

three souls must have suffered, and all because I was too engrossed in my own selfish interests to think of you, whose happiness should be most dear to me. Do you know, all that you have said occurred to me on Friday night, and not before. I was playing the very Lied I have just finished, and the words suggested by the melody told me the story of our lives. Listen, mother. You too shall hear the music speak. Now—a knight, filled with fierce passions and with no thought but for the gratification of his own ambition, prepares for the crusade. He parts from the maiden who cannot love him fully whose heart is devoted rather to himself than her. He binds her to fealty, and gives her to the care of his brother. Now succeeds this tender passage, and one learns the growth of a real human passion between the maiden and the brother; but he is too loyal and true to the absent crusader to tell his love, and she may only sigh. They shun each other; he stands outside the church, listening to the voice he loves singing within, and he cannot see that as she sings her eyes fill with tears, but it is so. Now hark: this martial movement heralds the return of the brother, laden with the spoil he went to seek. Carelessly he asks for his dogs, and his brother, and his love. Answers his steward: 'Sir Knight, they sleep in separate graves.' At once, my mother, I saw the application, and here I am, come to put a very different termination to the affair. I am all ambition, and should never have made a wife happy, and it is well for me that I am not bound to fulfil the half-promise I made three years ago. When I have

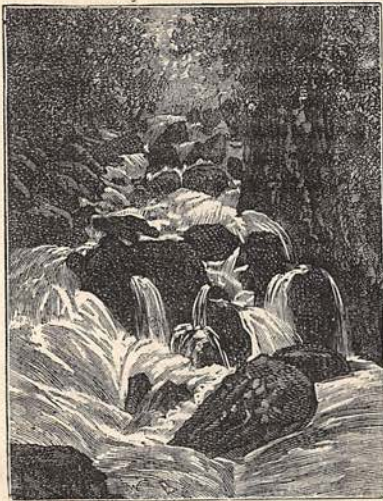
played the bridal march for dear Val, I will go back to my opera and my students."

He did play the wedding march upon the organ in the old church. Loud and joyous pealed out the soul-stirring music, and filled all who listened to it with high emotion. Joy and gladness and fond benediction poured over the bridal procession, and followed it far beyond the church; and all said it was a march worthy of the good brother, prognosticating great success for the ardent young composer. Yes, one day he would become very great.

The company was gone, yet still the organist played. The march gradually softened, as though fading in the distance. A pew-opener was the only listener. She wanted to get home to her domestic affairs, and waited impatiently for the organist to end his lengthy business. She sat down, jingling her keys and thinking of the potatoes to be peeled, and the children to be fetched from school. Would that organist never have done? Presently she ceased to jingle her keys, and listened, for the music had grown ineffably pathetic, and recalled to this woman's mind the face of her first child that had died—she seemed to see the very expression of its face in pain and helpless suffering. Tears filled her eyes. Yet more plaintive, yet weaker, fainter grew the melody, and she who listened felt again the agony of parting for ever with the body of her dead child, and sobbed aloud. The last note was a quivering sigh.

The organ was silent, for the song was ended, and the musician was dead!

A WALK IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.



FALLS OF LODORE.

AN eminent medical authority says: "Happy are they who can walk their summer tour—happy because of the greatly added enjoyment they derive from their trip, and from the increased benefit to themselves."—This opinion we can endorse from personal experience.

Has it ever occurred to any lady readers of this Magazine to undertake a short walking tour? We (that is, my wife and myself) have seen many people so astonished at our going on a walking tour, that we have been tempted to put down a few notes of our trip to the Lakes, two years ago.

We carried haversacks which rested on the waist, over the hips. In these bags were necessaries for one night. The heavier baggage was always sent on in advance. The average distance travelled each day we walked was twelve miles.

With thirty pounds sterling in our pockets, we left St. Pancras terminus by the midnight Pullman car train. At five a.m. we were shunted at Bradford, but were not disturbed till seven, when we rose (all toilette necessaries were at hand), and breakfasted at the hotel.

