

## YORK.

We have now arrived at a city still one of the most interesting in England, and whose memorials go back into remote antiquity:—

..... fuit Ilium et ingens  
Gloria . . . .

For York was once the imperial city, the ‘altera Roma’ of Britain, the stronghold of war for twice the period which has elapsed since the Norman Conquest. Innumerable battle-plains surround her Roman camp, and from her walls we may see the three decisive fields where Hardrada fell at Stamford Brig, and Clifford died in Towton Dale, and Rupert fled from Marston Moor. Sixteen centuries of historical renown dignify the winding streets and narrow pavements by which we reach the feudal walls, the Benedictine abbey, the Northumbrian church, the camp of the “victorious legion.”

York, though no longer enriched by commerce and dignified by meetings of parliament, retains the Gothic halls in which princes, and merchants not less powerful than princes, once did congregate; of its fifty churches half remain, and it possesses the Minster, the centre of the broad lands and rivers of Yorkshire. This vast and wonderful structure—the great cathedral of Northumbrian Britain—rises from the centre of the Roman camp, perhaps over the demolished shrine of Bellona, or Isis, or Serapis, amidst three millions of Saxons, Jutes, and Northmen, speaking various dialects and following dissimilar occupations, —a bond of union amidst jarring creeds and warring opinions, —memorial of the past, index to the more glorious future.

The changes which York has experienced in the course of the present century have not effaced, but have much impaired its antique and singular character. The ramparts reared over Saxon walls and Roman villas open to admit Stephenson and his chariots,