

"England Looks as if She Had Just Dropped From Paradise"

From Edinburgh to London the Country Is Adorned With Smiling Fields and Aromatic Meadows—All the Charming Indications of a Long-Established Prosperity—Crops Planted in Plots Like a Flower Garden, Presenting a Lovely Picture.

BY C. S. WOOTEN.

From Edinburgh to London is about four hundred and fifty miles. You travel through the southern part of Scotland and the heart of England. On every hand the country is adorned with villas, woods, orchards, smiling fields and fresh-smelling meadows—all the charming indications of a long-established prosperity. Flocks of sheep and herds of cattle are grazing in the pastures, and the grass looks tender and good enough for a man to eat. The sheep, reposing on the green sward, seemed as happy as if they were on beds of softest down. I felt like I would like to be upon that green, velvety carpet of nature; it looked so soft and luxurious, it might have been a couch for a king. The roads are macadamized and are as smooth as Pennsylvania avenue in Washington city. The land is in the highest state of cultivation, every foot of soil producing something for the sustenance of man and beast. Grass is the staple crop, though wheat, oats and barley are largely grown. Turnips, potatoes, cabbage, and all kinds of vegetables are the only crops that are cultivated. All kinds of crops are planted in plots or beds like a flower garden. You will see a plot of wheat up the gentle slope of the hill, with its golden heads ready for the reaper; a plot of oats a few weeks later showing from emerald to gold, ripening for the harvest; a plot of potatoes and turnips with their dark-green color; a plot of cabbage of a pale green; a plot of grass with its verdant green all presenting the loveliest picture, and with their variegated hues, look like a piece of embroidery. It watched everything closely, and I never saw a weed or gully in the whole distance of 450 miles I traveled. I saw potatoes and turnips and cabbage planted in rows up a steep hillside and there was not a wash, and the rows were straight up the hill and there were no hillsides furrows. In this country the hillsides would be washed away—I could not understand it.

I regret I did not have an opportunity of traveling through the rural districts, where I could observe their methods of farming. I would like to visit some of the country-seats and old mansions, such as Bracebridge Hall, so charmingly described by Irving in his Sketch Book. I would like to spend a month in the rural districts of England.

England looks like she had just been made by the Great Architect and dropped down from Paradise, and He exclaimed, "It is finished, it is so; for there is not another touch needed. I could not see where another lick is needed to add to its beauty or its charm. It is perfect. I could gaze forever upon the lovely prospect, diversified by hill and vale, by beautiful landscapes and verdant meadows, by the cattle feeding on a thousand hills and the gentle lamb frolicking on the edge of the sparkling rivulet. I never spent a more pleasant day than I did on that journey of 450 miles from Edinburgh to London. The air was cool and bracing, and at times my nostrils were comfortable. There were no dust or cinders, I never saw a poor horse or poor cow or a poor steer in Europe. When I saw the tender, luxuriant grass upon which the sheep and cattle fed and fattened, I was not surprised at the tender mutton and beef of England, a product that no other country has ever equaled.

The French have the most delicious bread and coffee. When in Paris I would take a mutton-chop, some French rolls and a cup of coffee. I had a breakfast fit for a god. The French bread is crisp and melts in your mouth like a lump of loaf sugar. The coffee is so strong it can be diluted with milk before you can drink it. It is as stimulating as a glass of French brandy.

The railroads are ballasted with broken rocks between the sills and grass grows on the sides up to the sills, so there is no dust produced by the movement of the train. The cars run steady and smoothly, and there is scarcely a

