling an air."

Flora Macdonald

One of the heroic memories of the Highlands comes to mind among the wilds of Skye, for a journey past Portree brings us to Kingsburgh, one of the homes of the leal and devoted Flora Macdonald, and to Kilmuir where she found her grave. She played a far nobler part in the Jacobite cause than any of its princes, and her memory is hallowed among her countrymen still, especially hereabouts. To conclude, Skye can show some of the most formidable scenery in the whole kingdom in the shape of the solitary and savage rocks about Loch Coruisk, and again around the jagged sierra of the Coolins, a mountain range generally recognised as providing the most daring rock-climbing in Great Britain.

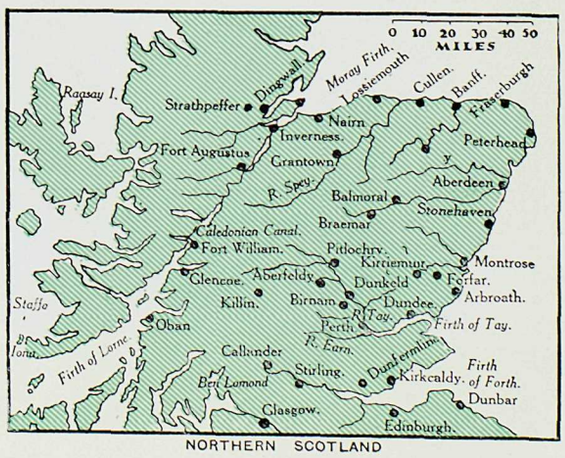
A short journey from Oban, already mentioned, by way of Ballachulish, brings the traveller to one of the most mournful scenes in the Highlands—the Pass of Glencoe, scene of the hideous massacre of the MacDonalds in the black year of 1692. Mallaig, at the railway terminus, is another charming centre for lake and other excursions, as for instance the imposing Falls of Foyers, now submitting to subjugation for the production of electric power.

A Cave of Nature's Wonders

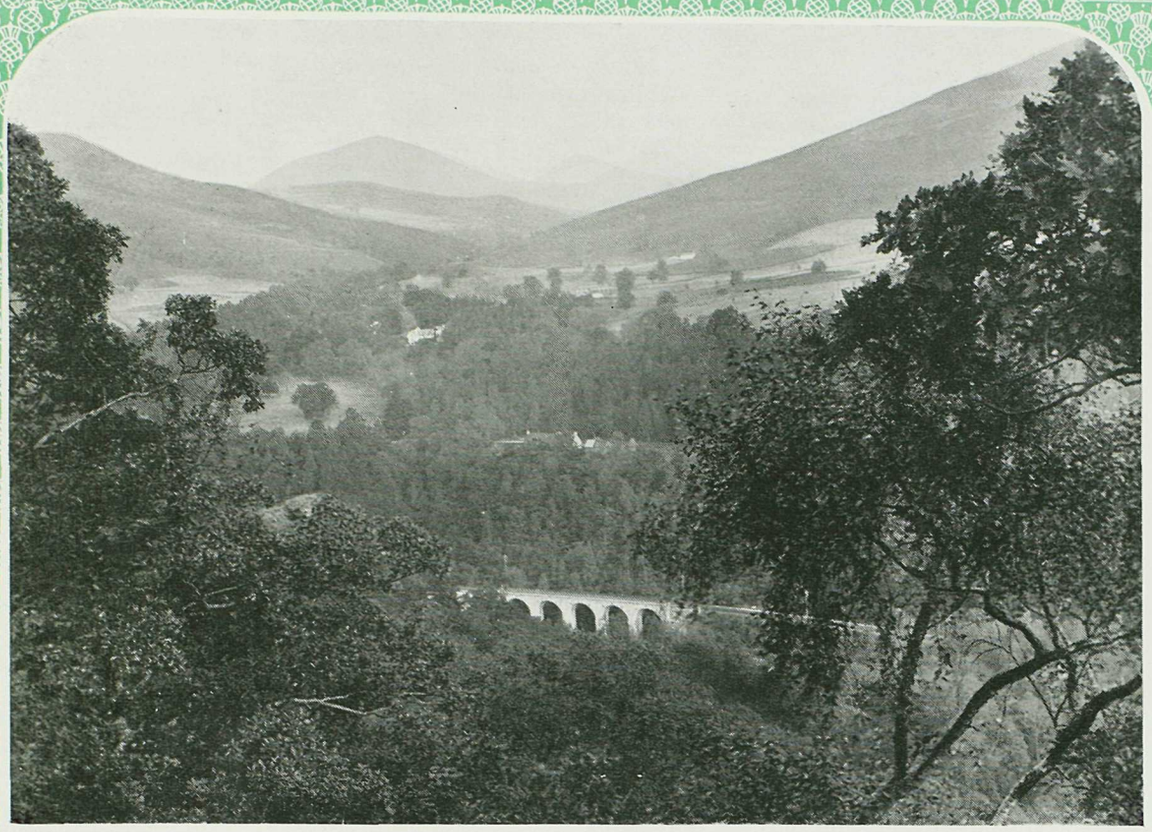
For some years past hardy venturers have been diving and groping summer by summer for vestiges of treasure sunk in the "Florida," the Spanish Armada's flagship in Tobermory Bay three centuries ago; and enough has been found to encourage the search. Staffa, strangest of islands, with Fingal's Cave, tempts thousands of sightseers year after year to gaze at its colonnades of basalt, like a monster organ-front rising from the deep. This freak of Nature profoundly inspired Ossian, the half-fabulous poet who was a favourite with Napoleon. It also inspires the scientist with the theory that this spread of geometrical rock extends beneath the sea to the Giant's Causeway on the coast of Ireland; and some day submarine investigation may make this tempting theory good. The neighbouring islet of Iona, with its ancient cross and restored cathedral, was the landing-place of Columba and his twelve disciples when they came from Erin in early days to evangelise Scotland.

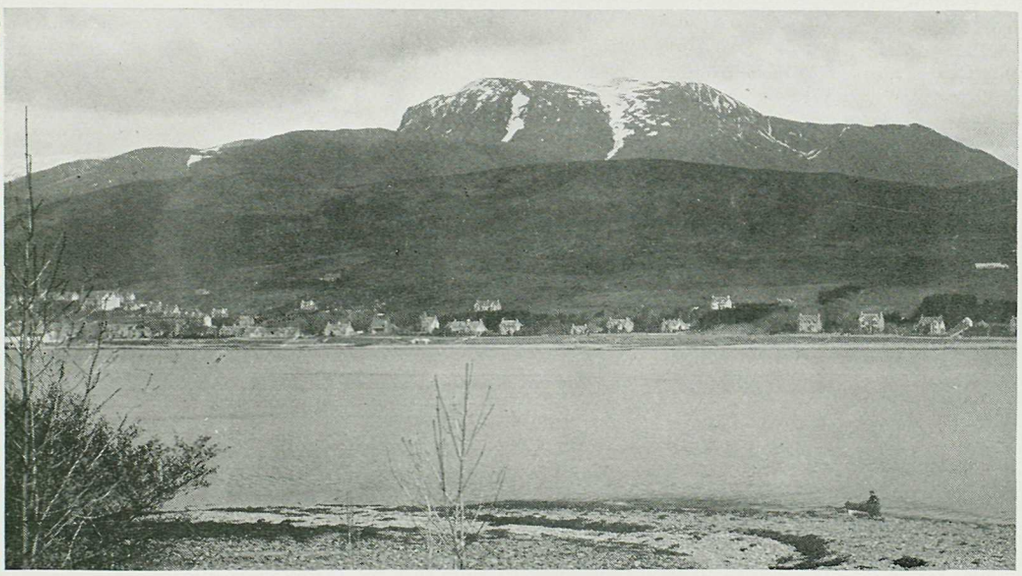
An Exodus into Exile

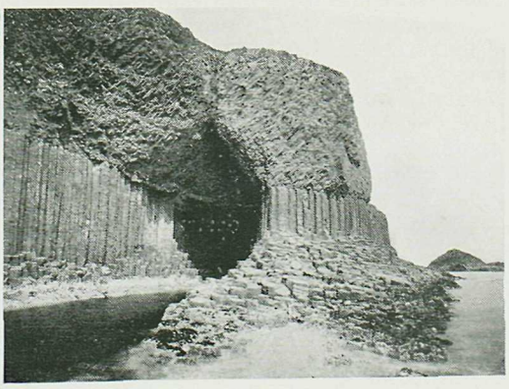
Mention of islands turns the wayfarer's thoughts still further north to the great and irregular archipelago that fringes the entire stretch of this wonderful west coast, from Colonsay right away to Harris and Lewis, North and South Uist, and the lone island of St. Kilda which is Scotland's uttermost outpost in the north Atlantic. There is no finer haunt for studying every kind of northern sea-bird, from the guillemot to the razor-bill, and the sight of their breeding-places among the precipitous and almost inaccessible cliffs of St. Kilda impresses every beholder, whether a scientist or not.



NORTHERN SCOTLAND







Rarely have scenes of olden strife been turned to better account than at Pitlochry and the Pass of Killiecrankie. Fort William (*middle*) nestles cosily under the knees of Ben Nevis, highest of Scottish mountains. Fingal's Cave, on the islet of Staffa, mystifies the poet and the scientist alike.

(*Photos : L.M.S.*)

TO JOHN O'GROATS AND BACK

Fateful Stuart Memories

THE interior region within the coast line from Forfarshire to Nairn, abounds in grandeur and associations. Beginning at Elgin or Pitlochry, with their ready access to many well-known places of interest, we find our way to the Pass of Killiecrankie, where the troops of "Dutch William" were worsted by Jacobite forces under "Bluidy Claverhouse," known to his followers by the name of "Bonnie Dundee," and buried in the kirkyard of Blair Atholl not far away. Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, dominates the firths of Moray and Beauly, and affords easy and pleasant excursions to Culloden Moor, scene of the final struggle between the Scots and English armies, and the grave of all the hopes of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," otherwise known as the Young Pretender to the British Throne.

Yet the glamour of Jacobite song and story lingers even after one has visited Ballater, Balmoral, and Braemar, all proud of their connexion with the reigning house of Windsor. Balmoral is His Majesty's enviable Highland seat, and when the Court is absent (most months save August and September) the stately grounds are accessible to applicants through His Majesty's Commissioner. Braemar, by the way, is renowned for its gathering of Highland sports and games every September, and also for the fact that R. L. Stevenson wrote his romance of "Treasure Island" in a house on the Glen Shee road.

