

The cathedral is surrounded by an extensive park filled with beautiful shade trees; and around and overlooking the park are the various subordinate buildings connected with the cathedral, as the dean's residence, the residences of some of the canons, the school attached to the establishment, the muniment room, vergers' residences, etc., all very old and picturesque, and all formerly part of the old monastic establishment originally founded by Etheldreda.

Lying entirely around the cathedral precincts is the city—a clean, rather pretty and rustic place of eight thousand inhabitants, with little or no trade beyond what the cathedral creates. The houses are of brick, usually two stories high, and mostly of the poorer class, but with many a pretty garden.

I find there are two parishes in Ely, in each of which records of christenings, marriages and burials have been kept for over three hundred years. The keeping of such records was made imperative by law in Queen Elizabeth's reign. I apply to the rectors of the respective parishes for permission to examine the registers, and rather hesitatingly am accorded the same, for the records are jealously guarded and can only be seen in the presence of the rector or one of his curates. We proceed to the parish church, and enter the gloomy little vestry all hung around with surplices and stoles. An old-fashioned iron "strong box" is opened, and a series of long, musty, parchment-covered books is brought out. They are of different sizes and shapes, and have been kept with varying degrees of neatness, correctness and legibility, but in all the leaves are of parchment, the one side yellow and greasy, the other white and dry like paper. I begin back about a century, and soon find the record of the burial of Susannah, the mother of the first Scripps to settle in the new world, but the name is spelled Scrips. Then I come to the births of other members of the family, with whose existence and dates I was before acquainted, all still spelled with a single p. The baptisms are very numerous, but infantile deaths almost equally so, and I begin to see how it was that, prior to the present enlightened century, population increased so slowly. Bad ventilation, ignorant medical treatment, and other causes, carried off in childhood—I might almost confine it to babyhood—fully three-fourths of all the children brought into the world. Prior to 1699 the handwriting of the registers assumes a sort of text character, difficult at first to read. The letter c takes the form of a small cross easily mistaken for a t, and a person casually opening the registers at this period would easily mistake the the name Scrips for Strips, Scott for Stott, etc. During the period of