

Literary Shrines of English Lakes

BY EDWIN L. SCHUMAN.

The charm of the English lake country laid its hold upon us from the moment we saw the sun setting behind the high hills across Lake Windermere, and it never relaxed for a moment during the dream days that took us through Ambleside, Rydal, Grasmere, Keswick and thence on to Glasgow. Though the hotels are better at Bowness and Windermere it is well for the literary pilgrim to make his headquarters at Ambleside, where he is within walking distance of most of the shrines that he seeks. It is a rambling little town at the north extremity of Lake Windermere, with a high street rich in historic associations and a background of heather-clad hills of never-to-be-forgotten beauty.

Here they will show you where Harriet Martineau lived, and Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and John Forster, the biographer of Dickens. On the road to Grasmere you may see Nab Cottage, the home of Hartley Coleridge, and the little house on the hill where Mrs. Hemans wrote her lyrics. It is only two or three miles to Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth lived for nearly 40 years, and to Dove Cottage, where he did his best work, and to Grasmere Church, where he lies buried. The novelists, Rothay, along with Hartley Coleridge and Arthur Hugh Clough.

From Ambleside, too, a good pedestrian might easily walk over to Conistone Water, visit Brantwood, the last home of Ruskin, see the tall green stone cross that marks his grave in Conistone churchyard and return the same day. Brantwood is as lovely as the rest of these lake country homes. It was formerly occupied by the wood engraver and poet, W. J. Linton, and Mrs. Linton, the novelist. When he bought the cottage in 1871, worked here for nearly twenty years, and for ten years more waited with darkened faculties until death released him in 1900.

This whole region is alive with literary associations, but Wordsworth dominates all. His name and spirit haunt every nook and every cranny. As we pulled lazily across Lake Windermere in a rowboat one gloriously calm evening we agreed that even an American business man, with a million dollars and the quiet charm and pervasive beauty of such surroundings, and almost involuntary we began to quote Wordsworth. Here, in any case, one should see "the light that never was on sea or land," here feel the uplifting heart at sight of a rainbow, here discover that

Not in entire forgetfulness, And not in utter nakedness, But trailing clouds of glory do we come From God, who is our home.

You feel Wordsworth's spell most strongly, I think, when you stand before Dove Cottage, that humble little home near Grasmere, embowered in vines and filled with tender associations of his freshest years when he lived here happily with his sister Dorothy. They told us at Ambleside that the Wordsworth family of today, having grown prosperous, had moved to Dove Cottage and wishes to connect the poet's name rather with the more pretentious home at Rydal Mount. But it is not admitted to the latter house, but it is no matter; false pride cannot change the fact that the cottage is the real shrine of the Wordsworth lover, and will remain so as long as it stands.

Wordsworth lives in the glamour he has thrown around every scene and every season in the lake country. It needs but a glimpse of a rustic nook to suggest that splendid sonnet, "The world is too much with us," and a glance at the real shrine of the Wordsworth lover, and will remain so as long as it stands.

Under a simple headstone bearing only the name "William Wordsworth" the poet lies in the shady churchyard at Grasmere. The church stands by a little stone bridge that adds to the quiet beauty of the scene.

The coach ride of twenty miles from Bowness to Keswick takes four or five hours, but if you happen to have a love of scenery in your soul and John Greenbank for a driver it will seem all too short. John is not a literary treasure of the lake country. He is a wag and a philosopher, with a wit that, none too cleverly, makes a face and a personal desire to make the ladies laugh. He and his team are among the landmarks of the region. When he can think of no other joke he will stop and ask some innocent pedestrian the way to Keswick, listening to the stranger's directions with a gravity that adds to the suppressed laughter of his passengers.

The ever-changing panorama of green valleys and heather-crowned hills presents new points of picturesque interest at every turn. Having passed Ambleside, where Loughrigg looks like a shadowy and solemn, you suddenly come upon new scenery at Rydalwater, with its fringing green and dainty islets. Grasmere brings a new surprise, and then in a few minutes the mountains lift up their purple lines from it, shrouded in a soft haze. Helms Crag, Hevellyn, Saddleback, Skiddaw, Seldom does one see so much beauty in so small a space. I found only one spot to compare with it, and that was in Scotland, where Sir Walter Scott has laid the scene of "The Lady of the Lake"—the end of Loch Katrine beyond Ellen's Isle.