HOME, SWEET HOME

L. S. Waterhouse in New York Sun.
After many hours of roaming I was seated in the gloaming
In that place of places dearest to the inmost soul of man;
There was hardly any for breathing, but my good cigar was wreathing
Rings of pleasure—the sincerest—when the trouble first began.
In the middle of my dreaming I was awakened by the screaming
Of a woman up above me in apartment number nine.
She was trilling in falsetto, sharper than a new stiletto.
Something similar to "Love me and the universe is mine."
Next there came an awful howl from that photographic fellow
Who announces in staccato all the tortures of the year;
The brass horn got started, and the agony imparted
Had a little obligate by some nuisance in the rear.
While this Bedlam was still raging two big fellows got to waging
Lively war upon some topic that required much vocal power,
And three hushky pianolas loosened up their ivory molars.
While an infant, microscopic, howled in concert for an hour,
After I had closed each casement in an effort at effacement
And inserted numerous digits far within my frozened ears,
A cornetist just below me started merrily to show me
How a man can get the fidgets and be liquefied to tears.
But the one who knocked me senseless and just left me there defenceless
Was the urechin who got busy with the paper and a comb—
For he added to that racket just as hard as he could crack it
In a ractime, wild and dizzy, that old chestnut, "Home, Sweet Home,"
L. S. WATERHOUSE.

work in the fields. From Edinburgh to London I am sure I did not see twenty-five men at work. The grass had been mown, the wheat was just ready to reap, the potatoes and turnips were laid by, so it seems there was nothing to do. All crops were clean and not another lick was needed. I saw turnips knee-high. That is a great crop with them for feeding stock. From the size of the turnips they must sow them in the spring or early autumn, so they can have them before the winter sets in.

England is more favorably situated than any country in the world. Entirely surrounded by water she has a moist, bracing, healthy climate, and from her proximity to the Gulf Stream, the rigors of her winters are tempered by the warmth from that great tropical river in the ocean, whose waters are warmed by an equatorial sun. Owing to the humidity of the climate and the absence of scorching winds, the grass of Ireland, Scotland and England is all the way of the deepest green color, hence they are great countries for cattle, sheep and horses. As I came over on the steamer there were over twenty-five Clydesdale and Percheron colts for breeding purposes, being brought to Canada. Some only three years old would weigh 1,800 pounds. As I inhaled this pure, vital, sea-breeze-giving air of those countries, I almost wished I had never breathed the noxious air laden with malarial poison, which seems to be necessary to the production of the cotton plant.

When I landed at Montreal I was invigorated by the cold air of the sea, and I had all the elasticity of youth, with not a pain, not a halt or limp in my step; I felt as young as I did at sixteen; but when I reached Washington it was so hot it seemed I was taken out of a refrigerator and put in a hot furnace. I never suffered from heat so in my life; and when I reached home I found a hot wave. I took cold from the sudden transition from cold to heat. I have suffered terribly. I never want another such experience. I intended to stop at Saratoga and temper a little, and I have wished often I had.

Every hill and vale has a name. The Cheviot hills is a beautiful range, where the sheep feed that produce the fine wools, from which a fine cloth is made, and derives its name from those hills. Near the English Channel, where we embarked for France at New Haven, are the Southdown hills, where is raised the celebrated sheep that bear the name of the hills. The hay is stacked without poles, and as much pains is taken with caring for it as a prudent housewife would take in making her butter. It is placed in large stacks or rows ten or fifteen feet long and as high as they can throw up the hay, and then every particle of loose grass adhering to the stack is raked off, until it is as smooth as a velvet carpet, and then a piece of canvas or thick cloth is spread over the top. I thought what a contrast to the slovenly methods practiced by our southern farmers. Some years ago in traveling through the rural districts of New England by stage, I observed that the farmers were provided with the soundest and best hay, they would cut it and rake it in piles about waist-high, and then place over the top a cloth so as to turn the water, and the hay, being raked while green and before the sun had wilted it, cured in the shock and retains its freshness and all of its sweetness. It is a fact that in countries that grow grass land brings a higher price, and the people are more prosperous, while in cotton-producing countries lands are cheaper in value and the people live harder. The reason of this, grass grows there provided by machinery, without much labor, while cotton is expensive to cultivate, and must be worked and gathered with the naked hand. Mr. Calhoun, in young manhood, when he commenced his political life, was in favor of a tariff for protection. He said the south made the cotton and she ought to manufacture it. He had the wisdom of a seer. Suppose the south had carried out his policy; she would have been the richest section of our country. But she devoted her energies to the production of cotton, invested her money in land and negroes, while New England, with the aid of machinery, produced cotton at a price that she could not compete with, and she was ruined.

