

him a check which would enable him to carry out to a certain degree his ideas. He did and he received more than half a million dollars to build a Catholic theological seminary, the priests of which should be educated along the lines which he had marked out in his sermon. I don't know that Hill is a Catholic, but he is a great friend of the archbishop, and Mrs. Hill showed me a beautiful medallion of Leo XIII which the pope recently sent as a present to Mr. Hill. The picture is as big around as the palm of your hand, and it represents a lovely face, kind and gentle. As we looked at it I remarked on the sweetness of the expression of the good father's features, and Mrs. Hill said: "Yes, he is a beautiful character, and I only wish he was fifteen years younger." I then asked her a question or so about Bishop Ireland, and she said that a lady of St. Paul who had recently been in Rome had met the pope and that he had spoken in the highest terms of the bishop, and had asked her if she was one of his friends. She replied: "Yes, we people of the northwest are all friends of Bishop Ireland." Whereupon the pope said: "I am glad to hear it, for I think he needs friends."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

### WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, April 3, 1893.—It is no wonder that the cockles of a Briton's heart, be he Irishman, Scotchman or Englishman, thrill with fadeless affection as he recalls, in any foreign land, the immediate environment of the home-spot that gave him birth. Were he but a cotter's child, and knew in his youth-tide hours only the fierce and hurtful stings of penury, there is still an untellable charm in the backward vista centering in the lowliest British home.

It is because rural England—and it is almost equally true of rural Scotland and Ireland—in nearly every square acre is so endearing in its age, association and natural winsomeness, that those who possess it, or those who have left it and, for the absence, hold it more intensely close and precious, will justly brook no belittlement any more than you would let some smart stranger come into your home and sneer at your sweetest and most cherished, if simple, belongings—beautified by effort, hollowed by time and use, even more tenderly loved for your own errors and shortcomings—without pitching both him and his airs incontinently into the highway.

It is such a beautiful country; such a well-kept and delicious old garden; such a smiling land in sunshine and snug and comfortable one in storm; and withal gives to the stranger within it such a sense of constant interest, coupled with close human companionship and sympathies; that cynic and prig and incapable of interest in any land but his own, though one be, he cannot now and then repress a kindling enthusiasm, be here and there pricked into secret admiration, in this place and that find tender and associative interest.

In less than three hours' journey, on an English day in May-time, what innumerable scenes of interest, of stirring quality and of restfulness and repose flash upon you from your carriage window! Still more gratefully feasting are the things one will see and feel, as innumerable hamlets, steadings and halls are

passed. Glorious old manor houses flash from parks and demesne forests. Thatcher roofs of village homes, yellow with lichen, are varied here and there by red tiling. Avenues of ancient elms, beech and limes give tempting vistas above broad roads, tessellated with lights and shades, and as gray and smooth as some old cathedral floor. Cropped hedges with trim, tiny fields give place here and there to downs, rolling away in billowy hills of heather, spangled with the golden asphodel, or wide meadows and tiny marshes where flames the yellow marigold, or where the forget-me-nots are so dense and blue that their surface seems like a breeze-rippled pool. Hawthorne lanes are white above and beneath as banks of driven snow. Great masses of honeysuckle trail from copse and hedge; and in, around and above all this May-time nature-heaven, thrushes and blackbirds, high above the roaring of your train, flood all the day with song.

In the tremendous object lesson and historic reminder which each tiny bit of the face of England affords, there is a no more impressive study than that of English villages and their folk. These villages are the most delightful of all objects in every panoramic rural scene. Closer study reveals countless hidden beauty—for even age and decay here possess a mournful beauty and charm—to the artistic and vagrant mind. And their quaint, quiet folk, of whom I shall particularly speak in another article, though regarded as dumb and sodden by many, still provide one of the most interesting sociologic studies to be found in any land.

