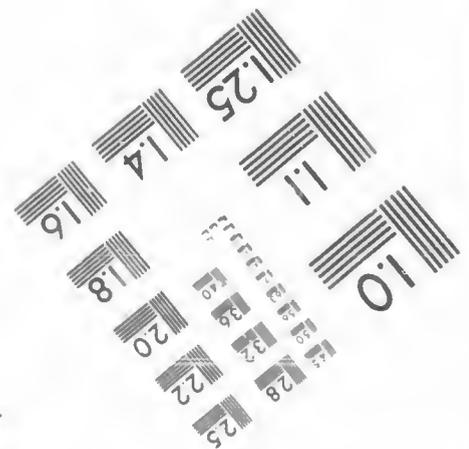
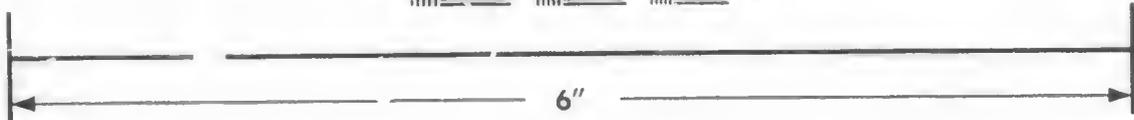
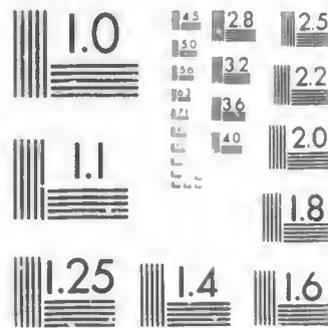


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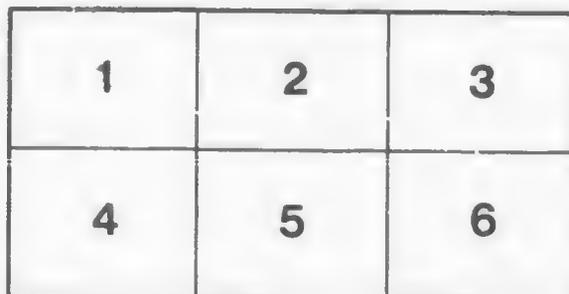
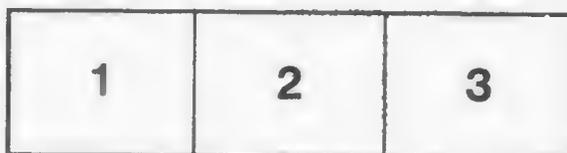
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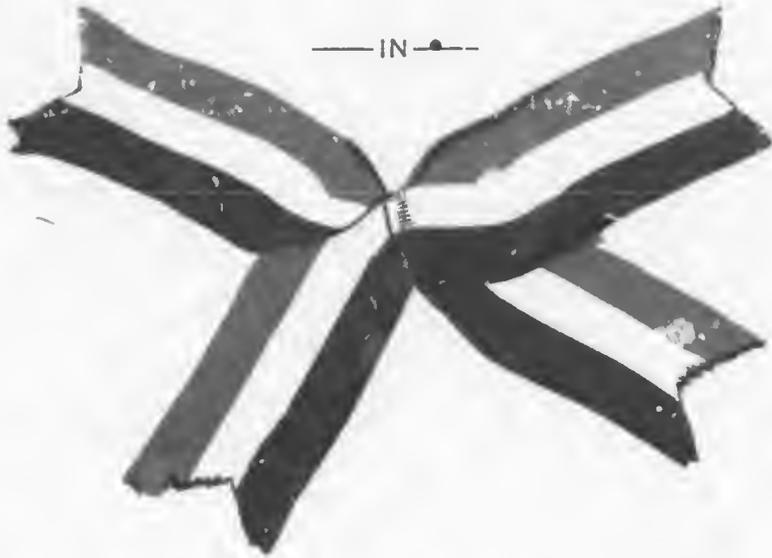
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PART I.--THE JUBILEE.

# RAMBLES

— IN —



## MERRIE, MERRIE ENGLAND,

— BY —

*J. RUPERT ELLIOTT.*

ST. JOHN, N. B.

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By J. RUPERT ELLIOTT,

In the office of the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa.

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A DIAMOND JUBILEE SOUVENIR.

RAMBLES

IN

Merrie, Merrie England.

GLIMPSES OF ITS CASTLES, ITS CATHEDRALS,  
ITS ABBEYS, ITS TRADITIONS, AND  
ITS RURAL LIFE.

PART I.

BY J. RUPERT ELLIOTT,

Author of "American Farms," and "A Story of the Times"  
(in preparation).

ST. JOHN, N. B.

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"Thou Art Alone - The Queen of Earthly Queens."

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## O KING OF KINGS.

*"Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour."*

O King of Kings, who givest power to all,  
Eternal, while their empire's rise and fall ;  
O God, most merciful, to Thee we raise,  
As from one voice, a nation's hymn of praise.

For all the bounties from Thy loving hand,  
On us and on our favoured fatherland ;  
For light Divine, where darkness else would be,  
For peace, for wealth, for power on land and sea.

And foremost, Lord, with Thy dear gifts we place,  
In this our year of jubilee and grace,  
Our Royal Rule, the Queen, Thou did'st ordain,  
O'er us throughout a noble life, to reign.

Gentle and wise, in weal or woe serene,  
Exalting worth, where'er true worth is seen ;  
Guiding the great, and to the poor a friend,  
The first to pity, succour and defend.

Her power the power which comes from Love alone  
In English hearts, at home, abroad, her throne ;  
Her virtues, not her armies, make her fame,  
Where'er is heard her happy, glorious name.

Father, accept Thy children's grateful praise  
For all the goodness of these golden days,  
And bless the prayers which bless'd so long hath been,  
God save Victoria, God save the Queen !

Amen.

—S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

## PREFACE.

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Some one has said "I am a part of all that I have seen." It is certainly true that the pleasures of travel are one of the great pleasures of life, whether it be as in country life, the trip to the county fair, to the shiretown, or to see the show, or in the greater, which may bring under the eye all the many wonders of a world. And he who can view and estimate, and admire the world's great treasures, has a high, a sublime, thought, for all the works of creation.

Ruskin says of art: "High art consists neither in altering nor improving nature, but in seeking through nature for whatever things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure; in loving these, in displaying to the utmost of the painter's power such loveliness as is in them, and directing the thoughts of others to them by winning art or gentle emphasis."

Emerson says of nature: "Nature is the incarnation of a thought, and turns to thought again, as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated, and the volatile essence is forever escaping again into the state of free thought." Then says Sir John Lubbock: "The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer we can stay among these things so much the more is snatched from inevitable Time. . . . These are the only hours that are not wasted — these hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty. This is real life, and all else is illusion, or mere endurance."

He who with purpose goes about from scene to scene, from country to country, seeing different things under the same conditions, and the same things under different conditions, marking cause and result, and taking lessons from Madame How and Lady Why, will be impelled to realize all this.

Ruskin is right. Nature cannot be excelled by art. Nature cannot even be copied to fully satisfy. Even a picture of nature may fill the soul with raptures, and yet the soul will not be fully satisfied; it is intricately, but it craves more; for it feels that the all has not been seen. The soul is right — that picture was only one of a vast number that might be seen under different conditions — looking out over the very same eye-sweep.

A short time ago I was upon the Lookoff, near Blomidon, of the North Mountain Range in Nova Scotia, looking out over that beautiful picture of East Kings, Hants, and Minas Basins. I had seen the whole, in a different way, many times before; but that day the picture, in all its parts, was beyond all compare more beautiful, and full of grandeur than any I had ever before seen. A few weeks later I was upon Mount Royal, looking over that grand picture from the Mount of Montreal, and the valley of the St. Lawrence. I had many times before looked upon the same scene. I had, however, never before me the same picture. There was a mellowness peculiar to some of our autumn days, a richer tint to the foliage, a more delightful effect of light and shade produced by the setting sun, than I here had before experienced — producing a grander picture. A few days later I witnessed a glorious sunrise scene, as, by the Canada Pacific Railway, I was running down the shore of Moosehead Lake in the State of Maine. This was peculiarly fine, from the fact that, in addition to the rare rich autumn tint upon many of the trees, everything else seemed coated over with a white frost. These all appeared to me to be magnificent scenes, and yet I had just returned from a summer of sight-seeing in old England. I had simply seen them under changed conditions.