At Lochaber they have turned the water power to account by means of the Lochaber scheme of hydro-electric development, with an annual capacity of 500 million units. Moreover, the example is spreading, so that the day of "white power" has set in for this part of Scotland and has illimitable possibilities. The great Benedictine abbey and school at Fort Augustus are being moved southward to a large estate acquired near Edinburgh, and there are other changes in prospect. Those who resent these alterations as "sordid" may banish such thoughts by the ascent of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in the country, or traverse the breadth of Scotland by means of the Caledonian Canal.

The Shetlands and the Orkneys

Beyond the Caledonian Canal, and Dingwall, on the Cromarty Firth, towns grow few and far between, and the hunting country of the moor lands comes more and more into view. Dornoch, with its branch line to Lairg, is one of the notable points in Sutherlandshire, and by this time we are well on the way to Thurso, on the Pentland Firth, which is Scotland's furthest north in the way of townships. It was the point of access to the British Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow during the period of the Great War when it was waiting for the German fleet to emerge into the open; and it saw the destruction of this enemy menace after its capitulation.

Wick, on the Caithness coast, is the last point of importance on the east coast northwards to John o' Groats, the place that is erroneously supposed to be the northernmost point of the mainland. Beyond Pentland Firth are the Orkney and Shetland islands, a double archipelago that is rich in picturesqueness and originality. The islands are interesting to most people by their quaint half-Norse dialect, their wool-weaving industry and fisheries, and an intense pride in their monoliths and other monuments of antiquity, all betokening a far-off past when this part of the world was linked with Scandinavia and ruled by a race of Vikings such as Scott has pictured in his romance "The Pirate."

Back by the Forth Bridge

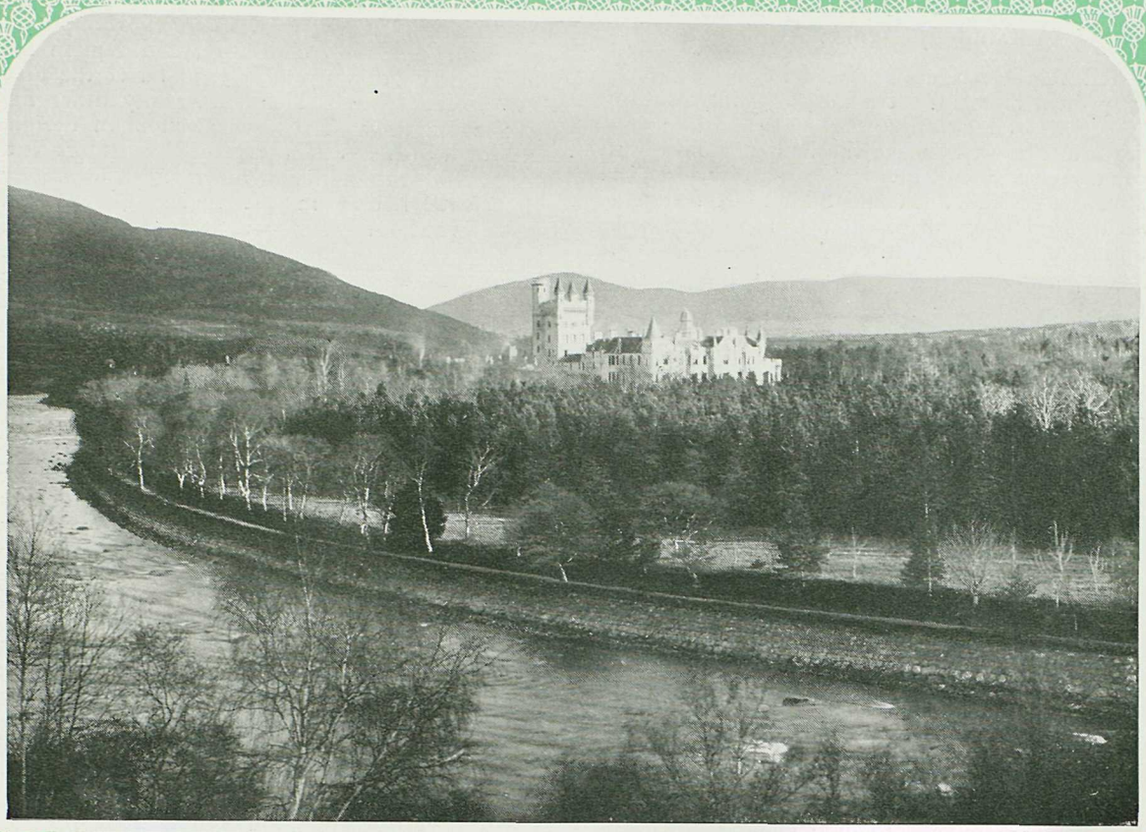
It is worth returning to Edinburgh down the east coast route if only to cross the Forth suspension bridge by train and get the full effect that this supreme triumph of engineering gives to those who look down on the waters of the Forth a hundred and fifty feet below. In either direction, up or down the river, the prospect is superb. The bridge took seven years to build, from 1883 to 1890, and the only foothold that nature vouchsafed was the tiny granite island in midstream known as Inchgarvie. On this rests the middle one of the steel towers, 360 feet high, and it is from these supports that the great cantilevers launch themselves in pairs. The total length, with approaches, is over 2,765 yards, and the story of the way in which the bridge was defended against enemy subtlety during the war from the naval base of Rosyth close by makes one of the romances of marine manœuvres.

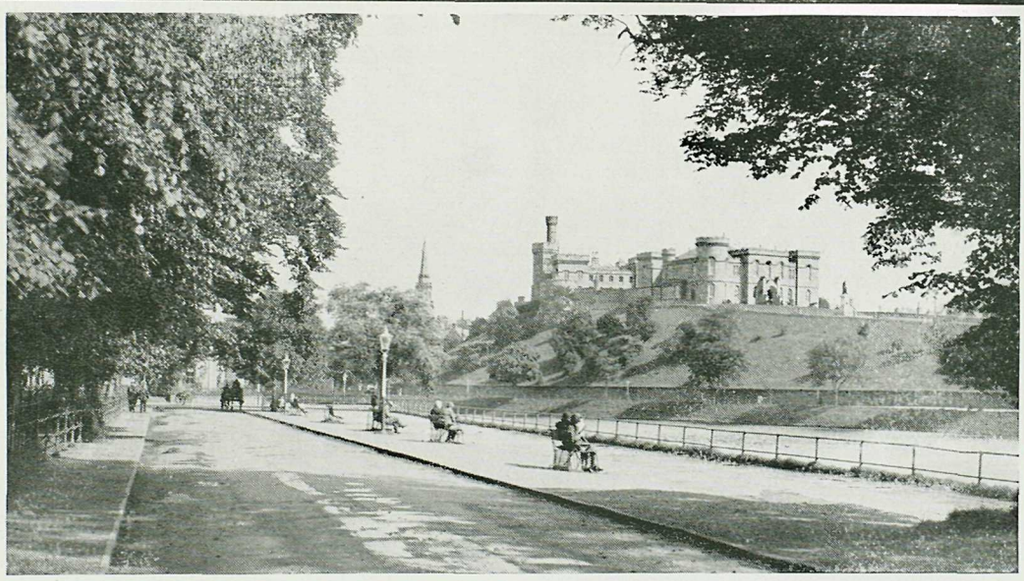
A Bond with Robinson Crusoe

Before one comes to the Forth, however, there is the "Kingdom of Fife" to be seen, and this has many features and places of interest. The royal burgh of Kirkcaldy (pronounced "kirkawdy") is also called "the lang toon" because for the most part it consists of a single street. In one of the hilly side streets is preserved the cottage where Carlyle played the schoolmaster in early days; and another house in the town commemorates wee Marjorie Fleming. This precocious but lovable child was the special favourite of Sir Walter Scott, and when she died at the age of eight, she left a blank that made many hearts ache and inspired many eloquent pens.

Linking Forth and Clyde

Passing the quaint royal burgh of Dysart, under the rocky eminence whereon stands Wemyss Castle, one comes to Largo, which was the birthplace of Alexander Selkirk, long regarded by popular tradition as the original of Robinson Crusoe. By the way, it was Defoe, the creator of that immortal "log-book," who suggested to Queen Anne the idea of a ship canal across the Lowlands, so as to link the Forth and the Clyde. It was set aside at the time as too expensive at 2½ million dollars, and Scotland has had to manage ever since with a small canal hampered by nearly forty locks. Now that it may cost four or five times that sum, the project is being actively revived. If carried out, it is likely to "blanket" the Caledonian Canal further north; but all the same, the possibilities of revenue are enormous, and the undertaking is worthy of the wonderful land to which for a while we are bidding farewell.





Balmoral Castle, on Deeside (*top*),—was a favourite with Queen Victoria, and cherishes many recollections of her ways and sayings. The town of Inverness, capital of the Highlands, could hardly be comelier, or the battle monument of Culloden make better peace propaganda by its very ugliness.

(*Photos : L.M.S.*)

IRELAND AND ITS CAPITAL

A Land of Hearty Welcome

IRELAND was never so interesting as at the present moment. It is busy clearing away the débris of long misgovernment, and has set to work in earnest to make the land not only "safe for democracy" but inviting to the traveler. This applies to both North and South. A feeling of security is everywhere, and a feeling of solid optimism along with it.

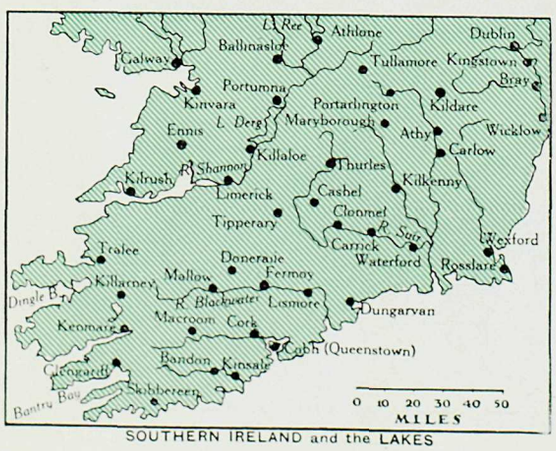
Visit Dublin in June for the Irish International Grand Prix Motor Race, or in August for the Royal Horse Show, and you will soon realise what Irish beauty and vivacity and hospitality can be amid their own bewitching surroundings. Moreover, the temperamental melancholy underneath merely reflects the rainbow nature of this humorous and hospitable people. Ireland is no longer "the disthressful counthry." That badge is a thing of the past.

