MARTINEAU'S
Complete Guide
TO THE
ENGLISH LAKES.

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LOWER HALL AT RYDA.

GUIDE
TO THE
ENGLISH LAKES
BY
HARRIET MARTINEAU.

A

COMPLETE GUIDE

TO THE

ENGLISH LAKES,

BY

HARRIET MARTINEAU,

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY T. L. ASPLAND AND W. BANKS.

THIRD EDITION.

Edited and enlarged by Maria Martineau.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE KNOLL, AMBLESIDE,
March 12th, 1855.

It is now some months since I committed the manuscript of this Lake Guide to the Publisher's hands; and now that the work is just ready to appear, I am thankful to him for the opportunity of saying, in this prefatory page, with what pride and pleasure I have looked over the accessories and embellishments with which, by his zeal and spirit, and by the admirable co-operation he has been so fortunate as to secure, my humble work is elevated to a quality of real importance. When I look at the valuable Maps, Mr. ASPLAND's beautiful illustrative Views, so finely engraved by Mr. Banks; and again the Botanical contributions, so essential to the perfect understanding of the Lake District, it seems to me that the book has become, by all this aid, one which may not only be in every Tourist's hands, but find a place on the library shelves of those who have never visited, and may not contemplate visiting, this

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district of England. At the same time, the Directories (a new feature in a Guide Book) are likely to make it valuable to residents, who need no guide to the scenery near their homes. If my gratitude to my coadjutors causes me to overrate the product of our labours, I shall not at least be mistaken in saying that we have all done our best to set forth a true presentment of a land we love, in the hope of inducing and enabling those who live in town or plain to know and love it as we do. If any think that we have painted it too fair, and that we love it fanatically, let them come and see.

H. MARTINEAU.

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TRAVELLING CHARGES.

During the season, the charges for carriages and drivers are uniform, all over the district. It is probable that at other times there may be some little diversity, depending on the amount of custom; but the traveller may rely on the prices here given as a safe rule.

It must be understood that the drivers of the country cars and other vehicles are dependent on the payment they receive from travellers. The innkeepers charge for the carriage and horses only; and the payment of the driver is therefore an established one, and not considered dependent on the pleasure of the traveller. The rate is threepence per mile outwards — the return journey not being charged for. Another way, in which I have myself been accustomed to pay, is sixpence per hour, — the driver having the benefit of the fraction left over. On excursions which occupy a day, or several days, the driver's pay is five shillings per day.

The charge for a one-horse conveyance is one shilling per mile. For a two-horse conveyance one shilling and sixpence per mile. In case of a long stage, as for ten or twelve miles there is a reduction to one shilling and fourpence. The return journey is, of course, not charged for.

For conveyance to a certain point there is no charge for food for man and horse; but if there is any waiting at the end of the drive, in order to return, the feed of the horses and the driver's dinner will amount to about three shillings and sixpence. The hire of a single-horse conveyance for the day is fifteen shillings, and the drivers pay of five shillings makes it one pound a day, exclusive of feed.

The tolls are invariably charged to the traveller.

COACH FARES AND ROUTES.

As the times of departure and other particulars are frequently changed, the Tourist is recommended to provide himself with Garnett's Time Tables, published monthly, which may be had of the principal booksellers in the Lake district.

Coach fares are about threepence per mile outside, and four-pence-half-penny per mile inside.

The routes of the coaches are —

1. — From Windermere Railway Station to Ambleside, Grasmere and Keswick, over which line several run daily during the season.
2. — From Ambleside to Patterdale, Lyulph's Tower, and Penrith.
3. — From Ambleside to Coniston.
4. — From Keswick to Cockermouth.
5. — From Keswick to Lyulph's Tower, Patterdale and Penrith.
6. — From Keswick, *via* Greystoke, to Penrith.
7. — From Newby Bridge to Ulverston.
8. — From Newby Bridge to Grange.
9. — From the Ferry to Coniston.

Each of these of course perform the return journey.

CHARGES AT HOTELS AND PRIVATE LODGINGS.

During the season, which extends from May to November, the charges are two shillings for breakfast (including meat, fish, &c.); two shillings and sixpence for dinner; and one shilling and sixpence for tea. A private sitting-room is charged two shillings and sixpence per day. In some cases servants are charged in the bill; we quote what may be considered the proper payments when they are not: — ninepence per day for waiter, — sixpence per day for chambermaid, and threepence per day for boots. If the stay be longer than one day, the total payment should be one shilling per day.

The charges for Private Apartments of a very good order, are from ten to twelve shillings per week for each room, which includes attendance. Sitting-room fire and the use of kitchen fire are extra.

WINDERMERE AND CONISTON SECTION.

CONISTON
LAKE
Cartmel Fell
Staveley
Newby Bridge
River Crake
Thurstan Vale
Rusland Pool
Force Beck
Bell Beck
Colton Beck
Grizedale Beck
Dale Park Beck
Colton
Hill Top
Finsthwaite
Low Hay Bridge
Rusland Hall
Force Mills
Force Forge
Hazel Hall
Parkamoor
Waterfall
High Dam
Graythwaite Hall
Field Head
Brown Hall
Beacon Tarn
Water Park
Lowick Bridge
Bandrake Head
Abbot Park
Hill Park
Penny Bridge
Hulleter
Stocks
High Stott Park
Low Stott Park
Quay House
Beech Hill
Bryan Beck
Cartmel Fell
Town Head
Fell Foot
Gill Head
Chapel House
Tattison How
Simpson Ground
Line Riggs
Black Beck
Grizedale Hall
High Cunsey
Eel House
The Forge
Whinster
Rose Fell
Crosslands
Thwaite Head
Roger Ridding
White Stock Hall
High Betheear
Low Betheear
Green Holme
Sunny Bank
Stable Harvey
Arklid
Grizedale Tarn
Ealinghearth
0
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8 Miles

PART I.

WINDERMERE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

A FEW years ago there was only one meaning to the word WINDERMERE. It then meant a lake lying among mountains, and so secluded that it was some distinction even for the travelled man to have seen it. Now there is a Windermere railway station, and a Windermere post-office and hotel; — a thriving village of Windermere, and a populous locality. This implies that a great many people come to the spot; and the spot is so changed by their coming, and by other circumstances, that a new guide-book is wanted; for there is much more to point out than there used to be; and what used to be pointed out now requires a wholly new description. Such new guidance and description we now propose to give.

RAILWAY APPROACHES.

The traveller arrives, we must suppose, by the railway from Kendal, having been dropped at the Oxenholme Junction by the London train from the south, or the Edinburgh and Carlisle train from the north. The railways skirt the Lake District, but

do not, and cannot penetrate it: for the obvious reason that railways cannot traverse or pierce granite mountains, or span broad lakes. If the time should ever come when iron roads will intersect the mountainous parts of Westmorland and Cumberland, that time is not yet; nor is in view, — loud as have been the lamentations of some residents, as if it were to happen to-morrow. No one who has ascended Dunmail Raise, or visited the head of Coniston Lake, or gone by Kirkstone to Patterdale, will for a moment imagine that any conceivable railway will carry passengers over those passes, for generations to come. It is a great thing that steam can convey travellers round the outskirts of the district, and up to its openings. This is now effectually done; and it is all that will be done by the steam locomotive during the lifetime of anybody yet born. The approach may now be made either by Windermere or Coniston. In order to reach the latter place, the main line must be left at Carnforth, the last principal station before reaching Oxenholme by the train from the south. But the most important of the openings thus reached is that of Windermere, and we will therefore presume that the traveller begins his tour from this point.

The mountain-region of Cumberland and Westmorland has for its nucleus the cluster of tall mountains of which Scawfell is the highest. *There* are the loftiest peaks and deepest valleys. These are surrounded by somewhat lower ridges and shallower vales; and these again by others, till the uplands are mere hills and the valleys scarcely sunk at all. It is into these exterior un-

dulations that the railways penetrate; and, at the first ridge of any steepness, they must stop. It is this which decides the termination of the Windermere railroad, and which prevents the lateral railways from coming nearer than the outer base of the hills in any direction. When the traveller on foot or horseback sees certain reaches of Lake Windermere from Orrest Head, lying down below him, he knows he is coming near the end of the railway, which cannot yet plunge and climb as our mail-roads must do, if they exist here at all. As a general rule, lakes should be approached from the foot, that the ridges may rise, instead of sinking, before the observer's eye. But, so happy is the access to Windermere from the station, that it is hard to say that it could have been better; and that access is, not from the south to its lower end, but from the south-east to about its middle. The old coach-road over Orrest Head, and the railway, meet at the new village of Windermere, whence the road to Bowness descends, winding for about a mile and a half, striking the shore at a point rather more than half-way up the lake, and commanding the group of mountains that cluster about its head.

Supposing that the traveller desires to see the Windermere scenery thoroughly, we shall divide our directions into portions; first exhibiting what is to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the Windermere hotel, or within a moderate walk; and then describing three tours, two of which may be easily taken in a day each. One mountain-trip will be added; and, these being faithfully prosecuted, the

PROPOSED PLAN.

tourist may be assured that he has seen all that falls within the scope of a summer visitor in the opening region of the Lake District.

A few minutes will take him to Orrest Head, where he will see a lovely view, — a picturesque cottage roof, surrounded by trees, in the foreground; grey rocks cropping out of the sward on the other side of the hedges; and in front, overlapping hills, range behind range, with the grey waters of the lake lying below. Already, a traveller who should remain any time in the district, would find himself introduced to the humours of a remote region. Odd sayings and doings remain, and traditions of old singularities are not lost. This place, Orrest Head, was the residence of the noted Josiah Brown, who amused himself, a century ago, with welcoming beggars, whom he supplied with meat and lodging, — sometimes to the number of twenty in a night. He called them his "jolly companions;" and no doubt he got a world of amusement out of them in return for his hospitality. The local saying, "that's too big a bo-o for a young horse," was Josiah Brown's, and it was originated thus. He was breaking in a young horse, when one of his men took a liberty, — such as his servants were always taking with him, — but in this case to be repented of. The fellow hid himself behind a gate-post, and yelled so tremendously as his master passed through that Josiah was thrown, and broke his leg. His goodnatured criticism was, "that was too big a bo-o for a young horse;" and this is still the proverbial expression of extreme surprise.

ELLERAY.

The hill to the right is part of the Elleray property, so well known as the lake home of Christopher North, and afterwards so much improved by Mr. Eastted. The traveller's first object should be to walk up that hill at Elleray, by Mr. Eastted's new drive. All the way up, the views are exquisite: but that from the summit,—about 650 feet above the lake,—is one of the finest the district can show. The whole length of Windermere extends below, with its enclosing hills and wooded islands; and towards the head, some of the highest peaks and ridges may be seen:—Coniston Old Man to the west; Bowfell and Langdale Pikes to the north-west, Fairfield to the north, with Loughrigg lying, as a mere dark ridge, across the head of Windermere; while, to the north-east, Troutbeck is disclosed, with its peaks of High Street and Ill Bell. All below are woods, with houses peeping out; on a height of the opposite shore, Wray Castle; further north, the little Brathay Chapel, set down near the mouth of the valley; and between Loughrigg and the lake, at its head, the white houses of Clappersgate, with the chateau-like mansion of Croft Lodge conspicuous above the rest. This view is a good deal like the one from the hill behind the Windermere hotel, which is reached by a lane turning off from Orrest Head. The Elleray one is the most extensive and complete to the north; but to enjoy the other, leave will be readily obtained at the hotel. There is also a delightful public walk through the Elleray estate, passing by the picturesque cottage where "the professor" first lived; then under Elleray

Bank, and through the shady copse of The Wood and St. Catherine's estates into the Troutbeck road. It is a near cut to the traveller who has Troutbeck or Kirkstone Pass and Ullswater in view.

WINDERMERE VILLAGE.

The village of Windermere is like nothing that is to be seen any where else. Young as the place is, it has already a public news-room and library, and a gallery of pictures, chiefly by resident artists, and representing the scenery of the district. The new buildings (and all are new) are of the dark grey stone of the region, and several of them are of a mediæval style of architecture. The Rev. J. A. Addison, late of Windermere, had a passion for ecclesiastical architecture; and his example has been a good deal followed. There is the Church of St. Mary, and there are the schools belonging to it, with their steep roofs of curiously-shaped slates, both of which the Parsonage* overlooks. There is also the new College of St. Mary, standing in a fine position, between the main road and the descent to the lake. This College, — which may be distinguished by its square tower, — was originally intended as a place of education for the sons of the clergy; but having proved unsuccessful in that form, it is now established on an entirely new basis, and, under the management of G. Hale Puckle, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge,

* It has been found most convenient to give only the names of the houses, throughout this volume. If the traveller is curious to know those of the dwellers in them, he will find the information in a table at the end.

and B. A. Irving, M.A., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, is already one of the most extensive and best-conducted seminaries in England. The first gateway beyond the Church is that of St. Mary's Abbey, (new in spite of its antique name); and the adjoining gate opens upon the footpath through Rayrigg wood to the lake.

It is a pleasant shady path of about half a mile, passing, at its lower end, a rocky stream with picturesque falls, and ending on the shore of the lake at Miller Ground bay. This is the widest part of Windermere; and the stranger will be glad to have seen it from this point. Here a few boats are kept for hire; and tourists staying at Windermere will find it a convenient starting-place for many a pleasant trip. The quiet beauty of the bay will be an attraction to those strangers who may prefer it to more frequented landing places. The lake is described a few pages further on, as seen from Bowness. It may be mentioned here that the trees on the right are the Calgarth woods, planted by Bishop Watson. Skirting the lake, there is a quiet path, leading along its margin to Calgarth. After rain, however, it is apt to be flooded.

Returning to the main road, St. Mary's Cottage is close by the entrance to the path we have been describing: and beyond are the Lodge, the Grange, and Hazlethwaite, a cluster of houses commanding grand views of the head of the lake. The large house on the right, and amidst the woods of the Elleray estate, is Oakland, built by the late John Gandy, Esq. Higher up on the hillside are The Bingle, and Elleray Bank. The pretty villa residence a little further on, on the same side of the road, is The Wood; and, at the turn of the road, Winlass Beck, the property of Peter Kennedy, Esq.

We have been supposing the tourist to be visiting the northern outskirts of the village, in the

direction of Ambleside. We shall now conduct him in the opposite direction, towards Bowness. Passing down High Street and St. Mary's Road, we see, to the right, the College; then Fairhaven, on the left; and a little further on, on a gentle elevation, the neat villa and grounds of Ellerthwaite. Half a mile further on is the Hydropathic establishment,* and then, to the right, the cottage of Mylnbeck, a common house in its aspect towards the road, but as seen over the wall, very pretty in its garden-front. The next gate on the left is the entrance to the Craig: and the villa on the right is Craig Foot, both built by Admiral Sir Thos. S. Pasley. Below this, the houses begin to thicken about the entrance to Bowness. Among them, a road to the left leads to one of the most charming points of view in the neighbourhood,—a hill named Bisket How, crested with rock, which affords as fine a station as the summit of Elleray for a view of the entire lake and its shores.

TO BOWNESS.

Tourists who have only limited time at command will not remain at Windermere: but, for those who take things more easily, there is much to tempt to a sojourn of at least a few days. There are pleasant walks, with fine views of the lake and mountains, in every direction; and there are one or two distant excursions which are more easily made from this point than any other,—the ascent of Ill Bell

EXCURSIONS FROM WINDERMERE.

*A gate may be observed just before reaching this point, which is the entrance to footpaths leading over the higher ground in the direction of the Railway station, and affording a pleasant walk, and fine views of the lake and its surroundings.

and High Street. It may be worth observing that the name of the first mentioned of these mountains is generally written Hill Bell. This is a mistake. The old name is Ill Bell — *ill* meaning, in this connexion, evil, difficult, *i. e.* difficult of ascent. The natives of the district call it Ill Bell, and the addition of the H in writing attributes to them a cockneyism which does not enter into their dialect. These excursions will be described in their proper places, in connexion with the drive through Troutbeck, as the traveller will have to pass through that valley before he begins his ascent.

BOWNESS.

Bowness is the port of Windermere. There the new steamboats put up; and thence go forth the great number of fishing and pleasure boats which adorn the lake. There is a good deal of bustle in the place; and the lower parts, near the water, are very hot in summer: and the more since the building of a new lodging-house in a space near the church, which used to be called the lungs of Bowness. The three great inns, however, are in airy situations; the garden platform of the Royal Hotel, so called since the visit of Queen Adelaide in 1840, overlooking the gardens that slope down to the shore; and the Crown and Victoria being on a hill which commands the whole place. These inns are extremely well managed; and it is for the traveller to say whether their charges, which are uniform, justify a complaint which has been made, (we think unreasonably as regards the Lake District in general) of high prices.

During the season, which extends from May to November, the charges are two shillings for breakfast, (including meat, fish, &c.,) two shillings and sixpence for dinner; and one shilling and sixpence for tea. A private sitting-room is charged two shillings and sixpence per day. Nothing can well exceed the beauty of the view from the garden seats of the Crown.

INN CHARGES.

Bowness has recently added to its attractions a very excellent model of the District, made and now exhibited by Mr. Howe. This model well deserves careful inspection, and its owner, from his intimate knowledge of every part of the district, is able to give valuable advice to tourists who wish to see the country thoroughly. No better commencement can be made than a consultation with Mr. Howe over his accurate model.

MODEL OF THE DISTRICT.

The old churchyard of Bowness, with its dark yews, and the old weather-worn church, long and low, is the most venerable object in the place. The chancel window of the church contains painted glass from Furness Abbey. The tomb of Bishop Watson will be found in the churchyard, near the east window. The rectory, which is hardly less venerable than the church, stands at a considerable distance from the village, and is approached through fields and a garden. The old-fashioned porch is there, of which this is said to be the last remaining instance in the whole district, — the roomy, substantial porch, with benches on each side, long enough to hold a little company of parishioners, and a round ivy-clad chimney immediately surmounting the porch.

BOWNESS CHURCH.

Within, there is abundant space, with little elevation; — plenty of room in the hall and parlours, with ceilings that one can touch with the hand. Almost every other noticeable edifice in Bowness is new, or at least modern; the schools, the gift of the late Mr. Bolton, of Storrs Hall, — the Italian villa called Belsfield, and many others.

WINDERMERE LAKE.

The visitor will first repair to the strand to salute the waters. He will find a good quay, with boats in abundance, and several boat-houses within view. A substantial little pier is built out into the lake; on either side is a steamboat moored during the winter; and to the end of the pier these steamers come, six times a day each, during the summer. To the right, gardens slope down to this little bay; and they look gay even in winter from their profusion of evergreens, and from the ivy which clothes their walls. The church just peeps out behind the houses above. Looking over the lake, Curwen's Island is just opposite. In May and early June, the woods of that island, and all the promontories round, present a most diversified foliage, — from the golden tufts of the oak to the sombre hue of the pines, with every gradation of green between. In July and August, the woods are what some call *too* green, — massy and impenetrable, — casting deep shadows on the sward and the waters. Within the shadow on the shore stands the angler, watching the dimpling of the surface, as the fly touches it, or the fish leaps from it: and within the shadow on the water, the boat swings idly with the current; and the student, come hither for recreation, reads or sleeps as he

reclines, waiting for the cool of the afternoon. Turning to the north, the highest peaks are not seen from this strand; but Fairfield and Loughrigg close in the head of the lake.

Turning southwards along the margin, and walking about a mile, the explorer reaches the point of the promontory, Ferry Nab, which stretches out opposite the Ferry house, — itself on the point of an opposite promontory. There can hardly be a more charming resting-place than a seat under the last trees of this projection. It is breezy here; and the waters smack the shore cheerily. The Troutbeck hills come into view, and the head of the lake is grander. The round house on Curwen's Island* is seen among the trees. The Ferry house, under its canopy of tall sycamores, and with its pebbly beach, is immediately opposite; and behind it rises the wooded bank which is, in light or shadow, one of the chief graces of the scene. If the sun shines upon it, it is feathered with foliage to the very ridge, and the bay beneath it is blue and lustrous. If the sun has gone down behind it, the bay is black; and every dipping bird sprinkles it with silver; and the wild duck that comes sailing out with her brood, draws behind her a pencil of white light.

From this point, a view opens to the south. In the expanse of waters is another island; and further down, on the eastern shore, a pier extends with a little tower at the end. This is Storrs: and at that pier did the

STORRS.

* The shady and well-kept walk round Curwen's Island is well worth a visit. Any of the hotel-keepers at Bowness will furnish the stranger with a ticket.

guests embark when Scott went to meet Canning at Mr. Bolton's, and the fine regatta took place, (under the direction of Christopher North) which is celebrated in Lockhart's Life of Scott. This was only two years before Canning's death, and seven before that of Scott. Mr. and Mrs. Bolton are gone, and Christopher North himself has followed.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

It is probable that no stranger ever sees that pier at Storrs without thinking of Professor Wilson; and, indeed, there is no spot in the neighbourhood with which his memory, and the gratitude of his readers, is not associated. Any where such a presence is rarely seen; and it was especially impressive in the places he best loved to haunt. More than one person has said that Wilson reminded them of the first man, Adam; so full was his large frame of vitality, force, and sentience. His tread seemed to shake the ground, and his glance to pierce through stone walls; and, as for his voice, there was no heart that could stand before it. In his hour of emotion, he swept away all hearts, whithersoever he would. No less striking was it to see him in a mood of repose, as he was seen when steering the packet-boat that used to pass between Bowness and Ambleside, before the steamers were put upon the lake. Sitting motionless, with his hand upon the rudder, in the presence of journeymen and market-women, and his eye apparently looking beyond everything into nothing, and his mouth closed above his beard, as if he meant never to speak again, he was quite as impressive and immortal an image as he could have been to the students of his moral philosophy class, or the

comrades of his jovial hours. He was known, and with reverence and affection, beside the trout stream and the mountain tarn, and amidst the damp gloom of Elleray, where he could not bring himself to let a tree or a sprig be lopped that his wife had loved. Every old boatman and young angler, every hoary shepherd and primitive dame among the hills of the district, knew him and enjoyed his presence. He made others happy by being so intensely happy himself, when his brighter moods were on him; and when he was mournful, no one desired to be gay. He is gone with his joy and his grief; and the region is so much the darker in a thousand eyes.

There are various pleasant walks and drives which may be taken from Bowness. Picturesque paths through woods and fields, in almost every direction, tempt the pedestrian to leave the main roads. Bisket How (the view from which was mentioned at p. 8.) may be ascended from several points, and is well worth exploring.

WHITBARROW.—The collector of ferns must not fail to visit Whitbarrow, a hill some five miles distant to the south. Several rare varieties are to be found there. This excursion, however, is not one of much general interest.

BOWNESS TO WINDERMERE.

Instead of returning to Windermere the way he came, the stranger may make a moderate and pleasant walk by leaving Bowness by the lower or Ambleside road, and proceeding round by Cook's House. The first noticeable abode that he will see is Rayrigg, —a rather low, rambling, grey house, standing on the grass near a little bay of the lake. It is a

L. Aspland. Delt.

1 Coniston Old Man
1a Cams
2 Wetherlam
3 Wrynose Gap
4 Crinkle Crags
5 Pike of Blisco
6 Scawfell Pike
B Bowfell
A Hanging Knotts
a Glaramara

charming old-fashioned house; and its position has every advantage, except that it stands too low. On the high wall by the road side, immediately before reaching the gate of Rayrigg, the stranger will be struck with the variety of ferns. That wall is an excellent introduction to the stone fences of the region, richly adorned as many of them are with mosses and ferns. The flagstaff, on an eminence overlooking the lake just before reaching Miller Ground Farm, was erected to commemorate the visit of Queen Adelaide to the spot.

Passing between woods resounding with brawling streams, the road leads up a rather steep ascent, the summit of which is called Miller Brow.* Hence is seen what, in our opinion, is a view unsurpassed for beauty in the whole Lake District. The entire lake lies below, the white houses of Clappersgate being distinctly visible at the north end, and the Beacon at the south: and the diversity of the framework of this sheet of water is here most striking. The Calgarth woods — for which we are indebted to Bishop Watson — rising and falling, spreading and contracting below, with green undulating meadows interposed, are a perfect treat to the eye; and so are the islands clustering in the centre of the lake. Wray Castle stands forth well above the promontory opposite; at the head, the Langdale Pikes, and their surrounding mountains, seem, in some states of the atmosphere, to approach and overshadow the waters; and in others to retire

MILLER BROW.

* Just before ascending Miller Brow, a gate on the right leads by a near cut to Windermere Village, — the same path noticed at p. 7, commencing near the church.

and shroud themselves in soft haze and delicate hues peculiar to cloud land. There are two houses (Highfield and The Priory,) built just below the ridge at Miller Brow, which we have thought, from the time the foundations were laid, must form the most enviable abodes in the country, — commanding a view worthy of a mountain-top, while sheltered by hill and wood, and with the main road so close at hand that the conveniences of life are as procurable as in a street. Mr. Carver's house is worthy of this choice site, — a most beautiful structure, designed by Mr. Bates, of Manchester.

A short descent hence brings the walker to Cook's House, a point where four roads meet. Cook's House has only just disappeared, and a new residence, built by Peter Kennedy, Esq., has taken its place. With it has disappeared a fine specimen of the old fireplace of the district, with its chimney-corners. It is rather a drawback to the romance hanging about those wide old chimneys, to know that the good man had to sit with some special covering over his shoulders, to protect him from the soot that the rain brought down. At Cook's House there were recesses and cupboards in that strange roofless alcove, — the door being of the old oak of which such fine specimens may be seen in the farmhouses of the dales. We should rather say, might till lately have been seen; for we fear there are but few left. The greater number of old chests, cupboard doors, and high-backed chairs, covered with carvings, have found their way to the London curiosity shops, whence agents have been sent

COOK'S HOUSE.

through the wildest places in the district to buy up such relics at high prices. Still, there are specimens left, as the observant traveller will notice.

Of the four roads which meet here, the one to his left would take him to Ambleside; the one opposite, to Troutbeck. To reach his inn he must take the one to the right, which leads him straight home.

WINDERMERE LAKE.

The next thing to be done is to take a survey of the whole lake by a steamboat trip. During the summer, two steamers make four trips each; so that the stranger can choose his own hour, and go down or up first, as he pleases. In accordance with the rule of lake approach, we should recommend his going down first. He embarks at the pier at Bowness, and is carried straight across to the Ferry, where the boats touch. Then the course is southwards, with the lake narrowing, and the hills sinking till the scenery becomes merely pretty. The water is very shallow towards the foot; and the best practicable channel is marked out by posts. The best work that the whole neighbourhood could undertake would be the deepening of the lake in this part, and of the river which carries off the overflow. Not only is the passage of the steamers difficult: there is a far worse evil in the inundations which take place on all the low-lying lands, even up to Rydal, from the insufficiency of the outlet. The mischief has much increased since drainage has been introduced. The excellent and indispensable practice of land drainage

SURVEY OF THE LAKE.

must be followed up by an improvement in arterial drainage, or floods are inevitable. The water which formerly dribbled away in the course of many days, or even weeks, now gushes out from the drains all at once; and if the main outlets are not enlarged in proportion the waters are thrown back upon the land. This is the case now in the neighbourhood of Windermere, — the meadows and low-lying houses at Ambleside, a mile or two from the lake, being flooded every winter by the overflow of the lake first, then of the river, then of the tributary streams. The steam-yacht companies gave fifty pounds to have the lake deepened at Fell Foot, a few years ago; Mr. White, the proprietor of Newby Bridge hotel, subscribed the same amount: and this was good as far as it went. But a much larger operation is required. There is a weir below Newby Bridge, to serve a corn mill. Now, the days of weirs and watermills are coming to an end. In these days of steam-engines it is not to be endured that hundreds of acres should be turned into swamps, and hundreds of lives lost by fever, ague, and rheumatism, for the sake of a waterpower which pays perhaps thirty pounds or forty pounds a-year. We say this of watermills generally; and in regard to the need of sufficient arterial drainage, we speak of the shores of Windermere in particular. The expense of carrying off the utmost surplus of the waters in the wettest season would be presently repaid, here as anywhere else, by the improved value of the land and house property, relieved from the nuisance of flood.

The Swan Inn at Newby Bridge is exceedingly

comfortable; and the charges are very moderate. The stranger will have to come again, probably on his way to Furness, and perhaps in some trip to Hawkshead; or when making the circuit of the lake by land. When he has time, he should climb to the summit of the Beacon, for the sake of the sea-views on the one hand, and of the lake on the other. Now, he merely calls for lunch or tea, during the stoppage of the steamer: and then he is off again, up the lake. After the Ferry and Bowness, the next call is at Lowwood Inn, where there are sure to be passengers landing or embarking. This inn has been recently enlarged. It offers many inducements to the traveller to remain; and is, perhaps, one of the most favourite resting-places in the district, Between Bowness and Lowwood Inn, Rayrigg has been seen beside the little bay; and then Calgarth Park, a large yellow-looking mansion, standing finely in its broad meadows. Ecclerigg is next, with its overshadowing trees and pretty pier. Just above Lowwood, high up on the wooded side of Wansfell, will be seen Dove Nest, once the abode of Mrs. Hemans, when its appearance was more primitive and less pretty than it is now, — improved as it has been by its present resident, her then young friend, the Rev. Robert P. Graves. Next comes Wansfell Holme. This is another choice situation. On the opposite shore is Wray Castle, erected by James Dawson, Esq., — a most defensible-looking place for so peaceful a region; but an enviable residence, both from its interior beauty and the views it commands. Just above it, Pullwyke bay, where lily of the valley is found, runs far into the land; and overlooking it

is seen Pull Cottage. Next, the sweet tranquil Brathay valley opens, with Mrs. Redmayne's mansion of Brathay Hall, on a green slope above the lake; and just behind, on a wooded knoll in the gorge of the valley, the beautiful little church, called Brathay Chapel, built by the late Mr. Redmayne.

Two rivers fall into the lake, uniting just before they reach it; — the Rothay, which comes down from Dunmail Raise, beyond Grasmere, and the Brathay, which issues from Elterwater, a group of pools, rather than a lake, lying at the foot of the hills near Langdale. The valleys of the Rothay and the Brathay are separated by Loughrigg, — the ridge of which, at its further end, commands Grasmere; its Windermere end shelters Clappersgate and Waterhead. The steamer sweeps round to the pier at Waterhead, where there is a cluster of dwellings, the most imposing of which is the large grey stone house called Wanlas How. The Waterhead hotel is near the landing place. It is not large, but has the reputation of being clean and comfortable. Omnibuses are in waiting here, from Ambleside and Grasmere, — the one, distant one mile; and the other, between four and five. Our tourist, will, however, complete the circuit of the lake, by returning to Bowness.

THE REGATTA.

The traveller will be fortunate if he should chance to be here at the time of the regatta, which is usually held in July. It is one of the prettiest of lake sights. There are generally several sailing matches, the most important being that for the challenge cup. The regatta club is composed of the gentry of the neighbourhood. The occasion of the match is taken advantage of by

the landlord of the Ferry House for his annual games. These games are a regular institution throughout the district. Most of the inns, in the more remote places, have them annually. They consist of wrestling, running races, and other athletic sports. "Aunt Sally" and similar amusements are provided for the entertainment of the less active. On these occasions the usually quiet inn garden puts on the appearance of a fair. A detailed account of this local custom may be found in Mr. Payn's "Leaves from Lakeland."

There are plenty of boats to be had at Waterhead and Bowness, and watermen who are practised and skilful. The stranger should be warned, however, against two dangers which it is rash to encounter. Nothing should induce him to *sail* on Windermere, or on any lake surrounded by mountains. There is no calculating on, or accounting for, the gusts that come down between the hills; and no skill and practice obtained by boating on rivers, or the waters of a flat country, are any sure protection here. Nothing should induce him to go out in one of the little skiffs which are too easily attainable, and too tempting, from the ease of rowing them. The surface may become rough at any minute, and those skiffs are unsafe in all states of the water but the calmest. The long list of deaths occasioned in this way,—deaths both of residents and strangers, —should have put an end to the use of these light skiffs long ago. The larger boats are safe enough, and most skilfully managed by their rowers: and the stranger can enjoy no better treat than gliding along, for hours of the summer day, peeping into

BOATING.

the coves and bays, coasting the islands, and lying cool in the shadows of the woods. The clearness of the water is a common surprise to the visitors from a level country; and it is pleasant sport to watch the movements of the fish, darting, basking, or leaping in the sunshine, or quivering their fins in the reflected ray. What the quality of the trout and char is, the tourist will probably find every day, at breakfast and dinner.

BATHING.

It may be thought superfluous to add a warning about the dangers of bathing. But the residents in the district know that there are deaths from this cause every summer. It is far too common a story that a man has been drowned while bathing. When inquiry is made how it has happened, the usual answer is that he could not swim, and that he got into a hole, and could not get out again. This is not, however, the only danger. Strangers see how clear and tempting the water looks, and are apt to forget how cold it must be, and venture in in a heated or exhausted condition. The result is that many deaths have occurred. Nothing can be more refreshing than bathing in the lakes or the mountain streams and pools; and it may be perfectly safe, if ordinary precautions are taken. The wonder is that they are not, while swimming is so easily learnt, and while every one must be aware of the danger of going into the water in an unfit condition.

Having conducted the tourist over the leading points of scenery in the immediate vicinity of Windermere, I shall now proceed to sketch out for him such a series of tours as will introduce him to a pretty extensive acquaintance with the

Lake District generally. The routes here selected may, of course, be modified at the pleasure or convenience of the tourist; but we believe the lines of excursion we have traced for him will be found at once the most practicable, and the most agreeably diversified.

FIRST TOUR.

FROM BOWNESS, BY NEWBY BRIDGE AND ULVERSTON, TO FURNESS ABBEY, RETURNING BY CONISTON, HAWKSHEAD, AND THE FERRY.

From Bowness to Newby Bridge	8	miles.
Via Backbarrow and Greenodd to Ulverston	8	„
„ Lindal and Dalton, (or by railway,) to Furness Abbey	6	„
„ Broughton and Torver (by railway) to Coniston ...	18	„
„ High Cross to Hawkshead	4	„
„ Sawrey and the Ferry to Bowness	5	„
Total	49	„

For the greater convenience of taking his pleasure on the water, the traveller may now shift his quarters to Bowness, where he will find himself, as we have said, comfortably accommodated at either the Royal Hotel, the Crown, or the Victoria. Now is his time for visiting Furness Abbey. This should be the first of his tours, because it will lead him into the least mountainous parts of the district.

At the outset of his tours, he will like to know what the charges of travelling are in the district.

TRAVELLING CHARGES.

Such curious mistakes are occasionally made by strangers from their being unaware of the customs and arrangements of the locality, that I am bound to suppose that visitors will be glad to be saved from either overpaying their drivers, or fancying themselves cheated.

During the season, the charges for carriages and

drivers are uniform all over the district. It is probable that at other times there may be some little diversity, depending on the amount of custom; but the traveller may rely on the prices here given as a safe rule.

It must be understood that the drivers of the country cars and other vehicles are dependent on the payment they receive from travellers. The innkeepers charge for the carriage and horses only; and the payment of the drivers is therefore an established one, and not considered dependent on the pleasure of the traveller. The rate is three-pence per mile outwards,—the return journey not being charged for. Another way, in which I have myself been accustomed to pay, is six-pence per hour,—the driver having the benefit of the fraction left over. On excursions which occupy a day, or several days, the driver's pay is five shillings per day. The drivers are a rather superior sort of men in their vocation,—familiar with the localities, and able to point out all objects of interest to strangers. They and their horses know every step of the way; and I never heard of an accident happening with the country cars. I give this assurance thus expressly because the nervous looks of strangers, their wistful glances up at precipices and down upon torrents, seem to show that this kind of encouragement may be very welcome.

The charge for a one-horse conveyance is one shilling per mile. For a two-horse conveyance one shilling and six-pence per mile. In case of a long stage, as for ten or twelve miles, there is a reduction to one shilling and four-pence. The return journey is, of course, not paid for.

For conveyance to a certain point, there is no charge for food for man or horse; but if there is any waiting at the end of the drive, in order to return, the feed of the horse and the driver's dinner will amount to about three shillings and six-pence. The hire of a single-horse conveyance for the day is fifteen shillings; and the driver's pay of five shillings makes it one pound a day, exclusive of food. The tolls are invariably charged to the traveller.

In ascending Kirkstone Pass, between Ambleside and Patterdale, and in going from Borrowdale to Buttermere by Honister Crag, all carriages but light cars must have additional horses. It is a pity that the traveller should contest this with the innkeepers,—at least till he knows the roads. In fact, the trouble of the innkeepers in the season, is to find horses for the work, and not by any means to make work for their horses.

Coach fares are about three-pence per mile outside, and four-pence-halfpenny per mile inside. The routes of the coaches are: —

From Windermere Railway Station to Ambleside, Grasmere, and Keswick, over which several run daily during the season.

From Bowness, *via* Windermere Village and Troutbeck to Ullswater.

From Ambleside to Patterdale, Lyulph's Tower, or Ullswater, and Penrith.

From Ambleside to Coniston.

From Keswick there are three routes, (1) to Cockermouth, (2) to Lyulph's Tower, Patterdale, and Penrith, and (3) *via* Greystock to Penrith.

There is also a public conveyance that runs daily through the season to Buttermere. Its course is up Borrowdale, by Honister Crag and Buttermere Hawes, and it returns by the Vale of Newlands.

Each of the coaches, of course, performs the return-journey. The times of arrival and departure

are adapted to the railway trains; and, as they are occasionally altered, I recommend the tourist to procure the authorised Time-tables, published monthly for one penny.

The fares of the steamers on lake Windermere have been frequently changed. They are at present moderate, and the payment of the fare to any place entitles the tourist to a free passage back to his starting point, by either of the Company's boats, in the course of the day.

There is a steamer on Ullswater, and a small one on Coniston.

The usual hire of row-boats, with one pair of oars, is one shilling per hour.

FROM BOWNESS TO FURNESS ABBEY.

In order to proceed to Furness Abbey, the traveller will go down to Newby Bridge, either by steamer, or by the road, which passes the grounds of Storrs, and cuts over hill and dale, and winds among the copses, till it crosses the bridge opposite the inn. In leaving Bowness the traveller passes the villas of Burnside, Ferney Green and Belfield, on the right, before he reaches Storrs. The copses of the district have been valuable, to the remotest known date, for charcoal; and they have become more so since the increase of manufactures has stimulated the demand for bobbins. There are bobbin-mills at Skelwith Bridge, Troutbeck Bridge, and at Keswick. But the charcoal-burning goes on still, we believe, with some activity in these southern parts of the district. The one the traveller has just passed was the scene of the life of two brothers whose name and fame will not be let die. Their name was Dodgson; and they lived in Cartmel

Fell above a century ago. They were so intent on their wood-cutting that they spent Sunday in cooking their food for the whole week. They ate little but oatmeal porridge; and, when that fell short, they tried Friar Tuck's ostensible diet of dried peas and hard beans. As they grew old, they began to feel the need of domestic help. Said the one to the other, "thou mun out and tait a wife." — "Yes!" was the reply; "if thear be a hard job, thou olus sets yan tult." The thing was accomplished, however; and when the old fellows were still chopping away at upwards of eighty, rain or shine, ill or well, there was the wife in the dwelling, and children to help. The brothers left considerable property; but it went the way of miser's money; and there are no Dodgsons now in Cartmel Fell.

All the way to Furness, there are specimens of roads and lanes which are locally called Ore gates [ways] from their being constructed from the slag and refuse of the iron-ore formerly brought into the peninsula to be smelted, on account of the abundance of charcoal there. There are few objects more picturesque, to this day, than the huts of the woodcutters, who remain on a particular spot till their work is done. Upon piled stems of trees heather is heaped to make a shaggy thatch; and when the smoke is oozing out, thin and blue, from the hole in the centre, or the children are about the fire in front, where the great pot is boiling, the sketcher cannot but stop and dash down the scene in his book. The children will say he is "spying fancies," — as they say of every one who sketches, botanizes, or in any way explores; and,

perhaps, somebody may have the good taste to advise him to come at night when the glow from the fires makes the thicket a scene of singular wildness and charm. A sad story about a charcoal-burner belongs to this neighbourhood. On two farms lived families which were about to be connected by marriage. The young lover was a "coaler,"—a charcoal-burner; and one stormy day, when he was watching his fire, and sitting on a stone near to his hut to take his dinner, he was struck dead by lightning. The poor crazed survivor, his Kitty Dawson, went to that hut after the funeral, and would never leave it again. She did nothing but sit on that stone, or call his name through the wood. She was well cared for. There was always food in the hut, and some kind eye daily on the watch,—though with care not to intrude. One day in winter, some sportsmen who were passing took the opportunity of leaving some provision in the hut. They became silent in approaching, and silenced their dogs. But she could never more be disturbed. They found her dead.

It is eight miles from Newby Bridge to the cheerful little town of Ulverston, which is now reached by the railway branching from the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway at Carnforth, and crossing the estuary of the Kent, on the one side; while from Ulverston, the Whitehaven line fetches a *detour* south, past Furness Abbey, to the margin of the sea. From Ulverston to Furness Abbey, it is only six miles.

There is a handsome and excellent inn, the Furness Abbey Hotel. The charges here are moderate, and the house has many attractions besides the first-

class accommodation it offers, in the various relics of antiquity which adorn several of the rooms. Here the tourist should bespeak his bed, if he means to study the Abbey.

THE ABBEY.

The Abbey was founded in A. D. 1127. Its domains extended over the whole promontory in which it lies, and to the north, as far as the Shire Stones on Wrynose. They occupied the space between Windermere on the east and the Duddon on the west. The Abbot was a sort of king; and his abbey was enriched, not only by King Stephen, but by the gifts of neighbouring proprietors, who were glad to avail themselves, not only of its religious privileges, but of its military powers for the defence of their estates against border foes, and the outlaws of the mountains,—the descendants of the conquered Saxons, who inherited their fathers' vengeance. The Abbey was first peopled from Normandy,—a sufficient number of the Benedictine monks coming over from the monastery of Savigny to establish this house in honour of St. Marye of Furnesse. In a few years their profession changed: they followed St. Bernard, and wore the white cassock, caul and scapulary, instead of the dress of the grey monks. It is strange now to see the railway traversing those woods where these grey-robed foreigners used to pass hither and thither, on their holy errands to the depressed and angry native Saxons dwelling round about. The situation of the Abbey, as is usual with religious houses, is fine. It stands in the depth of a glen, with a stream flowing by,—the sides of the glen being clothed with wood. A beacon once belonged to it; a

watch tower on an eminence accessible from the abbey, whose signal-fire was visible all over Low Furness, when assistance was required, or foes were expected. The building is of the pale red stone of the district. It must formerly have almost filled the glen: and the ruins give an impression, to this day, of the establishment having been worthy of the zeal of its founder, King Stephen, and the extent of its endowments, which were princely. The boundary-wall of the precincts inclosed a space of sixty-five acres, over which are scattered remains that have, within our own time, been interpreted to be those of the mill, the granary, the fish-ponds, the ovens and kilns, and other offices. As for the architecture, the heavy shaft is alternating with the clustered pillar, and the round Norman with the pointed Gothic arch. The masonry is so good that the remains are, even now, firm and massive; and the winding staircases within the walls are still in good condition in many places. The nobleness of the edifice consisted in its extent and proportions; for the stone would not bear the execution of any very elaborate ornament. The crowned heads of Stephen and his Queen Maude are seen outside the great western window of the Abbey, and are now among the most interesting of the remains. But it is all *triste* and silent now. The chapter-house, where so many grave councils were held, is open to the babbling winds. Where the abbot and his train swept past in religious procession, over inscribed pavements echoing to the tread, the stranger now wades among tall ferns and knotted grasses, stumbling over stones fallen from the place of honour. No swelling anthems are heard

there now, or penitential psalms; but only the voice of birds, winds, and waters. Knowing what a territory the Abbots of Furness ruled over, like a kingdom, it is well to come hither to look how it is with that old palace and mitre, and to take one more warning of how Time shatters thrones and dominations and powers, and causes the glories of the world to pass away.

The tourist will be among the ruins late by moon or starlight; and again in the morning, before the dew is off, and when the hidden violet perfumes the area where the censer once was swung, and where the pillars cast long shadows on the sward. But he must not linger; for he has a good circuit to make before night.

In order to obtain the best general view of the whole ruin, the traveller must pass through a small gate at the southern end, and ascend the grassy slope before him. From the ridge of this field he will see not only the Abbey, but a great deal of the surrounding country.

If he has time to extend his ramble, he will find it worth while to visit Hawcoat, a small village lying to the south-west of the Abbey, and distinguishable from this ridge by a square tower rising in the middle of it. The path lies across fields, and cannot be mistaken; and the distance is about a mile. There is nothing of special interest in the primitive little village: and the amazement with which the inhabitants regard a stranger shows that they are not much in the habit of receiving visitors. The tower is the object of attraction. The key is to be obtained at one of the cottages near: and from the top there is a fine distant view of the sands and valley of the Duddon, with the mountains that close in the upper end.

CONISTON.

The Lake of Coniston, the next object, is in the district lying between Windermere and the Dud-

don, which has already been mentioned as formerly belonging to Furness Abbey. It is now reached by railway from Furness; and the traveller will probably choose this mode of approach from its being the easiest, though the drive along the eastern side of the lake offers finer views. The railway from Furness passes along the Duddon sands to Broughton, where the Coniston line branches off, while the Furness Junction line skirts the coast to Whitehaven. This railway offers facilities for visiting the numerous small bathing places along the coast, and also is an easy mode of approach to the more distant lakes, Ennerdale and Wastwater. Carriages may be had at Seascale and Drigg to convey travellers to the latter; and St. Bees is only eight miles from Ennerdale.

APPROACH BY RAILWAY.

But to return to Coniston. The railway, though it is not the best approach, affords the traveller some fine views. At the southern end, almost before the line nears the lake, and lying between it and the shore, is the picturesque little Beacon Tarn. It is so small and overgrown with trees as to be easily missed, but is worth looking out for. The Station stands high above the little town of Church Coniston, through which the traveller must pass to get to the Waterhead Inn, which is seen near the lake.

The inn, built under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Marshall, is one of the most comfortable hotels in England. Coniston Lake, like Windermere, is flanked by low hills at the south end, and inclosed by magnificent mountains at the head, where Mr. J. G. Marshall's

WATERHEAD INN.

house and lands are more gloriously situated than almost any other in the region. The little town of Church Coniston, and the New Inn, are a mile short of Waterhead; and the stranger must stop and look through the place, while his early dinner is preparing. The Old Man, eleventh in height of the mountains of the district (2,632 feet), towers above him; and the abodes of the people will shew him that he is in the neighbourhood of a copper mine. There is one some way up the mountain, and he may see the winding road to it. Higher up, where there is an evident hollow, he is told that he would find a deep black tarn; and still higher, another. But to climb the mountain is some hours' work, with much doubt of success, (that is, of a clear summit,) and he must to-day be satisfied with what is below. Yewdale, with its grey rocks, cushioned with heather up to their summits, stretches away northwards from the head of the lake, into a gorge where the mountains overlap. One of the crags there is called Raven Crag: and it is said that a pair of ravens is living now, there or somewhere near. It is to be hoped that, now that the eagles are gone, the last ravens will not be destroyed or seared away by the shot of the miners, or other rash sportsmen, who are too apt to bring down every bird they see. There are many picturesque dwellings in the area which is between the heights and the lake: but the best view of these is from a point to which we shall direct the stranger presently.

CHURCH CONISTON.

Coniston is so convenient and favourite a halting place, that we must pause in our tour, to point out what the traveller may see, should he be tempted to remain. Since the opening of the rail-

way, tourists have sometimes begun their circuit of the district from this point. Local authorities differ as to the relative advantages of beginning here or at Windermere. The question may well be left open: and we will only state that the chief recommendation in favour of the Coniston route is that Furness may be visited by the way.

