

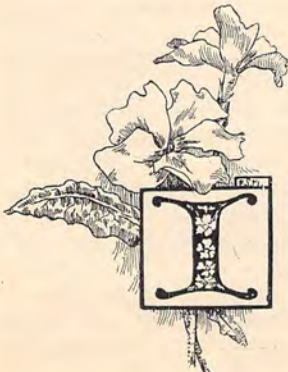
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY *v.* AUSTRALIANS, 1893.  
 (From an instantaneous photograph by Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.)

distances, for they had discovered that Moss was a man with whom it was impossible to trifle with safety to themselves.

A good story comes from Cambridge, where, after a match between the 'Varsity and the Gentlemen of England, the Light Blue captain entertained the visitors at dinner. After dinner an impromptu dance was started, and when W. G. Grace chose W. L. Murdoch for a partner, those present had an opportunity of observing a sight which might almost be described as august. But the spectacle became even tragic when some other couple tripped up these champions of England and Australia, and deposited them side by side in the fireplace. The mighty had indeed fallen with a resounding fall!

An incident in the 'Varsity match of last year, which at the time aroused a good deal of comment, is worthy of mention. Oxford, in their first innings with nine wickets down, found themselves rather over

eighty runs behind their antagonists. When T. S. B. Wilson, the last Oxford batsman, came in, he walked across to W. H. Brain, who was batting at the other end, and was understood to tell him to get out, so that the follow-on might not be saved. L. H. Gay, the Cambridge wicket-keeper, overheard this conversation, and repeated it to C. M. Wells, who was bowling. The result of this was a ridiculous piece of cricket. Cambridge intended Oxford to save the follow-on, while Oxford were bent on getting out. Wells proceeded to bowl a wide, which Brain, after frantic exertions, covered, but Wells made no mistake with his next ball, which was a shocking wide, and went to the boundary. Thus the follow-on was saved and the tactics of the Oxonians were frustrated. It seemed, however, a pity that such a farce should take place in a match between the Universities, yet one good result was derived from it, for the whole follow-on question has since been discussed.




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## A PARTY OF TWO.

BY ONE OF THEM.

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SAID: "Let those who will pack themselves into railway-carriages, and whirl about the country at sixty miles an hour; let daring honey-mooners brave the pains

and perils of the English Channel in a hot and throbbing steamer; let the resigned paterfamilias accompany his wife and children to the fashionable 'health resort,' there to be roasted on the blazing beach; let the sprightly bachelor crouch crab-like on his 'safety,' and flash, heedless of the beauties of Nature, up hill and down dale, kept continually at

'eyes front' on the look out for the 'spill,' which, like death, is sure to come sooner or later; in short, let everybody do what he likes: but as for us, scorning all the clumsy aids of an over-blown civilisation, we will Walk!"

"Shan't we wear out a lot of boots?" said Dulcie.

That's the worst of Dulcie: she is so prosaic and practical. I mean, she is always like that when I'm

prepared, and all men are invited to be present at the 'bridal of the earth and sky.' Is it fitting that they should rush shrieking through her silent solitudes with the thunder of iron wheels, defiling her pure face with the smoke of steam-engines? Is it enough that they sit in the sun, eating buns on the beach? My idea is that we should walk, and wend our way through leafy lanes, beside the fruitful fields and silver



"SHE ONLY HID HER FACE IN AN ABSURD BIT OF NEEDLE-WORK."

inclined to be poetical. Of course, there are times when it's impossible to get a moment's reasonable conversation with her—chiefly on pay-day, when I'm busy parcelling out my modest "screw," and anxious to impress her with the necessity of retrenchment, she indulges in the wildest dreams of the time when I shall be "taken into partnership." I am not blaming Dulcie. I have no doubt that her motives are excellent: I believe she entertains sound views on the subject of balancing, as applied to matrimony; and is always on the look-out to save me from kicking the beam or bumping the counter; but the thing itself is irritating. She never will warm up to my poetry; no, not any more than she will laugh at my jokes.

It is needless to say that I utterly ignored her sordid reference to boot leather. I also refused to have my wings clipped. If a City man is not poetical when he sights his summer holiday just a week ahead of him, he is a hopeless groveller.

"Nature," I resumed, leaning back in my easy-chair, hooking my thumbs into the armholes of my waistcoat, and playing a solemn tune on my breast with my disengaged fingers—"Nature has embroidered her regal robe; the 'Pageant of Summer' is

streams, listening to the carolling chorus of beautiful birds and—and—and restless rooks. What are you laughing at, Dulcie? I was not aware that I had made a joke."

