

that some knowledge of the language of the country adds very considerably to both pleasure and profit of the time. In view of this, if some winter evenings were spent in learning the language of the country which you propose visiting in the summer or autumn, you would find the benefit to be very great indeed.

As far as my memory is right, it was Lord Bacon who said that he who goes to travel without some knowledge of the language, goes to school, and not to travel. How much pleasure is lost by English people abroad who cannot understand or make themselves understood! So much is shut off from them. Seated next a foreigner at a *table d'hôte* or in a train, if they can speak his language, how much they may learn from him, and how pleasant their intercourse may be! for friction with those of other countries always does the insular mind a great deal of good.

However little you may know of a language, it is best to speak it, and not at once look out for an interpreter or an English-speaking waiter. Put self-consciousness in your pocket, and if you desire to learn, be prepared to make mistakes, and do not be conceitedly surprised if you do. Little as you understand and can speak the foreign language, you will acquire more by airing what you know in the country than many books and lessons can teach you.

The enjoyment of a holiday will be very greatly added to if you can read up beforehand the history of the places you are going to visit. There are so many handbooks now of art and architecture that no one need plead ignorance; and all you have read will make your travelling doubly interesting to yourself and others. If you have not time to do this before your holiday, then take a few books with you; they are quite worth the weight, and will also provide you with a resource on those days when you are weather-bound.

Of course there are the two extremes. There are the people who make a toil of a pleasure, and in travelling are never seen without a book in their hands. You will notice them in the train as you are speeding through magnificent scenery, busy reading up the history of the town to which they are bound, instead of sensibly looking out of the window and filling their minds with lovely pictures of nature that would be as a mental gallery to them when back again

at work. But, no. They rarely look up, and on the Rhine they miss all the beautiful scenery, for they are too much occupied reading about each castle they pass. As there are a good many, their time is pretty well filled up.

On the Righi, too, where from the height on which you stand you have one of the most glorious views earth has to offer, it is pitiful to see these people carefully identifying the names of the mountains by consulting the map, to which their eyes are wandering, from mountain to map, quite regardless of the wonderful scene Nature is asking them to look at.

The other extreme are the people who travel in utter ignorance of anything of the places they come to. They pick out a little from their guide-book, and vainly rummage in the back regions of their brains to unearth any half-forgotten learning they acquired in their schooldays. They wander through the finest galleries of Europe, conscious that there is a great deal that must be interesting, but their uncultivated minds and untrained eyes fail to indicate the where. Whereas the simplest text-books on art, history, architecture, &c., however elementary they may be, do open the windows and let in light sufficient to make the reader feel that he has something to guide him, and his interest grows as well as his knowledge deepens.

A holiday spent thus is real recreation, and does mind and body alike good. New ideas have been gained, fresh knowledge acquired, and varied impressions absorbed.

And as a parting suggestion: as a souvenir of your holiday, if you purchase photographs and views, do not shut them up in a book. Have them framed, however inexpensively—and a few large pictures are worth a great many small ones—and be reminded in your every-day life of the beauty and magnificent scenery you so enjoyed in your holiday. A holiday when over is not done with, and is one of those things that sometimes we often enjoy most by retrospection.

But even if you do not act upon the suggestions in this paper, there is one thing you must try and find room for in your luggage—that is, good temper. Without this, it would need a miracle for you to be able to enjoy your holiday.

THE TALE OF A TRIAL TRIP.

A PEEP AT THE NORFOLK BROADS.



WE were seated at breakfast, my wife and I, one morning late in the summer—I beg to state that the summer was late, not we ourselves; we were in good time—when a note was put down by the servant close to my coffee-cup.

“What’s this, Anne?” I asked, pausing.

