

## OLD ENGLISH VILLAGES.

CURIOUS RELICS OF THE EARLY DAYS OF BRITAIN.

Things Not Seen and Heard by the Ordinary Tourist—Places With Strange Histories and Quaint Legends of the Days of Auld Lang Syne.

LONDON, April 10.—All the thousands of ancient English villagers, and with not half a hundred exceptions, are here showed just as they were at the beginning of the century, and just as we have poured over them in the best old works of English fiction. Not only this, but hundreds of modern villages with winsome olden architecture in the habitation of Elizabethan and even earlier Tudor times, enriched with luxurious parking and intelligent floriculture, and windows filled with ruddy English faces, have been added to the mossier olden stock.

Even in the congested districts of Lancashire, Yorkshire, northern Warwickshire, Staffordshire and Shropshire, not an ancient village has passed from sight, save where a town or city has grown within and around it; and, where factory towns are so thick that clusters of chimney-stacks crowd every acre of the horizon like giant spears above some mighty encircling camp, there between still stand the ancient hamlets, more witching for the grimy fellowship of trade: an endless solace to eye and heart of those who ceaseless toil.

The wealth of number of these olden villages in Kent alone would confound the Dryasdusts and the iconoclasts of rural England. It is with a thrill of delight that you wander through Saltwood, peeping out between leafy hills upon the glorious sea; Lyngme, mossy and still beside the most ancient church of southern Kent, so ancient that in its walls are actually seen every specimen of ecclesiastic architecture from Saxon to Perpendicular, so ancient still that St. Edilberga, one of its patron saints and daughter of the Saxon King Ethelbert, who reigned more than 1,000 years ago, lies buried within; Erith with its unique old houses, its winding lanes of green, banks of chalk, shadowy combs and tender uplands; Cobham, leafiest, snugest and prettiest of all Kentish villages, with its lordly park, its stately-towered church and brasses of 600 years in memory of the noble Cobhams, and its "Leather Bottle" inn made famous in the immortal pages of Pickwick; beautiful old Shorne, girdled with massive eaves and richest orchard bloom; and an hundred more, set along the lane-girt downs, clustering in the woody Weld, or nestling among the Kentish orchards and hop gardens, with their rows of cottages and white-washed walls, dormer windows, thatched roofs and garden-fronts each a maze of fuschias, pinks, carnations and roses; and all of them from an hundred to a thousand years old.

Who is there to fity 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 Fens," where, as at Dilham and Rustup, many an old daub-and-wattle cottage may 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 farmsteads 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 corpses of willow; of ruined castles, abbeys and priories whose ancient moats are now serving as market-gardeners' canals; of grey 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 days—not Shakespeare's unctious knave of the "Merry Wives," but of the real Fastolf who valorously fought the Battle of Herring and soundly drubbed the French.

The evendite 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 shore, 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 evied 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-towl; 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 Crowthwaite church-yard, 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, Shelley 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 penetrate the past, is Wordsworth, who lived on Rydal mount, above the hamlet, for forty sunlit years. Sturdy, iconoclastic, yet true and practically Christian it still heretic, Harriet Martineau, stands bright and 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-souled, 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 tulle's 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 charmingly 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 Stoke Poges, and its cottages which are in every artist's sketch-book; Alford, most primitive of Surrey villages, with its curious ironwork and moats; and, with scores more, winsome old Cranleigh, where, at Baynards, Jane Koper, 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. Dunstan's, Canterbury.

You will never heed the passing hours if, aloft 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 lush 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 drowsing quiet, ample content and smiling opulence that, full of the winery 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 "Wool-pack" inn; Saffron Walden, hot-bed of Essex superstitions, with its ruined castle, wonderful old houses and antique Sun Inn which is set the Essex antiquarians endlessly by the ears; Finchington, 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 gateway; and little Dunmow, straggling, tiny hamlets that it is, but famous the world over for its olden "Fitch of bacon" prize for conjugal fidelity.

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 roundabout 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 Shakespeare 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 Warrn H. Stung.

Bray is but five miles distant, up the Thames. The "Vicar of Bray," one Symonds, was that spiritually vivacious cleric who changed his religion four times, in successive reigns, that he might die in his "living." At Beaconsfield, to the north near Wilton Park, was the home 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.