The traveller realizes how limitless are the riches and the varieties of nature — how many the expressions of the infinite are to be seen in vast creation to him who will see.

And Emerson is right. Nature is mind escaping again and again into a state of free thought. Nature forever

speaks, but how varied is the expression. And so will the traveller feel who profits by his many lessons. As he comes into contact mind with mind he will learn that there is but little, even in the region of thought, that may not be varied by circumstances. And so he broadens his vision.

Sir John Lubbock is also right. The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live—these hours which “absorb the soul.” It is certainly within the province of the traveller to live more and longer than he who remains at home. Be where we may if we have nothing before us of art or nature on which the eye or the mind may delight then are we but endeavouring to get rid of time — as we do so much.

Year by year the cost of travel is being lessened, and the possibilities of a really fine trip are now within the power of even the slender purse.

The object of the re-publication of the articles to be found upon the following pages, is that the reader may profit in a slight degree by my travels in England on this the Diamond Jubilee year; and also that something of the possibilities of a trip to England at a very moderate expense may be learned.

I have to thank the journals which first published my articles contained herein for allowing them to be re-published.



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“The world belongs to him who has seen it.”

—*Sir John Lubbock.*

## THE REGAL CITY.

I N many important respects London by far transcends any of the great cities of the world. And this lead has not been merely of recent date. Her imperial position in the affairs of nation and of nations has been long recognized. She is at once the centre of the larger portion of the great financial undertakings of the world. From the port of London radiates a commercial life and an activity unknown to other cities of this or of other times. To London gather the leaders of enterprise in all lands; and her growth was never at a greater celerity than at this important juncture in the Victorian Era.

The friends of what city can boast of its being the political, the financial, the commercial and legal centre of so vast an empire? And of what city can it be said that it has been the unbroken seat of the government of a great nation for eight or more centuries? Around this seat of monarchy has developed a progress in culture, in thought, in religious life and in liberty, of a character that should thrill the heart of the loyal Britisher with enthusiasm on this Diamond Jubilee occasion.

We venerate its history. As we view the remains of the Roman walls of the old city, we thank the Romans for their valuable assistance in laying the foundations of our national existence, and the lessons which their enduring work has for us, and are also thankful that in all the generations which have come and gone since that time, there was a mind in England

that did not require that these masterly marks of a vigorous people should be altogether obliterated.

Many proofs we have in discoveries by excavations that in temple, luxurious villas, aítars, and beautiful tessellated pavements, the Romans made a grand effort to found here a great city; and we must hold it all in grateful memory as a valuable step in our early progress. The famous White Tower, the occasional residence and palace of our kings and queens, from the reign of Stephen to Charles II., where kings were even crowned, is still a martial camp, and has a history in stone, in prose and in poetry back to the days of the Roman bastions on which it rests. Here are the crowns of an Alfred the Great, Edward the Confessor, and a William the Conqueror. These venerable relics have belonged to the monarchical rule well up to a thousand years. Of what other town can the same be said?

What tower contains within its massive walls such a venerable chapel as that of St. John in the White Tower, in which the national service which is here performed from day to day, and the popular service are in such harmony with the services which were a thousand years back the bulwark of the national life and faith? The massive arches of this piece of early Norman architecture appear as perfect in strength and grandeur as they undoubtedly were in the days when William attended divine service here. What monuments to our Norman period of history!

In Westminster Abbey we see a combination of monuments of a political and religious character, covering a period from the days of Edward the Confessor:

another assemblage of striking testimony to the propriety of London claiming royal distinction. It is ever with awe and reverence that we view these records and monuments, exhibiting, as they do, in an undoubted way, how closely connected may be the higher and spiritual aspirations and life, as recognized by the great of earth, with the highest national welfare—the grand march in civilization and true progress.

In these grand monuments—in wall, castle and abbey—three important periods in the nation's history are represented: by wall, the Roman occupation; by St. John's Chapel, White Tower, a perfect piece of Norman architecture, the Norman Era; and by the Chapter House of the Abbey, which is considered one of the most beautiful creations of early English architecture, that eventful thirteenth century era.

In the Chapter House of the famous Abbey is the political and religious history of the nation in vivid light. From the reign of Edward I., the days of the first meeting of the Commons of England as a separate body to the days of the reformation, parliament was held in the splendid Chapter House. It was on the last day of the life of Henry VIII. that this body ceased to make laws and do the business of the nation here. And what an eventful time, a fruitful time, that was in nation building. That we have this monument preserved for us in such an attractive form we may now be sincerely thankful.

Indeed Westminster Abbey and its belongings is a grand collection of sacred deposits to the loyal lover of British history. Some regret that even more is not made of it, especially by Londoners, but the Londoner

has it so in his possession that he neglects to do it the honours that he might, and in reality feels. When we witness, however, as we have on our frequent visits to this shrine of England's history, the concourse of people constantly coming and going to view, worship, and study it—the artist with his pencil, archæologist, the patriot, the religious devotee—a throng increasing year by year with ever heightening interest and veneration, an interest world-wide and intense as represented day by day, then I am satisfied that this stands above all others of the world's treasured monuments.

How fitting, too, it is that these sacred and serious objects should be enclosed or overshadowed by a building which represents an architecture so nearly the purely English, national, and so satisfying to the eye—to use the words of an authority, Sir Gilbert Scott, the architect—"a beauty which never tires the eye, and which impresses itself upon the eye and the mind, however frequently you view it, and however glorious the edifices which during the interval you may have seen."

We will enter by the north transept, the grand approach to the monuments to the memory of the statesmen who have been so conspicuous in the affairs of the nation. We pass the beautiful choir and sanctuary; we look not upon the grand nave; we want to get to the first of the sacred monuments here encompassed, that to which we owe the founding of this venerable assemblage of memorials—the shrine of Edward the Confessor. There are but three of these famous shrines in England: that of St. Thomas Cantilupe at Hereford; one of the sainted abbess St. Ethelfrida, at

Ely; and this of Edward the Confessor. Around this revered deposit, where devout worshippers have worn the steps far in, are clustered monuments to the mighty, the great, the best, whose memory the world delights to honour. Near a thousand years of culling, and now the highest compliment which can be paid a great man is to place a memorial to his memory near the shrine of the Confessor, the nearer the greater the honour. We may spend hours here again in the maze of fascinating history.

It is fitting that the "Queen of Good Memory," Eleanor of Castile, once as fearless of danger as any of the Crusaders, should have found a resting place here; and that Philippa, the "woman of virtue and friend of England," should repose in as honoured a place as her husband, Edward III.; and after all the sorrowings and sufferings of Mary Queen of Scots, England should now and forever be doing what it can to repair the wrongs she endured; and that John Milton, though he died poor, neglected, and after years of total blindness, should find such national recognition; and Geoffrey Chaucer, who died in great poverty, and who, by the good fates and mere chance, has a resting place here. Ben Johnson begged for eighteen inches of square ground for his body, and, poor as he was, was buried here, head uppermost. If this was all the space that could be allowed him, we are glad that his wish was so far gratified.

It is pleasant to know that so conspicuous is made the memory of William Wilberforce, who, after all efforts and discouragements to put an end to the slave trade triumphed, was carried here for the nation

to hold in good memory by the Peers and Commons of England, with the Lord Chancellor and speaker at their head. It is well, too, that Sir Robert Peel should have it upon record that Richard Cobden was the real hero of England's commercial freedom in the repeal of the corn laws, and that Cobden, by the nation is now so recognized in a monument to his memory here. And how appropriate that Charles James Fox should be here represented as dying in the arms of liberty; Fox, the friend of the oppressed.

We are thankful, too, that the visitor can see the fine monument to Lord Chatham, and that he must, in doing so, remember that statesman's last effort to stand against the "dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy."

Yet we ask, among so much, what of Simon de Montford, who fought the first great fight for government by the people? We are in a humour to sue for justice to the truly great, and he is one whose memory we would treasure.

We will cross parliament square, and down by the embankment we follow the noble Thames, and are soon at the Savoy Royal Chapel, where once stood the palace of the great Baron de Montford, where Chaucer once in his affluence wrote poems, and where the captive king, John of France, ended his days. We find no monument to the memory of the Baron, but we do find a bit of Gothic architecture of the 16th century, which the visitor to London should see.

Away over in Worcestershire, near Evesham Abbey, and the battle ground, where de Montford and his son fell in the interest of constitutional progress, is his

monument. Only a few months ago and we were on the same battle ground now a delightful garden country.