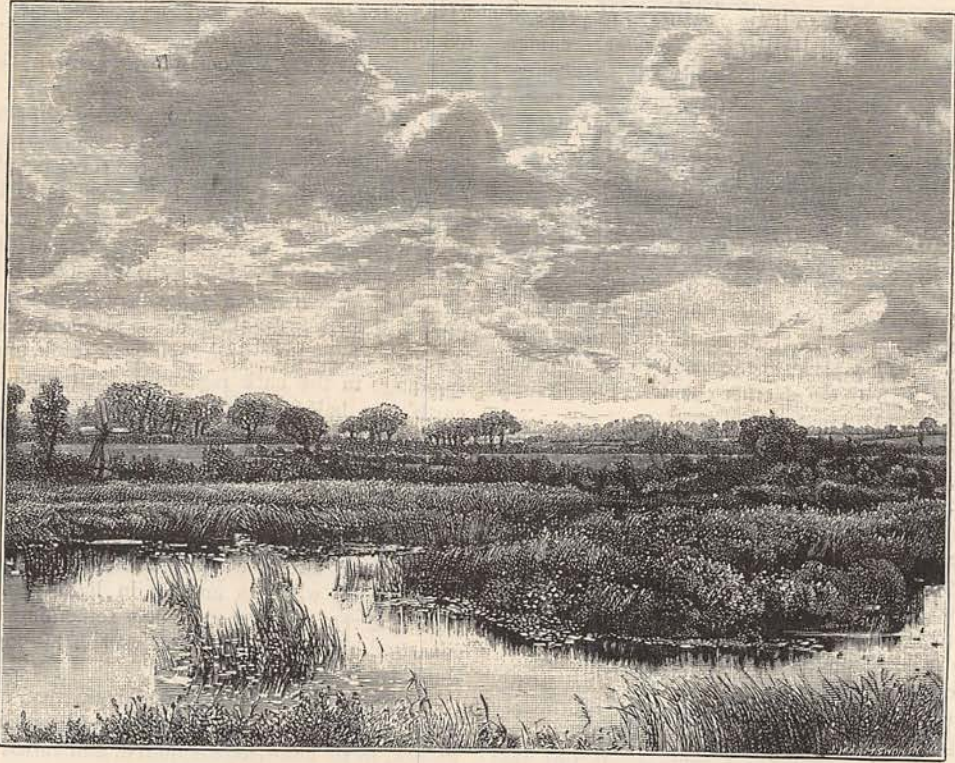
“Mrs. Madden’s servant brought it, sir. She didn’t wait for an answer.”

[Why will some people speak of the servants, the carriages, and even the houses of married couples as Mrs. So-and-So’s? Has not the husband and breadwinner a title to them?]

“What is it about, dear?” asked my wife.

“Oh! Madden wants to know if we would like to join him and his wife and daughter in a little trip.”

“Where to?” asked my better-half. “We can’t go abroad: at least, I can’t leave the children. You will



WROXHAM BROAD.

(From a photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.)

be an even number without me. I'll stay at home, Alfred."

"Oh, it's only into Norfolk, to the Broads," I said. "Ten days or so won't matter."

"But suppose something was to happen, I should never forgive myself! I'll write to Dr. Jennings and tell him to look in while we are away, if I go; but I really don't think I have a dress to go in!"

These maternal and feminine objections were overcome, other preliminaries were settled, and the day was fixed. We met the Maddens at Liverpool Street and started, a party of six, for Yarmouth.

Six of us—three ladies, three gentlemen—the Maddens, husband and wife; the Evertons (that is, my wife and myself); Miss Sophie Madden, and Mr. Hableton. I objected to Hableton at once, or rather to his name, which sounds like *Hamilton* with a cold in the head. But Sophie Madden had no objection to it at all. Personally, indeed, Mr. Catarrh-Hamilton, as I named him, was a good fellow, with some humour; a bit of a sailor, and much smitten by or with Miss Sophie, who was very learned, very fond of nature, and had serious thoughts of taking a bachelor's degree, or a bachelor, I was not quite sure which. But her mathematical mind has solved the problem.*

* She has taken the bachelor, and is, with his assistance, now furnishing "by degrees."

When we reached Yarmouth we found a very pleasant master-mariner awaiting us. Madden had written to him, and he had a "first-class wherry" at our disposal. My idea of a wherry was a rowing-boat—and how six people were to live and occasionally sleep on board a rowing-boat, puzzled me at first. But our wherry was a fine "ship," containing a ladies' cabin as well as a main cabin, both roomy, and capable of accommodating eight people. It was a relatively large craft, carrying a big sail, and a mast which could be raised and lowered, as is sometimes necessary—when passing under bridges, for instance. She drew some inch or two over two feet of water.

When we had dined—and a merry dinner it was—we interviewed our mariner, who told us that we couldn't do better for scenery than run up the North River as far as Wroxham Broad.

We had time to inspect our "ship," and to order a supply of provisions; and this foresight is very necessary, for the local supplies even of bread may run short. You must not imagine, however, that solitude is always procurable amongst the Broads. Local people are very fond of fishing, numerous wherries navigate the waters, and trippers in small yachts such as the *Rover* and *Cynthia* are met with, and boats and punts innumerable. Yet you can anchor by the reeds in a quiet bay, and be as much out of the world as in a prairie.

Stores laid in and all arrangements made, we started as soon as Mrs. Everton had received the expected letter from her nurse. The children were quite well, and sent love to father and mother, and "Tofie" (Miss Madden). So this being highly satisfactory after such a protracted absence (twenty-four hours), we embarked on board the *Constance*, as I shall call her here, and made tracks for the Bure, which is known as the North River, and debouches to the Yare.

