

without notes and with his eyes apparently shut. He combines sharpness with a remarkable toughness of intellectual fiber, which makes him a powerful assailant. It was exceedingly fine, the way he sought out and javelined the exposed joints of his antagonist's harness. Gladstone winced manifestly. About half-past 11 a division was had, which resulted: 206 against, and 258 in favor. This is a strong example of the influence of the Ministry. When the same principle was discussed in the Commons a few weeks ago, Disraeli made a strong speech against it, and it was negated by 140 majority. It has been very curious to see what different and opposite motives have moved men to favor this new feature in representative government. Mill votes for this only as an installment of what he has long advocated as a *doctrinaire*: that minorities should be repre-

sented, and he hopes to see it prevail in all elections. He thinks it will vitalize voters, and virtually extend the suffrage. He votes for it as a higher step toward democracy. Gladstone opposes it for this very reason, and several others because it will give them a Tory member. "The Times" favors it for this reason, and because it thinks it will control the democratic tendencies of the bill.

The measure seems to me to be vulnerable: first, because of the practical difficulties in carrying it into operation; secondly, because of its partial application.

The voting-paper clause was taken up, and the House of Commons refused to concur with the Lords.

I left the Commons a little before midnight, having witnessed the practical consummation of the greatest advance toward political liberty made in England in a century.

From London, before leaving Great Britain, General and Mrs. Garfield went to Warwick, Stratford, York, Edinburgh, Melrose and Abbotsford, Glasgow and Ayrshire, and Leith, whence they took steamer to Rotterdam. The remainder of the trip was devoted to Holland, the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy, France, and London again. The return voyage was made from Queenstown, October 24, in the *Helvetia*.

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#### DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS

LET us enjoy the present as is meet,  
Nor anger heaven to take our joys away  
By weak complainings that the hours are fleet,  
And death too soon shall close our little day.

In the brief space that lies 'twixt morn and eve,  
Some trees of life may bloom, some hopes may grow,  
Some clear persuasion that the bliss we leave  
Is but a gleam of that to which we go.

So that, when falls the dusk at set of sun,  
Glad we may turn from toil to rest awhile,  
Sure to complete the tasks we leave undone,  
With stronger purpose 'neath the morrow's smile.

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

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#### IN WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY.

NO OTHER English poet has touched me quite so closely as Wordsworth. All classes of men delight in Shakspeare; he is the universal genius; but Wordsworth's poetry has more the character of a message, and a message special and personal to a few readers. He stands for a particular phase of human thought and experience, and his service to certain minds is like an initiation into a new order of mysteries. His limitations make him all the more private and precious, like the seclusion of one of his mountain dales. He is not and can never be the world's poet, but

the poet of those who love solitude and solitary communion with nature. Shakspeare's attitude toward nature is for the most part like that of a gay, careless reveler, who leaves his companions for a moment to pluck a flower or gather a shell here and there, as they stroll

"By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,  
Or on the beached margent of the sea."

But in Wordsworth's love, nature is not second, but first; the poetic rill with him rises in the mountains.

You can hardly appreciate the extent to

which he has absorbed and reproduced the spirit of the Westmoreland scenery until you have visited that region. I paused there a few days in early June, on my way south, and again on my return late in July. I walked up from Windermere to Grasmere, where, on the second visit, I took up my abode at the historic Swan Inn, where Scott used to go surreptitiously to get his mug of beer when he was stopping with Wordsworth.

The call of the cuckoo came to me from over Rydal Water as I passed along; I plucked my first foxglove by the road-side; paused and listened to the voice of the mountain torrent; heard

"The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep"; caught many a glimpse of green, unpeopled hills, urn-shaped dells, treeless heights, rocky promontories, secluded valleys, and clear, swift-running streams. The scenery was somber; there were but two colors, green and brown, verging on black; wherever the rock cropped out of the green turf on the mountain-sides, or in the vale, it showed a dark face. But the tenderness and freshness of the green tints were something to remember,—the hue of the first springing April grass, massed and wide-spread in midsummer.

