# From Kent to Devon.

SUMMER RAMBLES ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

IT is safe to assert that in richness of material to interest the tourist and the historian, in records of "moving tales of flood and field," the south coast of England is unsurpassed by any other shore line in the world. Even the coasts of Greece and Italy, and the isles of the Mediterranean Sea—the Pontus Maximus of the ancients—washed by waters that have borne on their bosoms half the illustrious heroes of antiquity, rich as they are in stories of deeds of prowess and valor, and important as the events of which they were the scene have been in their influence on the destiny of mankind, must yield the palm to another and more northern shore. The events in which Greeks, Romans, Phœnicians, Egyptians, and Persians took part, occurred in a remote age, and their influence has long ceased to be felt. Not so with the localities comprised under the head of this article. The "white walls of Albion" have looked down on conflicts whose mighty waves changed the map of Europe—nay of the world; they have witnessed the departure of fleets that have opened up two continents to Saxon enterprise; they were the first to receive the shock of the foreign foe, and the first to welcome the return of the victorious fleets; and to-day they stand, as ever, majestic in their strength, the first solid land that greets the eyes of the voyager on ships bound up Channel.

We Americans, Saxons by descent, should be interested in this historic expanse of earth and water; for, judging by the nomenclature of our eastern coast from Maine to Connecticut, one might imagine that a slice of the Old England had been grafted on the New. Dorchester, Weymouth, Portland, Dover, Plymouth, and a host of others bear witness to the connection between the two. Nor does the parallel end here. Many parts of Maine and Massachusetts, in bold and picturesque coast outline, resemble that of Kent and Cornwall; while many a quiet dell reaching to the water's edge bears a striking resemblance to the sunny slopes of Devonshire. Nowhere, however, is the peculiar chalk formation of the cliffs of England found in her namesake on this side of the Atlantic.

Passing out of the Thames, we first meet on our right the frowning North Foreland. This, with its companion headland the South Foreland, have been not inaptly termed the guardians of the Channel. These two giant headlands are sixteen miles apart—sixteen miles of white chalk cliff, only occasionally broken by a cleft through which one gets glimpses of waving corn-fields, grazing sheep and quiet villages. In many places these cliffs are two hundred feet high and almost perpendicular, with the blue Channel water washing their feet at high tide—at low tide a wide margin of golden sand or shingle In many places the cliffs recede from the waves, leaving a space of perhaps an acre or more, composed of *débris* from the cliff itself. This is the work of the waves, ceaselessly boring, undermining, and eating their way in the soft material of which the cliffs are composed. On these elevated beaches—for they are nothing else—between the cliffs and the sea, may be occasionally seen fishing villages and hamlets. The larger villages and towns, such as Deal, Brighton, Hastings, Dover, Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs—all these occur within a line of about thirty miles—are built on depressions in the cliffs, or in a hollow or "gate" between two opposite cliffs; and in some of these the land slopes gradually to the sea, notably at a point near Dover, where the grass grows down to the margin of the water, and at flood tide has the appearance of the bank of a river.

Between the North and South Foreland are the towns of Deal, Sandwich, Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs, all noted resorts in summer, as much for their beauty as for their historical associations. The expanse of water between the two points is the Downs, the great roadstead and last stopping place of all outward bound commerce. Here may be seen vessels of every flag under the sun—heavy Dutch craft, trim American clippers, conspicuous by their tapering spars and light rig, jaunty French ships, and English packets. After a stiff gale this celebrated anchorage is a wonderful sight; and on a rough day giving promise of a "dirty" night, vessels may be seen running for the Downs from all points; and they continue to arrive until one would think there was hardly room for them all.

Outside of the Downs, and at a distance from the mainland of from five to seven miles, are the Goodwin Sands, which from their position afford a natural break-water to the roadstead, and in whose treacherous bosom is buried the wealth of centuries of storm and shipwreck. At low tide these quicksands are bare at many places, and in favorable weather may be walked upon—care being taken however, to keep in motion—any standing still being followed by a slow but sure sinking. To say that these sands are dreaded by sailors throughout the world gives but a faint idea of their terrors. Once aground, the luckless vessel is doomed, and her total disappearance is only a matter of time—often a very few hours. The last great catastrophe was the wreck of the *Royal Charter*, an Australian treasure ship, in 1859, within sight of the crowds on Ramsgate Pier. Much might be written about the heroism of the Deal and Ramsgate boatmen, and of their efforts to save life from vessels caught on the Goodwins.

One case in particular merits a few words. A trading vessel, which afterward proved to be a brig loaded with fruit from the Mediterranean for London, was sighted one December afternoon of last year, ashore on the South Shoal—the sands being divided by a narrow channel into two portions. The night was closing in fast, and the Ramsgate life-boat was away on other service. Word was telegraphed to the Deal boatmen, and they heroically responded, although it was a matter of much difficulty to launch their boat, so terrific was the surf. About nine o'clock, after a struggle of nearly three hours through a most terrific sea, they succeeded in reaching the brig, and taking her crew on board the life-boat—six men and a boy. The tide had turned, and was dead against them when they started to return, and for two hours they bumped over the Goodwins, each wave lifting the boat and then dashing it down on the sand with such force as to almost pitch them out. However, after having been exposed to the weather in an open boat for nearly six hours, they reached Ramsgate Pier and were safe.

There is a legend that the spot where the Goodwin Sands now are was formerly the castle and estate of Godwin, Earl of Thanet—whence the name—and that the whole was engulfed by the sea. However true this may be, certain it is that the waves have made great inroads upon the land. In 1847, a huge mass, weighing many hundred tons, fell from Shakespeare's Cliff near Dover, after having been undermined by the waves; and it is matter of history that the old cellars of Dover and Walmer Castles, which were dug into the cliff itself, were by its gradual crumbling away on the shoreward side broken into by the waves, and in Walmer Castle casks of old wine that had long been forgotten were washed out by the waves. The reverse of this, however, has happened to the town of Sandwich, which, from being the principal port of the south coast in the time of the Stuarts, is now become comparatively an inland town, the sand having gradually filled up its harbor until the town is now two miles from the sea

From the cliffs at Ramsgate a view may be had of the opposite coast of France, on a clear day, and it was from these heights that the Spanish Armada was first seen coming up Channel.

A marked peculiarity of this coast, and indeed, of the whole of the eastern coast of England where the beach slopes very gradually, is the rapid flow of the incoming tide over the almost level sand. Many have been the narrow escapes of those who, through ignorance of the time of the tide and the manner of its coming in, have been caught between the cliffs and the waves, with no loop-hole of escape save refuge in some grotto hollowed out by the ceaseless beating of old Neptune, or clinging to some scant shrubbery or grass growing in the clefts of the cliffs.

The only warning of its coming—and it can only be told by old fishermen and the like—is a peculiar "comb" to the waves, only to be seen, moreover, in calm weather, and then it fairly comes in with a rush. Where but a few moments before was a shining expanse of sand, in some places near a mile broad, is now covered by foaming, tossing waves. An incident of a narrow escape from this tide occurred a few years ago, and illustrates the perils alluded to.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were at lunch in a pretty cottage on the Parade at Ramsgate. During the repast, conversation turned upon an excursion which had been made by the party that morning. They had walked to Broadstairs, two miles distant, through the corn-fields which, along the way, grew almost to the brink of the cliff, and had returned by way of the sands at the foot, the tide being out; and all were loud in their

praises of the enjoyableness of the walk. It chanced that a nurse-maid in the service of one of the ladies of the party was in attendance in the room, and heard most of the conversation. After lunch she was dispatched on her daily walk with one of her young charges. The girl, never having been in the direction of Broadstairs, and the conversation she had heard at the lunch table still in her memory, conceived the idea of going to Broadstairs and back *by way of the sands!* thinking, no doubt, that it was far more pleasant than the dusty path through the corn-fields. She had accomplished more than half the distance when, the little one becoming weary, she started to return, and, somewhat to her astonishment, found they were alone on the beach. However, they strolled along unconcernedly, the child stopping occasionally to gather the many colored shells that were abundantly scattered around, until she became aware of the shortening day by the long shadows thrown by the cliffs on the water. Looking seaward, it seemed to her that the water was nearer than when they had passed before; but as yet, knowing nothing about the ebb and flow of the tide, imagined no danger. Slightly quickening her pace, however, she took the child's hand to hurry her along. What was her dismay, on turning a projecting buttress of the cliff, to see the broad strip of sand over which they had walked earlier in the day now dwindled to little more than a bridle path, and that close to the base of the cliff! The horrid truth now flashed upon her—the tide was coming in upon them, and unless they could get round the headland, which marks the southern limit of Ramsgate Harbor, before the tide covered the sand, they were lost. Vain hope! The swift waves were lapping her feet even now; but taking the child in her arms, the girl started on a run toward the goal, nearly half a mile distant. But fatigue overcame her, burdened as she was, and besides she could see that a few rods farther on there would be no footing for her, and that long before she could reach the headland the water would be many feet deep. Long and loud did she call, and the child mingled its cries with hers; but none heard—none saw. Even had any one heard, it would have been impossible to see them from the summit, the slightly retreating tops of the cliffs effectually hiding anything which happened to be close under their base. From seaward their chance of rescue was equally precarious; hidden as they were in the spray and shadow, not the strongest glass could have picked them out, even had any one been on the watch.

