BRITISH SWITZERLAND:
OR
PICTURESQUE RAMBLES
IN
WESTMORLAND, CUMBERLAND, DURHAM
AND
NORTHUMBERLAND.

WESTMORLAND.

LANGDALE PIESE, WESTMORLAND.

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THE BRITISH SWITZERLAND,
OR, PICTURESQUE RAMBLES
IN THE
English Lake District:
COMPRISING A SERIES OF
VIEWS OF THE LAKE AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY
IN
Westmorland, Cumberland, Lancashire, Durham,
AND NORTHUMBERLAND,
FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT,
BY THOMAS ALLOM, ESQ.
WITH
DESCRIPTIVE LETTERPRESS, BY THOMAS ROSE, ESQ.

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INTRODUCTION.

That portion of England to which the present Work more particularly refers, is named the Lake District, and comprises the counties of Westmorland, Cumberland, and portions of Northumberland and Lancashire. The scenery of this district is of the most picturesque character, and to those who love to see nature in her wildest and grandest forms, few tours will afford so much gratification as a visit to what may be correctly termed "The British Switzerland." It has been well said by one who was intimately conversant with the scenery of this "land of the mountain and the flood," that we "penetrate the glaciers, traverse the Rhone and the Rhine, whilst our domestic lakes of Ulleswater, Keswick, and Windermere, exhibit scenes in so sublime a style, with such beautiful colouring of rock, wood, and water, backed with so tremendous a disposition of mountains, that if they do not fairly take the lead of all the views of Europe, yet they are indisputably such as no English traveller should leave behind him."

The Lake District occupies a circular area of about thirty miles in diameter, Grasmere being the most central Lake, as shown in the map, and consists of clusters of mountains which generally terminate in one lofty peak, while the intermediate valleys are occupied either by lakes or by winding rivers.

Cumberland consists principally of hills, valleys, and ridges of elevated ground. To the tourist the mountainous district in the south-west is the most interesting and attractive. This part comprises Saddleback, Skiddaw, and Helvellyn, with the Lakes of Ulleswater, Thirlmere, Derwent-water, and Bassenthwaite. Besides these lakes there are several of smaller size, equally celebrated for their diversified and striking scenery. Buttermere, whose charms are sweetly sung by many of our poets, Crummock-water, Lowes-water, Ennerdale, Wast-water, and Devock-lake, are frequented by hosts of travellers, and retain no small number of admirers. The most remarkable phenomena connected with the Lakes are the Floating Island and the Bottom-Wind, both of which are occasionally seen at Derwent-water. The highest mountains in the county are Seaw Fell (Eskdale), 3,166 feet at the highest point; Helvellyn (Keswick), 3,055 feet; and Skiddaw, 3,022 feet.

The Lakes of Westmorland and Cumberland are numerous, beautiful, and extensive. Ulleswater is embosomed in the centre of mountains, of which Helvellyn forms part. The upper portion of it belongs wholly to Westmorland, whilst its lower part, on the border of Cumberland and Westmorland, is about seven miles long, with an average breadth of half-a-mile. The higher portion of the lake is in Patterdale. Hawes-water is formed by the expansion of the Mardale-beck; and all the larger affluents of the Eden, which join it on the left bank, rise on the northern slope of the Cumbrian ridge. The river Leven, which flows out of Windermere, belongs to Lancashire; but the Rothay, or
Raise-beck, which drains the valley of Grasmere, the streams which drain the valleys of Great and Little Langdale, and the Trout-beck, which all flow into Windermere, and may be regarded as the upper waters of the Leven, belong to Westmorland. Ellterwater, Grasmere, and Rydal-water are connected with the streams which flow into Windermere. This last-named lake has been described as situated in Lancashire; whilst in a county survey, and in the court rolls at Lowther Castle, it is included in Westmorland.

All the lakes, large and small, have some distinguishing feature of beauty. Their boundary lines are either gracefully or boldly indented; in some parts rugged steeps, admitting of no cultivation, descend into the water; in others, gently sloping lawns and rich woods, or flat and fertile meadows, stretch between the margin of the lake and the mountains. Tarns, or small lakes, are generally difficult of access, and naked, desolate, or gloomy, yet impressive from these very characteristics. Loughrigg Tarn, near the junction of the valleys of Great and Little Langdale, is one of the most beautiful.

No better mode of forming a general idea of the local scenery of the Lakes can be given than that suggested by the poet Wordsworth, in which he supposes the reader to be placed with him in imagination upon some given point; let it be the top of Great Gavel, or Scaw-fell; or rather let us suppose the station to be a cloud, hanging midway between these two mountains, at not more than half a mile's distance from the summit of each, and not many yards above their highest elevation; we shall then see stretched at our feet a number of valleys, not fewer than eight, diverging from the point on which we are supposed to stand, like spokes from the nave of a wheel. First we note, lying to the south-east, the vale of Langdale, which will conduct the eye to the long Lake of Windermere, stretched nearly to the sands of the vast Bay of Morecambe, serving here for the rim of the imaginary wheel—let us trace it in a direction from the south-east towards the south, and we shall next fix our eyes upon the vale of Coniston, running up likewise from the sea, but not as the other valleys do, to the nave of the wheel, and therefore it may not be unaptly represented as a broken spoke sticking in the rim. Looking again, with an inclination towards the west, immediately at our feet lies the vale of Duddon, in which is no lake, but a winding stream among fields, rocks, and mountains, and terminating its course in the sands of Duddon. The fourth vale, that of the Esk, is of the same general character as the last, yet beautifully discriminate from it by peculiar features. Its stream passes under the woody steep upon which stands Muncaster Castle, the ancient seat of the Penningtons, and after forming a short and narrow estuary, enters the sea below the little town of Ravenglass. Next, almost due west, we should look down into, and along the deep valley of Wastdale, with its little chapel and a few neat dwellings scattered upon a plain of meadow and corn ground, intersected with stone walls, almost imperceptible. Beyond this fertile little plain, within its bed of steep mountains, lies the long, narrow, stern, and desolate Lake of Wastdale, and beyond this, a dusky tract
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of level ground conducts the eye to the Irish sea. The stream, issuing from Wastwater, is called the Irt, and falls into the estuary of the river Esk. Ennerdale comes next in view, with its Lake of bold and somewhat savage shores. Its stream, the Ehen or Enna, flowing through a soft and fertile country, passes the town of Egremont, and the ruins of the castle; then seeming to break through the barrier of sand thrown up by the winds on this tempestuous coast, enters the Irish sea. The vale of Buttermere, with the Lake and village of Crummock-water beyond, next present themselves. We will now follow the main stream, the Cocker, through the fertile and beautiful vale of Lorton, till it is lost in the Derwent, below the noble ruins of Cockermouth Castle. Lastly, Borrowdale, of which the vale of Keswick is only a continuation, stretching due north, brings us to a point nearly opposite to the vale of Windermere, with which we began. From this it will appear that the image of a wheel, thus far exact, is little more than one-half complete; but the deficiency on the eastern side may be supplied by the vales of Wytheburn, Ulleswater, Haws-water, Grasmere, and Rydal; none of these, however, run up to the central point between Great Gavel and Scawfell. From this, hitherto our central point, if we take a flight, not more than three or four miles eastward to the ridge of Helvellyn, we shall look down upon Wytheburn and St. John's Vale, a branch of the vale of Keswick. Upon Ulleswater, stretching due east, and not far beyond to the south-east (though from this point not visible), lie the vale and Lake of Haws-water, and lastly the vales of Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside, bring you back to Windermere; thus completing, though on the eastern side in a somewhat irregular manner, the representative figure of the wheel.

The order in which the Lakes should be visited will of course depend on various circumstances; but the facilities afforded by railway accommodation on the north and south sides, have made these the principal points of access. By means of the Lancaster and Carlisle, and the Kendal and Windermere railways, the traveller can now proceed on the iron road into the very centre of the Lake district. We shall, therefore, in this brief Introduction, suppose the tourist to enter from Lancaster, and give a few passing notices of portions of the scenery in the locality, although they will be found described more at length in their proper place in the Work. Before starting, a few remarks on Lancaster will not be out of place. Some years ago the assizes for the whole of this important county were regularly held at this city; but the assize business for South Lancashire has been removed to Liverpool, as a more convenient site for the large number of suitors from that part of the county; and since that period the town of Lancaster has lost much of its importance. There are, however, many objects of especial interest in the immediate district. The ancient castle (now the county gaol), was once the residence of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; the Nisi Prius Court, an elegant and spacious building, and the old parish church, are worthy of close inspection; whilst from the castle terrace and churchyard delightful views of the river, Morecambe Bay, and the distant hills of Cumberland and Westmoreland may be
obtained. The village of Hornby, a few miles northward, situated on the banks of the Lune, is one of the most picturesque and retired spots in the kingdom. Indeed, the river for several miles from Lancaster, is studded with enchanting scenery, and is much frequented by the lovers of the rod and line.

Passing northward by the railway towards Kendal, we begin by degrees to see the low hills replaced by hills of greater elevation, and those by others which deserve the name of mountains. The elevated ridge which forms the eastern margin of Westmorland, and the western margin of Yorkshire, bounds the view on the right for many miles, and forms a background to a scene studded in the mid-distance with many hills of smaller elevation. When the sun is near the horizon, either in morning or evening, the shadows and varied tints of light thrown on these hills are often very beautiful; and a pretty contrast is afforded by the green fields and the whitish stone houses and fence-walls. From Kendal a branch line of railway runs direct to Windermere. If we would know what kind of geological formation lies beneath us, we need only glance at the sides of the cuttings through which the railway is carried: slate meets the view on all sides, in huge blocks, whose cleavage-planes bear a general parallelism one to another: even the stations, too, tiny as they are, when compared with those of the busy southern counties, show how plentiful slate is in this district; for they are built mainly of blocks of slate, wholly irregular in shape, but cemented into a very durable looking wall. And now we arrive at Windermere. We see it spreading out before us in a broad sheet as we descend; Belle Isle, or one or other of the little "holmes" or islets which speckle the lake, meets the eye towards the south-west; while the hills on the western margin, which separate Windermere from Esthwaite Water, form the background of the picture.

A visit to Windermere is a thing to be ever after remembered along with the very happiest of our reminiscences of natural scenery. Christopher North has entitled one of his vigorous sketches, "A day at Windermere," and in it he has dashed off, with the splendid daring of genius, brilliant representations of many of the most characteristic and beautiful features of the queen of English lakes. "The first smile of Windermere salutes your impatient eyes, and sinks silently into your heart. You know not how beautiful it may be—nor in what the beauty consists; but your finest sensibilities to Nature are touched—and a tinge of poetry, as from a rainbow, overspreads that cluster of islands that seems to woo you to their still retreat. And now"

"Wooded Windermere, the river-lake,"

with all its bays and promontories, lies in the morning light serene as a sabbath and cheerful as a holiday: and you feel that there is a loveliness on this earth more exquisite and perfect than ever visited your slumbers even in the glimpses of a dream."

The lake is eleven miles long, and above a mile across where widest, but the average width does not exceed two-fifths of a mile. The greatest depth, which is opposite Ecclesrigg Crag, is about forty fathoms. It is fed by the rivers Brathay and Rotha, which unite about half a mile before they fall into Windermere; in its course
the lake receives several small tributaries on either side; and it escapes by the Leven into the Irish Sea at Morecambe Bay. In looking at a map of the district, it will be seen that the lake consists of two great reaches, united by a narrow neck just above the ferry. These reaches are very different in character. The lower reach is the longer, but it is narrower and straighter and less broken by bays and promontories than the other, and the mountains bordering it are less elevated and striking in character. No part of the lower reach much exceeds half-a-mile in width, while in the upper there is scarcely any part so narrow.

Windermere is the largest of the English lakes, but is at the same time, in proportion to its length, the narrowest. Hence it has come to be called in common parlance, as well as by poets, the River-lake. Journeying northwards, the scenery is continually increasing in majesty and interest, while there is something far from pleasing in descending from the grandeur of the higher part to the comparative tameness of the lower. As the loftiest mountains are all situated in the centre of the Lake District, the grandest views must of course be obtained when the observer turns in that direction. Thus, as Wordsworth has pointed out, "in the vale of Winandermere, if the spectator look for gentle and lovely scenes, his eye is turned towards the south; if for the grand, towards the north... Hence, when the sun is setting in summer far to the north-west, it is seen, by the spectator from the shores or breast of Winandermere, resting among the summits of the loftiest mountains, some of which will perhaps be half or wholly hidden by clouds, or by the blaze of light which the orb diffuses around it; and the surface of the lake will reflect before the eye correspondent colours through every variety of beauty, and through all degrees of splendour."

The most comprehensive views of the lake are obtained from the heights about Bowness. It is not easy to say which is the finest; but perhaps the best general view is that from Rayrigg-bank. Noble woods are in the foreground; beyond is the clear, smooth lake, with its islets, and fleets of pleasure-skiffs; and all around is a belt of magnificent mountains. Infinite are the pictures which they form, as one or another is looked upon as the principal object of the composition. Now the bare, rugged pikes of Langdale are the central group, with Coniston Old Man, and Loughrigg-fell, on either side, and Wrynose and Hardknot are below; and the lake images them all with a softened grace on its dark pool-like surface. As we look upwards, the broad liquid expanse lies stretched out fully at our feet, and sinking away; in appearance, into the Fairfield-ridge: again the Belle Isle and Lady Holm give the tone to the landscape; and the woods beyond, and the varying outline of Furness-fells, complete the picture. But every change of season, and every hour in the day, presents them under a fresh aspect. Always beautiful as is the prospect from Rayrigg, the perfection of its beauty is when an October sun pours over the scene the full glory of his parting beams, and not only decks the sky with hues of crimson and gold, but lights up the mountains with a splendour, and invests the lake in a richness beyond what imagination has ever conceived.
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Not far beyond Rayrigg is Elleray, a spot that will always be dear to every lover of Windermere, whether tourist or dweller in the "Land of Lakes," on account of its late gifted inhabitant, Professor Wilson—to whom, perhaps, Windermere owes more of its fame than anyone else—Wordsworth hardly excepted. The house lies embowered among rich woods, and has a glorious prospect—only inferior, if it be inferior, to Rayrigg. Wilson himself said of it, "Windermere, seen by sunset from the spot where we now stand, Elleray, is at this moment the most beautiful scene on earth. . . . The charm lies in its entirety—its unity, which is so perfect—so seemeth it to our eyes—that 'tis in itself a complete world—of which not one line could be altered without disturbing the spirit of beauty that lies recumbent there, wherever the earth meets the sky. There is nothing here fragmentary; and had a poet been born, and bred here all his days, nor known aught of fair or grand beyond this liquid vale, yet had he sung truly and profoundly of the shows of nature." *

Almost every spot that can be reached presents a good 'station,' as it is the fashion among the lakes to term those positions from which the more extended or celebrated views are obtained, and the tourist will do well to test his own sagacity by an occasional climb, instead of depending upon the directions of the guide or guide-book. He must not fail, however, to go up Troutbeck-lane, just by Low-wood, for a prospect of surpassing beauty. Indeed, the whole of the Windermere side of Wansfell, along whose northern slope Troutbeck-lane is carried, deserves to be traversed. From about midway up Wansfell, Windermere, not too much lessened by distance, is seen winding like some mighty river among the bold promontories and crags that just far into its bed,

* But while the residence of Wilson is what gives so large an additional interest to Elleray, there is one day especially to be marked with white in its history, and in the history of Windermere. "The memory of that bright day returns," says Wilson, while looking over the lake below, "when Windermere glittered with all her sails, in honour of the great Northern Minstrel, and of him the eloquent, whose lips are now mute in the dust." Lockhart, who accompanied Sir Walter, has related in his Life of Scott, the history of "that day so renowned, so glorious." Canning was on a visit, in August, 1825, to Mr. Bolton, at Storr's, the handsome mansion seen about a mile below Bowness; and thither Scott was invited to meet him. Scott, after spending a night at Elleray, was next day conducted by Wilson to Storr's. "A large company had been assembled there in honour of the minister—it included already Mr. Wordsworth. It has not, I suppose, often happened to a plain English merchant, wholly the architect of his own fortunes, to entertain at one time a party embracing so many illustrious names. He was proud of his guests; they respected him, and honoured and loved each other; and it would have been difficult to say which star in the constellation shone with the brightest or the softest light. . . . There were beautiful and accomplished women to adorn and enjoy this circle. The weather was as elysian as the scenery. There were brilliant cavalcades through the woods in the mornings, and delicious boatings on the lake by moonlight; and the last day, 'the Admiral of the Lake' (a title bestowed on Wilson by Canning), presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. Perhaps there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the Professor's radiant procession, when it paused at the point of Storr's, to admit into the place of honour the vessel that carried the kind and happy Mr. Bolton and his guests. The bards of the Lakes led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning; and music and sunshine, flags, streamers, and gay dresses, the merry hum of voices, and the rapid splashing of innumerable oars, made up a dazzling mixture of sensations as the flotilla wound its way among the richly-foliaged islands, and along bays and promontories peopled with enthusiastic spectators."
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its surface crested with beautiful islands and glittering with innumerable sails. Here the beautiful proportions of the lake are seen to great advantage, and the richly-wooded banks mingle in exquisite union with their images in the placid water. We have often wondered that the beauties of Wansfell have not been more celebrated, and were not surprised to find Wordsworth, in attesting to its "pensive glooms," and "visionary majesties of light," take shame to himself for not having sung its praises earlier. Well might he exclaim in addressing it—

"Yet me'er a note
Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy praise
For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought
Of glory lavished on our quiet days,
Bountiful son of Earth!"

Behind and beyond the lesser hills that gird the lake, rise the sterner mountains of Fairfield, and Langdale, and Bowfell, and Coniston, and occasionally Scawfell himself may be seen.

If a night be spent at Windermere, there should be a journey made on the lake at that season. If it be by moonlight, the remembrance of it will be imperishable. Wonderful is the transformation that the scenery undergoes. What seemed to be incapable of change without a lessening of its beauty, under the magic influence of the pale light assumes a new and more surprising loveliness, while the grander scenes become almost solemn. But moonlight is not necessary to enjoy an evening sail upon our lake. On a clear bright summer night nothing can be more delicious than, with a dear companion, to

"Go floating in our pinnace through the isles
Of wooded Windermere, the river-lake,
Hung for awhile between two worlds of stars!"

Having thus indicated a few of the more striking beauties in the scenery of the Lakes, and especially of Windermere, we shall now conclude these introductory remarks by a brief reference to the classic grounds of Rydal.

Rydal Lake is a gem. Small enough to lie in one of the bays of Windermere, it yet is a lake perfect in all its parts. It has even its little green islands—on one of which is a heronry—and around it is a belt of wood-clad hills and noble mountains. On the east is the little village, with its neat modern chapel built by Lady le Fleming. Passing up the lane by Glen Rothay, you soon arrive at Rydal Hall, the seat of the Le Flemings, and Wordsworth's cottage on Rydal Mount. In the park are a couple of far-famed waterfalls. The largest tumbles into a deep glen, and though not wilder than suits the vicinity of a lordly residence, has a grand appearance. But it is the lesser or Lower fall that is the most famous. It is one of the very daintiest and most graceful little cascades that ever delighted the eye. Being in a pleasure-ground it appears in danger of being improved by the landscape gardener into trimness, but happily a wiser taste watches over it. It is left to the skilful management of Nature, who seems to
INTRODUCTION.

have set her "tricksiest spirit" to deck it, and care is taken by its human guardian to prevent profane hands from meddling with her devisings. It is a thing to look at as you would at a picture—and indeed you are shown it somewhat in the same way. You enter a dark summer-house, and, on the opening of a shutter, the little fall is seen quaintly set in a deep oaken frame. The water dashes glittering and foaming down a cleft in the black rock, and from every crevice in the craggy sides start up slim trunks of ash and hazel, whose light foliage serves to screen without concealing the sparkling stream; and just above the fall is an old grey bridge, half hidden among the leaves, over which ever and anon passes slowly a village waggon or an old peasant. For a rich poetical picture of the fall, we refer the reader to the "Evening Walk" of Wordsworth.

Every lover of poetry will turn with elevated feelings towards what was the abode of the great moral poet of our age. Wordsworth's house is just one of the ordinary humble-looking, larger cottages, common in these parts; but, in its unpretending substantial appearance, it far better accords with the surrounding scenery than many a more ambitious structure. Its situation is one of the most delightful that could be conceived of. The Bard of the mountains and the lakes could not have found a more fitting habitation, had the land been all before him where to choose. Snugly sheltered by the mountains, embowered among trees, and having in itself prospects of surpassing beauty, it also lies in the midst of the very noblest objects in the district, and in one of the happiest social positions. A church tower peeps from the dark folds of wood which clothe the hills around the foot of the lake, whence

"The monitory clock
Sounds o'er the lake with gentle shock,"

and the thin wreath of smoke floating beneath indicates the hamlet of Rydal. His cottage was close by this church. Here he lived, and died, full of years and honour. The churchyard of Grasmere now contains his grave,—fitly cushioned amid the hills and valleys he loved so well. Many a calm evening and starlit night he would wander about these hills-sides, wrapt in silent meditation, and now they are all consecrated, as it were, to his memory. Some time, we doubt not, this spot will possess an interest only second to that which hallows those tall churchyard elms by the side of Shakspere's quiet-flowing Avon.
BRITISH SWITZERLAND.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

It is a desirable thing for every country that it should have within its borders a mountainous district. Though some people regard such a district as little better than waste land, unless it happens to be rich in minerals, it has a value, however wild it may be, as real and as great as can be boasted of by the richest plain; and a value the greater, perhaps, in proportion to the wildness. The wilder the mountain region of any country, the more certain it is to be the conservator of the antiquities of that country. When invaders come, the inhabitants retreat to the fastnesses, where they cannot be pursued; and in places cut off from communication do ancient ideas and customs linger the longest. Every mountain-chain or cluster is a piece of the old world preserved in the midst of the new; and the value of this peculiarity far transcends that of any profitable quality which belongs to territory of another kind.

The conservative office belonging to all mountain districts has never been more distinctly performed than in the case of these west moorlands, from which Westmoreland takes its name. A remnant of every race, hard pressed by foes in the rest of England, has found a refuge among the fastnesses of the north-west. The first people of whom we have any clear impression as living here are the Druids, as the upper class, probably, of the Britons who inhabited the valleys. There are still oaks worthy to be the haunt of these old priests; but there were many more in the days of the Druids. There is reason to believe that the mountains were once wooded up to a great height, with few breaks in the forest; and it is still said by old people living at the foot of Helvellyn, that a squirrel might have gone from their chapel of Wythburn to Keswick (about ten miles) on the tree tops, without touching the ground. The remaining coppice of hollies, firs, birch, ash, and oak, show something of the character of the woods of which they are the degenerate remnants. And when we look upon Rydal Forest, and the oak woods of some of the northern seats, we see how much at home the Druid race or caste might formerly be in the region.

Several of their stone circles are scattered about the district, calling up images of the shaven-headed, long-bearded, white-robed priests, gathered in a glade of the neighbouring forest, or assembling in some cleared space, to put fire to their heaped sacrifice of animals and doomed criminals. Such punishments of criminals, here and in those days, were little enough like the executions in our cities in the present age. Then, as the rude music of the wild Britons drowned the cries of the victims, and the flames of the wicker pile cast a glare fitfully on the forest trees, or darted up above the fir-tops,
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The red deer shrank further into the brake; the wild bull sent an answering roar from the slope of the mountain, the wolf prowled about for the chance of a prey, and the eagle stirred his wings upon his eyrie. The Druid and his barbaric Britons, the red deer, the wild bull, and the wolf, are all gone from the living scene, to group themselves again for us, as we see, in the ghost-land of tradition; and the eagle shows himself so seldom, that his presence is looked upon as a mere casual return.

It was a strange day for the region when the Roman soldiers came; and strange must have been the sight to the sentinel set by the Britons to watch what the foreign invader was about to do. The sentinel would climb the loftiest tree of the highest forest line, and tell what he saw to his comrades below. He would tell of the Roman standards peeping out from the pathways in the woods, and the armour that glittered when the sun shone out, and the halt in the meadows at the head of Windermere, and the formation of the camp, the pitching of the tents in long lines, and the throwing up of the breastworks. Then he would come down, and lead the way for his warrior brethren to attack the enemy. However desperate might be the onset of the wild Britons in their skin garments, with scythes and clubs in hand, they could not dislodge the foe; and when they were driven back, to hide themselves again in caves and ravines, the enemy immediately began to make pathways for the passage of their soldiers. The echoes might be the sentries' then, telling of the shock of falling trees, one by one, till a broad highway was made for many miles. Then there was the cleaving of the rocks, and the breaking of the stones for paving the highway, and building the piers of the bridges. By what we see now, we know that these Roman roads not only crossed the valleys, and cut over the spurs of the hills, but followed the line of some of the highest ridges. When the Romans had gained the summit of High Street, for instance, what a day it must have been for the natives! The lines and clusters of the soldiery must have been seen against the sky—some bringing the stones, and others paving the broad way, and others keeping watch, while signal trumpets were blown from time to time, scaring the birds from their rock-nests, and making the British mother press her infant to her bosom, lest its feeble cry should be heard from the depths of the wood below.

These Britons hid so well, that they remained in considerable numbers when the Romans were gone. But they never regained possession of the fertile valleys and meadows: the Saxons and Danes took possession of them as the Romans left them. The Britons were now, however, well armed. They had obtained some of the Roman arms, and they could so well oppose the Saxon battle-axe and hammer, that they never yielded up their mountain region, except in small portions here and there, during the whole six hundred years of the Saxon dominion in England. They held their villages and hamlets, as well as their ravines and forests: and, for anything that appears, they were living in almost their primitive condition among the west moorlands when the Normans arrived, and scattered the Saxons abroad, to find life and shelter where they could.

To these west moorlands the Saxons came, not now as conquerors, and to possess the land, but as fugitives, who had no chance but to become outlaws. Many a man of rank and wealth came hither to escape slavery, or the fierce punishments inflicted by the Normans on those who meddled with their game. When a Saxon noble had seen
his lands taken from him and given to some Norman soldier, his daughter compelled to marry any one of the foe who chose to demand her, his servant deprived of eyes or hands for having shot a deer in his own woods—when his blood boiled under these injuries, and he could do nothing in self-defence; he gave the sign to his followers, caught horses where he could, and rode away to the west moorlands, to be henceforth the head of an outlaw band among the Fells, descending upon Yorkshire and the southern levels of Lancashire, to plunder for subsistence, and destroy everything Norman, in gratification of his revenge. After this time we know no more of the Britons; and the Romans are traceable only by the remains of a camp, road, or bridge, here and there.

Almost everywhere else in England the Saxons and Normans mingled, and intermarried, and forgot their enmity within two or three generations: but it was not so among the Fells. The lands might be nominally given away to Norman chiefs; but they did not come to take possession of them. The wild hills and moors yielded nothing worth insisting upon and holding by force; and they were too near Scotland, where there was an enemy always on the watch against the new possessors of England. So, while Norman castles domineered over the fertile lands of all southern districts, the Saxons kept their race, language, and, as far as possible, their usages, untouched among the Fells. Accordingly, instead of the remains of feudal castles and feudal usages among the more retired parts of this district, we find only the changes which have been made by Nature, or by the hand of the shepherd, the miner, or the forester, for the needs of their free inhabitants.

The Normans, however, approached as near as they could. It may be observed here that in the Lake District, the ground rises gradually from the outskirts to the centre. From surrounding levels swell gentle slopes, with shallow valleys between; and within these are higher hills, with deeper intervals, till we find, as a nucleus, the peaks of Scawfell and the neighbouring summits, cleft with chasms and ravines. Certain Norman nobles and monks, to whom lands had been granted, came and sat down in the levels, and spread their flocks and tributary husbandmen over the slopes and nearer valleys, though they appear never to have attempted an entrance upon the wilder parts. The abbey of Furness was established in A.D. 1127; its domains extending over the whole promontory of Furness, and to the north as far as the Shire Stones, on Wrynose; and being bounded on the east and west by Windermere and the Duddon. The mountain-land included here is not much: only the Coniston mountains and Wetherlam being of considerable elevation. The Abbot of Furness was a sort of king in his place. His monastery was richly endowed by King Stephen, and maintained in wealth 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.

In the low grounds between the Scawfell Peaks and the sea, Calder Abbey was next placed. It dates from A.D. 1134; seven years after the establishment of Furness Abbey, of which it was a dependent. The small religious house of St. Bees was restored by a Norman about the same time. It was very ancient, and had been destroyed by the Danes; but it now became a Norman monkish settlement. Round to the north-east,
and lying under the Picts’ Wall, we find the Augustine Priory of Lanercost, founded in 1169 by the Norman lord of Gilsland. Several castles were scattered around the skirts of the mountain cluster: and as the serfs on the estates rose to the condition of tenants, facilities were continually offering for the new owners to penetrate more and more into the retired parts of the district.

The process appears to have been this, in the case of Furness Abbey:—The lord’s land was divided into tenements. Each tenement was to furnish, besides proper rent, an armed man, to be always ready for battle on the Borders or elsewhere. The tenement was divided into four portions—woodland, pasture, and arable land being taken as they came; and each portion was given to an emancipated serf. The four who were thus placed on each complete tenement took care of the whole of it;—one of their number always holding himself in readiness to go armed to the wars. Thus spread over the land, and secure of being permitted to attend to their business in all ordinary times, the tenants would presently feel themselves, and be regarded by the mountaineer, husbandmen on their own ground rather than retainers of the hostile lord; and their approach towards the fastnesses would be watched with less and less suspicion. As for the shepherds, they were more free still in their rovings with their flocks: and when, by permission of the abbots, they inclosed crofts about their hill-side huts, for the sake of browsing their charge on the sprouts of the ash and the holly, and protecting them from the wolves* in the thicket, they might find themselves in a position for many friendly dealings with the dwellers in the hills. The inclosures for the protection of the flocks certainly spread up the mountain sides to a height where they would hardly be seen now, if ancient custom had not drawn the lines which are still 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 ugliness and apparent uselessness: but, their origin once known, we would not willingly part with them—reminding us as they do of the times when the tenants of the abbots or military noble formed a link between the new race of inhabitants and the Saxon remnant of the old.

The holders of these crofts were the original of the Dalesmen of the present day. Their name arises, we are told, not from the dales of the region (these tenants being chiefly dwellers on the heights), but from the word deyler, which means to distribute. In course of time, when the Border wars were ended, and armed retainers were no longer needed, the distribution of the inhabitants underwent a change, and several portions of land were held by one tenant. To this day, however, separate fines are often paid for each lot; this recognition of a feudal superior, on the part of purchasers who have otherwise a freehold tenure of their lands, being a curious relic of ancient manners. The purchaser of two or three acres, subject to no other liability, will enjoy

* The wolf is spoken of as a public enemy in edicts of Edward I. and John. Sir Ewen Cameron laid low the last Scotch wolf in 1689. The last presentment for killing wolves in Ireland, was made in the county of Cork, in 1710.
paying his ninepence a-year to the lord, in memory of the time when tenancy was a sort of servitude, of which there are now no remains but in this observance.

For many centuries, an extraordinary supply of armed men was required; for the Border wars, which raged almost without intermission from the reign of the Conqueror to that of Queen Anne, were conducted with great ravage and cruelty. Besides the frequent slaughter, many hundreds of prisoners were carried away, on the one side or the other, after almost every battle. The aim of the Scots usually was to attack and pillage Carlisle, Penrith, and Cockermouth, and the neighbouring country: but though the devastation and pillage were chiefly experienced there, the loss of men was felt throughout the whole mountain district. The enemy sometimes fell on the Border towns in fair-time, for the sake of the booty; and sometimes they came down when least expected. We read of them as laying waste the district of Furness; and again as ravaging the whole country on their way into Yorkshire. Wherever they might appear or be expected, there must the armed vassal repair on summons; and for retaliatory incursions he must also be prepared. The curse of the war thus spread into the most secluded valleys, where there was no road by which the soldiery might arrive, or cattle be carried away. The young wife or aged parents need not there apprehend that their cottage would be fired over their heads, or their crops be trodden into the bloody swamp of a battle-field; but they must part with the husband and son, to overwhelming chances of death, wounds, or captivity. Under the constant drain of able-bodied men for many centuries, the homes of the region must have been but little like what English homes, and especially mountain homes, are usually considered to be;—abodes where life goes on with extraordinary sameness from generation to generation.