Then there was a quiet splendor, almost grandeur, about Grasmere vale, such as I had not seen elsewhere,—a kind of monumental beauty and dignity that agreed well with one's conception of the loftier strains of its poet. It is not too much dominated by the mountains, though shut in on all sides by them; that stately level floor of the valley keeps them back and defines them, and they rise up from its outer margin like rugged, green-tufted and green-draped walls.

It is doubtless this feature, as De Quincey says, this plane-like character of the valley, that makes the scenery of the Grasmere more impressive than the scenery in North Wales, where the physiognomy of the mountains is essentially the same, but where the valleys are more bowl-shaped. Amid so much that is steep and rugged and broken, the eye delights in the repose and equilibrium of horizontal lines,—a bit of table-land, the surface of the lake, or the level of the valley bottom. The principal valleys of our own Catskill region all have this stately floor so characteristic of Wordsworth's country. It was a pleasure which I daily indulged in to stand on the bridge by Grasmere Church, with that full, limpid stream before me, pausing and deepening under the stone embankment near where the dust of the poet lies, and let the eye sweep across the plane to the foot of the near mountains, or dwell upon their encircling summits

above the tops of the trees and the roofs of the village. The water-ouzel loved to linger there too, and would sit in contemplative mood on the stones around which the water loitered and murmured, its clear white breast alone defining it from the object upon which it rested. Then it would trip along the margin of the pool, or flit a few feet over its surface, and suddenly, as if it had burst like a bubble, vanish before your eyes; there would be a little splash of the water beneath where you saw it, as if the drop of which it was composed had reunited with the surface there. Then, in a moment or two, it would emerge from the water beneath which it had disappeared so quickly, and take up its stand as dry and unruffled as ever. It was always amusing to see this plump little bird, so unlike a water-fowl in shape and manner, disappear in the stream. It did not seem to dive, but simply dropped into the water, as if its wings had suddenly failed it. Sometimes it fairly tumbled in from its perch. It was gone from sight in a twinkling, and while you were wondering how it could accomplish the feat of walking on the bottom of the stream under there, it re-appeared as unconcerned as possible. It is a song-bird, a thrush, and gives a feature to these mountain streams and water-falls, which ours, except on the Pacific coast, entirely lack. The stream that winds through Grasmere vale, and flows against the embankment of the church-yard, as the Avon at Stratford, is of great beauty—clean, bright, full, trouty, with just a tinge of gypsy blood in its veins, which it gets from the black tarns and the mountains, and which adds to its richness of color. I saw an angler take some trout from it, not so brilliantly colored or so finely made as American trout. After a heavy rain the stream was not roily, but slightly darker in hue; these fields and mountains are so turf-bound that no particle of soil is carried away by the water.

Falls and cascades are a great feature all through this country, as they are a marked feature in Wordsworth's poetry. One's ear is everywhere haunted by the sound of falling water; and when the ear cannot hear them, the eye can see the streaks or patches of white foam down the green declivities. There is no hum of woods, and no trees above the valley bottom to obstruct the view or muffle the sounds of distant streams. When I was at Grasmere there was much rain, and this stanza of the poet came to mind:

"Loud is the Vale! The voice is up  
With which she speaks when storms are gone,  
A mighty unison of streams!  
Of all her voices, one!"

The words vale and dell come to have a new meaning after one has visited Words-

worth's country, just as the words cottage and shepherd also have so much more significance there and in Scotland than at home.

"Dear child of Nature, let them rail!  
— There is a nest in a green dale,  
A harbor and a hold,  
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt see  
Thy own delightful days, and be  
A light to young and old."

Every humble dwelling looks like a nest; that in which the poet himself lived had a cozy, nest-like look; and every vale is green—a cradle amid rocky heights, padded and carpeted with the thickest turf.

