

THE VALLEY OF APPLES, FROM THE VICINITY OF THE STATION.

THE VALLEY OF APPLES.

— "The island valley of Avilion
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

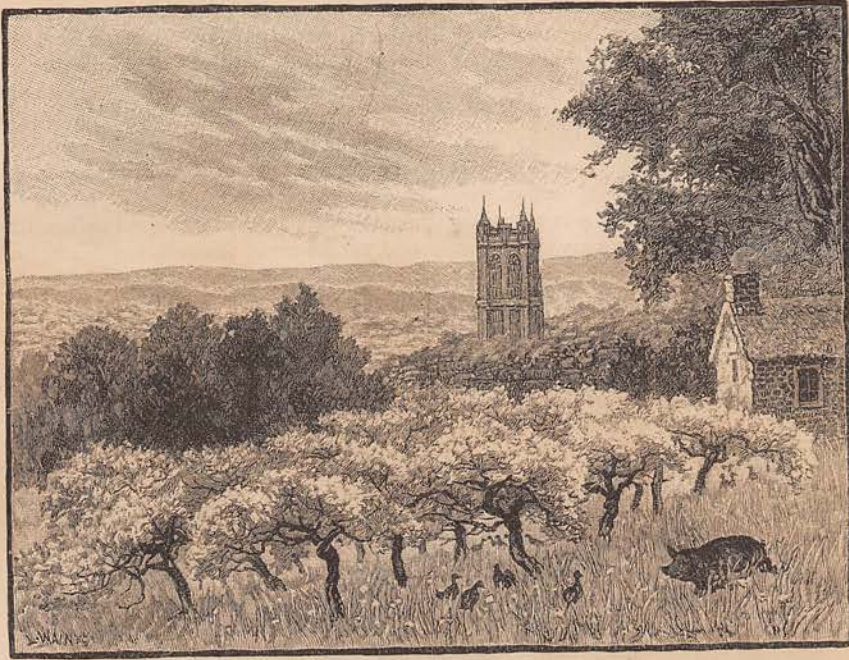
TENNISON.



ON one of the fairest of May-days in the whole of the merry month I had my first view of the "Valley of Apples." As the train which carried me through the smiling fields of Somerset neared the quaint old-world town of Glastonbury,

and crossed the little river Brue which encircles the valley, and gives to it the claim to be called an "island," I fell into a dreamy reverie, and indulged myself in the idea that I was in a sort of enchanted ground, where at any moment I might espy King Arthur wearing his magic sword *Excalibur*, and escorted by a score of noble Knights of the Round Table.

Nor was the spell broken when I left the little wooden structure which does duty for Glastonbury railway-station, for the railway does not in the least obtrude itself, being overshadowed by the world-famous *Wirrall* or *Weary-all-Hill*. Of course I climbed this hill as far as the spot where Joseph of Arimathea, careworn and weary, planted, according to the legend, his hawthorn staff from which sprang the "holy thorn," which blossoms every Christmas Day. I seemed to see the irate Puritan, who, in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," cut down a part of what he termed "this popish relic," and would have demolished the remainder but for some flying chips which sorely wounded him in the eye. I could picture the zeal with which the Bristol merchants, who had done a



GLASTONBURY, FROM THE APPLE ORCHARDS.

right profitable business in blossoms and leaves from the "holy thorn," set to work and propagated in sundry parts of Glastonbury buds and grafts from the remaining trunk. And I could easily imagine the grim-visaged Cromwellian soldier who fiercely hacked away and totally destroyed the last relic of Joseph's rod that budded on the brow of Weary-all-Hill.

Looking from Wirrall across to the neighbouring hill of Tor, I was at no loss to discover why our forefathers had given to the intervening valley a name borrowed from *Aval*, the Celtic word for apple, for were not my eyes feasted with a glory of pink and white in those "happy orchard lawns"? I, who saw the valley only in its flower-time, could well imagine the delight of quaint old Camden, who seeing it in its fruitage, sang—

"The fertile plains with corn and herds are proud,
And golden apples smile in every wood."

Very quaint, with a decided ecclesiastical tone, are the buildings which line the scrupulously clean white streets of St. Benedict, and the High Street which led me to the not unwelcome "Pilgrim's Inn." How penitent must have been some of the earlier pilgrims to this old fragment of the abbey, judging from the relics of sundry devices for the mortification of the flesh, which are still to be seen! My own experiences of the inn were of the most pleasant nature, and the hospitality of "mine host" added to the zest with which I

viewed the ancient circular stone staircase, and plucked a leaf from the "holy thorn," a veritable living chip from the old block, at the corner of the inn garden.

For a velvet lawn of the



THE TRIBUNAL.

richest emerald, commend me to the sixty acres in which are enclosed the stately ruins of England's earliest Christian shrine. Some of the old oaks which spread their bare and withered arms, appear to vie in age with the ruins which they seem to watch and guard.

Beautiful and majestic as are the fragments which remain to tell of the olden glories of the Abbey of Glastonbury, its great attraction to the modern pilgrim is its traditionary, or, if you like the phrase better, its legendary lore. An enthusiast in art may, it is true, find many a sermon in the stones piled here in the elder days when "builders wrought with curious care," but what would avail to the average pilgrim to

St. Joseph's Chapel, the richly-moulded windows, the interlacing arcade, and the Purbeck marble shafts, were it not for the fond belief that in the vaults below lie the remains of Joseph of Arimathea, of King Arthur, and his guilty but repentant Queen Guinevere?

Not many yards from St. Joseph's Chapel, in a quiet shady corner, flourishes a "holy thorn," which, on account of its position, is the most esteemed of all the holy thorn-trees now in Glastonbury. I was assured that it duly blossomed on last Christmas Day, and, not from any superstitious feeling, but as a simple souvenir, I could not refuse the offer of a tiny sprig, which I still cherish as a pleasant reminder of my somewhat sentimental journey to the "Valley of Apples."

J. C. TILDESLEY.



ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS makers have been making some beautiful dresses lately for the English firms and customers who patronise them. Two I saw the other day were simple and at the same time so elegant that they are worth talking about.

One was of the faintest tint of reseda made in a soft supple faille, which has a brilliant sheen upon it, and much substance, yet it is so soft it looks as if it could be pulled through a ring. The skirt was quite plain, and the front opened over pink crêpe lisse worked in beads. This soft-falling material fell in tiny folds from the feet downwards over pink faille,

and at the side and front there was a bouillonné of the same so arranged as to look like a ruche. The two side breadths were piped and cut up to the depth of four or five inches into narrow strips, an inch wide, with tassels of beads between, the bouillonnés of crêpe lisse peeping from beneath; the bodice was high, with a square wide Medicis collar just at the back, lined with pink, and beaded, as was the front of the bodice, which showed no fastening whatever. The colours were so cleverly blended, and the make so simple, that the dress was particularly pleasing.

The other was a more serviceable gown, made in black peau de soie; the front worked with blue