

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1893.

IN HAUNTED RESORTS.

ROMANTIC PLACES WHERE THE PORTS LINGER.

A Poetic Wanderer in Europe—Gathering the Scenic Wealth of Scotland—The Dove's Nest by Beautiful Grasmere—Rydalmere and Rydal Mount.

Wordsworth had much poetical advantage from his continental travels, as well as his Scottish trips. We read how Goldsmith wandered over Europe, playing the flute at inns, in compensation for entertainment; and he, himself, tells us in "The Traveller" how

"The rude Carinthian boor,
Against the houseless stranger shut the door."

Wordsworth and his travelling friends had a like experience, for Coleridge in his "Biographia Literaria," tells how they were rebuffed and ill-treated in a desolate German hamlet called Hesse Cassel. Expelled from the inn by the irate landlord, they met the mob outside and had a tough time of it. Firebrands were thrown after them from the hearth. "They bivouac'd where they could, Coleridge passing his night under a furze bush, well punctured by its thorns." But such experiences make good material for poetry; and long walks on foot, searching out beautiful nooks, penetrating lonely forests, and sometimes resting under the stars, filled his mind with beautiful images, and helped him to become the supreme poet he was,—what Emerson calls "a prophet of the soul."

But it was perhaps to Scotland, which his soul loved, that he owed more, as anyone can see who reads such lovely poems as "Yarrow Re-visited," "To a Highland Girl," "Glen Almain," "Stepping Westward," "The Solitary Reaper," "Rob Roy's Grave," and "The Jolly Matron of Jedburgh and Her Husband." He tells involuntarily in these poems what an effect this romantic country of Ossian, Burns and Scott, of Wallace, Bruce and Dundee, had in his youthful and vivid imagination. He refers in a poem written in memory of the Ettrick Shepherd, after the death of that poet, to different occasions on which he had crossed the Scottish border:

"When first, descending from the moorland,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a fair and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide."

"When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border Minstrel led."

"The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
Mid moulting rains low he lies;
And death upon the ruins of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes."

"No more of old romantic sorrows,
The slaughter'd youth and love-lorn maid;
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns her Shepherd, dead."

Ah, what days those must have been!
Upon these early foot-rambles his sister
Dora accompanied him. They visited
Ayrshire, and trod in all the footsteps of
Burns. He remarked his astonishment
that Burns had not made more of the notably
beautiful coast scenery of Ayrshire;
but Burns did not belong to the descriptive
poets, proper, who make the delineation
of landscape a special thing. His touches
are therefore incidental, but masterly, where
they occur—as in "The Vision":

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore;
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove thro' the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye."

Yet this might just as well have been any
other shore as that of Ayrshire. Truth to
tell, Burns was better interested inland,
where the burnies ran and where the lads
and lasses dwelt. But, to Wordsworth,
"We can imagine," writes a kindred spirit,
"The delighted brother and sister marching
on over the beautiful hills, the dark heaths,
and down the enchanting vales of the High-
lands, conversing eagerly of the scenes they
had seen, and the incidents they had heard,
till the glowing thoughts had formed them-
selves, in the poet's mind, into almost in-
stant song. These poems have all the
character of having been cast, hot from the
furnace of inspiration, into their present
mould. There is a life, an original fresh-
ness, and a native music about them." No
human creature could have been dearer to
him than the sharer of these poetical excur-
sions.

