RAMBLES AROUND FOLKESTONE

AND OTHER SPECIAL ARTICLES

BY

"FELIX."

PUBLISHED BY W. G. GLANFIELD
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RAMBLES AROUND FOLKESTONE AND OTHER SPECIAL ARTICLES

"HERALD"
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FOLKESTONE.

Dedicated
to
The Cherished Memory
of
The Late Mr. & Mrs. F. J. Parsons,
of
Cumberland House, Hastings.

INDEX.

PREFACE.

IN a sense the issuing of this little work is none of my doing. I have as a rule attached but little importance to what I have written (often hurriedly), but several of my kind friends at different times and places have suggested I should produce some at least of my "Rambles," together with a selection of contributed and collected articles, in book form. After considerable thought I have acceded to their wishes. Many of those whose names are mentioned in the foregoing pages have passed to the Great Beyond, but in this way their names will, I hope, be in a measure preserved and perpetuated for many years to come. Here, then, I launch my small venture, and trust that its pages may afford some pleasure and satisfaction to those who do me the honour of reading them.

FELIX.

The Lord of the Manor (Earl Radnor) Mayor of Folkestone 1901-2.

RAMBLES AROUND FOLKESTONE

with other

SPECIAL ARTICLES & NOTES

By "FELIX."

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PUBLISHED BY
WILLIAM GEORGE GLANFIELD,
6, Russell Road, Folkestone.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM asked to write a few words of Preface to "Rambles Around Folkestone." I consent for two reasons. First, because the father of the writer of these collected articles was one of my valued workers in old days at Sandgate, and secondly because the author is one who knows thoroughly the country about which he has written. Many a time have I seen him taking his walks abroad and saturating himself with knowledge of Kentish country. I am confident that readers of this book will not only be greatly interested, but that their love for the garden of England, and their respect for the many distinguished persons who have lived and worked in it will be stimulated and intensified. The rural parts of England are being more and more encroached upon and it is well for us to have a record of such as remain still untouched. Who knows whether in the days to come coalfields may not destroy some of our Kentish beauty almost as completely as has been the case round about the "Hills of Annesley bleak and barren," of which Byron wrote a century ago. I wish this book every success.

H. R. BIRMINGHAM.

WRECK OF THE "BENVENUE" OFF SANDGATE, NOVEMBER 11th, 1891.

DRAMATIC INCIDENTS.

As this was the first special article I wrote for "The Folkestone Herald" I give it in full: —

WE have been visited by a succession of heavy gales during the past few weeks, but that of Wednesday last eclipsed all others in its destructive effects, both on sea and land. When it became known that a full rigged ship had stranded at Sandgate and that other exciting incidents were occurring in its vicinity much excitement was manifested, and thousands of spectators made for Sandgate, and were witnesses throughout the day of the most dramatic and thrilling scenes. The wind blew with really awful power, and it was with the greatest difficulty I made my way along the cliff to Sandgate. From the top of the hill, by the Martello Tower, the tall masts of the ship could be seen standing out above the white foam of the sea. On one of the yard arms there appears to be a black patch. What was it? I looked through a powerful telescope, and found that the black mass made up of human beings was holding on to the rigging for their lives, their faces plainly seen turned for help towards the land only a comparatively few yards off. Arrived at Sandgate I made my way to the Esplanade, tiles, slates, and glass flying about in all directions. Here there was the most intense excitement. The vessel proved to be the ship Benvenue (2,033 tons), bound from London to Sydney (N.S.W.) with a general cargo. She had left London on the previous Monday in tow of two tugs, one of which left her in the Downs, the other keeping in contact until she struck, when the hawser parted. The rocket apparatus was at once brought into requisition by the coastguard, but their efforts were unavailing. One shot went over the vessel, but the rope had broken, and therefore was of no use. In the meantime the lifeboat had been taken to Hythe and launched, but it had only proceeded a short distance before the boat was upset, one poor fellow, by name of Fagg, perishing in the noble attempt to save that little silent group on the mast. One of the brave lifeboat crew who bore bruises

on his face, gave me an account of his experiences. He said: "We launched the 'Meyer de Rothschild' between nine and ten a.m. in a terrible sea. It looked like certain death to venture out, but we all felt an attempt must be made. We hauled the boat off, and it was not long before all of us were struggling for our lives in the boiling surf. I held on to a life line as long as I could, and struck out for the shore. I was helpless. A huge wave dashed me on to the beach, and these marks on my face are the result. I now thought it was all up with me, but four or five men came, at the risk of their own lives, and dragged me out of what looked liked a watery grave. Thank God, I am ready to try again if I am called on during the day."

The waves were now (11.30 a.m.) running mountains high, and the sea increasing. All eyes were fixed on the doomed ship, and people were wondering what could be done. A telegram had been despatched to Dover, asking that the tug and lifeboat might be sent over, but to that a reply was received from the Deputy Harbour Master: "Impossible to tow boat round at present. Terrific sea running." At this time part of the crew of a vessel that had been blown ashore between Sandgate and Hythe arrived at the Coastguard Station. The vessel was the "Eider," bound from Bordeaux to Belgium with a cargo of grain. Directly the vessel struck the Captain (Girordie), his wife, and nephew, were drowned. The body of the woman was subsequently picked up and taken to the Convalescent Home, where it was identified by the survivors. An affecting scene here took place, which touched all of us who witnessed it. The excitement on the shore opposite the stranded "Benvenue" was now intense. Large bodies of the military were patrolling the beach, protecting the wreckage that strewed the shore. An attempt was made to fire shot, with chain and rope attached, from a cannon, but the chain snapped at the muzzle through the great velocity. This means of communication with the ship was given up as impracticable, and so the hours dragged on. The whole afternoon there must have been many thousands assembled on the sea front and shore, gazing at the poor men on the rigging. Every rocket fired off was followed by the prayers of the crowd that it might reach its destination, but a despairing cry went up when it was seen that each effort had failed. At last the supply of rockets had run out, and nothing, apparently, was being done. Added to the horrors of the situation, night was fast coming on. The sun set in a clear sky, and the after glow was a beautiful sight. The moon now threw

its rays across the angry waters, and still the little band could be seen in the mizen of the ship. Would no one make an effort to save them perishing before our eyes? The sea and wind were now abating, and the hopes of the spectators consequently arose. A cheer was heard. This was caused by the arrival of another rocket cart from the west. Willing hands soon got the apparatus out, and the rocket was fired, followed in its course by thousands of anxious eyes. It fell short of its mark. A groan of despair arose from the crowd. The rocket stand was shifted, and another "messenger of mercy" was fired, but with the same result. "How cold and hungry they must feel in that rigging, after standing there the livelong day!" "What can be done?" This and similar ejaculations were heard from the crowd. "Why don't they try the lifeboat again?" A mighty cheer was now heard, and shouts of "Make room for the volunteer crew." A huge bonfire on the bank under the hospital threw a lurid light on the scene, the waves of the sea being tinged with the reflection. The crowd then made way for the lifeboat house, and here the volunteers, ready to go on their errand of mercy, had their places in the boat. When the preparations were complete the craft was pulled out on her carriage and an attempt made to launch her. But the slipway having been knocked away by recent gales, the huge wheels of the carriage of the boat on being sent down toward the sea stuck fast in a mass of faggots that had been laid down for a passage way. Here an hour or two was consumed, and still it appeared nothing practical in the form of rescue was forthcoming for those half frozen men on the mast. There the little band still held out. How much longer could they endure it? We scanned the horizon east and west and still no sign of a light from a friendly tug. The crowd now worked in sheer desperation, pulling on the ropes to extricate the boat from its position. It would seem impossible to move her. After patient working for a considerable time a launch was made amidst deafening cheers. In a few moments the boat was making towards the ship, and its position could be clearly defined in the bright moonlight, and also by the burning of an occasion blue light. When it arrived under the mast and took on board the men who had faced death for many hours, cheering again broke forth. The lifeboat now drifted away from the wreck amidst cries of "They're saved! They're saved!" "Hurrah! hurrah!" These were the cries that gave vent to the feelings of the crowd, which had been wrought up to a pitch of intense excitement through the thrilling incidents of the day, and which culminated

in this dramatic scene. Such genuine rejoicing had not been seen for many a day.

The twenty-seven rescued men were brought into Folkestone Harbour (the Captain and an apprentice were drowned), and thousands gathered to greet them, together with the brave lifeboat crew. After a good night's rest the shipwrecked sailors attended a thanksgiving service at the Parish Church. The rescued crew were photographed outside the Queen's Hotel. The picture was reproduced in the "Folkestone Herald," many thousands of which were sold. I took the precious negative to London, and after waiting for some hours I returned to Folkestone with the process block from which the first picture of the sort was printed in a newspaper in Folkestone.

RURAL RAMBLES AROUND FOLKESTONE.

KINGSTON, BISHOPSBOURNE, AND BRIDGE.

"O famous Kent, quoth he,
What county hath this Isle that can compare to thee?
Which has within itself as much as thou canst wish,
Thy conies, ven'son, fruit, the sorts of fowl and fish;
And what comports with strength, thy hay, and corn and wood,
Not anything thou wan'st, that anywhere's so good."

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Perhaps this ramble can be covered in four miles; yet within that compass there is much calling for observation. One summer's day, in company with a little "olive branch," I took the 9.45 train from the Central Station to Barham (9 miles). There was scarcely a breath of air, and the sun blazed down with almost scorching severity. The map told me of a nice stretch of wooded country, and I found it was quite correct. Let us then commence our ramble. We leave Barham Station, and then take the first turning to the left, the church steeple standing out amidst the trees on the right. Don't walk along the dusty road, but stroll leisurely under the shady trees planted in a meadow at regular intervals just over the adjoining fence on the right.

We at length come out at a junction of the roads. Here is a little bridge, and you will note several others along the route we are traversing. Perhaps there are scores of them. But what is the object of these bridges and arches? Just observe the formation of the ground, and then you will notice a river-bed winding in and out for many miles across the country. This is, or rather was, the course of the Little Stour, or Nailbourne. It had its rise near Lyminge, and when running joins the Greater Stour. But the river at the date of my writing this article had disappeared. It has not flowed for seven years. Some of the natives declare that the springs feeding the stream were interfered with when the railway was made through this district. Others will have it that pumping operations in various localities are responsible for its

apparent disappearance. Read in the face of what is known, however, these are absurd theories. It is beyond human calculation, but the Nailbourne may suddenly commence filling up that dry course at any unlikely time. The river has been known to run for a considerable period, and then to as suddenly vanish.

It is the same with the intermittent spring at Drelingore. Here, then, is a wonder of Nature, and those apparently useless bridges remind us of the fact. [Since this article was written both the springs mentioned have been running freely, and in considerable volume.] Let us resume. We are on the high road again, walking towards Kingston. On the left is a large and pretty residence known as "The Laurels," and the fine trees surrounding it spell coolness on this hot morning. What a magnificent copper beach that is immediately in front of the house! It is very dusty for, say, half a mile, but the sight of a pretty thatched cottage on the left, with is diamond-shaped window panes, and a lovely garden planted with old-time flowers, refreshes us. A little farther on there are some nice trees on the right, and here we rest for a few moments. Over in yonder meadow, and standing well in from the road, is a large red-bricked building. That is Digg's Place. It has a long and very interesting history, and reference is made to it, I believe, in Hasted's "History of Kent," probably under the heading of Barham. Well, we will get on—still on the high road. Before us are some cottages, almost hidden by trees. Leave the high road, and bear to the left across one field, and you are at Kingston. Walking through the tiny hamlet I heard music coming from somewhere amongst the trees. In a moment or two it was all explained. Hidden amidst the foliage was the church, with its low tower. Morning service had just commenced, and that was the "Venite" that greeted our ears. Under "that yew tree's shade" we made our way into the churchyard, and then quietly entered the little fane itself. Sultry outside, but within these walls it was refreshingly cool. The scene itself spoke of peace. Perhaps, all told, the congregation did not number more than two score. The singing was creditably led by a surpliced choir, a lady playing a small pipe organ. It was altogether a nice service—plain, but well ordered. On the walls of this church is a suit of chain armour, and hanging above and below it are a helmet, gauntlets, and sword.

We leave this pretty church, and after admiring the rectory and keeping to the left, leave the road, and enter through the gate on the right. We are now in Charlton Park. Keep to the path, enter through more

gates, and then, after a mile, mostly under the shade of magnificent trees, we come out by the Lodge Gates and find ourselves in the village of Bishopsbourne. But before leaving the subject of Charlton Park, let us pause a moment to remark on the proverbial fickleness of fortune. This fine estate has been in the Tattersalls' hands for two generations. That old mansion on the left was frequently visited by George IV. But I am digressing. It was not so many years ago—well within the memory of many of the villagers—that a pathetic figure was seen near the very lodge gates I have alluded to. He was in the very lowest depths of poverty, but as he looked around at the estate he could say "This once belonged to me." It slipped through his fingers—as they would say. Not a stick could he claim. An educated man, what must his thoughts have been as he gazed on the old and familiar scenes?

"Of all the sad thoughts of tongue and pen,
The saddest of all is: It might have been."

Bishopsbourne is not only famous for the beauty of its surrounding wooded country, but as being the scene of the labours of Bishop Hooker, who, as all the world knows, wrote that authoritative work, "Ecclesiastical Polity." Hooker's admirers, both in England and America, a few years since did justice to his memory by erecting a really magnificent stained glass window in Bishopsbourne Church, of which he was some time Vicar.

Barham Downs are in close vicinity to the village, and some of the natives will have it that Julius Cæsar, with his hosts, encamped hereabouts. Indeed, some time back excavations were made in adjoining Gorseley Wood, with the object of finding Roman remains, and the result was partially successful. All around this district are evidences of the Roman occupation.

There is a pathway fringing the churchyard. This we now followed, and it led us into Bourne Park. No hot and dusty roads, but springy turf and noble trees, the landscape dotted here and there by browsing cattle or flocks of sheep and lambs lying under the foliage. Strolling gently over the greensward we note on the left the red-bricked ancestral mansion. What a pretty setting it has amongst the lordly trees! Immediately in front is a large and winding lake, on the waters of which swans glide gracefully here and there. And every now and then little moorhens appear, only to disappear amongst the tall rushes fringing the lake. We pass on and notice on the right bank of a wood scores of rabbits, which, on our approach, bolted off into the undergrowth or to the shelter

of their burrows. Another lazy quarter of an hour under the foliage for the purpose of enjoying the contents of a little knapsack. What restaurant or hotel could compare with this? And, again, we look around. Close at hand are what appear to be three large trees, but on closer examination it turns out to be one growth. The trunks spring out clear and directly from the roots, and the sight is one worthy of the camera. This is near the path, and by a stile, and cannot be missed. How delicious is the quietude! Save for the twitter of the birds, the cooing of the many wood pigeons, and the chiming of some distant church bells, there are no sounds.

To conclude, passing through Bridge, with its many red-tiled cottages, and noting once more the magnificent stretch of wooded country surrounding it, we took train from the tiny station for Folkestone.

"INGOLDSBY LAND," WOOLWICH GREEN AND FREDVILLE PARK.

As one meanders along in perhaps some "unexplored" district, one realises more than ever why Kent has been termed "The Garden of England." Let us start on our stroll. Once more we take train from the Central Station to Barham. This is but a short distance from the town, and is the centre of much charming country—woodland, vale, and hill. This time our destination is Fredville Park. We cross over the railway bridge, and leaving the station, walk through the village of Barham to Broome Park, the manifold beauties of which I have before endeavoured to describe. Keeping to the path, you cannot fail to notice the extent of the estate, its noble trees, and the Elizabethan-style of mansion. Broome was for many years the home of the Oxenden family, but it is now tenanted by England's greatest soldier, Lord Kitchener. We have sauntered easily along admiring the while the various effects of the sun's golden rays on the undulating country, and then, crossing a stile, come out at the roadway near historical May Deacon. Turn to the right and there is Denton, its church, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, being almost enshrouded from view by some fine old yew trees. Let us go on—the way is pleasant. Stroll up to the brow of the adjacent hill and we arrive at the "Eagles" on the left, the name being taken from the armorial bearings surmounting each pillar of the principal gateway of Broome Park. Here is the junction of the Dover and Folkestone roads, and a short distance is the inn known as the "Half-way House," a posting station of

considerable notoriety in the "good old times." Just on the right is a narrow shady lane leading through the wood to Woolwich Green, a little village surrounded by trees, with a spacious green in front, from which it takes its name. Fredville Park is close at hand. Enter the gates and walk through the domain, which belongs to the Plumptre family. Far famed for its noble trees is Fredville, and outside the mansion are some of the finest growths in the country. One of these monarchs is of really immense girth, measuring over 36 feet in circumference, and there are steps leading up into its branches. Here seats are arranged for about twenty people, and as I sat here in the cool of the evening I could but think of the ages upon which this tree and its fellow had gazed. There, close by, through pretty lanes, is Barfrestone, the church of which is well-known to every lover of antiquity. The sacred edifice is very ancient, and the beautiful porch, with its curious and grotesque carvings, is worth more than a passing reference. The one-time lord of the manor, while hunting, met with a severe accident, and with the superstition of the times, vowed, if he recovered, to erect a chapel to the Virgin, and to forswear the chase. He recovered, and the chapel was accordingly built. The legend is sculptured on the porch, and represents the chase on one side, and the stag in various positions on the other. Most curious is it all. Here are two items in this district, then, for those interested in the church and the trees. A reminder that the summer glory is waning is the sight of the cornfields, many of which are already garnered. In many a country cottage I came across there was gloom. Some of these people, particularly the women and children, travel considerable distance in order to add to their scanty incomes by picking the hops. This year, however, they are a general failure. The blight is general. And so hidden away in some of these picturesque cottages in East Kent is a tinge of sadness. The garden produce, however, is generally good. What strange superstitions survive! One is constantly reminded of this. I will give an illustration. Walking across a stubble field I perceived a couple of moles running almost at my feet. These four-footed miners were quite out of their element. Perhaps it was wrong, but my stick was responsible for one of the pair. What exquisite fur has this little animal, with snout-like head, and its "shovel" fore feet! Walking subsequently through a lane, an elderly rustic, when passing, said: "I see you've got a mole there." "Yes," I replied, and then stopped for a chat. "Ah!" further remarked the old man, with a shake of the head, "Cut

off one of them fore feet and carry it in your pocket, and you will never be troubled with rheumatics. It's a terrible good charm agin' that complaint." I thanked my temporary companion for his advice, and walked on, thinking the while what dark recesses there are still left in the human mind. I might write quite a chapter on this subject, but will content myself with the horseshoe as a token of luck. Let it be on the cottage, village blacksmith's door, the farmhouses, or mansion, in town or country, the horseshoe is universal. And in many cases there is real belief, especially in the rural districts, in the efficacy of these charms and tokens. What have men of education and scientists to say in the matter? I have come to the conclusion that in all ranks there is some sort of latent superstition. However, my newly-found-out mole's-foot charm adds to our store of education in this matter. With a little rest here and there one could keep sauntering pleasantly along, but we return. I repass through pretty Woolwich Green. Resting is the sunburnt labourer in his garden. It is Saturday night. His youngsters are running about joyously, whilst the housewife is preparing "a little bit extra" for tea-supper, as they call it in the country. Real pretty is the quiet secluded village. How sweet is the scent of the smoke from the wood fires—so different to that of burnt petrol. Like the ploughman in Gray's immortal Elegy, we plod homewards again once more across the Park to Barham Station, and in a few moments are reminded by the general animation that Folkestone is enjoying a splendid Season.

FROM ELHAM TO CLAMBERCROWN.

EXPLORING UNKNOWN LAND.

If my objective had been the Rocky Mountains or any other patch of the world's surface, I could not have looked forward with greater pleasure than to my anticipated trip to Wheelbarrow Town and Clambercrown. And this is how it came about. Our esteemed fellow-townsman, Mr. Walker (Messrs. Tucker and Walker), button-holed me on a certain morning, with the remark, "I note by articles I have read from time to time that you are fond of rural rambles." I assured my friend that he was correct in that surmise. Then he added: "If you want a treat, then, run over to Wheelbarrow Town and Clambercrown." He drew such a delightful word picture of the district that I at once said: "I will go at the first opportunity." In fact, we arranged to make the trip together, but fate ordered otherwise. A certain recent

Sunday saw the fulfilment of my wishes. I travelled up to Elham by the 9.40 train, walked up the lane skirting the Kennels on the right, and then, turning to the left proceeded across the meadows with Pleasant Tie Wood on the left and Elham Park Wood to the right. What a glorious morning for a stroll!—Sunshine, sweet air, and restful green for the eyes. It was peace broken only by the soothing chimes of distant church bells or the songs of the feathered tribe.

THE LAPWING.

Last Saturday I looked into our Public Library for the purpose of inspecting the temporary museum arranged in connection with the visit of the East Kent Scientific Societies. Included amongst the interesting objects on view was a stuffed bird—the hoopoe. An inscription on the pedestal set forth the fact that the specimen was shot at Elham. In death this bird is attractive; in life it is, of course, more beautiful. On Sunday morning I was congratulating myself on having a sight of a live hoopoe. Walking across the springy turf of the meadow, a bird attracted my attention. It followed my steps, and circled round and round in irregular flight. Then it settled, say at a distance of some 150 yards. I had my field glasses with me, and levelled them at the strange object. As it ran rapidly along the ground the bird threw up a cockatoo-like crest over its head. It was indeed a pretty sight. "That's the hoopoe," I mentally remarked. Then it would resume flight, and settle again. However, a subsequent reference to an authority on birds put me right. I had not seen the hoopoe, but the lapwing. Thus my life's education was added to. That the lapwing was a crested bird was unknown to me until Sunday.

THREE TOMBSTONES.

"Wheelbarrow Town" is about a mile and a half in a northern direction. "Keep to the footpath and stiles and you will soon reach there." Thus a kind rustic informed me in answer to a query as to the direction of "the city" At last I came to the parting of the ways. "Here's a pretty go," thought I. Shall I turn to the right or left? Happy thought! I will enquire up at that pretty isolated cottage. Knocking at the door, I asked the lady of the house where "Wheelbarrow Town" might be found. She waved a hand, remarking "You are standing in it now." There is a small farm, with a scattered cottage or two, and that is "Wheelbarrow Town." Strange how some of these names come about! Why should the "wheelbarrow" and "town" be associated. Then "Clever-tie" wood—

there's another puzzler. But I had almost forgotten. There is a "sight" in the "town" which should be mentioned. A solitary rustic with shirt sleeves rolled up was leaning against a five-barred gate. I joined him in a quiet Sunday morning pipe. Between the puffs we had quite a pleasant chat. "Seen the tombstones?" he queried. "In my time I've seen a lot!" was perhaps a natural reply. "Noa," my friend Hodge replied, "I mean the tombstones up in the medder near the wood." It was some distance off. I found the "medder" and the tombstones. There are three of them. Age and growth of lichen have obliterated the inscriptions, but I fancy one name is Shrubsole, and the date about 1726. Search the globe over and a quieter resting place could not be found. In explanation it is said a chapel existed hereabouts some years ago. It is not within my knowledge to state whether the little cemetery up in the woods is consecrated ground or not, but as I gazed on the stones, I could but lift my hat and utter a "Rest in Peace."

"CLAMBERCROWN" AND "THE DOG."

Take a large scale map of Kent, and you will find what great patches of woodland are marked to the north of Elham. In addition to North Elham Park, Clever Tie, there are West Wood, Elham Park, and the Great Covet Wood, which alone spreads itself over 1,000 acres. These great woodlands are practically joined together, and one can walk for hours through scenes which suggest "a thousand miles from any where." On Sunday my route was entirely off the main roads. Solitude! Here it is. But yet no solitude. There is an endless feast of delight for the observer. It is indeed good to have the companionship of Nature for a few hours—away from the stress and battle of life. On the "Clambercrown" I saunter easily along. The farm houses are few and far between. A human being is a rarity. Look! There are two or three fluttering objects! What are they? Specimens of the lovely clouded yellow butterfly. In the sunshine their colours show grandly against the deep green foliage. Only a momentary glance, yet one to be remembered. But I make no secret about it—I want "The Dog." After a considerable spell of more quiet walking, I arrived in front of another farm building. Some of the hands were resting over the gate. I enquired "Where's 'The Dog'?" In chorus they directed me up a narrow lane, and added: "When you come to a signpost take to the road leading to Lower Hardres; then you will find 'The Dog' on the left-hand side." And sure enough, on the confines of "The

Covet" was a small inn. Where is the custom, you will ask, to maintain it. I entered, and felt entitled to ask for refreshment. As the saying goes, "I could do with it." Through its very solitude, "The Dog" is famous. It is owned by a pair of "originals"—a middle-aged brother and sister of the name of Philpott. Both unmarried, they have lived their lives here, amidst these surroundings, as their parents did before them.

I LIVE "A HUNDRED YEARS AGO."

Made quite happy with some home-made bread ("our own baking"), a nice piece of old Dutch cheese, and a draught of Nectar known in wine lists as "shandy gaff," I took some stock of my surroundings. I turned my mind back a hundred years. There I sat in a kind of high-backed pew (there was no saloon bar touch about it), a bare, wooden table before me. In the great fireplace were "the dogs," and over the wood fire hung suspended from a hook the big iron pot. It is a hundred years ago! There is not a touch of modernity here. Yes, I was indeed transported back a century. Mine hostess, too, had a fund of the old time country talk that was charming. "My father first saw the light of day in this little house. On reaching eighy-five years of age he passed away. Yes, he never left this house. I, too, was born here." And then, half apologising, she left me to solve the mystery of the old iron pot over the crackling wood. Subsequently from its depths issued a splendid beef pudding, but I'll write no more on this score. If I had not ordered the aforesaid bread and cheese I should have been tortured. But all was well.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

My good friends now directed me through the wilderness to Bishopsbourne, giving me all manner of directions in regard to turning to left and the right, and to the left again, and then yet again to the right. I got a bit mixed up, however. But directly on leaving "The Dog" my way led through a wood, with wild roses and honeysuckles abounding on either side. Walking leisurely by leafy ways I at length found myself at Kingston, and, then taking train at neighbouring Barham, arrived home about 4.30 p.m. Now, it may be that several of my readers are acquainted with "Wheelbarrow Town" and "Clambercrown," but I'll wager the majority are not. Well, all I can say to such of these is: Pay a visit to this "unknown land." Walk it from Elham, and make your way round either to Bishopsbourne or Barham, and take the path through the wood. If you are fond of woodland and a quiet day off the road district,

where the sound of the motor is practically unheard, if you want to enjoy Nature at its best, then let me lead you to the charming district I have made some attempt to describe.

"BILL HORNE," CLAMBERCROWN, AND "THE DOG."

The above article on exploring "unknown land" created considerable interest. At the time Bill Horne (if I termed him William, it would be considered somewhat infra dig.), the Parish Church gardener, was good enough to figuratively pat me on the back for my small effort. Thus Bill delivered himself:—"Every word you wrote about Clambercrown is the truth." [What a compliment to a newspaper man!] "I was born up in those parts. You are correct, too, when you describe the district as being like 'a thousand miles from anywhere.' I remember once one of my Folkestone mates was driving a van up yonder. Night came on. He lost his way, and so what did he do? Why, tucked himself up in his van for the night." Bill added: "If I had the time I could tell you some yarns about the country out yonder." Again, I met our mutual friend Mr. W. H. Pearson, the coal merchant, and that gentleman, who hastens from the busy town when opportunity presents itself, was kind enough to remark, "I say, 'Felix,' you made by mouth water by your description of Clambercrown. I must run up there on Sunday, with the partner of my joys and sorrows." Then there is another old Folkestonian, Mr. Wright, of Dover-street. This well-known tradesman buttonholed me on Monday night with the remark: "I thought I knew every inch of the country round this part, but, 'Felix,' you have done me this time. Where is 'The Dog' —Yes," he repeated, "You have fairly done me. I must go on a voyage of discovery." Mr. J. Harnett, the pork butcher of the Bayle, and others, are also off to Clambercrown—and "The Dog"—at the earliest opportunity, and I, too, if all goes well, intend to make some further discoveries up that way before long. The pleasures of life! Ah! Some of the greatest are to be found in the rural districts around our beautiful Folkestone.

FROM LYMINGE TO STOWTING AND ONWARDS.

A month had sped since my exploration of the "wilds" of Clambercrown, and methought the time was due for yet another quiet tramp over unknown land—to myself. Several years since I paid a Sunday visit to Brabourne

and Stowting, but approached the villages via Postling and Monks Horton Park. By way of a change, then, I re-visited these two old-world places via Lyminge. Taking the midday train from the Central, I soon found myself in Folkestone's principal hill suburb, and in a few moments was walking along the carriage road of Sibton Park. And, by the way, how nicely the Hon. Mrs. John Howard has beautified the entrance to her charming domain. The additional and thriving shrubs on the right-hand side, the well-designed rockery (now bright with early spring flowers), and the miniature lake, have all truly made "the wilderness to blossom as a rose." Refined taste is everywhere in evidence, and I am sure pedestrians through the Park will not fail to appreciate the picture.

OVER RHODES MINNIS AND THROUGH THE WOODS TO THE COMMON.

Soon leaving Sibton Park behind, we meander slowly up the main road over the Minnis, to the Gate Inn. Hereabouts is a signpost, and one of its fingers point to Stowting, three miles distant. The way thither is very pleasant, and for a good stretch we stroll with West Wood on either side. Then, keeping straight on, we reach a forked road on the open, in the centre of which is Limmeridge Green, and, turning to the left, walk on until Stowting Common is reached. On the right is meadow land; on the left are Mrs. Andrew's "Roughs"—a beautiful stretch of woodland in which a noble clump of pines rear their lofty heads. In a month I notice a great change in regard to the "coming of the leaf." Of course, to the ordinary onlooker, trees are yet bare, but in many cases the buds have burst, and are bursting almost hourly. The countryside is yellow with primroses, and dog violets are greatly in evidence on the banks. Herbs, especially the feathery yarrow, are seen sending up, too, their shoots. I notice several fresh arrivals in the feathered kingdom. In the brilliant sunshine, for instance, look at the plumage of those two bluetits, or at the gayer dress of the bullfinch. This latter, with the exception, I should say, of the kingfisher, is amongst the most showy of our British birds. The yellow hammer, too, was in evidence, but not nearly in such large numbers as the first two named above.

VIEW FROM STOWTING HILL AND TWO REMARKABLE YEW TREES.

A week or two since one of my correspondents plied me with the query, "What are the six best views in Kent?" Well, until I have undertaken a little more exploration, I do not feel prepared to answer that question.

Really, however, the view from this particular hill is very fine. It takes in a vast expanse of landscape, with the shimmering water of the Channel in the far distance. My own fault, I admit, but this was my first experience here. And delight was mine. Immediately below is the tiny village of Stowting. Sheltered under the hills, with the few houses clustered together, there it stands, as it has probably much the same for centuries. I had been tramping along alone for a considerable stretch, but just at an opportune moment I met an individual who, moreover, was very intelligent. For my information he pointed to the Parish Field. Years ago, it appears, old armour and skeletons were found in this particular meadow, which is now given over to sheep and lambs. Then over yonder is a large clump of closely planted trees. "That was the site of the old Castle. You can see the moat around it." Sure enough, there is a deep moat. Whether the story of the castle is legendary, I do not know. My informant ought to be an authority, for he told me he could trace his family back in Stowting for five hundred years. The bells! the bells! How charming was that mellow sound. It was all explained. It was a great day in Stowting, for the new Vicar, the Rev. C. J. Duffield, late of Maidstone, was about to be inducted, according to ancient rites, to the living of Stowting. All the villagers were making for the little fane amongst the trees, but I did not get further than the churchyard, whither I proceeded to examine two wonderful yew trees. One of these measures 21 feet in circumference, and the other 17 feet 9 inches. These measurements were recently taken, three feet from the ground. There these giants have stood for centuries. They have looked down upon the coming and going of generations of men and women, and appear to stand sentinel-like over "many a mouldering heap" in this, one of the prettiest of God's Acres I have ever gazed upon.

SWEET SMELLING VIOLETS AND BRABOURNE.

A pleasant mile or so was the walk to this last named village. When, say, half the distance is covered, on looking round one obtains another picture of Stowting and its surroundings. Comparatively far from any town, the inhabitants here of necessity must lead the quietest of lives. Just now I mentioned dog violets, but hereabouts in the lanes I found the banks in parts covered with sweet smelling variety, some white blossoms being amongst them. I picked quite a nice bunch, and brought them into Folkestone. Here, then, is Brabourne. Of course, the ancient church is "the lion" of the place. The door was open.

I entered, and became quite interested. Under the church tower is a framed history of the sacred building. From this it can be seen the church dates back for many hundreds of years. This aforesaid history is well worth reading. The magnificent stained glass window over the altar was shown in a Paris exhibition several years ago. It is placed here as a "Memorial to eighteen generations of the Scot family, buried in this church." There are other monuments and windows to the Scot's—a famous family indeed. A stained glass window in the south chancel rather puzzled me It bears this inscription:—"Calais, Dover, Armada." Over two windows, adjoining each other, I noted these words (partly painted on each): "Enquire, I pray thee, of the former ages, and prepare thyself to the search of their father." These words are from the Book of Job, but I am at a loss to explain their application. A volume, however, might be written on Brabourne and its Church. I can only indicate. It is worth the looking up, and those interested I would refer to "Hasted's History of Kent," or any other book of authority.

"NOT ONE STONE LEFT UPON THE OTHER."

This Scriptural phrase aptly applies to the once famous Scot's Hall. As I have already stated, there are eighteen generations of the Scot's buried in Brabourne Church, and the places all around are interwoven with memories of this great Kentish family. The hall was built in magnificent style. Hospitality was lavished with a free hand. Royalties were entertained. Sports, including the chase, were fully patronised. Scot's Hall, indeed, was a palace, but it was burned down in the eighteenth century, and now not one stone is left upon the other. Although the oldest inhabitant cannot remember the hall, yet tales of its glories have been handed down from generation to generation. The "history" referred to in the preceding paragraph above sets forth in detail the value and extent of the building.

AN AWFUL STORM.

When I was in Brabourne Church I copied down the following from the record I discovered under the tower. Many people who remember the wreck of the Benvenue will recall the power of the wind on that day. For myself, I have never experienced anything like it before or since. However, read this extract from the aforesaid history. In referring to one of the Vicars, it says: "Halfway through his incumbency occurred the great storm, which raged, with scarcely any intermission, from November

26th to December 1st, 1708, doing incalculable damage throughout the country. Twelve ships and 1,500 men of the Royal Navy were lost, besides several merchant vessels. In Kent alone 1,107 dwelling houses and barns were demolished, and 17,000 trees blown down by the force of the wind. Brabourne Church stood the strain well, but some repairs were needed, as witness the following entry:—

"For 22 bushills of lime after ye great wind, 9s. 1d.
"For fetching same lime to ye church, 6s. 1d.
"For tiles and carriage after ye great wind, £1 10s. 0d."

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Leaving the village, I plod my way (but not a weary one) to Brabourne Leas, past Stone Hill, coming out on the main Ashford-road to Sellindge. Here I had the pleasure of meeting that well-known farmer, Mr. Charles Buss. Just a little chat, in the course of which he pointed to what he termed a wonderful sight for the time of year (April)—a large plum tree out in full blossom. Certainly it was a picture. Then a "good-bye" to our old friend, and on to Newingreen. The sun had set in anghy mood. "There will be 'weather' to-morrow," I mentally remarked. And truly "weather" there was. "Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight." One by one objects drop out of view. It is night. We pass over the cross road by the Royal Oak, walk the road skirting Sandling, mount the stile at Pedlinge, stroll across two meadows, then down the hill to a stile, where we join the main Ashford-Hythe road. In a few minutes I board a motor car, and in half and hour find myself again in Folkestone.

WITH THE NIGHT WALKERS.

A CLIMB OF 650 FEET FOR A SUPPER.

I like originality. It means, at the very least, something out of the common—out of the ordinary. Thus half a dozen young fellows, known as "The Night Walkers," favoured me with an invitation to a country stroll, with a steak and kidney pudding and usual trimmings at one end of the journey. Rain, hail, snow, or wind, the walk was to be undertaken, for the banquet had been ordered. To tell the truth, although I approved of the idea, yet I did not feel quite up to the exertion. When, however, "mine hosts" informed me that the objective was "The Cat and Mustard Pot," alias "The Red Lion," alias "The Sprawling Cat," alias "The Ramping Cat," alias "The Cat," at Paddlesworth, I unlocked one of

the cells of memory. A vision appeared before me of a famous late dinner I once attended there, the principal item in the menu being spring chicken and marrowfats. With this pleasant recollection, then, in mind, I accepted the invitation.

ON THE WAY THITHER.

It was on a winter's night, and the order issued by the leader was: "7.30 p.m. sharp, outside the Town Hall entrance." And we all met to time, each armed with an ash stick. Then off we strode, turning our backs on business at least for a few hours. Not many minutes elapsed ere we found ourselves bowling through Foord, up the Black Bull-road, and Canterbury-hill. We did not hurry, but rather "took things easy." Passing "The Sugarloaf" quite a learned discussion took place as to whether that great hill is artificial or not. One of our party—no mean authority—is strongly of opinion that it is. Our friend also further expressed his views on the Dover-hill "find" of skeletons and relics, and gave it as his opinion that the Downs in this immediate quarter would, if excavated, yield on a large scale much similar "treasure." We had by this time passed the limekiln on the right, and a few pleasant steps higher up the road brought us to the old tollgate. Here we took the road to the left, obtaining at the same time a partial sight of the now distant lights of Folkestone.

SINGING AND WALKING.

In less than half an hour we were in the midst of solitude. Off the main road there were no vehicles. The only sound was that of our own footsteps. How beautiful is night!—this night particularly so. The moon, screened, perhaps, by a slight haze, shed its pale light over hill and meadow. Dim, shadowy forms were the sheep and cattle. The very trees would appear to take fantastic shapes—some almost human. With the radiance of diamonds the frost glittered on the vegetation or the hard roads. How sweet, too, was this hill air compared to that of the streets! It both invigorated and exhiliarated. Perhaps it was this latter quality that prompted one of our party to suggest a marching song; perhaps it was the same reason that impelled us all to join in the chorus of "The Men of Harlech." And why shouldn't we sing? It is just as good as, and often better, than talking. We were out in the country, and disturbed no living soul. But we made the welkin ring. Thus we sang, in a sense, for our supper. Slowly the air was accomplishing its work,

for "a night walker" was heard to say: "I expect our pudding is well on the boil."

"GIBRALTAR," THE MEADOWS, AND CHURCH.

Still mounting upwards, we passed an aggregation of small cottages called after the great fortress mentioned above. So peaceful is their setting, and so dissimilar in situation, that one mentally asks: "Why the name?" Then turning sharp to the left, we clambered over a stile, and marched over two or three meadows, singing the while a stave or two from the "Soldiers' Chorus," from "Faust." Of course, we did not soar towards perfection, but we pleased ourselves. That was our object. And the thick grass hereabouts on the higher ground sparkled grandly with its frosty dress. There yonder, quite alone, is the tiny Norman church, dedicated to St. Oswald—standing there as it has done for many generations. Dim were its outlines, but the little fane appeared to be a very monument of peace. Dimmer still were the few white headstones in the graveyard, and there, too, also, were many mouldering heaps where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Our voices were silent. Listen! Here, indeed, is a silence profound. And only an hour's walk from the busy town, with its rush and tear of business life. Almost exquisite was the change.

AN OLD ENGLISH WELCOME.

Now we had entered on the last stage of of our comparatively long stroll. Folkestone was 650 feet below us. It had been a glorious walk, and the blood was pulsating through our veins. We thought of other days, and of those who fain would have joined us that night. Thus on entering Paddlesworth we asked in song: "Where are the boys of the old brigade?" Some are in distant lands "far away, far away." Some, too, have accomplished life's journey. They are at rest. But we must not soliloquise too much, for here we were at "The Cat." Mine host of the inn was standing at the door. There was a genuine smile of welcome on his face as he bade us enter the "banqueting hall." It was illuminated by an oil lamp, and a splendid fire glowed in the grate. In the fender were six white dinner plates. These were absorbing the heat. There was no delay. Hardly had we taken off our hats and coats before the host queried: "All ready, gentlemen?" Came the answer in chorus: "Ready, aye ready."

THE SUPPER.

If it had been the boar's head at Oxford, the Host

could not have cut a prouder figure than when he brought in a steaming pudding. I suggested it was rather a big one for six. Our friend, however, answered: "Why, there's another one to come in yet. It's no good walking up here for nothing." And, in short time, the companion pudding was on the snowy-white table cloth. Then the red hot plates from the fender were gathered together, and in each of these was soon placed a portion of one of the finest steak and kidney puddings ever boiled. And then the potatoes! They were not those "slabs of soap" that one is often served with in foreign restaurants, but real "balls of flour." The hostess now appeared on the scene. She was full of anxiety as to whether she had provided sufficient. "Ah!" the good lady remarked, "I know those Brussels sprouts are fresh. They were growing in the garden but a few hours ago." Then, suddenly she remembered "Some ketchup. Try it," she exclaimed, "I made it myself two years ago." "By Jove!" said one of the party, as he sampled this dainty home-made sauce, and then, following his example, five other "By Joves" were heard. Well, this supper was altogether excellent. The puddings, however, won the victory. Although our appetites were grand, yet we could not compete with the overwhelming abundance. It was a rare bit of fun. We hadn't any bon-bons, so we cracked a few jokes, such as they were. But it was enjoyment—pure enjoyment—we were seeking. We found it. After a song or two we saw the clock pointing to ten (closing time). Then it was a case of "Good-night," not only to the Host and Hostess, but to the Mayor of Paddlesworth (Farmer Gammon) and most of the villagers.

THE RETURN.

"After supper walk a mile" is a good old adage. We improved on this, and covered four. We returned by the lane, passed Hope Farm in the hoollow, and then mounted to the ridge of the hills on the left of the Waterworks. And what a grand sight was unfolded! From the Warren to Cheriton and Shorncliffe twinkled thousands of gas and electric lights. This picture of Folkestone by night is one that every inhabitant should gaze upon. It is worth the climb to look upon such a scene of beauty. And the moon, how it lighted up the hills and the wide-stretching landscape immediately below! As one took in the whole scene one could not help thinking of Barker's lines:—

"I love to gaze at the midnight hour
On the heavens when all is shining;
I feel as if some enchanting power

Around my heart was entwining.
To see the moon, like a beacon fair,
When the clouds sail swiftly by;
And the stars, the watch-lights in the air,
Illumine the northern sky."

Yes, the combination of celestial and terrestial illuminants, as seen on a moonlight night from our hills, is too beautiful for words. In a few moments we had safely descended the rugged path, and after a pleasant stroll over the golf links arrived in Folkestone at 11.20. Before separating all agreed that our supper at "The Cat," and the walk to and from Paddlesworth formed an experience to be remembered with pleasure.

ANOTHER RAMBLE BY NIGHT.

To Barham, Etc.

Hard roads, a sky bespangled with stars, and a nice westerly breeze—these were the pleasant conditions under which seven "Night Walkers" (including myself) toured a portion of the above interesting district on a Monday night. We trained to Barham. Arrived at our destination, we prepared for a good walk home by enjoying a light supper at the old-fashioned hostelry, "The Duke of Cumberland." The host acquitted himself well. He was a jovial type of Englishman, and, if I may write it, a credit to his calling. And now for the walk. We all felt fit, and, bidding good-night to the quiet village, and noting the Nailbourne, which is making one of its periodical rushes through this charming valley, made across country to the "Eagles," on the main Canterbury-road, distant 9½ miles from Folkestone. Putting on an easy stride, we soon covered the distance to Denton (1½ miles), passing Broome Park and historical May Deacon on the right. It was not yet ten, but the peaceful village appeared to be sleeping. Then we did some collar work in ascending Denton-hill. Down below in the hollow a single light could be observed. And that single light signified much. It marked Tappington Hall (Tappington Everard). As we passed through this country we could but think of the brilliant wit who has cheered the hearts of millions, as he will the hearts of many more. Truly, such men as Barham never die.

THE SPIRIT OF INGOLDSBY.

Although we could not discern "the spectre of Tappington," yet we one and all felt something of the spirit and influence of Thomas Ingoldsby (the Rev. Richard Harris

Barham). A few facts in regard to this wonderful rhymster and wit will not be out of place here. He was born at Canterbury in 1788, and when he was about six years old inherited a small estate. A portion of this consisted of a manor called Tappington, already referred to. In 1802 the poet was travelling on the Dover mail coach. The horses took fright, and an accident to his arm almost cost Barham his life. Subsequently he entered the Church, and held positions at Ashford, Westwell, Warehorne (Romney Marsh), and London, where he became a minor canon at St. Paul's. In 1825 a series a domestic sorrows befel him. He lost his dearly-loved eldest daughter, and this bereavement was followed at intervals by the deaths of four of his other children, to whom he was devotedly attached. Still further trouble came upon him. His youngest son, a boy of great promise, was taken from him, and then his second son died of cholera in 1832. Then his lifelong friend Hook was separated from him by death.

HIS CURE FOR SORROW.

In the whole of his prose and poems there is not a line to wound the most sensitive soul. His biographer says: "How deeply the gentle-hearted clergyman felt these severe afflictions some touching lines in 'Blackwood's Magazine' of that date testify, though he bore them with a Christian resignation." "The best substitute for stoicism which a man of keen and sensitive feeling finds it possible to adopt is to think a little less of his own sorrows, and more of those of others; and this," writes Mr. Hughes, "I believe to have been Barham's secret for bearing with equanimity the loss of more than one 'who ne'er gave him pain till they died.' He strove to be happy in making others so, especially those more congenial spirits who more directly shared in his affections." As every lover of "The Legends" is aware, there are frequent references to this district, one whole chapter being devoted to "The Leech of Folkestone." It is astonishing, however, to find out of one's acquaintances, how few have made themselves acquainted with this remarkable book. Ask a dozen men haphazard "Have you read 'The Ingoldsby Legends?'" and the answer from at least nine of the number will be "No." This should not be so.

OVER SWINGFIELD MINNIS.

The woods had now shut out the light of Tappington Hall, and, as we approached the Minnis we were reminded of the scene in "The Witch's Frolic," where grandpapa riseth, yawneth like the crater of an extinct volcano, and

proceeding to the window, thus apostrophises the Abbey in the distance:—

"I love thy tower, grey ruin,
I joy thy form to see,
Though reft of all, bell, cloister, and hall,
Nothing is left save a tottering wall
That, awfully grand and darkly dull,
Threatened to fall and demolish my skull
As ages ago I wander'd among,
In sky-blue jacket and trousers laced,
The latter uncommonly short in the waist.
Thou art dearer to me, thou ruin grey,
Than the Squire's verandah over the way;
And fairer, I ween, the ivy sheen
That thy mouldering turret binds,
Than the alderman's house about half-a-mile off
With the green Venetian blinds."

In a note in "The Legends" we find the ruins referred to were the remains of a "Preceptory, once belonging to the Knights Templars, situate near Swynfield, Swinkefield, or, as it is now generally pronounced, Swingfield Minnis." But I must desist, and, to adopt the title of another chapter, "Look at the Clock!" Then, noting the hand of time, we put on a spurt, passing through Hawkinge, Uphill, until we reached the crown of the hills, where Folkestone by night once again delighted our sight. Still full of vigour, we parted as the "Great Thief" boomed out the hour of twelve.

EASTER MORNING RAMBLE IN THE WOODS.

In company with a couple of "olive branches" (who are as keen on country strolls as myself), I spent a considerable part of Easter morning in a wood. The day was perfect—

"When the warm sun that brings
Seed-time and harvest has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain."

And it was "still" and "sweet." It was just far enough out of Folkestone, and well off the track of rushing motors. What a change is this from the worries, the distractions, and often the disappointments of town life! All around Dame Nature had painted an Easter fairy picture—peaceful and beautiful in the extreme. The ground was thickly powdered with the brimstone of the primrose, while in the

recesses of the thickets, anemones in thousands saucily nodded their heads. Here and there the wild hyacinth was pushing up its blue flower through a series of long and glistening leaves. A pure white cloud could be seen over yonder. It was a great patch, and would seem to have fallen into the wood from the sky. Closer examination proved this mass of beautiful white to be a thicket of blackthorn. The trees had not put on their foliage, but the blossom was there. Could any artist living reproduce this picture? Impossible.

"WE HAVE ALL SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR."

In this age of rush and tear we are often tempted to forget. A visit to the quiet rural districts tends to concentrate the thought—to focus the mind. Some months previously I attended a harvest festival at Bowness Church, on the shores of Lake Windermere. The sermon was finely conceived, and well delivered. Suddenly the preacher said: "We have each and all something to be thankful for. Think!" Then he paused for a moment or two. It was what might have been termed a dramatic interlude. But it made one think. And I recalled those words again on Sunday morning. And I'll tell you why. After the stern months of winter this sudden sight of the resurrection of Nature appeared to be doubly delightful. And then I thought of the marvellous blessings of sight that enabled us to gaze on this scene so fair. Although Nature is but slowly putting on her dress, yet the birth of the summer is out yonder. The emerald green of the meadows is there, and many of those marvellous birds of passage have already arrived.

BLIND AND HAPPY.

Sitting out in the sunshine and enjoying these sights of woodland and hillside, I could but think of a comparatively young lady resident in Folkestone who has become totally blind. There is no need to mention her name, and she would not thank me if I did so. Enough that both this afflicted lady and her husband are much respected residents. This lady, although bereft by a cruel fate of "the priceless gift," has a great taste for the country. She is very happy in her mind, and thoroughly appreciates any intelligent description of the surrounding natural pictures. The voice of loving friends, the sound of the feathered songsters, the scent of flowers, and the breezes of heaven are joys made more intense by the very reason that through some mysterious dispensation of Providence she has lost her sight. Yes, we have all "something to be thankful for," and we who "love the haunts of Nature," when

gazing on, say, some charming stretch of landscape, or the ever changing glories of the ocean, may well give a thought to those who are similarly situated as the lady I have referred to. Let us hope that Nature will give her many compensations.

SHORNCLIFFE CAMP, CHERITON, NEWINGTON, HORN STREET, HYTHE, ETC.

WHERE PLIMSOLL SLEEPS.

The localities referred to above are all within the powers of the ordinary pedestrian, and there is the choice, too, of breaking the journey either by various road conveyances or rail. A pleasant and easy way to gain the important military encampment of Shorncliffe is to branch off at the cross roads on the south side of the Central Station, stroll along Shorncliffe-road and across the fields to Coolinge-lane. This is opposite Folkestone's most westward station. On the right-hand side of the road is Coolinge Farm. There is a gate just here, and the pathway through the fields lead to another gate. Pass through this, note the Enbrook estate on the left, and take the path down the valley and up towards those high and narrow buildings known as the Ross Barracks. Perhaps you will need a little rest after the pull up the hill, but the admiration of the scenery will well take up a few moments at your disposal. Here, then, is the Camp. The various phases of military life will much interest the visitor, who may or may not know that it was here that the hero of Corunna trained and disciplined those soldiers who proved themselves invincible during the Peninsular War.

On any fine day the scenes at Shorncliffe are of a stirring nature—well calculated to kindle the patriotic spirit. An inspiring sight is to be witnessed on Sunday, when the troops, smart in their best dress, march to the Garrison Church. There is limited accommodation for civilians, and to those desirous of attending, my advice is "Be in time." To listen to those hundreds of soldiers joining in some well-known hymn is indeed a pleasing experience.

Now let us take a stand by the Garrison Church, and look over the valley towards Hythe and the country beyond. It is indeed a lovely prospect, and one that should not be missed. Indeed, from all points the scenery, as viewed from Shorncliffe Camp, is superb. On the north there are the noble Downs, and to the south the sea. Towards the east ever-growing Folkestone looms up well,

whilst intervening is the prettily wooded Enbrook Estate Out towards the north-west are the slopes of Beachborough with its gleaning white mansion set off well by the adjoining cone-shaped summer house hill.

Out towards this latter point, and standing alone at the entrance of the valley, is St. Martin's Church, Cheriton. This is a good landmark. Let us saunter through the fields towards the sacred edifice, if only to gaze on the sleeping place of Samuel Plimsoll, the "sailor's friend." This well-kept graveyard, with its fine lychgate, is the Mecca of many a sailor. And well it might be, for we recall how hard Plimsoll worked on behalf of those who "do their business in the great waters." We think of his tenacity of purpose, his scorn of difficulty, and the faith in the cause he had at heart. We think of that stormy scene in the House of Commons when, disappointed by delay, he shook his fist at close quarters at Disraeli. But all is over. It is "peace, perfect peace," and "Plimsoll's mark" on English vessels tells its own tale. It tells the tale of sailors being often saved from a watery grave, and that English craft may be no longer classed as "coffin ships." Plimsoll, in his later years, was very fond of Folkestone, and it was his great desire to be laid to rest in this pretty churchyard, from which can be seen the ever-changing colours of the English Channel. I have been told that many mariners, looking towards this landmark—Cheriton Church—point out the place "where Plimsoll sleeps." The interior of the sacred edifice itself is well worth a visit. Over the entrance porch are these words: "A shadow from the heat, and a refuge from the storm." On the northern side of the churchyard it St. Martin's Plain, where at various times large numbers of troops are encamped under canvas. We descend by the pathway and down the steps to the "street" or vale, the scenery of which on either side is charming. There on the left nestles the Rectory, and not far off are the schools. Lower down the road the water from the old mill tumbles in silver cascades over the rocks, and hustles along towards the sea. There are trees in plenty down by the Vale, and on to Seabrook itself. Here we are on the high road, and if fancy impels us, we can ride home to Folkestone by the frequent conveyance passing along. But let us stroll along on the greensward by the Canal and on to Hythe. There is a pathway just opposite the Sluice House (the termination of the Canal). Cross here and keep on the south bank. This is one of the most beautiful walks in the neighbourhood. You note the merry boating parties, the patient followers of Izaak Walton, and then

under the shadow of the many trees admire those prettily-designed houses on the right, facing the Seabrook-road. The distant view of Hythe, with its noble old church, is very fine. Time has gone on apace, and here we are in the Cinque Port town itself.

A separate article might well be written on this delightful old town, which appears to be favoured increasingly as the years roll on. Look around the shady Grove, and what is known as the Mayor's Avenue, and I know you will thank me for the hint. By no means miss the church. Proud, indeed, is the town of this sacred edifice, which was restored under the supervision of the late Sir Gilbert Scott. That grand chancel window was erected to the memory of Lionel Lukin, the inventor of the principle of the lifeboat. You can but admire it, and also the pulpit—a work of art. The architecture of St. Leonards is somewhat plain, but nevertheless chaste and beautiful. Its appearance once more tells the tale that simplicity is closely allied to grandeur. One could dwell upon the varied attractions of this church, but those in search of further knowledge in this respect I would refer to a little work, which I believe was issued by a former Vicar. Then there is the adjoining Crypt, with its famous skulls and human bones.

But all this rather savours of the many guide books which deal in detail with such matters. Shall we just finish our walk with a stroll up the rather steep hill to the neighbouring village of Saltwood—"the sweet Auburn" of Kent? A mile distant from Hythe, everyone should visit it. There are the American Gardens, and the Castle—both very interesting. The former were planted with rhododendrons and flowering shrubs by the late Archdeacon Croft, and are opened to the public on payment of a small sum, which, by the way, is given to charities. Then the restored Castle—that again is opened to the public on Wednesdays in summer. Those fine almshouses and the Village Hall deservedly attract attention. Their history is interesting. They were the outcome of a bequest made by Mr. R. Thompson, who lived for many years in Saltwood. Exceedingly fond of the Hunt, this esteemed gentleman rode to hounds when well past ninety. He was a marvel in his way, and filled the office of Superintendent Registrar for years. The church and beautifully situated rectory are both worthy of notice. Several hours might well be spent here, and the return journey made either by Sandling Junction, or by one of the numerous conveyances running from Hythe to Folkestone.

OVER THE HILLS TO ACRISE, PAY STREET, DENTON, AND BROOME PARK.

