

same objects as his predecessors, never to be looked at again; or perhaps writes a paper on some obvious phenomena which he could have studied with less fatigue in the palm house at Kew."

The comparatively recent discovery of protoplasm, and all the subsequent knowledge of plant physiology, has put in the shade to a perhaps unmerited extent, the study of so-called descriptive botany, with its attendant collections of dried specimens and schedules and more interesting country rambles. This very useful part of the study of plants is sometimes scornfully alluded to as the "botany of ladies' schools" (public schools for *girls* are, of course, doing their best to take up the new botany). According to Mr. Thiselton-Dyer, one may say that the use of the compound microscope divides the laboratory botanist from the field botanist. He has heard a distinguished systematist describe the microscope as a curse, and a no less distinguished morphologist speak of a herbarium having its proper place on a bonfire.

The late Professor Henslow was a man imbued to the full with the "natural history instinct," and if he has left behind him no records of laboratory research, he was to Darwin "my dear old master in natural history." Their friendship Darwin speaks of as a circumstance which influenced his whole career more than any other. Before he knew Prof. Henslow, he has told us, the only objects he cared for were foxes and partridges.

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### Notes on Art.

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#### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN EAST ANGLIA.

WHEN Ipswich was selected as the field for the annual "outing" of the British Association, there were many who thought that it was a part of the country which would prove somewhat bare in those historic and artistic treasures which form so great a part of the attraction of the expedition to many, scientific though they be.

Those who thought thus were the first to own themselves mistaken. For East Anglia presents that mournfully interesting spectacle to those who are lovers of the artistic part of history; it is the seat of an ancient and utterly gone by civilisation, of a commerce which was dead three centuries ago, of an almost forgotten diocese, of a power that lives no more.

When the Romans had reached London the very first thing they did was to make a road thence to Colchester, Ipswich and Dunwich. Hence all this part of East Anglia lay in the route of one of the great arteries of the new life that flooded Britain, and in the Anglo-Saxon period that followed Dunwich became the seat of the bishopric. Close to Walberswick, at the mouth of the river Blythe (the present mouth at Walberswick is artificial, and later)—and forming, as the fishermen tell us, the best natural port on that coast, being remarkably free from shoals—it is easy to imagine how great were the advantages of the position. But it is not so easy to realise as one stands, upon the quiet shore of the diminutive village, or scales the lonely cliff height, where "a tower in ruins keeps guard o'er the steep," and watches the blue

waves breaking in the shallow curve of the bay, that here

"Was the site once of a city, so they say,  
Great and gay!"

At Dunwich, so say the ancient chroniclers, was the Bishop's Palace, and forty-two churches and religious houses, surrounded by a thriving and populous town. What became of it? Some the sea took and swallowed, the old writers say five miles, but that at least one mile has been washed away seems indisputable. The hungry sea left the great church of All Saints hanging on the very verge of the cliff, and this inroad of the waters must have been of comparatively recent date, for the remains of the church are fourteenth century. The most interesting relic of the ancient ecclesiastical glories of the place (and one which seems ignored alike by tourists and guide books), is the ruin of a very beautiful apsidal Norman chapel in the churchyard of the present church.

There are two other blighted old towns, which to the lover of the romance of history appeal most specially. One is Blythburgh. Here the old oak in the church is worth a long journey to see. The Vicar told me that Mr. William Morris, who came down on behalf of the Society of the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, said he had never seen oak of such age of such preservation and quality. His opportunity for judging of its interior condition was exceptional, for an enterprising parish clerk, about fifty years ago, thought fit to saw down all the uprights of the central section of the rood screen, because the parson said they obstructed his view! Some of these priceless bits of art were used in the construction of a village pig-stye. It makes one feel quite vindictive to think that that clerk has gone where no human vengeance can overtake him! The other place worthy of special notice is Walberswick, but of that, with Cove Hythe and Southwold, I will try to speak next week.

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### A Book of the Week.

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#### ENGLISH SEAMEN.\*

THE perusal of this charming series of lectures, delivered by Mr. Froude at Oxford, will make all readers sincerely regret his death. His graphic and picturesque style, and the genuine interest that he feels, and therefore knows how to evoke in the periods of history about which he writes, are shown in these wonderful "cameos" of the history of the great English Pirate Seamen in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The first lecture is called the "Sea-Cradle of the Reformation," and in it we learn how very much of the great religious emancipation of that century was owing to the bold pirateers, who in their ridiculously small ships carried on a distracting and itinerant warfare with the Spaniards.

Amongst other interesting things to be learnt from this lecture, a small fact seems worth recording. The watch-word on board the king's fleet at Portsmouth was, *God Save the King*; the answer was, *Long to reign over us*, and these words contain the earliest germ discoverable of the English National Anthem.

\* "English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century," lectures delivered at Oxford, 1893-4, by James Anthony Froude. (Longmans, 1895, London.)

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