Dublin and its Bay

After the velvet hues and shadows of the Atlantic, the colour of Dublin Bay may seem pale and delicate, but it has a beauty and a setting all its own. On the north the commanding Hill of Howth looks more than its 500 feet high; and the blue masses of the Mourne Mountains beyond, seem more than sixty miles away. On the south the Sugar Loaf and the rest of the Wicklow Hills make a fairy sky-line; and the greater part of the bay is framed with inviting coast resorts like Dalkey and Blackrock, Killiney, Greystones and Bray.

Dublin City today emerges with conscious pride from all its "throubles" in the past. Its heyday of elegance and eloquence and extravagance has left it many noble eighteenth-century monuments by way of legacy. First in order is the Bank of Ireland, which rang with oratory all through the period when it was Parliament House. Trinity College bristles with great names of orators, authors, and statesmen; the Castle with grim associations; College Green with memories of duels and other encounters; and St. Patrick's Cathedral with the tombs and memorials of famous men, including Dean Swift.

Sackville Street has been re-christened O'Connell Street in honour of Ireland's "Liberator," and presents one of the boldest vistas in Europe. The Four Courts, when restored to their former aspect, will form the best national example of the classic style in architecture, and remain the seat of the country's judiciary, so far as the Free State is concerned. There are many other impressive buildings of the same school of design, some of which serve as repositories of art and science and the national records. The stately old private houses in the region of Merrion Square (one of them was the birthplace of Wellington, by the way) are a reminder of the rakish and swashbuckling days of the Hell-Fire Club. So is the suburb of Donnybrook redolent of "divilmint" in the way of fairs and fights.



SOUTHERN IRELAND and the LAKES

The Abbey Theatre

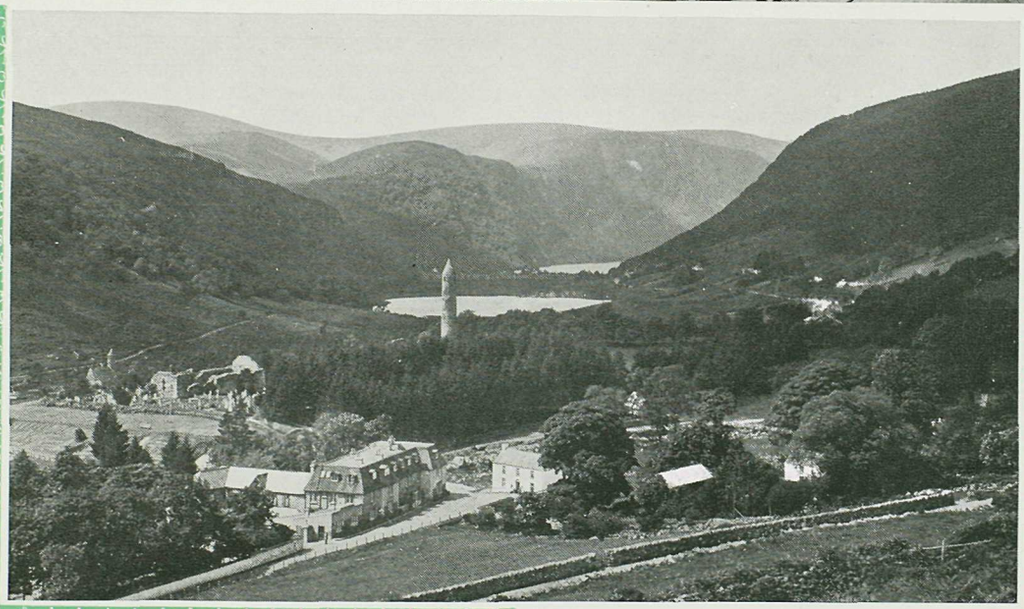
It was in a small and derelict theatre near the Liffey edge that Senator Yeats and Lady Gregory some years ago founded a new dynasty of plays and players, and revealed fresh powers and talents in the creation of comedy and tragedy, as well as in their rendering. The result is that the Abbey Theatre is the Mecca of many distinguished visitors, as well as a memorial to the late J. M. Synge and other "playboys of the western world." It is interesting to note, by the way, that Bernard Shaw was born in Synge Street, No. 33, and Dublin has reason to be proud of the fact.

Today the city, like its river, is in a state of transition, and it has probably made more progress in the last five years than in any period of its stormy past. Yet if the visitor is inclined to disrespect the Liffey on a superficial view from the Dublin bridges, he has a ready remedy. For if he wil take the short trip to Poulaphouca, near Kilcullen, he will find the Liffey in all its glory as nature meant it. The stream leaps down 150 feet by means of a series of cataracts, into a deep pool or basin; and the quaint name comes down from a distant age when the Pooka, or Irish Puck, was an influence on simple minds.

Truly, for those who have not the time available for a more extended tour, the county of Wicklow reveals a real picture of Irish scenery in its more idyllic moods. The town of that name forms a graceful amphitheatre around its bay, and the promontory of Wicklow Head, like Wexford's sloping streets, gives the coast-line character.

The Wicklow Glens

To return to Dublin by the inland route is to thread a series of Wicklow glens that have enshrined themselves in song and story. Glendalough, the vale of the Seven Churches, makes a winning picture, with its upper lake tumbling through rocky escarpments to the lower one. Its neighbour, the vale of Glenmalure, has sterner features, for large numbers of granite boulders have been torn down by storm and time from the mountain's upper levels. Nearer to Dublin we reach the most popular of the Wicklow Glens, the vale of Avoca, immortalised by Tom Moore in his melting song "The Meeting of the Waters." Another alluring region is the estate of Powerscourt, with a fine deer-park and waterfall and tasteful gardens. Close by, Hollybrook, another private estate, was once the home of Robin Adair, in whose honour the popular ballad was set to an old Irish air.



Dublin's best thoroughfare is O'Connell Street, with the statue of the Liberator in full view. Glendalough, in County Wicklow, glories in its Seven Churches around a typical round tower; and Tom Moore's Tree still guards the Vale of Avoca made famous and melodious by his Muse.

(*Photos : Irish Tourist Association and L.M.S.*)

KILLARNEY OF THE LAKES

A Feast of Color

KILLARNEY has long defied the powers of many a gifted pen, if only for the mossy greenness of its turf and foliage, the bold and varied outline of its hills and the translucent color of its necklace of lakes. It possesses a cluster of romantic associations—Ross Castle, the stronghold of the outlawed O'Donoghues; the towering promontory called the Eagle's Nest, with its wealth of arbutus and its silvery echoes; the Torc and O'Sullivan cascades; and the caves and rocks of the Colleen Bawn, renowned in song and story. Many of Killarney's islands recall the fabled Lake Isle of Innisfree, immortalised by Senator Yeats as a veritable islet of the blest, where—

"Midnight's all a-glimmer and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings."

Standing at end of the Gap of Dunloe, for a look down at Black Valley, you see why an English laureate descanted on "the beauty unspeakably tender of this enchanting district." Killarney makes a restful and appropriate centre for any number of inviting tours, especially those towards the coast. It is at Valencia Island that the Atlantic cables emerge from the sea, and the seaboard of Kerry has been seared and broken by the ocean surges into a series of magnificent bays. Not even the fjords of Norway show any superior to the grandeur of these Kerry cliffs, or the fascination of the winding roads that surmount one headland and tunnel through the next, with a bewildering array of wave-washed islands far below—the favourite resort of expert sea-anglers and other sportsmen.

Kildare and Cashel

The bold stroke is always the best course to adopt in Ireland, and the tourist who cuts across in a south-westerly line from Dublin to Killarney is well repaid. He passes Kildare, with one of the tallest of the seventy mysterious round towers that stud the face of Ireland; Cashel of the Kings, with its storied and rocky citadel; and the county of Carlow, one of the most fertile in the island. Who has not heard of the "Humours of Bandon"? or the cats of Kilkenny, or the "Rakes of Mallow"? And who can look unmoved on Muckross Abbey, one of the loveliest old ruins in the country?

An Ancient Hermitage

One of the pleasantest trips from Killarney is to the Kenmare estate or to the lonely heights of Gouganebarra. Here the summit is crowned by a lake a mile long, with an ancient hermitage enisled in the centre.

Of coast resorts Parknasilla and Glengariff easily bear away the palm, for charm of verdure, equable climate and perfect scenery. At Parknasilla one of the hotels incorporates in its structure the old palace of a former Bishop of Limerick, Dr. Graves, and the hotel could be filled with his gifted kin, if they could be collected in one group. One of them is the author of "Father O'Flynn," a song that embodies the very spirit of this part of Ireland but brought its author less than seven dollars when he wrote it.

Glengariff, like Parknasilla, has one of the mildest and least variable climates in western Europe, and is endowed with ideal conditions for a winter resort, equal to those of Torquay or Bournemouth or the Riviera. Truly, those old warring lords of the soil, the Desmonds and the Kildares, had no cause to murmur against the kindness of nature, for she has embroidered this region with every adornment and allurement.

The Blarney Stone

Cork, further eastwards, gives its name to the county of which it is the captial, and dominates the wonderful natural harbour that links the province of Munster with sea-bonds to the ends of the earth. One of its features that will attract Americans is a fine statue of Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, who came nearer to establishing prohibition in Ireland than anybody has ever done yet. Not far away is Blarney Castle, with its legendary stone ensconced in an embattled cornice seventy feet above the ground. As the song goes:

"There is a stone there
That whoever kisses,
Sure, he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a mimber
Of Parliament."

