

IN AND ABOUT BANGOR.



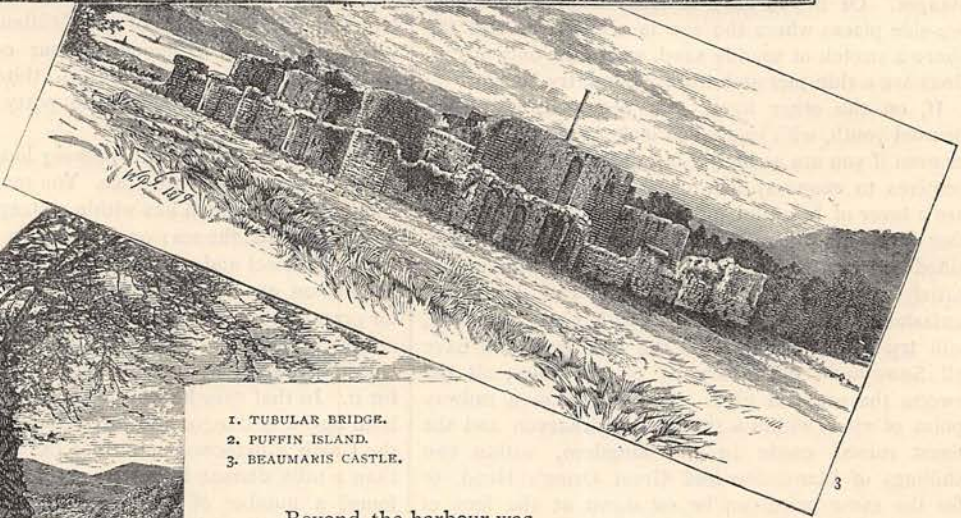
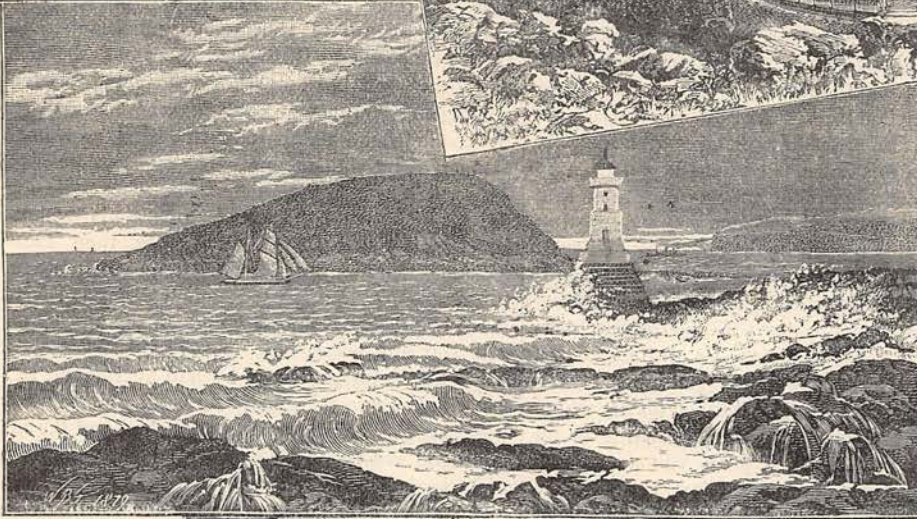
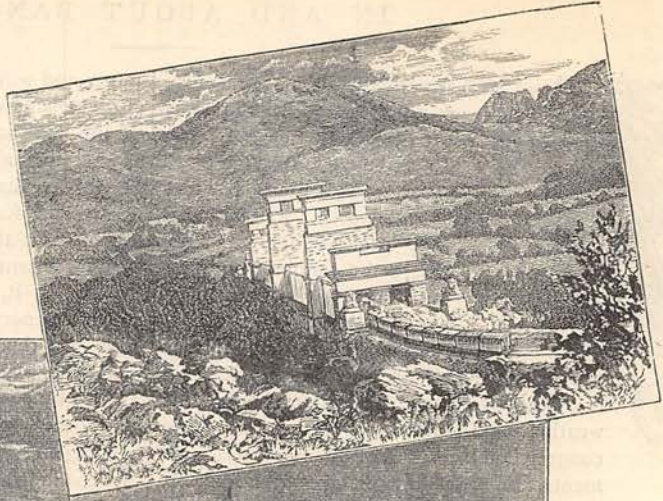
AN American writer has recently re-affirmed with emphasis the well-worn saying that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly—more particularly, says this writer, when they are at the sea-side. There the company is either too select or too mixed, the amusements of a low order, the bathing accommodations not what they might be. The architecture is “bilious-looking” and monotonous, the weather capricious, and the people there congregated are ill-dressed in sombre garments, and are neither picturesque nor cheerful. If this be so, O reader—if you are only a miserable man seeking relief in being miserable in a fresh place—if, even while you fancy you are enjoying yourself, your soul is racked by the company of dismal strangers, and your sight vexed by “rows of semi-classic buildings with stuccoed and pilastered fronts,” try Bangor. If trippers annoy you and ancient fish-eyed dowagers glare at you from out of Bath chairs, try Bangor. If you have only tried a joint-stock, brand-new, extensively advertised watering-place where everything, from the waiters to the Marina, is in an unfinished state, or one which gives you an uneasy sense of having dropped into the last century, try Bangor. Or if you have suffered from a course of sea-side places where the sea is really river and the shore a stretch of muddy sand, where the only attractions are a thin pier and a brass band, try Bangor.