“Great Lester here expired, here with Henry his brave  
sonne,  
When many a high exploit they in that day had done ;  
Scarce was there noble house of which their times could  
tell,  
But that some one thereof on this or that side fell.”

It is to be regretted that the old Palace of Savoy, established by one whose public acts were in behalf of the rights of the people, should by the people be destroyed ; but such are the vicissitudes of warfare of vested supremacy — and the people the victims. The Palace of Savoy was destroyed by the action of that insurrection in 1381, which had its chief origin with the oppressed farmers of Kent, Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk, led by Watt the Tyler and John Ball.

Since we are in the depths of these truly interesting events of history we will follow the supporters of the cause of the farmers of Kent to the Temple, which they fired and partially destroyed. This was the temple of 1184. The church fortunately was mostly saved—to this day. And now, in the Jerusalem chamber of the circular Tower, we can, as in the days of the Crusaders, fancy ourselves at the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem which it is said to well represent. In the beautiful porch we see the tombs of a number of the Crusaders. It has been said that next to meeting with great men is a visit to their tombs. We can now fancy that we may feel something of the holy zeal with which these men were inspired as they

set out from these courts and sanctuaries on their crusades.

In the Middle Temple Hall is another valuable relic of English history of inestimable interest. This has been honoured by a masque in which Earl Leicester, of Queen Elizabeth's time, was an actor, and the famous queen herself an audience. Here, also, Shakespeare saw his own "Twelfth Night" played.

Watt the Tyler and his followers had wrought destruction at Lambeth and Southwark and came here by London Bridge — the London Bridge of thrilling history, the one on which, after the execution, the heads of Sir William Wallace, the Bishop of Rochester, Sir Thomas More, and others were exposed for ridicule. But the bridge which replaced it in 1824, the new Old London Bridge, over which our Queen passed in her royal progress on Jubilee day, and over which 100,000 pass daily, which has conveyed safely many processions, has never before, or can ever, pass a sovereign under whose sway so much has been accomplished for the principles for which the farmers of Kent contended.

It is interesting in this glorious era of English liberty, and on this fitting occasion, to review the chief demands made by the infuriated farmers of Kent. They certainly asked for nothing unreasonable in the light of an intelligent conception of rights recognized by ethics, justice, or the Christian code, and for which England stands out conspicuously grand among the nations of the earth. The principles demanded were the abolition of slavery, a reduction in the rent of land, and free liberty to buy and sell in all the markets and

fairs. We know that, above all the nations, England glories in giving her subjects permission to buy and sell where they please; and she has gone beyond the demands of the farmers of Watt the Tyler's day in adjusting taxation to the ability of the people to pay.

Withal, we are in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, and St. Paul's is the Royal Chapel of the time. Verily, St. Paul's is, next to our own beloved Queen, the centre of interest on this unique occasion. 'Tis a thousand pities that it is necessary to so disfigure the noble building with unsightly scaffolding. And yet it towers majestically above the millions of people who would delight to join directly in all the proceedings of the thanksgiving. Standing upon Waterloo Bridge we may see the grand dome as always commanding the Regal City regardless of her temporary disfigurements. We may see her interior as we have seen it on a former occasion in the full exercise of all her appointments. After an afternoon service, as we were gazing at the glorious choir and dome, a parishioner approached and said: "Sir, you have chosen a fine time to visit this noble edifice." And so it was, a beautiful clear soft May day, about 4 p. m., when the rays of the sun were taking on the mellow of declining day. We then better understood the import of the words of Knight, the historian: "In grandeur of mass and picturesqueness of outline, alone almost among its class, imposing seen under some circumstances of position and season — even a sublime temple."

The gatherings of St. Paul's from a little one are growing more and more imposing, or of increasing interest. After the celebrated architect, Sir Christopher

Wren, had completed the building, the thanksgiving services for the peace of Ryswick was the occasion for the opening of it; and, strange to say, King William did not attend, and the service was confined to the church officials in the choir. After the accession of Queen Anne, thanksgiving services were quite frequent. The first was for the successes of the Earl of Marlborough and the destruction of the Spanish fleet by Sir George Rook. It was declared the Queen's Chapel Royal for the day. A statue of Queen Anne stands by the western front.

In 1872 a happy celebration was held here by Queen Victoria and her people in public thanks for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. The grandest of all was on the 22nd of June, 1897, for Queen Victoria had reached safely the sixtieth anniversary of a glorious reign, and St. Paul's, with thirty thousand capacity, was not large enough in the interior to accommodate it.

However, the remarkable gatherings of St. Paul's have not been all of the rejoicing character. A great procession, in which princes, and nobles, and people took part, was made, first by the Thames from Greenwich, and then by land, to do honours to the remains of Lord Nelson, who was then buried under the centre of the dome. Then at the burial of Wellington—peers, commons, civic authorities, city companies and foreign ambassadors were in attendance in order. Every arcade, every available space, was crowded. From 12,000 to 13,000 persons were present. Tho body was received by the Bishop and Dean and the clergy at the west door, and conducted to the dome, on which shone down the graceful coronal

of light which encircled the dome under the Whispering Gallery. The pall was borne by eight of the most distinguished general officers who had survived the wars of their great commander, or other glorious wars in which their country had been engaged.

In a following paper we will endeavour to show how no nation but England can have and perpetuate such glorious historical monuments; how there is, to use the words of the historian in telling the story of the repairs to old St. Paul's after the lightning fired its spire, "the union of the high and the humble, the sovereign and the burgher."

## THE JUBILEE.

WHEN on my way from America to England this year, with the avowed purpose of being in London to join in the Jubilee rejoicings of June 22nd, I was warned in something this way: "I would not be in London on any account on Jubilee day! There's sure to be a hundred or more killed! I know something of a London crowd; one's sure to be robbed or crushed, and if he undertakes to provide luncheon it will be stolen, and very few will be able to see the procession at all, and if they do secure seats, they will have to stay in their places for hours with nothing to do or see." Such were the cheering impressions of what was in store for me on Jubilee day by old Londoners on our side of the Atlantic.

Well, what have I really experienced? None of the dire forebodings. I have seen London crowds—pretty dense ones these days; I have moved about this great object of interest and that, and feasted my eyes upon them with the thousands of others about me, and enjoyed them in every way to the full, and I am pretty certain that I have not been killed, crushed, robbed, starved, or injured. On the contrary, I feel very much improved, and I certainly was in the flesh on Jubilee day, and carried my purse and several sovereigns about with me all the time.

A better behaved great collection of people I have never seen, taken all in all, than I have seen in the streets of London during the past week. I have frequently seen in New York and Boston crowds attend-

ing special ceremonies which were twenty-five per cent. behind the London crowd in behaviour. That the congestion at times was very great, and locomotion difficult, is true enough, but a spirit pervaded the people always to quietly give these medleys their own time for adjustment. It has appeared to me marvellous many times that such a huge passenger traffic, let alone the commercial traffic, could be carried on without frequent serious mishaps. But none has come, and we are safe and the Jubilee is over.

Unusual experiences were our lot, and, by observation, so thought we, were the lot of others, for several days previous to the great event. Twice I lost my luggage when on my way from Wales, where I had been making a visit. I found it once in Conway, and the next day between Conway and Shrewsbury I lost it again, and this time it did not reach me until three days after I again arrived in London.

At the lost baggage office in London I found a constant stream of people coming to make inquiries for their property. One lady and gentleman came, while I was standing by, for a diamond brooch, for the return of which they finally instructed the official to offer a reward of £20. On my part, I protested against the English system of only labelling luggage. I was told that the immense amount of luggage to be handled here could not be forwarded in time to suit passengers if the American system was adopted. There is something in it worth considering. Certainly the railway people are good at looking up luggage.

From Hereford to London on the 19th, I witnessed

some amusing incidents. As our train would draw up at a platform there would be a stampede of people up and down its length spying in at each compartment, which, in most cases was already full, seeking for a chance of passage. I will not soon forget the experience of one old lady and her maid. They were, like many English travellers, loaded up with parcels, baskets, bags, straps, and a lot of umbrellas. The first I saw of them was at a station about two hours from London. They came along to each compartment, and were, as they proceeded, protesting against the accommodation, which, at that distance out, was not so very bad. However, for three or four stations after, they would appear looking for something better than they had so far succeeded in securing. The last I saw of them they had given up the effort, had drawn themselves back into a corner of the station, with their countless bundles beside them, vehemently discussing the possibilities of doing better by the next train. This was but one of the many amusing experiences of that journey.