In 1799, after his return from a tour in
Germany, Wordsworth made a settlement
at Grasmere, in a house afterward occupied
by DeQuincey. This retreat had a picture-
esque loveliness unknown even to Allfox-
den. Here he lived for several years, and
here in 1802 he brought his bride, Mary
Hutchinson, of Cockerham. This was
the home of his early fame and his early
love, and of it the "tallish young woman,"
DeQuincey describes, "with the most win-
ning expression of benignity upon her
countenance,"—or, as the husband himself
puts it—

"A spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light,"—

became the adored mistress. This is the
cottage and its surroundings as given by the
pen of a skillful describer:—"From the
gorge of Hammerscar, the whole vale of

Grasmere suddenly breaks upon the view
in style of almost theatrical surprise, with
its lovely valley lying before the eye in the
distance, the lake lying immediately below,
with its solemn ark-like island of four and a
half acres in size, seemingly floating on its
surface, and its exquisite outline on the
opposite shore, revealing all its little bays
and wild sylvan margin, feathered to the
edge with wild-flowers and ferns. In one
quarter, a little wood, stretching for about
half a mile towards the outlet of the lake;
more directly in opposition to the spectator,
a few green fields, and beyond them, just
two bow shots from the water, a little white
cottage gleaming from the midst of trees,
with a vast and seemingly never-ending
series of ascents, rising above it to the
height of more than three thousand feet." This
cottage has been tenanted by two of the
greatest writers of our time.

From there the poet, in 1808, removed
to Allen Bank, a house in the same district,
and but a short remove. Looking across
the Grasmere's bosom, from the opposite
shore, it shows conspicuously among the
trees on the hillside, like the white square
tower of a church. Far aloft tower the
mountains. This place seems to have been
in his eye when he described the shepherd's
home, in his pastoral poem, "Michael":

"Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
High into Easedale, up to Dunmail Raise,
And westward to the village near the lake;
And from this constant light so regular
And so far north, the house itself, by all
Who dwell within the limits of the vale,
Both old and young, was named the 'Evening Star.'"

But it is with Rydal Mount the life and
fame of the great poet of Cumberland is
chiefly associated; and, perhaps, no cele-
brated English residence is better known,
or more frequently visited and described.
Here he took his family and household
goods in 1813, and here he abode for thirty
years, and here he died. We will suppose
ourselves on the road from Ambleside to
Grasmere. We shall come presently to a
tree-embowered lane leading us a few steps
to the right from the highway, and we shall
come by it to a house. Yes, this is Rydal
Mount, and this is the cottage, familiar to
us by so many engravings! From the elevation
we have attained there stretches a
glorious view for the lovers of scenery—
There is the valley rich in water-glens
and abounding foliage,—supposing the
time of our visit to be summer. Aloft tower
the bold, picturesque mountains, loved by
the poet, and forever to be associated with
his memory. Yonder hill with precipitous
side, is Nab-Scar. Look to the left—you
see, perhaps in sunset splendour the broad
bosom of Windermere! Over against it to
the right is the little Grasmere lake—haunt
of Wilson, the Ettrick Shepherd, De Quincey,
and many bright ones—under shelter of the
hills and embosomed in trees. Streams,
rivulets, waterfalls abound in the neigh-
bourhood, and their harmonious voices are
on the air. Nowhere could the poet go
but some pathway would lead him to a con-
genial haunt. Cottages and quiet homes
are scattered all about, peeping out of
clumps of rich foliage. "Windermere with
its wide expanse of waters, its fairy islands,
its noble hills, [would in that heyday of
song] allure his steps in one direction;
while the sweet little lake of Rydal, with its
heronry and its fine background of rocks,
would invite him in another. In this direc-
tion the vale of Grasmere would open
before him, and Dunmail-raise and Langdale-
Pike's lit their naked rocky summits, as
hailing him to the pleasures of old com-
panionships." The grounds around the
house slope away in terraces, with the trees,
now thickly grown, the poet's own hand
planted; and you may stray down valley-
ward by various paths, his musing feet have
often trodden. The cottage is plain but
snuggly embowered in trees and vines. The
poet did little pruning, for he loved nature
in her wildness, and rather encouraged than
restrained her inclination to multiply a
shade. Aneut this, the story is told that
when, one, wandering about the ground
with the poet, suggested that he "should
really have his laurels pruned a little," the
old man smiled, paused, and said, "with a
pardonable self-complacency.—'Why, I
will tell you an anecdote about that: A
certain general was going the round of the
place attended by the gardener, when he
suddenly remarked, as you do, the flourish-
ing growth of the trees, especially of the
evergreens, and said: 'Which of all your
trees do you think flourishes most here?'"