We quitted Bradford at nine o'clock, and reached Low Wood, *via* Ulverston, at seven p.m. This pretty hotel is situated on Windermere Lake, two miles from Ambleside, and is a capital headquarters. All the arrangements are excellent, as indeed they are at most of the hotels we visited.

The next day (Saturday) was bright and warm. The clouds were lifting from the Langdale Pikes as we started for Ambleside. We passed through the village and, entering the Clappersgate Road, crossed Rothay Bridge. On the right and almost facing the pedestrian is a gate. Enter this and you traverse a park-like road, beside a brawling stream, leafy, and altogether charming. The traveller then reaches Pelter Bridge. Leaving the bridge on the right, we kept

up the footpath, and at the end of a rough lane came in full view of Rydal Water. The beautiful little lake, its islands, the hills around Grasmere, and the wild mountains on the left made up a picture which, once seen, will not be easily forgotten. We attempted to



BROTHERS' WATER, FROM KIRKSTONE PASS.

cut into the high road, near Clappersgate, and actually got over the boggy hills in view of the Langdale Valley. After half an hour's rambling, we hit on a path which led us by a wall, over which we scrambled, and a wet sheep-track to the banks of Rydal Water once again. We returned to Low Wood at six o'clock.

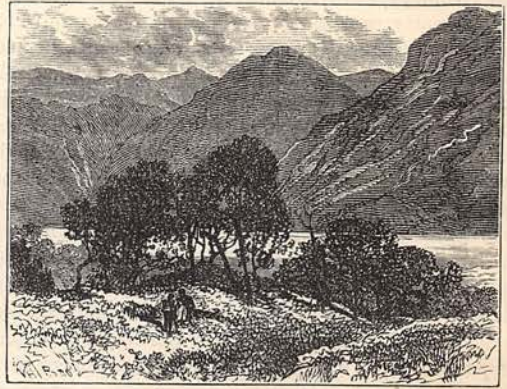
Sunday was wet till after lunch, and the next morning was wet, but at three o'clock p.m. we shouldered our knapsacks and started *via* the Kirkstone Pass for Ullswater.

Turning to the left, as we quitted the hotel, we bore up the hill just behind the inn. The prospect is lovely—Windermere is seen to the greatest advantage, and the cloud-effects were superb. Keeping to the road, by High Green, we came into the wild and extremely grand scenery of the Kirkstone, where we met the coach bound for Ambleside. The tourists regarded us somewhat curiously, but we cared not, and soon reached the public-house, "The Traveller's Rest," 1,475 feet above the sea, and said to be the highest inhabited house in England. Thence the road descends into Patterdale, passing the small lake of Brothers' Water. Just beyond the lake the road crosses the stream. Following it, we turned sharply round a rocky corner and caught a glimpse of Ullswater. We were now at Patterdale—time 6.30 p.m.—but pushed on to the Ullswater Hotel, a mile further, and got there, unwearied, about 6.50, having walked the twelve miles in a little less than four hours.

The next morning (Tuesday) was fine, but threatening. Nevertheless, as we had sent our luggage from Low Wood to await us at Lodore Hotel, on Derwent-

water, we started at 9.30. We had to see Lyulph's Tower, Aira Force Waterfall, and reach the Troutbeck Station by 2.50 p.m., or thereabouts—walking distance about eleven miles direct. A fair damsel escorted us over the property, and led us up to the picturesque waterfall. As we had informed her we were bound for Troutbeck, she conducted us up the hill, over the meadows, and through a gate at the upper end. Then coming to a wooded spot we sat down to eat our luncheon, and to prepare for a wetting.