A friend, some few years back, brought to my notice a series of articles signed "The Pathfinder." They appeared in a Croydon newspaper, and created wide interest. Little need for wonder, for the writer, who was a real lover of Nature, revelled in his work. In picturesque language he set himself to describing the unfrequented "beauty spots" surrounding the Surrey town. So well did he accomplish his task, that many sought the pleasure of his company when on the pathfinding quest. With a good pair of walking boots, a stick, perhaps a friendly briar, with a pair of good eyes, observation alert, and the capacity to enjoy, what purer, innocent, or more healtful recreation can be found in the wide world than roaming over hill and dale, through "pastures new," and the magnificent woodland which contributes largely towards the making up of the "Garden of England"—Kent? "Pathfinder's" descriptions long since found an echo in my mind, and in a humble and lesser degree I propose to emulate his example, in the hope that some at least of my readers may be induced to share experiences which I shall endeavour to set forth in this and other articles.

As many people rush off to foreign lands, turning their back the while on "that gem set in the Northern seas"—England—so there are others who live their lives in towns without a thought of the natural beauties and wondrous landscape which the Great Painter has provided for their enjoyment and pleasure. Folkestone, indeed, is fortunate in its rural haunts, but hundreds, nay, thousands, live in ignorance of what is, as it were, at their very doors.

And so it came about that I started one day, with two objects in view—my own enjoyment and the desire to create an interest in the minds of others—visitors and residents alike—whose taste might possibly be in a similar direction. Provided with a map and compass, I commenced my initial walk, by following the path which runs on the north side of Radnor Park, and on through the meadows to the Waterworks buildings. Arrived here, and crossing the main road, the way leads on the left through the fields and up to the base of the hills. Ascending by the zig-zag path we gain the ridge, and resting awhile, one instinctively pauses to gaze on the wonderful views of sea and land, and also the contour of the hills, terminating in the west with Brockman's summer house, at Beechborough. Still keeping to the left, and strolling leisurely through the path fringed with golden gorse, we come to a gate on the right. Passing through, the way leads again

by the fields. Over a stile, and there down in a hollow, is a sheltered Farmhouse. Through the gate, and turning to the left is a lane. Flowers are everywhere. Leaving Grove and Arpinge Farms to the left, higher ground is reached. The path is clearly ahead, and Hawkinge Windmill on the right is to be seen set in a pretty woodland picture. Skirting a wood, we note a clump of fir trees in the immediate distance. Those trees stand on ground 650 feet above sea level. This is Paddlesworth—the highest village in Kent. You cannot mistake it, for the tiny church is on the left, dedicated to St. Oswald. There is an old saw connected with this scattered place:

"The highest ground, the lowest steeple,
The smallest parish, and the poorest people."

With variations I believe that couplet does duty for many villages in England. This is a lonely spot, but a visit might be made here for the purpose of feasting the eyes on the superb scenery. But we are walking across the fields, and leaving the one inn of the place on the left, the way ahead is through a leafy lane until a stile is reached. Crossing two meadows and mounting another stile Pay Street and its two or three cottages are soon passed. Leaving one of these dwellings on the right, and following a narrow track, we reach a wood. How delicious after the pavement and noise of the town! There on each side are the red, white, and blue of the bachelors button, anenome, and bluebell. Rejoicing in the sunshine, the birds are singing in chorus, and now and again one listens to the subdued coo of the wood pigeon, or the distant bleating of the lamb. Quietly plodding on, and leaving Pay Street and its wood behind, a carriageway is reached leading into the main road by the Black Horse. There is a sign post here, and the finger points to Acrise one and a half miles to the left. Pleasant it is to walk along this road, for it is shaded with firs, pines, and the graceful larch. Stroll on until another sign post is seen on the left, opposite Acrise House.

Now turn to the right, and pass along a lane until the cross-roads are gained. Note three fine specimens of the copper beach, and then, bearing left, is the Rectory of Acrise, with its white paling in front of a lovely garden. Now, near the Rectory is an ill-defined path, but looking ahead a white gate is seen. This gives entrance to a small wood, and still another gate leads to the open. It is now that a charming view of the wooded sides of the smiling valley can be enjoyed. What a picture are the many noble trees, the several tints of green, accentuated the more by the sombre firs. The paths guide us through a meadow, and after negociating a carriage track, we enter the road

By kind permission of] Corner of the American Gardens, Saltwood. [*Alfred C. Leney, Esq.*

Kearsney Abbey Near Dover.

Fair Rosamund's Bower, Westenhanger Racecourse.

Wreck of the "Benvenue" off Sandgate, Nov. 11, 1891. (*See page* 3).

Photo Jacobs, Sandgate.

Wreck of the "Vryheid" on Dymchurch Wall, Nov. 22nd, 1802. (*See Page* 80). From an old Engraving.

opposite Raike's Hole Farm. Leaving the highway to the right, which leads to Selstead, and keeping straight ahead, with the farm buildings on the left, we take the little-used bridle road, and then on through a glorious stretch of wooded country until lonely Gutteridge Farm is reached. No dust, no motors, no rattle of traffic, no thousand and one diversions of town life, but here is almost silence. Close at hand is a wood. Away in the west the sun—a lurid ball of fire—is sinking to rest, gilding the landscape with its rays. I pause awhile. Near at hand, although unseen, is a nightingale pouring out its marvellous liquid trill.

"Hail! beauteous stranger of the grove,
Thou messenger of spring!"

In the absolute quietude of the evening it was the treat of my walk to listen to the strains of this wonderful bird, and all too soon I left it in its solitude. Continuing my journey along the same bridle path, and leaving another farmhouse on the right, I gained the main road opposite that picturesque mansion known as Denton Court. Now we saunter along, until Denton Village, the cottages of which are bright with flowers, is reached. But night is coming on, and we must complete our walk. Passing along the main road, and leaving May Deacon on the left, and again turning to the left, we mount over a stile, and take the path across Broome Park for the purpose of reaching Barham Station, a mile and a half distant. Over velvety turf we make our way. Amidst noble trees stands one of the stately homes of England. It belonged at one time to the Oxenden family, and there were once pictures within its wall dating back to the 13th century. As stated elsewhere, the Mansion is now owned by Lord Kitchener. Undulating land, studded with oak, elm, birch, and other trees, this park is one of the most picturesque in Kent. We have strolled on and crossed another stile. Before us, peeping out amidst the foliage, can be seen a slender steeple. It not only points heavenward, but also to the railway station. Now the red-tile cottages of Barham are seen, wreaths of smoke issuing from the chimneys. Soon Broome Park and its glories are behind. We scent the aroma of wood fires, and listen to the rippling laughter of the village children. It is a beautiful and typical English scene, and as in the distance we hear the whistle of the train that is to take us to Folkestone, we ask, after our ten-miles walk, who would not leave the crowded towns, with their eternal dust and din, for such lovely scenes as these? A walled city is a prison, and to shut ourselves up from beholding the beauty with which

the hand of the All-Wise has clothed the earth, an iniquity and moral death.

CAPEL, HOUGHAM, ST. RADIGUND'S ABBEY, THE VALE OF POULTON, AND DOVER.

The day on which I took this stroll was perfectly typical of June. After an overnight shower the country was bright and beautiful. The rays of the glorious sun were tempered by a sweet and cooling breeze, and over the blue vault of heaven white gossamer clouds sailed slowly and majestically. Under these well-nigh perfect conditions I started on my ramble. Making straight for the hills by the Canterbury-road, and turning off at the new steps opposite Walton Farm, and keeping to the one path across the fields, the summit of our noble Downs is reached, after a gentle climb. There is a carriage track on the ridge, known as Creete-road. Sitting awhile on a welcome seat, one can but admire the extensive views, whether of the landscape immediately below, the distant sparkling sea, or the myriad flowers carpeting the hill slopes. If the visitor, who happens to be a botanist should visit this particular locality, he will find specimens (many rare) by the legion. To renew our walk. Keeping to the "Creete," the well-known Inn, "The Valiant Sailor," and the main Dover-road are shortly reached. Strolling on a great dip in the hills on the right will be noticed. This is Steddyhole. It has a tragic interest, for hereabouts many years since, two young women met violent deaths at the hand of a Servian—a member of the Foreign Legion, then stationed at Shorncliffe Camp. But this is a landmark. We leave just at this point the high road, and take to the footpath by the hedge. Bearing to the left, and keeping straight ahead, a signpost points to Capel. It seems but a few moments since that I was in the busy town, but we are now in "the heart of the country." The sound of the rattling cart, or snorting motor, is supplanted by the music of the lark, poised, as it were, in the blue of the sky, or the double note of the cuckoo. Down this pretty lane we saunter until the ancient church, almost hidden by trees, is seen. To the right of this sacred edifice is a wicket gate. We pass through this, and walk across two or three meadows to West Hougham, where there are a few cottages with ample gardens. Opposite the quaint "Chequers Inn" is a stile. I asked a young man where the path led on the other side of the stile. He answered

in his own vernacular, "I'm blow'd if I know. I was born and brought up in Folkestone." Really I was "in the same boat," for I pleaded ignorance as to the geography of the immediate surroundings. That's just it. We live and die without a thought of what is around us. Many will not get off the beaten track, and in consequence their loss is great indeed. The pathway, ill-defined, pointed a way to St. Radigund's Abbey, which stood out yonder amidst the trees. This was an unknown country to me. Keeping to the track across a couple of meadows, I came to a bridle road, and pushing on, clambered over a stile on the left. There is no mistaking this. It is almost opposite a large corrugated building on the left, half a mile distant. Now descending a somewhat zig-zag path, and crossing over another stile, I wandered down into the Vale of Poulton. Hitherto the country had been fairly flat, and this sudden change delighted me. The sides of the valley are covered with woods, and there are pathways here and there that lead by leafy ways to Dover, about three or four miles distant. In a secluded spot is a farm house, which takes its name from the Vale. There are no other buildings within sight. The lowing of the cattle, the honest watch dog's bark, together with the other sweet sounds of Nature, these alone disturb the silence. Over the farm buildings is a fine chestnut tree, its candelabra-like blossoms standing out grandly against the emerald green of the foliage. Under this giant tree, and near the well, is a gate. You enter by this, and climb up a gentle incline skirting a wood. This is an unfrequented spot, and the rabbits scampered at every footfall into the undergrowth. How sweet is this! No cycle or motor could have brought me hither. On one side is undulating country; on the other the white and richly-scented hawthorn, the golden broom, and here and there patches of sapphire in the form of wild forget-me-nots. The ferns, too, are fast uncurling their snake-like fronds. Yes, this Vale of Poulton, within easy reach of the town, is well worthy of a visit. Now I have gained the top of the hill, and leaving the corrugated buildings referred to on the left, I keep to the road, and after ten minutes' easy stroll through pleasant lanes I reach St. Radigund's Abbey, which is now part and parcel of a farmstead. The ruins are covered with ivy, the growth of which is many years old. Built or faced with flint, the Abbey, in its decay, tells of past glories. The work of Time's ruthless hand is seen everywhere; indeed, parts of the buildings have altogether vanished. Guide books tell us the Abbey was founded about 1190, by Jeffery, Earl of

Perch, and Maude, his wife, and that it was suppressed in 1535 by King Henry VIII, when it was given to Archbishop Cranmer. Amateur photographers will find many subjects here, and historical students will also be able to indulge their bent. Keeping to the right, and leaving the meadow in which the Abbey stands, we pass through the open gateway, and take the carriage road, leaving a brickfield on the left. On the right is a coppice, and amidst the undergrowth I note bracken and graceful ferns, the bluebell here and there peeping out amidst the greenery. The sun beats down from a clear sky, but just here is coolness itself. Just a rest for a few moments, even if only to listen to the notes of that golden-beaked blackbird, or the speckled thrush. It is that hush, that beautiful quietude, that renders the music so delicious. Whiffing quietly at my briar, I think the while, and wonder why it is that many people rush off madly to insanitary continental watering-places, with their garlish novelties and artificial attractions. It is the fashion, but I believe the time is coming when Nature in the country will be worshipped by the millions who but seldom give a thought save to that pertaining to their own environment. Nature is ever calling such as these. Heber truly sings—

"Lo, the lilies of the field
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of Heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
'Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!'"

But we must renew the last stage of our journey, which is straight ahead, along the same pleasant road. Abruptly the scene alters. Out towards the south-east Dover Castle looms up grandly. Grim and grey it stands like a sentinel. As we approach its massiveness grows. Representing England, it frowns over the blue Channel beneath, and from this point of view the sight of the historical fortress is grand indeed. We have walked on, and now the great National Harbour claims attention, it not admiration. We take the path to the left, and forging ahead leave behind the green fields and woodlands. Passing the Gasworks at Buckland, and Dover Workhouse, with its uninviting surroundings, we are again impressed with the truth of Cowper's remark "God made the country and man made the town." Walking through the dusty Dover streets, we enter the train, and in a few minutes arrive at Folkestone Central.

I should add that the somewhat straggling walk I have endeavoured to describe can be covered in about eight miles.

THROUGH SIBTON PARK, OVER RHODES MINNIS, THE FARTHING, ETC.

Of all the scenery in the neighbourhood, I should say nothing could be found of a grander description than that included in the localities mentioned above. Take a railway trip to Lyminge (5 miles), and after an inspection of one of the most ancient churches in England, stroll through the growing village, leaving the windmill on the right, and enter the small but well-kept Sibton Park, owned by the Hon. Mrs. John Howard. The carriage road is open to all, and those on foot, in passing through, would do well to note the pretty mansion in the trees. It would make an admirable subject for a snapshot. There was many a pleasant meet of the East Kent Hunt here, when the hounds were under the joint control of Mr. Prescott-Westcar, and the late owner of the Estate. Nicely timbered, Sibton just now is a picture with its emerald meadows and many flowering shrubs. Outside the Park Gate, however, is a signpost, one finger of which points to Stanford, Westenhanger, etc. Follow this, turn to the left, and keeping a southerly direction, the road leads through a beautiful tract of country—much of it wooded—to "The Farthing." Why this tract of open land should have been thus named is somewhat of a mystery, and enquiries made in various quarters fail to elicit an explanation. The immediate locality of "The Farthing" cannot be said to present very much of an attractive character, but what shall we say of the view? With my experience of Kent and many other parts, I honestly assert that on a clear day no grander scene can be imagined. This isolated land is probably between 500 and 600 feet above sea level, and it is so situated as to command a series of lovely pastoral pictures which well repay the task of making the journey thither. For miles, stretching away to the westward, is a vast landscape, tiny villages, and church steeples, ever and anon peeping out amidst the trees. A touch of animation is added by the steam from the frequent distant trains running to their various destinations. And then out south sparkles the sea. On the day of my last visit to "The Farthing," the Channel's complexion was sapphire, and the sky of the same hue. I often wonder why "The Farthing" is not

more heard of or sought after. As a lover of the country, I consider it is quite a "lion" of the neighbourhood. Close by on the left is Monk's Horton Park—a delightful place, abounding in splendid timber and interesting history. Westenhanger and Fair Rosamund's Bower, now included in the Folkestone Racecourse enclosure, are all well within the locality of "The Farthing." Now we must descend the steep hill (of which cyclists should beware). Wonderfully pretty is the setting of the lime kiln in the bend of the road on the left. It is perhaps loneliness itself, but with all this there is ample to attract attenion. For a few moments I rested here, if only to listen to the feathered choristers who love to make their homes amidst the trees.

The road which we are now rapidly descending is known as the famous "Stone Street," which, with the exception of one small curve on the right of Horton Park, is perfectly straight from Stanford well nigh into Canterbury. It is said the Romans were master hands as road makers, and the "street" is a further testimony in this respect. For cyclists it is a joy, and with the exception of a steep shoot from Westenhanger to "The Farthing," it is almost level. A glance at the map will show the "street" to be one of the straightest roads in the county. We must get along. It makes a pleasant change to take the road on the left towards the village of Postling, but on this occasion I kept on, down past Stanford on the left and right to Westenhanger, and over the bridge to the station. Of course, the visitor can take the paths and roads on the left leading to Folkestone, The country is so pretty hereabouts that the extra labour involved by the rather longer journey is well repaid by the trouble. Historians will find an abundance to interest them around here, especially at Fair Rosamund's Bower. All guide books of any repute refer to it. The locality has been known successively as Oeschanger, and Ostenhanger, and Westenhanger. However, time is creeping on. Turning to the left, after visiting the village, we then reach the cross roads at Newingreen. One now has a wide choice. It would prove a nice diversion to travel down to Hythe by the road on the left, or that also on the left leading to Sandling. Both routes are admirable. I walked by the latter road over fields until I reached Beechborough cross roads—beautiful country all round. A charming picture is that of the Brockman mansion on the left. Painted white, it shows up well under lofty Summer House Hill. It does not look it, but there is room for more than a score in that building on the top of the hill. But that is private

property. On we go down the shoot until Frogholt farm is passed on the left. The white palings, the cool stream, and thatched cottage, have provided a picture for many a canvas, and now coloured post cards have made the scene famous far beyond the limits of these islands. A little ahead will be noted a wicket gate, and there at the end is Newington Church bell turret, one of few examples of its sort in England. It was evening as I came through here. Grand, indeed! On the north lay those superb hills—our local pride—and just beyond the village itself. Peace and serenity indeed! The labourer "homeward plods his weary way," or, making the most of the long evenings, is out on his vegetable garden.

Newington Church tower has been recently restored. For hundreds of years has that little church stood there, and around are mounds telling where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." May it long continue to be the beautiful landmark it is! We are now in the village street, and although but within a few minutes of Folkestone, note the diminutive post office and one or two quaint little shops. Passing through the wicket gate, the pathway skirts the Vicarage grounds. Now we are reminded by various sounds that the town is near. Out yonder stretches Shorncliffe Camp, and the square tower of Cheriton Church is a prominent object in the landscape. Looking towards the hills we note a newly-erected house standing alone, directly under the base of the hills. This is near the site of a disastrous landslip. In the dead of the night a large portion of the cliff descended on to a cottage. Fast asleep were the mother and father and their little family. Three of the number never awoke again, and the rescue of a baby sister by her brother formed a thrilling episode in local history. But my space is consumed. Between the roadway and the hills are fields waving with beautiful green of spring and autumn sown corn, and the many singing skylarks now that the shadows of night are falling remind us that here they make their home. We have strolled along, and at last Folkestone comes within view. The walk we have now all but concluded once more reminds us that for number and variety there is no town on the South Coast that can boast of more beautiful surroundings than our own.

SANDLING, PEDLINGE, LYMPNE, WEST HYTHE, ETC.

ONE OF OUR GRANDEST VIEWS.

The above combination makes an enjoyable round tour. After a terrible thunderstorm the weather on

Sunday morning did not look promising. Moreover, the atmosphere was close, and it appeared almost as it the "heavenly artillery" would be again in evidence. But knowing something of the vagaries of English weather, I set forth on yet another tour. As things turned out, there was nothing to grumble about, for the Clerk of the Weather cleared things up as time fleeted along.

The better plan, in order to get at once "into the heart of the country," is to take a ticket from the Central or Junction Station to Sandling (4½ miles), and then stroll along the main road towards Saltwood village—a mile distant. Pause, however, under that noble clump of trees adjoining the dip in the road, and pass through the five-barred gate at the right. You are now in Sandling Park, which belongs to that kind-heated gentleman—Mr. Laurence Hardy, M.P., One is bound to pause to admire the well-timbered, undulating country hereabouts, or the irregular hills to the north. Well, we stroll along until a sign-post is reached, with its one finger pointing "To Pedlinge." Now a very pleasant part of our walk commences by leafy ways, and to the rippling music of a little brook. Out in the open once again, the path leads gently upwards to the village named above. Brockhill and Sandling Estates provide splendid patches of woodland, and render this typical scenery perfect from the English point of view. It may interest many visitors to learn that Brockhill was once owned by a notable hunter—the late Mr. Tournay. This gentleman gathered a fine collection of natural objects from all parts of the world, and some of these are now to be seen at Hythe. He was passionately fond of Brockhill, and in death was not divided from it, for his remains were buried, at a comparatively recent date, on the island in the centre of the lake which forms one of the ornaments of the park. These facts are, of course, well known to residents, but to visitors they will have a freshness all their own. We are now in the small but pretty Pedlinge. Turn to the left, and then walk along the main road for a short distance, if only to gain a distant sight of Hythe. Tree-embowered, this delightful old town appears to be renewing its youth year by year. This is quite in the keeping of things, for historical writings informs us that Hythe "had bene a very great town in length, and conteyned iiii. pariches, that now be clene destroied." The lately-established Society for the Preservation of the Natural Beauties of Hythe has come into existence at a very opportune moment, for it is fearful to contemplate any vulgar interference with the picturesque setting of

this unique town. The scenery from the top of the hill, where we are standing, is very diversified, and I am sure will be highly appreciated by the "strangers within our gates." Now let us turn back on the main road until we reach the Newingreen cross roads. These highways leads respectively to Ashford, Folkestone, Hythe, or to "Stone Street" (the way to the Cathedral City). Branching off on the left there is a sign post, the finger indicating Lympne—one mile ahead. Through the narrow lane we stroll gently, the glories of earth and sky, delighting our senses. Perhaps it may border on exaggeration, but after the showers and tropical weather, I have never seen growing crops look better. How many tints of green are there around us? It would be a puzzle to tell, but they are wonderful everywhere in their variety, from the glistening blades of corn to the waving trees in yonder wood. On these rambles there is time to reflect on natural objects. The colour green is a wonder. Of course, it is common knowledge that green is restful to the eye. Hence the coloured spectacles of that shade. A walk along glaring, dusty road, and then the change to, say, the wheatfield. How refreshing! Never mind a man's religious opinion, he can but admit, when gazing on the beautiful green of Nature, that here, at all events, is the finger of the Great Designer. Had the foliage or grass been painted glaring white, red, etc., where should we have been? This is a scientific or optical subject, which becomes interesting when out in country districts. Whilst perusing these thoughts our attention is arrested by the presence of several cottages, smiling with those sweet old English flowers. Perhaps the inhabitants of these little communities are what is often termed more up-to-date than their forefathers, but the appearance of the flower-bedecked homesteads remains much the same as it was in the years far back. And well that this is so.

We have arrived at the quaint old village of Lympne. It may be said to be famous for three things—its ancient church, castle, and the truly magnificent view from the churchyard. Here is what an old guide book remarks on the matter: "From the castle and church the prospect, for extent, equals, if it does not surpass, any view in the county. Indeed, so lovely is it that all descriptions of it must fall far short of the many beauties which are spread before you." What is the view? It takes in an immense tract of Romney Marsh. and this, just now, and from this point, appears as a carpet of green velvet. Beyond can be seen the wooded country around Bilsington and Bonnington, and away to

the west loom up Fairlight Downs—Hastings barrier against the cold winds. The grand sweep of the bay, terminating at Dungeness, cannot fail to clain admiration. And there is the tree lined Royal Military Canal, and West Hythe. These are only some of the objects that delight the eye in this beautiful locality, which, by the bye, teems with historical interest that cannot be referred to in the space at my command. The church, under the shadow of which we are standing on the brow of the hill, is a prominent landmark, and can be seen for miles around. I have heard harmonies in some of the greatest cathedrals, but with all their grandeur I think there is nothing sweeter than to listen to that simple music associated with a village choir. It has a charm all its own. This was my experience on Sunday morning at Lympne, as I gazed on the matchless view.

"How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour; hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song;
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath."

We leave the pretty scene, which, in all probability, will delight generations to come. May it never be "improved" by the speculating builder, but remain an unsullied page in Nature's wonderful book!

The remaining part of our journey is by a path leading from the eastward side of the churchyard, and down a steep hill until a stile is reached on the other side of the Carpenter's Arms. Cross over the stile, and then gaze for a moment at the wooded Lympne Hill. It is a picture just now. We stroll comfortably on the greensward, by the side of the clear waters of the Canal. The noble trees planted at intervals provide ample shade, and the views of the hill slopes on the left are both varied and interesting. Pleasant, indeed, is this approach to Hythe. The old Cinque Port town should be proud of the walk, and I have no doubt it is. We arrive amongst the bricks and mortar again, and in a brief period a motor conveys us along to Folkestone.

Sometimes it is one's fate to write in uncertainty as to whether one's efforts are appreciated or not. However, I have received from various quarters encouragement which I much appreciate. One gentleman kindly informed me he had walked over to the Vale of Poulton as a consequence of my second article, and that he was astonished at the beauty of the scenery. A tradesman friend, too, informs me that he takes a dozen of his "boys" out on different rural excursions during the Sundays in summer, and finds great delight in so-

doing. During the appearance of this series of articles I shall always welcome suggestions, because it is my desire to make the "rambles" as varied as possible.

SWINGFIELD, WOOTTON, ETC.

WHITE HORSE HILL, REINDENE WOOD—THE LABOURER'S COTTAGE—WILD ROSE AND HONEYSUCKLE SUNDAY.

Without preliminary let us start. It is Saturday. The week's work is done, and glad we are once more to leave the noises of the streets, and the thousand and one distractions summed up in the word—business. But twenty-four hours since something like a cyclone was blowing from the north, and "the rain a deluge show'r'd." Now the glorious orb of day is smiling its best, and the sweet wind of Heaven whispers only in gentlest zephyrs. "As changeable as the weather" is a common-place in England, and of that we have had abundant proof within the last few weeks, or, rather days. We are strolling up the Canterbury-road, making towards White Horse-hill, which is part and parcel of the road itself. You will note Killing Wood on the left, and just beyond, fringing the road, and standing alone, are three or four cottages, over one of which is this inscription: "1779. God's providence is my inheritance." What particular form "God's providence" revealed itself to the owner of this old cottage I cannot say, but I have heard various theories advanced. To the right you will note, on the hillside, Hawkinge Church and windmill—picturesque objects at the entrance of the Alkham Valley. We are now opposite the White Horse Inn. Here there is a stile. We cross over, leaving the dusty road for meadows, hayfields, and the sweet aroma of white clover, honeysuckle and the wild rose. Indeed if I go by the promise of buds I should say that to-morrow should be known as "Wild rose and honeysuckle Sunday," so great is the show. Across the meadow path, and then alongside the hedge we make our way towards a lonely cement-faced cottage. On all hands I note the ravages of yesterday's storm. There is a magnificent tree snapped asunder at a point where the branches fork out of the trunk—a sad spectacle. After braving many a tempest this "monarch of the wood" lies prone upon the ground. We have gained the open carriage road, and after passing a poultry farm, well guarded by a couple of fierce dogs, turn to the right, a hedge skirting out left.

Six haymakers were out in an adjoining field raking up a splendid crop of grass. "Can you direct me to Swingfield?" I enquired of the six. I want to keep off the roads, and steer across country. Isn't there a way through

Reindene Wood?" There came a chorus: "Yes, that's the way by the cottage, but you'll never find your way through the wood." Out for the afternoon, and enjoying a little adventure, I replied, "Well, anyway, I mean to try the wood route." After exchanging a little good-humoured chaff with my hay-making friends, one of the party remarked to his mates: "You will read all that in the paper next week." Evidently those labourers had heard of the "Herald," and one, at least, was not slow to associate your contributor with it. I left the men, their bronzed faces and arms telling the tale of manly health and strength. Resuming my lonely walk again, I discovered the cottage referred to. There is a stile close to the dwelling. Pass this, and make across a meadow in a northerly direction towards the red buildings of a brickyard. This is a good landmark. After leaving the meadow behind, you gain a road, but keep straight ahead. In front there is a great mass of woodland. This is the famous Reindene. I made tracks for this, taking a path at the side of a field of red clover. In the dense undergrowth I discovered an opening, and something bearing resemblance to a cart track. There were the marks of horses' hoofs in the clayey soil, but no human footprints could I find. Plunging into the wood, and "hugging" the track, I kept going ahead. For a considerable distance of the way light scarcely penetrated through the dense foliage. So far as loneliness is concerned, one might be out in an African forest. The stir of a frightened rabbit, the songs of the feathered tribe—these were the only sounds that greeted my progress through this enormous thicket. After a stiff walk, I came to a place where a clearance had been made on either side of the track. The sun beat down with great power, and owing to the non-circulation of the air the heat was considerable. Just by way of a rest, I sat down on an old tree stump, puffing the while at my friendly briar. Grand was it to rest here awhile on this glorious summer afternoon. Look at the vine of that giant convolvulus, with its burnished green leaves, or the creeping wild clematis, smothering the stunted shrubs with its quick and wonderful growth. Listen! There is a loud squeal in the undergrowth. The sound tells me that a stoat or weasel has probably finished the career of some young rabbit. And watch, too. There is a couple of moles, strangely out of their element, tunnelling a way in the soft loam on the bank, where they can well carry on their navvying work. Thus there is plenty to please the eye of the observer in these solitudes.

I stroll on and on, still keeping to the track, until at

length I gain the open country, with cultivated fields on either side. Keeping straight ahead, and taking no notice of the road on the left, I clung to the path, and once more entered a dense thicket. The foot-track was ill-defined, but a labourer wending his homeward way informed me that was the way to Swingfield. Once I felt like turning back, for the gale of the previous day had blown the high grass, nettles, and other growths clean across the footway, which ever and anon was obliterated through this cause. However, this part of my walk was a novel experience, and I quite enjoyed it. Patience rewarded! There on the right was a dwelling, which I subsequntly found was Boyington Farm. Here we are out in the open road once more. Keep on past some newly-built red cottages on the right, and then cross a stile on the same side.

Now our way lies through some meadows knee deep with hay, and then, a short distance away, we discern the quaint tower of Swingfield Church, and the one or two houses comprising the straggling village.

The shadow on the sun-dial in the churchyard told me it was nearly six, but I found time to examine the interior of the sacred edifice, which, by the way, appeared to be undergoing a process of spring or summer cleaning. Looking round, I noticed on the tombstones such names as Prebble, Buley, and Seath.

A short pause here, and then, renewing my pleasant journey, I crossed the stile near to the chancel of the church, and making tracks across two or three meadows, and through St. John's Farm, came out at the cross roads.

There is a sign-post here, and one finger pointed to "Wootton, 2¾ miles—first turning on right." That was now my destination. Making my way down the road I turned to the right, walked along a bridle path, with a hedge on one side, and then on through another wood. Delightful was this in the cool of the evening. Ferns and bracken amongst the undergrowth spelt coolness itself. Here again was silence, only broken by the billing and cooing of the wood pigeon, or the scream of a blackbird who resented my intrusion on his privacy. Once more I gained the open, and making my way across a field of newly-cut clover I startled a brace of pheasants, which, in turn, startled me, for I was not prepared for the whirr and bustle they made in their flight. Out yonder is a solitary farmhouse. This I made for, and asking a lady the direction of Wootton, she readily pointed it out: "Just down the lane, over the stile, and through the meadow, and then you will notice the Rectory amongst the trees." This I discovered to be correct. Pretty in

the fading light was the prospect of this home of the Rector, and nearer acquaintance compelled me to admire the garden, with its beautiful roses, and trellis work of creepers. We pass this quiet and peaceful abode, and soon find ourselves in the village. There on the right, and embowered in trees is red-bricked Wootton Court. This is now used as a school, and the youngsters were out in the Park, enjoying a game of cricket. I had a little time to look around, and this being my first visit to the place, I was interested. A peaceful English village! Here was one indeed. The scent of flowers everywhere. I leant against a hedge outside a pretty two-storied cottage, and knocked up a chat with the owner. He was looking on at his ten or twelve perches of garden, and I remarked: "You have a nice show of potatoes and peas." The man I was addressing had finished his week's work. He had "washed up," and rejoiced in a clean print shirt. He placed his thumbs through his waistcoat sleeves, and said, in reply: "They the potatoes don't look bad, do they? I grow 'enough here' to last the winter. We chatted on, and I had the hardihood to ask: "Now, what is your rent for the cottage and that nice piece of garden?" He replied: "Two and threepence per week, or two and six if the rates are included." I don't want to make my fellow-townsmen green with envy, but how would some of them like to exchange? I did not enquire as to this sturdy labourer's pay, or the length of hours he worked, but whatever these may be, there was one word written across his bronzed face, and that was "Contentment." "Good-night." I left that man in his garden, to all appearance as happy as a man could wish to be. Now we walk across pleasant fields again, and down in the bottom of the valley, on the left, is Denton Court in the trees. Tappington Everard, too, is just close here, and it reminds me that over Swingfield way, and through these very roads and meadows "Barham," the author of the Ingoldsby Legends must have strolled.

But Night was drawing down her curtain, and passing through reposeful Denton and the adjoining Park, we make our remaining way by easy stages to Barham, and there await the train that is to bear us homeward. Perhaps a straggling walk, yet this last, tested by actual experience, was enjoyable to a degree.

OUR RANGE OF NOBLE HILLS.

CHALYBEATE SPRINGS AT FOORD—AN ATTRACTION THROWN AWAY—FOLKESTONE'S MAGNIFICENT WATER SUPPLY.

It all depends upon taste. There are some who come here for their holidays from crowded cities, finding all they want in listening to bands, or the various entertainments provided by enterprising managers. True, such as these, when not confined within the four walls of a building, breathe our pure air, and that is something gained. Others, too, make the most of their time by seeking out our natural attractions, and these, by the way, are not easily exhausted. All this kind of thing, as I before remarked, is a matter of taste. One man's food is another man's poison. And so it is in regard to spending one's holiday. Recreation, rest, change—these are the factors that in various directions make up what is known as a "good time" at the seaside. Be this as it may, however, I think a summer or autumn visit to Folkestone is not complete without a stroll over or along the ridge of the hills, which do not count for half they should do in our assets of attractions. From the distance—say from the Leas—those treeless heights do not appear to present much of interest beyond their varied forms. True, they are a noble background to the town. But is that all? Let us make the effort, and explore them. In this case it is truly a matter of closer acquaintance if you would really appreciate their true value. Involving, perhaps, a little effort, yet how much there is to reward the pedestrian. Let us start, say, from the Town Hall, and walk along under the viaduct, through which was once known as the village of Foord," but now part and parcel of the town itself. Once upon a time an imitation ruin stood opposite the Public Baths. Its site is adjoining a series of ordinary shops, known as Chalybeate-terrace. The visitor will, perhaps, be astonished to learn that Folkestone was once somewhat celebrated for its medicinal waters. It was in these old "ruins" that they were obtainable at a small fee. Now the spring is covered up, and probably running to waste. Years ago the waters were resorted to in cases of stomach affections and nervous debility. The following are the chemical qualities of the spring:—Carbonate of soda, muriate of soda, sulphate of soda, carbonate of lime, muriate of lime, carbonate of iron. The water is principally alkaline, from carbonate of soda, the quantity of muriate being small. Walking straight ahead up the Black Bull Road, let us stroll easily up to the

main Canterbury-road, past Walton Farm on the left, until we reach the summit of the hill, with an isolated cottage and the adjoining chalk pit on the right. Then cross the stile on the left. Now look down and around. This is one of our choicest local views, and although but a few minutes walk out of the town, yet scarcely a house can be seen. Immediately beneath, amidst a clump of trees, is "Holy Well." Why this particular pond and spring should be termed "holy" I cannot tell. Tradition, however, is responsible for the statement that pilgrims were wont to stop here when on their way to Thomas à Becket's Shrine, at Canterbury; also that the great pilgrim himself (Henry II) rested at the well during his memorable journey to do penance at the shrine of the murdered Archbishop. A few steps and we are on the summit of "Sugarloaf" Hill. What a view! It is worth while to note the formation of this cone-shaped hill. It has its almost exact counterpart in Brockman's Mount, which looms up two or three mile to the westward. Old guide book writers, who generally follow in each other's footsteps, would have us believe that the "Sugarloaf" upon whose summit we are standing, is artificial. One writer of the early part of the last century says:—"It (Sugarloaf) is evidently not a hill of Nature's formation, and was probably fashioned to its present shape, as a monumental remembrance of some eminent warrior, or as a trophy of some great warlike achievement. That it is a mound erected for some such purpose is evident from the nature of the soil." Others will have it that this hill is the burial place of Vortimer, the British King, who fought a great battle here with the Saxons in 456, defeating them with great slaughter. It is said that Vortimer died soon after the battle, and expressed a wish to be buried near the scene of the great and victorious conflict. Geology and science, however, lead us to think that this idea of the artificial nature of "Sugarloaf" is only another of those "vain imaginings" that were so often indulged in by our forefathers. Before leaving this point, the visitor might take note of the carriage road on the right above the chalk pit. This is called the Crete-road, and it leads into the Dover-road. Cyclists can travel along here very well. The views are varied and extensive. "Folkestone by night," with its myriad lights, is a real picture as seen from this point. Walking along the Canterbury-road, and making a half circle of Holy Well beneath, we turn to the left, and gain the ridges, until we arrive at Castle-hill, or as it is popularly known—Cæsar's Camp. We have gained this from behind, for a frontal climb would be too much for the average person. Where we are now standing is 520 feet

above sea level. Beyond is the blue sea, with the white cliffs of France hanging as clouds in the far south-east. Folkestone, Cheriton, and Shorncliffe appear to be laid out as part as some gigantic plan on the flat landscape beneath. Away to the west are waving cornfields, interspersed with the deep green of the mangold or turnip fields, and the wooded country beyond. We note how Folkestone year by year is stretching westward, and although our eyes will not gaze upon it yet, imagination pictures a mighty town where now are fields. Below to the left is Earl Radnor's new and famous road, 100 feet wide, and planted with rows of trees. His lordship has taken time by the forelock, for he knows that in a few years all available sites for building will be filled in along "the front." Thus Folkestone will enlarge its borders towards the west and north. All around that magnificent road new and palatial residences will spring up, and a new people will have appeared. Let us look inland. What a pretty prospect all around! Here, turning your back on the distant sea, you are gazing on a wide stretch of charming rural surroundings, as varied as they are extensive. And then, immediately under your feet is history of centuries back. The very formation of the ground tells the observer at once that this magnificent position was not lost sight of by the Romans. "Thorough" was the watchword, and this trait in their character tells its tale to the present day. Those deep entrenchments and earthworks are a study in themselves. History tells us also that a watch tower once existed here, of which Lambarde remarked: "For the height thereof might serve for a watch-tower to espie the enemy, and for the compasse it might be a sufficient receptacle for the inhabitants of the Castle." But all this savours of the guide book, and to this authority I must refer those who are interested—and who could not be interested? Cæsar and his hosts are said to have encamped here, and in all probability they did. We now pursue our journey, and a little to the westward note a deep bay in the hills. This is known as the Cherry Gardens. In three artificial lakes the water sparkles, or changes to blue or olive green, according to the varied lights of sun and cloud. The visitor will be interested in learning that those are the reservoirs, the storage from which Folkestone obtains its supply of pure water, which bubbles up from the cool depths of chalk or the greensand. An elaborate system of barbed wire fencing keeps off all intruders from the "sacred land" surrounding the water. Everywhere is cleanliness. Even the reservoirs and all their surroundings

are cemented in order that no dust or impurities of any description may accumulate. A more ideal spot for water storage could not be devised. The Waterworks is in the hands of a Company, of which Mr. Alderman Spurgen is Chairman, and Mr. Turner, the resident engineer. For many years this latter gentleman has "reigned" in this charming locality, and the beautiful surroundings of the "Cherry Gardens" speak their own tale of his industry and pride. Both residents and visitors owe a great deal to the local Water Company, whose one desire is to provide a supply as abundant as it is undoubtedly pure. After feasting our eyes on this pretty view, we will follow, as near as we can, the winding ridge of the hills. Having walked a quarter of a mile, we note in a sequesterd and isolated nook, Hope Farm. Looking further inland, a large clump of fir trees is noted. This is known as Paddlesworth, the highest village—not the highest ground—in Kent. We have no time to walk thither just now, but I might say in passing that the the tiny hamlet is worth a visit, if only to gaze on the series of exquisite views that can be seen from this elevated position. Charles Dickens once wrote in "Household Word" that our hills were "carpeted with wild flowers." That is literally true. They are too many to enumerate, but those who love these wonders of creation can possess themselves, in a short space of time, of some beautiful specimens. Some of these hardy plants survive the winter's icy blast, and the intense heat of summer. When one examines the dry soil of these hills this fact alone is a wonder. We rest awhile near "a bank whereon the wild thyme grows," and thank Providence whilst thinking of burnt petrol, that the perfume of that sweet smelling herb is still left to us. And close at hand, too, is one of the most fragile of wild flowers—the harebell. Its stem, not much thicker than a hair, carries a blossom of exquisite design and intense blue. How it manages to grow on those wind-swept slopes, indeed, provides food for thought. Amongst all "the lilies of the field" this flower, I think, is calculated to excite much admiration. We could pursue this subject further, but will leave "our wild flowers" for a separate article. Just look down that grassy bank. One or two giant thistles rear their formidable forms. They have no terror, however, for that pair of goldfinches revelling amongst thistledown. The sun is shining brilliantly, and one can note the lovely plumage of these birds. They flit hither and thither, but always return to their thistle-seed food. A pretty sight, indeed! Now let us get on again—still keeping to the ridge. Yonder on the right, and down in the valley, are many iso-

lated farmsteads. Here, again, we are at a commanding point, and panoramic pictures meet us on every hand—outwards towards the sea and inland. We bear to the left, and descend the road towards the chalk pit facing Newington. Ever and anon we are reminded, as gazing upon the stubble in many fields beneath, that "the frequent gun" will soon be heard. On that hedge we have just passed are bright red berries. The trailing clematis is, in some places, already shedding its blossom, only to make room for the "gray man's beard," and we note, too, with a sigh of regret, that the many leaves are warning us that summer will not always be here. However, we will not anticipate, but rather rejoice in the living present of this glorious month —August—for

She brings the thought of sunlit seas,
Of shining sands and sparkling waves,
Whose foam-tipped ripples lightly break
In sheltered bays and rocky caves;
She whispers of the mountain side,
Where brown bees hum o'er purple thyme,
And bids us leave the murky town
While yet her days are in their prime."

And those days have truly been "in their prime" of late. We have revelled in the glorious sunshine, and as we take the path across the fields towards that red-bricked block of buildings—the Cottage Homes—and then set face along the main road homewards, we think yet again what a wonderful set of natural attractions our Folkestone possesses, and that the glorious hills are second only to the sea in the pure health-giving enjoyment they afford to all who seek their manifold delights.

ALONG ALBION'S WHITE CLIFFS TO DOVER.

A MARVELLOUS VIEW—NOTES ON THE RAILWAY, THE CHANNEL TUNNEL, AND COAL MINE—THE OLD "PELTER" BRIG.

By way of preliminary, I have to thank several old and new friends who have done me the honour of reading these small efforts of mine, for their letters and messages of appreciation. I will deal with one case in this connection, as it illustrates others. Mr. Allsworth, the well-known ironmonger, of Guildhall-street, has conveyed his thanks to me for giving him what he terms "a treat." It appears he reads the article in which I endeavoured to describe a walk I had enjoyed through

Charlton Park, Bishopsbourne, and Bourne Park. He, in company with his wife, recently followed my example, and they, too, like myself, were astonished at the beauty of the woodland scenery around this district. Hundreds of Folkestonians, let alone visitors, have probably never strolled through here, and if only a few of these, like Mr. Allsworth, gain a fresh and delightful experience through any humble words of mine, then so much the more satisfaction to myself.

We will have a little change this week. Let us stroll along the cliffs towards Dover. There is the dusty and somewhat monotonous road, but our way is much the pleasanter of the two. For the guidance of the visitors I might point out the route to the cliffs. Let us start from the Town Hall, then through Rendezvous-street, down the rather steep High-street, and crossing the road, pass along Beach-street, under the arches to North-street, mount the steps on the right to a point near St. Peter's Church (on the hill), and then it is "all plain sailing." We are now on the Durlocks, overlooking the red-tiled houses of old Folkestone, the Harbour, and the steamboat pier beyond. We have left the little church behind us, and strolling leisurely along the greensward known now as the East Leas, we arrive at the extreme end near the swing gate. Here a fair view of East Wear Bay, with an intervening portion of the Warren, is obtainable. A fit "subject" this for the artist's canvas or sketch book. Indeed, it has been painted times without number. No photograph, however good, can do justice to this charming scene, which, if the sun is shining, provides a fine contrast in colours. Resuming our walk along the Wear Bay-road, still overlooking the broken slippery ground of this part of the Warren, we see a little isolated cottage on the right. Above this is a disused martello tower. It is just here that the ascent is made by a well-defined path up what is known as the Green Hill to which I referred to in a previous article. Perhaps after this stroll you will need a rest, for you have climbed between four and five hundred feet. You need to pause, for the view from this point is one of the choicest we can boast. The scenes from Lympne Churchyard and "The Farthing" are remarkable, but here there are the distant views of Folkestone "Little Switzerland" immediately beneath, and the Channel beyond. A guide book writer tells us that when the celebrated statesman, Pitt, viewed the scene from this hill he exclaimed: "Well, this is a glorious sight, indeed!

I never beheld anything more striking that this, except the Bay of Naples!" My travels have not yet extended to the famous Neapolitan Bay, and so it is not possible to indulge in contrasts, but I do not know that the view I have alluded to is very beautiful indeed, especially when lighted up with sunshine. Crossing the stile, we now keep to the path fringing the cliffs. We note ever and anon depressions and gullies in the formation of the ground, and gazing down note what appears to be a toy-like train rushing through the Warren cuttings. The winding pathways, too, over "mountains," or down in the "valleys," appear as so many gigantic white threads. Keeping religiously to the path, we have arrived at Steddyhole. This is a deep cutting, and in passing I might say it is famous as being the scene of a terrible double murder. Two Dover girls were the victims, and their murderer was a soldier—a Servian—one of the Foreign Legion encamped at Shorncliffe.

Now we have gained the other side of Steddyhole, and resume our journey towards Dover. The inland scenery is somewhat interesting. Out yonder to the north is pretty Capel, and further eastward Hougham. As we stroll along we note what efforts have been made to fight the sea on the shore by means of a sea wall. The railway authorities have spent, and are spending, vast sums on making the railway as safe as human hands can make it. We stroll along, enjoying the sweet sea breeze and the matchless seascape. The Channel is now almost at its narrowest point. Here we can obtain a lesson of Empire, as we gaze at the vast amount of shipping (the majority British) coming from, and going to, the distant parts of the globe. On this bright day the sea is a lovely blue, with a nice breeze to just ruffle its surface. Close in shore a great liner passes down Channel, followed by a couple of forbidding-looking torpedo craft, both flying the white ensign. There, too, carrying a cloud of white canvas, is a four-masted sailing ship—a picture in itself. And, by way of contrast, there is a pair of lazy-looking tanned-sailed barges, and the "white wings" of a well-equipped yacht. The picture of the shipping passing within this narrow area is not to be equalled in England or the world. A telescope for a companion, and how well can one here enjoy oneself in this respect. We are now walking over the mighty Abbott's Cliff. That large house, with the spacious skylight on its roof, was, up till a year or two since, tenanted by the late Mr. Morris I have already referred to. He died at a great age. In the course of his career he was

associated with Rowland Hill in introducing the penny post, and took a large and active part in developing the telephone in England. Here, a few years' since, he celebrated his golden wedding, and the villagers all around made him and his happy partner handsome presents.

Still walking along the cliff, we note a large flagstaff. This is Lydden Spout. Here there is a deep gully in the cliff from top to bottom, and if you wish to gain the beach, hundreds of feet below, you will have to descend the wooden steps. Lydden Spout, too, is a coastguard station, and here, almost perched on the edge, is a watch-house, where, night and day, and in all weathers one of these guardians of our coast takes his stand. In the day time, with the aid of a good glass, he can sweep the horizon, and at night "reads" the various lights and signals. By the way, at one time there was a coastguard station farther westward in the Warren. This took the form of an old brig, "The Pelter." It was high up on the beach, and 'tween decks the coastguards and their families lived. Later the brig was dispensed with, and permanent buildings erected near the spot. But these, too, owing to the inroads of the sea, have disappeared. Lydden Spout answers all the purposes, and a more ideal spot for observation than this windswept spot could not be found. Still keeping to the path, we note a scene of activity below. They have been digging and delving for coal here for several years. Nearly at our journey's end, we are passing over the famous Shakespeare Cliff, under which runs the Railway Tunnel, 1331 yards long. It is ventilated by numerous shafts, which pass upward through the cliff at an average height of 200 feet. The tunnel, in every particular, is a wonderful piece of engineering work. Now we are on the highest point of the cliff, and, of course, the oft-quoted lines from Shakespeare's "King Lear" come before our mind. The view of the town and port of Dover is a grand one indeed. There is such variety in the scene that it well repays the six mile walk. The National Harbour, Admiralty Pier, the mail steamers coming and going to Calais or Ostend, the grand sweep of the Bay, with the gray and grim old Castle standing sentinal over all—thsee combine to make a wonderful picture of this, the principal gate to Europe. We now descend by the side of the cliff, and passing by Archcliffe Fort, soon find ourselves in the railway station, having enjoyed a stroll which, for variety and novelty, is not to be equalled in Kent, if in the whole of England.

A MOONLIGHT WALK.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BIRDS—A VILLAGE SMITHY.

It is evening. Like a lurid ball of red fire the sun is sinking. In a few moments the great orb of day has vanished behind the north-west hills, painting its path with golden colours which change to varying hues with almost chameleon-like swiftness. We are strolling quietly upwards towards the chalk pit on the right hand side of Canterbury-road. . It is now nearly dark, and the faint streaks of daylight are deepening—deepening into night. But it is not yet dark, and the birds—especially the swallows—are making the most of their time.

We need no almanack to remind us that summer is behind us. The birds tell that tale. Already hundreds of these wonderful birds of passage are holding preliminary meetings previous to flying to their late autumn and winter quarters. Their holiday in England is nearly over. Again, as we pass through Uphill, there is that strange bird, the robin, which always seeks the haunts of men as the autumn approaches. We listen to him as he pipes his plaintive lay—singing, as it were, a requiem to the dying summer. The redbreast is a mysterious little customer, and the legends surrounding him are innumerable. When I first started these "rambles" it was springtide, and the feathered tribe, especially the thrushes, blackbirds, and skylarks, filled the air with joyous sound. But the song has already lessened in volume. The woods are practically silent. Unmistakeable is the message of the birds. The robin practically tells us that winter is coming.

Turning to the left, we now walk across the fields to Paddlesworth.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the world a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels its droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

This exactly fitted the scene. Save for an occasional bark from the honest watch dog, or the bleating of sheep, there was scarce a sound. After a sweltering day it was delightfully cool. We saunter up a dark, narrow lane, and suddenly note a flash of light ever and anon appearing. At the same time the anvil's ring is heard, clear and sharp. A few steps, and we are before Dixon's forge. It stands alone. The flames, with their ruddy glow, light up the faces of a little group of labourers, who, to all appearances, had just come off the land. It was a real picture—one that can only be seen

in the rural districts. For many years the late Mr. Dixon was the village smith. One thinks of Longfellow's beautiful poem, when listening to the music of the anvil and hammer, and I often think of that notable incident when the famous American poet was presented by the children of Cambridge (U.S.A.) on his seventieth birthday, with a chair made out of the "spreading chestnut tree" of which he sung so well. We recall his letter, or really song, of thanks, in which occurs the lines:—

"And thus, dear children, have ye made to me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than three score years and ten,
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches leafless now so long
Blossom again in song."

One seldom notes this poem quoted, but it is worth the reading. We walk on through the fields towards Folkestone. Pause! Brightly the moon paints up the familiar scene with almost ghostly effect. Clear and distinct the lights of Calais, Grisnez, and Dungeness flash, the Varne glimmering faintly. The walk home on this night down the hillside, across the golf links, and into the town, can only be described in one word—delightful.

How deliciously quiet it all is. Save for the night-jar's note, or that strange chirp of the grasshopper, there is no sound. The bats even and anon fly past. A strange creature, this. All day long it is hidden from view, and only when the curtain of night descends does it rouse itself from slumber. "As blind as a bat" is a saying I cannot altogether appreciate, for if this bird-like animal seeks its food at night its powers of sight must be great indeed. How different the rural from the town life! Only here and then can one discern some twinkling light in the scattered farm houses around—little worlds in themselves, and no neighbours to quarrel with. Noting these things we stroll leisurely on towards the path to west of the Waterworks. The still air, the almost myriad lights, and the influence of lovely Night—all combine to render a stroll in the direction

we have followed a charming experience. We stroll gently through the fields forming the golf links, and are soon reminded that this is the town.

I have during my strolls noted an increasing number of people who are "camping out"—a really nice way of spending an outing. Mr. Richard Cooper and that veteran campaigner, Mr. Sam Pilcher, are still enjoying their tent life on White Horse Hill. They could not have chosen a more ideal spot for the purpose . During the time this pair have followed this form of holiday-making they have had many varied and amusing experiences, and these I hope to relate in the course of a subsequent article. It is said "the gipsy's life is a joyous life, so roving, gay, and free," and this in a measure may be applied to the "tenters-out." (Alas! The Mr. Sam Pilcher referred to has now passed away, much to my personal regret).

The other day I came across a gentleman who could revel, as it were, in luxury, but adopting this form of life; he appeared altogether a rancher of the regulation type. He was carrying a frying pan, and also what he believed to be a real juicy rump steak. This he was about to cook over the camp fire, and was also looking forward to enjoying it in the open. This kind of "run wild for a time" is no doubt good for man, woman, and children. The pure, fresh air, the change of scene and food, and the novelty of it all work health wonders. It seems that the open-air life is more than ever to the front—at least, this is my experience. And how much this might be developed. It was my lot a few few days since to walk through an absolutely filthy slum in the north of England manufacturing town. I noted the pale faces of the women and children, and thought of the thousands of acres I had passed over on the occasions of my weekly wanderings. There was the land, much of it out of cultivation, and in many cases not a cottage to be seen for miles around. England is overcrowded, it is said, but it appears the rural districts need the population. Perhaps some day the complicated land laws may be altered, and people—men, women, and children—will be able to enjoy that which an All-Wise Creator intended for their use. Over the Stock Exchange entrance there is this text: "The earth is the Lords, and the fulness thereof," and all who love their native country will look forward to the time when those words will be fully realised.

THE WARREN: FOLKESTONE'S "WORLD OF WONDERS"—I.

ITS INEXHAUSTIBLE ATTRACTIONS.

Difficult of access, perhaps, yet did Nature ever offer her choicest and best without exacting from those who would enjoy her gifts some little effort or trouble? The fact is we are in danger of becoming lazy. We live in a pampering age, when everything is done for us. Our food is not yet placed in our months, but it is often "prepared." Our teeth are given a rest, and mastication is an artificial instead of a natural process. And this often applies in a measure to exercise. We must lie back in a motor, tram, railway carriage, tube, or other conveyance, whether on business or pleasure bent, and that even for short distances. For the old, very young, or weakly individual, or the man or woman on rapid business bent, this may be necessary—in fact, it is necessary; but I do say the tendency of the age is against "an effort," even in walking. Cycling, motoring, or riding—I have done hundreds of miles through Kent and Sussex, and I say that the best results to health are obtained through a moderate indulgence in walking. As a result, the legs, arms, the very lungs and vital organs of the body are beneficially affected, the blood is stirred, and the brain obtains that rest so necessary in this hustling, busy life. And so I sing the praise of walking for all it is worth.

But I am forgetting that space is limited. Without further preliminary, let us then get into the heart of our subject—the Warren. And what a subject! It is so fascinating that one is compelled to reflect on the Alpha and Omega of it all. Of course, residents know their Warren well—or should do. These will have no need to travel with me over familiar ground. It is my desire rather to interest the visitor, who is, perhaps, often inclined to think that the Leas, Undercliff, and the attractions of the Piers sum up the attractions of Folkestone. No; the stranger who leaves us without gazing on the Warren has not seen Folkestone. Now we will stroll down the steep High-street, through the Radnor Arches, over the Durlocks (near St. Peter's or Mariners' Church), and then along the Wear Bay-road, with the sea on one side and the hills on the other, until we stand, as it were, under the shadow of the Martello Tower—a prominent object on the landscape here. Now you will have a distant view of your destination. Immediately beneath is much broken ground. Over this you might, perchance, pick out a way by rugged paths, and so on along by the seashore. But I am going to combine in

this ramble a stroll up the Green Hill, the commencement of which is close by another Martello Tower—this one in ruins. Yes, the climb involves "an effort." I am so anxious not to weary you, but, on the other hand, the view of the Warren and the sea beyond, as gained from the summit, is so incomparably beautiful that I should be something near to abusing confidence if I did not point this out. Now we have climbed some 400 feet by a gradual incline. Rest a while on the stile, and then thank me, if you like, for bringing you further. Is it not a grand prospect before you? Those miniature "valleys" and "mountains," the blue of the Channel, those steam and sailing vessels gliding hither and thither, that distant view of Folkestone, the trains appearing as mere toys running through the deep chalk cuttings—all these things, and more, make up an unforgetable picture. Interesting to the resident, what must all this be to the stranger?