She cast a hurried glance around for some floating thing to which they might cling—some stone or projection in the face of the cliff. She thought she saw a few projecting shrubs growing out of a ledge of the cliff which, could she reach, would at least take them out of the reach of this devouring element which now threatened their destruction. Tying the little one in her dress in front of her, she commenced to draw herself toward the coveted resting-place by the aid of a few tufts of grass and the slight projections of the cliff. Little by little she neared it, and at last reached it, but it was a ledge hardly a foot wide, and she had still to support herself and the child by clinging to the tufts of grass and wild flowers that waved above her head.

She found she could not long remain here—even now they were drenched by the spray that dashed upon the rocks a few feet below—so, after a few minutes' rest, she commenced her perilous ascent once more, literally scaling the face of the cliff by a path which, at any other time, would have made her dizzy to look at. Up! up! she climbed, the loose stones and gravel falling behind her at every step.

At length, as by a miracle, with hands torn and bleeding, her dress in tatters, but with the child safe, she reached the summit, and fell fainting on the ground.

Meantime, the fears of those at the cottage had caused search to be made, and they were shortly afterward found and cared for.

The town of Ramsgate, so called from being built in the depression or "gate" between two chalky hills, possesses the largest artificial harbor in England. It is formed by two stone piers, upwards of 2,000 feet long, jutting out into the sea at nearly right angles to the shore, and forming an inward curve at their seaward extremities. The shelter thus formed is available for the largest vessels, and is an invaluable harbor of refuge to the immense amount of shipping passing up and down the Channel, whose frequent storms and heavy seas render it at all times difficult for navigators; and Ramsgate Harbor is the Mecca of many a drenched and hungry crew.

## The Old and the New.

BY N. J. T. B.

THE old life—the life of the body,
Weary, and weak, and old,
Dreading the rain of the autumn,
Dreading the winter's cold;
Fearing the clouds as they gather,
Drifting across the sun,
Dreading the change that cometh
When the work of the earth is done.

STRANGE is the life of the mortal,
Bending, although he hath trust;
With a brow that is furrowed with anguish,
Bending toward the dust;
Locks that grow white as the snowdrifts,
Form that grows weary and old,
Passing away through the autumn,
Away through the winter's cold.

BUT, lo! thou weary-eyed mortal,
Look upward! for heaven is true;
The clouds they shall break and scatter,
Above them the sky is blue.
You are traveling on through the autumn,
Passing the white drifts of snow;
And you surely shall yet reach the spring-time,
Where the valleys bud, waken, and blow.

THEN do not grow sad in the shadows;
Do not heed the long cold,
There cometh the dawn of the spring-time,
When you shall be nevermore old.
Out through the darkness of night-time
Your feet must travel to-day,
To reach the glad dawn, with its brightness,
Past shadows of night-time's decay.

*[Read before a Meeting of the Committee on Science of Sorosis.]*

## Committee Work in Women's Clubs.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

BY those who are unacquainted with Women's Clubs—who have never attended their meetings, and know nothing of the interior activities of such associations—they are constantly met with the observation that they have no purpose, that they do no work, and have no interests beyond meeting together and having a "good time;" a kind of taking for granted, and basing objections on their own assertions, which very many persons are apt to indulge in; and perhaps it is natural at least that women should look at clubs in this way. As yet few of them have a correct idea of what organization means. Their experience of it has been confined mainly to church societies, sewing societies, charitable societies—societies drawn together and held together by a special bond of union—devoted to the carrying out of a single object, to which all the energies are applied.

The Women's Club has not this element of strength—it has no single object in which all the members are interested, to which they are all bound in a spirit of loyal devotion and religious zeal.

Men's Clubs hold together through motives of self-interest. Their club life is the home-life of many of them; it furnishes them with luxuries not obtainable under any other circumstances, and with constant and more or less congenial companionship. No Women's Club has yet been able to provide itself with a luxuriously appointed house in which it exercises sole right of proprietorship, they never assess a member, they cost their members very little, and for what is paid give generous return. Still the absence of the single object, and the lack of a home, are drawbacks to unity, and to the strength which grows out of fixed and harmonious purpose.

"Why not furnish an object, then, in which all will be interested, and for which every one will be willing to work?" is asked.

Because this is contrary to the very genius of club life. Clubs differ from societies in this respect: in being complex, composed of many individualities, all of which work harmoniously, though in many different directions. No club of men could be made to put all their efforts into a "School," or a "Hospital," or a "Home," even though the members were, individually, largely interested in educational and philanthropic objects, for the reason that each one would have his own particular hobby, which he would desire the rest to ride. And if this is true of men, it is ten

come to you when I am gone, and you must face and fight it all alone. Stop, Algernon, don't speak," she said quickly, for a swift dark frown had come to her lover's face as she had spoken yet again of this moment as their final parting. "Oh, my dear, dear love, for my sake say no hard unjustifiable words to me now. Remember how they will live forever in my memory, and let them be such words as will give me peace and joy instead of pain. Say this—say 'God bless you, Elizabeth, and when other ties and other loves grow up around me, I shall still think of you sometimes, and remember that you loved me well enough to save me from grave dishonor that would have overtaken me, but for your intercepting hand.' And, Algernon, if you are happy then, with tender ties around you, sometimes say this, won't you, 'The little girl that loved me so well in the long ago, was right. She acted for the best, and I can see now what my youthful passion made me blind to then, that in doing what she did, she gave to me the highest evidence of love.' Ah, my dear, you will not say it now! Heaven knows —perhaps you are not able; but in coming time you will remember what I say, and will give me these kind thoughts that are the things I crave most ardently on earth."

She ceased to speak, and rested for a moment more, quiet and safe within the shelter of those strong, fond arms. She felt that she must go—that she had stayed too long already. "But how to take last leave of all I loved," this was the thought that in its grave sorrowfulness and sad importance kept her mute and still. How long she might have stayed there folded in his arms there is no way of telling, but a sudden sound aroused them, and she sprang away from him. It was the noise of heavy wheels upon the gravel.

"The time is come," she said, the portentousness and mighty sorrow of the thought filling her soul so completely that all the proud strength she had boasted gave place utterly. "Oh, Algernon, I have loved you!" she said, wildly, smiting her little hands together quickly and then resigning them to his eager clasp. "Do not think I ever will forget you or let another love enter my heart. Oh, beloved, you have been the one love of my past life, and my future shall know no other. Good-by, good-by, good-by, beloved. God bless and keep you always."

He clasped her in his arms one moment and pressed her to his heart.

"Good-by, my own," he muttered lowly, with a look and voice of unmeasured love; "God have you in his faithful keeping till we meet again."

And then he sealed her willing lips with one long kiss, and then he loosed her from his clasp and she flitted from his sight. Voices —animated women's voices—were now heard approaching, but Keeting did not stay to see whom these belonged to. He threw up the sash of the low French window and stepped out upon the piazza, and as Mrs. Woodville, who came first, entered the little, cheerful morning-room, she caught sight of her brother's stalwart figure vanishing into the woods.

(*To be continued.*)

# From Kent to Devon;

## Or, Summer Rambles on the English Coast.

BY H. F. REDFERN.

HASTINGS, to-day the fashionable watering-place, one of the many summer homes of the wealth and fashion of the English metropolis, has a history nearly as old as any place in England; for here, or at Pevensey, a very few miles west, Julius Cæsar is believed to have landed in his expedition of conquest about 50 B.C., although some historians give the preference to Deal, but the weight of evidence is in favor of the former place. Several hundred years later, Pevensey, a fishing village still, was the scene of the landing of another conqueror, William of Normandy. The fleet left St. Pierre, and landed at Pevensey on the eve of the feast of St. Michael, 1066. The duke was the first to disembark, and in leaping from his boat to the shore stumbled and fell; but this, instead of being construed as an ill omen was turned by the intrepid warrior into a harbinger of success, for, grasping in his fall a handful of the loose sand, he exclaimed, in the hearing of those by whom he was surrounded, that he thus took possession of the country.