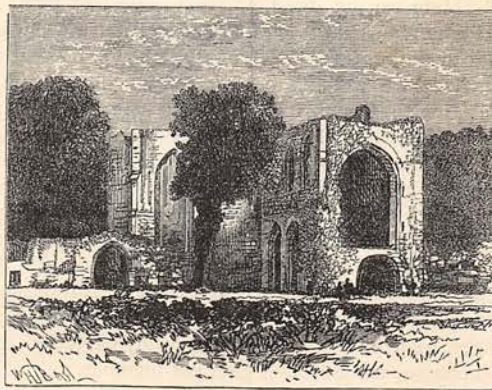
For the clouds, which had been threatening all the morning, now massed themselves above the hills, and a distant grumble betokened a thunderstorm. But the thunder kept away from us, although the rain did not, and as we passed through the hamlet of Matterdale End, all hope of a change of weather for that day had departed. But when we reached the moorland at Troutbeck, we found we had our work "cut out for us." The rain and wind were tremendous, but we struggled on and reached the station inn at two o'clock. Hot brandy and water, some food, and a rub down refreshed us, then the train arriving in due course, we



BUTTERMERE.

got into it and landed at Keswick. Thence the bus took us to Lodore, where we found our luggage, and an excellent bed-room, with a splendid view, awaiting us.

We stayed at the Lodore Hotel, at the back of which is the celebrated Fall. When we visited it, it was worthy the name of a waterfall, and the stream came "dashing and splashing," as described by the poet, and was well worth seeing. Here we remained three days. One day we walked into Keswick, saw the pencil manufactory, and lunched at the Tower Hotel, in the adjacent village of Portinscale. Thunder rumbled, and rain threatened us, as we started on our walk back to Lodore, and the summits of Skiddaw and Saddleback were shrouded in mist. We had scarcely got above the lake when a vivid and hot flash



FURNESS ABBEY.

of lightning, almost immediately followed by a loud peal of thunder, warned us to seek shelter. After an hour we resumed our walk, and though the rain had not quite abated, the thunder had gone over to Borrowdale. Crossing the river at the foot of the lake, we turned up to the Lodore Hotel.

The excursion the next day by the Bowder Stone, Seatoller, Buttermere, and back through Newlands, was the only "excursion" we joined on all our trip. The charge was so reasonable (4s. each) and the scenery so beautiful, that it was quite worth the drive. The morning threatened rain; but, undeterred, we set off, and drove into the beautiful valley of Borrowdale.

At the slate quarries is a "fairy cavern," and beyond is the celebrated Bowder Stone, computed to weigh 2,000 tons. It is ascended by a ladder, and when you have got there you can—come down again, pay somebody so much a-head, and look as pleasant as possible; that is all.

A little farther on is Rosthwaite, a small village with two hotels; and just beyond, on the left-hand side, is a narrow road. The pedestrian should note this turning, for at Stonethwaite, on this road, are two cross-country passes—one called the Greenup, which leads by Easedale Tarn to Grasmere; the other the Longstrath Valley, leading to Langdale by the Stake Pass. On this occasion we drove on to Seatoller and the splendid Honister Pass. The road is terribly rough, and as the "water was out," and the rain was pouring down, it may be imagined that we were not too dry. Every rivulet had become a brook, and every brook a river. The wind tore at us—at our hats and umbrellas. The blast snatched up one umbrella—the parson's, I think—and cast it at his feet, a mutilated heap of broken ribs and silk torn to shreds. The storm lunged at the waggonette, and very nearly, with the polite assistance of a huge stone in a watercourse, sent our conveyance toppling over. But Honister Crag at the summit was reached somehow, and the view, although partially obscured, was very grand indeed.

By the time we had reached Gatesgarth the weather began to clear, and we descended at the inn at Buttermere, "not dead, but very wet." Here we got dried, procured luncheon, and, the usual afternoon sun having appeared, we set off on foot to see Scale Force Waterfall. It was not difficult to find, as we walked in the stream which had descended from it; and this is, I think, the surest way to discover any fall. It has its disadvantages under ordinary circumstances; but where the choice lies between a morass and the stream, the latter is preferable, as you are sure not to lose your way.