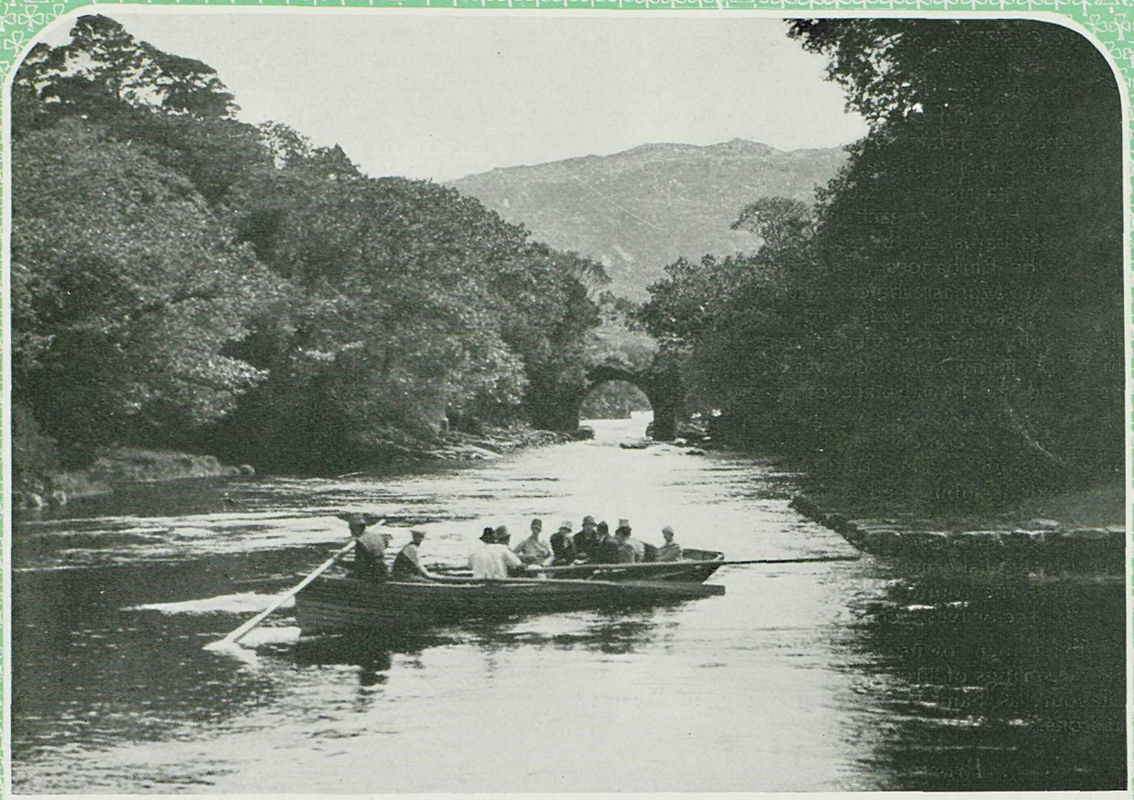
Ireland has changed, for the Free State has now its own Dail (pronounced Dawl), and eloquence is less of an export than it was. Yet the cult of the Blarney Stone remains. One day an English soldier overbalanced himself and fell seventy feet with impunity, landing in the trees below.

Cobh and Waterford

Cobh is the re-christened Queenstown, a port completely sheltered by cliffs and islands, and the cove it adorns is extensive enough to hold the whole British Navy. It is the port of the Irish Free State services of the Canadian Pacific.

Fermoy, a dozen miles to the north, boasts one of the finest of the many bridges that span that noble salmon stream, the Blackwater. Lismore, further down the river, gave birth to Congreve, who disputes with Goldsmith and Sheridan the supremacy among Irish dramatists. Clonmel is likely to be remembered, not because it was fiercely besieged by Cromwell (a calamity common to many Irish towns), but because it was the birthplace of Sterne, the author of "Tristram Shandy," and also of the man who built the first jaunting-car, superseded nowadays by the taxi-cab. It recalls the answer of the jarvie who, when rebuked for his careless driving, replied: "Oh, we're a pious people, and we like to lave a little bit to God."

Waterford, on the River Suir, boasts a ferry bridge of thirty-nine arches, which was designed by the Boston architect, Lemuel Cox, and like its ancient predecessor, is built as far up the river as the tide prevails, though there is no longer any fear of Danish or other invasions. And one of the points of comparison between the east coast and the west is that successive invaders on the east have left more marks of their influence than the Atlantic storms have done on the west.



The melting beauty of Killarney finds a fitting set-off in the kindly drawl and humour of the boatmen of its lakes. Muckross Abbey is a ruin as hallowed as the touch of nature can make it, and you may say the same of Glengariff as a perfect harbour.

(*Photos : Irish T.A., G.W.R. and L.M.S.*)

ULSTER AND BELFAST

DROGHEDA, on the northward route from Dublin, has a place all its own in Irish annals, for its walls and twenty towers failed to save it from "the curse o' Cromwell." His dispatches relate with Puritan fervour how he laid siege to the place, and having vanquished its Royalist garrison of 3,000 men, pursued them inside St. Peter's Church, put nearly all to the sword, and banished the rest to the slave plantations in the Barbadoes. Luckily Oliver did less damage at Monasterboice, with the wonderful stone crosses, and Mellifont, with the ruined abbey. Nor can the visitor neglect Tara Hill, which for many centuries was the seat of law-givers and the burial-place of many Irish kings.

In a couple of hours we are well on the way to Antrim, a comely town on the banks of Lough Neagh. The tradition that a whole countryside is submerged beneath this lake moved Tom Moore to write one of his most tuneful lyrics. In a blend of patriotism with poetry he sings of the fisherman on the lake edge who—

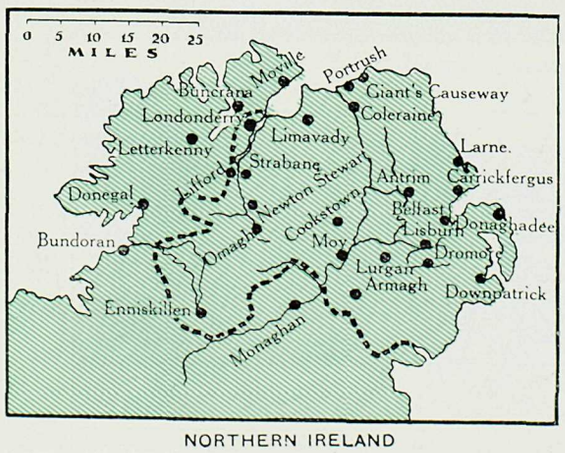
"Sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining."

Ballynahinch owns a Spa with a name for mineral springs of great curative value, some with a flavour, as Sam Weller would say, of "warm flat-irons."

Prosperous Belfast

Belfast is the pride of this north-east part of the island, and not only holds the record for developing the flax and linen industries, but has turned its coastal position to account by gaining the blue ribbon of the shipbuilding world. Nature has blessed it with a rare position by means of an amphitheatre of hills and a perfect approach by water; the rest is due to energy and enterprise. As everybody knows, the annual race for the Ulster Grand Prix is one of the star events in the motor world.

Belfast City Hall, the Municipal College of Technology, and the new Museum and Art Gallery in the Botanic Gardens, have not their like in the country, and its splendid harbour stands high in respect of facilities and volume of traffic. No other explanation is needed why Belfast makes so highly appreciated a centre for touring or for sport. It has an added link with the New World in that it ranks the late Viscount Bryce among its sons; and for another, Lord Kelvin, who has put the world's voyagers under heavy obligation for increasing safety and efficiency at sea.



NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast is the port of the Northern Ireland services of the Canadian Pacific.

County Down, which is known as the cradle of Irish Christianity, is within easy reach of the English or Scottish coast by way of Bangor, on Belfast Lough. Few Irish towns, even in the thriving north, have assembled so many attractions. Its golf course was for years the home of the first club in Ireland, the Royal Belfast; and the town holds the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Club, under whose auspices Sir Thomas Lipton so often competed for the America Cup.

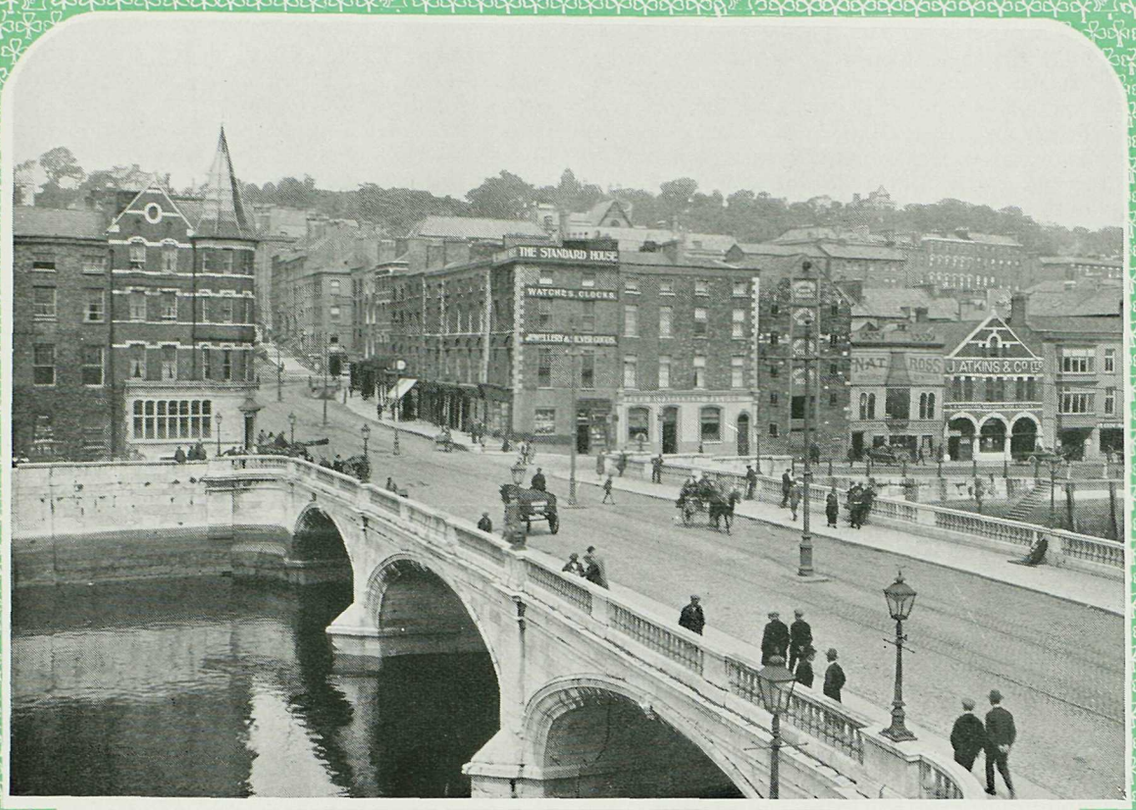
Mountains of Mourne

Downpatrick, nestling in a lovely valley at the head of the Quoile estuary, takes its name from Ireland's patron saint, whose grave it cherishes; and every year the well which the saint is said to have established is still the resort of people who are afflicted with sickness and blest with faith. Passing Lisburn, with many features of its own, one comes to Newcastle, situated to perfection on Dundrum Bay, under the shadow of the hills made familiar through the plaintive ballad of "the Mountains of Mourne that look down to the sea." These are the highest hills in Ulster, and afford magnificent prospects in all directions, but east and west especially, for on a clear day they command a sight of the Scottish coast, and of the Donegal mountains on the west. Warrenpoint and Rostrevor rest on the edge of Carlingford Lough, under the southern side of the Mourne range, and are endowed with nearly every kind of beauty in the way of lake views, woods, and verdant slopes. Warrenpoint has a claim on American interest, for it was the birthplace of General Warren, one of the leaders on the American side in the War of Independence.