And now we talk of Jubilee matters. I give my impressions much as they transpired on that day. My London friends, with whom I am delightfully entertained, had secured excellent seats in a large deep window in the Strand for a party of six, one for me among the number. Consequently concern for that was soon allayed. The day before the event luncheon had been sent from our house to the premises to which our stand belonged. It arrived safely and proved most satisfying to the inner man when the time came to make use of it.

At our "underground" station, which we entered at 7.30 a. m. for another near the Strand, hundreds were waiting for passage by the "next train." Here was a crush out of proportion to the capacity of the "next train" that of our party, a friend, who was looking particularly after my interests and I only were "taken in." When you have to secure passage in a compartment which by law and usage and tolerable comfort must only carry ten, and there are already eighteen occupants, there must be a compromise somewhere if the stranger is really taken in. We got in somehow through the energetic management of my fellow traveler. At our next station a gentleman, who, I suppose, had been sufficiently crushed, got out. A heroic effort was then made to keep any new comer out also, for, nine people standing upon a space about six feet by half a foot, seemed quite enough. A tall, burly fellow outside thought otherwise, and forcibly opened the door, we protesting against his entry as lustily as we ourselves had been objected to at the previous station. In he came, jamming us into all kinds of unseemly shapes, exclaiming as he came, "I have paid for my ticket, and you are going to the Jubilee and so am I!"

Many were the incidents of this day, which we of America may enthusiastically enjoy. They followed on in quick succession. Another gentleman in our compartment, who had not quite his share of the little space, was forced to occupy one leaning over the seated occupants facing him, and keeping his position by resting his hands upon the parcel rack. Soon he meekly entreated me to ask the lady behind to move away as he did not think he could stand it any

longer. Certainly as I looked at him his position was very uncomfortable.

As we neared our station we found that in our compartment was a young lady who was bound for a stand near Westminster Bridge, but she was uncertain at which station she would meet her father, whom she had lost in the crush for the train. He had the tickets for the stand, while she did not know even where to find it. She made an attempt to get out at two different stations and settled back, and then got out at Westminster in tears, making for the compartment as we moved away. I wonder what became of her.

Having arrived at our station we suffered no inconvenience in pursuing our way to our stand, though the people were gathering in goodly numbers. Every one got to his place as courteously as would become a drawing-room. Surely London was on its good behaviour. In an hour's time probably three millions of people were comfortably seated along the route; two millions more were standing upon the sidewalks, and all on their good behaviour. And delightful it is to say it had all been accomplished in a way to fill the hearts of Britons with commendable pride.

If for no other reason, my trip to England this year has been to me invaluable in the proofs that I have seen displayed that England's methods are the correct ones for the higher civilization, where social problems will have their only and proper solution all along the way. Along these lines I have been so forcibly impressed by the grand exhibitions of good behaviour on the part of the London multitudes on these Jubilee days, that I have been carried away into asking the

cause and the why. Evidently the essence, the prime factor, is not the mere respect for conventional forms of behaviour, and it is not a shallow polish. Giving the matter a wide range of thought, as it is presented to me in the history of the social and constitutional evolutions of the country, in its institutions, in its laws, in its shrines, in its provisions for public comfort, in its beauties of art as displayed in rural as well as urban England, and especially in the strides in all these particulars which have been made in the Victorian era, I am brought to the conclusion that, though John Bull has the name of being prosy and material, he has really the biggest heart on earth. In those elements of sympathy, sentiment, and magnanimity which are the prime constituents of law, order, and ideals, which make for the highest civilization, refinements, and highest forms of private as well as public life, exemplifying the beauties of truth in practical activity, England is the world's main artery.

It was quite a time after the people had become seated that the first of the procession appeared. This little time was filled in with happy episodes which kept the crowd in good spirits. Now and again there was a squad of troopers passing to get to their allotted posts. Then an officer galloped past. The very varied nationalities, appearances, and movements of these passers by, were the subject of many lively comments. The men who passed were, in the main, well mounted, and made a fine appearance. Sometimes there were amusing digressions from the rule, such as is seen in one of John Gilpin style going by. Then a shout of laughter ran along the line.

However, these street scenes were not all to be credited to the military element. There went by a young Welsh woman with a baby—a queer place, surely, for a baby. I knew she was Welsh by the way her shawl was fastened to support her precious burden. Directly another woman passed with a baby “in arms.” Then a company of distinguished foreigners rode past. In all twenty-five European countries were represented here, thirteen American, and eight Asiatic and African. Of these, Munir Pasha from Turkey, and H. E. Chang Yew Hun from China, were of special note. The representative from China was a very sombre looking individual. Indeed nearly all of the representatives of the East wore grave faces—good subjects for study.

The police that day, as I found them to do all through this Jubilee season, gave all phases of society every opportunity possible to enjoy themselves. Until well up to the time of the first start of the processional movements, which consisted of the march of the Colonial Procession to positions at St. Paul's, two hours previous to that of the royal procession, the street was left to all kinds of sight-seeing turnouts. A coal carrier's van loaded with his family gave merriment to the waiting crowd, and then a green grocer and his wife, in their business van, with their happy and interested faces, jogged past. And the crowd cheered everything in a happy sort of way; the drivers of the carts; the officers who rode up and down the lines; and they cheered the police in their efforts to do their duty. At one stage of the march a halt of about twenty minutes was called. The troopers were ordered

to stand at ease, and of course they dismounted. The little interval was made enjoyable to the spectators. These men near our stand, it is reported, started from their quarters at 3 o'clock in the morning. Some pitying individual lowered a bottle from a window near our stand, to be handed to the thirsty troopers. Several followed until an officer appeared and stopped the fun. These proceedings were lustily cheered.

The Colonial Procession passed our stand about 9 o'clock. This was in command of Lord Roberts in field marshal's uniform. This officer is very popular, both with the soldiers and citizens. The Colonial Premiers, who drove in order with the troops of their respective colonies, met with an enthusiastic reception. Sir Wilfred Laurier was the subject of many a cheer. His polite bows produced, we are told, a repetition of cheers all along the line. The procession halted just as Sir Wilfred came up to our stand, so that my friends had a good look at him. The spectators evinced great pride and satisfaction with the stalwart Canadian troops in their serviceable and picturesque uniforms.

At the head of the Royal Procession rode Captain Ames, of the Second Life Guards, the tallest man in the British army, of powerful build. Following were two magnificently clad bodies of aides-de-camp to the Queen and the commander-in-chief respectively. Next in importance — and I shall only mention those subjects of the procession of particular interest to the reader — was the lord-lieutenant of London, the Duke of Westminster, who, with the Duke of Cambridge, are the only subjects of Her Majesty now living who took part in the coronation ceremony fifty-one years

ago. The auxiliary forces, in attendance on the Prince of Wales, the equerries, gentlemen-in-waiting, military attachés, naval attachés with their uniforms constantly varying, created much curiosity. But, perhaps, the most picturesque group were the coal black, strong, bearded troops of the Imperial service, dressed in turbans and gorgeous Oriental uniforms. These men were led by Sir Pretab Singh.

All along from the earliest start of the procession, the sky had been gradually clearing, and then the sun was out—Queen's weather indeed. As the Queen's party drew near, the midsummer sun was doing its best to add to the brilliancy of the grand cavalcade, in its dancing rays as reflected from glittering helmets and flashing lances and swords. The meeds of praise and admiration which were finding expression all along, were then taking the form of unstinted delight—the royal party was near. Following the dark Oriental soldiers came the carriage containing the foreign envoys. In purple robes appeared the papal Nuncio, with a face indeed looking very pope like. The envoy from the Emperor of China was also dressed in purple, carried a fan in his hand, and was looking very grave and calculating. The carriage containing officers and ladies belonging to the Queen's household was followed by those containing the young princesses, bowing in the most lively and amusing manner. I fancy the automatic arrangements, for the assistance of the party in making their numberless acknowledgments to the spectators along the route were set to less nimble subjects than these young princesses, for they far outdid the elder ones in gracious

manners. The dainty summer dresses and flower trimmed hats, the ethereally light delicate-hued parasols, gave this section of the royal party a charmingly gay and happy summer-spirited effect. The Duchess of Teck was given special cheers, which no doubt came from a recognition of her many kindly deeds. Of all the procession the Duchess of Teck appeared to me to bow her thanks to the people with an expression from which beamed a full sense of responsibility and a desire to please.