Now we have crossed the stile, and walking along the path by the edge of the cliff, arrive at Steddyhole. Here we shall find a zig-zag pathway cut into the face of the cliff. This work was carried out at a comparatively recent date, and at his own expense, by the late Mr. William Morris, of Abbott's Cliff. As the Scotchmen, when, through an irritating cause, rub themselves against certain posts, exclaim "God bless the Duke of Argyle!" so visitors and residents alike, when descending this path, should similarly ejaculate in gratitude: "God bless William Morris," for it is through that real benefactor's kindness that we have this now easy means of access to this lovely resort. Here we are, then, in the Warren. There is nothing quite like it in England. It is, indeed, one of Nature's storehouses, and crammed with good things. The very scenery is unique. What is the Warren? How came it about? It has been said that its formation is due to some volcanic agency, but this theory can be dismissed as absurd. Those hills and dells have come about by successive falls or landslips. The sea on one side, land springs on the other, the treacherous glue gault, heat and cold—these are the agencies that brought our Warren into existence. It needs no profound knowledge of geology to establish this fact. The work is going on before our eyes. We have known a great fall of chalk here which closed the railway for three months. Once a tunnel all but collapsed—in fact, a portion did. The land, through the agencies I have referred to, is ever "on the work," and that which appears stable is most unstable. But it is not alone in its wonderful formation that the Warren attracts. Let us stroll down on the seashore.

Here is one of the most famous fossil beds in England. Pick up one of those strange forms. If the sun be shining, note the exquisite colours, and then try to think of the illimitable ages since that form possessed life. The species is extinct, but there is, indeed, revealed a page from the book of Nature which has a fascination all its own. However, if you happen to be interested in this subject, just hunt out old John Griffiths, who has wandered about these solitudes over fifty years or more, both in winter and summer. He can quote the Latin names of these wonderful relics of a bygone age; he can tell of the geology of the locality, and can act as an intelligent guide. Poor and humble in his walk of life, John Griffiths, the old Warren wanderer, is what Nature has schooled to be—a gentleman. [Since writing the above old John Griffiths has passed to the Great Beyond.]

Well, we have quite enjoyed that saunter on the sandy sea shore, amongst the fossils, and let us return into the depths of our "world of wonders." Do your tastes run in the direction of botany? If so, then here, indeed, shall you indulge them to the full. In a comparatively small compass it is truly wonderful what is crowded here in this respect. On these almost inaccessible cliff slopes it may be there are other "worlds" for the botanist to conquer, but anyhow, there is enough for the purpose around us. What pleasure there, say in a hunt after the comparatively rare Bee orchid. And what reward in the finding! Truly a wonderful blossom on a beautiful stem. There is the form of "the bee," and so plain is it that a novice might be tempted to think it was the insect itself he was gazing at. A few evenings since I was shown quite a hundred of these blooms, which had been gathered by a working man of this town. The flowers were packed in damp wool and sent to London. Then, again, there is the Spider and Pyramidal orchid—both remarkable flowers. The "bee," however, remains supreme in its curious and realistic design. The wild orchis family represents between 30 of 40 varieties, and one of the rarest of these is the "Lizard." Look, too, at the stretch of bank painted golden with the Bird's Fool Trefoil, and whilst gazing at this, how delicious is it to inhale the perfume from the hundreds of sweet-briar bushes scattered around. Here the wild rose flourishes, as do Wild Mignonette, the Rose Bay Willow Herb, Yellow Wort, the Yellow Horned Poppy, tufts of Wild Pea (Lathyrus latifolius), the Fustan, etc. To enumerate and classify would mean more space than I can give. However, fair Flora bids you all a welcome

to her treasure house. There is no stint; she only yearns to afford your innocent delight. Let her lead you whither she will. What is that flash of blue and red that has flitted past? We will answer that question in another chapter.

THE WARREN.—II.

ITS BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS—WHEN NIGHT DRAWS DOWN HER CURTAIN.

My last article ended rather abruptly with the question: "What is that flash of blue and red that has flitted past?" Let me try in some measure to answer the query. That reference to the foregoing colours applied, of course, to the marvellous collection of butterflies that live their short lives in this secluded spot. The Warren in turn has been termed the El Dorado and the "terra felix" of the entomologists. And not without reason. At certain periods of the summer these hills and dells are "alive" with the delicate forms of the Little Blue (L. Alsus), Azure Blue (L. Argiolus), Chalk Hill Blue (L. Corydon), or Adonis Blue (L. Adonis), and by way of contrast, the Painted Lady sails past in all her majesty; and then there are the beautiful Clouded Yellow (Colias Edusa), the Orange Tip and the Brimstone, the Grayling, the Grizzzled Skipper, and the Dingy Skipper, etc. There are many, many more I could mention. The enthusiastic entomologists never knows when he may light on a prize, for the Warren appears to be the home of all moths and butterflies known within an area of many hundreds of miles. For instance, in 1869-70, and later, several specimens of the Large Tortoiseshell (Vanessa Polychloros) were taken. I remember, too, an extremely rare butterfly or moth was netted here by a working man, who sold it for a large sum. Fashion, however, has altered in this direction, and where, some years ago, one would notice dozens of people roaming over the Warren or the hills with nets, in search of these fragile and beautiful wonders of creation, now one scarcely notes a solitary individual. But, after all, it is a far more delightful experience to watch these insects flitting about in our "world of wonders" than to gaze upon them, say, in their hundreds, pinned in glass cases in some musty museum. It is impossible to exaggerate the sight afforded here by the butterflies, whether regarded from point of variety or number. Are you a little tired? Then let us rest awhile on that grassy bank in one of the dells where the crystal water gurgles out of the chalk. The atmosphere is

warm, but that pure stream, coming from great depths, is almost icy in its coolness. And the scent of the young shoots of the tufted grass—how exquisite! Rush off to your insanitary Continental resorts, with their garish novelties; taste all the so-called delights of "Vanity Fair," listen to the small-talk of "At Homes" and Society functions, move about in jostling crowds, breathe the vitiated air of many public buildings, and then come here, down in this Warren, either in company or alone, and you will be almost compelled, with the memory of these things behind you, to say: "This is not far off perfection." Look up! What is that strange object hovering in the air? It scarcely moves. True, ever and anon one perceives a tremor. How strange to the dweller of the street does the apparition appear. No, it is not suspended. How could it be, for there is only the vault of Heaven above? That black, almost immoveable speck is a bird of prey. It is a member of the hawk tribe, and with the "eye of a hawk" it perceives something moving in those green depths below. Watch it. Suddenly it drops like a stone, and a fledgling, a mouse, or young rabbit, has ended its life. The hooked beak has done its work. These birds are constantly hovering over the Warren, and are worth studying. Up yonder, too, on those chalky heights, and safe from the ruthless birdnester, the jackdaws live and thrive. And again, as we lie prone upon the grass, we catch a glimpse, between two hillocks, of the sea. The sun has already set, and the mirror-like water is painted in delicate tints. There is scarcely a breath of wind. A school of smacks, with their brown flapping saids, drift helplessly with the tide. Not so, however, with that great liner, which is fast vanishing in the west. Those "white wings that never grow weary," remind us, too, that the delights of yachting are being tasted by the wealthy out yonder in the Channel. Truly a pretty picture is framed for us! But the fast disappearing after-glow reminds us that night is near. Already the featherd tribe has gone to rest, the butterflies are hidden from view, and the sound of human voices all but gone. It is night, "wherein all the beasts of the forest do move." Those words are, figuratively, true of the Warren, for when the curtain of darkness descends a new race of wonderful beings come into existence. Just light a small lamp. Stand still for a few moments and watch. There they go, flitting hither and thither with their strange and beautiful forms. A weird sight is this. Like little ghosts they come and disappear into the black darkness

—their shield and protection. Collectors frequently spend nights in the depths of the Warren in order to secure specimens of the night moths, which are all known and classified. And then again, there are creeping things innumerable," which only appear at night. Beetles, not the domestic specimens, but remarkable insects, which are all sought after by those who take an interest in this direction; little insects, too, that are found on the barks and trunks of trees—these all come out under the cover of darkness, and many of these find a place in local and national collections.

Thus, by night and day, our "World of Wonders" provides attractions. This workshop of Nature is never still. Even the ponds are filled with living wonders. And now we must leave this fascinating subject. Yes, the Warren is our pride and wonder. Dame Nature herself preserves it for us. She does not want it popularized in the vulgar sense of the word, for it is too sacred, too beautiful.

During my visit here I was alone, but yet not alone, for my guide was the gentle spirit of the late Mr. Henry Ullyett, who loved to roam these solititudes. His work, "The Rambles of a Naturalist," in which he painted the Warren in his own incomparable manner, should find a place in the home of every Folkestonian who loves his beautiful town. The late schoolmaster of St. Mary's School, whose bust finds a place in our Public Library, taught the lesson that a mere race after wealth, position, and power is often a delusion and a snare, but that the cultivation of a love for the bright and beautiful in Nature is one of the finest tasks man or woman can set themselves. And so we saunter homewards, under the star-bespangled heavens, thinking the while of Mr. Ullyett, and how he would adopt Sigourney's beautiful words:

Methinks an angel's wing
Floats o'er your arch of verdure.
Oh! ere we part—
For soon I leave your blessed company,
And seek the dusty paths of life again—
Give some gift, some token of your love,
One heavenly thought, in heavenly silence born,
That I may nurse it till we meet again."

AN INTERESTING CROSS COUNTRY STROLL.

I should say there is no better centre for a series of country rambles than Lyminge. The pedestrian has a good choice of scenery as diversified as it is interesting. For example, one may walk across to the "Farthing"—

a comparatively short distance--and there enjoy, on a clear day, one of the finest sea and landscapes in Kent. Down below, on the right, is beautiful and historical Monks Horton Park, with a road leading through it to the old-world villages of Stowting and Brabourne (both with interesting Churches); there are Lympne, Aldington, Court-at-Street—all with their splendid views of Romney Marsh, etc, dotted with many thousands of sheep. And then, if Folkestone is to be reached by train, there are the stations of Smeeth, Westenhanger, and Sandling in the near neighbourhood. Coming back to our centre there is, too, that really wonderful stretch of wooded country out towards the east, with the stations of Elham, Barham, and Bishopsbourne within easy reach. And then we may stroll out towards the north on to the Stone Street Road—the old Roman way—and lose ourselves in the solitary country around it. Yes, Lyminge, I repeat is a capital centre, and if my readers who favour walking will take the trouble to consult a large scale map (an Ordnance section preferable), they will, I am sure, agree with me. On a recent Saturday I "ran up" thither and walked from Lyminge to Elmstead and back. In the course of my perigrinations I trampled over some "unknown" country—to myself—and of course it proved interesting.

TO "SIX-MILE-HOUSES" AND ELMSTEAD.

I immediately pursued "the even tenour of my way," and made tracks across Sibton Park to the cross-roads near "The Gate," on Rhodes Minnis. Here there is a signpost. One finger points the road to Stelling—two miles distant. I walked along in this direction for a considerable distance. On either side were woods, and countless primroses, bluebells, and anemones, painted the familiar but glorious picture of spring. Although the sun was screened by grey clouds, the feathered tribe were revelling in song, above which could be heard the two notes of the cuckoo, and as one listened to the bird the truth of the couplet came home:

> "Thou hast no autumn in thy song,
> No winter in thy year."

I come to a clearance. There is meadow land on either side, and there my eyes are once more gladdened by the sight of the swallows and martins flying over the meadows. Springtime is here, indeed. And the trees proclaim it. What is more beautiful in this respect than to gaze on the graceful and feathery larch? Here before me is a big clump of sombre firs. At a distance their

Fishermen's farewell to the late Queen Victoria, March 11th, 1899. (*See Page* 87).

Departure of the Active Service Company of 5th Batt. "The Buffs." (*See Page* 97).

Home-Coming of the Active Service Company of 5th Batt. "The Buffs." (*See Page* 97).

Sick Ladysmith Heroes at Beach Rocks Convalescent Home, Sandgate. (*See Page* 110).

curious foliage would appear to be almost black, and the two larch trees in front, with their exquisite spring toilet, only serve to give greater effect to the picture. I did not proceed as far as Stelling, but turned sharp to the left at the parting of the ways. Then, perhaps, after another mile's walk, I arrived at "Six-mile-houses."

ON TO ELMSTEAD.

"Six-mile-houses" are on the Stone Street Road. But why this strange name? They are distant nine miles from Hythe, three miles from Lyminge, and, I think, ten from Folkestone. At "Six-mile-houses," however, is a signpost. The fingers pointed to many places, but not to my objective—Elmstead. The country I had walked over from Lyminge had been for the most part one of unbroken flatness, but now the land, both arable and pasture, became undulating. How interesting it is to note the gradations of the colour of the soil, most of which has been lately turned up by the plough. One can detect deep red, shading off into white or grey. This is unknown land to me. Solitude! Here it is. Houses are miles apart, and human beings are rarities. Well one of the inmates of "Six-mile-houses" put me on my way, and walking along a lane, I came to two houses—one comprising a farmstead. This is dignified by the name of Maxted-street.

DISTANT VIEW OF ELMSTEAD.

After leaving the "street" before mentioned, I turned sharp to the right, and then caught my first glimpse of Elmstead Church. Like unto the city that stood on a hill, it cannot be hid. Here now is a delightful but lonely valley, in which pasturage and arable land, with a little woodland, make up the picture. Then ascending the opposite side of the valley, I arrived at Elmstead. But where is the village? There is the church, with its curious belfry, the "God's Acre," with its three yew trees and sun dial, an adjoining farm house, and again one asks; Where is the village? It is scattered, indeed, and one wonders where the congregation comes from to fill such a spacious place of worship. There is no scenery of any account to be seen from this point, but half a mile further on is a beautiful stretch.

EVINGTON AND ITS PATHETIC STORY.

Still walking along by the high road, I at length reached Elchin Hill, and a really superb view came suddenly before me. Down below in the dip of the valley was a mansion. It was painted white, and adjoining it

were several red-bricked out-buildings. Backed by sloping emerald meadows, over which hung a fine belt of trees, one could hardly conceive a more delightful and secluded spot for a country house than this. Just at the right moment I met a gamekeeper, who was pottering in his garden. Tied up were three retriever dogs, and my newly-made friend informed me they "worked." That is to say, the dogs were used for sport as well as guarding the cottage. Down below me was the mansion already referred to. This was Evington, the one-time home of the Honywoods. The late Sir Courtenay and the late Sir John Honywood both resided here. It will be remembered this beautiful estate became encumbered, and the latter owner was compelled, through force of circumstances, to leave this beautiful home. The late Sir John died in Folkestone, and the circumstances of his passing away a year or two back in a humble cottage in Garden Road are well within memory. I learn from my esteemed friend Alderman Dunk that in the late Sir Courtenay's days cricket was in great vogue. The pitch was said to be one of the finest in the county, and the records of some very excellent matches in those days are still in evidence. I repeat, this view of Evington from Elchin-hill is beautiful in the extreme, and if any of my readers are desirous of a new walk—something out of the beaten track—let me advise this. I had intended to walk on to Wye by way of Hastingsleigh, but darkness coming on, I retraced my steps to Lyminge, via "Six-mile-houses."

"THE PLOUGHMAN HOMEWARDS PLODS HIS WEARY WAY."

Frequently when tramping out alone in some of these rather out of the way places, the noble lines of Gray's Elegy come across the mind. How this poet was seized with the country spirit. There is scarcely a line in which this does not appear. Only a few days since I was talking to a generally well-informed man, and he told me he never heard of, much less read, this magnificent poem, the pathos and beauty of which are the priceless inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon race. If one desires to read perfect English, here it is, in these noble lines, the polished diction of which is not far off perfection. "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way." Here, as I descend the valley to reach Elmstead once more, the picture comes before me. It is Saturday evening, and darkness is closing in. The ploughman has been out at his work from early morning to six p.m. For him there is no knocking off at one on

Saturday, for him no Shop Hours Act applies. I had a short conversation with him, and remarked, after enquiring as to his hours of work, etc., "To-morrow is Sunday," And the ploughman replied with a deep meaning in his voice, "Yes, and thank God for that." And then he left me with a cheery "Good night."

THROUGH SIBTON PARK TO LYMINGE AND A MEMORY.

Coming down from Rhodes Minnis, and walking through the Park, one obtains a beautiful vista of Lyminge. There is the ancient Church, with its nearly thousand years' of history. The village is growing. In the quiet evening I think of that good man, the late Canon Jenkings—the Rector, whose name is fondly remembered on the country-side. I see, in imagination, his slim figure walking through the country lanes, walking on some errand of mercy, perchance to a labourer's solitary cottage. The late Canon might not have been a great ecclesiastic, but he was a profound scholar. He spoke and corresponded not only in English, but French and Italian. His knowledge of Latin, and I believe Greek, was great. He kept up a correspondence with many of the great contemporaries of his time. Yes, as we stroll down to Lyminge Station we can but think of one who has left so well "his footprints on the sands of time." The late Canon's sympathies with his co-religionists were as broad as the firmament. Narrow-mindedness had no place in his character. Well, to conclude. Taking the train home from Lyminge, I arrived in Folkestone after a delightful experience. "It is not always May," and I advise my readers in this connection to make hay whilst the sun shines."

A GRAND WALK THROUGH "UNKNOWN" COUNTRY TO WYE.

A while back I was travelling down to the Central Station from Lyminge when a well-known tradesman patronized your contributor with a little converse. "Ah!" he queried, "have you been on one of your rambles?" I answered him he was correct in his surmise. Then he proceeded to commiserate with me on the fact that, unlike himself, I had not "done" the Rhine, the Ardennes, etc. True, my foreign experience is confined to the somewhat hurried trips to Belgium and North of France, but nothing I witnessed there gave me more delight than my beloved Kent, or the mountains, lakes, and valleys of Scotland and Wales. My friend

did not excite in me a feeling of envy. Not at all. Given the capacity to enjoy—and thank my stars I have that gift—there is a world of delight in this land of ours, aye, even at the very doors of Folkestone. It may be that Fate will never permit me to gaze on the Alps or the marvels of the Rhone Valley; it may be that some day the opportunity will come my way. However that may be, in the meantime I am content with that nearest to my hand, or rather feet, for walking is my prime delight. On the first day of "the leafy month" I had one of the grandest strolls of my life—twelve miles—from Lyminge to Wye, and what follows is something of my delightful experience.

ON THE WAY TO OLANTIGH TOWERS AND WYE.

It was Captain D'Aeth, himself a mighty walker, and a follower to hounds on foot, who first put me on the track of a walk to Wye. Then later my friends Mr. E. C. Hann, of Cheriton-road, and Mr. Fred Baker, of the Leas, suggested in so many words that the treat of my life in the matter of walking lay out towards Olantigh and the pretty village which is watered by the winding Stour. To the three gentlemen amed above, then, I owe a debt of gratitude. Little did I imagine what a treat they were recommending me. And now for the tramp—always at the rate of two and a half miles an hour. It was just ten when I stepped out of the train at Lyminge. Field glasses, pipe, stick, a little provender, and a map—these were my friends and companions. Ah! but I had left other friends behind—friends who, I have pleasant reason to know, often follow me in my wanderings. In office, shops, private residences, or schools, I think of you, and having your kind approval, it gives one a sense of encouragement to continue my pleasant jaunts. To resume. In a short time I had covered Sibton Park (looking more attractive than ever), passed Rhodes Minnis, and, leaving "The Gate" on my right, taking my cue from the finger of the sign post at the adjoining cross roads, made for the direction of Stowting Common. For a mile or so I strolled on the road through West Wood, and feasted my eyes for a few moments in "considering" the "lilies of the field" (valley). Here they grow in wild luxuriance, and yours is the enjoyment of beholding them in the depths of the wood on the payment of a small sum. But you must be quick if you would gaze on the picture, for the flowers will soon have lived their short lives. Now I am once again at "Six-mile-houses" on the Stone Street.

LIMMERIDGE GREEN, EVINGTON PARK, AND BODSAM VILLAGE.

In reply to a query as to the route I should take, a kindly farmer at once put me on the track for Limmeridge Green, near Stowting Common. In a few minutes I arrived there, and, "picking up" Elmstead Church on the hill opposite, I crossed the meadows and gained the roadway which skirts that place of worship. Some weeks ago I endeavoured to describe a tramp out this way—how I stood on Elchin Hill overlooking Evington Park and its mansion. But darkness coming on, I was obliged to retrace my steps without walking through the estate which is associated with the Honywood family. On this glorious Sunday morning, however, I walked across the Park, which is surrounded with well-wooded hills. In a few moments I joined the road close to the mansion, and bearing to the right made for Bodsam Village, half a mile distant. The pedestrian may also walk to Wye via Hastingleigh. The sign-post, near the mansion, points the way. There are about twenty houses forming the village, and the inhabitants are associated either directly or indirectly with the estate. Very beautiful does one cottage appear with its frontage covered with the mauve chains of the flowering wisteria, the roses in the garden perfecting the picture. It was my first visit to Bodsam. There was not a soul about, and I really felt a stranger in a strange land. Although walking gently, I felt that I could rest awhile. Now feeling refreshed I tramped on to Hassell Street (the natives pronounce it "Hazel").

A FRIENDLY GAMEKEEPER.

Human beings are rarities in this district, and the motor cars and cycles are seldom, if ever, seen. Woods, belonging to the Evington Estate, now encompassed me on every side. To lose one's way out here is no joke, and I was glad to have the assurance from a gamekeeper who had just emerged from a wood with a fine retriever and a gun that I was "all right for Hassell Street." "Yes, keep on. Don't take any notice of the cross roads, but go straight on." A nice fellow was this ruddy faced son of Nature, and we had quite a pleasant chat about the good old days of the late Sir John. It appears the estate is now owned by Lord Ashburton, who has sub-let it, with all its woodlands, to a private gentleman, who, moreover, is endeavouring to revive the glories of the cricket so famous in the late Sir Courtenay's days. The celebrated "pitch" is being got into

condition, and I expect to learn of some good sport out here in the not far distant future.

HASSELL AND PETT STREET.

In Chambers's Dictionary I find the word "street" defined thus: "A road in the town lined with houses, broader than a lane." Well, out in these rural "streets" houses are remarkable for their absence. When I reached Hassall Street I found about three cottages, and I may mention here, I was much amused. On the right hand side of the roadway was a pond, on the bank of which was a hen in a great state of agitation. Her brood of ducks which she was bringing up had just jumped into the water, and the bird without webbed feet was flapping her wings and giving utterance to queer sounds. Still not a soul about. I knocked at one of the cottage doors and enquired yet again as to my route. One of my halting places was to be Marriage Farm. A rural friend came out in the roadway and pointed to a red-bricked house standing alone upon a hill about a mile distant. On again, and then down a really entrancing lane, interlaced with foliage, I passed Sutton Farm and arrived at Pett Street (one house here). The roadway ceased, and it was a case of making tracks over field and meadow paths. I had lost sight of the farm, because of a "dip" in the valley.

LOSING MY WAY I SOON FOUND IT AGAIN.

At Pett Street I lost my track for a little time by bearing to the left instead of the right. However, I did not regret this, because the scenery was wonderfully varied and charming. After a bit of aimless wandering I made my way back to the one dwelling in Pett Street. This lies in a kind of "sleepy hollow," tucked in amidst the woods and the hills. I tapped at the open door. This caused quite a little excitement. The children ran off with the cry, "There's a man out there in the garden," and the whole family, including the husband and wife, and dog, came out to gaze upon me. I submitted to the ordeal, and then informed the gentleman of the house (who was attired in his shirt sleeves) that I wanted to reach Marriage Farm. I pointed the way I had taken, up a bridle path and across a meadow which appeared to lead to nowhere, and then my friend chuckled. "Why, you wus going quite out of the way. Marriage Farm you want, der you? Well, you see that track acrost the medder. There is no path, only a track. Keep to that till yer come to d'ole hedge. Keep alongside te 'ole hedge, bear to right, and up t' hill, and

there's Marriage Farm." A good old sort was this only adult male inhabitant of Pett Street. I thanked my friend profusely, and handing him an illustrated weekly paper I had in my possession (and which he termed a "godsend") I was soon well on the way to Marriage Farm. This I soon reached. Standing well alone, it could not be mistaken.

LOVELY SCENERY.

All the way from Elchin Hill and Evington the wooded country presented a fine spectacle, but now I gazed on scenery of quite a distinct character. After a call at Marriage Farm I sought for Little Olantigh Farm, which was down below the hillside. Taking my instructions from the farmer at "Marriage," I made my way across a meadow on rising ground. Reaching the summit a really marvellous view suddenly burst upon my astonished gaze. There beneath was a somewhat flat but well-wooded country, which included Wye and far beyond. (In this vicinity is the far famed racecourse.) The grand amphitheatre of hills rising from the Stour Valley rolled away towards Gomersham and Chilham. The woods now became veritable forests. There on the opposite ridges was the famous King's Wood, about 15,000 acres in extent. This stretches from Wye and miles out towards the north-west. My field glasses helped me to take in the really glorious panorama, of which I heard so much. I was rewarded at each turn with a fresh picture. The scenery for all the world reminded me of Ilkley and Patterdale (the Switzerland of England), in Yorkshire, and if a wide river had been winding through the valley it would almost prove the counterpart of the view from Richmond Hill (Surrey). So vast, varied, and charming is the panorama of this undulating wooded country, that my weak words can poorly convey what it means. Really my walking friends must go out this way. It was now half-past one when I arrived at Little Olantigh Farm, where I received a right royal welcome.

A FARMER'S WELCOME.

At length I arrived at Little Olantigh Farmhouse. The front of this is covered with self-clinging ivy, and a nice garden flourished with old English flowers. Mr. Bond, the head gardener at Olantigh Tower mansion, lives in a pretty house opposite. Save for this there is no other tenement near. Regarding Mr. Bond, he is well known both at Folkestone and elsewhere as a just judge at flower shows. I tapped at the door of Little

Olantigh, and it was opened. Then there was a brief converse between mine host-that-was-to-be and myself. We were complete strangers. However, both had heard of each other; I was welcomed (and the right ring about it, too) with that good old Kentish handshake and "Come in and make yourself really at home." I believe I carried out this kindly command to the letter. Mine host was none other than Mr. William Hann (he is known as "Sweet William" out this way), the brother of our esteemd townsman, Mr. E. C. Hann, of Cheriton-road. Yes, I carried this latter gentleman's credentials with me, and these acted like magic. "Now you must feel peckish after that long walk," remarked mine host. He then vanished, but only to reappear again with his good wife, who, after an introduction, placed before me a cold collation which did not err on the side either of quality or quantity. "Peg away, and dont hurry." That was the order I received, and I sat down and enjoyed a meal fit to set before a king, for the air on the uplands of Wye had done its work.

OLANTIGH TOWERS, THE PARK, AND THE RIVER STOUR.

After a rest Mr. Hann and myself walked round the park. The noble trees here compel attention. Many of them appear as if they had been trimmed, so perfect are their forms. Truly grand, with its wealth of foliage, is a beech immediately opposite the gates of Olantigh Towers. A great part of this mansion was consumed by fire a few years back, but, phœnix-like, a new building has arisen from the ashes, and the architect may be congratulated on the design. I caught a glimpse of The Towers, its flowers, and terraced garden, watered by the silvery and winding Stour. Grand, indeed, are the tapering forms of the Wellingtonians out on the lawn. These magnificent trees, natives of California, appear to do well in this county. A fine specimen of them, by the way, is to be seen in the American Gardens. A break in the foliage of the enclosed ground revealed a fine life-sized equestrian statute of old Squire Drax. The pose of the horse and its rider (who has the reins in one hand and his hat in the other) is excellent. Both figures are facing the mansion. The present Squire, who bears the family name, has reason indeed to be proud of his residence. The situation is perfect. It ensures privacy, tranquility, and, I trust, peace and prosperity. After a pleasant time, and counting the sheep and lambs (according to farmer's method) in a large meadow, mine host and myself returned to the farm.

"DROWSY TINKLINGS LULL THE DISTANT FOLD."

Then later in the day I was present at a nice little family gathering—a round dozen or so. And what a pleasant time we had! I think we were all youngsters for a time. Yes, I thought of that line from Gray's Elegy, as I looked up and noticed in the living room of this farmhouse sixteen bells. These were affixed to a pole, and this was secured in turn to a big beam on the ceiling. A townsman, I was curious as to those bells. It appears many years ago they were fastened round the necks of sheep in yonder "distant fold." They comprised two octaves, from the lower to the middle and upper C. And I could understand Mr. Hann when he said, "The sound of the bells was beautiful, and many from a distance would come to listen to the sounds." One can imagine, say in the quietude of a summer or autumn evening, what that meant. In days gone by, when the bells were used, foxes or stray dogs came down from the woods and worried the sheep and lambs, and the agitated bells would keep off intruders. Those on the beam often now emit musical sounds. "I should like to hear a tune on them," I remarked, perhaps naturally. My desire was gratified, for one of the elder children mounted a chair, and with a couple of improvised hammers, played in capital style some of the hymn tunes which have been our priceless possessions since childhood's earliest days. The novelty of it all and the excellence of the performance, delighted me exceedingly. Ah! those old sheep bells on the beam carry with them for me a delightful memory.

IT SEEMED LIKE OLD TIMES.

Away from the tear and rush of town life, one seemed transported into another age. There was the wood fire in the grate (coals are somewhat of a rarity up here), and the sweet scent from the same pervaded the atmosphere. There in the adjoining scullery is a well. As I gazed on this with a bit of curiosity, mine host informed me that the bucket (which holds nine gallons) had to be lowered 165 feet before it reached the precious fluid. "Still making myself at home," and entering into the spirit of the thing, I laid on to the handle and turned 160 feet of chain with a full bucket attached. I confess it was the hardest bit of physical work I had done for many a day. "Well done!" remarked by jolly farmer, and those also who had gathered round. There's no turning on the tap here, as in town. True, there is a constant supply 165 feet below, but it "wants raising."

A LAST LOOK ROUND.

The sands of time were fast running out, and there was the last train to catch at Wye Station—a mile and a half distant. However, before leaving Little Olantigh Farm, I had a look round at the stock and the outbuildings. Amongst many other things I noted how well the place was kept up, glanced at the healthy cattle and well-conditioned sheep, lambs, and some lively members of the porcine race. There was the pony in the meadow—sleek and fat—in spite of his two-score years; in a manger, too, was a fine tortoiseshell cat (a famous ratter), happy with its kittens; and a thousand and one other little things might be mentioned. And I might here remark to those who favour the English meat supplied by Mr. E. C. Hann, of Cheriton-road, that nearly all the beef, mutton, lamb, etc., is grown here on the magnificent pasture land in this district. Besides Marriage and Little Olantigh Farms, our fellow townsman has fine fattening pasturage down at Wye itself. Next we trotted round the cherry and apple orchard, and I talked learnedly (or thought so) about good fruit trees, etc. "The shadows of departing day creep on once more," and the time had arrived for my departure, but not before a lovely nosegay out of the front garden was placed in my hand. And then "Au revoir" to the kindest of new-made friends. "But you must not go alone; someone must see you off to the station." And three of us then went bowling along—not at two and a half miles an hour, but I should say at about five—through the glorious park. The nightingales here and there were pouring out their glorious song; and then one could hear the mellow sound of the bells of Wye Church. These bells number eight. They were cast at the Whitechapel Foundry in the eighteenth century. The tenor weighs 22cwts. 3qrs. 20lbs. Nearing the town, or enlarged village, a railway whistle fell on my ear. Then the station, and a parting. My final words were these: "I thank you all very much for your kindness, and I hope to come down this way again some day." And a voice was heard to reply: "Wye (why) not?" (No pun intended.) And that question will live in my mind until I have made yet another exploration of this lovely part of our lovely Kent.

WHEN WOODS ARE BARE.

One winter's morning I walked through at least twelve miles of that grand cathedral, not made with hands, viz., the rural districts around Acrise and Elham. It was what they call "a bit heavy going." There was mud about,

and grey clouds veiled the winter sun. But the air—how sweet it was! What? Nothing of interest in the country during these dull months? Absurd! The very leafless trees, with the appearance of death upon them, really tell a wondrous tale of life. All around them are the leaves—golden russet, brown. Yes, these leaves resemble the human kind. They have lived their lives. Back again they go to be absorbed into mother earth. But the swaying branches are full of life. There are the buds already formed. Some are more prominent than others. Sealed over with Nature's gum, they only await the breath of spring to burst and clothe the bare trees with a glorious dress. We are reminded of the mildness of the weather, for here and there a primrose or a wild strawberry blossom is to be seen. Gleaming, too, through the tangled growth one occasionally notices the red bloom of the bachelor's button. These, however, similarly to centenarians, are few and far between. Nothing of interest in the country in winter? Of the beautiful sights one may gaze upon just now are the mosses. On the roadside through which I strolled were some truly magnificent specimens. Strange, but true, the mosses just now may be seen to perfection. There is a little tuft. In imagination one may fancy oneself in the presence of a forest of pines. The trees rear their lofty forms—we are in a measure compelled to admire their beauty—but this beauty of the mosses must be sought for. And it is worth the seeking. It reveals a new world. And, mentioning these fascinating and modest growths, I was informed a few days since that if by chance you should be without compass and lost in a wood or forest, seek out the mosses. By doing so it would be possible to pick up the bearing, as these growths always turn towards the point of the compass from which the most moisture can be obtained, viz., south-west. And so there is some knowledge to be gained even from the mosses, which millions of eyes probably pass by without so much as a glance. Then walking on by the side of a wood I noticed for a few moments a couple of squirrels running up and down a tree trunk, and then gracefully leaping from branch to branch. A pretty sight, indeed. As I watched them in their native haunts I could not but think of the cruelty of caging these engaging little animals, who, through the plenitude of this year's nuts, are having the time of their lives.

And now my "Rambles Around Folkestone" must close for the present. If Providence, however, permits, I intend to write yet another volume on this subject which is very near to my heart.

MY "DISCOVERY" OF NORTH WALES.

THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY AND FOLKESTONE.

Of the many railway companies who cater for holiday folk in these islands none is more enterprising and progressive than the London and North Western Conscious that their far-flung system, with its wide-spread branches and splendid steamers, reaches the choicest beauty spots in Great Britain and Ireland, the Chairman and Directors, together with a well-administered publicity or intelligence department, are accomplishing their full share in the necessary task of educating the public to the fact that there is some of the grandest scenery in the universe to be found, as it were, at our very doors. We have a beauty all our own. It is characteristic of a type. Some have had first-hand experience of the marvellous natural scenery in other countries, but this does not prevent us from appraising our own at its true value.

ANTICIPATIONS MORE THAN REALISED.

A word as to the railway run. Entering a corridor train at Euston, I travelled luxuriously towards the remote mountain village of Llanberis, at the foot of Snowdon. Our train ran for four hours without a stop. On we sped, through such great centres as Rugby, Stafford, Crewe, until Rhyl was reached. True, we slowed down occasionally, but the speed was well maintained. Gliding is the word to use for travel on this system. When the train was dashing along at a mile a minute or more, I called for a cup of tea. It was full to the brim, but there it stood as quietly as it would on one's own table. Not a drop was spilled into the saucer. My readers can make this test for themselves. What a treat and revelation to a Southerner was that portion of the journey (a hundred miles or so) from Rhyl to Carnarvon. The train runs along almost on the seashore. We passed in turn many a watering place, including Rhyl, Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, Conway, with its splendid Castle in a setting of grand scenery, and Bangor. Then the water narrows, and the Isle of Angelsey, with its shelving banks of foliage, appears on the opposite shore. Gracefully hanging in the air, as it were, is the lace-like and famous Bridge of Menai, whilst a little

further on the railway tubular bridge arrests attention.

LLANBERIS AND SNOWDON.

And now for the last stage of the journey. We board another train, and run down on a single line of rails to the pretty village, nestling under the monarch of Welsh and English mountains. It is a short run, but very interesting, especially as we pass along the shores of Lake Padarn—a nice stretch of water. Mountains now loom up all around, and some of their sides were covered with purple heather or the yellow blossom of stunted gorse bushes. Here we are now at the journey's end. In a clear sky the harvest moon is just peeping over the dim forms of the mountains. To have gazed on that picture was alone worth the journey. And on this night two or three hundred young men from Carnarvon, Bangor, and other neighbouring places, are coming in to climb Snowdon in order to witness one of the grandest sights in the world —the rising of to-morrow's sun.

AN INTRODUCTION TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

It was now Saturday morning, and all North Wales was talking and thinking of the opening of the new non-sectarian institute which had been presented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the village of his youth—Llanystumdwy, about two miles from Criccieth. As this place was only a few miles off Llanberis, I followed the crowd. This for many reasons is a day I shall ever remember. Quarrymen, miners, farmers, labourers, Churchmen and Nonconformists, Conservatives and Liberals were assembled to do honour to the Chancellor. For a few hours, at least, they were united. Intense feeling is associated with the name of Lloyd George, but here in this tiny village the man is regarded as something approaching an idol. There were Sir Rufus Isaacs, Mr. Masterman, Sir Hugh Ellis Nanney (the Conservative candidate whom Mr. Lloyd George defeated at the last General Election), the Rector of the Parish (who has crossed swords with the Chancellor on many occasions over the Welsh Disestablishment Bill), the Baptist Member, the village blacksmith, who conducted the music, the postman, and many others. The only discordant note was from a group of suffragists. They just escaped with their lives, thanks to the police. After the opening of the Institute an adjournment was made to the village school, where Mr. Lloyd George received a greater part of his education. Here a tea was served to the children and old age pensioners. With others, I entered the building, and was introduced to the

Chancellor as one who "had come all the way from Folkestone." The hero of the day shook me heartily by the hand, as did also Sir Rufus Isaacs. I laughingly informed Mr. George that I was associated with a red-hot Conservative paper, but that made no difference to his courteous welcome. I informed him of the death of an old friend of his—Mr. Mather, the interpreter at the Harbour, at which he expressed his sorrow. And many of his friends will be interested to hear that Mr. Lloyd George referred to the Rev. J. C. Carlile as "that most able man." Once more shaking me by the hand, the Chancellor said: "You have come to a beautiful country, and I hope you will enjoy yourself."

LLANBERIS PASS AND SNOWDON.

Sunday is Sunday here. The church bell is about the only sound that disturbs the silence. All licensed premises are closed. On this particular Sunday morning the sun shone brilliantly from a clear blue sky, but the wind blew strongly. Under these conditions I set out alone to walk through the really wonderful pass alluded to above. "Wild and Solitary," "A scene of awful grandeur"—these are descriptions of the Pass in the local guide book. Truthful descriptions, too. The pedestrian winds his way through a deep gorge, with towering slate mountains on either side. On each side of the road are masses of fallen rock, some weighing thousands of tons. Others there are of lesser size. And when one looks upwards it would appear that other masses are likely to become detached. They appear, as it were, to be almost in the act of falling. With the wind roaring as through a funnel, the rushing of the river over its rocky bed, and being far away from a human habitation, one mentally remarks: "How dreadful is this place!" On I walked until I reached the summit, and sat down once again to wonderingly admire. To gaze upon such a scene is calculated to make a man think of his littleness, to make him think that he is as a speck of dust playing in the sunbeam. On the following day I climbed Snowdon from the Llanberis side. It took me two and a half hours each way, but my labour was in vain. I was robbed of the view I was expecting to enjoy. A cloud settled on the summit, and there it obstinately remained. Coming down the mountain, however, the atmosphere became clearer, and I was rewarded with several fine views of distant peaks. There is, of course, a railway to the summit, but with others I preferred to walk the nine miles (double journey), which in some places is over a very rocky track. But a pair of

Vickery's famous walking shoes held me in good stead. They never failed me in all my wanderings.

SOME CONCLUSIONS.

Last year I wrote a little description of Windermere, which is also served by the London and North Western Company. I was glad to know it was not written in vain, for it was the means of sending a party of Folkestone tradesmen to that charming district. Through carriages from this town run to or are connected with all the places I have mentioned. And thus the tourist has this advantage. At a moderate figure he may take a tour ticket for a period, which will convey him to all the principal beauty spots in North Wales. In addition to this, the London and North Western run what are termed observation cars through the choicest scenery. By this means the eye has a wider range to take in the truly glorious scenery that passes in turn before the view. Without decrying foreign resorts and countries, I would say to many who have the means and power, not to turn their backs on this land of ours, for its beauties would appear to be inexhaustible in its various types. It is said Shakespeare wrote for all times. And in its wisdom and foresight the London and North Western Railway Company appear to have adopted that view, its enterprise being enshrined in these noble words of the Bard of Avon:—

"This earth of majesty; this seat of Mars,
This other Eden; demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed spot, this earth, this realm,
This England."

And for the purposes of this article I will add Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. I say to all those then who have not made the trip to North Wales: Do so when opportunity offers. And if you want your way made easy, if you need information as to the journey, communicate with the agent of the railway, Mr. James Quick, The Broadway, Maidstone, or Mr. Ferris, Grace-hill, Folkestone.

AWFUL WRECK OF AN EAST INDIAMAN OFF THE DYMCHURCH WALL.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE YEARS AGO.

OVER FOUR HUNDRED LIVES LOST, INCLUDING NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED DUTCH SOLDIERS.

FULL AND UNABRIDGED ACCOUNT.

Through the kindness of Mr. H. Waddell, of Folkestone, I was enabled to give extracts some years ago of an account of a terrible shipwreck which took place off Dymchurch Wall on November 23rd, 1802. As far as I am aware this record, which is contained in a small volume, "The Mariner's Chronicle" (published in 1809 by James Cundee, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Road) has never appeared in locally published book or newspaper. At the request then of several Hythe and Dymchurch friends I now give the account, which was written by the late Mr. Archibald Duncan, R.N. It is thrilling reading indeed. Here, then, is the record:—"The Melville Castle, a British East Indiaman, after performing the usual number of voyages, was put up by the East India Company for sale, and purchased by an agent of the merchants of Amsterdam trading to the East Indies. She was navigated to the Dutch port, where she underwent a tolerable repair in her upper works, and was now sheathed and coppered, while her 'kness' and timbers remained in a very decayed state. Thus patched up, the Company tendered her to the Government, which then chanced to want a large ship to carry out troops and stores to the Cape of Good Hope and Batavia, reserving the liberty to bring home a return freight. A surveyor was immediately ordered on board, who reported that the ship was in perfect repair, and wanted nothing but the necessary stores to equip her for the voyage. The ship was accordingly furnished with stores of every kind, was painted throughout, and received the name of the "Vryheid." On Monday, November 8th, 1802, the troops destined to embark on board the vessel received orders to march from Rotterdam to Amsterdam ,where three hundred and twenty men, the flower of the regiment, were selected out of nearly one thousand, who formed the second battalion of marines in the service of the Batavian

Republic. On Saturday, the 20th, the troops were ordered to embark, which was done without delay; and early the following morning the Admiral, Colonel, and all the officers, went on board the "Vryheid," accompanied by their ladies, attendants, and domestics. The ship immediately got under weigh, and

PROCEEDED WITH A FAVOURABLE BREEZE

till early in the morning of the 22nd, when it blew a heavy gale from a contrary direction. The captain hereupon ordered the top-gallant masts and yards to be struck, when she seemed to ride much easier than before. As the day opened, the wind, however, blew with increased violence, and every exertion of the crew to render the ship manageable proved ineffectual. The most serious apprehensions now began to be entertained for the safety of the vessel, and the state of the ladies on board was particularly distressing. Some embraced their children, and wept over them in speechless agony, while others, in vain, implored their husbands to procure the means of landing them in safety on their native shore, and to give up the voyage. The Commander, Captain Scherman, was himself in a very trying condition. His lady was on board with an infant only three months old at her breast, and her affliction was aggravated by being surrounded with so many females weeping over their offspring, and imploring aid at the hands of the Captain, who had the utmost difficulty to prevail on them to leave him, that he might attend to the duties of his station. The ship continued to drive before the wind till about three o'clock on Monday afternoon, when the storm increased to a perfect hurricane. The mainmast soon afterwards went by the board with a tremendous crash, by which accident several of the crew were swept overboard and drowned, and four or five were wounded. This disaster greatly augmented the fears of all on board; the Captain himself, the admiral, and the other officers, now seemed to consider their lives in the most imminent danger; for though they were near enough to the Kentish shore to discern objects, yet the waves, which then rolled mountains high, totally precluded the possibility of receiving any assistance.

A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS

was now hoisted, and after great exertion the ship came to anchor at the entrance of Hythe Bay, but as it was quite dark no assistance arrived from the shore, though the wind was not quite so tempestuous. The crew were plentifully regaled

by the Captain's orders, and a beam of hope illumined every countenance, but it was, alas! of short duration. The ship was found to have sprung a leak; all hands were ordered to the pumps, and while thus employed the storm came on again with redoubled violence. Universal consternation now prevailed; the shrieks of the females and the children at each successive blast of wind were sufficient to unman the stoutest heart. Every relief that circumstance would admit was afforded by the ship's company and the troops to the unfortunate ladies, many of whom were by this time clinging round their husbands and fainting in their arms. In this dismal situation they remained several hours, during which time the greatest order and sobriety reigned. She was now near Dymchurch Wall, where the coast for a space of about two miles is protected from the encroachments of the sea by overlaths and immense piles, and is further secured by large wooden jetties stretching far into the sea. On the first of these jetties the unfortunate vessel struck. In this desperate situation, the wind becoming more and more boisterous, the Captain ordered the mizen-mast to be cut away, and all the water in the hold to be starter, by staving the casks, while a part of the crew, under the direction of the officers, were incessantly employed at the pumps. Almost all the ballast was heaved overboard, but in spite of every exertion,

THE DANGER SEEMED EVERY MOMENT TO INCREASE.

The officers could not now refrain from reproaching the Captain with having slighted the advice of the English in the boat; he appeared deeply sensible of his error, but it was too late to repent. The admiral recommended the sheet anchor to be cut away, which was accordingly done, and nearly two cables were veered out, in the hope of bringing off the ship. Meanwhile, she continued to beat upon the piles, and the sea to break over her with such violence that the men were no longer able to remain in the hold. The pump had, by this time, become so completely choked with sand and mud as to be rendered totally useless, and a speedy death appeared inevitable. The foremast soon afterwards went over the ship's side, hurrying along with it twelve of the crew, who were instantly out of sight. The ladies now began to strip themselves, a custom which is seems is usual among the Dutch females on similar occasion, and several were handed to the bowsprit, attended by their husbands. The others choose to await their fate on the quarter deck, where stood the Admiral and Colonel of the Regiment, with their ladies, who were affording assistance to Mrs. Scherman, then suck-

ling her infant at the feet of her husband. About eight o'clock the rudder was discovered to be unshipped, while the tiller was tearing up the gun deck, and the water rushing in very fast at the ports. At this moment most of the

PASSENGERS AND CREW JOINED IN SOLEMN PRAYER,

to the Almighty, and while engaged in this act of devotion, the sea foamed dreadfully, and made a fair break over them, so that they were obliged to exert every effort to remain in the ship. From the uncommon fury and roaring of the waves the guns could scarcely be heard even on board, and no hope remaining of obtaining success from the shore. As a last expedient, the Captain gave orders to cut away the anchors from the bows, when a violent swell immediately parted them, and the ship drifted with irresistible force further on to the piles. The unhappy sufferers had no other prospect than that of instant destruction; every human exertion had been made to save the vessel; nothing more could be done, and all stood in silent suspense awaiting the awful moment that should hurry them into eternity. The morning was unusually dark, and what aggravated the horrors of the terrific scene, the ship was not more than four or five cable lengths from the shore, so that the crew could discern several people on the Wall, but who were unable to attempt to afford any relief. It was about twenty-five minutes after eight when a tremendous sea dashed with such force against the ill-fated vessel, that after rocking like a cradle for two or three seconds, she split her timbers and immediately broke her back. About 170 persons were immediately overwhelmed by the furious element, and not one of them reached the land. The wreck, then torn asunder, still presented nearly 300 miserable objects clinging to the various parts that remained above water, and

THE TREMENDOUS NOISE OF THE FOAMING BILLOWS

was entirely drowned by the piercing shrieks of the females and children. At the earnest request of the Admiral, the jolly boat, which was hanging over the stern, was now launched, and he, together with the colonel and eight females, were helped into her. Mrs. Scherman wept incessantly, but refused to quit her husband to accompany them. They had not proceeded far when a dreadful sea broke over them, and the boat immediately disappeared. In a few moments the Colonel was observed endeavouring to support his lady above water,

when a returning wave overwhelmed them and they rose no more. The ship was settling rapidly, and each determined to risk some experiment to reach the shore. The captain proposed to his lady that they should make themselves fast to a large hen-coop, and commit their lives to the mercy of the waves. A few of the crew having cut away the coop, and with great difficulty made fast the captain and Mrs. Scherman and her infant, an affectionate parting, lowered them down over the stern. They had nearly reached the Wall, followed by the anxious looks of those on board the wreck, when a huge piece that had been detached from it drove them completely under, and they were never seen to rise, painful as was this spectacle to the remaining survivors, their whole attention was absorbed in contriving the means of their own preservation. A lieutenant, his wife, and two female domestics of the unfortunate admiral, still remained on the wreck, and the men agreed to make one more effort to save them. Seizing one of the hatches which had been torn asunder, they fastened it to a piece of the quarter galley, and

LASHED THE FEMALES TO THE PLANKS,

while the lieutenant, being a good swimmer, stripped, and having likewise taken a rope round his middle, the raft was lowered into the water. In a few seconds a tremendous gust of wind overturned the raft and hurled every soul to the bottom. Thus perished all the officers and females who remained on the stern of the wreck. The bow-sprit was about this time torn asunder from the other piece of the wreck. There, as it has been already observed, many of the females and officers had taken refuge. The number of persons about the rigging and various parts of the bows was now about one hundred and five, who were driven towards the wall by the violence of the surf. Those on the stern watched the event with the utmost solicitude, and just when they supposed their unfortunate companions to be beyond the reach of further danger, a tremendous sea broke upon them and overwhelmed them all in one general destruction. The sea was instantly covered with their bodies, and many of the unhappy wretches had nearly reached the shore, when wave upon wave at length triumphed over all their exertions. Among the most interesting of the sufferers was a captain of marines, swimming with one hand, and supporting his lady by her hair with the other, till, overcome with cold and fatigue, he turned round, clasped her in his arms, and both immediately sank.

THE WRECK MEANWHILE WAS GRADUALLY DISAPPEARING,

and many of the seamen and marines successively seizing on various timbers, precipitated themselves into that destruction that they were so anxious to escape. It was natural, that after so many dreadful examples, none of those who remained on the wreck should be willing to attempt similar experiments. Not more than forty-five were now left on both parts of the wreck, which frequently become so entangled that the men were near enough to converse with each other. Their situation was, however, rapidly approaching to a crisis; the planks were torn away from all parts, and each succeeding sea swept away two or three of the survivors. At length two of the seamen determined to lash themselves to a large hog-trough, and to endeavour to reach the land. They were handed over to the larboard side, and after a miraculous escape from a fragment of the wreck they made the beach in safety. Out of all the adventurers who had quitted the ship these were the first that reached the desired shore. Their success contributed greatly to animate those who remained behind, who instantly fell to work to form a kind of raft, which, in a few minutes, was sufficiently rigged. To this frail conveyance the survivors committed their lives, and had scarcely cleared the wreck when a heavy sea struck the wreck with such impetuosity as to dash her into a hundred pieces. From the numerous fragments of the wreck, floating in every direction, each of which seemed to threaten inevitable destruction, the situation of those on he raft was perfecly awful. They continued, however, to drift nearer the Wall, when a piece of the wreck ran foul of them, swept off eighteen out of thirty-three, and wounded all the rest in a greater or lesser degree; at the same time they were driven forward with such velocity as to be unable to afford any relief to those who were struck off. One of these poor fellows was snatched from the deep by the enterprising

HUMANITY OF A MR. KEMP, OF HYTHE,

who, at imminent hazard of his own life, was observed endeavouring to to save another, a soldier, when a piece of timber struck the latter on the head, and he sunk. About ten minutes after this fatal accident the survivors reached the wished for shore, half dead with fatigue and the severe bruises they had received. Thus out of four hundred and seventy-two persons who embarked in the "Vryheid" not more than eighteen escaped. The wretched remnant of the crew of that ill-fated vessel received from the inhabitants of the

adjacent coast such generous attention as not only contributed to their recovery, but amply relieved all their necessities. They likewise collected the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers, scattered for many miles along the coast, and were at the expense of interring them in a decent manner. Captain Scherman, his wife, and child, who was found at the breast, and many more of the officers and their bodies were committed to the grave with every mark of respect. A very liberal subscription was raised by the inhabitants of Folkestone and Hythe to enable the survivors to return to their native land, which they reached about ten days after the fatal accident. It is a circumstance worthy of remark that a small merchant vessel, which left the Texel the same day as the "Vryheid" took on board a pilot off Margate, and was brought safe into port without losing a single hand during the storm. The following is an accurate statement of the crew and passengers of the "Vryheid":—312 soldiers, 12 officers, 22 women, 20 passengers, 7 children, 51 seamen. Total: 454 persons LOST. 8 soldiers, 10 seaman. Total, 18 SAVED.

After reading the above and remembering the dreadful shipwrecks that have occurred in this neighbourhood we may well endorse the words of a famous writer, that "the stretch of the Channel reaching from Dungeness to the Downs is the greatest marine graveyard of the world."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAST VISIT TO FRANCE.

THE ROYAL JOURNEY VIA FOLKESTONE AND BOULOGNE.
STIRRING SCENES AT THE EMBARKATION.

The date of March 11th, 1899 will live in the memory of thousands who were witnesses of the scenes connected with the embarkation at the Harbour of the late beloved Queen Victoria. There are reasons I think, why some prominence should be given to a description of this event, because, with the exception of Mr. Richardson, of the "Daily Telegraph," I was the only press representative on board the Royal steamer and who moreover had the privilege of witnessing at close quarters all that occurred in connection with the departure of Victoria the Good. There was a pathetic interest attaching to the event, as it proved that Folkestone was to be the last time her Majesty would leave these shores for a foreign land. How I managed to get through the lines of the military drawn round the Harbour and how I ran the gauntlet of scores of detectives and policemen was somewhat of a mystery at the time. "No reporters"—so the edict went forth. However, the late Mr. John Taylor, the then Superintendent of the police, smuggled me through with the result that I was able to give the "Herald" readers the only first hand report, and here it is.