The Orchard of Ireland

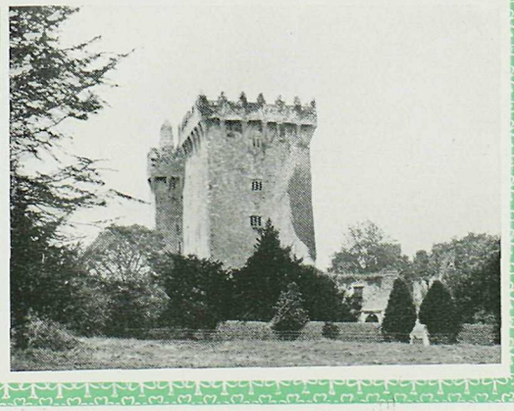
Anyone who wants to visualise a primitive past will find this opportunity at Armagh, the seat of the Primate of All Ireland. At various dates in more or less than a thousand years ago, its cathedral was burned and plundered over and over again, and between the Danes and the natives, honours were divided as to the discredit.

Not far away is Lurgan, the birthplace of James Logan, the scientist and statesman who for years acted as Secretary to William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. Another interesting centre is Portadown, on the edge of "the Orchard of Ireland," which boasts a defiant motto that means "You can shake me, but you cannot knock me down." Yet another town of interest near at hand is Scarva, which draws visitors from afar every year with its Sham Fight—one of those indications of the combative spirit of a race which sometimes describes itself as "niver at peace but when it's fighting." And what else may we expect from a nation that has produced so many of the great warriors of history?



Cork is a southern city with a velvety accent and a "dream" of a harbour. The Claddagh (*middle*) is the relic of an old Spanish colony planted in Galway; and if you want a "soothering" tongue Blarney Castle is the shop for it.

(*Photos: G.W.R. and L.M.S.*)



AROUND THE NORTHERN COAST

THE fifty-mile road that skirts the Antrim coast commands some of the fairest scenery in Ireland, with chasms and bridges and woodlands to vary and adorn it. Carrickfergus, on the broad waters of Belfast Lough, possesses a fine old castle of the feudal style where all the appliances are still extant for pouring molten lead and other ingredients upon the unwelcome visitor. It is due to Irish hospitality, of course, to add that these devices have long gone into disuse.

Larne, a few miles along the coast, has a lough of its own, and easy access to the island of Magee, which, among many grim memories, reeks with traditions of witches and superstition. The island also has many caves worth exploring under the Gobbins—a row of precipitous basalt rocks where an ingenious engineer has carved out a cliff ascent that is almost perpendicular in places.

From Witches to Giants

Portrush, on a splendid promontory at the mouth of Lough Foyle, enjoys a reputation for yielding some of the most bracing air in the country. Together with Ramore Head and the islands of the Skerries, it possesses one of the most rugged and romantic natural formations of any coast resort in the British islands. To these advantages it adds an enterprise which has developed every sort of holiday attraction. In respect of golf it bears the title of "the St. Andrews of Ireland," but golf is only one of its many charms. Dunluce Castle, a ruin on a headland three miles away, is a riot of color and rock effects. There was a seven-foot celebrity who used to dwell here and rejoice in the title of "Lord Antrim's Fool." He never wore shoe-leather, and they say he could run as fast as any horse. Moreover, if you doubt it, here is the shore where he used to sprint!

One of Nature's Wonders

Talking of giants, if you behold nothing else in the county Antrim, or indeed in all Ireland, the Giant's Causeway will satisfy you that your journeying is not in vain. Conceive some forty thousand pillars of black basalt, packed into a vast irregular pavement descending to the sea, and each shaped with five or six regular sides so that only the water can find a way between. These columns are divided into three main causeways or terraces—the Little, the Middle, and the Grand—but a certain majesty is common to all three. It is an ingenious fable that this all-but miraculous formation—attributed by scientists to the prehistoric shrinkage of molten material in the earth's crust—stretches under the sea as far as Scotland, where it re-appears on the island of Staffa with the same characteristics..

Derry and its Siege

Londonderry, or Derry for short, crowns a hill that overlooks the River Foyle at a point where it measures a thousand feet in width, and bears the name of "the Maiden City." For it was never taken, even in the terrific siege of 1689, which inspired the pen of Lord Macaulay to one of the finest passages in his History:—The men of Derry, in fact, defied King James's forces for over a hundred days, until the relieving army of King "Billy" broke the "boom" that barred the river; and the food and succour they brought to the defenders thus ended a period of fierce privation. The guns the defenders used ("Roaring Meg" among the rest) are well worth seeing, so that the visitor who does not catch the spirit of the place under the perfervid eloquence of his guide is hardly to be envied.

Modern Derry has plenty of life and color, however, to banish the past and rivet the tourist's attention. Moreover, there are any number of interesting places in the vicinity, including Limavady, which moved Thackeray to one of his most rollicking Irish ballads; Rosapenna, with its extensive herring fishery; and Portsalon on Lough Swilly, which can show a series of sea-formed tunnels called the Seven Arches, and another, the Arch of Doaghbeg, which is greater and more curious than the rest.

"Ould Donegal"

Bundoran, on the Donegal coast, charmingly situated at the point where Lough Melvin and Lough Erne empty their waters into Donegal Bay, is known for its splendid air and bathing, and its golf links, as well as for surroundings that make it an excellent touring centre. The town of Donegal at the central point of the bay is a fair example of the way in which the hardy conditions of the north-west have been conquered by enterprise and skill. Finally, the great October Fair at Ballinasloe, with its thronging merrymakers and its many thousands of sheep and cattle, presents a picture of rural Irish life and animation to the full, as it has existed from time immemorial.

Ancient towns like Mullingar and Athlone wear a modern aspect and set an example to some of their neighbours in keeping up with the times. Athlone stands on the Shannon at what may claim to be the very centre of Ireland, and its tweeds and other commodities have always ranked high in the American market. Westport, on a bay of its own, has been fostered by landowners with an eye to good landscape, and its clear outlook across Clew Bay, with innumerable islands and gorgeous sunsets, greatly enhances the attractions of the place.

Erin and the New World

Sportsmen will appreciate one factor of interest in their journey across Ireland, back from the west. This is that it threads a way between the Slieve Bloom range and the Galtee Mountains, whose green slopes have reared some of the finest race-horses and hunters in recent times. The great Bog of Allen shows something of that peat-land which puts such a shimmer on a rather sad horizon, and covers, all told, about a seventh of the area of the whole island. It is interesting, by the way, to note that Ireland is comparatively free from the Germanic type of plant, and there are many species flourishing in Ireland which are akin to the flora of America. This fact serves to support the fascinating theory of the scientists that in prehistoric times there was a land-link between Ireland and the New World.

Belfast, the capital of Ulster, finds a voice in the pride and impressiveness of Donegal Square. The dark old days of conflict return at sight of Count Taaffe's Castle on Carlingford Lough (*middle*); and Rostrevor is a holiday resort that restores the balance by its charms.

(*Photos : L.M.S.*)

THE WILD AND ROMANTIC WEST

The Lordly Shannon

LIMERICK, famous for its beautiful lace, used to boast of being the best-built town in Ireland. It rests upon the Shannon shores at its broadest and finest part, just before it reaches a long and splendid estuary. The island, enclosed by a tributary, the Abbey River, used to contain the English Town, and the distinction is a reminder of the rigid divisions left over from age-long hostilities. The culmination of these differences is shown by the Treaty Stone, the substantial record of a pact that was not kept. It was after this disillusion that nearly half a million Irish soldiers went off to fight in the wars of France, and help to change the face of Europe.

The Shannon Barrage

This brings us to the interesting fact that a new era has come into being with the completion of the Free State hydro-electric scheme for harnessing the Shannon, and Ireland's leading river comes out well under the ordeal. By the expenditure of nearly forty million dollars and five years of strenuous labour (under German engineers, alas), a seven-mile canal or "head-race" has been constructed from O'Brien's Bridge to Ardnacrusha, just above Limerick City. This canal, which is crossed by three bridges, directs the waters of the river down huge intake pipes some twenty feet in diameter, and this energy is intensified by powerful turbines. The current thus generated when distributed as far as Dublin, 120 miles away, and over an enormous area besides, is likely to create new avenues for Irish skill and labour, and develop new and important fields of productivity.

Killaloe, popularised by one of the raciest of modern ditties, has a charming site at the foot of Lough Derg, and spans the Shannon with a bridge of thirteen arches. Tipperary, from where we are, is not "a long way to go," as Tommy Atkins used to sing, for it lies under the shadow of the Galtee mountains. Clonmel, on the Suir, is a busy agricultural centre, while Caher, not far away, once had mills enough to prove how this was once a rich corn-growing district. A couple of hours' journey to the west is Tralee, the principal port of Kerry, and the largest in the south-west of Ireland. One episode links it with Moscow, for, as the English forces advanced in 1579, intent on vengeance for the murder of a commissioner, the inhabitants fired the town.

The Potent St. Patrick

America-bound ships have perished by dozens in the turbulent waters of the west coast, especially between Miltown Malbay and Kilkee. But the most terrible part of this edge of County Clare is the range known as the Cliffs of Moher. These monsters of dark shale and limestone, reaching to nearly seven hundred feet in height, form a magnificent bastion of resistance to the force of the wild Atlantic, especially in times of storm. Croagh Patrick is full of traditions concerning Ireland's patron saint, St. Patrick, who was so rough on reptiles that—

"The shnakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughther."

Still further off, beyond the bay, is Achill, the largest island that Ireland possesses. At the western extremity are the towering cliffs of Croghaun, two thousand feet in height, looking for all the world as if a mountain had been lopped in two, and the other half flung into the sea.

Galway and Connemara

Galway has sprung into new life and interest for the New World as a western port because recent experiments have shown it to be a highly serviceable point for expediting the Anglo-American mails. By transferring these from steamer to aeroplane, for the flight across Ireland and the Irish Channel, deliveries are shortened by a day and a half.

The Connemara region, with its marble quarries, has its highland moors dominated by the mountains called the Twelve Pins, and all within easy reach of the beautiful sea-coast town of Clifden. It was a Galway man, by the way, Colonel Richard Martin, M.P., who passed the first Act of Parliament for the prevention and punishment of cruelty to animals, a century ago. When he died, broken-hearted, during the times of the famine, his estate of nearly 200,000 acres was sold for a song by order of the court. His daughter, Mary, known as the Princess of Connemara, married Colonel Bell, a kinsman, and was on her way to join an uncle in Canada when she died in New York in 1850.

