

WHERE WORDSWORTH SANG.

Wakeman's Wanderings Among the English Lakes.

Descriptive of Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's Old Home, the Noble Westmoreland Retreats of the Poet, His Grave and St. Oswald's Church at Grasmere.

(Special Correspondence of the SUNDAY UNION, Copyright, 1891.)

GRASMERE, ENGL., April 25, 1891.

Just as the present century was coming in, Wordsworth, the then political extremist and budding poet, with his sister Dorothy—one of the grandest types of those women whose restless sympathy and encouragement are of more benefit to the world than the blatant pretensions of all the famous "ladies" ever were born, or ever will be born, into it—returned to the English Lake region, the land of their birth, and it remained their home until their death.

I tramped over the fell from Keswick to Cockermouth, the ancient village in which, in 1777, the poet was born. The grand scenery of the region lies in every direction in endless change along the winding way. To the east, Helvellyn and Skiddaw, huge and bare, are continually presenting new forms of majesty and color, or hiding in mysterious beauty behind the fleeting veillings of tender passing clouds. One or another of the lakes, Derwentwater, Buttermere, Crummock Water, Ennalsdale Water, Lowes Water or Bassenthwaite Water, is never absent from view, and from the height of Rydal, Grasmere, as from the heights of Helvellyn and Helvellyn, the entire lake district could again be surveyed and feasted upon. Cockermouth is but one of the many quaint old Cumbrian towns, as ancient and mossy as the rocks out of which they were hewn. It is a sweet, dim, dreamful and songful old spot, for the Derwent, the great melodean, flows by, and the Cocker River, from which the village derives its name, is emptied into the Derwent at the village side. Wordsworth's father, John Wordsworth, was an attorney here, and law agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards the Earl of Lonsdale, who was a wealthy man, and by forcibly borrowing the earnings of his lifetime, £5,000, which sum, years after the death of both the Earl and his son, was returned to the Wordsworth family. The house is a long, two-storied, hipped-roofed structure, standing at a corner of Main street and a recessed alley, and must have been regarded as a stately affair in its time. A tier of nine windows in the second and eight in the first story face the street, which is shut off by a massive stone wall, and the house is several times as high as the street level, where Coleridge and Shelley were. The other is the grand old road from Ambleside northwesterly, past the rear of Stock Ghyll, through the village of Ambleside, Patterdale, Grisdale, Glenridding and all the glorious fells and glens that lie along the southern fells and the ancient road to Penrith. Probably the personal enjoyment of the road was greater along the former way, although the territory beyond Kirkstall, particularly around the head of Ullswater, furnished by far the greater number of poetic allusions.

The value of St. John, at the foot of Helvellyn, was a never-ending feast to him. He lingered there without number around Wythburn church. Thirlmere, to which the city of Manchester has tunneled for what will prove the finest water supply in the world, and against the consumption of which Mr. Ruskin, with more regard for the happiness of the region than the needs of hosts of human beings, fought long and bitterly, was an almost constant haunt. Here Wordsworth, in company with his wife and his sister Dorothy, almost daily came in summer. In the earlier days Coleridge would come over from Keswick and meet the three poets at Grasmere. The ladies brought their sewing and lunch, and the two poets furnished the soul ambrosia. Commemorative of these golden hours the poets had their names cut upon the Rock of Names at Thirlmere, and it was to this rock that Wordsworth addressed the apostrophe, "O thought of pain, That would impair it or profane!" No fear of that; but the great walls Manchester is building at the lower end of Thirlmere, to increase its depth, will certainly submerge it. Some future Thirlmerer will find it.

On the way from Grasmere to Thirlmere, a spot forming the northwesterly boundary of Grasmere was undoubtedly Wordsworth's most frequent and passionate haunt. This is Eskdale, and it is one of the most accessible though least visited places in the lake region. It runs far into the northern hills on the western side of the main range, and its reach is a bittern-haunted, shadowy tarn which is discharged through the famous Sock Mill Ghyll not a mile from the town of Grasmere. Wordsworth loved to claim Eskdale as all his own, and he was jealous of intrusion here. When residing at Grasmere, a half hour's walk would enable him to penetrate its depths, and he grew to the place that when he had removed to Rydal, three miles to the south, nearly every day, rain or shine, found him seeking the companionship of its tender solitudes. The lofiest passages of the "Excursion" were written here; and it was the very essence of the poet's nature, that he should have found in its forms for the measureless world of poetic thought.