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Menier Chocolate is a fashionable drink. Did you ever try it? Send postal card for samples and directions to C. Alfred Chouillon, Montreal.

## AN ANCASTER MIRACLE.

RESTORED TO HEALTH AFTER BEING GIVEN UP BY FOUR DOCTORS.

The Remarkable Case of a Copetown Lady—Afflicted With Paralysis, Suffering Intense Agony and Pronounced Incurable—She is Again Restored to Health and Vigor—She Tells Her Story for the Benefit of other Sufferers.

(Dundas Star.)

During the past two years many of our most reputable exchanges have given accounts of wonderful cures occurring in the localities in which they were published. These cures were for itself the most remarkable that has made for itself the most remarkable reputation of any medicine ever brought before the notice of the public; so remarkable indeed that it is a constant remark of conversation, and the name among the most familiar household words. We refer to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Many of the cases published, told the story of people given up by doctors, and who were on the very threshold of the other world when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to their notice. The cases reported were in most instances distant from Dundas and for this reason might not be considered of more than passing interest. For the past month, however, the report was current in town of a wonderful cure accomplished by these same pills in the township of Ancaster. It was stated that Mrs. D. S. Horning, wife of a prominent farmer, residing about a mile west of the village of Copetown and seven miles from Dundas, had been given up by the doctors, and that she had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So great was the interest taken in the case that the Star decided to investigate it, and a few days ago a representative went up to the Horning homestead for that purpose. In passing through Copetown he learned that very little else was talked of but the remarkable recovery of Mrs. Horning. Possibly the fact that both Mrs. Horning and her husband were born in the immediate neighborhood, and are presumably known to everybody in the country around, increases the interest in the case. The Star man on arriving at the Horning residence was admitted by Mrs. Horning herself. She looked the picture of health, and it was hard to believe that she was the same woman who was at death's door four months ago. In answer to the question as to whether she had any objection to giving a history of her case for publication, Mrs. Horning replied that she had not. "I consider that my recovery was simply miraculous; I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all the credit, and I am willing that everybody should know about it." Mrs. Horning then gave the following history of her remarkable recovery:—

"A year ago I was taken ill with what the doctor called spinal affection, which finally resulted in partial paralysis, my legs from the knees down being completely dead. My tongue was also paralyzed. On the first of July last I took to my bed, where I laid for four months. No tongue can tell what I suffered. I was sensible all the time and knew everything that was going on, but I could not sleep for the intense pain in my head. Our family doctor said I could not live, and three other doctors called in consultation agreed with him. I felt myself that it would be only a short time until death would relieve me of my sufferings. Neighbors came in, 25 or 30 every day, and every time they went away expecting that it was the last time they would see me alive. I quit taking doctors' medicine and gave up all hope. About four months ago a friend came in and read an account in the Toronto Weekly News of the miraculous recovery of an old soldier named R. P. Hawley, an inmate of the Michigan Soldiers' Home, at Grand Rapids. The story he told exactly tallied with my condition, and it was on that account that I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. When I began taking Pink Pills I was so ill that I could only take half a pill at a time for the first few days. Then I was able to take a whole one after each meal, and have continued taking them. After I had taken over a box I began to experience a strange tingling sensation all over my body, and from that out I began to improve. In a month I could walk with a cane or by using a chair, from one room to another. My general health also improved. In fact, my experience was like that of the old soldier, whose case had induced me to give the pills a trial. While taking the pills at the outset I had my legs bathed with vinegar and salt and rubbed briskly. It is now four months since I began taking the Pink Pills, and from a living skeleton, racked incessantly with pain, I have as you see been transformed into a comparatively well woman. I am doing my own housework this week and am free from all pain and sleep well. When my neighbors come to see me they are amazed, and I can tell you there is great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this section, and many are using them. When I began taking Pink Pills I made up my mind that if I got better I would have the case published for the benefit of others, and I am glad you called as I am sure I would now be dead if it had not been for Pink Pills."

Mrs. Horning stated that she purchased the Pink Pills at Mr. Comport's drug store in Dundas, and Mr. Comport informed us that his sales of Pink Pills are large and constantly increasing.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to Pale sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade-mark (printed in red ink) and wrappers. At 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope

to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

## THINGS OF VALUE.

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