At this time Harold, the last Saxon king of England, was engaged in successfully repelling an invasion of the Danes, under Harold of Norway, his brother, who was slain. Upon the news of the landing of William of Normandy, he immediately set out from York for the southern coast, flushed with victory, and longing to meet the new foe. Meanwhile, the duke had shifted his camp from Pevensey to Hastings. After many feints and much manœuvering on both sides, a battle was fought on the 14th of October, 1066, at a place called Senlac, on Heathfield Down, now called Battle, about nine miles from Hastings. This resulted in the total defeat of the English army and the death of Harold and all his kin, the king being shot with an arrow through the eye. His body was taken from the field of battle, and interred in Westminster Abbey, though some writers have affirmed that he was buried with indignity by the sea shore, by order of William, though this is at variance with the impressions of his character which have come down to us; like most brave men, he probably knew how to be generous in the hour of victory. The whole history of this expedition of the Duke of Normandy is represented pictorially in the Bayeux Tapestry which was worked by Matilda, his wife.

Battle Abbey was erected by William, at the village of that name, on the spot where the standard of Harold was planted, in commemoration of the victory. Only the gate is now standing.

The present claim of Hastings to notoriety consists in its being a place of resort, on account of its sea-bathing and bracing air. Although the shingle beach is not nearly so handsome or inviting as many others on the South Coast, yet the sea and air are here so invigorating as to be largely prescribed for those in delicate health. The marine views are, on the whole, as fine as any on the coast —not, perhaps, so full of danger as at places in the Straits of Dover, for there is here more sea room. The words of the poet may often be brought to mind as one sits on the low bluff back of the shingly beach:

> "And the stately ships go on
> To their haven under the hill;
> But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still.
>
> "Break, break, break,
> At the foot of thy crags, O sea,
> But the tender grace of a day that is dead
> Will never come back to me."

The town is situated in a hollow, and is surrounded on three sides by cliffs, the fourth being open to the sea. Hastings formerly possessed an extensive shipping trade and a commodious harbor, but, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the latter was destroyed by a storm, and its commercial interests have never been restored. The marine parade is, perhaps, the finest on the coast, and a most interesting ruin exists—no less a place than the castle where the Duke of Normandy lodged previous to the battle of Hastings. There are extensive boat and shipbuilding interests carried on, otherwise the town is exclusively given over to visitors. The aim of the greater part of its population is the persuit of pleasure, and the mission of the remainder seems to be to minister to the wants of the first named. The most arduous toil seems to be that of watching the children, and these in turn

> "Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
> When he comes back."

The rival of Hastings is St. Leonard's-on-Sea, a little to the westward, and of quite recent growth.

Between the headlands of Dungeness and Beachy Head—of which last, more hereafter —lie the towns of Winchelsea, Hastings, St. Leonard's, and Eastbourne, and several unimportant hamlets or fishing villages. Winchelsea is a very old town, and, with Eastbourne, in days long past, drew a handsome revenue from the fleets of fishing vessels that made these two places their headquarters.

Not a little of the romantic and dangerous is associated with the tales of the deeds of smugglers hereabouts. Near Eastbourne was, till within a few years, shown what was called the ruins of the "Smuggler's Hut." It stood at the head of a ravine that, opening on the level height of cliffs on the landward side, sloped gradually, between almost perpendicular walls, to the beach, and, at high tide, the sea flowed for some distance into the gully or chine. The following narrative, which it may not be out of place to relate here, of events which transpired in its vicinity, has served to while away a winter hour in the capacious chimney corner of many a fisherman's cabin.

The hut was once the abode of one Jack Williams, ostensibly a fisherman, but who was suspected by more than one of the good people of Eastbourne, and also by the coast-

guard men, of being in league with more than one of the numerous bands of smugglers that made this part of the coast their landing place. Most of these followed outwardly the convenient occupation of fishermen, and frequently made a run over to the opposite coast for cargoes of French brandy, laces, silks, etc., which, if successfully landed, would net the daring crew a small fortune—as fortunes went in those days. Others, more bold, threw off all disguise, and were openly known as smugglers; these last were, of course, far more desperate, but when caught were more easily dealt with, there being in their cases no lack of proof for conviction and confiscation of the entire cargo. Jack Williams belonged to the former gentry, and in his boat, the *Polly*, had made several successful "runs," the situation of his cabin at the head of the chine, as these ravines are called, affording him every facility for landing his illicit cargo, and up to the date of the story had escaped detection, although, as he himself expressed it, the place was getting too hot to be pleasant, and he was seriously thinking of retiring from the "business."

One night, as he was smoking his pipe and sipping a glass of something 'ot, which had been imported without the trifling formality of passing the custom house, he was disturbed by a knock at the door of the cabin. Wondering who his visitor could be, he unbarred the door, and was saluted with "A fine night, uncle," from the lips of a stalwart young man, a splendid specimen of the British seaman.

"What brings 'ee to t' cabin this time o' night, lad?" was Jack's query, as he closed and barred the door again behind his nephew. Stopping to fill his pipe before speaking, the new-comer, Roger Martin, proceeded to unfold his errand. The matter was of such importance that the two were in a close confab till past midnight, when they separated with a grip of the hand, and seemingly a perfect understanding between them.

Roger Martin was the owner of a smart lugger, and was also a fisherman, and belonged to the same class as did Williams. He had been fairly successful, and could boast of a cottage and a tidy bit of land round it wherewith to make his old mother's days comfortable. Roger, however, was not content to let well enough alone; but some two years before the date of the story, must needs fall in love with pretty Millie Grant, the only child of the wealthiest man in Eastbourne, Simon Grant, the miller. The old man had set his face against Roger from the start, declaring that his Millie should marry no "penniless fisher lout," as he contemptuously called Roger, quite unjustly it would seem, for, although far beneath Simon Grant in wealth, Roger was at least his equal in knowledge. Time went on, however, and the lovers seemed only more confirmed in their liking for each other; and even old Simon owned to himself that a finer lad than Roger Martin there was not in all Sussex. As may be imagined, the young man had long since asked the miller for his one ewe lamb, but had only met with a stern refusal. A few days previous to the visit to the hut of Williams he had again laid siege to Millie's father, and had begged hard for his consent to their marriage. Now, Simon Grant was well on in years, and acknowledged to himself that he would like to see his child some honest man's wife before he died. And in addition to this, there was the answer from Millie, when he had interrogated her, that she could wed with none but Roger. The upshot of the matter was that old Simon had told Roger that, if he should be worth two thousand pounds by Michaelmas, he might have Millie; for, said he: "I'll not give my child to a beggar, love him as she may."

Now, all Roger's wealth, house, land, and boat, would not fetch more than five hundred pounds, and to raise the rest was the object of his visit to Jack Williams, which had evidently ended to his complete satisfaction, for he walked briskly down the steep path leading to the town, and caroled a sea-ditty as he thought of the short time that, if all went well, would elapse before he claimed his bride. Suffice it to say here, that, aided by Jack Williams, to whom he had promised a goodly share of the profits, he had matured a plan for landing a cargo of contraband articles that would net him more than the sum needed to make up his two thousand pounds.

However questionable this mode may seem to-day, it must be remembered that it was far from being a disreputable calling a hundred years ago, when the high, and in many cases unjust, revenue tariff offered every temptation to adventurous men to engage in the endeavor to outwit the custom house

Toward sunset, on a sultry day in August, the coast-guard on the cliff near Eastbourne observed a fishing-boat standing in for the shore. The light breeze only just filled her brown sails, and so still was the air that now and again the flapping of the canvas could be heard as the breeze lulled for a few moments.

"This should be the *Polly*, I'm thinking," said one of the men, as he laid down his glass, after a long look at the slowly approaching craft. "Jack Williams little expects the warm welcome we'll have for him when he gets in." His companion laughed, and said, "I'll venture that there'll not be much left of the 'Smuggler's Hut' at sunrise to-morrow!" Both men chuckled, and fell to observing the boat again, which was within a couple of miles of the cliff, and the breeze having entirely died out, was now motionless on the water. Night was falling fast when our two friends of the coast-guard were relieved from duty. After pointing out the boat, and exchanging a few words with the relief, they departed. Darkness now covered the scene, and so intent had the guard been on watching the boat they said was the *Polly*, that they had not noticed a larger craft that had crept up from the eastward, and was even now in the shadow of the shore.