When I was returning home the steward on the boat, who was a Scotchman, made a prayer on Sunday evening at religious services. It was the most unprayerful prayer I ever heard. After praying for everybody, he said we love King Edward and we loved his mother, Victoria. She is venerated in England like our own Washington is in America. There is more respect for rulers in England, more reverence for law and government than here. They regard their courts as sacred and their judges as almost infallible, and not actuated by an unworthy motive. Here every fellow thinks he is as good as the judge, and hence has not the proper respect for his official position. It may be that the conduct of the judges themselves, in some instances, is the cause of this want of respect. I know in the old days, when I was a boy, there was much more reverence for the judge than there is now. When a people lose respect for their courts it is a sad day for them, for the country is no longer safe.

I went around to the royal stables to see the King's horses, and they told me that I would have to apply to the master of the horse, or equester, through the postoffice. I did not have time to go through that ceremony so I did not see them. The King keeps over 100 horses. Eight of these are cream-white ponies, which he drives to his carriage when he appears on state occasions, as in opening Parliament.

St. James' Park is just across the street from the palace, which is the beauty of the prospect, and further on is Hyde Park, which contains 1,250 acres of land, Kensington Garden, formerly the private grounds of the King, but now dedicated to the public, adjoins Hyde Park and contains the statue of the Queen's husband, the Prince consort, Albert Edward. It was erected by the Queen and the people, and is much larger and handsomer than the monument to him at Edinburgh, which I have described. The statue is of gilded bronze, with a Gothic spire above it, somewhat like Scott's monument at Edinburgh, but more imposing and elaborate, and costing \$850,000. Paintings, Sculpture, Architecture and Poetry are represented in groups and figures carved on the monument. On the front side is Homer in the center, and Shakespeare

and Dante on each side, with their ears turned to him as if listening to catch inspiration from the father of Poetry; with Goethe, Schiller and other poets. Standing around on the other side is Michael Angelo in the center, with Phidias, Praxiteles and Canova and other sculptors grouped around. The monument is of Gothic style of architecture, which does not conform to the rules of harmony and symmetry, as in some others, but depends on a certain idea of vastness, gloominess and solemnity, which are the principle ingredients in the sublime. The poet Thompson seemed to have considered the Corinthian as the most beautiful. He says: "First unadorned, And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose; The Ionic then with decent matron grace Her airy pillow heaved; luxuriant last The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath."

I would be glad to see the Victoria monument when completed, so as to see the contrast between her monument and the splendid memorial to her husband. As he will cost more than three times as much as her husband's, it will be a grand and magnificent production of the highest and most refined art. The Duchess of Sutherland was one of Queen Victoria's ladies of honor at her court. She lived near the palace of the Queen in a beautiful and magnificent mansion. On one occasion the Queen visited her, and she took her over the house and exhibited her furniture. It was so much more splendid than the Queen's, she remarked to the Duchess, "I have seen your palace, will you return to my home." The Queen had an engagement to go riding with the Duchess, and when the Queen was ready, the Duchess did not arrive until after the lapse of fifteen minutes. The Queen became impatient, and when the Duchess arrived she handed her a gold watch, and remarked: "You will need it, as you seem to know nothing of the time of day." I should like to receive a few such hints to be punctual the next time.