The Queen's near approach was heralded to us above the hearty cheers for the princesses. No people could have given a Queen a heartier welcome. In fact, every one cheered to his utmost. As she passed her face turned toward us, and her eyes rested upon our stand. I was very pleased at this fortunate circumstance, for it gave me proof that none of her pictures flatter her. There was character and life in that look which she cast upon the people that no picture has yet shown. From what I heard from other points, the Queen was much touched by the thunders of cheers, the tumult of shouting, and the jubilant voices which received her at every turn along the route. It is said that she was moved to tears at one stage, where the preparations and decorations had been very elaborate and loyal.

The Queen was accompanied by H. R. H. the Princess of Wales and H. R. H. the Princess Christian. On the right of the Queen's carriage rode H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught. On the left of the Queen's carriage rode H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge.

The scene at St. Paul's was one which history will carry on in glad memory. A lady writer — an eye-witness — gave the day following a nice description of which I give a little extract: "The procession had moved into position upon the pavement. The joyous clash of bells had ceased. Dr. Martin's bâton was raised, and the noble opening of the special Cathedral hymn rang out. The immense body of instruments and voices gave it, even in the open air, a full sonority that had scarcely been looked for, and amid the almost breathless silence the lovely bass solo, 'When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man,' was perfectly heard. The chanting of the Lord's prayer was touchingly devotional, and as Dr. Creighton, clearly, slowly, and with impressive emphasis, recited the thanksgiving prayer, there was a solemn hush, and a bending low of heads that told how earnestly it was finding an echo in every heart. Then, with deepest feeling and intensest fervour, the archbishop pronounced the benediction. The Queen bowed her head with earnest reverence at the words of the blessing in the name of the Trinity, while a silent 'Amen' from every worshipper went up with that intoned by the choir. Grand indeed were the strains of the noble 'Oid Hundredth' psalm, taken up by the many of the spectators of the splendid scene, the singing of which was the end of the ceremony as arranged. But hardly had the last notes of the hymn died away when a powerful voice on the steps called 'Three cheers for the Queen.' It was exactly what every one wanted, to express the emotions aroused by the intense solemnity of the service, and to hear cheers like those which followed is the

experience of a life-time. Loud, prolonged, and repeated, they rolled up, with a powerful mass of sound, and women joined in them as heartily as men. The Queen beckoned the Prince of Wales to her side, and it was evident that she expressed sentiments of pleasure, from the smiles and nods which were the spectators' share in this royal conference. Then Dr. Martin, quickly grasping the situation, brought his forces to attention, and, to the delight of all, began the National Anthem. It was sung with enthusiasm unbounded, men waving their hats and women their handkerchiefs the while, and at the conclusion of the first verse, the cheering was resumed more vigorously than ever before. The prelates had bowed low to the sovereign at the end of the service. But while the people were thus expressing their loving loyalty, Her Majesty summoned them to turn to her carriage, speaking graciously to each. The procession reformed, and the carriage of the Princesses were moving off. One final war of cheering was given as the Queen's carriage left the Cathedral, and continued even after the waiting multitudes had taken it up. Then the Colonial Procession followed, and thus the magnificent and memorable pageant ended, as brilliantly as it had begun."

Night and day we have been doing the streets of London--by train, by omnibus, walking, or in any way which suited the time, we have witnessed miles and miles -- until they have probably reached into the hundreds, of illuminations, decorations, crowds, jams and street scenes. It is conceded that there has been nothing like it witnessed before in the history of the

world. The cash expenditure has outstripped by far all previous attempts of the kind. We have seen many buildings on which the cost of decorations has run up into thousands of pounds. To say that all this expenditure has been carried into effect in the most artistic way that a skilled head or hand could devise is to say little.

On Jubilee evening great London, the city of cities, was one blinding blaze of illumination. From Richmond to Woolwich, on each side of the Thames, and from Hampstead to Crystal Palace the other way, it was a dancing sea of various tinted lights. Between these points were acres of incandescents, myriads of jets of light in all conceivable devices and designs. Fire and flame were indeed used to magnificent effect to demonstrate the warm feelings of the people on this glorious occasion. Along with all this was a continuous murmur, which frequently burst into loud shouts of applause, to end with the singing of the national anthem.

As we worked our way up Piccadilly past some of the stands and clubs the scenes were very amusing. Here would be a group at a window which had undoubtedly drunk many times to the health of Her Majesty, singing and embracing each other in a very hilarious manner. Another, away in a second or third story, would be singing "God Save the Queen," in which it would appear that the singer was contemplating a nap next moment. He, however, would be kept awake by the crowd of boys answering him with their hurrahs and shouts. Another would be keeping time to a squad of singers at his window with a

rat-tat-too. And then all the way would be seen the weary who had perhaps started at 3 o'clock in the morning to get to their stands, now fast asleep.

Thousands have roamed and driven about the streets all night during this week singing "God Save the Queen." I have heard them lumbering along past our house long after daylight, singing their muddled melody of spirits, suffering from an overdose of exuberance now on the decline.

And who took part in these grand manifestations of loyalty and delight? Was it only the typical Londoner? Not by any means. The American, the Irish, the Scotch, the Russian, the Oriental and the Pole each had his little street illuminated and decorated.

The *Daily Telegraph* thus describes the illumination of St. Paul's—I did not see them to good advantage: "The electric illumination of St. Paul's dome was unique, and could hardly be beaten by foreign rivalry. The work was done on the search light system, the luminosity being thrown on the building by seventy projectors, chiefly worked from the summits of neighbouring houses. The cross was strongly illuminated, and the dome appeared to be lighted from within. It shone like a great silver ball, and the effect, seen from a distance, must have been marvelously brilliant. Changing lights were obtained by placing over the lens, coloured discs, of which about four hundred were required by the projectors. Each of the latter is supposed to have given forth light equal to 2,000 candle power. The whole light thrown on the dome was calculated to be equal to the illuminating power of 140,000 candles."

Marlborough House decorations were very grand, and were much admired by us. They are described thus: "The door-ways and gates were illuminated with a branch of laurel of natural tints, interspersed with red berries. This branch formed a main arch over the gate-way, supporting an oval medallion, surmounted by the royal crown and bearing the monogram V. R. I. surrounded by a garter and the motto of the order. The two subsidiary arches over the doors carried respectively the Prince of Wales' plumes and badge, the latter being a crown surmounted by a lion, also crowned. The details of the whole illumination were made out of crystal."

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts' residence was magnificently decorated. As we passed her well illuminated home in the evening, the old lady was moving about upon one of the balconies among her friends, and bowing pleasantly in response to the hundreds of cheers which she received from the admiring passers by below.

We particularly admired the decorations upon a hotel, in which was the motto in gold letters upon a background of royal purple:

THOU ART ALONE—THE QUEEN OF EARTHLY JOYS.

St. James street was beautifully festooned from end to end on one system throughout. We visited this spot frequently when in the neighbourhood, that we might feast our eyes again and again upon the pretty decorations. The night of the Jubilee we found it too much of a crush, and after struggling for a while entered a side street and thus got away.

We perhaps took the most real enjoyment from a trip up Piccadilly on the day following the Jubilee. We secured a fine seat on the top of an omnibus. The crowd was quite dense when we took our seats at Hyde Park Corner. By the time we got into Piccadilly the crowd had increased in number. Here we were, four or five omnibuses abreast, loaded with people to the full extent of their capacity, and each team of horses as close up to the 'bus before as possible, while on the other side of the street were two omnibuses abreast going in the opposite direction. Between these two lines of 'buses other vehicles were being moved along when an opportunity offered. Looking each way for about a quarter of a mile and on all sides was the great sea of humanity. For a few minutes our 'bus would stop altogether, then a start of a few steps would be made. We were, I should think, a full hour moving a half mile. And strange to say everyone seemed perfectly satisfied. It was an hour of intense enjoyment. On the one side were gaily dressed buildings; on the other side was Green Park with its noble trees skirting the street, and between was strung the pretty festooning. And then upon the omnibuses, far and near, was the additional effect of the light summer clothing, pretty gay bonnets and parasols. Upon the sidewalk the throng was moving about as slowly, if not quite as blissfully, as ourselves. We were in raptures over this beautiful picture which surrounded us throughout the length of that ride. It was truly a picture which we know could not possibly be reproduced.

Even here there were sights of the comical char-

acter. Here was seen a coal van with two young fellows stretched out, apparently asleep, and waiting for the movement of the procession. There a boy is seen with a hand barrow filled with cabbage, and a little brother—I presume—lying on the top fast asleep, and he, too, waiting his time. Then again there works in among us a cart from the country districts with a happy company of oddly dressed individuals with the happiest of faces.