Intelligence had been conveyed to the captain of the coast-guard a few days before, from an apparently reliable source, that Jack Williams would attempt to land a large cargo—the largest, in fact, he had ever carried—at the old place, the chine leading from the beach to his hut.

Promptly at the hour appointed, guards were stationed round the house, and on the beach was a strong force to seize the boat, should she venture near the shore. Suffice it to say that poor Williams and all his crew were captured in the very act of landing several suspicious-looking kegs and boxes, and were all escorted to the guard-house, while a party proceeded to ransack the hut.

Meanwhile, the second vessel which has been mentioned, the *Arrow*, on board of which was Roger Martin, her owner, had approached nearer to the shore, and aided by the diversion of all the available force to the scene of the operations against Captain Williams, had succeeded in landing an immense cargo of brandy, silk, and laces, enough to make the fortune of Roger and his uncle and all the crew. Of course, it was all part of the plan concocted by Roger and his uncle, and on the principle of "giving a sprat to catch a whale." It is hardly necessary to say that there was nothing contraband in the cargo taken from the *Polly*, the kegs being filled with water, and the boxes with dried fish!

In Eastbourne they will show you Roger Martin's house and mill, where he married Millie Grant and lived to a green old age.

Beachy Head in a south-easter! Who that has seen it could fail to be impressed with its grandeur! Two hundred feet of rock and the spray and cloud meeting at the top! From the ocean side the face of the cliff only visible through occasional rifts in the sheet of spray and mist that rises far above its summit. It reminds one of Point Judith or Cape Hatteras on the American coast.

Off Beachy Head was fought, June 30, 1690, the great battle between the allied English and Dutch fleets commanded by Admiral Herbert and the French fleet commanded by Admiral Tourville, shortly after the accession of William of Orange to the English throne. Through bad management on the part of the English commander the French were victorious, and the allied fleet was badly scattered. The French, however, beyond the burning of the small town of Teignmouth, failed to follow up their advantage, at a time, too, when the Thames shipping and the city of London were completely, though not for long, at their mercy.

An excursion a short distance inland from any convenient point on the coast well repays the tourist. The Sussex Downs are world-famous for their breed of sheep. Indeed, the land is fit for little else; the chalk formation of the cliffs extends many miles inland, forming a kind of undulating table-land, if such a compound term may be used, gradually descending into the valleys in the interior. The soil of this grazing land is only a few inches deep above the chalk, and is covered by a growth of short, nutritious grass. So thin is the covering of earth, that it is impossible to use the plow; even the removal of stones is forbidden, for the fresh breezes which roam over these uplands would speedily carry the scanty soil away. Beyond an occasional crop of turnips, there is no agriculture on the Downs, but the whole attention of the population being directed to sheep raising, has resulted in the production of a breed renowned the world over, and South Down mutton is "a dish to set before a king."

the Bridge of St. Angelo, which was built by Hadrian, 130 A.D. It was constructed to connect the Gardens of Domitia, which were a favorite resort of the emperor, and the Mausoleum, now the castle of St. Angelo. This magnificent monument forms one of the richest and most famous discoveries of modern Rome. The edifice with the dome, in the distance, and a little to the left, will be recognized at once as St. Peter's, and the clustered halls of the Vatican occupy the middle distance beyond and between St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo. The castle is now used as a State prison, and communicates with the palace of the Vatican by a long covered gallery.

The Vatican is an immense edifice, retained as a residence for the Pope, and unrivaled for interior state and splendor. It is especially rich in rare tapestry, copied from the cartoons of Raphael, and ancient literature in the form of manuscripts. It is also rich in frescoes by the greatest artists, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and their pupils.

St. Peter's Church fronts on a very large, oval area or space, surrounded by a grand colonnade. In the center of this space is an Egyptian obelisk, about eighty feet in height.

Rome has sprung into new life and activity since the sovereignty of the Pope was abolished in 1870, and the city declared the capital of the kingdom of Italy, the seat of the new government, and the place for the royal residence. Many English and Americans live constantly in Rome, and its antiquity dates back more than two thousand years; its eternal memories, its never-ending discoveries, its wealth of opportunity for archæological study, and its fame as the center and seat of ancient art and learning, make it the source and subject of always new and always absorbing research. The mixture of the old and the quaint with the modern and the new, has a fascination of its own, but gradually the special Roman characteristics are dying out of the modern life, at least, to that part of it to which foreigners have access, unless they have by long residence become identified with the interests, the work, and the ways of the people.

## From Kent to Devon.

OR, SUMMER RAMBLES ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

BY H. F. REDFERN.

### CHAPTER III.

BRIGHTON has been, not inaptly, called the metropolis of the south coast, or London-by-the-sea. Of all the summer resorts bordering on the English Channel it is the most noted, and this for a variety of reasons. It was first brought into notice by George IV., when Prince of Wales; and its prosperity has steadily increased since the erection of the magnificent Pavilion by him.

The early history of Brighton is somewhat obscure; it is believed to have been a Roman station or encampment in the time of Julius Cæsar, when it bore the name of Brichtelm, derived from the son of Cissa, the first king of Sussex. Later it was known as Brighthelmstone, which last has become modernized into Brighton. The place is certainly of great antiquity, for in the church of St. Peter is a baptismal font which, it is claimed, was brought from Normandy at the time of the Conquest.

The present town consists of Brighton proper and the suburb of Kempton, which together extend for three miles along the shore. On all sides, except that of the sea, the town is shut in by the South Downs, so that to get to the "back country" one has to climb some very steep hills, which might bear any name but that of straight. The east and west ends of the town are built on the declivities of the cliffs, and the center forms a valley or depression, in which is situated the Pavilion, St. Peter's church, and a magnificent plaza, or square, called the Steyne.

Even during the reign of George II., Brighton was but a fishing village, which industry is still in a flourishing condition—a fleet of upwards of 300 fishing boats supplying the London market, besides furnishing sufficient for home consumption, which, in the season—and the Brighton season is nearly all the year round—is of no small account.

Some of the greatest of modern feats of engineering have been accomplished at Brighton. Perhaps the most remarkable is the Marine Parade. This is a sea-wall running along the entire water-front of the town, a distance of three miles, at a uniform height of sixty feet above tide-water. The "Parade" thus formed is, perhaps, the most beautiful promenade in Europe, flanked on the one hand by the gardens and magnificent residences of the English aristocracy, and on the other by the ever-changing sea and sky. On a fine afternoon the whole three miles of road presents a moving panorama of matchless brilliancy. Here may be seen men and women who are famous in art, literature, the drama, and not a few of the nobility and gentry. Indeed, seeing that Brighton is but an hour's ride from London, many spend all their leisure hours here—make it their home in fact. The result is a social atmosphere as brilliant as that of the metropolis, and far more enjoyable, because there is here less restraint.

Another work of great interest is the Suspension Chain Pier. This is a structure of surpassingly beautiful lightness and grace, running into the sea for over one thousand feet, and forming another fine promenade. The prospect from the seaward end, looking shoreward, when the whole of the town can be seen at a glance, must be seen to be appreciated; and on a moonlight night, the sea being dotted with numberless pleasure-boats, and not a few larger craft, simply beggars description. It has been jestingly said that match-making mammas, with a large stock of daughters undisposed of, invariably succeed in disposing of their wares at Brighton: and that the Chain Pier and the moonlight are great aids to that end.

Brighton is built in the most substantial manner: its streets, squares, and crescents would do credit to the architecture of the metropolis, and its public buildings are on a corresponding scale. Among the latter may be mentioned as worthy of note, the town-hall, ball-room, theater, county offices, and many churches, chief among which is the church of St. Peter, whose painted windows are alone worth a journey to see. Not the least of the many advantages of Brighton as a place of residence, are the unequaled educational establishments. In its vicinity are over one hundred and fifty schools and academies, many of which have been endowed by the state or private individuals. Foremost among these last is Brighton College, opened in 1849, for the education of the sons of noblemen.

Many of the principal edifices surround the Steyne, a noble open space, formerly used for reviews, etc., and here also is a statue of King George IV.

The reputation of the "Pavilion" is world-wide. It was built by George IV. when Prince of Wales, and was hardly what might be called finished during his life, for almost to the hour of his death he lavished immense sums upon its decoration.

