

# DAILY JOURNAL

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## LETTER FROM EUROPE.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, July 13.

My last communication closed with a description of the city of Edinburgh, in Scotland, and its surroundings; stating that on the next day we should leave Edinburgh and proceed on our route toward London. But I cannot bid adieu to the land of Old Scotia, her beautiful scenery, her romantic hills, her flowing precipices, her classic streams winding their courses deep down amid the craggy rocks and beneath the green foliage, her stone-built cities, her towering monuments, her strong castles, and her palaces, without recording my willing testimony in favor of the Scotch people, who treated us with such courtesy and kindness wherever we went. Nor would I perform my whole duty in this respect if I should omit to mention "Larling's Regent Hotel" in Edinburgh, Scotland, where we took lodgings during our stay there. It was at this place that I was, for two days, in the hands of my ancient enemy, the "chills and fever," during which time I received every attention from Mr. and Mrs. Darling, our kind host and hostess, who then could bestow on one of their own household. Mrs. Darling is never ready, and takes a pleasure in imparting to strangers all the information about the city and railroads that they may desire. I can say to American tourists, (and there are a great many traveling in this country), that I found no place in Scotland which had better accommodations and seems more like the right kind of a home for travelers than Larling's Regent Hotel. And besides the Star Spangled Banner floats proudly over this hotel. Leaving Edinburgh, we stopped at the town of Melrose, on the railroad, and visited Melrose Abbey in that place. This is an old castle erected in the twelfth century and destroyed by the English in 1545. It is a huge ruin, all gone, and the ancient walls, crowned with crumpling turrets, rise up as sad memorials of its former greatness and splendor. Within these solemn walls repose the ashes of Kings and warriors, among whom are Alexander the II of Scotland, the black Douglasses, the heart of Bruce and the remains of several other celebrated former times. On the outside of the castle, in the snow, are the heads of King David and his Queen, the statues of St. Paul, St. Peter and John. In the cemetery near the abbey is the tomb of David Brewster. At this place we hired a cab and driver to take us to Abbotsford, Scotland, to see the late residence of Sir Walter Scott. He had a fine stone mansion, rather extravagant, fitted up inside, and very comfortable. In the several rooms of the mansion are a great many relics of former times, such as helmets, ancient armor, battle axes, swords, spears, knives, saddles, guns, &c. Also many presents from the kings, queens and emperors of this and other countries. In all this collection I saw nothing from the United States. Sir Walter Scott's Library is said to contain 20,000 volumes. Going back on the Melrose, we took the train for Windermere, England, passing by the town of Kendal, noted as being the place where woolen manufacturers were first introduced into England. Windermere is a small town of some 2,000 inhabitants, situated on Lake Windermere. It is in the midst of a romantic and picturesque country, abounding in several small lakes, with beautiful deep ravines, mountain gorges and dashing waterfalls. It was a favorite resort for many of the poets, several of whom resided in the immediate neighborhood. We hired a cab and driver and made a day's journey viewing the surroundings. We crossed Lake Windermere in a ferryboat, and all took up at the oars. The boat was well rowed and made up to a trim. We visited the homes of the poets Wordsworth, Coleridge, Christopher North (Prof. Wilson), Miss Martineau, Mrs. Hemans, also the home of Dr. Arnold. Our route led us by the largest Yew tree in England, measuring 367-12 feet in circumference; Calmell Falls, pouring its foaming water one hundred and twenty feet down the mountain gorge, and a long winding road through its descent, and like a huge serpent winding its furious course amid the green foliage below. We also passed by the little town of Hawks-Head, which contains the grammar school where it is said the poet Wordsworth was educated; also, Hawks-Head Hall, an old dilapidated castle, where the most noted poet of the time, Sir Francis Bacon, resided. It is situated on the Derwent River, in the midst of a large and well timbered park, for this country. The park is nearly eleven miles in circumference, in which thousands of red and fallow deer may be seen roaming or feeding on the hillsides. The park is open to the public from eleven A.M. to four o'clock P.M. The visitor is led by a guide through a succession of rooms such as the sub-hall, great-hall, south-galley, chapel, great oak staircase, great drawing-rooms, library, ante-room, dining room, state apartments, state drawing-room, state dining-room, sculpture, gallery, and oratory, all of which are elegantly furnished, among which are hundreds of choice paintings, busts and castes. The scarlet bed-room contains the bed on which George the II died. The Orangery contains some fine specimens of Camellias, Rhododendrons, Oranges and other exotics, as well as a group of statues. The garden is the first that I have seen in England, laid out according to the plan of the late Sir Joseph Paxton, who seems in this instance to have blended nature and art in combining every beauty that trees, shrubs and flowers could offer. These gardens are supplied with waterfalls, which throw up jets of water in different parts from 20 to 276 feet. On the left of the main walk is the great cascade, whose waters rise in two fan-shaped jets in front of a stone temple, which stands on an elevated ground. It then flows down a succession of stones, some sixty-five in number, until it disappears near the walk, when it suddenly disappears under ground and descends to a fountain on a lower level. In an open space on one side of the walk stands a metallic tree, resembling a willow. The guide always takes a great interest in pointing out this tree to the visitors, who are curious to examine its construction. The trunk is hollow, and the branches hollow. While the parties are carefully examining the tree, the guide turns it and disperses the crowd by a thousand jets of water springing from the leaves and branches. Attached to these gardens is a magnificent conservatory containing exotic specimens from all the warmer parts of the world, and so arranged that each plant flourishes in its proper temperature without partitions—such as the Banana, Eschial, Grapes, Fan Palm, Date Palm, Rambutan, Cassia-Cinnamon, Bamboo-Cane, and the Chaddock, which is a species of Orange, supposed by some to be the kind of tree which bore the forbidden fruit which was so enticing to our ancient common mother.