If, on the other hand, you are a brisk, blithe-hearted youth, with legs much longer than your purse, or even if you are as merry, but older, with several incentives to economy growing up around you—if you are a lover of beautiful hills, or know no delight like that of climbing them—if you are fond of widely diversified scenery, and can be content with simple but satisfying pleasures—if, in short, you can dare to be unfashionable for the sake of comfort and economy, still try Bangor. There, on the one hand, you have all Snowdonia open to you; on the other, all the sweets the sea can give. You are, from a railway point of view, within a shilling of Carnarvon and the finest ruined castle in the kingdom, within two shillings of Llandudno and Great Orme’s Head, or for the same price can be set down at the foot of Snowdon at Llanberis. You are, from a waterman’s point of view, within threepence of Anglesey; or can go for a few shillings, according to the time taken, down the Menai Straits, under the Suspension and Tubular Bridges, and as far as you please; or in the opposite direction to Puffin Island, and try to find the white rabbits and white rats for which—and for which alone—it is noted. A steamer will take you to Beaumaris for eightpence, or to Llandudno for tenpence

more, and will be open to take you as far as Liverpool if you wish; while if you would awake the memories of the past and enjoy what is perhaps the poetry of locomotion, a coach will take you through the wild scenery of the Pass of Nant Francon, past Carnedd Llewellyn, Carnedd Dafydd, Glyder Fawr, Glyder Fach, past the grim-looking Ogwen Lake with its anglers intent only upon catching the trout which abound in it, down to Capel Curig, and on through lovely scenery to Bettws-y-coed for six shillings, or take you there and back for ten. Another tour will take you by rail to Carnarvon and Llanberis, and thence by coach to Beddgelert for Pont Aberglaslyn, and bring you back again by the same way for ten shillings, or you may go to Carnarvon, and from there by coach round the base of Snowdon and back to Bangor, for a similar sum. If you *must* be fashionable, or if you have little ones who must be indulged in castle-building on the sands which are so conspicuously absent at Bangor, then Llanfairfechan is only tenpence from you, and Penmaenmawr thirteppence. In every direction excursions can be made at prices which, ranging from pounds to pence, will suit any purse. To show more precisely how effectually enjoyment may be had at Bangor, let our experience there be soberly related; and to set forth how cheaply the place may be reached and the neighbourhood ransacked for points of interest, a full, true, and particular account of our expenditure shall be given. For calculation of outlay our starting-point—Nottingham, the centre of the Midland counties—is very handy; and, to commence our confidences, let it be set down that the return third-class tourist tickets to Bangor for our little party of three cost £2 18s. 6d.

On reaching Bangor and seeking lodgings, the proverbial three courses are open. You may look through Bangor proper, which lies within a steep valley widening out towards the sea; or you may try Upper Bangor, the more select and expensive quarter, which skirts the heights on one side of the valley; but we will take it for granted that the reader goes to Bangor, desiring as much fresh air as can be obtained, and hoping, within certain limitations, to pay as little as possible for it. In that case he will do as we did, and ignoring both business Bangor and swell Bangor, will go on to the Garth, a detached suburb of the city, rather more than a mile distant from the station. There will be found a number of pretty houses, too large to be called cottages and not large enough to aspire to be villas, where landladies appear to be moderate in their charges, and in habits all that landladies can be desired. We obtained there a small sitting-room and bed-room *en suite* on the ground floor, with a smaller bed-room up-stairs for a friend, at an inclusive rent of 32s. per week, and our good landlady almost apologised for charging the only extra—1s. per week for gas. From our window we looked across the road over the har-

