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and hydropathic establishments. The Baxton Gardens Company have laid out over 22 acres in ornamental gardens, skating rink, lawn tennis courts, music pavilions, refreshment rooms, and lake for boating, so that all tastes may be met. During the summer season it is crowded; in winter it is correspondingly dull.

The watering places on the west coast of Lancashire—Blackpool, Southport, etc.—also attract immense crowds during the summer season. During bank holiday week at the beginning of August it was reported that 150,000 people were at Blackpool. The bathing places in Wales are also crowded everywhere, which we found to our annoyance, for we had taken a run to Snowdon and round North Wales, and at Llandudno, our first stopping place, had the greatest difficulty in getting accommodation. This is a very go-

as Bend'or, Orma, and Ormonde, and I heard the coachman say the last-named horse had lately change hands for £30,000. Just think of it! He seemed an enthusiast in racing matters, and pointed out an 'own sister' to Ormonde, and other famous mares as we passed the prettily painted stables dotted about the park. In fact, everything seemed kept in perfect order, the large iron gates being painted bronze and gold, and all buildings bright and a pleasure to look upon. To show the extent to which this famous place is visited, I may mention that one shilling is charged to each visitor to the grounds, and the money handed over to the Chester Infirmary. Last year £600 was thus obtained. At Carnarvon Castle the 4s admission fee is applied to the restoration of the castle, and it is a great pity that the same is not done at Conway and other historical places worth preservation, for Conway Castle dates as far back as 1283, being built by Edward I.

made to Manchester, and now, fortunately, so near completion.

And now, as I promised to give my impressions of English girls, this is perhaps a good opportunity of saying a few words on the subject. I must confess to being a little disappointed with the specimens I have as yet seen, but as I have not reached London, that wonderful centre of learning, fashion, and beauty, I ought, perhaps, not to judge. My mother, being an Englishwoman, used to be continually praising her country girls. They walked so well, talked so well, were so well mannered, had beautiful complexions, etc., etc. till I began to fancy we poor colonial maidens were quite an inferior race. After being nearly two months here, and seeing very few even pretty girls, and noticing that they walk and talk no better than our Auckland girls, I feel that we are, dear Mr Editor, as good as they, and perhaps better, for with our lovely climate and beautiful scenery we ought to be strong in body and quite artistic in all our tastes. When in America we did not see more than six pretty children. Here they abound; they have such clear skins, pretty red cheeks and bright eyes, that you cannot help stopping by the way to admire the dear little creatures. I spent some time in Ireland, and was charmed with the girls, and boys too, there. Even the maids at the hotels are so nice-looking; they speak and move so quietly, are so obliging, and their Irish accent is just lovely. Even the old women who pester you to buy their wares made of bogwood, are almost irresistible with their brogue. They may be a hot-tempered people but they are also very large-hearted and generous. Since then I have spent some time in Scotland and quite failed in finding any pretty lassies there. Many of the poor are common-looking and dirty in appearance. The women have prominent cheek bones and dull skins, but they speak prettily. For the first time in my life I saw their women intoxicated; indeed, the poor there seem to be a thirsty people. I saw more drunkenness there than I had seen in all my travels since leaving Auckland.

(To be continued.)

INSTANCES OF ANTIPATHY.

PEOPLE VIOLENTLY AFFECTED BY THE PRESENCE OF FLOWERS.

AMATUS LESITANUS relates the case of a monk who would faint on seeing a rose and who never quitted his cell at the monastery while that flower was blooming. Orfila, a less questionable authority, tells us of how Vincent, the great painter, would swoon upon going suddenly into a room in which roses were blooming even though he did not see them. Valtaid tells of an army officer who was frequently thrown into violent convulsions by coming in contact with the little flower known as the pink. Orfila, our authority on the case of Vincent, the painter, above related, also tells of the case of a lady 46 years of age, hale and hearty, who, if present when linseed was being boiled for any purpose would be seized with violent fits of coughing, swelling of the face and partial loss of reason for the ensuing twenty four hours. Writing of these peculiar antipathies and aversions, Montagu remarks that he has known men of undoubted courage who would much rather face a shower of cannon balls than to look at an apple! In Zimmerman's writings there is an account of a lady who could not bear to touch either silk or satin, and would almost faint if by accident she should happen to touch the velvety skin of a peach. Boyle records the case of a man who would faint upon hearing the 'swish' of a broom across the floor, and of another with a natural abhorrence of honey. Hippocrates of old tells of one Nicanor who would always swoon at hearing the sound of a flute. Bacon, the great Englishman, could not bear to see a lunar eclipse, and always completely collapsed upon such occasions, and Vaughelin, the great German sportsman, who had killed hundreds of wild boars, would faint if he but got a glimpse of a roasted pig.