Although many characteristics of English villages differ in different shires, or in different parts of the same shire, they all leave the same typical picture in the memory, when considered as a part of the landscape. I never yet came to an English village, and I have visited hundreds on foot, that it had not the same general massing or picturesque effects as all others. This, too, whatever its relative topographical situation. It was just the same whether nestled in an Avon, Wharfe, Derwent, or Tamar vale; clumped upon a breezy southern down; half hidden in the shadows of a midland hill or peak; toppling along the edge of ragged chine or flowery burn; or wedged into the stone face of some dreary northern moor.

There it stood, ever a distinct and characteristic picture in itself. A rift of low outlying cottages, tiny splashes of white and gray and red, at either side, became lost towards the center in luxurious shrubbery. Then a few gables, quaint and old. Then another mass of foliage, denser and of darker hue. Then a jumbled mass of higher gray, and red, roofs and outjuttings of more pretentious structures. And finally, the highest mass of foliage, dominated by perhaps a battlemented roof, above which always rises a huge, square, centuries old tower that tells of the English parish church, from Land's End to the misty Cheviot Hills.

I sometimes think, wonderful and compact a storehouse of historic relics, of garnered art and of splendor in cathedral, castle, hall and monastic ruin, as old England truly is, that after all the sweetest part of one's wanderings is experienced away from the beaten lines of travel among these gray old nests, which the centuries have sootened and beautified even in their age and decay.

Come with me then, vagrantly, into a few of these lovely old home-spots of rural England. Not far to the north of damp and grimy Liverpool is pretty Ormskirk. It is half village and half town, for the spindles are humming here as almost everywhere in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Two huge, white roads leading from green fields, which were impassable mosses in olden times, rising to a gentle eminence intersect the place, and the verdure growth of four hundred years almost hides from view the nestling, ancient homes, the quaint old shops, the sleepy, restful inns, and the historic church itself.

The old church looming above the red tiles of the cottage roofs is curiously surmounted by separate tower and steeple; the pile so gray, mellow and ivy-massed as to involuntarily suggest a gigantic tree lopped off in its lower trunk, where huge battlemented tower stops, out of whose edge, where the steeple rises, has sprouted a second slender tree. The tradition goes that two capricious maiden sisters, desirous of raising some sacred memorial, agreed upon erecting upon Ormskirk a tower and steeple, yet, disagreeing as to uniting and connecting their work, they finally expended all their wealth and energies upon both, each independent of the other. The earliest of the renowned Derbys and Stanleys are buried here. Mossy, lichened, slumberous, grave, the entire place is a wondrous picture of tender repose, and is but one of scores of winsome Lancashire villages blending, low-lying and hushed, in the pleasant landscape between the thunderous towns of mills.

What precious old bits of grey and sunshine and green are the half deserted villages of Cockermouth and Hawkshead up here in the English lake region, the former in Cumberland, and the latter just inside Lancashire, where that county pushes a rugged arm up among the scars, fells and pikes of the English Alps! Cockermouth itself where Wordsworth was born, is but one of the many quaint old Cambrian villages, which seem as ancient any mossy as the rocks out of which they were hewn. It is a sweet, dim, dreamful and songful old spot, for the Derwent river sweeps melodiously by, and the Cocker river, from which the village derives its name, is emptied into the Derwent at the village side.

Wordsworth's father, John Wordsworth, was an attorney here, and law agents to Sir James Lowther, afterwards the Earl of Lonsdale. The house where the poet was born is a long, two-storied, hipped-roof structure, standing at a corner of Main street and a recessed alley, and must have been regarded as a stately affair in its time. A tier of nine windows in the second and eight in the first story face the street, which is shut off by a massive stone wall with wide coping and monumental projections at regular intervals and at the corners. In the area between the street wall and the houses are several pertly trimmed shade trees, and the ample garden in the rear extends to the banks of the lovely Derwent.

Hawkshead lies midway between the queen of the English lakes, Windermere, and Coniston water, near which may be found the home of John Ruskin, and nestles prettily beside the beautiful Esthwaite Water. It is by far the most antique village in the lake country. The old schoolhouse is standing just as Words-