Keswick lies in the heart of this mountain group, on Derwentwater, by common consent the most beautiful of all the lakes. The town itself has prosaic air, but business about it, but one can easily escape from that. We strolled down to the lake at Friar's Crag and found among the trees the memorial stone to Ruskin, which bears the inscription, "The first thing which I remember as an event in my life was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag, on Derwentwater. Southey is the special pride of Kes-

wick, and we soon found our way to Greta Hall, where the poet laureate lived from 1822 to his death in 1848. It is a queer, old, rather imposing structure, with a rounded outline on the side that we saw. It stands far back from the main street, so that you have to cross several lawns to reach it, and yet felt like trespassers when we took a snap shot of it and hastily retired. Here Samuel Taylor Coleridge lived for several years before Southey joined him, and little Sara Coleridge, a child of 5, heard them read their poems to each other and was nearly frightened out of her wits by her "uncle Southey's" ballads, especially "The Old Woman of Berkeley." "Oh!" she wrote long afterwards, "the agonies I have endured between 9 and 10 at night, before mamma joined me in bed, in presence of that hideous assemblage of horrors, and the horse with eyes of flame."

We did not go out to see how the water comes down at Lodore, partly because everybody that goes is disappointed. But we crossed the bridge and walked half a mile in the rain to Crossedwaite Church, where Southey's remains lie under a great slab over nearly 40 years, and where there is a large re-embled statue of him inside the church, with a laudatory inscription. Wordsworth, the structure itself is of hoary antiquity and full of interest, as is also the wrinkled old sexton who entertained us with his quaint philosophy.

If you happen to go to the lake country in August as we did, and get your first view of the heather in full bloom on the purple hills, it will be a memory as lasting as that of Wordsworth's daffodils.

IN THE SUNNY LAND OF CAPRI

ISLAND FULL OF INTERESTING PHASE OF LIFE.

"Coraggia, coraggia, macaroni a Capri!" This was what we exclaimed after six weeks among the orange groves and the caves of Sorrento. We had been spending six weeks at an old convent, turned into an inn, which stands on one of the cliffs of the Sorrento and Capri.

There was everything to satisfy the eye; the old quadrangle, the sunlit court, the picturesque well, with its dark, mysterious depths, the blue sky above, and the blue water beyond; on one side rich orange groves and on the other high, on the other side strange, fantastic passages under the cliffs, reached by the waves of the Bay of Naples. But after weeks of a cloudless, scorching heat, and a motionless air, we wanted something more than the cool, subterranean caverns; we wanted the breezes of the Mediterranean. "Coraggia, coraggia, macaroni a Capri!" for to the Neapolitan, the Sorrentine, and the Caprese, "macaroni" represents all that is to be desired.

Early one morning we started in public in a small boat. Our crew consisted of one Sorrento boatman, a Capri fisherman, and a Neapolitan and a Capri fisherman. We were dressed in shirts and trousers, and a long, bright-red woolen cap that hung down over one shoulder and reached to his shoulder.

Hoisting sail we slipped out from the shadow of the dark caverns and sheer cliffs, and spread for the open. As we left the shore we ran into a motley fleet of fishing boats of every sort and size, their crews singing and shouting, and their nets and trawls and long poles and other gear, and their voices and their songs while they spread or hauled in their nets. One large and animated fisherman, who was a Neapolitan, sang a song while they spread or hauled in their nets. One large and animated fisherman, who was a Neapolitan, sang a song while they spread or hauled in their nets.

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vat, from which it was drawn off into earthen jars. This was the first drawing, and the most prized. For the second drawing the same mass was trodden out hard and long, the men stamping and pressing until every particle of juice and pulp was extracted, and only the seeds, skins, and stems were left; then for the third and last drawing, water was added and the skins were trodden dry.

The finest and ripest of the bunches have been kept for raisins and were spread out on the broad top of the garden wall, where they lay for days to be cured by the hot sun.

Lemon trees grew in our garden, and fig trees laden with the deep purple and the soft, green, sugar figs (Ficus carica), so rich and sweet that the honey hung in drops from their drooping ends.

LUXURIANT VEGETATION. Wherever there was a grain of earth or a layer of soil on the rocks a wild and luxuriant growth of vines, plants, and flowers had sprung up and covered the island on every side. Masses of prickly pears and cactuses spread out in fields of half-tropical richness; groves of olive trees stretched up the hill slopes, and terraced tiers of grapevines mounted the sides of the cliffs.

