

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

(Written for THE COURIER by C. Y. Smith.)

II.

SLOWLY and languidly dragged on the time. On Friday night the sixth day out from New York, being a little more alert than usual I overheard a remark that brought joy within. Fastnet light was to be seen from the port bow. I arose from the steamer chair in which I had been carefully reclining, cast my blankets indifferently to one side, stepped my way firmly to the bow, and there mingling with the eager passengers, scanned the pending gloom of night in search of the welcome light which first tells the traveller of the approach to the shores of "Ould Ireland."

The lighthouse is built on a lonely rock, off the south western coast of Ireland. It was not then visible to the naked eye, but every now and then some one would say "There it is, there it is, don't you see it?" and all would rush to that point from whence emanated the sound, but nothing was to be seen but the rolling waters beneath and the darkness beyond. I remained here long into the night. The great ship reared and plunged as she swiftly forged her way ahead. It must have been about 12 o'clock when I saw far off in the distance the faint glimmer of a light; but it disappeared almost instantly. In a few moments it reappeared, but only for a second. Every minute brought us nearer and nearer; the light became brighter and brighter until the shining signal sent out its rays of welcome to the *Etruria* with her freight of one thousand souls. We veered our course a little to the starboard and as we came abreast of the light I reluctantly turned my face downward to make my final descent to the infernal regions below. At three o'clock we were to reach Queensland where many of the passengers would disembark, in order to take a tour of Ireland. In the morning the movements of the steamer were not so vibratory and I felt so happy that I sought the promenade deck and discovered Ireland in the dim distance.

In the afternoon we reached the famous docks of Liverpool covering two hundred and thirty acres with seven miles of quays. There is business done here. Passing through the custom house we entered a bus and were soon at the steps of the Lime Street Station.

I never saw so many ragged little brats in a community before. All shapes and sizes. The boys blacking boots and the girls selling matches at a penny a box. One little fellow I remember well. He could play the most fascinating tune you ever heard by knocking his two brushes together. He took quite a shine to me which cost me threepence. Liverpool is a dirty place, but not devoid of interest. Our stay there was short and we were soon on the way to Windimere in a private car. Small but comfortable and plenty of window space to enable us to see the country as we passed along as well as the numerous soap signs which appeared at every hand. Fences were made of them, trunks of trees were covered with them and in fact no space was lost in which to hang up some advertisement of soap. If signs are a criterion soap is very abundant in England.

About 11:30 p. m. we arrived at Windimere. It was almost as light as day. It seemed like twilight. A short walk from the station brought us to the Riggs hotel situated on a hillside overlooking the town and the beautiful lake beyond. A hot cup of chocolate and to bed. When I awoke in the morning a gentle mist was falling and the little valley below was enshrouded in a halo through which the sun was making an earnest endeavor to shine. Windimere is delightful. The general appearance of the place as seen from Orrest Head hill is not unlike a beautiful park with winding walks amid straggling flowers which grow in pleasing confusion. The streets covered with crushed stone firmly rolled and as clean as the driven snow extend in graceful curves lined on either side by high ragged stone walls half hidden with creeping vines and ivy gates are seen roses and poppies scattered among numberless varieties of fragrant flowers within the open walls.

Of the many towns of England, I recall none so complete in neatness and inviting in general aspect as Windimere. I shall always remember it, not alone for its attractive appearance and scenic surroundings but because it was here that I was first initiated into the beauties of England. 'Tis the gateway to the garden of the English poet, a paradise indeed.

June 26. All aboard the coach and away we go over hill and dale.

A moment's stop at Doves Nest, the home of Mrs. Hemans. Here is the knoll where Harriet Martineau lived; a terrace garden full of honeysuckle, ivy and rhododendrons. Next the winding lanes of Ambleside and we halt for a moment at Rydal Mount and live with Wordsworth. To the right is the rude rocky throne, with rough hewn steps. The driver said this was "Muster Wordsworth's favorite seat. Made a deal of poetry there."

We near the great ash and sycamores that overshadow the road in front of "Nab Cottage." Hartley Coleridge comes in mind. On we go 'tis a magnificent ride, by Doves Cottage; Wordsworth's home at Grassmere. We would linger here and muse at the spring by the border of the grove behind the cottage. We stand for a moment at his grave near the little church of St. Oswald. A simple slab of grey slate marked "W. Wordsworth 1850" tells us all. Above spread the boughs of the oak.

At Withburn a short stop is made to see the smallest church in England. The eaves can be touched by the outstretched hand. To the right rears the crest of Mount Helvellyn. Now we pass Lake Thirlmere and enter the "Veil of St. John" where thousands of tiny silver streams wend their way down the hill sides. The stage stops at Keswick at the head of Derwentwater. Where in all England is to be found so delightful a ride? 'Tis too quickly over.

From lake Windemer to beautiful Loughrigg the eye wanders towards the Pike o' Blisco, Crinkle Craig the solemn Bowfel and the Langdale Pikes across the Brathay bridge through the haunts of England's poets, the far famed district of the English lakes.

From Keswick we took the train to Carlisle and entered the sombre interior of Carlisle cathedral and stood on the spot where Walter Scott took to himself a wife in 1792. William Rufus built a castle in Carlisle, in which "Bloody Mary" was imprisoned. To Glasgow by rail.

June 27. Glasgow is comparatively a modern city with little of historic interest. Groups of dirty children are seen playing in squalled courts and mixing up in the dirt, which has been said to be nothing but matter in the wrong place. The following sign which appeared in a window may be of interest.

Prof. Camerom, the celebrated violinist and musical director, attends balls, parties and dinners.
P. S. Boilers carefully scraped, cleaned and repaired.

June 28. We left Glasgow in the morning by train for Balloch Pier at the head of Loch Lomond. A little steamer bears us down the lake, Scotland's fairy waters; skirting first along the shore, then between little isles now made into deer parks owned by dukes and counts.

At the foot of "Ben Lomond's" shades we get a glimpse of Rob Roy's Prison, the Scottish bandit and beyond is Faries Loch, the haunt of the faries. It needs but little imagination to see them flirting about the woods and groves. So entrancing are the surroundings one forgets his own presence.

When our little steamer has taken us twenty-one miles on Scotland's pride—"Loch Lomond" we stop at Inversnaid and change from steamer to stage, one of those great high affairs drawn by six or eight horses, with parties of twenty or more passengers. Away we go. Tell me, those who have been there, has the sport an equal? Has not our laughter the true ring? Is it not here that "one touch of nature make the whole world akin." Gallop on ye coach and six. We are in your care unmindful of our destination. The past has gone, there is no future, the present is our only thought.

Look away yonder down the vale: The little hut there you see to the right nestling close to the hill amongst the heather was the home of Helen MacGregor. Ask Rob Roy if he remembers the place. Three thousand one hundred and fifty feet high rises the peak of Benvoirlich and soon we see Glengyle, the seat of the clan MacGregor.

But here we are at Stronachlac'ar. Let's partake of a lunch of steakpie and cheese. 'Tis all there is in that beautiful country. We take what we can and are thankful for that.

Again on the water of Lock Katrine. Near the lower end we pass Ellen's Isle, a little island in a small lake, covered with trees and flowers, possessing little beauty but interesting from the association of Helen MacGregor and Rob Roy the Scottish bandit. Again the coach and six for a ride through The Trossachs and we are at Callander where the train is taken for Stirling.

(To be continued next week.)