

carnations and roses; and all of them from a hundred to a thousand years old.

Who is there to fitly describe or paint the droning old villages of that curious English region variously known as the "Norfolk Broads," "The Broad District" and the "Norfolk and Suffolk Fene," where, as at Dilham and Ruston, many an old daub-and-wattle cottage may still be seen? It is a land of lagoons; of grassy dykes; of ghostly wind-mills as huge and as numerous as in Holland; of rich and low lying farm steadings interspersed by "broads" of sedgy, shallow lakes; of mighty herds of cattle and sheep; of duck, widgeon, mallard and coot; of picturesque inns-of-call half hidden among copses of willows; of ruined castles, abbeys and priories whose ancient moats are now serving as market-gardeners' canals; of gray old hamlets set about with clumps of pollard oaks; and of a peasantry as simple, brave and true as in good old Sir John Fastolf's day—not Shakspeare's unctious knave of the "Merry Wives," but of the real Fastolf who valorously fought the battle of Herrings and soundly drubbed the French.

The eventide pictures from some of these old waterside hamlet porches are worthy the brush of a Turner or a Millet. As the sun goes down in forests of waving reeds, it flames the thatches of hamlets on opposite shores, weirdly lights the arms of the spectral wind-mills, bringing to a looming nearness the grim Norman towers of far olden churches, or gilds the ivied top of some mediæval ruin as with gold. As it sinks from sight the waters of the Broads are for a moment purple, then pitchy black, when instantly the stars are shining in the depths above and from the waters beneath with a shimmering luster enveloping all. Then the songs and chirps of myriad insects; the whirr and splash of late-homing water-fowl; and the witching, whispered sighing of the breeze in the rushes and the reeds.

Up in Cumberland and Westmoreland, what loving wraiths of memory are conjured when basking in the glowing beauty of slumberous, verdure-clad blossom-bowered Keswick, Grasmere, Rydal, Ambleside and Bowness! Here in old Keswick town dwelt and sang, and lies buried in Crossthwaite churchyard, near the murmurings of the Greta, he so loved, that high-souled poet of pensive remembrance and meditative calm, Robert Southey. Here, too, the unhappy Coleridge passed the most fruitful, though still the most miserable, years of his baleful slavery to a deadly drug; and with his girl-wife, Harriet, Shelly here knew the only happy hours of his unfortunate life. In ancient Grasmere—Grasmere of ancient "rush-bearing" fame; Grasmere with perhaps the oldest and certainly the quaintest church in England; Grasmere where the brave old dame soundly walloped the Prince of Wales for "harrying" her sheep;—Thomas De Quincey lived in his dream-life madness; and in St. Oswald's church-yard sleep Hartley Coleridge and William Wordsworth, beside the beauteous Rothay, which, leaping from sequestering meadows, gives back along the old church-wall the deathless songs they sung.

That one whose memory gives to the organ-tones of the two cascades of Rydal their wondrous heart-thrilling power, who is first and last when your eyes of fancy penetrated the past, is

Wordsworth, who lived on Rydal mount, above the hamlet, for forty sunlit years. Sturdy, iconoclastic, yet true and practically Christian if still heretic, Harriet Martineau stands bright, clear in the picture among the blossoms of songful Ambleside. Christopher North with his huge frame and benign face, as if the very spirit of the lovely region shone from his kindly eyes, makes these village ways sunnier for his strong, sure tread. With him, though later, you will see another one, firm, calm, tender, noble, one who through his labor at Rugby swept forever from the British educational system the rule of brutality and dread, lofty-soled, noble Dr. Arnold; while old Bowness huddling between the highway and the fell-side is sweeter still because you see through its tiny cottage panes the wraith of good Felicia Hemans, with a tinge of sadness in her pallid, patient face.

Pleasant indeed is a week's idle loitering among the villages of Surrey. Some of the most picturesque timbered cottages of England can be found among these ancient hamlets. Sleepy old Godalming was once a nest of fullers' homes, and numbers of these habitations are still in good preservation. At Shere, the former home of the earls of Ormond and the noble house of Audley, and roundabout are wondrously interesting lanes of cottages. Besides, there are Womersley, with its fine gables and chimneys and charming picturesque old mill house; Haslemere with its high and graceful chimneys; Chiddingfold, where glass was first made in England, with its fine fourteenth century cottages and famous old Crown Inn; Witley, with its church-tower surmounted by a spire as quaint as that of Stode Poges, and its cottages which are in every artist's sketch-book; Alford, most primitive of Surrey villages, with its curious iron-work and moats; and, with scores more, winsome old Cranleigh, where, at Baynards, Jane Roper, wife of the younger Sir Edward Bray, so long kept the head of her father, ill-fated Sir Thomas More, which was finally deposited in St. Dunstons, Canterbury.