Leaving Windermere, we next stopped at Bakewell, took a cab out one and a half miles to see Hardon Hall. This is an old baronial residence belonging to the Mansers family, who are the owners of the castle. It is situated on the banks of the river Derwent, in a pretty good state of preservation considering its age, and is, perhaps, one of the finest specimens in existence of the magnificence and extravagance of the feudal lords of former times. The building is composed of different kinds of architecture, showing that it does not assume its present shape in the same age. The old tower which is supposed to be older than the present, is the only part which indicates the character of the age of military despotism. About one hundred years ago this building was stripped of its principal furniture, and has since, generally, been uninhabited. It is said to have been built in the eleventh century. It was the residence of Queen Elizabeth. The title of the first Duke of Devonshire was given to it by the Queen. The building is very large, and possesses many matters of interest to the tourist. We were shown an old dining table in the banqueting hall, which was an old oak board, about twenty feet long, three feet wide and three inches thick, which presents about as old an appearance as you could imagine. We ascended to the top of the tower, which was very high, and walked, but we soon descended again, not specially desiring the glory of being on the tower when it fell. In the Chapel there are several reliques of the past, such as the Hunter's Horn, large pewter plates, the boots of the first Duke of Rutland, in the reign of Queen Anne, an old flint-lock gun, &c. Returning to Bakewell Saturday (July 14th) after noon, we took the train to Matlock Bath, which is a favorite watering place with the English, where we spent the Sabbath. Matlock Bath is a small town situated on the Derwent River, and on the Midland Railroad. It has about one thousand inhabitants. The surrounding country is very hilly, and is only suited for the purpose of grazing. The river runs on two sides of the town, and banks about 200 feet high, and stone stonewalls. The Midland Railroad is constructed in the side of this precipice, about 40 feet above the river, and 220 feet below the brow of the cliff. Occasionally the train peeps out over the river, but immediately dashes again into its dark tunnel into the side of the cliff. Nearly all the various productions of the soil have been affected, more or less, by a cold, backward Spring.

To-morrow we go toward Oxford and London. Respectfully, A. J.

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J. H. BORGMAN.

A CARD.

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known to all that we will endeavor to  
do our duty with the best of  
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guide turns it and disperses the crowd by  
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