After the Union, the Lake District became again one of the quietest on the face of the earth. Except some little excitement and disturbance when the Pretender and his force marched from Carlisle, by Penrith and Shap to Kendal, there seems to have been no inroad upon the tranquility of the inhabitants to this day for nearly a century and a-half. If there be any exception, it is owing to that Border distinction which made Gretna Green, and the conclusion of a certain sort of treaty there, the aim of a particular class of fugitives, whose pursuers were pretty sure to follow on their track. But this kind of Border contention must have been merely amusing to the Cumbrians; and the encounter and capture which they sometimes witnessed involved no danger to life or limb.

The changes which have taken place since the extinction of the Border wars at the Union are of the same quiet, gradual, inevitable kind, which Nature has been carrying on from the time that the mountains were upreared. Nature is always at work, producing changes which do not show from day to day, but are very striking after a course of years. 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
HISTORICAL SKETCH.

has been left unsightly, till nothing appears to offend the human eye, within a whole circle of hills. She even silently rebukes and repairs the false taste of uneducated man. If he make his new dwelling of too glaring a white, she tempers it with weather-stains: if he indolently leave 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. She is perpetually working changes 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, which 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 while she 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 formerly 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, no one 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; 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 retreats, the generations of men are more obviously busy elsewhere. They build their houses and plant their orchards on the slopes which connect the mountains with the levels of the valleys: they encroach upon the swamps below them, and plough among the stones on the hill-sides—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. In this manner, while the general primitive aspect of the region remains, and its intensely rural character is little impaired, there is perhaps scarcely a valley in the district which looks the same from one half century to another.

We shall now conclude this brief historical sketch of the district through which we intend to conduct the reader, and introduce him to the work itself.
11 May 60
THE CITY OF LANCASTER.

"After came the story, shallow Lone,
That to old Lancaster his name doth lead."—Spenser.

It is not intended to follow out a strictly geographical arrangement in the views presented to the reader; although we shall classify them somewhat in the order in which they are generally visited by tourists from the south, proceeding in a northerly direction. We shall therefore commence with the City of Lancaster.

At this ancient city we come to what may fairly be considered the outer margin of the Lake district; bearing, in the south-east, some such relation to it as Carlisle does in the north-east. Some time before approaching the station Lancaster Castle is seen towering loftily above the whole of the town; and, as seen from the station at its foot, gives a foretaste of the elevated heights which are shortly to meet the eye. It is true that the hill on which this castle stands is not the loftiest of castle-hills; yet it comes with welcome on the sight after the flatter districts of South Lancashire. On a fine day Peel Castle in Walney Island, Ingleborough Hill in Yorkshire, and the lofty 'Black Comb' in Cumberland, can be seen from the terrace of the Castle; and the whole county, for ten or fifteen miles distant, is spread out as a map to the view. The principal church of the city, too, placed on the summit of the hill, in close juxta-position with the Castle, has a grandeur of site which probably few parish churches in England can equal. The ascent to this church is by broad and long flights of steps from the centre of the town; and when the churchyard at the summit is gained, the whole broad expanse of the Lancaster Sands meets the eye at once, carrying the view over towards Cartmell, Ulverstone, and Walney Island.

Lancaster, both from its northern position, and being the well-remembered home of the keenest foes of Scotland, was frequently the object of their vengeance; and their humbled pride sought desperate retribution in the years 1322 and 1389, when they plundered the town of everything valuable, and then set it on fire. Attached to the illustrious family, to which they had been taught from childhood to acknowledge allegiance, the inhabitants of the duchy were naturally implicated in the Lancastrian struggle, and shared in the varied fortunes of that sanguinary contest. They participated also in the ruinous results of the Parliamentarian wars, and were kept in a state of painful excitement and agitation during the Pretender's rebellion. The wounds inflicted by these misfortunes have been healed by time, and Lancaster has risen gradually, steadily, from a prostrate state, to one of affluence, independence, and respectability.

Entered from a bridge of five elliptic arches, the streets, although paved, lighted, and regularly built, do not present a cheerful aspect. The houses being built of freestone, easily susceptible of impression in a climate so humid, soon look dark and gloomy, and impart their sombre character to the streets.
**LANCASTER SANDS.**

"At last, by toil subdued, he drank
The stilling wave, and then he sank."

**Travelling over the Sands is much less frequent now than it was some years ago, but still numbers venture over them on foot, horseback, and in carriages. Two guides are stationed on the Cartmel, or Lancaster Sands; the first at the ford of the united Kent and Winster, and the second at the Keer, not far from the Hest Shore. Both these officers, at least the first, were appointed, at a very early date, by the prior of Cartmel, who had synodal and Peter-pence allowed for their maintenance. By reason of the dissolution of monasteries, they are now paid from the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster. Besides their salaries, the guides receive a few pence from each traveller. The Sands may be estimated, on an average, at nine miles over. The course over them has varied from seven to eleven miles, and is partly marked by lines of rods and posts. A small island, called the Holme, situated opposite the junction of the Winster and Ken, is alternately in Westmorland and Lancashire, according to the change in the channels of the rivers.

Passing near this remarkable expanse, at one time you see a widely-spreading sandy track, on which a four-horse coach can travel without difficulty; passing it a few hours later, you see the whole covered with several feet of water, with vessels sailing almost at the very spot where the stage-coach had been. A glance at the map of England will show how all this arises. There is a river called the Ken, which, having its source near Shap Fell, in Westmorland, flows past Kendal into Morecambe Bay, near Milnthorp, and there mixes with the waters of the Lune, which comes by way of Kirkby-Lonsdale and Lancaster. These rivers have brought down in the course of ages so much sand and fine mud, that the wide estuary between Lancaster and Furness is being gradually filled up, insomuch that when the tide is out the bed of the sea is laid bare, and can be crossed at a very considerable distance from the shore. The road across these sands has been one of the routes from Lancaster towards the western Lakes and Whitehaven for many ages; and many stories of "hair-breath 'scapes" are told concerning travellers being overtaken by the tide while crossing. The poet Gray, in one of his letters to Dr. Wharton, gives an account of a journey which he took into the Lake district, in 1767. Writing from Lancaster, he says:—

"Oct. 11. Wind S.W.; clouds and sun; warm and a fine dappled sky; crossed the river (Lune), and walked over a peninsula three miles to Pouton, which stands on the beach. An old fisherman mending his nets (while I inquired about the danger of passing these sands) told me in his dialect a moving story; how a brother of the trade, a cockler (as he styled him), driving a little cart with two daughters, women grown, in it,
and his wife on horseback following, set out one day to pass the Seven Mile Sands, as they had frequently been used to do; for nobody in the village knew them better than the old man did. When they were about half-way over, a thick fog rose; and as they advanced they found the water much deeper than they expected. The old man was puzzled; he stopped, and said he would go a little way to find some mark he was acquainted with. They stayed a little while for him; but in vain. They called aloud; but no reply. At last the young women pressed their mother to think where they were, and go on. She would not leave the place; but wandered about, forlorn and amazed. She would not quit her horse, and get into the cart with them. They determined, after much time wasted, to turn back, and give themselves up to the guidance of their horses. The old woman was soon washed off, and perished. The poor girls clung close to the cart; and the horse, sometimes wading and sometimes swimming, brought them back to land alive, but senseless with terror and distress, and unable for many days to give any account of themselves. The bodies of their parents were found soon after (next ebb), that of the father a very few paces distant from the spot where he had left them."

But the romance of the Lancaster sands is rapidly passing away.* The local traditions of the neighbourhood narrate the fate of three men, who sank instantly in a soft part of the sands at one moment; of a man on horseback, who sank suddenly while yet on his horse, and remained mounted while dead; and of others who were washed away by the rapidly-encroaching tide. There has for many years been an "Over Sands" coach, which, starting from Lancaster at an hour depending on the state of the tide (and therefore varying from day to day), proceeds from Lancaster to Hest Bank, then about eight or nine miles across the sands (when the tide is out) to Ken's Bank, and thence across Furness to Ulverstone; and there are also guides, on horseback and on foot, to pilot travellers across two rivers, the Ken and the Keer, whose narrow and shallow channels traverse the sands; the guides receiving a fee of a few halfpence for their services. But the establishment of steam-boat transit from Fleetwood to Furness, in connexion with railways at either end, and a convenient branch railway from Milnthorp to Ulverstone, will in all probability render this "Over Sands" route less and less frequented in future years, until by-and-by we shall perhaps only hear of it as an almost forgotten feature in the ante-steam epoch.

* Although it is true that accidents on these treacherous sands are rare as compared to what they were in former days, still they occasionally happen; and we find by the newspapers, that so late as the beginning of the present month (June, 1857), a horse and cart conveying ten or twelve men returning from their work, were overtaken by the tide, and all drowned.
CARTMEL CHURCH.

Stone on stone was hewn in deep devotion;
And earth's poor sinners came
To labour at the same,
With tears, and prayers, and reverent emotion.”

Mary Howitt.

Cartmel Parish occupies a promontory in Morecambe bay, bounded on one side by the estuary of the Leven, on the other by that of the Ken. The surface is perpetually varied by inequalities, presenting warm and fertile valleys, thick luxuriant woods, and lofty sterile hills. Little picturesque internally, its out-views abound in sublimity and ever-changing character. At full tide, the small craft that visit these coasts give animation to the waters; when the sea retires, the cavalcade that watches its retreat is seen following a faithful guide across the treacherous moving sands; while the retrospect, of a totally different character, is not less interesting nor majestic, including a splendid panoramic mountain view, backed by the impending mass of Coniston. Before the dissolution of monasteries, the guide was appointed and paid by the Prior of Cartmel, from synodals and Peter-pence allowed for that object; after that event, he received £20 a-year from the receiver-general of the Duchy of Lancaster, besides considerable gratuities from the travellers whom he conducted.

The Britons settled at Cartmel* in 677, and this ancient district was conferred on St. Cuthbert by Egfrid, king of Northumbria. No record of its interesting history till 1182 is preserved, but in this year a priory for canons-regular of St. Augustine, was founded here by William Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke.

Amongst the posthumous monuments that adorn the lofty aisles of this noble church, and attest their antiquity, is the tomb of William de Walton, one of the first priors; of John Harrington, who accompanied Edward I. in his invasion of Scotland, where he was knighted along with Prince Edward; of the Lowthers, Prestons, Biglands, Rawlinsons; besides a slab to the memory of Etheldred Thornborough, of the Hampfield Hall family, bearing a lengthened poetic inscription remarkable only for its quaintness and simplicity. A valuable divinity library is preserved in the vestry-room, for which the parish is indebted to the same generous individual, whose best monument will always be the majestic church itself, which owes to him its restoration.

About three miles south from the village of Cartmel is a medicinal spring, called Holy Well, which is much frequented; it is said to be a remedy for stone, gout, and cutaneous complaints.

* From Kert (a fort) and mell (a fell); or Kaer-ty-mell; the fortified house in the fells.
HOLKER HALL.

"Learning grew
Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant;
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice." —Cowper.

There are associations connected with Holker Hall, that impart not merely a local but a general interest; it was the residence of an ancient and a benevolent family, whose charity is recorded in the annals of the county's poor: it is seated on the verge of those romantic scenes which poetry and the fine arts have consecrated: it possesses the highest claims to admiration from the beauty and cheerfulfulness of its position; and it is memorably identified with the learning and the literature of the age, by having descended to the possession of the present Earl of Burlington.

In the reign of Elizabeth the ancient family of Preston* was located here, but an heiress of the house marrying a Lowther, Holker passed first to that family and subsequently to that of Cavendish, of which the present proprietor is a member.

Situated on the estuary of the Leven, Holker commands a spacious marine view, comprising, however, all the characters of Lake scenery, from the enclosing promontory of Furness in the distance. The park and pleasure grounds, adorned with a spacious modern mansion, are overhung by lofty hills, the view from which has been lauded by every northern tourist. From this observatory, the whole of Low Furness is displayed as on a map, and Holker Hall appears at the observer's feet, embosomed in luxuriant woods. Ulverstone bay is seen opening into the still wider estuary of Morecambe, the coast presenting endless indentations, and promontories beautifully fringed with foliage to the water's edge. One bold bending rock presents a noble arched forehead; and a verdant plain, all enclosed and densely wooded, gently declining, directs the eye towards Ulverstone, the port and the mart of Furness. Conishead raises its pyramidal form, wrapped in foliage and bending over the Priory at its feet, and is shielded by the arms of a hanging wood that climbs the brow of a steep acclivity. Under cover and shelter of rising rocks and waving woods, the secluded hall of Bardsea is discovered, and the cultivation by which it is encircled forms a striking and most agreeable contrast to the bolder features of this grand panorama.

The grounds of Holker, from their high state of improvement, render the transition to the sterile grandeur of the mountain scenery more conspicuous, and the effect of example in agricultural habits is believed to have extended from this noble demesne to those limits where nature becomes invincible.

The interior of the Hall is adorned with several admirable specimens of the fine arts,

* The preservation of Cartmel Church reflects honour on the memory of George Preston, of Holker, Esq., who, at his own expense, new-roofed the whole, and decorated the inside with a handsome stucco ceiling. The choir and chancel he also repaired, suit the new parts to the old remains of the canons' seats, and thereby giving them their ancient uniform appearance.—Author of the Antiquities of Furness.
including the best efforts of Claude, Rubens, Hobbima, Wouwermans, Teniers, Ruysdael, and others not less known to the connoisseur, and the library is furnished with those works only which have received the \textit{fist} of the Palatine Apollo. Lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish, of Lower Holker Hall, who is next in succession to the Dukedom of Devonshire, was created Earl of Burlington in 1819, and, from his great learning and conspicuous talents, named Chancellor of the University of London, in the Charter of its incorporation.

\textbf{CONISHEAD PRIORY.}

"Here all is calm and clear, with nature round."

Conishead Priory (called the paradise of Furness), in the parish of Ulverstone, was originally a hospital, founded about A.D. 1172, by Gabriel de Pennington, with the consent of William de Lancaster, lord of the manor, for the relief of poor, decrepit, indigent persons, and lepers. It is situated two miles south of Ulverstone, near the seashore. The valuable endowments of the hospital soon excited the cupidity of the monks, who, in their benevolence, converted the hospital into a priory, and took charge both of the land and of the poor. When Henry VIII. dismantled the Priory, it was valued at £161 5s. 9d. per annum; and the lead, timber, and other effects sold for £333 6s. 3d.

This house, with all its demesnes, was, subsequent to the dissolution, leased to Thomas Stanley, second Lord Montague. After passing through several families, these possessions became, in 1680, the property of the Braddylls, of Portfield, in the parish of Whalley, by a descendant of which ancient house, the manor and estate are at present enjoyed.

The Priory having fallen into decay, it was partially rebuilt about the middle of the eighteenth century; but, in a few years, it was found that nothing less than an entirely new erection could repair the dilapidations of time. The structure was therefore re-erected in its original character, under the direction of P. Wyatt, Esq. During the preparations for rebuilding the Priory, several interesting remains of the original edifice were discovered. The site of the ancient church was perceived on the lawn to the south of the present mansion-house, and from the remnants of several pillars and other fragments, it is supposed to have been of considerable magnitude. A range of vaults was opened in the south wall, and on the right of the high altar was a cemetery, which had been enclosed within an iron railing.

From an inspection of the engraving which illustrates this description, it will be seen that the modern Priory blends the rude magnificence of monastic ages, with the splendour and elegance of modern times. The house stands on the site of the Priory, at the base of an eminence, the ground gently sloping from it on all sides. The waving woods on either side of the mansion give to it an airy and noble appearance.
FURNESS ABBEY.

"Pause here awhile! and on these ruins look,
Worn with the footsteps of forgotten years;
Peruse this page in Time's black-lettered book,
Gaze long, and read how he his trophies rears." THOMAS MILLER.

This is one of the most sumptuous monastic remains in England. The light, delicate, and graceful style, the magnitude and richness of the work, and the beauty and sequestered character of the site, are almost unequalled by the very choicest combination of art and nature which the churchmen of old bequeathed to after-ages. Years have given an aspect more venerable to these hallowed ruins since the authoress of "The Mysteries of Udolpho" hung with rapture over them; but her graphic pen has sketched a picture, faithful, fresh, and vivid—one which will represent the peculiar features of the scene for centuries to come.

"In a close glen, shrouded by winding banks, clumped with old groves of oak and chestnut, are the magnificent remains of Furness Abbey. The deep retirement of its situation, the venerable grandeur of its Gothic arches, and the luxuriant yet ancient trees that shadow this forsaken spot, are circumstances of picturesque, and, if the expression may be allowed, of sentimental beauty, which fill the mind with solemn yet delightful emotion. The glen is called the Vale of Nightshade, or, more literally, from its ancient title, Bekanggill, 'the glen of the deadly nightshade;' that plant being abundantly found in the neighbourhood. Its romantic gloom and sequestered privacy particularly adapted it to the austerities of monastic life; and in the most retired part of it King Stephen, earl of Montaign and Boulogue, founded (in 1127) the noble monastery of Furness, and endowed it with princely wealth and almost princely authority, in which it was second only to Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire.

"The privileges and immunities granted to the Cistercian order in general were very abundant, and those to the Abbey of Furness were proportioned to its vast endowments. The abbot held his secular court in the neighbouring castle of Dalton, where he presided, with the power of administering not only justice, but injustice; since the lives and the property of the villain-tenants of the lordship of Furness were consigned, by a grant of King Stephen, to the disposal of the Lord Abbot! The monks also could be arraigned, for whatever crime, only by him. The military establishment likewise depended on the abbot. Every mense lord and free homager, as well as the customary tenants, took an oath of fealty to the abbot, to be true to him against all men, excepting the king. Every mense lord obeyed the summons of the abbot or his steward, in raising his quota of armed men; and every tenant of a whole tenement furnished a man and horse of war for guarding the coast, for the border service, or any expedition against the common enemy of the king and kingdom. The habiliments of war were a steel coat or coat of mail, a falchion, a jack, the bow, the byll, the cross-bow, and spear."
The ruins of the Abbey and its dependencies extend over a considerable space, and cannot fail to excite admiration, not only at the riches and splendour that once prevailed here, but the exquisite taste of the founder both for the beauties of nature and refinements of art. One of the most florid specimens of the manner, after which this gorgeous pile was raised and finished, is preserved in the remains of the Chapter House. It was a Gothic saloon, divided by two rows of clustered columns, sustaining a groined ceiling; the interior was lighted by a series of small pointed windows, with stone mullions, and, from the pedestals of the columns, and enclosing walls that remain, appears to have been well-proportioned and sufficiently cheerful. The ceiling was once ornamented with Gothic fretwork, the only part of the Abbey thus decorated, its architecture having been characterised by an air of grand simplicity, rather than by the elegance and richness of embellishment which, at a subsequent period, distinguished Gothic style in England. The capitals of the clustered columns that supported the roof were profusely adorned, the key-stones of the arches sculptured, and the clusters deeply channelled. The porch or chief entrance of the chapter is a Saxon arch, elaborately carved, the deep soffit of which is adorned with countless mouldings, all executed in marble. On each side is an arch of minor dimensions, but similar design and workmanship. Over the Chapter House are the library and scriptorium, and beyond it may still be seen the remains of the cloisters, of the refectory, the locutorium or conversation-room, and the calefactory.

The following description of these picturesque ruins and the surrounding scenery, from the pen of Mrs. Radcliffe, will be read with interest by the reader. She says—"The windings of the glen conceal these venerable ruins, till they are closely approached; and the by-road that conducted us is margined with a few ancient oaks, which stretch their broad branches entirely across it, and are fine preparatory objects to the scene beyond. A sudden bend in this road brought us within view of the northern gate of the Abbey, a beautiful Gothic arch, one side of which is luxuriously festooned with nightshade. A thick grove of plane-trees, with some oak and beech, overshadow it on the right, and lead the eye onward to the ruins of the Abbey, seen through this dark arch in remote perspective, over rough but verdant ground. The principal features are the great northern window, and part of the eastern choir, with glimpses of shattered arches and stately walls beyond, caught between the gaping casements. On the left, the bank of the glen is broken into knolls, capped with oaks, which, in some places, spread downwards to a stream that winds round the ruin, and darken it with their rich foliage. Through this gate is the entrance to the immediate precincts of the Abbey, an area said to contain sixty-five acres, now called the deer park. It is enclosed by a stone wall, on which the remains of many small buildings, and the faint vestiges of others, still appear—such as the porter's lodge, mills, granaries, ovens, and kilns, that once supplied the monastery.

"Just within the gate, a small manor-house of modern date, with its stables and other offices, breaks discordantly upon the lonely grandeur of the scene. * * * We made our way among the pathless fern and grass to the north end of the church, now, like every other part of the Abbey, entirely roofless, but showing the lofty arch of the
great window, where, instead of the painted glass that once enriched it, are now tufted plants and wreaths of nightshade. Below is the principal door of the church, bending into a deep round arch, which, retiring circle within circle, is rich and beautiful; the remains of a winding staircase are visible within the wall on its left side. Near this northern end of the edifice is seen one side of the eastern choir, with its two slender Gothic window-frames; and on the west, a remnant of the nave of the Abbey, and some lofty arches, which once belonged to the belfry, now detached from the main building.

"The finest view of the ruin is on the east side, where, beyond the vast shattered frame that once contained a richly-painted window, is seen a perspective of the choir and of distant arches, remains of the nave of the Abbey, closed by the woods. This perspective of the ruin is said to be 287 feet in length; the choir part of it is in width only 28 feet inside, but the nave is 70; the walls, as they now stand, are 54 feet high; and in thickness five. Southward from the choir extends the still beautiful, though broken, pillars and arcades of some chapels, now laid open to the day; the Chapter House and cloisters, and beyond all, and detached from all, is the School House, a large building, the only part of the monastery that still boasts of a roof.

"Of a quadrangular court on the west side of the church, 334 feet long and 102 feet wide, little vestige now appears, except the foundation of a range of cloisters that formed its western boundary, and under the shade of which the monks, on days of high solemnity, passed in their customary procession round the court. What was the belfry is now a huge mass of detached ruin, picturesque from the loftiness of its shattered arches, and the high inequalities of the ground within them, where the tower that once crowned this building, having fallen, lies in vast fragments, now covered with earth and grass, and no longer distinguishable but by the hillock they form.

"The School House, a heavy structure attached to the boundary wall on the south, is nearly entire, and the walls, particularly of the portal, are of enormous thickness; but here and there a chasm discloses the staircases that wind within them to the chambers above. The school-room below shows only a stone bench, that extends round the walls, and a low stone pillar on the eastern corner, on which the teacher's pulpit was formerly fixed. The lofty vaulted roof is scarcely distinguishable by the dusky light admitted through one or two narrow windows placed high from the ground, perhaps for the purpose of confining the scholar's attention to his book."
This beautiful lake is about two miles in length, and half a mile in breadth. It is intersected by a promontory or peninsula on each side, jutting far into the water. These peninsulas are finely elevated, cultivated at top, and fringed with trees and brushwood on the sides and base.

An excellent carriage-road runs round the whole of the water, and over its outlet there is a narrow stone bridge. Gentle hills, green to their summits, rise round the margin; plantations and pastures spread alternately along the easy shores; and white forms, pleasantly situated under woods, are scattered sparingly upon the slopes above. "The water," says Mrs. Radcliffe, "seems to glide through the quiet privacy of pleasure-grounds; so fine is the turf on its banks, so elegant its copses, and such an air of peace and retirement prevails over it. A neat white village lies at the feet of the hills, near the head of the lake; beyond it is the gray town of Hawkshead, with its church and parsonage-house on an eminence, commanding the whole valley. Steep hills rise over them, and, more distant, the tall heads of the Coniston fells, dark and awful, with a confusion of other mountains."

Hawkshead, thus delightfully placed, is an ancient but small town, with a few good houses; and a neat town-house, which was built by subscription about fifty years ago. There is a good free-school here, which was founded by Archbishop Sandys, a native of Hawkshead. Near the town are the remains of the house, where the Abbot of Furness "kept residence by one or more monks, who performed divine service and other parochial duties in the neighbourhood." There is still a court-room over the gateway, "where the bailiff of Hawkshead held court, and distributed justice, in the name of the abbot."

The coppice-wood, of which there is great abundance in the neighbourhood of this lake, consists principally of hazel, that grows plentifully in the neighbourhood of all the lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland. Few districts, indeed, in the kingdom, are so well supplied with nuts, which are gathered by the poor people here for exportation. In a good year, this is far from being an unprofitable labour.

The fish found in this lake are perch, pike, eel, and trout, but the char has never been found in it, though its waters unite with those of Windermere, where that fish is plentiful. Perhaps this may be occasioned by the shallowness of Esthwaite Water, as, it is said, the char is only to be found in deep lakes. Near the head of this lake is an islet, containing about two perches of land, which has been probably detached from the banks, as it formerly floated about with the wind. It has been stationary for many years, and is now covered with shrubs.
ESTWATE-WATER, LOOKING TOWARDS HAWKESHEAD.
Belmont, a neat modern edifice, is delightfully situated on a gentle elevation. It is almost entirely surrounded with plantations, and grounds tastefully laid out, and commands some pleasing views of Esthwaite Lake and its environs.

The interruption, which enclosed waters and pathless mountains give to the intercourse and business of ordinary life, renders the district that contains the lakes of Lancashire, Westmorland, and Cumberland, more thinly inhabited than is due to the healthiness of the climate, and, perhaps, to the richness of the valleys. The roads are always difficult from their steepness, and in winter are greatly obstructed by snow. That over Shapfell to Kendal was some years since entirely impassable, till the inhabitants of a few scattered towns subscribed thirty pounds, and a way was cut wide enough for one horse, but so deep, that the snow was, on each side, above the rider’s head. It is not, in this age of communication and intelligence, that any person will be credulously eager to suppose the inhabitants of one part of the island considerably or generally distinguished in their characters from those of another; yet, perhaps, none can immerse themselves in this country of the lakes, without being struck by the superior simplicity and modesty of the people. Secluded from great towns, and from examples of selfish splendour, their minds seem to act freely in the sphere of their own affairs, without interruption from envy or triumph as to those of others. They are obliging, without servility; and plain, but not rude; so that, when in accosting you, they omit the customary appellations, you perceive it to be the familiarity of kindness, not of disrespect; and they do not bend with meanness or hypocrisy, but show an independent well-meaning, without obtrusiveness, and without the hope of more than ordinary gain.
WINDBERNE, FROM THE FERRY-HOUSE.

"There is in Rydal's vale a river sweet,
Clear too as Cydnus, called the wild Brathay,
That warbling urges on its crystal way,
Till he his shining bride, the Rothay, meet,
Winding along her amorous mate to greet;
United, thence through flowery meads they stray;
Nor storm, nor heat, nor time can sever,
Till bushed in Windermere they sleep for ever."  MOXON.

Windermere, or, more properly, Windermere, the English Zurich, is the most capacious and extensive of all the English lakes, the circumference being something less than twenty-three miles; it is about eleven miles in length, and the breadth rarely exceeds a mile; the depth varying from thirty to one hundred and twenty feet. It forms part of the county of Westmorland, although the greatest extent of its margin belongs to Lancashire. It has many feeders, the two principal being the rivers Brathay and Rothay, which, uniting at the western corner of the head of the lake, below Clappersgate, at a place called Three-foot-brander, after a short course, boldly enter the lake together. The streams from Troutbeck, Blelham-tarn, and Bathwaite Water, also pour in their waters at different points. The waters are finally discharged at Newby Bridge, under the name of the Leven river; which, after a course of two miles, falls into an estuary of Morecambe Bay. Near Bowness a promontory pushes out from each shore, and a public ferry is established between them, in continuation of the road from Kendal to Hawkshead. The view shown in the engraving is taken from the ferry-house, whence a most delightful prospect is obtained across the lake. The distant mountains are named High Street, Harter Fell, and Hill Bell.

"In crossing the water at the ferry," says Mrs. Radcliffe, "the illusion of vision gave force to the northern mountains, which, viewed from hence, seem to ascend from its margin, and spread round it in a magnificent amphitheatre. This was to us the most interesting view in Windermere. On our approaching the western shore, the range of rocks that form it discovered their cliffs, and gradually assumed a consequence which the breadth of the channel had denied them, and their darkness was well opposed by the bright verdure and variegated autumnal tints of the isles at their base."

"There is not," says Professor Wilson, "a prettier place on all Windermere than the Ferry-House, or one better adapted for a honeymoon. You can hand your bride into a boat almost out of the parlour window, and be off among the islands in a moment, or into a nook or bay, where no prying eye, even through a telescope, can overlook your happiness; or you can secrete yourself, like buck and doe, among the lady-fern on Furness-fells, where not a sunbeam can intrude on your sacred privacy, and where you may melt down hours to moments in chaste connubial bliss, brightening futurity with plans of domestic enjoyment, like long lines of lustre streaming across the lake."
About the year 1635, a marriage was celebrated at Hawkshead, between a wealthy yeoman from the neighbourhood of Bowness, and a lady of the family of Sawrey, of Sawrey. As is still customary in Westmorland amongst the rustic population, the married couple were attended by a numerous concourse of friends. In conducting the bridegroom homewards, and crossing the ferry, the boat was swamped, either by an eddy of wind, or by too great a pressure on one side, and upwards of fifty persons, including the bride and bridegroom, perished.

The prevailing character of the scenery around Windermere is soft and graceful beauty. It shrinks from approaching that wildness and sublimity which characterise some of the other lakes, but challenges admiration on the score of grandeur, at its head. Still, although the upper part of Windermere is by far the grandest, we can avouch that from a yacht or wherry the lower reach yields many lovely scenes—such as elsewhere would command loud praise. The rounded tops of Gomershow and the Cartmel fells on the right bank, and the fells above Granthwaite, with the loftier peaks that rise from behind them, on the left, form a constant succession of new and agreeable combinations, especially as they are repeated with a softer lustre in the clear water; while northwards the mountains in the far-distance, that circle the head of the lake, are ever growing in magnitude as we advance; and with the holms, as the islets are called that lie so gracefully on the bosom of the lake, ever render the view in that direction a delightful one. Chiefly is it delightful where Silver Holm and Berkshire Island form a principal feature in the prospect; and the bold promontory of Rawlinson’s Nab, shooting far into the quiet lake, imparts vigour of character to the nearer parts, and a more aerial grace to the distance. From the falls on either side of this lower half of the lake, too, many very fine prospects may be obtained, and along the shores lie many a pleasant little nook.
BOWNESS, AND WINDERMERE LAKE.

"And now appear, as on a phosphor sea,
Numberless barks:
Some sailing up, some down, and some at anchor,
Lading, unlading, at a small port-town,
Under a promontory;
A quay-like scene, glittering, and full of life,
And doubled by reflection." — Rogers.

The village or small town of Bowness,* which has not been inaptly termed "the capital port-town of the lakes," forms part of the parish of Windermere, and is placed on the edge of the large bay of the lake. The houses lie scattered in a most picturesque manner, whether we look upon them from the land or the water. From the delightful character of the adjacent country, and its convenient situation for making excursions, as well as its excellent inns, Bowness is much frequented during the season; the bay, then, has consequently a bustling, cheerful appearance, far beyond that of any other place along the banks of Windermere. It is also the head-quarters of the lake-sailing and rowing regattas. Both the steamer and passage-boat call at Bowness in their voyage from one end of the lake to the other. The villas in the neighbourhood are numerous, and the walks and excursions delightful.

The church, dedicated to St. Martin, is an ancient weather-beaten old pile, whose venerable appearance well accords with, and indeed deepens, the general impression of the surrounding scenery. It has a square tower, and the remains of what was a finely-painted chancel-window, which originally belonged to Furness Abbey. This window is divided into seven compartments, including scriptural subjects, ancient legends, and armorial bearings of several noble families,

"All garlanded with carved imageries,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device."