There is a "Hollandish" flavour about the first portion of the journey, and I may as well confess that I experienced some little disappointment, having expected something more interesting and varied.

After passing Acle Bridge, twelve miles from Yarmouth, however, matters improved; but we hadn't sailed on any Broads yet, and Miss Madden was becoming sceptical concerning the rush-bordered lakes, the grassy dykes, the beautiful flowers, the kingfishers, and the lovely-wooded scenery, and picturesque "fleets," or narrow water-ways. To the north lie Filby and Ormesby Broads, accessible by rail and road from Yarmouth, and upon which, with some Yarmouth friends, we have passed some delightful days. But we couldn't reach them in our wherry, for the cutting called "Muck Fleet" was, and I suppose is, too shallow for any but canoes, or *very* light-draught boats.

Space would be denied me to detail the flow of

conversation which enlivened our trip. We had a man and a biggish boy on board, who navigated the wherry with consummate ease and skill. Even Mrs. Everton, who is nervous on the water, was quite pleased; and, though a little alarmed when the mast came down suddenly the first time, enjoyed the trip immensely.

"What do they want with so many windmills?" inquired Mr. Madden. "They are enough to make one giddy. And what a number of churches, too!"

Mr. Hableton had studied the question, and explained that these mills are pumps for forcing the drainage water into the river. Sometimes we espied a sail, apparently approaching, sometimes flying from us, and disputes arose as to its direction, the verdict being often quite wrong when we *did* agree. The marshes extend for an immense distance, but the general character of the scenery will be best judged from our photographs.

The scenery improved considerably as we proceeded. We felt tempted to run up the Thurne, but decided to wait till our return, and in very lazy fashion we passed the Ant, another river which gives access to Barton and Stalham Broads. We had progressed several miles since leaving Acle, and I must say the pervading sensation was utter unmitigated laziness. Our wherry had managed to get along *almost*, not *quite*, against the wind, sometimes; but now we had to "quant."



DRAINAGE MILL ON THE BURE.

(From a photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.)

"I wish there was some pulling to be done!" I exclaimed, as we turned aside, and got taken aback. Down came the sail, and the lazy feeling increased on me.

"Tak' yonder pole, master, and quant her a few rods if ye like."

Quant her! What *did* he mean?

"Yes, Alfred," put in my wife; "you said just now, you know, that you wanted something to do."

"But what does he want? Quant?"

"The pole," said the boy. "See here."

With great dexterity he unshipped and plunged into the water a long stick, like a young fir-tree denuded of branches, which has a spike at one end, with a "shoulder," as it is called, so as to prevent the point going too far into the mud, which lies deep and thick in the rivers and broads. And sticky mud it is, as experience tells me from a sudden tumble into the shallows of Ormesby Broad, one summer day, while engaged in plucking some fine bulrushes for the ladies in our boat.

The mode of using the punting-pole or "quant" is familiar to most people. The "quanter" fixes the pole against his shoulder, and walks along the side of the wherry until he nears the end of it, and then——! But perhaps I had better relate my own experiences.

Mrs. Everton was anxious that I should try, so I tried. The pole being placed for me by the boy, I braced myself against it, and pushed. The wherry, to my astonishment, *did* move a little, and I pushed harder. Then came the tug. I tried to extricate the pole, but it wouldn't come out; the wherry glided on. I held to the pole, which had found a resting-place in the mud. There was no help for it. I must let go, or go overboard!

"Drop it!" cried Madden. "Let it go!"

But I wouldn't! Zeal prevailed over discretion, and I fell souse into the water-way—accompanied by a piercing shriek from Mrs. Everton, and a shout of laughter from all the others.

"Try it again, Mr. Everton," cried Hableton.

"No, thank you—*quantum suff.*," was the reply, under cover of which I escaped to the little cabin, where a change was quickly made, and when I returned on deck the scenery had improved. We tacked up, but had not much spare space.

There are several opportunities for side excursions, but we held on as we wanted to get to Wroxham. In due time, amid many exclamations of pleasure, we reached Horning, a pretty little place with a windmill perched high in air—quite a landmark. There is a ferry close by here, and sometimes boats have to wait until the floating structure—in reality a raft, not a boat—has passed over.

There is an inn here (at the ferry, I mean), and we made sundry inquiries concerning bread and bacon, because we had not much. A native lady who looked rather annoyed, probably because she could not help us, responded that there was "only stale bread," and we'd better ask at Wroxham, and even there we might not obtain it fresh, as baking was not an every-day employment. She added that in some places baking was only engaged in once a week.

But the young lady, after regarding us critically, eventually became very kind and friendly, and was recompensed by having her likeness taken, a compliment she did not seem to appreciate at its true and proper value. But we got our provisions.

