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Across the Ocean.

MISS E. E. GREEN'S EIGHTH LETTER.

After a run of thirty miles from Sale
near Manchester, we arrived at Bux-
ton in Derbyshire, and proceeded to
view the town, which ranks among
the first inland watering places in the
kingdom. It owes its reputation to its
waters and its dry bracing climate,
and I must acknowledge that while
there I felt really warm for the first
time this summer.

This is the highest town of any im-
portance in the country. The sur-
rounding district is chiefly limestone,
which gives the streets and roads a
peculiar whiteness, and at times the
effect of the sun's rays falling among
the stone houses and upon the terraced
walls, and shedding its light upon the
glossy foliage, makes things dazzle
and shine until one might fancy him-
self in sunny Italy, while in reality he
is near the heart of England. The
hills which rise to a greater elevation
than the town in almost every direc-
tion, in themselves have no special
beauty of outline or color, yet afford
opportunities for delightful rambles,
which prove the peak to be a pictur-
esque and happy abode. It is to be
regretted that the grand old limestone
cliffs, which overhang "Ashwood
Dale," like the bastions of ruined fort-
resses, are gradually being blasted and
carried away for commercial purposes,
thus destroying one of the most charm-
ing of Derbyshire valleys. The rail-
ways here with their works are so well
and gracefully constructed that in-
stead of detracting from have added
to the fine masonry of the place and
the continuous curve of the line re-
minds one of that winding gorge
which leads from Queenston Heights
to Niagara Falls.

The death rate here averages ten in
a thousand, and I wondered if the
waters from St. Ann's Well, situated
957 feet above the level of the sea,
where passers by may have a free
drink of the renowned mineral water,
which to my liking was a shade too
warm, was the solution of such a small
death rate, for really in this England,
with all its ancient castles, cities,
parks and church-yards, as one reads
the tombstones it seems as if with a
bit more care many people instead of
dying at ninety or a hundred might
have lived for ages, drinking from re-
nowned fountains which offer life and
health without end. The finest group
of buildings is the "Crescent," built
over a century ago, at the same time
and style as the famous squares and
crescents of Bath. A colonnade runs
round the front and extends round the
quadrant. The grand old pile as it
rises against the sky, shows the craft
and handiwork of man.

Opposite the crescent and in the
square, the Pump-Room, very elabor-
ately built and given by the Duke of
Devonshire to the town some three
years ago, is to be seen. The roof is a
veritable garden and the place itself
corresponds with the hotel which
forms the crescent. 'Tis here the
"gentry" pay their penny and take
the waters which are just the same as
that from the spring near by.

The St. Ann's Cliff, which faces the
crescent, is laid out with walks and
flower beds, separating the lower and
the higher town. The Broad Walk is a
fine row of detached houses extend-
ing southwards from the cliffs and
overlooking the gardens, where we
had on the night previous promenad-
ed. There is a very fine theatre, tem-
ple, dancing pavilion, band, and
plenty of beautiful walks in these
gardens, for both natural and artificial
means have placed them amongst the
finest resorts in the land. The baths
are reported to be in cases of rheuma-
tic complaints the most efficacious in
the kingdom, and have been celebra-
ted since the Roman occupation of
Britain. There are fourteen private
plunge for ladies and ten for gentlemen,
including Nerdle, Russian, Vapour,
Massage and Sitz Baths, while the
natural ones at the end of the crescent
are supplied with medicinal water at a
heat of 82° Fahr. direct from the rocks
beneath, and consist of one large
plunge and five private baths for
ladies, and two large plunge and five
private baths for gentlemen.

St. Ann's Church in Buxton dates
back to 1625 and has recently been re-
stored. However, the old oak beams
and rafters contrast strikingly with
the new fittings.

Among the architectural features of
this town two domes draw your at-
tention. The largest one crowns the
Devonshire Hospital, which was once
a circus for training horses. It was
opened for a hospital in 1856, and is
especially for the benefit of the poor,
and it is supported by voluntary con-
tributions. Externally the building
consists of a vast central dome with
four smaller ones at the angles, and a
low lantern tower at the top, rising in
the midst and above a plain two
storied building. Internally the dome
is the grand feature. It is surrounded
by a gallery of colonnade, from which
the walls are entered. The diameter
of this dome is 154 feet, the greatest of

any dome in Europe. The height to
the top is 118 feet and the dome itself
covers half an acre, while the whole of
the buildings cover one and one quart-
er acres. The temperature of the hos-
pital is constantly at 62°, and it holds
6,000 people. A peculiar feature of the
lantern in the dome is that it returns
a clear echo to any one standing di-
rectly under it. The smaller dome is
on the pavilion in the gardens, which
I have already mentioned. The mark-
et place of Buxton is the highest in
England, being 1030 feet above the sea.

As my stay in Buxton was very
short, I wanted to make the best of it,
so we decided on a trip to Dovedale,
some twenty miles distant, taking the
train to Thorp Cloud. In describing
this pretty spot I shall not use such
epithets as "stupendous and magnifi-
cent." It is neither one nor the other,
but simply the most beautiful and har-
monious blending of rock, wood and
water within the limits of the four
seas. Perhaps the leading character-
istic of Dovedale is its consistency,
and the critical eye searches in vain
for a bare spot or a dull outline. Once
in the dale we are unconscious of the
wearisome limestone uplands by which
it is surrounded. Pinnacled rock and
wooded knoll bound our vision on both
sides, while the stream below, alter-
nating between tranquil pool and rip-
pling eddy or tiny water-fall, supplies
a soft music thoroughly consonant
with the spirit of the scene. The coal,
iron and potteryware which have
made Staffordshire renowned from a
commercial point of view, have debar-
red it from receiving the attention
due to it from a picturesque side, yet
the glory of this country is the Dove-
dale, lying entirely within it and be-
ing more thickly wooded than the
Derbyshire portion.