The Old Man is the first object of attraction. The ascent will be described hereafter, in the section devoted to the principal mountains. The circuit of the lake will next be made. It is a drive of fourteen miles. The traveller must begin with the western side, as by so doing he will face the finest views on his return. A little more than a mile from Coniston he will pass Coniston Hall, formerly the seat of the Le Flemings, but now converted into a farm. It is chiefly remarkable for its large ivy-covered chimneys. The road turns from the lake till it reaches Torver, and then follows Torver Beck to the shore again. At the lower end of the lake, the river Crake is crossed by a bridge, at a village called Water Yeat. The traveller then takes the turn to the north and sees the whole length of the lake before him, enclosed at a distance of six miles by the rising grounds and woods of Mr. Marshall's estate, — those eminences themselves being a lovely screen of the skirts of the mountains which tower behind. Wordsworth exhorted strangers to enter the District by this approach, as one of the very finest. He said, "The stranger, from the moment he puts his foot upon Lancaster sands, seems to leave the turmoil and traffic of the world behind him; and, crossing the majestic plain when the sea has retired, he beholds, rising apparently from its base, the cluster of mountains among which he is going to wander; and towards whose recesses, by the vale of Coniston, he is gradually and peacefully led." The road ascends and descends along the whole distance, — the hills becoming higher and steeper as the plain is left further behind. The old village of Nibthwaite is first passed, and the well-wooded grounds of Waterpark. Then appear the islands, the Gridiron and Fir Island, near the eastern shore; and next, Brantwood, lately the residence of Mr. Linton, where the artist did not need to look beyond his own grounds for the wild flowers which suggest his arabesques, and where views of exceeding splendour and beauty are commanded, in all lights, without passing the gate. It is the right home for artist or poet, with its craggy heights behind, its luxuriant woods around, and the vale of water below, enclosed with mountains of which the Old Man is the crown. A seat in these grounds is named after Wordsworth, from his recommending it as the best point of view for Coniston. Others prefer that from above Coniston Bank, a mile further on. It is best obtained from

a field, the last before reaching the new house on Coniston Bank. Some people think this the finest view in the whole District: and truly, the frequent visitor pronounces it incomparable every time he comes; and the passing tourist feels that, once seen, it can never be forgotten. Nowhere else, perhaps, is the grouping of the mountain peaks, and the indication of their recesses, so striking; and as to the foreground, with its glittering waterfall, its green undulations, its diversified woods, its bright dwellings, and its clear lake, — it conveys the strongest expression of joyful charm, — of fertility, prosperity, and comfort, nestling in the bosom of the rarest beauty.

A little further on, stands the house in which Elizabeth Smith lived and died; and, on the opposite side of the road, Tent Lodge, built on the spot where a tent was pitched, that she might draw her dying breath with greater ease, and enjoy, as long as possible, the incomparable landscape there stretched before her. The boat-house is at the bottom of the slope, down which she used to take her mother's guests; and she and her sister were so well practised at the oar that they could show the beauties of the scene from any point of the lake.

The road then descends and, sweeping round the head of the lake, passes the site of the former Waterhead Inn, now a young plantation of Mr. Marshall's.

The other roads out of Coniston are, the high-road to Ambleside and Hawkshead, which parts off to the north from the head of the lake; the mountain road up Yewdale; and the pony track over Walna Scar. This last will be described among the passes. The Ambleside road will be followed by the traveller in continuing his tour, and it therefore remains to see Yewdale. This will be best done when making the excursion into Langdale by Blea Tarn, which is one of the finest in the region, and can be taken from Coniston quite as well as from Ambleside or Grasmere, — the view of the slate-quarries in the Coniston route being fair compensation for the Skelwith valley in that from Ambleside or Windermere.

The way is through Yewdale, (described hereafter). After ascending for some distance, the traveller sees a road parting off to the right, over a bridge. This is the Oxenfell road, by which he will probably return. He must not fail to notice the old yew from which this dale derives its name. It is said to be of a fabulous age. There are plenty of younger specimens, quaintly clipped, at the farm of High Yewdale.

Passing through a farm-yard, into Tilberthwaite, — the dell which lies between Wetherlam and Oxenfell, — the traveller takes the right-hand gate. The stream dashes among rocks below,

while a road mounts the banks on either hand, amidst a wild scene, a little softened by partial plantations. Vast heaps of blue stones show the scale on which slate-quarrying goes on: and if the traveller pleases to see for himself what the works are like, he will not repent the enterprise. There are chasms by the road-side hereabouts which excite a very uncommon sensation, as seen from the car or the saddle: —vast depths, with dark archways, and blue ledges where the birds' nests show that the works are deserted. These empty quarries were wrought in the old-fashioned ways. It is worth while to see the modern appliances by which slate is obtained and sent forth in proportion to the enlarging demand. Subterranean passages, vast domes, echoing recesses in the blue rock, with drips of water, sprouts of vegetation, the din of the men's mallets and cleavers, and the sight of their sinewy forms, as they work, some in sunshine, some in shade, and some in the yellow gleam of candles in the caverns, afford a spectacle worth a traveller's notice.

The rough road descends at last, through plantations and over some boggy ground, to a stream which is one of the feeders of the Brathay. This stream being forded, the road ascends sharply to join that from Skelwith, and passing the Colwith waterfall on the way to Langdale Tarn. This is the road now to be taken, as it climbs the hill-side above the tarn, and leads to the high-lying valley which is the scene of the Solitary's residence in Wordsworth's "Excursion." In that valley is Blea Tarn, and the one farm-house, and the desolation described in the poem, with the single difference that large plantations have arisen since the poem was written. The road makes a steep and rough descent into Langdale at Wall End; and few things in the region are finer than the head of Langdale, as seen from this height. The dale is described elsewhere. The traveller can issue from it in various directions. If he is merely making an excursion from Coniston, he will turn to the right at the opening of Langdale, passing Elterwater, returning either by Colwith Force, or on the other side of Oxenfell to that which he skirted on his way forth, and coming out into Yewdale. The whole circuit is about sixteen miles.

The Oxenfell road is a very favourite one. It is not as a whole so interesting or beautiful as that which we have described; but there is one view which should not be missed. It is seen by taking the road to the left on arriving at the head of Yewdale, and coming over Tarn How. This road is very steep; and at one point of it the whole length of the lake comes suddenly into view. Pursuing this track, the traveller finds himself in the high-road, about half

a mile above the Waterhead. This, however, is not a road to be recommended for a carriage. Any but pedestrians had better descend into Yewdale, as indicated before.

There is now a pretty steam gondola on Coniston, which makes trips about the lake at times arranged to suit the arrival of trains. Row-boats are to be had at the inn.

We will now complete the tour already begun. Whether the traveller remains at Coniston or not, he must not omit the view from Coniston Bank, described at p. 36. This he may do by ordering his car to meet him in an hour at the junction of the two lake roads, on the Hawkshead road, and walking forward, round the head of the lake. He follows the road already described (p. 36) past Tent Lodge, and arrives at Coniston Bank, after a walk of a mile from the inn.

Retracing his steps for some way, and passing the turn which would lead him down again to Tent Lodge, the stranger has rather a steep ascent before him, from point to point of which he finds, on looking back, new views of the lake appearing, while the magnitude of the Old Man becomes more apparent as he recedes from it. By the roadpost, which indicates the two ways to the two sides of the lake, he finds his car; and then he proceeds through a wild country — moorland, sprinkled with grey rock,— in the direction of Hawkshead, which is three miles from Waterhead.

The group of houses which is passed before descending a steep hill to Hawkshead goes by the name of Hawkshead Hill. One of these houses, hardly seen from the road, is a Baptist Chapel,

believed to be one of the oldest dissenting places of worship in the kingdom.

From Hawkshead Hill a road, out to the north, leads over high ground to the Brathay valley and Ambleside. The views from this road are very fine; and from it may be reached an eminence, seldom visited, called Iron Keld, from which a glorious panorama of mountains is to be seen. A pedestrian will be well rewarded for the trouble of ascending this height. He must inquire his way at one of the farmhouses he will pass. The road continues nearly due north to Skelwith Fold, or may be left on the right for one which joins the high road to Ambleside, or, further on, on the left, by a lane which would conduct the traveller to Skelwith Bridge or Colwith.

After descending the hill in the direction of Hawkshead, the tourist passes an old farmhouse on the left. The mullioned window which now belongs to its barn formerly lighted an apartment where the Abbots of Furness held their courts; and in this house a few of the monks from the Abbey lived, in order to perform spiritual rites for the people of this district.

OLD HALL.

At this house the road takes a turn to the right; and the traveller soon after finds himself in Hawkshead. The parish church of Hawkshead is ancient; its appearance is venerable; and it stands, as a church should do, in full view of the country round—of the valley in which Esthwaite Water lies. Elizabeth Smith lies buried there; and there is a tablet to her memory in the churchyard. At the ancient Grammar School of Hawkshead, Wordsworth and his brother were educated. Passing through the neat little town, the road turns to the left, to reach the northern end of Esthwaite Water, which is two miles long, and half a mile broad;—a quiet sheet of water, with two promontories stretching

HAWKSHEAD.

HAWKSHEAD TO THE FERRY.

into it, which appear like islands, nearly dividing it into a chain of ponds. A round pond at the northern end of the lake, connected with it by a narrow creek, exhibits a strange phenomenon. It has a floating Island, — not like that of Derwentwater, which is a mass of mud and vegetable tangle, — but actually bearing trees; and this island is carried by strong winds from the one side to the other. The name of the pond is Priest's Pot: a fact which some explain by a tradition that a priest was drowned there; and others by a supposition of its holding about as much as a thirsty priest would like to drink if the liquor were sufficiently good. Lakebank is a pretty place; and further on, Lakefield, at Near Sawrey, commands perhaps the best view in the valley. Just beyond, the road turns to the left, through an undulating country of considerable beauty. We find a trace of the rebellion of 1745 in the name of a lane, called "Scotch Gate" (way.) It was here that the fearful Highlanders were looked for, on their march to Derby; and here they might have had all their own way if they had come, for Sawrey had no idea of showing fight. All the inhabitants, carrying all their valuables, hied away, and took refuge together in a solitary building which was called "Cook's braw boghouse." And braw it must have been, to hold all the Sawreyans. The view of Windermere from the highest point is very fine. The road leads through Farther Sawrey to the Ferry House. If there is daylight left, (and there may be, as the Ferry is only seven miles from Coniston Waterhead,) the traveller may as well go to the Station House, which he must have seen from the opposite side of

the lake, peeping out of the evergreen woods. There he obtains fine views, up and down the lake; and may mark on the way up, the largest laurels he has ever seen. His driver, or some resident, will probably take care that he does not stay till it is more than reasonably dusk. As reasons in plenty are always found for not marrying on a Friday, so it is said to be impossible, somehow or other, to get over to the Ferry Nab in the ferry-boat, except by daylight. And if you should arrive at the Nab too late, you may call all night for the boat, and it will not come. The traveller must judge for himself how much of the local tale may be true. He may probably have heard of the Crier of Claife, whose fame has spread far beyond the district: but if not he should hear of the Crier now, while within sight of Ferry Nab. If he asks who or what the Crier was, — that is precisely what nobody can tell, though everybody would be glad to know: but we know all how and about it, except just what it really was. It gave its name to the place now called the Crier of Claife, — the old quarry in the wood, which no man will go near at midnight. It was about the time of the Reformation, when a party of travellers were making merry at the Ferry House, — then a humble tavern, — that a call for the boat was heard from the Nab. A quiet, sober boatman obeyed the call, though the night was dark and fearful. When he ought to be returning, the tavern guests stepped out upon the shore, to see whom he would bring. He returned alone, ghastly and dumb with horror. Next morning he was in a high fever; and in a few days he died, without having been prevailed

CRIER OF CLAIFE.

upon to say what he had seen at the Nab. For weeks after, there were shouts, yells, and howlings at the Nab, on every stormy night, and no boatman would attend to any call after dark. The Reformation had not penetrated the region; and the monk from Furness, who dwelt on one of the islands of the lake, was applied to exorcise the Nab. On Christmas day, he assembled all the inhabitants of Chapel Island, and performed in their presence services which should for ever confine the ghost to the quarry in the wood behind the Ferry, now called the Crier of Claife. Some say that the priest conducted the people to the quarry, and laid the ghost, — then and there. — But laid though it be, nobody goes there at night. It is still told how the foxhounds in eager chase would come to a full stop at that place; and how, within the existing generation, a schoolmaster from Colthouse, who left home to pass the Crier, was never seen more. Whatever may be said about the repute of ghosts in our day, it is certain that this particular story is not dead.

Meantime, the heavy, roomy ferry-boat is ready: the horse is taken out of the car; and both are shipped. Two or three, or half-a-dozen people take advantage of the passage; the rowers, with their ponderous oars, are on the bench; and the great machine is presently afloat. The Ferry House looks more tempting than ever when seen from under its own sycamores, — jutting out as it does between quiet bays on either hand. The landing takes place on the opposite promontory: the horse is put to, and the traveller is presently at his inn. He is ready for his meal (be it tea or supper) of lake trout

or char, which are good everywhere; especially to hungry travellers, sitting at table within sight of the waters whence they have just been fished. Potted char is sent, as every epicure knows, to all parts of the world, where men know what is good. As for the trout, there can be none finer than that of Windermere.

Those who find themselves at the Ferry House with time and daylight before them can do nothing better than pursue the road which there turns northwards, sometimes rising into the woods and sometimes skirting the lake. The woods abound in splendid ferns, rare orchises, and rich and various wild flowers. When the road turns down to the beach the whole scenery of the opposite side, and of the head of the lake, is spread out to view. At the distance of three miles, the road passes the gate of Wray Castle,* and continues, round Pullwyke Bay, to Clappersgate and Ambleside.

If they make this circuit, signs of a good work will meet their eyes. Two large proprietors in the neighbourhood are draining the land extensively, and thus preparing a healthy soil and atmosphere for a generation of residents yet to come. The unhealthiness of many settlements is no less a shame than a curse, for the fault is in Man, not in Nature. Nature has fully done her part in providing rock for foundations, the

DRAINAGE.

* This road may be reached by a lane from near Hawkshead. The turn to the left should be taken at the old farmhouse, and then any one of the roads diverging to the right. The traveller will then have the three miles of beautiful scenery here described between the Wray and the Ferry. But this course is not recommended unless the shortness of his sojourn prevents his making the circuit of the lake.

purest air, and amplest supplies of running water: yet the people live — as we are apt to pity the poor of the metropolis for living — in stench, huddled together in cabins, and almost without water. The wilfulness of this makes the fact almost incredible; but the fact is so. There are several causes for this, all of which are remediable. The great landed proprietors are, in too many cases, utterly careless about the ways of living of their humble neighbours; and those humble neighbours need enlightenment about sanitary matters. They are also too often at the mercy of their rich neighbours, who may interest themselves about the building of handsome houses for opulent persons, but never raise a cottage, or will dispose of their land for sites. The labouring class, therefore, suffer in health and morals as much as the poor of great towns. In places where the fresh mountain winds are always passing hither and thither, and the purest streams are for ever heard gushing down from the heights, and the whole area is made up of slopes and natural channels, there are fever nests, as in the dampest levels of low-lying cities. The general absence of poverty makes the way to amendment open and clear. There can hardly be a safer or more profitable investment than cottage building here, for a good dwelling is as convertable a property as a banknote. The railroads, which some have so much feared, will be no small blessing to the district if they bring strangers from a more enlightened region to abolish the town-evils, which harbour in the very heart of the mountains. Meantime every systematic scheme of drainage is a promise of better things to come.

AMBLESIDE & ULLESWATER SECTION.

Dunmail Raise
Raise Gap
Seat Sandal
Dale Head Tarn
Eagle Crags
Greenburn Fell
Steel Fell
Helm Crag
Dove Crags
High Street 2700
Fairfield 2878
Rydal Head
Kirkstone Fell
Kirkstone Pass
Inn
Red Screes Fell
Froswick
Hartsop Hall
Langdale Pikes
Silver How
Nab Scar
GRASMERE
Town End
GRASMERE LAKE
Blake How
Rydal Lake
Rydal Mount
Rydal Hall
Lower Fall
Scandale
Troutbeck Park
Park House
Ill Bell 2390
Yoke
Great Langdale
Loughrigg Fell
AMBLESIDE
Wansfell Pike 1590
Elter Water
Ling Moor
Pike of Pleuse
Blea Tarn
Clappersgate
Croft Lodge
Brathay
Skelwith Br.
Skelwith Fold
Little Langdale
WINDERMERE LAKE
Troutbeck
Low Wood
Dove Nest
Waterhead Hotel
Skelgill
Bull Close
To Coniston & Hawkshead
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 Miles

SECOND TOUR.

BY TROUTBECK TO KIRKSTONE PASS AND PATTERDALE, AND DESCENT UPON AMBLESIDE.

From Bowness to Kirkstone	8 miles.
Via Hartsop to Ullswater	6 „
„ Margin of Ullswater to Lyulph's Tower	4 „
Back to Hotel by boat	4 „
Via Kirkstone to Ambleside	10 „
Total	32 „

As the traveller will have other opportunities of observing the six miles of railroad between Bowness and Ambleside, he may as well go round, and see Ullswater, on the day of his removal. Sending his luggage on by the omnibus to one of the three chief Ambleside inns, he will take a car for the day, and go by Troutbeck to Patterdale.

The country people will tell him, as he turns up to Troutbeck at Cook's House, that he is going to see "the handsomest view in these parts — especially at the back-end of the year." And wonderfully fine the views are, as the road ascends, commanding the entire lake, and the whole range of mountains from Coniston Old Man to Fairfield.

TROUTBECK.

The singular valley of Troutbeck was once a wooded basin, where the terrified Britons took refuge from the Romans, while the latter were making their great road from Kendal to Penrith. That road actually ran along the very

ridge of the Troutbeck hills, as any one may see who will climb the mountain called, for this reason, High Street. What a sight it must have been — the pioneers felling the trees, and paving the way, and the soldiers following, with their armour and weapons gleaming in the sun, while the trembling natives cowered in the forest below, — listening now to the blows of the workmen, and now to the warlike music of the troops, marching up from Kendal! After Romans and Saxons were gone, the valley was a great park, and the inhabitants were virtually serfs, in danger of the gallows, (which had a hill to itself, named after it to this day,) at the will and pleasure of the one great man. In the course of time, — that is a great many centuries ago, — the valley was disparked and divided among the inhabitants, only one very large estate being left, — the new park containing 2,000 acres. Tradition tells of a giant, "a man of amazing strength," who lived in Troutbeck Park, in the time of Edward VI. He begged from house to house till he came there, but finding an empty dwelling he took possession. This house had been forfeited to the Crown, and was of so little value that he remained for some time undisturbed. At last a tenant was found, and came to take possession; but the giant who was "quite uncivilized, and knew no law but strength," prevented him. Upon this he was sent for to London, where he so pleased the king by his feats of strength that he was promised anything he might ask for. His petition was for the house in Troutbeck, the paddock behind it to get peat for fuel, and liberty to cut wood in Troutbeck Park. This was readily granted him. It is said the King

asked him what he lived upon, and that his reply was "Thick pottage and milk, that a mouse might walk upon dryshod, to his breakfast; and the sunny side of a wedder to his dinner, when he could get it." This was the estate afterwards given by Charles I. to Huddleston Phillipson, for his services in the civil wars. The valley now contains a string of hamlets,—Town End, Town Head, High Green, Crag, and High Fold; and its farmsteads and outbuildings show some of the most curious specimens of ancient edifices that are to be seen in the district. Among the curiosities of the village is a little inn bearing the extraordinary sign of "The Mortal Man." It owes its name to an old signboard of which it formerly boasted. This board bore the portraits of two well-known inhabitants of the valley with this verse between them:—

> "O! Mortal Man that liv'st on bread,
> How comes thy nose to be so red?"
> "Thou silly ass, that looks so pale,
> It comes of drinking Birkett's ale!"

This board was afterwards removed to Cartmel and is now defaced by the weather. But the author of this rhyme was not the only poet who was a native of Troutbeck. The uncle of the painter Hogarth lived here, and was famous for his songs. They were mostly of a satirical nature, the subjects being furnished by the peculiarities of his neighbours. The father of the painter also lived here. Josiah Brown, whom we mentioned in connexion with Orrest Head, found nearly his match in oddity in this vale. A "rum fellow" in Troutbeck had a prodigious bull; and so had Josiah: and what must they do but meet half-way, and have a bull-fight;

the terms being that the winner should have the fallen animal. Josiah actually came riding his bull. The battle was tremendous; and the Troutbeck animal went down before Josiah's, and was given by him to the poor of Troutbeck. These anecdotes appear very strange to people who have lived in towns, or among the more level manners of the south; and this is why we relate them. They are among the curiosities of the district. Troutbeck is the most primitive of the frequented valleys of the district. To find any other so antique and characteristic, it is necessary to leave the high road, and explore the secluded dales of which the summer tourist sees and hears nothing. The dale looks from the uplands as if it had been scooped out between the ridges with a gigantic scoop. Its levels are parcelled out into small fields, of all manner of shapes; and the stream, — the *beck* abounding in *trout*, — winds along the bottom, from the foot of High Street, to fall into the lake just by Calgarth.

The road now followed by the tourist descends into the vale sharply, by the abode of Admiral Wilson, at The How, and crosses the bridge, in full view of the chapel, which was consecrated in 1562, and thoroughly repaired in 1861. It is one of the small churches that, with their square tower and bell, look and sound so well in the dales. This one seats one hundred and sixty worshippers.

The lane on the right, just beyond The How, is the road to Kentmere, Long Sleddale, and Hawes Water; and it is also the best route for ascending Ill Bell, already seen, with its fine conical summit directly in front. There is a pathway, and indeed a wheel-track nearly the whole way to the top of Ill Bell from Troutbeck. High Street may also be reached by this route, pro-

ceeding from Ill Bell along the summit-ridge in a northerly course. It is, however, more easily accessible from Troutbeck Park farm, where a party may leave their carriage to scale the steeper front of the mountain on foot. If the weather prove favourable, the view from either or both of these summits will well repay the tourist for the fatigue of the somewhat steep ascents.

After crossing the bridge, the road is to be followed up the valley; and the tourist must lose none of its beauties. Behind him there are views of the receding lake, now diminished to the likeness of a cabinet picture; below is the deep vale with its green levels; opposite, the grassy slopes ascend the ridges of High Street and Ill Bell; and before him Troutbeck Tongue protrudes, splitting the valley into two, and being itself most lovely with its farmstead, and dropped thorns, and coppice and grey rocks: while, behind and above it, the vale head rises into grandeur, with its torrents leaping down, and its pathway winding up, indicating the pass into Mardale. The stranger is not going that way however. He turns over a gentler pass to the left, which leads him, on the slope of Wansfell, away from Troutbeck. As he bids farewell to the Tongue, he sees the summit of Kirkstone before him. He is passing over the somewhat boggy upland where the Stock takes its rise, to flow down to, and through Ambleside, after having taken the leap called Stockghyll Force. The tourist may see that in the evening, if he has time: — he is going the other way now.

HIGH STREET AND ILL BELL.

In leaving Troutbeck it may be as well to state that neither in this nor any other valley have we been able to describe all the walks and drives which it offers. The summer visitor may find in each dale delightful occupation for days and even weeks, should he have time to linger. Wansfell may be ascended from Troutbeck; and there is a picturesque lane from the lower end of the village to Lowwood on Windermere.

Proceeding with his tour, his road now meets the one from Ambleside at a small public house (the Traveller's Rest,) which the ordnance surveyors have declared the highest inhabited house in England: and thus it is labelled by a board over the porch. In clear weather, the sea is seen hence, and the thread of smoke from its steamers. The head of Windermere lies like a pond below; the little Blelham tarn, near Wray Castle, glitters behind; and range beyond range of hills recedes to the horizon. Near at hand, all is very wild. The Ambleside road winds up steeply between grey rocks and moorland pasture, and dashing streams; and the Kirkstone mountain has probably mists driving about its head. There is something wilder to come, however, — the noted Kirkstone Pass, — the great pass of the district. The descent begins about a quarter of a mile beyond the house. Down plunges the road, with rock and torrent on either hand, and the bold sweeps of Coldfield and Scandale Screes shutting in the pass; and the little lake of Brothers' Water lying below, afar off among the green levels; and, closing in the whole in front, the mass of Place Fell, — the other side of which goes sheer down into Ullswater. The stranger must not omit to observe near the head of the pass, the fallen rock ridged like a roof, whose form (like that of a miniature church) has given its name to its precincts. All the way as he descends to Brothers' Water, the openings on the Scandale side (the left) charm his eye, — with their fissures, precipices, green slopes and levels, and knolls in the midst, crowned with firs. He passes through

KIRKSTONE PASS.

Hartsop, and then winds on, for three or four miles, among the rich levels of Patterdale, which is guarded by mountains jutting forward like promontories. The Patterdale Inn, is another of the first-rate hotels of the district. The stranger, who must have left Windermere early in the morning, if he decides to make this his resting-place, hastens to order a car or a boat, to take him to Gowbarrow Park, and desires that dinner may await him in about three hours' time.

PATTERDALE.

There is now another inn, the Ullswater Hotel, about a mile further on, which offers the traveller a choice of going nearer the lake, if he wishes. He cannot go wrong in his selection. The Patterdale Inn is an old favourite, the Ullswater is new; but is understood to be under good management.

ULLSWATER.

From whichever inn he starts, if the weather is calm and fine, the tourist has a boat to the Park. As soon as he is afloat, the beauties of Ullswater open upon him,—the great Place Fell occupying the whole space to the right; and Stybarrow Crag, precipitous and wooded, shoots up on the left-hand bank. The road winds below it, under trees, passing good houses, and the paths to Helvellyn, and to the lead works, and to Glencoin,—all recesses full of beauty. Tales are told of artists who, turning into Glencoin, to find materials for a sketch, have not come out again for three months, finding themselves overwhelmed with tempting subjects for the pencil. The singularly primitive character of the popular mind in those secluded corners is almost as great an incitement to study as the variety and richness of the foregrounds and the colouring.

Ullswater has two bends, and is shaped like a relaxed Z. At the first bend, the boat draws to shore, below Lyulph's Tower, an ivy-covered little castle, built for a shooting-box by the late Duke of Norfolk; but it stands on the site of a real old tower, named, it is said, after the Ulf, or L'Ulf, the first Baron of Greystoke, who gave its name to the lake. Some, however, insist that the real name is Wolf's Tower. The park which surrounds it, and stretches down to the lake, is studded with ancient trees; and the sides of its water-courses, and the depth of its ravines, are luxuriantly wooded. Vast hills, with climbing tracks, rise behind, on which herds of deer are occasionally seen, like brown shadows from the clouds. They are safe there from being startled (as they are in the glades of the park) by strangers who come to find out Ara Force by following the sound of the fall. Our tourist must take a guide to this waterfall from the tower.

LYULPH'S TOWER.

He will be led over the open grass to the ravine, and then along its wooded sides on a pathway above the brawling stream, till he comes to a bridge, which will bring him in full view of the fall. As he sits in the cool damp nook at the bottom of the chasm, where the echo of dashing and gurgling water never dies, and the ferns, long grasses and ash sprays, wave and quiver everlastingly in the pulsing air; and as, looking up, he sees the slender line of bridge spanning the upper fall, he ought to know of the mournful legend which belongs to this place, and which Wordsworth has preserved: — In the olden times, a knight who loved a lady, and courted her

ARA FORCE.

in her father's tower here, at Greystoke, went forth to win glory. He won great glory: and at first his lady rejoiced fully in it: but he was so long in returning, and she heard so much of his deeds in behalf of distressed ladies, that doubts at length stole upon her heart as to whether he still loved her. These doubts disturbed her mind in sleep, and she began to walk in her dreams, directing her steps towards the waterfall where she and her lover used to meet. Under a holly tree beside the fall, they had plighted their vows; and this was the limit of her dreaming walks. The knight at length returned to claim her. Arriving in the night, he went to the ravine to rest under the holly until the morning should permit him to knock at the gate of the tower: but he saw a gliding white figure among the trees: and this figure reached the holly before him, and plucked twigs from the tree, and threw them into the stream. Was it the ghost of his lady love? or was it herself? She stood in a dangerous position: he put out his hand to uphold her: the touch awakened her. In her terror and confusion she fell from his grasp into the torrent, and was carried down the ravine. He followed and rescued her; but she died upon the bank; not, however, without having fully understood that her lover was true, and had come to claim her. The knight devoted the rest of his days to mourn her: he built himself a cell upon the spot, and became a hermit for her sake.

The visitor should ascend the steps and pathway from the bottom of the fall, and stand on the bridge that spans the leap. It is a grand thing to look down.

He returns the way he came, by boat, to the inn, and, after dinner, up Kirkstone Pass. He will hear and see enough to make him wish to come again, and stay awhile on Ullswater. He would like to walk along Place Fell, above the margin of the lake, where no carriage road is or can be made; and, once there, he would certainly climb the mountain. He would like to enter the bridle road, from the foot of the lake, which leads to Grisedale Tarn, and comes out above Grasmere. He would like to visit Angle Tarn, on the southern end of Place Fell; and, yet more, Hays Water, the large lonely tarn above Hartsop, where the angler delights to seclude himself, because the trout delights in it too. It is a high treat to follow up the beck from the road, winding among the farms, and then entering the solitude of the pass, till the source of the stream is found in this tarn, a mile and a half from the main road. The little lake is overhung by High Street, so that the Roman Eagles, as well as the native birds of the rocks, may have cast their shadows upon its surface. Its rushy and rocky margin is as wild a place as the most adventurous angler can ever have found himself in. Our traveller must, however, come again to see it; for there is no time to diverge to it to-day.

PATTERDALE TO AMBLESIDE.

At the highest inhabited house, at the top of the pass, (which he has walked up, in mercy to his horses,) he leaves the Troutbeck road to the left, and descends rapidly upon Ambleside, which is between three and four miles from the house. On the left, is the valley or ravine of the Stock, whose waters are concealed by wood. The road runs

along the slopes of the Scandale Fells. Below, Windermere opens more and more; and at length, the pretty little town of Ambleside appears, nestling at the foot of Wansfell, and the valley of the Rothay opens at the gazer's feet. On the opposite margin of this green recess, and on the skirts of Loughrigg, he sees Fox How, the residence and favourite retirement of the late Dr. Arnold, and now inhabited by his family. Near the pass which opens between Loughrigg and Fairfield, he is told that the residence of Wordsworth may be seen from below. Just under him to the left is the old church; and near the centre of the valley is the new church, — more of a blemish than an adornment, unhappily, from its size and clumsiness, and the bad taste of its architecture. Though placed in a valley, it has a spire, — the appropriate form of churches in a level country; and the spire is of a different colour from the rest of the building; and the east window is remarkably ugly. There have been various reductions of the beauty of the valley within twenty years or so; and this last is the worst, because the most conspicuous. The old church, though not beautiful, is suitable to the position, and venerable by its ancient aspect. It is abundantly large enough for the place, except for a few weeks in summer: but its burial ground, inclosed by roads on three sides, has for many years been crowded. Ten years ago, the state of the churchyard, and the health of the people who lived near it, was such as to make the opening of a new burial-ground a pressing matter; and hence, no doubt, arose the new church, though a larger and more beautiful cemetery might easily have been formed in the neighbourhood.

The descent to all the Ambleside inns is steep,—past the old church, and through a narrow street, and into the space dignified with the name of the market-place, and actually exhibiting an ancient market-cross. Half-a-dozen of the few shops of the town are in or about the market-place, and the Salutation and Commercial Inns and the White Lion, the three principal inns, are all conspicuous in it.

AMBLESIDE.

If his time in Ambleside is precious, the stranger may use the sunset or twilight hour for seeing Stockghyll Force, while his supper is preparing. He is directed or guided through the stable-yard of the Salutation inn, when he passes under a tall grove of old trees on the right hand, the stream being on the left. On the opposite bank is the bobbin-mill, the one industrial establishment of Ambleside, placed there on account of the abundant supply of coppice wood obtainable in the neighbourhood. The stacks of wood are seen, high up on the bank; and the ivy-clad dwelling of the proprietor; and then the great water-wheel, with its attendant spouts and weir, and sounds of gushing and falling water. The ugly, tall chimney behind it is a memorial of the drought of 1859. The proprietor of the mill suffered so severely from want of water to carry on his trade, that he determined no other summer should find him unprepared with a more reliable power. Where the path forks towards and away from the stream, the visitor must take the left hand one. The other is the way up Wansfell. His path leads him under trees, and up and through a charming wood, with the water dashing and brawl-

STOCKGHYLL FORCE.

ing further and further below, till his ear catches the sound of the fall: and presently after, the track turns to the left, and brings him to a rocky station whence he has a full view of the force. It is the fashion to speak lightly of this waterfall, — it being within half a mile of the inn, and so easily reached; but it is, in our opinion, a very remarkable fall, (from the symmetry of its parts,) and one of the most graceful that can be seen. Its leap, of about seventy feet, is split by a rocky protrusion, and intercepted by a ledge running across; so that there are four falls, — two smaller ones above, answering precisely to each other, and two larger leaps below, no less exactly resembling. The rock which parts them is feathered with foliage and so are the sides of the ravine. Below, the waters unite in a rocky basin, whence they flow down to the mill, and on in a most picturesque torrent, through a part of Ambleside, and into the meadows, where they make their last spring down a rock near Millar Bridge, and join the Rothay about a mile from the lake.

Supposing the excursion to Patterdale to be left for another day, the stranger will see, after turning into the Ambleside road from Bowness, first, Ibbotsholme on the right, just beyond Troutbeck Bridge. Presently, he will pass, on the left hand, the gate of Calgarth, Bishop Watson's house. Ecclerigg comes next; and then Lowwood Inn, Dove Nest, and Wansfell Holme, and, on the opposite shore, Wray Castle, all of which have been mentioned as seen from the lake. Clappersgate, with its white houses, nestles under Loughrigg at the head of the lake;

BOWNESS TO AMBLESIDE.

and the Brathay valley, with its pretty little church on its knoll, opens beautifully, as seen from the toll-bar. From Waterhead to Ambleside, there are residences, humble or handsome, on either hand. The road divides soon after leaving the lake. The one to the left is the new road, recently made in order to avoid the hill between this point and Ambleside. The two join again just before entering the town. The traveller can hardly be wrong in his choice of an inn, as all three are comfortable and well served. At present there are no baths in the place; — a singular deficiency where there is so much of company on the one hand, and of water on the other. The inconvenience is, however, a subject of serious complaint; and it is to be hoped that another season will not arrive without a provision of this needful refreshment for the dusty and tired traveller,—to say nothing of the residents, who must desire it for purposes of health as well as enjoyment.

Ambleside and Grasmere still keep up the old custom of the Rushbearing. It is a memorial of the time when churches were regularly strewn with rushes. At each of these places on one Saturday in July, the children of the place go in procession to the church, each carrying a garland, or other device, made of rnshes. They leave them there for the Sunday, and the next day the children go again in procession to remove them.

THE RUSHBEARING.

WALKS ABOUT AMBLESIDE.

Strangers who make Ambleside their head-quarters inquire in the first place, what walks

there are. Though most of them are visible from the valley, it may be as well to point out how to get at them.

I. Of the routes elsewhere described, it is only necessary to say which are within pedestrian compass. For instance, the circuit of the Brathay valley, the leading features of which are delineated at the commencement of the Third Tour, in the following section, forms a charming walk of seven miles. It is the place for the earliest flowers in spring, and distinguished by the broom growing thickly on the bank of the river, and the yellow globe-ranunculus flourishing on the rocks at the brink, or in the midst of the stream. In the autumn the side of Loughrigg which overhangs that valley is splendid with flowering heather. The opposite character of this and the sister valley is striking, and led to the remark of a resident of Ambleside that if one wants a meditative walk in mid-winter, one goes round the Brathay valley,—sure to meet nobody but the postman; whereas, if one needs recreation after a morning of study, the walk should be round the Rothay valley, where one is sure to meet all one's acquaintance. The finest view in this valley, and indeed one of the finest in the whole district is from Skelwith Fold, mentioned in the next tour.

BRATHAY VALLEY.

II. There is no missing the way round the Rothay valley either. The circuit, from bridge to bridge at each end, is about three miles; but there is a path through the middle which divides it into two short walks, —the northern occupying about three-quarters,

ROTHAY VALLEY.

and the southern about half an hour. This path begins with a lane, nicknamed Stony Lane, which opens just opposite the foot of the old-church hill, and leads to the meadows, through which there is a path which ends at Millar Bridge, the small high arch which spans the Rothay in the midst of the valley. Here the walker can take his choice of the northern or southern end of the valley. Going southwards, he comes to Rothay Bridge, described on the road to Clappersgate, and can take any one of the three roads which meet at the bridge, — the one to Clappersgate to the right, the one to Waterhead or that which returns to Ambleside. If the northern half of the valley is preferred, the first object of interest is Fox How, the residence of the late Dr. Arnold. The road passes behind the garden, and opens upon the fine view of Fairfield commanded by the house. It then sweeps past Foxghyll, and other pleasant abodes, and follows the windings of the little river till, at Pelter Bridge, it joins the mail-road from Ambleside to Rydal, at a mile and a quarter from Ambleside. The rest of the way is described in the return from Grasmere, (see next tour).

Thus much for the level of the valley. If the stranger desires to look down from the heights, there are some delightful walks within feasible distance.

III. In the first place, there is Loughrigg, which occupies the longest line, though of inferior elevation. The paths up it show themselves; but there is one so much the best to descend by, that it is well to point it out. From whatever quarter the stranger mounts,

LOUGHRIGG.

throughout the whole range of the hill, he should come down by the zigzag behind Clappersgate. At Millar Bridge, just mentioned, there is a good road up, past a farmhouse called Brow Head, visible from all parts of the valley. There are other tempting paths at the Foxghyll corner; and there are few parts where an active walker cannot mount with ease, except for the impediment of high walls, which render it desirable to keep to the frequented tracks, avoiding the fences. The whole ridge, from above Grasmere, at one end, to above Windermere at the other, offers the most charming views of the surrounding heights and vales, lakes and tarns. The final survey should be taken from the southern extremity where, from two peaks, or from a seat between them, the most perfect possible view of Windermere and its environs is obtained. By looking about a little, the beginning of a zigzag path will be found; and there the traveller must come down upon Clappersgate, enjoying as he descends the distant view of the Langdale group of mountains, and the picture of the valley of the Brathay at his feet. Another delightful walk over Loughrigg is found by crossing it from west to east. There is a way up, between walls, from a point not far above Red Bank. The highest point of the ridge is marked by a pile of stones, and is near the northern end. From this point, and it is the only one, the two lakes Grasmere and Windermere may both be seen. The pedestrian may descend either upon Loughrigg Terrace, or near Rydal, or by the farmhouse at Brow Head. The only obstacles are the boggy parts, which render this walk difficult after rain; and the stone walls.

A careful survey from one of the highest points will show the stranger a series of gates in more than one direction, and by following the line he may descend without difficulty to almost any point he may have chosen.

IV. If he desires to ascend the opposite heights, nothing is easier, and there are few walks more charming than that to Sweden Bridge, which spans the Scandale Beck at no great distance from its source. Three of these becks or brooks come down into the Rothay Valley from the eastern heights; — the Stock, which is described in the account of Stockghyll, and which flows along Stony Lane, falling into the Rothay at Millar Bridge; the Scandale Beck which descends from the *cul-de-sac* between the Kirkstone road and the Rydal heights, passing under the mail-road between Ambleside and Rydal; and the Rydal Beck, rising from the *cul-de-sac* of Fairfield, and taking its way down through the park to join the Rothay near Pelter Bridge. It is the second of these streams which is spanned by the little old-fashioned, picturesque arch of Sweden Bridge, placed in the midst of the wilds.

SCANDALE AND SWEDEN BRIDGE.

Going up the Kirkstone road, there is a turn to the left just before the old Ambleside Church. This is the road to be pursued. It leads past the parsonage, past the new hamlet at Ellerrigg, and and on through fences for a considerable way, — the occasional gates affording glimpses of a further view, till Rydal Park and lake are fairly commanded, and the valley of the Rothay lies below, under the slopes of Loughrigg. By the time the road issues from the fences, the scene is entirely changed, for

the stranger's face is turned towards the recesses of the hills. The path is here extremely rough. The Scandale slopes sweep upwards to the right, partly bare, and partly scrubby with bushes which afford some shelter to the sheep; and down below, on the left hand, the stream gushes along, making music in its rocky bed. Its channel, partly overhung with trees, is in some places so crowded with rocks as to split the brook into a multitude of little waterfalls, while elsewhere it leaves room for pools tempting to the bather. The first green path which tends towards the stream, leads to the bridge; — It is a wild walk up the *cul-de-sac*, where nobody ever seems to go, except the shepherds after their flocks. A fold in ruins is seen just above the bridge; and beyond it all is wild rock and stream and scanty herbage, as far as the ridges. The regular mode of return is by the way one came: but some who do not mind a scramble, and an occasional bog, with some difficulty in finding the path, return by the other side of the stream. It is a delightful walk, and particularly when the open down is reached which commands another view of the valley and its southern opening, as well as the Rydal Pass. The path crosses a little bridge at the farmhouse called the Nook, (where the stream is as beautiful as any where,) and passes between fences all the rest of the way, coming out upon the church hill at Ambleside.

V. The ascents by the other two becks need no detailed description. Stockghyll has been already noticed (p. 56). To ascend the heights the stranger has only to follow the lane by which he arrived at the wood containing

STOCKGHYLL AND WANSFELL.

the waterfall, and he will find himself high up on the side of Wansfell when the fences come to an end. The rest of the ascent is merely a steep grassy slope, by which he will attain the rocky crest of the mountain. There is no difficulty, and no great fatigue in the walk, provided it be taken in dry weather. After rains, there is a good deal of boggy ground.

VI. As for the Rydal beck, it is as well known by its falls. Above the park, the stream is still very beautiful, presenting a succession of little falls, and leading up into the heart of the recess of Fairfield. The ridge, throughout its circuit, is presented in the next section.

RYDAL BECK.

The streams, levels, and heights of the Ambleside valley being thus disposed of, it only remains to notice two or three walks within reach at either extremity, besides those which merely follow the high road; — as up towards Kirkstone, over towards Coniston, down towards Windermere, and onwards towards Grasmere.

VII. One lovely walk is along the face of Nab Scar, from Rydal to Grasmere. At the summit of Rydal Mount, a path leads to the left, immediately behind Wordsworth's house. It proceeds, in the form of a terrace, all the way to Grasmere. The further gate of Wordsworth's garden opens upon this green terrace; and it is truly a poet's walk. It commands first the whole length of the Rothay valley, with Windermere in the distance; then the turn of the pass, with the bold slope of Loughrigg opposite; then the pass itself with Rydal Lake sleeping below; and finally Grasmere, where it brings the stranger into the mail road.

GRASMERE TERRACE.

VIII. Finer still is the opposite terrace road. Some visitors have considered the Loughrigg-terrace walk the finest in the district. It is a long stretch from Ambleside,—the circuit being not less than nine miles: but of these four or five can be taken in a carriage, or the whole on horseback. There is a bridle path all the way. The point of departure is Pelter Bridge, a mile and a quarter from Ambleside. Leaving the mail-road, the path on the other side of the river must be taken by crossing the bridge. This path leads behind the farmhouse, and above the stream, till it descends to the margin of Rydal Lake, which it skirts, through some rather boggy ground, which indicates the dryest weather as the best for this walk. From the lake the path ascends, winding among the lower slopes of Loughrigg till a considerable height is attained, where it makes a bold sweep, in the form of a grassy terrace, up the side of Loughrigg, commanding nearly the same view which is described (p. 76) as so glorious from Red Bank. From the middle of the terrace a mountain is seen in the far distance over Dunmail Raise. This is Saddleback. The terrace-walk ends at the top of Red Bank, whence the descent upon Grasmere is the same as that followed at p. 77. By taking a car, in the first instance, to Pelter Bridge, and another (or the same) from Grasmere to Ambleside, the walk is reduced to one of four or five miles.

LOUGHRIGG TERRACE.

If, instead of descending Red Bank, the traveller turns in the opposite direction, — away from Grasmere instead of towards it, — he will find himself near High Close (p. 75), and can refresh himself with "the finest view in

HIGH CLOSE.

Westmorland," as that panorama is reputed. From the foot of the ascent to High Close, the road is the same (reversed) as that detailed at pp. 72 to 75.

Before leaving the description of the north end of the Rothay valley, it may be worth pointing out that there are three roads to Grasmere from Rydal, for the horse or foot traveller. The mailroad is by far the longest, as it sweeps round the base of the promontory which separates the two vales. The shortest of the three cuts directly over the promontory at its highest part, the path turning off steeply at the Rydal quarries, among the *débris*. There is a good deal of boggy ground that way; but it lessens the distance very considerably, and comes down finely upon Grasmere. The intermediate line is the celebrated Roman road, by which the Wishing Gate is passed, just above Grasmere. It parts off from the mailroad behind a wall, just on the Rydal side of the promontory. On the whole, it may be said that if the stranger desires an easy walk, he will follow the longest road; if he wishes to save time, or for the finest views and the greatest wildness, he will take the shortest; if he prefers traditional associations, he will choose the Roman road and the Wishing Gate.

ROADS TO GRASMERE.

IX. In the immediate environs of Ambleside, the paths speak for themselves. For instance, every walker will explore the meadows between the town and the river, and ascend Gale Hill, behind the market-place. But the stranger may possibly miss a beautiful walk through the woods on Wansfell, commanding the finest views of the head of Windermere, and of

GALE HILL.

the mountain groups beyond. Almost every path leading up from the left of the old road between Ambleside and Waterhead leads into the woods: but the best is that which turns off and upwards, just opposite a group of houses, in one of which lives Dove the fishmonger. All such paths are rough and wet; but this one is full of charms when once it enters the wood. The earliest anemones abound there, and many other wild flowers; the brooks are clear and sparkling; the rocky masses which crop out above, tufted with mosses and ferns, are an endless treat to the eye; while the scene below and above is surpassingly fine; — the views up both valleys, and along the lake, and into its bays and coves, all alive with boats; or, in some seasons, as still as a mirror, reflecting even the distant mountain tops; and far away the clustering peaks and graduated ridges of a little world of mountains. Step by step the scene varies, as the path follows the prominences or recesses of the hill side. It runs above Dove-nest, and then strikes back from above the road, passing through some fields, and issuing in the lane which leads down from Troutbeck to the railroad at Lowwood. This Skelghyll walk is a great favourite with residents; and it would be a pity that strangers should not enjoy it. It can be well combined with the ascent of Wansfell from Lowwood.

TO SKELGHYLL.

X. The best way of ascending Wansfell is from Skelghyll. Having pursued the path described in the preceding paragraph, the stranger must turn to the left, in the field before he reaches Skelghyll Farm. He will pass an old lime kiln, and almost immediately above it will find

WANSFELL.

traces of a road. This he must follow through two or three enclosures, and he will thus find gates or stiles all the way to the top. Wansfell is less steep on this side and the ascent is much less fatiguing than that described as above Stockghyll. There can be no difficulty in finding the way, if the stranger will bear in mind that he need climb no walls. The walls are high and very perplexing, and many persons have lost their way, and even been benighted, having got into a hopeless complication of fences.

XI. The walk to the Dove Crags, and the next we shall describe, are longer and more fatiguing than those hitherto mentioned; but in neither of them is there any difficulty which need alarm a good walker. The time each occupies is from four to five hours.

DOVE CRAGS.

The way to the Dove Crags is perfectly easy to find in clear weather, but a fog not only spoils the pleasure of the expedition, but renders the route difficult and even dangerous; and in bad weather fogs are very apt to hang over the ridge of which the Dove Crags form the centre. The tourist starts by the road which takes him to Sweden Bridge (described in Walk IV, p. 62). After leaving the bridge on the left he pursues his way along an uneven grassy road, which is crossed by many streams, till, after a walk of a mile, he arrives at a gate. The road is plainly marked a little further, but ceases at a large sheep-fold which he will see for sometime before he reaches it. After passing the fold, he must proceed in a north-easterly direction, and make his way towards a crag which appears over the centre of the ridge which closes in the valley. The ascent looks easy enough, but

lengthens out as he attempts it, and he is often tempted to believe that his guiding crag must belong to some range still further off. It is, however, one of the Dove Crags and when he has passed a small tarn, nearly an hour after he left the fold, he finds himself not far from the foot of it. He must climb to the top, and then what a view opens all around him! Below him he sees Brothers' Water, with High Hartsop lying beyond it; then his eye travels over Place Fell and the whole of the Ullswater range, and he catches a glimpse of the lake at the Pooley Bridge end. Turning a little to the right he perceives Kidsty Pike, High Street, and Ill Bell, the latter over the shoulder of the Red Screes. Looking back the way he came, he sees both ends of Windermere, Blelham Tarn, Esthwaite, Coniston, and the sea at the Lancaster and Duddon sands: while, by turning more to the west, he catches many fine points of the Fairfield ridge, and one peep of Helvellyn. There are many directions in which it would well repay him to explore. Perhaps the most tempting is the dropping down upon Brothers' Water, to which he will see a path far below him in a valley at his feet. He might ascend the Red Screes from this point: or he might turn towards Fairfield, and, after walking along the ridge, regain the Scandale valley at the sheepfold, which all the time serves him as a valuable landmark.

XII. Very few tourists ascend the Scandale or Red Screes, and yet it is an expedition well worth a great deal more exertion than is necessary to accomplish it. The traveller must pursue the road up the Kirkstone

SCANDALE OR RED SCREES.