Saturday, (March 11th, 1899) was an epoch-making day in the history of Folkestone. Forty-four years have come and gone since our beloved Monarch visited this town on her way to Shorncliffe Camp. It is

ALWAYS THE UNEXPECTED THAT HAPPENS,

and this embarkation of the Queen at our port is only another illustration of the truth of that oft-repeated saying. People were almost incredulous when it was first announced that the Royal Lady would pass through here. In some quarters doubt was openly thrown on the statement. However, Saturday last was the answer to it all. A proud day indeed was it for this town, the memory of which will be cherished by this and succeeding generations. There was no pompous display or show, but the quiet air of dignity and refinement

about the proceedings—worthy alike of the Sovereign and her loyal Folkestone subjects. When that splendid type of the British sailor—Admiral Fullerton—caused the date of the embarkation to be postponed, perhaps a little disappointment was felt, but, after all, the alterations turned out to be for the best. Saturday was an off-day with many work-people, and these were enabled to obtain a glance of the royal spectacle. "I hope it will be fine for Her Majesty to-morrow." That expression escaped the lips of thousands on the night of Friday. When at length morning broke, all doubts on this score were at rest. Early in the day a little mist hung over the town, but gradually the sun smiled, shining at length in all its glory. Above was the blue sky, flecked now and then by a silvery cloud. The seas sparkled, and the gentle breeze made the water dance in little wavelets. Sweet it was to breathe the balmy air of the early spring morn. It was veritable queen's weather—perfect. All doubts as to Her Majesty's departure were now at rest, for although it was but nine o'clock, the Calais-Douvres had taken up her position at the Pier. It seemed that the whole population had turned out. Hours before the steamer started crowds had gathered at any point where a glimpse of the Queen or the Royal train could be obtained. The shipping in the Harbour,

FROM THE WELL-FOUND BRIG TO THE TINY FISHING PUNT,

was gay with fluttering flags. From the tower of the ancient Parish Church, the Town Hall, Custom House, and other public buildings, waved grandly the Royal Standard or the Union Jack. In some of the poorer parts of the town little bannerets were also waving, telling their tale of love to that great Lady who has won the affection of her people through her very goodness. The chief centre of interest was, of necessity, in the neighbourhood of the Harbour. A large number of people made their way thither, in the hope of gaining admittance to the lighthouse promenade, but not having the coveted tickets, were doomed to disappointment. Never at any time, however, was there any confusion, owing to the very admirable manner in which the police, both civil and military, carried out their onerous duties. It was just on noon when I entered the Harbour Station. Here was a scene of bustle and activity. The tidal train had just steamed in. It was heavily-laden with passengers, amongst whom was our newly-elected Borough Member, Sir Edward Sassoon, who was accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant of the County (the Earl Stanhope). Our Member was carrying a large card-board box, which con-

tained a very beautiful bouquet. The Pier itself was bright with flags, whilst the scarlet uniforms of the guard of honour, which had just arrived under the command of Captain De Gex, were ranged up in double lines. A smart body of men were these. Close at hand stood the splendid band. The regimental colours, too, emblazoned with the names of many a gloriously-gained victory, were also a prominent object in the display, Colour-Sergeants Rollinson and Lloyd standing beneath the precious folds. The uniforms of the officers added to the brilliancy of the scene. There was Major-General Hallam-Parr (although a comparatively young man), his breast from shoulder to shoulder bedecked with medals and orders, whilst the same may be said of that gallant soldier, General Sir Leslie Rundle (Commanding South-Eastern District), Captain H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck (A.D.C.), Captain Everett (A.D.C.), and other officers of the general staff.

THE BELLS OF THE PARISH CHURCH WERE NOW SENDING OUT THEIR JOYOUS SOUND

across the water. Over yonder, fringing the Leas, with their faces turned seaward, were many thousands, whilst the brow and slopes of the East Cliff were black with masses of people. Nearer at hand, on the lighthouse promenade or the East Pier the spectators had taken up positions—all waiting for the royal train. The temporary scarlet covered gangway and platform down which the Queen would pass to the deck of the steamer was all in readiness. There was still an hour to wait, and I employed that time in exploring the magnificent Calais-Douvres, which, it goes without the saying, was spick and span from stem to stern. A sailor lad carried my card to Captain G. W. W. Payne, and that fine specimen of the British seaman gave me the heartiest of welcomes to his ship. In his spell of thirty-four years' service I suppose Captain Payne has carried across nearly every royal head in Europe, including the ever-to-be-regretted Empress of Austria. Said the Captain to your contributor on Saturday: "It has always been the height of my ambition to take Her Majesty across. This is a proud day for me." The Captain, who looked as proud as he felt, then gave me permission to stroll at will over the vessel. On the scarlet quarter deck was the Queen's private cabin—a very cosy little apartment, comfortably furnished. The table was adorned with little vases of flowers—lilies of the valley, violets, pansies, and other varieties—all fresh from Osborne. In one corner stood a small cabinet on which stood a rack

containing writing paper and envelopes, black-bordered, and stamped with the Imperial Crown. On the same deck was another private cabin, to be used by the Royal Princesses and the other distinguished members of the suite. This was draped in material of delicate pink, made still more attractive by several graceful feathery palms. The vessel was scrupulously clean, and not a speck of dust or dirt could there be seen. Strolling down below decks, I was introduced to Mr. W. P. Huddle, the chief engineer, who had been crossing and re-crossing this Channel for the past six and thirty years. As with the Captain of the ship, so with this estimable gentleman, he had taken across the great ones of the earth, but

IT WAS THE CROWNING JOY OF HIS LIFE

that he should stand by his engines with the Queen of his country on board. "Come and look at the engines" said Mr. Huddle, as he pointed to them with something akin to affection. "Aren't they beauties" Yes, I will say, they were a picture—models of cleanliness. Every bright part glistened like silver. Those masses of steel, now lying dead and dormant, represented the indicated horse power of 6,500 horses. They drive the vessel through the water at a 20-knot speed. Altogether I understand the Calais-Douvres cost the good round sum of £95,000. She is indeed a magnificent specimen of the shipbuilder's handiwork. The inspection of the engineer's department gave me great satisfaction, made all the more enjoyable by the gentlemanly courtesy with which I was received. Entering the saloon I found quite a scene of bustle and activity. Here the preparation for the Royal luncheon was going on, under the superintendence of Mr. Evans, of the Royal Pavilion Hotel. The tables in the saloon were set out with the greatest possible taste, with the best that money could procure. Mr. Evans had a great responsibility, having no less than three separate luncheons to prepare and serve. As a matter of interest I herewith quote Her Majesty's menu:—

Consomme.
Côtelettes d'Agneau Panées.
Volaille Braisee au Riz.
Cailles au Feuilles de Vigne.
Pommes Nouvelles Pois Nouveaux.
Salade.
Asperges en Branche.
Sauce Hollandaise.
Froid.
Roast Beef. Chicken, Tongue.

Patissorie Assortie. Milk Puddings.
Pommes Curtes.
Dessert.

I have heard on the best authority that Mr. Evans received the highest commendation or the very able manner in which he carried out his arduous duties, in the execution of which he received the loyal support of his friend and neighbour, Mr. Waind, of the Burlington Hotel, Dover. As the hour for the arrival of the royal train drew near expectancy grew higher. I now stepped on to the open deck, and a picturesque sight unfolded itself to me. Admiral Fullerton, of the Royal Yacht, arranged in a gorgeous uniform, was wearing his scarlet sash. The gallant sailor was attended by an aide-de-camp. A large area of water on the east side of the steamer was marked off with buoys. Within that limit no craft of any sort was allowed. The gallant coastguardsmen in their smart galley were rowing about on police duty, whilst chief officer Onslow at the tiller was constantly exchanging signals with a sailor stationed on the scarlet-covered bridge of the Calais-Douvre. Look over the side of the vessel and gaze shoreward. Those storm-beaten cliffs, the famous Leas, the lighthouse promenade, were literally alive with human beings—all with their eyes turned towards us. Still the glorious sun shone brightly; the bells shout out their song of joy over sea and land. Perhaps the prettiest sight of all was the scores of little boats rowed out from the Harbour by

THE TAN-FROCKED FISHERMEN.

These fearless men and boys were determined to give the Queen a send off in their own peculiar way. Out yonder is a steam barge, and on its deck is an operator working the cinematograph, the film, no doubt, faithfully recording the historic scenes. Mr. Neville Wyatt, as enthusiastic a photographer as he is a cricketer, has chartered a sailing vessel, and he, too, is taking permanent records of the characteristic scenes. Photographers are everywhere—one enthusiastic youth by the name of Green climbing up into a mast of a ship to obtain a "shot" of the royal train as it passes over the Harbour bridge. It is now nearly one o'clock, and the royal train is due in a few minutes. Looking towards Dover I noticed the Trinity Yacht, Irene, steaming easily towards the Pier. But everyone, with the exception of those "in the know," was asking what of the torpedo destroyers. Had there been any mistake as to time? Here it was just on the time for starting, and the

escort was not even in sight. But wait a minute! Over the water there still hung a veil of haze. Gazing towards the east there suddenly appeared some moving black specks. They proved to be the destroyers. Only those who witnessed it will remember the scene. On came those low-lying craft with lightning speed, throwing up the spray in clouds before them. In almost a twinkling they dashed into their allotted positions, awaiting the departure of the royal steamer. As they lay there almost motionless on the water, they looked the most innocent craft in all the world. Now there was all bustle. A message arrived that the train had arrived in the Junction from Windsor two minutes before time. The band had just played through a fine selection from the opera, "Romeo and Juliet," when the officer in command of the guard of honour called his men to attention. Like statues they stood—smart, erect, soldier-like. The royal train had now started from the Junction. A roll of cheers reached our ears. We heard the whistle of the engine as the coaches ran down the Tram-road. The train came on nearer and nearer. Now the soldiers presented arms, the band playing the National Anthem. All anxiety was at rest. The railway journey had been safely completed, and the royal carriage in which Her Majesty was seated drew up to within an inch of the appointed place. The train was brought down by the Harbour engine No. 69, in charge of Adam Baker, his fireman being John Davis. Mr. Charles Croucher (Junction) acted as pilot, and Messrs. Cheeseman and Hinckley as guards. His Worship the Mayor (Alderman Salter) and Miss Salter, Earl Stanhope (Lord Lieutenant of Kent), Sir Edward Sassoon, M.P., the Rev. Erskine Knollys (Vicar of Folkestone), and Mr. A. F. Kidson (Town Clerk), stood by the gangway, whilst a few privileged spectators stood on either side. On the deck to receive the Queen were Major-General Leslie Rundle, Major-General Hallam Parr, Admiral Fullerton, Captain Boxer, R.N., Captain Dixon, and others. All eyes were now turned towards the open door of the saloon. In a few moments two attendants appeared carrying our gracious Sovereign in a wheeled chair. All were bareheaded, and bowed low as she passed by. When gazing upon the features of Her Majesty one could better realize those beautiful words of Tennyson—

"Reverend, beloved! O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old.
Her court was pure; her life serene;

God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife, and queen.
By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

Interest was now centred in the steamer, as the Royal Standard was hoisted at the main, the band striking up the National Anthem.

THE QUEEN,

who was accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of York, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the young Prince Leopold of Battenberg, was then wheeled to her private cabin on the port side of the vessel. The ladies of the suite were the Dowager Lady Southampton, and the Hon. Mrs. Bernard Mallett. There were also present in attendance, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge (Private Secretary), Lieut.-Col. the Hon. W. Carrington (Equerry), Captain F. Ponsonby, and Sir James Reid (the Court physician). The following S.E. and L.C.D. officials also travelled down by the Royal train—Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, M.P. (Chairman), the Hon. A. Gathorne Hardy (Deputy Chairman), Mr. Alfred Willis (General Manager), Mr. Charles Sheath (Secretary), Mr. W. Thomson (Joint Superintendent), Mr. Wainwright (locomotive and carriage department). The Great Western representatives were: Earl Cawdor (Chairman), Mr. Mortimer (Director), Mr. G. L. Wilkinson (General Manager), Mr. T. J. Allen (Superintendent), Mr. W. L. Hart (Divisional Superintendent), and Mr. W. H. Waister. At the instant the band was playing a selection from Her Majesty's favourite opera "Zampa," and both Miss Salter and Sir Edward Sassoon had the honour of presenting magnificent bouquets to the Queen. Her Majesty then graciously received His Worship the Mayor. Before luncheon Mr. Alfred Willis was also presented to the Queen by Sir Alfred Bigge. The baggage was now all on board, and everything was ready for starting. It was just 1.45 when Captain G. Davies (who as pilot was in supreme command of the vessel) and Captain Payne mounted the bridge. The whistle blew, and every seaman and artificer was at his post. In a moment the signal gong of the engine room could be heard, the mooring ropes were cast off, and the great paddlewheels churned up the foam. Before the vessel had started well on her way Admiral

Fullerton hurriedly came to the side of the bridge and said to Captain Boxer, R.N.:

"THE QUEEN SAYS, 'NOTHING COULD BE NICER,'"

—of course alluding to the perfect arrangements. As the stately royal steamer (with the Trinity flag at the fore and the Royal Standard at the main) glided away, the fishermen and the crowds on shore sent up a ringing cheer, whilst innumerable handkerchiefs fluttered in the brilliant sunshine.

The bells, too, proclaimed, in their sweet way, a joyful au revoir. The Calais-Douvres was now steaming along grandly, with the torpedo destroyers on either side, each of the curious low-lying vessels flying the Union Jack at the bow. The vessels ran into the bank of haze, and were soon lost to sight. Thus the Queen left our shores. It was a sight that old and young, rich and poor, will ever remember with feelings of joy, and I cannot close this article without congratulating the South-Eastern officials, who were responsible for carrying out all the arrangements, and in this connection I may mention the name of Mr. Alfred Willis, who has laboured incessantly to bring about a good result. When the Queen stepped on board the vessel, after that fine run of 99 miles, there were not a few that congratulated Mr. Willis and his loyal colleague, Mr. Sheath, on this railway triumph—for it was a triumph in many ways. This was the first occasion upon which Her Majesty had ever left England in the vessel of a private company. The port of Folkestone is rightly proud of the honour that has befallen it, and we will all hope and trust that from this day a new era of prosperity will be secured for the town. I should add that Captain Davies and Captain Payne were each presented by Her Majesty with a breast pin as a souvenir of the crossing. These practical marks of royal favour were of enamel and gold, surmounted by a crown.

THE PRESENTATION BOUQUETS.

The following is a description of the bouquet presented by Miss Salter to the Queen:—Cattleya crispa, Denarobium Jamiesiana, Odontoglossum Rossii Major, General Jacquiminot roses, Catherine Mermets, and lilies of the valley, with spray of asparagus fern.

The bouquet presented to Her Majesty by Sir Edward Sassoon, consisted of Denarobium and Cattleya orchids, Catherine Mermet roses, lilies of the valley, and asparagus fern.

CALAIS-DOUVRES DECORATIONS.

In connection with the Queen's journey, it may be interesting to know the preparations which have been made locally. A new state cabin had been built on the upper deck of the royal mail steamer Calais-Douvres, as also a specially arranged sloping gangway from the paddle box to the door of this cabin, so that Her Majesty could be wheeled from the saloon carriage on to a receiving platform leading to the gangway in the steamer, and so into the cabin without leaving her wheel chair. This cabin, fitted up with every convenience, was decorated in white enamel, and the walls hung with cretonne of an apple-green ground, with floriated stripes in a creamy white. The floor, covered with a Brussels carpet, and the windows with dark green morocco pulls, were screened by green silk spring blinds with plated fitting, and the doorways hidden under embroidered Oriental portieres. The furniture for the cabin is a suite of favourite chairs which always accompany Her Majesty in her journeyings. The ordinary state cabin in the main deck had also been entirely re-decorated in white enamel, the upholstery remade and added to, and covered in a pretty cretonne of daffodil pattern in shades of cotta pink, and the windows with the same material; and, as may be gathered, these apartments presented a refreshing and withall a cosy appearance, devoid of ostentation. The structural and decorative work has been carried out by the railway authorities' own artisans, whilst the upholstery work has been done by Her Majesty's upholsterers at Dover, Messrs. Flashman and Co.

THE MAYOR'S CELEBRATION BANQUET.

This historic event took place immediately after the departure of Her Majesty. The Mayor (Alderman Salter) presided, and was supported by his Chaplain (the Rev. Erskine Knollys), Sir Edward Sassoon, M.P., H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck (A.D.C.), Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle, K.C.B., Major-General Hallam Parr, C.B., Captain Everett (A.D.C.), Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, M.P. (Chairman South-Eastern Railway), Mr. Gathorne Hardy (Deputy Chairman S.E. Railway), Captain Boxer, R.N., Earl Cawdor (Chairman Great Western Railway), Mr. Wilkinson (Great Western Railway), Mr. W. H. Waister (Locomotive Superintendent, Great Western Railway), Mr. T. J. Allen (Superintendent of Great Western Railway line). Mr. Alderman Spurgen, Mr. Alderman Banks, Mr. Alderman Pledge; Councillors Carpenter, Jones, Peden, Tolputt, Jenner, Vaughan, Payer, Dunk, Bishop; Mr. A. F. Kidson

(Town Clerk), Mr. H. B. Bradley (Clerk to the Justices), Mr. A. H. Gardner, Mr. John Taylor (Superintendent of Borough Police), Mr. W. G. Glanfield ("Folkestone Herald"), Mr. Nelson Smart ("Express"), and representatives of the "Daily Telegraph," Standard," "Daily Graphic," etc.

[Sir Philip Sassoon, Bart., M.P. for the Borough of Hythe. (*See Page* 136).

Address presented to M. Paul Cambon (French Ambassador) on the occasion of his laying the Final Stone of the New Pier, July, 1904.

Burgess] Field Marshall Earl Roberts at the opening of the "Eddy Wood" Institute, Shorncliffe, October 28th, 1901. [*Folkestone*

Arrival of Ladysmith Heroes at Sandgate Station. (*See Page* 110).

HOME FROM THE WAR.

THE ACTIVE SERVICE COMPANY OF 5th BATT. "THE BUFFS."

MEMORABLE SCENES AT SOUTHAMPTON.

A TRIUMPHAL TRAIN JOURNEY WITH THE "BOYS."

At short notice I was despatched to Southampton to meet the little band of local heroes which, under Captain (now Lieut.-Colonel) Gosling, represented Folkestone's patriotism in the Boer War. The arrival of the "Avondale Castle" at the Empress Dock and the journey homeward through Hampshire, London and Kent, was accompanied by such stirring scenes that I print the account I wrote at the time. On the score of local patriotism alone a record such as this should be preserved. I was the only Folkestonian on the dockside to meet "our boys," and my experiences on that occasion will only end with life. Here is the account then which appeared in the "Herald" on June 15th, 1901:—

ARRIVAL OF THE AVONDALE CASTLE.

Overnight I had made arrangements for a "wire" to be sent from Hurst Castle apprising me of the passing of the ship, but through some mischance this did not arrive. The sea's delays and surprises are proverbial. Having this in mind I was the more determined to leave nothing to chance. Accordingly I was on the quay of Southampton Dock between four and five a.m. The golden orb of day had already chased away "the roseate hues of dawn." Still as a lake was the glistening water, and a pleasure it was to breathe the sweet air of early morn. Numbers of people, including several smartly-dressed ladies, carrying parasols at this hour, were now making their way to the quayside. The moorings were all in readiness. Word went round that the Avondale Castle was at her anchorage some distance off. Eyes peered out towards the wide mouth of the river. Several little craft could be seen, but overshadowing these was the dimly-discerned form of a large steamer. That proved to be the great liner. Her 6,000 miles journey was all but completed. The dock tug Ajax (a cheeky-looking little craft) silently crept out for the purpose of towing in the Avondale. At the dock-head

signals were run up indicating that the vessel might enter. We knew now that she had left her anchorage, and that that there would be no more stoppages. Gradually the dim form in the distance took shape. Now

THE GREAT WHITE HULL OF A STEAMER WITH FOUR MASTS AND A RED FUNNEL,

burst clearly upon the view. It became the principal object in a beautiful piceure. Almost imperceptibly the Avondale Castle steamed onward towards us, her graceful lines standing out grandly. The sun, more brilliant than a couple of hours ago, added to the glory of the scene. So near to us now was the vessel that we could hear the throbbing of the ship's propellers. Ah! there were other throbbings, too, just now—the throbbing of human hearts. A white-haired man and his wife stood near me. Poor old fellow, he turned his head away and completely broke down, weeping like a child. "I hope he's safe, my son! my son!" His wife and I whispered to him, and the old chap regained somewhat of his composure. He had heard of the seven deaths on the Mongolian (a vessel that had arrived from South Africa on the previous night), and the strain of uncertainty was too great for him. There were others, too, who could not bear the tension. Little need to wonder at it. These were supreme moments, and strong emotions had their sway. On comes the grand and stately ship, the little tug at her bow appearing as a toy boat. Fringing the rails of the bulwarks, on the upper decks, in the riggings, a mass of khaki-colour could be seen. Nearer and nearer the ship comes onward. Now for a moment she is lost to view as she is navigated through the regulation approach. We hear a great roar of cheering. This proceeded from the 700 men on the Mongolian. An answering cheer from the Avondale Castle came promptly. The tug is now rounding the dock head, but oh! so slowly. "Why don't they come along quicker," exclaimed one lady. "This is tantalising," remarked another. The liner by this time has entered the dock basin, her huge bows standing thirty feet or more out of the water. We can now discern that what appeared a few moments ago to be a dull inanimate mass of brown or khaki is alive with human faces, but the features cannot yet be discerned. The excitement on board and on the Ocean Quay was now intense. High on the promenade deck of the Avondale Castle stood the whole of the buglers attached to the troops. With sudden and dramatic effect these sent out their

NOTE OF JOY ON THE STILL MORNING AIR.

There was no band on board, but the shrill note of the bugle under the circumstances was perhaps more appropriate than the richest harmony. Two tiny tugs, one at either end, now pushed the great ship towards her moorings. At last we commenced to recognise those on board. What a sight is this we now gaze upon! Thirteen hundred human faces illumined with joy, that dear old England's shores had been reached once more.

"No more the foe can harm;
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp."

The Avondale Castle, with her precious living freight, is now moored. Greetings are exchanged between husband and wife, mother, son, and sweethearts. With the rest of human kind, I have often gazed on the hot tears of grief, but never did I see such tears of joy as on this bright June morning. It was my pleasure to know that the grey-headed old man I previously alluded to had the pleasure of greeting his son, and that the officer in charge allowed him to travel to Aldershot in the troop train. You would now hear such questions as this from the crowd: "Is Jack so-and-so on board," and the answer would probably come back, "Yes, he's all right." And then there would probably be a fervent "Thank God." Ladies waved their handkerchiefs or kissed their hands, men shouted, and some fairly danced with joy when they were assured their friends were safe on board. This was a really moving scene that I witnessed on Sunday morning, when Folkestone was probably as yet asleep. And now for "our boys." I had some little difficulty in picking them out, but success at last rewarded my efforts. There they sat in a group high up in the forepart of the vessel. As I was the only Folkestonian on the scene, needless to state, there was a hearty recognition on both sides. When it became possible it was with them all "Give us your fist, old man." I did, and thought it would almost have been shaken off. On behalf of the "Folkestone Herald" readers,

I WELCOMED OUR BRAVE LADS HOME.

It was with the idea of providing our gallant "Buffs" with the latest local news that I took down to Southampton a supply of the "Folkestone Herald," containing the particulars of the home-coming festivities. I threw copies aboard the vessel, and sent one to Captain Gosling (who was now on another part of the ship) with my card. Needless to state, the

contents of the "Herald" were eagerly devoured. It was some time before the troops were allowed to walk ashore. In the meantime I had the pleasure of waving a welcome to Captain Gosling, who was standing on the bridge. The gallant officer appeared bronzed, in the pink of condition, and every inch a soldier. There were a few spare moments at my disposal, and interpreting the wishes (as I found afterwards) of the boys, I despatched a few telegrams to Folkestone announcing the safe arrival of the ship. Now the process of disembarkation commeneed, and a sight it was to watch the khaki-clad warriors file through the two gangways to the disembarkation shed (a vast wooden building). Here, for a time, the scene baffled description. Such welcoming and rejoicing had not been seen for many a day. All counties were represented, not forgetting Ireland and Scotland. In an incredibly short time mountains of baggage were piled up. The great place resounded with the hum of animated conversation and laughter; pet cockatoos screeched and monkeys chattered. Curios by the score appeared on the scene. Zulu shields and spears, the graceful horns of some South African animal, curiously wrought bird cages—all these were mixed up in delightful confusion. Colonel Stacpoole, the disembarkation officer, calmly surveyed the scene. His marvellous organising powers in regard to the handling of returning or departing troops have become famous throughout the world. The gallant officer lifts his finger and order at once appears to emerge from chaos. Everything is worked here with mathematical precision. Just now

I WAS DELIGHTED TO GRASP CAPTAIN GOSLING BY THE HAND.

The gallant officer is in capital spirits. In the brief conversation I enjoyed with him, he said, referring to his men: "Well, all they do for them in Folkestone will not be too much. They deserve every consideration. A better lot of fellows do not exist." From all I heard subsequently and from an independent source, Captain Gosling has every reason to be proud of his lads. Now the sharp word of command is heard. A long train runs into the building, and in a few moments the first section of the 1,300 returned troops steam out of the building, the remaining men giving a ringing cheer to their departing comrades. At length another empty train runs in, and over some of the carriage doors is the magic word "Canterbury." Into these our brave boys enter, and through a special favour of the military authorities I was allowed to accompany them on what proved to be a memorable journey. Out of Southampton we steamed to

the accompaniment of ringing cheers. Stifling hot was the day, and the carriage like an oven. The boys, however, remarked it was beautifully cool. A nice little lot we were, and, following the general example, I took off my coat and rolled up my sleeves. Now we had reached the open country, and "Doctor" Pemble (who has done splendid hospital work both at the front and on the voyage home) remarked: "I can't make it out. It seems too good to be true, after the many disappointments we have had. It seems impossible to be in old England again." The others agreed that it could scarcely be realised. And as the train sped along what a glorious scene was unfolded before us. Nature could not have painted a fairer picture. Earth, air, and sky appeared to have combined to produce a charming effect.

IN PLACE OF THE BURNT-UP VELDT,

and the bare precipitous kopje, there spread out before our gaze the green meadow lands carpeted with myriad wild flowers or the grand stretch of woodland scenery through which the sparkling river meandered slowly towards the ocean. For many months past the sweet note of the singing bird had not fallen upon the ear of these lads, but on this fair day the larks, soaring towards the blue vault of heaven, were warbling out their glorious trill. One of the khaki passengers remarked: "The very sight of these green fields is much better than a draught of South African water." "You're right, there," remarked the "doctor." And so our journey passed pleasantly enough. I heard stories of the war that do not appear in newspapers; I heard of a wonderful devotion to Captain Gosling; I heard the boys speak of him as being both a soldier and man. Out came some curious Dutch pipes and English tobacco; out came the fags (cigarettes), and we puffed away and yarned. I had to supply the history of Folkestone for the past twelvemonth or more, for there was a real thirst for news. Anxiously the men enquired after the Deputy Mayor, Mr. Councillor Carpenter (now deceased), who sent them off in such splendid style. They were grieved to learn that the senator had not been in the best of health. We are now rapidly running through the most picturesque parts of Hampshire, and lovely scenes of English summer beauty change with almost startling rapidity. Over yonder, on the hill-slope, in a setting of emerald green, a newly ploughed field is discerned. For all the world the colour of the soil might be described as khaki. One of the lads, with a keen sense of observation, pointed to this, and said:

"YOU SEE THAT FIELD? WELL, THERE'S AFRICA.

Dull brown, without a tree or shrub, a d this, perhaps, for hundreds of miles." All the lads agreed that this was a correct description of the land they had left behind. What need to wonder, then, that at intervals during the journey they sang for joy. After a brief stay at a junction, the train ran on to Winchester. Here was assembled a great crowd, soldiers with a band standing on the platform. These were waiting for a contingent of returned heroes that were to follow in another train. On we travelled towards London. A dream of beauty burst upon us. We pass through Twickenham and Staines, and the Thames below, glittering as a winding thread of silver beneath the thick foliage on the river banks, was a glorious sight indeed. In a few minutes the training is running through the outskirts of London. Many people in the streets cheer; the children wave flags; and some tantalise the men by holding up a jug of foaming English beer. By this time we had been pent up in an oven of a carriage for close upon four hours, and the sight of "John Barleycorn" (the taste of which was all but forgotten by my friends) was torture indeed. Now we run into Waterloo Station. Here was indeed an inspiring spectacle. The platforms of the great terminus were literally packed with thousands of people. Above and over the rail-tracks the iron bridge was packed alive with human kind. As our train slowed down, this mighty throng burst into a roar of cheering, which nearly drowned the touching strains of "Home, Sweet Home," played by the splendid band of the London Fusiliers. In our train was a detachment of this famous corps, and that was the meaning of the demonstration. When the London soldiers had detrained, the crowd once more gave vent to its feelings. Cheer upon cheer rent the sultry air of the station, and flags waved in pretty confusion. All the ranks of the Fusiliers had gathered to meet their comrades, and volunteers from other corps, grizzled veterans, sweethearts, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, brothers, sisters —all were there on this summer's afternoon to offer welcomes to their kith and kin. Do you think our Kentish lads were behind with their tribute to comrades-in-arms? No, not a bit of it. There was a ten minutes' stop here for a change of engines, and taking advantage of this, the "Buffs" had a stretch on the platform, and taking the cue from Captain Gosling, they cheered as only Kentish men can cheer, as the gay Fusiliers, headed by bands, marched out of the station. This was indeed

A MOVING SPECTACLE, AND ONE WE SHALL ALL REMEMBER.

"Time's up," shouted the guards, and now we

start on the concluding stage of the journey, crowds of people cheering as the train ru s on to the South Eastern system. A short interval elapses, and we are again gliding along, soon passing the unique beauties of Chistlehurst. As in turn the trailing hops were noted, the rich meadow land, the hedgerows sprinkled with flowers, the tiny villages nestling amongst the trees, or rosy-cheeked children waving their hands, "The Buffs" almost as one man exclaimed: "This is Kent. There is no mistake about that." The train now pulled up in front of a large red flag fixed to two uprights across the line. There was a long wait, and some of the lads jumped out of the carriages and gathered a few flowers on the adjoining banks. They were almost childish with glee. At last the danger signal was removed, and we made another start, a number of platelayers, who were repairing the line, giving a ringing cheer. Staplehurst, Headcorn, Marden, all gave us a cheer as we passed through, but Ashford was apparently enjoying an afternoon nap. There appeared on the platform a yawning porter, together with a woman and a little girl. The former was very demonstrative in her welcome, handing at the same time a half-quartern bottle of whisky to one of the returning heroes. Ashford missed a chance. In a moment or two we were running on to Canterbury, and after "slowing up" several times, we reached the Cathedral City about 4.30, having been nearly seven hours on the 160 mile journey. All Canterbury appeared to be out of doors—a contrast to Ashford. The boys immediately detrained to the tune of a roar of cheering. Local magnates (great and small) were ready with a welcome. The Mayor of Canterbury (Mr. Councillor Hart) was in his robes; the Town Clerk wore the proverbial wig and gown; military men in brilliant uniforms also swelled the throng. I also noted on the platform the Mayor of Folkestone, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. King, Acting-Captain Griffin, Surgeon-Captain Gilbert, Mr. B. Shaul, Mr. Clark, and other lesser lights. The Mayor of Canterbury made a speech which had the great merit of brevity. Captain Gosling called on his men to give three cheers in token of gratitude to

HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR OF CANTERBURY.

Then the station doors were opened, the boys in khaki emerged into the open, volley upon volley of cheering was let off by the crowd, the band of the battalion played vigorously, and then the procession made its way through a seething mass of excited human beings to the barracks. I took a short cut across the fields, and was amongst the first to receive the "boys" on the drill ground.

A brief inspection followed, and then the tired heroes were conducted to their sleeping quarters—and a picture of comfort they were. A wash-up, and then a sumptuous tea was served in the institute. The boys needed something in the shape of refreshment, for twelve hours had elapsed ere food or water had passed their lips, and seven hours of this time were spent in the bake-house of a train. Never mind. Not a murmur escaped their lips. Glad were they to be home in dear old Kent once more. And now my pleasurable task is completed. During my ten years' connection with the "Herald" I have witnessed many stirring scenes by land and sea, scenes destined to live in history, but never before have I experienced such thrilling moments as will for ever be associated with the home-coming of as brave and smart a set of young fellows as ever donned the uniform of our late beloved Queen and present King. May these lads live long and prosper in the land! When the shouting and the waving of flags is done with, let us still remember our duty to the lads, and see to it that they shall have no worry on the score of employment. If this is properly considered, then all this welcoming home will have a truer and deeper meaning. The Volunteers have done well. They have helped to save the old flag; they have shown that the bull-dog tenacity of the English race is still the same; they have proved themselves worthy of the trust reposed in them. And the Folkestone lads will be ready at the call of duty should occasion again arise.

"All he wants is just a chance to face the foe;
All he asks is just to get the word to go.
With a smile he'll march away eager for the fray,
We are proud of you to-day,
Volunteer!

FIRST NEWS AT FOLKESTONE.

As early at 7.53 on Sunday morning I handed in at the Southampton Post Office the following telegram to the Editor of the "Herald," which was received at Folkestone at 8.29 a.m.:—

"Vessel arrived. Indescribable scene of enthusiasm. Had pleasure of being first to greet Captain Gosling and his brave lads. I am returning with Company by special train to London and Canterbury.—Felix."

Interpreting the wishes of Captain Gosling, who was detained for some time by the pressure of military duties, I sent a telegram also to Mrs. Gosling, Folkestone, the esteemed mother of the gallant Captain, announcing the arrival of her son in the best of health and spirits. The

message was at once telephoned to the Mayoress (the Captain's sister), the Mayor (his brother-in-law), and to a large circle of anxious and interested friends, and at a later hour in the afternoon my telegram was handed to the Mayor at Shorncliffe Station as he was entering the 2.25 p.m. train for Canterbury, en route to meet Captain Gosling and his men on their arrival at 4 o'clock in the Cathedral City.

What occurred on the arrival of the "boys" in Folkestone is still fresh in the memory, and I am content in this respect to let the pictures of the reception tell their own story.

"'TWAS ON TRAFALGAR'S DAY."

MY VISIT TO NELSON'S FLAGSHIP, "THE VICTORY."

I had been spending two or three days at Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, and the period of my visit happily coincided with the anniversary of the day when Britain established her supremacy of the ocean. I will not quote the whole of the article written descriptive of the visit, but content myself with that part having to do with a tour of inspection of the famous three decker, which is such a feature in the magnificent harbour of Portsmouth. This, then, is my "Nelson" article:—

. . "But beyond and above all the thousand and one attractions of this truly wonderful port is that jewel amongst all the vessels of the world, the "Victory," where shines with undimmed splendour the spirit of the immortal Nelson. It is now Sunday morning, and refreshed with a good night's rest, I was out and about early. The sun shone brightly, and just sufficiently neutralized a cutting wind. By a strange coincidence, it was the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar. There the "Victory" lay, peacefully enough, at anchor in yonder harbour. Bands were sounding in all directions, and clean, prim, and well set-up contingents of soldiers were marching to various places of worship. The deep and distant boom of the Town Hall clock was just striking the hour of nine as I was strolling on the Hard. It was here that a waterman accosted me with "A boat, sir? It's Nelson's day. Wont you let me row you off to the 'Victory'?" I did not want much persuasion, for that was my intention. In a few minutes our little boat was skimming over the water in the direction of the famous three-decker. My waterman was very communicative, and for my edification, he gave a nut-shell history of Nelson's life. The narrative was exceedingly racy, and the old salt added: "Ask a Frenchman if he would like to go on board the 'Victory.' If they can understand you, then, oh! dear." Here we are at he bottom of the "Victory's" "stairs," and, mounting these, I was soon on deck. "You're early, sir," remarked the courteous marine, as he requested me to enter my name in the visitors' book. Nothing could have suited me better. From the towering masts above there fluttered

gaily in the breeze many coloured flags. It was an exact replica of the famous signal: "England expects that every man this day will do his duty." On the yards and masts, too, were evergreens. One of the gallant sailors conducted me over the ship. On the main deck was fixed a small piece of the original deck. It was inscribed "Here Nelson fell." This was surrounded with a wreath of laurels. Everyone on board either bared his head or saluted. "Breathes there an Englishman with soul so dead," who, on such a day and at such a moment, could resist a feeling of deep reverence, as, gazing on that little square of very ordinary wood, with its temporary decoration of evergreens—

> "But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
> Whose leaves are watered by a nation's tears."

My custodian pointed out the many interesting features of interest in the ship. Of course, it is well known that the first and second decks have been replaced owing to the wood having decayed, but the lower or orlop deck, remains in its original state. This is the famous cockpit where the hero breathed his last. This, at the time of Trafalgar, was below the water line. Now, however, the vessel has been lightened, the port-holes look out on to the water immediately below. In Nelson's day this was lighted with lanterns, and grim, indeed, with its low roof, must this have appeared on that memorable October 21st. Imagination comes to aid here. We think of the roar of the battle, and the tremendous issues depending upon it. "The cockpit was crowded with wounded, and with difficulty he (Nelson) was borne to a place on the portside at the foremost end of it, and placed on a purser's bed, with his back resting against one of the wooden knees of the ship." That "wooden knee" bears the inscription: "Here Nelson died." This was also decorated for the day. So sacred is this little place held in estimation that it is railed round with iron. Every schoolboy knows the story by heart, but once more it may be repeated, as it will be repeated in generations to come:—"By 4.30 p.m. the action was over, and victory was reported to Nelson just before his death. We left him in the cockpit, where he was attended by Dr. Scott, the chaplain, and Mr. Burke, the pursuer. He had sent the doctor away to attend to the other wounded, and lay in great agony, fanned with paper by those two officers, and giving his last directions as to those he loved; but ever and anon, interrupted by the cheers of the 'Victory's' crew, he would ask the cause, and being told it was a fresh enemy's ship that had struck her flag, his eye would flash

as he expressed his satisfaction. He frequently asked for Captain Hardy, and that officer not being able to leave the deck, his anxiety for his safety became excessive, and he repeated: 'He must be willed; he is surely destroyed.' An hour had elapsed before Hardy was able to come to him, when they shook hands, and the Admiral asked—'How goes the day with us?' 'Very well, my lord,' was the reply; 'we have about 12 of the enemy in our possession'. Captain Hardy again visited him in about another hour, and, holding his lordship's hand, congratulated him on a brilliant victory, saying he was certain that 14 ships had surrendered. 'That is well,' he answered, 'but I bargained for 20.' Then, Hardy having again to go on deck, Nelson, after emphatically telling him to anchor, and declaring his intention to direct the fleet as long as life remained, said, 'Kiss me, Hardy,' the Captain knelt down and kissed him, when he said: 'Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty.' Twenty minutes later he quietly passed away." On this peaceful Sunday morning, with hardly a sound to break the silence, imagination had its play. Once more the cockpit was crowded. Without was once more the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry, the hoarse shouts of command, cursing of the sailors, crash of falling masts and spars. All around were surgeons at their grim work, with the aid of dim lanterns. The groans and despair of the dying also fell upon my ear, and there, in the corner, under these circumstances, laid the immortal hero—unselfish to the last.

"Heaven fights upon our side,
The day's ours, he cried;
Now long enough I've lived,
In honour's cause my life was past,
In honour's cause, I die at last,
For England, home, and beauty."

Turning away from this deck, I visited the newly-opened Nelson Museum, which is filled with many relics of the hero, including autograph letters, portraits, a magnificent picture of the death of Nelson, painted by Devis, and framed from the oaken timbers of the "Victory," besides many other items contributed by many generous admirers of the great sea hero. The condition of one of the "Victory's" topsails, literally riddled with shot holes, attests more plainly than any words the nature of the fire that she had to face as she slowly bore down to break the enemy's line. After noting the state barge in which the remains of Nelson were borne from Greenwich to Whitehall, and inspecting the guns, cannon balls, and muskets of other days, I enjoyed a pipe with several sailors on the

main deck. It appeared that on the next Tuesday about 300 children from the Seamen and Mariners' Orphan School were to be entertained to tea on the vessel." Yes, these youngsters have a regular 'dust up' once a year. They have the run of the vessel. We erect swings, magic lantern entertainments, and music, singing, and horn-pipes, all have a place in the programme, and everything is done to make them remember the name of Nelson." I spent a most pleasant hour here, and taking leave of the sailors, my "jolly young waterman" rowed me back to the landing.

SANDGATE'S WELCOME TO THE LADYSMITH HEROES.

STIRRING AND PATHETIC SCENES—THE RECEPTION AT THE BEACH ROCKS CONVALESCENT HOME—AFTER FOUR MONTHS SIEGE AND 6,000 MILES SEA JOURNEY, THERE IS REST AT LAST!

APRIL 23RD, 1900.

"There's a land, a dear land, where the rights of the free,
Though firm as the earth, are as wide as the sea;
Where the primroses bloom, and the nightingales sing,
And the honest poor man is as good as a king.
Show'ry! Flow'ry! Cheerful! Tearful!
England, wave guarded, and green to the shore!
West land! Best land! Thy land! My land!
Glory be with her, and peace evermore."

CHARLES MACKAY.

Sandgate—that excellent little Kentish town—nestling under the tree-clad hills, and standing as it does on the very verge of the sea—has not only done itself honour, but also the British Isles and the Empire at large. The District Council, over which Lieut.-Colonel Fynmore so well presides, rightly interpreted the wishes of the inhabitants when it decided to accord a popular welcome to a band of heroes who have faced death by day and night in sorely-pressed Ladysmith—a band of heroes whose thrilling deeds, splendid daring, and indomitable pluck, will only be forgotten when lips cease to lisp the Anglo-Saxon tongue. All honour, I say, to Sandgate for its hearty home-coming welcome to our brave and noble soldiers! Other towns have had their enthusiastic send-offs, but it has been left to our neighbours to initiate the first popular public reception of our returning soldiers. Portsmouth did its duty in regard to the crew of H.M.S. Powerful, and Sandgate has said ditto to the sister branch of the service.

Monday morning dawned, and soon news came that the vessel with the troops had arrived at Southampton. It was now only a question of a few hours. About ten o'clock it was notified in a special order from Shorncliffe Camp that the wounded and invalid men would reach Sandgate about 5 p.m. This news was telephoned far and near, and soon the streets were packed. Additional flags were soon unfurled, and more festoons fluttered across the thoroughfares. At the Coastguard Station Chief Officer Onslow and his

"handy men" were busy putting in their share towards welcoming home the heroes who had faced death, disease, and privation with the noble fellows of H.M.S. Powerful. Up the flagstaff of the station were hauled up the signal flags, and these, according to the commercial code, read "Welcome." Chief Officer Onslow and the fine, sturdy fellows under his charge did well, as they always do. I must just say a general word as to the decorations. It was St. George's Day, and every other person sported a rose. Appropriately over the Castle, too, fluttered the flag of the patron Saint. Chichester Villas, on the hill, were aflame with patriotism, and so, too, were the pretty little cottages a few yards away. Sandgate Schools had not forgotten that the hour had come, for in addition to flying a Union Jack at the mast head, all the scholars rejoiced in a half-day's holiday, and there is no doubt the chorus of the old song of the American Civil War would have just interpreted their young feelings—

> The men will sing, the boys will shout,
> The ladies gay will all turn out,
> And we'll all feel gay when Tommy comes marching home.

To attempt to detail the decorations would be too much of a task, but I might say that in almost every cottage there appeared some outward manifestation of joy. Commencing at the Duke of York, with its festoons of bunting over the roadway to Enbrook Lodge, there were all manner of devices and mottoes, the principal of which were eloquent with the one word "Welcome." It would almost be invidious to single out any particular decoration for special praise, where all had done so well. Exception, however, must be made in a few cases. Over the Council Chamber floated the Union Jack, and Mr. Bowles, Sandgate's popular Surveyor, appeared very proud of that fact, for he directed my attention to that symbol of England's power with apparent satisfaction. Sussex House was a blaze of colour, so, too, were Farleigh House and other residences in the immediate neighbourhood. Wellington Terrace came out grandly, most of the tenants of the houses appearing to have gone in for a little friendly competition. A little cottage on the side of Sunnyside Hill was conspicuous in its festive dress. Nelson and Portland Villas come out splendidly. Gloucester Terrace did its full share in the voluntary work. Although partially hidden from view, the rainbow of flags at Varne View did not escape the general attention. Shorncliffe and Valentine Villas, Littlebourne Lodge, and the Homestead, all were very prettily and effectively

decorated. During the interval of waiting for the train, I had time to run into the Beach Rocks Convalescent Home, where the invalids are now located. Although closed to the general public, the presentation of my card was sufficient to procure for me a very hearty welcome from the officer in charge, Surgeon-Captain R. Howell, R.A.M.C. I have to thank this gallant gentleman for the courtesy and help extended to me on this occasion. Although "up to his eyes in work," he nevertheless found time to conduct me round the building. It is a perfect picture of cleanliness, and well adapted for its present use. With pardonable pride, Captain Howell directed my attention to the spacious dining hall—light, airy, and with a fine view of the sea. On Sunday afternoon Major-General Hallam Parr and his aide-de-camp, Lieut. Tringham (3rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers), visited the Home, and after making a minute inspection, expressed himself highly pleased with all that came before his notice. Mrs. Hallam Parr and other ladies also tastefully adorned the tables of the dining hall with the choicest flowers, some of which had been sent by the late Lady Sassoon. The Duke of Abercorn, who has taken a deep interest in all the arrangements, also sent a supply of games, etc., whilst a Folkestone lady has provided a liberal quantity of stationery and reading matter. The scene now changes to the Sandgate Railway Station. It is nearing four o'clock, and the crowd thickens. On the platform I note several familiar faces. Major-General Hallam-Parr (Commandant of Shorncliffe) is there, attended by his aide-de-camp. Several other distinguished officers were also present, and the Sandgate District Council was in waiting with the following address:—

"To the Officer Commanding and the members of Her Majesty's Forces returned invalided from the war in South Africa.

We, the District Council of the Urban District of Sandgate, in the County of Kent, desire upon the occasion of your return to this country, and upon taking up your residence within the district of Sandgate to extend to you on behalf of ourselves and of the inhabitants of the town, whom we have the honour to represent, a hearty welcome, and to express the hope that you may by the blessing of God be speedily restored to complete health and strength, and that you may otherwise feel the benefit of your sojourn amongst us, feeling, as we do, that every man has, to the best of his ability, carried out his duties in distant lands for the honour of his Queen and country, and the upholding of the integrity of the vast Empire to which we all have the honour to belong.

"Given under the common seal of the Urban District Council, by virtue of a resolution passed at a meeting held on the 20th day of April, one thousand, nine hundred.

"RICHARD JOHN FYNMORE,

"Chairman."

CHEERS FROM BRITISH THROATS.

The late Alderman H. T. Cobay and Alderman J. J. Jeal were also in evidence, the latter with several boxes of the right sort of cigars for distribution amongst the "gentlemen in khaki." There was no band to welcome the heroes, but instead the music of three very hearty cheers as can only proceed from British throats. The Commandant of Shorncliffe and his brother officers at once proceeded to welcome the men, who were under the charge of Capt. Surgeon Milner, R.A.M.C. All told they numbered 115 rank and file. Poor fellows! Well might they excite compassion and pity. All of them bore evidence of their dreadful experiences. Their complexions had assumed a deep yellow hue, with eyes sunken in their sockets. The rank and file had now detrained. Some were assisted to walk; others hobbled on sticks or dragged their weary limbs along. One poor fellow of the King's Royal Rifle Corps had lost one eye at Spion Kop; others had their heads in bandages, or were suffering from other injuries or severe weakness. No need to dwell on this sad feature of the occasion. There they stood—those noble heroes war and travel stained, and very weary. Never mind! After four months' seige, with Death in its many forms ever before them, and enduring a 6,000 miles journey over sea and land, here they were at rest and peace at last in one of the prettiest towns of the Garden of England. The sight before their eyes was calculated to make them forget all the horrors and miseries of the past few months. It was a glorious April afternoon. Around them on the green hillsides (near the station) the golden gorse was gleaming. There were there, too, thousands of happy British men, women, and children—their hearts aglow with compassion and loving sympathy. No whistling bullet or whirring shell were there, but instead the sweet notes of the feathered tribe in the surrounding copses. Out yonder the sea was of that blue which defies the painters' brush. Such, then, was something of the scene that these gazed upon, and if their lips did not give it utterance, they one and all must have felt the force of the words—

"This is my own, my native land."

THE FINALE.

The men were now conducted to the conveyances in waiting, and their progress onward was a triumphal one. On the arrival of our heroes at Beach Rocks, a vast crowd had posted themselves at the front entrance, and there was some difficulty in keeping the crush within bounds. On entering the establishment, they were received by Capt. Howell and staff, who speedily conducted them to their wards, where a rapid transformation took place, each man changing his field garments for a new suit of flannel, shirts, socks, slippers, and in less than half-an-hour they were all "at home." A good dinner awaited them, to which after their long journey from Southampton, they did ample justice. Beer was provided, and milk for the temperance men. The Matron and Assistant Matron were untiring in their efforts to render any assistance to the men at table. Referring to these, one poor fellow was heard to remark to his comrade—"I say, Jim, if them two stout ladies had been shut up in Ladysmith with us, they wouldn't have come out as big as they are now." After dinner the men were examined by Dr. Craig. Some went early to bed, whilst others enjoyed their pipe in the recreation room. The Medical Officer in charge, Lieut.-Colonel Dwyer, R.A.M.C., and the Senior Medical Officer, under whose direction all the medical arrangements were carried out, deserve great credit, as everything went off without a hitch. A word of praise is due to Mr. Councillor O. H. Smith, who did such excellent service in securing a few extra luxuries such as pipes, tobacco, cigarettes, etc., for the returning heroes.

HOW A SHELL FISH MADE THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

The articles, "The Collector at the Seaside," which once appeared in "The Herald" week by week, from the pen of Mr. F. W. Burgess, afforded considerable pleasure to a large number of readers. In his latest contribution the writer refers, amongst other things, to the piddock—one of a type of boring shell-fish—which is often found embedded in chalk into which it has bored with wonderful skill and persistency. Indeed, some cliffs become honeycombed with the borings of this small but marvellous shell fish. Mr. Burgess's remarks have quickened my interest in a series of charming articles which appeared several years ago, entitled "The Shore in Winter," by that fascinating writer, Theodore Wood. This is what he has to say of the piddock:—"A simple white shell, fragile and unpretending, with little in its appearance to single it out from shells in general. Not beautiful as we generally interpret that word, scarcely ever elegant; yet on that shell has turned the modern history of Europe; and every naturalist knows that its influence is not yet at an end."

THE PIDDOCK AND THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

"Does this appear an unwarrantable assertion?" asks Mr. Wood. "It is a very true one. But for the piddock, a mere mollusc, such as inhabited the cast-off shell before us, Europe as we know it now, would not exist. There would be no Straits of Dover, no 'silver streak' separating us from the mainland. . . . Geologists tell us, and offer indisputable evidence in support of their statement that once the Channel did not exist; that it has been opened almost within historic times; and that we behold in this great inroad of the sea merely a prelude of that which is to come. But this mighty work has been the outcome of more influences than one. The sea has washed away the chalk, no doubt, but the piddock first honeycombed that chalk with its burrows, and enabled the water to perform a task, which, unassisted, it could not even yet have accomplished. Let him who doubts this note the rapidity with which a piddock infested cliff is washed away, and the stability of that in which, all other conditions being equal, the mollusc is absent. Day by day, and year by

year, the piddock worked steadily on, and day by day, year by year, the sea completed the task which the mollusc had begun."

DESTRUCTION AND CONSTRUCTION.

"Tiny shell and mighty ocean—co-workers in the same cause, undoing what tiny shell and mighty ocean had done in the distant past, for that chalk, as the microscope tells us, is little more than a vast mass of infintesimal shells, each one of which was in its day a home and covering of a living being. . . . What is to be the influence of the piddock in the future? It is still labouring as steadily as ever, and the sea still completing its half-performed work. Is England, in the course of time to cease to be? Is Europe at last to sleep with lost Atlantis beneath the waves?" Thus do the common and often unobserved objects appeal to such writers as I have referred to. Of course, in regard to time we are dealing with probably millions of years, but if we recollect how the coral insect builds islands we can grasp the idea that Nature can be as destructive as she is constructive. What wonders then are around us on every hand!

THE CHANNEL'S NOTORIETY.

There is probably no stretch of water in the world more talked, written, and read about than the sea that washes the shores of Folkestone and Dover on one side, and Boulogne and Calais on the other. From Cæsar's days downwards it has claimed the attention of generations of men and women. Within our own period we can recall many things in this connection. There was, for instance, a craze on at one time to abolish sea sickness. Experimental steamers, "The Castilia," "The Bessemer," and the twin vessel, "The Calais Douvres," were built, and mal-de-mer was to be no more. Regarded by the majority of "old salts" as freaks, "failure" was the word written on their hulls. "The Castilia," which was designed to carry the cream of society between Dover and Calais, ended her days on the Thames ingloriously as a floating small pox hospital. Then the Straits tempted Sir Alfred Watkin to construct the Channel Tunnel. Works were started between here and Sandgatte on the opposite side. The entente cordiale did not exist in those days, and when the work had proceeded the Board of Trade, through the mouth of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, said "Stop." Then, too, there were the bold spirits who conceived the building of a Channel Bridge. The idea, however, was looked upon as one of the crack-brained order. This was followed by a proposal of

building gigantic ferry boats, which were to carry the Continental trains and passengers across. This is feasible, but the expense stands in the way. And then there have been swimmers galore, from Captain Matthew Webb to Holbein and Wolff. There was Captain Boyton, also, who paddled and floated across in a patent safety suit, which, although much advertised, was never adopted. Canoes, racing galleys, and row boats, the occupants of these have all been tempted one by one. And now at the moment of writing the Channel Tunnel is likely to become an accomplished fact.

MAKING OF THE RAILWAY BETWEEN FOLKESTONE AND DOVER.

The following will be of interest to many. It has to do with the making of the railway between Folkestone and Dover. An old handbook reports the matter as follows:—"A chalk cliff rose to a height of 375 feet above the level of the sea, and a passage had to be made in a direct line from Abbott's Cliff to Shakespeare Cliff. To tunnel it was impossible; to dig it down would have taken, it is said, 200 men two years, and at an expense of at least £15,000. To remove the obstacle, a mass of chalk 300 feet long and 375 feet high, with an average thickness of 70 feet, Mr. Cubitt determined to try the effect of gun powder by means of galvanism—one of the boldest attempts, probably, at the time, that the mind of man ever conceived. The explosion took place on January 26th, 1843. A great deal of anxiety had been manifested by various parties in consequence of the immense quantity of gunpowder used on the occasion, there being no less than ten tons of that destructive article employed. The sole management of this undertaking was vested in the person of General Pasley."

A GIGANTIC OPERATION.

The account goes on to state: "Three galleries, and three different shafts connected with them, were constructed in the cliff. The length of the galleries or passages was about 300 feet. At the bottom of each shaft was a chamber 11ft. long, 5ft. high, and 4ft. 6ins. wide. In each of the eastern and western chambers 5,000lbs. of gunpowder were placed, and in the centre chamber 7,500lbs., making in the whole 18,500lbs. The gunpowder was in bags placed in boxes. Loose powder was sprinkled over the bags, of which the mouths were opened, and the bursting charges were in the centre of the main charges. The distance of the charges from the face of the cliff was from 60 to 70 feet. It was calculated that the powder, before it could find a vent, must move 100,000 yards of chalk, or 200,000 tons. It was also confidently expected that it would move one million tons.

PREPARATIONS FOR IGNITION.

"At the back of the cliff a wooden shed was constructed, in which three electric batteries were erected. Each battery consisted of 18 Daniels' cylinders, and two common batteries of 20 plates each. To these batteries were attached wires, which communicated to the end of the charge by means of a very fine wire of platinum, which the electric fluid, as it passed over it, made red hot to fire the powder. The wires, covered with ropes, were spread on the grass to the top of the cliff, and then, falling over it, were carried to the eastern, the centre, and the western chambers. Lieut. Hutchinson, of the Royal Engineers, had the command of the three batteries, and it was arranged that when he fired the centre Mr. Hodges and Mr. Wright should simultaneously fire the eastern and western batteries.

THE EXPLOSION.

"Shortly after ten o'clock the Directors of the South Eastern Company, accompanied by Mr. Cubitt, the engineer, and several of their friends, proceeded from the Ship Inn through the new tunnel recently cut through the rock under the battery, which is also a tunnel in the railroad, to the Shakespeare tunnel, and thence to the foot of the cliff to be blasted down. Two o'clock came, and the general excitement amongst the great crowd became intense. At ten minutes past two Mr. Cubitt ordered the signal flag at the Directors' tent to be hoisted, and that was followed by the hoisting of the rest. A quarter of an hour soon passed in deep anxiety. Not a word was uttered. At exactly 2.26 p.m. a low, faint indistinct, indescribable, moaning, subterraneous rumble was heard, and immediately afterwards the bottom of the cliff began to bulge outwards, and then almost simultaneously about 500 feet of the summit began gradually, but rapidly, to sink, the earth on which the marquee was placed trembling sensibly under the shock.