Dulcie did not answer; she only hid her face in an absurd bit of needle-work, and shook all over, till I felt quite cross. I sat up straight, folded my wings severely, and pulled out pencil and note-book.

"The fact is, my dear, I'm rather short of cash," I said; "and I think that if we decide on a walking tour, we can do our holiday cheap. Look here; I've been figuring it out. Two weeks, for beds, breakfasts, and suppers—"

"Oh, Fred dear, it will be charming!" cried Dulcie, clasping her hands in ecstasy, and gazing into my face with shining eyes. "Have you thought how sweet it will be to walk side by side in the moonlight, hand in hand if we like, for nobody will be there to see us? 'Far from the madding crowd,' and the sneers of cynics, we may remember the dear days that are gone."

And so on, and so on. That's Dulcie all over. She can talk poetry by the yard when she chooses; but I didn't encourage her. I told her that there was a

time for everything; I said something clever and unkind about "moonshine," and begged her to give me her serious attention for a moment, if possible. Then carefully eliminating myself from the whole affair, I asked her, with icy politeness, what *she* would like to do with *her* holiday. She said she didn't care what became of her; but perhaps the steamer was best, because it might be wrecked, and then she would be at the bottom of the sea, among the seaweed and the shrimps; and—and wouldn't worry me any more again.

Then I felt uncomfortable and tried to hum, but couldn't; and Dulcie worked so fast, that her swift-glancing needle became positively dazzling. Then something else began to glitter on her work, and I saw that she was crying great, round, shining tears; and I went and sat beside her, laid my hand shyly on hers, and asked her what was the matter. Then she called herself "silly," and I called myself "a beast." Then we both contradicted each other. Then we kissed and . . .

Then we made friends.

Then, last of all, we decided that we would go for a walking tour.

On a misty summer morning, a man and woman tramped out of a suburb of London town, and made for the open country. They were not professional tramps, for they walked side by side, and it was the man who carried their luggage—what there was of it—in a knapsack strapped to his shoulders. They both wore broad-brimmed straw hats and strong walking shoes; their clothes were made of light tweed, cut in a loose Norfolk-jacket style; turned-down collars of grey flannel took the place of the regulation bands of stiff linen; and each of them grasped a stout oak stick.

Before starting on our walking tour we had sent on a small portmanteau of necessities to await us at a little country town, which we should reach in a week's time; and we had made up our mind that between this and then we must depend upon the knapsack,



"WE BOTH THOUGHT DEEPLY."

the making and packing of which were the work of Dulcie's clever fingers.

"I hate London!" I said, as I ungratefully shook off the dust of the City which fed me. Then my poetical instincts were too much for me again, and I began to talk like the Introduction to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

Dulcie did not throw cold water on me this time. She gave a sigh of relief, and gazing sentimentally at the dusty hedges and brickfields surrounding us, she said—

"Yes; it's nice to get into the country."

The mists of early morning quickly passed away, and the blazing heat of the sun asserted itself. There was no breeze; and if there had been, as yet there was no foliage for it to rustle into a suggestion of coolness; and the white dust lay thickly on the road or curled up like smoke around our footsteps.

We panted and coughed, slackened our pace, and looked at one another with an injured expression of countenance. Somehow or other, we had not expected this. Of course, we had been fervently hoping that the sun would smile upon our walking tour; and now that he was doing it with the broadest good-humour, we felt that we were being ill-treated. That is the difference between the sun smiling in imagination and smiling in earnest from a sky of undimmed blue. The one is cheerful, pleasant, and bright, showing up the beauties of the landscape, and sparkling in cascades of diamonds upon the purling streams; the other is fierce and scorching, playing upon head and back, melting brain and spinal marrow, and making people sick and stupid.

"Fred, I can't bear this much longer. Can't we find a shady place, and rest for a little while?" said Dulcie.

I searched the surrounding country for the "shady place." Behind us lay London, a sullen monster, blowing black smoke from its million nostrils, and stretching out blood-red tentacles of suburban terraces; far away on either side stretched fields and hedges of a sagey hue; immediately around us, and straight ahead, lay the brickfields, dry and parched as the Great Sahara.

"There's a gasometer," I said doubtfully. "That's our only chance of shade for the next mile, at least."

Accordingly to the gasometer we wended our weary way, and found that its shady side commanded a fine view of the brickfields. I said that there was no breeze. There wasn't while we walked and needed it; but no sooner had we taken our seats in the narrow strip of shade afforded by the gasometer than a steady wind sprang up, and blew the acrid smoke of the burning bricks straight in our faces.