You will never heed the passing hours if, afloat upon the Avon, you set out in quest of English villages within the western shires. The thatches of the hamlets lean everywhere along the Avon almost to the river's brink. You will have no need for an inn. With your yeoman companion you will be welcomed everywhere at night among the village peasantry. By and by you come to the vales among the Cotswolds. Then will you see hamlets and villages dotting the valleys, embedded in gardens, perched upon the heights, in settings of orchards, waving fields within checkered lines of hawthorn hedges or denser rows of limes, and these in turn backed by banks of forest primeval; all in such droning quiet, ample content and smiling opulence that, full of the winey exultation of it, all, you again and again irresistibly exclaim, "Here is Arcady at last!"

In Essex one could wander for a whole summer and never tire of its mossy nooks like Thaxted with its long, straggling street of many-gabled homes, its exquisite church, its strange Moot Hall and its noble relic, Horham Hall; Cogshall, with its mouldering abbey ruins and curious "Woolpack" inn; Saffron Walden, hot-bed of Essex superstitions, with its ruined castle, wonderful old houses and antique Sun

Inn which has set the Essex antiquarians endlessly by the ears; Finchingfield with its jumble of cottages piled one upon another and its quaint timber-built almshouses, like those of Coventry; St. Osyth, with its remarkable church, splendid old priory and marvelously beautiful gatehouse; and Little Dunmow, straggling, tiny hamlet that it is, but famous the world over for its olden 'Flitch of Bacon' prize for conjugal felicity.

And if all these were not enough to make you know the indescribably interesting and beautiful rural England of today, come here where the shires of Bucks, Berks and Surrey join, and saunter for but a day round about royal Windsor.

At Chertsey, but nine miles distant, once famous for its abbey, lived and died the poet Cowley, while Albert Smith, author of "Christopher Tadpole" and many other charming works of fiction, was born in the same quaint old village. Datchet, on the Thames, about a mile from Windsor, has the remains of a very ancient monastery; while Datchet Mead was rendered famous by Shakspeare in his "Merry Wives of Windsor."

But four miles distant is the quaint and sequestered village of Horton. In this, at Berkyn Manor House, lived Milton, with his father and mother when they retired from business in 1632, and here were written his "Comus," "Arcades," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." At old Windsor, two miles down the river, is one of the most impressive old yew and cypress shaded churchyards in England. Its Moat farm was the hunting seat of Saxon kings. Mrs. Robinson, the authoress and the unfortunate Perdita, is buried here; and its Beaumont Lodge, was the former home of Warren Hastings.

Bray is but five miles distant, up the Thames. The "Vicar of Bray," one Symones, was that spiritually vivacious cleric who changed his religion four times, in successive regions, that he might die in his "living." At Beaconsfield, to the north near Wilton Park, was the ome of Waller, the poet, and Burke, the statesman. Here at Slough, two miles to the north, is the house occupied so long by Sir William Herschel, and you will see here a part of his great forty-foot telescope; while two miles further, beyond meadows green, nestling in clumps of yew and oak, is the olden home of the Penns, near which is the mossy old parish church and hamlet of Stoke Poges, where was written the purest and sweetest elegy to be found in the English tongue.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN,

Ye Crynolyne.

Ye Crynolyne is lyke to grace
Ye worlde of fashion for a space;
But I woulde counte a lesser yl
Ye broade Elizabethan fryll
Wherewith to frame ye ladic's face..

Adde beaultie to thy gentyl face.
Or puge, or paynte, or courtlye lace;
But syght, O ladic, wyth a wyll,
Ye Crynolyne!

For thou art sweete in any "case,"
But surelie thou art out of place
In such a rounde disguise—untyll
Thou hast a bodie fyt to fyll

Ye Crynolyne!

—F. E. K., in *London World*.