The deep passion flower blossomed in abundance, and the caper vines hung over the edge of the stone walls in profusion, trailing their long, slender, olive green leaves and small, white, bell-shaped flowers. Bright, starlike blue flowers shone in every crack and crevice; where a grain of dust had fallen or the earth had gathered on the old stones, there the blossoms crept along and drew a fretwork of color. And behind, in the hot gardens, the morning glories clambered up the walls and escaped over the top in brilliant cascades.

At first the clouds could not be matched in beauty; flame-colored clouds, orange sky, strange shades of salmon pink, deep blue, and soft, pale yellow were combined in wonderful effects. At times the heavens seemed on fire, and the flames leaped from cloud to cloud until the whole sky was in a fiery blaze; never have I seen such dramatic sunsets as at Capri. And there, too, from the heights of Anna Capri, we saw the full moon rise in the east from the water's rim, while the same moment the glowing sun sank into the western sea.

In August evenings, when darkness had settled down on the island, the hundreds of little lights twinkled over the hillsides. The snail-gatherers were out on the hunt. Men and women, boys and girls went with poles and lanterns to collect the much-prized dainty for their soup. Then in late summer came the quail-catching, when the well-fattened birds migrated in immense flocks, and alighted for a rest on the island rocks.

CATCHING QUAILS IN NETS. Nets were spread on cliff and field and hillside, and as the quails swept on like a swift-sailing cloud or dropped down to taste the tempting figs and grapes, they flew straight into the treacherous snare. They were delicious eating, those rich, plump birds—large and more rich-flavored than any we have tasted elsewhere.

Many of the customs were still in popular use. On the feast days of the Virgin the people walked in procession through the streets, dressed in their brilliant costumes, chanting hymns and bearing an effigy of the Beata Vergine. On reaching the square, the procession came to a halt in front of the church and sent off a deafening volley of crackers and fireworks.

We also saw a primitive method of house-building that had been in use for hundreds of years. A wing was built separately; first a wooden frame was set up with four walls and a domed ceiling, and the interior was lined, outside and inside, with cement. The men bulled and the women carried. From morning till night the strong

and graceful Capri girls mounted the ladders in stately procession with their load of mortar on their well-poised heads. Early and late they came and went, these haughty, handsome women, who were the burden-carriers of the island.

While the women were the beasts of burden, donkeys were the beasts of conveyance, and were, in fact, the only means of transportation. There were a few horses on the island, but they were strange, untrained animals, wild and hard to manage. A large, raw-boned white horse that I attempted to ride showed a tendency to leap bridges, climb side hills, and even went so far as to mount the long flight of church steps to the very door of the sanctuary, while I sat impotently upon his back.

As a rule asses were meeker, more tractable and less erratic. True, they had a way of kicking at times in their desire to send their rider over the precipice, but if one were quick to foresee the intention, and cling to their necks in a tight embrace there was really little danger of a fall. I saw the blue, of course, but it happened to be the reverse of the picture. We were all going to the picture, and we were a party of six, which is another mistake, because the boat held only three. Lying flat in the bottom of the little craft, the first half of us drifted in on the current, and were deposited on the slippery, slimy rocks at the back of the cave, while the boat went back for the rest of our party.

The corrugated cavern retreated endlessly into darkness, strange shadows made the blackness a shade blacker among the furrows and crevices of the rocks, and the water from the sides hung fantastic festoons of stone, and from the water dripped in regular shapes like miniature volcanoes. There was only one point of light in the darkness, the small arched opening that showed the blue water of the bay beyond, and that point grew every moment smaller.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE. The boat came floating in with the rest of the party, and everything was blue and beautiful; the rocks, the water, the weeds were flooded with azure light. Clouds of mist and blue and brown. Our friends were the first to be taken out, and we were the last. The water was rising, and the tide was coming in. When at last the boat returned for us, there was little time to spare; five minutes later we would have been prisoners in the dark grotto, shut in until the tide ebb.

Capri is possessed of one thing that many places have not—a climate. According to the definition that I accept, a climate is a weather that is changeable. For two months we had an almost cloudless sky and not a drop of rain, the thermometer never rising above 86 degrees on the hottest days, and rarely falling below 60 degrees. The soft breezes from the Mediterranean, and the stare of an unwinning sun from rise to set.