The fall is not high, but is situated in a deep gorge clothed with trees. We did not stop long, and crossed Crummock Water back to Buttermere as quickly as possible. The carriage was ready, and, having paid our modest bill for a very fair luncheon, we ascended the steep side of Buttermere Hause.

The Vale of Newlands is very pretty, and the scenery is quite a contrast to the grim wildness we had passed through in the morning. The whole ex-

ursion was twenty miles in distance, through the finest scenery of the district.

Next morning, at nine o'clock, we started to walk over the Sty-head Pass to Wastdale Head—eleven miles. We despatched our heavy baggage to Grasmere, and took farewell of some very pleasant acquaintances—the F——s and their party, who intended to drive to Strands, beyond Wastdale, and thence to Grasmere by Wrynose and Hardknott.

We traversed the route we had driven upon the previous day as far as Seatoller, and then by a path beside a stream, near a mine, where we crossed the stream, and kept on the left of it up a somewhat steep ascent. The day was lovely, and the views perfectly delightful. Great clouds now and then swooped down upon the rugged peaks, or cast immense shadows over the valleys beneath us. A gentle breeze whispered around us, and the subdued sound of falling water, which resembles nothing else in nature, almost lulled us into forgetfulness of the end of our journey; but we had an unknown path to traverse, and packs to carry, so we shouldered our "sacks," and set out once again. From the top of the pass, which is 1,600 feet high, the tourist can catch a glimpse of the sea; but Wastwater is not yet visible. We did not meet a single person all the time. The solitude and grandeur made the scene very impressive.

The descent is very rough, and in places almost dangerous, if the stones give way when you turn the narrow corners. We got down quite safely, and walked on to Wastdale. Here we encountered the curate in charge, who showed us the old church (about as big as a modern drawing-room), for the restoration of which we added our mites, as others had done before us. We lunched at Ritson's Farm, but circumstances occurred which decided us to proceed to Strands, six miles from Wastdale. The road runs alongside the lake, and opposite are the celebrated Screees, which rise almost perpendicularly to a height of nearly 1,800 feet. The various tints of the gravel, and their smooth, shelving sides, make them a unique object in the district: no tourist should leave the Lakes without seeing Wastwater.

Just as we had passed the lake, we met a carriage, the occupants of which proved to be a detachment of the large party that we had parted with at Lodore. We continued our route to Strands, where, after some difficulty, we procured a bed-room at a cottage, our friends kindly offering us a share of their sitting-room at the inn. We passed a pleasant evening, in the course of which we learnt that our next day's work was a very rugged tramp of thirty miles, at least, with no proper inn, and a lonely, dull road besides. The unpleasant impression this news created was speedily dissipated by a request that we would share the waggonette. Our fear of intrusion was most kindly but most firmly overruled, and accordingly next day we all set out together.

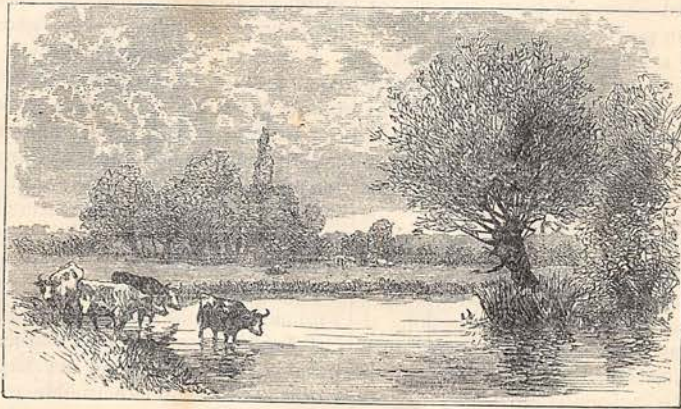
Fortunate it was that we did accept the kind offer, for in the afternoon the wind rose, clouds came up, rain fell in torrents, and the last two hours' drive was passed in the midst of a terrible storm. At seven