"I don't know, Sir," said James; "but
I think the laurel."

"Well, that is as it should be, you
know," added the general.

"Why it should be so, James could
not tell, and made the remark."

"Don't you know," continued the gen-
eral, "that the laurel is the symbol of dis-
tinction for some achievement, and especially
in that art of which Mr. Wordsworth
is so eminent a master? Therefore it is
quite right that it should flourish so con-
spicuously here."

"By this," continued the poet, "James
acquired two new pieces of intelligence;
first, that the laurel was a symbol of emi-
nence, and, that his master was an eminent
man, of both of which facts he had been
before very innocently ignorant."

The interior is briefly described as it
was while the poet yet occupied it: "It is
at once modest, plain, yet tasteful and
elegant. An ordinary dining room, a
breakfast room in the centre, and a library
beyond, form the chief apartments. There
are a few pictures and busts, especially
those of Scott and himself, a good engrav-
ing of Burns, and the like, with a good
collection of books, few of them very modern."

Of course, in the sunset of his fame, after
his triumph over the long neglect of the
public and the malice of reviewers, that
beset him, he was lionised far beyond his
heart's content. Rydal Mount overflowed
with tourists in the summer; and, though

the poet rated it a nuisance, he did not fre-
quently take to abate it. The censor that
waited the elder laureate many a pleasant
whiff of perfume. Very life-like in its
amusing interest is the picture Howitt gives
us of a scene at Rydal Mount:

"The servant came in, announcing that
a gentleman and a large party of ladies
wished to see the place. 'Very well, they
can see it,' said Mr. Wordsworth."

"But the gentleman wished to see you,
Sir."

"Who is it?—Did he give his name?"

"No, Sir."

"Then ask him for it."

"The servant went and returned, saying,
The gentleman said he knew Mr. Words-
worth's name very well, as everybody did,
but that Mr. Wordsworth would not know
him if he sent his card."

"Then say, I am sorry, but I cannot
see him."

"The servant once more disappeared, and
the poet broke forth into a declamation on
the bore of these continual and importunate,
not to say impudent, visits. In the midst
of it the servant entered."

"Well, what did the man say?"

"That he had had the honor to shake
hands with the Duke of Wellington, and
that his last remaining wish in life was to
shake hands with Mr. Wordsworth."

"This was too good. A universal scream
of merriment burst from us. The poet
rose, laughing heartily. Mrs. and Miss
Dora Wordsworth, laughing as heartily,
gently seized him, each by an arm, and
thus merrily pushed him out of the room."

In another minute we beheld the worthy
host bowing to the man who possessed such
irresistible rhetoric, and to his large accom-
paniment of ladies, and doing the amiable
by pointing out to them the beauties of the
view."

He lived into ripe old age, to reap the
rich harvest he had sowed and abided
patiently. It was on the 23rd of April,
1850, that this singer of virtuous and im-
mortal songs passed away, "exactly at
twelve o'clock, while the cuckoo-clock was
striking the hour." We have said nothing
of the old town of Cockerham, where he
was born April 7, 1770; nor of Penrith,
the abode of his maternal grandparents,
frequented in his childhood; nor of Hawks-
head, the place of his early school-days;
but we must turn for a moment to the grave
in the Grasmere churchyard whither, on
that April day,

"With dirges due, in sad array,"

the country people saw the prophet-poet
borne. These are plain grave mounds
with white head-stones simply lettered.
On one of them we read the name of
William Wordsworth. He rests among
his kindred. "They lie," writes the
brother of Hartley Coleridge,—poor
Hartley, who is buried near them!—"in
the south-east corner of the churchyard,
not far from a group of trees, with the
little beck that feeds the lake with its
clear water murmuring by their side.
Around them are the mountains."

