and that the heat went up through the holes into a chamber above, now destroyed, where the bathers sat. But he didn’t say where the smoke went to; and I don’t think he knows where he will go to if he keeps on running in innocent strangers to take Roman baths, and then makes them pay six cents apiece just to look at an embryo ditch full of water and a hole in the wall. We didn’t visit the forum.

The walls of Chester retain the shape of the old Roman camp, and form nearly a perfect rectangle—twice as long north and south as it is east and west, and two miles around. They vary in height from ten feet to nearly a hundred, are flagged on top, and being guarded by a stone balustrade on the outer, and an iron railing on the inner side, with ample space between for two to walk abreast, make a favorite promenade.

There are four principal streets in Chester (and I am speaking all this time only of that old Chester which lies within the walls), which run, and take their names, from the principal gates of the town,—the North gate, East gate, etc., to the center, which is called the Cross. It is only on these streets that we find the peculiar sidewalks. They are not simply elevated against the sides of the houses, as might be expected, but cut into their second stories so deeply that between them and the edge there is room for steep, perpendicular flights of steps from the sidewalks running along the ground-floor below. There is room, too, between the pillars of all sizes which line the edge and support the third story, for an occasional stand of cheap goods,—generally a branch of the more pretentious store which walls the walk on its darker side. On these streets, too, are a few old houses, half-raftered,—like Shakespeare’s birthplace, of which the picture is so familiar,—and bearing carvings whose disproportionateness is a perpetual wonder and impossibility to the modern mind.

Quite near the eastern wall and gate stands the great Cathedral, dating back almost to the Conquest, and the time when Hugh Lupus received this region in fief, with instructions characteristic of the time—to hold on to it, and take as much more from the Welsh as he could; for from the walls of Chester can be faintly seen the blue Welsh mountains—and thence the Dee brings down the flavor of jaw-breaking double consonants, while the shop sign-boards never weary of repeating the name of Jones and all his relations. The Cathedral is of the early English style, rejoicing in its low, pointed arch, and escape from being lost in a mass of flying buttresses and gables like its more modern compers. It is in other respects like most cathedrals, except being built of the reddish-brown sandstone which constituted the walls and principal churches of Chester; it is even more crumbly and decayed than the average. Within are some queer inscriptions and monuments. For example: against a pillar above the tomb of a man who reposes with his first and second wives to keep him company, the wooden, painted busts of all three, the lord and master between the others, images not over six or eight inches high, and crude and dauby to the last degree, with epitaph to match. There is also a beautiful carved screen, surmounted by a pretty little screen organ, worked from the larger one to the left up over the chancel, and on Sunday a marvelously High Church service, including crossings and genuflections toward the altar by the retiring rector. The cathedral graveyard stretches from it to the east wall, on which (at this point only a few feet high) you can obtain the best view of the Cathedral, or walk along and read the inscriptions on the mouldy old slabs below. I remember one quite modern one, dated 1815, running:

Affliction sore long time I bore;
Physicians were in vain,
Till Christ the chief gave me relief,
And eased me of my pain.

Those who have read Charles Kingsley’s charmingly unique book, “Water Babies,” may remember his epitaph on a little boy who died of studying too hard (perhaps he might have been a Tech., if they have them in England):

Instruction sore long time I bore,
And cramming was in vain,
Till Heaven did please my woes to ease
With water on the brain.