## HAMPSHIRE AND THE GREAT NAVAL REVIEW.

On the 25th of June I started for Southampton to witness the great naval review. The first train, or the regular train, leaving Waterloo station at 2.25 p. m., rolls out with every compartment full and leaves hundreds behind, myself among the number. In about fifteen minutes I am on board a special bound for Winchester, the county town of Hampshire. I was informed at the booking office that, from Waterloo station alone, there will be fifty-eight passenger trains dispatched for Portsmouth and Southampton tomorrow morning. Judging from what I see to-day the fifty-eight trains will have a full quota of business on hand.

We pass rapidly through Surrey. The first Hampshire town of note to pass is Aldershot. We get a peep at Aldershot Camp. A review appears to be going on. A fine stretch of grassy land is lying spread out before the grand stand. Raised up a hundred feet or more at the rear is a clump of trees. Altogether it is an exceedingly appropriate spot for the purpose for which it serves.

Away from Aldershot is a fine range of flat and fertile looking farm land, devoted principally to grazing and the production of hay.

We stop a few minutes at Bridgestoke. Just away from our carriage, about seventy rods to the right, are the ruins of a tower. Very prettily situated between

the tower and the station ground is a burial place, with much nicely arranged shrubbery suitable for such a ground. It is not a bad corner, surely, in which to be laid away.

And now we are gliding away upon a grand range of rolling land in large enclosures all ready for the scythe. Occasionally we see the hay-makers at work. To add new interest we are among chalk hills, and bolder outlines are drawn. The pure white cliffs in contrast to the lovely green pastures add much to the charm of this delightful scenery. Not quite so rich in power of production are these drier hill slopes; but when summer suns are warm and showers frequent this land has always been a land pleasing to the eye of the tourist. The broader slopes are covered with growing wheat, which reminds one of parts of New York State. Here again I would fain leave my train and have a talk with the farmers as to whether rents were bearing too heavily, competition too keen, or whether the harvest storing was merry and satisfying as in the days gone by.

Near Winchester the country becomes more hilly, but no less inviting. The chalk hills grow much more airy and bold with their white faces cropping out. Winchester is delightfully nestling in a quiet vale. The country must have been delightful in the days of the Saxon kings; when Alfred the Great sat here and "gossiped with artificers about their various callings; and then there came to meet him all the men of Somersetshire, and the men of Wiltshire, and that portion of the men of Hampshire which was on this side of the sea; and they were joyful in his presence."

What these lands were in the times we are now speaking of, the Englishman who has not visited the new world can never realize. The traveller from America can, however, see England as it is now, and also draw a fairly good picture of what it was when Alfred reigned, and was author, teacher and companion to the forefathers of people who are now within the precincts of one of England's mightiest fanes.

How intensely quiet it is about the English farm and cottage to-day. It is a beautiful day. Nature seems to have mellowed into a dream, too subdued and tranquil for the moods which we mortals sometimes cherish.

Our train has stopped away from a station, where all around are fields—flower decked fields—interspersed with clumps of shrubbery. It is a beautiful country scene, where the cultured and conventional are less known, and nature is left to her own sweet will. But in no country in the world do the people exhibit a greater love of nature, and this is the charm of rural England. You see it in the tender care of the herd, as well as in the veneration for the park and forest.

Just over the way is a picturesque little valley, through which a small brook is winding its way slowly between rich grassy banks. Two fishermen, with their rods poised over the stream, add interest to the scene. We are tempted to get away from the smoky train and wander about among the deep green fields and meadows, among the buttercups and daisies and the grand English trees, which you never lose sight of in rural England, and never tire of seeing.

At Netley we have descended to a lower level, where the soil is deeper and labour is rewarded by even a greater abundance; consequently cultivation is more highly developed. About us is an extensive strawberry production. At all the stations in this locality, upon the platforms, are piled great baskets to be filled with this delicious fruit for the city markets. This principally goes north to London, Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool, in full train loads every day. The railway company has agents in every locality to gather the freight together each day for the night going trains; all fruit is carried forward in the night that it may be kept cooler. The fruit is large and delicious, as we proved several times during our stay in Southampton. The fruit at the stations is packed in one gallon willow baskets, with a nice cream coloured paper cover. These, including basket, sell at the farms now at 1s., whereas at Southampton 1s. 6d. to 2s. is asked. Undoubtedly there is a good market for them near home now, as probably a million strangers are quartered about here for the naval review. Leaving Netley we have a good view of the large military hospital. It is a delightful ride around the harbour approaching Southampton. Now you get a glimpse of the water, then you are shut in by a row of lofty trees, and in the distance is Southampton, which comes and goes to your view, with its gay flags of this festive season floating from its loftiest points.

Such gorgeous bouquets that come to our train in the hands of very pretty young ladies, and of fine old ladies, too, at the suburban stations. The love for flowers in England is an old characteristic, but does it

not increase along with her increase of magnanimity, the greater altruism, the higher conception of an ideal ethics, for worthy people love the beauties of nature most?

We are told all along the way that every place about is crowded with visitors, *i. e.*, Portsmouth, Stokes Bay, and, indeed, all the country towns around. Fortunately the kind services of a friend in London had put me in the way of tracing out hotel accommodation. I secured an excellent room at Gatti's for a moderate sum, though rooms are being taken up quick at a guinea a day.

The town is truly gay with humanity on pleasure bent, bunting and illuminations. The decorations are of the brilliant class, rather than gorgeous and rich as in London. For dazzling effect these are excellent, whereas those in London are largely made up of exquisitely tasteful grouping of miniature flags, mottoes, real flowers and palms. Even here nature has her charming effect.

We came here to embark for the great naval review instead of at Portsmouth, for the very good reason that from here the boats will be employed to take the public off, whereas at Portsmouth they will be filled with the royal review parties.

I look about again and again for my London friends, whom I hoped might join me here to-day. Again and again I look for information about a steamer to take me over the course of the line of battleships. The city is packed with people, and nearly all the steamers which have offered are taken up at 30s. for each passage—some of them a month ago.

Time is moving. I take another circle of search for a familiar face. It is not here. I saunter along in an undecided way down by the pier, mingling with the gay throng moving out to the landings; and, taking the advice of a hardy sailor from whom I chance to seek counsel, I hie away for the landing stages. A steamer has just drawn up which offers to take a party. I am on board and soon comfortably seated. At 11 25 a. m. we start.

Our steamer is fairly comfortable, but provision for the inner man is comparatively nil. A gentleman shares his lunch with me. In what a delightful way over here some one will always appear to anticipate your need. We go off in a brilliant concourse of crafts, packed with people bearing happy faces and gay summer sea-side apparel. The ships are gay with bunting, sometimes three and four, head and head, with dozens behind and many more leading. From every cove and pier along the channel numbers of craft are speeding their way so buoyant and fleet, to share in the delights of the occasion—all trimmed in their gayest plumage. Away in the blue distance is the beginning of the line of huge battleships, and they, too, alive with bunting and streamers fluttering their good wishes out to the breezes. For seven miles our course takes us about one hour to make our way down the line directly between the two inner lines of battleships. We are near enough to these ships all the way to pick out their names with naked eye as we pass; to admire their graceful lines, their careful arrangements, and the perfect elegance of their quarter-decks and gilded

furnishings. Even the guns, anchors, chains and winches, so becomingly poised and arranged, are things of beauty to-day. An official chart, which we obtained for a trifle, enables us to trace out our position at any time. In days to come this will be an invaluable souvenir of this glorious event. We are turned about just along, or a little to the rear, of the foreign men-of-war, which are joining right heartily in the festivities of the day, and will directly send off their best powder and sing their heartiest in honour of Britain's season of naval pageant and national rejoicing. Russia, Germany, France, the United States, Spain, Italy, Japan and China, each have a representative here in one of their best ships, decorated and appointed in a way that should be highly gratifying to the nation, whose guests they are for the time. Of particular note are the ships of the United States, Japan and China, the first painted white and the others a very light blue grey.

A glorious steam it has been, and the day is all that a heart could wish; just haze enough to save the eyes and to add a high effect to the naval scene. The wavelets are now dancing about as a lively accompaniment to the bands of music, which are sending forth their notes of harmony. Everything we see and hear indeed is in the most delightful harmony, and moved as though by a supernatural power—are all attuned to the same chord. A genius could produce nothing so full of poetry. We hear no shouts or commands, or a harsh note of any kind. Even the collateral attendants perform their functions of joy and display as if guided by the same spirit.