As a spiritual and poetical force it is
difficult to estimate the influence of this
man. Few of his contemporaries, and of
the best intellects since his time, but con-
fess their debt to him. We have not space
to describe his person, but it is due to men-
tion that his eyes were characteristic, and
most important features. They were not
large, as DeQuincey tells us, or at any
time bright, lustrous or piercing; but after
a long day's toil in walking, I have seen
them assume an appearance the most sol-
emn and spiritual that it is possible for the
human eye to wear. The light which re-
sides in them is at no time a superficial
light; but, under favorable accident, it is a
light which seems to come from unfathomed
depths; in fact, it is more entitled to be
held as "the light that never was on
sea or shore,"—a light radiating from some
far spiritual world, than any, the most
idealizing that ever yet painters hand
created." His forehead was broad, ex-
pansive, his nose a little arched, and large.
The mouth was a strong and expres-
sive feature, the swell and protrusion of
the parts above and around it, reminded
DeQuincey of a certain portrait of Milton.
Yet his whole presence was impressing
only to the spiritually discerning, and to
those who knew what an unusual soul that
venerable frame enshrined.

PASTOR FELIX

Bothers Uncle Sam.

The feelings of the Government detec-
tives were much shocked three weeks ago
by the turning up of a counterfeit treasury
note for \$100. It was of the series of 1880,
check-letter A, with the head of Lincoln on
the face. It was the latest contribution
from a remarkable artist, who has been
puzzling the authorities for more than a
decade. Like all of his other productions
in this line, it was done entirely in pen and
ink. It was actually accepted as genuine
at a United States sub-treasury, and was
sent thence to Washington for redemption.
One of the experts in the redemption divi-
sion of the treasury, Miss Alma C. Smith,
discovered it, and the teller who took it in
at the sub-treasury will lose \$100 by the
transaction. The counterfeit will not bear
close scrutiny, the imitated lathe engraving
being only a mass of pen scratches, but it
has the dangerous quality of a good general
appearance. The pen-and-ink artist is a
most extraordinary individual. Up to date
he has produced about 25 such counterfeits.
They all reach the treasury eventually, and
several specimens of his handiwork are on
exhibition at the office of the secret service
here. Four or five of his notes have been
twenties, and there have been two fifties.
The new one has been the only one for
\$100 that he has turned out. He makes
them at the rate of two a year apparently,
and it must take nearly all of his time to do
this work, which is evidently executed un-
der a high-power magnifying glass. Of
course, the labor cannot be profitable, and
it is supposed that he does it for amuse-
ment. It is his little fad. Inasmuch as
they come from all parts of the country, it
must be that he is a gentleman of leisure
and travels from city to city. Little hope
is entertained of ever catching him, and it
is likely that he will always remain a mys-
tery.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON'S

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Lawn Initial Handkerchiefs, per box, 55c, 75c.
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half dozen, \$1, \$1.65, \$2.50.
Linen Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs, very low prices,
half doz. in fancy box.
Handkerchiefs for boys, Handkerchiefs for girls in box-
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gentlemen on our show counter, 20, 35, 50, 65c.
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Emb'd Handkerchiefs.
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Antelope Shopping Bags, the Boston Cloth Bags,
Leather and Silk Bags.
Opera Glass Bags, Chatelaine Bags, Ladies' Fitted
Cases, Gents' Fitted Cases.
Ladies' Fitted Bags, Gents' Fitted Bags, American
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Foreign Portmonies, Card Cases, Hair Brushes in leath-
er cases, Collar Boxes.
Cuff Boxes, Shaving Cases, Jewel Cases, Manicure
Sets, Hand Glasses.
A very choice stock of Stamped Linen Work, viz:
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Veil Cases, Glove Cases, Handkerchief Cases, Necktie
Cases, Tea Cose Cases.
Painted Plush Cushions and Saddle Bags to match.
RIBBONS for XMAS FANCY WORK.
Boys' Wool and Cashmere Hose, Girl's Wool and Cash-
mere Hose.
Ladies' Wool Hose, Ladies' Silk Hose, Ladies' Lisle Hose.
Ladies' Cashmere Hose, Ladies' Black and Colored
Gaiters.
FANS, FANS, FANS, FANS—what is more acceptable
than a pretty Fan?