Pass till he has left behind the row of small houses on his right, which are the last dwellings on the Ambleside side. Not long after, he sees a gate (the third on his left) through which he must pass. He immediately begins to ascend a steep, winding, grassy road, between stone walls. He gets a fine view of Rydal and Grasmere as he proceeds, and more and more of the landscape opens around him. His road is clear enough. He has only to keep between the walls so long as they run parallel: where they end he finds a stile which he must climb. He then keeps a wall on his left for some distance, and crosses a steep and rocky piece of ground, at the end of which he comes to a gate.* This gate is in a line south-west of a cairn near the top, and it is important not to miss it, or the traveller may get entangled in walls. Once over the gate, his way lies across the open fells to the ridge, in a direct line before him. From this point the way is easy, for the ground is smooth and gently sloping and the top is in full view. There is a fine view from every part of the ridge, but it is from the summit (marked by a pile of stones), that the whole panorama opens before him. Below lies Brothers' Water, with ridge after ridge of mountains branching off in all directions. Further off, Ullswater comes into view: while, by turning round, the stranger sees various peaks he has left behind, with patches of lake and sea visible between them. The view in this direction is similar to what is described as seen from the Dove Crags,

* This gate has recently been built up. It is still there, but has been covered with stones on both sides. The wall must now be climbed at this point.

but more extended, as this is a higher point, (see Walk XI, p. 68.) These Crags are visible from this summit, and an easy way of descent is found by making for the valley between it and them. The sheep-fold in Scandale soon comes into sight, and will again serve as a landmark.

THIRD TOUR.

BY THE VALLEY OF BRATHAY, TO HIGH CLOSE, AND DOWN RED BANK TO GRASMERE AND EASEDALE, AND THENCE BY RYDAL TO AMBLESIDE.

From Ambleside to Skelwith Bridge...	4 miles.
Via High Close to Grasmere	3½ „
To Easedale Tarn and back	5 „
Via Rydal to Ambleside	4 „
Total	16½ „

THE stranger had better take an entire day for this tour also, if he can spare the time, and means to see Easedale at his ease. The distance in miles is not a day's journey; but there are things to see which deserve a pause.

The road to the right, after leaving the little market-place, towards Windermere, is the one to be taken. Between Rothay Cottage and Rothay Bank, the road turns upon Rothay Bridge, whence there is a fine view of the valley, with the *cul-de-sac* of Fairfield closing it in to the north. Whether the vapours are gathering and tumbling in that basin,—the recess of Fairfield,—or whether every projection, streak, slide, and mossy tract is clearly visible, that northern barrier is very imposing; and perhaps most so to those who are most familiar with it, and can read its manifold weather signs and tokens. The gate to the right, after crossing the Bridge, is at the beginning of the road men-

tioned in Walk II, p. 59. It leads along the western side of the valley, under Loughrigg to Rydal. Between Rothay Bridge and Clappersgate is Croft Lodge,—the mansion and its woods being on the right of the road, and the gardens stretching down to the river on the left. Then comes the pretty hamlet of Clappersgate, so conspicuous from the lake; and two roads branch off, leading along each bank of the river Brathay, to meet at Skelwith Bridge at the other end of the valley. If the stranger has any thought of ascending Loughrigg some other day, he may now see, above Clappersgate, the path by which he may ascend or descend; a zig-zag path up the hillside, leading to the two peaks crowning the south end of Loughrigg, from between which the most perfect possible view of Windermere is obtained: that cannot, however, be done to-day. The left-hand road should now be taken, crossing Brathay Bridge, and passing the parsonage and the lodge of Brathay Hall. The road which branches off to the left is the one to be followed in going to Hawkshead or Coniston, or in making the circuit of Windermere. When the stranger sees the churchyard-gate, he must alight, and walk up to the church. From the rock there he commands the mountain-range from Coniston Old Man to the Langdale Pikes: the Brathay flows beneath, through its quiet meadows; and its dashing among the rocks, just under his feet, catches his ear; Loughrigg, with its copses and crags and purple heather, rises immediately before him; and to the right he sees a part of Ambleside nestling between the hills and a stretch of

BRATHAY VALLEY.

BRATHAY CHURCH.

the lake. This churchyard has the first daffodils and snowdrops on the southern side of its rock; and, in its copse, the earliest wood-anemones. Throughout the valley, spring flowers, and the yellow and white broom abound.

The road ascends and descends abruptly, and winds towards and away from the right bank of the Brathay till it reaches Skelwith Fold. There the stranger must alight again, and go through a field-gate to the right, to a rocky point, where he commands the finest view of the valley and its environs. And again, just before he comes to Skelwith Bridge, he must go through the gap in the wall to the left, and follow the field-track until he comes in sight of Skelwith Force. He will hardly aver that he ever saw a more perfect picture than this,—with the fall in the centre, closed in by rock and wood on either hand, and by the Langdale Pikes behind. Returning to his car, he will next pass over the bridge, and the roaring torrent beneath, and by stacks of wood,—(more coppice-wood for another bobbin-mill), and, turning to the right, will find that he has headed the valley. As he is not going home, however, but to Grasmere, he turns out of the Brathay valley by a steep road on the left, which ascends again and again, leading by farmsteads almost as primitive as those of Troutbeck, and evidently mounting the spurs of Loughrigg,—which he is travelling round to-day, and which must therefore be always on his right hand. After a while, he comes to a sheet of water, so still, if the day be calm, that he might possibly miss it, unless the precision of the reflections should strike

SKELWITH FOLD.

his eye. It is more likely, however, to be rippled by some breeze, and to show how deeply blue, or darkly grey, these mountain tarns may be. This is Loughrigg Tarn, well known to all readers of Wordsworth, and consecrated also by the genius of Wilson. At some little distance beyond it, the stranger must diverge from his road to visit High Close, and see the view which is reputed the finest in Westmorland. He may leave his car where the road to High Close ascends to the left, and walk past the house at the top. He will find a bench placed so as to indicate the most favourable point and there he is! overlooking "the finest view in Westmorland." To the extreme right, Bowfell closes in the Langdale Valley, the head of which is ennobled by the swelling masses of the Pikes. A dark cleft in the nearer one is the place where the celebrated Dungeon Ghyll Force is plunging and foaming, beyond the reach of eye or ear. He can gather from this station, something of the character of Langdale. It has levels, here expanding, there contracting; and the stream winds among them from end to end. There is no lake: and the mountains send out spurs, alternating or meeting, so as to make the levels sometimes circular and sometimes winding. The dwellings are on the rising grounds which skirt the levels; and this, together with the paving of the road below, shows that the valley is subject to floods. The houses, of grey stone, each on its knoll, with a canopy of firs and sycamores above it, and ferns scattered all around, and ewes and lambs nestling near it,—these primitive farms are cheerful and pleasant

LOUGHRIGG TARN.

HIGH CLOSE.

objects to look upon, whether from above or passing among them. Nearer at hand are some vast quarries of blue slate. Below, among plantations, are seen the roofs of the Elterwater Powder Mills; whence the road winds through the village of Langdale Chapel, to the margin of the pools which make up the lake. From their opposite shore rise the hills, height above height, — range beyond range. To the left, almost under the spectator's eye, lies Loughrigg Tarn, and in the distance, Windermere, with Wray Castle prominent on its height, and the Lancashire hills closing in the view. It is a singular prospect, at once noble and lovely.

The car is waiting where the traveller left it; but he must detain it a little longer. There is a path to the left, just above Red Bank, which he must ascend. It takes him a short distance up the hill to a spot from which he obtains the view, now opening before him, in the greatest perfection. He had better make up his mind to walk down the steep descent of Red Bank, and may therefore direct his driver to go forward while he is making this short *détour*. The great mountain that swells grandly above the rest before him is Helvellyn. The lake that opens below is Grasmere, with its one island, made up of green slope, black fir clump, and grey barn. At the further end lies the village, with its old square church-tower, beneath whose shadow Wordsworth is buried. The white road that winds like a ribbon up and up the gap between Helvellyn and the opposite fells, is the mail road to Keswick, and the gap is Dunmail Raise. The remarkable and beautiful hill behind the village is Helm Crag;

RED BANK.

L Aspland Delt
W Banks Sc Edinr

and its rocky crest forms the group called the Lion and the Lamb. This rock, as seen from Dunmail Raise, goes by the name of the Astrologer, from a fancied resemblance to the figure of an old man reading a book. The long white house, near the foot of Dunmail Raise, is the Swan Inn, a country hostelry, whence Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth set forth on ponies for the ascent of the mountain; and behind it rises the path by which pedestrians cross from Grasmere to Patterdale, by the margin of Grisedale Tarn, — the mountain-tarn of the wild boar, as the words properly signify. To the left of Helm Crag, a deep valley evidently opens; that is Easedale; and there our tourist is to go to-day. Meantime, let him linger awhile, that he may learn by heart every feature of this gay and lovely scene. The lane to the right conducts him to the grassy bridle-road called Loughrigg Terrace, (see p. 65,) where the best views are obtained of both Grasmere and Rydal lakes, and which leads along the uplands, and then by Rydal Lake, back to the valley of the Rothay. We must leave it now, and plunge down Red Bank, which has the characteristics of a Norwegian road. At the cistern at the bottom, the stranger enters his car, and passes farmhouses between him and the lake, and villas on the rocky and wooded bank on the left; and, at the corner, where the road turns to the village, the cluster of lodging-houses, called St. Oswald's, where a hydropathic establishment struggled on for a time, but found the Westmorland winter too long for invalids.

The driver may stop at the Red Lion, to order dinner. It is an old-fashioned little place, much

furbished of late. The traveller goes now merely because it is on the way to his destination. If he were going to stay at Grasmere, he would take up his abode at the Prince of Wales' Lake Hotel. The beauty of the view from that house is evident at a glance; and good accommodations will be found within, with ample means of conveyance of all kinds. Whatever the dinner at the Red Lion is to be, it must not be ready under two or three hours,— rather three than two. Proceeding for a mile between fences and stone walls, the tourist reaches the opening of Easedale. The gate and shrubbery to the right are the entrance to Lancrigg; and there the regular road ends. The car can cross the stream and go about a mile further along the farm-tracks in the valley, through the meadows which yield a coarse hay, and near the stream which is tufted with alders. At the farmhouse where the car stops, the people will shew the stranger the way he must go,— past the plantation, and up the hill-side, where he will find the track that will guide him up to the waterfall,— the foaming cataract which is seen all over the valley, and is called Sour Milk Ghyll Force. The water and the track together will shew him the way to the tarn, which is the source of the stream. Up and on he goes, over rock and through wet moss, with long stretches of dry turf and purple heather; and at last, when he is heated and breathless, the dark cool recess opens in which lies Easedale Tarn. Perhaps there is an angler standing beside the great boulder on the brink. Perhaps there is a shepherd lying among

GRASMERE.

EASEDALE.

THE TARN.

the ferns. There is at all events an old guide, who has built himself a little hut, and spends the summer days up here. He has a boat upon the tarn, and offers to row the stranger about; or finds him towels if he is disposed to bathe. His little establishment undoubtedly mars the solitude, but his knowledge of the mountains around is often serviceable to strangers: to those at least who can understand his dialect, which is a very pure specimen of Westmorland. From Easedale the pedestrian may pursue his way along the ridge to Langdale; or he may cross into Borrowdale; but more will be said of this hereafter. There is perhaps nothing in natural scenery which conveys such an impression of stillness as tarns which lie under precipices: and here the rocks sweep down to the brink almost round the entire margin. For hours together the deep shadows move only like that of the gnomon of the sun-dial; and, when movement occurs it is not such as disturbs the sense of repose, — the dimple made by a restless fish or fly, or the gentle flow of water in or out, or the wild drake or his brood paddling so quietly as not to break up the mirror, or the reflection of some touch of sunlight or passing shadow. If there is commotion from gusts or eddies of wind, the effect is even more remarkable. Little white clouds are driven against the rocks, — the spray is spilled in unexpected places; now the precipices are wholly veiled, and there is nothing but the ruffled water to be seen, — and again, in an instant, the rocks are disclosed so fearfully that they seem to be crowding together to crush the intruder. If this seems to the inexperienced like extravagance, let him go

alone to Easedale Tarn, or to Angle Tarn on Bowfell, on a gusty day, and see what he will find.

After his return to the Red Lion, and his dinner, his next object is the churchyard. In the church is a medallion portrait of Wordsworth, accompanied by an inscription adapted from a dedication of Mr. Keble's. The simple and modest tombstone in the churchyard will please him better. For nine years it bore only the name of the poet, but the grave was opened in 1859 to receive his widow, as the inscription now testifies. Beside them lies their daughter; and, next to her, her husband,— whose first wife is next him on the other side. Some other children of Wordsworth, who died young, are buried near; and one grandchild. Close behind the family group lies Hartley Coleridge, at whose funeral the white-haired Wordsworth attended, not very long before his own death. This spot, under the yews, beside the gushing Rothay, and encircled by green mountains, is a fitting resting-place for the poet of the region. He chose it himself; and every one rejoices that he did.

GRASMERE CHURCHYARD.

The village of Grasmere has become a favourite place of abode for summer visitors. Beside the excellent hotel, before mentioned, there are several lodging-houses, where good accommodation may be had. The walks and drives are many of them the same as may be taken from Ambleside, but there are a few others which it may be as well to mention.

WALKS ABOUT GRASMERE.

There is a hill about half way between the Red Lion and the Swan, called Butterlip How. It is of no great height, but affords a fine view of the lake and its surroundings.

Another favourite walk is up the side of Nab Scar, further north than the descent from the Roman road, described in the Walks from Ambleside. The path may be seen from below, and traced to a considerable height, winding among rocks and trees.

There are also some charming walks about Silver How and the western side of the lake. The finest is found by following the ridge from Easedale Tarn, instead of descending by the regular path. There is no difficulty about finding the way, as the lake is in sight the whole time.

Helm Crag should be ascended if the stranger has leisure for a steep climb. The view from the top is fine, though not so commanding as from higher summits. The Grasmere lake and valley, the Easedale valley, and the surrounding heights, seen from the Crag, are well worth some exertion; but the chief interest of the expedition is in the remarkable structure of the summit. The traveller will find something very like a small crater there, and in it are caverns that will hold seven or eight persons. There are hollows from these caves into which, it is said, persons have been lowered by ropes, without reaching the bottom. The easiest ascent is made by following the road towards Easedale from the village, and turning off to the right at a point where a zigzag track, between walls, up the side of the Crag comes down into the valley.

ROADS TO AMBLESIDE.

Just after entering the mailroad, the driver will point out the cottage in which Wordsworth and his sister lived, many long years ago, when Scott was their guest. Several good houses have sprung up near it, within a few years. The promontory which here causes the lake to contract to the little river (which is called the Rothay in all the intervals of the chain of lakes), may be passed in three ways. The mailroad runs round its point, and therefore keeps beside the water; — the Roman road, where the "Wishing Gate" used to be, crosses it by a rather steep ascent and descent; — and a shorter road still, steeper and boggy, cuts across its narrowest part, and comes out at the Rydal quarries. Our traveller will take the mailroad, probably.

It will soon bring him to Rydal lake; and he cannot but think the valley very lovely in the summer afternoon. On the opposite side of the lake is Loughrigg, with its terrace-walk distinctly visible half-way up. The islands are wooded; and on one of them is a heronry; and the grey bird, with its long flapping wings, is most likely visible, either in flight, or perched on a tree near its nest, or fishing in the shallows. Nab Scar, the blunt end of Fairfield, which overlooks the road and the lake, is very fine, with its water-worn channels, its woods and grey rocks. Nab Cottage, the humble white house by the road-side, and on the margin of the lake, is the place where Hartley Coleridge lived and died. Those who knew the lakes of old will remember the peculiar form and countenance which used to haunt the roads between Ambleside and Grasmere, — the eccentric-looking being whom the drivers were wont to point out as the son of the great Coleridge, and himself a poet. He is more missed in the neighbourhood than in the literary world: for he loved everybody, and had many friends. His mournful weakness was regarded with unusual forbearance; and there was more love and pity than censure in the minds of those who practically found how difficult it was to help him. Those who knew him most loved him best; but he was sufficiently known afar by his works to be an object of interest to strangers who passed his home. He died in January, 1849. In the distance, Ivy Cottage peeps out of the green; and further on Rydal Chapel rises out of the foliage on the verge of the park.

When the turn to the left, which leads up to

MOUNTAINS SEEN A LITTLE BEYOND RYDAL MOUNT

L. Aspland. Delt

W.Banks Sc. Edinburgh

1 Loughrigg Fell
2,2 Lingmoor
3 Pike of Blisco
4 4 Crinkle Crags
5 Megs Gill Head
6 Silver How
7 Pike of Stickle
8 Harrison Stickle
9 Pavey Ark

the chapel, is reached, the stranger must alight, and ascend it. He is ascending Rydal Mount; and Wordsworth's house is near the top of the hill, — within the modest gate on the left. By the kind permission of the lady now residing there, strangers may obtain entrance to the poet's garden on two days in the week, Tuesday and Friday. There they may stand on the moss-grown eminence — (like a little Roman camp) — in front of the house, whence they may view the whole valley of the Rothay to the utmost advantage. Windermere in the distance is — as Wordsworth used to say — a light thrown into the picture, in the winter season, and, in summer, a beautiful feature, changing with every hue in the sky. The whole garden is indeed a true poet's garden; its green hollows, its straight terraces bordered with beds of periwinkle, and tall foxgloves, purple and white, — the white being the poet's favourite; and the summer-house, lined with fir-cones; and then the opening of the door, which discloses the other angle of the prospect, — Rydal Pass, with the lake lying below. Every resident in the neighbourhood thinks the situation of his own house the best: but most agree that Wordsworth's comes next. We should say that Wordsworth's comes next to those at Miller Brow, but for the disadvantage of the long and steep ascent to it. The ascent might be to some a serious last stage of a walk on a hot summer day; but the privileges of the spot, when once reached, are almost incomparable.

RYDAL MOUNT.

The guide to the Rydal Falls will by this time have presented herself, and the tourist must visit

them. They are within the park, and cannot be seen without a guide: but some one is always to be found at one of the two guides' cottages on the ascent of the hill. The upper fall is the finest, in the eyes of those who prefer the most natural accessaries of a cascade; but the lower is the one generally represented by artists,—the summer-house from which it is viewed affording a fine picture-frame, and the basin of rock, and the bridge above, constituting in truth a very perfect picture. When there is a dash of sunshine on the verdure, behind and under the bridge, to contrast with the shadowy basin and pool of the fall, the subject is tempting enough to the artist.

RYDAL FALLS.

These falls seen, the tourist need alight from his car no more, for he is only a mile and a half from Ambleside. He presently passes Pelter Bridge, which spans the Rothay on the right. That is the way to Fox How,—the grey house embosomed in trees,—at the foot of Loughrigg. He must not mistake for it the gem of a house that he sees,—the cream-coloured one, veiled in roses, with the conservatories beside it, just under the wooded precipice: that is Fox Ghyll. To the left there are good views of Rydal Park. Approaching Ambleside, the first house to the left is Lesketh How: the white house to the right is Tranby Lodge: and the house on the rising ground behind the chapel is The Knoll. The gates on the left are those of Green Bank: and the pretty cottage next reached on the same side is called Low Nook. The stream to the right is the Stock, making its way to the river: and the

RYDAL TO AMBLESIDE.

odd little grey dwelling built above it is the ancient house which is considered the most curious relic in Ambleside of the olden time. The view of the mill, and the rocky channel of the Stock, on the left of the bridge, is the one which every artist sketches as he passes by; and if there is in the exhibition in London, in any year, a view at Ambleside, it is probably this. The Kirkstone road now joins the mailroad, and the tourist finds himself on old ground, — in Ambleside market-place.

A DAY ON THE MOUNTAINS.

The stranger has now made his three tours. There is one thing more he must do before he goes into Cumberland. He must spend a day on the mountains: and if alone, so much the better. If he knows what it is to spend a day so far above the every-day world, he is aware that it is good to be alone, (unless there is danger in the case); and, if he is a novice, let him try whether it be not so. Let him go forth early, with a stout stick in his hand, provision for the day in his knapsack or his pocket, and, if he chooses, a book: but we do not think he will read to-day. A map is essential, to explain to him what he sees; and it is very well to have a pocket-compass, in case of sudden fog, or any awkward doubt about the way. In case of an ascent of a formidable mountain, like Scawfell or Helvellyn, it is rash to go without a guide: but our tourist shall undertake something more moderate, and reasonably safe, for a beginning.

What mountain shall it be? He might go up Blackcombe, on his way to or from Furness: and from thence he might see, in fair weather, as Wordsworth tells us, "a more extensive view than from any other point in Britain," — seven English counties, and seven Scotch, a good deal of Wales,

the Isle of Man, and, in some lucky moment, just before sunrise, (as the Ordnance Surveyors say) the coast of Ireland. This is very fine; but it is hardly what is looked for in the Lake District,—the sea being the main feature. He might go up the Old Man, from Coniston; but there are the copper works, and there is the necessity of a guide: and it is a long way for the day's treat. If he ascends the Langdale Pikes, it had better be from some interior station; and the rest of the great peaks will be best commanded from Keswick. Of those within reach of Ambleside, which shall it be? Loughrigg is very easy and very charming; but it is not commanding enough; from the surrounding heights it looks like a mere rambling hill. Wansfell is nearest, and also easy and safe. It may be reached by a charming walk from Lowwood Inn, and descended by the Stockghyll lane, above Ambleside. The immediate neighbourhood is mapped out below; and there is a long and wide opening to the south; but to the north-east, and everywhere round the head of the lake, the view is stopped, first by Nab Scar, and then by the other heights. Why should it not be Nab Scar itself? or, the whole of Fairfield? That excursion is safe, not over-fatiguing, practicable for a summer-day, and presenting scenery as characteristic as can be found. Let it be Fairfield. The whole of this great horse-shoe of mountain tops is called Fairfield, and belongs to the Fairfield range, but each summit has its distinctive name. To begin with Nab Scar, the end which overlooks Rydal lake: the next summit is Harron Crag; then Green or Great Riggs; then Fairfield proper,

and last of all Rydal Head. The top of Fairfield is 2,950 feet above the sea level, and Rydal Head 2,910. The name Rydal Head originally belonged only to the valley shut in by the summits, but has lately been used for the height above it.

The stranger should ascend to the ridge, either through Rydal Forest, (for which leave is requisite, and not always easily obtained,) or by the road to the Nook, which anybody will show him. The Nook is a farmhouse in a glorious situation, as he will see when he gets there, and steps into the field on the left, to look abroad from the brow. He then passes under its old trees, to where the voice of falling waters calls him onward. Scandale Beck comes tumbling down its rocky channel, close at hand. He must cross the bridge, and follow the cart-road, which brings him out at once upon the fells. What he has to aim at is the ridge above Rydal Forest or Park, from whence his way is plain, — round the whole *cul-de-sac* of Fairfield, to Nab Scar. He sees it all; and the only thing is to do it: and we know no obstacle to his doing it, unless it be the stone wall which divides the Scandale from the Rydal side of the ridge. These stone walls are an inconvenience to pedestrians, and a great blemish in the eyes of strangers. In the first place, however, it is to be said that an open way is almost invariably left, up every mountain, if the rover can but find it; and, in the next place, the ugliness of these climbing fences disappears marvellously when the stranger learns how they came there. — In the olden times, when there were wolves, and when

ASCENT OF FAIRFIELD.

STONE WALLS.

the abbots of the surrounding Norman monasteries encouraged their tenants to approach nearer and nearer to the Saxon fastnesses, the shepherds were allowed to enclose crofts about their upland huts, for the sake of browsing their flocks on the sprouts of the ash and the holly, with which the uplands were then wooded, and of protecting the sheep from the wolves which haunted the thickets. The inclosures certainly spread up the mountain-sides, at this day, to a height where they would not be seen if ancient custom had not drawn the lines which are thus preserved; and it appears, from historical testimony, that these fences existed before the fertile valleys were portioned out among many holders. Higher and higher ran these stone inclosures, — threading the woods, and joining on upon the rocks. Now, the woods are for the most part gone; and the walls offend and perplex the stranger's eye and mind, by their unsightliness and apparent uselessness; but it is a question whether, their origin once known, they would be willingly parted with, — reminding us as they do of the times when the tenants of the abbots or of the military nobles, formed a link between the new race of inhabitants and the Saxon remnant of the old. One of these walls it is which runs along the ridge and bounds Rydal Park. There may be a gate in it; or one which enables the stranger to get round it. If not, he must get over it; and if he does so, high enough up, it may save another climb. The nearer the ridge, the fewer the remaining walls between him and liberty. Once in the forest, Christopher North's advice comes into his mind, — unspoiled by the fear — only too reason-

able in the lower part of the park—of being turned out of the paradise very summarily. "The sylvan or rather, the forest scenery of Rydal Park," says Professor Wilson, "was, in the memory of living man, magnificent; and it still contains a treasure of old trees. By all means wander away into these old woods, and lose yourself for an hour or two among the cooing of cushats and the shrill shriek of startled blackbirds, and the rustle of the harmless slow-worm among the last year's beech leaves. No great harm should you even fall asleep under the shadow of an oak, whilst the magpie chatters at safe distance, and the more innocent squirrel peeps down upon you from a bough of the canopy, and then, hoisting his tail, glides into the obscurity of the loftiest umbrage."—Ascending from these shades, through a more straggling woodland, the stranger arrives at a clump on the ridge,—the last clump, and thenceforth feels himself wholly free. His foot is on the springy mountain-moss; and many a cushion of heather tempts him to sit down and look abroad. There may be a frightened cow or two, wheeling away, with tail aloft, as he comes onwards; and a few sheep are still crouching in the shadows of the rocks, or staring at him from the knolls. If he plays the child and bleats, he will soon see how many there are. It is one of the amusements of a good mimic in such places to bring about him all the animals there are, by imitating their cries. One may assemble a flock of sheep, and lead them far out of bounds in this way; and bewildered enough they look when the bleat ceases, and they are left to find their way back again. It is in such places

RYDAL PARK.

as this that the truth of some of Wordsworth's touches may be recognised, which are most amusing to Cockney readers. Perhaps no passage has been more ridiculed than that which tells of the "solemn bleat" of

> "a lamb left somewhere to itself,
> The plaintive spirit of the solitude."

The laughers are thinking of a cattle-market, or a flock of sheep on a dusty road; and they know nothing of the effect of a single bleat of a stray lamb up on the mountains. If they had ever felt the profound stillness of the higher fells, or heard it broken by the plaintive cry, repeated and not answered, they would be aware that there is a true solemnity in the sound.

Still further on, when the sheep are all left behind, the stranger may see a hawk perched upon a great boulder. He will see it take flight when he comes near, and cleave the air below him, and hang above the woods, — to the infinite terror, as he knows, of many a small creature there, — and then whirl away to some distant part of the Park. Perhaps a heavy buzzard may rise, flapping from his nest on the moor, or pounce from a crag in the direction of any water-birds that may be about the springs and pools in the hills. There is no sound, unless it be the hum of the gnats in the hot sunshine. There is an aged man in the district, however, who hears more than this, and sees more than people would, perhaps, imagine. An old shepherd has the charge of four rain-guages which are set up on four ridges, — desolate, misty spots, sometimes below and often above the clouds. He visits each once a month, and notes down what these guages record; and

when the tall old man, with his staff, passes out of sight into the cloud, or among the cresting rocks, it is a striking thought that science has set up a tabernacle in these wildernesses, and found a priest among the shepherds. That old man has seen and heard wonderful things: has trod upon rainbows, and been waited upon by a dim retinue of spectral mists. He has seen the hail and the lightnings go forth as from under his hand; and has stood in the sunshine, listening to the thunder growling and the tempest bursting beneath his feet. He well knows the silence of the hills, and all the solemn ways in which that silence is broken. The stranger, however, coming hither on a calm summer-day, may well fancy that a silence like this can never be broken.

VIEW FROM FAIRFIELD.

Looking abroad, what does he see? The first impression probably is of the billowy character of the mountain-groups around and below him. This is perhaps the most striking feature of such a scene to a novice; and the next is, the flitting character of the mists. One ghostly peak after another seems to rise out of its shroud; and then the shroud winds itself round another. Here the mist floats over a valley; there it reeks out of a chasm: here it rests upon a green slope; there it curls up a black precipice. The sunny vales below look like a paradise, with their bright meadows, and waters, and shadowy woods and little knots of villages. To the south, there is the glittering sea; and the estuaries of the Leven and the Duddon, with their stretches of yellow sands. To the east, there is a sea of hill-tops. On the north, Ullswater appears, grey and

calm at the foot of the black precipices; and nearer may be traced the whole pass from Patterdale, where Brothers' Water lies invisible from hence. The finest point of the whole excursion is about the middle of the *cul-de-sac*, where, on the northern side, there are tremendous precipices overlooking Deepdale and other sweet recesses far below. Here, within hearing of the torrents which tumble from those precipices, the rover should rest. He will see nothing so fine as the contrast of this northern view with the long green slope on the other side, down to the source of Rydal Beck, and then down to Rydal Woods and Mount. He is now 2,950 feet above the sea-level; and he has surely earned his meal. If the wind troubles him, he can doubtless find a sheltered place under a rock. If he can sit on the bare ridge, he is the more fortunate.

The further he goes, the more amazed he is at the extent of the walk, which looked such a trifle from below. Waking out of a reverie, an hour after dinner, he sees that the sun is some way down the western sky. He hastens on, not heeding the boggy spaces, and springing along the pathless heather and moss, seeing more and more lakes and tarns every quarter of an hour. In the course of an hour he sees ten. Windermere, and little Blelham Tarn beyond, he saw first. Ullswater was below him to the north when he dined; and, presently after, a tempting path guided his eye to Grisedale Tarn, lying in a pass from Patterdale to Grasmere. Here are four. Next, comes Grasmere, Easedale Tarn above it, in its mountain hollow; then Rydal, of course, at his feet; and Elterwater beyond the western ridges, and finally to the south-

west, Esthwaite Water and Coniston. There are ten. Eight of these may be seen at once from at least one point — Nab Scar, whence he must take his last complete survey; for from hence he must plunge down the steep slope, and bid farewell to all that lies behind the ridge. The day has gone like an hour. The sunshine is leaving the surface of the nearer lakes, and the purple bloom of the evening is on the further mountains; and the gushes of the yellow light between the western passes show that sunset is near. He must hasten down, — mindful of the opening between the fences, which he remarked from below, and, which if he finds, he cannot lose his way. He does not seriously lose his way, though crag and bog make him diverge now and then. Descending between the inclosures, he sits down once or twice to relieve the fatigue to the ancle and instep of so continuous a descent, and to linger a little over the beauty of the evening scene. As he comes down into the basin where Rydal Beck makes its last gambols and leaps before entering the Park, he is sensible of the approach of night. Loughrigg seems to rise: the hills seem to close him in, and the twilight to settle down. He comes to a gate and finds himself in the civilised world again. He descends the green lane at the top of Rydal Mount; comes out just above Wordsworth's gate; finds his car at the bottom of the hill, — (the driver beginning to speculate on whether any accident has befallen the gentleman on the hills); — is driven home; and is amazed, on getting out, to find how stiff and tired he is. He would not, however, but have spent such a day for ten times the fatigue.

NAB SCAR.

He will now certainly ascend Helvellyn, and every other mountain that comes in his way.

Those travellers who cannot achieve the whole of this excursion should at least ascend Nab Scar. After passing Rydal Mount and the farmhouse above it, the road leads through a gate. There is then a barn to be passed, and immediately afterwards a turn to the left must be taken. This leads up a steep grassy road between two walls. On arriving at the top of this path the way is clear of fences, and there is no difficulty in reaching the summit. It may, however, be as well to mention that the easiest ascent is made by following a narrow path in an easterly direction till two scraggy ashes, the only trees on this part of the fell, have been passed, and then turning towards the summit. In this way the steepest part is avoided.

PART II.

KESWICK AND ITS ENVIRONS.

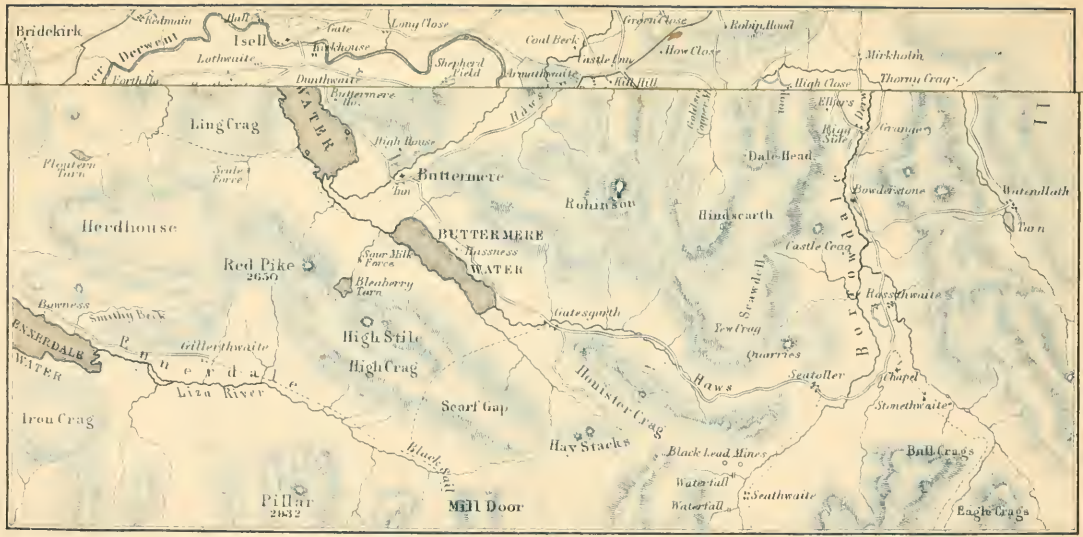
From Ambleside to Grasmere	4	miles.
Via Dunmail Raise to Horse's Head, Wythburn	3¾	„
„ Margin of Thirlmere to Legberthwaite (Dale Head) ...	3	„
„ Castlerigg to Keswick	5¼	„
Total	16	„

Some call Ambleside the head-quarters of the Lake District; others Keswick. It is not necessary to settle this point of precedence here. Having treated Ambleside first, because the tourist arrived there first, Keswick claims the next notice.

The road from Ambleside to Keswick has already fallen under our observation as far as Grasmere, and its conspicuous white inn, the Swan. That inn had the honour of providing Scott with a daily draught of something good, when he was, in his early days, the guest of Wordsworth and his sister at Grasmere, — their board being conscientiously humble, as they used to tell, to a degree which did not suit the taste of their guest. By some device or another, Scott managed to pay a daily visit to the Swan without his friends being aware of it. But, when he, Wordsworth, and

SWAN INN.

KESWICK SECTION.



KESWICK SECTION.

Cawsey Pike
2030
Stair
Silberts Island
Blueberry Fell
Gillbank
Harrison Ho.
Waterfall
Ashness
Low Lodore
Waterfall
High Lodore
Field Ho.
Grange
Dale Head
Dale Head Tarn
Dale Head
Hindscarth
Robinson
Watendlath
Tarn
Rosthwaite
Stonethwaite
Seatoller
Chapel
Quarries
Hawes
Honister Crag
Hay Stacks
Black Lead Mines
Bull Crags
Eagle Crags
Waterfall
Seathwaite
Mill Door
Pillar
2932
Scarf Gap
Iron Crag
Liza River
Gillerthwaite
High Crag
High Stile
Red Pike
2550
Bleaberry Tarn
Sour Milk Force
Buttermere
Buttermere Inn
Robinson
Hindscarth
Dale Head
Castle Crag
Gatesgarth
Fawe Crag
Haws
Honister Crag
Hay Stacks
Scarf Gap
Mill Door
Pillar
Ling Crag
Whiteless Pike
Mellbreak
Crummock Water
Loweswater
Watergate
Hugh Nook
Mill Hill
Parks
Mosedale
Loweswater
Brackenthwaite
Gravenbarrow
Whinlatter Pass
Whinlatter
Lanthwaite
Grasmoor
2795
Ladhouse
Birkrigg
Board Hall
Akiens
Newlands
Keskadale
Low House
Low Snab
Skep
Maiden Moor
Maiden Moor
Ellers
Ellers
Gable Beck
Upper Ellers
Hause
Hugh House
Scale Force
Flaskett Tarn
Buttermere
Buttermere Inn
Buttermere
Crummock Water
Red Pike
2550
Bleaberry Tarn
Sour Milk Force
Bassness
Bowness
Smithy Beck
Gillerthwaite
Buttermere
Crummock Water
Liza River
Scarf Gap
Iron Crag
Pillar
2932
Mill Door
Black Sail
Ennerdale
Ennerdale Water
Gatesgarth
Fawe Crag
Haws
Honister Crag
Hay Stacks
Black Lead Mines
Bull Crags
Eagle Crags
Waterfall
Seathwaite
Stonethwaite
Rosthwaite
Seatoller
Chapel
Quarries
Hawes
Honister Crag
Hindscarth
Robinson
Dale Head
Castle Crag
Watendlath
Tarn
Blueberry Fell
Bleaberry Fell
Waterfall
Ashness
Low Lodore
Waterfall
High Lodore
Field Ho.
Grange
Dale Head
Dale Head Tarn
Dale Head
Hindscarth
Robinson
Watendlath
Tarn
Rosthwaite
Stonethwaite
Seatoller
Chapel
Quarries
Hawes
Honister Crag
Hay Stacks
Black Lead Mines
Bull Crags
Waterfall
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Whiteless Pike
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Seathwaite
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Seatoller
Chapel
Quarries
Hawes
Honister Crag
Hindscarth
Robinson
Dale Head
Castle Crag
Watendlath
Tarn
Blueberry Fell
Bleaberry Fell
0
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8 Miles

Southey, about to ascend Helvellyn, were mounting their ponies at the Swan, the host saw their approach, and cried out to Scott, "Eh, sir! you've come early for your drink to-day." It was a complete escape of the cat out of the bag; but Wordsworth was not one to be troubled by such a discovery. No doubt he took the unlucky speech more serenely than his guest.

The ascent of Helvellyn is not so often made from the Swan as from Wythburn, nearly four miles further on, because it is much longer; but some persons well acquainted with the locality prefer it,—the views being fine, and the ascent more gradual. The high road is left about half a mile north of the inn, just after crossing a bridge.

From the Swan, the road to Keswick ascends Dunmail Raise,—a steep pitch of road, though its highest point is only 720 feet above the sea.

There is a mountain road out to the left, between Helm Crag and Steel Fell. The eye may follow it up for a considerable distance. It leads to Greenup Edge, and thence into Borrowdale, but is seldom traversed by any but natives as it does not offer any peculiar attractions.

On the right there is a stream which divides the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland; and on either hand rise the mountains of Steel Fell and Seat Sandal. The cairn, a rude mass of stones near the summit of the ascent, which the stranger should be on the look out for, marks the spot of a critical conflict in the olden time,—that is, in A.D. 945,—when the Anglo-Saxon King Edmund defeated and slew Dunmail, the British King of Cumbria; and then put out the eyes of the two sons of his slain foe, and gave their inheritance to Malcolm, King of Scotland.

DUNMAIL RAISE.

At the Horse's Head, the little inn, opposite Wythburn Chapel, which is about a mile and a quarter further on, the traveller must decide on one of three courses,—as politicians are wont to do. He may go up Helvellyn; or he may bowl along on the high road, straight through Legberthwaite, and immediately under Helvellyn; or he may go on foot, or on a pony, round the western side of the lake, which is known by the various names of Wythburn Water, Leathes Water, and Thirlmere.

THIRLMERE.

It is a choice of pleasures; and he will ascend Helvellyn hereafter, if he does not now. Of the two lake-roads, the rude western one is unquestionably the finest. The woods, which were once so thick that the squirrel is said to have gone from Wythburn to Keswick without touching the ground, are cleared away now; and the only gloom in the scene is from the mass of Helvellyn. The stranger leaves the mailroad within a mile of the Horse's Head, passes the cottages called by the boastful name of the City of Wythburn, and a few farmhouses, and soon emerging from the fences, finds himself on a grassy level under the Armboth Fells, within an amphitheatre of rocks, with the lake before him, and Helvellyn beyond, overshadowing it. The rocks behind are feathered with wood, except where a bold crag here, and a cataract there, introduces a variety. There is a clear pool in the midst of the grass, where if the approaching tread be light, the heron may be seen fishing, or faithfully reflected in the mirror. The track leads by the margin of the lake, and through a shady lane, and a farm-yard, to the bridge by which the lake is crossed. The water is shallow there, between

MOUNTAINS SEEN FROM THE WEST SIDE OF THIRLMERE

L. Aspland Delt. W Banks Sc Edinburgh

1 Raven Crag
2 Castlerigg
3 Blencathra vulgariter Saddleback
4 Great How
5 Green Crag
6 Great Dod
7 Part of Helvellyn

two promontories; so that piers are easily built, with little wooden bridges at intervals; and thus is solved what is to novices a great mystery; — how there can be a bridge over a lake.* There is

* An explorer supplies the following account of a spot in Thirlmere. "The best wooded ravine and one of the finest in the Lake Country, although it has never been mentioned in the Guide Books, is one upon Thirlmere, (whose name we are unacquainted with), upon the side opposite to the coach-road and and about half a mile south of Armboth House. A huge Rocking Stone — which does not rock however, although it stands upon the merest ledge of its base — can be seen from the highway, about the middle of the opposite cliff, and marks out the direction: the ravine is a few score yards to the north of it. Cross the lake-bridge, and take the road upon the left-hand for about three-quarters of a mile, when the first stream you arrive at is this nameless wonder. Although we have travelled up it a long distance in the fairest company, it is not easy climbing for ladies. But it well repays a little toil. Nowhere, not even at Lodore, are rocks more picturesquely scattered, more beautifully mossed, more drooped over by greenest foliage than here: very soon you come to what appears to be a complete *cul-de-sac*, a wall of rock, not only rendering progress impossible, but setting you wondering where the stream can possibly come from; the tourist here has to take a perfect right angle, and proceeds through a deep and narrow chasm which ladies had better not strive to pass through; there is a circuitous route up the cliff on the left hand by which the ravine can be again reached and the expedition resumed. The whole of the way is beautiful: the beck looks like some gallery of Creswick's Pictures, with nook and fall and bower and natural rock-work, endlessly diversified. At last, the rocky summit of a very deep pool is reached, which has been the watery home, for several minutes, of more than one over-active young gentleman of our acquaintance, who slipped in during their perilous passage over that left-hand ledge yonder. No sane person, with life uninsured, would venture upon it; the cliff, no easy matter, must now be climbed, and the head of the ravine arrived at by the left bank; there is there a waterfall both above and beneath the tourist, and a view of King Helvellyn and the nobles of his court at Thirlmere, which will well repay him for all trouble. Upon his return, he should visit the Rocking Stone upon the right, from whence is a still more splendid prospect."

another mystery just behind, under the Armboth Fells,—a haunted house. Lights are seen there at night, the people say; and the bells ring; and just as the bells all set off ringing, a large dog is seen swimming across the lake. The plates and dishes clatter; and the table is spread by unseen hands. That is the preparation for the ghostly wedding feast of a murdered bride, who comes up from her watery bed in the lake to keep her terrible nuptials. There is really something remarkable, and like witchery, about the house. On a bright moonlight night, the spectator who looks towards it from a distance of two or three miles, sees the light reflected from its windows into the lake; and, when a slight fog gives a reddish hue to the light, the whole might easily be taken for an illumination of a great mansion. And this mansion seems to vanish as you approach,—being no mansion, but a small house lying in a nook, and overshadowed by a hill. The bridge being crossed, another bit of lane leads out upon the high-road near the clean little inn, the King's Head, and within view of the Vale of St. John.

One would like to know how often the "Bridal of Triermain" has been read within that vale.

VALE OF ST. JOHN.

The Castle Rock, in its disenchanted condition, is a prominent object in approaching the vale from Legberthwaite, or by the road just described; and there are lights and gloomy moments in which it looks as like as may be to a scene of witchery,—now engrossing the sunshine when the range to which it belongs is all in shadow; and now perversely gloomy, because there is a single cloud in the sky.

The narrow vale is full of character and charm, from end to end; and at its northern extremity it comes out upon a spot of strong historical interest. The village of Threlkeld will, by its name, remind the traveller of the good Lord Clifford, the story of whose boyhood is familiar to all readers of Wordsworth. That place is, indeed, the refuge where there is a local tradition that, though he never learned to read or write, during the twenty-four years that he spent in keeping sheep, his astronomical knowledge was considerable, and so interesting to him that he improved it by study after he came to his estates. The road through Threlkeld will, however, be followed by the traveller on another occasion, if not now: but to-day he must not miss that view from Castlerigg, which made the poet Gray long to go back again to Keswick; and he will not therefore, now pass through the vale. Within five miles from the peep into it, the view opens, which presently comprehends the whole extent from Bassenthwaite Lake to the entrance to Borrowdale,—the plain between the two lakes of Bassenthwaite and Derwent Water presenting one of the richest scenes in England,—with the town of Keswick, and many a hamlet and farmstead besides; and the two churches,—the long, white, old-fashioned Crosthwaite Church, in which Southey is buried, and the new red-stone church of St. John, with its spire, and the schoolhouse and pretty parsonage at hand. These were built by the late John Marshall, of Hallsteads,—a name which is more spoiled than dignified by any conventional addition. The church and parsonage were occupied by the husband of one

CASTLERIGG.

of his daughters; and now he and his son-in-law lie buried there together. Skiddaw is here the monarch of the scene. That mountain mass occupies the north of the view. Bassenthwaite Lake peeps from behind it: then the plain of the Derwent stretches out to the lake of that name; and at the southern end the Borrowdale mountains are grouped with wonderful effect,— Castle Crag occupying the most conspicuous place. On the eastern side, to the left of the spectator, Wallabarrow Crag rears its crest, and unfolds its woods below; while the opposite side of the lake is guarded by Cat Bells and other mountains, bare and pointed, and possessing a character of their own. A steep winding-road descends into the valley; and at the foot of the hill lies KESWICK.

If the traveller should prefer the *détour* through the Vale of St. John, he has again a choice of roads at the northern end. He may cross the bridge, the third in the Vale, which will lead him to St. John's Chapel. The situation of this little church is very striking, commanding a fine view to the north and west. From the road in front of the church the traveller may find a field-path which will shorten his walk to Keswick very considerably. It will take him to the Druid's Temple, described in the section devoted to the ascent to Saddleback. Or, by returning the way he has come as far as the farmhouses he must have noticed about half-way between the bridge and the chapel, he will find another field-path which will lead him into the high road rather more than a mile nearer Keswick than if he had pursued the main road through the vale. He may

then turn to the left very shortly after he reaches the highway, and follow a road which also will take him past the field in which the Druids' Temple stands. This field is nearly at the highest point of the road, and is on the left hand. It is entered by a stile. The principal road through St. John's Vale is the one which leads to Threlkeld. To follow this the traveller must not cross the stream, but keep it on his left, as it has been since he entered the vale. From Threlkeld to Keswick, a distance of four miles, the road follows the course of the Greta, and affords fine views of Saddleback and Skiddaw.

A new and commodious route to Keswick is now offered by the Cockermouth, Keswick, and Penrith Railway, which was opened in the autumn of 1864, thus supplying a direct communication between the coast line and the main trunks of the north. A large traffic is expected on the new railway from the mineral wealth of Whitehaven, which will thus be carried direct to the midland and eastern counties. The line will also be a great convenience to passengers, both in entering and quitting the Lake District, especially the visitors approaching it from the north of England. During the severe frosts in the winter of 1864–65, its resources were at once brought into full activity, several hundred skaters being conveyed daily to the magnificent expanse of Derwentwater, which was frozen from end to end. In approaching Keswick from Penrith, the lovely vale of the Greta is seen to great advantage, as the new line follows the sinuous course of that stream, piercing its galleries through the red rock, and emerging from the "darkness visible" of the railway

tunnel upon patches of the greenest meadow, by the side of which the Greta brawls musically at the foot of overhanging woods. After skirting Keswick on the north, where it runs under Latrigg and the lofty Skiddaw, the new line makes a circular sweep behind Crosthwaite Church, and crosses the valley to Braithwaite, at the foot of Grisedale Pike; then it follows the line of the old coach-road to Cockermouth, skirting the shores of Bassenthwaite, under the imposing masses of Barf and Whinlatter Fell. The views on this portion of the line are of great beauty.

KESWICK.

Keswick is supposed by some authorities to derive its name from *Kesh,* the local name for a kind of hemlock that abounds in its neighbourhood, and *wick,* a village.