We lie in waiting for the royal salute. The company takes advantage of the lull in the proceedings to get their luncheon baskets.

Hark! The boom of a cannon! Another! Another! Away into the far distance! The snap of the first gun brings every man to his post; for it is known that the Prince of Wales is on his way in his royal yacht to review the fleet, and this is a signal for a royal salute. It will be a long process, for there are one hundred and sixty-five ships to fire, besides the ships of other nations, which will carry it on to the end. Directly the "Renown," commanded by Admiral Sir Nowell Solamon — temporary flag ship — opens the fire. She is very near us. One after another follow until the din is grand, but not too loud for the best effect — just at the proper pitch.

At the first command a dark cloud overshadowed the picture, and, in consequence, the streaks of flame from the guns added a grander effect. A dense cloud is now resting upon the water. Five miles of warships — in all twenty-seven miles of warships if straight away in one line — thunder their peal of cheer. To say that the whole thing is magnificent seems inadequate. Another word in our vocabulary will be required to represent it, for our word magnificent is so often applied to quite inferior objects.

The firing has ceased, and all are now waiting for the return of the royal yacht. The sea is like a mirror, and the sun is peeping out from behind the threatening cloud, which is passing away. A big ship is moving up past us to an anchorage, so near that one could easily jump from our steamer to her deck. A young

fellow in a boat is between us. Will he be crushed or capsized and go to the bottom? Why not? He could probably never go in happier frame of mind than on this day. The water is delightfully tempting. What a horror we have of water when lashed by a storm, whereas in the calm like to-day we would fain be buried in its bosom. It is said that to shuffle off this mortal coil in the depths of the sea is a delightful way of robbing death of its sting. But this is heterodoxy; away with it! No, it is not to be thus. No such shocking thing must happen where harmony and order in majesty reign supreme.

The "Campania," the biggest ship afloat, is passing us doing the course, following the royal yacht, with nearly 2,000 people on board, among whom are the Commons and a few of the Peers of the Realm. By some mismanagement the throng got badly mixed. It is a pleasing fact to Nova Scotians that the three biggest ships afloat, and one of the fleetest, is owned by a company of which a Halifax gentleman was the founder, Sir Samuel Cunard. No ship or company upon the Solent to-day makes a prettier appearance than the one carrying the colonial troops. Their varied uniforms are happily mixed, and the company seem very jolly as they pass us, waving their handkerchiefs. We all give them a cheer.

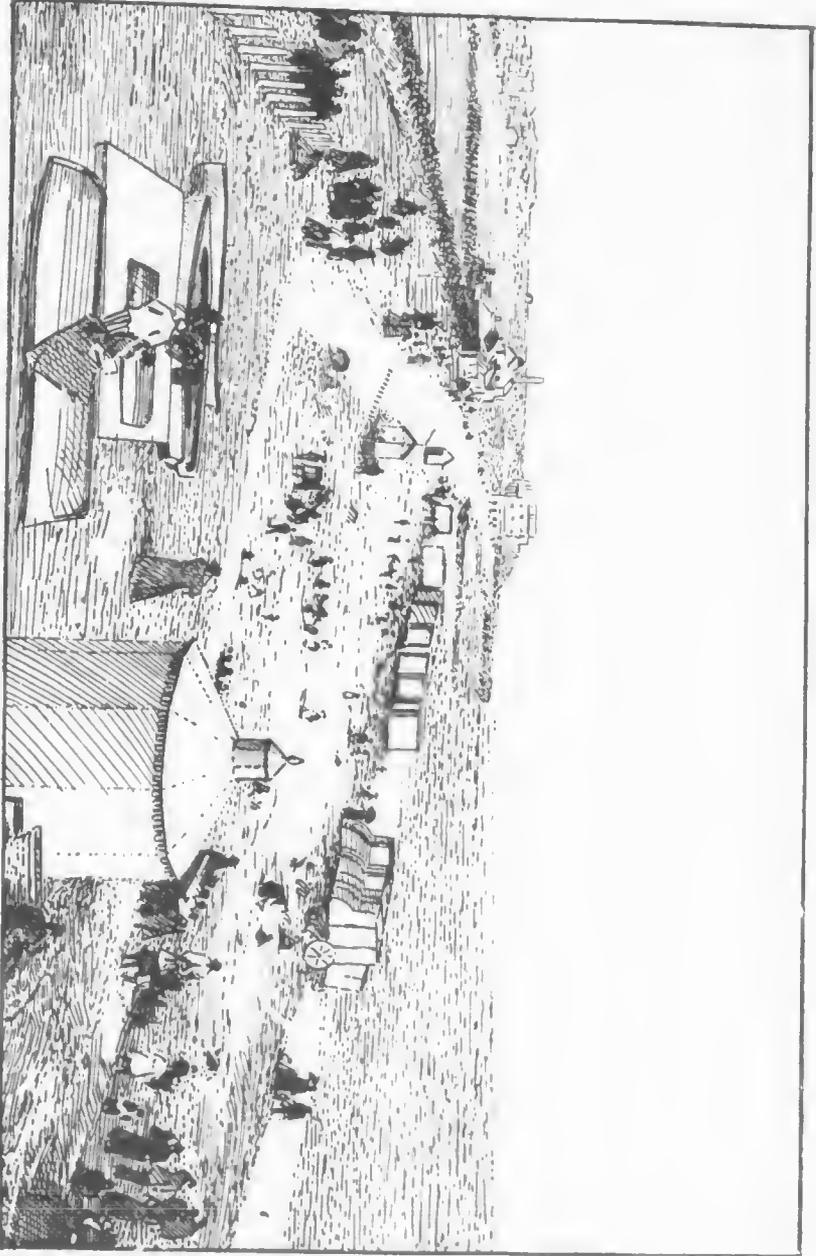
With all the enthusiasm and bracing of spirits to demonstration attending such an occasion the ill-sorted and rowdy element, which is usually enticed to such places, did not appear. In this instance, to mar the serenity of the most fastidious. Each seemed to vie with the other in being the best behaved. I consider

it at once a grand demonstration of what liberty may do to foster that magnanimity and nobility of nature which makes a people strong as well as great.

The Solent has been a favourite place of naval review since the reign of Henry V. In 1545 King Henry VIII., in order to expedite naval preparations against France, temporarily took up his residence in Portsmouth, and on many occasions reviewed his fleet.

Queen Elizabeth reviewed a considerable squadron at Spithead in 1582. We may imagine the concourse of people that would gather about the shores on those occasions as compared with the grand, cultured and refined. There would be the heterogeneous ear-ringed tars, the ploughboy of the inland hills, and the gentler shepherd clan; the coastguard, and the no less important surly smuggler and the "owler," whose business it was to transport the wool of sheep from the country — a profitable business in those days. Smuggling and owling were the besetting sins of these parts in Queen Elizabeth's time, and between the gangs and the custom house officers blood was frequently spilt. It was to such places that they gathered in force.

Then there would be the old Barons — for did they not understand well that contract with the king, viz., "If you would do us a service and be always ready to equip our ships, you shall be among our favoured ones."



THE SANDS—WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE.

## A RUN IN ESSEX.

OUR American people in visiting this country are in the main satisfied with a look at the institutions of the great metropolis, the historic towns here and there, the theatres, art, and the mechanical exhibits. But of the country, they know nothing except it may be a delightful remembrance of beautiful landscapes, gardens, lawns, trees and shrubbery, hedges and roads and lanes, with their graceful and bewitching escapes into forest and dell. These they see as they pass by rail from city to city, or by coach around the suburban sights of the famous towns. Of cottage life, of the social conditions of the country, of the hopes and the failures and the direct economic conditions existing between urban and rural England, they know nothing, seek nothing. Merrie, merrie England, as it relates to cities, to historic shrines, to fairs, and castles, to parks and gardens, to comfort and order, there is but one England, and that is merrie, merrie — for it is a continuous delight.

Running down through Essex by the Great Eastern railway from London, we pass through miles and miles of gentle, sloping hill and dale, representing thousands of acres of productive country. The trees in their individual majesty, in the rows as they stretched away against the sky, and in the groups, were all grand. The fields of wheat, barley and hay showed a crop which should be considered highly satisfactory. The fields of flowers, in great, rich look-

ing squares, which are finally, we presume, to be disposed of at Covent Garden market, were beautiful indeed. The tillage crop all appeared luxuriant and in perfection, notwithstanding the fact that we were close upon the range of the great storm which recently did so much damage in parts of Essex. The large herds of shapely cattle and sheep were looking pictures of satisfaction and content. The birds, too, of which England everywhere abounds, were singing and chirping their notes of happy life as merrily as could be wished.