The churchyard contains a monument to the memory of Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, a man by whom human distinctions were valued merely as an enlarged means of doing good. The inscription on his tomb is simply "Ricardi Watson, Episcopi Landavensis cineribus sacram obiit Julii 1 a.d. 1816 Ætatis 79." The school-house has been rebuilt through the munificence of the late John Bolton, Esq., of Storrs. It stands on an eminence to the east of the town, and forms a handsome edifice. The view from the front is exquisitely beautiful, comprising the whole of the upper half of the lake. The mountains round the head, into the recesses of which the waters seem to penetrate, arrange themselves in highly graceful forms; and the wooded heights of the opposite shore cast their shadow upon "the bosom of the steady lake." It is not easy to say which is the finest or most comprehensive view from the heights about Bowness, but perhaps the best general view is that from Rayrigg Bank. Noble woods are in the

* Formerly Bulness; the termination ness, (most, Sax. nose) which signifies point or promontory, indicates that the town is near a promontory, though it is also situated upon a bay.
STORRS HALL, WINDERMERE.

foreground; beyond is the clear, smooth lake, with its islets and fleets of pleasure-skiffs; and all around is a belt of magnificent mountains. From Ellersey we descend to Calgarth, venerable as the residence of Bishop Watson, and possessing many charms of its own, and commanding prospects of great beauty, though from its lowlier position, of less extent than those we have left. Every foot of the half-dozen miles between Bowness and Ambleside is delightful. At times the lake is for a while lost sight of, and the way winds through woods; at others the lake is spread out before you, the road running at a gentle elevation above it, or close to its level; and all along on your right, and full in front, you have the lofty fells finely contrasting in the deep brown and purple hues and rugged crags of their higher parts, with the soft green of the lower slopes—and, whether lake or woods be in the foreground, making fresh, bright, and beautiful pictures. Ever and anon, too, you come upon some pretty cottage with its croft, or farmhouse with its byre, the abodes of the sturdy statesmen, as the yeomen here are called, mingling gracefully with the villas and seats of their wealthier neighbours. The road will therefore afford full enjoyment to the most fastidious tourist, but the higher grounds that border it must be occasionally ascended.

STORRS HALL, WINDERMERE.

"I would I had a charmed bark,
To sail that lovely lake;
Nor should another prow but mine
Its silver silence wake.
No ear should cleave its sunny tide;
But I would float along.
As if the breath that filled my sail
Were but a murmured song."      L. E. L.

STORRS HALL stands on a promontory of Windermere Lake, in the midst of ornamental groves. At the farthest point of land is a small naval temple, erected by Sir John Legard, Bart., and for which an elegant poetical apology has been written by Professor Wilson. The lake here spreads out into a beautiful expanse, smooth and translucent as a mirror; and every object on its shores is reflected in the waters in natural strength. "The calm and picturesque scenery of the Lake of Windermere," observes the late lamented L. E. L., "might awaken a thousand far more romantic visions than that of the return of the first warm feelings of youth. Shut out, as it were, from the world, and enshrined in delicious seclusion, here might the weary heart dream itself away, and find the freshness of the spring-time of the spirit return upon it."

The Hall was partly built by Sir John Legard, but was finished by Colonel Bolton; and all the pleasing adjuncts to this delightful residence were planned and executed by the latter gentleman. It contains some good pictures. Colonel Bolton was the intimate friend of the Right Hon. George Canning, and also of the Right Hon. William Huskisson; and to the hospitable mansion of Storrs these statesmen frequently retired, to recreate both body and mind, after the harassing occupations of a parliamentary session.
WINDERMERE, FROM LOW-WOOD INN.

"Would you relish a rural retreat,
Or the pleasure the groves can inspire,
The city's allurement forget;
To this spot of enchantment retire,

Where a valley and crystalline brook,
Whose current glides sweetly along,
Give nature a fanciful look,
The beautiful woodlands among." — Ferguson.

Low-Wood Inn, distant about two miles from Ambleside, is delightfully situated on a small bay, whence the head of Windermere opens magnificently. Beyond lie Brathay Park, and the valley of Great Langdale; the mountains of Langdale Pikes, Loughrigg Fell, and Fairfield, with others in the remote distance, forming the background. This Inn is a favourite residence of visitors to the lakes. A grand annual regatta is held on Windermere at Low-Wood, and another at the Ferry Inn, early in September. These delightful exhibitions attract most of the families of distinction, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring county, to the lake, which, on these festive days, is literally covered with boats and barges, forming splendid aquatic processions, attended by bands of music, and crowded with gay and mirthful parties. A more enlivening spectacle cannot be conceived: the sublime scenery, the music with all its soul-enchanting echoes, the variety of costume, and, "prime ornament of all," the enraptured smile of many an "English flower,"—these together convert the charming solitude into a high festival, of which even the legends of fairyland can furnish no example.

Low-Wood Inn commands a view of the whole upper part of the lake; the prospect extending towards the south, as far as Curwen's Island. The appearance of Windermere from this station cannot be adequately described. The lake spreads out into an extensive plain of water, which "may be compared to a mirror of vast size and rude shape, set in a huge frame of grotesque figure, adorned with the grandest carvings and lace-work, in a variety of the richest colours, and altogether bearing the negligent air of nature's original workmanship. Indeed, the vicinity of Low-Wood presents numerous charming views of the lake and surrounding country; but of the beauties of this situation, a true idea only can be formed by him who has time to explore the various elevations, who considers the different points of view, and who suffers no accidental circumstance to escape his observation."

The views obtained here from the edge of the lake are of a different character from those gained from the mountain sides, but are not a whit less worthy of admiration. The broad sheet of water, above a mile across, clear as crystal, and sparkling like a carpet of diamonds, stretches far away, its margin encompassed with hills, now sinking in gentle slopes imperceptibly into its still bosom, and now starting into bold craggy
prominences, or running into long low points, about which the cattle love to linger. The fells’ sides are thickly set with trees, scattered singly, or crowded into luxuriant hanging woods, and everywhere along their lower slopes are seen the bright white villas and cottages of squire and statesman, with their park-like grounds, or smiling cornfields, and well-tiled gardens, and bright green meadows. Yon half-hidden tenement, by the way, is Dove’s Nest, where that sweet bird, Felicia Hemans, dwelt awhile. Behind and beyond the lesser hills that gird the lake, rise the sterner mountains of Fairfield, and Langdale, and Bowfell, and Coniston, and occasionally Scawfell himself may be seen. And then the whole surface of the lake is alive with pleasure-boats; and along the borders a solitary fisherman, or a gay party, or some picturesque group of peasants engaged in their ordinary avocations, seems dropped just where an artist would place such a group to give life and effect to his foreground if he were depicting on canvas a scene like this.

On the opposite shore, a fine residence has been erected by Mr. Dawson, of Liverpool, and named Wray Castle; this mansion has been poetically described by James Gibson, a boatman on Lake Windermere, who thus evinces his taste for the beautiful and romantic:

"Midst woods and waters all sublime,
Midst hills that mock the wreck of time,
Midst verdant fields and flowery plains,
Where nature decked in beauty reigns;
Amid thy splendours, Windermere,
A castle does its turrets rear."

Not far distant from Low-Wood Inn, is a gentle eminence leading to the village of Troutbeck. From this acclivity the spectator surveys all the prominent beauties of the surrounding landscape. The stupendous chaos of rocks terminating the northern shore, might be mistaken for the Pyrenean chain, and “a very moderate exertion of the fancy would transport the beholder to the borders of the Leman Lake.”

In the neighbourhood of Low-Wood Inn is a commodious pier for the accommodation of water parties. Cannon is kept at this place, to gratify visitors with the surprising reverberations of sound that are produced amongst the mountains by its discharge.

"The cannon’s roar,
Bursts from the bosom of the hollow shore:
The dire explosion the whole concave fills,
And shakes the firm foundations of the hills."
BOWNESS, FROM BELLE ISLE.

"Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again,
Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused." POPE.

Belle Isle, known also by the names of Curwen's Island and Windermere Island, is the largest in the Lake of Windermere, containing an area of about thirty acres. "From this fine island, which no tourist ever visited without rapture, or left without regret, every object that gratified the eye from the shore appears in a new and even a more beautiful point of view." The view towards the west is confined to the lake, and the thickly-wooded forest that towers above it; but the eastern prospect is truly enchanting, comprising the bay of Bowness, the village, and the mountain-steeps which rise in the rear. Having surveyed the various interesting objects which this island affords a convenient station for beholding, the tourist should cross the lake to the Ferry House.

The residence of Mr. Curwen was erected by Mr. English, in 1776. It forms a perfect circle, fifty-four feet in diameter, surmounted by a dome-shaped roof, and contains four stories, the kitchens and offices being sunk nine feet below the surface of the ground. The principal entrance is a portico, supported by six massive columns and two pilasters.

This island formerly belonged to the Phillipsons, a Westmorland family of some note; and, during the contentions between Charles I. and his parliament, two brothers of this name, one of whom was then proprietor, aided the royal cause. After the war had subsided, Robert Phillipson being on a visit to his brother's house on the island of Windermere, Colonel Briggs, a parliamentarian officer, attempted to secure him, as a person who had rendered himself obnoxious to the ruling powers. Accordingly, he laid siege to the house; but was compelled, by the return of the proprietor with a strong party, to abandon the enterprise. Robert Phillipson had no sooner been relieved by his brother, than he meditated revenge. Advancing with a small troop of horse to Kendal, he there was told that Colonel Briggs had gone to prayers; upon which, he rode directly to the church, and proceeded on horseback through the midst of the congregation. The object of his search, however, was not there; and, the girths of his saddle breaking, Robert was unhorsed by the people, and, but for the timely succour afforded by his companions, would have been destroyed for this impious profanation of the sacred edifice.

"The action marked the man. Many knew him; and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit, that it could be nobody but Robin the Devil." This incident is worthy of remark, from its having been introduced, with some poetical embellishment, into the "Rokeby" (canto vi.) of Sir Walter Scott.

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THE FERRY-HOUSE AND REGATTA,

WINDERMERE.

"But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides;  
While melting music stirs upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die;  
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay."  
Pope.

The Ferry-House is situated on the west side of Windermere Lake, about one mile south from Bowness. The approach to it from Curwen's Island is particularly striking. The waters spread out into a magnificent expanse: on the right, is a noble bay, running up to the foot of a steep hill opposite Bowness; and on the left, a corresponding indentation of the shore is formed by the lake. Beyond the Ferry, there is a majestic sweep of about a mile, to the promontory of Storrs, where stands the elegant mansion of Storrs Hall.

Behind the Ferry-House is a small observatory, built on the top of a wooded rock, whence is seen the whole extent of the lake, from Newby Bridge almost up to Ambleside. "A richer landscape of wood and water cannot be pictured by the imagination of man. The glassy lake returns the heaven and the mountains, enriched by the reflection. The islands, the promontories, the hills, are all covered with wood; yet endlessly varied, from the natural thicket which feathers the islet, and the regular grove that environs the mansions on the shore, to the solemn forest of larch and fir, with which the hills are mantled. Southward, the landscape is graceful without boldness; but the head of the lake is surrounded by lofty mountains, which are sufficiently near to impart magnificence to the view." Speaking of the view of the surrounding scenery from the "Station," behind the Ferry Inn, Professor Wilson says, "It is a very delightful one, but it requires a fine day. Its character is that of beauty, which disappears almost utterly in wet or drizzly weather. If there be strong bright sunshine, a 'blue breeze' perhaps gives animation to the scene. You look down on the islands which are here very happily disposed. The banks of Windermere are rich and various in groves, woods, coppice, and corn-fields. The large deep valley of Troutbeck stretches fiendly away up the mountains of High-street and Hill-bell—hill and eminence are all cultivated wherever the trees have been cleared away, and numerous villas are visible in every direction, which, although not perhaps all built on very tasteful models, have yet an airy and sprightly character; and with their fields of brighter verdure and sheltering groves, may be fairly allowed to add to, rather than detract from, the beauty of the scene, one of whose chief charms is that it is the cheerful abode of social life."

The illustrative view exhibits the appearance presented by the lake of Windermere
on the occasion of a Regatta, when the Ferry-House is crowded with distinguished visitors from all parts of the empire, and the neighbouring country in particular. To describe the ravishing delights incident to this festivity, would be gratuitous information to those who have had the pleasure of witnessing it, and could give no idea to those who have not, of the gratifying spectacle it displays. Suffice it to say, that all the sentimentality and Quixotism of "the song and oar of Hadria’s gondolier," shrink from comparison with it.

There can be little doubt it is to this high festival of the Lakes that Mr. Moxon so graphically alludes in his 31st sonnet:—

"Here will I gaze upon the bright blue waves
    Now dimpling ‘neath the moon’s meridian glance,
    While Fancy bids her festive groups advance.
    Approaching, lo! they leave their crystal caves;
    The Genii of the Lake high revels keep;
    The streams invited are that reign around,
    With numerous trains they come and flowerets crown’d.
    Soft music wakes where sailing on the deep
    At sound of festival gay Nymphs appear,
    Such as preside o’er wood and mead and dell;
    The guardians of the grove and varied year,
    Obedient to imagination’s spell,
    With silken sail now deck those waters clear,
    That tuneful lave thy banks, sweet Windermere."
WINDERMERE LAKE,

LOOKING DOWN.

* * *

Where'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay guided scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung.
Renown'd in verse each stately thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows."  —Addison.

The truly beautiful enlarged illustration of Windermere here presented, exhibits a commanding view of the whole lower reach of the lake, taken from the vicinity of Rayrigg—a view "to which," says Wilson, "there was nothing to compare in the hanging-gardens of Babylon. There is the widest breadth of water—the richest foreground of wood—and the most magnificent background of mountains, not only in Westmorland, but—believe us—in all the world." Numerous villas and cottages, gleaming amid the woods, impart an aspect of domestic beauty, which further contributes to enrich the landscape. Around the shores of the lake there are many places which may be made the temporary residence of the tourist, while exploring the beauties of the adjacent country. Ambleside, one mile beyond the head of the lake; Low-Wood Inn, a mile and a-half from its head, on the east shore; Bowness, also on the east shore, perhaps the most eligible; the Ferry Inn, over-against Bowness; and Newby Bridge, at its foot—all furnish comfortable quarters for the tourist, where boats, guides, and all his other wants, can be supplied. The approach to Windermere by Kendal and Bowness is, perhaps, the best that could be imagined for displaying fitly its affluence of beauty. You pass over rugged tracts of country dreary enough at the outset, but which, as you advance, seem to be at every step becoming more adapted to introduce you to the Fairy-lake. At first the rough dark fells over which the road passes, and the rude way-side cottages, engage your attention; then one and another of the lake fells marches out before you—the loftiest of their peaks most likely crowned by clouds; and when at length you catch the first glimpse of the lake itself, it is just where the larger islands seem planted in the blue water especially to carry the delighted eye from the rich woods at your feet to the luxuriant groves on the opposite shore—which in their turn unite easily with the fine background of mountains softened by distance into a perfection of harmony with the rest of the landscape.

Numerous islands, varying considerably in size, diversify the surface of the lake at no great distance from one another; their names, commencing with the most northerly, are—Rough Holm, Lady Holm, Hen Holm, House Holm, Thompson's Holm, Curwen's, or Belle Isle, Berkshire Island, Ling Holm, Grass Holm, and Silver Holm. Windermere is deeper than any of the other lakes, with the exception of Waste Water, its depth, in some parts, being upwards of two hundred and forty feet. It is plentifully stocked with perch, pike, trout, and char.
The present view, looking southward, exhibits a picturesque valley, lying between Rydal Park and the head of Windermere, and includes the whole extent of the lake last mentioned, with its mountain scenery, also a glance at Esthwaite Water.

Ambleside is situated on the left side of the valley; having Wansfell Pike at a short distance on the east, and Loughrigg Fell a little to the west. The neat Gothic chapel, erected here by public subscription in the year 1812, forms a distinct but pleasing object in the engraving.

Esthwaite, a quiet cheerful piece of water, about two miles in length and a third of a mile in breadth at its broadest part, is situated about two miles west from Windermere ferry, and has near its head the ancient little town of Hawkshead in Lancashire. Were it not for a peninsula which stretches into its waters from the west shore, the regularity of the margin might subject it to the charge of monotony, an absence of all striking scenery being characteristic of the lake, as well as of the vale. Nevertheless, many pretty houses, scattered up and down, give an enlivening effect to the scenery; and the mountain-summits which peer into this from other valleys, serve to restore the sense of an alpine region. A floating island, containing about two perches of land, occupies a pond near the head of the lake. When the wind is high, this piece of ground, with its alders and willows, is very visibly thrown into motion. The superfluous water of the lake is carried off by a stream called the Cunsey, into Windermere. Perhaps the best station for viewing the lake is from a point on the west margin, and towards its foot, about two hundred yards on the Ulverston road, after its divergence from the road to Windermere. Esthwaite Water is the scene of Wordsworth's fine skating description. A drive round the lake, and a visit to Hawkshead, will form a pleasant excursion from Ambleside, being only five miles distant.

Tourists universally acknowledge the beauty of "the vale of Windermere," as seen from Rydal Park; particularly "when, in a serene evening, the charms of this spot are rendered yet more delightful by the softened noises of distant waterfalls, which are reverberated by the echoes in great variety."
APPROACH TO AMBLESIDE, WESTMORELAND.
APPRAOCH TO AMBLESIDE.

"The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,
The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flowers gay,
The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield,
Than all the pomp imperial domes display."  — SCOTT OF AMWELL.

The illustrative view shows the entrance into Ambleside from the south, which is rendered peculiarly striking by the lofty trees overhanging the road on the right hand. As the following page will be devoted to a description of the town, we shall here point out such walks in the vicinity, as are well worthy the tourist's attention. Stockgill Force, perhaps the most beautiful waterfall among the lakes, is in a copse-wood, about seven hundred yards from the market-cross. The walk to the Rydal Falls; that under Loughrigg-fells to Pelter Bridge; and a stroll to Loughrigg-tarn, "Diana's Looking-Glass," should not be omitted. From Ivy Crag a very delightful prospect is obtained; and the walk to Round Knott, at the eastern extremity of Loughrigg-fell, is highly recommended. A ramble on the side of Wansfell, passing behind Low-wood Inn, will yield much gratification. Begin at Low Fold, and ascend through the woods, for upwards of a mile, to High Skelgill. Here an extensive prospect opens out, embracing the vale of Ambleside, the Rydal and Langdale mountains, and, immediately opposite, the wooded crags of Loughrigg-fell. Then descend to Low Skelgill, and drop down by the side of a stream, to Low-Wood. The whole walk, including the return to Ambleside by the margin of the lake, is about five miles. "Of the many excursions that may be made from Ambleside, the most interesting," says Mr. Baines, "is that through Great and Little Langdale." The active pedestrian may cross the pass of Kirkstone to Ullswater, ascend Wansfell Pike, climb to the summit of Fairfield, or content himself with scaling Loughrigg-fell, a rocky hill, which rises, on the west of Ambleside, to an elevation of one thousand feet above Windermere. An excursion of ten miles, through the retired side-valley of Troutbeck, may be conveniently made from Ambleside.

A new church has recently been erected in this beautifully situated village. The building was completed, and the church consecrated, in the year 1854. It stands a little to the west of the town. The interior is handsome and commodious, and the building is calculated to seat from 900 to 1,000 persons. The church has three handsome stained-glass windows, one of which was presented as a memorial of the poet Wordsworth, by a number of friends and admirers, both English and American. The inscription runs thus:—"1853. In memoriam Gulielmi Wordsworth, P.C. amatores et amici partim Angli partim Anglo-Americani."
AMBLESIDE.

"There hills arise with sylvan honours crowned,
There fruitful vales and shady streams abound;
Not Mellan groves, nor Tempo's boasted plain,
Nor where Pactolus' sands enrich the main,
Can yield a prospect fairer to the sight,
Nor charm with scenes of more august delight."  

AMBLESIDE,* a small market-town, is built in pleasing irregularity, on steeply-inclined ground, in the vale of the Rothay, one mile from the head of Windermere. The valley, on which the border of the town is situated, is well wooded, and watered by several streams; the principal river is the Rothay, which flows from Grasmere and Rydal lakes, and joins the Brathay from Langdale, shortly before entering Windermere. Lying immediately under Wansfell, and encircled by mountains on all sides except the south-west, the situation of Ambleside is one of great beauty; and the craggy heights of Loughrigg-fell, the lower parts of which are covered with wood, with the extensive range of Fairfield, form a mountain-fastness round this picturesque station; and as the town is in the neighbourhood of many very interesting excursions, visitors to the lakes make it their head-quarters for some time, finding excellent accommodation at the Salutation and Commercial Inns. Ambleside is two hundred and seventy-eight miles distant from London, twenty-five from Penrith, sixteen and a half from Keswick, and thirteen and a half from Kendal. A weekly market is held on Wednesday, and it has three annual fairs; the population, in 1851 was 1,592.

In 1796, a new market-house was erected on the site of the old one, which was supported on pillars, and surrounded by a gallery. The following year, a large wooden mill was built, for the manufacture of linsey and coarse woollen goods. Near this building is a tannery and corn-mill. Some of the inhabitants of Ambleside find employment at the slate-quarries, and in working up the coppice-wood into cornes, and other baskets called swills. An extensive exhibition of prints and drawings, by Mr. Green, illustrative of the lake-scenery, and a museum, claim the visitor's attention; a circulating library is also established in the town, for the tourist's literary recreation.

Ambleside was formerly a Roman station (Dictis,) and some slight traces of a fortress are said to be perceptible in a field at the head of Windermere, where coins, urns, and other relics, have been frequently discovered. The chapel, which was rebuilt in 1812, stands at the north end of the town; and near to it is the richly-endowed grammar-school, which is free to all the boys in the township, whose parents choose to avail themselves of the charity.

* Ambleside was spelt Amelside in 1723, and afterwards Hamelside, Amyleside, and Amelside; the name has had its present form since the reign of Queen Elizabeth.
THE RUSH-BEARING AT AMBLESIDE.

"Here once a year distinction lowers its crest,
The master, servant, and the merry guest,
Are equal all."  BLOOMFIELD.

The custom of rush-bearing is of ancient origin, and, at a remote period, prevailed in most parts of England. Churches, in the olden times, were very rude and uncomfortable structures, (excepting, of course, the monasteries, which were the palaces of the ecclesiastical lords, and furnished as well as the resources of the times permitted;) the floors were unpaved, and the only protection to the feet from the damp earth was a covering of rushes. The trampling of the feet, and the humidity of the ground, rendered it necessary to clear away, at intervals, the old covering, and strew fresh rushes in its place. In the course of time, a custom, which necessity and prudence had suggested, was converted into a festival: the annual renewal of the rushes was attended with ceremonies and rejoicings, and was marked in the calendar as a holiday. Time, the great improver, improved churches; and the sacred edifices were rendered more comfortable by a paving of flags. Still the covering of rushes was more agreeable to the feet of our grandsires than a slab of naked stone; the ceremonial therefore was continued. The artists of some centuries past bethought themselves, however, of weaving the rushes into mats; and these proving more durable and more convenient than strown rushes, the annual ceremony was superseded, or, at least, observed only as the reminiscence of a salutary precaution against an attack of catarrh and rheumatism. In some places, to the present day, the church-floor is annually strown with rushes; and, in several others, as at Ambleside, the ceremonial is still preserved. We have collected, from various sources, the characteristic features of recorded rush-bearing, in which, though the object is the same, the materiel of the festivity is somewhat different.

At Rochdale, in Lancashire, the rushes are laid transversely on the rush-cart, and are cut, with sharp knives, into the desired form. When the cart is finished, the load of rushes is decorated with carnations and other flowers, in various devices, and surmounted by branches of oak, and a person rides on the top. The cart is sometimes drawn by horses, but more frequently by men, to the number of twenty or thirty couple, profusely adorned with ribands and finery. They are generally preceded by men with horse-bells about them, grotesquely jumping from side to side, and jingling the bells. After these is a band of music, and sometimes a set of morris-dancers, (but without the ancient appendage of bells,) followed by young women bearing garlands. Then comes the rush-banner of silk, tastefully adorned with roses, stars, and tinsel; this is generally from four to five yards broad by six or eight yards long, having on either side, in the centre, a painting of Britannia, the royal arms, or some other
device. The whole procession is flanked by men with long cartwhips, which they keep continually cracking, to make a clear path. A spirit of rivalry exists amongst the neighbouring villages, as to which shall produce the best cart and banner, and sometimes serious fracas take place between the parties.

At Warton, in Yorkshire, they cut hard rushes from the marsh, which they make up into long bundles, and then dress them up in fine linen, silk ribands, flowers, &c. Afterwards the young women of the village, who perform the ceremony for that year, take up the bundles erect, and begin the procession, which is attended with multitudes of people, with music, drums, and ringing of bells. When they arrive at the church, they go in at the west door, and, setting down their burdens in the church, strip them of their ornaments, leaving the heads or crowns of them decked with flowers, cut paper, &c. in some part of the church, generally over the cancelli, or chancel. The company, on their return, partake of a plentiful collation, and conclude the day, weather permitting, with a dance

"Round where the trembling May-pole, fixed on high
Uplifts its flowery honours to the sky."

The church of St. Oswald, at Grasmere, is annually strewn with rushes; and paper garlands, tastefully cut, are deposited in the vestry by the girls of the village.

The custom is still extant of strewing Norwich cathedral, on the mayor's day, when all the corporation attend divine service. The sweet-scented flag was accustomed to be used on this occasion, its roots, when bruised, giving forth a powerful and fragrant odour; but the great consumption of the roots by the brewers (under the name of quassia) has rendered it too valuable, and the yellow water-iris is therefore substituted in its stead. The flags were formerly strewn from the great west door to the entrance of the mayor's seat; but they are now laid no further than the entrance to the choir. Twelve shillings per annum are allowed by the dean and chapter for this service.

The strewing of rushes was not, however, confined to churches; private houses, and even palaces, had no better garniture for the floors in olden times, as we may gather from fragments of history. In "Newton's Herball to the Bible," mention is made of "sedge and rushes, with which many in the country do use in summer time to straw their parlors and churches, as well for coolness as for pleasant smell." Henzner, in his Itinerary, speaking of Queen Elizabeth's presence-chamber at Greenwich, says, "The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with hay."

Our artist has portrayed the rush-bearing at Ambleside more effectively than any description could possibly do; so, with a very brief notice of the ceremonial, we shall close this exposition, and extinguish our rush-light.

At Ambleside the tasteful and elegant garlands are deposited in the church on Saturday, and remain there during divine service on the Sunday, when each girl takes her respective garland, and all the bearers walk in procession, preceded by a band of music. The children receive a pennyworth of gingerbread, and a small gratuity at the door of the church.
STOCK-GILL FORCE.

"The wild streams leap with headlong sweep,
In their curbless course o'er the mountain-steep;
All fresh and strong they foam along,
Waking the rocks with their cataract song.
My eye bears a glance like the beam on a lance,
While I watch the waters dash and dance;
I burn with glee, for I love to see
The path of anything that's free." — Eliza Cook.

Within the distance of a mile from Ambleside, is Stock-Gill Force, the most beautiful waterfall amongst the lakes, if we except the far-famed cataract of Lowdore, in the neighbourhood of Keswick. The torrent which supplies this cascade rises in the neighbouring mountains, and flows in a confined channel, through a chasm in the rocks, partially concealed by the foliage of overhanging trees. Mr. Baines appears to have contemplated this sublime spectacle from the identical spot whence our view is taken: we, therefore, borrow from his "Companion to the Lakes," the following animated description of the scene:

"We had pursued our course up the glen for some time, when, on climbing a sharp ascent, and going to the edge of the chasm, the cascade burst upon us in all its splendour. It was immediately opposite to us, and we were about midway between the top and bottom, its height being one hundred and fifty feet. The stream is divided into two portions, by a huge crag, interposed just in the centre of the precipice over which it flings itself, and covered with bushes and trees; yet both branches of the fall are visible at once, and the division heightens its beauty. They do not reach the abyss at a single leap, but, after falling about half the depth in smooth lines of silver, they meet with a projecting rock, from which they rebound in large volumes of flashing foam and spray, uniting at the bottom in a very deep but clear basin."

This waterfall, as indeed do all the others at the Lakes, varies exceedingly, according to the weather. In time of drought it is reduced to an insignificant rill, but, after a heavy fall of rain, it becomes an overwhelming torrent.

The most elaborate effort of art is frequently only a feeble approximation to the realities of nature. The poet may describe a scene of beauty in rich and animated language, but the mere glow of words cannot bring it immediately within our sight; and though the painter has an advantage over the poet, inasmuch as he can produce a perfect delineation of his subject, still he is unable to communicate motion, sound, the momentary variations of light and shade, and all those accidental circumstances which so greatly contribute to picturesque effect. The artist has, in the scene before
us, done all that art can do; and it is with a feeling of admiration, not of disappointment, that we adopt the exclamation of the poet—

"Ah! that such beauty varying in the light
Of living Nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;
But is the property of him alone,
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And, in his mind, recorded it with love."

Professor Wilson, in one of his Essays, entitled *Christopher at the Lakes*, thus speaks of the Force:—"There is Stock-Gill Force, as you go up towards the Grove, near Ambleside, alongside of scores of tiny waterfalls embovored in birch or hazel, where the squirrel gambols over the blackbird's nest. The scene is new after every shower. 'Beautiful exceedingly' in the afternoon of a mild summer day, when the heavens have been weeping for joy. Sublime after a thunder-plump, when all at once the Force flings itself in red foam over the cliffs, and joining the Rothay in wrath, discours with turbid grandeur the waves of Windermere. But if you wish to know and to feel the power of dim daylight, when 'sound is silence to the mind,' and slow-moving shadows intensify the stillness, as through the umbrage they checker the mossy stones, all soft with verdant velvet embroidered with blue-eyed flowers admiring in this mirror their yellow hair, step into the hermitage at Rydal, and for an hour in imagination forswear the world for the cowl, the beads, and the book of a holy man, a saint for a season, and a sinner for life."
THE MILL, ON THE THACK-SIIL, NEAR AMERSHIRE.
MILL ON THE STOCK-GILL.

"The little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
It was a spot, which you might aptly call
The valley of seclusion." — Coleridge.

This view has been selected on account of its wild, romantic, and melo-dramatic character; and not with reference to any historical incident or traditional legend connected with it. To the tourist, this Mill, with its accompaniments, presents a beautiful and highly interesting scene; and the visitor to Stock-Gill Force would deprive himself of a gratification, if he were not to include it among the noticeable objects in the neighbourhood of that cascade:

"There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loveliness."

Unobtrusive, however, as the Mill on the Stock-Gill is, the most interesting associations are connected with it. The Mill itself is the offspring of mechanical art, and an accessory of commerce; but the situation which it occupies is in the midst of those solitary retreats where the eagle builds her eyrie, and in which other sounds than those of the torrent and of the echoing hills are seldom heard.

BRIDGE-HOUSE, AMBLESIDE.

"Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chants,

On this illustration it is unnecessary to dilate. For beauty of composition it justly claims to be included among the picturesque gems of Westmorland; but its topography and history afford few materials for an extended description. The Bridge-House is a rude edifice, erected on a bridge of one arch, which crosses the Stock-Gill, in the neighbourhood of Ambleside, and formerly belonged to Ambleside Hall, long the seat of the ancient family of Braithwaite.

Since our view was taken, a carriage-road, leading to Keswick, has been formed in the neighbourhood; and a bridge erected directly in front of this picturesque house. The illustration is therefore now only a record of the past.
RYDAL WATER, FROM IVY COTTAGE.

"O! that this lovely vale were mine,
Then from glad youth to calm decline,
My years would gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified."—WILSON.

The small lake of Rydal Water lies within the valley of Grasmere, at the distance of two miles north-west from Ambleside. The spirit of repose that broods over it, and the luxuriance of its borders, give a pleasing relief to the stern grandeur and barrenness of the neighbouring mountains. It scarcely exceeds a mile in length, and the water is apparently shallow. Two small islands rise above the surface of the lake; on one of which a heronry has been established. A few ancient trees decorate its banks on one side, and the other is skirted by hoary rocks, with woods vegetating from their fissures. Rydal Water has an outlet in the Rothay river, which, after a course of two miles, enters the lake of Windermere. On the right of our view is the beautiful and romantic residence of Ivy Cottage.

"Enchanting Rydal! when in thought I stray
To fairer haunts, and more congenial scenes,
How turns my retrospective glance on thee!
And in the faithful mirror of the mind,
Thy mountain outline, thy rich, native woods,
And azure Mere, with its pine-crested isles,
And water-lilies heaving with the tide,
Gracefully buoyant, like a fairy fleet
Riding at anchor, are reflected clear."

Rydal Hall, the seat of the Fleming family, is situated on a gentle eminence, at the junction of two valleys, and is sheltered by waving woods, which crown the surrounding heights.* In the rear of the Hall is the mountain of Rydal Head, covered with a soft herbage, occasionally relieved by rugged masses of rock. The ascent to this hill is laborious and difficult, but the prospect thence obtained is an ample compensation for the toil. Hence are seen Grasmere and Rydal Water, extending like beautiful mirrors far beneath the feet; the eye looks down upon them almost perpendicularly, and every creek and bay in the line of shore is distinctly perceptible.