There is no beauty in the primitive little town itself; but it has its attractions, besides the convenience of its central situation among so many mountains and valleys. Of these attractions, the first is undoubtedly Mr. Flintoff's Model of the Lake District, which is within a few yards of all the principal inns, and may be seen during a shower, when, otherwise, the stranger might be losing temper in hearing the rain drip. That model,—at first sight an uneven ugly bit of plaster, — will beguile a sensible traveller of a longer time than he would suppose possible. Ten minutes would give him a better idea of the structure and distribution of the country than all maps and guide-books; but he will probably linger over it till he has learned all the sixteen large lakes, and

MODEL.

some of the fifty-two small ones, and traced every road and main pass in the district. Crosthwaite's Museum is also a place of great interest, for its own sake, as well as that of its founder,— Peter Crosthwaite, the first real explorer, surveyor and draughtsman of the district, and the inventor of the Æolian harp, the lifeboat, (the reward of which invention he missed through carelessness in a government office,) and various other matters, useful or curious. The museum contains ancient coins, ancient books, and a good geological and mineralogical collection. It was begun between seventy and eighty years ago; and the founder died in 1808. It is preserved, improved, and exhibited by his descendants. There is also another model well worth seeing,— a geological model of Skiddaw, constructed by Mr. C. H. Wright. Mr. Wright's local knowledge, combined with his scientific attainments, render his services invaluable to any who may require them in his capacity of guide.

MUSEUM.

The Messrs. Pettitt have an Exhibition of Paintings at Keswick. The reputation of these rising artists needs no testimony of ours: and lovers of art who have studied their works elsewhere will be glad to meet them here, in the heart of the scenery they paint.

PETTITT'S EXHIBITION.

The inns of Keswick are numerous. The chief are the Royal Oak, the Queen's Head, and the King's Arms. There are excellent guides in all parts of the district, but none better than at Keswick. It would be invidious to mention the names of any where all are good.

WALKS ABOUT KESWICK.

At Keswick, as elsewhere in the Lake District, the visitor can scarcely go wrong in taking every path he discerns, for there is beauty on every hand: but it may be serviceable to indicate a few points of view and pleasant strolls.

I. The first object of attention will be the lake itself; and it will probably be viewed by boat. The Ratcliffes possessed Lord's Island, the largest on the lake. Ramps Holme, another of the islands, was their's also; and the hermit, the dear friend of St. Cuthbert, who lived on St. Herbert's Isle in the seventh century, is somehow mixed up in legends, in local imaginations which are careless of dates, with the same family. All that is known of St. Herbert is, that he really had a hermitage in that island,* and that St. Cuthbert and he used to meet, either at Lindisfarn or Derwent Water, once a year. The legend of their deaths is well known; that, according to their prayer, they died on the same day. There is beauty in the tradition that the man of action and the man of meditation, the propagandist and the recluse, were so dear to each other, and so congenial. Vicar's, or Derwent Isle, is the other of the four large islands. Lord's Isle was once a part of the mainland. The Ratcliffes cut a fosse, in the feudal times, and set up a drawbridge. When the young Lord Derwentwater was captured for being "out" in 1715, his lady escaped, and saved her liberty and the family jewels (to use them on behalf of her husband) by clambering up one of the

DERWENTWATER.

* There are some remains of walls on the island, which are believed to have been the walls of his cell.

clefts of Wallabarrow Crag, since called the Lady's Rake. Every where are there traces of the unhappy family; even in the sky, where the aurora borealis is sometimes called to this day, Lord Derwentwater's lights, because it was particularly brilliant the night after his execution.

The lake is about three miles long, and, at its broadest part, a mile and a half wide. Its waters are singularly clear, and its surface often unruffled as a mirror. Then it reflects the surrounding shores with marvellous beauty of effect, — from the bare crest of the crag and peak of the mountain, to the grassy knoll and overhanging birch. Pike, trout, and perch abound in the lake; but not char, which requires deeper water. The Floating Island, whose appearance is announced in the newspapers at intervals of a few years, has obtained more celebrity than it deserves. It is a mass of soil and decayed vegetation, which rises when distended with gases, and sinks again when it has parted with them at the surface. Such is the explanation given by philosophers of this piece of natural magic, which has excited so much sensation during successive generations. Sometimes it comes up a mere patch, and sometimes measuring as much as an acre.

II. The first piece of advice given to strangers is to go to Castle Head, or, as it is locally called, Castlet. Castle Head is a wooded hill rising to the left of the road from Keswick to Borrowdale, and about a third of a mile from the town. One footpath encompasses the hill, leading to a quarry of fine stone, used in the best buildings in the neighbourhood: but the other path is the interest-

ing one, winding through the wood to the summit of the rock, from whence the best view of the surrounding mountains may be obtained by persons who cannot undertake a more arduous ascent. Far away to the right, or northwards, stretches Bassenthwaite Lake, and, nearer, the populous and rich plain which fills up the space between the two lakes. Immediately below lie the church and parsonage of St. John, and the grey town. In front lies Derwent Water, sprinkled with islands, and showing in clear and still reflection the wooded heights which guard it to the west. The southern view is the special glory of this station. Beginning at the left hand, the nearest height is Walla (or Wallow) Crag, with its fellow, Falcon Crag, immediately beyond it. These crags, wooded up to their rocky crests, are beautiful in all seasons, and especially in autumn, when all woods less sheltered show only a wintry bareness. Passing over some lower ridges, Glaramara, which forms "the fork," and is "the Tongue" of Borrowdale, swell above the intervening Brund. Next come the central peaks of Scawfell and Great End, filling up the space between the sweep of Glaramara and of Gate Crag: and, conspicuous in the fore-rank, is Castle Crag, a bold conical height at the entrance to Borrowdale. Next, behind the front ridge of Catbells, the Buttermere mountains show themselves; Great Robinson, High Stile, Red Pike, the Knotts, and Rawling End: and towering opposite is Causey Pike. The best time for enjoying this short walk is the early morning,—for those who do not object to dewy paths. It is a favourite place for pic-nics with the Keswick people; and it is the resort of all strangers.

III. Crow Park is the spot best known to fireside travellers by the repeated mention of it in Gray's Letters. It lies between the town and the western end of the lake, and is therefore close at hand, to be enjoyed in any odd half-hour. Gray went there the last thing at night, and the first in the morning. He saw "the solemn colouring of night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At a distance were heard the murmurs of many waterfalls, not audible in the day-time." At that day, 1769, there were large roots remaining of the old oaks which once formed a glade here, — a noble approach to the lake: but the place was, in Gray's eyes, "a rough pasture," while affording the best point of view for the sketch of the lake. In regard to the nearer objects of the landscape, Gray preferred the gentle eminence of Crow Park to Cockshot Hill, as he preferred Cockshot to Castle Head. After Gray's time, Crow Park was used as a race-course, and was the scene of Cumberland games, and the starting-point of the boats at the annual regatta. The steward of the Derwentwater estates built his pretty residence there, a few years ago, and the wildness of the spot has disappeared. The first green eminence on the right, as the lake-road leaves Keswick, is Crow Park.

CROW PARK.

Gray saw Cockshot "covered with young trees, both sown and planted," and all thriving wonderfully. These young trees are now large oaks and spreading beeches. The stranger cannot miss the stile, on the left of the

COCKSHOT.

lake-road, nearly opposite Crow Park Cottage; and he will find a pleasant path running round the base of Cockshot.

A little further along, where the road comes out upon the lake, is Friar's Crag, a rocky promontory, commanding a fine view. Where the artist now sits down to sketch, the monks of Lindisfarn used to stand, once a year, to receive the blessing of St. Herbert. There, if the south wind was blowing, they might hear, and if the south wind had brought rain from the central peaks, they might see, the Lodore fall, leaping down the chasm between its two guardian pillars. The contrast between this quiet valley and the wild coast of Holy Isle must have been as impressive to them as the Saint's benediction. If, instead of returning, the stranger proceeds through the meadows to join the Borrowdale road, he will pass the spot where Southey would have built his house, if he had had "Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus's purse." Gray also spoke of the Stable Fields as affording a view almost as fine as the Crow Park one. His mention of Scarf Close Reeds, as the name of a fine station, shows that he skirted the lake under Walla Crag, where the present Borrowdale road runs at some height above the margin. The tourist had better follow his example, pursuing the track along the water's edge till at Barrow Bay it joins the highroad which will lead him back to Keswick.

FRIAR'S CRAG.

IV. Since Gray's time, a charming walk has been created, for which the public ought to be very grateful to the owners of the Derwentwater property. Gray estimated the perpendicular part of

the Walla Crags to be four hundred feet in height, adding that the country people believed them to be much more. From the base of that prodigious wall, the bit of forest called Great Wood slopes down to the road, and in some parts, down to the lake. Through Great Wood winding paths are now cleared; and to walk in them in spring or autumn, — or indeed at any season when weather will permit, is as rich a treat as can be desired. In one season there are the early wild flowers, the sprouting trees, and the wood-pigeons and other birds, pairing and building; and in another, there is the squirrel, amidst the dropping acorns and hazel nuts. In winter, the robin hops among the frosted leaves in the path: and there are broader glimpses of the lake and the opposite heights between the leafless trees. There are waterfalls always within hearing; for almost every cleft and channel in the crags has its streamlet, ever busy in making its way to the lake. There are two or three entrances to these wood-paths from the Borrowdale road. There is a pleasant way home by the northern end of the wood, where the path strikes across the field to the coppice called Keswick Springs, whence, among several tracks, there is one due north, which leads out upon the mailroad at Brow Top, just above Keswick, on the Ambleside road.

GREAT WOOD.

V. A walk, involving a little more fatigue, is that from Castlerigg to the summit of Walla Crag. The view from Castlerigg, as it opens on the traveller from Ambleside, has been described at p. 101. The road which turns off from it, southwards, is that which the walker

WALLA CRAG.

must take; and it will lead him past Castlerigg farmhouses to Rakefoot, where a track will be seen, ascending to the open ground of Castlerigg Fell. A wall stands in the way; but there is a stile in it. There is then a plantation to cross; and the stranger comes out upon the rocky brow which commands a view as fine as any seen from a similar elevation, and different from all others. The chasm which opens downwards a little to the left is the Lady's Rake, the gully through which the Countess of Derwentwater escaped with the family jewels when the officers of the Crown took possession of the mansion on Lord's Island. If the stranger relishes fatigue and danger, he can get down where the lady got up; or he may recross the stile and descend the gorge to the south. He must keep the wall of the plantation on his right all the way. There is a rough path, but it is not an expedition to be made by any one who is not surefooted. This path leads finally across a field into the road by the lake, about two miles from Keswick. There is still another way. The tourist may pursue the pony-track along the mountain over the top of Falcon Crag, and down to Barrow, which affords some of the choicest points of view. If he inquires as he goes, he may learn the precise spot on which the Castle of the Derwentwater family stood, in the reign of Edward III, when it ceased to be the family residence.

VI. Before crossing the lake, we will see what there is at the foot, within easy reach. The walks on the side of Latrigg make their own appeal to the eye of the stranger. Probably no one ever pursued the road to Saddleback

LATRIGG.

without longing to follow the paths seen to wind through the woods above the Greta. Southey in his "Colloquies," speaks of the scenery here as "of the finest and most rememberable kind." "From a jutting isthmus, round which the tortuous river twists, you look over its manifold windings, up the water to Blencathra; down it, over a high and wooded middle-ground, to the distant mountains of Newlands, Causey Pike, and Grisedale." The scenery of Latrigg, however, is treated of in connexion with the ascent of Skiddaw; and, again, the Druidical Temple is described at the beginning of the ascent to Saddleback. The points of view near Bassenthwaite are designated in the course of that circuit; and the high roads which traverse the plain may speak for themselves. But the whole range along the skirts of Skiddaw, from Latrigg to Bassenthwaite village, (which is eight miles from Keswick), commands views so fine that the stranger's attention should be specially drawn to it. Southey declared, in his "Colloquies," that "the best general view of Derwent Water is from the terrace between Applethwaite and Milbeck, a little below the former hamlet. The old roofs and chimneys of the hamlet," he continues, "come finely in the foreground, and the trees upon the Ormathwaite estate give there a richness to the middle-ground which is wanting in other parts of the vale." From that terrace the traveller may return by Latrigg, if he has come by the straight road from Keswick: and the whole circuit is only seven miles. But if he chooses to go on as far as the summit of Dod Fell, he will find himself abundantly repaid. Dod Fell is an infant Skiddaw, nestling

under its parent on the south-western side, — half way between the mountain and the head of Bassenthwaite. The ascent is perfectly easy; and the summit commands, not only the two lakes, their immediate plain and surrounding mountains, but the vale of Lorton, the Solway, and the Scotch range of summits beyond.

CAUSEY PIKE.

VII. Turning now to the western side of the Lake, the stranger will please himself among the various tracks which he will find between the river Derwent on its issue from the lake, and Derwent Water Bay, — the chief harbour of the lake. He will visit Portinscale, a mile from Keswick, and, turning southwards, descend at pleasure to the margin of the water through the woods at Faw Park, or ascend Swinside; or go on to the hamlet of Swinside, at the entrance of the vale of Newlands, — little more than two miles from Keswick. He can take his choice whether to climb Catbells, or undertake the more arduous enterprise of ascending Causey Pike. If he goes up Causey Pike, the summit of which is three miles from the nearest part of the lake-shore, he ought to have a guide, and will be wise to make the whole round by the ridges which connect Grassmoor with Griscdale Pike, whence the descent is easy upon Braithwaite, a village two and a half miles from Keswick. This is a most lovely circuit, commanding first and last the bright and populous valley of the two lakes, and, for the rest of the way, the Vale of Newlands, with its quiet sheep-walks and folds, and the green steeps of Buttermere Haws, and the wild recesses of the mountain group occupying the space between

Crummock Water and Derwent Water; while to the north-west from Grisedale Pike stretches the Vale of Lorton, with its multitudinous fields and scattered hamlets, and the Cocker winding its way to join the Derwent at Cockermouth. The Solway and the Scotch mountains are on the horizon.

VIII. If the milder enterprise of ascending Catbells is preferred, well and good; for that, too, is a charming walk: but, in that case, a boat should be ordered to be in waiting in Derwent Water Bay, or a car at Grange, at the entrance of Borrowdale. Instead of going quite to Swinside, the traveller will pursue the road past Swinside Cottage, on the way to the two farmhouses of Gutherscale and Skelghyll, on the skirts of the smooth green mountain of Catbells. If he does not mind bits of boggy ground, he has nothing to fear, — always supposing the weather to remain clear, and that he has either compass or guide. Looking across the Vale of Newlands, he sees the whole group of summits which overhang Crummock Water and Buttermere; and if he comes down after traversing the ridge of Maiden Moor, he looks into Borrowdale, as it stretches southwards, even seeing the Langdale Pikes, and the great mountain group above Wastwater. From Maiden Moor, he will descend by a track in the turf, close upon Grange; and he can return either by car, or by meeting his boat in Derwent Water Bay. In the last case, he will follow the road back which skirts Catbells at some height above the lake, or will turn into the foot-path which leads through the woods and over the meadows of Brandelow Park, coming out upon Derwent Water Bay at Hawse End.

CATBELLS.

These are the principal walks about Keswick; and they will occupy a week of fine weather for ordinary walkers. Those who remain longer can find plenty more. We have only undertaken to point out such as the stranger would be most sorry to miss.

EXCURSIONS FROM KESWICK.

FIRST TOUR.

WATENDLATH, BORROWDALE, ROSTHWAITE, GRANGE, LODORE.

From Keswick to Watendlath	5	miles.
Via Watendlath to Rosthwaite	2	„
„ Rosthwaite to Lodore	3	„
„ Lodore to Keswick	3	„
Total	13	„

WATENDLATH.

If the tourist desires (as it is to be hoped that he does), to see one of the primitive valleys of the district, — one of those recesses lapped in the mountains, where the sounds of civilized life have hardly penetrated, let him now go to Watendlath, (locally called Wathendal,) and descend into Borrowdale by Rosthwaite. The circuit is one of thirteen miles; and it must be accomplished on foot or horseback; for there is no carriage-road in the upper part. So few pass that way that the women afford a remarkable specimen of the effects of a life of exclusive seclusion. The men go to markets and sales, and have more use of their tongues and wits accordingly. The road along the lake side is followed till it gives out a branch before reaching Barrow House. Up

this by-road the explorer goes, and passes behind and above Barrow House, soon reaching the stream that feeds the Barrow Fall, which may be visited by strangers in the grounds below.

BARROW FALL.

The upland valley runs parallel with the lower one; and in it lies the clear circular pool which feeds the fall of Lodore. Good climbers may find their way up from Lodore to Watendlath by following the course of the stream,

WATENDLATH.

but there is no path, part of the way, and the whole ascent is rather adventurous. The walks over to Thirlmere have already been given at p. 103. Our business now is to follow the track before us. It takes us to the little foot-bridge between the tarn and the verge of the crag; and the peep down the chasm shows the lake and the Skiddaw range in beautiful union. Helvellyn rises to the east, and Scawfell and Bowfell show themselves in front, all the way down to Borrowdale. The descent into Rosthwaite is the concluding treat. The way is easy, — a gentle slope over grass and elastic heather; and the whole surface is starred over with bright heath flowers. The head of the dale, — imposing under all aspects, — opens out and seems to be spreading its green levels for the stranger's rest. The passes to Langdale by the Stake, to Wastdale by Sty Head, and to Buttermere by Honister Crag, disclose themselves round the projecting Glaramara. The other way lie Grange and the lake; and beneath lies Rosthwaite, with the brat-

ROSTHWAITE.

tling stream behind, which must be crossed by the new stone bridge to reach the little inn. This inn has been lately enlarged, and now offers comfortable accommodation to travellers who

may wish to remain in this beautiful dale. Before turning his face lakewards, the traveller must go forward a few yards from the inn, to where he will see a narrow entrance and steps in the right-hand fence. He must go in there, and mount that little hill, called Castlehill, whence the truest and best total view of Borrowdale is obtained; for the station is nearly central.

He is now standing in the middle of that far-famed Borrowdale of which so many curious tales are told. Its inhabitants were once considered as primitive as we now consider those of Watendlath; and a good deal more, if the current stories are true. It is said that an old Borrowdale man was once sent a very long way for something very new, by some innovator who had found his way into the dale. The man was to go with horse and sacks (for there were no carts, because there was no road) to bring some lime from beyond Keswick. On his return, when he was near Grange, it began to rain; and the man was alarmed at seeing his sacks begin to smoke. He got a handful of water from the river; but the smoke grew worse. Assured at length that the devil must be in any fire which was aggravated by water, he tossed the whole load over into the river. That must have been before the dalesmen built their curious wall; for they must have had lime for that. Spring being very charming in Borrowdale, and the sound of the cuckoo gladsome, the people determined to build a wall to keep in the cuckoo, and make the spring last for ever. So they built a wall across the entrance, at

BORROWDALE.

LOCAL TRADITIONS.

Grange. The plan did not answer; but that was, according to the popular belief from generation to generation, because the wall was not built one course higher. It is simply for want of a top-course in that wall that eternal spring does not reign in Borrowdale. Another anecdote shows, however, that a bright wit did occasionally show himself among them. A "statesman" (an "estates-man," or small proprietor) went one day to a distant fair, or sale, and brought home what neither he nor his neighbours had ever seen before — a pair of stirrups. Home he came jogging, with his feet in his stirrups; but, by the time he reached his own door, he had jammed his feet in so fast that they would not come out. There was great alarm and lamentation; but as it could not be helped now, the good man patiently sat his horse in the pasture for a day or two, his family bringing him food, till the eldest son, vexed to see the horse suffering by exposure, proposed to bring them both into the stable. This was done; and there sat the farmer for several days, — his food being brought to him as before. At length it struck the second son that it was a pity not to make his father useful, and release the horse; so he proposed to carry him, on the saddle, into the house. By immense exertion it was done; the horse being taken alongside the midden in the yard, to ease the fall: and the good man found himself under his own roof again, — spinning wool in a corner of the kitchen. There the mounted man sat spinning, through the cleverness of his second son, till the lucky hour arrived of the youngest son's return,— he being a scholar,— a learned student from St.

Bees. After duly considering the case, he gave his counsel. He suggested that the goodman should draw his feet out of his shoes. This was done, amidst the blessings of the family; and the good man was restored to his occupation and to liberty. The wife was so delighted that she said if she had a score of children, she would make them all scholars, — if only she had to begin life again.

It is by no means to be supposed, however, that there was no wit in the valley, but what came from St. Bees. On the contrary, a native genius, on one occasion, came to a conclusion so striking that that it is doubtful whether any university could rival it. A stranger came riding into the dale on a mule, and, being bound for the mountains, went up the pass on foot, leaving the animal in the care of his host. The host had never seen such a creature before, nor had his neighbours. Fearing mischief, they consulted the wise man of the dale; for they kept a Sagum, or medicine-man, to supply their deficiencies. He came, and after an examination of the mule, drew a circle round it, and consulted his books while his charms were burning, and, at length, announced that he had found it; the creature must be, he concluded, a peacock. So Borrowdale could then boast, without a rival, of a visit from a stranger who came riding on a peacock. There is a real and strong feeling in the district about these old stories. Only last year, when a Borrowdale man entered a country inn, a prior guest said simply "Cuckoo," and was instantly knocked down; and a passionate fight ensued. This cannot last much longer, — judging by the number of new houses, — abodes of gentry,

— built or building in Borrowdale. The wrath must presently turn to a laugh in the humblest chimney-corner in the dale.

ROSTHWAITE.

Rosthwaite is beautifully situated near the centre of the dale, and at the confluence of the two mountain-brooks which form the Derwent. This river flows through the lakes of Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite, passes Cockermouth, and falls into the sea at Workington. Following its course, the traveller reaches the Bowder Stone, at a mile from Rosthwaite, — a

BOWDER STONE.

fallen rock, standing on its point, and about thirty feet high, and sixty long. There are steps for ascent to the top; but it is as well seen from below, where it cannot but catch the eye of the passenger. A mile further lies Grange, at the entrance of the dale, with its

GRANGE.

undulating bridges crossing the windings of the river. When the abbots of Furness owned the whole of Borrowdale, a few monks were placed at its entrance to receive and guard the crops; and this place was their granary. It is now a picturesque hamlet, which must be familiar to all who haunt exhibitions of pictures. Nobody who carries a pencil can help sitting down on the grass to sketch it. Just behind it, the noble wooded rock, which leaves room only for the road and the river, is Castle Crag; and nimble youths who have reached its summit say the view is splendid. It is, in itself, a fine spectacle.

After this, the traveller begins to listen for the fall of Lodore, and he finds the inn at a distance of a mile from Grange. It is a delightful inn, clean and well-managed, and by its situation preferable to

those at Keswick, except for the convenience of head quarters. To visit the fall, the way is through the gay little garden, and the orchard, (where the fish preserves are terrible temptations to waste of time,) and over a foot-bridge, and up into the wood, where the path leads to a mighty chasm. It is the chasm, with its mass of boulders and magnificent flanking towers of rock, that makes the impressiveness of the Lodore fall, more than the water. No supply short of a full river or capacious lake could correct the disproportion between the channel and the flood. After the most copious rains, the spectacle is of a multitude of little falls, and nowhere of a sheet or bold shoot of water. The noise is prodigious, as the readers of Southey's description are aware: and the accessaries are magnificent. Gowder Crag on the left, and Shepherd's Crag on the right, shine in the sun, or frown in gloom like no other rocks about any of the falls of the district; and vegetation flourishes everywhere, from the pendulous shrubs in the fissures, two hundred feet overhead, to the wild flowers underfoot in the wood. On a lustrous summer evening, when the lights are radiant, and the shadows sharp and deep, the scene is incomparable, whatever may be the state of the water. When the stream is fullest, and the wind is favourable, it is said the fall is heard the distance of four miles. There is something else to be heard here; and that is the Borrowdale echoes. A cannon is planted in the meadow before the inn, which awakens an uproar from the surrounding crags to Glaramara.

LODORE.

The road from Lodore to Keswick, about three

miles, runs between the lake and the Wallabarrow and Falcon Crags. It is a charming walk in all seasons, — sheltered in winter; shady, for the most part, in summer; and in spring and autumn presenting a vast variety of foliage, bursting forth or fading.

SECOND TOUR.

BY THE VALE OF NEWLANDS, CRUMMOCK WATER, SCALE HILL INN, AND BACK BY WHINLATTER.

From Keswick to Portinscale	$1\frac{1}{4}$	miles.
To Swinside	$1\frac{1}{2}$	„
„ Keskadale	$4\frac{1}{4}$	„
„ Newlands Haws	$1\frac{1}{4}$	„
„ Buttermere Inn	$1\frac{1}{4}$	„
„ Scale Hill	4	„
„ Lorton	4	„
„ Summit of Whinlatter	3	„
„ Braithwaite	$2\frac{1}{2}$	„
„ Keswick	$2\frac{1}{2}$	„
Total	26	„

THE tour which embraces the country between the four lakes, Derwent Water, Buttermere, Crummock Water, and Bassenthwaite, is one of twenty-six miles; and it should be allowed to occupy the greater part of a day, — time being taken both for survey and refreshment. Its outset will afford a good opportunity for visiting Greta Hall, Southey's abode, and his monument in Crosthwaite Church: a recumbent statue by Lough, — the inscription being written by Wordsworth. This church well deserves a visit for other reasons. It is very old, part of it dating back to the 13th century. In one of the windows is preserved some stained glass from Furness Abbey, representing St. Anthony with bell and book. There is also a tomb of the time of Edward III., with a very perfect monu-

CROSTHWAITE CHURCH.

mental brass; and an old font, curiously carved with emblematical designs. The villages along the road, beginning with Portinscale, will exhibit their own evidence of the employment of the inhabitants in the woollen manufacture; an ancient staple of the town and district, as is shown by the inscription which has come down from the olden time, engraven on a flagstone.

"May God Almighty grant His aid
To Keswick and its woollen trade."

Afterwards, the views over the rich plain, and glimpses into fertile valleys are charming, till the road winds in among what the oldest guide-books truly call the solemn pastoral scenes that open after leaving Keskadale. The houses of Keskadale are the last seen before entering on the ascent of Newlands Haws. The vale, formed by the rapid slope of mountains that are bare of trees, boggy in parts, and elsewhere showing marks of winter slides, is wholly unlike anything else in the district. Its silence, except for the bleating of sheep; its ancient folds, down in the hollow; the length and steepness of the ascent; and the gloom of the mountain, — Great Robinson, with its tumbling white cataract, — render this truly "a solemn pastoral scene." At the head of the vale, it is found not to be shut in; a turn to the right discloses a new landscape. A descent between green slopes of the same character leads down directly upon Buttermere. The opposite side of the hollow is formed by the mountain Whitelees. The stream at the bottom flows into Crummock Water; and the four peaks of High Crag, Hayrick, High Stile, and Red Pike, are ranged in front.

VALE OF NEWLANDS.

Drawn & Engd by W. Banks & Son Edin.

CRUMMOCK & BUTTERMERE LAKES

The Lake of Buttermere and Honister Crag must be left for another day. To-day, the turn is to the right, and not to the left. The traveller may proceed along Crummock Water either by boat or in his carriage. Or he may leave the horse to bait at Buttermere while he takes a boat to see Scale Force and returns.

The meadow between the two lakes is not more than a mile in extent. The walk to the boat lies through its small patches of pasture and wooded knolls; and a pretty walk it is. The path is prolonged to Scale Force over the fields; but it is usually too swampy to be agreeable, when a boat can be had. A short row brings the stranger to the mouth of the stream from the force; and he has then to walk a mile among stones, and over grass, and past an old fold. There is a way across the fell from this point to Ennerdale, which will be described hereafter. The chasm between two walls of rock, which are feathered with bright waving shrubs, affords a fall of one hundred and sixty feet, — high enough to convert the waters into spray before they reach the ground. It is one of the loftiest waterfalls in the country; and some think it the most elegant. There is a point of view not far off which the traveller should visit. His boat will take him to the little promontory below Mellbreak, called Ling Crag. From two hundred yards or rather more above this, he will see the two lakes and their guardian-mountains to the greatest advantage.

SCALE FORCE.

The drive along Crummock Water is one of the most charming we know; especially where the road forms a terrace, overhanging the clear waters, and

sweeping round Rannerdale Knot. Mellbreak fills up the opposite shore, with its isolated bulk; and Red Pike discloses its crater; both being streaked with red and lead-coloured screes, and tracks of bright verdure and brighter moss. On the side where the road is, Whitelees, Grassmoor, and Whiteside rear their swelling masses; and the road winds pleasantly among fields and meadows, till it passes behind the Lanthwaite Woods, and turns down, in full view of the rich Vale of Lorton, to Scale Hill Inn.

CRUMMOCK WATER.

This inn should be the traveller's resting-place for days together, if he desires a central point whence he may visit a great extent of the Lake-country, while in command of a variety of pleasures near at hand. From Scale Hill he can descend into the Vale of Lorton, and enjoy a change from the ruggedness of the dales. Or, he may visit the most solemn and imposing of the lakes, — Wast Water: and also Ennerdale. He commands all the roads to Keswick, and the vales that lie between. Crummock Water yields char, as well as every other lake-fish, in abundance. The mountain tops are accessible; from Low Fell, which may be a lady's morning walk, to Red Pike, which is a pretty good day's scramble for a stout student. There is Lowes Water at one end of Crummock, and Buttermere at the other; and at home there is a spacious, clean, airy house, standing in a pleasant garden.

SCALE HILL INN.

A few minutes will take the stranger up to the Station, by a path from the inn door. The Station is a hill in Lanthwaite Wood, whence a magnificent view is obtained of a stern mountain-

MOUNTAINS SEEN FROM LANTHWAITE WOOD CRUMMOCK WATER

L. Aspland Del. W. Bunn, Sc. Edinburgh

1 Whiteless Pike
2 Honister Crag
3 Green Gable
4 Great End
5 Great Gable
Rannerdale Knott (beneath)
6 Scawfell Pike
7 Kirkfell
Scarf Gap (below)
8 High Crag
9 High Stile
10 Bleaberry Crag
11 Red Pike
12 Melbreak

group, (the central group of the whole district,) on the one hand, and the rich level of Lorton Vale on the other, backed, in favourable lights, by the Scotch mountains. This spot is one on which to linger through a long summer day, pacing the sward, and choosing seats from rock to rock, along the whole crest. The stranger must now, however, take this brief survey, and hope to come again. He has twelve miles to go to Keswick; and the early part of it is steep and slow. The turn is to the right, at about a mile from Scale Hill, leaving the Cockermouth road, which traverses the Vale of Lorton. The higher he ascends, the more lovely are the views over that vale which the traveller obtains, till at length the Solway gleams in the sun, and the Scotch mountains appear beyond. If he has good eyes, the driver will point out to him, at a vast distance, the famous old Lorton yew, appearing like a dark clump, beside a white farmhouse. When fairly under Whinlatter, six or seven miles from Scale Hill, he cannot but admire, — in one or the other sense of the word, — the colouring of the hill itself, if the time be anywhere from June to September. The gaudy hues of the mingled gorse and heather are, at that season, unlike any exhibition of colour we have seen elsewhere, — exceeding even the far-famed American forests. As the north-western vision vanishes, the south-western opens; and the vale of Keswick and Skiddaw in its noblest aspect, with the lakes far below, looks finer than ever. After passing through Braithwaite, he soon recognises the road, and returns to Keswick by the well-known bridge over the Derwent.

THE STATION.

WHINLATTER.

THIRD TOUR.

CIRCUIT OF BASSENTHWAITE.

From Keswick to Peel Wyke...	8	miles.
To Ouse Bridge	1	„
„ Castle Inn	1	„
„ Bassenthwaite	3	„
„ Keswick	5	„
Total	18	„

BASSENTHWAITE.

Bassenthwaite is, perhaps, the last of the lakes to be visited, unless it be Hawes Water. Hawes Water is difficult of access to the ordinary tourist; and Bassenthwaite verges towards the flat country, which is not what the traveller came to visit. It is amusing to observe how the residents in the district become more sensible every year to the beauty of the merely undulating country through which the mountains sink into the plains; while the strangers have hardly patience to look at it, in their eagerness to find themselves under the shadow of the great central fells. Bassenthwaite is one of the outermost lakes: and it is therefore no more cared for by the tourist in general than the foot of Coniston or Windermere. Still, considering that Skiddaw overshadows its eastern shore, it would seem worthy of some attention; and the drive of eighteen miles round it is, in truth, a very pleasant one.

This lake is larger than Derwent Water, being four miles in length and one mile in breadth. The

distance from lake to lake is between three and four miles, a large proportion of which is apt to be flooded in winter; and occasionally the waters actually join, so as to present the appearance of a lake ten miles long, — the length of Windermere. These floods are a serious drawback to the productiveness of the lake levels, and the health and comfort of the inhabitants.

The side opposite Skiddaw is the more interesting of the two; so the traveller takes it first. The road passes through Portinscale and Braithwaite to Thornthwaite, and leaves Whinlatter on the left. It passes through woods and pretty glades, which make a charming foreground, while old Skiddaw fills the view on the opposite shore. Lord's Seat and Barf rise boldly to the left; and the road runs, for the most part, on the margin of the lake. It winds round after passing Peel Wyke, to Ouse Bridge, beneath which the lake discharges itself in the form of the much enlarged river Derwent, which flows away towards Cockermouth.

About a hundred yards east of Ouse Bridge, there is a gate with a path leading through a wood to the foot of the lake. This point of the shore offers incomparably the finest view of Bassenthwaite. The whole length of the lake is seen, with the majestic slopes of Skiddaw on the east; Lord's Seat and Barf are on the west, and the head is closed in by the Walla Crags and Helvellyn.

The Pheasant Inn, about a mile and a half from Ouse Bridge, on the western side of the lake, is a clean and comfortable little inn, and the best resting-place in this circuit. If it is thought worth while to go a mile or two out of the way for an exceedingly fine view, the traveller will follow the Hesket road for a mile beyond Castle Inn, and

ascend the Haws on the right. Thence he will see a charming landscape,—the open vales of Embleton and Isell, and the whole expanse of the lake, with its rich terraced shores. From Castle Inn, it is eight miles to Keswick. The road turns away from the lake, and presents nothing more of remarkable beauty.

If the traveller is disposed to make a long instead of a short day's work of this excursion, he may combine it with the ascent of Skiddaw. He will begin with the mountain first, descending, if on foot, by Longside. If he has a pony he must come down further to the north. It is customary for those who ride to descend on the Keswick side, but guides who know the mountain well, do not hesitate to conduct ladies on their ponies by this northern route. The tourist comes into a good path before he reaches Barkbath, and soon after descends into the main road. He will then pursue his way round Bassenthwaite, reversing the order of the proceeding given above.

FOURTH TOUR.

ASCENT OF SKIDDAW.

The ascent of Skiddaw is easy, even for ladies, who have only to sit their ponies to find themselves at the top, after a ride of six miles. There must be a guide,—be the day ever so clear, and the path ever so plain. Once for all let us say, in all earnestness and with the most deliberate decision, that no kind of tourist should ever cross the higher passes, or ascend the mountains, without a guide. Surely, lives enough have been lost, and there has been suffering and danger enough short of fatal issue, to teach this lesson. But the confident and joyous pedestrian is not the most teachable of human beings. In his heart he despises the caution of native residents, and in his sleeve he laughs at it. The mountain is right before him; the track is visible enough; he has a map and a guide-book; and boasts of his pocket-compass. With the track on his map, and track on the mountain, how could he get wrong? So he throws on his knapsack, seizes his stick, and goes off whistling or singing, —the host and hostess looking after him and consulting as he strides away. For some time he thinks he can defy all the misleading powers of heaven and earth; but, once out of reach of human help, he finds his case not so easy as he thought.

GUIDES.

Instead of one path, as marked on his map, he finds three; and perhaps the one he relies on may have disappeared under recent accidents, or have lapsed into swamp. He finds himself on the edge of a precipice, and does not know how far to go back. He finds the bog deepen, and thinks he can scarcely be in the right road. He finds a landslip, which compels him to make a wider circuit, and meantime it is growing dusk. Worst of all, a fog may come on at any moment; and there is an end of all security to one who does not know the little wayside-marks which guide the shepherd in such a case. Tales are current through the region of the deaths of natives, even in the summer-months, through fog, wet, fatigue, or fall, — the native having a better chance than the stranger, ten times over. And why should the risk be run? It cannot be to save the fee, in the case of a journey of pleasure. The guide is worth more than his pay for the information he has to give, to say nothing of the comfort of his carrying the knapsack, — as many knapsacks as there are walkers. If solitude be desired, the meditative gentleman will soon find that anxiety about the way, and an internal conflict with apprehensiveness, are sad spoilers of the pleasures of solitude. Better have a real substantial, comfortable, supporting shepherd by his side, giving his mind liberty for contemplation and enjoyment of the scene, than the spectres of the mountain perplexing him on all sides, and marring his ease. But enough. Travellers who know what mountain-climbing is, among loose stones, shaking bog, and slippery rushes or grass, with the alternative of a hot sun or a strong wind,

and perpetual liability to mist, will not dispute the benefit of having a guide; and novices ought to defer to their judgment. If we have seemed to dwell long on this point, it is because warning is grievously wanted. It will probably not be taken by those who need it most; but it ought to be offered. — Even in the mild ascent of green Skiddaw, then, there is need of a guide.

SKIDDAW.

At the distance of half a mile from Keswick, on the Penrith road, just through the toll-bar, a bridge crosses the Greta. The road, after crossing this bridge, winds round Latrigg. The path is at first through a wood, known as Birket Wood. On emerging, the traveller sees a gate into a field on the left. He must go a few yards forward in this field, as it commands a wonderfully fine view of the plain of Keswick, the two lakes, Borrowdale and the surrounding mountains. After returning to the road, about a hundred yards further on, he may notice a zigzag path on his right. This is the best ascent of Latrigg, and is little known. His own way is now in the direction of Low Man, and across the barren part known as Skiddaw Forest. The traveller soon passes the King of Saxony's well, so-called because the King of Saxony and his party dined here when they ascended Skiddaw. If the stranger is thirsty, he must stop to refresh himself here, for this is the only water he will get till he descends. The plain of Keswick, and the lake and its islands now grow smaller, and the surrounding mountains seem to swell and rise as the road gently climbs the side of Skiddaw; and when about half way up, that lower world disappears,

while a more distant one comes into view. The Irish Sea and the Isle of Man rise, and the Scotch mountains show themselves marshalled on the horizon. At the first summit, after a mile of craggy ascent, steeper than the rest, the city of Carlisle comes into view, with the coast and its little towns, round to St. Bees, with the rich plains that lie between. But there is a higher point to be reached, after an ascent of five hundred feet more; and here Derwent Water comes into view again. And how much besides! Few lakes are seen; but the sea of mountain-tops is glorious, — and the surrounding plains, — and the ocean beyond, — and land again beyond that. In opposite directions, lie visible, Lancaster Castle and the hills of Kirkcudbright, Wigton, and Dumfries. Lancaster Castle and Carlisle Cathedral in the same landscape! and Snowdon and Criffel nodding to each other! Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, looking at Skiddaw over the whole of Westmorland that lies between; with the Isle of Man as a resting-place for the glance on its way to Ireland! St. Bees Head, with the noiseless waves dashing against the red rock, being almost within reach as it were! And, as for Scawfell, Helvellyn, and Saddleback, they stand up like comrades, close round about. Charles Lamb was no great lover of mountains: but he enjoyed what he saw. "O! its fine black head," he wrote of Skiddaw, "and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border-countries, so famous in song and ballad! It is a day that will stand out like a mountain, I am sure, in my life!" "Bleak" the air is indeed

MOUNTAIN GLEN FROM APPI

L. Aspland Delt.

1 Wallow Crag
2 Falcon Crag
3 Shepherds Crag
Lowdore below
4 Glaramara
Brund
6 Castle Crag
7 Great End

THWAITE NEAR KESWICK

W. Banks & Son, Edinburgh

8 Scawfell Pike
9 Catbell
10 High Stile
11 Red Pike
12 Grasmoor
13 Causey Pike
14 Melbreak
15 Grisdale Pike

"atop,"— exposed as the summit is to the sea-winds. If the stranger desires to take a leisurely view, he must trouble his guide or his pony with a railway wrapper, or something of the sort, to enable him to stand his ground. The descent may be made, for the sake of variety, by a road through Millbeck and the pretty village of Applethwaite; or by the west side of the mountain, and coming out upon the road, just north of the village of Bassenthwaite. The descent is often made, if the travellers are on foot, by Longside. This arm of the mountain is one of its chief characteristics, as seen from the top. The guides have given it the name of Gibraltar, since they were told of its singular resemblance to that place. If a more northerly descent is chosen, a small tarn comes into view, this is Overwater.

FIFTH TOUR.

ASCENT OF SADDDLEBACK.

An expedition to Saddleback affords a good opportunity of visiting the Druids' Temple, a mile and a half from Keswick. This very well-preserved memorial of antiquity stands in a field near the entrance of St. John's Vale. The stones, forty-eight in number, form an oval; and there is a peculiarity in this case which distinguishes it from all other Druidical monuments extant in England. On the eastern side, within the circle, there is a small recess formed by ten stones, forming an oblong square. As Southey observed, the spot is the most commanding that could be chosen, short of a mountain-side; and it is indeed nearly surrounded by mountains, which it recognises in their true forms, from the levels,—with the exception of the plain towards Penrith, —being sunk out of view. The old legend about the last human sacrifice of the Druids may belong to any of the monuments of that age in the district; and it is probably claimed for them all. According to that old story; when some people settled in a clearing of the woods, beside a river, somewhere to the south of the district, the priests took up their station further north, among the mountains, where there were plenty of stones fit and

DRUIDS' TEMPLE.

ready for their temple. After a time, a fever laid waste the lower settlement; and the oracle demanded a sacrifice to appease the divine wrath. The lot fell on a young girl who was betrothed; and, on an appointed day, she was conveyed, with all the ceremonies, to the temple. A small hut of wicker-work, like a large bee-hive, was found set up on the western side of the temple. The girl was led into the circle, and placed in the midst, while the dedication proceeded. We are even told that she was adorned with an oak garland, and held mistletoe in her hand. The whole population was looking on from a distance: but it must have been within reasonable reach, as every one was required to contribute a stick to the fire. The wretched lover saw all from afar; and he daringly resolved,—let the god be as wrathful as he pleased,—not to contribute so much as a twig to the burning of his beloved. She was seen to enter the door, which was next the circle; and then the priest closed it up, and heaped dry leaves and sticks that were brought all round the hut. The arch-druid meantime was procuring fire from two pieces of wood. He succeeded, and set the pile in a blaze. In this moment of desperation, the the lover saw every mountain round give forth a great cataract; and all the floods gushed to the temple as to a centre, and made an island of the little hut,—returning when they had extinguished the fire. The victim came forth, with not a hair singed, and not a leaf of her garland withered. The arch-druid, skilled to interpret thunder, seems to have understood in this case the voice of waters; for he announced that, henceforth, the god would have no more human sacrifices.

Any resident who is sufficiently familiar with the country people to get them to speak their minds fully, will find that they still hold to the notion that nobody can count the Druid stones correctly; and also that a treasure is buried under the large stone. As to the first,— there are in most such circles, some smaller stones cropping out of the ground which some visitors will, and others will not, include among those of the circle. We ourselves counted Long Meg and her daughters, near Penrith, many times before making out the prescribed sixty-seven, with any certainty. As for the treasure, can any one prove that it is not there? Nobody wants to undermine the stone, to get rid of the tradition: so our neighbours are like the Arabs at Petra, who have been shooting with sling, bow, and matchlock, for a thousand years, at the urn where they are sure Pharaoh's treasure is,— in its niche in the rock temple. For a thousand years they have failed to bring it down, and are determined that no European shall. And no European would dismantle the temple to disabuse the Arabs; and so the tradition and the urn stand untouched. So may it be for ages to come with Long Meg, and the giant of eight tons weight that presides over the Keswick circle!

SADDLEBACK.

The ascent of Saddleback may begin behind Threlkeld, up a path which the villagers will point out: but an easier way is to diverge from the main road some way farther on, by the road to Hesket, near the village of Scales. The hill-side path is to be taken which leads along Souter Fell, by the side of the stream which descends from Scales Tarn. This part is

the very home of superstition and romance. This Souter or Soutra Fell is the mountain on which ghosts appeared in myriads, at intervals during ten years of the last century; presenting the same appearances to twenty-six chosen witnesses and to all the inhabitants of all the cottages within view of the mountain; and for a space of two hours and a half at one time — the spectral show being closed by darkness! The mountain — be it remembered — is full of precipices which defy all marching of bodies of men; and the north and west sides present a sheer perpendicular of 900 feet. On Midsummer eve, 1735, a farm-servant of Mr. Lancaster's, half a mile from the mountain, saw the eastern side of its summit covered with troops, which pursued their onward march for an hour. They came, in distinct bodies, from an eminence, on the north end, and disappeared in a niche in the summit. When the poor fellow told his tale, he was insulted on all hands; as original observers usually are when they see anything wonderful. Two years after, — also on a Midsummer eve, — Mr. Lancaster saw some men there, apparently following their horses, as if they had returned from hunting. He thought nothing of this; but he happened to look up again ten minutes after, and saw the figures, now mounted, and followed by an interminable array of troops, five abreast, marching from the eminence and over the cleft as before. All the family saw this, and the manœuvres of the force, as each company was kept in order by a mounted officer who galloped this way and that. As the shades of twilight came on, the discipline

SOUTER FELL SPECTRES.

appeared to relax, and the troops intermingled, and rode at unequal paces, till all was lost in darkness. Now, of course all the Lancasters were insulted, as their servant had been: but their justification was not long delayed. On the Midsummer eve of the fearful 1745, twenty-six persons, expressly summoned by the family, saw all that had been seen before, and more. Carriages were now interspersed with the troops; and everybody knew that no carriages ever had been, or could be, on the summit of Souter Fell. The multitude was beyond imagination; for the troops filled a space of half a mile, and marched quickly till night hid them,— still marching. There was nothing vaporous or indistinct about the appearance of these spectres. So real did they seem, that some of the people went up the next morning to look for the hoof-marks of the horses; and awful it was to them to find not one footprint on heather or grass. The witnesses attested the whole story on oath before a magistrate; and fearful were the expectations held by the whole country side about the coming events of the Scotch rebellion. It now came out that two other persons had seen something of the sort in the interval, viz., in 1743, — but had concealed it, to escape the insults to which their neighbours were subjected. Mr. Wren, of Wilton Hall, and his farm-servant, saw, one summer evening, a man and a dog on the mountain, pursuing some horses along a place so steep that a horse could hardly by any possibility keep a footing on it. Their speed was prodigious, and their disappearance at the south end of the fell so rapid, that Mr. Wren and the servant went up the next morning, to find the

body of the man who must have been killed. Of man, horse, or dog, they found not a trace: and they came down, and held their tongues. When they did speak, they fared not much better for having twenty-six sworn comrades in their disgrace. As for the explanation,—the Editor of the "Lonsdale Magazine" declared (Vol. ii. p. 313,) that it was discovered that on that Midsummer eve of 1745, the rebels were "exercising on the western coast of Scotland, whose movements had been reflected by some transparent vapour, similar to the Fata Morgana." This is not much in the way of explanation: but it is, as far as we know, all that can be had at present. These facts, however, brought out a good many more; as the spectral march of the same kind seen in Leicestershire, in 1707: and the tradition of the tramp of armies over Helvellyn, on the eve of the battle of Marston Moor. And now the tourist may proceed,—looking for ghosts, if he pleases, on Souter Fell.

SCALES TARN.

Here, too, lies another wonder, — that tarn (Scales Tarn) which is said to reflect the stars at noonday, —a marvel which we by no means undertake to avouch. The tarn is situated at the foot of a vast precipice, and so buried among crags, that the sun never reaches it, except through a crevice in early morning. This dark water is one of the attractions which bring strangers to this mountain; though the easy ascent of Skiddaw better suits the greater number. Another attraction here is the deeper solitude of the recesses of old Blencathra, — as Saddleback should still be called. Another is the view of Derwent Water from the summit. Southey says,

"Derwent Water, as seen from the top of Saddleback, is one of the finest mountain scenes in the country." That summit is called Linthwaite Fell; and there the guide will point out, better than we can do, the various objects, seas, islands, castles in their woods, and cities of the plain; mountains, far and near; shores, like the boundaries of an estate, and lakes like its fish-ponds. People who made the ascent sixty years since have left a terrifying account of its dangers, such as now excites a smile among energetic tourists. One gentleman was so "astonished," near the outlet, "with the different appearance of objects in the valley beneath," that he chose to stay behind. Another of the four presently "wished to lose blood and return:" but he was coaxed onward to the tarn, where, however, he could see no stars, though it was noonday. Mr. Green, with his companion, Mr. Otley, was among the early adventurers who stood on the highest ridge. He was so accurate an observer that his descriptions of unfrequented and unalterable places will never be antiquated. "From Linthwaite Pike," he says, "on soft green turf, we descended steeply, first southward, and then in an easterly direction to the tarn,—a beautiful circular piece of transparent water, with a well-defined shore. Here we found ourselves engulphed in a basin of steeps, having Tarn Crag on the north, the rocks falling from Sharp Edge on the east, and on the west, the soft turf on which we made our downward progress. These side-grounds, in pleasant grassy banks, verge to the stream issuing from the lake, whence there is a charming opening to the town of Penrith; and Cross Fell seen in the extreme distance. Wish-

ing to vary our line in returning to the place we had left, we crossed the stream, and commenced a steep ascent at the foot of Sharp Edge. We had not gone far before we were aware that our journey would be attended with perils; the passage gradually grew narrower, and the declivity on each hand awfully precipitous. From walking erect, we were reduced to the necessity either of bestriding the ridge or of moving on one of its sides, with our hands lying over the top, as a security against tumbling into the tarn on the left, or into a frightful gully on the right, — both of immense depth. Sometimes we thought it prudent to return; but that seemed unmanly, and we proceeded; thinking with Shakspeare that 'dangers retreat when boldly they're confronted.' Mr. Otley was the leader, who, on gaining steady footing, looked back on the writer, whom he perceived viewing at leisure from his saddle the remainder of his upward course." On better ground they had a retrospect on Sharp Edge, — which is the narrowest ridge on Saddleback, or any other north-of-England mountain. In places, its top is composed of loose stones and earth; and, the stepping on the sides being as faithless as the top, the Sharp Edge expedition has less of safety in it than singularity. And now, — those who, after this, like to go there, know what to expect.