So far 'twas all well, but where were the people? We saw few children playing about the numerous enclosures. The flowers bloomed, but there appeared few children to gather them. We passed the fruit trees, garden after garden, but little child-life is seen. How few young people drive over these numerous fine roads among the delightful hedges and shrubbery, all so beautiful. The old do not represent by far all the wealth of agriculture to be seen. The young are a still lower representation. Indeed, why so little human life in rural England, while everything indicates a power in the farms to support a teeming population.

Though this is my second visit to England with a special purpose of enjoying and learning about the country, I so far have in rural England mingled feelings of intense satisfaction and keen pleasure on the one hand and subdued, saddened and perplexed on the other. The Englishman cannot understand this. Though he admits that agriculture is not paying as it once did, that indeed it is really very hard to secure

a profit in the production in many lines of agriculture, that the brightest of the farmers' sons and daughters seek the cities or migrate to other lands, they cannot understand an American thinking rural England anything but altogether bright, happy and quite populous enough. Those whose sympathies are with the landlord class look upon the repeal of the corn laws as the great blow to agriculture, and, being within the range of political treatment, may one day be put right again. These people love the country too well, venerate too highly its institutions, which have made its estates grand in beauty, pleasure, utility and power, to tolerate a remedy that would seriously encroach upon the land-holding system of the country. I cannot blame them for this sentiment. In truth, one cannot look long upon rural England without seeing plain enough that the beautiful England in which are formed the delightful homes of many millions, the England that so many thousands of us year by year come to feast our eyes upon that we may put pleasure into our hearts, is mainly all this because of this very venerable land system. If the landlord has been nothing more, and has accomplished nothing else, he has placed sentiment, refinement, ideals, as something above material profits, and so preserved and nurtured the belongings of the estate, and we have now for our pleasure everywhere England's noble avenues, her beautiful shrubbery, her splendid winding roads, her charming little lanes, her history and tradition in country as in nowhere else to be found in the world. Consequently, would it not be a calamity to ruthlessly destroy the anchorage which has a safety for all this,

and set the tide in the other direction by placing it within the power of another class who despise sentiment along this line, and also would think only of immediate material profit? I think so. Yet this is one of the perplexing sides of the question. But I am not at this point so much dealing with causes and remedies as recording my impression of the situation as it stands.

As regards the deficiency in numbers of people upon the farm lands, and especially of the young, we know well enough that if the tide of human life is really away from the farms, and no one seems to dispute that, it is the bright young people who go. Those left are more and more of the old, consequently there is a less and less number of families rearing children. It is said what matters it if the brightest and best do flock to the cities. They forget that it has always been in the country that the best brains are made, though in the city they are best developed. It follows that to procure the best results, the conditions being best in the country, we must have the brightest and best of people in the country bearing children. This, I am confident, must be the rule for guidance in estimating results over the world generally. But I have to admit that it does not apply so directly to this country, since so many of England's brightest people, with their city residences and country seats, are both of the city and country, therefore they have the advantage of both, and little of the disadvantages of either if they choose. Hence I conclude that so far as England is concerned, the developments that are taking place should not be considered alarming.

It is far different in our new country, where the number of abandoned farms is to be followed by the lands which they represent becoming eventually in a trust where, instead of a number of proprietary occupiers, are mere labourers, with no interest in preserving the institutions of the state, and the trust no interest save that of making as much cash out of its venture as is possible for the time being.

However, I am not in this connection dealing with causes and remedies. *American Farms*, which was heterodox at the time of its publication, is now considered orthodox, though I do not at this time claim it to be conclusive.

As we approach Walton-on-the-Naze, a delightful watering place in Essex, we pass several trains loaded with children bound townward; not to be dropped off through the country to enliven it, but to be carried on to London, back where they came from in the morning.

Walton-on-the-Naze is delightfully situated. It should be swarming with summer visitors during the hot summer season. The beach is very good, and stretches away for a long distance. Walton has a pier 530 feet long. A much longer one is now in course of construction. It also has a fine promenade upon a long sea wall leading out to the pier. Fifteen thousand pounds have been expended here in improving and protecting the sea front. The sea is continually encroaching upon the east coast, and the people tell of the old town of Walton, the site of which is now half a mile out at sea, beyond low water mark. The whole coast is principally composed of London clay,

though the Naze is overlaid by the crag formations. These latter abound in fossils, of which bones of the horse, the elephant, the deer, and many other animals have been found. It is a delightful drive from the railway station along the sea front to Highcliff Mansion. At one point the sea at high tide forms waves which, at every roll, throw their spray well across the road.

We made a gradual climb of about 200 feet to reach Highcliff Mansion, which is nearly half a mile from the station. Here we have some splendid views. Looking back is the village of Walton, skirting the pretty beach, with its long pier and sea walls. At our feet, directly down the cliff, is the sandy seashore belonging to the Mansion, the breakwater, and the tide rolling in and beating against the wall. Ah! it is here you realize what the poet meant by the "murmuring, murmuring sea," for here it never ceases its pacific complaint throughout these summer days and nights. Beyond the cliff, the beach, the wall, the breakers, stretches the North sea, dotted over by dozens of various kinds of craft. One morning following my arrival, I found that instead of dozens of craft, as in the previous night, there were then hundreds upon the sea opposite our retreat. Quite a fleet of trawlers from Harwich, in full sail for the shrimping ground.

Looking northward along the coast, the principal object of interest is the red brick watch tower, about a quarter of a mile away upon the Hall estate—a good farm that is cultivated out to the edge of the crag. This tower is 80 feet high, and was erected over 100 years ago. From it ships were formerly directed and safeguarded in their passage to and fro.

Looking westward, or inland from our cliff, the eye sweeps over thousands of acres of field, meadow and forest, with here and there a glimpse of the back water which extends in for many miles forming the Naze, and several islands. Good wild fowl shooting may be had there and upon the marshes during the winter. Looking this way, in the blue twilight of the evening toward the setting sun, as I saw it, the picture is another fine one.

Highcliff Mansion is just as charming inside as it is picturesque outside, and just as perfect in every detail of its architecture. It is a well-appointed seaside home for the reception of visitors who appreciate entertainment full of variety. It is indeed a home for the intellectual as well as the purely rest and pleasure seeker. Every room is light and airy and restful. From every window you can behold a grand picture in the original. Wherever a window is not necessary for light, it is there for ornament. I never before saw windows above the fire places giving glimpses of sea or country around. This innovation upon custom gives a brighter object before you than blank walls, while it adds an artistic effect.

The spacious dining room is lighted by a number of windows, and the French bay leads into the pretty flower garden, and the lawn tempts one, too, to wander about. For the tennis lovers there is a good court provided, and those, who prefer taking drives, will find a horse and carriage at their disposal. At 10 o'clock the full moon had risen over the sea, and she gave a beautiful water picture. The beach, Walton, and all about was transformed and still

delightful. Even the old ivy-clad walls about the garden had a fascination—he all lighted up and there a dark monstrous shadow. I have been puzzling to know just what was the intent of the builders of many of the old walls in England, unless it was that they might become enduring rockeries over which the ivy may climb and the wild flower nestle beside, and the pretty English grasses have a protection to their slender stocks.

The roses, of which the place abounds, were sleeping in their beauty, but by the light of the big moon we saw them plainly yards away. The air was delightfully cool and salubrious, and nature could here be restored if anywhere.

July, August and September are the months to visit the east coast and to see the country around in its full beauty.

In 1894 the rate of mortality in Walton was only one per cent.

The day following my arrival at Highcliff I was out at 5 o'clock rambling by the quiet lane towards the Hall estate. The fields and meadows had been shorn of their grasses, but along the lane was left a fine representation of the pretty English varieties. The children had not gathered them. I was there methought simply to live and enjoy, and I gathered all my hands could carry.

At 7 o'clock I was down upon the beach sitting upon a rock wishing that my arrangements had placed me in Walton for a week instead of a few hours, that I might simply live. A horse feeding near by helped me to philosophize. He was enjoying himself vastly

—enjoyment unalloyed. His only thought was what tuft of grass should be eaten next. What did it matter the question of the survival of the fittest, which grass was being crowded out, what were their names, what their botanical distinctions, or the geology of the rocks about. His business was simply to seek the sweetest morsel and live. And here I concluded was just the place for man to do similar, and throw off all care, all thought of failures, disappointments, regrets, and simply live.

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