Embroidery and Knitting Silks, a Lace Mat, a Pair
Emb'd Pillow Shams.
A pair Irish Open Work Pillow Shams, a dozen Doylies,
A Sideboard Strip, a Bureau Strip, a Tray Cloth, a
dozen Napkins.
A Damask Cover, a 5 o'clock Tea Cloth, a Fancy Ajour
Cloth.
A Tamask Table Cloth, a dozen Towels.
Fancy Damask Table Cloth and Napkins to match.
Irish Cloths and Napkins to match, Irish made Pillow
Slips.
Irish Sheeting, Irish Pillow Linen, a Marsella Quilt, a
pair Blankets,
A Flannel Tea Gown, a Cashmere Dress, a Silk Dress,
A Lace Dress, a Wool Dress, a Wool Shawl, a Print
Dress.
A Cardigan Jacket, a Wool Cloud, a Wool Toque.
Yards Grey Flannel, yards Fancy Flannel, yards
Shaker Flannel.
Yards White Cotton, yards White Sheeting, yards
Grey Sheeting.
A pair Boys' Gloves, a pair Girl's Gloves, a pair Ladies'
Gloves.
Ladies' Suede Gloves, Ladies' Fancy Silk Gloves,
Ladies' Lined Gloves.
Boys' Chamolais Gloves, Boys' Calf Gloves, Misses' Kid
Gloves.
Ladies' Fancy Silk Dress Fronts, Boys' Collars, Ladies'
Collars.
Slipper Patterns, a Ladies' Umbrella, Fancy Baskets,
Scrap Baskets.
An Eiderdown Quilt, an Eider Cushion, a Wool Quilt,
a Fancy Cushion.
A Fancy Easel, an Oak Easel, an Oak Screen, a Med-
icine Cabinet.
A Fancy Stool, an Umbrella Stand, a China Cabinet,
an Oak Hat Rack.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

A FEATHERED MISCHIEF.

The English Sparrow as he may be Seen in
St. John.

I believe that in the bottom of our hearts
we all love impudence or rather to use a slang
word which has almost become a classic-
check. There is something about the cour-
age of audacity which seems to appeal to
human nature, and attract admiration,
where the most beautiful modesty and re-
tiring meekness fail to cause any respon-
sive thrill in the average heart, beyond a
sensation of lukewarm, and patronizing
approval. And somehow impudence will
win the day in many a struggle where quiet
dogged courage fails, and strength counts
for but little; you can't call it a virtue by
any means but still it pays somehow, and
the truly audacious person will always
make his way in the world and win more
friends in one week, oftentimes than far
more deserving people would succeed in
collecting around them in a year.

Take the English sparrow, for instance.
There is more clear, sheer concentrated
essence of impudence to the square inch,
in one English sparrow, than in a whole
herd of trained elephants; they are pro-
fessional tramps and squatters; they have
never done a stroke of work in the whole
course of their turbulent little lives; they
are ungrateful, quarrelsome, spending their
lives in ceaseless bickerings, squabbling
and wrangling and yelling at each other
like Tim Healey. Not only do they fight
and scold at each other, but they carry the war into every camp
within reach; they fight everything that is
less than ten times their size, they camp
in the warmest corner of the barn in winter
or they take possession of the best tree in
the garden in summer, and chatter and
fight until they render the lives of the nom-
inal owners both of barn and garden, a
burden to them, they bully the hens, try
conclusions with any pugnaciously inclined
rooster in the barn-yard, ill treat the pig-
eons, and hurl defiance at the cat, from the
safe vantage ground of the nearest clothes
prop, or flagpole; keeping every living
thing around them in ceaseless ferment and
having the most delightful time imaginable
themselves.