However, we sailed away, and soon got a fair wind for a while, as the river bends into the form of a broad-based U, and a little north and east in the wind will give the tourist a merry run. On the right is a small Broad, which we did not attempt to explore, and I understood it was scarcely worth while. It is known as the Little Hoveton Broad, the Great Broad being located in the lap of the big U afore-mentioned. A turn almost due south ends in a west curve. The big Broad is apparently private property, and fears are already expressed that landowners will, by degrees, lay



ONE OF THE NATIVES.

(From a photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.)

claim to some of these sheets of water—a claim the public should resist with all possible determination. This report has only just reached me.

On the left is Salhouse Broad, and there is a station some few miles away on the line from Norwich. But we abjured railways. Still, if any one wishes to visit Wroxham Broad and the Bure, he can do so by taking a train from Norwich to Wroxham Station.

By this time we had nearly reached the end of our progression—our *ultima thule*—Wroxham Broad. Times are changed since then; but though there are certain restrictions now, at least so I was informed in 1887, the splendid Broad is well worth a visit. Then Wroxham itself is picturesque, and in fact the whole neighbourhood we found delightful.

We hung about the river and the lakes for five days. Doing what? you ask. Sailing, quanting, dipping, fishing, exploring, botanising, and generally enjoying ourselves. What matter if meat *were* scarce, we could always “manage” with eggs, and Miss Madden practised housekeeping. We found plenty of recreation in the true sense of the term, and for people who can enjoy quiet, rather tame, but really pretty scenery, we say, try Wroxham and the vicinity. The sail may be prolonged up the river, which is navigable for a considerable distance beyond Wroxham Bridge—a “low” specimen of architecture, as masted boats will find.

We sailed about and in and out in generally fine weather. We had a storm on the Sunday, and tremendous rain. The drops came like leaden pellets into the water, which was, till then, unruffled by the wind. Then a thunder-squall aroused us, but passed away to Norwich.

Our return down the Bure to Breydon Water and Yarmouth again was extremely pleasant all the way, and picturesque to St. Benet's Abbey. And so pleased were we that after a night's rest we took train and went to Fritton Decoy, where we had a hastily arranged picnic, as we rowed about that charming

little Broad. Needless to say that Miss Madden and the faithful Hableton occupied a boat by themselves, and had an immense deal to say to each other in low tones, which were raised, and the most commonplace remarks hazarded, when our boats approached theirs!

The evening was lovely, and we remained roving and strolling about, with an interval for tea in a tent near the entrance gates, until the moon rose behind the trees which fringe the Broad. This little excursion brought our trip to a termination. Were I writing a guide-book I could indicate many delightful excursions, and nooks and corners “for whispering lovers made,” and then by no means exhaust the attractions of the Broads. But here I will only just mention the principal groups of Broads, and so bring this paper to a close.

The tourist has a choice of three chief rivers—the Bure, the Yare, and the Waveney, at Great Yarmouth. The Bure is navigable as far as Aylsham, and from it a number of the Broads can be explored, and much pretty scenery, on the Thurne also.

The Waveney carries us to Lowestoft, and Oulton Broad can be explored. A favourite excursion, when the wind is favourable, is to sail in the day's limit from Yarmouth to Lowestoft, a round trip going or returning along the coast, and through the Waveney and Breydon Water.

The Yare leads to Norwich, and is not so picturesque as the Bure, from which latter the Ant and Thurne and all their Broads can be visited. There are plenty of fish, birds, and insects to catch and study; flowers in plenty, good-natured people, fair inns, and camping out is not bad. *Diis*—yet not quite finished. We had a run up the Bure again last Whitsuntide, and enjoyed it as much as any of our former trips. To our readers we say, try it. Rowing-boats cost eighteenpence *a day*! yachts, £4 to £5 the week; wherries of large size run up to £10 and £14 the week.

BLOSSOMS.

HAST ever stood in some old orchard close,
 And noted all the wealth of blossom close,
 In every shade from white to pink and rose,
 And then hast ever thought, Who is there knows
 What harvest cometh from this promise rare?

Will sharp, cruel winds nip off each blossom
 sweet?

Will summer suns shine down with such fierce
 rays

That all the fruit will wither in the heat?

Or after shower and sunshine shall we gr

A golden harvesting in autumn days?

Hast ever watched a young life blossom out
 With promise fair of mind, and health, and
 strength,
 And power for good, when there has come the
 doubt—

What will Life's changing seasons bring about?

What will the autumn harvest be at length?

Will biting winds of stern adversity

Kill energy and hope? Or will the sun

Of Fortune shine too long continuously?

Or will whatever haps but prove to be

Meet for a harvest of good work well done?

GEORGE WEATHERLY.