* "The sylvan, or rather the forest scenery of Rydal Park, was, in the memory of living men, magnificent, and it still contains a treasure of old trees. By all means wander away into these old woods, and lose yourselves for an hour or two among the coolness of cushions, and the shrill shriek of startled blackbirds, and the rustle of the harmless glowworm among the last year's beech-leaves."—WILSON.
RYDAL HALL, FROM FOX HOW.

"I may be partial, for I know full well
An English heart within my bosom beats,
But oft I deem the level, western sun,
Through his day's pilgrimage doth not look down
Upon a lovelier spot than Rydal vale."

Rydal Hall is seated in a vale on a slight eminence, not far from the Ambleside road, and is sheltered by fine old timber, of which there is abundance in the grounds and on the hill-side. The lofty mountain, Fairfield, rises immediately behind the edifice, and the lower part of this steep acclivity has obtained the name of Rydal Head. In the ascent of this hill is Rydal Mount, celebrated as having been the residence of Wordsworth. "In this place, within view at once of Windermere and Rydal Water, the father of the lake-school of poetry passed a considerable portion of his life; and the scenery around him, scarcely equalled in beauty by any in Westmorland or Cumberland, probably contributed to enrich his imagination, to refine the natural purity of his feelings, and to produce many of the noble and exquisite descriptions of nature which adorn his poems." The following sonnet speaks the feelings of Wordsworth on his mountain-home:

"Adieu, Rydalian laurels! that have grown
And spread as if ye knew that days might come
When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair mount, a poet of your own,
One who never ventured for a Delphic crown
To sue the god; but, haunting your green shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to bring
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self-sown.
Farewell! no minstrels now, with harp new-strung,
For summer wandering quit their household bowers
Yet, not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the itinerant on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or, musing, sits forsaken halls among."

The following poetical description of the poet's residence, by a female writer, cannot fail to prove of interest to the reader:

"Low and white, yet scarcely seen
Are its walls for mantling green,
Not a window lets in light
But through flowers clustering bright;
Not a glance may wander there
But it falls on something fair;
Garden choice and fairy mound,
Only that no elves are found;"
BRITISH SWITZERLAND.

Winding walk and shelter'd nook,
For student grave and graver book;
Or a bird-like bower, perchance,
Fit for maiden and romance.
Then, far off, a glorious sheen
Of wide and sun-lit waters seen;
Hills that in the distance lie
Blue and yielding as the sky;
And nearer, closing round the nest,
The home,—of all the 'living crest?'
Other rocks and mountains stand
Rugged, yet a guardian band,
Like those that did in fable old
Elysium from the world infold."

Rydal Hall has been the seat of the Flemings from a remote period. Sir Michael de Fleming, a relative of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, brother-in-law of the Conqueror, was sent to the assistance of William, then newly arrived in England, and for his services that monarch gave him large grants of land in Furness. His descendants obtained possession of Rydal in the reign of Henry VI., by marriage; and it has remained with them ever since.

The view of the surrounding country, from Rydal Head, is exceedingly picturesque. "The pleasant vales of Grasmere and Rydal, beautifully diversified with wood, rock, and water, with verdant pastures and cultivated grounds, are extended at your feet. Beyond these, the mountains with verdant sides, and purpled with heath, rise in various forms, and discover a small lake, called Elter Water. From this Water issues a white silvery stream, which joins the Brathay, and thence flows over a succession of small cascades to mighty Windermere. Not far distant, the majestic lake of Windermere, which gradually unfolds itself during the ascent to the summit of the mountain, now appears in all its grandeur, studded with numerous islands, and nearly intersected by jutting promontories. Over the western margin of Windermere, Esthwaite Water is seen extending to Hawkshead; and on the right of it, Conister Lake stretches among the high and rocky fells of Furness. In the horizon is seen the Irish sea, washing a very indented shore. At another point, mountains extend as far as the eye can reach, declining imperceptibly into distance, and advancing their summits to different heights of elevation: of these the most prominent are Dow Crags, Grisedale Pike, and Helvellyn." 

Returning towards Ambleside, the views are as grand as those in the other direction were lovely. The very hills, that rise from the sides of the lake, seem to have a wilder air than when we passed by them the other way. At any rate they are very fine, and accord well with the bold masses beyond. Rich woods climb up the steep slopes, and run along every projecting ledge, contrasting strongly with the bare masses of crag that stand here and there in full relief; tiny rills steal, like threads of silver, down the dark channels they have worked in the fell sides, now lost in the gloom, or hidden by the foliage, and presently glittering in the full sunshine; and, above all, soar the lofty
summits of the more distant mountains, with the soft vapoury mists playing about them—one moment forming into a visible cloud, and the next dissolved, the eye can scarcely trace how, and the blue sky, for miles beyond, clear from the slightest film of vapour.

The chapel, which was erected at the expense of Lady le Fleming, in 1824, occupies a prominent position, and arrests the notice of the stranger. The following beautiful lines by Wordsworth, were addressed by him to her ladyship when the building was commenced:

"O Lady! from a noble line
Of Chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore
The spear, yet gave to works divine
A bounteous help in days of yore,
Thee kindred aspirations moved
To build, within a vale beloved,
For Him, upon whose high behests
All peace depends, all safety rests.
How fondly will the woods embrace
This daughter of thy pious care,
Lifting her front, with modest grace,
To make a fair recess more fair;
And to exalt the passing hour,
Or soothe it with a healing power,
Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfil'd
Before this rugged soil was till'd
Or human habitation rose
To interrupt the deep repose.
Well may the villagers rejoice!
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,
Will be a hindrance to the voice
That would unite in prayer and praise;
More duly shall wild wandering youth
Receive the curb of sacred truth;
Shall tottering age, bent earthward, hear
The Promise, with uplifted ear;
And all shall welcome the new ray
Imparted to their Sabbath day.
Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,
His fancy cheated—that can see
A shade upon the future cast,
Of Time's pathetic sanctity;
Can hear the monitory clock
Sound o'er the lake, with gentle shock,
At evening, when the ground beneath
Is ruffled o'er with cells of death,
Where happy generations lie
Here tutor'd for eternity."

The present view, taken from Fox How, an ascent between the ranges of mountains on both sides of the valley, discovers the verdant beauty of Rydal vale, and the lofty hills which environ it in this quarter.
LOWER FALL, RYDAL WATER.

"Sweet mountain-stream, where hast thou been,
Ere nursed within these banks of green?
Perchance amid yon erags so high,
Whose summits touch the azure sky?
There didst thou leap from rock to rock,
Now dash'd upon the granite block,
Now softly sinking, calm and deep,
Within thy marble bed to sleep."  
Mrs. Ellis

The celebrated waterfalls of Rydal Water are within the park; and strangers desirous to view them must take a conductor from one of the cottages near the park-gates. These highly-picturesque cascades—though inconsiderable, by comparison with others, in extent and magnitude—are invested with an air of romantic grandeur, and apparently identified with tales of mystery, that impart to them all the magic influence of a theatrical scene.

The Lower Fall, of which a beautiful and correct representation appears in the engraving, is an object of intense interest to every lover of the picturesque. "The approach to it is through a narrow glen, till you come to a little thatched summer-house, standing on the banks of the Rothay, and which, from the date upon one of the window shutters, would seem to have been erected in the year 1617. On entering the room of the summer-house, the view of the cascade bursts at once upon the eye. The suddenness and velocity of the impressions which the mind receives, defy every attempt to describe the effect produced on the spectator. The momentary effect is electrical. The noise of the torrent, and the dark shade of the overhanging and surrounding trees, form a scene which inspires a variety of pleasing yet melancholy sensations."

Mr. Gilpin, one of our most distinguished topographers, observes, with reference to this cascade, that, "though a miniature only, it is so beautiful, both in itself and its accompaniments, as to deserve a particular notice. The water falls within a few yards of the eye, which, being rather above its level, has a long perspective view of the stream, as it hurries from the higher grounds, tumbling in various little breaks through its rocky channels, darkened with thicket, till it arrives at the edge of the precipice, before the window, whence it rushes into the basin, which is formed by nature in the native rock." Another writer remarks—"Nature has here performed everything in little, that she usually executes on a larger scale; and on that account, like a miniature painter, she seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner. Not a little fragment of rock thrown into the basin, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its craggy sides, but has a picturesque meaning, and the little central current, dashing down a cleft of the darkest-coloured stone, produces an effect of light and shadow.
THE LOWER FALL AT KYDAL, WESTMORLAND.
beautiful beyond description. This little theatrical scene might be painted as large as the original, on a canvas not bigger than those usually dropped in the Opera House.* For a rich poetical picture of this “trickiest spirit of nature,” we refer our readers to the “Evening Walk” of Wordsworth, who exclaims, after describing it with a zest that proves his admiration of it—

"Did Sabine grace adorn my living line,  
Blandusia's praise, wild stream, should yield to thine."

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UPPER FALL, RYDAL.

"O! 'tis your delight to boast,  
The falls down Rydal's mountains toss;  
The high cascade, with dashing spray,  
O'er rugged rocks maintains its way;  
With stubbed trees, by storms despoil'd—  
A scene most picturesquely wild."  
Rev. J. Plumere.

The Upper Fall at Rydal being more extensive, its beauties are of a very different character; and whilst the former is surveyed with an unmingled feeling of delight, the latter inspires sensations of astonishment, bordering on fear.

The cascade exhibited in the engraving, is in a glen, at a short distance from Rydal Hall, whence a convenient path conducts the spectator at once to the most picturesque point of view from which the Fall can be seen. On arriving at a turn in this road, the eye is arrested by a considerable stream of water, descending in one unbroken sheet from a rock of great height, into a basin below; and the ear is at the same time stunned with the roar of the torrent, which produces a concussion that appears to shake the very mountain itself. The grandeur of the spectacle is considerably increased by the foaming and struggling of the waters over a rocky bed previously to their reaching the basin.

The beautiful and well-known description of a waterfall, by Thomson, applies with singular fidelity to this cascade:

"Smooth to the shelving brink, a copious flood,  
Rolls fair and placid; where, collected all,  
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep  
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.  
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;  
Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,  
And from the loud-resounding rocks below  
Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower."

The walk from Ambleside to Rydal, along the banks of the Rothay and underneath Loughrigg Fell, is delightful; and admission to view the waterfalls may be obtained at the lodge.

* Mason, in a note to Gray's description of his "Westmorland Tour."
"O vale and lake, within your mountain-urn,
Smiling so tranquilly, and yet so deep!
Oft doth your dreamy lonliness return,
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light elysian,—for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
Isles of the blest;—and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies."  MRS. HEMANS.

A comprehensive view is here given, including the lakes of Rydal Water and Grasmere, in connection with all the noble and picturesque objects in their vicinity. It were idle to insist on the advantage which the reader must derive from a general delineation. The detached views render him familiar with the prominent beauties of this romantic neighbourhood, while the present design exhibits an orderly arrangement of the whole, and exposes, much more effectually than any description could do, the relative position of places and objects.

In the rear of Rydal Hall rise the mountains of Fairfield and Rydal Head, from the latter of which the extensive prospect delineated in our view is obtained. "In the woods and in the disposition of the ground round Rydal Hall, there is a charming wildness that suits the character of the scene; and wherever art appears, it is with graceful plainness, and meek subjection to nature. The taste by which a cascade in the pleasure-grounds, pouring under the arch of a rude rock, amidst the green tint of woods, is shown through a darkened garden-house, and therefore, with all the effect which the opposition of light and shade can give, is even not too artificial, so admirably is the intent accomplished of making all the light that is admitted fall upon the objects which are chiefly meant to be observed." A little above the Hall is Rydal Mount, the residence of the late William Wordsworth.

Returning to our view: the eye traverses the beautiful demesnes of Rydal Hall, and is thence led to the lake, on one side of which a few ancient trees decorate the banks, and, on the other, hoary rocks present themselves, with woods vegetating from the clefts and fissures in their sides. The lake itself, with a calm surface, ornamented by two small islands,

"Lies like a sleeping child, too blest to wake."

A little beyond Rydal Water the valley opens out into a small plain, and forms a bed for Grasmere Water, which is a sweet lake, about a mile in length, and being shut in on every side by hills, it appears to be perfectly secluded from the world; and as the meadows and pastures are luxuriantly fertile, and their green surface is agreeably
Grasmere Lake and Village.

Sprinkled with wood, there is a tranquil beauty in the vale, calculated to excite in the mind the most peaceful and delightful emotions.

Near the centre of this lake rises a small green island, with an out-house or barn upon it, to which Mr. Wordsworth poetically alludes:

"Thou seest a homely pile, yet to these walls
The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and here
The new-dropp’d lamb finds shelter from the wind;
And hither does one poet sometimes row
His pinnace."

The mountains here form an amphitheatre several miles in circumference, yet they are so lofty, that the valley which they enclose appears of small dimensions. The plain terminates in two upland valleys, one of which, named Easdale, runs up into the heart of the Langdale-fells; and the other, lying between the range of Fairfield and Steel-fell, rises, with a long ascent, into a slack, that separates the valleys of Grasmere and Wythburn.

Grasmere Lake and Village.

"How pleasant here in those calm days,
When Autumn in the landscape lingers;
When skies are melted by her gaze,
And leaves turned golden by her fingers;
When morning dews are loth to go,
And noontide sounds are few and tender;
And the far western uplands grow
More bold in evening's glowing splendour!"

Spencer T. Hall.

The parish of Grasmere, anciently written Gresmere and Grismere, a name derived from the grise, or wild swine, that formerly abounded in these parts, was once a chapelry attached to Kendal, but is now a rectory. In the reign of Henry VIII., the advowson was sold by the crown to Alan Bellingham, who afterwards disposed of it for £100 to the Flemings of Rydal. The church is a burial-place of the last-named family.

The lake of Grasmere, situated at the lower end of a valley, whence it obtains its name, is about four miles in circumference. From whatever point it is viewed, nearly the whole of this lake can be seen at once. A small green island, partially covered
with wood, adorns the centre, and the head is decorated with the church and village of Grasmere, behind which rises the lofty pyramidal hill called Helm Crag.

Helm Crag is a solitary, conical mountain, which, at its highest point, is said to bear a striking resemblance to an "ancient woman;" and Wordsworth alludes to the circumstance, whilst noticing the effects of an echo in the neighbouring hills:

"When I had gazed perhaps two minutes' space,  
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld  
That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.  
The rock, like something starting from a sleep,  
Took up the lady's voice, and laughed again:  
That ancient woman, seated on Helm Crag,  
Was ready with her cavern: Hammar Scar,  
And the tall steep of Silver How, sent forth  
A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard  
And Fairfield answered with a mountain-tone:  
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky  
Carried the lady's voice;—old Skiddaw blew  
His speaking-trumpet:—bore out of the clouds  
Of Glaramara southward came the voice;  
And Kirkstone toss'd it from his misty head."

The highest part of this mountain is covered with fragments of rock, which give it the appearance of a grand ruin occasioned by an earthquake. The summit is very difficult of access; yet, when attained, the prospect thence discovered amply repays the tourist for all the toils of his ascent. The scene comprises the whole of Windermere, Esthwaite Water, and Grasmere, with the intervening valley, divided into rich and highly-cultivated enclosures, and seeming to contain almost everything that can be beautiful in rural miniature. "From an eminence, a little distance from the church," says Mr. Hutchinson, "we viewed the whole circle, delighted with the scene. All the fields were clothed in fresh verdure; the vale was graced with some humble cottages, dispersed on the borders of the lake, among which the sacred fane, with its white tower, stood solemnly superior. The hills were here and there patched with a few trees, and their slope enlivened by flocks of sheep that browsed on each declivity. This seemed to us to be the vale of peace." The time selected by the artist for taking the view is shortly after sunrise.
They now have reach’d that pile of stones,
Heap’d over brave King Dunmail’s bones;
He who once held supreme command,
Last King of rocky Cumberland,
His bones, and those of all his power,
Slain here in a disastrous hour.”

This view of Grasmere, from Loughrigg Fell, an eminence “scarcely one thousand feet above Windermere, and nine hundred above Grasmere,” comprehends the whole of the lake, with all the varied sylvan and mountain-scenery by which it is surrounded. Having already described this locality, in connection with another view of it, it remains only in the present instance to notice the prominent features of the view before us. At the farther end of the lake rises Helm Crag, “distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height, as by the strange broken outlines of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung across each other in wild confusion.” Beyond the crag, the hill of Dunmail Raise, and the mountains of Helvellyn and Fairfield, rise in magnificent proportions. Sloping wood-covered eminences descend on each side to the margin of the lake, their rich foliage greatly enhancing the beauty of the valley, wherein is set the goodliest gem of all—the Mere, shining “like a burnished silver sea,” and reflecting from its motionless surface “all earth and heaven.”

The cairn, or monument, called Dunmail Raise, is an object of great interest to the antiquary, on account of the traditions connected with its history. It stands on the side of the road, in the middle of the pass between Cumberland and Westmorland, and is composed of a huge raise, or heap of stones, piled on each side of an earthen mound. Its bulk has, of late years, been lessened, in consequence of stones being taken from it for the repair of the adjoining roads. The generally-received tradition concerning this pile is, that it was thrown together for the purpose of commemorating the name and defeat of Dunmail, a petty king of Cumbria, A.D. 945 or 946, by the Saxon monarch, Edmund I., who slew his vanquished enemy; and, in conformity with the cruel usages of that barbarous age, put out the eyes of his two sons. Gilpin, the topographer, conjectures that this heap of stones was intended as a boundary-mark between the kingdoms of England and Scotland in ancient times, when the Scottish border extended much farther than it does at the present day. But whatever may have been the design with which this monstrous pile was originally raised, it is, notwithstanding the change it has suffered in its dimensions, one of those monuments, whose antiquity may be tersely intimated by the scriptural phrase of having “remained to this very day.”
GRASMERE.

"Fair scene,
Most loved by evening and her dewy star!
O! ne'er may man, with touch unhallowed, jar
The perfect music of the charm serene!
Still, still unchanged, may one sweet region wear
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears, and prayer!"

Mrs. Hemans.

The present illustration exhibits the "form and feature" of this lovely spot when surveyed from Butter Crag. Natural beauty, unlike to artificial, does not altogether depend for effect on the point of view from which it is seen. Under different aspects, the prospect will assume an appearance more or less striking; but from what position soever the spectator may survey the scene, he will discover "a glowing beauty," an "untired variety," on

"Peaceful Grasmere's woody hills."

The vale of Grasmere terminates in two upland valleys: one rises with a long ascent into a slack leading to the vale of Wythburn; and the other runs up into the heart of the Langdale Fells. A number of pleasing residences lie at the foot of the hills; one of which was inhabited by Wordsworth for eight years. Whilst residing here, many of the pieces for which he will be remembered were composed; and in 1802, he brought his bride to this very house, now partially hidden from travellers on the high road by the intervention of some later-built cottages. The "little nook of mountain-ground," mentioned in his "Farewell," refers to this spot. The village stands among the flat meadows at the head of the lake, four miles from Ambleside. It is a sweet place, with a parish church dedicated to St. Oswald. In the burying-ground adjoining this church, are interred the remains of the poet Wordsworth, who died on April 23, 1850. Comfortable quarters can be had at the Red Lion, or the "famous" Swan. Grasmere is an excellent station for enterprising tourists.

The small hill, called Butterlip How, which stands about half-way between the Red Lion and the Swan, affords a fine panoramic view. A walk to Red Bank, the point where the Langdale road crosses the Loughrigg ridge, will disclose scenery of great beauty, and is generally considered as the best station for viewing the lake and vale of Grasmere.

The western boundary of Grasmere is formed by "the rugged hills of Silver How," and the lofty range of Fairfield. The single island of this beautiful lake, covered with verdure, and partially wooded, is a prominent feature in our view.
THRANG CRAG SLATE QUARRY.

"What spacious veins enrich the British soil;  
The various ores, and skilful miner's toil;  
How ripening metals lie concealed in earth,  
And teeming nature forms the wondrous birth."

YALDEN.

This Quarry, the property of Lord Lowther, yields an abundance of fine blue slate, and is situated in the mountains adjacent to the Brathay river.

The geology of the lake-districts presents many points of interest to the scientific inquirer. The materials of which the greater part of the mountains are composed, have been included under the general name of slaty rocks; though many of them show little or no inclination to that peculiar cleavage, or formation. These slate rocks have been classed into three divisions. The first division comprehends, among others, the mountains of Skiddaw, Saddleback, Grasmoor, and Griesdale Pike. "The granite of Skiddaw being considered as a nucleus upon which these rocks are deposited in mantle-shaped strata, that which immediately reposes upon it is called gneiss, though it is more slaty and granular than the gneiss of some other districts. More distant from the granite, the slate becomes less impregnated with mica, and is quarried for flooring-flags, &c., under the provincial name of whintin. This, again, is succeeded by a softer kind of slate. These rocks are of a blackish colour, and divided by natural partings into slates of various thickness, which are sometimes curiously bent and waved." The partings, when numerous, open by exposure to the weather; and in time, the slate shivers into thin flakes unfit for roofing-purposes.

The second division includes the mountains of Borrowdale, Langdale, Grasmere, Mardale, &c. Most of the rocks in this division are of a pale blue or gray colour; but they do not exhibit any distinct partings similar to the slates of the first division. "The finest pale-blue roofing-slate is found here in beds, (called by the workmen veins,) the most natural position of the cleavage of which appears to be vertical, though it is formed in various degrees of inclination, both with respect to the horizon and the planes of stratification. The slates are split into various thicknesses, according to their fineness of grain, and the discretion of the workmen."

The third division of strata form inferior elevations, commencing with a bed of dark-blue limestone, and alternating with a slaty rock of the same colour; the different layers of which are, in some places, several feet, and in others only a few inches, thick.
COLWITH FORCE.

"In the glen below,
Again I view him on the reeling shore,
Where the prone river, after length of course,
Collecting all its force,
An avalanche catacatact, whirled in thunder o'er
The promontory's height,
Bursts on the rock; while on the mountain brow,
Half, half the flood rebounding in its might,
Spreads wide a sea of foam evanishing in light."

Sotheby.

At the distance of five miles west from Ambleside, the tourist discovers a precipitous path leading to Colwith Bridge, a rude structure of one arch, thrown across the river Colwith, which, taking its rise in the stupendous fells above, here discharges its waters down the rocks with a fearful impetuosity. An awful grandeur pervades this scene at all times, but more especially at those seasons—

"When copious rains have magnified the stream
Into a loud and white-robed waterfall."

The dashing of the waters is heard long before you reach the spot. The dim and woody path leading to it is every way calculated to increase the effect; and when at length an opening in the copse reveals the Force in all its "dread magnificence," the mind is overcome with a mingled feeling of terror and delight. The total depth of the Force may not exceed one hundred and fifty feet; but the rocky projections and other obstacles which oppose the waters in their descent, render it eminently picturesque and sublime. After falling successively from one crag to another, the headlong stream plunges into a basin, from the outer edge of which rises a massive fragment of rock. Impeded in their course, the waters rage violently, and shoot with terrific rapidity through the narrow openings on each side, whence they fall, amidst clouds of spray, into a deep and fearful chasm below. The water here is not scanty, as in most of the other falls at the lakes, but is a river scarcely inferior to the Brathy at Skelwith Force. The four falls are several yards apart, but the lowest is of greater depth than all the other three, and the whole are in view at once.

In every period of human history—in the regions of savage and civilized life,—the extent of ocean, the raging of the mountain-torrent, the unbroken surface of the quiet lake,—have claimed pre-eminence in the mind of man over all the various phenomena of the natural world. The sacred writings abundantly show, that water, in a state of action or repose, affords the most sublime and comprehensive similes. The Creator, it is said, "sitteth above the water-floods;"—the noise of a multitude, is compared to "the voice of many waters;"—and of the placid streams, we are told that "they make glad the city of God."
LANGDALE PIKES.

"The mountains of this glorious land
Are conscious beings to mine eye,
When at the break of day they stand,
Like giants, looking through the sky,
To hail the sun's unrisen car,
That gilds their diadems of snow;
While one by one, as star by star,
Their peaks in ether glow."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Langdale Pikes, situate at the western extremity of Westmorland, in the immediate vicinity of Bow-fell, exhibit some of the principal characteristic features of lake and mountain scenery. Separated by a valley, through which runs the river Brathay, these hills rise on each side to an astonishing height, and form a vast amphitheatre, where the simple beauties of nature unite, in effect, with the loftier and more sublime creations of the Almighty hand.

The highest pike, known in the neighbourhood by the name of Harrison Stickle, is elevated two thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea; and the other, called Pike o'Stickle, is lower by one hundred feet. From these hills, a fine blue slate is obtained, much of which is sent to London, and other parts of the kingdom.

In the fore-ground of the view, we notice the fragments of rock which follow the windings of the road, and form a romantic entrance to the valley; the guide-post, indicating a connection with the dwellings of man; and the lone traveller, with his laden beast, home returning, toil-worn and weary. Proceeding onward, we traverse the windings of the Brathay river, which at length terminate in a distant and narrow dell. Here the contemplative angler may enjoy his Walton, and allure the playful trout to his hook; delighted with the strip of verdure that skirts along the stream, from its striking contrast with the barrenness which extends around. The eye then glances, not without interest, on the heathy wilderness that covers the hill-side; and though the distant fires are easily explained, imagination views them as altars, whence the circling incense rises, grateful to the genius of the scene.

Feelings of reverence, of astonishment, of undefined pleasure, flow through the heart, as we fix our earnest gaze upon the surrounding hills. The lightnings have furrowed their sides with deep and awful ravines, the thunder-scars of a thousand tempests. Many, many winters have poured the snows upon their heads; as many summers have scorched them with a noon-day sun. Still they remain in their place, asserting the wonders of creative power: a memento of past ages—a record for a future race of men.
VIEW FROM LANGDALE PIKES.

"And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, fost
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
New scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now embossed!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the roar profound!"

BRITISH SWITZERLAND.

An extensive and astonishing view of mountain scenery is obtained from the summit of Langdale Pikes. That fine sheet, the head of Windermere, Esthwaite Water in its whole extent, Blea-tarn, Elterwater, a small part of Rydal Water, Loughrigg-tarn, Stickle-tarn, the river Leven running to the bay of Morecambe, that extensive bay itself, and the stream of the Brathay serpentizing through the whole length of Great Langdale—such are the forms of water that are visible. The mountain-view is even more imposing: looking north-eastward, Helvellyn, Seat Sandal, and Fairfield bound the prospect; and, in the north-west and north, Skiddaw and Saddleback are seen in the distance. Stickle-tarn is immediately below the eye, guarded by the frowning heights of Pavey Ark. In the south-east are the hills around the valley of Ambleside, beyond those at the head of Troutbeck and Kentmere. In turning to the south, the eye is attracted by the valley of Great Langdale, containing Elterwater and Loughrigg-tarn, and terminated by Windermere. In the west is Great End, a little further Great Gable, whilst Scafell Pike and Scafell overtop Bow-fell.

The Pikes are usually ascended in an excursion through the Langdales, and a guide can be procured at Milbeck, seven miles from Ambleside; but pedestrians will have no difficulty in making the ascent from Borrowdale, over the Stake, or from Grasmere through Easdale. The easiest path, however, is that from Langdale.

The character of Langdale is distinctly marked, and pretty uniform from end to end. It has levels, here expanding and there contracting; and the stream winds among them throughout. There is no lake or pool: and the mountains send out spurs, alternating or meeting, so as to make the levels sometimes circular and sometimes winding. The dwellings, all, without exception, which lie below the head of the dale, are on the rising grounds which skirt the levels: and this, together with the paving of the roads in the levels, shows that the valley is subject to floods. The houses in Langdale,—of gray stone, each on its knoll, with a canopy of firs and sycamores above it, and ferns scattered all about it, and ewes and lambs nestling near it,—these
VIEW FROM LANGDALE PINES, LOOKING SOUTH-EAST, WESTMORELAND.
11 MA60
VIEW FROM LANGDALE PIKES, LOOKING TOWARDS DOWFELL, WESTMORELAND.
dale-farms are cheerful and pleasant objects to look upon, whether from above or passing among them.

Language is unequal to the task of describing the extensive scope of vision enjoyed from the summit of a mountain, or the splendid combination of sublime and pleasing objects at once presented to the eye. The following poetical extract embodies more of the spirituel than, perhaps, any other we could have selected:

"O 'tis an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mist, streams, watery rocks, and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name."

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The present view from Langdale Pikes is more circumscribed than the one given in a previous page, but is scarcely less striking in its character. The broad side of Bowfell, which rises two thousand nine hundred and fourteen feet above the level of the sea, confines the eye within a mountain-fastness of much grandeur and sublimity. Utter desolation appears to characterize the spot.

The double-pointed hill, which stands at the head of Great Langdale, has had a name bestowed upon each of its pikes. The most southerly is termed Pike o’ Stickle, and is lower, by one hundred feet, than Harrison Stickle, which is two thousand four hundred feet in height, (see page 49). The mountain is of porphyritic structure, and, on account of steepness, is somewhat fatiguing to ascend. The views from Harrison Stickle are extremely fine, commanding a fine range of prospect. Pike o’ Stickle commands a good view of Bassenthwaite Mere and Skiddaw.
BLEA TARN.

"Full many a spot
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy—
Among the mountains; never one like this—
So lonesome, and so perfectly secure." —Wordsworth.

Tarn is the name applied to a small lake found at a considerable elevation amongst the mountains. Crossing the valley of Little Langdale, the tourist ascends a slack, (or defile formed by the dip of two contiguous hills,) which leads to Great Langdale. "In this slack, between two considerable mountains, faced with tremendous crags, lies Blea Tarn, with a single farm-house near it, and a plantation of fir and larch on each side."

The scene here presented is described in the "Excursion;" the description, however, supposes the spectator to look down upon it, not from the road, but from one of the hill-sides, and the fir plantations did not then exist:

"We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,
A steep ascent; and reach'd a dreary plain,
With a tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops
Before us; savage region! which I passed
Dispirited; when, all at once, behold!
Beneath our feet a little lowly vale,
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains; e'en as if the spot
Had been from eldest time, by wish of theirs,
So placed to be shut out from all the world!
Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn:
With rocks encompass'd, save that to the south
Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge
Surplied a boundary less abrupt and close;
A quiet treeless nook, with two green fields,
A liquid pool that glitter'd in the sun,
And one bare dwelling—one abode, no more!
It seem'd the home of poverty and toil,
Though not of want. The little fields made green
By husbandry of many thrifty years,
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland house—
There crows the cock single in his domain;
The small birds find in spring no thicket there
To shroud them; only from the neighbouring vales
The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill-tops,
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place."
MILL BECK, GREAT LANGDALE.

"God of the earth's extended plains!
The dark green fields contented lie;
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky;
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow." FRAEBOY.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Mill Beck, Great Langdale, seven miles from Ambleside, is of the most interesting kind; and includes many of the picturesque objects so easily sought after by the visitor to the lakes. The road, in the foreground of the view, is that usually taken from Ambleside to Langdale Pikes. At its extremity stands a mill, giving name to the beck, or stream, which descends in a beautiful cascade from the mountains, and continues its course till, with other tributary rivulets, it reaches the tarn of Elterwater. The loftiest elevation in the view, is that of Harrison Stickle; and on the right is seen the hill of Pavey Ark; between these two mountains Stickle Tarn, celebrated for its superior trout, is situated. Colwith Force, Blea Tarn, and Dungeon Gill, are comprised in the scenery of Langdale.

CLARE MOSS.

"Hail sacred flood!
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay." ARMSTRONG.

This romantic locality is situate at the extreme end of Little Langdale; and the present view looks in the direction of Blea Tarn and Langdale Pikes. The spot is surrounded by lofty mountains and crags; the eminence on the left hand, assuming a prominent character in the engraving, is called Blackrigg. At the proper season of the year, the mountain-shepherd brings hither their fleecy charge to wash them, a customary prelude to the shearing.

Blackrigg is a place of much danger both to the sheep and the shepherds, when, as is frequently the case, the straying herd wander beyond the possibility of retreat or farther advance. Sometimes the shepherds venture on a perilous attempt to effect their rescue: they suffer themselves to be lowered by ropes from the summit of the crags, into the rocky cavern wherein the sheep have strayed or fallen; and occasionally have to swing themselves into the crevices of the rocks. If they are fortunate enough to obtain a hold of the wanderer, they have then to combat its struggles, while they return with it in their arms by the same dangerous route. Wordsworth has introduced into the "Excursion" an incidental allusion to the casualty just mentioned.
STICKLE TARN.