Asterley, photo, Christchurch.

HIGH STREET, RANGIORA, CHRISTCHURCH.

ahead place with crowds of 'smart' people, pretty girls (who all carry walking sticks 'to keep the boys away'), and music at all times of the day. We were so glad to renew our acquaintance with that sweet singer, Amy Sherwin, who is as great a favourite here as she was in Auckland, and her voice is as flute-like as ever; but she appeared, in fact, as if she had gone through some trouble, and her hair has changed to darkish red colour. She is encored every time she sings. The concerts we attended were directed by Jules Riviere, and there are about fifty first-class instrumentalists. He has not any medals like another conductor we all know so well, but the left lapel of his dress coat is 'decorated' for about a foot in length by two or three inches wide with an exquisite floral bouquet each evening, and as he walks amongst the audience during the interval you can see the flowers are exotic, and have been put together by an artist. The hall will accommodate about 3,000 people, and popular prices are the rule—morning and evening—so that many ladies do four things at once whilst attending these concerts. They bring the last novel with them to read, scan the dresses of other visitors, listen to the music, and give an occasional thought as to how things are going on 'at home.'

I had made a few notes of our journey down the Menai Straits to see Carnarvon Castle, said to be one of the finest in Europe, also of Conway Castle, but find my letters extending to much greater length than ever contemplated, so refrain from further remarks on that head. I must, however, say that we cannot pass Hawarden Castle, the residence of Mr Gladstone, without a few words. Singularly enough this property has twice belonged to the Earls of Salisbury. It was the scene of more than one siege during the Civil Wars. The modern castle was built in 1752, and is surrounded by a park of 300 acres, which is mostly leased for grazing purposes to outsiders. As a natural consequence the drive and grounds are not kept as trim as we expected. To make matters look worse a flower show had been held the day before, and luncheon papers were too much in evidence everywhere. The gardens inside the strictly private ground are pretty, but if it were not the residence of such a remarkable statesman as Mr Gladstone, no one, I am sure, would go out of their way to see it.

But how different are your feelings after a visit to Eton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster. We had been previously informed that this was the show place of this part of England, and we had not been misinformed. You certainly feel exhilarated even in driving through such a lovely country, with the roadway in such perfection and the grass so green. The park is about thirty miles round, or ten miles through in a straight line. The hall is an elaborately pinnacled and turretted pile, and 460 feet in length, and cost a fabulous sum to erect, the marble floor of the entrance hall alone costing 1,600 guineas. But then the Duke is reputed to have an income of a guinea a minute, night and day, and out of that he can afford to spend a little. The gardens are most extensive, with acres of hothouses, conservatories, etc., a staff of 45 gardeners being regularly employed. The beautiful combination of colours in the ribbon borders and the lawns in front of the hall go beyond my poor powers of description. It was a charm, a dream never to fade from remembrance. On the way to the hall we passed the breeding stables and paddocks, where I am told some of the most famous race-horses had been bred or reared, such

to check the revolutions of the Welsh. A sixpenny admission fee would work wonderful changes in a very short time, so numerous are now 'the nippers' who swarm about the country. The house, called 'Plas Mawr,' in Conway, said to be the finest specimen of the Tudor period in Great Britain, and built in 1555, has now been handed over to the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art, and is filled with pictures.

Chester is a very quaint old city, and is well worthy of a visit by colonists who want to see in what sort of houses our ancestors—as far back as 1263—dwelt. The Roman walls, which I was glad to see are carefully taken care of by the Corporation, are said to be 2,000 years old, and there are many remains of Roman baths exhibited. The cathedral, a noble building, was erected by Hugh Lopez, a nephew of the Conqueror, in 1093. Chester was the first city that declared war for Charles, and the last to succumb to Cromwell after a bombardment in 1645. You can ascend the tower where Charles witnessed the defeat of his forces on the moor near. The Grosvenor Bridge, which crosses the Dee, has the largest stone arch—200 feet—in the world. At Warrington we stopped to view the great canal being



Asterley photo, Christchurch.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND MANSE, RANGIORA, CHRISTCHURCH.