SOME EFFECTS.

"There was no roaring explosion, no bursting out of fire, no violent crashing, splitting of rocks, and, comparatively speaking, very little smoke; for a proceeding of mighty and irrepressible force, it had little or nothing of the appearance of force. The rock seemed as if it had exchanged its solid for a fluid nature, for it glided like a stream into the sea, which was at a distance of about 100 yards—perhaps more—from its base, filling up

several large pools of water. The first exclamations which burst from every lip were: 'Splendid,' 'Beautiful.' The next were isolated cheers, followed by three times three general cheers, from the spectators, and then one cheer more. All were excited—all were delighted at the success of the experiment, and congratulations flowed on upon Mr. Cubitt for the magnificent manner in which he had carried his project into execution. Thus terminated an experiment which had been completely crowned with success." As Round Down was, or is, on the main Folkestone-Dover line, I thought many of my readers would read the above with some interest.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS STROLLING PLAYERS AT FOLKESTONE.

Did the immortal bard of Stratford-on-Avon ever make his bow before the villagers of Folkestone? The answer is in the affirmative if the following, which I recently dug up from a newspaper (July 11th, 1885) is correct:—

"An interesting discovery has been made that Shakespeare and his company of players, in May, 1609, and April, 1612, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, performed in Folkestone, Dover, Hythe, and New Romney, doubtless in the course of a professional tour. This fact has been brought to light by Mr. Halliwell Philips, who has written a book called 'Outlines of Shakespeare,' giving sketches of the poet and his times. He is now engaged in tracing the origin of the English Theatre generally, and its progress in London and elsewhere."

SHAKESPEARE'S FEE AT NEW ROMNEY.

The writer, pursuing his subject, gives us an insight in regard to the recognition of talent or genius in the far off days referred to, and when one considers the enormous sums paid to even a comic singer of repute in the 20th century, the contrast is great indeed. The extract continues thus:—

"Mr. Phillips went to New Romney to look over the Chamberlain's books of the old Corporation, for the purpose of seeing how the players were paid. The Chamberlain, it seems, paid Shakespeare for the performance the munificent sum of twenty shillings. It was only on one day, and took place at the Town Hall. The players did not go to Lydd. The Chamberlain's account at New Romney contains entries for centuries of payments made to strolling players, who were, it seems, rewarded by the Corporations in former days. The records of payments to Shakespeare's company are, therefore, distinctly traceable among others, as they are written in English."

Now I venture to consider this opens up a most interesting subject, and I trust lovers of Shakespeare will pursue the matter further. Where did the immortal bard perform in Folkestone? What was the play, and who were the players? Are there any references to the subject to our local official records?

AN EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT HYTHE.

Through the kindness of an old friend, I have come into possession of the following, which I think will be read with much interest:—

(Copy).

THE SWAN INN.

(1814).

Hythe, Sunday, 26th June, 1814.

The expected arrival of the Royal Visitors of Old England caused an assemblage of the most animated description at Hythe on Sunday. The houses were profusely decorated with oak boughs and laurels, and in several parts of the town, banners, flags, etc., were displayed. The Swan Inn was particularly distinguished for its appearance in this respect, and exhibited a very large flag, made purposely of white, with a blue cross—also a motto, alluding to the present joyous occasion environed by a wreath of oak with flags,etc. Thirty pairs of post-horses were provided by Mr. Knott, who had also placed under his direction several sets of the Artillery horses; and the promptitude with which the several carriages were forwarded from the Inn excited admiration, from the excellent arrangement it developed. His Majesty the King of Prussia, accompanied by his sons, in one of the royal carriages, arrived about half-past four, was loudly greeted, and proceeded in a few minutes without alighting.

The Emperor of Russia, accompanied by the Duchess of Oldenburgh, did not arrive till past eight. The town's people had made preparations for drawing his Majesty through the town, but the rapidity with which he travelled rendered their attempt fruitless. On arriving at the Swan Inn, the Emperor and the Duchess alighted from their travelling carriage, and were received by Richard Shipdem, Esq., Mayor, and a number of ladies and gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood. They remained about an hour, during which time they took refreshments of tea, coffee, etc. Mrs. Nicolay did the honors of the tables, assisted by the fair and accomplished daughter of William Deedes, Esq., of Sandling Park. His Majesty and the Duchess shook hands, conversed familiarly with many persons, and left the town about a quarter-past nine followed by the greetings of the people, to whom their free and affable deportment endeared them."

A NOTABLE M.P. FOR HYTHE.

THE LATE BARON MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD.

It was when Sir John Ramsden resigned in February, 1859, for the purpose of seeking a seat in the West Riding, that Baron Rothschild came forward. This, however, was not the first time, for in 1847 he nearly succeeded to the representation of this constituency. On the occasion under notice, however, the Baron meant business. He had several opponents, amongst them a Mr. James Wilde, but on nomination day the representative of the illustrious House of Rothschild was left in undisputed possession of the field. Thus the local poet of the day wrote:—

"The tocsin has sounded the signal for war,
Though a few "wild(e)' notes it did sound,
That the 'Campbells' are coming, but soon it did prove
That the clan could not keep to their ground.
For the Liberal banner so proudly did float,
With 'the ballot' inscribed on so neat,
But the sight of the flag made those candidates lag,
And they deemed it wise to retreat.
Then Folkestone and Hythe,
With other voters besides,
Proved they were unwilling to yield,
For the true men of Kent
On Reform thus were bent,
And left Rothschild the Lord of the Field."

The Baron, in the course of his printed address, said: "I am an advocate for the ballot and such an extension of the suffrage and redistribution of seats as will effectually secure a full, fair, and free representation of the people. I am by sympathy and from conviction an ardent supporter of the rights of conscience."

THE MAYOR OF HYTHE'S WELCOME TO THE BARON.

Mayor Rayner, of Hythe, at the nomination of the Baron, made a speech worthy of the occasion. It reads now like a dream. In the course of his remarks his Worship said it was nearly twelve years since (1847) that the Baron had offered himself as a candidate, and he nearly arrived at the winning post. Had he been returned at that time the House of Commons would not have been opened to him, but since then he (the Mayor) was glad to say that the last flag of intolerance had been torn from our glorious constitution. For eleven years had the battle been going on, and for eleven successive sessions had such a Bill (the Jewish Disabilities Bill)

been adopted in the House of Commons and refused in the House of Lords. However, victory had declared itself on the side of religious and civil liberty. The Mayor then introduced the Baron as a splendid business gentleman to the electors. The account before me states: "The crowd cheered vigorously, and one enthusiastic individual called for three cheers for the Bishop of Dublin, who voted for the admission of Baron Rothschild into the House of Commons. These were heartily given. Then Capt. Gilbert Kennicott, R.N. (Mayor of Folkestone), who fought with Nelson at Trafalgar, seconded the Mayor of Hythe's nomination."

THE BARON'S THANKS.

Filled with emotion, Baron Rothschild came forward, and in course of a spirited reply, said: "I know you have elected me through your great and sincere attachment to the noble cause of civil and religious liberty. You and your fathers before you have always been foremost in supporting that cause, and you have never flinched from maintaining the cause of that race which has suffered so much from the bigotry of bygone ages. (Loud cheers). It would, indeed, have been strange, then, if you had shrunk from that cause at a time when one who has survived that last pledge of bigotry and intolerance presented himself for your support. (Cheers). The kindness which you have shown towards my cause renders it incumbent on me to see that your liberties are not infringed upon—that your rights are not invaded, that your local interests are promoted, your liberties extended, and your happiness increased. (Great cheering). I shall go into the House of Commons free and unfettered."

A WONDERFUL JEWISH PATRIARCH.

And then, to crown all on this momorable day, Sir Moses Montefiore, that wonderful benefactor of his race, who, it will be remembered, travelled to the Holy Land, in the interests of his co-religionists, when he was well past four-score years and ten, addressed the crowd from the window of the White Hart Hotel, Hythe. He said "You have shown your sympathy with Liberal and enlightened views. You have my heartiest wishes for your prosperity, and I thank God that, old as I am, I have been permitted to see this day. May God bless you!" Thus spoke to the electors of the Parliamentary Borough of Hythe one of the most remarkable men of his day—a man beloved by royalty as he was by the poorest of the Jews. It will be seen, by what I have written and collected, that there is a veritable romance associated with our represen-

tation. The House of Rothschild has a great affection for Folkestone and Hythe, and we can understand it.

A NOBLE-MINDED CONSTITUENCY.

It may not be generally known that the Hythe constituency was one of the very first in England to take advantage of the Act which enabled a candidate of the Hebrew Faith to take a seat in the House of Commons. In thus doing, the electors of this borough covered themselves with glory. They led the way. They soared above the mean and petty; they proved themselves men. They set their seal on that splendid Act which told the world that England would not stand in the way of any man who desired a seat in our House of Parliament because of his faith or creed. No nobler Act was ever passed than that which allowed the Jews to have a place in the councils of the nation, and we may well be proud that this constituency did not lag in putting forth an effort to recognise the genius, the persistency, the high courage of a persecuted race.

THE BARON AS WINNER OF THE DERBY AND OAKS.

It was during the time that he represented us that our Member won both the Derby and Oaks with Favonius and Hannah respectively. Sportsmen, and for the matter of that, the whole of the constituency, were wild with delight when the news arrived. So great was the enthusiasm that the bells in the Parish Church tower were set ringing "ostensibly (says the report) because it was the Queen's birthday, but really because of the result of the Derby." There was a slight breeze about this incident at the time, and a writer humorously suggested that the Baron should follow the example of Mr. Henry Chaplin when his famous Hermit won the blue ribbon of the turf. It appears the bells were set ringing in Mr. Chaplin's village church without permission of the Vicar. The rev. gentleman was annoyed, but the owner of Hermit was equal to the occasion, and presented the Vicar with a little "balm" in the shape of a cheque for £500, to be devoted to Church work. Whether our Member was ready with his "balm" I know not, but the chances are he was not behind. Well, our dear old Baron died in February, 1874, within two days of Sir Edward Watkin being elected over Captain Merryweather by 1,047 votes, the numbers being 1,347 and 300 respectively. It is pleasant to look back on such a past as here set out, for it is associated with one of the noblest incidents in our political history, viz., the raising of the status of the Jews to the highest rank of citizenship. In this respect we made be proud of our past, indeed.

"COMFORT YE, MY PEOPLE."

It was one Sunday evening, two years ago, I was absorbed in reading, when suddenly there fell upon my ear the sound of that beautiful tenor air, "Comfort ye, My people." Fond of music, and pretty well acquainted with many of the standard oratorios, I listened intently. There could be no mistake, the solo referred to was being rendered by an artiste, whoever he might be. Robbed of much of its beauty by the absence of accompaniment, there at the same time was the theme which emanated from Handel's genius. Then for a few moments there was that silence generally associated with the Day of Rest. Mystery, however, increased when, in the same faultless style, the unseen vocalist sang, "If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me." The sound came nearer. Perhaps it is a neighbour or a visitor, thought I, thus indulging a musical taste. However, curiosity thoroughly aroused, I looked out of a window in the front of my house. Then it was I found an explanation. There, standing in the road was the singer—a middle-aged man, with grey hair. His appearance was respectable—a shade or two above the ordinary street vocalist.

PATHOS.

"There is something above the average here." That appeared to be the thought uppermost in the minds of kindly neighbours, many of whom gave the singer a little monetary assistance. Could I but follow their example? Thus my mite helped to swell the total. I called the singer to my cottage door, and remarked to him, "You have sung in a choir, and are well acquainted with solo work in oratorio? Am I wrong?" The man was the acme of politeness, and his words were those of a cultured man. He said, "Ah! I have had my ups and downs. I remember the Folkestone of many years ago. They were, indeed, happy days. Yes, I sang in the choir on occasions at Mr. Hubbard's (Husband's) church at St. Michael's." He lifted his hat with all the air of a gentleman, and turned to leave. But my curiosity was, as I have said, thoroughly aroused, and I asked: "Is it too much to ask your name?" The singer replied, "Not at all. It is Mc——," Astounded, I exclaimed: "You don't mean that." Sadly he replied, "It is true. Folkestone, Ashford, indeed half the county knew me

well as a singer. I left Kent, and after a trial of my voice was engaged as tenor in the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. As I said, I have had my ups and downs since then, and here I am now." At the moment I did not pursue the subject further. In a sense I was too fluttered, and I wished poor Mc—— "Good evening." Again he went out into the damp street, and sang, perhaps more sweetly than before. "Comfort ye, My people." Indeed, he seemed in need of comfort—a comfort, perhaps, this world could never give.

Mc——.

I purposely leave my old friends—my singing friends— to fill in the blank. There is no desire on my part to make what is called "copy" or interesting reading out of this poor fellow. Remember him! I should think we do. Mc——, as a tenor vocalist, was at one time of day in request everywhere. Only to secure his name meant the concert room being filled. With his jet black hair, his ruddy face, and silvery note, he was a notable figure. Both at Ashford and Folkestone he was a rare favourite, and scarcely a song did he ever sing without an encore being demanded. Have I committed a wrong in thus bringing him into the light of day? Thinking over this, not once, but many times, I have come to the conclusion that I am doing the right thing. It may be that some who knew our old friend in other days may seek him out, and direct him on another path but the street. It is not my business to enquire the reason of this fine singer's position. I state only the fact, and, remembering past days, can but express the hope that some of his old friends will show an interest in him, and that, seeing this, Mc—— "will take heart again."

NAPOLEON'S COLUMN AT BOULOGNE.

THE VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE "FALLEN IDOL."

During a brief stay at Boulogne I found time to visit this famous memorial, which is some distance out of the town. Here I met the custodian of the place—a fine old French veteran in full uniform. Upon his breast there hung four medals bearing inscriptions—Italy, Mexico, Algiers, and one for valour and discipline. The white-haired old fellow was leading a little toddling child, whom he termed in broken English his "leetle darling." I thought it a pretty picture. Now for my journey up the column. It was an uncanny undertaking. The old man lighted me a kind of stable lantern containing a tallow candle, and then I commenced the climb alone, in the pitchy darkness. The place was reeking and dripping with wet. Above there was a roaring sound. That was caused by the stiff breeze blowing through the railings round the promenade at the top. In the darkness, however, it struck a stranger with a feeling of awe. Up, up, up the magnificent spiral staircase, but still no light, with the exception of an occasional tiny slit in the stonework. At length I reach the summit, and suddenly darkness gives way to the splendour of a perfect morning. I stood alone at that great height, and gazed on a glorious scene lighted up by the radiance of the sun. In those leafless thickets below the birds are telling us that spring is all but here, and that soon the surrounding landscape will be painted in more beautiful tints. I looked around a stretch of fair France, and noted how well the land was cultivated. I also noted the conformation in the harbour and other poi ts of interest, in and near the town. But at such a moment could I but be interested in a little ill-defined speck far away there over the sparkling sea. Could I but think, standing under this shadow of the Man of Destiny, that land of freedom—"that right little, tight little island," but less than two hours' journey away. No. To stand at this height, to gaze on the land of one's birth, to recall the incidents connected with the reign of Napoleon, is to awaken emotions that are a part of the nature of Englishmen. Most people are under the impression that the statue of Napoleon at the summit of the column is looking towards England. This is a popular

H.M.S. "Leda" which fired a fatal shot into a French Boat, fishing within the limits.

Fishing Boat with dead man on board. Killed by a shot from H.M.S. "Leda" when fishing within the limits.

A bit of "Old Folkestone" near the Fishmarket.

mistake. It is facing the interior of France. Why is this? Did Napoleon turn his back on England because he knew that if he invaded the island he had no retreat? Yes, his back, too, is turned on the glory of England—the sea—and he would seem to be for ever saying—

"Farewell to thee, France! where thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth;
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh, for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won;
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun."

I descend to the base and renew acquaintance with my medal-bedecked friend. With lanterns we explore a kind of subterranean gallery. Here there are niches, in which are placed beautiful and pure-white marble busts of Napoleon, Marshal Soult, and Admiral Bruix—made all the more attractive by the sombreness of the surroundings and the dim light. This column is a piece of work that any nation might look upon with pride. It is built of marble, including even the nearly three hundred steps. Truly, it is one of the "lions" of Boulogne.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SADDEST SIGHT I EVER WITNESSED.

In all the annals of this present fierce (Boer) war I doubt if anything more pathetic than this will be recorded. A poor, weak, distressed woman in the early hours of the morning, ventures from the married women's quarters of Shorncliffe Camp to bid her husband adieu, previous to his departure for the Cape. His name is Sergt. Archer, 2nd Dorset Regiment. In the hurry and bustle on the one hand, the stern call of duty on the other, the description of the final parting can be imagined. Sad enough in all conscience. The wife turns her head away. There is grief at the parting from the good husband, and hope, too, is mingled with fear as she utters to herself "Will he come back again to myself and the three little ones?"

MOTHERS, THINK OF THIS.

You, who have loved ones of your own—you who are surrounded, perhaps, with all that wealth and love can afford—think of the anguish of this poor Mrs. Archer as she turned away from her soldier husband on that winter morning of last week. Surely her trial was great enough, but the cup was not full. In the little home in C Block, the youngsters were playing all unconsciously around the fire. They did not know that father was gone to war. Not they. The innocents were playing together. One of them ventured too near the fire, and was soon enveloped in flames. On the mother's arrival home it was found he was in flames. Willie was his name. Soon afterwards he died from shock. Everything that medical skill could suggest was done or him, but the little one passed away.

THE FATHER.

With his regiment the father had marched to the railway station, but through the kindness of a lady on the Camp, Sergeant Archer was informed just as the train started that his little boy had met with a slight accident since his departure from the Camp. Although somewhat disturbed in his mind, the gallant fellow left here, thinking and hoping that all would be well. It was only when

he was just on sailing from Queenstown for the Cape that the poor fellow heard the whole truth. A telegram was sent to him telling him that Willie had gone where pain and suffering was unknown. Poor fellow, he immediately wrote a pencilled note to his wife. I have had the melancholy privilege of reading that communication. It was indeed worthy alike of a soldier and a man. It is too sacred to quote here, but the whole burden of it was this. He informed his wife that he had received the sad intelligence of his son's death. "It has fairly upset me, but let us try and bear it, dear. I shall soon be back to you again. Cheer up, dear. The Lord is good. Cheer up. Cheer up. Yes, I will soon come home to you again." Let me say this. It was one of the most touching letters that the eye of man could gaze upon. In this statement there is much.

THE FUNERAL OF WILLIE.

I have during my connection with "The Herald" had many sad experiences, but never a more pathetic one than this. I do not wish to "draw out the agony," as the saying goes, but to paint in my humble way one of the most pathetic scenes I have ever witnessed, a scene at which many men who endeavoured to restrain their feelings, were unable to do so. Sergeant Archer and his family belonged to the Catholic Church. In the churchyard, surpliced with his acolytes and choristers, was Father Foran (Chaplain to the Forces). Several spectators were present, awaiting "the funeral train at the open gate." There was a solemn pause.

"FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

It was just on 3.30. In the distance could be seen a little procession. Silently it wound its winding way over the white roads to the Garrison Churchyard. Six miniature scarlet-coated drummer boys carried a white flower-covered coffin. There followed in the rear a single carriage. It contained the bereaved parent, her mother, a little four-year-old boy, and another faithful female friend. Behind these were Sergt. Goddall, an Army Schoolmaster, Mr. Neumann, and your contributor. Arrived at the gates, the procession made its way down the bleak hillside to the grave. This is not the place to record the affecting scene that here took place. It shall suffice to say that to gaze upon that poor woman and her surviving offspring was enough to strike pity into a heart of stone. As the husband said in the letter I have alluded to, "The poor little chap is now free from all pain." As that little coffin was lowered into the grave

by the tear-bedimmed drummer boys on that winter's afternoon, those words suggested themselves which came from the lips of One as man ever spake—"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." There were many tokens of outward sympathy, and these included wreaths from Major-General and Mrs. Hallam Parr, and all the corps in garrison.

THE STORY OF A BATH CHAIR.

A CYCLE RUN FROM FOLKESTONE TO HASTINGS VIA HAWKHURST.

I make the following extract from an article I wrote and which appeared in the "Herald" July 4th, 1896. Caught in a thunderstorm I was compelled to take shelter, with the result that follows: "The rain now abated, and being anxious to reach Hastings before four o'clock I renewed my journey via Hurst Green and Robertsbridge. I bowled along merrily for a few miles only to be detained by a renewal of the storm. The country hereabouts is almost indescribable in its grandeur, and I shall not forget for many a day the circumstances under which I gazed upon it. Away to the eastward the sky was of inky blackness, only relieved now and then by the zig-zag course of the electric current, followed by crashes of thunder. The view on the right between Hurst Green and Robertsbridge and Whallington is said to be the finest in Sussex. Certainly in my wanderings I have never seen anything to approach it, and if only to have enjoyed it, I feel the journey of Sunday was not made in vain, for

"It is not while we look upon
A lovely landscape that its beauties only please.
In distant days when we afar are gone
From such, in Fancy's idle reveries,
Or moods of mind which Memory love to seize,
It comes in living beauty, fresh as when
We first beheld it, valley, hill, or trees
O'ershadowing unseen brooks or outstretched fen
With cattle sprinkled o'er, exist and charm again."

With confidence I ask the nature-loving cyclist to make this journey, and feast his eyes upon a scene I would fain dwell upon. By this time I had skimmed along another half-score of miles, and as there was a renewal of the storm, the announcement outside a one-storied and very lonely dwelling, "Lemonade and ginger beer sold here," had some attractions for me. I tapped at the door and asked for a cooling drink.

said a little maiden. I gladly did so. One could discern at a glance that it was a very humble abode. On the table was an open Bible, on which a pair of spectacles laid. In the corner sat an old agricultural labourer, and opposite to him was his wife, propped up with pillows, lying in a chair. The girl had poured out my draft, and how delicious it was! "Rest awhile," said the old fellow. Glancing over in the direction of the pale-faced woman, I said, "You are ill, are you not?" She replied, slowly and softly, with pauses between her words, "Yes, sir, I'm an invalid. I have lain here now for sixteen or seventeen years.." Astonished I almost instinctively replied, "I feel very sorry for you." but I was rebuked for my pains. A smile lighted up the sufferer's worn face, as she said with an evident effort, "You see, sir, it's what our Maker has put upon me. I must bear it until He thinks fit to take the burden off me. Now, I do not wish to sermonize or moralize, but who could fail to be touched by the words of this poor creature who had lain here helpless in this lonely cottage all these years. It was all unrehearsed—all so natural —and without the slightest knowledge that I was making so much as a mental note. Before I departed from this humble roof, I remarked, "It is a pity you cannot be lifted into a bath chair, and obtain a change of scene and air outside this dwelling." And again came the words, "I had an old bath chair once, but that has long since been broken up, and now I am quite done." "Yes," she continued in a feeble voice, "it is hard to lay here day after day, week after week, and year after year, to see the summer come and go, and watch the people passing my window all so happy. But the people will not think of me." And then the poor creature, pausing again, said, "But I must learn to be patient." At length I took my leave of this good woman, and left her with her husband, and cheerful little girl, who appeared to be the joy of the humble household. There were many able discourses preached from the pulpits of the churches last Sundy, but never a more eloquent sermon than this suffering creature preached to me on resignation and patience. I have purposely abstained from giving even the suspicion of colouring to this little incident which came before my notice in a far away lonely cottage in Sussex. It may be that some kind person, with time and means, may be able to make the journey thither and provide a wicker chair for this invalid. What a pleasure could they give themselves in

trying at least to alleviate the lot of one of God's nobility. The cottage is in Kent Street, about two miles to the west of Westfield. It stands quite alone, and the invalid's name is Merritt. This is only another instance of the silent suffering one hears of occasionally in the country districts. As I before stated, this little family was totally unaware of any intention on my part in bringing this case before the public, but I feel it a privilege to be able to publish the facts to the world."

I WAS A JOYFUL MESSENGER.

My appeal for a bath (wicker) chair was not made in vain. Money in a sense poured on me with the following result. This is what I wrote at the time. "I sent out for prices for a three-wheel invalid's chair, and accepted Mr. Adolphus Davis's tender. The chair was sent on at once. I need hardly write it, but the experience I had last Sunday was a very pleasant one. It was about five o'clock when I reached the little cottage (40 odd miles from Folkestone). There was the old man, the daughter, and the invalid still propped up with pillows. I called for a 'home-brewed,' but one of the family, noticing I was tired, offered me a cup of tea. This I glady accepted. And now the fun began. I remarked, 'I called here a fortnight ago. Don't you remember me?' The old gentleman said he thought he called me to mind, but the sick woman and her daughter could not. Well, we went on discussing the refreshing cup, and at last I remarked to the invalid, 'I have come all the way from Folkestone to see you today.' 'To see me,' the sufferer answered, with perhaps natural surprise. 'Yes. You told me, when I was here a fortnight since, that you had been an invalid for many years, that your bath chair was broken, and you were now compelled to lay aside altogether.' 'Yes, sir, that is quite correct,' answered my friend, adding, 'It is strange; I was only saying to my daughter how I should like to be wheeled out this afternoon. But it's no use complaining.' It was then I chimed in with my joyful message. 'Well, my good woman, I have been sent here by some kind-hearted people, who had heard of your case, to say that a bath chair has been purchased for you. In fact, it is now waiting for you (carriage paid) at Battle Station." (This was about two miles from the cottage.) The poor creature stared at me for a long time and then broke down, grasping with her only hand that of her husband's. It would be out of place to repeat all that was said in my hearing, but I can say if the kind donors to this little fund could have accom-

panied me, they would have shared my joy at being privileged to throw just a beam of sunlight into the life of this sufferer and her little home. I could not help thinking, as I sat there on this Sunday afternoon, that there was a peculiar significance in the lines that hung on a printed card over the head of the invalid:—

"Leave the future, let it rest,
Let it not thy peace molest;
God will for His own provide,
Only take Him for thy guide."

(I visited this self-same cottage about five years after my interview, found the old lady alive, and looked at the bath chair, which was "wrapped up in lavender," or rather, a covering.)

DERWENT WATER.

During my holiday in the Lake District I stayed at Keswick, and this is an impression I wrote at the time of Derwent Water.

This lake and its surroundings are a poem of beauty only to be read by the real lovers of Nature. It was a quiet Sunday morning, and I walked gently round (nine miles) this delightful stretch of water. The whole scene is so beautiful that, as the guide book declares, it cannot be described in words. It was the walk of my life. The lake, studded with little islands, is as clear as crystal. Its calm surface reflects as a mirror. One can stand on the edge, and note the shadow of the passing fleecy clouds, the forms and varying colours of the mountains. It is a picture such as the Great Artist alone can paint. One in a measure can understand why Ruskin and Wordsworth loved to dwell amid such scenes as these. I stood on a miniature cape—"Friar's Crag" it is called. From this point is to be obtained what is termed "Ruskin's view." Here has been erected a memorial to the author of "The Stones of Venice." In a sense one can understand Ruskin's fierce opposition to the railways invading this sanctuary of Nature. A few birds twittering in the trees, the untroubled water, the filmy clouds ever and anon kissing the mountain tops, the glow here and there of the dying bracken fern, combined to render the scene a memorable one. To gaze on such a scene as this is something of a privilege, and one is tempted to ask: Could anything be more beautiful? In the afternoon I rowed out on the lake, and finished the day by attending the service at the little Parish Church. My all too brief stay came to an end, but I felt thankful that I had been permitted to just taste the pleasudes of Lakeland and its glorious mountains.

OUR YOUNG M.P.

During the several years I have contributed this weekly article it can be said with truth that politics have not formed a text for any of my paragraphs. All parties are so well provided with leaders and counsellors that there is room at least for one outside the magic circle. I am well content to be that one. However, during the recent election one could not fail to hear representative men —both Conservatives and Liberals—express the opinion, when Sir Philip Sassoon's candidature was first proposed that the now elected Member for this constituency was too young, too inexperienced. Surely such as these have not taken to heart the lessons of history. My knowledge of Sir Philip is confined to one of his speeches which he delivered at the Town Hall at the opening of the late campaign. He did well for one so young. His delivery, phrasing, and posing alike gave promise of his becoming an orator of no mean merit.

THE TEACHING OF HISTORY.

When we turn our thoughts to the past—when we think of the very young men who have left their names emblazoned on the scroll of fame—we may well ask those who have decried Sir Philip Sassoon's age and inexperrence whether such remarks are altogether warranted. It may be that the Member for Hythe is not a heaven-born genius. That is neither here nor there. But what do we find in history? Disraeli (Earl Beaconsfield), for one, has written that the greatest captains of ancient and modern times, both conquered Italy at twenty-five; that youth—extreme youth—overthrew the Persian Empire; that Don John of Austria won Lepanto at Twenty-five—one of the greatest battles of modern times; that had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauretania. Gaston de Fiox was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the Plain of Ravenna. Everyone remembers Conde and Roeroy at the same age. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and profoundest statesmen of the age.

OTHER INSTANCES.

Again I say, when considering this subject of youth, read history. Both Ignatius Loyala (the founder of the Jesuits) and John Wesley worked with young brains. Pascal—one of the greatest Frenchmen that ever lived—wrote a great work at sixteen, and died at thirty-seven. Was it experience that guided the hand of Raphael when

he painted the palaces of Rome? He died at thirty-seven. The mighty Richelieu died at thirty-one. Pitt and Bolingbroke were both ministers before other men leave off cricket. Grotius was in practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at twenty-four. These instances could be multiplied, if necessary, to prove that it does not lie with any man, be he Conservative or Liberal, to endeavour to decry those who are fortunate to be young in years.

HENRY RUSSELL'S MAGNIFICENT SONGS.

"A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were as white as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin,
I gather them in, I gather them in."

Henry Russell, the composer of the magnificent songs, which are known the world over, has breathed his last after 87 years of useful life. During the evening of his career he often favoured Folkestone with his genial presence, and there are many—myself among the number—who can recall pleasant chats on the harbour with this fine old Englishman. His grand dramatic songs are worth the study, but how seldom do we hear them now? The often sickly sentimental ballads of the day are not to be compared with these for descriptive power and wonderful effects. Amongst his many beauitful compositions is "The Old Sexton," from which I quoted above and below. The verses appear to have a deeper meaning at this hour:

"Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects—all, all, all;
They may revel at ease, or toilfully spin,
I gather them in, I gather them in."

Grand old composer, good old man, a true-as-steel friend —you, too, are gathered in. Peace to his ashes!

OLD NED'S HORSE.

Ned Parker has passed to the great beyond at the age of eighty. He drew his last breath at Each End Hill "Hotel," and was buried in the cemetery. Ned was one of the last despatch riders who used to travel between Dover and London, before the coming of the railway. In all weathers, and at any hour, he would set out on his journey, having ten horses at his disposal for the purpose. Many a yarn could the old boy spin of those far-off days. It was due to the kindness of the "Herald"

readers that Ned was kept out of the House years ago. It was in this way. He was driving a fare out towards Newington. The ground was covered with snow, and the horse Parker was driving dropped down dead. I happened to be passing at the time, and, of course, naturally sympathised with Ned. The poor old fellow was weeping, and remarked: "Now I have lost my all. There is nothing but the Workhouse for me now." However, it was my privilege to record the above facts in the "Herald," with the result that in a week a sufficient sum was subscribed for the purchase of a new horse. The old man was very grateful, and he never forgot the many friends who rallied around him in his hour of need. Ned, was indeed, a veritable relic of the past.

THE SWITCHBACK RAILWAY AND ITS OWNER.

Twenty-two years or more have rushed past since Folkestone received something of a shock when it heard that a lease had been granted on a portion of the foreshore as a site for a switchback railway. Some were heard to declare that the introduction of this American invention would detract from the beauty and dignity of the town, that it would only be patronised by a host of 'Arrys and 'Arriets, etc. However, the poor old switchback, similarly to many existing institutions, has survived the attacks of unfriendly critics as it has resisted successive assaults of "Davy Jones." Yes, not only have the waves themselves dashed against the frail structure, but floating wreckage—huge baulks of timber—have hammered at and through it. Creaking doors hang on the longest. So it seems to be in regard to this wooden railway on the beach.

THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH AND MRS. ASQUITH ON THE SWITCHBACK.

No greater patron of the switchback can be found than Mrs. Asquith and her children. These have enjoyed the fun of the ride times out of number. For them to pay a visit to Folkestone and not patronise the attraction to the west of the Victoria Pier would be strange indeed. And thus it came about that about three seasons since Mrs. Asquith prevailed on her distinguished husband to take a trip. And so much did the Prime Minister enjoy his experience on that occasion that no less than five times did he brave the up and down motion. I am indebted to Mr. T. C. Sinclair, the present proprietor, who has been associated with the venture

since its erection, for the foregoing information, and for much that follows. In answer to my query: "Did Mr. Asquith express an opinion?" Mr. Sinclair replied: "Well, he said nothing, but he laughed heartily at the fun, especially at the low dip. The owner of the switchback speaks highly of Mrs. Asquith. "Here," said he, are two portraits of her husband and little girl." These, I should say, were hanging on the wall of Mr. Sinclair's cosy home at 41, Pavilion-road. It was here I also learned that on one occasion Mr. Sinclair had carried on his car the Princesses Helene, Louise, and Isabella of Orleans. These royal ladies, with their suites, stayed in Folkestone for three seasons, and were constant in their attendance at the Switchback. I should here state that Mr. Sinclair is generally known among his patrons as "Uncle Tom," and the name is likely to stick to him to the end. When Princess Helene was married to the Duke D'Aosta our hero sent a message of congratulation to the royal lady on the wedding day, and received a wire in reply to this effect: "The Duchess D'Aosta desires 'Uncle Tom' to be thanked." The original telegram Mr. Sinclair has hanging in a frame on the walls of his museum. Sir Edward Sassoon's family, representatives of the House of Rothschild, General Sir Baker Russell (one time Commandant at Shorncliffe Camp), an Admiral of the Fleet, the Bishop of Birmingham and his children, and many other men and women of note, have been amongst those who have enjoyed this particular kind of fun on the beach.

"UNCLE TOM" SINCLAIR.

I have met many "characters," in my time, and this is an "original." Strange indeed that I should not have fallen across him before. However, as the saying goes, "he's just my handwriting." After listening to some of his cursory remarks the other evening, I said: "Mr. Sinclair, you must have had a varied career. May I ask a few questions for my "Herald" friends?" Possessing a bluff, hearty, and open nature, he replied, "Fire away, my boy." and then I "fired" into him, but I did not riddle him through and through, for I found him a three-volume novel bound up in one.

EARLY LIFE.

I will summarise. Mr. Sinclair started to earn his own living as an engine fire-box boy when seven years of age. His duties were cleaning out boilers and furnaces, It was "all night" work at a small wage, and this for seven days a week. When he reached fifteen years our

hero was fireman on a London and Chatham engine for a year or two. Our hero now had a spell at sea, and tiring of this, Mr. Sinclair shipped to Queensland, Australia, by an emigrant's assisted passage. It was on this occasion, when walking the steamer's deck, that the ship's surgeon accosted him. "By your appearance you are a seaman, I take it," remarked the medical man. "I am," replied Mr. Sinclair. The result of further conversation, and a perusal of his credentials, was that our hero was then and there appointed assistant ship's doctor. His experience amongst the 800 emigrants in this capacity would fill a small book. However, so satisfactorily did he fulfil his duties that his passage money was refunded, and a parchment certificate presented to him by the Queensland Government. This document Mr. Sinclair naturally prizes, for its eloquence is louder than words.

IN BRISBANE AND CANADA.

"Uncle Tom," as I have indicated, was an emigrant. A thought seized him. He would buy an Australian daily newspaper. Looking down the small advertisements, he noticed one setting forth that an engineer was wanted in the Brisbane Brick, Tile, and Pottery Works. "Nothing venture, nothing have." He had had experience on locomotives, and also in the engine rooms of the Dover Harbour tugs, but was never in a brickyard. However, Mr. Sinclair's credentials were so satisfactory that he was chosen for the post out of 77 applicants. Tiring of Australia, he returned home. Altogether in steamers he travelled out to Australia on seven occasions, besides voyaging to various Mediterranean ports. Nor did his foreign service stop here, for we find him out in Canada, where, amongst other things, he did a lot of farming in the district where runs the Grand Trunk Railway. Possessing a keen, observant mind, Mr. Sinclair is, as it were, packed full of knowledge. It is a treat to converse with him. He does not boast, but if anything, is reticent.

CHANNEL TUGS AND MAIL STEAMERS.

A short spell on the Dover and Folkestone mail boats is also included in this busy career, as are also eight years as engineer on the Dover Harbour tugs Palmerston, Lady Vita, and Granville. The experiences of this part of Mr. Sinclair's life would provide many an exciting and thrilling chapter, for it must be remembered these tugs are what might be termed the "Stormy Petrels" of the Channel. As that grand old sailor, Capt.

Irons, the Dover Harbour Master, once said to the crew of the Palmerston:—"In all bad weather your place is at sea." And true this is. When waves are rolling mountains high, when the wind shrieks with the sound of a thousand furies, when fog throws its mantle over the water, and when blinding snow is falling, then it is that these little tug boats go out to do and to dare. The engineers and crews of such vessels are amongst the bravest of the brave. Had I space at my disposal, I might spin many a yarn in connection with these little craft, for had it not been for one of them the probabilities are that I should never have written these notes. But this is personal, and would be of little interest to my readers.

THE GROSSER KURFURST AND PLASSEY.

"Granville ahoy! The squadron of German vessels that passed by here (Dover) a short while ago have been in collision. Proceed to the scene at once." This was shouted to the crew of the Granville, of which Mr. Sinclair at the time was engineer. Steam was up and the tug headed for a point five miles off Sandgate. There was one great ironclad the less, and close on 300 men in that brief interval had found a watery grave. "Down by the head" was the Koenig Wilhelm, the colliding vessel. The Granville, on arriving on the scene, had orders to "stand by" the crippled warship. This she did, and was the only tug to accompany the vessel to Portsmouth Harbour. The bulkheads alone held her up. It was "touch and go" all the way to the naval harbour, as at any moment the German ship might have foundered. Well, they got into Portsmouth "all safe," but, strange to state, on crossing the harbour to Gosport, a barge thrust her bowsprit through the stern of the tug right into the Captain's cabin. The Granville's crew did splendidly, and the Dover authorities made no charge for services rendered. The Harbour Master, however, received a magnificent gold watch from the German Emperor, and the crew's reward was a gaze at the timekeeper. Again, Mr. Sinclair, with his tug, was present at the wreck of that fine vessel, The Plassey, at Seabrook. He declares the ship might have been saved had it not been for the captain, who threw off the tug's rope, which had been made fast to The Plassey by the mate. No doubt the poor captain for the time being was demented, and we remember the result. Now I must "pull up" and tear myself away from an interesting subject.

THE CHERITON OF OTHER DAYS.

When "The Herald" was in its babyhood it was one of my duties to attend at evening meetings of the Parochial Council in a small room at the Village Hall. Just the glimmer of an oil lamp was the only illuminant. The subjects most discussed were the lighting and scavenging of the village. When I contrast the fine building in which the Urban District Council now hold their meetings, the change is wonderful. There were then about four houses from what was called Cheriton Arch to the White Lion Hotel—a low squat building. There were no omnibuses, and it was a case of Shanks' pony if one did not obtain a lift. A walk along there by night was a dreary experience, the only light proceeding from the oil lamps. When one considers the present number of houses, and the rapidly increasing population, one cannot but admire the enterprise that has brought all this about. The other day I was conversing with an old inhabitant, and remarked: "I suppose Cheriton will be absorbed by Folkestone some day?" the reply was: "Rather not; we shall preserve our individuality."

"THE CAT AND MUSTARD POT."

In the printed list of appointments for the East Kent Foxhounds I noticed recently that one of the meets was fixed to take place at "The Cat and Mustard Pot," Paddlesworth. Now this, the highest village in Kent, is a tiny community, and is described in the ancient couplet as the "smallest parish." Paddlesworth is remembered by many of us with feelings bordering on affection, and so many rubbed their eyes to find that a new hostelry had been erected in this lofty position—650 feet above sea level. Some people were heard to ask: "What about the Red Lion?" or, as it is more familiarly known, "The Cat" and "Sprawling Cat." I made a few enquiries, and discovered that "The Cat and Mustard Pot" was one and the same house.

"MUSTARD."

Why should this be associated with "The Cat?" Our recollection goes back to the time of the cricket week, to the time, too, of the "harvest home" suppers, when the late Mrs. Dixon's famous beef puddings were devoured with zest by the sons of the plough, and other farm hands. In the years that are passed the skittle alley and a game called "jennypins" figured largely. The ordinary towns-

man was no hand at this latter game, and the ploughman would generally lead the way. What splendid times they were, when a dozen young fellows would climb up the 650 feet from Folkestone, say on some Saturday afternoon, to sit down later to a nice supper. The appetites on those occasions were in good working order, and no sauces were needed to kindle hunger. And later the piano would be brought into requisition for the mirth and harmony. It was indeed "mustard" to listen to some of those countrymen's songs, comprising often forty verses or more. Perhaps the memory of one of these vocalists would fail him, and then some one would suggest that "Charley should go back forty verses." There was a humour about it all. Yes, I contend that "mustard," if history informs us rightly, was not inappropriately associated with "The Cat."

BUT WHY "THE CAT?"

Well, if truth be told, this was due to the village artist. The old signboard hanging from the branch of the tree just outside of the hotel was blown down once upon a time. That was when it was known to be the "Red Lion." What was to be done? The village artist, who had earned a certain fame, was equal to the occasion. He painted a new signboard in gorgeous colours, and "the king of the forest" was depicted in remarkable style. His fierce sprouting whiskers, his pricked up ears, and bolting eyes rendered the representation of the lion as one of the most remarkable on record. The villagers assembled to gaze on the spectacle, and one and all declared that the artist had drawn, not a lion, but a "sprawling cat." Hence the popular designation. And now, after all these years we find that the real name is "The Cat and Mustard Pot." Mr. Selby-Lowndes, a true sportsman, appears to have known of the title, for, as I have said, it is included in the hunting fixtures. Perhaps some of my readers can explain matters. Since writing the above I understand a reference to the "Cat and Mustard Pot" is made in the well-known sporting volume of "Yorricks." And now, after writing all this I hear the "Cat and Custard Pot" is the rightful designation. However, "Mustard" fits in well.

A TALE OF SOME HEDGEHOGS.

STRANGE NOISES IN THE NIGHT.

In the stillness of night sound, as it were, becomes magnified. In the thousand and one distractions and

diversions of the day slight noises pass by unheeded as they become mixed with what may be termed a medley of sound. When, however, the curtain of night has fallen—when everything is "as silent as the grave"—the case is quite different. Those who may happen to suffer from sleeplessness fully grasp this fact. The tick of a watch or a clock, the nibbling of a homely mouse—these and other such like matters all become sounds magnified—by the mind. The tenants of a house in Sussex Road, Folkestone, can give first-hand experience of this fact. These good people for some time past have heard strange sounds and movement.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE HOUSE.

At first but little notice was taken. The lady of the house, however, with a keen ear, declared "there must be something about the house." Her redoubtable husband —a well-known Conservative "pillar"—laughed, and declared it was nothing but imagination. However, the noises—a kind of scratching and a suppressed grunt—continued. Our hero then agred with his "better half" that there must be "something" after all. Then it came about that he turned out of his bed in the darkness—after the midnight hour had struck. Nerving himself for the occasion, he proceeded with a candle in one hand and a poker in the other, to probe the mystery. He and his family had had enough of these "sounds in the night." It was a case now of death or glory. Was it a bogey man capering about under the beds, or a family of rats or mice that were holding revels under the cover of darkness? These in turn were the questions that suggested themselves to the hero's mind. As he remarked to your correspondent, "I searched everywhere—high and low—and could find nothing." Then, laying down his poker, and blowing out the candle, the Sussex-road resident once more sought repose.

A SHRIEK, LAUGHTER, AND SURPRISE.

The strange noises in the night continued. The poor man and his wife at length came to the conclusion that their humble dwelling must be haunted. Not a sound was there by day, but only when the family retired to rest. Was there some uneasy spirits (not the "Scotch" or "Irish" sort) from the other world? Said our friend quite truly: "All this must be something out of the ordinary." And it was, as the following will prove. In these small houses there is generally a cupboard under the stairs. On a certain evening a few days since a daughter of the family had occasion to pay a visit to the

"cupboard." She had taken off her shoes, and, not wearing slippers at the time, her feet were unprotected. It was "dark under the stairs." A loud, piercing shriek was subsequently heard. "Oh! Whatever is it? I must have stood on a score or two of needles. Oh! Oh! Oh!" After her recovery from the natural fright, a light was procured, and here was the cause of all the trouble. A hedgehog! And not one hedgehog only, but a family of four. Oh, what a surprise! Was there anything like it before in the centre of the town? Of course, them ost interested could not help laughing at what they thought to be "Mrs. Hedgehog" and her little ones. The neighbours all round rejoiced with them as if they had found the "lost piece of silver," and the occupants of the house were heard to say: "Well, we shall sleep to-night." Truly a happy, though painful ending. The pricks of the hedgehog were soon forgotten in the general satisfaction that the nocturnal disturbance was explained.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS OFF DOVER.

In that well conducted Sunday newspaper, "The Observer," there are printed each week extracts of news which appeared in the journal a century since. Here is one dated May 5th, 1811: "There were no fewer than nine French privateers off Dover on Thursday night. They had the audacity to come close to shore, when the batteries opened a heavy fire upon them, which they returned with great promptness, but no damage was done on either side. A foreign vessel was seen to fall into their hands, but we fear this is not the whole extent of their captures, as no British cruisers were in sight." Strange to read the foregoing in view of the entente cordiale. The extract once more proves what changes the whirligig of time brings about. "The French are coming" was a cry that had a very full and deep meaning in these parts a hundred years ago. And the obsolete martello towers are an outward expression of the fears then entertained in regard to our friends across the Channel. However, everything has been changed through the late great and peaceful King.

THE KEARSAGE.

And, writing of privateers, I am reminded that many years ago the Kearsage, which engaged and sunk the Alabama off Cherbourg, anchored off Folkestone or

Sandgate, for some days. The vessel's presence here attracted much attention at the time. The crew was very cosmopolitan, including several nationalities. There are several who can recollect the vessel, which proved to be more than a match for the Confederate. Capt. Semmes, when the vessel sank, was picked up and taken into Southampton. The subject is referred to as follows in the late Sir Wm. Butler's Autobiography, published recently:—"After a short leave of absence at home, I was sent with a party of men to Hythe to learn out of books that theory of musketry in the practice of which I was already no mean proficient. But Hythe was no exception to the rule which I have found existing in every part of the world, namely, that a man will find something of interest, something that is worth knowing or seeing, no matter what the spot may be on the earth's surface where fortune has cast him. Visiting Dover one day, I turned into the Ship Hotel for lunch. At a table in one corner of the public room four men were sitting. The waiter informed me that they were officers of the American Federal cruiser Kearsage, which was then lying in the Harbour. Over at Calais lay, also in harbour, and afraid to stir from it, the Confederate cruiser Alabama. The Federal agent in Calais kept the captain of the Kearsage constantly informed of the doings of his rival. The Kearsage lay in Dover with steam always up. The truth was the Alabama's game was up, unless some extraordinary freak of fortune should again befriend her, for the Kearsage had 'the legs of her,' and whether the brave Semmes headed out into the North Sea, or went down Channel, he must be overhauled by his enemy.

THE END OF THE ALABAMA.

"Suddenly" (continues the narrative of General Butler) "the door of the coffee-room opened, and four gentlemen, dressed in rather peculiar suits of 'mufti,' entered the room. They stopped short, stared hard at the occupants of the table in the corner, turned abruptly round, and left the room. They were officers of the Alabama, who had crossed from Calais by the mail boat that morning, probably to have a look at their enemy from the pier. A couple of weeks later the Confederate slipped out from Calais that night, and with something of a start made her way down Channel; but the Kearsage was soon upon her tracks. Cherbourg offered a last refuge for the little warship, whose career in all the oceans, and even in the corners of the seas, had cost the Northern States such enormous loss. When the time limit was up

she had to put to sea. A few miles off Cherbourg the two cruisers met for the first and last time. It was all over with the Alabama in an hour. Semmes and his crew were picked up by an English steam yacht—I have forgotten her name—but, curiously enough, she had steamed close alongside for many miles a month or two earlier, when the two clipper ships were racing each other along the south coast of England from Plymouth to Dartmouth."

"AVE MARIA" ON THE LEAS.

No, it did not rain, but now towards the close of the well chosen programme a cold fog crept off the Channel. Wierd indeed did the arc lights and moving figures appear. And then people were seen to put on their mackintoshes and wraps, for the temperature had fallen. Appropriate, then, in a measure, was it to listen for once in "the luxury of silence" to Gounod's immortal "Ave Maria." The years have flown since that time I heard Herr Wurm play this exquisite inspiration from the platform of the Victoria Pier. On Saturday night I found the hand of the player had lost none of its cunning, and that the tone of the instrument revealed a soul. If Herr Wurm's interpretation of Gounod's notes were almost flawless, the same may be said for the underlying accompaniment. Yes, on this unpropitious night those strains floated towards us as on wings of light; they appeared to emphasise the words of the great, great Cardinal Newman, when he spoke of the mystery of musical sounds: "Something they are besides themselves which we cannot express; which we cannot utter, though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise extinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them." And it was a strange thing on Saturday night that there were no "chatter boxes" about, and thus, as I have before remarked, we listened to a really good all round programme in the "luxury of silence."

"CAMPING OUT" AROUND THE FESTIVE BOARD.

Bronzed with three or four months of healthy life in the open, a goodly number of Folkestonians "made jolly amongst themselves" at the White Horse Inn, Hawkinge, a few nights since. A kindly invitation to join the company came my way, but circumstances prevented my acceptance. However, "from information received," I am

glad to learn that those sturdy young men who year by year "tent out" on the hillsides enjoyed what is popularly known as "a rattling time." How could it be otherwise, with genial Dick Cooper in the chair? How could it be otherwise, too, when Host and Hostess Bridges set to work to satisfy the hunger which the open air life generates? There was no printed menu, but the roast and boiled, cut-and-come-again kind of joints, the "balls of flour," the Brussels sprouts, the mashed turnips, etc.—all these good things told their own tale. The windows of the banquetting chamber being open, the incense arising from the steaming viands pervaded Hawkinge for yards around. Carvers and steels opened the preliminary battle with knives and forks. In the long and ancient history of Hawkinge it is said never such a supper had been held. And the "after part," with its flow of soul harmony! "It was just grand," remarked my informant. Farmer friends were there. Some of these dug up old songs from a distant past, and they contrasted well with the more modern ditties. Speeches generally were scorned, but gratitude was expressed to Mr. and Mrs. Bridges for the manner in which they had prepared and served the feast, and thanks were also expressed towards them for their unvarying kindness to the campers out, especially those who pitch their tents at "The Hermitage." Genial Dick made a nice little speech, and gave the company his blessing. Then the company left the scene of brightness for the darkness of the meadows and their tents, there to sleep until the dawn streaked the eastern sky.

"CORPORATION MIXTURE."

How rapidly evil or good examples are copied is illustrated every day in this highly imitative age. Therefore one is justified in feeling a trifle nervous that the recent action of the Sevenoaks Urban Council may be repeated in that august body—the Folkestone Town Council. I will explain. The aforesaid urban body, after profound debate, have decided that its members should have their "pipes on" during meeting hours. This up-to-date decision, it appears, has been too much for one member who, in sheer disgust, has forthwith resigned. Thus Sevenoaks, in regard to future elections, will be divided between smokers and non-smokers. Such intellectual matters, say, as scavenging, or drainage, will go for nought. Do you favour the weed or not?—that will be the question. The unexpected often happens. Who knows? There are now in the Folkestone Council some

very progressive members. It is well-known that one or two of these favour cigarettes, whilst others prefer the briar, or the good old-fashioned, but cool smoking Brodesly clay. Of course, on the more lofty aldermanic bench we should probably find lovers of choice brands of cigars. We can well imagine, in case the Sevenoaks system should prevail here, that our respected friend Alderman Spurgen would offer his colleague, Alderman Vaughan, the hospitality of a "Solace" cigarette, whilst imagination pictures Aldermen Pepper and Hall remarking, in declining the offer of a good cigar, "No, we will stick to our briars." And, then, as to the Town Clerk and other officials, they would probably not be forgotten, for Councillor Martingell would probably "lead by a head" with his well-known cigar case. But imagination must not be allowed to further run riot in the presence of possibilities. One never knows in this uncertain world what may happen, and evidently Mr. Stevenson thinks this, for he has put on extra supplies of Smiles' well-known mixture.

"THAT MEANS 'WEATHER.'"

The gale that lashed our shores on a recent Sunday afternoon and evening will, for intensity and suddenness, rank with some of the greatest of similar local visitations. Did my readers notice the wild and wonderful sunset of Saturday? The dominating colours were gold, silver, and a pale olive green. It was wierdness rather than gorgeousness that rivetted the attention. There was something awesome, uncanny, almost unnatural in the fierce but dying light, and it was this, I suppose, that was responsible for the remark that fell from a keen observer, as he surveyed the scene, "That means 'weather.'" It is said that in the southern latitudes, before the coming of a cyclone, the sky assumes a remarkable hue, and it would seem that the display of Saturday may be taken in the same sense.

A MAGNIFICENT SEA FIGHT.

We have had nothing but samples of weather this past few months, but the "weather" referred to in the previous paragraph arrived in full force during Sunday afternoon. From three up to midnight it blew from out of the south-west with hurricane force. Under the roof-shelter of a comfortable home, or even walking about on terra firma, we could but flash a thought towards those "who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great

waters." In those few hours referred to how many brave fellows lost their lives? The sum total is not yet known, but it is great. The storm fiend and duty called me away from a comfortable fire. I was perusing at the time Carlyle's wonderful book, "Heroes and Hero Worship." I left the printed page, and then read a chapter on heroes which Nature had herself provided. Yes, in company with a few sailors and officials, I read it on Folkestone Pier, amidst the raging storm. There was all the dramatic setting of a sea drama, the principal scene of which was a desperate struggle between man and the giant forces of Nature. And that wonderful being, Man, by means of doggedness and persistency, had the mastery. The scene, perhaps no uncommon one around our shores, is yet well worth the telling. We, as a nation, are so often self-depreciative that it is as well to remind ourselves that when put to the test, those great qualities that have marked Englishmen as a wonderful race still remain with us.

THRILLING MOMENTS.

I arrived on the Harbour about 7.30 p.m. The cargo boat Folkestone had just blown her whistle preparatory to steaming out into the teeth of the gale. "I'd rather be ashore than aboard her to-night," remarked a landsman, and I could but say ditto. The second whistle blew, and the steamer started, soon to be lost in the darkness. Out yonder, over the shallow water of the Copt Point rocks, we could ever and anon notice the white breakers "showing their teeth," as the sailors put it. The flash from the lighthouse, too, illumined the angry waters or the clouds of spray, turned for the moment, but only for the moment, into golden showers. And then blackness, with wind shrieking, and waters roaring. We now stand nearly at the end of the pier extension. A thousand giant waves are bombarding the splendid granite structure; the sea tumbles over the parapet on to the landing stage beneath. It is now half past eight. All eyes are turned towards the pier head. We are watching for the turbine Queen, which left Boulogne a little over an hour previously. At this time the broken sea is running high, the wind at its height, and tide running strong. It is now 8.40, and the lights of the Queen are discerned. The vessel has made a comparatively smart passage, but will she "make" the pier? We are not long in doubt. She enters the boiling, swirling whirlpool of water.

"TOUCH AND GO."

The Queen's hull is not visible, but the mast-head, port-hole, and saloon lights guide our vision. The first of the five attempts to pick up her moorings provided a thrilling sight. These twenty years and more had I familiarised myself with stormy scenes at the Harbour. True, I have seen "more sea on," but never had it been my lot to watch a steamer enter our port under more thrilling circumstances. At one time the Queen appeared to be on the crest of the "cliff" of broken water. The huge vessel then seemed to take a dive.

LIGHT!