"Behold this spirit-calming vale:
Here stillness reigns—tis stillness all;
Unless is heard some warbling tale,
Or distant sound of waterfall."  Mrs. KNOWLES.

Stickle Tarn, well known to the angler for its fine trout, is discovered when crossing the Pikes from Great Langdale. It is elevated about one thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is formed of numerous tributary streams flowing from the mountains. This tarn passes off in a rivulet, which composes the picturesque waterfall of Dungeon Gill.

The accompanying view is taken from the foot of Pavey Ark, a perpendicular rock, appearing in the foreground on the right. Next to it rises the lofty pike, called Harrison Stickle, having a pile of stones on the top, to which it is customary for every visitor to add one. The mountain of Wrynose occupies the centre of the distance. Between Stickle Tarn and the first range of hills lies Blea Tarn, a view of which is given in this work. The neighbourhood of these tarns is singularly wild, romantic, and solitary. With the exception of the enterprising angler, or the wandering shepherd, little is to be seen that does not indicate utter loneliness.

ELTERWATER.

"O gentlest lake! from all unhallowed things
By grandeur guarded in thy loveliness,
Ne'er may the poet with unwelcome feet
Press thy soft moss, embathed in flowery dyes,
And shadowed in thy stillness like the heavens."  WILSON.

Elterwater, a tributary stream of Windermere, is an elevated lake, or tarn, nearly a mile in length, situated in Great Langdale, at the distance of two miles and a half west from Ambleside. The low meadows on the margin of this tarn are frequently inundated by the sudden influx of water from the two Langdales; and the means which have been adopted to obviate this inconvenience have injured the trout fishery, by introducing into the lake the destructive pike. Elterwater is surrounded by mountains skirted with verdant pasturage, and embosomed in heath; these, rising up in various forms, discover the lake, "seated high in the dimpled breast of one of them, and sending forth a silvery stream, which joins the Brathay river, and thence forces itself over a succession of little cascades to mighty Windermere."

On a woody eminence, at the head of Elterwater, stands Elter Hall, beyond which rise the towering summits of Langdale Pikes.
STYBARROW CRAG.

"Amid this region of enchantment stands
A pile stupendous, rising from the flood
Abruptly; and though Nature round its base
Has flung her leafage, yet its sides are soathed,
And verdureless, and shiver'd."  CARRINGTON.

Stybarrow Crag is a lofty promontory, deeply scarred by winds and torrents, terminating a mountainous ridge that descends from Helvellyn. A road winds beneath this crag, commanding a fine view of Ullswater. The situation of this pass, with its steep acclivity on the one hand, and the waters of the lake on the other, might have suggested to Sir Walter Scott the following graphic description, which occurs in the "Lady of the Lake":—

"At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hills sink down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows;
There ridge on ridge Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry."

Leaving the scene before us, we now briefly refer to the tales of other times, in order to illustrate an incident which the artist has skilfully introduced into the view.

In olden time, when the contiguous countries of England and Scotland held no amicable relation to each other, it may well be supposed that the mountain-ridges, forming the line of demarcation between the two territories, would frequently be the scene of fierce contention between a rival people. The proximity of the English and Scots in the neighbourhood of the border line, and the inoperative character of the laws, arising from the disorders of the feudal system, which filled both countries with chiefs and petty governors, eager, and sufficiently powerful, to make aggressions and reprisals on each other,—are of themselves a sufficient explanation of the causes which led to those continued strifes called the border-warfare. The deep enmity of the hostile parties towards each other, overthrew, in a great measure, all moral obligation and honourable feeling: incursions were frequently made from the north, less for the purpose of contention in arms, than for committing depredations on cattle and property. Hence
the name of freebooters came to be applied to the border clans, and ultimately with much justice; for in course of time it was deemed matter of indifference by either party whether they preyed on their rival neighbours, or on their own countrymen. Instances are, however, on record, in which the border feuds were distinguished by a romantic and chivalrous feeling, that may well be supposed to have animated great and noble minds, in an age when the most powerful sceptre was the sword, and martial prowess the most estimable quality of manhood.

The illustration under review embodies an incident touching the border-warfare, connected with the history of the Mounsey family. We cannot hope to impart any novel interest to "a thrice-told tale;" and therefore briefly state the particulars as tradition has conveyed them. A band of the Scots having entered Westmorland on a predatory expedition, a chief was wanting to lead the peasantry to battle with the intruders. A rustic, named Mounsey, offered his services; and proceeding with a few trusty shepherds to the pass of Stybarrow Crag, there met the Scots, and defeated them. For this important service he was proclaimed King of Patterdale, a title that he enjoyed during his life, and which continued with his descendants for many years after his death.

GRIEsdale

"Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though always changing, in her aspect mild;
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd child.
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path." BYRON.

Griesdale, near Ullswater, is a portion of the valley of Patterdale, lying about half-a-mile north of the chapel, and extends westward three miles to the confines of Cumberland. Griesdale farm, a small portion of Ullswater, which takes its name from the dale, is situate at the junction of the three mountains, Helvellyn, Seatsandal, and Fairfield. The ascent of Helvellyn is sometimes commenced near the foot of the farm. Griesdale Pike is a lofty mountain, rising to an apex, or point, two thousand five hundred and eighty feet in height. From this elevation fine prospects are obtained of the vale of Keswick to the east; and over a considerable part of Cumberland, with the sea, the Isle of Man, and the mountains of Galloway to the west and north. Griesdale is enclosed, at the upper end, by the mountains Helvellyn and Fairfield.
PATTERDALE.

“Theyir shaggy mountains charm,
More than or Gallic or Italian plains;
And sickening fancy oft, when absent long,
Pines to behold these alpine views again;
The hollow, winding stream, the vale fair spread,
Amid an amphitheatre of hills.”

Thomson.

The present view exhibits the valley of Patterdale, from the road leading from Brotherswater to the lake of Ullswater, going towards Ambleside. This vale extends southward six miles from Cowbarrow Park, along the highest and most sublime reach of Ullswater, to the source of the Gold Rill, which flows to the lake from Brothers-water, Hayswater, and Angle-tarn. Other gles branch off to the east and west, and have each their mountain-stream, graced with the wildest beauties of nature, mellowed at intervals by art, with rising plantations and graceful villas.

Amongst the diversified scenery of Ullswater, the valley of Patterdale is eminently worthy of notice. The phalanx of mountains that rise at the head of the lake, overshadow this lowland tract; and the curling mists that roll down their sides, career across the vale, like the winged chariots of presiding genii. The sublime echoes produced by discharging a cannon at the head of Ullswater have been already noticed: in the vale of Patterdale, these reverberations strike the ear with wonderful effect. Successive discharges, at the interval of a few seconds between each, cause a combination of awful sounds—a deafening and terrific tumult, that nearly overwhelms the mind. The effect of the first explosion is not over, when the echoes of the second, the third, and perhaps the fourth, begin. Such a variety of sounds, mixing and commixing, and, at the same time, heard from all sides, produce an impression that the foundations of every rock are giving way, and a general convulsion of nature is about to scatter the universe in ruins. Another species of echo, scarcely less astonishing, yet more pleasing, arises from the music of French horns, key-bugles, clarionets, and other wind instruments. The ear is not equal to their innumerable combinations. It listens to a symphony dying away at a distance, when other melodious sounds arise near at hand. Every rock is vocal, and every hill may be deemed a residence of aerial beings. The auditor listens “with bated breath,” and the sublime language of Milton embodies the ideas that crowd into his mind:

“How often from the steep
Of echoing hills, or thickets, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator!”
PATTERDALE BRIDGE.

"Where Flora treads, her zephyr garlands flings,
And scatters odours from her purple wings,
Whilst birds from woodbine bowers and jessamine groves
Chant their glad nuptials and unenvied loves.
Mild seasons, rising hills, and silent dales,
Cool grottos, silver brooks, and flowery vales,
Groves filled with balmy shrubs, in pomp appear,
And scent with gales of sweets the circling year."

The village of Patterdale is situated at the upper end of lake Ullswater, and the lowly dwellings of this quiet abiding-place, shrouded with trees and sheltered by scowling mountains, repose in a rocky nook, with corn and meadow land sloping gently in front to the lake. The bridge, which crosses one of the tributary streams of Ullswater, forms a picturesque object in the neighbouring scenery. At the inn, where there is excellent accommodation, guides may be had to any of the mountains in the vicinity, and boats procured for excursions upon the lake. A few days might be pleasantly spent at this place investigating the beauties of the neighbourhood:—

"For nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies.
Wild above rule or art (and beauteous-form'd)—
A happy rural seat of various view."

The vales of Patterdale lie embosomed in the midst of lofty and barren mountains, and are watered by springs and streams descending from the hills. The brightness of their verdure contrasts effectively with the rugged sterility of the adjacent heights. Here and there appears a neat white edifice, built beneath the shelter of a hill, and partly shadowed with foliage; its size insignificant, by comparison with the colossal magnificence that surrounds it.

At the head of Ullswater, and near the village, stands Patterdale Hall, the seat of Mr. Marshall, of Leeds, and formerly the residence of John Mounsey, Esq., whose ancestors for many ages bore the title of kings of Patterdale. This mansion is surrounded by thriving plantations, which, with the lofty mountains behind, shelter it from cold and inclement winds. At the end is a delightful shrubbery, through which, in the approach to the house, a lovely garden is discovered; and in front of this is a lawn, gradually sloping to the road.
The church of Patterdale is an ancient white structure, furnished with oaken benches, and exhibiting a simplicity far more suitable to religious services, and the awful grandeur that environs its site, than the too tasteful and elaborate erections of modern times. The eye cannot glance on an object more sublime, than a village church in a mountain country. The hallowed associations connected with the sacred pile, appeal most forcibly to the mind, when the road to its portal lies over hill and vale, where the very footsteps of Deity are discernible, and the majesty of Omnipotence is so awfully displayed! In the churchyard is a venerable yew-tree, of amazing circumference, and still retaining a good portion of vigour: it stands a chronicler of departed days; and is viewed with interest by the senior inhabitants, as a pleasing reminiscence of early life, when they rested in its shades, and when their eyes had not become dim through age. Neither "storied urn nor animated bust," nor indeed a single gravestone, can be found in this churchyard. The lowly inhabitants of the village are content to be gathered to their fathers, with no other covering over their last resting-place than the green mound:—

"In our churchyard,
Is neither epitaph nor monument,
Tombstone nor name; only the turf we tread,
And a few natural graves."

The remains of Charles Gough, who lost his life in crossing Helvellyn, in the spring of 1805, are interred here.

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Brothers' Water.

"Thrice, oh, thrice happy shepherd's life and state
When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns!
His cottage low, and safely humble gate,
Shuts out proud fortune, with his scorn's, and fawns;
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep;
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep."

Phineas Fletcher.

The small lake of Brothers' Water, though extremely interesting, and surrounded by scenery of the most enchanting and sublime description, is scarcely larger than a mountain-tarn. Mr. Baines recommends the tourist to approach it from the Kirkstone...
side, in his route from Ambleside, as in that case "it is the beginning of beauties;" and accompanies his advice with these judicious observations:—"It may seem in speculation to be a matter of indifference at which end you begin, as, going over the same ground, you will have all the beauties, first or last; but it is found by actual observation, that a great difference is produced by the way in which objects present themselves; much depends on the first impression, and much on the order of improvement or of deterioration in which the views are seen."

This lake is said to have obtained its name from the circumstance of two brothers having been drowned in it whilst skating. Such an event did actually occur in the year 1785; and tradition speaks of a similar one having taken place at a period considerably more remote; but as the ancient name of the lake was Broader Water, it becomes matter of speculation whether the appellation has been gradually corrupted, or suddenly changed on account of the incidents before mentioned.

The road from Patterdale to this lake is pleasant and easy, winding through level meadows, skirted by hanging woods and lofty mountains, down whose sides "a hundred torrents rend their furious way." The sound of these streams is occasionally driven full on the ear, while at other times it is scarcely audible, unless re-echoed from the opposite side. It is no unusual circumstance for one part of the mountains to be wrapped in shade, while the other exhibits all the glowing variety of colour which the rays of the declining sun can impart. The road from Brothers' Water to Ambleside lies through a rugged pass, truly alpine in its character, and winds along a contracted valley, with a lofty and naked mountain impending on the left. A steep and difficult path, leading to the heights of Kirkstone, encounters the deafening tumult of a raging torrent, tumbling and foaming over its rocky channel.

The meadows, spreading out to a considerable distance beyond the lake, present a surface as level as that of the pool itself; and it has been conjectured, that they were once covered with water, and that an alluvial deposit, or the accumulation of vegetable matter at the shallow bottom of the lake, or the widening of the passage by which the water flows out of it, has converted this considerable extent from a pool into a meadow. The huge mountains of Place Fell and Grisdale Pikes terminate the view of Brothers' Water, as seen from Kirkstone Foot.
MARDALE HEAD.

"I look upon a region wild and wide,  
A realm of mountain, forest-haunt, and fell,  
And fertile valleys, beautifully lone;  
Where fresh and far romantic waters roam,  
Singing a song of peace by many a cottage home."

J.C. Prince.

MARDALE is a chapelry in the parish of Bampton, and forms part of the Earl of Lonsdale's forest of Thornwaite. The chapel of ease stands on an eminence, one mile south of the head of Hawes Water, in a beautifully picturesque and fertile situation, surrounded by lofty mountains and fells.

Among the mountains which form the southern boundary of Hawes Water, is Mardale Head, a wild and solitary region, wherein nature, working with a master hand, seems to have produced the very beau ideal of romantic grandeur and sublimity. The beautiful representation which the artist has given, renders description needless, and almost impossible. The reader may look on the bold delineation before him, and realize the very scene itself; but language is cold and feeble when attempted as the medium for conveying to the mind's eye perfect ideas of objects so vast and overwhelming. The view is taken from the side of the river flowing into Hawes Water. This stream issues from a tarn in the distant central mountains, across which is the pass of Nan Bield leading to Kentmere. Salset-brow appears on the left. The mists gather suddenly, and with great density, on the mountains in this neighbourhood; and alas for the traveller, who, relying on his knowledge of the road, suffers them to overtake him in his journey!

The clouds gather round the mountains, and hang poised and motionless upon their heights. The gushing streams descend from the hills,

"Still gathering, as they pour along,  
A voice more loud, a tide more strong."

To the master spirits of poesy we are indebted for those glowing descriptions, which almost nullify the remark lately made, that language is inadequate to portray the beauties of nature. Apposite to our present subject are these splendid lines of "Caledonia's much-lamented son:"

"The western waves of ebbing day  
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;  
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
Was bathed in floods of living fire,  
But not a setting beam could glow  
Within the dark ravines below,  
Where twined the path in shadow hid,  
Round many a rocky pyramid."
In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns;
The life of beauty fills the rural scenes;
E’en love, if fame the truth of love declare,
Draw first the breathings of a rural air.”

MARDALE GREEN.

Mardale Green is a fertile and beautiful spot in the valley of Mardale, distant about a mile and a half from the lake of Hawes Water. Few dwellings are met with in this or any other part of the vale; but ample accommodation for the tourist is provided at the White Bull Inn on the Green. The chapel of Mardale stands on an eminence, one mile south of the lake, in a beautifully picturesque situation, surrounded by lofty mountains and fells. The views from the parsonage are of the most interesting and diversified character. The casket called Chapel-hill, in this neighbourhood, has been the residence and property of the Holme family through many generations. The founder of the race was a native of Stockholm, whence he came to England with William the Conqueror, who rewarded him with an estate in Northamptonshire, where his descendants located till the time of King John, when the head of the family was compelled to fly for refuge from his enemies to the valley of Mardale, and to seek concealment in Hugh’s Cave; and he afterwards purchased this estate.

The “mountainous retirement” of Mardale Green still exhibits something of the primeval simplicity which prevailed throughout the “hill country,” till the mighty revolution, effected by literature and the advancement of mechanical art, had entered even into these fastnesses of nature, and swept before it the peculiarities, the rude dwellings, and the manners of a semi-barbarous age.

The chimneys of the houses were formerly of the most capacious extent, and served not only as larders, wherein joints of meat were suspended to dry for winter use, but also as the favourite gathering-places for the inmates of the dwellings. Under the smoky dome, which in moist weather was constantly shedding a black, sooty lye, sat the women knitting, or spinning wool and flax, the men cardsing the wool, and the schoolboy conning the barbarous latinity of Lilly; while the grandsire of the house amused the party with tales of border strife and superstitious legends. The fire was lighted on the hearth, and opposite to it was usually a large oaken closet of different compartments, on which was carved the owner’s name, the year in which it was made, and innumerable scrolls and devices. This was the common depository or strong-room of the house. The clothing of the men was of the native fleece, home-spun, and woven by the village weaver; that of the women, was made from the finer native wool, dyed
to the weaver's fancy, and fabricated by a rude artisan at the owner's fireside. The furniture of the house consisted of a long oaken table, with a bench on each side, where the whole family, including servants, ate together. The richer sort of people would show a service of pewter; but the middle and poorer classes used wooden trenchers. Chairs of heavy wainscot work, with high arms, were in use; but the usual moveable seats were three-footed stools. To furnish light for the winter evenings, candles were made of peeled rushes, dipped in the hot fat of fried bacon. The candlestick was a light, upright pole, fixed in a log of wood, and furnished with pincers for holding the rushes. The usual food consisted of leaven-bread, (made from a kind of black oats,) boiled animal food, the produce of the dairy, and a limited supply of vegetables.

From Mardale, the pedestrian might ascend High Street, and descend into Troutbeck; or cross the Martindale fells direct to Patterdale, at the head of Ullswater; or by scrambling over the pass Nan Bield, between Harter Fell and High Street, descend into Kentmere.
HAYSWATER.

"And the rapt soul
From the foul haunts of herded human kind
Flies far away with spirit-speed, and tastes
Th' untainted air, that with the lively hue
Of health and happiness illumines the cheek
Of mountain liberty."

SOUTHEY.

Hayswater Tarn, in the environs of lake Ullswater, is more extensive than most of the other tarns, and is much frequented by trout-anglers. It lies under the north-west side of High Street Mountain. The stream from this elevated lake passes Low Hartshope, and, uniting with the waters from the diminutive Brothers Water, discharges itself into lake Ullswater.

High Street stands at the head of Kentmere, the valley which gave birth to Bernard Gilpin, "the Apostle of the North," and near the upper end of Hawes Water. It is of the slate formation, and affords abundance of excellent material for roofing buildings. In former days, the shepherds from the adjacent vales annually met upon the grassy top of this hill, for the purpose of testing their strength and skill in athletic exercises. Notwithstanding the extensive range of prospect commanded by the mountain, it is not often visited, principally on account of its distance from any comfortable inn. It is, however, well worthy of the tourist's attention, and not much difficulty will be experienced in ascending from any of the neighbouring valleys, namely—from Kentmere, Mardale, Patterdale, and Troutbeck.

This mountain-retirement is illustrative of a passage in the "Excursion:"—

"Many are the notes
Which in his tuneful course the wind draws forth
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores;
And, well those lofty brethren bear their part
In the wild concert—chiefly when the storm
Rides high; then all the upper air they fill
With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,
Like smoke, along the level of the blast,
In mighty current; theirs, too, is the song
Of stream and headlong flood that seldom falls;
And, in the grim and breathless hour of noon,
Methinks that I have heard them echo back
The thunder's greeting; nor have nature's laws
Left them ungifted with a power to yield
Music of finer frame, a harmony,
So do I call it, though it be the land
Of silence, though there be no voice: the clouds,
The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,
Motions of moonlight, all come thither, touch,
And have an answer."
10 AU 59
UPPER REACH, ULLSWATER.

"View from yon summit nobler scenes arise,
Romantic scenes, that steal upon the eye;
Nature's wild efforts! where each ruder part
Must charm beyond the rigid rules of art;
PROJECTING rocks that o'er the vale suspend,
Along whose sides the waving woods extend."—Dr. Drake.

The Upper Reach of Ullswater lies wholly in Westmorland; but from the curvature at Glencoin, the boundary-line between the two counties passes down the middle of the lake. The lake is generally viewed by the tourist when travelling from Ambleside to Penrith, as the road between the two places passes along the northern shore. The lake itself, which has been compared with the Swiss Lucerne, is nine miles in length, and is partitioned by the mountains into three separate chambers, or reaches, as they are locally termed; its extreme breadth is about three-quarters of a mile. The first reach, commencing at the foot, is terminated on the left by Hallin Fell, which stretches forward to a promontory from the opposite side, called Skelly Neb, upon which stands the seat of Halsteads. The middle and largest reach is closed by Birk Fell on the left, and on the right by Stybarrow Crag, far away above which “the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn” rises into thin air; the little island, called House Holm, spots the water exactly at the termination of this section of the lake. The highest is the smallest and narrowest; but the mingled grandeur and beauty which surround it are beyond the power of the liveliest imagination to depict. Four or five islands dimple the surface, and by their diminutive size impress more deeply upon the beholder the vastness of the hills which tower above them; whilst Stybarrow Crag, and other offshoots from Helvellyn on one side, Birk Fell and Place Fell on the other, springing from the lake’s margin almost at one bound, shut in this paradise.

The rocks in the neighbourhood of Ullswater are remarkable for the grandeur and variety of their echoes. The firing of a cannon causes an awful uproar, as if the foundations of every rock on the lake were giving way. A few wind-instruments produce an entirely different effect: the most ravishing sounds fill the air, and form a thousand symphonies playing together from every part. Such is the illusion of the moment, that “the whole lake is transformed into a kind of magical scene, in which every promontory seems peopled by aerial beings, answering each other in celestial music.”

Between Ullswater and Windermere there is this difference: the former will be most attractive to the deeply-contemplative mind, and the latter to the young and the volatile—to those who had rather be pleased than astonished. Solitude has placed her throne on the mountains of Ullswater; if, indeed, we may call it loneliness, to range amid the magnificence of nature, and “hold high converse with her charms.”
The boatmen who ply on the lakes have learned, by observation, from what point a view appears to most advantage; and they frequently endeavour to keep the visitor ignorant of their intention, till, by a skilful manoeuvre, they have brought the object immediately before his eyes. Mr. Baines relates a circumstance of this kind, which occurred in passing up Ullswater:

"At the desire of the boatman, we crossed to the side of Gowbarrow Park, just where it terminates in the deep and secluded valley of Glencoin, which contributes its streamlet to the waters of the lake. He contrived that we should creep along the shore till we came close under a lofty crag, enveloped from the base to the summit in natural wood. Then, turning the head of the boat from the land, and desiring me to pull as strongly as I could, whilst he directed us all to keep our eyes on the crag, we shot out towards the middle of the lake. The effect was magical. The naked peak of a mountain, before concealed, seemed to rise up swiftly out of the woody eminence from which we were receding, till it stood in its just proportion before us, and appeared many hundred feet above our heads, leaving at its base the bold crag from under which we had darted."

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GOLDRILL BECK.

"In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead;
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unremoved, he hooks the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed." — Pope.

Goldrill Beck is in the valley of Patterdale; and unites several streams which pass through it to Lake Ullswater. From the bridge, or in its immediate neighbourhood, the tourist gains a splendid prospect, including the rich meadows that lie on each side of the Beck, the lake before named, and a mountainous range closing the view on the north.
ULLSWATER, FROM PATTERDALE.

"Thee, savage Wyburn, now I hail; Delicious Grasmere's calm retreat, And stately Windermere I greet, And Keswick's sweet fantastic vale; But let her naiads yield to thee, And lowly bend the subject knee, Imperial lake of Patrick's Dale."*  

CUMBERLAND.

ULLSWATER is usually included among the lakes of Cumberland, though, from its situation on the line of demarcation between that county and Westmorland, it might properly be considered as common to both. The accompanying view is taken from the valley of Patterdale, on the Westmorland side of the lake, a point happily chosen by the artist for displaying the peculiar features of Ullswater.

This magnificent expanse of water is admitted to be the finest of all the lakes. It does not, like Windermere, present scenes of voluptuous beauty, equal to those which the Arabian prophet has promised shall hereafter be unveiled to the faithful; but a succession of imagery, incomparably grand and sublime. Its waters advance into the very heart of the mountains, which, "lifting their huge forms above the clouds," impend over the lake, and shroud in awful majesty this seclusion of nature. The hill-sides are covered with waving forests; and rich meadows are spread at their feet. At intervals are seen, peeping forth from among the trees, those quiet habitations of rural industry, that captivate the heart of the occasional visitor, and for which he is inclined to think the busy world can offer no equivalent in exchange. In the survey of such a scene, the mind of necessity becomes contemplative, and every feeling of levity subsides into emotions of reverence and admiration; whether it be a time when the smooth lake "mirrors the Almighty's form," or on those solemn occasions when the echoing mountains reverberate:

"his voice, deep, dreadful, loud; Utter'd from forth the rolling thunder-cloud."

Ullswater is nine miles in extent, and, excepting in one part where a rocky projection occurs, above a mile in breadth. "But the eye loses its power of judging even of the breadth, confounded by the boldness of the shores, and the magnificence of the fells that rise beyond: the proportions, however, are grand; for the water retains its dignity, notwithstanding the vastness of its accompaniments." This lake abounds with a great variety of fish, including a peculiar species of trout, weighing upwards of thirty pounds; eels of very considerable size, and of the finest flavour, are also readily found.

* Patterdale is a corruption of Patrick's daie, so called from St. Patrick's Well, in the valley near the Hall.
ULLSWATER, FROM POOLEY BRIDGE.

"Slow with majestic pride, a spacious flood
Devolves his lordly stream; with many a turn
Seeking along his serpentizing way,
And in the grateful intricacies feeds,
With fruitful waves, those ever smiling shores
Which in the floating mirror view their charms
With conscious glory."  COOPER.

Pooley-Bridge, a village at the foot of Ullswater, six miles from Penrith, has a comfortable inn for the reception of tourists; and boats can always be obtained here for voyaging the lake. The mountains surrounding Ullswater, in the neighbourhood of Pooley-Bridge, do not rise to so great a height as those which extend along the middle and upper reaches; the general features of the lake are, however, distinctly characterized. Here, as at Patterdale, and in the vicinity of Gowbarrow Park, the mountains wear not the aspect of peaceful majesty, but the stern frown of demons sullenly brooding over the waters. The scenery of the lower reach is enriched by the river Eamont, a clear and rapid stream, into which the lake discharges its contents; and by the steep, conical, wood-covered hill of Dunmallet, at one season of the year wearing a mantle of the richest foliage, and at another assuming the mellow tints of autumn.

The engraving exhibits the lake of Ullswater under an aspect entirely different from any in which we have before seen it. The glassy surface of the waters is broken up, and in its place a thousand waves are rolling and tossing over each other. The trees bend beneath the fury of the winds, and "howl a mournful requiem to the blast." The accumulated clouds roll heavily along, and, descending by the side of the mountains, increase a thousand-fold the awful grandeur of the solitude.
10 AV 59
SECOND REACH, ULLSWATER.

"What lovely grandeur stretches round! Each sight how sublime! and how awful each sound! All hush'd and serene, as a region of dreams, the mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams, their glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven, but calm their blue tops in the beauty of Heaven." - Wilson.

The Second Reach of Ullswater presents a scene of natural grandeur and sublimity that can scarcely be exceeded; and when beheld, as our artist has shown it, under a moonlight effect, it affords objects for contemplation, on which the eye rests with astonishment, and the mind with awful and devotional feeling. This reach of the lake extends about four miles in length, and lies between the lofty and precipitous acclivities of Hallan Fell, Birk Fell, and Place Fell on the east, and the undulating copse of Gowbarrow Park on the west. "The characteristics of the left shore are grandeur and immensity; its cliffs are vast and broken, and rise immediately from the stream, and often shoot their masses over it." Among the fells enclosing this shore, are Holling Fell, and Swarth Fell, "showing huge walls of naked rocks, and scars which many torrents have inflicted." Helvellyn, scowling over all, adds dignity to this alpine solitude.

Gowbarrow Park is far more interesting, and more accordant to the rest of the scenery, with its neglected woods, its aged oaks and thorns, and its rough carpet of grass and fern, than if all the elegance of art had been lavished upon it. Nature, and what is almost as good as nature, antiquity, are the ideas it impresses on the mind. In beholding it, you think of ancient baronial times; and a pleasing melancholy, mingled with reverence, comes over you. The impression is heightened by the plain, gray building, called Lyulph's Tower, which stands on a lofty knoll, on the edge of a wood, and whose battlements lead you to suppose it a fortification. It is, however, merely a shooting-box, erected in imitation of an old mansion, by the late Duke of Norfolk, and now belongs to H. Howard, Esq.

From Lyulph's Tower, the lake of Ullswater is seen to present a singularly bold expense. The view up this reach, towards the south and east, includes all the fells and curvatures of Gowbarrow Park; while to the west, a dark angle discovers a glimpse of the solemn alps assembled round the base of Helvellyn.

Lyulph's Tower is situated on the left of our view. It is a square, rugged edifice, with four towers, battlements, and Gothic windows; was erected, in a great measure, to form an interesting object in the surrounding scenery; and is supposed to have been denominated from Lyulphus, an Anglo-Saxon of distinction, the first Baron of Greystock, who received the grant shortly after the Conquest, and thus became the proprietor of Ullswater. Lyulphus was murdered during the disturbances occasioned by the
intrusion of the Normans into this country; and his monument, it is said, still remains in the church at Chester-le-Street, near Durham. Some writers think he gave his name, "Ulfeswater," to the lake; whilst others are of opinion, that "Ullswater" merely signifies "water of the lake." "The park, within which Lyulph's Tower is situated, contains upwards of eighteen hundred acres, and is pastured by a vast number of deer, besides sheep and black cattle."

Aira Fome, a noble cascade, near Lyulph's Tower, is the scene of Wordsworth's *Somnambulist*. In a castle, which according to the poet occupied the site of the tower, a lady lived, who had been wooed and won by Sir Eglamore, a brave knight, whose vow of chivalry carried him to foreign lands to redress the wrongs of the oppressed. Mourning his absence, the Lady Emma followed him in her dreams; and frequently rising from her bed, her senses steeped in unconsciousness, she walked from her castle to Aira Glen. One fatal evening, Sir Eglamore returned unexpectedly, and perceived the fair "Somnambulist" wandering in her sleep, and approaching the cascade. Suddenly she awoke, saw her lover, and, overcome by the surprise, fell into the stream. She was rescued by the knight, and died in his arms. We subjoin the first and last stanzas of Wordsworth's beautiful poem.

"List ye, who pass by Lyulph's Tower
At eve; how softly then
Doth Aira Fome, that torrent home,
Speak from the woody glen!
Fit music for a solemn vale!
And holier seems the ground,
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale
Embodied in the sound."

"Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
Nor fear memorial lays,
Where clouds that spread in solemn shade
Are edged with golden rays!
Dear art thou to the light of Heaven,
Though minister of sorrow;
Sweet is thy voice at pensive even;
And thou in lovers' hearts forgiven,
Shall take thy place with Yarrow."

On the right of our view, the shattered mountain of Birk Fell is seen stretching itself into the lake; and down the sides, the hill-torrent rushes on in its long-accustomed channel. A scene like the one here presented, must be actually witnessed, to be adequately felt and understood. Even the pencil cannot do everything; and mere description can give but a very faint and imperfect idea of a solitude so desolate on the one hand, and so richly wooded on the other—so awful and majestic, yet so calm and peaceful.

"Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
And look through nature with creative fire."
HAWES WATER, FROM THWAITE FORCE.

"Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,  
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace,  
Over many a winding dale and painful steep,  
Th' abode of covey'd grouse and timid sheep.

The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,  
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;  
Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,  
The eye with wonder and amazement fills."  

BURNS.

The lake of Hawes Water is seldom visited by tourists; though the solemn grandeur of its rocks and mountains renders it eminently picturesque. The comparative neglect in which it has been left, may perhaps, in a great measure, be attributed to the local habits of the guides, who are not accustomed to include it in "the excursions."

This lake does not exceed three miles in length, and varies in width from half a mile to a quarter. On the western side, near the village of Messand, it is divided by a promontory; and thus consists of two sheets of water, joined by a narrow strait. The second expanse of the lake, (the subject of our illustration,) discloses a scenery more varied and sublime than that of the northern extremity. The south side presents a noble ridge of mountains, very bold and prominent down to the water-edge, bulging out in the centre of a fine broad head, venerably magnificent; and the view of the first expanse, losing itself in the second among hills, rocks, and woods, is beautifully picturesque. The perspective of the second sheet of water appears from a distance to be terminated by the huge mountain called Castle Crag; but as you advance, Harter Fell rears its awful front, impeding over the water, and confines the scene. Here, amidst rocks, and at the entrance of a glen almost choked by fragments from the heights, stands the chapel of Mardale.