Wordsworth is described as the poet of nature. He is more the poet of man, deeply wrought upon by a certain phase of nature,—the nature of those somber, quiet, green, far-reaching mountain solitudes. There is a shepherd quality about him; he loves the flocks, the heights, the tarn, the tender herbage, the sheltered dell, the fold, with a kind of poetized shepherd instinct. Lambs and sheep and their haunts, and those who tend them, recur perpetually in his poems. How well his verse harmonizes with those high, green, and gray solitudes, where the silence is only broken by the bleat of lambs or sheep, or just stirred by the voice of distant water-falls! Simple, elemental, yet profoundly tender and human, he had

"the primal sympathy  
Which, having been, must ever be."

He brooded upon nature, but it was nature mirrored in his own heart. In his poem of "The Brothers," he says of his hero, who had gone to sea:

"He had been rear'd  
Among the mountains, and he in his heart  
Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.  
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard  
The tones of water-falls, and inland sounds  
Of caves and trees";

and leaning over the vessel's side and gazing into the "broad green wave and sparkling foam," he

"Saw mountains,—saw the forms of sheep that  
grazed  
On verdant hills."

This was what his own heart told him; every experience or sentiment called those beloved images to his own mind.

One afternoon, when the sun seemed likely to get the better of the soft rain-clouds, I set out to climb to the top of Helvellyn. I followed the highway a mile or more beyond the Swan Inn, and then I committed myself to a foot-path that turns up the mountain-side to the right, and crosses into Grisedale and so to Ulleswater. Two school-girls whom I overtook put me on the right track. The voice of a foaming mountain torrent was in

my ears a long distance, and now and then the path crossed it. Fairfield Mountain was on my right hand, Helm Crag and Dunmail Raise on my left. Grasmere plain soon lay far below. The hay-makers, encouraged by a gleam of sunshine, were hastily raking together the rain-blackened hay. From my outlook they appeared to be slowly and laboriously rolling up a great sheet of dark-brown paper, uncovering beneath it one of the most fresh and vivid green. The mown grass is so long in curing in this country (frequently two weeks) that the new blades spring beneath it and a second crop is well under way before the old is "carried." The long mountain slopes up which I was making my way were as verdant as the plain below me. Large coarse ferns or bracken, with an under lining of fine grass, covered the ground on the lower portions. On the higher, grass alone prevailed. On the top of the divide, looking down into the valley of Ulleswater, I came upon one of those black tarns or mountain lakelets which are such a feature in this strange scenery. The word tarn has no meaning with us, though our young poets sometimes use it as they do this Yorkshire word wold; one they get from Wordsworth, the other from Tennyson. But when you have seen one of those still, inky pools at the head of a silent, lonely Westmoreland dale, you will not be apt to misapply the word in future. Suddenly the serene shepherd mountain opens this black, gleaming eye at your feet, and it is all the more weird for having no eyebrow of rocks, or fringe of rush or bush. The steep, encircling slopes drop down and hem it about with the most green and uniform turf. If its rim had been modeled by human hands, it could not have been more regular or gentle in outline. Beneath its emerald coat the soil is black and peaty, which accounts for the hue of the water and the dark line that encircles it.

"All round this pool both flocks and herds might  
drink

On its firm margin, even as from a well,  
Or some stone basin, which the herdsman's hand  
Had shaped for their refreshment."

The path led across the outlet of the tarn and then divided, one branch going down into the head of Grisedale, and the other mounting up the steep flank of Helvellyn. Far up the green acclivity I met a man and two young women making their way slowly down. They had come from Glenridding on Ulleswater, and were going to Grasmere. The women looked cold, and said I would find it wintry on the summit.

Helvellyn has a broad flank and a long back, and comes to a head very slowly and gently. You reach a wire fence well up

on the top that divides some sheep ranges, pass through a gate, and have a mile yet to the highest ground in front of you; but you could traverse it in a buggy, it is so smooth and grassy. The grass fails just before the summit is reached, and the ground is covered with small thin stone and pebbles. The view is impressive, and such as one likes to sit down to and drink in slowly—a

“grand terraqueous spectacle,  
From center to circumference, unveil'd.”