Our starting point was the famous
"Stepping Stones," which we crossed
merely for the sake of touching Staff-
ordshire. Just as we landed we natu-
rally turned round to see the next
person who should cross as we had
done in safety. Several boys were
following and when in midstream one
of them who was over burdened with
a bag of plums took a sudden tumble
and to the astonishment of many
spectators, and amid the smiles and
suppressed laughter which intervened
between the boy scrambling to his
feet and trying to save his bag of
fruit, the whole affair reached a climax
when some one asked him how he felt.
He bravely replied, "fair grand."
Any how he didn't seem to bother and
went on eating his fruit and enjoying
the fun as if nothing unpleasant had
happened. In a few minutes we re-
turned to Derbyshire, as our way
home lay on this side of the Dale.
The track, which is by the river side
all the way, opened to our view a
beautiful plot of grass, where many
visitors were enjoying tea or playing
near the edge of the pool among the
rushes. Around us are Hawthorn,
hazel and other trees, shrubs and wild
flowers, and in the springtime when
the knolls are covered with primroses,
or in the autumn when the foliage as-
sumes its ruddiest tint, the dale wears
its loveliest aspect. At Sharploose
Point we had the pleasure of seeing a
series of steep and rugged limestone
crags, fancifully named "The Twelve
Apostles." Close to this view point,
which is the narrowest part of the
glen, we notice a natural arch perfor-
ating a rock several feet wide. High
up above this archway, approached by
the steepest of paths, is "Reynard's
Cave," a wide portalled cave, which
invites a visit chiefly for the difficulty
of paying it. I noticed the guide
whistled for visitors, and if one had
been so disposed we could have hung
on to a long rope and been hauled up
to see this wonderful spot. However,
we declined to see the place Reynard
held so sacred in by gone days. Our
respects were paid to the Union Jack
which hung across the portals and we
could only pity the lonely woman who
has acted as guide in this out of the
way rock for over forty years. In a
few moments we come to the "Straits,"
and on the Staffordshire side it is
quite impassable, and the Derbyshire
side affords only a narrow causeway
between the stream and rock.

After a heavy rain the place becomes
flooded and the beauty of the glen
must be sublime, the foliage and water
are brought into closest contrast, the
trees and creepers encroaching on the
tracts and yews grow out of every
crack, and a rock immediately in front
is called, with a fair show of reason,
the "Lion's Head," while above it a
half detached rectangular block seems
to hang ready to fall at the slightest
provocation. Upon the banks of this
river stands the famous fishing house
wherein Izaak Walton smoked his
pipe, and fried his trout two, centuries
ago, heedless of Puritans, and of all
the civil strife which embroiled that
unsettled period. The house consists
of one square room with a gabled roof,
and placed in a shady angle of the
river. It is kept in thorough repair
to remind those who tread upon the
ground in the immediate neighbor-
hood that this spot was not only the
abode, but a sacred retreat for the

man who was in those days the
authority on angling.

And now we must leave the beauty
of Dovedale behind us. It ends as it
began—thoroughly unique. Nature
has given it a gateway, the posts
whereof are two towering crags one
on each side. The Staffordshire one
can never have been trodden by man
or beast so steep are its sides, and the
Derbyshire one brings to an abrupt
end the narrowest of ridges. From
here our course bends to the right and
passing several huge mouthed caverns,
called "Dove Holes," we enter Mill
Dale. The ascent is steep, while foli-
age becomes more scarce. We are
gradually finding our way to the sta-
tion at Alsop-en-le-Dale, which we
leave for home.

I must not forget to relate a story
connected with the dale. Nearly all
Northerners have heard of the black-
ness from the Mill District, and one of
the Lancashire operatives who ac-
counted for his very dirty appearance
by stating that he had not been to
Blackpool that summer, might have
found a fitting consort in the Dale,
where some years ago lived an ancient
woman who dwelt in one of the cave-
rns, which, an account of its limited
dimensions had to do for a place to
store pots and pans, sleeping apart-
ments and living room generally. The
dirt of the cave verifies the statement.
Casually interrogated by a visitor as
to the whereabouts of her wash-room,
she replied, "Down in 'r'ver," and
when pursued by the question, "when
did you last wash yourself?" "Well,"
she answered, "all not be sartin
whether it wor last summer or t' sum-
mer afore." I can quite believe this
story as far as the operative goes, as I
paid a visit to "Cottonpole's," better
known as Oldham, which shall be de-
scribed among other places.

Buxton, Eng., Aug. 20, 1900.

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West Lorne, Ontario, Can., Dec. 14, 1898.

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pronounced it Oculit Spavin and gave me little hope,
although he applied a sharp blister. This matter
only worse and the horse became so lame that it could
not stand up. After trying everything in my power I
was one of your books and I studied it carefully and
being resolved to do the utmost in favor of my horse,
I went to a neighbor and told him about the case. He
sent me the nearest drug store and got a bottle of your Spavin
Cure and applied it strictly according to directions. Pre-
fere the first bottle was used I noticed an improvement,
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horse was completely cured and without leaving a
blemish on him. After ceasing treatment I gave the
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ing to see if it had effected a cure. It then started to work
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