The recent discussion in the Town Council on gas and electricity recalls the time when (with apologies to Tennyson) "all Folkestone wondered" at its first view of the electric spark. History, indeed, is soon made nowadays. It was on the skating rink (now a croquet ground at the Pleasure Gardens) that electric light was first seen in this town. A great crowd gathered on the occasion, the fame of the illuminant having spread far and wide. A belt attached to a traction engine drove the dynamo. After considerable waiting the crowd was treated to a few intermittent sparks, and then the experimental affair broke down. Some wiseacres laughed; others recognised a revolution. It was under these circumstances, then, that the new light first sparkled in this town.

THE LATE MR. F. J. PARSONS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.

If the earlier copies of "The Herald" were searched through, it would be found that a strenuous battle raged in regard to the introduction of electric light into this town. The fight lasted for years. Of course, it meant that certain vested interests were affected. Read, however, in the light of the present day, the whole controversy seems absurd. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that the late Mr. F. J. Parsons (who would not brook delay) was the first to introduce the spark locally, at his library in Sandgate-road. The business was then under the management of Mr. W. E. Thorpe, but it was Mr. Parsons who first used the new light for business purposes in Folkestone. For a time he was "frowned at," but, progress being his abiding motto, he little cared for retrogade opinion. I repeat, it seems absurd when we dwell upon these things.

INCIDENTS IN TAKING THE CENSUS.

About twelve years since I was one of the enumerators employed in taking the Census. My district embraced the eastern part of the town, including the Martello towers and the "Warren Inn." Amongst the many incidents that came before my notice are two recorded below. A little girl brought me two papers belonging to two separate families in the house. One of the schedules was incorrectly filled, and I told the little girl I must have it put right. In answer to enquiries, she said "Mother and the lodgers are all out at work." I was persistent, however, and added, "Well, my dear, this paper must be put right. What time does father come home?" The little one replied in a whisper, "He is at home now, sir." "Where is he?" I asked, and the child pointed to a window, the blind of which was drawn. Standing at the doorway, it was evident the father could hear my conversation with his daughter, for I heard a weak voice cry out, "Come in, mister." Led by the little girl, I entered a bedroom on the ground floor, and there, lying at full length in the bed, was the fine form of a man. Asking the reason of his lying there, the poor fellow told me he was suffering from a second attack of rheumatic fever and bronchitis. "Only as my wife moves me can I turn an inch." There, as helpless as a baby, lay that once strong man. "Do you belong to a club?" I asked. "No," he replied in his weak voice, "my heart is so much affected by the rheumatics that the doctors will not pass me. It is hard lines to lay here week after week, with a wife and three children depending on me, and not be able to move." Although in a great hurry, I sat by his side for a few moments, and during further conversation he added, "What knocked me back more than anything was last January. In this very room one of my dear children died. Yes, she laid in the coffin there before me, and I could not move even to kiss her little face. The loss of that little one seemed to knock me back." Poor fellow! His voice wavered as he spoke and I could see what he felt. And so his wife went out to do a little washing washing, and the letting of a couple of rooms brought in something towards the rent. The brightest picture in that room was the little girl I met at the door. She was acting as her father's seven-year-old nurse. It appeared the sick man contracted this awful rheumatic fever by working in damp sand as a labourer. This little incident was all the more touching because it was

unrehearsed. My visit to that humble home, I am glad to know, was not without some result, and indirectly the census was the means of doing good where it was, I believe, much deserved. I might add the poor man and his little daughter were entire strangers to me, and it was only by the exercise of a little tact that I extracted the information I have given above.

IN A LONELY COTTAGE.

There were other cases that came before my unwilling notice. Here is one that would touch a man with a heart of stone. In a field on the outskirts stood isolated a little wooden cottage, the rooms of which were all on one floor. I knocked at the door, but no answer came. It was then I lifted the latch. There sat an old woman at a table—the picture of despair. She looked up with indifferent interest. I told her my errand, and it was with difficulty she could understand. Poor old creature! "They have taken him from me," she exclaimed. "This is hard to bear." In the dim light the old soul told me that her husband only a few hours previously had been put under restraint. Slowly it had been coming, but his reason had fled. After forty years these two were separated, and alone in that cottage this distressed old woman slept on census night. "It is worse than death," cried the distressed wife. I filled up her census paper, and left her—all alone—God help her! A last incident. I visited another house. But another messenger—Death —had just been before me. There was deep grief in the hearts of the widow and seven young children that an old friend of many in this town had left behind. I could multiply these instances, but what I have related without any attempt at over-colouring, will serve to remind us of may hidden tragedies that are occurring day by day even in this beautiful town. If there is one thing that census taking in the poorer districts ought to do, it is to teach men to value the priceless pearl of good health, and to be thankful even for small mercies. I will say this for all my brother enumerators, that in Mr. J. Andrew, the Registrar, we had a gentleman who gave us the best practical advice, and cheered us in what after all is really nothing but a thankless task.

"OUR GARDEN OF SLEEP."

During the whole of the years that memory serves, I cannot recall the time when our Parish Churchyard looked more trim and beautiful than now. Bright with flowers, there is here very indication of a loving care.

The very appearance of the place is a monument of respect to those who, long since, "crossed the bar," and which cannot but be gratifying to living relatives as it is to the public generally. "John Strange Winter," that charming authoress, once wrote on this very subject. She said: "I sauntered out again down the Leas until I turned in at the Parish Churchyard. God's acre—dear Saxon word that the poet loved—God's garden—no word, no phrase, can convey the ideal loveliness of the spot. There is a song which begins—

On the cliff by the sea,
At the edge of the steep,
God planted a garden,
A garden of sleep.

Perhaps those gentle words may give you some idea of SS. Mary and Eanswythe garden of sleep." The foregoing was written several years ago, and the appearance of the Churchyard has visibly improved since that date. Visitors will probably have some difficulty in realising that it is well within living memory when this self-same Churchyard was nothing but a sheep walk with long dank grass growing, and bearing every appearance of neglect. Mr. Harry H. Barton, Churchwarden, following in the footsteps of his predecessors, has made the appearance of our "God's acre" his special care.

DEATH OF "HIS MAJESTY" OF THE FISH-MARKET.

Little Mr. Major—otherwise known as "the King of the Fishmarket"—passed away on Friday, at the age of twenty-nine. He was a frail and diminutive specimen of humanity, but always cheerfulness itself. Some few years ago "the King" had a serious illness, but his marvellous vitality pulled him through. He was, indeed, a little character, and "many's the time and oft" that I enjoyed a conversation with him in the Market. For some time he was the faithful servant of Mr. Harry Pearce, the fish salesman. Our little friend was a favourite with his mates, and the Market and its neighbourhood are robbed of a cheerful, if humble, presence.

REMINISCENCES OF "THE KING."

The first occasion on which I had the pleasure of meeting the deceased "potentate" was at a banquet given by Baroness Eckhardstein to the whole of the fishermen. The occasion was the embarkation of Queen

Victoria on what proved to be Her Majesty's last voyage to the Continent, and the function referred to took place in the large room of the Albany Restaurant, in the evening. Never shall I forget the scene. There must have been between three and four hundred "sons of the sea" present, and didn't they all do justice to the viands so liberally provided by the Baroness. After dinner "decks were cleared," and "incense" arose from scores of "churchwardens." It was a rare, rollicking, jovial evening. Jokes were cracked by "Scrammer," "Hogganmy," "Vicked Eye," "Bunny," "Old Clo," "Rigden Over the Hill," and the rest of the veterans. And such songs, too. Never, probably, shall I hear the like again. There was one chorus which had reference to the wreck of the Belvoir Castle. It was sung with rare gusto, thus:

"Oh! the Belvey Castle, she was a noble wassal,
And how beauti-ful-li she did svim the vaves,
And in less than one moment she was a broke into frag-i-ments,
And all 'ands on boord found a vatery grave."

THE BARON AND "HIS MAJESTY."

Then, in the middle of all the fun, came in the stalwart Baron Erkardstein, with some gentlemen friends from the German Embassy. I had the pleasure of introducing the diminutive "King" to the big German, who immediately took out a case from his breast pocket and offered "His Majesty" a fat cigar. As I wrote at the time, it was "a sight for the gods" to watch the twain referred to each discussing their Havanas. "The King" appeared quite at home, and the Teuton was highly amused. But times have changed since then. Now the little "King," like "poor Tom Bowling," is "a sheer hulk."

"But though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft."

THE "DEMON" RUNNER OF SHORNCLIFFE.

An officer writes thus in regard to a race that took place at Shorncliffe about a century ago:

"The story of 'Demon,' whom I myself (Harris) enlisted from the Leicester Militia, is not a little curious, being neither more nor less than a race. It happened that at Shorncliffe, soon after he joined, a race was got up among some Kentish men, who were noted for their swiftness, and one of them. who had beaten his companions, challenged any soldier

in the Rifles to run against him for two hundred pounds. The sum was large, and the runner was of so much celebrity that, although we had some active young fellows amongst us, no one seemed inclined to take the chance, either officers or men, till at length 'Demon' stepped forth, and said that he would run against this Kentish boaster, or any man on the face of the earth, and fight him afterwards into the bargain, if anyone could be found to make up the money. Upon this an officer subscribed the money, and the race was arranged. The affair made quite a sensation, and the inhabitants of the various villages from miles round flocked to see the sport; besides the men from the different regiments in the neighbourhood, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, also were much interested, and managed to be present, which caused the scene to be a very gay one. In short, the race commenced, and the odds were much against the soldier at starting, as he was a much less man that the other, and did not look like the winner. He, however, kept well up with his antagonist, and the affair seemed likely to end in a dead heat, which would undoubtedly have been the case, but 'Demon,' when close upon the winning post, gave one tremendous spring forward, and won it by his body's length."

GENERAL MACKENZIE AND "THE DEMON."

"This race, in short, led on to promotion. General Mackenzie, in command of the Garrison at Hythe, was present, and was highly delighted at the rifleman beating the bumpkin, and saw that the winner was the very cut of a soldier, and, in short, that 'Demon' was a very smart fellow, so that eventually the news of the race reached the first battalion, then serving in Spain. Sir Andrew Barnard at the time was then in command of the Rifles in Spain. Upon being told of the circumstances he remarked that as 'Demon' was such a smart runner in England, there was very good ground for a rifleman to use his legs in Spain. He was accordingly ordered out with the next draft to that country, where he so distinguished himself that he obtained his commission." It would be interesting to know 'Demon's' name and after career."

THE "HAMMY" FOLKESTONE BLOATER.

The Folkestone cured and smoked herring at one time was a joy to be remembered, but of late years that "hammy" flavour associated with it has been conspicuous by its absence. However, a North-street mariner

friend talking over the matter with me recently, promised to forward me a sample of what he could do in this direction. I told him if they came up to my standard I would mention his name, which, by the way, is particularly well-known east of Radnor Arch. Well, indeed, I am really pleased to give my report, backed as it is by others capable of giving an opinion. All I can say is this, that if the few I was favoured with are a fair sample of what my man can produce from his "hang," then the curing and smoking are perfect. I go further and state I have re-discovered the real old-fashioned "hammy" bloaters, and as such I commend them to my friends. Well, here's the name and address of our fellow-townsman—Mr. Thomas Edward Saunders, 44, North-street, Folkestone. Probably there are other "real" specimens about, but these having come under my notice, I am pleased to pay a tribute to this respectable fisherman—clean as a new pin in his surroundings, industrious to a degree, and who knows the secret of producing one of the most toothsome and nourishing forms of diet there is in existence. We have only to read what Sir Jas. Crichton Browne recently said on the virtues of the humble kipper and bloater to recognise the truth of this. I would like to know that every herring hang in Folkestone was full. Much might be done to support such an industry.

"SCISSORS TO GRIND."

Now I believe that there are many in the world who could tolerate street shouting if it was a little more musical. As an illustration, some years since we had in Folkestone a really wonderful hawker, a "scissors to grind" man. He sang his calling in the chromatic scale. It was a treat to hear him start on the highest note with "Scissors to grind, penknives, carving knives, umbrellas, or parasols to mend, etc." Musically inclined visitors listened to Frank Allum (that was his name) with delight, and I verily believe if all the hawkers of Folkestone had only trained their voices in a proper manner, we should not have so much reason to complain against the bawling in streets.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A LADYSMITH V.C. HERO.

After the memorable siege of Ladysmith a number of the wounded and invalids were brought to the Alfred Bevan Convalescent Home at Sandgate. During their

stay here I frequently visited the men—poor fellows some of them were wrecks indeed. Here is a paragraph I wrote at the time:—

I don't exactly know how it was, but at the late Major Howell's request I was a constant visitor at the Home, and I can truly say some of the happiest hours I ever experienced were with the inmates, who were always coming and going. It was here I learned more of the South African war than I read in the most brilliant description sent over the wire by "our own correspondent." I gazed upon its effects, and through repeated conversations with the most intelligent of the men I obtained a good insight as to what had occurred. One night the Major said to me: "Do you want to see and talk with a hero—a V.C. man." Eagerly I said "Yes." "Come with me, then," answered my friend, and soon I was in the presence of Private Ward. He had one arm in a sling; his demeanour was as modest as his conversation. After recouping at this Home, Private Ward, V.C., proceeded to his home at Leeds, where he was accorded a public reception and presented with a cheque for a thousand pounds. What did he do, this hero? He volunteered and walked across a zone of the Boer fire to convey an urgent message, the delivery of which meant the saving of many lives. It was a fifty to one chance if Ward came back alive, but he coolly braved the hail of bullets, and after delivering his message, came back to his detachment, but not scathless, for an explosive bullet had entered the fleshy part of his chest. I had read of these bullets, but now I looked upon their effects. That cruel wound told its own tale of horror, and I shall never read or hear of "explosives" without my mind reverting to the time when I interviewed this hero, who so gallantly paid his part of the price of Empire.

A KENT COAL FIRE AND A QUIET PIPE.

I have to thank my old and tried friend, Mr. W. H. Pearson, of Grace Hill, for sending me a bag of Dover-won coal, "just to try." Well, on a certain evening, I had "a night off," and remarked to myself: "Supposing I build up a fire of all Kent coal." This I did, and then proceeded to load up my pipe with a charge of Smith's Glasgow Mixture (that in the yellow tins). As I watched the smoke curl from the bowl my mind went back to that time when the late Mr. Frances Brady, the Engineer of the South-Eastern Railway, proved the borings on the site of the old Channel Tunnel Works. Well, as to the coal.

Of course, it has not the "life" of say the Silkstone or the Wallsend, yet I should say, when the lower measures are tapped, there will be an improvement. Anyhow, as I cannot look a "gift horse" in the mouth, I will content myself with writing that the pertinacity of Mr. Arthur Burr and those associated with him has been more than justified. Puffing at my briar, I think again, and remember that the real discovery of coal in these parts was due to the late Sir Edward Watkin. As is well known, the late "Railway King's" great ambition was to construct a tunnel from a point between Folkestone and Dover to France. This greatest project was stopped at the instance of the then President of the Board of Trade. But the late Sir Edward was not a man to be crushed, and he instructed the late Mr. Frances Brady to make the borings, and with the result that all the world knows.

THE LATE HARRY JORDAN—A "GOOD SPORT."

"Harry" it always was, and "Harry" it will ever be. He was an institution, and it is true to state that the town will not be quite the same to many of us without him. Bluff and outspoken, he was a typical John Bull. He was wont to express himself in unconventional language, and it came, as they say, "straight from the shoulder." Amongst sportsmen on both sides of the Channel he was known. He was indeed fond of a horse, and could judge one. Next to his greyhounds, Harry was passionately fond of cultivating flowers, and many a nosegay of roses or sweet peas had he presented to me. People from the West End of the town and many Continental travellers would make a point of "looking up" Harry at his little hostelry. In his character glittered the gold of kindness and goodness. He did good by stealth, and this is known particularly in the neighbourhood of the Fishmarket. Many a time did he drive me and others to the coursing club dinner at Dymchurch, and it can be judged that times were gay. The late John Jones, of the Marsh village, was in life one of his most intimate friends. Harry was firm in his friendship. Once a friend always a friend. He did not pose as a saint, but it can be said he acted and carried out all those attributes to be associated with the name of Englishman. May a kind Providence lighten the sorrow of his widow and family in their sad bereavement—that is the wish of all of us. That is the wish of one who was proud to term Harry a friend.

SOME KENTISH CURIOSITIES.

Recently in Tenterden I obtained a cycle and "furraged" around, with the result that I obtained some excellent "copy." I was wheeling through a little village called St. Michael's, and noting its curious gas lamps, proceeded to enquire. This, it appears, is the first village in England to avail itself of the opportunity offered by acetylene for public street and general lighting. The plan consists of generators, etc., which, when fully completed, will yield 5,400 candle-power lights for six hours from one full charge of the generators. The church and institute of the village are also lighted by the same kind of gas. Trundling the wheels along over some spanking roads I came to Headcorn—nine miles from Tenterden. The "lion" of this place is the largest and oldest oak tree in the country. It stands in the churchyard, and measures 42 feet in circumference. The tree has been protected by an iron fence, and iron bands around the trunk. Those who have not seen this monster oak should by no means lose an opportunity when in the neighbourhood. There are also some very ancient buildings in the centre of the village of interest to antiquarians. Here again are some which should be facts I "dug up" from a book at Tenterden:—

21 Edw. IV, 1481.—This yeare Isaack Cade did ryse.

1 Hen. VII., 1485-6.—This yeare the Frenchmen came to Sandwiche, and there laye one night and a daye.

14 Q. Elizabeth, 1572.—This yeare about Bartholmetide the Queen was at Rie, Hempstead and Sesingherst.

19 Q. Elizabeth, 1577.—This yeare in November was a blazing starr in the evening towards the west.

16 James I., 1618.—This yeare in November and December was seen a blaseing star riseinge towards the East in the morning streminge forward.

Feb. 17, 1661.—A greate and fierce wind.

July 20, 1662.—Another greate and fierce wind.

December 29th, 1672.—Beneden steeple and church and 5 houses burnt out but first set on fire by lightening.

February 17, 1673.—A greate and fierce wind when Staplehurst Spire was blown down and many barnes about in ye country.

December 28th, 1694.—Quene Mary ye 2nd died of ye Small Pox.

Among some leaves thus inserted are two of a handsomely-illuminated service book of the 14th century, containing one or more Psalms. At one page, written in a fine hand is this couplet—

From a Drawing

A Bit of Very Old Folkestone.

LOCAL CRICKETERS OF OTHER DAYS.

Amongst those who may be recognised are the late Aldermen J. Banks and W. Salter, Alderman Vaughan, the late Councillor John Holden, the late Mr. Edward Sherwood, Mr. Archie Tolputt, the late Mr. Goddard, Mr. Harrison, Dr. Knowles, the late Mr. Richard White (Borough

By kind permission of] Mass of Rhododendron Blossom (Cunninghamii) at American Gardens. [*Alfred C. Leney, Esq.*

Snow Scene near Central Station.

First Motor (Steam) to run to Dover. Proprietor, Mr. Salter.

"At my beginninge God be speade,
In grace and virtue to proceade."

One more of these items, and then I must conclude. It comprises two draper's bills as follows:—

"Master Johnson, I commend me unto you, trusting unto God that you be in good helth; the cause of wrytyng unto you at thye tym, I pray you send unto me by the brynger of my byl (bill) the mony that you do oue unto me, or I have gret ned of yt." Another to "Olever Gyles" reads:—"I commende me unto you, trustyng unto God that you be in good helth; the causes of my wrytying unto you at thys tym. I pray you send unto me the mony that you do oue unto me, for I have gret ned of yt, for I have a gret payment to pay at thys tym." Enough for the present, or I shall be told these "dug up" old relics are dry.

DEDICATED TO DR. YUNGE-BATEMAN.

The Medical Officer of Health for Ramsay (Huntingdonshire) has rendered his annual report quite readable. He has dispensed in a measure with the generally dry-as dust official language, and has burst into song as follows regarding the disease-spreading fly. Here is part of his effort:—

"The fly comes gaily unto us,
His feet all gummed with poison pus;
And singing clear his song so sweet,
Alights and cleans them on the meat.
He gathers scarlet fever spores,
And leaves them on the walls and floors.
He is not proud, and oft will stoop
To carry heavy loads of 'croup,'
And place it where its awful death
May come and go with baby's breath."

Now the above opens up great possibilities. Perhaps our energetic Medical Officer may feel inclined to follow suit. If he did court the muse in this connection, I feel certain his always able reports would be more widely read by ratepayers. It might be that others would follow the example. The learned Town Clerk might sing a song on the great question of the wearing of the Mayor's robes, the Chairman of the Highways Committee in turn could compose a nice verse or two on the state of Sandgate-road, the Borough Treasurer might also rhyme on "dates" and "rates," the Borough Surveyor on Shelter designs, and the Chairman of the Library Committee would probably

delight us all with a sonnet on "Hibbert's Magazine," or the triumph of common sense. In fact, there is no limit to the idea. But, seriously, if the compilers of reports, etc., would follow the example of Ramsay's Medical Officer, this mundane existence would have added to it a spice of cheerfulness.

SHRIMPS WITHOUT JACKETS OR HEAD-DRESS.

Amongst the minor wonders of bright and happy Blackpool are its shrimps. They are in flavour and size about the same as our famous Romney specimens, but the strange thing (to myself) about the Lancashire crustaceans is that they appear in public minus their clothes, that is to say, they are relieved of their heads and jackets. There were heaps of them—bushels, in fact—in the fishmonger and oyster shops, but never was one to be seen in its natural garb. Of course, "down south" we often notice a pint or so of shrimps prepared in this manner for sauce, but never as I have described in the bulk. One of my Blackpool experiences was to enjoy an afternoon tea in a palace of a restaurant. The waitress queried, in pure Lancastrian dialect: "Will you have a few shrimps with your tea?" In pure Kentish I replied: "Yes, please." In quick time a fine brew of freshly-made tea appeared, together with some brown bread and butter, and a little shallow jar, the contents of which were coated with a very thin layer of melted butter. I called the "lass," and told her I wanted shrimps, and not potted meat. "Eh, lad! what ye be driving at?" She smiled a Lancashire smile, as she took a knife, and lifted the crust, and exposed the peeled shrimps to view. "Noo d'ye see?" she asked. Yes, I did see, and also tasted. Just sprinkled with the merest dust of cayenne, they were delicious. Now, what I want to come to is this. Are these shrimps peeled by hand or machinery? If the latter, then I shall expect some up-to-date Folkestone tradesman to give us the benefit of the invention.

THE FOLKESTONE FOREIGN OFFICE.

"Well, I've passed this place a hundred times, and never noticed it." That was the remark made to me the other day after I had pointed out a house, directly opposite the Royal Pavilion Hotel, Lower Sandgate-road, bearing the inscription—dim, now, it is true—"Foreign Office. Passports issued to passengers two hours before the leaving of the tidal boat." That this notice should have re-

mained unobliterated for many years is remarkable, and brings to mind a remarkable time, a time probably before the Harbour was connected with the Junction Station; when the open-decked boats started according to the tide. Strange days they must have been! Then those who crossed were looked upon with suspicion, if not as enemies of France and other countries. Now it is a question of open arms on both sides, and the old inscription noted serves at least to remind us in a way of this altered state of affairs.

FOLKESTONE HARBOUR A CENTURY AGO

I am indebted to an old friend for the following interesting item (date 1810) in regard to the old Harbour:— "On Wednesday last (January 16th) was shipped by Mr. A. H. Spratt, of Canterbury, on board the Perseverance sloop, of 60 tons, belonging to Messrs. Dray, of Hythe, from the western pierhead of Folkestone Harbour, a cargo of paving stones for London. This being the first shipment, the workmen belonging to the Harbour, to the quarry, and to the ship, drank "Prosperity to the undertaking," and gave three times three cheers from the pierhead. The advantages of this work are placed beyond doubt by this experiment, as a shipment was effected in six hours in perfect safety, and which would have taken some days of exposure in an open and dangerous coast."

REMARKABLE PHENOMENOM AT FOLKESTONE HARBOUR A CENTURY AGO.

(From "Kentish Gazette," 28th August, 1812).

"On the 19th a most remarkable circumstance took place at Folkestone, after the tide had ebbed in the usual way for three hours, and left the Hope sloop aground in the Harbour (the crew of which were preparing to unload her), it suddenly rose three feet perpendicular, and as suddenly ebbed, which was repeated three times in less than a quarter of an hour."

A REMARKABLE MANTELPIECE.

One of the "lions" of Elham is a huge carved oaken mantlepiece. "Seen the mantlepiece?" is a question one is asked by the villagers at least a dozen times in as many hours. I had long heard of this remarkable piece of

work, and on Monday I embraced the opportunity of inspecting the same. Evening was fast coming on as I entered the portals of the village cobbler's ship. I informed him of my mission, and the disciple of St. Crispin answered "Certainly, come in." He thereupon lighted a tallow candle that I could the more readily examine the allegorical subject of which the sixteenth century artist has so quaintly treated. The carving is deep, and the figures are extraordinary in design. "That's Jonah and the whale," remarked my cobbling friend, at the same time pointing to a huge fish and a man flying from its open jaws. What the artist means is not clear, but here is doubtless a remarkable work. Over the mantle is some exquisite panelling, in the centre of which is an illuminated coat of arms. Although submitted to experts in heraldry no one has been able to absolutely identify it with any family or an ancient Order. Anyway, the origin of the mantlepiece and the panelling are so far involved in mystery that it would be satisfactory if the point could be cleared up. It is a curious old relic, and I should strongly urge all my readers when they visit Elham not to forget its celebrated mantlepiece, for it will repay inspection.

"DAN'L."

Thousands of residents in Folkestone—especially amongst the working classes—are more or less acquainted with "Dan'l." His small and unpretentious hairdressing establishment in George-lane has long been recognised as one of Folkestone's institutions, for "Dan'l" was well established long before the majority of the present day coiffeurs had seen the light of day. For close upon half-a-century "Dan'l" has skilfully passed the razor over stubby chins, whilst his scissors have shorn almost countless shaggy locks of vari-coloured hair. "Dan'l" has always been looked upon as something of a philosopher, and his opinions on men and things have been sought by many of his customers, be they shining lights of the Church, bankers, landed proprietors, fishermen, or the swarthy coalheaver. Although it would be rather dangerous ground to touch on "Dan'l's" politics, yet he is conservative to a degree in his business. He does not believe in putting up the prices, and rejoices that he is still able to give a rapid and easy shave for one penny. The time has come, however, when George-lane, in a business sense, will see our hero no more.

A GARDENERS' DINNER AT NEWINGTON.

On one Wednesday evening last I found myself once more with the members of the Newington and Cheriton Gardeners' Society. The occasion was the annual harvest home. This is rightly considered in the pretty village as one of the great events of the year, and it is celebrated in the real good old English style. At the Star Inn, then, these jolly gardeners assembled to partake of a substantial supper, and to listen to capital speeches and songs. The banqueting hall was resplendent with decorations of flowers, fruits, and vegetables. Here turnips, carrots, and beetroots; there a fine specimen of a pickling cabbage, branches of red and golden tomatoes, apples, pears, grapes, flowers, and ferns, and foliage, and, in fact, the whole vegetable kingdom had been ransacked, and were arranged with consummate taste and skill, justifying the remark of the foreman of a well-known Folkestone florist: "Well, this is the prettiest decorated room I have ever seen." And it was pretty—magnificent is the more appropriate word. Brilliantly lighted with powerful oil lamps, the scene was to be remembered. In the chair was the genial village parson, the Rev. L. Buckwell, M.A., supported by Mr. Lipscombe (steward to the Beachborough Estate), Mr. Blunt, Mr. Waters, Mr. Greenstreet, Mr. Bartter, and many others. Sitting around the loaded tables were as fine a body of typical Britons as could be found in a day's march. After grace had been said, a knife and fork battle was waged for at least three-quarters of an hour and huge joints of roast and boiled beef, legs of mutton, and the necessary trimmings were made to look very small.

MYSTERIOUS PARCEL AT THE DINNER.

Now came the great event. Lying on the table in front of the Chairman was a mysterious parcel wrapped in brown paper. The rev. gentleman soon explained matters. He said a pleasing duty had been cast upon him. It was to make a presentation to their Secretary, Mr. Fisher. In that parcel was a black ebony stick, which, the Chairman said, he would proceed to "unveil." This was done to the admiring gaze of the whole company, not least amongst them being Mr. Fisher himself. The Chairman said he believed the gift was ebony, or if it wasn't then, as the American said, "It was a darned good imitation." (Laughter.) It was "hall marked" and all right. (Further laughter.) Speaking for himself, the rev. gentleman said he could not trust himself with a handsome stick such as that, for he could not resist the habit of

knocking off a thistle or a nettle if he came across one in his wanderings. (Laughter.) That was a stick fit to walk down the Folkestone Leas with, and he trusted and was sure the whole company would join with him in the hope that Mr. Fisher might be spared many years to use the staff. It was given to him as a token of esteem, and also as a reminder that the Society recognised how successfully Mr. Fisher had carried out his duties as Secretary. The inscription on it told its own tale.

WALKING STICKS MENTIONED IN GENESIS.

Then Mr. Buckwell, in a happy vein, went on to chat about the first allusion to walking sticks in the Bible. As far back as the book of Genesis they were told how Jacob left his father's house with only a walking stick, or staff, as the Bible had it. They read the Scriptural narrative of how that staff accompanied the patriarch in all his wanderings—of how he returned back to his home with a walking stick and two wives. "Ah," said the speaker, amidst laughter, "that would not be allowed now," and further they learnt that Jacob died leaning on his staff. And so there was a great interest attaching to walking sticks, and some people set great value upon them. The speaker concluded by handing Mr. Fisher the gift. The whole company then rose and sang a new version of "for he's a jolly good fellow," remarking in strident tones.

"Which no one can deny,
For if they do they lie;
For he's a jolly good fellow,
And so say all of us,
With a hip, hip, hip hurrah."

This was given with great gusto, and the enthusiasm appeared to be contagious, for the youths forming the Cheriton drum and fife band, who had now assembled under the window, played a lively selection, in which the sound of the big drum predominated. Silence having been restored, Mr. Fisher said he couldn't speak much. They must believe him that he felt overjoyed to think that his efforts for the Society—a real labour of love—had been acknowledged so handsomely. He could assure them that on the very first opportunity he would take a walk down the Folkestone Leas, with his wife, of course, accompanied with the stick. Mr. Maycock, the host, came in for a lot of praise. He eclipsed himself—and that is saying a deal.

BAD BEHAVIOUR OF A CODFISH AT A HARVEST FESTIVAL.

The Harvest Festival in connection with the Stade Fishermen's Bethel took place on Sunday and Monday. There were good attendances at all the services, and they were of a very hearty character. The interior of the building was lavishly decorated with fruit, corn, vegetables, and flowers, pumpkins, onions pickled in vinegar, huge loaves of bread in fantastic shapes, and by way of novelty and reminder of that other harvest of the sea, nets and fishing gear were suspended from the ceiling. An innovation, too, unique in harvest festivals, was the fine exhibition of fish hanging over the heads of the worshippers. Cod, plaice, soles, conger eels, "riggs," mackerel, whiting, crabs, etc., all were brought into requisition for decorative purposes. It was a strange sight to behold, and I wouldn't have missed it for a trifle. The beautiful scent of the flowers, however, was only slightly neutralised by the odour from the denizens of the deep.

During the remarks of the preacher, an unrehearsed incident occurred. One could not resist a smile —it was all so original. Without the slightest warning, a fine specimen of codfish, hanging several feet above, became detached, and fell with a crash into the midst of the congregation. No harm was done. It only caused a slight diversion, and somewhat interrupted the minister's eloquence. I should think this must be the first case on record in which the obstreperous conduct of a codfish was responsible of interrupting the divine service. Why was this? Why should this cod take umbrage more than his companions? There was the crab and the mackerel and all the rest of them on their best behaviour. They didn't move a muscle. Why, I say, should this codfish behave himself in this unseemly style? It is quite an the tapis that henceforth this class of fish will not be similarly honoured at future harvest festivals, and I think the cod family will have only themselves to blame. One would have thought that this ill-behaved member of the finny tribe would have felt honoured that he should have been taken from the depths of the Channel and used for such high purpose. But it appears, after all this, that ingratitude is not unknown amongst the fishes.

THE OLD TOLL-GATE KEEPER AT SANDGATE HILL.

According to the current number of the "Local Government Journal," the last of the turnpikes will disappear in a short time. Possibly it will be a surprise to some people to hear that there is even one survivor of such an unpopular system of road government. Thirty years ago there was no fewer than 1047 turnpike trusts in England and Wales, with 20,189 miles of road supported by trusts. It was only a comparatively short time ago that we in this neighbourhood had two of these "gates," one at the bottom of Sandgate-hill and the other on the Canterbury-road. I recall one of the keepers of the former. His name was Jarvis, and he was the dual owner of a wooden leg and a very bad temper and also deaf in the bargain. There was on doubt about it he was a "character." A proficient in the art of a polished Billingsgate, there used to be a constant exchange of courtesies between this official and the local Jehus. Perhaps, a pair of larkish individuals conversant with the frailties of poor Jarvis would purposely gallop through the open gate, and thus deprive the man of his toll of threepence. and then—oh, dear! the scene. The toll-keeper would stump, stump, stump out on to the roadway only to find his tormenters a long way off indulging in a laugh at his expense. And then at night, Jarvis and his poor leg would seek sweet sleep. The gate was then locked, and many a traveller in stormy weather has known from bitter experience what it was for Jarvis to get into a real sound sleep.

A VERY LIVELY "CORPSE."

On one occasion, late at night, a hearse was being driven up the hill from Sandgate to Folkestone. There was no coffin inside the grim vehicle, but a lively "corpse." His name was Bobby Downs. He, too, like the departed Jarvis, is a "character," and still picks up his living in the various livery yards of this town. After considerable shouting Jarvis came out to unlock the gate, and said to the driver, "Now, then, pay up." And he got for an answer: "Got no money. I'll pay you when I come back next time, I've got a 'corpse" inside." Said the toll-keeper, "That won't do for me, corpse or no corpse." And now the fun began. Jarvis, although such a blusterer, was withal a very nervous man—and superstitious into the bargain. The "dead man," who had been listening to the foregoing dialogue, during a pause in the wordy warfare, "arose," and placing his lips against an aperture in the hearse, said in deep

sepulchral tones: "Jarvis, the Lord will pay you." The old toll-keeper was completely petrified with fear, and the driver and "Bobby," and the hearse were soon lost in the darkness of the night, the two actors no doubt chuckling to their heart's content. But let me add, Old Jarvis, with all his eccentricities, always looked after the interests of his employers. He possessed a kind heart, and many are the yarns the old soldier regaled us youngsters with as we sat round his cabin fire. For that alone I hold the old fellow's memory in respectful remembrance.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW AND "CHERRY RIPE."

Well, this is how it all came about. It was my lot one morning to attend the "Palais de Justice" at the Town Hall. There were several cases, which included a "six months hard" on a thief trainer. If ever a man had his deserts, this individual did. It was proved that the prisoner had trained his boy—his own flesh and blood—to thieve and steal. This case disposed of, another defendant was haled before the Magistrates. He was charged, under the new bye-laws, with shouting. The Magistrates' Clerk (Mr. John Andrew) asked of the constable, in his blandest manner, "What was the defendant shouting?" Came the ready reply, "Cherry Ripe!" The court was very hot and stuffy, and the Bench, Chief Constable Reeve, and the Magistrates' Clerk almost melted into tears, for it was at once recognised that in the chequered history of England it was the first time that "Cherry Ripe" had appeared before the Bench. The fine was nominal. Strange but true. A stalwart constable at the conclusion of the case, said: "Here goes for a pound of blackhearts." Our limbs of the law are a real good lot, but when there is any shouting, I do hope, especially when the weather is torrid, they will draw the line at "Cherry Ripe."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND "DOCTOR FOLKESTONE."

With a select few on a certain evening a few years since I was on the Folkestone Central platform when Mr. Chamberlain arrived with his wife and daughter at the Central Station. Folkestone was proud to welcome a great Englishman—one whose name is writ large on the scroll of fame. Controversy has raged and whirled round Mr. Chamberlain's name, but here in Folkestone

it means peace and quiet. If there was no great cheering crowd, Nature itself bade the right hon. gentleman her own sweet welcome. The sun burst out in all its splendour, and the temperature was quite summerlike. The distinguished party enjoyed a stroll on the Leas, and appeared to be charmed with the unique beauty of the scene. Down in the copses of the undercliff the warblers were rejoicing in song, the blue sea sparkled, and Mr. Chamberlain once more beheld a lesson of Empire as he watched the numerous vessels passing to and from all parts of the globe. In the afternoon the ex-Colonial Secretary, accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain and his daughter, drove out to Saltwood Castle. A more ideal spot could not have been chosen. There are great physicians both in London and Birmingham, but all these distinguished men recognise there is one doctor head and shoulders over all of them. His name is "Doctor Folkestone," and many of us will trust, after a week or so's treatment, that Mr. Chamberlain, Mrs. Chamberlain, and their daughter may go back renewed in health, and that they may realise the beautiful lines of Bryant:

"The sunshine on our path
Was to us a friend. The swelling hills,
Or quiet dells, retiring far between,
With gentle invitations to explore
Their windings, were a calm society
That talk'd with us and soothed us. Then the chant
Of birds, the chime of brooks, and soft caress
Of the fresh sylvan air made us forget
The thoughts that broke our peace."

Since the above words were written we have all followed Mr. Chamberlain's progress with pathetic interest.

"NEVER PROPHECY UNLESS YOU KNOW."

That was the advice once given, I believe, by an American humourist, and the writer of the following, which appeared in the first number of "The Leisure Hour," would have been wise to have taken it to heart when he penned those words on Folkestone, in August, 1852. To use a popular phrase, it will be seen that the prophet "is right out of it."

"Folkestone lies about six miles to the west of Dover Castle, and a disagreeable ride of a quarter of an hour, through pitch-dark tunnels, and ragged ravines, brings us within a few minutes' walk of the rising town. There is nothing particularly attractive in the aspect of

the place, the interest of which is centred round the harbour, where a steam packet lies awaiting the next train which is to bring passengers for France.

"In spite of a grand hotel, and a number of new buildings of a rather more pretentious appearance than the old ones, there is an air of forlorn solitariness about the town, and a dismal species of tranquility quite alien from one's notion of comfort and ease.

"The coast wears a desolate and hungry look—no lofty cliffs, no umbrageous foliage, no available promenade, and, above all, no beach for loitering or bathing.

"These disadvantages are not speedily to be overcome; and though Folkestone is useful as a trajectory station on the route to the continent, there is little prospect of its becoming the chosen residence of the summer idler on the health-seeking invalid.

"There is an interest attached to it, however, as the birthplace of Harvey, who discovered the circulation of blood. He died in 1658, leaving his personal estate for the support of an institution which he had founded in the town, and in which a yearly oration, now called the Harveian, is, we believe, yet delivered."

The writer would appear to be in the same boat as Defoe who in his day described Folkestone as "a miserable fishing village." Now, when looking around our beautiful town, we can at once see the danger of ignoring the advice to "never prophecy unless you know."

"UNCLE" BY POST.

We are constantly reminded that old methods of business are fast giving way to the new. In times well within the memory of some of us changes in this respect were slowly brought about, but now they are almost of daily or hourly occurrence. Tradespeople at one time were content to stand behind the counters and wait for trade to come to them. Now, however, "commercials" of both sexes and canvassers are an ever growing army, and advertising both in newspapers and posters has grown to a fine art. "Shopping by post," too, is another developing feature of modern life. And thus has it come about that our old friend "Uncle" has rubbed his eyes as if to say, "Where do I come in?" At one time the three golden balls were sufficient to indicate his whereabouts, but now, through an advertisement in "The Herald," we are informed by Mr. Vandersteen, of Dover and Canterbury, that he is prepared to carry out pawnbroking by post. Pawnbroker! In some quarters the description of this

particular calling is mentioned with almost bated breath. "Uncle," however, when "the ready" is needed, is sought for by rich and poor. Although the golden balls are rarely to be seen in the fashionable quarters of London, yet, if needed, the pawnbroker is there to make an advance on the diamond tiara or bracelet, and with as much readiness as "Uncle" might be in some squalid quarter of our great city. What tragedies might be written around this subject! The truly needy, the spendthrift, the profligate, yes, many of "the submerged tenth," as surely as some of the "upper ten thousand," all find at times a friend in "Uncle." Those who have so far not had recourse to the pawnbroker may look upon upon him with a critical eye, but in our complex state of civilisation he is often a stern necessity. "Uncle," then, when all other sources of "raising the wind" have failed, will still be in all probability a friend in need to prospective millions.

A GLIMPSE OF THE OLD FOLKESTONE POST OFFICE.

There are many ways of measuring the rapid growth of Folkestone, and one of these is by comparing the Post Office of the present with that of the past. There are Folkestonians still living who remember a little grocer's establishment in Beach-street. This was kept by one, Punnett, and the Post Office work of the then little town was transacted here. The old man was what might be termed "a bit short tempered," and nothing gave him greater annoyance than to be asked, when engaged in weighing up, say, a pound of sugar or butter, for a stamp or a post office order. People had to tap at a little wicket let in the window; they had to stand outside in the street—perhaps it was wet weather—and wait until the good man had finished his weighing, etc. It might be the person requiring attention was in a hurry, and then the grocer-postmaster would exclaim, "Can't you see I'm busy?" But the days of good old Punnett are no more, and a reference to them only serves, as I say, to remind us of the wonderful march of Folkestone, and the important and marvellous developments that have taken place in Post Office methods.

FOLKESTONE MAYOR'S DINNER 100 YEARS AGO.

I am certain the following extract will be read with interest by all true Folkestonians:—"September 11th, 1812.—Tuesday last being the Mayor's choice for the Town of Folkestone, Thomas Baker, Esq., was elected to the chair, who, after taking the necessary oath, adjourned

to the Folkestone Arms Inn, accompanied by the jurats and the primores oppidi, where a sumptuous and well-served dinner was prepared for them. After the cloth was drawn the following toasts, etc., were pronounced from the chair: 'The King and God bless him'; 'The Prince Regent, and under his benign auspices may the Imperial Eagle be experimentally taught to ply the wing at the roaring of the British Lion'; 'The Queen and Royal Family'; 'Alexander, and may the Gallic Cock be finally brought to feel the ascending influence of the Northern Constellation.' Thus passed the fleeting hours, interspersed with convivial song and merry joke, until 'Nox' was contemplating to withdraw her sombre curtain from the dusky landscape, which suggested to the company the idea of 'ite domun,' and on which they unanimously arose and congratulated the Mayor on his tenth election to the honour of the white wand."

A BEEF PUDDING CLUB.

We have had almost a surfeit of geese, turkeys, etc., of late. At least, if we have not discussed them with knife and fork, they have been very much before us in print. Now, for a moment, I will go back to the more mundane and satisfying beef pudding. At one time (in the early days of "The Herald") it was my duty to report the fortnightly meeting of the Elham Board of Guardians at the Workhouse. One day my eye lighted on a printed card in the window of the "Ark Inn." It bore this inscription: "Beef Pudding Club held here every Saturday evening." I had a long walk before me at the time, and the very thought of a juicy beef pudding was too much for me. I joined that Club on the spot, and walked up on the appointed supper night from Folkestone to Each End Hill. There I found a large number of agricultural labourers—men off the land—and, thoroughly entering into the spirit of the occasion I sat down with the sturdy Kentish yeomen to one of the best beef puddings ever boiled. On my arrival the good old landlady informed me the amount of beef steak she had used, and how many hours' the pudding had boiled. She also further confided in me that she could make a crust with anybody in the land. Well, experience proved that the old lady was correct. The pudding was what might be called a whopper, and when it was cut it appeared as an island surrounded by gravy. I have dined in my time at some of the best of hotels, but the memory of that particular beef pudding is still pleasant to fall back upon. Of course, the guests just off the fields were equal to the occasion. "Have another plateful old Charley, with potatoes, parsnips and turnips." Old Charley almost looked disdainful as he replied "What?

Rather!" Many worse clubs have existed than the Beef Pudding Club at Each End Hill, which, similarly to many good old institutions, has passed away.

OUR POLICEMEN.

From the Chief downwards I think it can be fairly stated that our local constables are a real smart lot of fellows. Without any show or fuss, they are well disciplined, without being dragooned. Always alert, they are most obliging. Indeed, our constables are accomplished, for do not half of them speak French with the fluency of Parisians? Similarly with the milkmen, the growth of Folkestone can be measured, by its police force. The "oldest inhabitant" can recall the time when there were only two "peelers" in this town. It was a small place then, and so trustful were the inhabitants that they did not even lock their doors. It was argued: "Why bolt and bar when there are no thieves to 'break through and steal'." Happy days! I have said there were a couple of constables. One of the twain was the late Matt Pearson. Matt was off and on duty at one and the same time. Our hero was a baker and confectioner, besides acting as a "limb of the law." It might be he was "up to his eyes" in flour with a batch of bread. Just then, perhaps, news would reach him that a row was on up the street. Matt, hastily divesting himself of white cap and apron, would proceed to the scene of war. If peace could not be brought about Matt would probably have to "run in" an offender, only to engage again at his "dough punching," or in making those famous jam puffs of his. What would Chief Constable Reeve have to say, I wonder, in these latter days if all his fifty "men in blue" followed old Matt's example? But we are different now. The watchman's rattle has gone, and the policeman's whistle and the private telephone have appeared. People lock up their doors; they bolt and bar, and fix burglar alarms. And beyond all these precautions they have a force of police of which any town might be proud.

THE DUSTMEN.

Although his calling does not suggest the outward smartness of, say, a uniformed soldier, sailor, or policeman, yet in imagination I often lift my hat to the dustman. And why should I not make him one of my "subjects?" So far as my observation leads me, I unhesitatingly affirm that the Folkestone dustman is one of the most worthy of our public servants.

"He may not wear a silken vest,
Or boast of high degree,"

Yet he is indispensable to town life. He often has to "cut his way" through many obstacles in order to reach the dustbin. If his stomach is weak in the early morning he must forget that he has a sense of smell. The dustman must not be deficient in courage, for often a fierce house dog is roaming about the back yard, and he has to coax the animal before he can gain the object of his visit. Many a housewife, too, will give the poor dustman the "rounds of the kitchen" if he happens to touch with his dirty basket the clothes hanging in the back garden. And our dusky friend, too, must have unlimited stores of patience. It is seven a.m., but the dustman is already on his round. Often the garden gate is locked and bolted. He bangs and knocks, at the same time shouting "Dust O!" All to no purpose; the people refuse to be awakened. Then probably a postcard is sent to his superior complaining that the dustman has not called. In spite of this false accusation he continues to smile. The dustman, happily, is philosophic. Regularly three times a week do I have the pleasure of welcoming him at my cottage, and he is there before the postman and roll boy. The dustmen are the rank and file in the health army. They do their work well, and in spite of their appearance, they provide living illustration of the familiar saying, "Handsome is that handsome does."

THE NAME OF FOLKESTONE.

Although the origin and changes in the name of Folkestone appear to be obscured in the midst of a distant part, there is no mystery in regard to the addition of the letter "e" after the "k" in the modern name of our town. It is only within comparatively recent years that Folkestone was spelt as it is now. Folkstone—that was the designation. To explain. Before the age of railways the natives of our fishing village and those of Dover were at "daggers drawn" with each other. Let a stranger appear down in the city—I mean Radnor-street way—and the remark would be heard: "There goes a furriner" (foreigner). And if he happened to hail from Dover he was a double-dyed specimen. Let the "Folson" fishermen and those from the other side of Shakespeare's Cliff only meet, and there was bound to be a row. Absurd as it may seem in this more tolerant and enlightened age, yet the fact is beyond dispute that this and other feuds between towns existed. This feeling was reflected in more latter days by the appearance of snarling articles in the newspapers of the rival communities. Thus on one occasion a Dover writer declared that

the very name of Folkstone revealed the mental intelligence of its inhabitants. In explanation of this it was pointed out that the anagram "Kent fools" could be made out of F-o-l-k-s-t-o-n-e. And so it can, and my readers can prove it if they take the trouble to dissect the letters. This subtle blow of the "furriners" at our intelligence was too much of a good thing, and thus the addition of the innocent letter "e" saved our enemies from terming us "Kent fools."

SOME OF THE MILKMEN'S "JOYS OF LIFE."

I reckon the milkman is one of the most industrious men in creation. Take some of those, for example, that come down, winter and summer, from over the Folkestone hills. When the average townsman is in "the arms of Morpheus"—say between three and four a.m.—the milkmen are "about." With horses in the shafts, and milk cans in the cart, the men drive into the town, arriving here before six. Never mind the weather; let it be a strong sou'-wester or a bitter nor-easter, down the hills they travel with horses often slipping at each step. This is, of course, the winter I am referring to, but the summer tells a reverse story. The milkman, too, can also count amongst his "joys of life" certain anxieties. He never knows, when turning the corner of a street, whether he will "fall into the arms" of a sanitary inspector, who may demand a sample. There is a constant dread that his milk may be deficient in fat (cream) through the cows being "off" certain feed. He may even worry as to whether one of his helpers on the farm left any water in the milk pails when they were cleansed with "aqua pura." And then it should be remembered, too, that the milkman has a constant race against time. He must not disappoint his customers. Almost to the minute must he be on the doorstep. The whole household, even to the domestic cat, relies upon him. The morning round over, they get a little rest, and a snatch at meals. The cows have to be milked, and preparations made for the afternoon round again. Evening arrives. The utensils have to be cleansed again, beyond suspicion. A look round the stable and farm. Perhaps a few moments for a chat and supper. Then welcome bed, even if it is only between eight and nine. Our milkman needs to retire early, for the lark will not have left its nest ere he is preparing to start the next day's labours.

FLORAL BEAUTY AND A NOBLE CHARITY.

"It is not always May." That is one of the reasons which drew me to Flora's Temple in the American Gardens

one Saturday afternoon. It was not the public day, and thus it came about that, in company with an "olive branch" and the head gardener, I was enabled to worship the Fair One all undisturbed. For this privilege I have again to thank Mr. Alfred Leney, the owner, who extended me a cordial invitation to visit his charming place with the injunction that "I was to go where I liked and stay as long as I liked." The American Gardens at Saltwood have often been described, but no pen, however able or eloquent, can do justice to their unique beauty; no artist, however gifted, could delineate the feast of floral beauty which for the next few weeks will be in the full tide of its glory. My visit proved an afternoon's real pleasure, and if, by the means of a few imperfect words that follow, I can incline my readers to make a similar visit, my reward will be great indeed. As is generally pretty well known, the owner opens the grounds to the public on Wednesdays, a charge of sixpence being made. Mr. Leney, with that kindness of heart that is such a distinguishing trait in his characater, has for some years devoted the whole of the proceeds for admission to charities.

BEES AND SUPERSTITION.

There is a familiar and true saying that one has to travel into the rural districts to find out news. Example: On the same night that Mr. Rolls accomplished the double air journey over the Channel I heard of the fact about an hour later at Newingreen, where no telegraph office exists. The explanation, however, is that I met the mail motor van on its way to Ashford, and the conductor was kind enough to impart the interesting information alluded to. Now, to pursue the main subject, I heard a remarkable yarn the other day in the Alkham Valley in regard to bees. Two of the sons of Mr. Kerswell, the respected owner of Drelingore Farm, are my authorities. It appears that if any member of a household should happen to die, the owner of the bees must proceed to the hive or hives in the garden, and tap on each little structure, remarking at the same time to the bees, "Mother is dead," "Father dead," or "Aunt Mary is dead" as the case may be. Many of the country folk will have it that if this is not done the bees will all die or fly away. Mr. Bailey, of Vale Farm, Hawkinge, it appears, did not tap on the hives informing the bees of a recent death in the family. The consequence was that the busy insects took offence, and died. Here, then, are names of thoroughly reputable people, and I will leave the townspeople to explain a belief that still has a hold in East Kent.

THE TOPE AND RIGG V. CHANNEL STURGEON.

Passing along Black Bull-road a few evenings since, I held a brief conversation with Mr. "Wally" Balchin, who is in partnership with Mr. Rumsey. Both these well-known and much respected tradesmen preside over the destinies of a fried fish and chip potato restaurant, which, by the way, is as clean as the proverbial new pin. A customer came along and asked the stalwart and good-tempered Wally, "What fish to-night?" Came the answer, "We have some lovely plaice and Channel Sturgeon." I pricked up my ears at this, for I had never heard of this particular denizen of the deep before. "All right," replied the customer, "six of sturgeon and three of potatoes (chips)." Then Wally almost lovingly dipped some slips of sturgeon into nice thick batter, thereafter to be cooked in a brand of Carden's fine fat. Oh, no, there is no cotton-seed oil here. Of course, the fish and chips were done to a turn, and the customer left the establishment delighted. But what of this Channel sturgeon? I was quite interested, and made further enquiries. It appears it is a purely local name for tope, or, as fishermen term it, rigg. This self-same rigg was once to be obtained at "a penny per lump." In fact, Douglas Jerrold quoted it as being "Folkestone beef." That was in the far off days. I well remember at one time, when the "Folkestone beef," as represented by the rigg, was hung outside many of the fishermen's houses. The backbone of the fish taken out, and the flesh, well peppered and salted, was hung in the sun to dry. A "penny lump" of rigg for tea in those days was thought a luxury; and so it was after it had been toasted before the fire. I can hear in imagination some old Folkestonian remarking: "Hear, hear." But the "penny a lump" rigg days are no more. However, "Wally" has provided us with the same article served us as "Channel sturgeon," and both himself and partner are never happier than when, "up to their eyes in batter," they are serving out their toothsome hot suppers to visitors and residents alike.

[Since writing the above "Wally" has opened an establishment "on his own."]

THE FOLKESTONE "ROYAL STURGEON."

Well, now I come to think of it, there is a possible explanation for terming the tope or rigg "Channel sturgeon." We have it on the authority of an old local guide book, published in the forties, that once upon a time our local fisherfolk caught a real royal sturgeon. And report

has it that the specimen was a fine one. Our worthy mariners did not send it to the King and Queen, but to the Lord Mayor of London. The fish arrived by coach at the Mansion House in due course. Tradition declares that the Lord Mayor was so delighted that he then and there wrote a letter expressing his thanks, and promising to send his fisher friends an "equivalent." This was at a time Folkestone was little more than a village. Education outside colleges or universities was little thought of. Thus it came about that the "bigwigs" stumbled at the Lord Mayor's "equivalent." It was true the writing was bad. That was the excuse for the fishermen obtaining timber to build a shed for the reception of an animal. They had misread 'equivalent" for "elephant.' It can be guessed when the timbers of the shed were removed that some non-dictionary words were used. The Lord Mayor, however, was as good as his word. He sent an equivalent. It took the form of a couple of pounds of green tea, which, in those distant days, was esteemed of value. Thus we may account perhaps for Wally's famous "Channel sturgeon."

ALL THROUGH MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

The penalties attaching to fame are great indeed. Men seek great positions, sometimes not realizing that worries and anxieties and unpopularity often run parallel with popularity itself. Thus with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. By one section of the community he is looked upon as a heaven-sent prophet; by another, his name is anathema. There is no getting away, however, from the fact that Mr. Lloyd George is famous. And those associated with newspapers (be they local or metropolitan) are perhaps more alive to this fact than any other section of the community. Let Mr. Lloyd George stay a week-end with his friend at Beachborough; let him play a game of golf (as he did last Saturday on the Hythe links); let him even wink the other eye, and the fact is recorded. The same kind of thing applies to all public men who loom largely in the public eye. For instance, I was robbed of a country stroll on a recent Sunday morning, all because of Lloyd George. Here is a copy of orders placed in my hand: "Please attend morning service at Cheriton Baptist Church. Lloyd George may probably attend." I followed up these instructions, but was "sold." The author of the Insurance Act did not turn up. He was probably on the top of Brockman's Mount, enjoying the fairy picture as seen from that altitude.

A REMARKABLE "BLACKBIRD."