Under these depressing circumstances we celebrated our first meal. We wanted to drink, but the knapsack contained nothing fluid, except a little brandy for medicinal purposes, and a stagnant pool was the only water procurable. Neither of these proving sufficiently inviting, we decided to go thirsty; and we opened our little packet of ham-sandwiches, and dined in silence. But we both thought deeply as we munched

our salt repast ; and the subject of our thoughts was the Vanity of Human Wishes.

Rested, if not refreshed, and feeling that we could not breathe the smoke of the brickfields any longer, we resumed our journey. Our brows were knit and our lips firmly set, for we were both trying very hard not to grumble. I had made up my mind that I would bear more before I began to use unpleasant language ; and Dulcie did not want to cry. But I knew she was thinking what a fool I was to have suggested a walking tour. I felt quite certain of this because I myself was thinking how silly *she* was to fall in with such an idiotic plan. But I record it to our credit that we said nothing—as yet. We tramped steadily and sullenly onwards, out of the sunshine and into the shadow of a solid bank of purple clouds which had been brought up by the wind.

Hark ! what was that ?

A low rumble, as if a hundred empty beer-barrels were being rolled down the slope of the sky. The breeze died away as suddenly as it had risen, and for a moment all was still. Then, Flash ! Bang ! a blaze of blue, a roar as of heavy guns, followed by a rattling volley of musketry, and a Miltonic battle was in full blast overhead. We quickened our pace, but it was of no use : the great drops of the thunder-shower began to fall, flattening out as big as pennies in the dust at our feet ; and in five minutes we were both wet to the skin.

This was another thing we had not expected. We knew the country wanted rain, and we were quite aware that the roads would be very uncomfortable for walking if the dust wasn't laid. But our imaginations had led us to suppose that a special arrangement would be made for nightly showers to fall while we slept, so that each morning we might step out to meet Nature fresh from her bath, with the diamond drops still sparkling in her hair. It was a bitter thing to learn that Nature was, after all, a most unmethodical person, who liked to take her shower-bath at odd times, as she fancied it. And as for us, it seemed that we were only regarded as sponges : of no use until thoroughly soaked.

When we had been reduced to a state of pulpy misery, we came in sight of a little wayside public-house—one of those narrow strips of whitewashed buildings which are half covered with a brilliant announcement of Somebody's Bitter Beer—and here we took refuge. The landlady did what she could for us with the coarse fare at her disposal ; and we sat in a stuffy-smelling little parlour, clothed in hideous unaccustomed garments, talking to one another in low tones, as if somebody was dead in the house.

The thunder-storm quickly rolled away out of ear-shot, but the rain continued in a steady downpour, and we were obliged to make up our minds to stay where we were. The afternoon and evening spent in that little public-house were not pleasant. The bar and tap-room were filled at an early hour with men



“CLOTHED IN HIDEOUS UNACCUSTOMED GARMENTS.”

from the brickfields—rough men, who used “language” about the weather, and drank much beer, and sang unmelodious songs whose chief charm consisted in long choruses, many times repeated by the whole company.

I tried to keep Dulcie amused by reading aloud the legends inscribed upon the framed and glazed memorial cards which hung on the parlour walls ; and when she got tired of these, I fell back upon choice extracts from the only book in the room—Hervey's “Meditations Among the Tombs.” But, as the dear old writers of yesterday's fiction used to say, “let us draw the veil” over our misery. At length the last Ballad of Beer was sung and, heartily thankful that night had ended the first day of our walking tour, we went to bed and to sleep, still within sight of the lights of London.

Next morning the sun was shining brightly again : all dismal thoughts of returning were banished from our minds ; and having once more donned our walking suits, we swallowed a hasty breakfast and went forward. A strong wind had dried up the worst of the rain ; but the dust was all gone, and the air was cool, and we began to laugh at the misfortunes of yesterday. A few hours' trudge brought us into the real country : the country of tangled hedgerows,

flowery banks, and singing birds; and then with every step we took our hearts beat higher, and the blood danced more swiftly through our veins. One by one the artificial restraints and prejudices of civilisation relaxed their hold upon us, and our emancipated spirits began to revel in the mere joy of living. By the time the sun sank Dulcie had forgotten all about those proprieties which are expected of the "young lady": she was actually singing the ballad of "The Nut-brown Maid" as she walked by my side down the lane which led to the little village where we meant to put up for the night.

