

Foreland, which is a splendid chalk cliff, we entered the Downs. This is the name given to the channel inside the famous Goodwin sands, where perhaps more wrecks take place than on any other part of the coast. Certainly no one would think as we were passing the lightships that but a few feet below the surface were bleaching the bones of many a gallant ship and her sturdy crew. Everything was peaceful. The sun was shining gloriously and the sea was calm and still, yet not far away could be seen the masts of a sunken ship sticking out of the water, a grim reminder of what had been so often before and might be again. At Deal, Broadstairs and Ramsgate, which are watering-places on the shore just opposite the Downs, are kept well equipped life-boats ready for any emergency. Many a brave deed has been done here, and many a life saved from a watery grave. The sands, which are now entirely immersed in the gradually encroaching sea, formerly were part of the lands belonging to the celebrated Earl Godwin, whose son, Harold II, was defeated near Hastings by William the Conqueror. The great Dutch Admiral De Ruyter also fought a sea-fight with the English near the Downs. Deal is a fashionable summer resort, for which purpose it is admirably adapted. It has a fine stretch of sand and several large hotels. A mile or so away is Walmer Castle, where the Duke of Wellington died. It was built in the reign of Henry VIII, and is now one of the residences of the Marquis of Dufferin in his capacity as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. The North Foreland is a lofty promontory of chalk, on one side of which is Ramsgate and on the other Margate, both very attractive resorts for Londoners. The mouth of the Thames here is very wide, and it is not till we were approaching Sheerness that we saw much of the shore. Just opposite, at Southend, is the longest pier in England. Soon we have passed the famous "Boy at the Nore" and the mouth of the Medway. Both sides of the river now become attractive. Small villages with quaint little churches almost hidden in ivy peep out here and there, and by afternoon we are moored snugly in our berth at the town of Gravesend. Just opposite is Tilbury Fort, built by Henry VIII. Here Queen Elizabeth reviewed her troops before the defeat of the great Spanish Armada. Her speech on this occasion was characteristic: "I know that I have but the arm of a poor weak woman, but I have the stomach of a King, and a King of England too." Tilbury is chiefly famous for its docks, which are the longest in England, and are included in the port of London. Gravesend itself is a quaint and interesting town. It is built upon ground which gently rises from the river till it reaches its culmination in a height called Windmill Hill. On this hill there was an observatory even earlier than that of Greenwich. The view from the top is charming. One of the features of interest is the old parish church, which is built of flint. In it are said to be the remains of the Indian princess Pocahontas, who died at Wapping. The square contains a fine clock, with chimes erected to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee. One of the prettiest thoroughfares is Windmill Hill. This is lined

on both sides by flowering trees such as laburnums, hawthorns and chestnuts while the walls are crowned with ivy or holly, and many of the houses are covered with climbing roses. The effect was very delightful to those who here touched terra firma for the first time after a long voyage. The month was June, and everything was in its beauty. Near to Gravesend are the Rosherville Gardens, a favorite place of resort for Londoners. To the lover of Dickens the country near Gravesend is classic ground. Two or three of us set out upon a country drive one afternoon. It was of the utmost interest. As we drove down the hill from Gravesend on the way to Cobham, the view was charming. The road was good, and on each side lined with laburnums and hawthorns. Here and there was a picturesque wall built of broken flints and crowned with a hedge of holly or of ivy. On each side were the hop-fields, the vines clustering up the rows of poles. From time to time we passed a quaint old farm-house, or a kiln for drying hops, shining with its red roof through the trees. A drive of a few miles brought us to Cobham. It is a small village, with a church in the Early English style, which contains one of the best collections of brasses in England.

Close by on the main road is the "Leather Bottel," an inn which informs you, as most of the inns do hereabouts, that Dickens used to be a visitor. Readers of *Pickwick* will remember that Tupman, after his escape with Rachel, old Mr. Wardle's sister, put up at the "Leather Bottel," where Mr. Pickwick found him. Not far away Mr. Pickwick made that wonderful discovery that was to revolutionize the antiquarian world—the stone with the curious inscription:

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What we came chiefly to see was the seat of the Earl of Darnley. The park is about seven miles in circuit, and contains a beautiful little lake. The display of rhododendrons here in June is the finest in England. For almost a mile we walked along the paths in the park, surrounded on all sides by bushes twenty feet high, which were literally covered with pink blossoms as big as one's head. The sight was worth coming miles to see. Cobham Hall itself is interesting, although we did not have time to go through it. It is composed of a centre and two wings, the former by Inigo Jones. In the XVth century it belonged to Joan, heiress of John, Lord Cobham, who married Sir John Oldcastle. Oldcastle assumed the name Cobham, and was eventually put to death on suspicion of favoring the Lollards. He is said to have been the original of Falstaff. In 1596 the estate came into the possession of Henry Lord Cobham, who was Warden of the Cinque Ports. He with others was accused of taking part in Raleigh's conspiracy, and his estate confiscated. It thus became royal property, and in 1612 James I. granted it to the Duke of Lennox, one of his own relatives. At