This remarkable "bird" was minus feathers, tail, or beak. In short, he was a human "blackbird." He once possessed a face, and rather a nice-looking one at that. With this, however, he was not satisfied. The "bird," it appears, was seized with a desire to improve on Nature. Probably he had seen a Wild-Man-of-the-Woods Show, or, possibly, a Maori chieftain. To cut matters short, this individual, who has a certain right to do as he wishes with his own body, has had both sides of his face tattooed with the two words (four in all), "The Blackbird." The letters are bluish in tint, and half an inch in depth. "The Blackbird" grinds a piano organ, and was working very hard on the handle when I viewed his face on a recent morning at Hythe. Is this man going to set the fashion? Great Scott! The very thought of it makes one shudder.

IS A CODLING A HADDOCK.

On the face of it an absurd question, you will exclaim. Not quite so absurd as it appears, however. I was nearly "had" once before. Explanation: On a certain afternoon I entered a fishmonger's shop for the purpose of purchasing a small haddock. The assistant named a price, and this suited. Oh! yes, the interior of the fish was a golden yellow. It was doubtless nicely cured and smoked, but on turning the haddock over on the reverse side I failed to find those famous "finger marks" which are always to be found on the upper sides of this particular kind of fish. I remarked to the man that served me: "This is not what I asked for. It is not a haddock." With a smile on his face he replied, "Oh! I forgot, you are the gentleman what knows. No; it is a codling." (I had been "had," as I said once before, at the same establishment). Afterwards I received my haddock with the regulation "finger marks," and it turned out to be a very nice fish. But this is not the point. If one asks for a certain article, one expects to be served in good faith. I am quite aware that fishmongers as a rule would not resort to such methods, but the practice prevails in some quarters. And so I warn my readers, when purchasing a haddock, to always look out for those tell-tale "finger marks" with which Nature has adorned this denizen of the deep. No, a codling is not a haddock. Appearances may be deceptive, but the flavour and "finger marks" tell the tale.

THE SWIFT AND ITS RAPID FLIGHT.

Recently I penned a paragraph having reference to the rapid and wonderful flight of the swallow and swift.

This appears to have rather amused a townsman. In answer to his criticism in regard to the flight of the swift, I may inform my friend that as I am not a naturalist in the proper sense of the term, I turn to writers whose business it is to know something of what they write about. Thus it was I quoted from that charming work, "By Leafy Ways; or Brief Studies from the Book of Nature," by Francis A. Knight (pages 41-42). I will quote again, with a slight addition: "It is not easy to estimate the speed of flight, but it has been said that a swallow can probably cover at least seventy miles within an hour, an eider duck ninety, a peregrine falcon, in pursuit of prey, a hundred and fifty. But the powers of the swift are undoubtedly much greater. No bird can pass him on an airy highway. His speed has been estimated at no less than two hundred and forty miles an hour. . . . ." I turn also to that wonderful illustrated work, "Morris' British Birds" (vol. 2, page 79). The writer says in regard to the swift: "His speed has been conjectured to be at the rate of one hundred and eighty miles an hour." There is, it will be seen, a considerable divergence of opinion between two naturalists, one of whom truly says: "Is not easy to estimate the speed of flight." I am a novice in such matters, but I would as soon pin my faith to the former as to the latter. Even one hundred and eighty miles an hour for a bird that weighs just on an ounce is to myself and others a marvel of Nature—more wonderful than any aeroplane.

A WIFE FOR SIXPENCE.

Mr. Henry W. Lucy, known the Anglo-Saxon world over as the "Toby, M.P.," of "Punch," has sent the following communication to our friend the Editor of "The Hythe Reporter." Mr. Lucy says: "Married ladies in Hythe, discontented with their lot—if such there be—will be interested in reading the subjoined paragraph. It appeared in the London 'Observer' of one hundred years ago, on Sunday, March 17th, 1805." The paragraph is as follows: "The wife of one of the men employed on the Shorncliffe (Hythe?) Canal was, a few days ago, conducted by her husband to the Market-place at Hythe, with a halter round her neck, and tied to a post for sale, whence she was purchased for sixpence by a mulatto, the long (big) drummer of the regiment. She is not more than twenty years of age, and of likely figure." Mr. Lucy adds, with, perhaps, much truth, "To-day our wives are much dearer than sixpence."

A LATE VICAR OF SANDGATE'S KINDLY ACT.

This is of a serious, but none the less beautiful character. It has to do with an anecdote told in a recent sermon by the Rev. John Hugh Morgan, at the Grace Hill Wesleyan Church. Illustrating a splendid discourse on God's poor, the rev. gentleman, in a feeling manner, told how the late Vicar of Sandgate (now Lord Bishop of Birmingham), when he was Vicar of St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, London, visited one of his parishioners, who was living in a one-room tenement in that wealthy London parish. The poor but respectable man was in deep trouble. On the table was what appeared to be a narrow box. It was covered. The parishioner apologised. "I am sorry," said he to his Vicar, "that you should have to visit me under such circumstances. That," pointing to the object on the table, "is a coffin (the man lifted the covering). It contains our one dear little child. We must not keep it here. The authorities will not allow it. I am about to convey the remains to the mortuary, from whence it must be buried Thus we must part with our loved one." The big, generous heart of Dr. Wakefield was touched. "What! buried from the mortuary! It shall not be. Your little one's remains shall rest in the Vicarage for the time being, and be buried from my house." And with gentle care, all that remained of the "little faded flower" was tenderly conveyed to the Vicarage, and there it remained until the time of burial. "That act," exclaimed the preacher, "is worth twenty sermons. I was pleased to read that the Vicar of St. Mary's Bryanston-square, has been made Dean of Norwich, and I hope yet to hear that he has been elevated to the highest position on the episcopal bench." Since the above was penned we all know that the late Vicar of Sandgate has become the Bishop of Birmingham.

TEUTONIC SCHOOL METHODS AND SAUSAGES.

Strange mixture this, but it blends well in this letter. What does the Folkestone school lad say to this? My young friend goes on: "'Early to bed, early to rise" is also a German proverb. It is, however, more practised here than in the old country. For instance, we have to go to school every every morning at seven (6 a.m., English time), and we return home at 12 o'clock (English, 11 a.m.). Then we have the rest of the day free. This is pleasant in summer. Putting the character of the average German in so few words as possible, I find that he is proud, ambitious, very polite, sociable, and always ready to help another when

it is possible. He is very proud of his country. But not without cause. The Germans are also a very generous people. It is remarkable there is not a quarter of the beggars we have in England, and these are generally lame or blind. Another important item in German life is the food, and one can only describe this item in one word—sausages. This is about all they eat in Germany. There are about fifty different kinds, and some make one shiver to look at them. Would you like to eat pig's liver and onion sausage? (No thanks; Harnett's brand is good enough for me.—Felix.) That is what I have had to eat, besides other like delicacies. The Germans, too, I should say, are very fond of raw ham." It seems to me that young Baron, who corresponds in French as well as German, is making good use of his time. Although I have not as yet had the pleasure of "running across him," I hope to do so on his return to England in April. I admire the postscript to his interesting letter very much. Out of gratitude for supplying me with copy I can but give it, as follows:—"I suppose you already know my father, Mr. S. Baron—the best tailor in Folkestone?" There's business for you!

UNDERTAKER AND CUSTOM BREAKER.

Nipping round a street corner rather sharply a few days ago, I was at first sight somewhat startled at the sight of a local undertaker carrying a white covered coffin under his arms. The tradesman was attired in regulation costume—black frock coat, trousers, top-hat, and white gloves. Although very much gazed at, the undertaker preserved, as he should do, a solemn expression. Thus he conveyed the body of a child to its last resting place at the Cemetery, the funeral being conducted in the ordinary manner by a Nonconformist minister. A day or two after I "ran across" the undertaker and queried him on the subject. He explained: "Well, you see, it was like this. The parents of the dead child were very poor, and I carried the remains of the little one through the streets to save the expense of a conveyance, and I was congratulated by the parson on my common sense. If occasion arises, I shall do the same thing again, as I am not a worshipper of many old customs." That there is something in this last remark is evidenced by the fact that a few months ago the same undertaker, Mr. Vant, in the aforesaid costume (top-hat included), conducted a child's funeral on a cycle. He strapped the coffin on the handlebars of his machine, and rode across country

from Folkestone to Sandwich—a distance of 25 miles—much to the ashtonishment of the villagers en route. The little one, of course, was decorously buried. Whether this kind of thing should be extended is an open question. Perhaps in exceptional cases it might pass muster, but to frequently meet white-gloved and top-hat undertakers on cycles or in the streets is a cloth of another colour. Personally, I am inclined to think some of the old customs are more than absurd—they are tyrannical, but in this case I believe most people will say let the old order of things prevail. However, the undertaker in question has obtained an advertisement, and probably that is not an altogether absent factor in the case.

A PENNY SHOW.

The voice of a showman a night or two since proceeded thus from the Tontine-street Assembly Rooms: "Walk inside, ladies and gentlemen. The great Catania—half man, half ostrich—is about to partake of his supper. Catania is over sixty years of age. He will never die. Methuselah lived to be over 999 years, but the wonderful being inside will live beyond that. He has been examined by over 200 doctors and physicians, and his body is sold for £2,000 to King's College Hospital. Yes, Catania kills himself every day to live. Walk up! walk up! and see the show! This wonder does not eat ordinary food. He thrives on something solid. Catania is one of the Barnum and Bailey's 'freaks.' As such he has travelled all over the world. Walk up! walk up! The show is about to commence."

SOMETHING LIKE A SUPPER.

There is nothing in regard to beef puddings or boiled leg of mutton and caper sauce about this. Anxious to gaze upon the man who "will never die," and one also who is said to present "a puzzle to over 200 doctors," and whose body has been sold for £2,000, I invested a humble copper, and entered. In the dim light I and others observed an individual sitting in a chair. This was Catania. Like the great man (half ostrich), he did not then deign to gaze upon us. Puffing at a briar pipe he had a far-off look about his eyes. Perhaps he was thinking of what he would be doing in about 500 years time. The piano organ behind the screen was now being played with a great deal of feeling, and the voice of the showman and the music combined produced a strange medley of sounds. Suddenly the

great one arose. In a lofty manner he told us of his greatness, how he had travelled, how he could speak five languages. Catania now proceeded to "kill himself that he might live." Placing a moderate sized piece of coal in his mouth, he proceeded to crunch it up with his teeth. Then the muscles of his ostrich-like neck proceeded to work; he opened his capacious mouth, and the coal was gone.

WITHOUT ANY GRAVY.

The great one next proceeded with another item on the menu—a piece of glass. This disappeared in the same way. The "freak" again opened his capacious jaws, and placed on his tongue a couple of 2-inch French nails, followed by about a dozen shoemaker's brass brads. These he swallowed. He now appeared to be positively hungry, and this he appeased by biting off and eating two inches of tallow candle, followed again by a quantity of wadding. Then he laid boiling sealing wax on his tongue, and for a finale ate a quantity of fire. Catania, after all this, exercised a "little privilege" by going round with the hat. A copper meant a shake of the great one's hand; no copper, no shake. All this kind of thing is done in full view of the audience. It is another illustration of what some people will do for money. Folkestone, it would seem, it not without attractions.

A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

A friend has kindly presented me with a little volume from the pen of the late Dr. Charles Egerton Fitzgerald, who for many years loomed largely in the life of this town. The book in question is entitled "Semi-Scientific Lectures," and comprises a series of papers which the distinguished author read from time to time before the Folkestone Natural History Society. That the late Dr. Fitzgerald was a real lover of Nature may be gleaned from the following extract from his first annual address as President of the Society: "If a love of natural history be once awakened, the study becomes the most fascinating of pursuits; every surrounding object, however familiar and commonplace, assumes a new interest; it is like the first dawn of love in the human breast, when every object takes a more roseate and lovely hue, and, unlike, too often, the grosser passion, the love of Nature lasts until the termination of our life. What greater difference can there be, then, between the dull, 'constitutional' along an uninteresting road, taken, perhaps, at the urgent instigation of some tyrannical doctor and the happy 'ramble' of the

naturalist, to whom every blade of grass, every peeping wild flower or graceful fern, every stone, becomes an object of interest, to whom every little pond swarms with curious and interesting life; to whom to have discovered a new or even rare specimen is worth any expenditure of time, trouble, or exertion. . . . You will find Nature's full of life; the very air we breathe is full; each drop of water teems with life. The naturalist is invited to an intellectual repast such as might tempt the most fastidious, and his researches are the more delightful because there is still so much to discover, so many difficulties to reconcile, so many theories to corroborate or disprove, so much information to impart to others."

THE LATE MR. ROBERT STACE—SOME RECOLLECTIONS.

Four score years and ten! That was the age at which Mr. Robert Stace breathed his last at Sandgate. The deceased gentleman was one of the most unassuming and retiring of men. He was associaed with the late Mr. Purday's library and Post Office at Sandgate, ultimately succeeding to the business. The late Mr. Stace could easily recall the time when there was not a stone building at the Camp—when the old wooden huts had been patched almost beyond recognition. I should say in the history ot Zion Chapel at the top of Fenchurch-street there was no more faithful adherents than Mr. Stace and his family. Never mind the weather, the journey would be made, and the walk from Sandgate was not what it is now. There were no lights on either the lower or upper road. The houses were few and far between. Holy Trinity Church stood amidst the cornfields, and then on the opposite side was Clout's Farm. The late Mr. Stace, as I before remarked, was one of the most retiring of men, and it was very rare that he was seen to converse in the street. If ever there was a man who went on "the even tenour of his way," it was the gentleman who has just crossed to the Great Beyond. He was the father of Mr. Arthur Stace, the well-known stationer of Guildhall-street.

THE BEAUTIES OF JULIAN ROAD.

Saturday saw the coming and going of the longest day. Now we head towards declining light. The commencement is not perceptible, but the date marks the fact. What a wonderful march is that of summer! Those precious hours in the early morning, say from soon after six to 9.30—how enjoyable they have been to some of us

who are engaged thereafter in strenuous daily business. We watched the birth of spring—looked on with joy at the opening bud, the first snowdrop or crocus. We have seen also the American currant put on its blossom before the leaf; watched the apparently dead wood cover itself with its marvellous foliage. Each morning has revealed a new wonder. As the days grew the very air, filled with fragrance from the young grass shoots, appeared to grow sweeter. Painted in the marvellous colours of Nature, the gardens are now a blaze of glory. But the procession is moving on. Let us take the neighbourhood of Radnor Park and Julian Road. Here, morning after morning, I have revelled in the sight and scent of the red, white, and cream hawthorn, and the glories of the numerous red chestnut blossoms. In time the roads in this particular neighbourhood, because of these chestnut trees, will, for a short time, provide one of the sights of the town. No wonder, then, the inhabitants of this district are very pleased with themselves because of this. But summer is marching on.

FOLKESTONE BEFORE THE COMING OF THE RAILWAY.

THE "EARL RADNOR" BARGE.

Some years ago I enjoyed a "fireside yarn" with the late Mr. Samuel Pilcher, and in chatting over "old Folkestone" he presented me with a couple of ancient prints. One of these was a picture of the Folkestone hoy, or sailing barge, which sailed between this town and London, known as the "Earl Radnor," the other a portrait of Miss Ann Cook, "a native," who died in Folkestone on July 7th, 1857, aged 102 years and 10 months.

In regard to "The Earl Radnor" barge, Mr. Pilcher said:—

"I remember going on board and getting into a dog kennel, and the dog, which was a Newfoundland, was very fond of me, and we grew lovingly attached, so much so that no one dare approach or interfere with us. I think I must have been about seven or eight years old at this time, but I could scale the ship's rattlings with the dexterity of a monkey. I should probably have been a sailor, but as my father was unfortunately lost at sea, a kind mother and God willed it otherwise. There was no gas in those days, and we used to go about with horn lanterns, and resort to the old Snider box to ignite the large lucifers, which were coated at the ends with brimstone, and those who could afford it had tallow

candles, whilst others used rush lights." The following is a copy of one of the posters which gave particulars of the sailing of the hoy barge "Earl Radnor," sailing between London and Folkestone and vice versa:—

"GRIFFIN'S WHARF, MORGAN'S LANE, TOOLEY STREET.

"Spicer's vessels have been the only constant Traders to

FOLKESTONE, HYTHE, AND DIMCHURCH,

"for upwards of 100 years past.
Now loading, will leave

"Griffin's Wharf on Monday next (date) and Folkestone Harbour on Monday, the (date) instant, and takes in goods for the following places:—Appledore, Allington, Brensett, Cheriton, Dimchurch, Folkestone, Hythe, Horton, Lyminge, Lydd, New Romney, Newington, Postling, Sandgate Castle, Sellinge, Stanford, and all places adjacent. Corn 1s. 6d. per quarter. Sacks supplied. Heavy goods, 10s. per ton. Harbour dues included."

This poster must have been printed 60 or 70 years ago. The printer, E. Creed, had a printing office near the site of the "Herald" Works. When the railway came the hoy trading generally collapsed, but they were fast sailing vessels, cutter-rigged, and the subject of the above sketch was more than once hotly pursued and chased by the Revenue cutters, and on one occasion the cutter, failing to overtake her, fired a shot across her bows to bring her to, and here our late friend smilingly remarked, these were "the good old times."

In regard to Miss Ann Cook, a native of Folkestone, who, when she died, had arrived at the marvellous age of 102 years and 10 months, Mr. Pilcher said: "She was my aunt, and one of the good old sort. I used to go to dinner with her twice a month, and she would recount many interesting incidents connected with smuggling, until I was so interested that I felt I should some day become a bold smuggler myself. In her young days she was engaged to be married to a young farmer of somewhat gay propensities, but her aunt being averse to the match, it was broken off, although the wedding dress and trousseaux were actually ready. She was, however, left enough money and a house to live in for life, and resided in a cottage at the back part of East-street called Froghole," and here our old friend actually produced, for my inspection, the wedding dress referred to. And then I asked a question as to another portrait, and Mr. Pilcher replied: "That is my mother. Of course, you know a boy's best friend is his mother, and I am proud to confess that she

was no exception. A most careful and kind mother, and sincere friend, loved by all who knew her, and they were not a few. When I lost her I lost my best friend on earth. I would that every boy had as good. It's not that every boy has the opportunity of seeing his mother for 50 years, but that was my happy privilege nearly every day of that time."

"FOLKESTONE PUDDING-PIES."

This town would appear to be famous, not only for its beautiful surroundings and exhilarating air, but also for the above luxury. Anyway, I was glancing through an old cookery book a few days ago, and, of course, the word Folkestone, associated with pudding-pies, attracted my attention. In view of the approach of Christmas, when natives of the town will be re-visiting the haunts of their childhood days, out of pure patriotism I give the recipe in full. It will probably vary the plum pudding and mince pies. Here we are, then:—

"Folkestone pudding pies.—Ingredients—1 pint milk, 3ozs. ground rice, 3ozs. butter, ¼lb. sugar, flavouring of lemon peel or bay leaf, 6 ozs. puff-paste, currants. Mode—Infuse two laurel or bay leaves, or the rind of ½ lemon, in the milk, and when it is well flavoured strain it, and add the rice; boil these for quarter hour, stirring all the time; then take them off the fire, stir in the butter, sugar, and eggs, the latter to be well beaten; when nearly cold line some patty-pans with puff-paste, fill with the custard, strew over each a few currants, and bake from 20 to 25 minutes in a moderate oven. Time, 20 to 25 minutes. Average cost, 1s. 6d. Sufficient to fill a dozen patty-pans."

HOW "TOBY" FOUND A FRIEND.

It was in the early days of the "Folkestone Herald." During the season a showman was allowed to stand with a "Punch and Judy" show at the eastern end of the Leas. (We are too respectable nowadays for this kind of thing.) With children I often looked on with delight at the famous drama. In fact, at the present time I would walk a mile to witness a repetition of the performance. But in connection with this particular "Punch and Judy" show I was much interested in "Toby." He was one of the most intelligent of his kind. This canine actor, so far as my experience allows me to say, was a model "Toby." He appeared to fairly revel in his part. The season was

over; some weeks had elapsed. One afternoon I was walking up Fenchurch-street when a cottager remarked (pointing to a dog): "Isn't it a shame? He has been left by his master. We—the neighbours—give him a scrap of food now and again, but the dog has no home." Interested, I enquired further. My informant then added, "Why, that's 'Toby,' the 'Punch and Judy' dog." Well, I rubbed my eyes, for the poor animal appeared but a shadow of his former self—thin and unkempt. Then your contributor and the dog appeared held an imaginary conversation.

"TOBY'S" APPEAL AND THE ANSWER.

"Bow wow. I am Toby! You remember how the visitors brought up their children to see me act my part—how they petted and made a fuss of me after the performance. Bow-wow! Well, you would hardly believe it. After the season was over, and having carried out my duties faithfully, my master has left me. These people up Fenchurch-street are very kind, but I have no home—no place where I can lay down my weary body. Bow! wow! wow! Just write a word for me in 'The Herald.' You will never regret it. Bow! wow! wow!" Well, I gave "Toby" a pat on the head, and promised faithfully I would do as requested. To cut the matter short,I penned a few words something after the style of the above, with the result that a lady must interested in the "Band of Mercy" movement of the time acquired the dog, and "Toby" thereafter found a splendid home on the lady's estate at Romsey, near Southampton. Subsequently the new owner of the dog, interpreting, no doubt, the gratitude of this faithful four-footed actor, sent me a beautiful volume of dog stories, with the inscription: "To 'Felix,' from the dog 'Toby'." After a lapse of some years I may mention that the lady was the Hon. Mrs. Sucklnig, the esteemed wife of the captain of the local coastguard. If ever the dumb creation had a friend, it was this lady, who devoted much of her time to giving lectures on the kindness to animals. Many of the children who listened to her eloquent remarks are now grown men and women, but the lessons Mrs. Suckling then taught have never been forgotten.

THE NAME OF FOLKESTONE.

The following letter was sent me by Mr. H. Froggatt, M.A., 2, St. John's Church Road, Folkestone:—

"Dear Mr. 'Felix,'—As one who has for many years been deeply interested in your weekly remarks, 'About the

neighbourhood,' may I be permitted to make one or two remarks about the origin of the name 'Folkestone,' which may perhaps help some of your readers who care to follow up the subject.

"The following books—all to be had at our excellent Public Library—contain information on the subject:—

"1. 'Words and Places,' by Isaac Taylor. This book, which has become an English classic, should be in the hands of every student. In it he will find, e.g., the origin of 'Durlocks,' which is probably a puzzle to many pedestrians on their way to the Warren.

"2. 'Names and their Histories,' by the same author. I find in it the following: 'Folkestone is Folcanstan in an early charter and Folcestan or Folestane in the 'Saxon Chronicle.' It seems, like Brighton, to contain a personal name, meaning the stone or stone house of (Folca genitive Folcan), but is usually explained as the stone of the people.'

"3. Saxon Chronicle.' The passage, which I translate from the Anglo-Saxon, is found in Vol 1, p. 319 (Folkestone Public Library). It describes the march of Godwin towards London, to stand his trial before the Witan. 'He collected all the ships that were at Romney, Hythe, and Folcestane, and he went then to Dover.' This shows the antiquity of the name, which must at least date back in almost its present form to A.D. 1055-60, before the Norman 'Fulc' could possibly have obtained influence in England.

"4. 'Domesday Book.' A.D. 1080. Here there are several references to Folkestone. They are quoted by Hasted at p. 369, and may be referred to by the student.

"5. 'The Cinque Ports,' by Montague Burrows. I find from this book that the annual contribution of our town in 1299 was one ship called a cog, and that as late as the 15th century its contribution exceeded that of any other member except Faversham.

"It will thus be seen that there is much doubt, even among the highest authorities, as to the derivation of the name."

THE "DEAR" OLD DAYS.

Through the courtesy of the Editor of "The Kent Herald" I am enabled to give my readers a glimpse into "the good old days" when the purchasing power of a sovereign was nothing like what it is at the present time. The following is taken from the files of the paper alluded to, and is dated a hundred years ago, viz., August 27th, 1812. The figures, I fancy, will be interesting to both

Tariff Reformers and Free Traders. However, as I do not understand either of these questions, I prefer to let facts speak for themselves. Here, then, is the extract:—

"Corn Exchange, Mark-lane, August 26th, 1812.—Little business doing; prices may be considered about normal. Wheat 94s. to 150s. per quarter.

"Price of flour at Abbot's Mill.—Fine, 116s. per quarter; seconds, 111s.; thirds, 106s. rough meal, 148s.

"Price of coal at Whitstable.—Newcastle, 46s. per ton; Sunderland, 42s.; Carriage to Canterbury, 13s. per ton.

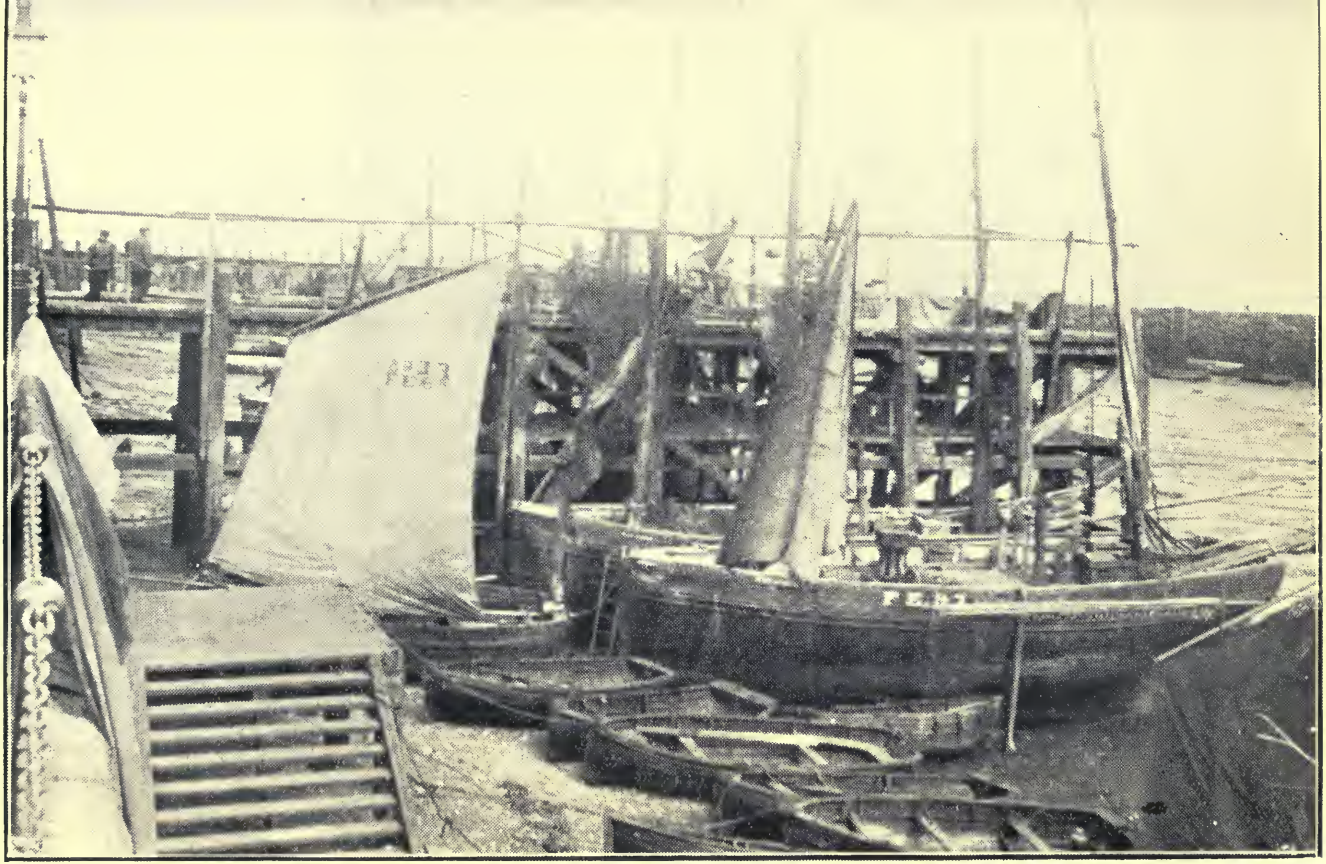
"Price of coals at Fordwich.—Wallsend, 57s.; Newcastle, 54s.; Welsh, 94s. per ton. Carriage to Canterbury, 5s. per ton.

"Price of coals at Seaton Wharf.—Newcastle and Sunderland, 45s.; Wallsend, 50s. Carriage to Canterbury, 10s. per ton.

"Assize of bread in Canterbury.—Penny loaf to weigh 3ozs. 10drms.; twopenny loaf to weigh 7ozs. 4drms.; peck loaft o weigh 17lbs. 6ozs., price 6s. 5d.; half-peck loaf to weigh 8lbs. 11ozs. 4drms., price 3s. 2½d.; half-quartern to weigh 2lbs. 2ozs. 12 drms., price 9¾d."

FOLKESTONE "BEEF."

Skimming through the pleasant pages of Walter Jerrold's "Highways and Byways of Kent," I came across the following:—"Folkestone has given its name —in some parts of our country—to heavy rain clouds which are known variously as 'Folkestone Girls,' 'Folkestone Lasses,' and 'Folkestone Washerwomen.'" Why the womenfolk of the place should have come to be specially identified with the rain-clouds driven in from the sea is not recorded. The way in which the phrase is used would make plain to the reader what was meant, but "Folkestone Beef" might puzzle many people. It is dried dog-fish (rigg). These congeners of the shark —minus their sinister heads and betraying tails—are sometimes sold under plausible aliases to inland housewives. The dog-fish is a good food fish, though prejudice is against its general use honestly under its own name. Frank Buckland wrote:—"Most of the fishermen's houses in Folkestone Harbour are adorned with festoons of fish hung out to dry; some of these look like gigantic whiting. There was no head, tail, or fin to them, and I could not make out their nature without close examination. The rough skin on their reverse side told me at once that they were a species of dog-fish. I asked what they were? 'Folkestone-beef,' was



The Old Jetty (now removed) in the Stade.

The Switchback Railway. (*See Page* 138).

A Motor dash over the Slope Road.

View of Hythe Canal.

Havoc caused by a gale at Sandgate.

the reply 'What sort of fish is this?' 'That's a rigg.' 'And this?' 'That's a huss.'' And this other?'' That's a bull huss.' 'This bit of fin?' 'That's a fiddler.' 'And this bone?' 'That's the jaw of uncle owl' (skate),etc., etc I must here bear testimony to the excessive civility and really gentleman-like conduct of the Folkestone fishermen. At first they were shy of me, and tried to cram me with impossible stories, but we soon became the best of friends." That is what Buckland wrote many years ago, and the words "fit the case" as well as ever they did. Our tanfrock boys are a credit to the town.

HUMOROUS OLD FOLKESTONE.

I extract the following from a Stock's guide (long since out of print) dated 1848. There are few places in the kingdom of which such extraordinarily droll things are related as of Folkestone, and which have been ingeniously attributed, in the first place, to the malicious invention of some wag unknown, upon his making the discovery that the name of the town, omitting one of the "e's," is an anagram for "Kent Fools" (This is referred to in another paragraph). However that may be, one thing is certain, that the many estimable qualities of the Folkestoners can allow them to smile at witticisms which are not only inoxious in themselves, but are deprived of any intended malice by the good humour they are received with. Still, they are so exquisitely humorous in their way that we need not apologise for introducing a few of them here. Take the following for an example. A little poem called "The Folkestone Fiery Serpent" was published many years since giving an account of how a fiery serpent in former times made its appearance and frightened the inhabitants, but was ultimately caught in a cask and killed. The Dover Mayor, who had been called in to assist, was invited to peep into the cask by the Mayor of Folkestone, and the discovery of the "serpent" is thus described:

Much did they wrangle who the first
  Should through the bung-hole look;
At last the Dover Mayor advanc'd,
  Though like a leaf he shook.
When starting back amazed, he cried,
  The 'serpent,' I declare,
Is nothing but a large peacock,
  As sure as I'm a Mayor.

It is also related that 'once upon a time' a Mayor of Folkestone sent a remarkably large sturgeon to the

Lord Mayor of London, who, in acknowledging the present, assured his worshipful brother that he would take an early opportunity to 'send him an equivalent,'' which the latter translated into 'elephant,' and accordingly erected a large building for its reception, before he discovered his mistake!'' The equivalent duly arrived, but it took the form of 25lbs. of green tea. Amongst other things reported of the inhabitants in the 'olden times,'' all of which are evidently too good to be true, are the following: Receiving a note from the Admiralty to have the interior of the church 'white' washed, to serve as a landmark for sailors, and writing to their lordships to know what colour it was to be done—putting their fishing nets round the town to catch the smallpox, which was then raging in the neighbourhood, and drown it in the sea!—planting beef steaks to grow young bullocks! —filing the bills of their ducks to put them on, an eating equality with other poultry!—throwing live sparrows from the cliffs to break their necks!—chaining up a wheelbarrow that had been bitten by a mad dog! etc., etc. On one occasion it was thought, from a slight sinking of the cliff, the tower of the church was rather out of the perpendicular, and a band of resolute fellows determined to set it upright. They accordingly proceeded to the churchyard, and divesting themselves of part of their clothing, deposited them on the north side of the church, whilst they went to the south side to push it upright. After exerting themselves for some time, they fancied they had accomplished their task, and one of the party was sent round to the north side to report how it looked. He returned almost immediately, and looking quite aghast, shouted out 'Hang me, if we haven't shoved the church on our clothes. There isn't a single jacket to be seen!' Whilst they were at work some knave had found his way into the churchyard and ran away with their wearing apparel!

Some time after the present Guildhall (before the Town Hall was erected) was built, a stranger wished to see the interior, but as it was not open on that occasion, he enquired of a lad who was standing near the door if there was anything to be seen inside? 'No.' 'Is there any carved work? 'Yes, there's a glass chandelier.' Are there any paintings?' 'Yes.' 'Do you know the subjects?' 'Yes, one's a lion and t'other's a unicorn painted on the walls!' ''

From the same authority I quote some of the epitaphs, which were said to have been seen in the Parish churchyard. The writer, however, is careful to

state that they "have been destroyed by the ravages of sea or of time." The four following have, however, been preservd by one of the oldest inhabitants:—

"Here lies the bodie of Jackson Brown,
Lost at sea, but never founde."

"Here lies poor Old Ned,
If it hadn't been for Capt. G—
He'd been dead."

"Here lies two lovely babies dear,
One in Cheriton churchyard, and t'other here."

Upon another stone was this inscription—
"Reader, prepare to follow me!"
Under which a witty schoolboy carved—
"To follow you I am not bent,
Unless you tell me the way you went."

In 1573 Queen Elizabeth visited Folkestone, and was met by the Mayor, Robert Holliday. On Her Majesty's arrival in the town, his Worship was placed on a stool to address her, when he said—

"Most gracious Queene,
Welcome to Folksteene."

To which the Queen is said to have replied:

"Most gracious Foole,
Get off that Stoole."

It is also stated that Mayor Holliday was carrying a tray, or salver, on which were a couple of nice-sized lobsters. These he intended to present to Queen Bess, but after Her Majesty's reply, this part of the ceremony was considered "off."

On one occasion two members of the Town Council met several times on one particular morning in the streets. The twain were not particularly friendly one towards the other. On the same morning they were destined to meet again in the Council Chamber. The more educated of the two remarked to his colleague, on entering the room, "Why, Mr.——, you are quite ubiquitous this morning." In reply the Councillor thus addressed remarked to the Chairman of the meeting: "Mr. Mayor, I must enter a protest against being called such names (ubiquitous). It is not the first time Mr.— has used improper language towards me!" Oil was however, thrown on the troubled waters, and thereafter was peace.

I was told this over the hills. A Folkestone and Dover fisherman met. The latter asked, "What is the

population of Folkestone.' Our native scratched his head and replied, "Population! population! Why we're all blues (Liberals), and Tom Golder is Mayor."

Here is a toast I heard in lieu of a song at a harvest home supper at Newington—

"Here's mountains of beef,
And rivers of beer,
A good temper'd wife,
And a thousand a year."

Dogfish were at one time looked upon by Folkestone fishermen as the scavengers of the sea. There was not as now any sale for them, and farmers purchased this class of fish for manure. Hence the toast at the old sing-songs, or "friendly leads":

"Here's to more vitings (whitings)
And less dogs."

Another glimpse into the Folkestone mind of the pre-railway period! The late Mr. F. G. Francis, who died at the ripe age of eighty-seven, was a remarkably intelligent man—wise and cultured. He possessed a splendid memory, and often at his house in St. Michael's Street I enjoyed a yarn with him. In days of old, when the "hotels" were to be found in Fancy Street (Fenchurch Street) and Radnor and North Streets, Mr. Francis, as was his wont, enjoyed a rubber of whist in the evenings with the then "big wigs" of the town, or rather village. The little party would, week in and week out, give each of the houses a "regular turn." Of course, between their "hands" and the puffing probably of "churchwardens," the whist players would discuss "the burning topics" of the hour. Connected with one such occasion Mr. Francis related to me the following. The coming of the railway was the topic of converse. "And what are we going to do about this new thing—the railway?" asked one of the company. Came the reply: "What are we going to do? Why build a wall round the town to keep the thing out!" And the speaker meant it, too.

The late Alderman Banks is my authority for the following, and, by the way, it is endorsed by his worthy son, Mr. Loftus Banks. On the last occasion when the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild was a candidate for the Parliamentary Borough of Hythe, he met one day in High Street that well-known travelling tinker, Gilderoy Scamp. This self-same Gilderoy was a local "character," and his familiar and plaintive cry "Scissors to grind" now rings in the ears of some of us. Well, the Baron was introduced

to Gilderoy as a propective voter. "Well, Mr. Scamp," remarked the candidate, "I suppose you will give me your vote?" The swarthy old tinker, with his deep-lined face and forehead, who possessed a sense of humour, replied: "Yes, Baron, I will give you my vote if you will give me something." Of course, this good representative of the house of Rothschild pricked up his ears. "Well, what is it you might be wanting?" Gilderoy replied: "If you will exchange hats with me, then I'll plump for ye." The Baron, who was wearing a white top hat, laughed, and made the bargain. And for many years "Scissors to grind," even up to the time of his disappearance from mortal scene, was crowned with the Baron's chapeau. What our late Member did with Gilderoy's head covering I am unable to say. If the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild had lived in these better (?) days he would probably have laid himself open for a prosecution even over so simple a thing as giving away a white top hat for a vote.

OLD ALE OR SERMON—WHICH?

In the old days the parishes of Hawkinge and Folkestone were combined for ecclesiastical purposes. The late Rev. Thomas Pearce (locally known as Parson Pearce) was thus the vicar of this town and the village over the hill. Parson Pearce, the late Canon Woodward's predecessor, was a "character," and humour was at a strong point in his sunny nature. There are some still living who can recall the good old parson, who (as a veteran remarked to me) was very good to the poor. There are many tales extant of the late cleric, but at present I can only devote a small space to one of them, which time may or may not have altered. It was one Sunday morning, when Folkestone was but yet a village. The snow was on the ground. Parson Pearce trudged up the hillside to Hawkinge Church, which stands on a slope at the entrance of the Alkham Valley. The morning was bitterly cold, and only six farm hands formed the congregation. There was no heating apparatus in the little fane. All were blue with cold. Parson Pearce, as I have before stated, possessed a kindly heart. With the knowledge that the six farm hands were thirsting for the sermon he had in his pocket, the rev. gentleman is said to have addressed the half-dozen of his flock as follows:—"Well, my men, this is a cold morning indeed. You all look perished, and I feel somewhat in the same condition. Now I have prepared a nice sermon, but the thought has occurred to me as to whether listening to that or drinking a pint of old ale would do you the most good. What do you think?"

There was a pause. The farm hands were a little nervous at first. However, one of the number, probably interpreting his companions feelings, declared that "a drop of old ale would not do them any harm." And Parson Pearce, the story goes, said: "And old ale it shall be." The rev. gentleman then doled out the necessary cash, locked the Church door, and tramped back to Folkestone. At the same time the farm hands made tracks across the meadows to 'The White Horse," thinking the while of Parson Pearce's kindness and the warmth to be enjoyed by the old ale. Yes, I have heard many an amusing yarn anent the bluff and humorous old Parson, who was as good and as true a Christian that ever breathed this world's breath.

A NOTE ON SANDGATE.

My friend, Lieut.-Colonel Fynmore, J.P., sends me the following:—"Wilberforce, writing from Sandgate about 1812, said, 'It is grievous to see this place; hot and cold baths, library, billiard table, ponies, donkies, everything but a church or chapel, or anything of the kind, though it is a sort of preserve of the Archbishops.' In 1822 John, fourth Earl of Darnley (grandfather to Lady Chichester), caused a building (hereafter to be appropriated and used as a chapel) to be erected on a piece of freehold land belonging to him, in the village of Sandgate, with a view to promote the interests of religion of the Church of England.' The patronage was vested in the said Earl of Darnley, the Countess of Darnley, his wife, the Hon. Edward Bligh, Lord Clifton, and the Hon. J. D. Bligh, father of the late Countess of Chichester. The last presentation by the family was that of the Rev. F. Innes Jones, in May 1869, since then the patronage has been in the gift of the Vicar of Folkestone. Note, on a tablet on the east wall of Enbrook is the following:—'With Thy blessing let the House of Thy servant be blessed for ever." (2 Sam., 7, 29.)

EXTRACT FROM A SANDGATE GUIDE, 1836.

"Among the principal erections in Sandgate is the beautiful marine villa of the late Earl of Darnley, situated very near the chapel. It is built on a considerable elevation, overlooking the village and the sea, and is surrounded by gardens containing many curious and rare flowers, and by a luxurious plantation. On the under cliff, towards Folkestone, delightfully situated, and tastefully embellished with shrubs, is the residence of Captain

Gill, R.N., named Cuma Place (now Cliff House), contiguous to which is Radnor Cottage, built by Mr. Hodges (now Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft's) and also elegantly planted with trees and shrubs, which, although so near the sea, flourish most luxuriously. At the western extremity of the village, on an eminence opposite the sea, stands a handsome villa called Encombe, erected by Henry Dawkins, Esq., which, at a considerable expense, has been embellished by plantations laid out with great taste. (From a "New Guide to Sandgate, Folkestone, Hythe, etc., etc." Published by T. Purday, Sandgate, about 1836-38). It must be remembered also that the Rev. Rawdon Greene promoted the erection of the houses at the Undercliffe, about 1846, and planted the common grounds there."

THE POPULATON OF FOLKESTONE THEN AND NOW.

When Hasted published his "History of Kent" (1799), there were 450 houses and 2,000 inhabitants, and when the census was taken in 1821, there was 793 houses, and the inhabitants were: males 1,862, females 2,127, making a total of 3,989. At the last census taken in 1911, the population for the Urban District of Folkestone was 33,035.

DEDICATED TO MR. H. B. HAMPTON, THE THEATRE MANAGER.

Some of us have had all too many experiences of late comers at the Theatre and other public places of entertainments, and therefore I find a place in my weekly contribution for the following appropriate lines which appear to "hit off" the situation to a nicety:—

"Well-dressed," and well-fed, and well-meaning (God knows-)
They arrive when the play is half ended;
As they pass to their stalls, through the tightly-packed rows,
They beruffle your hair, and they tread on your toes,
Quite unconscious of having offended!

Then they argue a bit as to how they shall sit,
And uncloak in a leisurely fashion,
While they act as a blind to the people behind,

Who grew perfectly purple with passion;
Till at last, by the time they are seated and settled,
Their neighbours all round them are thoroughly nettled!

A programme, of course, they've forgotten to buy
(This in audible accents they mention),
And whenever some distant attendant they spy,
They halloo or give vent to remarks such as "Hi!"
In attempts to attract her attention.

After this (which is worse) they will loudly converse,
And enjoy a good gossip together
On the clothes they have bought and the colds they have caught,
On the state of the crops and the weather,
Till they leave, in the midst of some tense "situation,"
That's spoilt by their flow of inane conversation.

O managers, pray, am I asking too much
If I beg that these "persons of leisure"
Be confined in a sound-proof and separate hutch
If their nightly theatrical manners are such
As to spoil other playgoers' pleasure?

The rhymsters might have mentioned, too, the woes of those who possess "favourite corns" and the like who have often used language more forcible than polite owing to the ways of these late comers. It was ever thus, and so I suppose it will continue to the end of time.

THE MAN WHO PLANTED THE AMERICAN GARDENS.

The following is the account of an interview I had on a June evening in 1904 with Mr. William Acomb, who first laid out the widely-famed gardens at Saltwood.

Now that this beautiful resort is in the full tide of its glory of blossom and foliage, and will doubtless prove, for some time to come, one of the "lions" of the neighbourhood, I had no hesitation in obeying the request of the Editor of the "Herald" that I should find out all that was interesting in regard to the American Gardens. It was most fortunate that in my search after reliable information I should have found out the very man for my purpose. He is an old gentleman now, bowed down with the weight of four score years, but happily for my readers his mind is quite clear, and his faculties perfect. It was in a humble abode in Guild-

hall-street that I found Mr. William Acomb, the well-known florist, who for over forty years had charge of these noted gardens. Introducing myself, and the nature of my quest, the old gentleman gave me a hearty welcome, and readily placed his knowledge at my disposal.

"I understand, Mr. Acomb, you had a great deal to do with the planting of the American Gardens. For the benefit of the residents and visitors of Folkestone and its neighbourhood, will you inform me how your connection with Saltwood commenced. "With pleasure," said the genial old gentleman, "Sit you down there in that chair and make yourself at home. If anybody in England knows anything about these gardens it's myself."

"Capital," I interposed. "Yes," he returned,

"I AM SO GLAD YOU HAVE CALLED,

as no correct version of the origin of the place has so far gone before the public."

"You had better commence with the beginning, Mr. Acomb. I want the narrative as complete as possible. It may be handy for future use."

"Well, Mr. 'Felix,' I was brought up under the great Quaker nurserymen of York, Messrs. T. and James Backhouse, and therefore," added Mr. Acomb, "I had an opportunity of acquainting myself with the names of a great many trees and shrubs and their requirements."

"But when did you take up your duties at Saltwood?" I enquired.

"Why, it was in the spring of 1854 that I engaged myself as gardener to the late Archdeacon Croft, of Canterbury. I then found the American Garden in its infancy. However, in a short time the Archdeacon found that I had made arboriculture my special study. Consequently he gave me permission to extend the garden, and to plant the trees and shrubs that I considered adapted to the boggy nature of the soil."

"But were the trees and shrubs you mention added year by year?"

"Quite so. It was a gradual process. Year after year we enlarged and planted until the Archadeacon's death, which occurred 20 years ago."

"I take for granted that the Archdeacon was a great lover of Nature," said I.

"Yes, undoubtedly. If he had lived a year or two longer we should have reclaimed more of the bog and added to the area of the garden" (and I thought there was a slight tremour in the old man's voice as he added):

The Archdeacon was a true lover of his garden, but he was not a selfish man. Nothing gave him greater pleasue than that others should enjoy what he loved so dearly himself. He thoroughly enjoyed all that was most beautiful in Nature."

"I am very pleased to hear you speak so highly of your old master, Mr. Acomb. Have the gardens been since maintained in the same good order?" I queried.

"Well," returned my host, "the Archdeacon was succeeded by a Rector who was a truly Christian man in every sense of the word, but he was not wealthy, and the garden was somewhat neglected. However, in course of time he was followed by the Rev. Canon Hodgson, a man of great kindness, who endeared himself to all his people, both rich and poor. He was a true gardener, and planted a great many new specimens of rhododendron and azaleas, amongst them being one named after Mr. Gladstone." With a sparkle of humour in his eye he added: "Yes, there in that garden the G.O.M. blooms in peace, which has not always been the case at St. Stephen's. Poor old man! He may have made mistakes. All I can say is, let us profit by them."

I did not suggest to my friend that this was somewhat digressing, as he appeared to be thoroughly enthusiastic over his subject, but I here took an opportunity to enquire if the site of these gardens was

AT ONE TIME NOTHING BUT A "HOWLING WILDERNESS."

"Well, in a measure you are correct," replied Mr. Mr. Acomb, and he added, "I have heard the late Dr. Fagg, of Hythe, say, when a boy, he used to go into Saltwood Alders (as the bog was called in those days) after wild flowers, and that he had to jump from alder stump to alder stump to prevent himself from sinking into the morass. This only proves that a wilderness, as you have termed it, may with taste and a love for God's work be turned into a smiling garden, which has proved a pleasure to thousands. I have always found the cultivation of flowers a pleasure, and now in my old age the love seems to have become more intense." And with a tinge of sorrow in his voice, this clear-headed veteran added: "Ah! how many places there are in this England of ours that might be turned into beautiful gardens for the pleasure and instruction of working men and women!"

Would you be kind enough, Mr. Acomb, to give me a few of the names of the trees and plants that are to be found in the collection at Saltwood?"

"Yes, with pleasure. The first shrubs planted consisted of Rhododendron Pontica and its varieties from America. Subsequently the Archdeacon purchased beautiful selections of rhododendrons from the Himalayas, including many hybrids, from a pale pink to an intense crimson. In addition to these you will find planted in various parts of the ground many flowering shrubs, and principal among which may be mentioned Abias noblier (China), Cunninhamia Tininsis (China), Cupressus Lawsoniana (California), Cuptomaria (Japan), Sequoia Gigantea (California), Thuya Macrocarpa, Wellingtonia Gigantea, Capressus Macrocarpa (California), and many other valuable specimens too numerous to mention."

Then Mr. Acomb indulged in several reminiscences, and reverting again to the Gardens, expressed a hope that they would be preserved long after he had passed away. Ah! how delighted—if he had survived—would the old gardener have been if he could have known how well Mr. Alfred C. Leney has preserved this floral sanctuary, and improved it on those lines which I feel certain would have been approved by my old friend—the late Mr. Acomb.

"THE MEDICINE OF LAUGHTER."

Reading through a well-written article the other day, my eye fell upon this phrase, "The Medicine of Laughter," and on one of the recent wet evenings, when everybody, residents and visitors appeared, as it were, "to be down on their luck," I thought of the "medicine" alluded to above. The rain was coming down heavily, and people were standing in doorways, porches—in fact, there had been quite a stampede from the Leas. It was just the evening for a "cheer up," and, in redemption of a long-standing promise, I paid a visit to that unique place of entertainment—the Leas Pavilion.

It is all my own fault. Yes, I own up. It is not because kind invitations have not come my way, but up to this cold wet night I had never shed the light of my countenance upon The Gipsies at the Leas Pavilion. In terms almost of reproach old friends had addressed me: "What! not heard the Gipsies? You're all behind." True. Probably I had been on my "rambles" or otherwise "knocking around," and that is the reason I had seemingly neglected our Romanies at the pretty Pavilion on our famous promenade. Entering the portals of the building, I happened to meet Mr. D'Arcy Clayton, the Manager, and who, moreover, "runs" the Gipsies.

He shook my hand heartily, and uttered one word, and that with a genuine ring about it—"Welcome." The floor and galleries were packed with an expectant audience, but a seat was found for me amongst "the reserves." A word as to this seat. I don't know where these comfortable arm chairs (not the tip-up variety) were discovered, but they are "dreams." There is as much comfort to be derived from a chair as, say, from a perfectly fitting boot or shoe. These chairs, then, at the Pavilion must have been designed by an artist who had studied the curves of the human anatomy. One sinks into them, and one's back fits exactly into the frame. In fact, the chairs are thoroughly restful—a great factor in the enjoyment of a a two-hours' entertainment. Rest and be thankful chairs—that is my description.

"THE MEDICINE."

Right on time the curtain lifted, and revealed the Gipsies in an appropriate woodland setting. There was the camp fire, over which hung the regulation kettle. Some poor rabbit, hare, or pheasant had probably paid the penalty, as no doubt the depths of that kettle could reveal. On my many tramps through the country I have become acquainted with at last some of the Gipsies little ways. But now for the performance. Mr. Leonard Neville plays the part of "Jester" with consummate skill; his wit and natural mannerisms proclaim him a humorist of the first order. He is no copyist, but original. In fact, as there was only one Artemus Ward, there is only one Leonard Neville, whether in singing, patter, or asides, he is delightful. The "medicine" has already taken effect. The "blues" "pip," "hump," have all disappeared as mist before the rising sun. Laughter has conquered. Look round at the seething mass of happy smiling faces. Their owners appear to have forgotten the existence of Lloyd George, the Insurance Act, or the Arctic August weather. One and all are now living in another world—the world of laughter, wit, and humour. Yes, Mr. Leonard Neville is great. His mind is very active, and his speech follows with a very torrent of originalities. All the performers deserve a high meed of praise. Yes, "The Gipsies" are indeed a splendid combination.

Yes, it is a case at the Leas Pavilion entertainments."

"Begone, dull care!
I prithe begone from me,
Begone, dull care!
You and I will never agree."

But pause! I must here remark what a splendid "turn" is that of Mr. Edgar Berte, our fellow townsman. I "discovered" him years ago, and rejoice to know that for once he has disproved the truth of the saying "A prophet hath no honour in his own country." Mr. Edgar Berte I proclaim is a prince amongst the real humourists of the county. And my humble opinion does not stand alone.

FOLKESTONE'S PRIMITIVE COMMUNICATION WITH CANTERBURY AND DEAL.

In these days of cheap fares and motors, the following which has to do before the age of railways, will be read with some interest:—"John Bailey goes from Folkestone to and from Canterbury with a machine (a covered waggon) on Saturday during the summer; in winter he sets out on Friday and returns on Saturday. He goes weekly with the same machine to Dover and Deal. The post days are Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. One hoy (barge) goes to London and returns from thence every three weeks. Mr. James Bateman, at the White Hart Inn, has good accommodations with a neat post-chaise." (From an old Guide Book).

THE CHURCH PORCH AT LYMINGE.

To celebrate the inauguration of the restored porch of the ancient church of Lyminge, the late and venerable rector (the Rev. Canon Jenkins) composed the following lines, and which appeared some years since in the Parish Magazine:—

"Restore the Porch"—make wide its gate,
That all may enter in,
The rich, the poor—whate'er their state—
The grace of prayer to win.

"Restore the Porch"—the opening life
Guide to the house of prayer,
And those who have survived the strife,
For endless life prepare.

Teach them to earn the blest estate,
Of souls redeemend from sin,
Lift in their hearts the heavenly gate,
That Christ may enter in.

That gate, but dimly seen of old, (i)
To us for ever clear,
Still guides the sheep, and guards the fold, (ii)
And proves the Shepherd near.

R.C.J.

(i) Gen. xxviii. 17. (ii) John x. 7.

"GOD KNOWS."

The above two words form the inscription on a tombstone erected in Lydd churchyard. This is the history. A wreck had taken place on the inhospitable shore of Romney Marsh, and a little two-year-old (presumed) infant was cast ashore on the sand. Nameless, torn perchance from its mother's grasp by the breakers, there this little waif lay. A fisherman touched by the sight, took home the little one to his cottage. It was buried decently, and the stone with its inscription tells as touching a story as could be imagined.

LATE COMERS TO CHURCH UP AT ELHAM.

It is not every day that one can witness thirty agricultural labourers clamouring to hear the gospel preached. Yet such a scene took place outside the gates of Elham Church on a certain Monday some years ago. It was the anniversary of the local club. This is considered a big day in the village and neighbourhood, and Hodge and his friends leave their ordinary pursuits and give themselves up to pleasure. It is considered good form to attend the parish church to join in a thanksgiving service. At the appointed hour the Club members are marshalled, and headed by a band proceed to the sacred building, there to sing, pray, and listen to a sermon. In previous years there had been on the part of some of the members a want of punctuality, and others had behaved themselves in a loose manner walking in and out during the progress of the service. To such a pass did things come that it was considered advisable to frame a special set of rules, one of which provided that if a member was late at church he should be refused admittance, and fined one shilling, whilst the other stipulated that if anyone left the church before the conclusion of the service he would be mulcted in a similar amount, and be considered not to have been pre-

sent. That there was some necessity for such rules was evidenced by Mr. Bowes' speech at the Club feast. For what purpose Hodge walked out of the church on former occasions is not known. It is suggested that the aroma of the Club dinner in process of cooking at an adjoining hostelry was too much for him, and that he must needs go and ask at what hour the repast would be ready, whilst others are unkind enough to suggest that his mission was to sample a "gin and bitters," a popular receipe for sharpening the sluggish appetite. But all this has been put a stop to now, and Hodge must either sit the sermon out or pay a shilling fine. If such an imposition were enforced in some of our Folkestone churches, what a revenue there would be, to be sure.

