

*A walk
across
Kent*

While in England we frequently traveled by train for an hour or two in the morning, usually to the southwest; then getting out almost anywhere, we walked on until luncheon time, after which we took another railroad run, followed again by a walk toward evening. In this pleasant, intimate fashion (to be highly commended) we beat our way to Canterbury, Hastings, Winchester, Salisbury, and on to Devon and return. At one time three of us, A. M. Braislin, a divinity student from New York, six feet five, Swain, six feet four and robust in proportion, and I, a modest six feet two, walked from Dover to Canterbury. We made some impression on the Kentish folk. "Just look at those men!" I heard some one say. And a child, interested in comparative theology, asked her mother: "Is that man as big as God?"

On Charles Darwin, the master of masters in Zoölogy, I had not ventured to call during my first visit to London, and his death in 1882 robbed me of the privilege of ever meeting him face to face. But the following year I made a special pilgrimage to his fine old home near Down. Parslow, his butler, chatted freely:

*Parslow
on Darwin*

For the first twenty years after Mr. Darwin's return from South America, his health was very bad, much more so than later. He was an early riser, and usually went out for a walk all around the place before his breakfast, which he took alone. That over, he went to his study to write until the rest of the family had finished their own meal. Mrs. Darwin now came in and read to him for half an hour while he lay on the sofa. Afterward he wrote till noon, and again after luncheon for a while. Then he and Mrs. Darwin used to go to the bedroom, where he rested and sometimes smoked a cigarette while she again read aloud. He liked stories with happy endings.

Sometimes there were eighteen or twenty young Darwins or Wedgwoods in the house. Four-in-hand coaches used to come down from London. Mr. Darwin liked children. They didn't disturb him in the least. There were often twenty or thirty pairs of little shoes to be cleaned of a morning, but I assure you there were always plenty of servants to do it.

The gardener used to bring plants into his room often of a morning, and he used to tie bits of cotton to them, and try to make them do things. He used to try all sorts of seeds. He would sow them in pots in his study. . . . He was a very *A good masier* social, nice sort of a gentleman, very joking and jolly indeed; a good husband and a good father and a most excellent master. Even his footmen used to stay with him as long as five years. They would rather stay with him than take a higher salary somewhere else. The cook came there while young and stayed till his death — nearly thirty years.

There were a quantity of people in Westminster Abbey when he was buried. I and the cook were among the chief mourners and sat in the Jerusalem Chamber. The whole church was as full of people as they could stand. There was great disappointment in Down that he was not buried there. He loved the place, and we think he would rather have rested there had he been consulted.

The landlord of the local "George Inn" was also communicative:

All the people wished to have Mr. Darwin buried in Down, but the Government would not let him. It would have helped the place so much, for it would have brought hosts of people down to see his grave. Especially it would have helped the hotel business, which is pretty dull in winter time. Mr. Darwin was a very fine-looking man. He had a high forehead and wore a long beard. Still, if you had met him on the street, perhaps you would not have taken much notice of him unless you knew that he was a clever man. *Not without honor*

Several persons had a good deal to say of Darwin's extensive and judicious charities. During the

time of a water famine he used to ride about on horseback to see who needed water, and had it brought to them at his own expense from the stream at St. Mary's Cray. To Mr. Parslow he left a life pension of fifty pounds a year, and the rent of the handsome "Home Cottage" in Down. Yet at Keston, three miles away, the landlady of the "Greyhound" had never heard of Darwin until after his death. "There was then considerable talk of his being buried in Westminster Abbey, but nothing was said of him before."

*Léon
Vaillant*

In my work at the Jardin des Plantes I was brought into close relations with Dr. Vaillant, the ichthyologist of the museum, a versatile and exact student, the author of many important papers, especially a monograph on our American "Johnny Darters." I have very pleasant recollections of my work with him and Firmin Bocourt, his associate of those days, as well as with the faithful museum helper, Alexandre Thomिनот, who used to prepare specimens and bring bottles and books for my work. Once Thomिनот said: "It is remarkable how you Americans travel. As for us, we have no need to; we are at the center all the time." As I write, I learn from Dr. Jacques Pellegrin, successor to Vaillant, of the latter's death in 1915, at the age of eighty-one.

French naturalists while at work wear the blue blouse of the peasant, a garment I also cheerfully assumed. One day an American of some prominence at home in Pittsburgh came into the room and, seeing me in the native costume, asked through his interpreter if I had ever heard of Jordan, a fish expert in the United States. I had, and it was pleasant