

THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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MR. LEMOINE'S LECTURE,

27th NOVEMBER, 1882.

The winter course of Lectures was opened with *eclat* last night at the rooms of the Literary and Historical Society, by the President, J. M. LeMoine. We are enabled to-day to give his interesting lecture. His subject was "Reminiscences of Travel," in which he dealt with Brighton, Scarbro', Versailles, and the field of Waterloo.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—“I feel grateful, for the presence, this night, in this room, of such a numerous and distinguished assemblage, at the opening of our winter course of lectures. May I gather from the circumstance an indication, if not a proof of an increasing interest in and sympathy with the efforts of this Society to promote culture, by providing intellectual amusement for its members.

My special line of studies had naturally induced me to select for this occasion a subject calculated to further more immediately one of the chief objects contemplated by this Institution—the prosecution of researches bearing on American and Canadian annals. Some material had already, with this view, been garnered from an extensive collection of rare and old maps and charts, delineating on sea and land the line of travel of the early discoverers of America. I soon found the matter vaster even than I had anticipated; in fact requiring much more time than is at my disposal. Trusting to your forgiveness, I have departed from my old and beaten track and shall this evening, with your permission, place at your disposal, a few excerpts from a Diary of Travel, I kept during a two months' absence from home in July and August, 1881. To many here present, what I have to say, I ween, can have no novelty. It may possibly serve to refresh the memory of those sight-seers, who have preceded me and prepare the minds of those who may come after me.

Let us then first view King George IV.'s Elysium.

BRIGHTON.

As a fashionable sea-bathing resort, where the upper tondom of London disport themselves in sickness as well as in health, I saw no spot more patronised, more gorgeously and effectually equipped for pleasure and health, than the lovely town of Brighton on the Southern coast of England.

Brighton, with a population of 103,281 souls, and an annual influx of over 50,000 tourists and visitors, was an obscure fishing village down to 1753—in the county of Sussex. 'Tis now famous through all England. Brighton's original name was Brighthelmston, from Brighthelm, an Anglo-Saxon Bishop, who is reputed to have founded it in the 10th century, and *tun*, a town. Local histories tell us that the Romans had a settlement here—as proved by the numerous coins and other antiquities of the Roman period which have been found from time to time. The lord of the soil in the 11th century was the great Earl Godwin, the father of the last Anglo-Saxon King, Harold, who, as you know, lost his Kingdom and his life at the battle of Hastings (14th Oct., 1066.)

From its proximity to London, 'tis indeed a welcome haven of repose—a *sanatorium* for the wearied Londoner, longing for the Sunday or holiday, to tear himself from the great Babylon of wealth, squalor, trade, intellect and smoke.

The 3 p.m. express train from the London Bridge, or Victoria Railway station, rushes you in one hour and twenty minutes past rows of suburban brick cottages, leafy old manors, ivy-mantled chapels, medieval churches, under lofty viaducts, over the fifty-one intervening miles between the metropolis and the loved sea-side resort.

For a western traveller like me, never enamoured with the English style of railway travel