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attention. From the inclosures on either side such trees as elms and sycamores put tremendous arms across the walls and completely cover the way. It is as shadowy as twilight here. You will not have passed a score of rods in this high-arched natural aisle until the sound from the highway—the rumbling of the stages, the laughter of gay tourists, and the rattle of the wheels of the coach horns are still. In summer the place is thronged with birds. Even these irreverent choristers seem as if subdued and ruminative here. In autumn your feet sink in feathery masses of pale golden leaves, and you sense a long time that you have been traversing these few rods; all is so hushed and still. Ascending a little farther, there is a break in the foliage to your right. Some huge gates are seen. A lodge stands just beyond, and suddenly the splendid facade of Rydal Hall, the seat of the Hon. Flourens, appears above the luxuriant shrubbery of its splendid park. Higher still you climb, and where the dark road-way seems to make a final circle over the brow of the hill to the left, you pause to listen. Something like low and hesitant organ notes is murmuring in minor chords, while a gay and joyous treble plays in exultant tones above. Ah! you remember. These are the voices of the two cascades of Rydal, the songs were sung on one party or forty happy feet on one little spot. On that spot stands an ivy-covered old house, two stories in height, with all manner of angles and gables, with chimneys and windows of various gables; with windows cut here and there at random, or pushed outward in bows and bays; with doors entering as if from the sky, and with a general air of having been done at different periods by various masters, each of whom labored leisurely in fond and whimsical mood. In front is the tiniest of grass mounds, and wide steps of rough hewn stone lead this way and that, as if to invite the foot of the wanderer to a mood of musing, and wide steps of rough hewn stone lead this way and that, as if to invite the foot of the wanderer to a mood of musing, and wide steps of rough hewn stone lead this way and that, as if to invite the foot of the wanderer to a mood of musing.

CLEVER WOMEN OF AMERICA.

Mrs. Margaret Merrill, Lecturer, Teacher and Journalist.

(Special Correspondence of the SUNDAY UNION, Copyright, 1891.)

New York, May 6, 1891.

Mrs. M. M. Merrill (Margaret Manton) is the daughter of the Right Rev. W. E. Merrill and sister of the Rev. C. W. Merrill. Although Mrs. Merrill is the daughter of a Bishop and sister of an evangelist, she is not connected with any church. "I believe," she says, "in the religion of humanity and in the creed of Ezra Taylor, who said: 'If I can do any human being a kindness, I will do it now, for I might not pass this way again.'" Few women are known as much of the world as Mrs. Merrill.

She was born in England, and when six weeks old was brought to this country by her parents, who, although English, had lived here before. As a little girl she traveled through Europe, Egypt, and portions of the Holy Land with her father, whose desire to see and know the world was great. Bishop Merrill stopped at no place but to see and know the world was great. Bishop Merrill stopped at no place but to see and know the world was great. Bishop Merrill stopped at no place but to see and know the world was great.

From Sacramento to Stockton the farm is large, and from Stockton to the great central high way of the lake region, the advantages of climate, fertility of soil and the vast possibilities of development, which invite the labor of intelligent cultivators, it is not difficult to see that a country should not be densely settled. The whole region under consideration is capable of supporting a hundred land-owners who are engaged in agriculture. It was understood at the East, particularly in such districts as the Dakotas and North Dakota, that the climate is not so favorable for the greater part of the territory that land like this could be obtained at reasonable prices, it would be but a short time before the great central high way of California I have mentioned, which would be one of pleasing cultivation, beautiful homes, and a country life more attractive than is possible in any other country. What is wanted in such a case is thrifty homes in the midst of cultivated gardens and orchards, and this should be here where the gardens and orchards are the greatest and the most profitable. California needs market products. California needs population on these large, uncultivated stretches of fertile land, and it cannot be expected that the great central high way of California I have mentioned, which would be one of pleasing cultivation, beautiful homes, and a country life more attractive than is possible in any other country.

THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION has given her employment right along. In winter she spent in Washington, where she received considerable attention, not for her own sake, but for the sake of Bishop Merrill, but because she was a brilliant and talented young woman. For the Herald she wrote a two-page article on the life of Mrs. Merrill, which many of us read with pleasure and profit. Her social success was no less flattering. She was invited by Mrs. Harrison to receive in the blue-room, by Mrs. Senator Davis from Minnesota, and also at the British Legation. For the Herald she wrote a two-page article on the life of Mrs. Merrill, which many of us read with pleasure and profit.

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CLUSTER OF JEWELS.

Another Star Added to the Literary Heavens.

One of the "Backwoods Belles" Criticizes a Poem Lately Published at Santa Rosa—Selections From Among the Brilliant Gems—The Top Round of the Ladder of Fame.

(Special Correspondence of the SUNDAY UNION, Copyright, 1891.)

Santa Rosa, Cal., May 10, 1891.

A discovery in the literary line has been made in this city which, in justice to the reading public, should not be allowed to remain buried in obscurity. It is a modest, dun-colored pamphlet which bears the title of "The Literary Sea with a Cargo of Precious Gems" under the name of "Gabriel's Trumpet. Book of Washington. Pictures of Life. Dictated by Conscience." The very fact of a poet having a conscience was sufficient inducement for me to search its contents with more than ordinary interest. One cannot entertain the idea of degeneracy of the finer web of poetry when one is so attracted by this simple, glittering mesh of ringing rhythms. Follow me, I pray you, through a few of its flower-bordered mazes, keeping in mind that it is a local production, a poet of all our very own.

He accedes to the fact that Washington was "a grand, majestic, impartial man." It is a modest, dun-colored pamphlet which bears the title of "The Literary Sea with a Cargo of Precious Gems" under the name of "Gabriel's Trumpet. Book of Washington. Pictures of Life. Dictated by Conscience." The very fact of a poet having a conscience was sufficient inducement for me to search its contents with more than ordinary interest.

THE RIVER OF LOST SOULS. A March that gave name to a New Mexican Stream. Over three centuries backward and before the inquisitive eye of the Spaniard, the Spaniards had achieved two settlements in this land of the Occident—Santa Fe and St. Augustine. They had the knowledge of the distance, and they had the courage to venture upon it. As to what might be the dangers and deadfalls of a journey from one place to another, they knew nothing, but as long as the descendants of Josiah shall inhabit this sorrowful star, A. R. L. Santa Rosa, April 25, 1891.

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POPULATION NEEDED.

C. P. Huntington on the Prospects in California.

C. P. Huntington writes to a correspondent in this city, under date of Los Angeles, April 25, 1891, that he has returned to the Sacramento Valley, on the west side of the river to Knight's Landing. At this place he has seen a fine view of the valley thence to Marysville and thence to Colusa. I was delighted with the evidence of fertility seen on every hand and from that region about the river, I am satisfied that that locality will be one of the finest orange districts in the State. I ascertained from the testimony of orange-growers that the citrus crops ripen in that vicinity much earlier than in the south, a very decided advantage in the markets of the world; also, that the soil is exceedingly well adapted to the culture of oranges and lemons, and there is practically no limit to the water which might be economically devoted to the purposes of irrigation. Between Marysville and Oroville the country is fairly settled most of the way, but throughout the greater part of the valley, particularly northward on the east side, including some localities in the vicinity of Lincoln, Marysville and many places north of Marysville, the land is owned by too few persons.

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Record-Union Multi

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

Give me a rest—I am happy—blessed God. Blessed God—give me a rest—I am happy. The Record-Union is a paper which approaches the Supreme and glorious, and his pious appeal to be given a rest is pitiful in the extreme. If I fall from prime—kick and boot me out of time. Kick and boot me out of time—If I fall from prime—kick and boot me out of time—If I fall.

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