I called at the American embassy and asked to see the ambassador, The clerk said, "You can't see him, he is busy." I knew that was a stereotyped phrase, that he used every day to put off visitors. I was determined not to be bluffed in that way. I looked at the young man, who was an accomplished, dashing fellow, and said to him, "You go tell the American minister that an American citizen wishes to see him; that I have no business; that I don't want to occupy but one minute of his time—that I simply wish to pay him my respects, shake his hand, and that I did not want to go back to America and say I could not see the minister of my country." The young man seemed amused at the bold, authoritative air I assumed, and tone of command in which I talked, as if he thought that I had better assume charge of the minister's place. He reported to the minister what I said. He soon returned and said the minister said, send up your card. I said I am none of your fashionable gentlemen and I don't carry cards around with me; have you any—and if so hand me one. He gave me one and I wrote my name on it. He carried it to the minister, and returned with the answer that I could go in. Mr. Reid met me, shook my hand and said, take a seat. I sat down and we talked several minutes. He is a very accomplished man, with easy, graceful bearing, cordial and pleasing in his manners, cultured and refined in his conversation, and in every respect a gentleman. He ran for Vice-President with Harrison in 1862, when Cleveland defeated him. When I started to leave he asked me at what hotel I was stopping and I told him, and when I returned his card was then awaiting me. He said it was a common sense and knowing how to manage men. I was determined to see Mr. Reid. I wanted to get tickets for our party to visit Parliament while in session, and you can only get them from the minister, but he is only allowed four a day, two for each house, and they were taken by more than a month ahead. We went through the Parliament building one morning. The building is a magnificent structure, with towers, turrets, spires, and minarets, giving it the appearance of some great church or cathedral. It is the most beautiful thing in the Capitol at Washington, but not so simple, grand and majestic as our building. There are not as spacious grounds around it, as our ground around our Capitol. It has all the beauty and elegance of nature, blended with the grandeur of art. The main tower is more than one hundred feet high, which faces the street at Westminster bridge, as it crosses the river; and has a clock in it that measures more than six feet a new dial-plate. The royal entrance is through Victoria Tower, through which the King enters the building, preceded by an officer bearing the great sword of state, which is adorned with diamonds and other precious stones. The King enters his robes room, where he puts on the royal robes and proceeds to the House of Lords and delivers his address and opens Parliament. Two arm-chairs, one for the King and the other for the Queen, are just behind the Lord Chancellor's seat, which sits on the upper level, the House of Lords is not as large as our Senate chamber. The seats are lengthwise 400 rows, instead of in a semi-circle, as in the Senate. I like the arrangements of our Senate the best. The interior decorations of the whole building are in exquisite taste, and are models of elegance and beauty. The first Parliament building, erected by William Rufus, about 1087, was not destroyed by the great fire in 1696, and the present buildings are additions to the first one. The original Parliament building, where Charles the First was tried and convicted, and where Warren Hastings was tried and acquitted, is now used as a banqueting-hall, and as a vestibule to the building. It was this building that Guy Fawkes attempted to blow up with gunpowder in 1605, during the reign of James the First. I saw the room in which he had the powder when his plot was discovered. The building where the first Parliament was held, before the one that was built before the reign of William Rufus, is on the opposite side of the street and is a small structure, not more than twenty feet square, and is octagonal in shape, and is now attached to Westminster Abbey and is used as a chapel.

England More Favorably Situated Than Any Other Country—Moist, Bracing, Healthy Climate—London, the Greatest City on Earth, a Little World Within Itself, Where Kingdoms Have Been Set Up and Pulled Down.

England, made himself Lord Protector in 1649, and when he died was buried with the kings in Westminster, and when Charles the Second ascended the throne and the kingly government was reestablished his body was thrown into the street. He was considered as a traitor in executing his king, and his memory was execrated throughout England. About three years ago a monument was erected to him in the Parliament grounds. The time will come when similar honors will be given to commemorate the virtues of the Confederate chieftains when the passions of the people will have time to cool. England did this honor to Cromwell after a lapse of two hundred and fifty years. The United States may well emulate the example of England.

St. Paul's cathedral, next to St. Peter's in Rome, is the most beautiful church in the world. It was built after the great fire in 1666, and required fourteen years to build it. It is 300 feet long and the dome is 400 feet high. The remains of Nelson are buried beneath the center of the dome, and Wellington's are buried near by, about twenty feet away. The only time those great men ever met was under peculiar circumstances, and they did not know each other as they passed. Wellington was going to see the prime minister and not Nelson coming out, but they did not know each other, and he asked who that old fellow was, for, he said, he seemed to be mad. They told him it was Nelson. He was disgusted with the red tape in the minister's office. The City Hall of London has a banqueting hall, fourteenth century Gothic style, where the kings of England dine once during their reign with the Lord Mayor. Queen Victoria dined with him twice during her reign. I saw the Temple Gardens, where the Knights Templars lived, who went to the Crusade. The house is near the river Thames, and is now occupied by lawyers.