p.m., we descended at the door of the Old Dungeon Gill Hotel, in Langdale. Here we parted, our friends proceeding to Grasmere. On Monday morning we set off to walk over the mountains. We reached the summit of the Pikes without much difficulty, as there is a track up the mountain. Crossing a wet piece of ground, we lost the track at length; but, knowing our direction by the map, we reached the summit after a rocky climb, and sat down to enjoy the view from our elevation of 2,000 feet. We then descended by a lake, and turned to the right; but the right was wrong, for, after half an hour's stiff walking, we came in sight of our hotel in Langdale Valley, far below us! This would not do, so we turned our backs on it, and consulted the map and guide-book more carefully. We now saw our mistake, and by keeping away to the left and then descending, came in sight of Easedale Tarn. We raced down the steep hill through the soaking ground, and at a hut by the lake got refreshment. Thence the walk to Grasmere is easy distance—three miles. At the door of the Prince of Wales' Hotel we ran against our kind friends once more. How we chummed and smoked and dined together, it is not within the province of this history to relate. Next day was almost a blank day, but that evening we were invited to join the others on a visit to Ullswater by Grisedale—nine or ten miles. The day was fine, and we reached Grisedale Tarn, with the mighty Helvellyn towering above. There was a fine breeze, the sun shone brightly, and I decided to ascend Helvellyn, and join the party at Ullswater Hotel. Getting a few directions, I started up the mountain alone; and had I anticipated the climb, and the loneliness, and above all the wind, I should not have gone. When I

had gained the top of "Dolly Waggon" Pike, after a stiff pull, I lost all path; but by carefully examining the ground, pony-tracks were visible. The wind was terrific. Twice I was compelled to throw myself down to avoid being blown over. The storm came up from the sea on the left. As I sat to gaze over the splendid panorama, I discerned in the far distance a tiny bank of cloud right in the wind's eye. It was growing over the sea. That was enough. I hurried along as fast as possible, and descended full speed the Glenridding Valley, by the mines, to the Ullswater Hotel. Ere I had got half down, thick fog had enshrouded Helvellyn, and was descending the valley behind me. To the great surprise of the party, I walked into the hotel at least an hour before I was expected. When we came out to retrace our steps homeward the fog had descended, and as we reached Grisedale it was so thick that we had to shout out to keep those in the rear (we walked in single file) aware of the direction. Even then we lost our way, pony-boy and all being at fault; but at length we regained it by following the stream, and soon got into a clearer atmosphere below.

Next day we took leave of our friends, and walked to Coniston by Elterwater. We then visited Furness Abbey, and proceeded *viâ* Ulverston to Grange-over-Sands. Thence the railway brought us to London.

The foregoing is a very curtailed description of a most pleasant trip. We were absent exactly eighteen days; and the cost—not including photographs, or presents, or boot-mending, which was an item—£26. We caught no colds, saw nearly everything, and, notwithstanding the wet weather, which no one ever minds up at the Lakes, enjoyed the trip extremely.



COUNTRY GLORIES.

FROM the blue burning roof of summer day,
 Let's pace this cool green cavern of leaves.
 A-right we win sweet glimpses of the bay;
 A-left, the purple hill above the sheaves,
 And clover stretches voyaged by the bee;
 Around, the warm air like a spirit divine
 Woos the umbrageous silence quietly,

Freighted with scents of oak and mouldering pine.
 Oh! joy, to rest 'mid ivy-trailers, fanned
 With odours, while the glowing autumn beam
 Trickles from leaf to leaf, and all the land
 Seems moving through the stillness in a dream
 Unbroken, save by rustic voices sweet,
 And sultry sways of the ripe rustling wheat.