"Indivisible nature, uniform days, burning noon, and a description by a French writer of a different scene applies equally well to the changeable beauties of Capri. 'Changeable, stormy, uncertain days are necessary to our restlessness; a more even and mild climate, while it may content us, leaves us indifferent.' Perhaps this is why not a few men have been content to make their home on the Capri island—Florence Peabody, in New York Evening Post.

Lever's Y-Z (Wing Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

A patent has been issued for a slot X-ray machine for public use.

Herr Axel Hamberg, of the University of Stockholm, has, with the help of Herr Linderoth, a Swedish clock-maker, constructed a registering meteorograph, which has been installed on the Sarekajokko, one of the Alps of Swedish Lapland. It registers the temperature, barometric pressure, humidity of the air, velocity and direction of the wind, as well as the amount of rain and snow.

WHEREVER WEAKNESS IS, DISORDER WILL SETTLE.—If one suffers from any organic weakness, inherited or contracted, there disease will settle when it attacks the body. Therefore drive out the pains that beset you, do not let a cold or a cough harass you, and keep the respiratory organs in a good, healthy condition. This you can do by using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Prevention is the wisest course.

PAIN IN LOST LIMBS PHYSICAL CURIOSITY

PHYSICIANS CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR PHENOMENA.

Three weeks ago Glen Bacheher, of Indiana, lost both hands in a railway accident. The amputated hands were placed in a jar of alcohol and Mr. Bacheher's arms received the most expert surgical attention. He suffered, however, for two weeks from severe and peculiar pains where the hands formerly were.

Mr. Bacheher insisted that his lost hands were crowded in such a way as to give him the sensation of severe cramping pains, and when he learned how they had been disposed of he demanded that they be properly buried. The hands were taken from the jar, were straightened to a natural position, were carefully wrapped, were incased in a box, and were buried. As soon as this was done Mr. Bacheher was relieved of the pains that had kept him in agony for two weeks.

This story will be received with smiles by the younger experts of the medical profession, with shakes of the head by the older surgeons, and with ready belief by hundreds of men who have suffered as Mr. Bacheher suffered.

Many a man who has suffered amputation of a leg or foot has been kept in anguish by the feeling of some object between the toes, by an intolerable itching where a toe ought to be, or by a sharp rheumatic pain in the ball of a missing foot. A man who has lost a hand or an arm has been seized suddenly with a distressing pain in the limb or in the finger, and has become almost hysterical because he could not relieve it by touching the hand that was not there.

Surgeons called to treat such cases have contended that the feeling was simply hallucination; that men who have suffered amputation have read stories of queer sensations in lost limbs, and that these stories have taken such a hold upon the imagination that they experience the sensations in lost limbs. Acting on this theory, the surgeon falls in with the belief of the man, administers something to quiet his nerves, and, in cases where the missing hand or missing foot is accessible, gives directions for its proper handling and treatment.

However, this does not settle the case. In a week or a month the man of the lost hand or lost foot has other trying experiences, and the surgeon tries to laugh him out of his hallucination. In good time the patient apparently surrenders his belief as to pain in the lost foot or hand; but in his own heart he holds to it. He may not talk about it, but he will insist that the sensation in the missing foot is so real and so exasperating that it at times drives him almost to the point of insanity.

These are strong men who have had such experiences, and their theory is that some careless treatment of the nerves severed in amputation is responsible for the queer sensation. A few surgeons have admitted that there may be something in this theory, but if it is admitted that the theory is correct, it does not explain the sensations experienced by Mr. Bacheher.

In this case, when the nerves of men and women receive more attention from the medical profession than ever before, is it not a little strange that these so-called hallucinations as to sensations in missing members of the body have not been more closely investigated? Are these sensations the work of the imagination, or are they the result of real physical conditions?—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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Felix Tanner, who achieved fame by a 40-day fast, has built a boat in the shape of a barrel and in it will make the attempt to sail around the world. Wellington, N. Z., his present residence, will be the starting point.

Some people have the taking-cold habit. The old cold goes; a new one quickly comes. It's the story of a weak throat, weak lungs, a tendency to consumption. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral breaks up the taking-cold habit. It strengthens, soothes, heals. Consult your doctor about this.

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