In the British Museum a man could spend a lifetime studying the different things to be seen there. Our trip through there was too hurried. It was near luncheon and the guide only carried us to a few places of historic interest. It would be impossible to undertake to describe it, for colors could be written upon the wonders there to be seen. There was a specimen of pavement for a street that was found twenty-five feet below the ground in making excavations for the foundations of the Bank of England building. It was mosaic work, as fine as anything you will see in the floors of your finest buildings. These pavements were put down by the Romans, for in that early day the fine arts had attained to their highest perfection in Rome and Greece, and were unknown to the rude tribes that occupied England. In a room were gold ornaments flung out of the river Orus in Persia, made 400 years before Christ, and also jewels valued at ten million dollars, presented to the nation by Rothschild. I saw the body and coffin of Cleopatra, who fascinated Anthony, and she died in the early part of the Christian era, and also the remains of a man who had been dead 12,000 years. That is what they told me, and I, being a pupil, believed everything my teacher said. Besides, it is not incredible, for the ancients had the art of embalming bodies to preserve them which is lost to this age. I saw an autograph manuscript of Scott's novel, "Kenilworth," the first copy of the Bible revised by King James, and first folio of Shakespeare's Works, and original copy of Magna Charta extorted from King John by the Barons at Runnymede, on June 15, 1215. It was injured by the great fire of 1696, and the paper on which it is written was badly scorched. Saw the Rosetta stone, found in 1801 on the Rosetta, mouth of the Nile. It is a fragment containing an inscription in the ancient picture-writing or hieroglyphic of the priests, the same in the writing of the people and a translation into Greek—the latter enabling a comparison and the ultimate deciphering. It was this stone that furnished a key for deciphering the mysteries of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

The Robert Wallace collection of rare specimens of crockery, paintings, guns, pistols, Oriental swords inlaid with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, emeralds and gold, knights in full armor mounted on horses, all kinds of porcelain, encrusted with pearls, rare paintings by

the great masters, costing three thousand dollars an inch; snuff-boxes inlaid with diamonds costing five thousand dollars, in snuff-boxes from Rothschild's, costing six million dollars. The collection was made during three generations of the family, and was given to the English nation on condition that the collection should remain in the private house of the donors and should be opened to the public. That is the way England's rich men love their country. The National Art Gallery in London does not contain as many pictures as the Louvre, in Paris, yet they are better selected, and does not contain so many inferior pictures. The different rooms are divided into schools. The earliest is the Tuscan; the next is the Italian, with Angelo and Raphael as the masters. The church was the first patron of the art, and most of the pictures were of a religious character. The Dutch and the Flemish were the next school, with Rembrandt and Rubens as the masters. Rembrandt surpassed all other artists in throwing light on his pictures. Then the Spanish, with Murillo as the master; then the English, with Turner as the greatest landscape painter that ever lived. He bequeathed his paintings to the nation on condition that his masterpiece, a landscape scene, should be placed beside some similar production of some French artist, to show the contrast. They complied with his request, and there are the pictures beside each other, so everybody can see the difference. He had the faculty of throwing light upon the pictures which made them more brilliant and lifelike. They appear to better advantage at a distance, for the light side additional lustre to them. There was a painting by Landseer, the master painter of America, of two puppies, that was so natural that they looked like they were alive, and if you were to stroke their hair they would move. Rosa Bonheur is the leader of the French school, and next to Landseer in painting animals. Her "Horseshoe" is a masterpiece of art. There were thousands of others. What I have mentioned are just a few of the prominent ones.

The streets in the old part of London are narrow, just wide enough for two vehicles to pass. I rode on the first underground railway, built thirty years ago, which cost three hundred dollars an inch. There are no street cars. They ride in large omnibuses that will carry as many as our cars. They have arrangements so you can ride on top. They carry you as cheap as the cars. There is not as much congestion on the streets as in New York. A policeman stands at every crossing, and by a wave of his hand controls the movement of all travel. It is like clockwork. There are no collisions. There is perfect order in London. I never saw a drunken man or an arrest made.

England is the best-governed country in the world and her people are the happiest and the most free. An Englishman and an American were talking about the expense of maintaining the royal family. The Englishman said we don't care for that; the money is all spent here and we get it back. If it not, said he, half as bad as the graft and stealing of your state and federal government and the corruption in your cities. The great graft in New York city today proves the truth of his assertion, where men become rich in one night.

LaGrange, N. C., Sept. 28, 1907.

By Courtesy of The Industrial News.
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