It is built in an oriental style of magnificence, and is really a sumptuous palace. Here the monarch spent much of his time surrounded by his boon companions, and an account of the revels held within its walls would fill a goodly volume.

From Brighton to Portsmouth is but an easy journey.

Perhaps Captain Marryatt has done more than any other writer to make this town famous. Hardly one of his tales but contains some reference to this place. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, considering that it is the rendezvous for the channel fleet, and the greatest naval emporium of England, and probably of the world. Its history is certainly a naval and military one. At first glance, the visitor is impressed by the idea of strength in the place; nor is this idea unwarranted by the facts. Its massive forts, batteries and ramparts combine to make it in reality the most perfect fortress in Great Britain.

The first mention of Portsmouth is found in the *Domesday Book*, under the date of 501. During the reign of Alfred, a fleet fitted out here defeated an invading expedition of the Danes, and another fleet was prepared to intercept the Norman invasion. Henry III. assembled an army here for the invasion of France, and in 1372 the French made a counter attempt, which, though ultimately beaten off, succeeded in burning a part of the town. Out of this disaster grew the necessity of fortifying the place, and the works commenced by Edward IV. have been continued and improved upon in successive reigns till they have become all but impregnable.

The town proper is surrounded by ramparts, faced with masonry, and planted with elms, and is entered by four gateways. The modern portion is extremely well built, but there is an old quarter called the Point, which is a most unsavory neighborhood, although in it a large part of the commerce of the place is carried on.

East of the town is the suburb of Southsea, itself a noted watering place, which however derives its importance from the larger town. Here is Southsea Castle, a massive fortress, said to be erected on the site of an old Roman camp. However this may be, certain it is that in digging the foundations for an addition to the castle, a number of pieces of pottery and Roman tile were unearthed. A little farther east is Fort Cumberland, opposite to which is Monckton Fort. These two, with one or two smaller batteries, effectually protect the approach to the harbor. This harbor is deserving of notice;—an entrance only some 200 yards wide gives access to a spacious sheet of water about four miles long, by six broad,—about as large as the upper bay in New York harbor. Here the entire British navy may ride in safety.

In Portsea Barracks is shown a chamber called the Frenchman's cell. During the war with France at the close of the last century, a French frigate was captured and towed into Portsmouth. On board was a young Frenchman named Lieutenant Gantier. His capture was deemed a very important one, as he had, some few months previously, penetrated in disguise inside the lines at Portsmouth, and made himself pretty familiar with the defenses of the place, and he made no scruple of carrying the information thus gained to his own government. The penalty, if caught, was death. During the action he was severely wounded, and fever setting in, it was thought more than likely he would cheat his captors after all. One stormy night the commandant of the barracks was roused by a timid knock at his door. On answering the summons he was confronted by the figure of a veiled lady, who, if appearances went for anything, he surmised to be both young and handsome.

She inquired in half French, half English, "if she could speak with Monsieur le Commandant?"

Col. Barker signified that he was the person she wanted, and begged her to enter and be seated. Looking timidly around, she complied, and raising her veil, disclosed a face of surpassing loveliness.

"Oh, monsieur," she exclaimed, "mon pauvre Hector—my poor Hector—you will let me see him!"

Conjecturing at once that she referred to Lieutenant Gantier, Col. Barker could not help saying under his breath, "Lucky dog," and then, thinking of his condition, "what a fool to get himself in such a mess!" Then he replied to her appeal by saying that it was impossible to grant her request; the prisoner was in solitary confinement.

"Oh, monsieur," she supplicated, "you will not refuse--you cannot;" here she paused, and then resumed, blushes covering her face. "I am his betrothed, monsieur, and I have traveled all the way from Paris to see him. Oh, mon pauvre Hector!"

Here was a pretty case, thought sturdy Colonel Barker; what should he do? Her beauty and devotion could not fail to move him, and he determined to take the responsibility of granting the lady's request, the more readily as he believed that the lieutenant would not live many days.

Motioning her to follow him, he led the way to the cell in which, on a straw pallet, the young man was tossing in the delirium of fever. The girl threw herself on her knees at his side, and pressed her hands on his burning forehead. The effect was magical—the restless head became still, and the wild eyes took a more rational expression. A few words addressed to her lover in French seemed to almost restore his scattered senses.

"It is I, mon ami, calm yourself; it is I, Hortense!"

An hour later, when the doctor made his rounds, the wounded man was sleeping soundly, and Hortense was still by his bedside.

Her beauty and winning ways completely conquered the stern old colonel, and she was allowed to remain, and nurse her betrothed to convalescence. Meantime, peace was proclaimed, and Lieutenant Gantier and Hortense Lamonte were married by the chaplain of the French frigate in which the Lieutenant had been captured, and the story runs that Colonel Barker gave the bride away.

Opposite Portsea Island, on which Portsmouth is built, and separated from it by an arm of the sea called the Solent, is the Isle of Wight, the garden of England, which will form the subject of the next article.

## Talk With Girls.

### WOMEN IN LITERATURE.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

A FEW weeks ago an article appeared in the columns of a newspaper, which was amusing from its absurdity, and saddening from its ignorance, because, in the latter respect, it was not at all singular, but so much like vast quantities of the stuff that gets into print, that one could hope nothing from any catastrophe that might happen to this one writer; his place being so ready to be filled by scores of others. The sins in this particular case consisted of the blunder of confounding the most ordinary work of the newspaper writer and correspondent with literature proper, and secondly, of arguing that, because the work of women writers on the daily press runs largely to dress, and fashions, and gossip, that the influence of women in literature has been, is, and will be, of a lowering character.

"What is literature then?" asks some young girl who has been fondly cherishing the hope of literary pre-eminence because she has written something from Boston, or New York, that was actually printed in her local paper.

Literature is, strictly, the thought of a people expressed in written words. There are different kinds of literature, but each one is the sense of something; it is the digested thought upon that particular theme or subject which finally ripens and finds expression. There are various degrees of mechanical excellence behind this thought which give dignity, grace, and more or less of charm and completeness to the work, but this mechanicism is not the soul of literature, or even its body, it is simply a knowledge of technique, which has some value, but must not be mistaken for the thing itself.

The true literature, that is the thought of any subject in which we are interested, is to the mind what certain kinds of food are to the body, but you would not think of calling the maid or the man-servant who gathers up the *débris*, and serves it up in a *réchauffé*, a discoverer or producer of foods; he or she may be good in their way, and respected for doing their work in a cleanly, healthful, agreeable manner, but they do not lay claim to originality, or to any faculty but that of a very ordinary kind. There are hundreds of this class in literature and journalism—industrious collectors of ideas, scraps of information, facts, items, incidents, which are gathered as one may see old men and women gathering scraps from ash-barrels; a cinder here, a rag there, a crust somewhere else—but each one having a specific money value in their eyes, though to one not in the business, the mass of refuse would seem to be utterly worthless. Nor is that avocation altogether mean or unworthy which rescues from what has been cast aside as rubbish something that can be turned to varied and profitable account, but it is not a service that entitles those performing it to a place among the great lights of the world—on the contrary, modesty best becomes them, not arrogance, for they live in a reflected light, and, like ghouls and cannibals, upon the flesh and blood of other men and women.

It has become the fashion of late years to call that literature which deals with literary work and workers, to the exclusion of that which much more truly represents it, because everything that has a vital human interest is entitled to its literature, and there is no reason at all why literature should be supposed to deal only or mainly with the imagination.

This theory of literature, however, crowds us with crude thinking and crude writing, in regard to a vast number of authors and their works, of which the readers are quite as competent to form an opinion as the writers; but these self-constituted oracles do not think so, and they keep on writing and criticising until their piled-up weakness buries out of sight the original strength.

It is much easier to express opinions in regard to work that has been done than to do the work itself. It is safer to talk about those who are dead than those who are alive, either in the way of praise or blame, so that literary gleaners and scavengers always select the worthies of a past century, rather than those of the present; and what an eternal warming over it is of cold Lamb, of poor Robert Burns, of Landor, of Southey, of Shelley, of Byron, and the rest of them.

Tennyson will get it by and by, and our own Longfellow, Bryant, and many more. One would think it would add another pang to death to think of the repeated and minute

however, the Swiss government refused firmly to grant.