No vulgar beer-house this time, but a tiny rose-covered inn afforded us a lodging; and we did not know whether the lavender-scented guest-chamber or the odorous fried ham and eggs in the parlour appealed to us in the stronger language. Of course we decided to try both, and we supped and slept in high content; and on the morrow went on our way.

This is not a diary, so I must bridle my desire to record our daily doings. Every day had its special feature. When Dulcie and I talk over our tour, we remind each other of its varied delights, and say: "Don't you remember it was on the first Tuesday we met the caravan going to the Newborough Fair, and saw the thirsty giant drink a quart of beer standing on his head?" and "Oh, Fred! I shall never forget that terrible Friday evening when you went up the hill to see if you could see any houses, and I sat and waited on the fallen tree, and the drunken tinker came

and frightened me so till you came back and knocked him down; and that frightened me worse than ever, because I thought you had killed him, and would be tried for murder"; and "I say, Dulcie, didn't we cut and run from that old black bull? By the bye, old girl, I wouldn't have you tell that story to the fellows for the world; I should never hear the last of it at the office." That's how we ramble on about our wonderful walking tour by the hour together; but I should have to fill a small book if I told half of the adventures that befell us, and then I should have to leave out most of the strange and beautiful sights we saw. Why, the sunsets alone of that fortnight painted upon our memories a fourteen-page picture-book, such as no money could buy, and no lapse of time can stale.

Certainly our first day was the worst, but we had plenty of ups and downs afterwards. I think our phenomenal hunger and thirst led us into more scrapes than anything else. Some of these scrapes were funny, and some weren't.

I remember that one day we knocked at the door of a cottage, and modestly asked for a drink of water.

"Come in, ma'am! Come in, sir!" said the tidy woman who opened the door. "It be main hot, sure-ly! an', maybe, you'd like to sit down?"

She dusted a couple of Windsor chairs with her apron; and, encouraged by her hospitality, I asked if she could give us anything to eat. She was instantly overwhelmed with distress, for the last loaf of her baking had been eaten that morning, and the

new bread was still in the oven; but she had plenty of milk. When she had left the room to fetch it, Dulcie nudged me furtively, and pointing to a little cupboard in the corner, whispered that it looked as if it had things to eat in it.

Now, in cities we don't open cupboards in strange houses; but in the country, when we are out on a walking tour, we do—sometimes. At least, I did. I blush to record that I stole on tiptoe across the red-tiled floor, opened that cupboard gingerly, shut it again as swiftly as if it had contained a full-grown boa-constrictor, fled back to my seat, and whispered in Dulcie's ear the magic word "Cake!"

A hungry light sprang up in my wife's eyes, and I knew that it only reflected my own sentiments; but before we had time to be tempted to lower depths of demoralisation the woman came back with a jug of milk.



"THAT FRIGHTENED ME WORSE THAN EVER."



"I MEEKLY COUNTED OUT FIVE MORE SHILLINGS."

"Oh, thank you so much!" said Dulcie sweetly, while I blushed like a beetroot. "You are so kind; and—and we are *so* hungry! If you only had a little piece of cheese, or—or—cake——"

"Well, ma'am," said the woman, "I have got a bit of cake, but not such as the likes o' you'd care to eat."

We eagerly assured her that cake of any sort was the fare we craved before anything else; and after a little more hesitation the coveted food was brought from its hiding-place, and we made a hearty meal.

But then a second difficulty confronted us. It was easy to see that the woman was respectable, with a capital R, and to offer her money for her cake and milk would seem to cast a slur upon her hospitality. Just as I was consulting Dulcie as to the advisability of slipping a shilling behind a picture-frame—to be found "after many days"—the inner door was pushed open, and a small tow-headed urchin crept in and edged his way to his mother's skirt, to which he clung like a limpet to its native rock. Here was the way out of my difficulty.

"Ha, my little man!" I cried in a cheery, grandfatherly fashion; "see what you can buy with this."

I dropped the shilling into his hand. I might as well have dropped a penny into the slot of an automatic model. No sooner did the coin touch his palm than the cottage began to work. First, there was a creaking sound, such as all well-conducted models

make; then the door swung back, and five more tow-headed urchins of assorted sizes lurched in the room, and, with much scraping of hob-nailed boots, ranged themselves before me, pulling their forelocks and bobbing curtseys.