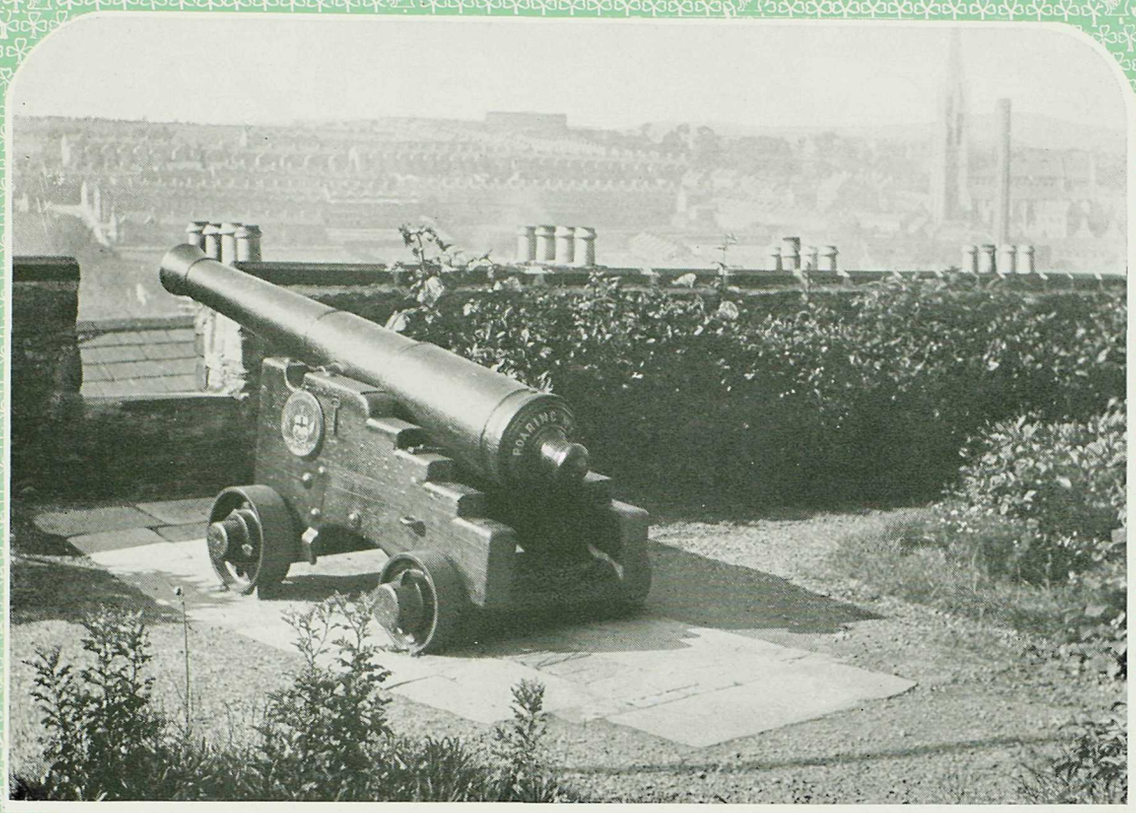
An Outpost of Spain

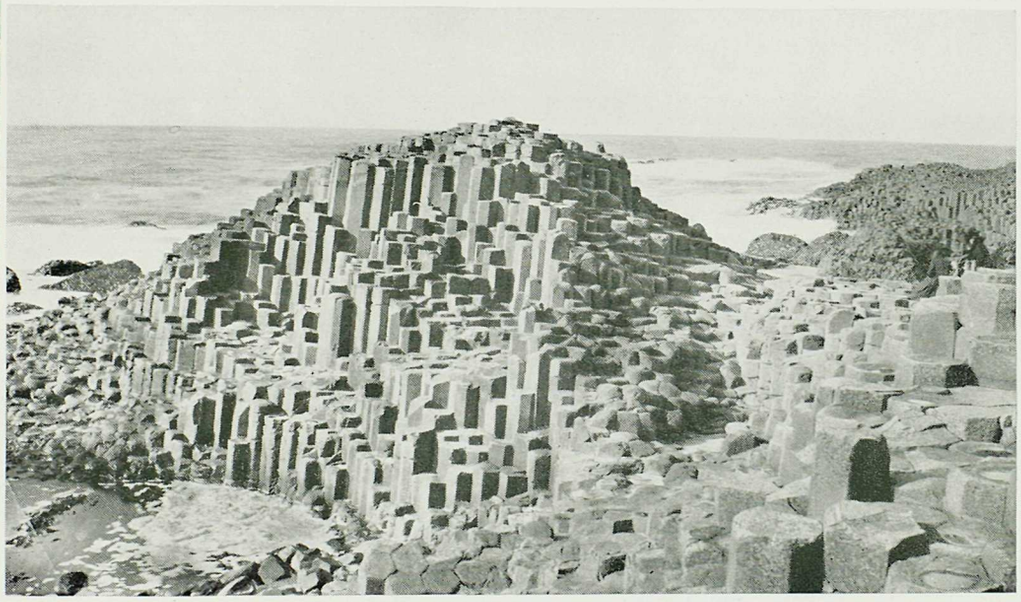
There used to be an inscription over the west gate of Galway Town, saying "From the fury of the O'Flaherties, Good Lord deliver us," indicating the turbulent nature of some of the Galway tribes in the past. Long before Cromwell's men laid it waste on account of its loyalty to the Stuarts, the county of Galway had established a brisk trade with Spain, and one part of the town, called the Claddagh, is actually an old Spanish colony, having its own costumes, feasts, and traditions.

One survival is the Claddagh Ring, an heirloom in every family which shows a heart held by clasped hands, and is produced at every wedding in the colony. But this foreign connection brought tragedy in its wake as well as romance, and the Lynch Stone commemorates the hanging of a young man for murdering a Spaniard. The execution was performed by his own father, the Mayor, out of a fierce sense of justice, although the lad had given himself up for trial, and was highly popular in the place.

There is a conscious distinction about the people of the Aran Islands, which range like a girdle across Galway Bay, and half protect it from the wild south-westers. Here the granite rock has only a foot of soil to cover it, so that crops are meagre and desperately uncertain. The natives still wear "pampooties" instead of boots, and this cowhide foot-gear with the hair on the outside is of immemorial origin, as well as suitable for the rockstrewn surfaces and the limestone flags that strew these infertile islands.

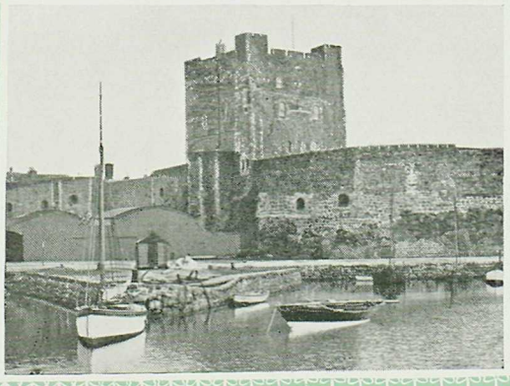
Thus concludes a tour of the British Isles, a holiday ground without a parallel.





"Roaring Meg" is the toughest gun surviving from the historic siege of Londonderry. The Giant's Causeway, near Portrush, is no easier to explain than Fingal's Cave, in Staffa, and there it is for science to break its knuckles on. Like Carrickfergus Castle, it was built for strength, not comfort.

(*L.M.S. and Ulster Tourist Ass'n.*)



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can obtain all information from the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R. Paddington Station, London, W.2, or at the G.W.R. West End Travel Bureau, 7 & 8, Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square, W.C., or from the G.W.R. General Agent for the United States and Canada, 505, Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

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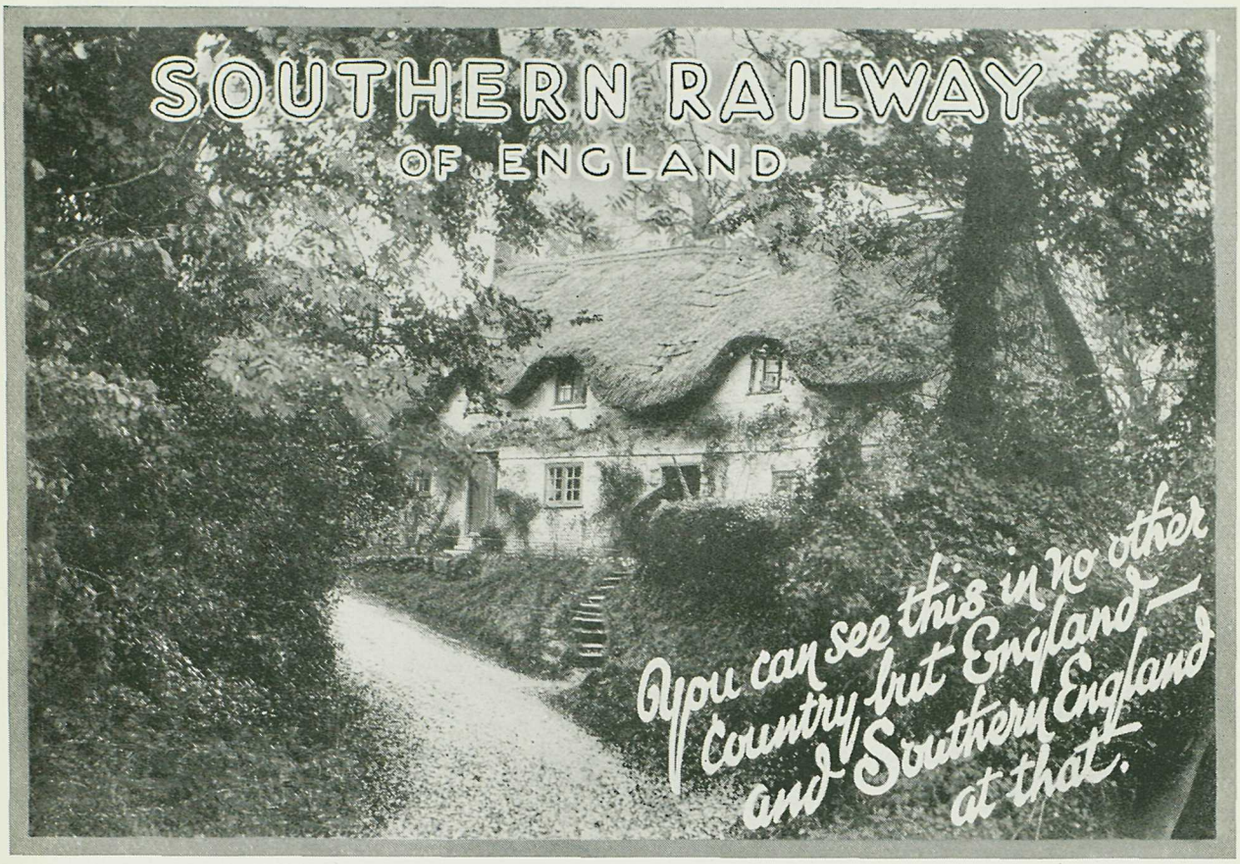

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Famous Southern Railway Expresses include :— The "GOLDEN ARROW LIMITED," De Luxe Continental Pullman Express, which leaves London (Victoria) 11 a.m. daily.

