

legend of days gone by and many a stirring tale of dering-do! More than that, if more there could be, was I not to revel in the delights of London, that wonderful epitome of the Universe! The very thought was rapture. So eager was I that I did not in the least cool down even after I got to sea. Of the voyage I will say nothing. "The least said soonest mended." I was not sea-sick. Jerome says that nobody ever is sea-sick on land. To prevent mistakes, therefore, I repeat I was not sea-sick. Nevertheless, I was relieved when the look-out man announced, one night at ten o'clock, the Bishop light on the Scilly Islands. Next morning at day-break we were approaching the Lizard. A kaleidoscopic view of varied interest lay around us. To the left was the lofty coast of Cornwall and Devonshire, Land's End disappearing in the distance like the spires of some mighty serpent. Before us lay the Channel which, for once at least in its history, was as calm as a millpond. The scene was ever changing, for on all sides were ships of all shapes and sizes and pretensions to respectability, from the tiny fishing-smack, with its brown-tanned sails, to the stately P. and O. steamer bound for Bombay. Sailing-vessels one mass of snowy canvas were slowly making for the adjacent port of Falmouth, pursued by harpy-like tugs hoping to make an honest penny in case the wind should drop. Dirty little coasters and oil-tanks for Philadelphia made up a scene replete with life and energy. It was not like visiting an Old World; it was like discovering a New. To put it in the words of Keats:

"Then felt I as some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

The Lizard is a bold promontory jutting into the sea, on top of which is a coast-guard station. Here we signalled our arrival in English waters. A few hours steaming brought us abreast of the *Edystone* Lighthouse. This has had an exciting history. The first lighthouse that we have any record of on this rock was completed by Winstanley in 1700, but was destroyed in the great hurricane of 1703, in which the engineer himself perished. The next was built of oak and masonry by Rudyerd in 1709. It was burnt in 1755. In 1759 Smeaton completed his celebrated work. It stood for many years, but there was always some fear as to its stability, and it was replaced by the present lighthouse, built by Douglass in 1882. This is a very shapely structure. Not far away can be seen the remains of Smeaton's tower, about half of which remains. The next point of interest to be reached was the Start. The coast of Devonshire is very beautiful, with its lofty capes and retreating bays, its climbing hills forming a lovely back-ground to the view. Portland Bill, with its famous convict station, next hove in sight, and was soon left far astern. At St. Alban's Head the coast is very rugged.

Jagged peaks of rock stand out of the water, threatening dire vengeance to any unlucky ship that may be cast upon them. Two of these, and perhaps the most striking, near to Swanage, are called Old Harry and his wife. Late in the afternoon we passed the Needles, two tall pinnacles of rock, which are aptly named, stand-

ing like sentinels to guard the entrance to the Solent. The Isle of Wight presents a lovely picture from the sea. The shores are high and of a greyish color, while inland are hills upon hills, and gently undulating ground covered with bright green herbage. Night was just closing in as we signalled to St. Catharine's Point, and when Ventnor was passed, people were lighting up their houses, and many twinkling lights were gently rising and falling in the water like gigantic fire-flies. Next morning at day-break the vessel was abreast of Hastings, and when I came on deck shortly after, the houses were rapidly diminishing in the distance. Dungeness in Kent was next reached. Here a long sand bank, crowned at its termination by a lighthouse, juts out from the shore. At this point we took on the pilot for Gravesend. As he stepped on board and shook hands with the captain, his portly presence was an eloquent though silent expression of virtues of good old English roast-beef. Breakfast occupied our attention for a short time, and when we again made our appearance, we were within sight of Folkestone and Dover. It is said by some that the chalk cliffs which are such a striking feature of this part of the coast gave to England the name of Albion, whence also Tennyson so beautifully calls it the "silver-coasted isle." To the south-west of Dover is a frowning cliff known as Shakspeare's Cliff.

"How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles: half way down,
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:--I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

The cliff hardly merits such an extravagant description as this, but still "a soizable un he be," as John Browdie would say, and it forms a notable feature in the landscape. Dover presents a charming picture. The white cliffs stand boldly out from the water, crowned upon the top by the famous castle. On a little bay between the cliffs the shore rises gently, and here the town is built in a succession of terraces. The town was called Dubris by the Romans, who built one of their main roads from Dover to London passing through Canterbury and Rochester.

The castle is an immense structure, comprising a large Norman keep with protecting walls and buildings. Within it are two buildings of earlier date, the Roman pharos and the Romano-British church, which, with the exception of the roof, is in the condition in which it was built. This forms a specimen of ecclesiastical architecture unique in Christendom. The castle is altogether most imposing, and is second in appearance only to Windsor. For some distance beyond Dover the shore still possesses the same lofty configuration and the same greyish color. After passing the South