But as one of the orators remarked at the club feast up at Elham, "For a poor man to walk five miles to hear the gospel preached, and find the church door locked was hard lines." Well, it does seem "a bit stiff," I must admit, but when we are told that no less than thirty "found the door locked," there appears to have some justification for the rule. Mr. May, of Swingfield, seems to have been upset by the spectacle of "thirty sober men (himself included) standing outside the church," all wanting to "hear the gospel preached." Mr. May told his hearers in a pathetic voice that he had not "tasted a drop that morning, and to find the doors of the dear old church bolted against him was too much of a joke." But one of the "thirty sober men" upset the equilibrium of Mr. May, of Swingfield. This lusty son of the soil, of the name of Baldwin, asserted that he was late and would pay the fine cheerfully. Mr. May knew as well as he did that the service was "perpendicularly" (he meant particularly) advertised for eleven. Mr. May collapsed. It is said that the shilling fine and not the loss of the "gospel" is at the bottom of all this crying out. Rumour has it in Elham that these "thirty sober men clamouring to hear the gospel preached," did not stay long outside the bolted doors of the church, but adjourned to drown their sorrows in a beverage which is guaranteed to be manufactured from the "best malt and hops," and it is further stated that these "thirty sober men" resolved amongst themselves never again to be late for the club service.

WRECK OF THE GROSSER KURFURST.

On October 31st, 1878, a terrible naval disaster occurred about five miles off Sandgate. It was a lovely morning. A clear blue sky, with scarcely a breath of

wind from the south-west. Many years have passed away since that day, and for the information of those who have taken up their residence in our midst, or grown from early youth into manhood, I will briefly repeat the story. Three German ironclads, the "Konig Wilhelm" (the flagship), the "Grosser Kurfurst," and the "Preussen," left Wilhelmshafen on May 29th for Plymouth, en route to the Mediterranean. They passed Folkestone Harbour all well, but when about two miles to the west one of them was seen to suddenly heel over, and almost immediately to disappear. The air was clear, and the hundreds watching the vessel were horrified at the spectacle. The occurrence having taken place in the middle of the Folkestone fishing ground, a number of luggers at once proceeded to the spot, which was black with the forms of the drowning men, the shrieks of whom were terrifying. Boats also put off from the shore. The catastrophe was caused by the "Konig Wilhelm" colliding with the "Grosser Kurfurst." With such force was the blow delivered that the bowsprit and jibboom of the former vessel were carried away, and the doomed vessel was cut down to the water's edge, and her top-mast and top-gallant mast fell overboard with a crash. Immediately the vessel signalled that she was in a sinking condition. Some of the poor sailors got up to the rigging and began cutting away the yards. But all in vain. The ship immediately rolled over to port with her head to the N.E. In less than seven minutes she foundered in 18 fathoms. When the water reached the boilers an immense volume of steam immediately arose, and for some time nothing could be seen. With all the endeavours made only 218 lives were saved out of a crew of 487 hands. Considerably over 100 bodies were recovered. They were buried in batches with full naval and military honours in Folkestone cemetery. Although the obsequies were carried out with much grandeur, yet the constant succession of funeral processions through the streets had a most sad and depressing effect at the time. On the body of one of the marines, Corporal Falke by name, a diary was found. This entry in it, made before the disaster, has a strange significance: "Who knows that before long we may all be drowned, and that I may find a grave at the bottom of the sea." Poor fellow, little did he think how soon his words were to be fulfilled almost to the letter.

A TRAGIC DUEL AT BRABOURNE IN 1810.

A kind and a valued correspondent recently sent me the following, which, as he says, he "has not yet found in any newspaper report." I therefore give the account in full. My correspondent tells the tale as follows:—

"I came across a tragedy in connection with Brabourne recently. During the Peninsula War, when there were barracks at Brabourne, two officers of the 85th Regiment, then stationed there, fought a duel, one of whom, Captain Thomas Hoggins, was killed. According to the verdict at the inquest, the survivor, John Hilton, gentleman, was considered to have wilfully murdered his opponent. I have not yet found any newspaper report of the sad event. The death is thus recorded in the Brabourne Parish Register:—

"1810, January 11.—Burial.—Thomas Hoggins, Esq., of the 85th Regiment,'

and against the entry one of the former vicar's has written:

"'Brother of Sarah, wife of Henry, 1st Marquess 'of Exeter, shot in a duel with John Hilton, gentleman, against whom a verdict of wilful murder was returned at the Coroner's Inquest.—J.B.'

"As the above record proves, Captain Hoggins was the brother-in-law of 'The Lord of Burleigh,' who, according to Tennyson, 'He is but a landscape painter, and a village maiden she.' As such they were married, but as the poem informs us, on arrival at her husband's mansion,

"While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall;
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is mine and thine.'

Probably the Marquis helped forward his wife's relations, as two of her brothers had commissions in the army, and another became Vicar of Elham in 1834.

"I am told that only a board (now gone) marked the grave of Captain Hoggins, which was situated near the north porch.

"In a recent history of the Regiment is an illustration of an engraved oval name-plate, with this inscription:—'Captain Hoggins, 85th Regiment.' It was purchased, attached to a portion of a hair trunk, amongst the effects of an aged woman who died about 1880, and was presented to Colonel Capper, of the 85th, by Miss Perry Ayscough, the Vicar's daughter. The barracks, which occupied about sixty acres, were sold in August, 1916, on the termination of the War."

CHARLES DICKENS ON THE CHARMS OF FOLKESTONE.

Some years back Mr. Alderman Spurgen kindly lent me a volume of "Household Words," containing an article from the pen of the above famous novelist on Folkestone. I reprinted it at the time in "The Herald," and I am glad to know it has since then been copied into several other publications. Such a tribute to our town's natural charms should have world-wide publicity, and the Town Council would do well to find a way to have it nicely printed and posted in a prominent position in every railway stations, etc., in the British Isles. Who knows that some well-to-do people, lovers of Dickens, would not as a result become residents of this town? Here, then, is an extract from the article which saw the light in the forties:—

"The situation (of Folkestone) is delightful, the air is delicious, and the breezy hills and downs, carpeted with wild thyme and decorated with millions of wild flowers, are, on the faith of a pedestrian, perfect. You can sit at your open window on the cliff overhanging the sea beach, and have the sky and ocean, as it were, framed before you like a beautiful picture; but with such movements in it, such changes of light upon the sails of ships and in the wake of steamboats, such dazzling gleams of silver far out at sea, such fresh touches on the crisp wave tops as they break and roll towards you; a picture with such music in the billowy rush upon the shingle, such charms of sight and sound, as all the galleries on earth can but poorly suggest. If, therefore, you want to come out of town and live a life of perfect repose, or see it lived, or to breathe sweet air which will send you to sleep at a moment's notice at any period of the day or night, or to disport yourself upon or in the sea, or to scamper about this part of Kent, or to come out of town for the enjoyment of all or any of these pleasures, then come to Folkestone."

SANDGATE'S FAMOUS ORATOR—THE LATE J. B. GOUGH.

"MAN THE LIFEBOAT" AND A MORAL.

Fresh from gazing upon some wreckage of the sea, I wondered whether, in the far-off days of his boyhood, when the wintry waves thundered on the shores of little Sandgatë, the orator had here received his inspiration for his wonderful description of a shipwreck and

the rescue. Although somewhat lengthy, it shall have a place here. Imagine the pose, the noble presence and graceful gesture of Gough, as with all the fire of his nature, he delivered these thrilling words: "One by one the noble fellows take their place. Out they dash in the teeth of the gale. 'Oars out, my men. Steady! Oars out!' They are knee deep in water. The waves beat upon them; they are drenched, and all but drowned. Yet how cheerfully they bend their backs to the ashen oars that threaten to snap asunder with the fury of the gale! 'Hold on, every man of you!' Every man holds on, whilst an immense wave rolls over, burying them fathoms deep. They rise and shake their locks. But where is the wreck? The atmosphere is so thick they cannot see it. Only part of the sinking vessel is seen. Are there any men in that tangled rigging? Yes, see! the rigging is full of them. 'Now steady men, steady! Keep clear of the wreck. Steady! Ah, we have them now!' She lays alongside; and one by one the poor, half-drowned, half-frozen wretches drop into the boat, and out she drifts into the boiling sea. Amid the peril of the return, hear them sing—

'Aye, cheerily, men,
Aye, cheerily, men,'

and the song mingles with the roar of the storm. And now the lookers-out on the beach hail them as the boat nears the shore, 'Lifeboat, ahoy! Are they all safe?' 'Ay, ay, every man safe.' How they do cheer! And the cheer is louder and more hearty than that which greets the champion boat in a race. And why? Because these men have saved human life. Are there no wrecks—wrecks of men's intellect, wrecks of men's genius, wrecks of all that makes men noble? Man the lifeboat—man the lifeboat, and board them. See how they are drifting. Helm gone, compass dashed by the fierce waves upon the strand, wrecked and ruined! Man the lifeboat—and board them! And if so be you help some poor struggling soul from the drifting Sodom of this world's wickedness into the haven of peace and rest, cheer after cheer from human voices may never salute you; but the shining, white-robed angels shall greet you, and the souls you have saved shall be as stars for ever in the crown of your rejoicing, and God's approval shall crown your noble endeavour." Many a noble statue has been raised to men whose only title to distinction is that they have taken the trouble to be born into a title. No record of good done can be placed to their names, but here is one who, through the means of a marvellous gift, allied to intense conviction, was the humble instrument of bringing untold blessing to thousands of degraded men and women, converting

many a hell of a home into a heaven below. Rightly Sandgate is proud of its Gough, whose influence will never die.

ON NOTHING.

This is what newspaper men are justified in terming a "make-up" week (Christmas week). "Mother" probably has been busy in other directions, and not able to provide what may be termed a full dinner of joint, vegetables, etc., yet she contrives somehow, with ingenuity on one hand and the aid of a few "unconsidered trifles" on the other, to satisfy her lord and master, together with other members of the family, thus staving off for a while the pangs of hunger. This well illustrates my case, and thousands of others similarly employed. Holidays or no holidays, the "Folkestone Herald" has got to come out on Saturday, and thus if our hands are not actually at the plough, we must think; yes, even when the scene of jollity and mirth surround us we must give a thought to those empty columns that have to be filled—think, too, of the insatiable maw of the linotypes, that are waiting to swallow up the written word in order to reproduce them in type form. Well, again I say, that for newspaper people this is an upside down, topsy-turvy kind of week. Oh, yes, there are heaps of subjects I could write about, but to what purpose? People will be too much occupied in other ways than to read newspapers. The great London journals recognised this on Christmas Day, by not publishing on Wednesday morning. And this spirit appears to have affected your contributor, who for once in a while intends in a few lines to deal with "Nothing."

STILL "NOTHING."

When we come to think about it, "Nothing" is more often than not a very misused word. To illustrate. One fine Saturday morning some few years ago an old friend, on meeting me, had the impertinence to declare that there was "nothing" in the particular issue of the "Folkestone Herald" he held in his hand. I stood the rebuke as meekly as I could, and switched off to a short conversation in another direction. Before leaving my friend, however, I remarked: "You have just said there was 'nothing' in 'The Herald' of to-day. He replied "Quite true." Your contributor quietly turned to the

back page, and pointed to a certain announcement under the heading of "Births." To explain: For some reason or other my companion had broken off a three years' engagement with a young lady of his choice. She was caught up by another admirer, who married her after a couple of years courtship. And the announcement I refer to told the world how his "old flame" had presented her husband with twins (boy and girl). I cannot tell what was in the mind of my friend, but he uttered very rapidly and several times "By Jove!" And then he was forced to admit there was, after all, something in the "nothing" he had uttered so airily a few moments ago. At once he went off to purchase two or three copies of the Folkestone "Herald" with "nothing" in it to send to interested friends.

"THERE'S 'NOTHING' IN HIM."

Here is another aspect of "nothing." It was once my duty to attend a local place of worship for the purpose of reporting the first sermon of a new curate. He read his discourse from notes, which to my limited vision gave evidence of careful preparation. The rev. gentleman's pulpit style was not what might be termed attractive. He could not be called an orator. Lacking voice and gesture, his words did not tickle the ear, but his sermon told of truths that are eternal. Well, on leaving the church, I could not help overhearing several remarks on the preacher's first local effort. To quote These observations passed between two worshippers. "There's nothing in him," said one. "Absolutely nothing" agreed the other. They had passed judgment on the spoken word, never giving a thought to what the preacher's actions might be out of the pulpit. Well, in the course of time this curate was much beloved, especially amongst the very poor. After many years, I see him now. Not in robust health, yet if ever a man fulfilled what might have been expected of him, this curate did. He did not covet the limelight, but simply laboured on. Never mind the hour, never mind if he was jaded and tired, he was ever ready at duty's call—ready to cheer the sick or comfort the dying. He was, I repeat, no orator, but one of the finest, most unassuming Christian workers that ever crossed my path. And I have often thought since of those fair critics who would have it "There was nothing in him," and wondered whether, when he left this town, they did not admit there was something in their "nothing" after all.

"NOTHING" IN CHRISTMAS.

Yes, I met one of the old Scrooge type a few days before the Great Festival. With a deep sigh he delivered himself thusly: "Well, after all, what is there in this Christmastide. Yes, what is there? It means nothing more or less than reminding one of happier days; it means reviving memories of the days that can be no more; it means digging one's hands deeper into one's pockets in order to purchase presents, the appreciation of which vanishes almost with the passing hour!" What could I remark but: "Nothing in Christmas? Come and see. Gaze in that home for incurables, where most of the patients are aware of impending doom; "Father Christmas is there. He for a time at least has taken them into realm of laughter. The ragged and hungry, too; the poor outcast of society; the old and infirm; the poor in spirit; and all the rest. Yes, if for a brief hour or two happiness instead of despair has reigned here, is it for nothing that Christmas has come. Is it nothing that families should meet; nothing that peace and good-will should prevail where once estrangement cast its shadow; it is nothing that Christmas should be responsible for the old saying, "Well, this earth is not such a bad place after all?'" Well, my friend of the Scrooge type—and not such a bad sort after all—was forced to admit there was "something" in what I had urged. My final remark to him was this. "Take a fiver or a couple out with you next winter, or even this, and try the experiment of endeavouring to make other people happy." And I should not be surprised, after what I have heard, if this particular "Nothing" in regard to Christmas has been converted into "Something."

"NOTHING" ON.

I think this is about the most absurd "nothing" of the lot. It was in the early autumn. I felt a bit tired, and rested my weary form for a few moments on the Leas. Now, I thought, there is a few spare moments for myself. Not so, however. In a moment or two a well-known local gentleman sat down on the same seat. A deep sigh prefaced the remark "Well, I don't know. Things are awfully slow. There's nothing on. It's a job to kill time." This, too, from a man well blessed with this world's goods. Nothing on! It was in full season, with attraction following attraction. Let that slide. With all the beauties that earth affords—earth, air, and sky—and yet nothing on, and that, too, to a man in the prime of life! Once again I pointed out there were many

organisations devoted to the uplifting of his fellow creatures, which would be glad to prove that there was "something on" rather than "nothing."

SOME MINOR "NOTHINGS."

Coming down to very ordinary matters, two young fellows were discussing why dustbins or receptacles should disfigure the Sandgate-road late at night. One of the twain remarked "It's perfectly disgraceful that this kind of thing should be allowed in the principal thoroughfare of a fashionable town such as Folkestone." His companion replied: "Oh, that's nothing!" However, a few evenings after that the latter was travelling up the road on a motor cycle. It was dark, and past the midnight hour. Some larrikins, it appeared, had upset one of these dustbins right across the road track, and the cyclist ran into the obstruction. He sustained a very bad shake up, and a bad attack of the gravel rash into the bargain. This young man has now altered his opinion that there is "a something" in his "nothing."

IN CONCLUSION: "NOTHING."

This article, I take it, will not be read, as there is "Nothing in it." Quite so, and its holiday time in the bargain. We require light reading, and "Nothing" could be better. The word "Nothing," however, as I have already shown, is often misapplied. It ought to be more carefully used. All this, then, goes to prove that many of our old sayings survive the attacks of Time. Yes, there is "something" in everything, even, it appears, under circumstances, in "nothing."

SOME HOLIDAY NOTES ON YORK, DARLINGTON, AND NEWCASTLE.

It was in the autumn of 1902 that I took a short holiday for the first time in the North, the city of York being my first place of sojourn. It was on Saturday night when I arrived, and the sight of the brilliantly lighted and splendid station, with its many platforms and constant succession of trains, is a wonderful sight. Many railways use the station for through services, and thus the traffic radiates to and from all parts of England. Stand on the bridge which spans part of the vast station, and one may be pardoned for asking oneself "And is England really decadent?" Bustle without confusion, smartness and clock-work precision, and remarkable punctuality, alike answer the question. One of the sights

of the country is York Station at the busiest periods of the day or night.

YORK MINSTER.

A snatch of sleep after a long but quick journey on the Great Northern Railway, I rose early in the morning, and soon found myself strolling around the massive and historic city walls. Quiet, indeed, is York on the Day of Rest, and there is scarcely anything save the Minster and other church bells to disturb the quietude. Up to midnight on Saturday you may hear the yelling of the newsboy and the costermonger, but not so after the midnight hour. For a brief period there is peace. Wonderfully grand (heard from a distance) is the sound of the famous peal of bells proceeding from one of the towers of York Minster. The time arrived when I entered this building. The interior of this House of God is really overpowering in its majestic beauty. Vastness, exquisite detail, wonderful design—these all in turn should not fail to impress the most ordinary mind. Stand at the extreme west and gaze steadily at the east window nearly 500 feet away. That view of the window it has been truly said is never forgotten. At the end of the dim solemnity of arch and pillar, beyond rood screen and choir, it shines out rich yet subdued, leading the eye irresistibly beyond the majestic and enchanting gloom. Nearly eighty feet high and almost half as broad, it stretches up far above the altar of retro-choir, with its exquisite perpendicularly tracery and its two hundred figures taken from the Gospels and the Apocalypse. This window was begun in 1406 by John Thornton, of Coventry, who finished it in three years, receiving for his pains in designing and painting the sum of four shillings, with an annual refresher of five pounds, and a final payment of ten pounds. An old and enthusiastic writer described the window as "the wonder of the world both for masonry and glass." At the time of my visit the window was fast perishing, and the glass in some instances was as thin as tissue paper. An effort, however, was being made to preserve the gem, and I truly hope that effort was successful. Just a brief word as to the service. The Choir itself was crowded with all the fashionable of York and its surroundings. There is

NO CHANCE FOR LATE COMERS

here, for after a certain time, the iron gates separating the nave from this part of the sacred edifice are closed. Thus one can enjoy the service absolutely. In fact, it is too beautiful to be disturbed. Just gaze around! Note the traceries of roof and column, the rich wood carvings

on the canopied stalls, the white robed clergy and choir, and then once again you think of those long passed away, who built this magnificent fane, not only on sure material foundations, but the foundations of a Faith which shines, and will continue to shine, until the end of all things. A beautiful object, too, is the reredros. The figures in marble depict (so far as I could discern from where I sat) the Crucifixion. On this dull morning the Minster was in almost semi-darkness—almost suggestive of eventide. Over the reredros, however, was thrown

A SOFT JET OF ELECTRIC LIGHT,

and the effect amidst the gloom may be better imagined than described. There are some musical people who will have it that the choral service as rendered at the Minster is the finest in the world. Of course, in this respect, other great cathedral churches have their schools of admirers. Some give the palm to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, or Durham, but whatever the case in this respect, the music at York stands out wonderfully beautiful.

"Sweet and dim the lights and shade across the
Minster stealing,
I heard the grand old organ play, its echoes sweetly
pealing."

And with the grand harmonies of the concluding voluntary ringing in my well-attuned ear. I left this vast building—this glory of the Anglican Church. No need to wonder that people possessing not only wealth, but cultured taste, visit York Minster if only to listen to its music, which, heard under such circumstances, is not far off sublime. A pleasant afternoon and evening, which included a brief tour of inspection of the interesting city and a moonlight trip in an electric launch down the River Ouse, I retired to rest only to find myself on the following morning in the Scotch Express newspaper train, travelling in the direction of Darlington. The railway from York to the Quaker town has been described as

"ONE OF THE FINEST STRETCHES OF LINE IN THE KINGDOM."

Perfectly level, well-laid, and a straight as a two-foot rule, this portion of the North Eastern Railway system is indeed a pleasant experience to travel over. One of those famous green-painted engines with the dwarf funnel pulls the heavy train along at a great speed, but there is no rocking, jerking, or shaking—you feel, as it were, to be gliding through space, so smooth is the running. We have passed Northallerton Junction, and soon in the distance notice the River Tees, and crossing this we are in Durham county. Here we are now just running into famous Darlington. What a fine station is this! There

are many platforms, all of which are prominently numbered. Walk from one end of the building to the other, and you will have covered just a quarter of a mile. In this great building, too, crowned as it is with a fine clock tower, opportunity is given for the traveller to indulge in contrasts between the new and old so far as it affects railway travelling. Darlington, as all the world knows, is for ever to be associated with the birth of the locomotive. Here on one of the platforms are two ancient engines, one of which was used at the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway on September 27th, 1825. It is a curious-looking object, with cranks and piston rods almost covering the outer surface of the boiler.

THIS ENGINE WORKED UP A SPEED OF TWELVE MILES AN HOUR,

and there is a picture in the possession of the famous Pease family, where a man is depicted riding horseback in front of this engine—a kind of outrider, whose duty it was to give warning of the approach of this "rushing" monster. The other engine dates 1841, and with its tender turns the scale at eight tons. Twenty-five pounds to the square inch was the maximum amount of steam pressure. Whilst gazing with something akin to wonderment on these interesting relics you hear a roar and the shriek of a whistle. What does it all mean? Here comes one of the fastest trains in the world—"the flying Scotchman." This does not pause in its wild career, not even at Darlington, and as it thunders along through the station at a computed speed of a mile a minute, you again fix the gaze on those old engines and contrast between then and now. And as we stand, as it were, on the threshold of the age of electricity, we endeavour to lift the veil of the future, and faintly discern the time when those marvellous modern engines shall, in their turn, have given place to the motor and the mysterious power of the electric current. Here then, in this far off town can be found an object lesson well calculated to make the average man feel proud of his race and to find a new meaning in the words—

"Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That's to be found in the words 'I'm an Englishman.' "

Well, now, a few words as to Darlington. There are great industries in this town, and principal amongst these may be noted the famous "Pease" mills, the railway and iron works. These are mostly confined to one quarter. Thus smoke and grime are not universal. Many parts of this go-ahead place are quite attractive. I have said it is go-ahead, and in proof of this I may point to the fact that Darlington (40,000 inhabitants) has

two flourishing daily newspapers. One evening, in company with some friends, I strolled through the really charming park. Here thousands can enjoy themselves. In one corner is an attractive and sheltered tropical garden. India rubber plants, eucalyptus, bananas, tree ferns, palms—all, at the time of my visit, were apparently thriving in the open air. Unique, indeed, is this! Provision is made here, not only for tennis, football, and cricket, but also for bowls—that game for ever to be associated with the name of the famous Sir Francis Drake. Why not introduce this in Radnor Park, Folkestone, thought I? (The foregoing question needs no asking now.) Quite the prettiest park-keeper's lodge I have seen is here. It has a turreted clock tower, and the flowers growing all around are a picture. Cyclists living in Darlington should rejoice, for good and almost level roads radiate in many directions. Early one fine morning I had an enjoyable twenty-mile spin to the village of Great Smeaton and back. Although the scenery cannot be described as pretty, yet the grand range of the wooded and distant Cleveland Hills, with the intervening country, provided an attractive picture. On this road is a village Spa. To keep within the fashion I tasted the sulphur water. Visions of ancient eggs come before me as I think of that early morning draught. I will say no more, but it was far from palatable. And mentioning water I am reminded that the ordinary drinking water in Darlington (although tasteless) is discoloured. Its appearance suggests weak sherry and water, and this, I was informed, is owing to the water percolating through the peat on the moors. There's a half-day trip to Newcastle this (Wednesday) afternoon," remarked a friend. "Let us go," I agreed, and found a crowd bound for the same destination. We travelled by a rather roundabout route, via Bishop's Auckland. The double journey was something over eighty miles; the fare one and sixpence. On the way to Newcastle I noted, amongst many other things, Durham Cathedral, with the river flowing almost at its base, the pinnacled palace of the Bishop, a Grecian temple built on the top of a high hill to the memory of the first Earl of Durham. Over yonder to the right is a little village where the famous novelist, George Eliot, first saw the light of day. The country hereabouts is thickly studded with collieries. We note the mining villages, the cottages of which are built in uniform lines. Dull and cheerless must many of these places be. Coke ovens, iron, and other works, are belching out jet smoke, and this blots out the beauty of the landscape. A dense black cloud hangs over a big stretch of country in the distance. That

means we are approaching the great coal metropolis. Crawling along, we reach Gateshead, and then pass over the high level bridge—considered in its day a marvel of engineering. You look down far below and note the busy scene on the River Tyne. Steamers of all sizes are arriving and departing. At this dizzy height a train passes by us, and we feel a tremor, and perhaps shudder. Far below us is the foot passengers' bridge, and the people on it are dwarfed. Under the high-level ships, with tall masts may pass, but not so with the footbridge. We are now in Newcastle, popularly termed "the pride of the North." If you want to see go-aheadness and progress you must come here. For full three miles do the Elswick Works front the river, giving employment to thousands of men. This is only one factory out of many. Then think of the shipping, the ship-building, the coal exchange, note the magnificent streets and buildings, and then it is you will understand in some way how this great city is the Northerners' "pride." Just stand at the bottom of Grey Street, with its noble Nelson-like monument, and note the busy scene. Look at the seemingly endless procession of light and airy tramcars, each carrying their eighty passengers. There is no confusion. Perhaps there are half a dozen of these following each other closely. You wonder why this should be so, but if you watch when they arrive at a given point they will glide off this way and that way.

THE ELECTRIC TRAMWAY SYSTEM AT NEWCASTLE,

with the exception of Glasgow, is much the best I have as yet seen. In my humble opinion Newcastle-on-Tyne can give London many, many points. I have dwelt a little—only a little—on the industrial side of Newcastle, but now jump on one of the cars and ride with me to Jesmond Dene, about two miles distant. This is the great glory of Newcastle. The late Sir William Armstrong made a huge fortune out of his Elswick Works. He was much attached to Newcastle and its people. Many are the evidences of this. As is pretty well known, the great inventor, although married, was never blessed with children. And so it came about that he left to his beloved Newcastle this Jesmond Dene. This is indeed a princely gift, and generations yet unborn, as they gaze upon its many and varied natural beauties, will assuredly bless the name of William Armstrong. How shall I describe it? Where shall I begin? This "dene," as the word suggests, denotes "a place in a valley or near a wood." Conceive then, this sharply-defined valley with a river running through it, and extending an immense distance. On

either side of the great shelving banks are lordly trees, ferns, and bracken luxuriating in the cool shade. Ever and anon you hear the running water, and this is explained when you gaze on the rivulet tumbling in confusion over the rocks in the crevices of which hang graceful ferns and creepers of many varieties. Wonderful, indeed, are

THE SERIES OF PICTURES

to be seen here, but perhaps the climax is reached, when, after many windings and turnings, you arrive in front of a rustic bridge, at the back of which is a pretty ivy-covered cottage and a disused water-mill. Down the water rushes and roars through terra-cotta coloured rocks, tumbling at length over the fall. Cross the bridge and gaze well on this picture, and I am sure the memory of it will live for many a long day. Jesmond Dene is not a park. There is nothing artificial about it. Rather is it a glorious stretch of Nature, not "improved" by the hand of man. True, there are flowers planted here and there, but the grand scheme is not interfered with in any shape or form. You could spend two or three days here, and then not exhaust the beauties of the place. Just think of the thoughtfulness of this good man, William Armstrong. He conceived that Jesmond Dene would be a great resort for pleasure parties, and so it came about that Sir William caused a palatial banquetting hall to be erected in one of the most beautiful parts of the Dene. This great building, with its statuary and decorations, is indeed magnificent. Excursionists and others have the use of it on certain conditions, and pleasant it is to record the fact that the hospitality has never been abused. As I walked out of this glorious place, the rays of the setting sun playing through the tree branches, I could quite understand the reverence in which the name of William Armstrong is held in Newcastle. It is now night, and the great town is ablaze with electric light. Still the loaded tram cars are flitting hither and thither, their several destinations clearly indicated with a transparency. Here we are again in Newcastle Station. This, too, is one of the sights of the North. Great crowds of people were in waiting for their various trains. No confusion; no rush. Five minutes previous to a train starting an indicator is fixed in full view of the crowd. Thus, for example: "Darlington and Bishop's Auckland. No. 12 platform." He who runs may read, and only the very dull-witted will seek occasion to worry the overworked porter. Soon we are leaving Newcastle behind. We crawl out of the station, and the signals being against us our train pulls up on the centre of the high level bridge. Again we look below. The winding river on

either side is lined with jets of light. Iron works shoot out tongues of red flame, and many arc lamps shine with their well-known blueish hue. A remarkable sight is Newcastle by night, especially as viewed from this height. Now we are free, and the train is plunging along in the darkness, ever and anon illuminated with lurid flames from the various works and coke ovens. We dash by some brilliantly lighted colliery, the momentary sight of which causes us to think of the thousands seeking for coal down in the depths of the earth. Ah! think of the miner as well as the brave sailor. They face death day by day in many forms, often working under conditions not far removed from slavery.

A WEEK-END ON WHEELS.

TRIP THROUGH THE WEALD AND HOME THROUGH ROMNEY MARSH.

Before I took up with tramping I did a deal of cycling, and wrote at that period some twenty articles in the "Herald" descriptive of my experiences. Here is one dated August, 1896:—

A nice run from Folkestone is to Cranbrook, via Tenterden. There is a choice of two routes. One by the Ashford Road, through Great Chart, Bethersden, and High Halden; the other through Newington, Newingreen, Bonnington, and Ham Street. The roads are good, without many hills; the country for the most part is picturesque, although for variety and extent the scenery by the latter route is infinitely grander, more varied, and extensive. Circumstances, however, ruled my choice on Saturday, and with the assistance of a remarkably easy-going "Swift," I made for Ashford—the first stage of the journey—some sixteen miles away. This I covered in eighty minutes. It is difficult to realise when one has used "Shank's pony" from boyhood that a score or so of miles can be annihilated with a minimum of exertion—that one feels rather exhilarated than distressed. Yet such is the effect of the cycle, and there is little need for wonder that the disciples of the pastime are still increasing by leaps and bounds. Soon in a wheelman's haunt, I sit me down to a refreshing cup of tea. It was here I was joined by a fellow cyclist. He proved most entertaining company. "Blessed is the man who has a hobby," says the old saw.

THIS YOUNG FELLOW HAD A HOBBY.

It took a very pleasant form—sketching. As time progressed we got on more familiar terms, and he produced from his wallet two sketching books, in which were pencilled some exquisite little snatches of scenery, or architecture. This was my fellow cyclist's work, generally accomplished on Saturday afternoons. Before we parted, my newly-made acquaintance informed me he was articled to an architect. Each week, taking a fresh route, he adds to his collection, which is really a beautiful one. To be able to take a "snapshot," and develop afterwards, is in a sense a mechanical accomplishment, but to sketch well entails the use of the artistic faculty to a high degree. At any rate I envied this young fellow, who is able in his spare time to career about his native Kent, and thus obtain permanent records of the scenes in which he spends if truth be told, the pleasantest hours of his life. By this time we parted on our different ways. I have travelled over several hundred miles of public highways since the commencement of this season, but think the very best of road my cycle has run along is that between Ashford and Tenterden—a length of 12 miles. It is perfectly level, and in good order. "God bless the County Council" is doubtless the involuntary remark of many a wheelman as he trundles along, for there is no fear of punctures or any dodging of stray flints required. The country round here does not call for much attention. It is not thickly wooded, but hop gardens abound. Great Chart, a village a little way out from Ashford, is interesting on account of its pretty cottages. Bethersden, at one time

CELEBRATED FOR ITS MARBLE,

is a lovely spot, and I felt I must dismount here to admire its beauties. Further on the road is High Halden. It boasts a Parish Council, and the general trimness of the place on this account is very creditable. The dilapidated church is interesting if only on account of its curious weather-beaten wooden porch. In the churchyard are some curious looking graves. They are not turfed, but heaped up with rough clods of clay. Very primitive they appear. Surely grass seed is cheap enough if turf is unattainable. (Perhaps this has been altered since this article was written). From the spacious village green an all-embracing view can be seen, and on a clear day the distant sea comes within view. Of course the village inn is in evidence. Here a party of beanfeasters had just arrived in a waggonette.

Music from a brazen cornet and melodious (?) accordion filled the air. In front of the trap flew the Union Jack. The hat of each separate beanfeaster was twined with hops. Appropriately enough they sat on the green and sang the praises of beer, of which they imbibed respectable quantities. They were out for the day, full of animal spirits, and not bad fellows. On mounting the cycle again I was joined by a little party that had run down from the Cathedral city, and in their company I ran over the remainder of the road, and soon found myself in Tenterden, which is (as I have stated before in these columns) one of the quaintest of old English towns, in the centre of the hop country, nine miles from the main line of railway. After putting up my steed I proceeded to 'do' Tenterden, and requiring the services of the village barber, I proceeded to his establishment for that luxury known as "an easy shave." It was a curious establishment—low pitched and lighted with oil lamps. "Take a seat, sir," said a dapper young fellow. I complied with this request, and had hardly made myself comfortable in the chair when a buxom lady appeared on the scene, and after wishing me good evening, etc., commenced the process known as lathering, and then proceeded to rub the

CONCENTRATED SOAP-SUDS

into my chin. This finished a man of a very enquiring state of mind deftly used the "hollow ground," and the finishing touch with towels, powder, etc., was given by yet another assistant. After all this attention I was surprised to hear that one penny per operation was the fixed charge at this establishment. When I turned to leave this humble roof, the lady aforementioned was proceeding to "rub in" the lather on the week's hairy stubble of an agricultural labourer. After all this I felt quite refreshed, and ran down to a place called Smallhythe, about two miles along a good road from Tenterden. There is a curious old church here, built in the time of Henry VIII. The chancel is quite ornate, and there are some beautiful stained-glass windows to be seen. These were placed here through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Wilkin, whose beautiful estate is not far off. If there is one thing in this building that appears out of place it is the pews. These are of the horse-box order, about ten feet square, and five feet in height, the seats of which are arranged to all points of the compass. But doubtless the parish is a poor one. It was Saturday evening. Close at hand, and leaning against the gate of a cottage, was an old man. I got

into conversation with him, and learned he was a sexton, and had held that office close on 40 years. I could not help recalling almost instinctively, as looking upon this silver-haired man, the words of Henry Russell's famous song, "The Old Sexton,"

"A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were as white as the foamy sea,
And these words came from his lips so thin:
'I gather them in, I gather them in.'"

But it would appear from subsequent conversation he had not gathered in any of the villagers for two years, —that his office is

A MERE SINECURE

in this respect. "Only very old people and very young children die in this parish, Sir," remarked the ancient one. Smallhythe boasts a very notable distinction. The parishioners have the rare privilege of selecting their own Vicar. The voting takes place in the church. Each of the candidates is invited to read and preach, and the one that excels in either or both these accomplishments is selected, of course, with the approval of the Archbishop. I think I am right in stating that Smallhythe is almost the only parish in the kingdom that retains this privilege. And the principle might be generally adopted with benefit in the Church of England. That is my humble opinion; a clerical friend of mine, however, holds the reverse view. However, I do not propose to discuss the question now. It is worth a visit is this Smallhythe. In the middle ages the sea, now some miles off, reached here. A good night's rest, and I renewed my journey to Cranbrook—a delightful ride of seven miles. The roads are good and moderately level; the scenery is very diversified. For the greater part of the journey the way runs through some finely wooded country. For a distance of at least four miles

TALL PINE TREES STAND SENTRY

by the road side; larch, beech, and oak also abound. Now, the picture is varied by festoons of hops and the curious oast houses. The sun shone brilliantly on all this scene of beauty; birds sang their sweetest; the bells of the village churches, perhaps hidden from view, were calling early worshippers to do homage to the Giver of all Good; fragrant odours from the pines or flowers also delight the senses. This was my experience on this peaceful Sabbath morning—away from the streets, and alone with Nature. Let me advise those who have the means, who are apt to run off to "do" the Continent on every occasion, and turn their backs on their native land, to

explore these out-of-the-way places in Kent. Their's wil be a rich reward. At length Cranbrook was reached. This is an old-fashioned town, containing a population of about 4,000. Many years ago it was the centre of the cloth weaving industry, and several of the existing houses bear evidence of having been at one time factories. After a stroll round the place I put up my cycle and attended the parish church, a spacious sand stone structure standing in an immense grave yard. Cranbrook should be proud of its church, and doubtless it is. The interior of the sacred edifice has been restored. It consists of a nave and two aisles, supported on either side by six noble columns and arches. The roof is of oak, and that in the transept reveals some good carving. The choir stalls, pulpit, and lectern are all of oak, and the pews throughout the church are to match. Near the entrance to the chancel is a great square pew. It stands above the ordinary level. To a stranger the structure appears to be an elaborated sheep pen. A gentleman sat in this pew with his back to the altar, and surveyed the whole of the congregation. Two little children also sat here. Whether this worshipper was churchwarden or a prince of the royal blood I could not discover. The morning was warm, and the bell-ringers, on a platform in a balcony, within full view of the congregation, pulled on to the ropes, in shirt sleeves, and with bared arms—a curious sight. The service proceeded, and very nicely rendered it was. I could write a separate article on this very interesting place, but space forbids. Before renewing my journey I naturally sought refreshment. Acting on recommendation, I sought the shade of the George Hotel. This is truly

A REMARKABLE HOSTELRY,

and there it has stood for upwards of 400 years. The entrance is not pretentious—rather the reverse. But the interior, with its grand old staircase, its pictures, and other evidences of ancient worth, is a sight to be remembered. But there is a drag on my elbow, or I would tell my readers many a little story in connection with this fine old place —truly a grand relic of the days gone by. A few whiffs at my pipe, and on we travel again—my cycle and I—to Hawkhurst, and thence on to Udiam, passing Cripps Corner, through Sellescombe, and on to Kent Street, where I called on an invalid woman Merritt, and informed her of my having obtained for her a bath chair. (I have already told my readers how she received the news). Then through a series of lovely stretches of country until I reached Ore. Here the azure blue of the sea burst upon my view—a complete change after so many miles of pas-

toral scenery. The full extent of Hastings also came within the picture. Over the Fairlight Downs, with its church and windmill as prominent objects, the silent wheels ran merrily along a good road, through many a peaceful hamlet to Guestling and Winchelsea. The magnificence of the series of views along this part of the country from Ore to Winchelsea is not to be exaggerated. As the sun, like a lurid red ball sank behind those tree-covered hills to the north-west, I found myself uttering "Sublime, sublime." In sweet little Winchelsea I rested a few moments. The worshippers were just leaving that grand old church with its ivied ruins, and there in her little garden far away from the footlights was "Miss" Ellen Terry with her children. Down the hill we run on to the flat land of the Marsh, and I speedily make for Rye, and thence on through the darkness and loneliness (and it was weird and lonely) to Romney, which I reached at half-past nine. Here

I RESTED FOR THE NIGHT,

and rising at seven was soon trundling along in the direction of Dymchurch, where a hearty welcome awaited me from my old friend Mr. Binskin, the then proprietor of the Ship Inn. The family were just sitting down to breakfast, and I could not resist the invitation. "Do come in and have a cup of tea. It will refresh you." After a little comparing of notes as to old friends in Folkestone, I left Mr. Binskin in his glory, and ran along by the Dymchurch Wall, on through Hythe and Sandgate, reaching Folkestone as the clock struck ten on Monday morning, after having enjoyed a nearly ninety-mile spin. I would say to all my friends if they have a taste for the beautiful and interesting, "Go thou and do likewise."

SOME NOTABLE DATES.

Compiled from the files of the old "Folkestone Chronicle" and other sources.

1855.

Aug. 9th.—Visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and Prince Consort to inspect Foreign Legion at Shorncliffe.

Sept. 12th.—Death of the Rev. Thomas Pearce (Parson Pearce), Vicar of Folkestone.

Nov. 10th.—Price of gas in Folkestone, 6s. 8d. per 1,000 feet.

1856.

Feb. 4th.—Collision off Folkestone, with great loss of life, between emigrant ship "Josephine Willis" and the "Magerton." Inquest at Guildhall (before present Town Hall was erected.)
August 3rd.—Double murder at Steddyhole, near Folkestone, by a Swiss soldier.
Sept. 9th.—Banquet to Crimean soldiers on the Royal Pavilion Lawn.
Sept. 26th.—Grand Crimean Ball at the Royal Pavilion Hotel.
Dec. 27th.—Great bullion robbery on the South Eastern Railway.

1857.

Jan. 1st.—Execution of Steddyhole murderer.
Feb. 21st.—Opening of new Post Office in Tontine Street
July 26th.—The Bayle Fair abolished.
Nov. 14th.—Fight between Dover pilots and Folkestone fishermen.

1858.

April 3rd.—First Post Office pillar box put up in Folkestone.
May 22nd.—Reduction of price of gas to 5s. 6d. per 1,000 feet.
Aug. 1st.—Boat wrecked off Sandgate with loss of six lives.
Nov. 20th.—Town Hall proposed to be built.
Nov. 20th.—Death of Mr. John Bateman, M.D.

1859.

Jan. 10th.—Visit of Prince of Wales to present colours to the 100th Canadian Regiment at Shorncliffe.
March 21st.—Military Steeplechases at Broadmead.
May 17th.—Foundation Stone of new Town Hall laid.
May 19th.—Rifle Volunteer Corps formed.
Sept. 22nd.—Formation of Artillery Volunteer Corps.
Dec. 10th.—Extensive landslip in the Warren.
Dec. 24th.—Baron Meyer de Rothschild institutes a two-shilling gift to the poor.

1860.

Feb. 18th.—Erection of drinking fountain in Harbour Street.
July 14th—First volunteer artillery shell practice from the Martello Towers.

Aug. 9th.—Baron Meyer de Rothschild presents Town Hall clock.
Oct. 6th.—New lightship placed on Varne shoal.
Dec. 12th.—Embarkation Empress of French. Address by Corporation.

1861.

Jan. 1st.—Town Clerk's salary fixed at £150 per annum.
May 15th.—Town Hall opened.
June 22nd.—First of Harbour steam cranes erected.
Oct. 12th.—Post Office Savings' Bank opened.
Dec. 14th.—Removal of Police Station.

1862.

Feb. 8th.—Resignation of Dr. S. Eastes, Borough Coroner.
Feb. 8th.—Building of Bouverie Square commenced.
Feb. 15th.—Mr. John Minter appointed Borough Coroner.
Feb. 22nd.—Controversy over introduction of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" at Parish Church.
March 15th.—Withdrawal from use of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" at Parish Church.
April 15th.—Closing of Christ Church churchyard.
April 26th.—Introduction of improved S.E. cross-channel steamers.
May 3rd.—Bells of Elham Church rung after a lapse of 50 years.
July 10th.—Famous Indian Chief "Deerfoot" (pedestrian) ran races on Sandgate Plain.
July 31st.—County Cricket Match, Kent v. Sussex, Sandgate Plain. Sussex won with two wickets to go down.
Aug. 2nd.—New Fishmarket opened.
Sept. 9th.—Opening of St. Peter's Church.
Dec. 6th.—Death of Mr. W. Deedes, M.P. for East Kent.

1863.

Jan. 24th.—Erection of Royal Terrace commenced.
Feb. 21st.—Petition against proposed loop line. Rejection of Bill.
March 10th.—Great celebration Prince of Wales' marriage.
May 30th.—Holmsdale Terrace, Sandgate Road, commenced.
July 4th.—Opening S.E. Pier as promenade.
July 18th.—Church Rate controversy.
Aug. 1st.—Grand Cricket Week.

Sept. 19th.—Dispute between the Vicar of Parish Church and organist. Resignation of Choir.
Oct. 3rd.—Controversy in regard to the above.
Nov. 9th.—Election of Mr. C. Doridant as Mayor.

1864.

Jan. 2nd.—Meeting of Corporation to consider Water Company's Bill.
April 17th.—Death of Colonel G. Brockman.
July 9th.—Sites given for St. Michael's and Holy Trinity Churches.
Aug. 20th.—Sundial in Parish Church restored.
Oct. 8th.—Disastrous fire on the Narrows.
Dec. 10th.—Fatal accident on S.E.R.. Two girls killed in the Warren.

1865.

Jan. 26th.—Death of Mrs. Jacob Golder, of Fancy Street (Fenchurch Street), aged 82.
Jan. 27th.—Death of Mr. Joseph Jacob Golder, of Fancy (Fenchurch Street), aged 84.
Jan. 28th.—Mr. W. Montagu produces pantomime at the Harveian Institute (present site of "Herald" Office).
Feb. 11th.—Extensive landslip in the Warren. Destruction of "The White House."
Feb. 25th.—Formation of the Folkestone Gas Consumer Co. (Limited).
June 9th.—Fatal accident to Folkestone tidal train at Staplehurst. Charles Dickens—a passenger—escaped unhurt.
July 11th.—Re-election of Baron Meyer de Rothschild for the Borough.
July 11th.—Opening of St. Michael's Temporary Church.
July 22nd.—Cessation of Church Rates.
Oct. 28th.—Loss of the collier "Three Brothers" and all hands.
Oct. 29th.—Gas at Parish Church cut off in consequence of no funds.
Nov. 5th.—Alleged plot to burn down the temporary wooden Church of St. Michael's. Military held in readiness at Shorncliffe.
Dec. 16th.—Collision between Dover-Calais mail boat "Samphire" and the "Fanny Bede." Eight lives lost.

1866-67.

Feb. 17th.—Heavy gale.
March 3rd.—Strike in the local building trade.

April 21st.—First Easter Volunteer Review.
June 22nd.—The late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon at the Town Hall.
July 27th.—First promenade bands organised.
August 20th.—Folkestone and Dover Corporation play Cricket Match on Sandgate Plain. Folkestone won easily.
September 11th.—Folkestone, Shorncliffe, Hythe, and Sandgate Military and Open Flat and Hurdle races near Shorncliffe Station.

1868.

January 23rd.—Production of grand Amateur Pantomime at Town Hall (Mr. F. Till). Great success.
February 8th.—Turnpike Trust (Dover and Sandgate) abolished.
March 21st.—Enlargement of Christ Church.
April 11th.—Stormy vestry meeting (poll demanded).
May 22nd.—Proposed new station for West End of Folkestone.
June 20th.—Appointment of Mr. R. B. Horne as Surveyor.
June 14th.—Holy Trinity Church opened, without ceremony.
July 11th.—Meeting called to organize promenade bands.
July 11th.—Prosecution and sentence of five years penal servitude for forgery at Quarter Sessions on E. B. Callow, Secretary Elham Valley Railway Co.
July 29th.—Consecration of Holy Trinity and St. Peter's Churches.
Sept. 8th.—Fonudation stone laid of Bathing Establishment.
Oct. 3rd.—Candidature of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, Captain Merryweather and Mr. A. Nugent.
Sept. 17th.—Election contests for borough and county.
Nov. 2nd.—Rev. W. Sampson appointed to the Baptist Church.
Nov. 9th.—Mayor's dinner. Stormy proceedings through introduction of politics.
Nov. 18th.—Baron Rothschild re-elected for the Borough.

1869.

March 29th.—Easter Monday Review. Great gale and snowstorm. Loss of H.M. Ferret alongside Admiralty Pier. 28,000 volunteers take part in review.
April 7th.—Resignation of Mr. Ralph Thomas Brockman, Town Clerk.

April 10th.—Death of Earl Radnor at age of ninety.
June 5th.—Appointment of Mr. W. G. S. Harrison as Town Clerk.
June 23rd.—Indignation meeting on excessive rating.
July 20th.—Opening of Bathing Establishment.
Oct. 16th.—Opening of Village Hall, Cheriton.
Nov. 27th.—Wreck of the China clipper "Spendrift" at Dungeness.

1870.

Jan. 5th.—Foundation of Folkestone Museum.
March 29th.—Visit of Greek Archbishop Present at service at Parish Church.
April 23rd.—Leas Lift first advocated.
April 23rd.—Treasure trove of coins, etc., discovered at Foord.
Aug. 5th.—Cricket Match—United South of England v. twenty two of Folkestone. Victory of former by over an innings.
Oct. 1st.—Resignation of Rev. E. Cornwall, Congregational Minister. Appointment of Rev. A. J. Palmer.
Dec. 27th.—Big fire in High Street.

1871.

Jan. 7th.—Public meeting to take into consideration the great distress prevailing.
Feb. 11th.—S.E. steamers convey food for re-victualling Paris after siege.
Feb. 18th.—Town Council decides on erection of sanatorium.
March 22nd.—Demolition Martello tower at Dymchurch.
May 6th.—Census returns. Population of Folkestone, 12,894.
May 27th.—Baron Meyer de Rothschild's "Favonius" and "Hannah" win the Derby and Oaks. Bells of Parish Church rung in honour of event.
June 3rd.—Presentation service of plate to Mr. Frederick Brockman, Master E.K. Foxhounds.
Aug. 5th.—Presentation colours to 34th Regt. at Shorncliffe
Aug. 22nd.—Grand bazaar on Pavilion Lawn in aid of distressed peasants of France.
Oct. 21st.—Wesleyan day schools established.
Nov. 25th.—Early closing movement advocated.

1872.

April 3rd.—Foundation stone laid of St. Peter's Schools.
April 11th.—Cutting of first sod of Hythe branch railway.
May 8th.—Death of Sir John Bligh at Sandgate.
June 20th.—Opening of Folkestone Cement Works.
Dec. 28th.—Death of ex-Superintendent Martin.

1873.

Jan. 22nd.—Loss of the "Northfleet" (emigrant ship), with loss of over 300 lives at Shorncliffe.
April 2nd.—Stranding of S.E. steamer "Queen of the Belgians" on Romney Marsh.
June 21st.—Presentation of a picture of Folkestone to Baron Meyer de Rothschild.
July 15th.—Death of Mr. Jessie Pilcher, of Cheriton.
Dec. 3rd.—Resolution of Town Council to plant trees in the thoroughfares. Three voted against.

1874.

Jan. 26th.—Resignation of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, M.P.
Jan. 28th.—Adoption of Sir Edward Watkin as Parliamentary Candidate.
Jan. 31.—Great fire Cavalry Barracks, Shorncliffe. Fourteen horses destroyed.
Feb. 4th.—Sir E. Watkin returned. Majority over Capt. Merryweather, 1,047.
Feb. 1st.—Death of Baron de Meyer Rothschild.
May 15th.—Formation of Rowing Club for Folkestone.
May 30th.—Opening of Radnor Club.
July 29th.—Death of ex Mayor, Capt. Gilbert Kennicott, R.N. (Trafalgar hero), ager 87.
Aug. 22nd.—Visit of their Royal Highnesses Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. Estimated crowd of 20,000 spectators.
Oct. 9th.—Opening Hythe and Sandgate railway.

1875.

Jan. 6th.—Decision of Town Council to oppose Promenade Pier Company.
Jan. 14th.—Death of Mr. John Kingsnorth.
Feb. 25th.—Alarming fire at Town Hall.
Feb. 25th.—Meeting in favour of Sunday closing of licensed premises.
March 7th.—Murder of soldier (82nd Regt.), at Shorncliffe.

July 7th.—Great jewel robbery at Harbour Station. Capture of thieves by Supt. Wilshere at Appledore.
Aug. 25th.—Capt. Matthew Webb swims the Channel.
Sept. 18th.—Commencement of proceedings against the Rev. C. J. Ridsdale for Ritualism at instance of "three aggrieved parishioners."
Oct. 2nd.—Wonderful catch of mackerel—twenty to twenty-five lasts (a last is 10,000).
Oct. 23rd.—Fracas between officers on the Leas.
Nov. 26th.—Severe gale.
Oct. 11th.—Heavy fall of snow. Roads blocked.
Dec. 27th.—Champagne luncheon given by the Directors of the Gas Company to Shareholders in the interior of the new gasometer.

1876.

Jan. 11th.—Death of Mr. Frederick Brockman, Master E.K.F.H.
March 4th.—Opening of Harbour Station Extension Banquet at Royal Pavilion.
March 4th.—Arrival of Don Carlos as a political refugee. Hostile reception at Harbour.
April 20th.—Presentation by Miss Hannah de Rothschild of a new lifeboat for Seabrook.
May 21st.—Visit of Friendly Societies to Boulogne.
June 5th.—Return visit of French Societies to Folkestone.

1877.

Jan. 1st.—Great storm and destruction. Immense damage to Dover Pier.
Jan. 5th.—Great landslip in Warren. Portion of Martello tunnel destroyed. Two men killed. Line closed.
Feb. 3rd.—Nine hundred men at work in Warren clearing effects of landslip.
March 9th.—Resumption of railway traffic between Folkestone and Dover.
March 23rd.—Death of Mr. Ralph Thomas Brockman (late Town Clerk).
March 28th.—Death of Mr. James Tolputt, aged 83 years.
April 27th.—Death of Dr. William Taylor Tyson, aged 65 years.
April 30th.—Arrival of Municipal Council of Paris.
July 5th.—Departure of General Grant (U.S.A.) from Harbour. Address presented by Corporation.

1878.

March 20th.—Marriage of Earl Rosebery and Miss Hannah de Rothschild.
March 23rd.—Proposal made to search for coal in Kent.
May 15th.—Meeting of ratepayers to consider establishing a public library.
May 31st.—Loss of the Grosser Kurfurst (German man-of-war) with 350 lives.
Sept. 29th.—Foundation stone of new Vicarage laid by the Archbishop of Canterbury.
Dec. 26th.—Opening of Bradstone Hall for public entertainments.
Dec. 28th.—Visit of "Elijah the Prophet" arrayed in sheepskins. A religious enthusiast.

1879.

Jan. 2nd.—Opening of Public Library on Bayle (Present site of the "Herald" Office.
Feb. 3rd.—Consecration of St. John's Church, Foord.
March 8th.—Trial of new Parish Church bells.
March 13th.—Dover pilot cutter "Edinburgh" run down off Dungeness. Loss of 10 lives.
April 5th.—Death of Countess of Radnor at Longford Castle, aged 50 years.
Oct. 4th.—Resignation of "Tom Cockett," the Town Crier.
Dec. 17th.—Special meeting of the Town Council to consider proposed winter gardens in Lower Sandgate Road.

1880.

Jan. 3rd.—Reduction of railway fares. Third class to all trains.
Jan. 5th.—Tramway scheme considered.
Jan. 7th.—Resignation of the Surveyor (Mr. Springall).
April 23rd.—Sir Edward Watkin created a baronet.
June 5th.—Death of "Tim Gittens," an old Folkestonian.
June 5th.—Visit of Corporation to Boulogne.
July 18th.—Death of Supt. Wilshere.
July 22nd.—Opening of Seabrook Hotel (the Imperial).
Aug. 21st.—Rev. Canon Baynes appointed Vicar of Holy Trinity Church.
Oct. 30th.—Captain J. Boxer, R.N., appointed Harbour Master.
Dec. 4th.—First shaft driven of Channel tunnel.

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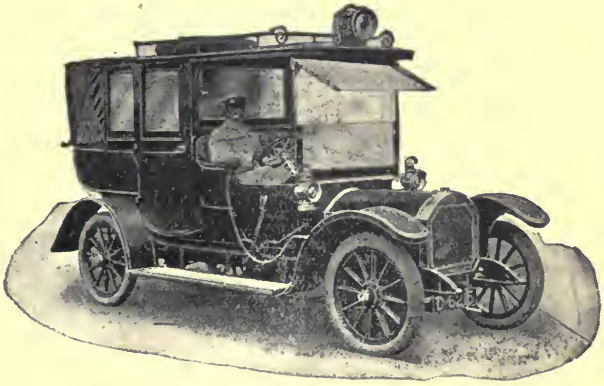

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