BOWSCALE TARN.

The other mountain-lake, lying north-east of this, and called Bowscale Tarn, is also reputed to reflect the stars at noonday, but under so many conditions, that it will be a wonder if anybody ever has the luck to see them. It is in this tarn that, in the belief of the country

people, there are two fish which cannot die; — the same fish that used to wait on the pleasure of the good Lord Clifford when, in his shepherd-days, he learned mathematics from the stars upon the mountain. The traveller can return either by the way he came, or by Knott Crag, down upon Threlkeld; or, by following the course of the Glenderaterra, along the skirts of Saddleback and Skiddaw, — coming out upon the Keswick road about a mile from Threlkeld. This last mode of descent is considered by far the most interesting.

Whenever he passes that bit of road to Keswick, he will be more and more struck with the advantages of the situation of the mansion on Greta Bank, with its airy position, its walks through the woods, with the Greta dashing below; and afar, the uninterrupted view of the whole of Derwent Water basin and surrounding mountains. The tenth commandment is, we imagine, oftener broken there than in most places.

MOUNTAINS SEEN ON THE KESWICK ROAD APPROACHING ULLSWATER

Amand. Del. W Banks Sc Edinburgh

1 Place Fell
2 Birk Fell
3 Red Screes
4 Caudale Head
5 Dove Crag (Hartsop)
6 Birks
7 Rydal Head
8 S.t Sundays Crag
9 Fairfield
10 Glenridding Dod
11 Dolly Waggon Pike
12 Bleaberry Fell
13 Striding Edge
14 Herring Pike
15 Gowbarrow Park

PART III.

CIRCUIT OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

FIRST TOUR.

KESWICK BY PATTERDALE TO AMBLESIDE.

From Keswick to Threlkeld	4	miles.
To Moor End	3	„
„ Gowbarrow Park	7	„
„ Patterdale	5	„
„ High Hartsop	3	„
„ Ambleside	7	„
Total	29	„

THERE is a circuit by which the chief objects of the Lake District can be seen in four days, even by ladies and elderly persons. We will describe this route, interpolating some directions for stout pedestrians who can undertake more than the majority of tourists.

KESWICK TO ULLSWATER.

The starting-point of this tour may be either Keswick or Ambleside, according as the traveller enters the district from the north or south. Supposing it to be Keswick, the first day's journey is by Matterdale to Ullswater, and by Kirkstone Pass to Ambleside.

The distance from Keswick to Patterdale is nineteen miles; and from Patterdale to Ambleside ten

more; so that the journey should begin in good time, if the scenery is to be truly enjoyed. The first part of the road, as far as Threlkeld, (p. 103,) has been already described. It then becomes wild and bleak, while commanding noble distant views of the Keswick mountains, and of the saddle-shaped aspect of Old Blencathra. Mell Fell, the ugliest of hills, — like a tumulus planted all over with larch, — grows larger as the traveller proceeds, till he finds he is to make a sharp turn to the right, and pass directly under it. Judging from our own experience, we should say that this part of the journey is always broiling hot or bitterly cold. A bleak high-lying tract it certainly is, where the old monks no doubt suffered much and often in their expeditions. Their paternosters said among the perils of Ullswater, and their Ave Marys here, are supposed to have given the names of Patterdale and Matterdale, which become more interesting as soon as their origin is known. From Matterdale the road drops down upon Gowbarrow Park, already described at p. 52. It is a usual practice to send on the carriage to one of the inns, (weather permitting) when the driver will order dinner to be ready in two hours or so: and then the traveller will explore the park, and see Ara Force, and walk the remaining three or four miles,— enjoying as he goes, the very finest views of Ullswater.

MATTERDALE.

GOWBARROW PARK.

The tour we are sketching supposes the party to be destined for Ambleside; but as there is something to be seen in the other direction, it may be well to notice it briefly. From Gowbarrow Park to Pooley Bridge, the road winds along the lake, the hills

declining as the out-lying region is approached. Halsteads, the family seat of the Marshalls, is the last stage commanding a mountain-view. The hamlet of Watermillock is the chief settlement passed on the way to the Water Foot. The Eamont is crossed by a handsome bridge leading to the pleasant inn at Pooley Bridge, a great resort of anglers. A good lake-view is obtained from Ewesmere, near Pooley Bridge; and the traveller may there take his farewell of Martindale, Glenridding and Hallin Fell. The hill of Dunmallet or Dunmallard is worth climbing for the vestiges of a Roman fort which are visible at the top. As for the fishing, there is no end of trout, a few char, and plenty of skelly, the peculiarity of which may be best ascertained on the spot; and in autumn abundance of eels are taken below the bridge. There are no objects of particular interest between Pooley Bridge and Penrith, but the roads which tend eastwards are all tempting. One leads straight to Lowther Castle, and others enter the Park, leading to the village of Clifton and Brougham Hall. Another, to the south-east, leads to Hawes Water, and Mardale Green; and the same road is pursued through Bamton to Shap Abbey and the mysterious antiquity in its neighbourhood called Carl Lofts. Small are the remains of both — one tower is almost the only remnant of the once magnificent Shap Abbey, and the farmers have made so free with the granite blocks which once marked the area of Carl Lofts, that its boundary is difficult to trace. It was once a strip of land half a mile long by about twenty-five yards broad, described by huge granite blocks placed at intervals of ten or twelve yards. To the west of Pooley Bridge, the main road leads to Keswick, and the greater part of it has just been described.

HAYS WATER.

Reverting however to our day's tour, an ordinary party of travellers will be content with the road to Ambleside, to close the labours of the day. But young men will choose, if there be daylight left, to diverge to the left to Hartsop, to see Hays Water. The track passes among the farms, and beside the beck, between the mountains, and up till the source is reached, — the secluded tarn called Hays Water. This little lake is a mile and a half from the main road, and the ascent is rather steep. It is the delight of the

angler, because it is the delight of the trout. It is overhung by High Street; so that perhaps the Roman Eagles, as well as the native birds of the rocks, have cast their shadows upon its surface. Not far off lies Angle Tarn, on the southern end of Place Fell. Both these tarns send their brooks down to swell the stream from Brothers' Water, which is itself supplied from the busy, noisy beck that descends the Kirkstone Pass; and the whole, united with a tributary from Deepdale, form the clear brown stream which winds through Patterdale, and empties itself into Ullswater. Brothers' Water derives its name from the accident — which is said to have happened twice — of brothers being lost in it, in the attempt of one to save the other. On one of the two occasions, the accident happened through the breaking of the ice, when the brothers were making a venturesome short cut across it to church. No persuasion of ours can be necessary to induce any traveller to visit Deepdale, if he has time. Its aspect from the road is most tempting; only, it cannot, like the walk to Hays Water, be accomplished in the longest summer-day, in addition to the route given for the day. An account of Ambleside will be found at p. 56.

BROTHERS' WATER.

DEEPDALE.

SECOND TOUR.

AMBLESIDE TO STRANDS AND WAST WATER.

From Ambleside to Coniston	9	miles.
To Broughton	9	„
„ Ulpha Kirk	4¼	„
„ Stanley Ghyll	4	„
„ Santon Bridge	4	„
„ Strands	2	„
Total	32	„

ANOTHER ROUTE.

From Ambleside to Skelwith Bridge	3	miles.
To Colwith Bridge	1	„
„ Fell Foot, Langdale	2½	„
„ Top of Wrynose	1½	„
„ Cockley Beck	2½	„
„ Bridge over the Esk	3	„
„ Stanley Ghyll	2½	„
„ Santon Bridge	4	„
„ Strands	2	„
Total	22	„

AMBLESIDE TO STRANDS.

THERE are two ways, meeting at Stanley Ghyll — the grand waterfall of the district — which are about equally beautiful, though entirely unlike; but the shorter one, by Cockley Beck, is fit only for good walkers, in fair weather. There is no reason why ladies should not achieve it by taking ponies, or a car, which they will quit in the steeper parts. We will suppose, in order to describe both, that the party divides, — the young men going sixteen miles on foot, by the mountains to Stanley Ghyll, and meeting there the carriage-party, who have made a cir-

cuit of about ten miles longer, and will take up the pedestrians for the remaining six miles to Strands.

The drive to Coniston has been already described, as far as the point at which it diverges from the Brathay valley, (p. 72.) It then skirts the grounds of Brathay Hall, and passes near the lake at Pullwyke Bay. About a mile further on Blelham Tarn comes into view on the left, and at Hawkshead Old Hall, two miles further, the traveller finds himself on familiar ground. (See p. 38.) The road now to be followed passes through Coniston and Torver, and then diverges from the lake, overlooking a region in which the hills sink into heathery undulations, which again subside into a wild alluvion which stretches to the estuary. There is, as was before mentioned, now a railway from Coniston to Broughton, but this description is given as it originally stood for the sake of what follows. The travellers must see the Duddon, and in order to get to it they and their carriage must go to Broughton. When it is high water, the scene is fine: but the vast reaches of sand at low water are dreary. The coast-railway is seen crossing the estuary, — its cobweb tracery showing well against the sand or the water. Near at hand Broughton Tower rises from the woods above the little town: but there is nothing else to detain the eye. Tourists who desire to ascend Black Combe, should do it from hence, — the summit being only six miles from Broughton; and guides are here to be procured. Wordsworth says of this mountain that "its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in those

CONISTON TO BROUGHTON.

BLACK COMBE.

parts; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain." One would think that this testimony, and Col. Mudge's information that, when residing on Black Combe for surveying purposes, he more than once saw Ireland before sunrise, would bring strangers to try their luck in seeing Scotland, Staffordshire, and Ireland from the same point: but the mountain lies out of the ordinary track of tourists, and very few visit it.

THE DUDDON.

The next point of the drive is charming; — up the valley of the Duddon. The series of sonnets that Wordsworth has given us may have led strangers to expect too much: but to an unprepossessed eye the valley must appear lovely. Leaving the Bootle road and the bridge to the left, the road ascends so steeply that the travellers will get out and walk; and many a time will they turn to the sea-view, and the wooded slopes on the way to Bootle, and the rocks, dressed with wild flowers, that enclose the road. Then comes a common covered with fern, in which the greenest of paths form a network: and far below dashes the brown river between rocky banks; and Duddon Grove, with its conservatories and beautiful grounds and green clearings, is seen in the hollow of the vale. Four miles from Broughton, the bridge at Ulpha Kirk spans the river, and discloses a beautiful view, up and down. One thing which the traveller is always expected to remark is the strange holes (called *pots*) worn by the waters in the rocks, and the rounding of the edges of the boulders and shelves in the channel. Ulpha Kirk is a mere hamlet; but there is a little

ULPHA KIRK.

inn at which the horses can rest if the party are disposed for a walk to the scene of Robert Walker's life and labours. Ulpha Kirk itself is one of the primitive places where the old manners of the district may yet be traced more clearly than in most road-side settlements. The people still think it no sin to do their farm-work on Sundays, when the weather, — so precarious here, — is favourable; and the familiar style of "the priest," in these parts, makes the transition from work to worship very natural. Some time since there was a blind "priest" settled there. One Sunday morning, the bell rang before the people were all ready; and especially the stoutest farmer in the neighbourhood, who, detained by some cow, pig, or sheep, entered the church last of all, "thunnerin' down the aisle." "Wha's comin' now?" asked the blind priest; and being informed that it was John T——, he inquired further, "a-foot or a-horseback?" Odd sprinklings of learning are found in these by-places, as in Scotland. Some students staying at this same little inn, and wanting to settle their account, wrote a note in Latin to the landlord, asking for the bill, and sent it by the girl who waited. Mr. Gunson, the landlord — from whom the present landlord is descended — immediately sent in the bill in Greek. It was too much for the students, who were obliged to ask to have it in English. There was a "heigh-larn'd" woman, not far from hence, who married a farmer on the moor. When every body was lamenting the hard times, she declared that, for her part, she would be contented if she could obtain food and raiment; whereupon her husband rebuked her presumption. "Thoo

fule," said he: "thoo dusn't think thoo's to hev mare than other folk! I'se content wi' meeat and claes."

NEWFIELD.

Newfield Church, in Seathwaite, is the place where Robert Walker, called "the wonderful," exercised his office for sixty years. The grey farmsteads stand under their sycamores, dispersed in the vale, and up the slope which meets the Walna Scar track from Coniston. Rocky and wooded knolls diversify the dale; and the full beck runs down to join the Duddon, for which it is often mistaken: but the Duddon is unseen here, so deep lies its channel among the rocks. The church is little loftier or larger than the houses near. But for the bell, the traveller would hardly have noticed it for a church on approaching; but when he has reached it, there is the porch, and the little graveyard with a few tombs, and the spreading yew, encircled by the seat of stones and turf, where the early comers sit and rest till the bell calls them in. A little dial, on a whitened post in the middle of the enclosure, tells the time to the neighbours who have no clocks. Just outside the wall is a white cottage, so humble that the stranger thinks it cannot be the parsonage: yet the climbing roses and glittering evergreens, and clear lattices, and pure uncracked walls, look as if it might be. He walks slowly past the porch, and sees some one who tells him that it is indeed Robert Walker's dwelling, and courteously invites him in to see the scene of those life-long charities. Here it was that the distant parishioners were fed on Sundays with broth, for which the whole week's supply of meat

ROBERT WALKER.

was freely bestowed. Hither it was that in winter he sent the benumbed children, in companies, from the school in the church, to warm themselves at the single household fire, while he sat by the altar all the school-hours, keeping warmth in him by the exercise of the spinning wheel. But the story is too well known, as it stands in Wordsworth's works, to need further celebration here: too well known, we should think, not to induce tourists to walk two miles from Ulpha Kirk and back again, to visit the homes, in life and in death, of Robert Walker. There are changes even here. There is a school-house, warmer in winter than the church: and there is a decline in the number of attendants at church. The Wesleyan chapel at Ulpha has drawn away some; and the taste for Sunday diversion, which has found its way over the hills from Coniston, estranges more; and the descendant and successor of the good pastor says that "the old stocks are gone, and the new families are different." Thus is the large world's experience reflected in this little vale!

Newfield is three miles from Ulpha Kirk. There is a small and very old-fashioned inn, where everything is clean and comfortable. This is a good place to sleep, (if the traveller is fortunate enough to find the rooms unoccupied,) when Walna Scar is to be crossed.

The finest part of the Duddon Scenery is just here; and it is a charming walk by the stepping-stones, celebrated by Wordsworth, and up and over the moor, to descend upon Eskdale. The travelling party sees nearly the same view, as far as the mountain is concerned, by

THE DUDDON.

crossing at Ulpha Kirk, and getting upon the moor that way. As soon as the enclosures are past, up springs the lark, and freely run the rills, and keen is the air; and ghost-like are the mountains that appear by degrees above the high foreground of the moor. It is a rare pleasure in the Lake District to meet with the lark. It is only on a very wide expanse of moorland that it can happen; for in the valleys the birds of prey allow no songsters. The eagles are gone (or nearly), and a few ravens are left among the crags; but there are hawks domineering in every vale; so that those who would hear the lark must go out to such places as Birker Moor. The mountain-group in front is that which has been remarked upon before as the centre of the region; the lofty nucleus whence the vales diverge (as Wordsworth observes, after Green) "like the spokes of a wheel." Scawfell is the highest; and the whole line, from that point to Hardknot, is very fine in all lights. The dark basin formed in the midst of the group will be observed: there Wast Water lies.

On the right, a rude new road at length appears, tending towards a wooded ravine. That ravine is Stanley Ghyll, and at its head is the waterfall. The key may be had at the farmhouse of Dalegarth; and there perhaps, or in the glen, the party from Fell Foot may be found to have arrived first.

STANLEY GHYLL.

The Stanley Ghyll fall has much the character of Ara Force; and the immediate surroundings may perhaps be rivalled by other waterfalls in the district. But the glen itself is indisputably the finest in the region; and it is scarcely possible to say too

much of the view from the moss-house on the steep, which should certainly be the first point of view. From hence the eye commands the whole ravine, whose sides are feathered with wood from base to ridge. The fall is between two crags, — the one bare, the other crowned with pines; and if there is a slant of sunlight between them, it gives the last finish of beauty to the chasm. The most modern element in the scene, the young larches, cannot offend the eye, — so well is their vivid green intermingled with the well-grown beech, oak, birch, and hollies, of a sober hue. There is a bridge below, descried from the moss-house, which will tempt the stranger to find his way down; and there he will meet with two more, by means of which he will reach the fall. Here, among a wilderness of ferns and wild flowers, he may sit in the cool damp abyss, watching the fall of waters into their clear rock-basin, till his ear is satisfied with their dash and their flow, and his eye with the everlasting quiver of the ash sprays, and swaying of the young birches, which hang over from the ledges of the precipice. A path then leads him under the rocks, now on this side of the stream, and now on that, till he emerges from the ravine, and winds his way through the hazel copse to the gate.

It may be thought that our travellers have not leisure for much meditating in the glen: and it is true that by this time, the sun is sloping westwards; but there are only six miles to be travelled; and there are no more rough mountain-tracks to-day, but a good road — wonderfully red! — across Eskdale, and all the way to Strands.

After crossing the Esk, and passing the little

inn at Bout, the road runs above the river, till at the King of Prussia Inn, it turns up out of Eskdale, and crosses into Miterdale. Before Eskdale is lost sight of, the opening of the valley to the sea affords a fine view, with the little town of Ravenglass seated in the bay where the Irt, the Mite, and the Esk flow into the sea. Then comes a long ascent, and more views of the levels towards the coast, — rich with woods and fields, bounded by sands and sea. Then there is a descent to cross the Mite; and another ascent; and a descent again to pretty Santon Bridge on the winding Irt. Instead of passing the bridge, however, the road to the right must be taken, which leads in two miles to Strands. There is again a long ascent: but even the tired traveller will not complain of it, when the circle of mountains round Wast Water opens before him. The lake is not visible; but there is no mistaking where it lies. To the right, and close at hand, the Screes present their remarkable sweep of *débris*, and crests streaked with red, grey and vivid green, and here and there cloven for the passage of cataracts from the brow, which tumble down through the gloom of woods. Hawl Ghyll is the largest of these ravines. Next, the Seawfell peaks rise above the rest; and Great End just peeps over the shoulder of Lingmell. The cleft between Lingmell and Great Gable is Sty Head Pass; and to the left, from Great Gable are Yewbarrow and Middlefell. The broken foreground on the common whence this view is seen, adds greatly to its beauty. Descending upon Wastdale, the Irt is crossed; and then the road meets

ESKDALE.

WAST WATER.

MOUNTAINS.

others on the green. The one to the right leads to the lake. Sweeping round to the left, and passing the church, — so small and domestic-looking as to appear like a house, — the road reaches the two little inns. They are humble but clean; and horses can be had, and boats for the lake.

There is a beautiful walk of six miles across the fells from Bout to Wastdale Head. The track passes Burnmoor Tarn. The stream from the tarn finds its course down to Bout, so the traveller might be guided by it, but he will save himself much distance and a good deal of bog, if he can find the landmarks which serve as guides to the country people. He crosses the stream at a picturesque watermill soon after leaving Bout, and follows the path through one or two gates. When he finds himself on the fells, he must look out for an old thorn tree. There are three, and he must pass them all, leaving them on his right hand. After he has left the third behind he will, by continuing to walk in the same direction, soon come in sight of the tarn. It would be well if some more lasting landmarks were substituted for these old trees, two of which are already dead, and the third does not look as if it would long survive its fellows. The chief interest of this walk is in the latter portion. The road crosses the stream as it issues from the tarn, on the eastern side, and then the way lies between Scawfell and the Screes. Wastdale Head and Wast Water come into sight during the descent, which is made by a well marked path, used by peat-cutters whose huts are passed by the roadside.

Now we must see how the party by Fell Foot has fared.

AMBLESIDE TO ESKDALE.

Their route has been described as far as Skelwith Bridge (p. 47); — viz., the road by Clappersgate, and the Brathay valley, in which, however, they must keep the right-hand road. Passing Skelwith Bridge, they had better, if on foot, go through the gap in the wall mentioned in p. 74, and follow the path in the wood which leads them out into the road at the top of the hill. About a mile from thence, they must take the road to the right, which turns

sharp down the very steep hill to Colwith Bridge. Colwith Force, a little further on, will make itself heard and seen. It tumbles from a height of seventy feet, and the adjuncts are beautiful. One mile further along the winding road or lane, Langdale Tarn comes into view, with Wetherlam swelling up grandly to the south of it. About a mile further on, there is a gate from which the road parts; — the straight-forward one leading on to Blea Tarn and Langdale; and the left hand one, which our travellers must follow, leading to Fell Foot, and the old road from Kendal to Whitehaven, which was the only route before carriers' carts found their way into the region.

FELL FOOT. Fell Foot was the house of entertainment whence the pack-horse cavalcade began the ascent, or where they stopped to congratulate themselves on having accomplished the descent. The ascent of Wrynose from this point is long and rather steep: but the views behind become grander with every step. The travellers are now in Westmorland; but at the Three *Shire Stones*

SHIRE STONES. at the top, where three counties meet, they will step into Lancashire, in order to leave it for Cumberland at Cockley Beck bridge, within three miles further on. We are glad that a spirited citizen of Ambleside, to whom his neighbours are under great obligations, has erected a stone pillar at the spot where the shire stones are, that the junction of counties may not be overlooked — as it easily might be before — by the unobservant traveller. Young tourists, who happen to have long limbs, may enjoy the privilege of being in three counties at once, by setting their feet on two of

the three stones, and resting their hands on the third. The stream which is now on the right, divides Lancashire from Cumberland; and Westmorland is left behind.

We know nothing wilder in the district than the next two miles. These are the desolate hills in which the Duddon and the Esk take their rise; and Cockley Beck is the spot where the Duddon must be left, to cross over to the Esk. There is a farmhouse near the bridge, where horses can be refreshed when a car comes this way, while travellers sit down by the stream to dinner. A melancholy and harassed traveller once took this way, whose adventure is still talked over in Eskdale and Borrowdale. A party of tourists, among whom were two sisters, were on the heights, intending to cross Esk Hause into Borrowdale, and to spend the night at Seathwaite, — the first settlement there. Now there is, as we have seen, another Seathwaite on the Duddon; and mistakes frequently arise between them. On Esk Hause, one of the ladies lost sight of her party behind some of the rocks scattered among the tarns there, and took a turn to the right instead of the left. A shepherd of whom she inquired her way to Seathwaite pointed down the Duddon valley; and that way she went till she found herself at Cockley Beck, when the old shepherd-farmer who lived there was getting his supper in the dusk of the autumn evening. He used his best courtesy to induce her to stay till daylight: but she was bent on going at once, — so great would be her sister's terror. As she would not be pursuaded, the old man went with her, putting his crust into his pocket. It was dark,

COCKLEY BECK.

and the lady was weary; and she was not aware what she was undertaking. After a long struggle, she fainted. The old man was afraid to leave her, lest he should not find her again: but he succeeded in reaching water without losing sight of her white dress. He dipped his crust and brought water in his hat to bathe her face. She revived, ate the crust, and strove onwards, — persevering on her weary way till between one and two in the morning, when she met her sister and a party coming from Seathwaite in Borrowdale, with a dozen lanterns, to search for her. She gave her guide "a one pound note" (it was so long ago as that); and afterwards sent him two more. The whole family connexion of that lady will remember for ever that there is a Seathwaite on each side of Esk Hause.

From Cockley Beck, the road climbs the side of Hardknot, and from the highest point commands a view of the sea. The descent into Eskdale is charming, — the ravine to the left, in which the infant river flows down, being beautifully wooded, and the whole valley, with its few hamlets and many sheep, lying open as far as the sea. In three miles from Cockley Beck, the bridge over the Esk is passed; and Stanley Ghyll is less than three miles further. Scawfell, and all that group of summits, are in view to the right, during the descent: and to the left, Birker Force is seen dashing over the rocks. Bout comes next, and then Dalegarth and Stanley Ghyll, where our travellers will join their party, after a walk of sixteen miles from Ambleside.

HARDKNOT.

THIRD TOUR.

FROM STRANDS AND WAST WATER TO SCALE HILL INN.

From Strands to Gosforth	3	miles.
To Calder Bridge	4	„
„ Ennerdale Bridge	7	„
„ Lamplugh Cross	3	„
„ Lowes Water	4	„
„ Scale Hill	2	„
Total	23	„

WAST WATER.

THE objection to seeing Wast Water early in the morning is, that Scawfell may too probably be covered with clouds. He does not take off his nightcap so soon as the pleasure-seeker. On this account, we have preferred, when weather was favourable, the Fell Foot way to Strands, as leaving time for an evening-drive to Wastdale Head, — five miles and back again. The travellers by Broughton must no doubt wait till the morning. Taking a cup of tea and a crust, and ordering breakfast for two hours hence, the party may start early for the far-famed Wast Water, — the most solemn and imposing of all the lakes. For some way the road is a pretty lane, with frequent gates till the beautiful abode of Crook End, the seat of Stanfield Rawson, Esq., is passed. Hawl Ghyll and the other fissures are probably breathing forth their vapours, which keep ascending all the way. There are The Screes, with the grey and still lake, — too deep to be ever frozen, — lying at the

Emerdale Water
Iron Crag
Hollen Knotts
River Lyza
High Crag
Scarf Gap
Black Sail
Pillar
2892
Steeple
Mill Door
Hay Stacks
Honister Crag
Green Gable
Black Lead Mine
Great Gable
2951
Kirk Fell
Stack Head Tarn
Wasdale Head
Yewbarrow
Dore Head
Hay Cocks
Dropping Crag
Down the Dale
Lingmell
Great End
Sprinkling Tarn
The Pikes
3230
Top of Esk Hause
Scafell
Scafell Pike
3210
Mickledore
Broad Crag
Scafell Crag
Lord's Rake
Green Gable
Base Brown
Seathwaite
Stockley Bridge
Stockley
Glaramara
Eagle Crags
Seatallan
Middle Fell
Greendale Tarn
Boulderdale
Overbeck Brs.
Pike
WAST WATER
Scaw Fell
3172
Bow Fell
2914
Rossett Gill
Rossett Pike
Langdale Pikes
Path over the Scale Tree
Borrowdale Fells
Borrowdale
Scale Force
Angle Tarn
Butterelldkeld
High Fell
Crinkle Crags
Oxendale
Pike
Yew Tree
Dalker End
Wasdale Hall
Mosedale
Gaurd Heads
Beckermonth
Tarnfell
White Sykes
Kirk Beck
Strandhead
Wastdale
Seatallan
Seathwaite
Stockley
Glaramara
Eagle Crags
White Stones
Borrowdale
Scale Force
Angle Tarn
Rossett Gill
Langdale Pikes
Path over the Scale Tree
Mickledore
Oxendale
Pike

Stanton Bridge
Low Place
Gill Bank
Eskdale
Butter
Seathwaite Fells
Seathwaite Tarn
Birker Fell
Muncaster Fell
Devoke Water
Birkby Fell
Stainton Fell
Corney Fell
Ulpha
Black Fell
Dunnerdale Fells
Caw 1734
Hard Knot
Black Hall
Dale Head
Gray Friar
Deming Crag
Low Birker Tarn
Dalegarth Hall
Eel Tarn
Stony Tarn
Blea Tarn
Wrynose Bottom
Cockley Beck
Old Man
Goats Water
Blind Tarn
Low Water
Throng
Tongue House
Low Holling Ho.
High Moss Ho.
Turner Hall
Seathwaite Ch.
Newfield
Hall Dunnerdale
Moor Ho.
Slate Quarry
High Hirst
Low Hirst
Hazel Head
Baskall
Crosbythwaite
Old Hall
Pike Side
Low Ground
High Ground
Birkerthwaite
Brant Rake
Field Head
Linbeck
Knot End
How Bank
Ellerbeck
Nether Stanton
Broad Oak
Stainton
Middle Stainton
Grange
Wood Head
High Corner
Charles Ground
Kirkby Head
Plumgarth
Park Gate
Kitchen Ground
Catch Gr.
Muncaster Head
King of Prussia
Spout Ho.
Fisher Ground
Hollins Ho.
Grains Moor
Broughton
Druidical Circle
0
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8 Miles

base of their prodigious sweep! The lake is three and a half miles long, and has The Screes for its south-eastern shore. The line of this singular range is almost unbroken. The crags are hidden, about a third of the way down, by the slope of the many-coloured *débris* which slants right into the lake. The summer-thunderstorm and the winter-tempest sometimes shiver the loosely-compacted crags above; and then, when a mass comes thundering down, and splashes into the lake, the whole range feels the shock, and slides of stones rush into the water; and clouds of dust rise into the air.*

* This account of some fine features of Wastdale Head is communicated. — "At Wastdale Head there are two water-courses as well worth seeing as any in the district: the one, Pease Ghyll, a very long and deep ravine under Great End in Scawfell; and the other Greta Force, a lofty waterfall. This latter is formed of two sister falls, each, considerably higher, and having a much larger body of water in it, than Scale Force: but not perhaps falling quite so sheer. A narrow tongue of land divides their leaps; but the two streams meet together in the chasm below, which would itself be considered fine were not Pease Ghyll so near a neighbour. There is no unfortunate woman to be satisfied with a shilling here,— no steps cut out in the rock,— no little gateway closed to the guideless adventurer. On the other hand it is proper to state that two streams have to be crossed before a good view of Greta Forces can be obtained; ladies therefore should choose dry weather, when the passage is easy enough, for this expedition. Starting from Ritson's, we take the *old* road towards Sty Head down in the valley; cross the stream where it is most convenient, and steer for the junction of Pease Ghyll and Greta Force. We cross here to the left bank of the latter, and ascending it to the point opposite the foot of the tongue, get on to the same, not without a little difficulty, and are rewarded not only with a good view of the falls (which indeed can be seen even better from below) but with a fine sight of all the Wastdale amphitheatre. Descending to the junction of the streams where we crossed before, if it be tolerably dry weather, we clamber up the bed of Pease Ghyll, hemmed in by the grandest natural walls on either side, and by the terrible precipices of Scawfell imme-

We gave, in approaching Strands, (p. 159.) the names of the mountains as they are now seen. The road winds pleasantly round bays and over promontories, and the pyramidal Yewbarrow, Great Gable, which closes in the dale, and Lingmell and the Scawfell Pikes to the right, all explain themselves. Several brooks and rills are passed, flowing down from the valleys; and the stranger exclaims that he should like to spend a whole summer here, to explore all the ways among the mountains. Several gentlemen have spent weeks together at Ritson's farmhouse, at the dale head, where there are clean beds, and farmhouse fare in plenty and perfection. There is now a little inn at Wastdale Head, kept by one of the Ritson's, the other having still accommodation for private lodgers. The opening out of the dale head, when the valley has appeared to close in round the lake, is as wonderful a spectacle to strangers as anything they see. The dale is one of those perfect levels, shut in by lake and mountains, which give a different impression from any other kind of scenery in the world. The passes themselves are so high as to leave no appearance of outlet, except by the lake; and of these passes there are but two,—the Sty Head and Mosedale paths. The green and

WASTDALE HEAD.

diately in front: behind, Great Gable closes the scene with its stupendous pyramid. This is by far the finest ravine in the Lake Country for real grandeur: the few mountain-ashes and hardy trees which fringe the rocks, only serving by contrast to heighten the prevailing ruggedness. An enormous rock forming a natural archway through which the stream runs so as to make farther research impossible, concludes our navigation. A more extended view still may be obtained by ascending the right bank of Pease Ghyll and going as far as eyes unaccustomed to precipices will permit us."

perfect level, to which the mountains come down with a sheer sweep, is partly divided off into fields; and a few farmhouses are set down among the fields, on the bends of the gushing and gurgling stream. There is a chapel,—the humblest of chapels,—with eight pews, and three windows in three sides, and a skylight over the pulpit. There is also a school. The schoolmaster is entertained on "whittlegate" terms; that is, he boards at the farmhouses in turn. An old man told us that the plan answers. "He gets them on very well," said he; "and particularly in the spelling. He thinks if they can spell, they can do all the rest." Such are the original conclusions arrived at in Wastdale Head. It struck us that the children were dirtier than even in other vales, though the houses are so clean that you might eat your dinner off the board or the floor. But the state of the children's skin and hair is owing to superstition in all these dales; and the schoolmaster is the one who should cure the evil. A young lady who kindly undertook to wash and dress the infant of a sick woman, but who was not experienced in the process, exclaimed at the end, "O dear! I forgot its hands and arms. I must wash them." The mother expressed great horror, and said that "if the child's arms were washed before it was six months old, it would be a thief;" and, added she, pathetically, "I would not like that." The hair and nails must not be cut for a much longer time, for fear of a like result. The Yorkshire people put the alternative of dirty and clean rather strongly in their proverb, "Better hev a bairn wi a mucky feace than wash its noase off:" but the Cumberland folk view the matter more in

a moral way, and refuse to have their children baptised into thievery.

KIRKFELL.

Kirkfell, which stands backward, between Yewbarrow and Great Gable, was very tempting to a tourist who explored this neighbourhood some years ago; and he set out to get to Buttermere by Blacksail and Scarf Gap. After hours of walking, he struck into the deep ravine between Kirkfell and Great Gable; and when he arrived within sight of a lake at night, he was confounded to find it still Wast Water. He had walked completely round the mountain, instead of getting on! We observed to a comrade that this could not have happened if the tourist had carried a pocket-compass. "And not having a compass," said our friend, "he fetched one." Wastdale Head is the place whence the ascent of Scawfell should be made: but we must defer that, as it would occupy the energies of a whole day. The party will now return the way they came; for there is no road, of course, under the Screes, though the shepherds venture along a perilous thread of a path in the loose *débris*.

After breakfast the travellers will address themselves to the very different spectacle of Calder Abbey and its environs.

STRANDS TO CALDER ABBEY.

After climbing the long hill from Strands, an eager look-out will be kept for the Isle of Man: but the most probable point for seeing it is at the top of the hill between Gosforth (the reddest of villages) and Calder Bridge. Far off at sea rises the outline of its mountains; and when the wind is east, we have repeatedly seen the shadows filling the hollows of

its hills. From this eminence, the road descends through an avenue of beech, ash, and other trees, to Calder Bridge.

Here the travellers will leave the carriage, which will meet them within an hour at Captain Irwin's gate, on their quitting the Abbey. They must now step into the inn garden at the bridge, and see how beautifully the brown waters swirl away under the red bridge and its ivied banks, while the waving ferns incessantly checker the sunshine. It is a mile to the Abbey, through the churchyard, and along the bank of the Calder, where again the most beautiful tricks of light are seen, with brown water and its white foam, red precipitous banks, and the greenest vegetation, with a wood crowning all. The scene is thoroughly monastic. There is no sound at noon-day besides the gushing water, but the woodman's axe and the shock of a falling tree, or the whir of the magpie, or the pipe of the thrush: but at night the rooks, on their return to roost, fill the air with their din. The ruins are presently seen, springing sheer from the greenest turf. Relics from the abbey are now placed beside the way; and the modern house appears at hand.

THE ABBEY.

The ruins should be approached from the front, so that the lofty pointed arches may best disclose the long perspective behind of grassy lawn and sombre woods. The Abbey is built of red sandstone of the neighbourhood, now sobered down by time (it was founded in A.D., 1134,) into the richest and softest tint that the eye could desire. But little is known of it beyond its date, and the name of its founder, Ranulph, son of the first Ranulph de Meschines,

a Norman noble. The church was small, as the scanty remains show; and the monastery, which now looks like a continuation of the same building, could not have contained a numerous company. From the fragments of effigies preserved, it appears that some eminent persons were buried here; but who these knights and nobles were there is no record that can tell,— carefully as these memorials were wrought to secure the immortality of this world. The eye is first fixed by the remains of the tower, from whose roofless summit dangles the the tufted ivy, and whose base is embossed by the small lilac blossoms of the antirrhinum; but at last the great charm is found in an aisle of clustered pillars. Almost the whole aisle is standing, still connected by the cornice and wall which supported the roof. The honeysuckle and ivy climb till they fall over on the other side. There is a sombre corner where the great ash grows over towards the tower, making a sort of tent in the recess. There are niches and damp cells in the conventual range. It is a small ruin, but thoroughly beautiful: and when the stranger looks and listens, as he stands in the green level between woods, he will feel how well the monks knew how to choose their dwelling-places, and what it must have been to the earnest and pious among these Cistercians to pace the river bank, and to attune their thoughts to the unceasing music of the Calder flowing by. In the broad noon it is a fine thing to see the shadows flung, short and sharp, on the sward, and to catch the burnish of the ivy, and woo the shade of the avenue: and, in the evening, it is charming to see how the last glow in the west brings out the pro-

jections and recesses of the ruins, and how the golden moon hangs over the eastern mass of tree tops, ready to take her turn in disclosing the beauties of the monastic retreat.

The Abbey is carefully preserved, and liberally laid open to strangers by Captain Irwin. It is no fault of his that his house, a plain substantial modern dwelling, stands too near the ruins. He did not build it: so there is nothing personal in the natural wish of strangers that it stood somewhere else.

At the gate the carriage is waiting, and it takes the cross road, almost opposite the gate, up to Cold Fell. The drive over that fell is commonly called dreary; and it is so in bad weather: but it has its charms. The sea-view is fine, — all flecked with cloud-shadows as with islands: and so too is the wide down sprinkled with sheep, that look as ragged as terriers, after tearing their fleeces with the furze and brambles with which the swelling slopes are embossed. In a hollow, at rare intervals, stands a farmhouse under the ordinary sycamore canopy; and far away, between the slopes of the down below, the soil is cut up into fields, with woods hanging above. At the mouth of the vale, between it and the coast, stands Egremont, a little town of 1,500 inhabitants or so, and which certainly looks very pretty from the uplands; — and cheerful too, in spite of its Roman name, — ("the Mount of Sorrow.") It is distinguished by Roman traditions. It was at the gateway of Egremont Castle that the horn was hung, in crusading days, which was twice blown by the gallant Sir Eustace de Lacy. As the Cumber-

COLD FELL.

landers tell, Sir Eustace and his brother Hubert rode forth together to the Holy Wars; and Sir Eustace blew the horn, saying to his brother, "If I fall in Palestine, do thou return and blow this horn, and take possession; that Egremont may not be without a Lacy for its Lord." In Palestine, ambition of this lordship so took possession of Hubert, that he hired ruffians to drown his brother in the Jordan: and the ruffians assured him that the deed was done. He returned home, and stole into the castle by night,—not daring to sound the horn. But he soon plucked up spirit, and drowned his remorse in revels. In the midst of a banquet one day, the horn was heard, sounding such a blast that the echoes came back from the fells, after startling the red deer from his covert, and the wild boar from his drinking at the tarn. Hubert knew that none but Eustace could or would sound the horn: and he fled by a postern while his brother Eustace entered by the gate. Long after, the wretched Hubert came to ask forgiveness from his brother; and having obtained it, retired to a convent, where he practised penance till he died. The ruins of this castle stand on an eminence to the west of the town.

ENNERDALE.

Before descending to Ennerdale Bridge, the outline of the Scotch mountains may be sometimes seen. Few travellers see more of this lake than in passing; but it deserves more attention than is generally bestowed upon it. The lake is exceedingly wild, though it has not the solemnity of Wast Water. The enclosure of the waters by bare mountains is very fine. The lake is two and a half miles in length and half a mile

broad. It has a curious little island, composed entirely of stones, so much alike in size and shape as to lead to the inquiry whether they can have been brought there for building purposes. One glance down into the clear water, where they may be seen to a great depth, will show that such is not the case, there being too vast a quantity to admit of the supposition. The southern side of the lake is closed in by Crag Fell, Revelin and Iron Crag. As seen from the water, Crag Fell has the appearance of being crowned with a fort. Herdhouse and Red Pike form the northern boundary. The lake has its traditions, as well as several wild tales of the adventures and escapes of pedestrians who have explored the mountains in its neighbourhood. It is said that a gentleman once lived at How Hall, a house not far from the inn, who dealt in the black art; and some of his doings are still related. On one occasion he was with a party of friends in a boat on the lake, when, remarking that it was time for him to leave them, he plunged headlong into the water. The friends waited and searched for him in vain, and at length returned home believing him to be drowned, when to their amazement they found him sitting dry and snug by his own fireside.

The Anglers' Inn, at Ennerdale, is as clean and comfortable as it is homely.

The valley at the head of Ennerdale is little visited. It is crossed by pedestrians who go from Wastdale Head to Buttermere by Blacksail and Scarf Gap; and tourists who approach Ennerdale by the carriage road see nothing of it. It is full of wild beauty, and deserves to be better known. Its length is about four miles. In walking up it

the traveller has on his left Red Pike, High Stile, and High Crag, and on his right Pillar and Kirk Fell, while in front the valley is closed in by Great Gable. The river that dashes down the centre is the Liza. The most interesting feature in the landscape is the Pillar Rock, so like a gigantic column as to have given its name to the mountain of which it forms a part. This rock used to be believed inaccessible, but there have been adventurous tourists on the top of it. Their names are preserved in a bottle which is left in some crevice on its summit. Last summer this bottle contained nine names. The ascent is looked upon as foolhardy by some of the most experienced guides of the district.

There are mountain roads from Ennerdale to Lowes Water, over Blake Fell, and by Floutern Tarn to Scale Force and Buttermere. The distance to each is six miles. The Blake Fell road, presently to be described, parts off from the other in a northerly direction just before Floutern Tarn is reached. The road to Buttermere is not well marked between the tarn and Scale Force, as the ground is boggy. The tarn must be passed on the right, and then the general direction is easterly. There are three sheepfolds which must be passed; and if the day is clear the traveller may guide himself in his descent by keeping in a line with the Vale of Newlands, the top of which is distinctly visible.

We have mentioned the young man who spent the whole of a precious day in walking round Kirk Fell. Worse happened, in October, 1852, to two gentlemen who went with a pony, but without a guide, from Buttermere to Wastdale Head, by Scarf

Gap and Blacksail. In Ennerdale valley, wind and rain met them. They struggled part of the way along Blacksail, when they became bewildered, and soon so exhausted that they had a narrow escape with their lives. But for a brandy-flask, which one of them carried, they could not have survived. The pony seems to have sunk as rapidly as the men. These gentlemen have publicly suggested the erection of some conspicuous landmarks, to show the track; and they have uttered their warning, in corroboration of so many others, against crossing mountains without a guide. One of their chief difficulties was the paths being turned into water-courses, and thereby disguised. It was on the same track that the three Kendal young ladies, mentioned by Mr. Green in his "Guide" (two of whom are still living) lost their way, from dismissing their guide too soon, and actually stayed all night on the mountain, where if it had not been fine summer weather, they would have perished. They took a guide over Scarf Gap, and as far as the junction of the three roads from Buttermere, Ennerdale, and Wastdale. The guide left them on the right road, and with full information as to the rest of the way: they took the wrong side of the brook, however, and so got bewildered. It was only 4 p.m., when the guide left them: but darkness overtook them still wandering. When they came down again upon Tyson's house, early in the morning, the family could not believe the story of their descent, so perilous was the way they had come. One of the ladies had, however, lost a pocket-book, and they had seen a dead sheep: and, somebody

BELATED TOURISTS.

immediately going up, these incidents were verified: and the adventure of the Kendal ladies remains one of the wonders of the dales.

BLAKE FELL.

We once had an adventure in this neighbourhood, the moral of which is, the comfort of having a guide. We wanted to cross Blake Fell to Lowes Water. The distance to Scale Hill Inn was only six miles; the time summer; and the track well marked on map and mountain. If there ever was a case in which a guide might be thought unnecessary, it was this: but two of the party were young strangers, and the third would not assume the charge of them. The heat was excessive that day; so we lagged behind the guide, on the ascent, though he carried knapsack and baskets. He was a quiet-looking elderly mountaineer, who appeared to walk slowly; but his progress was great compared with ours, from the uniformity and continuity of his pace. In the worst part of the walk, we tried the effect of following close behind him, and putting our feet in his tracks; and we were surprised to find with what ease we got on. At first we stopped repeatedly, to sit down and drink from the streams that crossed the track or flowed beside it; and during those halts we observed that the blackness which had for some time been appearing in the west, now completely shrouded the sea. Next, we remarked that while the wind still blew in our faces,— that is from the north-east,— the mass of western clouds was evidently climbing the sky. The guide quietly observed that there would be rain by and by. Next, when we were in the middle of the wide fell, and we saw how puzzling the network

of swampy paths must be at all times, we pointed out to one another how the light fleeces of cloud below the black mass swept round in a circle, following each other like straws in an eddy. Soon, the dark mass came driving up at such a rate that it was clear we should not finish our walk in good weather. The dense mist was presently upon us. On looking behind, to watch its rate of advance, we saw a few flashes of lightning burst from it. The thunder had for some time been growling afar, almost incessantly. The moment before the explosion of the storm was as like a dream as a waking state can be. We were walking on wild ground, now ascending, now descending; a deep tarn (Floutern Tarn) on our right hand, our feet treading on slippery rushes or still more slippery grass; the air was dark as during an eclipse; and heavy mists drove past from behind, just at the level of our heads, and sinking every moment; while before us, and far below us — down as in a different world — lay Buttermere, and the neighbouring vales, sleeping in the calmest sunshine. The contrast was singular — of that warm picture, with its yellow lights and soft shadows, with the turbulence and chill and gloom of the station from which we viewed it. We had but a moment to look at it; for not only did the clouds sink before our eyes, but the wind scudded round to the opposite point of the compass, throwing one after another of us flat as it passed. Within a few minutes one of us had six falls, from the force of the wind and the treachery of the ground,—now in a trice a medley of small streams. It was impossible to stop the guide for a moment's breath.

STORM ON THE FELL.

In the roar of the blast, and crash of the thunder, and pelt of the hail, one might as well have spoken to the elements: so it was necessary for us all to keep our pace, that he might not stride away from us entirely. Through stumblings and slidings innumerable, we did this,—the lightning playing about our faces the while, like a will-o'-the-wisp on the face of a bog. The hail and rain had drenched us to the skin; they were driven in at every opening of our clothes; they cut our necks behind, and filled our shoes; our hats and bonnets were immediately soaked through, and everybody's hair wringing wet. The thunder seemed to roll on our very skulls. In this weather we went plunging on for four miles, through spongy bogs, and turbid streams whose bridges of stones were hidden in the rushing waters, or by narrow pathways each one of which was converted by the storm into an impetuous brook. When we had descended into a region where we could hear ourselves speak, we congratulated one another on our prudence in having engaged a guide. Without him, how should we have known the path from the brook, or have guessed where we might ford the stream, when the bridges were out of sight? Two horses, we afterwards heard, were killed on the same fell in that storm: and we should never have come down, we were persuaded, if we had been left to wander by ourselves.

LAMPLUGH CROSS.

Lamplugh Cross is three miles from Ennerdale Bridge; and thence the road begins to descend, and for the most part continues descending for the remaining six miles to Scale Hill Inn. On leaving the common, from which the Solway and Scotch mountains are

visible, and turning down through a gate upon Lowes Water, the view of the central mountain-group is again very fine. Lowes Water is one of the out-lying lakes, and its lower end is tame accordingly: but it is only a mile long, and the peaks congregate finely about its head. The circuit of Lowes Water, (seven miles) is a charming morning's walk. There is a prosperous look about the homesteads there, and a richness about the meadows which smacks of the level country, which, in the shape of the Vale of Lorton, is near at hand. On the road between Lowes Water and the inn at Scale Hill, the great peaks of the central group are all visible, from Grassmoor to Great Gable, and from Scawfell round to Melbreak; while the prominent Rannerdale Knot projects into Crummock Lake in front; and Honister Crag peeps over from behind. As the reader knows, the whole group may be studied from Scale Hill; and to the utmost advantage from the Station. (p. 128.) At Scale Hill Inn the travellers may close in comfort the third day of their circuit.