The illustrative view is taken from the side of a mountain, whence issues the waterfall of Thwaite Force. At the foot of this hill stands the village of Messand; and close at hand is the woody promontory which divides the lake. The wood-covered hill on the left, projecting into the water, is Wallow Crag—a mass of perpendicular rocks, wild and dark, soaring above the strait, from the midst of an elevated ridge, called Naddle Forest, on the southern side of the water.

Tourists who visit Hawes Water will find it advisable to cross from Kentmere, and ascend the mountains between Harter Fell and High Street, whence they obtain a beautiful view of mountain scenery, and a general survey of the lake. The present Earl of Lonsdale keeps a boat upon the lake for the accommodation of tourists; and as there is no public-house in the vicinity, he has erected a covered gallery near the side of the water, where they can enjoy their picnic, whilst gazing at the beautiful scenery around.
LOWTHER CASTLE.

NORTH FRONT.

"Fair structure! worthy the triumphant age
Of glorious England’s opulence and power,
Peace be thy lasting heritage,
And happiness thy dower.”

The north front, as seen in the view, is in the castellated style of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, and is four hundred and twenty feet in length. The terrace is five hundred feet long, and one hundred wide. The southern front forms a remarkable contrast with the northern, being built in the Gothic cathedral style, with pointed and mullioned windows, delicate pinnacles, niches, and cloisters. So far from the diversity of the fronts being discordant, the art of the designer has made them increase each others effect.

Surmounting the whole is a lofty tower, from the summit of which the prospect is extremely fine—the mountains of Helvellyn, Seat Sandal, Saddleback, and Skiddaw, with a large interspace of champaign and swelling country, are distinctly visible. The chief approach to the castle is from the north, where its numerous towers of different elevation are seen rising in beautiful proportion; and a lofty embattled wall surrounds the court, which is entered by an arched gateway.

The fitting-up of the interior is in a style of splendour corresponding with the external appearance. Heart-of-oak and birch occupy, in a great measure, the place of foreign woods, in the furniture and carvings. The staircase, sixty feet square, which climbs the great central tower, with the ceiling ninety feet from the ground, is highly imposing. The library, forty-five feet by thirty, decorated entirely with oak, is plentifully stored with books, and hung round with family portraits. The saloon is a splendid apartment on the south front, sixty feet by thirty, having the dining-room on one side, and the drawing-room on the other. The corridors and rooms are adorned with busts from the chisels of Chantry, Westmacott, and other sculptors. Upon the walls of the various apartments are hung many paintings by the ancient and modern masters.
The capabilities of the situation which the park afforded, had attracted the notice of Lord Macartney, who, whilst describing a beautiful and romantic scene in China, observed, that "it reminded him of Lowther, in Westmorland, which, from the extent of prospect, the grand surrounding objects, the noble situation, the diversity of surface, the extensive woods, and command of water, might be rendered, by a man of sense, spirit, and taste, the finest scene in the British dominions." Whether his lordship's opinion influenced the then Earl of Lonsdale in his undertaking, we are not able to say; but certain it is, that that nobleman, by the erection of the present castle, and by a tasteful and judicious arrangement of the grounds in its vicinage, has nearly, if not entirely, realised the suggested scene. The park has been much admired for the profusion of fine forest trees which embellish its spacious lawns. It is watered by the Lowther, the pellucid clearness of which fully justifies its supposed etymological derivation. The gray and tree-crowned crags, the transparent stream, and the graceful windings of its course, add greatly to the charms of its scenery. Near the Castle there is a grassy terrace, shaded by fine trees, nearly a mile long, from which the prospect is most charming; and Askham Church, Askham Hall, and Lowther Church are seen from many parts of the park with beautiful effect.

LOWTHER CASTLE.

SOUTH FRONT.

"Lowther! in thy majestic pile are seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
With the baronial castle's sterner mien;
Union significant of God adored.
And charters won, and guarded with the sword
Of ancient honour." Wordsworth.

The contrast in the styles of the two fronts of Lowther Castle, which we have already noticed (p. 72), is alluded to in the above quotation from the most popular of the Lake poets. It contributes much to the charm of this baronial edifice, in which, says a recent writer, "Generous magnificence and domestic simplicity are so nicely blended in one harmonious whole, that even the stranger, courteously permitted to
enter and admire, cannot but feel that the floor he treads is pre-eminently that of a noble English house."*

The Lowther family is of great antiquity, the names of William de Lowther and Thomas de Lowther being subscribed as witnesses to a grant of lands in the reign of Henry II. Sir Gervaise de Lowther flourished in the reign of Henry III. Sir Hugh de Lowther was attorney-general to Edward III., and afterwards one of his justices-itinerant. Another Sir Hugh was engaged at the battle of Agincourt, under Henry V., as well as two others of the same family. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Richard Lowther, knight, held the office of lord-warden of the western marches; and being high-sheriff of Cumberland when Mary Queen of Scots, fleeing into England, arrived at Workington, in 1568, he conveyed her, by the direction of Elizabeth, to Carlisle Castle. Sir John Lowther distinguished himself by influencing the counties of Westmorland and Cumberland in favour of King William, at the memorable era of 1688, in return for which service he was created Baron Lowther, Viscount Lonsdale, in 1696; he was appointed lord-privy-seal, and was the great adorer and improver of the grounds and neighbourhood of Lowther. The peerage became extinct in 1750, in the third lord (Henry); but the baronetage passed to James Lowther, descended from the Sir John Lowther who died in 1675. He was created Baron Lowther, Earl of Lonsdale, in 1784, and died childless in 1802. When a commoner, he was thirty years M.P. for Westmorland or Cumberland, and in 1761 was returned for both counties. He was also lord-lieutenant of the two counties, and succeeded to the two millions left by his cousin, Sir James Lowther, of Whitehaven, in 1755, who was remarkable for his eccentricities and caprice. The title of Viscount Lowther descended to his cousin, Sir William Lowther, of Swillington, baronet, who was created Earl of Lonsdale, April 4, 1807, and made a Knight of the Garter; he died March 19, 1844, aged eighty-seven years, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the present earl. The first Sir John Lowther, of Swillington (father to the present baronet), was brother to the first Earl of Lonsdale; and there is a special remainder of the earldom to his descendants, on any failure of the noble branch.

* Ross's Summer Wanderings.
BRAGHAM CASTLE, WESTMORELAND.
BROUGHAM CASTLE.

"Nought now remains,
Save these sad relics of departed pomp,
These spoils of time, a monumental pile!
Which to the vain its mournful tale relates,
And warns them not to trust to fleeting dreams." — Jago.

The venerable ruins of Brougham Castle are situated near the junction of the rivers Eamont and Lowther, and within a mile and three-quarters south-east of Penrith, on the right of the Appleby road. They are supposed to stand on the site of the Roman station Brovoniacum, as many coins and other remains of that era have from time to time been discovered. The present ruins attest a Norman origin; and the first recorded possessor was John de Veteripont, from whose family the property passed, by marriage, into the hands of the Cliffords and Tuftons successively.

This castle was one of the strongholds of the great barons of the border, in times when a stout fortress was of much greater consequence than at this day. In 1412, it suffered considerably from the Scots; and no mention of it occurs in history from that period till 1617, when James I., on his return from Scotland, was here hospitably entertained by Francis, Earl of Cumberland. An inscription on the edifice states, that in 1651 it was repaired by the Countess-Dowager Pembroke, "after it had lain ruinous ever since 1617." No renovations appear to have been afterwards made; and the pile has gradually sunk beneath the all-subduing influence of time: yet, even at the present day, the ruins retain an air of grandeur, as if in mockery of its ancient magnificence.

Situated on a woody eminence, they present a striking and picturesque object to the tourist, from whatever point the view may be obtained. On approaching, he finds the entrance is by a gateway and tower, leading through a short covered way to the inner gateway. The keep is situated in the middle of the area: the masonry in this portion of the building is admirable; but all the interior apartments, with the exception of one vault, are destroyed. The roof of this chamber consists of groined arches, supported in the centre by an octagonal pillar; and the whole is finished with elaborate chisel-work and grotesque sculptures. Of the out-works, scarcely any vestige remains. The gateways are vaulted, and they had each a portcullis to protect the entrance. Near the castle is a lofty and handsome pillar, adorned with coats of arms and other embellishments, called the Countess's Pillar. It was erected in 1656, by Ann, Countess-Dowager of Pembroke, as the inscription states, "for a memorial of her last parting in this place with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess-Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2nd of April, 1616." The sum of £4, left by the Countess of Pembroke, in memory of her mother, is distributed to the poor on the 2nd of April, every year, upon a stone near this pillar. Wordsworth has a sonnet on
this subject; and Mrs. Hemans, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and Rogers, the bard of Memory, have composed lines upon the memorial-pillar, from the latter of which we make the following extract:

"Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued
Each mountain-scene magnificently rude,
Nor with attention's lifted eye revered
That modest stone by pious Pembroke rear'd,
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour."

The late Earl of Thanet (who was a member of the Tufton family, and owner of Brougham Castle), with a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and a proper sense of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, gave orders that they should be preserved from all depredations—an order which is observed to the present time.

BROUGHAM HALL.

"The calm retreat,
Far from the haunts of sordid men,
Where Flora trains her lovely offspring,
To captivate and charm." Harrison.

On the east bank of the Lowther river, and at the distance of about half a mile from Eamont bridge, stands Brougham Hall, the seat of Henry, Lord Brougham and Vaux. Distinguished only by a venerable simplicity of style, this mansion has frequently been designated, from the elevated situation which it occupies, "the Windsor of the North." The terrace, in front of the house, commands a delightful prospect, comprising the river Lowther, and its plumy woods; the village of Clifton, an extended level of rich meadows, the town of Penrith, and the mountain-scenery of Ullswater. The principal entrance is made from the east, through a strong and ancient gateway, into a beautiful grassy court, with ivied walls running on each side. The entrance-hall is hung round with numerous family portraits, and lighted by five curiously painted Gothic windows, which, from the device of the two-headed eagle, and the German epigrammata scattered up and down, appear to be of Prussian manufacture; and the subdued light admitted through the painted glass, casts upon its lofty walls the

* Having at one time belonged to a family named Bird, the country people, with some attempt at a jeu d'esprit, called it Bird's Nest. Mrs. Radcliffe indeed says, that a bird was formerly painted on the front.
beautiful tints of an autumnal evening. The "book-room" is a handsome apartment recently constructed.

The extensive shrubberies and pleasure-grounds, laid out in excellent taste, are esteemed the most exquisite of their kind. Within the former is a hermit's cell, furnished with the usual characteristics of an anchorite's dwelling. A scroll is exhibited in part of the building, with these lines inscribed:

"Beneath this moss-grown roof, this rustic cell,  
Truth, liberty, content, sequestered dwell;  
Say, you who dare our hermitage disdain,  
What drawing-room can boast so fair a train?"

In a recess of the court before-mentioned, are several altars, brought from the Roman station at Brougham Castle, as a Latin inscription, in modern characters, informs us—BROVAGI ROMANORUM RELIQUIAE. Some of the inscriptions can be made out well enough, but others are so much defaced, that it is impossible, for any eyes but those of a speculative antiquary, to decipher them.

The family of Brougham (or Burgham, as it was formerly spelt) is one of the most ancient in Westmorland, Walter de Burgham being seated at Burgham, as we learn from Domesday-book, in the days of Edward the Confessor. The manor of Burgham, or Brougham, continued in the family (the members of which always held honourable offices in the county) till 1607; when, from the death of Thomas Brougham without issue, the property became divided. In 1676 it centred in James Bird, steward to the Earl of Thanet; and his sons dying before him, the estate was sold to John Brougham, a descendant of a younger branch of the original owners. After his death, the manor came into the hands of his nephew, Henry Brougham, whose eldest son married the daughter of the Rev. James Syme, D.D. (niece, maternally, of Robertson the historian), and was the father of the celebrated lawyer and statesman, Henry, Lord Brougham and Vaux—the second title being taken by his lordship as the heir-general and representative of the ancient family of Vaux, whose founder, Harold de Vaux, Lord of Vaux in Normandy, came in with William I.
APPLEBY.

"Eden, though but small,
Yet often stained with blood of many a bond
Of Scots and English both, that died its strand." — Spenser.

Appleby, the capital of Westmorland, consisting of the two parishes of St. Lawrence and St. Michael, is situated on the river Eden, by which it is almost surrounded, and by some antiquaries it is supposed to occupy the site of the Roman station Aballabo. It has been the county-town since the reign of Edward the Confessor; is governed by a mayor, aldermen, and capital burgesses, the mayor having authority to arrest for any sum without limitation; and did send two representatives to parliament, till 1832, when it was disfranchised by the Reform Bill. The town has many times been assailed by the Scots, who burnt it in 1388; and in 1598, it suffered seriously by a pestilence, from which time it has never recovered its former size and consequence. At present it consists of one broad street, built irregularly on the slope of a hill, at the upper part of which stands the Castle, which is of early Norman, if not Saxon, origin; and, at the lower end, the parish church. The main portion of the present Castle, which is of a square form, was built in 1886, out of the ruins of a part of the former building, by Thomas, Earl of Thanet. It contains numerous family portraits, some valuable MSS., and other relics, including the splendid armour worn by Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, as champion in the tilt-yard to Queen Elizabeth.

The ancient market-houses, or cloisters of Appleby, were pulled down in 1811, and a handsome Gothic building erected, by Smirke, in their stead. Here are also a town-hall and a gaol; and at each end of the town stands a stone obelisk, or cross. A free grammar-school, richly endowed, is open to all the children of the town upon paying 2s. 6d. per quarter to the master; and also five scholarships, founded by the Earl of Thanet, at Queen's College, Oxford, and entitled to participate in five exhibitions, of £60 per annum, at the same college, on the foundation of Lady Elizabeth Hastings. There is also an hospital for thirteen widows, founded by the celebrated Anne, Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, heiress of the Clifords, the possessors of the Castle for several centuries; by the marriage of whose eldest daughter, it became the property of the family of Tufton, of which the late Earl of Thanet was the representative.

Appleby received charters from Henry II., John, and Henry III., all which were given up to James II.; since which period it has subsisted as a borough by prescription. Crackenborpe Hall, a manorial residence in this parish, was, from the earliest period of authenticated record, the mansion of the Machels, a Saxon family, who eventually alienated it to the late Earl of Lonsdale. Near this seat, which is at present
neglected, is a Roman camp, three hundred yards long, and one hundred and fifty yards broad, with three entrances, and a watch-tower, or fort, at the distance of bow-shot.

The weekly market, held on Saturday, is remarkable for the supply of corn. A fortnightly market for cattle is held at the High Cross; besides which, there are three annual fairs, for the sale of horses, sheep, and merchandise. The population is about two thousand five hundred. Appleby is distant twenty-four miles from Kendal, and two hundred and sixty-six from London. The illustrative view is taken from the side of the river, to the north of the town.

BROUGH CASTLE.

"Naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lash'd by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak,
And whistle mournfully through th'empty halls
And piecemeal crumble down the towers to dust."

MICHAEL BRUCE.

The ancient town of Brough, called Brough-under-Stanemore, to distinguish it from other places of the same name, was formerly a station of the Romans, who, in the decline of their empire, had a captain, with a band of directores, at this place. The town is divided into two parts: the northern portion being called Market Brough, and that on the south, Church Brough. In the latter stands the church, a spacious, ancient fabric, the pulpit of which is formed out of one entire stone.

In the neighbourhood of the church, on a lofty eminence above the Swindale rivulet, stand the venerable ruins of Brough Castle. This structure is supposed to occupy the site of the Roman fortress, and to have been built shortly after the Norman conquest. A large stone, removed from the gateway of the edifice about fifty years since, and placed under the waterfall at Brougham Mill, bears the following inscription:—"This castle of Brough-under-Stanemore, and the great tower of it, was repaired by Lady Ann Clifford, Countess-Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery; Baroness Clifford, Westmorland, and Vesey; High Sheriff by inheritance of the county of Westmorland, and Lady of the Honour of Skipton-in-Craven, in the year of our Lord God, 1659; so as she came to lie in it herself for a little while in September, 1661, after it had been ruinous, without timber or any covering, ever since the year 1521, when it was burnt by a casual fire."
The walls of the great square tower, called Caesar's Tower, stood perfect till 1792, when the lower part of the south-east corner gave way, and left the upper part suspended, with no other support than the cement of the parallel wall. About seventy years since, an urn, containing a large quantity of Roman silver coins, was found while digging the foundation of a house in the vicinity of the castle. The most of these were in a high state of preservation; one especially, bearing on the obverse a fine impression of the head of Titus Vespasian, and on the reverse the figure of a female weeping, allusive, it is supposed, to the destruction of Jerusalem by that emperor. Latterly, the ruins have suffered less from the ravages of time, than from the vandal indifference with which the materials have been taken and applied to ordinary building purposes. Sufficient, however, remains, and we trust will remain, to identify a spot rife with interesting associations—the site of ancient record and traditionary lore, from the time when the Romans held sway at Brough and its vicinity; and lorded it—

“Where Eden's flood
(Ituna 'clap'd by bards of old renown,
Purpled with Saxon and with British blood)
Laves the sweet vale, that first my prattling muse
Provoked to numbers, broken as the ruins
Of Roman towers, which deck its lofty banks,
And shines more beauteous by decay.”

REV. W. THOMPSON.

EAMONT BRIDGE.

“He pass'd red Penrith's Table Round,
For feats of chivalry renown'd;
Left Mayborough's mound, and stones of power,
By Druids raised in magic hour;
And traced the Eamont's winding way,
'Till Ulf's lake beneath him lay.”

SCOTT—Bridal of Triermain.

The village of Eamont Bridge is situated one mile south-by-east from Penrith, and forms a joint township with Yanwath, excepting a few houses on the north side of the river, which are in Cumberland. The river Eamont is the boundary between the counties of Westmorland and Cumberland; and along this stream, delightfully picturesque roads lead through the Lowther grounds. In fact, there is not a more interesting spot to be found in the lake district than Eamont Bridge.

Many interesting traditions, referring to the poetical history of Britain, are
THE GIANT'S GRAVE, IN THE CHURCH YARD, FERRIE'IH.

THE LONDON PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.
The Giants' Grave, Penrith.

Connected with the site of this village. On the south bank of the Eamont, within a short distance of Penrith, is King Arthur's Round Table, a trenched amphitheatre, where the brave of other days wrought deeds of high enterprise, and vindicated the honour of knighthood by achievements in arms. In the immediate neighbourhood of this romantic spot, is Mayburgh, or Mayborough, a "mysterious structure," generally supposed to have been the Gymnasium, where the humbler classes sought to distinguish themselves, and obtain a rude renown by the athletic exercises of wrestling, racing, casting the quoit, &c. It is an area, nearly one hundred yards in diameter, and is inclosed by a mound of pebble-stones, with an entrance from the east.

On the north side of the river Eamont are two singular excavations in a perpendicular rock, called the Giant's Caves, or Isis Parvis. The only approach to them is along narrow ledges of the cliff; and the visitor is obliged to cling firmly to the shrubs which vegetate on its rugged side. The first cave is little more than a narrow recess, but the other is capable of holding a great number of people, and it appears to have had, formerly, a door and a window. A massive column, still retaining marks of iron grating and hinges, is yet existing, though the opening is much altered in appearance by the falling-in of some of the upper stones. The whole presents an aspect far from pleasing, if disconnected from the traditional history that clings to it: the interior is miserably dark and damp, and the roof hangs in a shaken and tremendous form. A popular legend states, that these caves were once the residence of Isis, a giant, who, like Cacus of old, seized men and cattle, and drew them into his den, to devour them. By some authors, it has been called the Cave of Tarquin; and they have applied to it the old ballad of "Sir Launcelot de Lake," a famous knight of King Arthur's Round Table.

The Giants' Grave, Penrith.

"Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn;
And long, o'er the neglected stone,
Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown." — Warton.

We cross the Eamont, and enter Cumberland. One mile and a-half from the river stands Penrith, an ancient market-town, seated at the foot of an eminence near the southern boundary of the county, in a district called Inglewood Forest, and in the neighbourhood of four rivers—the Petterill, Lowther, Eamont, and Eden. It has been suggested that the name of the town is derived from the Beason-hill, an
BRITISH SWITZERLAND.

colossal, of a reddish hue, that rises immediately behind it,—Pen and rhudd, signifying, in the British language, red hill. The appearance of the town is clean and neat, being built principally of the red freestone abounding in the neighbourhood; and it contained at the census of 1851, 6,608 inhabitants. Its existence may be traced back for many centuries. The Romans had a station in the neighbourhood, called Bernemontanas; and the site is still called Old Penrith. They were succeeded by the Scots, who were expelled by William I., and that sovereign conferred Inglewood Forest, described as a "goodly great forest, full of woods, red-deer, and fallow-deer wild swine, and all manner of wild beasts," upon one of his followers, Ralph de Meschiens; and here the present Penrith rose. The Scots frequently contended with the English for the possession of this district, and it was ceded to the former on the marriage of Margaret, the daughter of Henry III., upon her betrothal to the son of Alexander II. of Scotland, who subsequently ascended the throne as Alexander III. The territory remained a Scottish sief, till it was conferred, by John Baliol, upon Anthony Beck, the Bishop of Durham, after the Battle of Falkirk, A.D. 1298; and in 1307, that bishop being divested of it, on account of his insubordination and insolence, it reverted to the English crown. It continued a royal sief till the time of William III., who conferred it upon the first Earl of Portland. The town has been subject to great vicissitudes, being frequently devastated by the Scots and by the plague: we learn, from an inscription in the church, that, in 1598, the latter carried off 2,260 of the inhabitants. Penrith has a few manufactures of linens, checks, and fancy goods; and has a good market on Tuesdays. It is distant eighteen miles from Carlisle; seventeen and a-half from Keswick; twenty-six from Kendal; one hundred and fourteen from Glasgow; and two hundred and eighty-two from London.

The ruins of a castle, supposed to have been erected by a Neville, Earl of Westmorland, in the fifteenth century, overlook the town from the west, and, when viewed from the opposite side of the vale, give it a noble appearance. The parish church is a plain structure, of red sandstone; it was partly rebuilt in 1722, and is dedicated to St. Andrew. It was given by Henry I. to the Bishop of Carlisle, whose successors are still patrons of the cure. In the churchyard is preserved a curious antique monument called the Giant’s Grave; it consists of two conical stones, each eleven feet and a-half high, standing at the distance of fifteen feet from each other, and marking, according to tradition, the head and foot of the grave. The space between them is partly enclosed on either side with four very large stones, thin in substance, and of a semicircular figure. Near to them stands another pillar, called the “Giant’s Thumb,” which is supposed to be the remains of an ancient cross. The popular legend is, that the remains of Owen Casarius, “sole king of rocky Cumberland,” in the time of Ida (celebrated no less for his mighty achievements than for his colossal stature), repose here.

On the heights to the north of the town is a square stone building, called the Beacon, well placed for giving alarm in time of danger. From the top of the Beacon (a fine grove of firs, planted by the late Earl of Lonsdale, somewhat interfering with
the view from the hill itself), the prospect is at once extensive and delightfully picturesque: Helvellyn, with Ullswater at its foot; Skiddaw and Saddleback, with their attendant mountains; Crossfell,* two thousand nine hundred feet high; and the eastern chain of hills stretching from Stanemoor, in Yorkshire, through Westmorland and Cumberland into Scotland,—being within the boundary of the prospect. Carlisle cathedral can be pointed out, and beyond are the dusky forms of the Scottish border-highlands. Many visitors to the lakes approach them in the direction of Penrith.

THIRLWALL CASTLE

"What beauty is there in the sight
Of these old ruined castle-walls,
On which the utmost rage and spite
Of Time's worst insurrection falls!"

Dryden's Miscellanies.

THIRLWALL CASTLE stands on a rocky precipice, and occupies that part of the Roman wall which crosses the River Tippel, near the Irthing, on the borders of Cumberland.

The famous barrier, named the Pict's or Adrian's Wall, was first erected by Agricola, to restrain the incursions of the Caledonians, and was composed of ramparts of earth thrown up to a considerable elevation, on the borders of which were built, at unequal distances, a range of forts, or castles, commencing about three miles and a-half east of Newcastle, and ending twelve miles west of Carlisle, being about seventy-four miles in length. In the year 121, the emperor Adrian added new works of his own to strengthen it, making a much larger ditch and raising a higher rampart of earth. These proving insufficient to repel the attacks of the North Britons, the emperor Severus, in the year 207, determined to build a wall of stone, which was conducted nearly parallel with the rampart of Adrian, and extended from Tynemouth, in Northumberland, to Solway Frith, on the western side of Cumberland, thus dividing the kingdom from sea to sea. The wall was eight feet thick, twelve feet high to the base of the battlements, and, at equal distances, there was a number

* This hill is said to have been designated Fiend's Fell, from the common belief that evil spirits had their haunt upon it, until St. Anthony erected a cross, and built an altar on the summit, where he offered the holy eucharist, and thus countercharmed the demons. Since that time it has borne the name of Cross Fell; and the people in the neighbourhood style a heap of stones lying there, the "Altar upon Cross Fell."
of stations, or towers, eighty-one castles, and three hundred and thirty castelets, or turrets, erected to be not only a means of protection, but of conveying information from one part of the wall to another. This barrier was erected by the legionary soldiers of Rome, and many vestiges of this stupendous work may, even in the present day, be traced through a distance of seventy miles.

The original of Thirlwall Castle may, no doubt, be referred to one of these old Roman towers. It was here that the Scots forced their way through the barrier, after the departure of the Romans. Having collected their forces, they made openings with their mattocks and pickaxes, and from these gaps or breaches the site obtained the name of Thirl-wall, which signifies, in the Saxon language, a perforated or broken wall. The remains of the castle stand close by the north side of the wall. The floor of one of the apartments was some years since cleared, and discovered to be of singular construction, consisting of three tiers of flags, laid upon sand. (The only light admitted is seen through narrow apertures in the walls; and the whole aspect presents the appearance of a gloomy and terrific dungeon. Of late years, a great part of the ruins of the castle has been applied to building cottages.)

GILSLAND SPA.

"Here are thy walks, O sacred Health! The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth; The sense'ning of all good below, The sovereign friend in joy or woe; O thou most courted, most despised, And but in absence duly prized, Power of the soft and rosy face! The vivid pulse, the vermilion grace, The spirits, when the gayest shine, Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine." — Mallet.

The highly-celebrated sulphuretted and chalybeate spas of Gilsland are situated in the romantic and picturesque vale of the Irthing, two miles north of the road leading from Carlisle to Newcastle. This delightful spot has been the favourite and fashionable resort of the votaries of Hygeia for nearly a century. Hither the valetudinarian repairs, to re-establish his declining health; hither the votaries of pleasure come, to enjoy the delights of beautiful scenery and refined society. The man of science also has peculiar inducements to visit the healing waters: within a short
10 AU 59
distance of the Spa is the site of the famous Roman wall; and numerous remains of Roman, Saxon, and Gothic architecture exist in the immediate neighbourhood. The student in geology and botany will find ample scope for indulgence in his favourite pursuits: rare plants and beautiful specimens of mineral organization, are found in the shades of Gilsland, and in the mountainous domain contiguous.

Some well-conducted and elegantly-furnished hotels afford ample accommodation to visitors. Every luxury for the table, and every amusement for the gratification of leisure hours, is obtained at moderate expense. Two or three nights each week, parties mingle together in the assembly-rooms, where social feeling pervades without interruption, and exclusive notions are allowed to have no influence. Billiard-tables, libraries, news-rooms, concerts, angling, and a long et-cetera of delightful recreations, are provided, to prevent the possibility of that odious monster, Ennui, ever intruding his presence at the gay and mirthful scene. The inns, walks, and scenery of Gilsland were much improved by the late Major Mounsey, who, in 1815, built a handsome cottage for his summer residence near Shaw's Hotel.

LANERCOST PRIORY.

"Built in far other times, those sculptured walls
Attest the faith which our forefathers felt,
Strong faith, whose visible presence yet remains;
We pray with deeper reverence at a shrine
Hallowed by many prayers." — The Minster.

The remains of Lanercost Priory, which give the name of Abbey Lanercost to a small hamlet in their neighbourhood, stand on the north bank of the river Irthing, at the distance of about twelve miles east-north-east from Carlisle. This Priory appears to have been founded about the year 1116, for the reception of a brotherhood of the Augustine order, by one Robert de Vallibus, who endowed it with "all the lands lying between the Pict's Wall and the Irthing." Liberal donations, and progressive extension of territory, had enriched this monastery so greatly, that at the Dissolution it was enjoying a yearly income of nearly £80—a considerable revenue in those days.

The edifice, in its present state, includes the remains of the conventual church, a portion of the cloisters, and part of the walls of the refectory and other buildings. The west end being used as a parish church, is preserved from dilapidation; but the
tower, chancel, and cross-aisles have long been roofless, and the beautiful Gothic work displayed on the walls, is nearly hidden beneath a profusion of ivy. At the extremities of the cross-aisles are several tombs, sculptured with the armorial bearings of the Dacres and the Howards. These memorials of departed greatness, now mutilated and overgrown with moss, refer to a period when the structure flourished under the auspices of papal authority.

Hutchinson relates, on the testimony of an aged person living near the abbey, "that some years ago, one of the sepulchral vaults fell in, when several bodies were found entire; one in particular with a white beard down to the waist; but a few days reduced them to dust." The cemetery-grounds have been converted into gardens; and many stone coffins and inscribed monuments may still be seen lying amongst the trees.

This Priory, with the adjacent lands, was granted by Henry VIII., in 1543, to Thomas Dacre, a descendant from the founder. He repaired the conventual mansion for his residence; and here his descendants remained, till, by a failure of male issue, the building and its demesnes reverted to the crown. It is now in the tenure of the Earl of Carlisle.

The engraving exhibits the richly-ornamented gateway at the west end, consisting of a circular arch of many members, supported by pilasters. Three lofty Gothic windows confer dignity on this front of the edifice; and in a niche immediately above them, is a statue of Mary Magdalen, the tutelary saint of the Priory. The structure, both in itself and in its scenic accompaniments, is exceedingly picturesque.

NAWORTH CASTLE.

"Ages have passed since the vassal horde
Rose at the call of the feudal lord,
Serf and chief, the fettered and free,
Are resting beneath the greenwood tree,
And the blazon'd shield, and the badge of shame,
Each are alike an empty name."

This castle is situated two miles from Brampton, eleven miles north-west of Carlisle, and about one mile south of Lanercost Priory, near the edge of the wild district of Bewcastle. In addition to the interest derived from the spirit of antiquity enshrined in the mere stone and mortar of the building, a further interest is associated
NAWORTH CASTLE.

with Naworth, in consequence of its having been the residence of the famous Howard, Lord of the Western Marches, of whom Sir Walter Scott says—

"His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
    Hung in a rude and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the bordermen still
    Called noble Howard, Belted Will."

The Castle is built in a quadrangular form, round an extensive courtyard, just at the point where two foaming brooks, before becoming confluent, sweep down the hill at the opposite sides of a precipitous rock. It is only to be reached from the south, and on that side it was formerly protected by a double moat, whilst a barbican defended the drawbridge. Here the principal front extends to a length of two hundred and eight feet. This front is commanded by two lofty battlemented towers, one at the south-east, the other at the south-west extremity; from a corner of each springs a slender watch-turret, like a feather in a cap. The grand gateway leads into the outer court, and above it are boldly sculptured, in stone, the armorial bearings of families who possessed the Castle before it came into the hands of the Howards, Earls of Carlisle. To gain admission to the great courtyard, the visitor has to pass through a low, narrow archway, that pierces the main building not quite in a line with the grand gateway we have mentioned. Out of this courtyard access is gained to the interior of the mansion.

When this structure was first erected does not appear; but it is first noticed in the ninth year of Edward III., when Ralph, Lord Dacre, obtained royal permission to castellate the building. Naworth came into the possession of the Howards by marriage, in 1577, when Lord William Howard, the Belted Will of romance, was united to the Lady Elizabeth, one of the sisters and coheiresses of George, the last Lord Dacre, who was accidentally killed in his minority—when the estates were divided. One of his descendants, Sir Charles Howard, of Naworth, who aided General Monk in effecting the restoration of Charles II., was created Baron Dacre of Gilsland, Viscount Howard of Morpeth, and Earl of Carlisle.