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For full information regarding passenger train Services, fares, etc., apply Indoor Commercial Manager, London Bridge Station, London (S.E.1), England, or to Southern Railway of England Office, 505, Fifth Avenue, New York City, N.Y., or to any Tourist Agent of the

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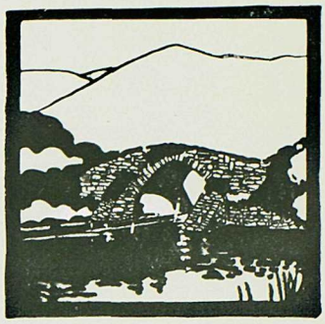

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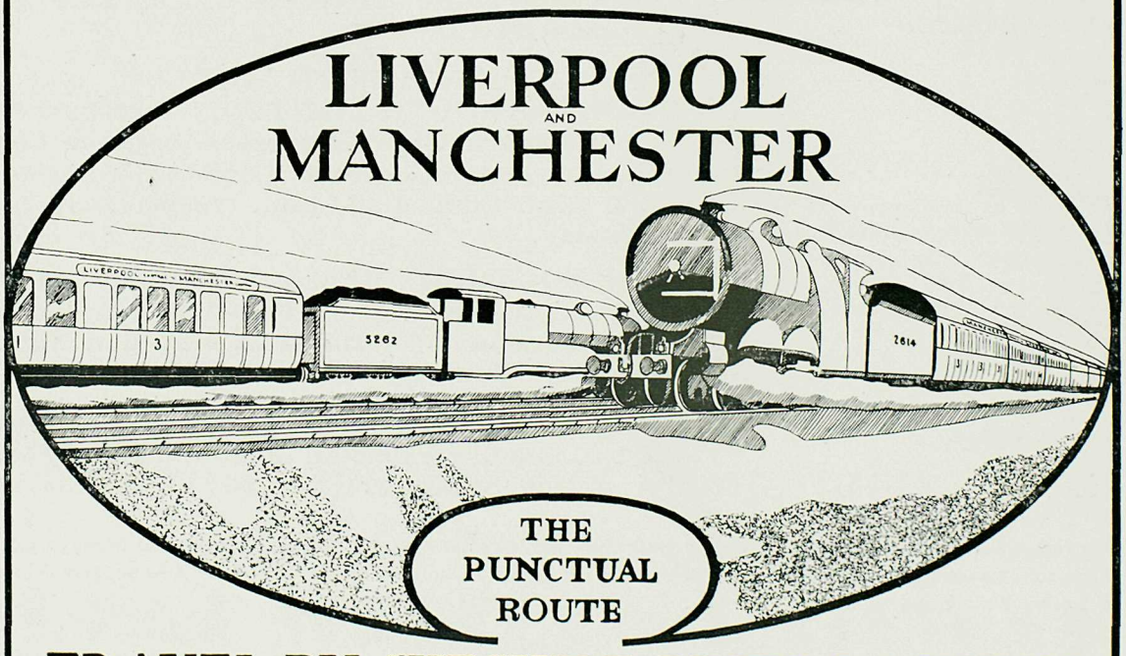

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For full information apply to any of the Canadian Pacific Agents listed on the last inside page of cover.

BELFAST & COUNTY DOWN RAILWAY

The District served by the Belfast and County Down Railway comprises—

Strangford Lough, Ardglass and Killough, Bangor and Donaghadee, Ballynahinch and its Spas, Newcastle, Castlewellan, Bryansford, and the justly celebrated Mourne Mountains

The direct Route to Newcastle, Co. Down, "The Queen of Irish Watering Places," is from Queen's Quay Station, Belfast. Punctual and Expeditious Train Service

Immediately adjoining Newcastle Station is the "SLIEVE DONARD HOTEL," owned and managed by the Railway Company.

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The famous Links of the Royal County Down Golf Club, at Newcastle, Co. Down, are admittedly the finest in Ireland. Golf Links are also to be found at Bangor, Ballynahinch, Donaghadee, Craigayad, Ardglass, Helen's Bay, Carnalea, Holywood, Newtownards, Saintfield, and Knock.

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Downpatrick, the Burial Place of St. Patrick St. Brigit, and St. Columbkille. The Ancient Castles and Abbeys of Strangford Lough. The Castles, Cromlechs, Stone Circle and Stone Dwellings in the Ardglass District. The Donjon and Keep of the Ancient Castle of Dundrum (Co. Down). The Abbeys of Inch, Bangor, Greyabbey, Movilla, and Loughinisland.

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The Company is now operating bus services on the following routes:

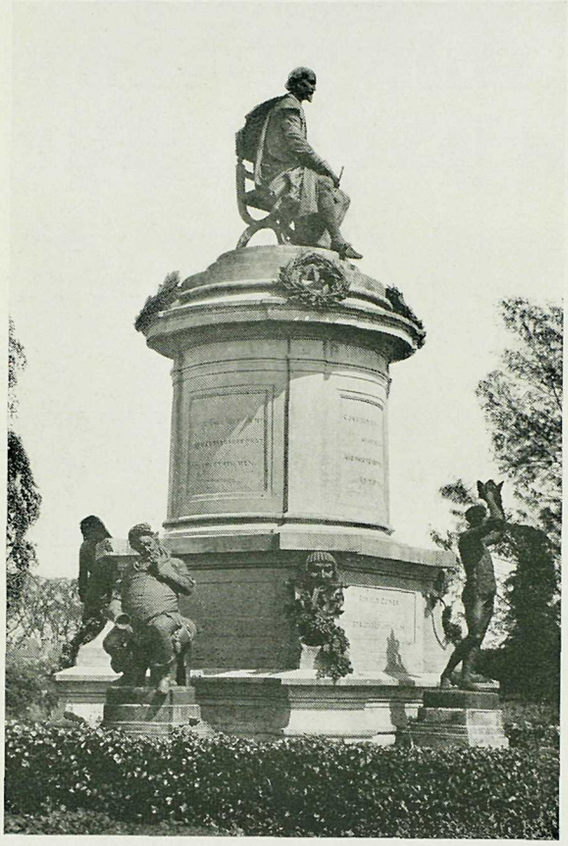
1. Belfast and Holywood.
2. Donaghadee, Millisle, and Ballywalter.
3. Newcastle, Annalong, and Kilkeel.

In addition to the frequent local service between Belfast and Holywood, passengers have the facility of booking through to Millisle and Ballywalter, via Donaghadee, also to Annalong and Kilkeel via Newcastle.

Full particulars of services and fares may be had on application to the undersigned—
W. F. MINNIS, GENERAL MANAGER.

FOR YOUR USE.

You are cordially invited to make use of the network of offices which the Canadian Pacific has in Europe.



(*Photo: G.W.R.*)

The Shakspeare Statue, Stratford-on-Avon.

The European Head Office is at 62-65 Charing Cross, facing Trafalgar Square—the very heart of London, with the Strand and Whitehall coming in at one corner, Pall Mall at another, and St. James's Park behind. It is close to the West End shopping districts and hotels, and to the headquarters of official life. Hundreds of buses pass the doors every hour, and within a short walk are three stations on the Underground system, which honeycombs London and enables you to reach any part of the metropolis—including all the terminals of the big railways. On the Thames Embankment, nearby, run many lines of trams.

In this office you will find a cosy waiting-room and writing-room, up-to-date files of Canadian and United States newspapers and magazines, a "ticker" machine with news and financial services, a library, and a Bureau of Canadian Information. The Ticket-Office also sells tickets for certain journeys on British railways (i.e., from London to our Ports).

Letters can be addressed in care of any of our offices, and will be kept until claimed (or three months). For safety they should bear a return address outside.

Sir George McLaren Brown,
EUROPEAN GENERAL MANAGER.

H. G. Dring,
EUROPEAN PASSENGER MANAGER.

T. J. Smith,
EUROPEAN FREIGHT MANAGER.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

PASSENGER TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT—PRINCIPAL OFFICES

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London.....C. E. Jenkins, 62-65, Charing Cross. S.W.1.
London.....G. Saxon Jones, 103, Leadenhall St., E.C.3.
Liverpool.....H. T. Penny, Royal Liver Bldg., Pier Head.
Birmingham.....W. T. Treadaway, 4, Victoria Square.
Bristol.....A. S. Ray, 18, St. Augustine's Parade.
Manchester.....R. L. Hughes, 31, Mosley Street.
Newcastle.....A. S. Craig, 34, Mosley Street.
Southampton.....H. Taylor, Canute Road.
Glasgow.....Wm. Stewart, 25, Bothwell Street, C.2.
Dundee.....H. H. Borthwick, 88, Commercial St.
Belfast.....W. H. Boswell, 14, Donegall Place.
Cobh.....J. Hogan, 10, Westbourne Place.