LOWES WATER.

FOURTH TOUR.

FROM SCALE HILL, BY HONISTER CRAG, TO KESWICK.

From Scale Hill to Buttermere	4	miles.
To Gatesgarth	2	„
„ Honister Crag	2	„
„ Seatoller	2	„
„ Rosthwaite	2	„
„ Lodore	3	„
„ Keswick	3	„
Total	18	„

THE road as far as Buttermere has been described (p. 127.) But the attention of the traveller has hardly been sufficiently called to the stormy character of this central district, as shown by the aspect of the mountains. Nowhere else are they so scarred with weather-marks, or so diversified in colouring from new rents in the soil. Long sweeps of orange and grey stones descend to Crummock Water; and above, there are large hollows, like craters, filled now with deep blue shadows, and now with tumbling white mists, above which yellow or purple peaks change their hue with every hour of the day, or variation of the sky. The bare, hot-looking *débris* on the Melbreak side, the chasms in the rocks, and the sudden swellings of the waters, tell of turbulence in all seasons. The most tremendous water-spout remembered in the region of the lakes, descended the ravine between Grassmoor and Whiteside, in 1760. It swept the whole side of Grass-

CRUMMOCK WATER.

moor at midnight, and carried down everything that was lying loose all through the vale below, and over a piece of arable land at the entrance, where it actually peeled the whole surface, carrying away the soil and the trees, and leaving the rocky substratum completely bare. The soil was many feet deep, and the trees full-grown. Then it laid down what it brought, covering ten acres with the rubbish. By the channel left, it appears that the flood must have been five or six yards deep, and a hundred yards wide. Among other pranks, it rooted up a solid causeway, which was supported by an embankment apparently as strong as the neighbouring hills. The flood not only swept away the whole work, but scooped out the entire line for its own channel. The village of Brackenthwaite, which stood directly in its course, was saved by being built on a stone platform,—a circumstance unknown to the inhabitants till they now saw themselves left safe on a promontory, while the soft soil was swept away from beside their very doors, leaving a chasm where the flood had been turned aside by the resistance of their rock. The end of the matter was, that the flood poured into the Cocker, which rose so as to lay the whole south-western plain under water for a considerable time.

On leaving Buttermere, and passing the very small chapel (which yet is "quite big" compared with the former one on the same site) the road up Buttermere Haws to Newlands is seen ascending to the left. The Lake of Buttermere is only a mile and a quarter in length, and a little more than half a mile in breadth. The mountains which enclose it have been already named (p. 127.) The

torrent that will be observed flowing down the steep into the lake is called — as others in the district are — Sourmilk Ghyll: and it issues from Bleaberry or Burtness Tarn, on the side of Red Pike. The pretty domain near the margin of the lake is Hasness. Then comes Gatesgarth, — the farmstead whence the road to Scarf Gap is taken, by which, as we have told, London gentlemen and Kendal ladies have run into such extreme danger. From Gatesgarth begins one of the wildest bits of road in the district. It climbs Buttermere Vale, by an ascent at first gradual, and latterly extremely steep, to the base of Honister Crag. It is a vast stony valley, where sheep and their folds, and a quarryman's hut here and there, are the only signs of civilization. There are no bridges over the stream — the infant Cocker — which must be crossed many times; and where there are no stepping-stones, the pedestrian must wade. Everybody walks up the last reaches of the ascent, — so steep and stony is the narrow road, and so formidable its unfenced state. The dark, stupendous, almost perpendicular, Honister Crag frowns above; and a the traveller, already at a considerable height, looks up at the quarrymen in the slate-quarries near the summit, it almost takes his breath away to see them hanging like summer-spiders quivering from the eaves of a house.

GATESGARTH.

HONISTER CRAG.

These quarrymen are a hardy race, capable of feats of strength which are now rarely heard of elsewhere. No heavily-armed knight, who ever came here to meet the Scot — and there were such encounters on

SLATE QUARRYMEN.

this spot in the ancient border-wars — carried a greater weight, or did more wonders in a day than these fine fellows. The best slate of Honister Crag is found near the top: and there, many hundred feet aloft, may be seen, by good eyes, the slate-built hovels of some of the quarrymen, while others ascend and descend many times between morning and night. Now the men come leaping down with their trucks at a speed which appears appalling to strangers. Formerly, the slate was brought down on hurdles, on men's backs: and the practice is still continued in some remote quarries, where the expense of conveyance by carts would be too great, or the roads do not admit of it. About forty years ago there was a man named Joseph Clark at Honister, who made seventeen journeys, (including seventeen miles of climbing up and scrambling down,) in one day, bringing down 10,880 pounds of slate. In ascending, he carried the hurdle, weighing eighty pounds; and in descending, he brought each time 640 pounds of slate. At another time he carried, in three successive journeys, 1,280 pounds each time. His greatest day's work was bringing 11,771 pounds; in how many journeys it is not remembered, but in fewer than seventeen. He lived at Stonethwaite, three miles from his place of work. His toils did not appear to injure him: and he declared that he suffered only from thirst. It was believed in his day that there was scarcely another man in the kingdom capable of sustaining such labour for a course of years.

In some places where the slate is closely compacted, and presents endways and perpendicular surface, the quarryman sets about his work as if he

were going after eagles' eggs. His comrades let him down by a rope from the precipice; and he tries for a footing on some ledge, where he may drive in wedges. The difficulty of this, where much of his strength must be employed in keeping his footing, may be conceived: and a great length of time must be occupied in loosening masses large enough to bear the fall without being dashed into useless pieces. But, generally speaking, the methods are improved, and the quarries made accessible by tracks admitting of the passage of strong carts. Still the detaching of the slate, and the loading and conducting the carts, are laborious work enough to require and train a very athletic order of men. In various parts of the district, the scene is marked by mountains of *débris*, above or within which yawn black recesses in the mountain side, where the summer thunders echo, and the winter storms send down formidable slides into the vales below.

BORROWDALE HAWS.

At the turn under Honister Crag, the vales behind disappear, and Borrowdale begins to open upon the eye, — at first in the form of a triangular bit of green level far below among the hills. By degrees, the overlapping mountains part asunder, and disclose more farmsteads and broader levels, till the fences are reached. Thence, it is a steep and rough descent upon Seatoller, by the side of a plunging and roaring stream, and its canopy of trees. Passing through the farmyard at Seatoller, the travellers find themselves in Borrowdale, with only two miles more to Rosthwaite, (p. 122.) and eight to Keswick, and an excellent road all the way.

Thus have our travellers, in the space of four days, seen the greater part of the lakes and mountains. If they have used their eyes and minds, they must have observed something of the material, moral, and social changes going on perpetually in this once secluded corner of the United Kingdom.

RETURN TO KESWICK.

As for the material changes, — those wrought in silence by Nature are of the same quiet, gradual kind that have been going on ever since the mountains were upreared. She disintegrates the rocks, and now and then sends down masses thundering along the ravines, to bridge over a chasm, or make a new islet in a pool. She sows her seeds in crevices, or on little projections, so that the bare face of the precipice becomes feathered with the rowan and the birch; and thus, ere long, motion is produced by the passing winds, in a scene where all once appeared rigid as a mine. She draws her carpet of verdure gradually up the bare slopes, where she has deposited earth to sustain the vegetation. She is for ever covering with her exquisite mosses and ferns every spot which has been left unsightly, till nothing appears that can offend the human eye, within a whole circle of hills. She even silently rebukes and repairs the false taste of uneducated man. If he makes his dwelling of too glaring a white, she tempers it with weather stains; if he indolently leaves the stone walls and blue slates unrelieved by any neighbouring vegetation, she supplies the needful screen by bringing out tufts of delicate fern in the crevices, and springing coppice on the nearest slopes. The most significant changes, however, are in the disposition of the waters of the region. The

margins of the lakes never remain the same for half-a-century together. The streams bring down soft soil incessantly; and this more effectually alters the currents than the slides of stones precipitated from the heights by an occasional storm. By this deposit of soil new promontories are formed, and the margin contracts, till many a reach of waters is converted into land, inviting tillage. The greenest levels of the smaller valleys may be seen to have been once lakes: and no one who looks down upon Grasmere, for instance, from the hill-field behind the Hollins, can have any doubt as to what was once the extent of the waters. And, while Nature is thus closing up in one direction, she is opening in another. In some low-lying spot a tree falls, which acts as a dam when the next rains come. The detained waters sink, and penetrate, and loosen the roots of other trees; and the moisture which they formerely absorbed goes to swell the accumulation till the place becomes a swamp. The drowned vegetation decays and sinks, leaving more room, till the place becomes a pool on whose bristling margin the snipe arrives to rock on the bulrush, and the heron wades in the water-lilies to feed on the fish which come there nobody knows how. As the waters spread, they encounter natural dams, behind which they grow clear and deepen, till we have a tarn among the hills, which attracts the browsing flock, and tempts the shepherd to build his hut near the brink. Then the wild swans see the glittering expanse in their flight, and drop down into it; and the waterfowl make their nests among the reeds. This brings the sportsman; and a path is trodden over the hills;

and the spot becomes a place of human resort. While nature is thus working transformations in her deeper retreat, the generations of men are more obviously busy elsewhere. They build their houses, and plant their orchards on the slopes which connect the levels of the valleys: they encroach upon the swamps below them, and plough among the stones on the uplands, — here fencing in new grounds, there throwing several plots into one: they open slate-quarries, and make broad roads for the carriage of the produce; they cherish the young hollies and ash, whose sprouts feed their flocks, thus providing a compensation in the future for the past destruction of the woods. Thus, while the general primitive aspect of the region remains, and its intensely rural character is little impaired, there is scarcely a valley in the district which looks the same from one half-century to another.

The changes among the people proceed faster: and some of these changes are less agreeable to contemplate, however well aware we may be that they are to issue in good. Formerly, every household had nearly all that it wanted within itself. The people thought so little of wheaten bread, that wheat was hardly to be bought in the towns. Within the last few years, an old man of eighty-five was fond of telling how, when a boy, he wanted to spend his penny on wheaten bread; and he searched through Carlisle from morning to evening before he could find a penny-roll. The cultivator among the hills divided his field into plots where he grew barley, oats, flax, and other produce to meet the needs of the household. His pigs, fed partly on acorns or beech-mast,

THE STATESMEN.

yielded good bacon and hams; and his sheep furnished wool for clothing. Of course he kept cows. The women spun and wove the wool and flax, and the lads made the wooden utensils, baskets, fishing tackle, &c. Whatever else was needed was obtained from the pedlars who came their rounds two or three times a year, dropping in among the little farms from over the hills. The first great change was from the opening of carriage-roads. There was a temptation then to carry stock and grain to fairs and markets. More grain was grown than the household needed, and offered for sale. In a little while the mountain-farmers were sure to fail in competition in the markets with dwellers in agricultural districts. The mountaineer had no agricultural science and little skill; and the decline of the fortunes of the "statesmen," as they are locally called, has been regular, and mournful to witness. They haunt the fairs and markets, losing in proportion to the advance of improvement elsewhere. On their first losses, they began to mortgage their lands. After bearing the burden of these mortgages till they could bear it no longer, their children have sold the lands: and among the shop-boys, domestic servants, and labourers of the towns, we find the names of the former yeomanry of the district, who have parted with their lands to strangers. Much misery intervened during the process of transition. The farmer was tempted to lose the remembrance of his losses in drink when he attended the fairs and markets. The capacity of the dalesmen in this respect, — in the quantity of strong liquor that they can carry — is remarkable; and they have only too good a training.

Spirits are introduced on all occasions. At sales — of which there are many, every spring and autumn, in the dales, and which are attended by all the inhabitants who can go, for miles round — glasses of spirits are handed round among the purchasers, all day long. The settling of accounts at Candlemas is attended by the same curse, — every debtor expecting his creditor to offer him the compliment of a glass of strong liquor. On that day it is unpleasant for ladies to be abroad, near settlements where the Candlemas payments are making, — so many are the drunken people whom they meet. It is common to swallow the strong liquor undiluted, in considerable quantity. An old dalesman, welcome in Ambleside for his shrewdness, simplicity, and originality, appeared one day at a house where the gentleman was absent but the lady at home. The lady asked the visitor to sit down and await her husband's return, proposing to offer him some spirit and water meantime. He replied, — He wonnot be nice about t'first part o't' offer; but as tot' watter, it could be gitten at ony gate [way] side.

To return to the former condition of the "statesman." The domestic manufactures he carried to town with him, — the linen and woollen webs woven by his wife and daughters, — would not sell, except at a loss, in the presence of the Yorkshire and Lancashire woollens and cottons made by machinery. He became unable to keep his children at home; and they went off to the manufacturing towns, leaving home yet more cheerless — with fewer busy hands and cheerful faces — less social spirit in the dales — greater certainty of continued

loss, and more temptation to drink. Such is the process still going on. Having reached this pass, it is clearly best that it should go on till the primitive population, having lost its safety of isolation and independence, and kept its ignorance and grossness, shall have given place to a new set of inhabitants better skilled in agriculture, and in every way more up to the times. It is mournful enough to meet the remnants of the old families in a reduced and discouraged condition: but if they can no longer fill the valleys with grain, and cover the hill-sides with flocks, it is right that those who can should enter upon their lands, and that knowledge, industry, and temperance should find their fair field and due reward.

We have no fear of injury, moral and economical, from the great recent change, — the introduction of railways. The morals of rural districts are usually such as cannot well be made worse by any change. Drinking and kindred vices abound wherever, in our day, intellectual resources are absent: and nowhere is drunkenness a more prevalent and desperate curse than in the Lake District. Any infusion of the intelligence and varied interests of the towns-people must, it appears, be eminently beneficial: and the order of work-people brought by the railways is of a desirable kind. And, as to the economical effect, — it cannot but be good, considering that mental stimulus and improved education are above every thing wanted. Under the old seclusion, the material comfort of the inhabitants had long been dwindling; and their best chance of recovery is clearly in the widest possible intercourse with classes which, parallel in

social rank, are more intelligent and better informed than themselves.

In the pastoral valleys, the trouble occurs now and then that the milk will not churn. Elsewhere, the causes of this are understood, and cow and milk are treated accordingly. Not so here. The cow is at once concluded to be bewitched; and it is apprehended that she will spread the witchery to the whole dairy. So, instead of any sensible method, the remedy tried is depositing in the cow-house some soil from the nearest church-yard. As it is probable that this fails, time is lost in other proceedings. Stirring with a stick from the rowan-tree is one of the least troublesome. If the cows are distempered, it is actually a practice in many of the dales to light "the Need fire;" notice being given throughout the neighbouring valleys, that the charm may be sent for if wanted. The Need-fire is produced by rubbing two sticks together. A great pile of combustible stuff is prepared; and the more smoke it can be made to give the better. When lighted, the neighbours snatch some of the fire to hurry home with, and light their respective piles. The cattle, diseased and sound are then driven through the fire: as some of the Irish, by a remnant of paganism, charm their property, and even their children, by passing or snatching them through the fire, making strangers ask whether Moloch is acknowledged there still. It is said, in a certain Cumberland dale, that when a farmer had driven all his live property through, he proceeded to drive his wife after the cows, saying he should then be safe from all distempers. If a cock crows in the night,

POPULAR BELIEFS & SUPERSTITIONS.

horror and grief sieze on the household: some one is sure to die. If people meet a black ram, they turn their money for luck. Thus they occupy their minds and waste their time in the silliest superstitions which keep true knowledge out. For the result, look at the productions of the region, — the torn and dirty wool, the sapless and scentless hay, allowed first to run to seed, and then to lie soaking and parching for weeks in the field, — the flour, the meat, the butter, the cheese, look at any of these products in the more retired vales, and say whether intercourse with the world outside will not be a good thing for the fortunes of those within. To take only the last, — the cheese. After coming from the other grazing-districts, and seeing how scientific a matter the management of a dairy has become, and what the best cheese is, the dairy management of Cumberland is marvellous. Our readers cannot be expected to believe the facts without good testimony: and we may refer them to such local publications as the "Lonsdale Magazine," where, (in Vol. ii. p. 13.) we are told that the Cumberland cheese is harder than buck-horn; and that in some places where the husbandmen wear clogs shod with iron, it is no uncommon thing to supply the absence of the iron with the crust of a dry cheese. There is plenty of testimony, of whatever quality, to cheese striking fire like a flint. A soldier used a cheese paring for a flint; and a blacksmith at Cartmel averred that he struck sparks from a cheese while cutting it up with an axe! A tract of dry heather burned without intermission for three weeks, having been kindled by sparks from a cheese which had rolled from a

cart on the road above, and bounded from crag to crag! These things are like the barbarism of two centuries ago. It is the railroad that must mend them. In a generation or two, the dale-farms may yield wool that Yorkshire and Lancashire, and perhaps other countries may compete for; the cheese may find a market, and the butter may be in request. And at the same time, the residents may find their health improved by the greater wholesomeness of their food; and, before that, their minds will have become stirred and enlarged by intercourse with strangers who have, from circumstances, more vivacity of faculty and a wider knowledge. The best as well as the last and greatest change in the Lake District is that which is arising from the introduction of the railroad.

PART IV.

MOUNTAIN PASSES.

LANGDALE, FROM BORROWDALE, BY THE STAKE PASS. — PATH TO EASEDALE. — PATH TO ESK HAUSE.

THE top of the Stake Pass is five miles and a half from Rosthwaite. The last house,— Stonethwaite, — is left behind at the end of a mile.

THE STAKE PASS.

The path follows, and at length crosses, the stream, which is the infant Derwent,— finding its way down from Angle Tarn, lying high up in a recess of Bowfell. The rocky mass of Eagle Crag rises on the left; and further on, the curious stone called Black Cap. At the top of the Stake, the guide (who may be had at the inn at Rosthwaite) will point out the great Scawfell Pikes, Bowfell, Hanging Knot and Great Gable. Half a mile of moorland leads to the descent on the Langdale side,— a zigzag path which keeps near the stream that dashes down into Langdale. The traveller is under the shadow of Bowfell now, and in the very centre of the mountains. Four miles from the top of the Stake will bring him down to Langdale Head; and another mile to inhabited regions again. In descending from the Stake Pass the first house

reached is the Dungeon Ghyll Inn. At this inn clean and comfortable sleeping accommodation may be had. The Milbeck farm is nearly a mile further on, and, as it is nearer to Dungeon Ghyll, it affords the more convenient resting place for visitors who merely wish to see the fall, and who do not object to a homely meal.

From whichever resting place the travellers choose, there is one thing to be done without doubt; — to visit Dungeon Ghyll. As for the rest, this place is the point of departure in various directions, among three of which the traveller must make his choice.

Strangers who arrive untired, generally go to the Ghyll while their ham and eggs are preparing. There are guides at the inn always in readiness to accompany the party; the path is, however, well marked. After leaving the house and ascending for a short distance, a turn to the right leads towards the stream. In starting from Milbeck farm, the green path on the hill side will be pointed out: and the traveller must take care not to make for the waterfall he sees in front. The path he wants tends to the left, till he reaches a fence and gate, when it turns sharp to the right; after which there is no possibility of losing the way. It presently joins the stream from the force, which leads up into a dark fissure,— "Dungeon" and "Ghyll" both meaning a fissure. There is a well-secured ladder, by which ladies easily descend to the mouth of the chasm; and when they have caught sight of the fall, they can please themselves about scrambling any further. There is the fall in its cleft, tumbling

DUNGEON GHYLL.

and splashing, while the light ash, and all the vegetation besides, is everlastingly in motion from the stir of the air. Above, a bridge is made, high aloft, by the lodgment of a block in the chasm. The finest season for visiting this force is in a summer afternoon. Then the sun streams in obliquely, —a narrow, radiant, translucent screen; itself lighting up the gorge, but half concealing the projections and waving ferns behind it. The way in which it converts the spray into sparks and many-coloured gems can be believed only by those who have seen it.

The three ways from this point are, first, down Langdale to its junction with the Brathay valley, or by High Close to Grasmere: secondly, by Wall End to Blea Tarn, and the Fell Foot road: and thirdly, by Stickle Tarn, up Harrison Stickle, or over into Easedale. We have little to observe about the first,— Langdale having been described (p. 75,) as seen from High Close. Langdale Chapel is a primitive hamlet, where the old character of the district is well preserved. The little chapel was re-built in 1857–8, chiefly we understand by the munificence of two private individuals. A few years since, the pulpit of the old chapel fell, with the clergyman, Mr. Frazer, in it, just after he had begun his sermon from the text "Behold, I come quickly." The pulpit fell on an elderly dame who escaped wonderfully. Mr. Frazer, as soon as he found his feet, congratulated her on surviving such an adventure: but she tartly refused his sympathy, saying, "If I'd been kilt, I'd been reet sarrat [rightly served,] for yon threeatened ye'd be comin doon sune." Near this chapel is the Thrang slate-quarry, where the stranger should

LANGDALE.

look in, and see what a mighty excavation has been caused by the demand for this fine slate. Just beyond the chapel, the roads part, — that which ascends to High Close climbing the hill to the left.

As for the second road, — the main inducement is the valley in which Blea Tarn lies, — the scene of those books of Wordsworth's "Excursion" which relate to the Solitary. The very rough road scrambles up from Langdale, by Wall End, to the upland vale where the single farmhouse is, and the tarn, and the stone, "like a ship, with keel upturned," which is lodged in a stream near to the tarn. Some people have unaccountably fixed on the Bowder Stone to answer this description; but, besides that the Bowder Stone is far away, it rests on its edge, instead of its "keel" being "upturned." "The two huge peaks, that from some other vale peer into this," are the Langdale Pikes; and very fine is the view of them from this wild and somewhat dreary hollow. Since the "Excursion" was written, large plantations of larch have arisen; but they do not much ameliorate the desolation of the place. The road descends the common to Little Langdale Tarn; whence it is described, in a reverse manner, in its course to Colwith Force, Skelwith, and Ambleside, at p. 161.

LANGDALE TO BLEA TARN.

In the third direction lies the way up the Pikes, and over into Easedale. The guide will take the traveller up the peat-road to Stickle Tarn, — famous for its trout, and much beloved by anglers. Its circular basin, brimming with clear water, lies

LANGDALE PIKES TO EASEDALE.

finely under the steep rocks of Pavey Ark. There is nothing amidst this mountain scenery more interesting than its tarns. Their very use is one which gratifies one's sense of beauty: their use is to cause such a distribution of the waters as may fertilize without inundating the lands below. After rains, if the waters came down all at once, the vales would be flooded, — as we see, very inconveniently, by the consequences of improved agricultural drainage. The tarns are a security, as far as they go; and at present the only one. The lower brooks swell after rain, and pour themselves into the rivers, while the mountain-brooks are busy in the same way, emptying themselves into the tarns. By the time the streams in the valley are subsiding, the upper tarns are full, and begin to overflow; and now the overflow can be received in the valley without injury. As for their aspects, under all lights, and in all weathers, they must be studied on the spot, for no description can afford any impression of the truth to highway-tourists.

If the traveller means to ascend Harrison Stickle, (the higher of the Langdale Pikes,) it will be from this point. The summit of the Pike is 2,409 feet above the level of the sea. The height is not very great; but the view is interesting, from being unlike most others that can be obtained,— extending over the level country to the south and south-east, while commanded by the loftiest peaks in the district. Passing the way up the Pike, the moorland path leads over into Easedale, and down upon Easedale Tarn, which has been noticed at p. 78. There is a way down into Borrowdale also, by

crossing Codale Fell, and getting into the Stake road.

There are other mountain-paths out of Langdale. There is one into Easedale, easier than that just described, and commonly used in good weather. It was by this track that the unfortunate couple, — the Greens, whose story is so well known, — were lost in the snow, on their return from a sale in Langdale, to their home and six children in Easedale.

There is also a very rough path at Langdale Head up Rosset Ghyll, answering on the left to the Stake road on the right. It at once catches the eye; and the invariable question of the stranger is which of the two is the Stake. This track leads by Angle Tarn to Esk Hause and Sprinkling Tarn, and from the latter to the Sty Head Pass. The point at which the path from Langdale, and that from Sty Head join Esk Hause, is called Fludder's Brow. It is a well-known place of meeting for all the guides and shepherds of the district. This is truly a glorious mountain-walk. From Esk Hause, there is a singular view, composed of three lines of landscape. One begins with Borrowdale, lying immediately below, and extends to Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite, past Skiddaw, in full glory, and on over the whole intervening plain to the Solway and the Scotch mountains. This is the north-western view. The opposite, or south-eastern one begins with Langdale, and proceeds with the opening of the Brathay valley and Windermere, till it is closed in by Ingleborough, in Yorkshire. The third, and intermediate view, is down Eskdale, past its verdure

ROSSET GHYLL.

and its cataracts, past the sands, past lonely Black Combe, to the broad sea. When we were on Esk Hause, the spectacle of these three lines of landscape was remarkable. Towards Keswick, the atmosphere was thick, just to the degree that gave a visionary character to the long perspective. The lake of Derwent Water was hardly distinguishable from its shores, so that the wooded islands and the town of Keswick lay as if in air, still and unsubstantial. In the direction of Eskdale, all was bright and glittering; while from Langdale and the head of Borrowdale the white mists came tumbling out towards us, as if to stifle us; and nothing could be seen, except at intervals, when a whiff of wind disclosed long sweeps of the sides of the valleys, and stretches of the streams and fields below. It is these changes that give a singular charm to this mountain district. The residents of the valleys, in their occasional ascents to these heights, never see the scene twice alike, — the great landmarks themselves being scarcely recognisable but by certain incidents of their forms.

ESK HAUSE.

II.

STY HEAD PASS, FROM WASTDALE TO BORROWDALE,

We have noticed the eastern prong of the fork into which Glaramara divides the head of Borrowdale. We now have to notice the western, — the Sty Head Pass. The Stake Pass descends, as we saw, upon Stonethwaite. The Sty Head Pass descends upon Seathwaite, — each of these farms being the last dwelling at the head of the dale.

STY HEAD PASS.

Antiquarians tell us that Borrowdale was anciently called Boredale, "having its name probably from the wild boars which used, in former times, to haunt the woody part of Wastdale Forest; the hill above it being called Sty Head, where the swine were wont to feed in the summer, and fall down in autumn into this dale, where they fed upon nuts and acorns. Here are large flocks of sheep; and anciently were mines of lead and copper. Here also, in a very high and perpendicular rock called Eagle Crag, is every year an eyrie or nest of eagles." So says the old history.* But the traveller will find no swine near Sty Head now, summer or winter. No creature comes to drink at the tarn, — the little clear rippling lake, where the mountaineer throws himself down to rest on the bank, when heated by the ascent from the vales. He has found everything sunny and dry, perhaps;

* History and Antiquities of Westmorland and Cumberland, ii. p. 69. — *Nicholson and Burn.*

but here he sees, by the minute diamond-drops resting thick on the grass, that a cloud has lately stooped from its course, and refreshed the verdure in this retreat. It looks very tempting, — this bright sheet of water; but no creature now comes to drink, unless a sheep may have strayed from the flock, and in its terror may yet venture to stoop to the water, with many a start and interval of listening, till, at the faint sound of the distant sheep-dog, it bounds away. The solitude is equally impressive, whether the traveller comes up from one dale or the other; but perhaps the most striking to him who comes from Wastdale, because he has rather more lately left the dwellings of men. He ascends from Wastdale Head, by the steep path clearly visible from below, up the side of Great Gable. At the top of the pass, the view behind is extremely fine, — the dale lying 1,000 feet below, while the precipices of Scawfell rise 2,000 feet over head. The rill from Sprinkling Tarn is close by, and it leads to this Sty Head Tarn, where the boars used to come to drink. Long after the boars were gone, the eagles came hither: and this was one of their last haunts. The eagles which gave their name to the crag in Borrowdale, being disturbed, settled themselves on a rock at Seathwaite, and at length crossed the ridge into Eskdale. The disturbance was of course from the shepherds, who lost so many lambs as to be driven desperate against the birds. There was no footing on the crag by which the nest could be reached; so a man was lowered by a rope sixty yards down the precipice. He carried his mountain-staff with him; its spiked end being the best weapon against the birds. He did

not expect to kill the old ones; but year after year the eggs or the young were taken. If he brought the young away alive he had the birds for his pains; if the eggs, every shepherd gave five shillings for every egg. It is said that no more than two eggs were found at one time. The nest was made of twigs, and lined with a sort of grass from the clefts of the rock. When the fowler failed; and the eaglets were reared, they were led away as soon as strong enough by the parent birds, — no doubt to settle in some other spot; and the parents returned without them. One of this pair was shot at by the master of a sheep-dog which had been actually carried some distance into the air by it, escaping only by its flesh giving way. The shot took effect, but the eagle vanished. About a week after, it was found lying on the grass on the uplands at Seatoller, nearly starved. Its bill had been split by the shot, and its tongue was set fast in the cleft: it could not make much resistance, and was carried home captive. But, when relieved and restored, it became so violent that it was necessarily killed. Its mate brought a successor from a distance, a much smaller bird, and of a different species. They built however, for fourteen more years in Borrowdale, before they flew over to Eskdale. They were not long left in peace there; and, when the larger bird was at length shot, his mate disappeared entirely. Such devastation as was caused by these birds is not heard of now; but while there are crags aloft, and lambs in the vales, there will be more or fewer, nobler or meaner birds of prey. We are unable to ascertain positively, amidst conflicting testimony, whether any eagles

at all remain in the region. It appears that one has certainly been seen within ten years; and three gentlemen — two of whom are travelled men, and not likely to be mistaken in such a matter — declare that, in 1850, they saw one sweep down from Scandale Fell into Kirkstone Pass, and rest on a crag in the vale, some way above Brothers' Water. There is, however, a preponderance of disbelief of there being now any nest and settlement of eagles among the mountains of Westmorland and Cumberland.

The descent upon Stockley Bridge is easy; and the bridge itself was, a few years since, a favourite subject for sketches. A more picturesque one we never saw; but it has been spoiled in the repairing. As he proceeds, the traveller will find no "nuts and acorns" in this "Boredale," nor any remarkable number of swine; but he may see the place,— if he looks up the hill side to the left, — whence was drawn the modern product that has, in modern times, distinguished the dale, — the blacklead of which the Keswick pencils are made. It is understood that the productiveness of the mine has much lessened; and the works are, we believe, often suspended; but, while the best ore brings thirty shillings per pound, there will be more or less perseverance in seeking it. The heaps of rubbish, high up the mountain, show the spot. In the clay-slate of the mountain, is a bed of greenstone rock; and "nests" or "sops" or "bellies" of blacklead are found in the greenstone. The plumbago is the finest ever discovered: but there is great uncertainty about finding it. At one time, a mass of it

STOCKLEY BRIDGE.

was discovered lying along like a mighty tree, the thicker part being of the finest quality, and the ramifications of a poorer, till, at the extremities, it was not worthy even to clean stoves. At other times the searchers have been altogether at fault, for a long time together. There was a period when the value of this plumbago was so little known that the shepherds used it freely to mark their sheep: and next, the proprietors were obtaining from thirty to forty shillings a pound for the lead of one single "sop" which yielded upwards of twenty-eight tons. Those were the days when houses were built at the entrance, where the workmen were obliged to change their clothes, under inspection, lest they should be tempted to carry away any of the precious stuff in their pockets.

BLACKLEAD MINE.

Under the mine, (the *wad)* and a little onward, amidst the copsewood, are the dark tops of the Borrowdale Yews to be seen,— the "fraternal four," which, as Wordsworth tells us, form "one solemn and capacious grove." The size attained by the yew in this district is astonishing. One which for many years lay prostrate at the other end of Borrowdale, measured nine yards in circumference, and contained 1,460 feet of wood. The famous Lorton Yew (p. 129.) has about the same girth; and one of these four measures seven yards round, at four feet from the ground.

At Seatoller, the roads which part off right and left, are familiar to the traveller who has accomplished the preceding excursions,— the one leading to Rosthwaite and the other to Honister Crag.

III.

ASCENT OF SCAWFELL.

THE ascent of Scawfell is sometimes made from the Sty Head Pass; sometimes from Lingmell; and sometimes from Langdale, whence the path meets that from Sty Head on Esk Hause. From Esk Hause the summit of the Pike is visible; but still care is necessary not to ascend the wrong summit. There are four summits which collectively go under the name of Scawfell; namely, the most southerly, which is called simply Scawfell; Scawfell Pike, which is sixty feet higher, and the highest mountain in England (3,160 feet), and the lower hills, Lingmell and Great End,—the last being the northernmost, and fronting Borrowdale. The Ordnance Surveyors set up a staff on a pile of stones on the highest peak; so that there need be no mistake henceforth. The two summits, Scawfell and Scawfell Pike, are about three-quarters of a mile apart, in a straight line; but the great chasm between them, called Mickledore, renders a wide circuit necessary. There have been foolhardy persons who have passed Mickledore without losing their lives; and there are strangers, almost every season, who attempt the ascent without a guide. These last usually pay the penalty of their rashness in hours of uneasy wandering and excessive fatigue. When they think they see their way clearly enough, they are pretty sure to find themselves brought up

on the verge of a chasm, and compelled to "try round" many times before they succeed. If darkness comes on, there is nothing to be done but to wait for daylight where they are. Another reason for having a guide is that the mountains around are not recognisable by their forms,—so great is the change caused by their being looked at from above. By map and compass they may be made out; but the summit is usually windy, and much time and trouble are saved by the information needed being ready at one's elbow.

TOP OF SCAWFELL.

The summit is bare of everything that grows, except moss. Not a blade of grass is to be seen: and it follows that the herdsman and shepherd never have to come here after their charge. Blocks and inclined planes of slate-rock, cushioned and draped with mosses, compose the peak. As for what is seen from it,—the best service to a stranger is still to copy portions of that "Letter to a Friend" which Mr. Wordsworth published many years ago, and which is the best account we have of the greatest mountain-excursion in England. The weather was, however, unusual. The guide said, when on the summit, "I do not know that in my whole life, I was ever, at any season of the year, so high upon the mountains on so *calm* a day." It was the seventh of October.

"On the summit of the Pike," says the letter, "which we gained after much toil, though without difficulty, there was not a breath of air to stir even the papers containing our refreshment, as they lay spread out upon a rock. The stillness seemed to be not of this world. We paused, and kept silence

to listen, and no sound could be heard. The Scawfell cataracts were voiceless to us; and there was not an insect to hum in the air. The vales which we had seen from Esk Hause lay yet in view; and, side by side with Eskdale, we now saw the sister-vale of Donnerdale terminated by the Duddon Sands. But the majesty of the mountains below and close to us is not to be conceived. We now beheld the whole mass of Great Gable from its base — the den of Wastdale at our feet — a gulf immeasurable; Grasmire, and the other mountains of Crummock; Ennerdale and its mountains; and the sea beyond!" . . . . "While we were gazing around, 'Look,' I exclaimed, 'at yon ship upon the glittering sea!' 'Is it a ship?' replied our shepherd-guide. 'It can be nothing else,' interposed my companion. 'I cannot be mistaken; I am so accustomed to the appearance of ships at sea.' The guide dropped the argument; but before a minute was gone, he quietly said, 'Now look at your ship — it is changed into a horse.' So it was; a horse with a gallant neck and head. We laughed heartily; and I hope, when again inclined to be positive, I may remember the ship and the horse upon the glittering sea; and the calm confidence yet submissiveness of our wise man of the mountains, who certainly had more knowledge of the clouds than we, whatever might be our knowledge of ships.

"I know not how long we might have remained on the summit of the Pike, without a thought of moving, had not our guide warned us that we must not linger, for a storm was coming. We looked in vain to espy the signs of it. Mountains, vales and

sea were touched with the clear light of the sun. 'It is there!' said he, pointing to the sea beyond Whitehaven, and there we perceived a light vapour, unnoticeable but by a shepherd accustomed to watch all mountain-bodings. We gazed around again, and yet again, unwilling to lose the remembrance of what lay before us in that mountain-solitude; and then prepared to depart. Meanwhile the air changed to cold, and we saw that tiny vapour swelled into mighty masses of cloud, which came boiling over the mountains. Great Gable, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw were wrapped in storm; yet Langdale and the mountains in that quarter remained all bright in sunshine. Soon the storm reached us; we sheltered under a crag; and almost as rapidly as it had come, it passed away, and left us free to observe the struggles of gloom and sunshine in other quarters. Langdale had now its share; and the Pikes of Langdale were decorated by two splendid rainbows. Before we again reached Esk Hause, every cloud had vanished from every summit."

We cannot do better than stop at these auspicious words. May the tourist who reads this on the Pike see every cloud vanish from every summit!*

* A gentleman who ascended Scawfell Pike on the 9th of July, 1857, informs us that, setting out from John Gillbanks' homestead, at the foot of the Langdale Pikes, and something short of a mile of the head of that magnificent mountain-valley, he accomplished the ascent with no great expenditure of muscular effort, within three hours and a half, by a line of route leading up Rosset Ghyll, at the head of Langdale, and thence past Angle Tarn to Esk Hause. The adventure he says presented no special difficulty, "though," he adds, "it proved a lost one as regarded my main object: for, on planting myself on the culminating point which was to unfold to me such a vision of majesty and beauty, I found myself standing on a speck of rock amid an ocean of cloud and

IV.

BLACKSAIL AND SCARF GAP.

BLACKSAIL AND SCARF GAP.

THE other exit from Wastdale Head is by the road to Scarf Gap, already referred to as having been found dangerous by inexperienced travellers. A rough foot-road leads through the valley of Mosedale, between Kirkfell and Yewbarrow, till it enters Gillerthwaite, at the head of Ennerdale. Kirkfell and the stream being kept on the right, the track passes between Kirkfell and the Pillar. Coming down upon Gillerthwaite, the view is beautiful. Great Gable and Kirkfell close in the dale at its Head; High Stile and Red Pike are in front, and Gillerthwaite is below, with its circular green level, dropped over with wood, its farmhouse and stream, and the lake at the other end. Behind, the wild valley of Mose-

mist. There was nothing for the eye to see, — nothing for the memory to retain,— nothing above, around, beneath me (for aught my closed sealed up senses revealed to me, or aught perhaps that the dulled drenched fancy and feeling of the moment suggested) nothing but mist, mist, illimitable mist, through which 'even a hawk's keen eye' might not pierce a score of yards. Our *Io triumphe* was a poor affair indeed, and of briefest duration. But the descent proved a more serious matter, and had more of the excitement of incident about it; for my guide — though he had been thirty-four times on the summit of Scawfell — got puzzled and perturbed amid the surging vapours, and my allowance of mind and muscle was approaching exhaustion before we had fairly resolved our perplexities, and got once more upon the rough but welcome descent into Langdale by Rosset Ghyll." — J. G.

dale winds away between Kirkfell and Yewbarrow, and discloses the great summits of Scawfell and Bowfell. The Pillar is 2,893 feet high, and nearly inaccessible, from its craggy and precipitous character. The path leads along the pass called Blacksail to a sheep-fold on the little river Liza, which falls into Ennerdale Lake; at that fold the stream will be crossed, and an indistinct path will be seen crossing a hollow in the direction of Buttermere. That hollow is Scarf Gap; and the path leads out upon Gatesgarth, at the head of Buttermere. From Gatesgarth it is four miles to Seatoller in Borrowdale, one mile to Honister Crag, and two miles to the inn at Buttermere. As nearly as we can make out, the walk from Wastdale to Gatesgarth is somewhat short of twelve miles. Most of it must be traversed on foot: though a horse may be led, to be occasionally mounted. Travellers who have walked up the Ennerdale valley have some difficulty in finding the commencement of the Blacksail Pass, as the path only begins at some height above the valley. The road followed has been along the north side of the Liza, and this side must be kept till some miners' huts are reached. From this point the traveller must cross the valley, making for a sheep-fold on the opposite bank of the river, and then for a mountain ash at some height above, on Kirkfell. This tree being reached the path is immediately found. The beginning of the Scarf Gap Pass is a rough zigzag on the left before reaching the miners' huts.

V.

ASCENT OF HELVELLYN.

HELVELLYN.

THERE is a very charming walk of ten miles from Patterdale to Grasmere (from inn to inn) by Grisedale, which may as well be enjoyed by the pedestrian traveller, whether he chooses to ascend Helvellyn or not. Grasmere and Grisedale have the same derivation, — *Gris* being the old Saxon for "wild swine": and these are therefore "the lake" and "the valley of the wild boar." A deep and still retreat must both have been in the days of wild boars. The Grisedale valley will be visited with interest by geologists. Sir R. Murchison reports that it bears more distinct traces of glacial action than any other in the district. At the lower end remains of moraines are clearly traceable, and at several points there are stones which, from their being of a different formation from the surrounding rocks, give evidence of having been brought from a distance.

From Patterdale the traveller crosses Grisedale beck, and ascends by a well-wooded road to the table-land of Grisedale. The old hollies in the woods here are remarkably fine. At every step the grandeur and gloom overhead increase, — the path leading directly under the frowning Helvellyn. There are lead-mines about half-way up, under Striding Edge; and the tourist is likely to mistake the track to the mines for his own road: but he

must keep the stream to the right,— in other words, he must keep on the right bank of the stream for some way further. The path crosses and re-crosses the beck in climbing the steep ascent to the tarn; but there is no further danger of losing the track. The view of Place Fell behind is fine, as seen through the steep sides of the dale; and north-westwards, the mountains above the Vale of Newlands are seen peeping between Seat Sandal and Helvellyn. The tarn lies under the east flank of Seat Sandal, in a deep hollow; and a more sweet and solemn resting-place than Grisedale Tarn is not perhaps to be found among these mountains. A wall runs along the ridge; and through the gate in that wall the track leads down to Grasmere. The views are gayer and more extensive by far than those presented by the other half of the pass. The mountains seen thence are the Langdale Pikes and Coniston Old Man, with Scawfell and Bowfell predominant. The first part of the descent is steep, and the latter part gradual and pleasant, over grass, and finally between fences and among farmhouses, till the path comes out upon the mailroad, opposite Helm Crag, and some way above the Swan at Grasmere. About half a mile before he reaches the high road, the traveller must look out for Tongue Ghyll Force. As the path is high above the stream the fall may be missed. It is not one of the finest falls, but is well worth seeing, and is easily reached by descending the bank to the stream.

GRISEDALE VALLEY.

If the traveller ascends Helvellyn from Grisedale, he must take the road to the right, soon after entering the dale, in order to reach Red Tarn.

ASCENT OF HELVELLYN.

Some sturdy climbers go on to Grisedale Tarn, and climb the mountain from its head: but it is best to take the road to Red Tarn, either by Grisedale or Glenridding, — the next turn from Patterdale. It is possible to go on ponies to within half-an-hour's walk of the summit. Red Tarn lies 600 feet immediately below the highest point, parted off from Grisedale by the rocky ridge of Striding Edge, and surmounted in the opposite direction by the similar ridge of Swirrel Edge. This last is the ridge along which the track lies, the conical head of Catchedecam being its termination. This part of the ascent is that which is most trying to unaccustomed nerves, though there is no real danger. It was in trying the other ridge, (which it is always fool-hardy to do,) that Charles Gough fell from the precipice, where his corpse was watched by his dog for two months, till it was found. Every one knows the story, as told by Wordsworth and Scott. There are stakes near the tarn where horses are fastened, and then there is a steep scramble to the top.

STRIDING AND SWIRREL EDGE.

There are precipices on the east of the summit; but its mossy plain slopes gently towards the west. No mountain in the district is, we believe, so often climbed. Its central situation renders the view attractive on every account; it is very conspicuous; and it is not difficult of ascent. According to the Ordnance surveyors, its height is 3,055 feet above the level of the sea; that is, 33 feet higher than Skiddaw, and rather more than 100 feet lower than Scawfell

THE SUMMIT.

Pike. There are three modes of ascent from the Grasmere side; — the one by Grisedale Tarn: another from Wythburn; and a third further on from Legberthwaite. The one from Wythburn is the shortest, but by much the steepest, — the track beginning at once to climb the hill opposite the Horse's Head. The gushing stream which crosses the mailroad near the Horse's Head comes down from Brownrigg's well, — the spring which refreshes the traveller on his way up or down, — bursting from the mountain-side within 300 yards from the summit. There are two cairns on two summits, not far apart, from between which, in an angle in the hill, the best view to the north is obtained. These *Men*, (as such piles of stones are called) mark the line between Cumberland and Westmorland. Northwards, the view is bounded by the Scotch mountains, with the Solway at their feet. Nearer stands Saddleback, with Skiddaw a little to the left. Kepel Cove Tarn lies below, with Catchedecam on the right. Eastwards, Red Tarn lies immediately below, between its two solemn precipices. Ullswater shines beyond, its nearer bank fringed by Gowbarrow Park; and Crossfell closes in the view afar. The Troutbeck mountains here peep over Striding Edge. Kirkstone and Fairfield rise to the south; and over the latter, there is a peep at Windermere, and sometimes, in clear weather, a glimpse of Lancaster Castle. Esthwaite Water and the sea in Morecambe Bay are seen at the same time. Blackcombe is caught sight of through Wrynose Gap; and the Coniston range and Langdale Pikes lead the eye round to the superior summits at the head of Wastdale and

Buttermere. Even Honister Crag is seen, in a hollow, a little to the left of Catbells. Derwent Water is not seen: nor from the higher Man, either Thirlmere or Bassenthwaite; though the two last are visible from the lower Man. Six lakes are seen besides many tarns: — Ullswater, Windermere, Esthwaite Water, Coniston, Bassenthwaite, and Thirlmere. Angle Tarn is particularly conspicuous, while its neighbour, Hays Water, is hidden in its hollow under High Street; the streams it sends down to Brothers' Water, are however very conspicuous when the sun is upon them.

VI.

ASCENT OF CONISTON OLD MAN.

THERE is one more enterprise which the tourist would not excuse our omitting. He wants to see the copper-mine and the series of tarns on Coniston Old Man; and he hears it said, and very truly, that the prospects are finer than any but those from Scawfell and Helvellyn, — if not indeed, finer than the latter.

CONISTON OLD MAN.

The ascent is best made by following the Walna Scar road which leads from Coniston into Seathwaite. When the traveller has left the bright and prosperous environs of Coniston behind him, and entered upon the moor, he begins to feel at once the exhilaration of the mountaineer. Behind him lies a wide extent of hilly country, subsiding into the low blue ridges of Lancashire. Below him he sees, when he turns, here and there a reach of the Lake of Coniston, — gray, if his walk be, as it should be, in the morning: gray, and reflecting the dark promontories in a perfect mirror. Amidst the grassy undulations of the moor, he sees, here or there, a party of peat-cutters, with their white horse; if the sun be out, he looks absolutely glittering, in contrast with the brownness of the ground. It is truly a wild moor; but there is something wilder to come. The Coniston mountain towers to the right; and the only traces of human existence that can be perceived are the tracks which wind

along and up its slopes, — the paths to the copper-mine, — and a solitary house, looking very desolate among its bare fields and fences. The precipice called Dow (or Dhu) Crag appears in front ere long; and then the traveller must turn to the right, and get up the steep mountain-side to the top as he best may. Where Dow Crag and the Old Man join, a dark and solemn tarn lies beneath the precipice, as he will see from above, whence it lies due west, far below. Round three sides of this Gait's Tarn, the rock is precipitous; and on the other, the crags are piled in grotesque fashion, and so as to afford, — as does much of this side of the mountain, — a great harbourage for foxes, against which the neighbouring population are for ever waging war. The summit is the edge of a line of rocks overhanging another tarn, — Low Water, — which is 2,000 feet above the sea level, while the summit of the Old Man is 2,632 feet. On this rock, a "Man" formerly stood; but it was removed by the Ordnance surveyors, who erected another, much inferior in convenience; for the first contained a chamber, welcome to shepherds and tourists overtaken by bad weather. The mountain consists chiefly of a very fine roofing-slate, from which a very large tract of country is supplied, and in which a very important trade was formerly carried on. Several of the quarries are now deserted. From the earliest recorded times, there have been works here for the extraction of copper; and at present it is no unusual thing for £2,000 per month to be paid away in wages. The works commence at about half a mile up the mountain, on its east side; and there is a large

COPPER MINES.

establishment of sheds, shops, and offices, clustered at the upper end of a basin among the hills. If the traveller desires to explore the mines, he can descend on that side of the mountain. Meantime, looking abroad from his perch, he sees (beginning from Gait's Tarn) Devoke Water, in a line with Gait's Tarn, to the west. It is said that the trout in that lake are the best known; and tradition declares that the comfortable abbots of Furness imported them from Italy. There is a fine stretch of sea visible, with the Isle of Man, conspicuous in good weather. We need not recapitulate the names of the chief mountains; suffice that Ingleborough is visible in one direction, and Lancaster Castle again in another; and in clear weather, Snowdon. The number of Tarns within view is remarkable. We have mentioned Gait's Tarn and Low Water; beyond the latter lies Seathwaite Tarn, whence the infant Duddon issues; Stickle Tarn is conspicuous, lying under Pavy Ark; in a hollow of the mountain, on its north-east side, Lowes Water. Only the nearer lakes are seen; but there is a glorious stretch of sea; and when the estuaries are full, the coast is a beautiful spectacle. The shores of Coniston and Windermere, studded with woods and dwellings, are the nearer beauties.