The Castle continues in the Howard family; and the late Earl of Carlisle took great pains to preserve the exterior in its pristine state, at the same time that he invested the interior with all the comforts and luxuries which modern improvements have devised; making it one of the scats of his family. On the 18th of May, 1644, a fire broke out in the Castle, which destroyed the greater part of the interior; but it has been restored in excellent taste; except the chapel, the roof of which only has been repaired. The ceiling of this chapel was originally beautifully panelled; and there was a fine altar-screen, which was destroyed by the fire. There were many suits of ancient armour in the hall, and some paintings of great rarity and beauty; most of which were preserved from the flames. Among the former is the suit belonging to "Belted Will,"—of whom many memorials were kept at the Castle. The paintings include several portraits valuable in an historical point of view: viz., those of Philip, Earl of Arundel, celebrated as the introducer of coaches into England; three of the eighth Harry's queens; and that famous lady, Ann Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke,
and Montgomery. There is, also, a portrait of Charles I., by Vandyke, one of the finest ever painted of that unfortunate monarch. The king is represented in armour, his left arm resting on his helmet, which lies on a table beside him, and his right hand holding a baton. The pensiveness which was natural to Charles sits well upon his handsome features, and exhibits as clear a prophecy of his doom as the most ardent physiognomist or republican could desire. Here also is Raleigh, with his olive complexion, and hair of midnight darkness; a painting of Lord William Russell winding up his watch for the last time before his execution; Queen Bess, with a ruff so stiff as to lead to the belief that the three kingdoms had been ransacked for starch to fortify its regular folds; Arthur, Lord Capel, beheaded in 1648; and some others, of local or general celebrity.

The great hall—a noble room, seventy feet by twenty-four, chiefly lighted by a large bay-window—is now decorated with tapestry of very ancient date, and heraldic bearings of several branches of the Howard family. The lower part of the south-west tower is in a ruinous state, but remarkable for its dungeons, of which there are two still remaining—one on the ground-floor, and one above, measuring fifteen feet by fourteen.

Before the fire, Naworth Castle was the most perfect of those baronial residences in the border country, where the knights of old lived in feudal munificence. Its courtyard—delineated in our second engraving—had a most picturesque appearance, from its oriel windows, sculptured doorways, fantastic chimneys, and thick bushes of climbing ivy. It was then, and continues to be, one of the “lions of the north;” few travellers to Carlisle omitting to pay it a visit. The Newcastle and Carlisle Railway runs within a quarter of a mile.

Netherby.

"Your fair demence, your verdant plains,
Your mountains rising high,
Your glens and woods and crystal floods
Enchant the wondering eye;
Here nature smiles, and man beguiles,
All beauteous and sublime,
With manly mind, and habits kind,
Give silver wings to time."

Graham.

Netherby, the seat of the Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart., M.P., is seated on an eminence in a beautiful and spacious park, within the township of the same name. The site of this edifice was anciently occupied by a Roman city, and the sea is supposed to have approached very near to its walls. Leland remarks, that "men alwaye have sene rynges and staples yn the walles, as yt had bene stayes or holdes for shyppe;" Dr. Graham, who erected this mansion, discovered many curious and interesting remains of antiquity, while forming the pleasure-grounds in the vicinage of the house.
These consist of a fine hypocaust, or bath, several altars, inscriptions, coins, and domestic utensils. From an inscription on one of the altars, it appears that the Romans were located here in the reign of Adrian. The Esk river, and its adjacent fertile plains, give variety to the scenery of Netherby; and the gardens and pleasure-grounds attached to the mansion, are disposed with great taste. The interior of the edifice is magnificently furnished, and includes an excellent library.

The Netherby estate became, in the reign of King John, the property of the Stutevilles, whose male issue failed in the time of Henry III. The possession then passed, by marriage, to Hugh de Wake; and by a descendant of this house it was at length annexed to the crown. Shortly after his accession, James I. granted the manor to George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, of whose successor it was purchased by Sir Richard Graham, ancestor of the present distinguished proprietor. This demesne is said to owe its importance to Dr. Graham. When it came into his possession, the lands were entirely uncultivated, and the people had scarcely emerged from feudal ignorance and barbarity. To the latter he taught industry by his own example; and the wild tract of ground soon assumed, under his management, the form of verdant meadows and fruitful corn-fields. As one means of improving his estate, he erected houses for his tenants; and, attaching to each a few acres of ground, suffered the occupants to live free of rent, till the productiveness of the soil enabled them to pay it. He also established schools for the children of his tenantry.

At the distance of two miles from Netherby, are the remains of a strong entrenchment, called Liddal’s Strength, situated on a lofty cliff, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country.

CARLISLE

"Throw wide thy gates—oh, Commerce! teach mankind
The wondrous good which from thy bosom flows!
Bid Industry thy golden kingdoms find;—
Lift thou mechanic arts before their foes,
And challenge pride to speak but what it knows;
Display thy vast establishments of trade;
Thy railways—wharfs—canals, whence fortune flows,—
Match the derided shuttle 'gainst the spade!
The weaver's humble thread against the warrior's blade!”

Swain.

Carlisle, the capital of Cumberland, is an ancient city, and the see of a bishop, delightfully situated on a rising ground in the midst of extensive and fertile meadows, bounded by the distant mountains, and watered by the rivers Calder, Peteril, and Eden, near to the intersection of the latter by the Roman wall; from which circum-
BRITISH SWITZERLAND.

stance, probably, it takes its name—Caer Luel, the city near the wall. The city was formerly surrounded by walls, and was entered by three gates, respectively named after the three kingdoms. The entrance from the south is now rendered striking by two magnificent circular towers, erected on the site of those which formerly defended the English gate of the city. They were raised in 1812, from designs by Smirke, and are used as court-houses for the county. A new bridge over the Eden—a handsome structure of five arches—was built by the same architect, at a cost of £70,000; as well as a Court House and County Gaol—a noble and imposing edifice, the expense of which was £100,000. This building was erected in 1827. The principal streets are broad, handsome, and convenient; being well-watered and lighted with gas: the two best are named English and Scotch streets; Irish-street occupies an inferior part of the town.

Carlisle may be said to possess an artificial port; vessels of heavy burden are obliged to discharge at Fisher's Cross, twelve miles distant; but by means of a ship-canal, opened in 1823, a communication is formed with the Solway Firth, for vessels of eighty tons burden. The railway communications, extending to all parts of England and Scotland, will still further increase the prosperity of Carlisle. The manufactures are very important, including cotton, cotton yarn, gingham, checks, osnaburgs, worsteds, whips, hats, nails, hardware, flax, and ropes: it has, also, one of the most famous biscuit manufactories in the kingdom. Science and literature have here a liberal patronage extended to them: amongst the various institutions are an academy of arts, public library, mechanics' institution, theatre, assembly-rooms, and reading-rooms. Races are held annually on the south bank of the Eden.

The corporation consists of a mayor, ten aldermen, thirty councillors, recorder, two bailiffs, and other inferior officers. The county assizes, and also quarter sessions, are held here. The council-chamber, and buildings appropriated to the use of the corporate officers, constitute some of the many architectural embellishments of the city. Besides the weekly markets on Wednesday and Saturday, numerous fairs are held for the sale of cattle and agricultural produce. The city and the suburbs are included in the parishes of St. Mary and St. Cuthbert. The livings are perpetual curacies in the diocese of Carlisle. St. Cuthbert's church is an elegant modern edifice, occupying the site of one of very ancient foundation. The grammar-school was founded by King Henry VIII. According to the census of 1851, Carlisle contained 26,310 inhabitants, returning two members to parliament: it is distant from London three hundred and five miles—from Whitehaven forty-one—from Newcastle fifty-seven—and from Glasgow and Edinburgh ninety-six miles.

The illustrative view, taken from Etterby Scar, comprehends the castle and cathedral, and discovers the river Eden skirting the eminence forming the foreground of the scene. "The lowing herd" are ruminating in the rich meadows, bounded by the distant hills; and the patient anglers complete this picture of rural quietude and olden grandeur.
**CARLISLE CASTLE.**

"The times are peaceful, and we know
No unsheathed sword, no bended bow;
No more upon the quiet night
Flashes the beacon's sudden light,
No more the vassals in the hall
Start at the trumpet's fiery call;
And, undisturbed, the ivy wreath
Hangs o'er the battlements beneath." — L. E. L.

The Castle of Carlisle is pleasantly situated, at the north-west angle of the city, on the summit of a bold eminence overlooking the Eden river. This structure has been the arena of many important transactions in English history, and still retains much of its original strength and character. It is supposed to have been the site of a Roman fortress; Egfrid, king of Northumbland, is believed to have erected a castle here in the seventh century; and the massive buttresses of the north battery are ascribed to William Rufus, who strengthened this fortress, and erected one at Newcastle, "to bridle and render insecure the possessions of the Scottish kings in the two northern counties." In the reign of Henry III. considerable dilapidations had taken place, in consequence of the injuries sustained during the siege by Alexander of Scotland, in 1216. A commission was appointed in 1256, to report upon the state of the building, when it was found that "the queen's chamber, Maunsell's turret, the turret of William de Ireby, the chapel, great hall, kitchen, and other offices," were in a very ruinous condition, owing to the repeated attacks which they had sustained. An estimate was taken in 1344, for its entire renovation, and considerable repairs were effected; but, in the reign of Elizabeth, it had again fallen into a ruinous condition, insomuch that "the dungeon tower (which should be the principal defence of the castle) was in a state of great decay, and, although the walls were twelve feet thick, was in daily danger of falling." Orders were, therefore, issued for its thorough repair; and, in the following century, it is recorded to have sustained a siege of several months. Within the present century it has undergone much repair, and considerable additions have been made to the original edifice. It is now used as a barracks; and the new buildings, erected in 1819, with other rooms appropriated to the use of the troops, are capable of accommodating upwards of two hundred soldiers.

The inner court of the Castle contains the great tower, the officers' barracks, the magazine, erected in 1827, and the tower in which Mary Queen of Scots was confined. This portion of the building is separated from the large area by a wall and tower-gate, defended by a half-moon battery, which was formerly mounted with caisson, and strengthened by a wide and deep ditch, with a drawbridge. The great tower, or keep, of the fortress, is a massive and lofty square building, now used as an armoury,
and contains an effective supply of warlike weapons. Beneath the armoury are the dungeons—prison-houses of vast extent, and of frowning aspect. Here, also, is an exceedingly deep well, said to have been sunk by the Romans for the purpose of insuring a supply of water to the garrison during a siege. From the battlements of the tower an extensive prospect is obtained, comprising a variety of pleasing features in the mountain and sylvan scenery of the surrounding country.

This castle was repeatedly invested by the Scots, and suffered greatly at their hands. It was seized by the Pretender in the very outset of his rash attempt upon the throne of England, and its spoils furnished his followers with arms and ammunition, of which, till then, they had a very inefficient supply. The visits of majesty, at different periods, and the important consultations held from time to time within its walls, serve also to render this fortress an object of much interest to the historian and the antiquary.

In the neighbourhood of Carlisle are many ancient castles and mansions, built in the times when the incursions of the Scotch made the frontier residences liable to frequent attacks. Rose Castle, the seat of the Bishop of Carlisle; Naworth Castle, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle; Corby Castle, the seat of P. H. Howard, Esq.; Rickerby, the seat of G. H. Head, Esq.; and the beautiful remains of Lanercost Priory, are well worthy of notice.

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CARLISLE CATHEDRAL.

"A blessing on each holy fane,
Wherever they may stand,
With open door for rich and poor,
The churches of our land." — M. A. Browne.

The Cathedral of Carlisle occupies an elevated situation, and is necessarily a prominent object in every view of the city. The erection of the building was commenced before the foundation of the bishopric, it being intended for the Conventual church of the richly-endowed priory. Those portions of the edifice that have withstood the ravages of fire and spoliation, exhibit two different styles of architecture; the choir, aisles, and transept being of a richly-ornamented Gothic, while the part of the nave which still remains, is a fine specimen of the plain and massive Norman-Saxon style of building. The edifice suffered considerably by fire in

See ante, p. 85.
INTERIOR OF CARLISLE CATHEDRAL, CUMBERLAND.

LONDON: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR CRABBE & CO., 1836.
1292; but the choir was rebuilt in the reign of Edward III. Great part of the nave, and most of the Conventual buildings, were taken down during the civil wars, to furnish materials for the erection and reparation of batteries and guard-houses, and of stables for the horses of Oliver Cromwell. The remaining portion of the nave was, after the Restoration, walled up, and is now used as the parish church of St. Mary. In its pristine grandeur, the structure must have presented a noble and imposing appearance, being upwards of three hundred feet in length, and built in the form of a cross. The Fratry, a beautiful building, still remaining, was honoured as the seat of a parliament in the reign of Edward I. Nearly the whole of this noble edifice is constructed of red freestone; and its turrets were formerly ornamented with statues, which, together with many other external decorations, are now in a state of decay. The see of Carlisle extends over the counties of Westmorland and Cumberland, and includes part of the ancient diocese of Lindisfern. The chapter consists of a dean, four prebends, an archdeacon, five minor canons, chancellor, registrar, and lecturer on theology.

Carlisle Cathedral, Interior.

"This is the temple of the Lord; How dreadful is this place! With meekness let us hear his word, With reverence seek his face." James Montgomery.

Of this cathedral, the choir is by far the most magnificent portion. It laid desolate, after the fire of 1292, till Bishop Welton commenced rebuilding it in the reign of Edward III., and it was finished by his successors to the episcopal chair. The expenses were in a great measure defrayed by subscriptions; but to augment the funds still more, indulgences and remissions of penance were granted to such of the laity as should, by money, materials, or labour, contribute to the consummation of the pious work. Copies of various orders and letters patent, referring to this occasion, are still preserved in the registry of the see. The armorial bearings of several contributors to the work, were delineated on the inner side of the roof, which was vaulted with wood; but these were removed in or about the year 1764, when the choir underwent considerable repairs, and the ceiling was stuccoed in form of a groined vault. The
The arches of the choir are supported by clustered pillars, presenting an extremely elegant appearance; the inner mouldings and the capitals being ornamented with figures and flowers in open carved work. The stalls are richly decorated with tabernacle work; the episcopal throne is elegant and stately; and the open gates leading to the aisles, though much defaced, exhibit some fine specimens of light and ornamental tracery-work. The east window, which is worthy of observation on account of its beautifully wrought mullions, is partially glazed with painted glass in the lower divisions, forming the borders of different compartments, having plain glass within; but in the upper portion it is more abundantly employed, the tracery-work being chiefly filled with it. The height of this window measures forty-eight feet by thirty feet in breadth.

The wainscoting of the choir is of oak, executed after a design by Lord Camelford, nephew to Bishop Lyttleton, who presided over the see at the period when the renovations were effected in this part of the structure. The circular arches and massive round columns which exist in the west limb and transept of the Cathedral, are of the heaviest order of Saxon architecture.

Several monuments are remaining in this Cathedral, supposed to be those of distinguished prelates. On the north side of the choir, near to the altar, is a curiously engraved monumental brass-plate, placed as a memorial of Bishop Henry Robinson, who was born in Carlisle about the year 1550, and became celebrated for his piety and extensive erudition. This prelate received his education at Queen's College, Oxford, where he was, at first, only "a poor serving-child;" afterwards, however, he became provost, and contributed greatly, by his judicious regulations and praiseworthy conduct, to advance the interests of the college to which he was destined to be, in other respects, a munificent benefactor. The plate before mentioned is beautifully executed. The bishop is represented in his sacred vestments, kneeling, with one hand supporting a crosier; the other bears a lighted candle, and holds a cord, to which three dogs are attached, who appear to be guarding a similar number of sheep-folds from the incursions of wolves. Below the candlestick is a group of allegorical figures, carrying implements of agriculture and peaceful industry; and at their feet is a wolf, pursuing harmless gambols with a lamb, and various warlike instruments scattered and broken. Suitable Latin and Greek sentences, chiefly selected from the sacred writings, illustrate the different compartments of the design. Behind the bishop is a quadrangular building, including an open court, probably intended to represent the college in whose welfare he had taken so great an interest. It bears a Latin inscription, signifying, "He found it destroyed; he left it built and furnished." Above this building is a delineation of the cathedral, having over the entrance two inscriptions—"He entered by the door;" "He passed through faithful." On the steps, underneath a group of figures, one of whom is kneeling to receive the benediction, are the words "He departed blessed." Towards the top of the plate, is written in Greek, "To the Bishops;" and immediately above is engraved a Latin sentence from the New Testament—"There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields, and keeping watch over their flocks by night." At the bottom of the plate is written, in Latin,
To Henry Robinson, of Carlisle, D.D., a most careful Provost of Queen's College, Oxon, and afterwards a most watchful Bishop of this church for eighteen years, who, on the 13th calend of July, in the year from the delivery of the Virgin 1616, and of his age 64, devoutly resigned his spirit to the Lord. Bernard Robinson, his brother and heir, set up this Memorial as a testimony of his love. Underneath the whole is a Latin elegiac stanza, expressive of the virtues and fruitful ministry of the deceased, and of the bright reward into which he had entered by death. In the side aisles are several curious legendary paintings. Those on the screens in the aisles illustrate the history of St. Anthony, St. Cuthbert, and St. Augustine.

The coup d'œil presented by the choir of Carlisle Cathedral is eminently beautiful, using that term in a restricted sense: beautiful to those who feel a glow of piety within them, whilst contemplating the sacred fane, rendered venerable by age—made hallowed by its sacred uses; beautiful to those who are willing to admit into the temple a sublime grandeur, suitable to its character, and calculated to impress the mind with awful feeling, "to calm the troubled breast, and woo the weary to profound repose." Every arch, every column, refers to ages past, and stands an impressive memorial of forgotten generations. The subdued and many-coloured light that falls from the east window, produces a tranquillizing effect, which, added to the "expressive silence" that reigns in the building, may, without enthusiasm, be said to render it the dim shadowing of the things which shall be.

"Here silent pause—here draw the pensive sigh,
Here musing learn to live—here learn to die!"

The dimensions of the choir are one hundred and thirty-seven feet in length, by seventy-one feet in breadth, including the aisles; the height being seventy-five feet.
CORBY CASTLE.

"Here various objects in perspective rise
Burst on the sight, and strike the wonder'ing eyes;
Extensive groves, that, rising by degrees,
Form a grand circus midst the sloping trees;
Whilst through the vale the serpentizing flood,
Falls in cascades, and murmurs through the wood."

DR. Drake.

Corby Castle stands on the summit of a cliff, on the east side of the river Eden, at the distance of about five miles from Carlisle. This mansion, though now bearing no resemblance to a fortress, occupies the site of an ancient castle, "and actually consists, in part, of the very walls of a large square tower, such as was not an unfreqent object upon the marches in early times."

The rocky but richly-wooded banks of the Eden, in this neighbourhood, have long been the theme of universal admiration. David Hume visited this part of the country, about 1750; and the following lines, written by him upon a pane of glass at the Old Bush Inn at Carlisle, were communicated to Mr. Howard by Sir Walter Scott:—

"Here chicks, in eggs for breakfast, sprawl;
Here godless boys, God's glories squall;
While Scottamn's heads adorn the wall;
But Corby's walks alone for all."

The natural scenery in the neighbourhood of Corby Castle has been greatly increased in effect by the tasteful and judicious management of the pleasure-grounds. "From the Castle, a flight of steps, hewn out of the natural rock, and overshadowed with lofty trees, leads to a long walk on the margin of the Eden, where a number of caves and grotesque apartments have been scooped with considerable labour, and great taste. Concelaed by umbrageous foliage, is a singular colossal statue, standing in a romantic spot, beneath a lofty rock, nearly opposite to which are erected wears for catching salmon, and affording an easy communication with a long wooded island in the middle of the river." These delightful grounds are opened to the public on Wednesdays, when the visitor to the north is at liberty to wander, free from restraint, amid scenes of more than Arcadian beauty.

In 1813, the Castle, which had till then been an irregular building, was made uniform, and cased with stone, according to the Grecian-Doric order of architecture. The apartments are elegantly furnished, and contain many fine paintings and relics; amongst the latter is a gold chain worn by Mary Queen of Scots, and the claymore of Major Macdonald, the Fergus Melvor of Waverley.
KENDALE, LOOKING TOWARDS SCAWFELL, CUMBERLAND.

THE LONDON PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.
THE
BRITISH SWITZERLAND;
OR,
PICTURESQUE RAMBLES
IN THE
ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT:

COMPRISING

A SERIES OF VIEWS OF THE LAKE AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN WESTMORLAND, CUMBERLAND,
LANCASHIRE, DURHAM, AND NORTHUMBERLAND;

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT, BY THOMAS ALLOM, ESQ.

WITH DESCRIPTIVE LETTERPRESS, BY THOMAS ROSE, ESQ.

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BRITISH SWITZERLAND.

WOOD HALL.

"Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms, which nature to her votaries yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even."  Beattie.

This mansion, delightfully situated on the banks of the river Derwent, in the parish of Bridekirke, overlooks the fine venerable ruins of Cockermouth Castle; and commands the most picturesque views, comprising magnificent scenery in mountains, rivers, and woodlands.

Wood Hall, together with the manor of Bridekirke, was, at an early period, vested in the priory of Guisborough; but when, at the dissolution of religious houses, this, with other monastic estates, was seized upon by the crown, Henry VIII. granted them to Henry Tolson, Esq., and to his heirs for ever, to be held in capite, by the twentieth part of a knight's fee, on yielding to his majesty's successors the annual rent of twenty-six shillings. A descendant from this proprietor, leased or sold the estate of Wood Hall to Mr. Grisdale, the ancestor of the present possessor, J. Fisher, Esq., who resides at the mansion. Major Richard Henry Tolson, F.S.A., is the existing representative of the ancient family named above.

The present structure is a modern erection; but the original edifice occupied part of a Roman station. It subsequently became the retreat of Henricus, a Saxon; one or those who excelled in olden magnificence, by having a dais in the hall for the reception and entertainment of his guests, and, at the lower end, a bower, or recess, where he retired to rest. In a stream of water, which ran through the premises into the river Derwent, he is also said to have baptized his children. Near the windows of the hall, the valcam and walls were sufficiently thick to form a vestibule, in which conversation might be held, yet not be heard in the room.

The building, exhibited in the engraving, is a truly enviable retreat; seated on a considerable elevation, in the midst of a picturesque amphitheatre, it commands the most delightful prospects, bounded by wood-covered eminences, or terminating with
the distant mountains. The tortuous windings of the Derwent enrich the landscape, and confer upon it an air of surpassing loveliness. The river itself is not monotonous in its beauty; the glassy surface that, with the fidelity of a mirror, reflects the objects extending along its banks, is occasionally broken and relieved by the trout-leap foaming over its stony bed. To those, if any there be, who have no relish for the charms of nature, as developed in the scene before us, the poet addresses a powerful remonstrance, in the lines we have quoted as a motto.

COCKERMOUTH.

"It was, I weet, a goodly baronie;
Beneath a greene-clad hill, right faire to see,
The castle in the sunny vale ystood;
All round the east grew many a sheltering tree,
And on the west a dimpling silver flood
Ran through the gardens trim, then crept into the wood." Mickle.

Cockermouth is pleasantly situated in a narrow valley, at the mouth of the Cocker, by which river it is divided into two parts—united, however, by a bridge of one arch. The church, market-place, and castle stand on the east side, and the remaining portion of the town is on the south-west. The buildings and avenues are very irregularly constructed, with the exception of the street ascending to the castle-gate, and that leading to Derwent Bridge. The population is about 7,500, sending two members to parliament.

The remains of the castle, originally a strong and extensive fortress, stand on the summit of an artificial mount, near the junction of the Derwent and Cocker rivers. It was built soon after the accession of William I., by Waldieve, the first lord of Allerdale, who made it his baronial seat, removing there from Papcastle, a village in the neighbourhood, supposed to have been an ancient Roman station. It was taken by Douglas in a border foray, in 1387; was the prison of the unfortunate Queen of Scotland, in 1508; and, in the great rebellion, was garrisoned for the king. Falling, however, into the hands of the parliamentarians, it was dismantled in 1648: and the west front, tower, and drawbridge, with some ruined walls, are all that now remain. Rich demesnes, however, belong to the manor, which, after passing through several noble families, is now in the hands of the Wyndhams. On the tower are five shields, exhibiting the armorial bearings of the successive proprietors.

The church, dedicated to St Mary, is situated on an eminence. It was rebuilt
in 1711; but having been destroyed by fire in 1850, the present handsome edifice was erected. It contains a fine memorial window to Wordsworth, who was a native of Cockermouth.

The trade and merchandise of Cockermouth derive great advantages from its situation in the neighbourhood of three seaport towns. It has flax and woollen mills, cotton looms, and manufactories of hats and hosiery. The principal market is on Monday, when a considerable quantity of grain is brought for sale; and there is another on Saturday, for provisions, &c. Fairs for cattle take place every fortnight, from the beginning of May to the end of September, besides the one on the 10th of October; and two annual fairs, or statutes for hiring servants, are held in the castle-yard.

The accompanying view is taken from a beautiful woody eminence, bounding the rich corn-fields and meadows on the banks of the Derwent. The church and castle, though prominent objects in the distant mass of buildings, appear to occupy but little space in the extensive plain, stretching to the very foot of the mountains. The hills rise up like a fenced wall of colossal dimensions.

A short trip brings the tourist from Cockermouth to Bassenthwaite Lake, or, as it is sometimes called, Broad Water. This lake is nearly four miles north of Derwentwater, and is formed by the river Derwent, which flows in a serpentine form through a fine extensive vale. It is three miles and a-half in length; at its northern extremity it is nearly a mile in breadth; but, lower down, it decreases to little more than a quarter of a mile. On the east side lies the beautiful, extensive, and highly cultivated vale of Bassenthwaite, deeply indented with three bays, behind which the mighty Skiddaw rears its lofty head about two miles distant from the lake. On the west side is a range of high mountains, falling abruptly to the water's edge, and leaving only two or three small spots where cultivation can prevail. These declivities are called Withop Brows, and are partly rocky, and partly covered with thick woods, consisting chiefly of young oaks growing out of old stems.
To view the beauties of the lake, the tourist should proceed from the southern extremity, along the eastern margin to Armathwaite, on the north. A road to the left leads to Bradness, a round verdant hill, which projects considerably into the water, and, with the assistance of two other promontories, Bowness and Scarness, forms the three bays. From the summit of Bradness there is a good general view of the lake; those beautiful bays, which indent its eastern shore, forming a fine contrast with the lofty hills and hanging woods on the opposite side.

After regaining the road, the tourist recedes rather farther from the water, and proceeds towards Ousebridge, by way of Bassenthwaite Hall. On an elevated part of this road, to the north of the village, is another fine view of the lake, the north side of Skiddaw, the opposite shore, and the vales of Embleton and Isel. Farther on, you reach Armathwaite, a small but finely-situated seat, at the head of a gentle slope, and commanding, through a grove of trees, a grand view of the lake. Here is seen the lowest bay in all its beauty: the lake of Bassenthwaite seems to retire beyond the promontory of Scarness; and the hanging woods of Withop, on the west, add considerably to the scene. A pleasant road leads to Ousebridge, where a good inn is situated, fronting the lake, and commanding some variegated prospects. Here the lake, without any previous contraction, or the least appearance of an outlet, pours forth its waters beneath a stone bridge of three arches; and, resuming once more the name of a river, the Derwent, after a winding course to the westward, through several verdant valleys, at length falls into the sea near Workington.

"On the verdant tops of some of the hills in the neighbourhood of Bassenthwaite, may be discovered traces of the plough, for which it is difficult to assign a satisfactory reason. Tradition says, that the Pope, in the reign of King John, cursed all the lower grounds, which obliged the inhabitants to cultivate the hills." Mr. Pennant, however, observes—"I rather think that John himself drove them to this cruel necessity; for, out of resentment for their declining to follow his standard to the borders of Scotland, he cut down their hedges, levelled their ditches, and gave all their cultivated tracts of the north to the beasts of the chase, on his return from his expedition."

The vale of Bassenthwaite extends from the foot of Skiddaw, on the south, to Ousebridge, on the north. It is variegated with many beautiful objects, both of art and nature; and, in general, is a rich and fertile tract of land. The lake, which adds so much to its beauty, is nearly as transparent as that of Derwent, and abounds with a variety of water-fowl.—Pike and perch are plentiful in its waters; and salmon pass through, to deposit their spawn in the rivers Derwent and Greta.

After viewing the scenery of Bassenthwaite, the tourist should visit Over-water Tarn, at the source of the Ellen river, three miles and a-half to the north-east. About seven miles to the west is Bowscale Tarn, which empties itself into the Calder—being seated in a basin curiously scooped out of the side of a hill.

The route to Keswick, along the western shores of Bassenthwaite Lake, is delightful; especially in the evening, and whilst the water is still gilded by the radiance of the sun. At such a time, when the lake is one vast expanse of crystal mirror, the
SKIDAW, FROM APPLETHWAITE.

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mountain-shadows are softened into a mild blue tint, which sweeps over half the surface; while the other half receives the impression of every radiant form that glows around. At Berk Withop the view of the lake is full and pleasing; the water beautifully expands to the eye, having its outlet concealed by Castle How, a circular peninsula crowned with wood, on which appear the vestiges of a castle or fortress.

SKIDDAW, FROM APPLETHWAITE.

"Once more I see thee, Skiddaw! once again
Behold thee in thy majesty serene,
Where, like the bulwark of this favour'd plain
Alone thou standest, monarch of the scene—
Thou glorious mountain, on whose ample breast
The sunbeams love to play, the vapours love to rest."  Southeby.

Skiddaw, as seen in the illustrative view, is rather too distant to give a just idea of its stupendous height and extent. Standing at the head of an extensive valley, apart from the adjacent eminences, its huge bulk and great height are more strikingly apparent, although of an inferior altitude to either of them. It is extremely easy of access; so much so, that ladies may ride on horseback from Keswick to the summit, a distance of six miles. Its height is three thousand and twenty-two feet above the sea; and it is seldom ascended from any other place than Keswick, at which town everything necessary for the expedition will be furnished. Many persons prefer the views which they obtain during the ascent, to that from the summit, and reasonably so, if beauty of scenery be sought after; for a view will always be indistinct, in proportion as it is extensive; and sometimes the visitor has the mortification, after having reached the highest point, to find himself enveloped in a cloud, which, though constantly passing, is never dispelled during his stay. "Those, however, who are fortunate enough to be upon the summit at the very time of the cloud's departure, will experience a gratification of no common kind; when, like the rising of the curtain in a theatre, the country in a moment bursts upon the eye." Few views can exceed the charming panoramic prospect from Skiddaw. It is of great extent, and presents a vast variety of objects. The valley and town of Keswick, Derwentwater, and its surrounding eminences, and the rich and lovely vale spreading thence to Bassenthwaite, appear very beautiful when beheld from the mountain's side; the lake especially, with its bays and islands,
is nowhere seen to such advantage. Cumberland and Westmorland, with all their mighty clusters of mountains; Scawfell, Helvellyn, and Saddleback—their lakes and rivers; Lancashire, Yorkshire, Northumberland, the Solway Frith, and a range of Scottish hills beyond; the Irish sea, and, on the far horizon, the hills of the Isle of Man—are all included in the range of this glorious and sublime panorama. "Skiddaw rises with two heads, like unto Parnassus," says Burns; "and, with a kind of emulation, beholds Scruffel-hill before it, in Annandale in Scotland. By these mountains, according as the misty clouds rise or fall, the people dwelling thereabouts make their prognostications of the change of the weather. They have a common expression, that—

"If Skiddaw has a cap,
Scruffel wots full well o' that."

Skiddaw has always been a favourite of the poets. Michael Drayton eulogises its "snow-crowned, lofty cliffs." Wordsworth, in his immortal "Sonnet to Skiddaw," describes its "natural sovereignty" as "nobler far" than "great Parnassus' self," and speaks of its "streams" as "more sweet than those of Castaly." And Charles Lamb, in his "Letters of Elia," described his visit to Skiddaw, as "a day that would stand out like a mountain in his life." Of the lofty hill itself, he says, "O! its fine black head, and the bleak air a-top of it, with the prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries, so famous in song and ballad!" The air is bleak at the summit; and Miss Martineau recommends the traveller, if he "desires to take a leisurely view," to "trouble his guide or his pony with a railway wrapper, or something of the sort, to enable him to stand his ground."