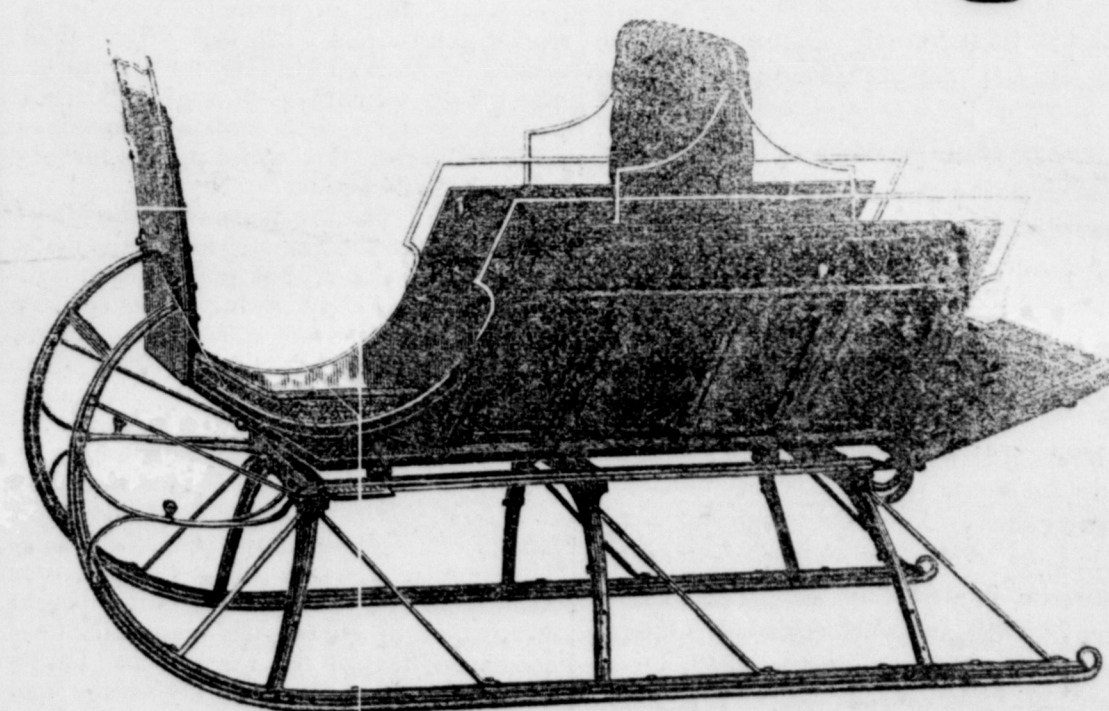
And yet, we who suffer most from these
belligerent little tyrants never lose an op-
portunity of being kind to them. "The
poor little birds," we say "they must be
fed," so we save the crumbs for them, and
all the pieces of dry bread, and feed these
unprincipled pirates just as if they were the
most deserving poor in the world. I have
just watched a flock of sparrows cheating
a half dozen hungry pigeons out of
their scanty dinner, hence these reflections
and if I ever witnessed a triumph
of impudence over strength it was then; the
pigeons could have devoured the sparrows
in a trice if they had only plucked up the
necessary courage, but they never dreamed
of resisting, only "cock aroo'd" in a faint
protest, and then retired worsted and
heart broken to complain to each in plaintive
voices from the neighboring roof. Oh,
yes, impudence will pay if you only just
know how to use it, and are not troubled
with very much conscience.

Your health mothers, fathers,
and that you may be able
always to buy trinkets and toys
for your children.

But wouldn't that boy like an
ulster as well as a dozen other
trinkets—better perhaps—Let
him say.

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25 per cent less than usual prices.