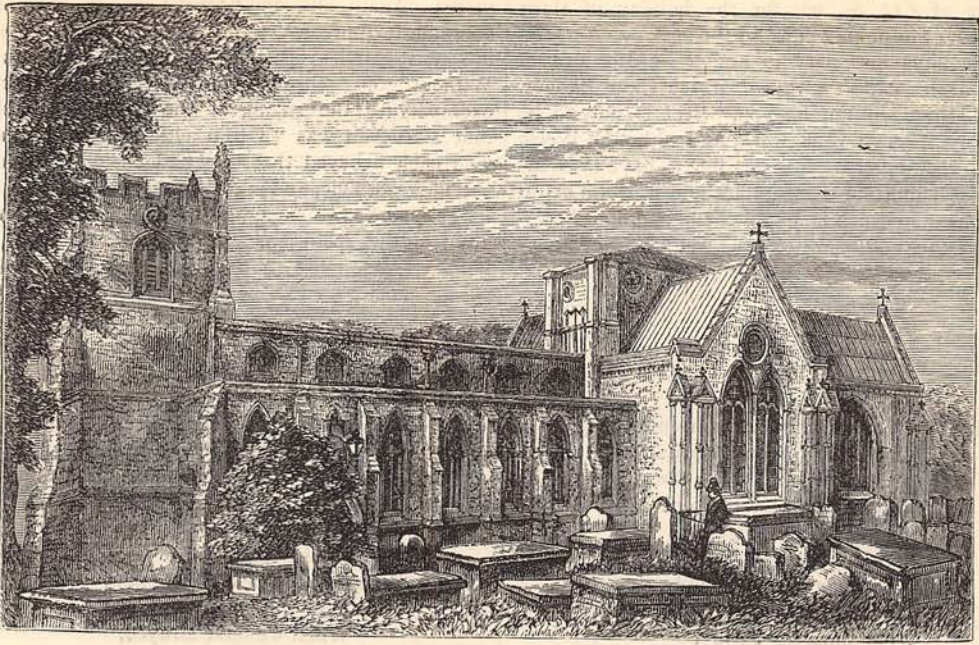
hour, its few ships languidly loading slates at the stone quays when the tides were high, or when the sea had gone out, and ships and boats alike were stranded, and the blanched ribs of a weather-beaten wreck lay high and dry, upon busy flocks of screaming gulls or solitary searchers after bait.



1. TUBULAR BRIDGE.
2. PUFFIN ISLAND.
3. BEAUMARIS CASTLE.



Beyond the harbour was a long low promontory, wooded to the water's edge, crowned by the grey stone keep of Penrhyn Castle, and farther still a background of noble hills which ended in the precipitous heights of Penmaenmawr, and made there a dip in the sky-line of the coast, which continued in sight to the extremity of Great Orme's Head. Close at hand, within fifty yards of our door, was the ferry to Anglesey; and by the shelving quay from which passengers



BANGOR CATHEDRAL.

started, a little platform from which could be seen the opposite shores as far as Beaumaris and Puffin Island on one hand, and on the other almost to Menai Bridge. Opposite were moored the training-ship *Clio* (open to visitors on any day) and a little fleet of yachts and boats which are at your service for fishing at 1s. per hour, or for more idle and less exciting pleasures at double that rate. Here, too, were to be found those sorts and conditions of seafaring men in whose company the inquiring mind can always find solace, with the general proviso in this instance that the inquirer can speak Welsh. Certainly, "dull hole" as Bangor is generally styled, there is sufficient change within it to make even a long holiday pass without tedium. Beautiful walks extend on every side. Five minutes would take us to the Normal College overlooking the Straits, and then along a road which, till it terminates at the graceful Suspension Bridge of Telfourd's, constantly affords fresh views of the channel beneath, and of the beautiful residences which show here and there through the woods on the opposite shore. Turn we in the other direction, and we may in ten minutes be in the centre of a marine and (it must be admitted) rather unsavoury neighbourhood, or in the streets of the quiet old town with its sleepy shops, plain old cathedral, and unpretending market; but beyond this can be found a pretty walk, dignified with the title of Recreation Ground, which winds up the side of a hill until it reaches a point from which, on a very clear day, a view of Snowdon is sometimes vouchsafed.

So much for our surroundings: now for our excursions. These shall be shown as concisely as

possible, and include in each case the expenses of three persons:—

August 31.—Sail by yacht to the Suspension Bridge and back (3s. 6d.). In the afternoon, rail to Aber, to see the well-known Falls, and return (3s. 6d.).

September 1.—Yacht to Beaumaris (2s.), drive to Suspension Bridge (4s.), walk across (tolls, 3d.) and back to Bangor. Afternoon: Rail to Penmaenmawr for L. and the writer to climb the hill and see the quarries (6s. 6d.).

September 2.—Circular tour by rail. First to Bettws-y-coed; stay there to walk to the Fairy Glen—a lovely spot; on again by rail through Glyn Lledr—where everybody wants to be on both sides of the carriage at once—with Moel Siabod, a magnificent mountain 2,865 feet high, constantly in view—on to Blaenau Festiniog. There change on to the narrow-gauge toy railway, and enjoy a ride which for novelty and delightful prospects beggars description. By this to Portmadoc, change there for Cambrian Railway to Afonwen, change again to London and North-Western Railway to Carnarvon and Bangor (£1 4s. 9d.).