The finest descent, though the longest, is by the ridge of Wetherlam, above Levers Water, descending into Tilberthwaite, and returning to Coniston through Yewdale, noticed at p. 36.

Walna Scar should here be mentioned. The traveller has already followed the track as far as the stream from Gait's Tarn. After a mile more

of ascent he finds himself on the ridge to the south of Dow Crag. In descending he has a fine view of summits, from Blackcombe to Scawfell, and the valley of the Duddon opens beautifully beneath him. For the greater part of the way he has the stream upon his right. About half way down there is a stile in the wall on the opposite side of this stream. By crossing it and following the track, which is plainly seen, the top of Dow Crag may be reached. It is about seven miles from Coniston to Newfield (see p. 156) by Walna Scar.

WALNA SCAR.

VII.

HAWES WATER. — PASS OF NANBIELD.

From Penrith to Askham	5	miles.
To Bampton Church	9	„
„ Mardale Green	13	„
„ Nanbield	15½	„
„ Kentmere Chapel	19	„
Total	61½	„

Or, — Mardale, by Nanbield and High Street, to Troutbeck Inn, 6 miles.

PENRITH TO HAWES WATER.

THERE remains but one lake to be noticed, and that is Hawes Water, which is less visited than any other in the district. It is beautiful, but rather out of the way, except to visitors who come by Penrith; as they are usually bent on seeing at once the most celebrated points of scenery. Penrith is a neat little town, busy, from being the great thoroughfare of the district, but not particularly interesting, except from some Druidical remains in the neighbourhood, a curiosity in the churchyard, and the vicinity of Brougham Castle. The circle called Long Meg and her daughters is six miles from Penrith; and no relic of the kind in England is better worth a visit. In the churchyard of Penrith is the monument about which nobody really knows any thing, though it goes by the name of the Giant's Grave. It consists of two stone pillars, with four slabs between them, set up on edge. There are some undecipherable carvings on the upper part of the pillars. This was the monument which Sir Walter

Scott's family could not get him past, (though they had all seen it "dozens of times,") when, failing and infirm, he set out on his last sad journey in pursuit of health. Passing through Penrith, he would see the Giant's Grave; and thither he limped, to wonder once more what it could mean.

BROUGHAM.

The parish of Brougham, Burg-ham (meaning Castle-town) was the Bovacum of the Romans, where, as we learn from Nicholson and Burn, they had a company of Defensores, and left many tokens of their presence in antiquities which have come to light from time to time. The Village of Brougham passed into the hands of the Veteriponts in the reign of John or Henry III. The Castle of Brougham has been held by the Veteriponts, Cliffords, and Tuftons, and is at present the property of the Earl of Thanet. It is now in ruins; and fine ruins they are. They stand at the confluence of the Eamont and Lowther rivers, at the distance of a mile from Penrith.

BROUGHAM HALL.

Brougham Hall, the seat of Lord Brougham, is within a mile and a half of Penrith. The traveller should walk along the river bank from the bridge at Brougham Hall to Askham, and then ascend the steep bank of red sandstone, overshadowed by trees, to the park of Lowther Castle. The grounds here are fine; especially the terrace, which affords a noble walk.

LOWTHER.

It is very elevated, — broad, mossy, shady, breezy, and overlooking a considerable extent of country, — some of which is fertile plain, and some undulating surface, — the margin of the mountain region. The most remarkable feature of this landscape is perhaps the hollow,

within which lies Hawes Water. The park has some fine old trees; and the number and size of the yews in the grounds will strike the stranger. But lasting injury was done to the woods by the hurricane of 1839, which broke its way straight through, levelling every thing in its path. On the road from Askham to Bampton, the high grounds of Lowther present on the left a nearly straight line of great elevation, along which runs the park-wall, almost to the extremity of the promontory. From a distance, it looks the most enviable position for a park that can be imagined.

HAWES WATER.

Hawes Water lies about four miles from Askham. It is little more than three miles long, and about half a mile broad. One side is richly wooded; the other nearly bare; and a pair of bold promontories threaten to cut it in two, in one part, where the passage is only two or three hundred yards wide. Near this point is the little village of Measand, a pleasant, quiet place where lodgings may be had, and whence the ascent of High Street may be made. Round the head of the lake cluster the great mountains of Harter Fell, High Street, Kidsty Pike, and others, leaving space among the skirts for the exquisite little valley of Mardale. Those who are able to obtain one of Lord Lonsdale's boats for the traverse of the lake may think themselves fortunate; for this is, of course, the most perfect way of seeing the surroundings of so small a sheet of water: and all other persons are deprived, by prohibition, of the means of doing so. There are some good houses on the shores and at the further end; but the occupants who live on the very brink are not allowed to

keep any sort of boat. His lordship's boats are said to be procurable for the asking; but the preliminaries are a hindrance. The walk along the lake-side is, however, easy and agreeable enough. The road skirts the western bank. The crags which are sprinkled or heaped about the head of the lake are very fine. They jut out from the mountain-side, or stand alone on the green slopes, or collect into miniature mountain-clusters, which shelter tiny dells, whence the sheep send forth their bleat. There is a white house conspicuous at the head of the lake which is not the inn, however the tired traveller may wish it were. The inn at Mardale Green is full a mile from the water; and sweet is the passage to it, if the walker be not too weary. The path winds through the levels, round the bases of the knolls, past the ruins of the old church, and among snug little farms, while at one end of the dale is the lake, and the other is closed in by the passes to Kentmere and Sleddale; and the great pikes tower on either hand. The stream which gushes here and pauses there, as it passes among rough stones or through a green meadow, comes down from Small Water, reinforced by a brook from Blea Water on High Street, which joins the other a little above Mardale.

MARDALE GREEN.

The hostess at Mardale Green Inn, (the Dun Bull) will make her guests comfortable with homely food and a clean bed; and the host will, if necessary, act as a guide up the passes. The small green level which from the mountains looks such a mere speck, is of some importance at a distance. It actually sends 3,000 pounds of butter weekly to Manchester by the

railway. The carrier's wagon picks up the baskets from the scattered dwellings in the dale, and transmits no less than thirty cwts. per week to the Manchester folk.

The traveller must either go back the way he came, or climb out of the dale at the head, whence three tracks branch off from the top of the pass of Nanbield. One of these tracks turns to the left before reaching Small Water, and goes down into Long Sleddale, — to follow which we know of no sufficient inducement, unless that the way is practicable for a horse, — which the others are not. Another pass ascends, by the pretty Blea Water, the slope of High Street on the right, where the Roman road runs along the ridge. The third goes forward past Small Water, and drops into Kentmere, whence it is easy to strike over the fells into Troutbeck. The choice will depend much on weather, of course; and we wish the traveller something more of a choice than was permitted to us when we were last there, when the wind laid the whole party flat on the summit of the pass, and put all thought of High Street quite out of the question. The account of the weather, given by a resident not far off is "It donks and it dozzles; and whiles it's a bit siftering: but it don't often make no girt pel." That is, — it is misty, and drizzles; and it is sometimes showery; but there is not often a great downpour. The wind however is often strong; and the exhaustion from a high wind on high ground is greater than any one would believe who has not experienced it.

There is no difficulty in the ascent from Mardale Green; but the traveller indulges in frequent

rests, for the sake of looking back upon the singularly-secluded valley, with its winding stream, its faintly-marked track, and its little inn, recognised to the last by the sycamores and poplars which overshadow its roof, and rustle before the door. Then he comes to the hollow where lies the tarn, — Small Water. Here he will rest again, sitting among scattered or shelving rocks, and drinking from this pure mountain basin. Arrived at the top, he loses sight of Mardale, and greets Kentmere almost at the same moment. The dale behind is wild as any recess in the district: while before him lies a valley whose grandeur is all at the upper end, and which spreads out and becomes shallower with every mile of its recession from the great mountain-cluster.

NANBIELD.

When he has gone down a mile, he finds that he is travelling on one side of Kentmere Tongue, — the projection which, in this and most other valleys, splits the head of the dale into a fork. When he arrives at the chapel, he finds that there is a carriage-road which would lead him forth to Staveley and Kendal. But he is probably intending to go over into Troutbeck: so he turns up to the right, and pursues the broad zigzag track which leads over the fell, till Troutbeck opens beneath him on the other side. Before beginning the ascent, however, he will note Kentmere Hall, — the birth-place of Bernard Gilpin, in 1517. If familiar with the old description of the district, he will look for Kentmere Tarn, and wonder to see no trace of it. It is drained away; and fertile fields now occupy the place of the swamp, reeds and shallow water which he might have seen

KENTMERE.

but a few years ago. While this tarn existed, the mills at Kendal were very irregularly supplied with water. Now, when the streams are collected in a reservoir, which the traveller sees in coming down from the pass of Nanbield, and the intercepting tarn is done away with, the flow of water no longer fails.

The track crosses Applethwaite Common into Troutbeck, descending upon the chapel and the bridge in the very depth of that primitive valley, which was one of the first we described (p. 45.) We believe that in the whole circuit there is no scene or object of importance omitted in our detail.

VIII.

ASCENT OF HIGH STREET.

HIGH STREET FROM MARDALE.

High Street may, as we have seen, be ascended from Mardale Green; but it may also be climbed from Troutbeck, and from Hartsop. In going from Mardale Green care must be taken to make a sufficiently wide circuit of Blea Water. Its rocky boundaries are very steep, and more than one unfortunate tourist has been "crag fast," and rescued with difficulty, in consequence of having attempted to descend too near the tarn. Observing this caution, the traveller may ascend either by the northern or southern ridge. The former is generally recommended by dwellers in the dale. The top of High Street is, as has been said, immediately above Blea Water.

FROM HARTSOP.

The ascent from Troutbeck was mentioned at p. 48. If the traveller starts from Hartsop, he will first visit Hays Water (see p. 150.) From the north end of this tarn he will find a zigzag path in an easterly direction. This will lead him to the ridge; and he will then be guided by a series of posts, past the top of Kidsty Pike, to the Roman Road. The road is grown over with grass, like the other parts of the ridge, but is clearly defined. After following it for about a mile the traveller catches sight of Windermere, and then he must turn eastwards. A few

paces will bring him to the cairn which marks the summit, and a few more to the precipice beneath which lies Blea Water.

In ascending by this route the distant views are finer than by either of the others. The most interesting is that of Helvellyn, of which more is seen than from any other height. Its great arms Swirrel and Striding Edge lie stretched out as if on a map. The "men" on its summits are also seen, and the hollows which contain its tarns. Most of the mountains of the district are rugged and precipitous on the eastern, and rounded and grassy on the western side. This is remarkably the case with Helvellyn, and, as its relative position to the other high summits causes its being seen most frequently from the western side, its full grandeur is not apparent till the traveller has obtained the view of it from Kidsty Pike or the ridge of High Street.

The height of High Street is 2,700 feet. The summit is very fine. To the east lies Blea Water, 600 feet below, and, in the valley beyond, the little white house is the inn at Mardale Green. Turning northwards Hawes Water is seen, and then Kidsty Pike shuts out the more distant view. West of Kidsty Pike, an opening over the hills allows the traveller a glimpse of the Scotch mountains. Then comes Skiddaw peeping over the shoulder of Helvellyn. Nearer, Ullswater is concealed by Hallin Fell and Place Fell. The various summits of the Fairfield range are seen on the west, and between them the Langdale Pikes and Scawfell. Wetherlam and Coniston Old Man are more to the south, and

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT.

Blackcombe ends the line of mountains. Close at hand are Froswick, Ill Bell and Yoke. Nearly the whole length of Windermere is seen and a long stretch of sea coast.

PART V.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR.

The circuit of the Lake District has now been described in the course which will be found most convenient to the majority of tourists, viz., — those who travel in carriages. There still remains something more to be done, for the sake of pedestrians. There are many places which they will delight to visit that cannot be reached by carriage travellers, and many fine views which they alone can enjoy. In order to enable them to make the best use of their time, the following tour has been sketched out. It has been planned with a special view to avoiding the main roads, in order to give the traveller as much mountaineering as possible. We need not dwell on the pleasures of climbing the heights, and of threading the little-frequented dales: for they must be experienced to be appreciated. The pedestrian will find, at the end of his circuit, that he has seen the district more thoroughly than he could have done in any other way. The tour is divided into ten days; but it may be lengthened or restricted. The distance marked out for each day's journey is very moderate, in order to admit of the traveller's visiting whatever there is of interest in the neighbourhood of his halting place.

It is unnecessary to repeat the information which has been already given. The traveller will therefore find, in the following pages, merely an outline of his route, with references to the fuller descriptions in the preceding part of the volume.

THE PEDESTRIAN'S OUTFIT.

Before starting, the pedestrian should see that he is well provided with travelling gear. He has, no doubt, a guidebook and map: but has he a compass? If he will make inquiries in any dale he visits, or at any farmhouse he passes, he will hear of tourists who have lost their way, many of them getting into difficulty and danger, and having to spend the night upon the mountains. Every house has its tale of one or more strangers coming in cold and exhausted after such nights, and seeking help; or of others only saved from such a fate by having met with the farmer, or some one of his men, who has directed them into the right road to their destination. Often, again, a stranger may be heard to relate how he has left one valley with the intention of crossing to another, and, after hours of walking, has at last found himself in the same from which he started, or even in one west of it, when he thought he was going east. The sequel to all these stories is that the stranger had no compass. A sudden fog may perplex even the best guides; then also a compass is a necessary help. "I never should ha' gotten 'em down safe, if one of the gentlemen had not had a compass," said one of the guides in relating an adventure among the mists on Scawfell; and plenty more might give similar testimony.

Thick-soled boots are also necessary; and if they

have large-headed nails, so much the better. The security given by really thick boots, either in rocky or slippery places, is surprising. The traveller will, of course, provide himself with an alpenstock, and he will find great assistance from the use of it. He will also be furnished with a wine-flask and sandwich box. These may add materially to his safety in case of his losing his way.

Having given the pedestrian these hints about his outfit, we will imagine him beginning his first day's tour. Travellers generally, as we have seen, arrive at Windermere, or Coniston; but a pedestrian may make his entrance to the District by another route. By leaving the railway at Kendal or Staveley, (the next station,) he may start upon his first mountain walk at once.

FIRST DAY. — KENDAL, OR STAVELEY, TO MARDALE GREEN.

The distance to Mardale Green from either of these points is about fifteen miles. From Kendal, the Penrith road must be followed for about four miles and a half, and then the traveller turns northwards, and traverses the valley of Long Sleddale. He follows the course of the river Sprint, and must keep on the east side of it. There is little to see of any special interest till the higher end of the valley is reached, when the traveller finds himself among mountains. The stream here exhibits some pretty waterfalls. Care must be taken to continue on a northerly course. There is a mountain road out to the west which leads, after passing some quarries, into Kentmere. This is the Pass of Nan-

LONG SLEDDALE.

KENTMERE.

bield (p. 225), and will have been followed if the stranger has come from Staveley instead of Kendal. In this case he will have come up the valley of Kentmere, enjoying as he proceeded, the fine grouping of the mountains at its head (see Kentmere, p. 226.)

The two roads meet near the ridge which divides Sleddale from Mardale, and about a mile further on, the traveller finds himself in the beautiful green valley (see Mardale, p. 224). He is still a mile or more from Hawes Water: and he must visit it either after his arrival at the little inn, or the next morning, before he begins his climb of High Street.

SECOND DAY.—MARDALE GREEN TO ULLSWATER.

If the tourist has seen Hawes Water on the previous evening, his best way will be to ascend High Street by the ridge on either side of Blea Water (p. 228.) If he has not yet visited the lake he may, after walking along its shore as far as Measand (three miles), ascend by Fordendale to Kidsty Pike. There is no difficulty in finding the way by map and compass. From Kidsty Pike the posts and Roman Road (see p. 228) will guide him to the summit.

HIGH STREET.

The descent must be made by following the Roman Road, north, and by the help of these posts, till the traveller is due east of Hays Water. He may then make for the tarn and, having reached it, follow the path to Hartsop (p. 150.) By the time he has reached this place he has probably walked about eight miles. Three more will bring him to Patterdale, where he

HAYS WATER.

will take up his quarters at one of the inns, and spend the rest of the day in exploring the beauties of Ullswater, (see p. 51), and visiting Ara Force. The best views of the lake are obtained from the water, and boats may be had at the inns.

There is now a bridle-road all round the lake, which enables tourists to make the circuit, if they prefer this mode of seeing it.

THIRD DAY. — ULLSWATER TO KESWICK.

The great achievement of this day is the ascent of Helvellyn. The pedestrian may start either by Grisedale or Glenridding, and then, passing Red Tarn, take the path up Swirrel Edge. (See ascent of Helvellyn p. 214.)

HELVELLYN.

If the weather should be unfavourable, it is a mere waste of time and strength to ascend this, or any other of the higher mountains of the district. To be on Helvellyn in a mist is at best disappointing, and may be dangerous. The traveller, in such a case, has a resource in the mountain road, by Grisedale Tarn, to Grasmere (p. 212). This will lead him out at the foot of Dunmail Raise, and he must then follow the main road to Wythburn. Wythburn is his destination whether he goes over the mountain or only skirts it: so he must take care to descend on that side, if he should have been fortunate enough to make the ascent.

From Wythburn he must make his way over the fells to Watendlath; and to do this he has a choice of two ways. He may ascend at once, and pass Harrop and Blea Tarns, (p. 103). Or he may take the western side of Thirlmere, and cross the ridge from Arm-

WYTHBURN TO WATENDLATH.

both (p. 104). From Watendlath he will take the road to Rosthwaite (p. 118) and, finally, see Borrowdale and Derwentwater before he reaches Keswick.

The distances travelled this day are from seventeen to nineteen miles, according to the route taken.

FOURTH DAY. — SKIDDAW AND BASSENTHWAITE.

If the traveller has time to spare he cannot do better than make the excursion mentioned at p. 132, beginning with the ascent of Skiddaw, and afterwards completing the circuit of Bassenthwaite. The distance traversed depends upon the part of Skiddaw at which the descent is made. The longest route is said to be twenty-eight miles. The stranger may save himself more than a mile at the end by stopping for the night at Portinscale.

SKIDDAW AND BASSENTHWAITE.

FIFTH DAY. — VALE OF NEWLANDS, BUTTERMERE, CRUMMOCK AND ENNERDALE.

The traveller will begin this day's journey either from Keswick or Portinscale. The route marked out is about seventeen miles. A pedestrian who is disposed to lengthen it may begin with the ascent of Catbells or Causey Pike. Both are described in the Walks about Keswick, p. 115 and p. 114. Experienced guides strongly recommend the ascent of Catbells. The view from the top is nearly as fine as that from Skiddaw, while its lesser height renders the summit less liable to be encompassed with mists.

CATBELLS.

Whatever course the pedestrian may take, he

will descend Newlands Haws to Buttermere (p. 126).

BUTTERMERE.

He will probably make one of the little inns, at this village, his resting-place, and get his dinner there. He will then see Scale Force, (p. 127), reaching it either by boat, or by walking round the head of Crummoek Water. The way to Ennerdale is nearly due west from Scale Force. It is described (reversed) at p. 174. The boggy ground on the right is a noted place for cranberries; and if the stranger happens to come this way in August or September he will probably find many persons busily engaged in gathering them; at all other times the place is wild and desolate.

Soon after passing Floutern Tarn, Ennerdale Lake comes into view. The white house by its side, nestling among trees, is the Angler's inn; and there the traveller may find comfortable quarters for the night.

ENNERDALE.

SIXTH DAY. — ENNERDALE, SCARF GAP, HONISTER CRAG AND BORROWDALE.

This day's journey is about sixteen miles; and in the course of it the traveller will have the opportunity of enjoying some of the finest scenery in the District. His way lies through wild and unfrequented parts, and he will pass no inns. He will, therefore, do well to supply himself with provisions before starting.

There are boats at the inn; so, if the stranger is disposed to save himself the first three miles, his host will row him to the head of the lake. For a description of Ennerdale and the valley of the Liza,

see pp. 172, 173. It may be as well to mention that at the farmhouse at Gillerthwaite, in this valley, sleeping accommodation may be had. It is useful to know this, for there is, probably, no valley in the district in which more strangers have lost their way. Much has already been said of this; but we must give one more instance. A poor traveller was seen, about Christmas, 1859, to pass along the southern side of the lake, and up the valley. Three days afterwards he was found, lying dead on the snow, at no great distance from Gillerthwaite. There was nothing about him by which he could be identified; and it is not known, to this day, who he was. His body was brought to the inn, and, after all possible inquiries had been made, was buried. It is supposed that night overtook him, and, not being able to find his way to any house, he had perished from cold.

GILLERTHWAITE.

It is seven miles from the inn at Ennerdale to the head of the valley. The traveller must, on reaching it, look out for the Scarf Gap path. He ought to have a guide who will save him all anxiety in the matter; but if he has not, he will find the best help we can give in the description of Blacksail and Scarf Gap (p. 210). After crossing Scarf Gap he will find his way to Gatesgarth, (p. 182), and thence under Honister Crag, and by Seatoller to Rosthwaite (p. 184).

SCARF GAP.

SEVENTH DAY.—STY HEAD, WASTWATER, BURNMOOR TARN, ESKDALE AND THE DUDDON.

From Rosthwaite by the Sty Head Pass, to Wastdale Head is about seven miles. The road is

described at p. 201. There is a fine view of Wastwater to be obtained by climbing the side of Great Gable from Sty Head Tarn. There is no path up this steep mountain side; and the traveller has a long day's work before him; so he will probably content himself with the sight of the dale head as it opens upon him from the top of the Pass.

STY HEAD.

From Wastdale Head he must take the mountain road to Bout, (see p. 160), and from Bout a choice of roads presents itself. The pedestrian may go up Eskdale, and over Hardknot (see p. 162,) to Cockley Beck, descending thence by the side of the Duddon, so as to sleep at Newfield (p. 157). Or he may turn south at once, see Stanley Ghyll, and take the road to Ulpha Kirk (p. 158). By the first route he will have walked about twenty-three miles; if he has chosen the other, about seventeen miles.

WASTDALE TO THE DUDDON.

The inns at Newfield and Ulpha Kirk are small and primitive; but at one village or the other the traveller will probably find accommodation.

EIGHTH DAY. — THE DUDDON, WALNA SCAR, CONISTON AND LANGDALE.

If the traveller has slept at Ulpha Kirk, he follows the course of the Duddon to Newfield (p. 156). Thence he crosses Walna Scar to Coniston (p. 219). If he wishes to ascend Dow Crag and the Old Man, he must leave the road about half way up, where he sees a stile in the wall on the opposite bank of the stream (see

WALNA SCAR.

p. 220). If he prefers the less fatiguing way, he continues along the track which lies before him. Soon after crossing the ridge, he may leave the road, and climb along the side of the mountain to Gait's Tarn. The deep hollow in which it lies is unmistakeable. After reaching Coniston, the tourist has but the eight miles to Langdale in prospect; so he will probably find leisure to explore the beauties of the lake (see Coniston, p. 33). The road he has to follow, through Yewdale, Tilberthwaite and Langdale, is described at pp. 36 and 197.

CONISTON.

At the inn, under the Langdale Pikes, the stranger will find sleeping accommodation, and a guide for the next day's expedition.

NINTH DAY. — ROSSET GHYLL, SCAWFELL, EASEDALE, GRASMERE AND AMBLESIDE.

This day's excursion is a regular mountain walk, and should not be attempted by any stranger without a guide. Leaving Langdale, the tourist proceeds up the valley of Mickleden to Rosset Ghyll. He must climb this gully, where there is hardly a trace of a path; and in doing so he will be shewn where, on his right, the Stake Pass begins. After reaching the top he will skirt Angle Tarn, under Bowfell, reach Esk Hause, and then ascend Scawfell Pikes (p. 206).

ROSSET GHYLL.

His course hence is nearly due east, Easedale Tarn being the point to which he is bound. His guide will point out the various summits as they come into view. Among them Codale Pike, above Codale Tarn, is a distinguishing landmark. It stands out alone

SCAWFELL TO GRASMERE.

from the ridge, and cannot be missed. Having reached it, the traveller is near Easedale; and thence his way to Grasmere is by the path described at p. 78. It is difficult to estimate the distance to be traversed in this walk; but it is said to be about fifteen miles. It will leave the traveller time to see Grasmere, (p. 80), and to proceed to Ambleside in the afternoon. He has now the choice between either of the terrace walks on Loughrigg, or Nab Scar, (see p. 65 and p. 64) and the high road.

TENTH DAY. — AMBLESIDE, KIRKSTONE PASS, TROUTBECK, BOWNESS AND WINDERMERE.

If the pedestrian is inclined for one more mountain walk, he may obtain it by going up the Kirkstone Pass (p. 54) and finding his way down Troutbeck, p. 45.

In order to see as much of Windermere as possible, he will probably take the more northerly road down the valley of Troutbeck.

WINDERMERE. This will bring him into the high road near Low Wood Inn, whence he may take the steamer to Bowness. (See p. 9). From Bowness it is a mile and a half to the village of Windermere. Here the railway begins, and the tourist must consider his circuit ended. If he has followed the route sketched for him, he will be able to carry away an accurate knowledge of the chief features of the Lake District.

METEOROLOGY OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

We can devote but a short space to this subject, though so interesting to tourists, as much of their enjoyment depends on the changes of the weather to which they must be liable.

Few, if any, visit this part of the kingdom, without a preconceived apprehension, that because in mountainous districts the weather is so changeable and often wet, they must expect to meet with frequent and serious apprehensions to their progress. We heartily wish to dissipate such a notion, as it tends to diminish the anticipated enjoyment of tourists in the Lake District, and is often greatly at variance with their actual experience. It is true, that in July the weather is generally more unsettled with us than in any other month; but even then, as at other times, the experience of tourists will prove, that there is very rarely a whole day, or, at any rate, there are still seldomer two or three successive days, in which their progress need be suspended. The very intervals between showers are often peculiarly enjoyable, from the purity of the air; and the lights and shades on the mountains are in such intervals often truly captivating, and serve in great measure to lessen the disappointment of being obliged to keep within doors more than is agreeable. Several such intervals will generally be found, in which one may stroll about without risk of suffering from showers.

It was a saying of King Charles II, to some who were boasting of the climate of Italy, that he considered that to be the finest climate in which he could with enjoyment, or at least without inconvenience, be in the open air the most hours of the day, and the most days in the year; and that he considered to be the climate of England.

In the months of August and September, the weather is with us much more settled than in July; and then day after day, and often week after week the tourist may calculate on a succession of rambles without interruption.

In comparison with many of the continental countries, the climate of England is certainly a damp one, but to persons in tolerable health, this very moisture is beneficial, if not agreeable, as is shown by the high condition of all animals from man downwards. The habit of regular exercise in the open air, which is found to be so salutary in England, is scarcely possible in many other countries, the extremes of heat and cold rendering such exercise impracticable. The high-flowing health, so common in England compared with most other countries, is no doubt consequent, in some measure, on this habit, and also on the character of our climate. "Very English-looking" is a phrase common in other countries, and intended to be synonymous with "very healthy-looking."

It is often remarked, that visitors to the Lake District are less anxious about the heat than the wetness of the weather. It is true that in some localities the annoyance arising from rain may prove a temporary inconvenience. It is only within the last fourteen years that we have been aware, by the results obtained from the observations of the late Dr. Miller, of Whitehaven, of the amazing depth of rain which falls on some of the Lake mountains. The annual average quantity of rain in many parts of the south of England does not exceed 20 inches, and sometimes does not reach even that amount. It was shewn by these experiments, that in 1852, 81 inches were measured on Scawfell Pike; at Great Gable 86; at Sty Head 124; at Seathwaite, Borrowdale, 156; and at Sprinkling Tarn 168 inches nearly. The mean rainfall for England is about 30 inches. The annual average at Kendal, in the south of this district, is 52 inches. This town and Keswick had, before these observations by Dr. Miller, been considered the wettest places known in England. Notwithstanding these great differences in the quantity of rain, the number of rainy days is not in the same ratio, there being no very great

difference between the wettest locality, and one in a much drier district. In several other parts of England, they have a greater number of days on which rain falls than in these where the quantity is so extraordinary. There are however places within the Tropics, where the annual quantity amounts to 200 and even 300 inches. In a district of Hindostan, N.E. of Calcutta, Dr. Hooker states, that in one month 264 inches were measured; and more than 600 is the annual fall there! In comparison with these, how trifling is that of 20 or even 50 inches in the year. In Provence, in the south of France, the fall in a year is about 20 inches. In 1843, they had but six days of rain in that year and two months of the following year; and in the next four months of 1844, only three, making nine days only in eighteen months on which rain fell. Who would not therefore prefer the favoured land in which we live to either of these districts?

The quantity of rain in these mountainous districts appears, from Dr. Miller's observations, to increase as we ascend the eminences, until we attain the height of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, when it begins to diminish. In any one locality, if several guages are placed at different altitudes, the lowest almost invariably registers the greatest quantity. In the Lake District, Seawfell, which is the highest land in England, and 3,229 feet above the sea-level, registered in 1847, 128 inches; and Sprinkling Tarn, 1,900 feet high, 207 inches. At the latter place, the largest quantity has been registered that has been yet taken in any situation. There are a few exceptions to these facts, however, in these very localities.

The result of these observations show, that at least 60 inches more rain are deposited in England than we were previously aware of; that 150 inches sometimes descend in the Lake District in a year — more than falls in most of the Tropics with which we are acquainted, and sufficient to drown two of the tallest men in Great Britain, standing one on the top of the other. They have further informed us of the fact, that six-and-a-half perpendicular inches of water are sometimes precipitated from the atmosphere in twenty-four hours, and ten inches in forty-eight

hours, a quantity which would be thought large for any two consecutive months in most parts of England. The almost incredible depth of 30 inches occasionally descends in a single month — a fall nearly equal to the calculated yearly average for all other parts of England. Dr. Miller's experiments have, in short, enabled us to collect a number of new and curious facts bearing on the quantity and the very unequal distribution of rain in this island. The law of gradation in the amount of rain between the valleys and the tops of the highest mountains, is also thus ascertained at various intermediate points, with a high degree of probability.

A little consideration will greatly lessen our surprise at the enormous quantity of water deposited in the hilly districts of Westmorland and Cumberland. To those unacquainted with these localities, it may be briefly stated, that the Lake District valleys radiate from a series of mountains of slate and primitive rock, having Great Gable (2,954 feet in height,) as a nucleus or central point; and in the immediate vicinity of which are Scawfell and Pillar, of the respective elevations of 3,229 and 2,932 feet, and Great End, and Bowfell, and Glaramara not much inferior in altitude. These mountains are distant only about ten to twelve miles, in a direct line, from the Irish Sea, and as no hills intervene, they are consequently fully exposed to our wet and prevailing winds, which are the S. W. The warm south-westerly current arrives at the coast loaded with moisture obtained in its transit across the Atlantic; and these experiments justify the conclusion, that this current has its maximum density at about 2,000 feet above the sea-level; hence it will travel onward until it is obstructed by land of sufficient elevation to precipitate its vapour; and, retaining a portion of the velocity of the lower parallels of latitude whence it was originally set in motion, it rapidly traverses the short space of level country, and with little diminution of its weight or volume; but on reaching the mountains it meets with a temperature many degrees lower than the point at which it can continue in a state of vapour; sudden condensation consequently ensues, in the form of vast

torrents of rain, which, in some instances, must descend almost in a continuous sheet, as when 9 or 10 inches are precipitated in forty-eight hours. When we reflect that a warm moist current, perhaps only three or four degrees above the point of saturation, in coming in contact with the mountain-ridges, probably meets with a stratum of air ten or fifteen degrees lower than its own inherent temperature, we shall cease to marvel that such quantities as 4, 5, or even 6 inches of water should be deposited in these localities in the course of a few hours. The mountains are, in fact, huge natural condensers, destined to force from the atmosphere the mighty volumes of water requisite for the supply of our lakes and rivers.

One might have supposed that the greatest fall of rain would have been at Wastdale Head, as it is surrounded by the highest mountains, and the valley opens out fairly to the S.W. But the maximum quantity is not found to obtain where theory would indicate, in the vale of Borrowdale, which affords the principal supply of water to the river Derwent, and the extensive and picturesque lakes of Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite. To refer again to the fact that among the mountains the quantity of rain increases to the altitude of 2,000 feet, and then diminishes above that limit: — this may perhaps be accounted for, by concluding, that as the clouds are seldom a mile high, (or little more than one and a half times the height of Scawfell,) in our climate, in winter, there can be no doubt that, during the winter months especially, the under surface of the *Nimbus* or rain-cloud, (the lowest except the *Stratus*) is far below the tops of our highest mountains, and we may safely conclude, not unfrequently, its upper surface also. Now, when this is the case, the guages on Scawfell, Great Gable, &c., will receive no rain at all, when it is descending abundantly in the valleys beneath. The lowness of the rain-cloud at this season is probably the principal cause of the small quantity of rain in proportion to the valley during the winter as compared with the summer months.

The winds in this part of our island are chiefly from the west and south-west, and these are loaded with moisture evaporated

from the Irish Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. When their contents reach the colder air of the mountainous districts, they are condensed and are deposited on the sides of the eminences which arrest their progress, and thus occasion the extraordinary amounts of rain in these particular localities. The difference in the temperature of different portions of a no very extended district in a mountainous country is often considerable. In the process of restoring the equilibrium thus temporally destroyed, currents and eddies of wind are propagated, and are often the causes of sudden and strong gusts which rush down the sides of the mountains, and agitate the surface of the adjoining lakes, to the risk of the slight sailing-vessels that are kept on most of the larger sheets of water in this district. This agitation of the surface is often attributed by the natives to what are termed "bottom winds," or violent currents of air rising from the bottoms of the lakes, and thus causing these agitations of the surface. The various directions of the winds among the masses of the mountains, at no great distance from each other, may be ascribed to the various deflections of the aërial currents, occasioned by the different positions of the flanks of the hills, turning the direction of the current from its original course, so that a wind from the west, for instance, may be deflected by the flank of a mountain and become a north-west or south-west wind at another part near to the same place, according as the face of the hill may tend in one direction or the other. But little dependence on the probable changes of the weather can be placed in the direction of the winds near the surface, as these conformations of the eminences must often and sometimes very materially alter the original course of the currents in the air.

S. M.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL

FLOWERING PLANTS, FERNS, AND MOSSES

GROWING AROUND

WINDERMERE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The banks of Windermere afford many objects of interest to the lover of British wild flowers; so numerous and various, indeed, are the more or less rare plants to be found in the lake itself, — in the mountain tarns, streams, woods and bogs, and on the fells and heaths, that it is difficult to give a satisfactory account of them in the space of a short chapter. A general description of the Flora of the district may, however, be of some use to the tourist who, in passing through the country, wishes to secure anything which may be worthy of a place in his herbarium or garden. The writer proposes to enumerate the least common plants which have been found within about three miles of the lake, occasionally noticing objects of peculiar interest which are found at a greater distance.

Of the order Ranunculacæe, Thalictrum flavum is not uncommon about the margin of the lake; T. minus is also found; the beautiful globe-flower Trollius europœus is abundant in various situations; Helleborus virdis occurs in two situations near Windermere terminus, and H. fœetidus grows near the road between Bowness and Kendal; it is very probable that both these are introduced; Aquilegia vulgaris is found in numerous places.

Of Nymphœaceœ, Nymphœa alba and Nuphar lutea are frequent in the lake and many of the mountain tarns.

Of Papaveraceæ, Meconopsis cambrica is not uncommon, and in some places, such as near the Ferry Inn and other parts of

Furness Fells, and in Troutbeck it is abundant; Chelidonium majus is common.

Of Fumariaceæ, Corydalis claviculata is not uncommon in heathy places.

Of Cruciferæ, Lepidium Smithii is abundant; L. draba grows near Newby Bridge; Arabis hirsuta is found on Whitbarrow: Cochlearia officinalis on Kirkstone.

Heliauthemum canum, of the order Cistaceæ, occurs in Witherslack.

Of Droseraceæ, Drosera rotundifolia is abundant, and D. Longfolia is rare.

Of Caryophyllaceæ, Stellaria nemorum is found in some wet woods and Ghylls; Silene acaulis grows on Fairfield.

Of Malvaceæ, Malva moschata and sylvestris are frequent in various places.

Of Hypericaceæ, Hypericum androsæmum is not uncommon on wooded fell-sides, generally near rivulets; H. quadrangulum and humifusum are common, and H. hirsutum is plentiful on Whitbarrow.

Of Geraniceæ, Geranium sylvaticum is not uncommon; G. lucidum is frequent; G. sanguineum and pratense are abundant on Whitbarrow.

Of Balsaminaceæ, Impatiens noli me tangere is plentiful on Furness Fells, near the Ferry Inn, at Millerground, Gill Head, and many other places.

Of Rhamnaceæ, Rhamnus, catharticus and frangula are found on the islands of Windermere.

Of Leguminifereæ, Genista, tinctoria is very abundant and beautiful in heathy places; Hippocrepis comosa is found at Grange.

Of Rosaceæ, Prunus padus is common; Spiræa salicifolia grows near the Ferry Inn, but this is doubtless introduced, as this plant is now found to be nowhere indigenous in Great Britain; Rubus suberectus is found in woods and sometimes on open mountain-sides; R. saxatilis occurs in a few places; R. idæus rhamnifolius, leucostachys, and rudis are the most common species of Rubus here; R. Chamæmorus grows in Long Sleddale; we have seen Rosa spinosissima in a few places; R. villosa is very common.

Of Haloragiaceæ, Myriophyllum spicatum and verticillatum abound in the lake.

Of Grossulariacc, Ribes, rubrum and grossularia are plentiful in the woods.

Of Crassulaceæ, Sedum telephium and anglicum are very common; S. Rhodiola grows on Fairfield; and Cotyledon unibilicus is found in many places.

Of Saxifraga aizoides, stellaris, and hypnoides are found on the mountain tops; we have not seen S. oppositifolia nearer than Helvellyn; S. platypetala grows on the heights of Fairfield; Chrysoplenium alternifolium is also found by some rivulets; Parnassia Palustris is very abundant.

Of Rubiaceæ, Galium boreale grows on the islands of Windermere and Asperula cynanchica is found on Whitbarrow.

Of Umbelliferæ, Sium augustifolium is common in the streams, and Myrrhis odorata is by no means rare in old orchards and elsewhere.

Of Compositæ, Apargia hispida is common and very handsome; Sonchus palustris (?) occurs in some marshy places; Crepis paludosa is frequent in wet woods.

Hieracium alpinum is found on Langdale Pikes; H. lawsoni, on Kirkstone Pass; H. inuloides, in mountain rills; H. sylvaticum and boreale are common; but we are not able to give a list of all the mountain species of Hawkweed which may be found in the district; the lower range of fells, near the lake, are not likely to produce any rare species, but the higher series, Fairfield, High Street, Ill Bell, &c., would be very likely to repay a more careful search than has hitherto been made. Serratula tinctoria is plentiful on the shores of the lake; Cardus heterophyllus grows in Troutbeck, Carlina vulgaris on Whitbarrow; Centaurea nigrescens is not unfrequent on dry banks; Bidens cernna is found in Crosthwaite; Eupatorium cannabinum is everywhere common; Gnaphalium dioicum and sylvaiticum are abundant, the former on mountain heaths, the latter in woods; Petastites vulgaris is found in several places; Senecio saracenicus grows near Newby Bridge, and in some old orchards, but it

is probably not indigenous; Inula conyza is abundant on the Whitbarrow Fells.

Of Campanulaceæ, Campanula latifolia is not unfrequent in woody places; Jasione montana everywhere abundant, and the larger form, which has been thought by some to be a distinct species, is often seen in the meadows; Lobelia dortmanna grown in shallow water, in almost any part of the lake.

Of Ericaaeæ, Vacinium myrtillus is found in nearly every wood; and V. oxycoccus in a few places: V. vitis-idea on Langdale Pikes; Pyrola minor in Stockghyll.

Of Jasminaceæ, Ligustrum vulgare grows wild in the mountain woods.

Of Gentianaccæ, Menyanthes trifoliata is not uncommon in the bogs; Polemonium cæruleum is found in Graythwaite woods.

Of Scrophularianæ, Digitalis purpurea is everywhere most abundant and beautiful, ornamenting exery hill and dell with its splendid spikes and purple flowers; Verbena officinalis may be gathered on Whitbarrow.

Of Orobanchaceæ, Lathræa squamaria grows on Wansfell.

Of Lamiaccæ, Lycopus europœus is found in a few places, as is also Calaminta clinopodium; Mentha piperita grows on Whitbarrow; M. sativa is not uncommon throughout the district; Scuttellaria minor occurs in some of the bogs.

Of Boraginaceæ, Symphytum officinale is not uncommon.

Of Pinguiculaceæ, Pinguicula vulgaris is very frequent in damp places; Utricularia vulgaris is also found.

Of Primulaceœ, Primula farinacea may be found in many moist meadows: it is abundant on Wansfell, and will be seen when ascending the mountain by Stockghyll: Lysimachia vulgaris, nummularia and memorum are common, the two former by the side of the lake.

Of Plantaginaceæ, Plantago, media is common near Kendal and on Whitbarrow; Littorella lacustris covers the margins and bottom of the lake with a perennial verdure.

Of Polygonaceæ, Polygonum bistorta is common and very ornamental in low meadows; Oxyria reniformis is found in Longsleddale and elsewhere.

Of Thymelaceæ, Daphne laureola and mezereum have been found in Rayrigg and Graythwaite woods.

Of Empetraceæ, Empetrum nigrum grows on the higher fells.

Of Amentiferæ, Carpinus betulus is not uncommon, but probably not indigenous; Salix pantandra occurs in many places; S. fragilis, alba, viminalis, caprea, and aurita are common: but we are not sufficiently acquainted with this genus to mention all the species found here.

Of Orchidaceæ, Listera ovata is common, and L. cordata is found on Helvellyn; L. nidusavis is rare; Gymnadenia canopsea and Habenara bifolia are very common; Cypripedium calceolus has been found on Whitbarrow; and Epipactis latifolia, palustris and ensifolia also grow there.

Of Amaryllidaceæ, Narcissus pseudo-narcissus is most abundant, and in early spring makes many a bank and woody glen yellow with its numerous flowers.

Of Liliaceæ, Allium carinatum is found in one locality; H. ursinum is very common; H. schœnoprasum may be found on Cartmel Fell; Convallaria majalis grows on some of the islands, but is become scarce from too frequent depredations; in Rauncey woods, about three miles below Newby Bridge, this plant is most abundant and fine, covering some acres of ground; here also may be found the Fly orchis; C. multiflora abounds in Graythwaite woods, about two miles north of Newby Bridge.

Of Triliaceæ, Paris quadrifolia is found in many of the shady woods.

Of Alismaceæ, Alisma plantago and ranunculoides are plentiful in the lake.

Of Fluviales, Potomogeton prælongus is found in many parts of Windermere; P. perfoliatus and heterophyllus are very common.

Of Juncaceæ, Juncus glaucus grows on Whitbarrow, and J. triglumus on Fairfield.

Of Cyperaceæ, Eriophorum vaginatum is frequent in mountain bogs; Carex dioica, ovalis, riparia, pulicaris, curta, remota, stricta, præcox, vesicarta, and ampullacea are common; C. lævigata, and sylvatica are found in some places.

Of Gramina, Avena pubescens and flavescens, are common; Fes-

tuca ovina var. vivipara is found; Bromus, giganteus is very frequent; B. asper and Sesleria cærulea grow on Whitbarrow; Triticum canium may be seen in many places; and Melica nutans is found in some moist woods.

OF THE FERNS,

Caterach officinarum occurs on some walls, but is abundant and indigenous on Whitbarrow.

Polypodium vulgare grows very luxuriantly, some varieties, such as Semi la cerum and auritum have also been found.

Polypodium phegopteris is more than usually common in this district, and may be found in many woods and often by the road sides; P. dryopteris is not quite so frequent, but by no means uncommon in similar situations: it is very abundant in the woods of Furness Fells.

Polypodium calcareum is common on Whitbarrow.

Allosorus crispus is not rare in stone walls or rocks, and among loose stones, generally in high situations.

Cystopteris fragilis is very fine in some situations, but it is not abundant here; a form called interrapta has also been found.

Polystichum lonchitis has been found; P. aculeatum is common by rivulets through mountain woods and coppices, and its varieties lobatum and lonchitoides; P. angulare is less common, but may be found in many warm shady ghylls and groves growing very luxuriantly.

Lastrea oreopteris is very common; the different forms of L. dilatata abound; the variety called by Mr. Newman L. collina, is rare; L. Spinu losa is to be found in many wet woods, also in some open bogs; L. remota (Moore) has been found at Windermere; L. recurva occurs in a few places.

Athyrium felix-femina var rhœticum is not uncommon.

Asplenium viride is found on some of the mountain screes, and is very abundant on Whitbarrow; A. Trichomanes, Adiantum-nigrum and ruta-muria are common, and A. marinum is found on Meathop, near Witherslack; A. Germanicum has been found in two localities.

Scholopendrium vulgare grows very fine in some sheltered situations.

Blechnum boreale is common everywhere.

Hymenophyllum Wilsoni is found in many dark fissures in the rocks in high wooded fells, generally near a stream.

Osmunda regalis is common and fine.

Botrychium lunaria is pretty frequent on high mountain heaths.

Ophioglosum vulgatum is very scarce.

In giving an account of the Ferns of Windermere, the important discoveryof Woodsia Ilvensis in Westmorland, although not in the immediate neighbourhood of Windermere, ought to be mentioned. This rare fern was found by Mr. Huddart, the nurseryman late of Waterloo Gardens, immediately opposite Bowness, where roots of it may be obtained, and also of many other British Ferns.

All the British Club Mosses are found near Windermere.

Lycopodium clavatum grows on most of the higher fells; L. annotium has been found in Langdale; L. inundatum is not unfrequent on the margins of mountain tarns; L. alpinum grows on many heathy fell-sides; L. selago in similar situations; and L. selaginoides is common in rivulets in high situations.

Isoetes lustris is abundant in all parts of the lake, but rather difficult to find, because it is nearly always in deep water.

Equisetum plaustre var polystachyon is the only uncommon Horsetail which has hitherto been found here.

The common Mosses are abundant, but some species may be found which are very scarce in Great Britain, and are only seen in some alpine or sub-alpine districts. The Muscologist will be delighted with this tribe of plants, their luxuriance in some situations is truly wonderful. In the following list the species mentioned have been found in fruit, excepting in those cases in which it is specified that they have been found in the barren state only. Some of the species enumerated are not uncommon in mountainous countries, others are rare or critical species.

Andreœa alpina, rupestris; Rothii on Red Screes, Ill Bell, &c.

Weissia verticillata, Whitbarrow.

Rhabdoweissia denticulata, Furness Fells, Grasmere Fells, and other rocks.

Gymnostomum rupestre, wet rocks, Helvellyn; G. microstomum, Millerground, Windermere.

Blindia acuta, Windermere.

Dicranum polycarpum, Red Screes; D. Squarrosum, Dunmail Raise; D. rufescens, Calgarth, Windermere.

Distichium capillaceum, Ill Bell, Helvellyn, &c.

Didymoden cylindricus, Troutbeck Park, Cook's House.

Trichostomum homomallum, Calgarth, Windermere.

Tortula tortuosa, aloides ambigua, Whitbarrow.

Encalypta ciliata, Fairfield, Helvellyn, &c.

Hedwigia ciliata, common on rocks and walls.

Grimmia Doniana, on rocks and walls, in high situations; G. spiralis and torta, below Red Screes, Kirkstone, not in fruit.

Racomitrium aciculare, canescens, fasciculare and lanuginosum, common on rocks and walls.

Ptychomitrium polyphyllum, common.

Orthotrichum stramineum, Lyellii and crispulum, common; O. rupincola, on walls by Mardale and Haweswater.

Zygodon Mougecttii, in crevices of rocks, without fruit, Kirkstone; Z. viridissimus, on ash trees, near Windermere College and elsewhere.

Leucodon sciurodes, near St. Mary's Church, Windermere.

Diphyscium foliosium, Ill Bell, on rocks and crevices of rocks, Helvellyn, Rydal Park.

Pogonatum alpinum, Ill Bell, Fairfield, &c; P. urnigerum, common.