The wind was moderate and not cold. Toward Ulleswater the mountain drops down abruptly many hundred feet, but its vast western slope appeared one smooth, unbroken surface of grass. The following jottings in my note-book on the spot preserve some of the features of the scene. “All the northern landscape lies in sunlight as far as Carlisle

‘a tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops;’

not quite so severe and rugged as the Scotch mountains, but the view more pleasing and more extensive than the one I got from Ben Venue. The black tarns at my feet,—Keppel Cove Tarn one of them, according to my map,—how curious they look! I can just discern the figure of a man moving by the margin of one of them. Away beyond Ulleswater is a vast sweep of country flecked here and there by slowly moving cloud shadows. To the north-east, in places, the backs and sides of the mountain have a green, pastoral voluptuousness, so smooth and full are they with thick turf. At other points the rock has fretted through the verdant carpet. St. Sunday's Crag, to the west across Grisedale, is a steep acclivity covered with small loose stone, as if they had been dumped over the top, and were slowly sliding down; but nowhere do I see great bowlders strewn about. Patches of black peat are here and there. The little rills, near and far, are white as milk, so swiftly do they run. On the more precipitous sides the grass and moss are lodged, and hold like snow, and are as tender in hue as the first April blades. A multitude of lakes are in view and Morecambe Bay to the south. There are sheep everywhere, loosely scattered with their lambs; occasionally I hear them bleat. No other sound is heard but the chirp of the mountain pipit (the wheat-ear flitting here and there). One mountain now lies in full sunshine, as fat as a seal, wrinkled and dimpled where it turns to the west, like a fat animal when it bends to lick itself. What a spectacle is now before me!—all the near mountains in shadow, and the distant in strong sunlight; I shall not see the like of that again. On some of the mountains the green vestments are in tatters and rags, so to speak, and

barely cling to them. No heather in view. Toward Windermere the high peaks and crests are much more jagged and rocky. The air is filled with the same white, motionless vapor as in Scotland. When the sun breaks through

‘Slant watery lights, from parting clouds, apace  
Travel along the precipice's base,  
Cheering its naked waste of scatter'd stone.’”

Amid these scenes one comes face to face with nature,

“With the pristine earth,  
The planet in its nakedness,”

as he cannot in a wooded country. The primal, abysmal energies, grown tender and meditative as it were, thoughtful of the shepherd and his flocks, and voiceful only in the leaping torrents, look out upon one near at hand and pass a mute recognition. Wordsworth perpetually refers to these hills and dales as lonely or lonesome; but his heart was still more lonely. The outward solitude was congenial to the isolation and profound privacy of his own soul. “Lonesome,” he says of one of these mountain dales, but

“Not melancholy,—no, for it is green  
And bright and fertile, furnished in itself  
With the few needful things that life requires.  
In rugged arms how soft it seems to lie,  
How tenderly protected.”

It is this tender and sheltering character of the mountains of the Lake district that is one main source of their charm. So rugged and lofty, and yet so mellow and delicate! No shaggy, weedy growths or tangles anywhere; nothing wilder than the bracken, which at a distance looks as solid as the grass. The turf is as fine and thick as that of a lawn. The dainty-nosed lambs could not crave a tenderer bite than it affords. The wool of the dams could hardly be softer to the foot. The last of July the grass was still short and thick, as if it never shot up a stalk and produced seed, but always remained a fine, close mat. Nothing was more unlike what I was used to at home than this universal tendency (the same is true in Scotland and in Wales) to grass, and on the lower slopes to bracken, as if these were the only two plants in nature. Many of these eminences in the north of England, too lofty for hills and too smooth for mountains, are called fells. The railway between Carlisle and Preston winds between them, as Houghill Fells, Tebay Fells, Shap Fells, etc. They are, even in midsummer, of such a vivid and uniform green that it seems as if they must have been painted. Nothing blurs or mars the hue: no stalk of weed or stem of dry grass. The scene, in singleness and purity of tint, rivals the blue of the sky. Nature does not seem to ripen and grow sere as autumn approaches, but wears the tints of May in October.

*John Burroughs.*