Instead then of returning to the train, we took the shady path along the slope of the hill which winds among villas and gardens to Montreux, a lovely village nestling along the coast, and a favorite resort of invalids. The climate is delightful, figs and pomegranates ripening in the open air. The little town was alive with the music and banners of a target-shooting festival, a festivity which brings together not only the sharp-shooters and merry-makers, but also the graver folk from the neighboring cantons. By this competition in target-shooting, and the practice of a hunter's life, the people have been educated in self-defense. In times of peace they have prepared for war—not by exhausting and expensive munitions and fortifications, and the keeping up of a vast army, but by making every man a soldier, with the devotion of a patriot, the fierce and stubborn bravery and self-reliance of the hunter, and the intelligence and quick wit of the commander. Of such stuff was the army made which, fifteen hundred strong, resisted the artillery of Charles the Bold for ten days, and repulsed the Burgundian troops with loss of glory, treasure, and life itself!

From Montreux it is a short half hour's walk to the Castle of Chillon, made so famous and interesting by Byron's genius and the sufferings of Bonnivard. The castle stands on an isolated rock, sixty-five feet from the main-land, with which it is connected by a drawbridge. Above the castellan's entrance are the words, "Gott der Herr Segne den Ein und Ausgang." (May God bless all who come in and go out.)

The precise date of the building of the castle is uncertain, but historical records show that Louis le Débonnaire shut up the Abbé of Corcier in 830, in a castle from which only the sky, the Alps, and Lake Leman were visible, and which could have been no other than Chillon. But the peculiar interest of the place attaches itself to Bonnivard, the hero, the scholar, the man of letters, who, struggling for the freedom of his country, was made a prisoner and kept for six years in a dungeon which he never left a moment for fresh air or light. The only dim rays of light which enter the cell come through a narrow loop-hole in a wall of extreme thickness.

Though the story as told by Byron is a fable, there being no three brothers confined there together, and of course no dying one after another, yet there is the dark, vaulted chamber, low as the level of the lake, the stumpy stone pillars, the cruel rings to which the prisoners were fettered, and the earthy floor trodden smooth and hard with the restless pacings of the chained patriots.

There were other sights besides that of Bonnivard's dungeon to make one shudder, rayless cells where the hapless victim of political or religious cruelty was left to die of starvation; fearful *oubliettes*, where the prisoner was hurried down three steps as to the floor of a dungeon, but the fourth was to the bottom of a well ninety feet deep, where he was dashed to pieces on the rocks; the damp cell with bed and pillow of stone, where the condemned spent their last night on earth, and the place of execution where, in 1348, twelve hundred Jews were burned alive on the base suspicion of having concerted a plan to poison all the wells in Europe.

The upper portion of the castle is now used as an arsenal for the arms of Vaud, and for some cantonal curiosities. We bade adieu to Chillon with a thankful heart, for that our lives had been given us in days of freedom and enlightenment.

Sauntering along the high road we came upon Villeneuve, where the Rhone enters the lake through a large delta. In its rapid course from its rise in Upper Valais, it receives the waters of eighty smaller streams, all of which it empties into the lake, and then sweeping through the city of Geneva, it keeps on its course till it is lost in the blue Mediterranean, near Marseilles. In the lake, a short distance west of Villeneuve, is a little island, of which Byron says in his *Prisoner of Chillon*,

> "And then there was a little isle,
> Which in my very face did smile,
> The only one in view."

Long years ago, an English lady, an admirer of Byron, had it protected from the inroads of the waves by a stone wall, and three elms have been planted upon it, whose green boughs waved a pleasant "good-by" to us as we turned to wander slowly up the crooked streets fragrant with the purple blossoms of the Judas trees.

LAUSANNE.

# From Kent to Devon,

## OR SUMMER RAMBLES ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

BY H. F. R.

THE Isle of Wight is well named the garden of England, for in its mild air fruits and plants that would need the shelter of a hot-house on the main-land, only a very few miles away, shine in the many sheltered valleys which abound. But it might also be called England in miniature, for within its boundaries may be found every variety of scenery in the parent island—hill, valley, mountain, ravine, forest, moor, and many a rare view of sea and landscape.

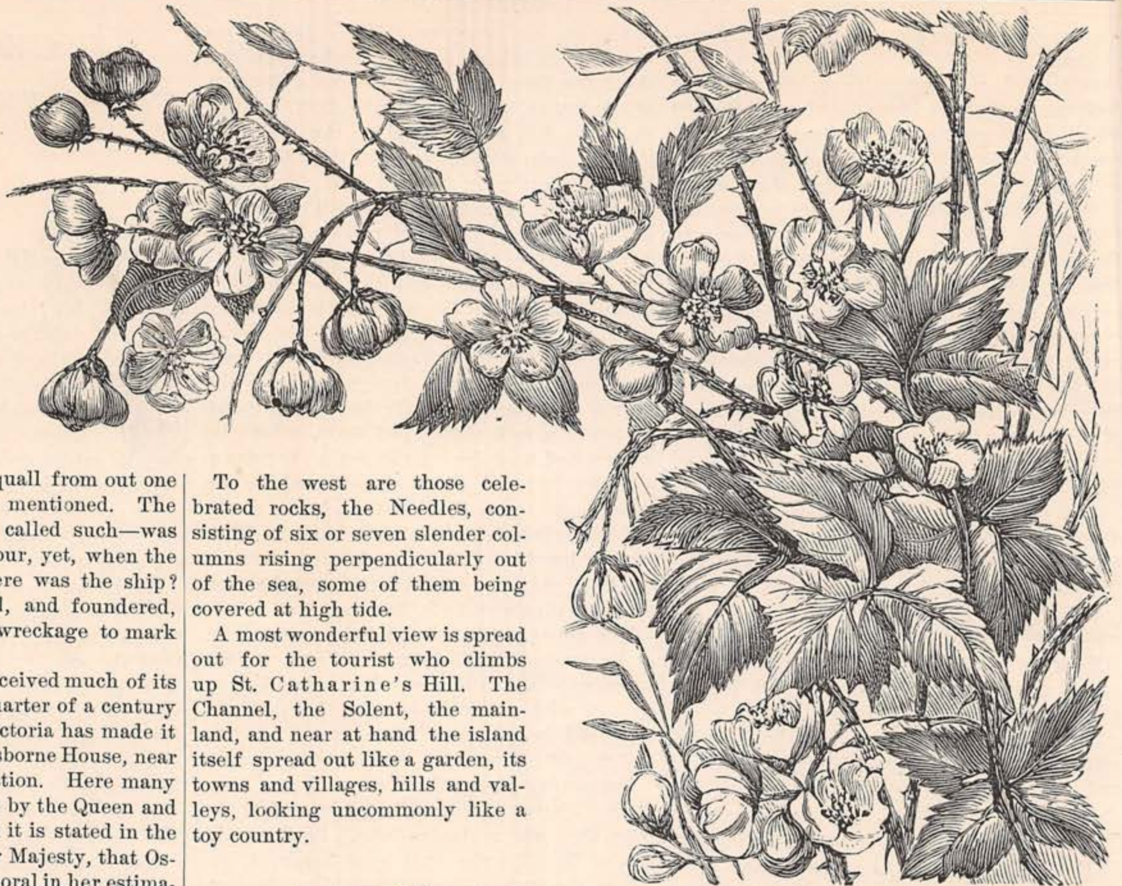
The island is only some twenty-two miles in breadth from east to west, and about thirteen in length. The land trends upward toward the center, where it culminates in St. Catharine's Hill, nine hundred feet high. From east to west a ridge of chalk extends, which crops out here and there in cliffs or "knobs," from almost any of which a view of the surrounding sea can be obtained.

In the local term of the place the south side is called the "back of the island," and it is here that the most striking scenery is seen. The very names have a bold, romantic sound—Culver Cliff, Dunnose Point, Blackgang Chine, Shanklin Head, etc., are all cliffs or headlands of chalk or limestone rock; and the coast is indented by numerous ravines or "chines"—these being narrow indentations in the shore, with perpendicular walls, into which the sea thunders with astonishing force, the pent-up echoes rebounding from wall to wall, and dying away only to be again revived by the next incoming sea.

The island is nearly cut in two by the river Medina, which is, however, little more than a mountain torrent; in the western portion are wide uplands or downs, on which large flocks of sheep are raised.