September 3.—Rail to Aber, walk to Llanfairfechan for lounge on the sands, and return (3s. 6d.).

September 4 (Sunday).—Cathedral services.

September 5.—Drive through the model village of Llandegai to Penrhyn slate quarries (the largest in the world) and back (9s.; toll, 6d.; guide, 1s.).

September 6.—Rail to Penmaenmawr and back (6s. 6d.), from there by omnibus to Dwygyfylchi—*Anglice*, something like Doegevulshi—to walk up Sychnant Pass, and clamber up another beautiful Fairy Glen, and return to Penmaenmawr by bus (3s.).

September 7.—Drive to Beaumaris and back (7s. 6d.; tolls, 1s. 6d.).

September 8.—Drive by waggonette through Llandegai, Bethesda, Capel Curig, Pen-y-gwryd, Llanberis, to Carnarvon—stop to see the Castle—and back to Bangor (£1 6s.; tolls, 3s. 2d.).

So ended our stay. These items make a total for travelling expenses of £5 6s. 2d. Our bills for what L. facetiously termed "wear and tear" amounted for this period to £6 4s. 1d. Add to this the cost of tourist tickets, £2 18s. 6d., and there appears an

aggregate of £14 8s. 9d. for the holiday of three persons who thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

It is perhaps necessary to add a word or two of advice. Don't expect to live luxuriously at Bangor, for people there will not let you. Beef is only to be had on two days in each week, and although Welsh mutton is very delicious, it is possible to have even too much Welsh mutton. Vegetables and fruit are extravagantly dear, and fish is not so cheap as might be expected. Other commodities range at about ordinary

prices. Again, although "tourist prices" are not yet common in Bangor, yet the people are not altogether unsophisticated, especially the hackney coachmen. Without going through an Oriental wrangling or exemplifying the saying of the man who declared that a bargain was "a transaction between persons who each believed that they had cheated the other," yet it is possible, and altogether wise, to do a little bargaining before engaging a carriage or a boat for any lengthy expedition.

AMID THE GAY AND AFTER.

WHEN Pleasure sings her winsome song,
And sets the tune to laughter,
How many smile amid the throng,
Who turn to weeping after!
When eyes are bright,
And hearts are light,
When love commands us only,
What words we say,
What thoughts betray,
To grieve us when we're lonely!

The light that shimmers o'er the gay,
And gleams in broken splendour,
How cold it grows in memory's ray,
So pure, so still, so tender!
Those patient eyes
Where sorrow lies
Like stars in beauty sleeping,
How they upbraid
When we have strayed,
And melt us with their weeping!

WILFRED B. WOOLLAM.

RALPH RAE BURN'S TRUSTEESHIP.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Paul Knox, Pitman," "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH. MRS. MOWBRAY PLANS A PARTY.



I THINK, my dear, that we really ought. We have dined at Barelands, you remember, twice, and have been asked to Sir John's, at the Court, at least three times since the Hawthreys came back from Paris. But we have invited nobody, and I

fear that Langdale is getting a sad reputation for hospitality, or inhospitality, in the county. We must consider the dear girls, Robert. And, Lord Witherby being at home just now——"

"Ah, well! I suppose we must fix a day, Clorinda—Tuesday week, say, or Thursday week," replied Mr. Mowbray, with a grunt of reluctant acquiescence.

"Thursday, decidedly Thursday," rejoined his wife, mindful of the unpunctuality of dressmakers and milliners, and with her maternal intellect absorbed in consideration of the somewhat slender, somewhat antiquated wardrobes of those long-descended damsels, her daughters. Mrs. Mowbray was not herself long descended. When the squire's ancestors had ridden to battle against the White Rose, or the French and Scottish kings, or had flown their falcons and cheered on their beagles in the time of peace, those of the high-nosed Clorinda had probably been more usefully if less romantically employed as vintners, tanners, or wool-combers—possibly in ploughing. Mrs. Mowbray was more perceptibly a lady than the rough squire was a gentleman. Mrs. Mowbray had been the favourite daughter of a dean. The dean had left her a little money, and the money had long ago made itself wings. Mr. Mowbray of Langdale, J.P., and *custos rotularum*, was poor—poorer than even his wife thought he was—and dreaded expensive entertainments.

There had been two bad harvests. Rents were not fully or punctually paid. And a grand dinner meant a costly professed cook summoned from Leeds or Manchester, meant hothouse fruit from Covent Garden, waiters to aid the superannuated butler and the raw footman, new dresses for the ladies, a blaze of new-bought flowers to decorate