

with the good man's plain and unostentatious habits in general. By the side of the kitchen fireplace there used to be an iron bowl hung up by a chain. In this vessel Gilbert White used to take his morning wash. It must have been an especially difficult performance when he had to hold the bowl up himself, but tradition relates that his faithful female servant used to perform this service for her master. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*. It is difficult to imagine that this primitive state of things existed only about a hundred years ago.

Not a large number of visitors find their way to Selborne. As already mentioned, it is five miles distant from the nearest station, Alton, and those who take the trouble to search out the haunt of their favourite, are, for the most part, persons of culture and lovers of nature, in them Mr. and Mrs. Read find congenial spirits to whom it is a pleasure to show the interesting features of "The Wakes."

Selborne has been invaded by the wave of advancing civilisation so far that it has recently become possessed of a telegraph office and a doctor, but up till now it has been spared the inroad of the iron horse. Mr. Read frankly confesses that an influx of "cheap trippers" would be too much for him. He is delighted to throw his house open to the pilgrims who come out of genuine love of White's memory, but if the railway came to Selborne bringing hordes of excursionists, he would have to flee from the place. Quiet lovers of nature will sympathise with him, and hope that Selborne may long enjoy its present happy condition of peaceful rural seclusion. Such spots are becoming fewer in England every year, and dwellers in the Old Country can ill spare those that are left.

After bidding farewell to our kind and hospitable entertainers, we felt that there were still two spots that we ought to visit. These were the Well Head and the Hanger. The spring, so loved by White, has been dammed up and made to furnish a water supply for the village. This was the work carried out in connection with the recent centenary celebration. The supply was much

needed by the villagers, and is a great boon, but one could wish that a little more of the picturesque had been combined with such a useful work. A very conventional lion's head, spouting water from the midst of a kind of wall, all painted red, marks the place of the old bubbling spring and rivulet. One thinks with a sigh of the picturesque road side springs on the continent, and in some parts of England, overarched with rustic woodwork and set in a framework of ferns and verdant creepers.

The Hanger fortunately remains unchanged—the same beech-covered height ascended by the same slippery zig-zag path described by White. A couple of Selborne rustics were reaping a field of barley at the approach to the zig-zag, and a little further on, at the very foot of the hill, was a garden of hops. "Fino hops those," we remarked to the men. "Yes, sur," replied one of the reapers with the inimitable Hampshire drawl, "I suppose they be, but I an't been to see 'em yet." A notable illustration, we thought, of the tendency of the English rustic not to bother himself about anything unconnected with the particular work he has in hand, and of his literal accuracy of statement. This man had never had the curiosity to look over the fence of the adjoining field to see how the hops were getting on, and not having personally examined them, he would not commit himself to any statements as to their condition.

The walk up the zig-zag, if there has been any rain at all recently, is quite an exciting gymnastic performance, so steep and slippery is the path. There are some delightful "bits" of woodland scenery, gnarled moss-covered roots and the like on the way up, and the view at the top—as White's readers know—is very extensive, stretching away to the Sussex Downs. Coming down we tested the echo mentioned by White, and found it answered perfectly to an Australian "cooco." And so home through the perfume-laden lanes, and across the heath-covered moorland to muse over the incidents of one of the most delightful days spent by the New Zealander in England.