I glanced at their mother, and saw that her eyes were full of admiration and expectancy. For herself, this respectable woman would have scorned to accept a penny; but motherly affection was quite another matter: and instinct told me that in this instance motherly affection meant nothing short of strict equality. I meekly counted out five more shillings, keeping an apprehensive eye fixed on the inner door; and then we hastily bade the family good-bye, and proceeded on our way.

On the whole, we managed to keep down expenses very well; but to this day, in our Walking Tour Account, one item stands out in bold black letters: "*Cake and Milk, 6s.*," to which is added the remark: "*Rather tall!*"

On a sultry summer's evening a man and woman tramped into a suburb of London town. Their garments were torn, and frayed, and weather-stained; their shoes were burst at the seams and white with dust; and their faces were as brown and shiny as well-polished saddle-leather. Yet they could not have been professional tramps, for they laughed and talked merrily together. The professional tramp is never

merry unless he is drunk; and he has never been known to talk to his wife—he only swears at her.

Our walking tour was over, and Dulcie and I were at home again.

"I shall go out and buy a rump steak," I said with some decision, directly we had seen that all was right and had resumed the costumes of civilisation.

"Yes, do, there's a dear!" said Dulcie. "And, Fred dear——"

"Well?"

"You must buy a bigger one than you used to."

"I will."

I did; and Dulcie and I played at Jack Sprat. And I beg that the fastidious reader will not be too hasty in condemning this as a vulgar and unnecessary detail. It is the moral of my story.

Did I say that our walking tour was over? Nay, then I talked but as the fool who knoweth not the pleasures of memory and the imagination! Before our feet had been soiled by the dust of the high road, we had rejoiced in the "good time coming"; while we tramped side by side through the green garden of Merrie England, we tasted to the full the bitter-sweet of reality; but now the best of all had come.

We remember our walking tour; we talk it over together, we tell our friends about it; and, forgetting everything that was unpleasant, we magnify all its joys, and exaggerate about it, telling lies which are always true, because they idealise the real thing, and tell of a walking tour as it should be.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

## SEE ANTRIM: A SKETCH OF A LITTLE HOLIDAY IN IRELAND.

BY HENRY FRITH.

(Illustrated from photographs by R. Welch, Belfast.)



THE GIANT'S WELL, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

"GOOD-BYE; hope you'll come back safe."

"Don't get shot, old fellow. Can I do anything in case of accidents?"

"What on earth are you going to do *there*?"

These were some of the cheering remarks which greeted the writer when he announced his impending departure with some relatives for Ireland. The speakers

affected much sympathy and offered many good wishes, but the "vacant chaff" did not impose upon us, and we quitted Euston Square for Stranraer and Larne in excellent spirits in August last.

There is nothing novel in the journey, though the change at Carlisle is irksome, and a through train would be appreciated. However, we found a well-appointed steamer awaiting us, and after an unaccountable delay were permitted to go on board.

Of course the condition of the sea was of great interest to the ladies, but the *Princess May*, one of a well-conducted line (of steamers), made nothing of the passage, and reached Larne in a couple of hours. There we rested for the night, and next morning—a Friday—commenced our tour of the north coast.

There are two ways of doing everything, and in this instance we had the usual choice. We could either

leave Larne by the "kyar," and drive up the coast to the Giant's Causeway, or take the train to Portrush, and work back to Larne again by road. We chose the latter alternative.

Behold us, then, landed at Portrush, in the somewhat châlet-like railway station, surmounted by an elegant clock-tower, which was a few days later struck by lightning. We purposed to obtain lodgings, and with that view—and little other prospect, for the rain was descending in torrents—we sallied forth.

"Lodgings? Bless you, sir, I have none to let!"

In this sentence hung our fate. If the Ulster men are divided upon political questions, the unanimity of the Ulster women as regarded domestic arrangements was complete.

"Not a room to let until the fifteenth of the month."

It would appear that lodgings must be let and relet by the middle and end of the month. At any rate, the same answer met us, draggled and wet as we were, at every door. Politeness was general. We were not particular, either, but we could not secure apartments even in some hotels, and we returned to the station damp and somewhat disheartened.

But in every party there is one person who seizes the situation, and holds it. So on this occasion. An hotel was stormed. Yes, there were rooms, as it happened—in an hour the house would have been full! We sat down at once, sent for the luggage, lunched—dined, rather—and then, the afternoon having cleared, wandered about to watch the homeless seeking rest, and to see the surroundings of the "Queen of Ulster."

At the risk of being considered disloyal, we cannot quite recognise the title of Portrush to queenly state. The town is prettily situated, but primitive. The cliffs