

When the church service closed, a number of richly dressed worshipers repaired to the dining rooms and watched, with varied interest, the long rows of juvenile feeders. A curious and detective eye, guided, perhaps by unjust suspicion, could not help observing certain strange gestures, looks, and positive traces of lineament and features of resemblance, leading from the unconscious face of the child up to that of the interested on-looker. It is not improbable that on the present occasion there were some private recognitions of parental affinities, and not unnatural that a motherly instinct should prompt the frail one to gaze upon her child. But what of the social tree which bears such fruit? What of the religion that embraces such appendages? What of a church that fellowships such members?

Fancy that holy and devout congregation, adorned with jewels, clad in silk and fine cloth, piously bending over their perfumed gilt and plush prayer books, bowing their solemn, hypocritical faces in reverent attitude in the presence of 500 discarded and disowned bastards, some of whom were, without doubt, the offspring of members of that saintly congregation!

Another place of striking interest which I visited while at London was the Tower. My first application for admission was met with a prompt refusal by one of the grotesquely costumed guards, who, resting the pole of his halberd, as "helmet splitter" on the ground, and striking an attitude of pompous importance, demanded if I was a foreigner. Not knowing the damaging effect of my words, I answered that I was from America; whereupon the armed "beef eater" informed me that I could not be admitted within the gates without a permit from the department of war, as the recent blowing up of the armory had caused all foreigners, by official order, to be excluded without a rigid examination. Shortly afterwards I noticed another guard kept the gate, I went to him and renewed my application for admittance, and upon my assurance to him that I was a natural born Englishman, and paying the inevitable fee of admission, I was permitted to enter within the somber walls.

The first object that absorbed my attention was the Traitor's Gate, through which all prisoners formerly entered the Tower from the river Thames. It is now walled up. The structure, called the Tower of London, is an aggregation of black walls, gloomy looking turrets and embattled

parapets. It is built on ground much lower than the adjacent streets; and while this situation makes the edifice look less tall than it really is, it might be compared to a whelp of the British Lion, crouching low, and frowning from his lair. There are four towers, called Tower Gwyn, the oldest; Rufus Tower; the Bloody Tower, and the Lion's Wynde. It is said in the traditions of Old London that Tower Gwyn or white Tower had its foundations laid in blood; that the mortar was of "pounded bones and gore." The Lion's Wynde was used as a menagerie by one of the Edwards. It is a place of dark deeds and gloomy memories. In feudal times it was a powerful fortress; then, and long after, a state prison; it is now a government storehouse and armory, containing arms and accoutrements for the complete equipment of a large army. It contains also the Jewel House, in which are kept the crown jewels or regalia—crowns, scepters, globes, swords and jewels of enormous value. The Horse Armory is a collection of ancient and mediæval arms and armor: the latter being exhibited in complete suits of mail on wooden figures of men and horses.

The exterior of this gloomy fortress is an irregular quadrilateral collection of towers, turrets and battlemented walls. The space covered is from 12 to 13 acres, and the whole is surrounded by a moat, now dry, but capable of being flooded at any time, from the Thames. The moat is bordered within by a lofty castellated wall, broken by massive flanking towers at frequent intervals. Within this wall rises another of similar construction but greater height; inside of this second wall are the barracks, armory, etc. In the centre of all stands the lofty keep or donjon known as the White Tower. It is a structure of great antiquity, and immense strength; its walls in some parts being 16 feet thick of solid masonry.

After viewing the exterior, I passed through the gloomy portal of the Tower Gwyn or White Tower and ascended a stone spiral stair case which brought me to the regalia. Here, under a large glass case, which is within an enclosure of iron rails, are displayed the crown jewels. Here are the massive golden vessels used at coronation banquets; the maces borne before royalty on state occasions; the crowns and scepters of England's sleeping monarchs; and, surmounting all, the resplendent diadem of her majesty, Queen Victoria, studded copiously with flashing diamonds.

Ranged around the walls and in

the deep niches of the apartment are the sashes, belts, necklaces and insignia of the various orders of the royal and noble classes.

After surveying these interesting objects for awhile, I went to the armory. Here are stored the murderous machinery of many nations and of many periods; life-size horses and their riders covered with steel; tall warriors, armed *cap à pie* in ring, plate and chain-mail, peering out from beneath most hideous looking helmets, and appearing like ghastly demons walking out of the black walls. The grim and dismal array made my war-opposing spirit shrink back with timid horror.

Vast was the chamber, long and pillared  
high  
With instruments of warlike panoply;  
File above file the clustered muskets stood  
High to the ceiling; gaping wide for blood  
Was many a bell-mouthed musketoon beneath,  
And daggers, thirty messengers of death,  
Ranged on the walls in fancy's pattern,  
bright  
A thousand sabers flashed their wavy light;  
And pictured serpents, fierce with bristling  
scales,  
Brandished in steely wreaths their venom'd  
tails.  
In dread array incased with iron sheath,  
Through gaping visors staring gruesome  
death  
The grizzly warriors stood, or seemed to  
walk  
As phantom horsemen after battle stalk.

I saw the instruments of torture used by the Spanish inquisitors to teach their fellow sinners Christian piety and principles! I saw the black wooden block upon which were severed the necks of many famous traitors and criminals, and passed my fingers along the blunt edge of the axe which did the sanguinary work.

I next visited the celebrated Beauchamp chamber. It is a dreary dungeon; the grim walls bear silent evidence, by the quaint and touching inscriptions cut upon the masonry, of many hapless tenants. Upon many of the stones those wretched beings have carved their initials, names and family crests, accompanied by vignettes of death's head and crossbones, which show what gloomy thoughts occupied their minds. I stood upon the site of many historical executions, among them the spot where two of the wives of Henry VIII. were beheaded. Those ladies suffered, not because they were more wicked than his other favorites, but because they were so unfortunate as to be his wives and not simply mistresses.

Victim unmeet for the relentless tomb,  
The hapless Anna—innocent and fair;