Bryum crudum, polymorphum, elongatum, not rare on the mountains; B. Wahlenbergii, in mountain rills; B. acuminatum, on the eastern precipices of Fairfield, between the summit of Rydal Head; B. alpinum, common, not barren; B. Ludwigii, on wet rocks, Glaramara, not in fruit; B. uliginosum, in a branch of the Wythburn Beck, High Raise; B. pallens, Ill Bell: B. julaceum, mountain rills, fruiting abundantly on Kirkstone Pass, in Wythburn Beck, and on Ill Bell; B. sub-

globosum, Helvellyn; B. Zierrii, in crevices of rocks and on the ground, Red Screes, Rydal Park, and elsewhere.

Mnium serratum, Fairfield, Helvellyn, &c.

Funaria Mühlenbergii, Whitbarrow.

Physcomitrium ericetorum, Windermere.

Bartramia, halleriana, on shaded rocks; B. arcuata, near Storrs, Windermere, bearing fruit sparingly, abundant at Lodore.

Oedipodium griffithianum, Fairfield, Helvellyn, Red Screes, Hill Bell, &c.

Anœctangium compactum, Red Screes, &c.

Antitrichia curtipendula, abundant in fruit near Storrs, Windermere, and elsewhere.

Anomodon viticulosus, Whitbarrow, Kendal.

Pterogonium gracile, rocks and walls.

Climacium dendroides, Derwent Water.

Hypnum Schrœberi, in fruit near Storrs, Windermere; H. umbratum, near Keswick; H. brevirostre, common in woods; H. squarrosum, not rare in fruit; H. crista-castrensis, Troutbeck Park by the road over Kirkstone, Dow Crag, Mardale, Fairfield, Borrowdale; H. resupinatum, not rare; H. sylvaticum, common; H. succulentum, Black Beck, near Storrs, Windermere; H. rugosum, on Whitbarrow; H. Flagellare, in rocky streams, Stockghyll.

CUMBERLAND.

The Lake District, and the margin of comparatively level land extending to the Cumberland shore, affords such a scope for the natural production of plants as few of the English counties possess.

The great diversity of altitude,* and consequent variety of climate; the numerous and extreme changes of mineral and vegetable soils; the complete circuit of aspect occasioned by the multiplicity and varied character of its hills and dales; the perfect exposure to the sea-breezes in some parts, and the exclusion from them in others; and the very different degrees of moisture to which the district is subject, varying from nearly 163 inches† of rain-fall per annum in one or two of the mountain vales to only about 24 inches‡ in some of the lowland levels, accommodate the growth of a great variety of the British Flora — the product of almost every locality between extreme anglo-alpine and the verge of the sea.

It is true that agricultural enterprise is quietly and gradually, but surely diminishing the numbers of the species; and perhaps the monopolising avarice of professed collectors§ may aid the destructive progress not a little, even to the total extermination of some plants. Still, such a range of variety is found between the littoral and alpine extremes of West Cumberland as may fairly gratify the wishes of the true botanist.

* Scawfell Pike, the highest land in the county, is 3160 feet above the level of the sea. — Mr. Otley.

† At Borrowdale, per Dr. Miller. ‡ Harraby, near Carlisle.

§ Only a year or two ago, one of this class being told of the habitat of the rare *Grammitis Ceterach*, went and picked out of the wall in which it grew, with the point of a knife, every plant! Fortunately, some seeds had been deposited, and they have restored the treasure.

It must be understood that these remarks, and the following list of plants and localities, relate almost exclusively to the Cumberland limits of the district; and that the botanical resources of that district have been tolerably well explored by the writer for a lengthened period. His endeavours have also been aided by several friends (whose names are quoted); but it is still possible that some of the floral treasures my have been overlooked, or may yet remain undiscovered. Those will be but few, and of course valuable when their localities become known.

Many common plants are omitted from the list, under the impression that what is open to every one's eye needs no record; and numerous localities are also left out as redundant.

Perhaps no district, of the same limited extent, furnishes a more numerous assemblage of Cryptogamic plants; — that least explored but very beautiful department, and which may be not inappropriately called winter-botany.

A great proportion of the singular system of blooming peculiar to this class is developed at the season when most other vegetation is at rest, and therefore uninteresting; here then may the zealous botanical tourist still continue his study with as much ardour as in the summer; and derive pleasure and edification from the contemplation of the various gay or modest tints of those minute works of the Creator, when the casual observer will find nothing to attract his attention from the general dreariness of a wintry landscape.

Those who would acquaint themselves with the Mosses and Lichens of the lake and mountain district, will need some degree of perseverance and *sure-footedness* in exploring the dark ravines and cavernous fissures of the moist and slippery rocks, and of the gloomy woods where these delight to grow; and will meet with perhaps the greatest variety, and those in the highest perfection, where the sun shines seldomest and the rain falls oftenest amongst them. And it should be remembered that no satisfactory progress can be made in collecting and distinguishing the cryptogamia when the plants are shrivelled by drought.

No little energy will be requisite, also, to hunt out the lichens

— some of which are found inhabiting almost every rood of undisturbed ground from the verge of the ocean, to the storm-beaten summits of the highest mountains. And last, not least, very considerable patience is necessary to duly investigate and decipher the microscopic stamp of family, so minutely but distinctly impressed upon every specific member of the whole tribe of both mosses and lichens; and a great many are too small to be accurately determined by the naked eye. But to the enthusiast in botany, the pleasing excitement of the pursuit, and the gratification of the capture, well reward the fatigues of the search.

The subjoined list follows the order and nomenclature of Macgillivray's hand-book, to save the time required to adapt it to the more recent alterations.

Salicornia herbacea, Ravenglass, Workington; S. procumbens, Workington north shore.

Hippurus vulgaris, Dub mill.

Zostera marina, Bootle shore, brought up by the tide.

Chara flexilis, Whillimoor; C. aspera, Harras Moor.

Callitriche verna, Whinlatter; C. pedunculata, Ennerdale.

Circæa alpina, Barrow side; C. lutetiana, Keswick.

Veronica Anagallis, St. Bees and Ellen; V. scutellata, Ulloc Moss; V. montana, Walla Crag; V. hederifolia, Distington, Workington; V. Beccabunga, common.

Pinguicula vulgaris, common in bogs.

Utricularia minor, Shoulthwaite Moss, Eskmeals.

Lycopus europœus, Ribton Hall, Petersburg, Drigg Moor.

Lemna minor, ponds in Whillimoor.

Fedia olitoria Moresby Hall; F. dentata, Frizington.

Iris pseudacorus, common.

Scirpus lacustris, Loweswater Lake; S. setaceous, Ennerdale; S. maritimus, (Workington, Mr. Tweddle); S. sylvaticus, banks of the Marron.

Eleocharis cœspitosus, Murton Moss; E. pauciflorus, Murton Moss; E. fluitans, Congra Moss in Lamplugh; E. palustris, Loweswater Lake; E. multicaulis, Ennerdale Lake; E. acicularis, Egremont.

Eriophorum vaginatum, common in bogs; E. angustifolium, Calder Ghylls and Edge Tarn; E. polystachion, Brigham Moss.

Catabrosa acquatica, Coulderton Shore — scarce — perhaps extinct.

Arundo Phragmites, River Derwent; A. calamagrotis, River Derwent; A. arenaria, sea shore, Coulderton.

Rotbollia incurvata, Skate Dubs, Workington, (Mr. Tweddle).

Hordeum murinum, Flimby; H. maritimum, Coulderton.

Triticum junceum, Braystones.

Asperula odorata, Lodore Fall.

Galium cruciatum, Lamplugh, &c.; G. palustre, Brackenthwaite, Lodore; G. saxatile, St. John's vale; G. Mollugo, Crofton Hall, Pardshaw, &c.; G. verum, Tallantire, Lamplugh, Lodore; G. boreale, Derwent Lake shores, and river Irthing; G. aparine, common.

Plantago major, Arlecdon; P. media, Arlecdon and Egremont; P. maritima, Moota, Flimby and Gillerthwaite; P. Coronopus, shore at Flimby, Ravenglass, &c.

Parietaria officinalis, Torpenhow Church, Crookdake Hall.

Ruppia maritima, Cloffocks, (Mr. Tweddle).

Alchemilla alpina, Borrowdale Hause and Helvellyn; Alchemilla vulgaris, common; A. arvensis, common.

Potamogeton natans, common; P. perfoliatus, Bassenthwaite Lake: P. densus, river Ellen; P. lanceolatus, common; P. crispus, river Derwent; P. gramineus, Harras Moor.

Radiola Millegrana, var. maritima, Ehenside, (Mr. G. Chambers).

Lithospermum officinale, Mosser and Westward Parks; L. arvense, Stanger; L. maritimum, Bootle Shore and Workington.

Anchusa sempervirens, Gosforth, Sandwith.

Cynoglossum officinale, Flimby.

Lycopsis arvensis, St. Bees.

Primula veris, Irthington; (red variety), Egremont Clints; P. farinosa, Wanthwaite Mill, Caldbeck, and a dark red variety near Ireby-low.

Menyanthes trifoliata, common near the lakes.

Lysimachia vulgaris, Keswick, Ennerdale, Lorton L. nemorum, Castlehead Wood and Lamplugh.

Anagallis cerulea, Hensingham Toll-bar; A. arvensis, common A. tenella, Drigg Moor.

Convolvulus arvensis, Fitz Toll-bar (Mr. Tweddle); C. Soldanella, Shore at Coulderton and Harrington.

Campanula latifolia; Isel, Lamplugh.

Jasione montana, common.

Lobelia Dortmanna, nearly all the lakes.

Viola lutea, Brigham.

Hyoscyamus niger, Cockermouth, Flimby, Harrington.

Atropa Belladonna, once plentiful around Egremont Castle, but now only retained in a few gardens there.

Solanum Dulcamara, St. John's vale, Setmurthy, Wasdale.

Erythræa Centaurium, Bootle, Distington, and a pure white variety in Loweswater.

Samolus Valerandi, Coulderton Shore.

Lonicera Caprifolium, Lorton Hall, (Mr. Tweddle); L. Xylosteum, Workington Park, (Mr. Tweddle) — probably both introduced.

Rhamnus frangula, Ullock Moss, Keswick Cass.

Euonymus europœus, Lodore Woods.

Ribes rubrum, banks of the Derwent; R. nigrum, ditto; R Grossularia, limestone rocks at Sunderland.

Glaux maritima, Ravenglass, St. Bees.

Salsola kali, Coulderton; S. fruticosa, Ravenglass.

Gentiana Amorella, Tallantire Hill; G. campestris, Tallantire Hill, Workington Warren.

Eryngium maritimum, common along the sea shores.

Hydrocotyle vulgaris, common in bogs.

Sanicula europœa, Wythop Woods, &c.

Torilis nodosa, Bewaldeth — scarce.

Anthriscus vulgaris, Workington Bridge.

Myrrhis odorata, banks of the Ehen, &c.

Chœrophyllym sylvestris, Gillfoot and Whicham.

Daucus carota, Ravenglass.

Sium angustifolium, Drigg Hawes; S. nodiflorum, Gill, near St. Bees; S. repens, Naddale; S. verticillatum, Naddale; S. inundatum, Loweswater Lake.

Crithmum maritimum, St. Bees rocks.

Apium graveolens, Workington Marsh, Kirkbride.

Imperatoria Ostruthium, Gilsland Woods.

Meum athamanticum, Fell End in Ennerdale, (Dr. Lawson).

Pimpinella dioica, Tallantire Hill.

Cnidium Silaus, Seaton, Schoose Farm.

Sambucus Ebulus, Brackenthwaite, Scalelands, Brigham.

Parnassia palustris, meadows and bogs — not rare.

Statice Armeria, Scawfell and sea shores; S. Limonium, sea shore, near Bootle, &c.; S. spathulata, St. Bees Heads, (Mr. Robson).

Drosera rotundifolia, common in bogs; D. longifolia, Borrowdale, (Mr. Tweddle); D. anglica, Helvellyn, (Mr. J. Flintoft).

Narcissus pseudo-narcissus, Duddon Woods, Calder foot.

Allium arenarium, banks of the Derwent, (Mr. Tweddle); A. vineale, Bearpot, near Workington; A. ursinum, Salter Hall.

Narthecium ossifragum, wet moors.

Juncus filiformis, Crummock and Derwent Lakes; J. cœnosus, Millom Marsh; J. uliginosus, Workington, (Mr. Tweddle); J. triglumis, Helvellyn, (Mr. J. Flintoft).

Luzula pilosa, common in woods between the mountains and the sea; L. sylvatica, banks of the Marron; L. campestris, common on bare heaths; L. congesta, common on bare heaths.

Peplis Portula, Harras Moor, Kinniside Long Moor, Calder Gills.

Oxyria reniformis, Ashness Gill, Honister, Wasdale.

Triglochin palustre, common at the edges of bogs; T. maritimum, Cloffocks.

Alisma plantago, Keswick Cass; A. ranunculoides, Eskmeals.

Epilobium hirsutum, river Eden and its tributaries.

Vaccinium Myrtillis, common in woods and in mountains; V. uliginosum, Wardrew Moss, Moorside Parks; V. vitis idœa, Skiddaw, Iron Crag, Swinside Fell, &c.; V. oxycoccus, common in bogs.

Acer campestre, Mirehouse Woods.

Polygonum Bistorta, in meadows, and cultivated as a pot herb; P. viviparum, Helvellyn, (Mr. J. Flintoft); P. aviculare, Lodore road; P. convolvolus, Bassenthwaite; P. amphibium, Dearham; P. Hydropiper, Lodore.

Paris quadrifolia, woods in Lamplugh, Wood Hall.

Andromeda polifolia, Moresby, Drumburgh.

Arbutus uva-ursi, Bootle Fell, (Rev. Isaac Hodgson), Brackenthwaite, (Mr. Wilson Robinson).

Pyrola rotundifolia, Walla Crag; P. media, Kirklinton Moors; P. secunda, Helvellyn.

Chrysosplenium, oppositifolium, common in wet woods; C. alternifolium, Portinscale.

Saxifraga stellaris, Helvellyn, Iron Crag, &c.; S. nivalis, Legberthwaite Gills; S. oppositofolia, Borrowdale, (Wastwater Screes, Mr. Robson); S. aizoides, Barrow Side, Grasmoor; S. granulata, Harrington Church; S. tridactylites, Moota and Whicham; S. hypnoides, Armboth Fell, Shoulthwaite.

Scleranthus annuus, Derwent Side, near Workington, (Mr. Tweddle).

Silene inflata, Clifton Dean Scales, &c.; S. maritima, Eskmeals, Brackenthwaite, Grange; S. nutans, Dean, Moorland Close; S. acaulis, Borrowdale.

Stellaria nemorum, Burdoswald, Moorside Hall.

Arenaria peploides, Seaton, Flimby; A. serpyllifolia, Pardshaw Hall, Cockermouth.

Cotyledon umbilicus, Ehenside, Gosforth.

Sedum Telephium, Castlehead, Millom; S. villosum, Mosedale; S. anglicum, Beckcote; S. acre, St. John's; S. sexangulare, Hunday.

Lychis alpina, Brackenthwaite Fells.

Cerastium tetrandum, Cockermouth; C. alpinum, Helvellyn, (Mr. J. Flintoft).

Spergula nodosa, Lilly Hall, (Mr. Tweddle).

Lythrum Salicaria, Ennerdale, Newlands, Beckermont.

Agrimonia eupatoria, Lamplugh church-yard; A. eupatoria var. odorata, Lorton, (Mr. W. Robinson).

Roseda luteola, Flimby, Eaglesfield, Workington.

Rosa rubella, Thirlwall; R. spinosissima, plentiful on the coast at Seascale, &c.; R. Hibernica, Brackenthwaite; R. Sabini, Derwent Bay; R. villosa, Gilsland; R. tomentosa, Lamplugh; R. canina, Loweswater; R. arvensis, Whillimoor.

Rubus idæus, common; R. cœsius, Tallantire; R. corylifolius, Arlecdon; R. fruticosus, very common; R. rhamnifolius, Ulpha, Lowca, Flimby; R. glandulosus, Pardshaw; R. suberectus, Moorside Hall; R. saxatilis, Gilsland; R. Chamœmorus, Styx Moss.

Fragaria vesca, common; F. elatior, Wood Hall.

Comarum palustre, common in meadow ditches.

Chelidonium majus, Kirkland, St. Bees, Thornthwaite.

Glaucium luteum, Flimby, Coulderton, Bootle shores.

Meconopsis Cambricum, Naddale, Gilgarran, Ullock.

Nymphœa alba, Mockerkin Tarn.

Nuphar lutea, Mockerkin Tarn, Bassenthwaite Lake, Wormanby Lough.

Aquilegia vulgaris, shore of Bassenthwaite Lake, Dovenby.

Stratiotes aloides, Ennerdale Lake, (Mr. Robson).

Thalictrum minus, Side woods in Ennerdale; T. majus, Derwent Lake shores; T. alpinum, Great End, Scawfell, (Mr. Robson).

Ranunculus Lingua, Naddale beck, Cardew, (Wastdale and Eskdale, Mr. Robson); R. Flammula, common in cold soils; R. auricomus, Pardshaw; R. hirsuta, Drigg, Workington Marsh; R. hedraceus, Lamplugh Hall, Pardshaw; R. aquatilis, St. Bees Moor.

Trollius europœus, Arlecdon church-yard.

Helleborus viridis, Duddon Woods and Plumbland, (Mr. Tweddle.)

Mentha rotundifolia; M. piperita; M. hirsuta; M. gentilis, near Sykes in Naddale, in ditch sides.

Glechoma hederacea, Barrow Side.

Galeobdolon luteum, Crosedale.

Ballotta nigra, Workington (Mr. Tweddle).

Leonorus Cardiaca, Workington Row (Mr. Tweddle).

Clinipodium vulgare, Mockerkin, Papcastle.

Thymus Acinos, Low Lingbank, (Nethertown, Mr. Chambers); T. Calmintha, Calva Hall.

Scutellaria galericulata, Dub Beck, Braithwaite Beck; S. minor, Ladstocks in Thornthwaite.

Rhinanthus crista-galli var. majus, Chapel Bank, St. Helens.

Melampyrum pratense, common in old woods.

Camelina sativa, Workington Mill field (1848, Mr. Tweddle).

Teesdalia nudicaulis, St. John's, Raven Crag, Thief Gill in Dean.

Cochlearia officinalis, Coulderton Shore, Flcswick Bay; C. anglica, Workington Shore; C. grœnlandica var. alpine, rills on Helvellyn.

Senebiera coronopus, Seaton, (Mr. Tweddle).

Crambe maritima, Coulderton Shore.

Cakile maritima, Seaton Shore.

Cardamine hirsuta, elevated situations in Whillimoor; C. pratensis, common, sometimes double; C. amara, Moorside Woods, (Bearpot, Mr. Tweddle).

Arabis stricta, Lamplugh Hall, Pardshaw Hall; A. hirsuta, Shoulthwaite, Moota.

Turritis glabra, Stainburn, (Mr. Tweddle).

Chicranthus fruticulosus, walls of Scaleby Castle.

Brassica Monensis, Flimby and St. Bees Shore.

Erodium cicutarium, Gosforth; E. maritimum, St. Bees.

Geranium sylvaticum, St. John's vale; G. pratense, Lamplugh; G. pyrenacium, Yeorton Hall; G. pusillum, Etterby Scar; G. Robertianum, St. John's vale; G. lucidum, Lodore Bridge; G. columbinum, Cockermouth Fitz; G. sanguineum, St. Bees Shores.

Genista scoparia, Bridekirk; G. tinctoria, Seaton, Tallantire, Arlecdon; G. anglica, Drigg, Rootle.

Ulex nana, Gosforth, Lamplugh Fells.

Ononis arvensis, Irton and sea shore.

Anthyllis vulneraria, Maryport Railway.

Lathyrus Nissolia, Irton, in sand; L. sylvestris, Parton.

Vicia sylvatica, Clifton Woods, Patron; V. angustifolia, Stainburn, Santon.

Ervum hirsutum, Loweswater.

Ornithopus perpusillus, Irton Church, St. Bees Moor.

Trifolium officinale, Workington Station, Etterby Scar; T. ornithopodiodes, (Workington Warren, Mr. Tweddle); T. arvense, Flimby; T. stritum, (St. Bees, Mr. Chambers); T. procumbens, Drigg; T. filiforme, Gosforth.

Hyericum quadrangulum, Clifton; H. perforatum, Keswick Woods; H. humifusum, Lodore Fall; H. hirsutum, Camerton Clifton; H. pulchrum, Castlehead Woods; H. elodes, Birker Moor, Aitcha Moss.

Tragopogon pratensis, Bransty, Schoose; T. porrifolius, Workington.

Prenanthes muralis, Borrowdale, Ulpha.

Apargia autumnalis, Ennerdale.

Hieracium subaudum, Ennerdale, in side woods; H. umbellatum Kirkland How.

Serratula tinctoria, Embleton, Lorton.

Saussuria alpina, Helvellyn, (Mr. J. Flintoft.)

Carduus acanthoides, Carlisle Castle.

Cnicus heterophyllus, Armboth, Watendlath; C. acaulis, Barrow Side, Hardknot.

Carlina vulgaris, Ennerdale.

Bidens cernua, Braithwaite, (Cloffocks, Mr. Tweddle); B. tripartita, Keswick Cass, Bootle.

Tanacetum vulgare, Tallantire Hill, Ellercar, near Wigton.

Gnaphalium dioicum, Helvellyn; G. germanicum, Drigg; G. rectum, base of Helvellyn; G. uliginosum, Arlecdon; G. minimum, Fieldhead, in Eskdale.

Senecio tenuifolius, Little Broughton; S. saracenicus, Moresby, Sebergham.

Aster Tripolium, Eskholm, Holborn Hill.

Solidago virgaurea, Scalehill, Bassenthwaite, &c.

Inula helenium, Mosser; I. dysenterica, St. Bees Heads.

Pyrethrum parthenium, Nether Hall.

Matricaria chamomilla, Sylcroft.

Anthemis maritima, Coulderton.

Centaurea Scabiosa, Eaglesfield.

Orchis bifolia, Whillimoor; O. mascula, common, Dovenby, &c.; O. albida, (Little Broughton, Mr. W. Robinson); O. viridis, Murton Moss; O. ustulata, Wood Hall.

Gymnadenia conopsea, Wanthwaite, St. John's, Moota.

Listera ovata, common; L. cordata, Castlerigg Fell, Melbreak; L. nidus-avis, Flimby Wood, Wood Hall.

Epipactis palustris, Isel; Epipactis latifolia, Dean Scales, Bridgefoot.

Euphorbia peplus, Egremont, Bootle Station; E. exigua, Bridgefoot; E. helioscopia, Gosforth; E. portlandica, Braystones and Drigg shores; E. paralia, Haverigg and Harrington shores.

Typha latifolia, Naddals, Crofton, Chapel Sucken, Brayton.

Sparganium ramosum, Portinscale, Naddle; S. simplex, Harras Moor; S. natans, Shoulthwaite Moss.

Carex dioica, Orgill; C. pulicaria, Hunday; C. arenaria, Harington shore; C. vulpina, Yeorton Hall; C. limosa var. irrigua, Gilsland, rare; C. pallescens, Sellafield; C. flava, Hardknot; C. extensa, Marron Side; C. stricta, Bullgill Bridge; C. riparia Stubbin Mire; C. vesicaria, Braithwaite; C. ampullacea, Cocker Side; C. filiformis, (Workington, Mr. Tweddle). Many other Carices grow in the district.

Littorella lacustris, Derwent Lake, Wythburn.

Urtica urens, Distington, Ullock.

Myriophyllum spicatum, Naddale.

Sagittaria sagittifolia, Braystones Tarn, (Mr. Robson).

Arum maculatum, Wood Hall, Branthwaite.

Quercus Robur, Borrowdale; Q. sessiflora, common.

Betula alba, var. pendulosa, round Derwent Lake.

Salix herbacea, Skiddaw top. Upwards of thirty species over West Cumberland.

Empetrum nigrum, moors and bogs.

Myrica gale, common, near the lakes.

Humulus lupulus, Keswick, Egremont.

Tamus communis, Millom, Eskdale.

Rhodiola rosea, Ennerdale Coves and Pillar Fell.

Taxus baccata, very large trees in Borrowdale.

Atriplex? laciniata, St. Bees and Harrington shores; A. patula, Workington north shore.

Isoetes lacustris, Derwent Lake.

Subularia acquatica, Enuerdale Lake (Mr. Robson).

Polypodium vulgare, common; P. Phegoteris, Eskdale, Ulpha, Braithwaite; P. Dryopteris, Legberthwaite, Dean.

Aspidum oreopteris, Ponsonby Fell, Ulpha; A. lobatum, Flimby, Walla Crag, Caldbeck; A. angulare, Whicham; A. spinulosum, Keswick, &c.; A. dilatatum, Keswick, &c.

Cystea fragilis, St. Bees Moor, Armathwaite; C. dentata, Naddale, Braithwaite, Whillimoor.

Asplenium trichomanes, Carleton, &c.; A. viride, Castlerigg Fell, river Irthing; A. marinum, St. Bees Head; A. ruta-muraria, common; A. septentrionale, Borrowdale, near Lorton, (Mr. W Robinson); A. adiantum nigrum, common.

Scolopendrium vulgare, common in dark ravines; S. var. multifidum, Dearham; S. var. crispum, Catgill Hall.

Grammitis ceterah, Sandwith, Mosser, Gosforth, &c.

Blechnum boreale, common.

Allosurus crispus, Wasdale, Ponsonby, Lamplugh.

Hymenophyllum wilsoni, Scale Force, Ponsonby; H. tunbridgense, Ponsonby Hall.

Osmunda regalis, Millon, Irton, Egremont, Ullock Moss, Scale Hill.

Botrychium lunaria, not rare on dry pastures.

Ophioglossum vulgatum, rather common.

Lycopodium clavatum, common on fells and moors; L. inundatum, Shoulthwaite, Wasdale; L. selaginoides, L. Selago, Hardknot, Helvellyn, &c.; L. annotinum, (near Bowfell, Mr. J. Flintoft); L. alpinum, Sty Head, &c.

Equisetum arvense, common; E. fluviatile, Flimby, Salter Hall, Parton rocks; E. sylvaticum, Watendlath, &c.; E. palustre, (Cold Fell, Mr. Robson); E. variegatum, Gilsland, in the Irthing.

GEOLOGY OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Believing that the great majority of Lake tourists do not wish or expect to find an elaborate treatise on Geology in the volume intended merely to point out what is most worthy of inspection in the district, and the readiest way of reaching it; but feeling also that a complete Guide book would scarcely merit the title did it not afford some information upon the marvellous arrangement and character of the different systems of rock of which this beautiful region is framed, we propose to supply to the tourist a moderate knowledge of the structure of our hills and valleys with the least possible expenditure of time and study. It were useless to speculate upon the long ages that elapsed during the formation of any one of the vast rocky systems of the district, and impossible to form any conception of the stupendous forces, which, operating from beneath upon the different stratifications, and so bestowed upon the region the grand external features that render it so attractive even to the most superficial observer. We, therefore, undertake merely to point out the localities of the various formations and to notice very shortly their nature and character.

The Slate Rocks. — Nearly the whole area of the Lake District proper consists geologically of three great groups of slate rock, as first pointed out by that self-taught and sound geologist, the late venerable Jonathan Otley, of Keswick. These vary considerably in form, character, and aspect, but agree, as their name indicates, in possessing more or less perfectly, the property of cleavage, or of being split into slate or flags. This attribute, however, is in many parts, either lost entirely, or greatly impaired by the influence of Plutonic eruptions, which have forced their way into, and through the slaty strata so as greatly to modify,

not only their disposition and arrangement, but also their specific and original structure.

Skiddaw Slate. — The oldest of these slate-rock formations is that called the Skiddaw Slate, which covers a tract of country extending from the vicinity of Egremont, eastward to that of Greystoke, and from Keswick northward to Isell and Bewaldeth. It contains the Lakes Bassenthwaite, Crummock, and Loweswater, and forms the mountains of Saddleback and Skiddaw, and that beautiful range which rises between the vales of the Derwent and Cocker, including Grasmere, Whiteside, and Grisedale Pike. The aspect of the country it forms, though not so rugged as that of the next group of slate rock, sufficiently indicates that this formation has been subjected to the action of some enormous elevating and deranging powers, and, though of vast thickness, the underlying granite has been forced through it in a state of fusion, and appears at a spot to the eastward of Skiddaw, while another igneous rock, the Syenite, has been pushed upwards in such masses as to form the whole bulk of Carrock Fell and of High Pike. This slate rock is darker in colour and less cleavable than the more recent formations, and varies considerably in character and appearance in different situations, especially, as mentioned before, where it approaches the igneous rocks by which it has been penetrated, when it is said to become metamorphic. Besides the great main deposit, this rock is found at the south-west corner of Cumberland, where it forms the mountain Blackcombe; and also in the neighbourhood of Shap. It has always been held to be destitute of fossil remains, but we understand these have been discovered in it, by Mr. Ruthven, of Kendal, to whose practical knowledge of this branch of local science we are indebted for a very valuable Geological Map of the District, to which we gladly refer our readers.

Green Slate and Porphyry. — Overlying this rock we have the second, a still more extensive division of the great slaty formations, called Green Slate and Porphyry, and forming, with the exception of those mentioned, every mountain of importance in the fell country. This vast group owes its formation to the action

of the two opposite elements, fire and water, consisting, as it does, of Plutonic masses, of various structure, alternated and interblended with large deposits of aqueous rock, possessing more or less of the properties of slate. The prevailing colour of this slate, when not affected by igneous influences, is, as its name imports, chiefly a fine light green. That after, and probably during its formation, it has undergone a succession of the most inconceivable convulsions is evident, from the frequent distortion of its stratification, the wild and rugged character of its crags and precipices, and the altitude of some portions over others in the same vicinity. Scawfell Pikes for instance, rising nearly four thousand feet above the bed of Wastwater. It is also said to contain few or no fossils, but abounds supereminently in beautiful and valuable mineral productions, as will be shewn hereafter. Besides the main deposit of the green slate to the south, a considerable extent of it occupies the northern border of the older rock, lying between that and the Carboniferous series.

Granite and Syenite. — Granite, varying in colour and composition, is protruded through this rock in large masses in Eskdale, Wastdale, and Wasdale Crags, near Shap. From these Granite rocks have been derived most of the erratic bowlders distributed over the north of England, as far east as the sea-coast, and as far south as Staffordshire. In Peel Park, at Manchester, an institution worth visiting, is a large mass of granite bearing an inscription which purports that it was found in that neighbourhood, whither it had been brought, by the operations of nature, from the parent rock near Ravenglass, in Cumberland. It is now generally agreed that, at a period very remote, when the climate was much colder, and most of this country was submerged by the sea, the lake mountains forming a rugged island, these detached masses of stone were borne away from their native beds enclosed in ice, and dropped in the situations where they now occur. The beautiful stone called Syenite, is protruded through the green slate, as well as through the earlier rock, on both sides of Ennerdale and extending eastward from that lake to Buttermere.

The Coniston Lime Stone extends along the south-east

border of the great middle deposit of slate rock, with many breaks and twists, from Millom, by Coniston and Windermere, across High Furness and part of Westmorland, to Shap Fells. This represents the Coniston Lime Stone, a formation which excites much interest amongst geologists from being the line of division between two great systems, and from containing fossil remains in great abundance and variety, which may be obtained with little trouble where the rock is exposed above the farm of Dixon Ground, in Church Coniston. Its numerous "faults" and dislocations, shew that it also has suffered very violent treatment from the subterranean forces; and these displacements are especially obvious where it crosses the valleys; Newdale, for instance, Windermere and the vale of the Kent.

Brathay Flags. — Superimposed again upon this limestone is a group of similar course and extent called Coniston, or Brathay Flags, which consists mainly of a dark, almost black, stone easily worked into flags. The manner in which the line of cleavage in most of these rocks runs across the line of deposit is well demonstrated in this flagstone, and may be studied to advantage in the roadside wall on the highway from Ambleside to Coniston as it passes through the enclosures above Brathay, where these lines are seen very plainly as well as divisions running parallel to the line of deposit, and containing brilliant incrustations of Iron Pyrites, which appear upon the edges of the stones used in building the wall. This rock also preserves a few remains of organic life. Remarkable displacements of these two formations and sometimes of the next are exhibited as in Low Furness, Ravenstonedale, and the vicinity of Ingleton.

Coniston Grit. — Upon this flagstone rests, in its turn, a formation called Coniston Grit, or Hard Grit, a coarse, hard, tenacious stone, whose structure has enabled to resist the disturbing forces more successfully than most of its neighbours. A similar rock occurs extensively on Howgill Fells and in the country by Sedbergh, towards Kirkby Lonsdale. It has also been hoisted up by enormous disruptions of the carboniferous strata, so as to form the summits of Ingleborough and other hills in that direction.

Ireleth Slate. — The Coniston grit forms the base of the third great system of Slate rock, called Ireleth, now Bannisdale or Bretherdale Slate, reaching from Ravenstonedale to Duddon Sands, and from Morecambe Bay to Windermere Village and Hawkshead. It consists of masses of dark slate intersected and broken by bands of quartz and beds of grit and limestone. Unlike the other two great slate divisions, it has formed no hills of any magnitude, though it has been greatly disturbed and contorted, and contains a considerable part of the lakes of Windermere, Esthwaite, and Coniston. A few fossils are found in it, and it is perforated frequently by dykes of igneous rock.

Kirkby Moor Flags. — Another formation of slate stone, called Hay Fell, or Kirkby Moor Flags, occupies the line of country between Kendal and Kirkby Lonsdale, and consists of flagstone varying in structure and colour, and mingled irregularly with grit and other rocks. This group affords great numbers of fossils, and is also extensively perforated by basaltic and porphyrytic dykes.

Old Red Sandstone. — The most considerable patches of Old Red Sandstone and Conglomerate occur near Shap and on the Cumberland side of the lower reach of Ullswater, forming the fells in the former locality, and the hills of Dunmallet and Mell Fell in the latter. These formations owe their origin to attrition by the sea of the earlier rocks; the cohesion of the coarse fragments constituting the stone called Conglomerate, and that of the fine particles, the Sandstone. This, and their position, as related to the slate rocks, prove that these deposits were formed at a period subsequent, not only to the formation of the slate groups, but also to the disruption by the great Plutonic influences, — a striking demonstration of the antiquity of these vast systems. Unlike the Old Red Sandstone of other parts of Britain, that of the Lake District is said to exhibit no fossil remains.

Carboniferous Series. — The great central formations we have noticed are engirdled by an almost complete circle, representing the important series of rock called Carboniferous, which includes the coal measures and the extensive limestone deposits of the country. These have been arranged in several groups, one of

calcareous stone, rich in animal remains; another consisting of beds of limestone with sandstone, and beds of coal and shale; a third of grit and other stone with little lime, but considerable quantities of coal; and lastly the rich coal fields of West Cumberland. These vast formations occupy what was the ancient coast line when the district was insular, and during the periods of deposit and induration, must have undergone considerable changes of elevation and arrangement.

New Red Sandstone, &c. — Magnesian limestone and conglomerate are found in a few localities, one near Whitehaven, another near to Rosley; and immediately underlie a very extensive deposit, namely, the New Red Sandstone, which occupies a wide field, over, and external to, the Carboniferous series, ranging from Kirkby Stephen to Maryport, and from Whitehaven, across the Duddon, to Low Furness and Cartmel. This being the most recent formation, we close with it, our sketch of the geology of the lakes, which, short and imperfect as it is, we consider sufficient to accomplish the object stated at the beginning, and more in accordance with the plan and purpose of this work, than if the subject had been treated in a manner more worthy the rank it holds as a branch of physical science. The mineral productions of the district will be noticed separately.

ECONOMIC MINERALOGY OF THE DISTRICT.

It is supposed, and on good grounds, that the mineral treasures of the Lake country have been made available to the purposes of life, in war, in the arts, and in commerce, for something like two thousand years; and there is also reason to believe that of these, the earliest made use of by the primeval inhabitants of this country was —

Copper. — The Copper Mines of Coniston therefore may be held to be the most ancient works of the kind north of Cornwall; and some idea of the enormous extent to which the ores of this metal have been deposited originally in the Coniston fells may be deduced from the fact that though these mines have been wrought

almost incessantly for so many centuries, at no earlier period have such quantities of ore been obtained as of late years. At present, and for a long time past, the copper ore transmitted from Coniston averages three hundred tons per month, and the ore exposed is sufficient to maintain this rate for many years to come. It occurs almost entirely in the form of sulphuret, though considerable quantities of different oxides, and traces of sulphate, carbonate or malachite, phosphate, and even pure malleable copper have been found in various parts of the workings. The ore is deposited in the green-slate and porphyry rock in "veins, lodes, and cross courses," and is generally embedded in a matrix of quartz. The extreme hardness of the rock and the vast extent and depth of the mines render the process of obtaining and dressing the ore very laborious and costly; and it is entirely due to able management that the great prosperity of these copper mines has been secured and maintained for so long a period by the present proprietary. Deposits of Copper, smaller in extent, are scattered nearly all over the second division of the slate-rock, and mining operations in search of it have been instituted, and carried on for longer or shorter periods, and with more or less success, in many different localities, as Torver, Seathwaite, Ulpha, Eskdale, Newlands, Caldbeck, Wythburn, Langdale, &c., but with the exception of those in Newlands and Langdale, it is probable that none of these have been wrought of late, to any advantage.

On account of its antiquity, precedence has been accorded to Copper in this notice of the minerals of the Lake District; but that metal is far from standing first amongst our mineral productions in point of quality exported, — in this respect it is far exceeded by coal, slate, lead, iron, and, probably by lead.

Coal. — From the Coal-field of West Cumberland there was exported in 1857, coal to the amount of 673,000 tons, chiefly to Ireland; the home consumption exceeding 200,000 tons. Adding to these figures 100,000 tons for the produce of the East Cumberland Collieries, we have a total, in round numbers, of 1,000,000 tons, giving, at seven shillings per ton, £350,000 as the annual value of the coal fields in our West Cumberland map. The

colliery at Whitehaven is very extensive, the excavations having been carried for miles beyond low-water-mark, under the bed of the sea. This was the case also at Workington, where, in 1837, through the criminal temerity of an agent, who persisted, though warned by the old workmen, in removing the pillars of coal left to support the roof of the mine — the sea broke in and filled the whole of the works, destroying many lives, and property to the value of £120,000. This mineral is deposited in "seams or bands" varying greatly in quality and thickness — and also in depth — "some cropping out" at the surface and others lying at an unknown distance below it.

Iron. — The mineral of the district next, or perhaps equal in value to coal, is Iron, the ore of which metal is found in great abundance in Furness, and in West Cumberland, in the district lying immediately north of Egremont, and also in more limited quantity, in Millom, Eskdale, and other localities. In 1857, the iron-mines in Low Furness yielded ore to the amount of 560,000 tons, and in the same period there were drawn from the Cumberland mines about 198,000 tons, making the yield in the whole district, say, 758,000 tons. It occurs chiefly in the form of a red oxide, and is deposited in masses, varying greatly in dimensions, in the cavities of the limestone rock of the country. It is occasionally found close to the surface, but more frequently at considerable depths. Another form in which iron occurs in the district is that of sulphuret, or iron pyrites. This is nowhere worked for profit now, though it is widely diffused throughout the great green-slate and some other formations, and large quantities exist in the waste heaps of the Coniston mines. It is also found in the carboniferous series, amongst the Cumberland coal measures, especially at Harrington, where it was till lately used in the manufacture of certain chemicals. Iron occurs also as a magnetic oxide, and in various other combinations, the most interesting of which is that known by the popular name of *wad*, blacklead, or plumbago. This is found only in Borrowdale, and is one of the multitude of valuable minerals deposited in the green-slate rock, in which it lies in irregular heaps or "sops." Statistics of this mineral are not

procurable, but it is understood that the wad-mine has not been in a prosperous condition of late years. It is generally known at the present day that the name black lead is erroneous. The substance so called being carburet of iron, consisting of the same elements as steel, but with the proportions of these reversed — the one being formed of iron with a small percentage of carbon or charcoal, and the other of carbon, with a small percentage of iron.

LEAD. — No mineral production is so universally distributed throughout the hill-country as lead. There is scarcely a valley or even a hill that does not exhibit some indication of the presence of this metal. Like copper, it has its chief habitat in the green slate-rock, but it occurs also in other formations. Of the numerous lead-mines in the country those at Greenside in Patterdale, setting aside Alston as out of our range, are by far the most extensive and successful. For many years large quantities of lead and a considerable amount of silver have been obtained from these mines; the ore being the common sulphuret, holding in combination besides silver, various other substances, the most important of these being arsenic. Contrary to the custom at the other great mines of the district, the ores are here smelted and separated on the spot; the silver being taken out by a very simple and ingenious process, the principle of which depends upon the different temperatures at which the two metals are fusible, while the arsenic is separated by sublimation, the fumes being condensed in long chimneys which run up the sides of the sides of the mountains. It may be remembered that an eminent Scottish professor nearly perished by suffocation in 1857, from having broken into one of these chimneys while ascending Helvellyn. As at Coniston, the excavations in Patterdale are all at considerable elevations, with the different workings at different altitudes; as there also the ore is embedded in very hard rock, so much so that we have heard one of the managers say that the softest material his man had to penetrate was *flint*.

The almost universal occurrence of this metal has led to almost equally universal attempts throughout the Lake District to establish lead-mines; and in nearly every instance lead has been

found, but rarely in sufficient quantity to make the operation profitable; many of these works after being abandoned for years having been recommenced by different parties, but generally with the same results; several adventurers in search of lead, however, in the neighbourhood of Keswick, Caldbeck, &c., have been moderately successful. To indicate the localities of unsuccessful results would be giving a list of almost all the dales and townships of the district.

Slate. — A very important source of employment and enterprize in the Lake District exists in the slate-quarries, the most extensive of which now in operation are in an important displacement of the Brathay flag-rock at Kirkby Ireleth. The Slate obtained in this formation is of a dark colour, whilst that quarried from the middle slate-rock at Coniston, Langdale, Rydal, and other places is of a pale green hue; the most beautiful of all, and which always commands the readiest market, being got from a quarry at Hodge Close in Tilberthwaite. The tourist passing through the Langdales and Tilberthwaite to Coniston will be struck by the enormous heaps of *debris* indicating the positions of abandoned slate-works, and the caverns and galleries in some of these will ample repay the trouble for inspection. On the eastern and southern sides of Coniston Old Man too, are numerous waste heaps, shewing where Slate of fine quality was obtained formerly. Operations have been renewed in some of these works, but only upon the most limited scale. It is said that these quarries were abandoned in consequence of their distance from the sea and the cost of land-carriage prohibiting competion with the Kirkby works; the completion of the railway, now in progress, to Coniston may possibly, by obviating this disadvantage, give a new stimulus to the working of the inland slate-beds. At an abandoned quarry on Walna Scar, slate and flags were obtained beautifully striated with broad ribbon-like marks, crossing the cleavage-line and showing how the slate-rock was originally formed by successive layers of aqueous deposit. These may be examined by the tourist descending into the vale of Duddon from Coniston, in the heap of slate *debris* lying a little to the left of

the road about half-way down Walna Scar, just before entering the first large enclosure. The slate-works in the stupendous precipice called Honister Crag, also in the green slate-rock, are remarkable for their altitude above the pass leading from Borrowdale to Buttermere, and for the manner of bringing the slate down upon sledges, which was also practised at Coniston.

It is scarcely requisite to notice the flags, lime, marble, gypsum, millstones, grindstones, &c., of the country, as these, though eminently useful, are of little interest whether to the philosophic, the poetic, or the practical tourist Several metallic ores are scattered through the hills, though not in quantity sufficient to render them of commercial importance, and amongst these may be mentioned zinc, antimony, cobalt, aluminum, barium, and gold; whilst of the precious stones the garnet, agate, and jasper are found in the Borrowdale and Wasdale fells, the two latter pretty abundantly on the beach at St Bees and Fleswick.

In conclusion it may be maintained that, as no district of similar extent displays such variety of natural beauty in its external aspect, so does no district present, within equally limited bounds, such diversity of geological formation and arrangement, or a like variety of mineral productions, as does the Lake country of England.

TABLE I.

HEIGHTS OF THE PRINCIPAL MOUNTAINS IN CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND.

*** The Publisher having been furnished, by the politeness of Colonel Sir Henry James, with the following table of heights from the records of the Ordnance Survey, has full confidence in the perfect accuracy of the admeasurements now, for the first time, laid before the public. Much less confidence, however, can be placed in Tables II and III, as their elements have not been derived from the same sources.

In relation to Table I, it may be remarked that while the highest mountain in Scotland, Ben Nevis, is 4406·3 feet; and Snowdon, the highest mountain in Wales, has an altitude of 3590·1 feet; Scawfell, the calminating point of our Cumbrian mountains, and the highest summit of England, is only 3229·6 feet.

1.	Scawfell	Cumberland...	3229·6 feet.
2.	„ (Lower Summit)	„	3172·0 „
3.	Helvellyn	„	3114·6 „
4.	Skiddaw	„	3057·9 „
5.	Bowfell	Westmorland	2971·8 „
6.	Great Gable	Cumberland	2954·0 „
7.	Pillar	„	2932·3 „
8.	Crossfell	„	2927·3 „
9.	Fairfield	Westmorland	2878·0 „
10.	Saddleback	Cumberland...	2856·4 „
11.	Grasmere Fell	„	2805·2 „
12.	Red Pike	„	2650·2 „
13.	Coniston Old Man ...	Lancashire	2649·0 „
14.	Grisdale Pike	Cumberland...	2605·9 „
15.	Ill Bell	Westmorland	2490·2 „
16.	Harrison Pike in Langdale	„	2424·1 „
17.	Calf Hill	Cumberland	2225·9 „
18.	Nine Standards... ...	Yorkshire	2178·8 „
19.	Carrock Fell	Cumberland	2173·0 „
20.	High Pike	„	2165·6 „
21.	Black Combe	„	1974·3 „
22.	Wansfell	Westmorland	1590·9 „
23.	Dent Hill	Cumberland...	1130·7 „
24.	Penrith Beacon... ...	„	966·0 „
25.	Lord's Seat	„	715·6 „
26.	Scilly Bank	„	529·8 „

TABLE II.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF LAKES.

*** In the following table the extreme length and breadth of the several Lakes is given in miles; the extreme depth, and the height above the sea-level, in feet. In consulting it, however, it will be well to bear in mind the monition given on the previous page:

		Length.	Breadth.	Depth.	Above Sea-lev.
1. Windermere	Westmorland	10 miles.	1 mile.	240 feet.	116 feet
2. Ullswater	Cumberland	9 „	1 „	210 „	460 „
3. Coniston Lake	Lancashire	6 „	0·6 „	160 „	105 „
4. Bassenthwaite	Cumberland	4 „	1 „	68 „	210 „
5. Derwent Water	„	3 „	1·5 „	72 „	222 „
6. Crummock Water	„	3 „	0·75 „	132 „	260 „
7. Wast Water	„	3 „	0·5 „	270 „	160 „
8. Hawes Water	„	3 „	0·5 „	... „	714 „
9. Thirlmere	„	2·25 „	0·5 „	108 „	473 „
10. Ennerdale	„	2·5 „	0·5 „	80 „	... „
11. Esthwaite	Lancashire	2 „	0·5 „	80 „	198 „
12. Grasmere	Westmorland	1·25 „	0·5 „	... „	196 „
13. Buttermere	Cumberland	1·1 „	0·6 „	90 „	247 „
14. Rydal Lake	Westmorland	0·6 „	0·36 „	54 „	156 „
15. Elterwater	„	0·6 „	0·3 „	... „	... „
16. Brothers' Water	Cumberland	0·46 „	0·28 „	72 „	... „

TABLE III.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF WATERFALLS.

1. Scale Force, near Buttermere,	Cumberland,	...	160 feet.
2. Barrow Cascade, two miles from Keswick,	„	...	124 „
3. Lodore Cascade, near Keswick	„	...	100 „
4. Sour Milk Force, near Buttermere,	„	...	90 „
5. Colwith Force, five miles from Ambleside,	Westmorland,	...	90 „
6. Dungeon Ghyll Force, in Langdale,	„	...	90 „
7. Aircy Force, in Gowbarrow Park,	Cumberland,	...	80 „
8. Stock Ghyll Force, near Ambleside,	Westmorland,	...	70 „
9. Rydal Fall, in Rydal Park,	„	...	70 „
10. Birker Force, in Eskdale,	Cumberland,	...	65 „
11. Stanley Ghyll, in Eskdale,	„	...	62 „
12. Nunnery Fall, near Kirkoswald,	„	...	60 „
13. Skelwith Force, in the Brathay,	Westmorland,	...	20 „

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