There are many ways of reaching the Isle of Wight. The tourist may go by either of the three lines of steam packets that make daily trips; he may, if he wishes to be adventurous, go over in a fishing boat; or, fortunately, may make the trip, as it was the writer's good luck to do, in a friend's yacht. Leaving Portsmouth early in the day, one is soon outside, with every prospect of a quick run over. But the skipper shakes his head, and points to the south and east where a dull haze is seen. In a very short time the vessel is enveloped in a "channel fog," and heavy coats for the men, and thick wraps for the ladies are necessary for those who elect to stay on deck. These last are well repaid for their braving of a little discomfort, for in about an hour the fog clears away, and there suddenly bursts on the sight a scene from fairy land; where but a few moments ago was dull fog and sad-colored water is now blue sky, bright sun and lightly rolling waves whose tops break into laughing foam crests.

But the jewel in the view is the island itself which fairly shines in the brilliant sunshine and clear air. This rapid change from grave to gay, from storm to calm, has, however, its dark side; as witness the loss of the *Eurydice* a few months back. A ship homeward bound, standing up channel for Portsmouth, with all sail set, the admiration of the beholders on shore, is struck by a sudden flaw of wind and a snow squall from out one of the many ravines before mentioned. The storm—it could hardly be called such—was past in less than half an hour, yet, when the sun shone out again, where was the ship? Gone, struck by the squall, and foundered, and only a few pieces of wreckage to mark her grave.



The island has perhaps received much of its notoriety during the past quarter of a century from the fact that Queen Victoria has made it her home, and looks upon Osborne House, near Cowes, with particular affection. Here many happy days have been spent by the Queen and the late Prince Consort, and it is stated in the book lately published by her Majesty, that Osborne is second only to Balmoral in her estimation. The mansion—it cannot be called a palace—is handsomely and comfortably furnished—nothing more—and might be readily mistaken for the residence of a wealthy commoner, rather than the abode of royalty. But the life of its inmates has always been a home life, pure and simple, and it is here, of all other places at her disposal in England, that its royal owner retires for rest from the cares of state.

In the castle near Cowes, Charles I. was confined for a time prior to his delivery to Cromwell for execution. Here the unfortunate Stuart was surrounded by a few—a very few—of his most devoted adherents, who were content to share his exile and brave the, in their eyes, dastardly Rump. Although sadly neglected, the rooms set apart for the king's use are still shown, and in one of them is the identical chair in which he was sitting at supper when the dispatch which was his doom was brought to him by his jailor.

There is but little commercial activity on the island, its exports being confined to sending early vegetables and sheep to the mainland, while the imports consist only of such supplies as are needed for the many visitors, who, as at Brighton, congregate here all the year round. Cowes, Ryde, and Ventnor are the three principal places for the pleasure seeker, though there are numberless charming nooks scattered through the island, where one may hide as secure from the bustle of the outside world as though in Arcadia. The capital is Newport, whose only importance is derived from the fact that it is where the elections for the two members of Parliament who represent the island are held.

To the west are those celebrated rocks, the Needles, consisting of six or seven slender columns rising perpendicularly out of the sea, some of them being covered at high tide.

A most wonderful view is spread out for the tourist who climbs up St. Catharine's Hill. The Channel, the Solent, the mainland, and near at hand the island itself spread out like a garden, its towns and villages, hills and valleys, looking uncommonly like a toy country.

## The Language of a Tear.

BY MRS. L. A. W. C.

A LITTLE glistening tear
Lay in her eye;
My heart, with trembling fear,
Inquired *why*

THE little pearly drop
Had left its bed?
Was it to tell a tale
Just left unsaid?

IF pity for the pain
She fain would spare,
This makes thee, little tear,
Bewitching fair.

WHATE'ER its import be,
I own its power;
And claim a trembling hope,
If but an hour.

I'LL clasp that wakened hope
To my fond heart,
And take the bliss it yields
Before we part.

THE sweet, mute speech I read,
Modest and clear,
And learn all I could wish,
E'en through a tear.

## The Blackberry.

THERE are few things that are oftener mentioned with contempt than the bramble. "Worthless as a bramble," is an expression of the esteem in which it is held; but there are few who would despise the rich clusters of fruits with which the reader is presented in the picture at the head of this article; but they are the product of the contemned plant, for the Blackberry is a true bramble, and every farmer once regarded it as an unmitigated pest. But horticulture, which has worked many changes in the estimation of the values of different plants, has taught us the worth of this.

It is too familiar to require description, for it grows almost everywhere, and is often found on soil so poor that it will support little else, and thrives in spots upon which the crow, as it flies, is said to drop tears of pity. But, like most other things in the world, it is all the better for care and culture, and is well worthy of both, since it returns a full reward for all labor that may be bestowed upon it.

In England it was long regarded as of little worth. In the old *Rural Encyclopedia* it comes under the head of "Bramble," and its fruit is said to be "generally worthless," though a favorite with children of the rural districts because it may be had for the trouble of gathering.

tigny, the Roman *Octodurus*, capital of the Veragin—a busy little town in summer, given quite over to the crowd of tourists who invade it from May till September. It is very prettily situated in the Rhone valley, and overshadowed by mountains. Near by on an eminence stands La Batiaz, a castle of the bishops of Sion, erected in 1260, but not occupied since 1518.

A few years ago, cretinism in its worst form was prevalent about Martigny, but very little of it is now to be seen, for this loathsome malady has gradually disappeared before civilization and modern improvement. But there is a disagreeableness connected with the place which I fear will not give way so readily, and that is a tribe of small gnats, first cousins to our mosquito family, which cause infinite discomfort to any one passing the night there. However, we could endure even these tormentors with patience, for on the morrow were we not to return to our doubting friends, with the assurance that we had actually *"been and done it"?*

ARGENTIÈRE GLACIER.

## From Kent to Devon.

No. 5.

ANY sketch of the south of England would be incomplete without some account of the three great cathedrals—Canterbury, Exeter, and Salisbury. That of Exeter is considered by many to be the finest in Europe, and Canterbury and Salisbury are not far behind it.

The city of Salisbury had a somewhat uncommon origin. In the year 1217, the site of the old town and cathedral having become, for many reasons, undesirable, the see was removed to its present place. At that time its importance was such that parliaments were occasionally held there during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Later, it also possessed extensive woolen and cutlery manufactures, but owing partly to the near proximity of Southampton, these have long since declined, and it is now as a "cathedral town" that the place is renowned.

Salisbury is regularly built, standing in an open, fertile plain, partly surrounded by walls; and a most curious feature is the brooks which run through all the principal streets for the purposes of drainage, which, taken with the venerable aspect of the houses give the place somewhat the air of a town of the middle ages. The cathedral is built in the "close"—an inclosed space of about half a square mile, surrounded by a high wall. It was finished in 1238, entirely in the early English style of architecture, in the form of a double cross. Its length is 474 feet, and the width of the larger transepts is 210 feet; the spire is the same height as the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, London, 404 feet, nearly twice as high as Trinity Church, New York. Some idea of its magnitude may be formed from the fact that the cathedral buildings, such as the deanery, bishop's house, chapter-house, school, etc., all comprised within the area of the "close," and all fair-sized buildings, look like toy houses by the side of the stately pile.

There is a rich altar piece which has for its subject the resurrection morning, and there are several exquisite stained glass windows; besides, the cathedral is decorated both on the exterior and in the interior with many statues of the saints and English ecclesiastical celebrities. The name for the cathedral and its small colony of buildings is still New Sarum, which it has retained for six hundred years, ever since the removal of the town before referred to. From Christianity to paganism is a long journey theoretically, but practically it occupies but a very little time. A short journey of eight miles takes us to Salisbury plain, where are the most stupendous ruins in England of one of the temples of the faith of its ancient people—the Druids.

This ruin consists of two circles of vast stones, averaging fourteen feet in height, seven feet broad, and three feet in thickness, the average weight of which is twelve tons; but the largest weigh much more—as much as seventy tons, which is the estimated weight of the center stone or "altar."

In the outer circle, numbering thirty slabs, seventeen remain upright, the rest are prostrate, all inclining toward the center. This outer circle is surrounded by a depression or trench, which it is conjectured was filled with water, and served to mark the boundary between the priests and the people. The inner circle is eight feet distant, and consists of smaller upright stones, within which are three groups, the largest of which is believed to have been the altar.

Now, the most remarkable thing about this ruin, and the first thing that occurs to the beholder is the question: How did these stones come there? By what superhuman agency were they brought to their present position from a great distance as they undoubtedly were? The plain where they stand is of an earthy, not a rocky, formation; and, moreover, nowhere in the vicinity at the present day is the same kind of stone to be found. But setting all this aside, there still remains the query: How were they raised to their present position? It certainly implies upon the part of the constructors some powerful mechanical appliances, of the existence of which we know nothing, at that day. Even supposing the rock was ready to their hands for quarrying, it must have been a most stupendous task to handle stones of from twenty to seventy tons in weight, something unthought of, even in this age of engineering enterprise.