CONTINENT OF EUROPE

* *Those marked thus are Agents only for the Canadian Pacific Express Company.*

Amsterdam, Holland.....*Hoyman Schurman, 124, De Ruyterkade.
Antwerp, Belgium.....Ed. Schmitz, 25, Quai Jordeans.
Barcelona, Spain.....International Sleeping Car Co., 20, Plaza, Cataluna.
Basle, Switzerland.....Wm. Muller, 3, Place de la Gare Centrale, Basle.
Bergen, Norway.....W. F. Muller, Guldskogaarden 2.
Berlin, Germany.....A. W. Treadaway, Unter den Linden 17-18
Berne.....Kehrli & Oeler, 2, Bubensbergplatz.
Brussels, Belgium.....G. L. M. Servais, 98, Boulevard Adolphe Max.
Bucharest, Roumania....D. Kapeller, Calea Grivitei, 157.
Budapest, Hungary.....G. von Braun Belatin, Baross Ter 12, VII.
Cherbourg, France.....Canadian Pacific Rly., 46, Quai Alexandre III.
Chisinau, Roumania.....Canadian Pacific, Strada Carol Smidt 86.
Como, Italy.....*Crowe & Co., Via Cinque Giornate 22.
Copenhagen, Denmark...M. B. Sorensen, Vesterbrogade 5.
Danzig, Danzig Free State Karlsberg Spiro & Co., Langermarkt 41.
Eydtkuhnen, Germany...Leon, Hertz, Putter & Co.
Florence, Italy.....*King David & Co., 26, Piazza S. Maria Novello.
Geneva.....C. Blenk, Fert & Co., 1, Rue du Mont Blanc.
Genoa, Italy.....Henry Coe & Clerici, Via Cairoli 16.
Gothenburg, Sweden...Uno Andersson, S. Hamngatan 45.
Hamburg, Germany.....H. S. Richardson, Alsterdamm 9.
Havre, France.....J. M. Currie & Co., 2, Rue Pleuvry.
Helsingfors, Finland.....Finska Angfartygs Aktiebolaget.
Kaunas, Lithuania.....Canadian Pacific, Laisves Aleja 15.
Krakow, Poland.....W. Richardson, ul Basztowa 16.
Lemberg, Poland.....C. Cramb, ul Grodecka 93.
Lucerne, Switzerland....Bucher & Co. Haldenstrasse 4.
Madrid, Spain.....International Sleeping Car Co., 3, Calle del Arenal.
Malmo, Sweden.....A. Persson, Norra Vallgatan 94.
Marseilles, France.....*J. M. Currie & Co., 37, Boulevard des Dames.
Milan, Italy.....*Crowe & Co., Via Valtellinan 10.
Naples, Italy.....Wilmink Borriello, 62, Via Agostino Depretis.
Oslo, Norway.....E. Flatebo, Jernbanetorvet 4.
Paris, France.....A. V. Clark, 24, Boulevard des Capucines.
Prague, Czecho-Slovakia..W. D. Alder, Poric 22, Legio Bank Palace.
Reval, Esthonia.....J. Pitka & Son, 5, Meripuiste.
Riga, Latvia.....L. Callaghan, Aspasia Blvd. 3, P.O. Box 478.
Rome, Italy.....A. Ross Owen, 130, Via del Tritone.
Rotterdam, Holland.....J. Springett, Coolsingel 91.
Rowne, Poland.....B. Hollender, 3-go Maja 38.
Stavanger, Norway.....H. N. Pedersen, Skandsegaten 1 (P.O. Box 18).
Stockholm, Sweden.....J. H. W. Kullander, Vasagatan 8.
Strasbourg, France.....*Crowe & Co., 16, Rue du 22 Novembre.
Tarnopol, Poland.....A. Mauer, ul Pilsudskiego No. 19.
Timisoara, Roumania....Tranzit, Str. Tudor Vladimirescu 24.
Trondhjem, Norway.....C. I. Kionig, Kjobmandsgatan 44.
Venice, Italy.....*Guiseppe Guetta, S. Moise 1474.
Vienna, Austria.....F. A. King Opernring 6.
Warsaw, Poland.....G. Hyna, 117, ul Marszalkowska.
Zagreb, Jugo-Slavia.....A. W. Bradshaw, 59, Gajeve Ulice.
Zurich, Switzerland.....A. Kuoni, S. A., 7, Bahnhofplatz.

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Boston, Mass.....L. R. Hart, 405, Boylston Street.
Buffalo, N.Y.....W. P. Wass, 160, Pearl Street.
Chicago, Ill.....E. A Kenney, 71, East Jackson Blvd.
Cincinnati, Ohio.....M. E. Malone, 201, Dixie Terminal Bldg.
Cleveland, Ohio.....G. H. Griffin, 1010, Chester Avenue.
Dallas, Texas.....A. Y. Chancellor, 906, Kirby Building.
Detroit, Mich.....G. G. McKay, 1231, Washington Blvd.
Edmonton, Alta.....R. W. Greene, Canadian Pacific Bldng.
Indianapolis, Ind.....P. G Jefferson, Merchant's Bank Bldg.
Kansas City, Mo.....R. G. Norris, 723, Walnut Street.
Los Angeles, Cal.....W. McIlroy, 621, South Grand Avenue.
Memphis, Tenn.....M. K. McDade, Porter Building.
Milwaukee, Wis.....F. T. Sansom, 108, East Wisconsin Av.
Minneapolis, Minn.....H. M. Tait, 611, Second Avenue South.
Montreal, Que.....D. R. Kennedy, 201, St. James St. W.
Nelson, B.C.....J. S. Carter, Baker and Ward Streets.
North Bay, Ont.....C. H. White, 87, Main Street West.
New York, N.Y.....E. T. Stebbing, Madison Ave., at 44th St.
Ottawa, Ont.....J. A. McGill, 83, Sparks Street.
Omaha, Neb.....H. J. Clark, 803, W.O.W. Building.
Philadelphia, Pa.....J. C. Patteson, 1500, Locust Street.
Pittsburg, Pa.....W. A. Shakelford, 338, Sixth Avenue.
Portland, Ore.....W. H. Deacon, 148a, Broadway.
Quebec, Que.....C. A. Langevin, Palais Station.
Saint John, N.B.....C. B. Andrews, 40, King Street.
St. Louis, Mo.....G. P. Carbrey, 412, Locust Street.
St. Paul, Minn.....W. H. Lennon, Fourth and Cedar.
San Francisco, Cal.....F. L. Nason, 675, Market Street.
Seattle, Wash.....E. L. Sheehan, 1320, Fourth Ave.
Spokane, Wash.....E. L. Cardle, Old National Bank Bldg.
Tacoma, Wash.....D. C. O'Keefe, 1113, Pacific Avenue.
Toronto, Ont.....J. B. Mackay, Canadian Pacific Bldg.
Vancouver, B.C.....J. J. Forster, Canadian Pacific Station.
Victoria, B.C.....L. D. Chetham, 1102, Government St.
Washington, D.C.....C. E. Phelps, 14th and New York Ave.
Winnipeg, Man.....W. C. Casey, Main and Portage.

ASIA

Harbin, Manchuria.....International Sleeping Car Co.
Hong Kong, China.....G. E. Costello, Opposite Blake Pier.
Kobe, Japan.....B. G. Ryan, No. 7, Harima-Machi.
Manila, P.I.....J. R. Shaw, 14, Calle David, Roxas Bldg.
Nagasaki, Japan.....Holme, Ringer & Co.
Shanghai, China.....A. M. Parker, 4, Bund, Union Bldg.
Shimonoseki (Moji).....Wurui Shokwai (Holme, Ringer & Co.).
Tientsin, China.....A. J. S. Parkhill.
Tokyo, Japan.....W. R. Buckberrough, No. 8, Sanchome Marunouchi.
Yokohama, Japan.....E. Hospes, 21, Yamashita-cho.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, ETC.

J. Sclater, Traffic Manager, Can. Pac. Ry., for Australia and New Zealand, Union House, Sydney, N.S.W.

A. W. Essex, Passenger Manager, Can. Pac. Ry., for New Zealand, Auckland, N.Z.

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Melbourne, Vic.....Union S.S. of New Zealand (Ltd.), Thos. Cook & Son.
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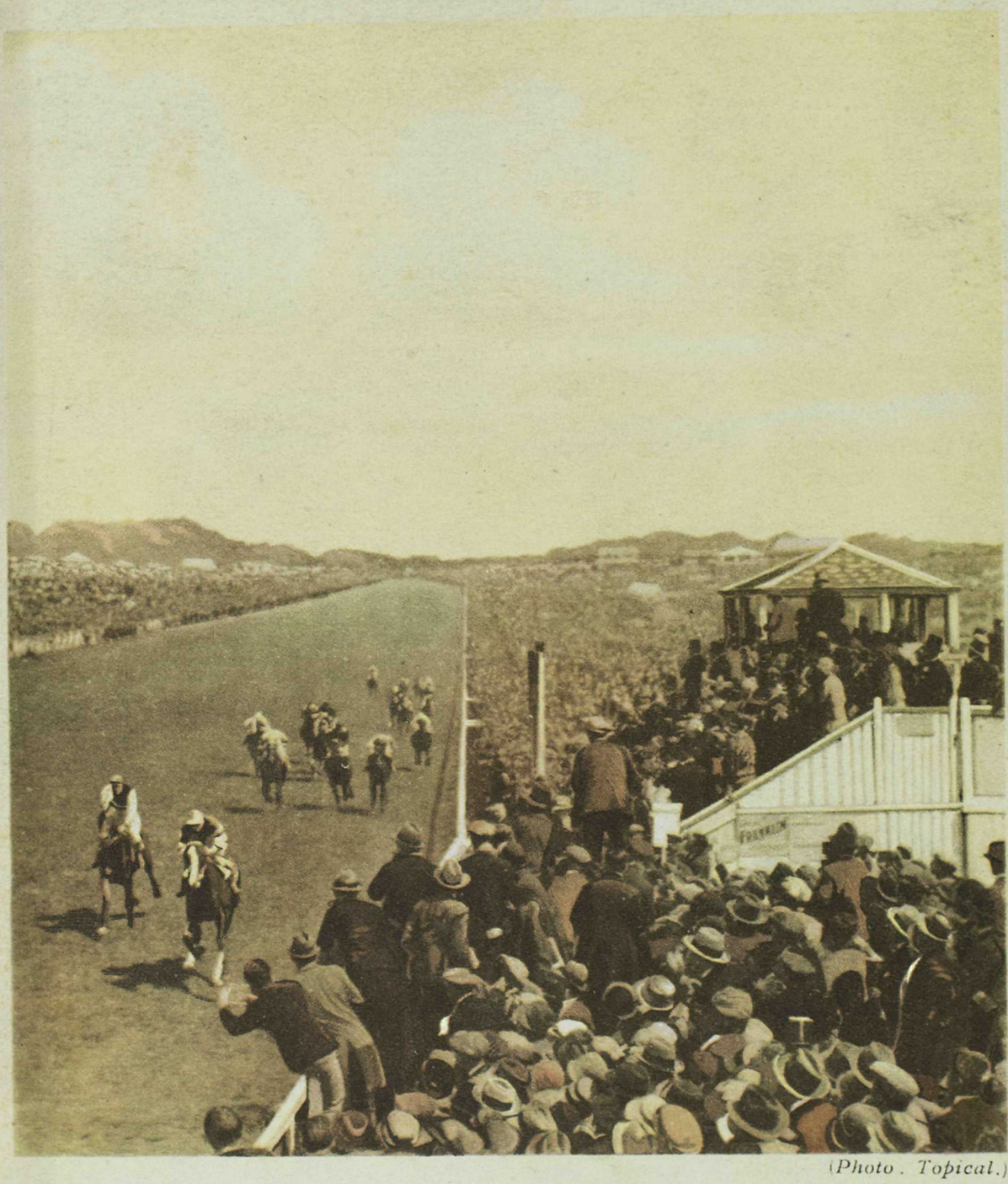

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