Of the worship of the Druids but little is known. Some traditions speak of its celebrations as taking place amid groves of oak, under whose branches, and crowned with the twining mistletoe, the priests and priestesses chanted their hymns to the God of nature. If the ruins at Stonehenge were ever embowered in trees, there is nothing now to indicate the fact; the whole plain is marked by hardly a single tree. Again setting our faces toward Salisbury we are struck by the massive proportions of the cathedral, which, at a distance seems to comprise the whole town. The spire, though of really imposing size, is of such exquisite contrast to the rest of the pile, though entirely in keeping with it, that it well looks, as the old legend says, as though the angels designed the whole building. Near the center of the town is the market house, called, oddly enough, the "butter-cross." It was designed and erected by order of King Edward III., and is, perhaps, one of the finest specimens of domestic mediæval architecture in this part of England.

Of great antiquity is Canterbury. Before the Roman invasion, it was known as a religious station, under the name of Caer-Cant or Cantuaria. It was the capital of the Saxon kingdom of Kent, and the Romans made a camp there. In the second century, Christianity was introduced, and in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there was erected, on the site of the first Christian church in Saxon England, Canterbury Cathedral.

The town of Canterbury proper is situated in the valley of the Stour, a small river which

wanders toward the sea, near which it separates into two arms which form the Isle of Thanet. The town is old and picturesque, and has several old parish churches; but the chief interest centers around the cathedral. This last is built in the form of a double cross, with three towers, and in it are shown some of the most beautiful examples of early English and Norman architecture to be seen anywhere. Here are the shrines of the Black Prince and of Thomas à Becket, and around the latter the pavement is worn into hollows by the knees of the countless pilgrims who worshiped before the tomb of the illustrious prelate. The crypt is a fine specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of the time of Elizabeth, since whose reign it has been used as a French Protestant chapel. The choir is reputed to be the finest in the kingdom, not even excepting that of York. The names of such prelates as St. Augustine, Lanfranc, Becket, Cardinal Pole, Cranmer, Laud, and Tillotson have been associated with English history as successive archbishops of Canterbury, which dignitary is second only to the royal family in rank.

Canterbury is indelibly associated with the name of England's greatest novelist, Charles Dickens. His many pictures of life in the old town will be recalled with pleasure by all the readers of *David Copperfield;* and in *Edwin Drood,* his last and unfinished work, will be found an excellent portrayal of manners and society in the old cathedral close.

That Exeter is a place of great antiquity is proved—that long prior to the Roman invasion the place was mentioned by Ptolemy. Many relics, such as coins, statues, pieces of tesselated pavements, have been dug up, conclusive evidence that the Romans made it an important station.

In the reign of Alfred, it was the residence of the West Saxon kings, and was called *Exancestre* (the castle of the Ex,) a corruption of which term is the present name. At one time Exeter was also known as Monkstown, from the many religious establishments in the vicinity.

The precise date of the building of Exeter Cathedral is not known, but it is undoubtedly of great antiquity. It is cruciform in design, with two massive Norman towers, each one hundred and thirty feet high, which form the transepts. The whole building is four hundred and eight feet in length; the choir is one hundred and twenty-eight feet long, and extends the whole width of the church. There are also ten small chapels or oratories, schools, chapter-house, etc. The west front of the cathedral is most beautifully decorated, and in the opinion of those most competent to judge, is said to be the most beautiful *façade* in Europe. The town of Exeter being built on the side of a hill on the left bank of the river Exe, the cathedral forms a conspicuous landmark in all the surrounding countryside.

Plymouth, the principal town of Devonshire, though Exeter is the capital, is situate on a peninsula between the rivers Plym and Tamar, at the head of Plymouth Sound. Between it and the Sound is a fine open space of ground on the summit of a cliff, called the Hoe, and here is placed the citadel or principal fortress. The streets are old-fashioned and irregularly built, but the buildings are all in the substantial style of a hundred and fifty years ago. The harbor really consists of two parts—the Hamoaze, north of the Tamar, opposite Devonport, and the Catwater or estuary of the Plym, on the east side of Plymouth.

The largest vessels lie alongside its fine stone pier at all times of the tide, and the place owes most of its importance to its advantages as a naval station and harbor of refuge, being esteemed, in this regard, as of more account than Portsmouth.

Like most of the important towns on the south coast, Plymouth was, in Saxon days, a mere fishing station, and bore the name of Tamarworth, which, subsequently to the Conquest was changed to Southtown. The place furnished against the Armada seven ships and a "fly-boat," a greater number than any other port save London. It was here that Napoleon Bonaparte arrived in 1815, on board the *Bellerophon,* after his surrender to the Allies.

Plymouth is the birthplace of the illustrious Sir Francis Drake, and of Sir John Hawkins, one of the admirals who defeated the Armada; and three great names in the world of art also call it their native place—the painters Northcote, Prout, and Hayden.

Most remarkable for fertility is Devonshire. Excepting Dartmoor and Exmoor, two sterile tracts, it is without exception highly fertile. The Vale of Exe and the South Hams, bordering on the Channel, are especially beautiful. The climate is also exceedingly mild. In the depth of winter it is only a very few degrees colder than Naples; and in summer the heat is tempered by the Atlantic breezes charged with the aroma of two thousand miles of salt ocean.

Devonshire is noted for its immense crop of apples, and in the language of an old toast, which is current yet, "Devonshire lassies and Devonshire cider!"

## Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

### A GENIUS FOR DOING THINGS.

THE outgrowth of modern life is a woman with a genius for doing things. She may not have been a brilliantly educated woman to start with; the district school may have furnished all she knows of geographical sections and mathematical science; she may not be able to converse in French, though sometimes she is, nor read German, though she is usually well up in whatever can be obtained through the medium of the mother tongue.

But circumstances have aided a naturally bright and active mind to develop its resources, and so she has become quick, inventive, ready for an emergency, and able to use, if not to put to its best use, the opportunity as it comes along, and always has head and hands full of enterprises and undertakings, not only of her own, but those of other people; for the things which anybody thinks need to be done naturally gravitate toward her, and she goes to work at them, not because she knows the exact *modus operandi,* or that this is the thing which most requires to be done, but because she has a certain amount of force which she can bring to bear upon anything that she sets about doing, and is sure to bring it out or about some way or other.

She is partly the outcome of the present age of activity, and partly the natural rebound from the lackadaisical woman of the previous generation, who was proud of knowing nothing, and doing nothing, and who boasted of her ignorance, as the young college graduate of her knowledge. We look back and laugh now at the airs which it was fashionable to put on, of fright, of wonder, of surprise, of horror, at the most ordinary things, and realize our indebtedness to such novel writers as Miss Burney for giving us glimpses of a social life so full of affectations and pretenses, that our own seems honesty itself compared with it. Yet one cannot help a sentiment of profound pity for the women of those days, whose lives were absorbed in the merest details of dress and adornment, who had no childhood; every act and thought having for its aim and object the subordination of the woman, her activities, her feelings, her desires, to the ideal of elegance which she was in duty bound to represent. Nor was the wrong to the individual the chief evil of the system. Much worse was the public opinion that was formed. That affected society at large; that has left its impress upon even the present generation in the silly notion that work of any kind suited to their strength and their capacity, is not as good for women as for men.

Directly contrary to this is the active influence of our modern women of genius for doing things. Their presence is as inspiring as that of the north wind; they act like a tonic, bracing everybody up, and making the do-nothings ashamed of their idleness and inefficiency. Not that they always do wise things, or good things in the wisest way, but they do something all the time; they are proud of doing, and their force gives momentum to other bodies, and moves them to exertion, as well as renders doing nothing discreditable.

The active woman who is the head of a large household is in her element. That she is hospitable goes without saying. Her linen closet, her china closet, and her store-rooms are models. They contain the latest improvements, and are always receiving additions of odd, pretty, and new things. When blue china is the rage, she has stacks of blue china. Are embroidered towels the things, there is hardly room enough for a guest to wipe his hands without intruding upon the hollyhock and daisy bed. She never goes anywhere without bringing home new patterns, new recipes, new "ideas," in regard to her *menage,* and if she is a woman of large means, she allows little rest from never-ending changes, and "improvements."