If the ascent is made from Keswick, the descent can be taken, either to the north, where the road runs near the village of Bassenthwaite; or on the southern side, through Milbeck and the pretty village of Applethwaite, a hamlet in the township of Under-Skiddaw. This village stands at the end of "a deep and wild chasm," and is distant from Keswick about a mile and a-half towards the north. Ormathwaite Hall is in the immediate neighbourhood,
KESWICK, FROM GREAT BRIDGE.
KESWICK, FROM GRETA BRIDGE.

"Here the gliding stream,
That winds its watery path in many a maze,
As loth to leave the enchanted spot, invites
To moralise on fleeting time and life,
With all its treacherous sweets and fading joys,
In emblem shown by many a short-lived flower,
That on its margin smiles, and smiling falls,
To join its parent earth."  Jago.

Keswick, a small market-town of neat appearance, consisting of one long street, is delightfully situated on the south bank of the Greta, near the foot of Derwent Water, at the distance of about a mile from that lake, eighteen miles from Penrith, sixteen from Ambleside, thirty-six from Carlisle, and two hundred and ninety from London: it contained, in 1851, 2,618 inhabitants. Linsey-woolsey stuffs, and edge-tools, are made at Keswick; but its principal manufacture is black-lead pencils, made of the plumbago (or wad, as it is provincially called) extracted from the mine in Borrowdale; in the making of which a moiety of the inhabitants are said to be engaged. The town-hall, erected in 1813, is in the middle of the town. The parish church, an ancient structure, dedicated to St. Kentigern, stands alone, about three-quarters of a mile distant, midway between the mountain of Skiddaw and the lake. A new church (St. John's), of elegant proportions, was erected on the east of the town, by the late John Marshall, Esq. (a manufacturer of Leeds, and one of the last representatives for the entire county of Yorkshire), who became lord of the manor, by purchasing the estates of Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater (forfeited in 1715, for the then earl's share in the rebellion), from the commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, to whom they were granted by the crown. A manorial court is held annually in May.

There cannot be a better head-quarters than Keswick for tourists to the lakes; who are here provided with every accommodation, both as respects domestic comfort, and the requisites for their pleasurable excursions. An annual regatta is held in August, when the several sports of horse-racing, rowing, and wrestling are maintained with great spirit. Here, also, are "Plint's Model of the Lake District," giving a better idea of the country than any maps or guide-books; and the Museum, founded by Peter Crosthwaite, the inventor of the Æolian harp and the life-boat: exhibiting, in addition to many foreign curiosities, the natural history and mineral productions of the surrounding district. At each of these places the visitor can purchase interesting specimens, illustrating the geology of the neighbourhood.

Greta Hall, the residence of the late Dr. Southey,* is seated on a slight eminence.

* Robert Southey, L.L.D., was born at Bristol, and was educated at Westminster, and Balliol College, Oxford. The business of his life consisted in the unwearied application of great talents to the instruction of his country; and his pleasures, in the enjoyment of domestic happiness, and the practice of every Christian virtue. A remarkably fine bust has been placed to his memory in Bristol cathedral, with the
near the town, on the road to Cockermouth. He lies interred in Crossthwaite church, in which a recumbent effigy, cut in white marble by Lough, has been erected to his memory. Some fine lines by Wordsworth, his successor in the laureateship, are inscribed on the base.

The neighbourhood of Keswick is delightful, and the walks are numerous, and agreeably diversified. The scenery upon the river Greta, says Southey, where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most memorable kind; and Wordsworth has composed a beautiful sonnet in its praise: in short, here is offered a delightful and balmy retreat, suitable to many occasions in life. The young bride, who has unreluctantly parted with "her maiden gladness, for a name and for a ring"—the happy family circle, desirous of collecting a store of amusing incidents and useful information, to enliven the winter evenings at home—the citizen, who can assure himself that labyrinths of brick and mortar are not the most picturesque features in nature, and that an echo heard in the mountains, discourses music not less eloquent than "cent. per cent." whispered on Change;—for each and all of these, Keswick and its neighbourhood affords the varying prospect, "ever charming—ever new," fanned by breezes pregnant with health, and redolent of balmy odours, more grateful and refreshing than the rich fragrance "of Araby—of Araby the blest."

KESWICK, AND DERWENT WATER AND BASSENTHWAITE LAKES.

"What a sight is here
To wean the heart from selfishness and care!
Where the vast prospect, bright, distinct, and clear,
Looks up in silence through the stainless air."

This view of Keswick, taken from the Kendal-road, presents a striking assemblage of picturesque objects, including the lakes of Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite, or Broad Water, with the mountainous acclivities of Withop Brows in the background. With the accompanying view before him, the reader need not be told that the situation of Keswick is beautiful and romantic; and the views around it partake, most eminently, of "the sublime and the beautiful." "This vale," says Coleridge, "is about as large a basin as Loch Lomond. The latter is covered with water; but, in the former instance, we have two lakes (Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite Mere), with a charming river to connect them, and lovely villages at the foot of the mountain, and other habitations, which give an air of life and cheerfulness to the whole place."

following inscription:—"Robert Southey, born at Bristol, October 4, 1774; died at Keswick, March 21, 1843." A monument has also been erected in Westminster Abbey, near that of Shakspere: it consists of a plain entablature, containing the name of the poet, with the periods of his birth and death; and is surmounted by his bust.
THE DRUIDS' STONES, NEAR KESWICK.

"Time-honoured pile! by simple builders rear'd,
Mysterious round, through distant times revered,
Ordain'd with earth's revolving orb to last,
Thou bring'st to mind the present and the past."

—Collyer.—Fame of the Druids.

In a field adjoining the old road to Penrith, and at the distance of one mile and a-half east-by-north from Keswick, are the remains of a Druidical temple, popularly named the Druids' Stones. These interesting memorials of the primeval age of Britain, consist of forty-eight rude, unhewn blocks of granite; thirty-eight of which are disposed in an oval figure, whose diameters are thirty-four yards from north to south, and nearly thirty from east to west; the remaining ten stones form an oblong square, on the eastern side of the oval area. The latter enclosure is supposed to have been the sacred place, exclusively appropriated to the Druidical order, where the priests assembled to perform their mystical rites, and to determine on matters of government and judicature: the largest of the stones is not more than seven feet in height, and the greater number measure only three or four feet; they all stand in an erect position.

The situation of this temple, says Southey, is the most commanding which could be chosen in this part of the country, without climbing a mountain. Derwentwater and the vale of Keswick are not seen from it, only the mountains that enclose them on the south and west; Latrigg and the huge side of Skiddaw are on the north; to the east is the open country towards Penrith, expanding from the vale of St. John, and extending for many miles, with Mill Fell in the distance, where it stretches along like a huge tumulus on the right, and Blencathra on the left, rent into deep ravines; on the south-east is the range of Helvellyn, from its termination at Wanthwaite Crags, to its loftiest summits and to Dunmail Raise. The lower range of Nathdale Fells lies nearly in a parallel line with Helvellyn and the dale itself, with its little streamlet below. The heights above Leathes Water, with the Borrowdale mountains, complete the panorama.

When considered with reference to the idolatrous superstitions of the Druids, the objects of which were, to subdue the mind with appalling images, and to extort obedience through the agency of terror, the site of this temple of their worship was well chosen. Seated in the neighbourhood of the highest mountains, whose clouded summits impended over the sacrificial altar, and cast obscure shadows through its precincts, hither the trembling worshippers repaired, to hear and to acknowledge the teachings and denunciations of their potent masters. In the eyes of the barbarian Britons, afflative ignorant, credulous, and superstitious, the place would appear to be the very sanctuary of Omnipotence, and the Druid ministers themselves an impersonation of their gods.
Wind and cloud, storm and tempest, wrought powerfully in the abstruse mysteries and terrific incantations constituting the Druidical worship; and the mind was prostrated, with terrific awe, at the shrine where natural sublimity combined with human cunning to thrill its scarcely-awakened faculties. “Here, at midnight, every Druid, summoned by the terrible horn, never sounded but upon high occasions, and descending from his mountain or secret cave, might assemble, without intrusion from one sacrilegious footstep, and celebrate a festival.”

Sir Walter Scott, in the “Lord of the Isles,” makes a beautiful allusion to the Druidical remains in the lake-district:

“He cross’d his brow beside the stone,
Where Druids erst heard victims groan;
And at the cairns upon the wild,
O’er many a heathen hero piled,
He breathed a timid prayer for those
Who died ere Shiloh’s sun rose.”

The tourist will tread this once hallowed circle, where the Druids offered their adorations to Deity, and sat in judgment on their fellow-men, with a mixture of that awe and veneration so well expressed by the poet.

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**THE VALE OF ST. JOHN.**

“On stern Blencathra’s perilous height
The winds are tyrannous and strong;
And flashing forth unsteady light
From stern Blencathra’s skyey height,
How loud the torrents throng!
Beneath the moon in gentle weather,
They bind the earth and sky together;
But, oh! the sky and all its forms, how quiet,
The things that seek the earth, how full of noise and riot.”

*Coleridge.*

St. John’s chapelry forms a joint township with Castlerigg and Wythburn, and lies on the south-east of Keswick. It comprises the two romantic vales of St. John and Wanthwaite, which are divided by the mountain of Nathdale, or Naddle-fell, whereon stands the chapel of St. John. This verdant and peaceful valley is situate between enormous crags, and discloses through its defile the gigantic mountain of

*A Thought suggested by a view of Saddleback.*
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Saddleback or Blencathra. The first name is derived from its peculiarity of shape, which appears like a saddle, when viewed from different points. It is of volcanic origin; and Threlkeld Tarn, near the summit (which is frightfully craggy and desolate), supposed to have been the crater, "is so deeply situated in a cavity of rock, that the sun never shines upon it, its waters appearing black, yet smooth as glass, though several acres in extent."*—"The south side of the mountain," says Mr. Baines, "is furrowed with deep and horrible ravines; and the eastern side is fronted with towering crags and fearful precipices. On the right is a monotonous hill, the commencement of the Helvellyn range." The base of Saddleback touches that of Skiddaw.

The narrow vale of St. John's "is full of character and charm from end to end"—so says the unromantic Miss Martineau. Southey frequently walked there, it being his favourite place of resort. "He was wont to rest and take luncheon at a cluster of springs, of unusual copiousness, situated near what had apparently been a village, now deserted and ruinous."† An agreeable excursion may be made from Keswick into the vale. The Penrith-road—which runs nearly the entire way on the banks of the Greta, passing under the mountain masses of Skiddaw and Saddleback—must be taken for four miles to the village of Threlkeld, where are the ruins of Threlkeld-hall, one of the residences of Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, a powerful knight in the reign of Henry VII., step-father to the "Shepherd-Lord" Clifford, whose adventures form the subject of one of Wordsworth's best poems. The part of Threlkeld-hall which is habitable, is occupied as a farmhouse; so are the halls of Crosby and Yanwith—both the property of Sir Launcelot. The three now belong to the Earl of Lonsdale. Threlkeld-hall is thus alluded to in Wordsworth's "Waggoner."

"And see, beyond the hamlet small,
The ruin'd towers of Threlkeld-hall,
Lurking in a double shade,
By trees, and lingering twilight made.
There, at Blencathra's rugged feet,
Sir Launcelot gave a safe retreat
To noble Clifford, from annoy
 Conceal'd the persecuted boy,
Well pleas'd in rustic garb to feed
His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed
Among this multitude of hills,
Crags, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills."

* "Summer Wanderings."
† "Summer Wanderings."
CASTLE ROCK, VALE OF ST. JOHN.

"Midmost of the vale, a mound
Arose, with sly turrets crowning;
Buttress and rampart's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower."—Scott.

In the midst of St. John's Vale, stands the Castle Rock, a massive crag, so named from its resemblance to the walls and towers of a dilapidated, time-worn fortress. Hutchinson, in his "Excursion to the Lakes," has described this singular scene so happily, and with such poetic feeling, that we cannot do better than give the account in his own words.

"An ancient ruined castle seems to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains around forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulwalk shows a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and ragged battlements: we traced the galleries, the bending arches, and the buttresses. The greatest antiquity stands characterised in its architecture; the inhabitants near it assert that it is an antediluvian structure. The traveller's curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack, by his being assured, that, if he advances, certain genii, who govern the place by virtue of their supernatural arts and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and, by enchantment, transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings; its gloomy recesses and retirements look like the haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in this report; we were soon convinced of its truth; for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near, changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken, massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains, and have so much the real form and resemblance of a castle, that they bear the name of the Castle Rocks of St. John."

There could scarcely be found, in the whole range of mythological fable, anything more beautiful than the popular superstition which ascribes the disappearance of "the castle," on a near approach, to supernatural agency. Frigid philosophy would say, these fragments of rock, when viewed from afar, bear strong resemblance to an old fortress; but as one approaches nearer, the illusion vanishes, and they are found to be shapeless masses of stone. Poetry clothes this fact in beautiful imagery: she warns the intruder to survey the structure at a distance; for should he have the temerity to advance upon it, the incensed genii of the place will, by spells "of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion," transform its fair proportions into a mis-shapen pile of rocks. This pleasing fiction emanated from the same poetical spirit that
wrought, in the elder days of Greece, the splendid fable of Aurora, in her saffron-coloured robe, opening the gates of the morning to the chariot of the sun.

Sir Walter Scott has made the vale of St. John the principal scene of the "Bridal of Triermain;" and our illustration, by the introduction of two equestrian figures, is made to refer directly to that passage in the poem, where the castle is said to have opened its gates to King Arthur and his companion De Vaux.

"With toil the king his way pursued,
By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,
Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of St. John,
Faled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dell lay smooth and still,
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed."

AIREY FORCE.

"Wild stream of Airey, hold thy course,
Nor fear memorial lays,
Where clouds that spread in solemn shade
Are edged with golden rays!
Dear art thou to the light of heaven,
Though minister of sorrow;
Sweet is thy voice at pensive even;
And thou in lovers' hearts forgiven,
Shalt take thy place with Yarrow!"  

Wordsworth.

AIREY FORCE, situated in a deep and winding glen, in the neighbourhood of Gowbarrow Park, to the west of the Druids' Stones, and the vale of St. John's, is an extremely fine and picturesque object, rivalling Stockgill Force in beauty, though not so high. A delightful winding path leads up the rocky vale to the waterfall, and after making a sudden turn, so as to come into a nook of the glen, the visitor arrives in front of the cataract. The water rushes through a chasm in the rocks, divided at the top by a narrow ledge; but the stream thus broken, unites again before it has fallen half way down. The descent is not less than eighty feet, perpendicular; and the sun's rays, falling upon the clouds of mist, produce several concentric rainbows, which brighten and fade alternately, according to the greater or less density of the spray. The waters plunge into

* From the "Somnambulist," a poem, in which the author narrates a melancholy incident of two lovers.—See vol. i., p. 70.
a deep basin, whence they issue forth in a rapid and transparent stream. Two wooden bridges are thrown from bank to bank, one above, the other below the fall. The rocks and over-arching trees, surrounding the Force, render it perfectly secluded, and cast a solemnity of beauty over the scene, one of the finest of its kind in the lake district.

Seen from the highest point of the rock, whence the fall commences, this cascade assumes an appearance yet more striking than when viewed from below. The yawning gulf, and perpendicular channel, excavated by the continual passage of the waters, have something terrific in their character, and cause the spectator powerfully to feel

"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low."

**DERWENT WATER.**

"See! where yonder lake
Spreads its wide liquid plain: now stands unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of heaven, and heaven reflects
From its broad, glittering mirror; now with waves,
Curled gently by the breeze, salutes the flowers
That grace its banks!"

**Broome.**

Derwent Water, not unfrequently called Keswick Lake, from its vicinity to that town, is a beautiful sheet of water, inclining to an oval form, extending about three miles in length, and a mile and a-half in breadth. It partakes of the lofty majesty of Ullswater, and the delicious scenery of Windermere; having, like the last-mentioned lake, a number of small islands appearing on its surface, and being, like Ullswater, surrounded by an amphitheatre of rocky mountains, occasionally covered with woods. On the south side of the lake is the cataract of Lodore, one of the most magnificent waterfalls in "this region of the sublime."

The islands of Derwent Water are five in number, of which the principal are Vicar’s Island, Lord’s Island, and St. Herbert’s Isle; Ramps Holme and Pocklington Island are the names of the other two. The whole are covered with trees, and contribute very materially to the picturesque beauty of the lake. Towards the southern extremity is occasionally seen a floating island, the alternate appearance and disappearance of which has given rise to various hypotheses. Southey, in his "Madoc," thus alludes
to this phenomenon, connecting it with the artificial islets which float on the lakes of Mexico and China:

"We reached the shore:
A floating island waited for me there,
The beautiful work of man. I set my foot
Upon green growing herbs and flowers, and sate
Embowered in odorous shrubs; four long light boats,
Yoked in the garden, with accordant song,
And dip and dash of oar in harmony,
Bore me across the lake."

The surface of Derwent Water is frequently in a state of great agitation when not a breath of air is stirring, from the influence of the "bottom-wind:" then the motionless quietude of the foliage on its borders, contrasts singularly with its tumultuous and ruffled waves, which render boating unpleasant, and disturb every movable thing on the island. This remarkable phenomenon lasts sometimes for an hour or two, and at others for a whole day; and it is usually during its continuance that the floating island is visible.

The mountains of Skiddaw and Helvellyn sinking the neighbouring elevations into comparative littleness, give a dignified character to the natural beauty of the lake. It has been recommended to tourists to survey its romantic scenes when "the moon throws her silver tresses o' er them;" and of the effect of moonlight upon the lake, Southey thus speaks:

"The moon arose; she shone upon the lake,
Which lay one smooth expanse of silver light;
She shone upon the hills and rocks, and cast
Upon their hollows and their hidden glens
A blacker depth of shade."

A night-view of Derwent Water, it might be supposed, would call up devotional feeling in the bosom of an atheist. Every object is invested with a mantle of soft light; the broad shadows of the mountains give indefinite extent to those parts over which they extend; and the solemn voice of the waterfalls, and the echoes of the mountains, fall upon the ear in sounds not altogether of earth.

Derwent Water gave the title of earl to the Ratcliffe family, in whose possession several islands in the lake and the adjacent lands continued until the ruin of that noble house, when they were vested in trustees for the benefit of Greenwich Hospital; and are now the property of the Marshall family, originally of Leeds. Castlerigg, or Castle Head, whence the illustrative view is taken, is the site of an ancient castle, formerly the residence of the earls of Derwentwater. Castlerigg is further remarkable for the remains of a Druidical temple.
DERWENT AND BASSENTHWAITE LAKES.

KESWICK AND SKIDDAW IN THE DISTANCE.

"Once more, O Derwent! to thy awful shores
I come instalate of the accustomed sight;
And, listening as the eternal torrent roars,
Drink in with eye and ear a fresh delight;
For I have wandered far by land and sea,
In all my wanderings still remembering thes."  SOUTHEY.

The usual size of our engraving has been departed from in this instance, to enable the artist to comprise with distinctness, in one view, the rich and extensive scenery surrounding Derwent and Bassenthwaite Lakes: the view is taken from the road to Watendlath, from a point whence the eye surveys the whole extent of the two lakes; and a scene of more luxuriant beauty than they afford can scarcely be imagined. The town of Keswick lies in the vale on the right; the lofty Saddleback, easily distinguishable from its form, rises "into the clear blue heavens;" and, more remote, "in all the majesty of distance," stands Skiddaw.

The islands of the Derwent have already been alluded to; but they merit a more detailed notice. Vicar's Island, also called Derwent Isle (once an appanage of Fountain's Abbey, Yorkshire), lies nearest the foot of the lake. It contains about six acres, and is the country seat of H. C. Marshall, Esq. Lord's Island is about the same size as the Vicar's. It took its name from a pleasure-house, built there by an Earl of Derwentwater, with the stones of their deserted castle on Castlerigg. St. Herbert's Island, which includes an extent of about four acres, and is situated near the centre of the lake, also belongs to the Marshalls. It obtained its name from St. Herbert, a priest and confessor, who, about the middle of the seventh century, made it his lonely abode. He was particularly distinguished for his friendship to St. Cuthbert; and, according to a legendary tale, at the intercession of St. Herbert, they both expired on the same day, and in the same hour and minute. Wordsworth's inscription for the spot where the hermitage stood, from which the following lines are taken, refers to this legend,—

"When, with eye upraised
To heaven, he knelt before the crucifix,
While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore
Peal'd to his ears; and when he paced
Along the beach of this small isle, and thought
Of his companion, he would pray that both
(Now that their earthly duties were fulfill'd)
 Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain
So pray'd he—as our chronicles report,
Though here the hermit number'd his last day,
Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved friend—
Those holy men both died in the same hour."

* For a description of Bassenthwaite Lake, see ante, p. 3.
The remains of St. Herbert's hermitage are still visible; and near to these ruins stands a small octagonal cottage, of unhewn stone, erected some years ago by the late Sir Wilfred Lawson, from whom the late Mr. Marshall purchased the property. The dwelling of the anchorite consisted of two apartments, one of which, about twenty feet in length by sixteen in width, appears to have been his chapel; the other, whose dimensions are considerably less, was his cell.

When the Roman Catholic was the established religion of this country, mass was celebrated yearly, on the 13th of April, in the little chapel on this island, by the vicar of Crossthwaite, and an indulgence of forty days was granted to every one who attended. 'What a happy holyday,' says Southey, 'must that have been for all these vales; and how joyous, on a fine spring day, must the lake have appeared, with boats and banners from every chapelry; and how must the chapel have adorned that little isle, giving a human and religious character to the solitude.'

The view which is here presented of Derwentwater, differs widely in its character from the one already described, at Castle Head.* In the latter, the mountains, stretching along the western shore of the lake, rise smooth and uniform; several islands variegate the surface of the water; and the whole scene repose in quiet and pleasing majesty. Surveyed from the north-west, the stern and rugged features of the southern boundary arrest the sight. The spectator gazes in silence on the scarred and tempest-worn rocks, beyond which are seen a series of broken mountainous crags, soaring one above the other, and overshadowing the dark winding deeps of Borrowdale.

The southern extremity of Derwentwater is shown in the accompanying view. This portion of the lake, usually called the Bay, includes in its scenery a picturesque, though distant view of the Lodore cataract, issuing from a chasm in the rear of a small hamlet, which takes its name from the waterfall. Much of the wild sublimity that characterises this region, is produced by the vast and awful crags which rise on either

* See ante, p. 14.
side of the torrent. At the foot of those crags stands the hamlet of Lodore, in which is a well-conducted inn, for the accommodation of tourists. In the meadow, descending to the margin of the lake, an extremely fine echo can be heard.

The lake-scenery of England is in no degree monotonous: when the visitor has contemplated, with a mingled feeling of reverence and delight, any one of those romantic and mind-ennobling prospects which it affords, he must not conclude that he has seen all the combinations of form that “mountain, flood, and vale,” can assume. Even amid those scenes where beauty seemeth to repose “in the lap of horror,” the naked crags and gloomy recesses of the overhanging mountains are surveyed with emotions of pleasure, rather than of pain;—for, stern and awful as their appearance may be, they image forth a majesty more solemn, a magnificence infinitely greater, than their own:—

*These craggy regions, these chaotic wilds,
Does that Benignity pervade, that warms
The mole, contented with her darksome walk,
In the cold ground.”

**CataRact OF LODORE.**

“A thousand rills their mazy progress take;
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres’ golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep again,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour,
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.”

Gray.

This cataract, formed by the Lodore river flowing out of the valley of Watendlath, aided by numerous tributary streams from the mountains, discharges its waters into the lake Derwentwater. The character of this Fall varies considerably with the season. Though at all periods an object of great interest to the tourist, it is only after a heavy fall of rain, that the grandeur and sublimity of the torrent can be justly estimated. Then, when the thousand streams of the mountains are let loose, the Cataract appears in all its majesty: rushing down an enormous pile of protruding rocks, it rolls along with uninterrupted volume and impetuous velocity, “and shakes the country round.” The scene is fearfully magnificent; and the deafening tumult of the raging waters can, it is stated, in a serene evening, be distinctly heard at the distance of twelve miles. Gowder Crag rises on the left, and Shepherd’s Crag on the right of the Fall.
The Lodore Waterfall forms a splendid adjunct to the scene, when viewed from a distance, in connection with other objects; but it requires no accompaniments to heighten its effect: it exhibits in itself the most stupendous dignity—a wild and varied grandeur—an overwhelming sublimity of sight and sound—

"Where the proud queen of wilderness hath placed
By lake and cataract her cloudy throne."

The stream falls between two perpendicular rocks, the intermediate parts of which, broken into large fragments, form the rough bed of the cascade. Some of the fragments stretch out in shelves, and hold a depth of soil sufficient for large trees; among these the stream hurries along through a fall of one hundred and fifty feet. Towards the bottom, also, the ground is much broken, and overgrown with wood: here the water reaches an abyss, whence it finds its way through deep channels into Lake Derwent.

If the pedestrian will take the pains to ascend to the top of the Waterfall, he will view an exquisite picture, set in a frame of natural rock, comprising Derwentwater, with Vicar's Island and Skiddaw for a background, Crossthwaite Church reposing at its foot. A peep of Bassenthwaite Water is also obtained. The view which accompanies this description, is taken from a ledge of rocks about the centre of the stream, and is the most extensive survey of the Cataract that can be taken from one point.
perpendicular than that of Lodore, and a smaller quantity of water is consequently displayed to greater advantage in the former. The total depth of the Fall is about one hundred and twenty-two feet. It is interrupted in its descent by a ledge of rocks, whence a second Fall carries the waters to the bottom of the precipice, and through a wooded glen to the lake of Derwentwater. The same stream that feeds the Lodore cataract, provides a supply for this cascade. A pathway leads round the foot of the torrent to a flight of steps, by which the visitor ascends to a romantic summer-house, and thence continues to the summit of the Fall.

**DERWENTWATER, FROM APPLETHWAITE.**

"Peace dwells here,
And smiling innocence delights to form
Wild primrose garlands, for the modest brow
Of rural happiness."  

*Roberts.*

In this view the spectator, standing with his back towards Skiddaw, enjoys a charming prospect, including the beautiful and romantic hamlet of Applethwaite, the northern extremity of Derwentwater, and the lofty range of mountains forming the southwestern boundary of the lake. The lovely and sequestered dwelling-place, in the foreground of our view, "by circling mountains severed from the world," appears to be a spot peculiarly suited to the rich and glowing visions of young romance. The distant lake reposes in calm and silent majesty:

"Time writes no wrinkles on its azure brow!"

The hills, patriarchs of the solitude! decked with their coronets of mist, and "gleaming with purple,"

"like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

It was Southey's opinion, that the best general view of Derwentwater is obtained from a terrace between Applethwaite and Milbeck, a little beyond the former: but the best view he described as being gained from Friar Crag, on the east shore, near the foot of the lake: "There it is," said the poet, "if I had Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus's purse, I would build myself a house."—Another very fine view is obtained from Castle Head, on the left of the Borrowdale road, about half a mile from Keswick.
DERWENTWATER, AND VILLAGE OF GRANGE.

"On its smooth breast, the shadows seem
Like objects in a morning dream,
What time the slumberer is aware
He sleeps, and all the vision's air

A short distance from Derwentwater, on the road to Borrowdale, the bridge, crossing Borrowdale Beck, at Grange, forms a pleasing object in the view; while the village itself, and the scattered residences lying on the declivity of the hills, add greatly to the beauty of the prospect. The lake, diversified with islands, and circled by "hills whose tops reach heaven," is hence seen under an aspect peculiarly favourable to picturesque effect. Loftiest among the distant hills, rises Skiddaw. Professor Wilson has addressed a powerful sonnet to this "mountain monarch."

"It was a dreadful day, when late I pass'd
O'er thy dim vastness, Skiddaw! Mist and cloud
Each subject Fell obscured, and rushing blast
To thee made darling music, wild and loud
Thou mountain monarch!"

About four hundred yards from Grange bridge, on the side next Keswick, there is a remarkable echo—best heard from a plot of ground on the left. On a calm day, it will return four or five distinct answers.

BORROWDALE.

"In Langdale Pike and witch's lair,
And Dungeon Ghyll so foully rent,
With rope of rocks, and bells of air,
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft, too, by their knell offended,
Just as their one—two!—three! is ended,
The devil mocks their doleful tale,
With a merry peal from Borrowdale."

Coleridge.

Passing by the west margin of Derwentwater, the road from Keswick enters the valley of Borrowdale, which is six miles long, and contains about two thousand acres. It is watered throughout by the river Grange, which, after it issues from Derwentwater, takes the name of the Derwent. The scenery of the valley comprises the beautiful
and the terrific. It contains the hamlets of Rosthwaite, Seathwaite, Stonethwaite, Grange, and Seatoller. The houses are few and scattered; but in the neighbourhood of Rosthwaite, a varied and pleasing landscape greets the sight: towards Derwentwater, the mountains close upon each other, and present a wild and solitary defile, strewn with fragments of rock, and wearing an aspect of stern grandeur. Mason, in his poem of the "English Garden," speaking of the charms of "all-majestic Nature," says—

"Trace her march
Amid the purple crags of Borrowdale;
And try like those to pile thy range of rock
In rude tumultuous chaos."

The retrospective view of Borrowdale is very beautiful. "It may be questioned," remarks the late Professor Wilson (Christopher North), "if there be, in all the Highlands of Scotland, one glen comparable to Borrowdale, though there are several that approach it in that combination of beauty and grandeur, which perhaps no other scene equals in all the world. The gorge of the dale exhibits the finest imaginable assemblage of rocks and rocky hills, all wildly wooded, and laved by a sylvan stream, not without its abysses. The mountains are not so high as in the Highlands, but they are very majestic; and the passes into Langdale, Wastdale Head, and Buttermere, are magnificent, and show precipices in which the golden eagle himself might rejoice."

Our view of Borrowdale, taken near the village of Grange, shows the commencement of a rugged pass, which continues for several miles through the mountains, with scarcely a single feature to relieve the awful solitude of the place, beyond the Derwent river, whose stream is "distilled to crystal" by its passage through a rocky channel. The immediate vicinity of Grange is not deficient in rich accompaniments of wood; and the scene is here enlivened by the rich foliage of Castle Crag.

CASTLE CRAG.

"Go forth into the country,
It hath many a solemn grove,
And many an altar on its hills,
Sacred to peace and love.
And whilst with grateful fervour,
Thine eyes its glory scan,
Worship the God who made them all,
Oh! holy Christian man!"

MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Opposite to the village of Grange is a conical hill, which, in the course of time, has received a sufficient covering of earth to admit of trees taking root, and is now covered with wood. With this exception, the first mile of Borrowdale presents a uniform scene
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of nakedness and desolation. The hill we have named appears on the left of our view.

At the mouth of Borrowdale, and rising precipitously from the river Derwent, is the lofty and peaked mountain called Castle Crag, its sides finely mantled with wood. From the summit, on one side, is obtained a magnificent view of Derwentwater, its isles, and mountains with all their varied beauties; Bassenthwaite Lake, in the far distance, closing the view. On the other side is Borrowdale, with its rugged grandeur and mountain-ruins. The hill derives its name from a fortification which formerly existed on its summit, erected to command the pass of Borrowdale, and protect the southern parts of the kingdom from incursions on the north. Some of the relics which have been found here are shown in one of the museums at Keswick. At the foot of Castle Crag (one of the most beautiful spots in England), there is merely room for the road and the river. The latter—first the Grange and then the Derwent—"from its source amid huge boulders at the head of Borrowdale, pours its foaming waters in fantastic cascades over successive precipices; having, ever and anon, its current enlarged by sister streamlets, which drop like silver icicles into the romantic chasm, through which it dashes restlessly from rock to rock, till, a change having come o'er the spirit of its dream, it gently flows, beneath the bridge at Grange, into the crystal bosom of Derwentwater."

The village of Grange is situated in the straits of Borrowdale, on the west side of the Derwent, and it is here that the grand and savage scenery of the valley commences. The mountains and crags on either side approach each other so closely, as to leave a very confined entrance to the valley beyond. "Borrowdale appears from this point to be choked up with vast rocks and fragments, which lie strewn in the wildest disorder, as if they had been torn by some great convulsion of nature from the neighbouring mountains, and tumbled down into the valley."

Opposite to Castle Crag, on the side of the road leading from Grange to Rosthwaite, is the Bowder, or boulder stone, a most remarkable object. This singular mass of rock is sixty-two feet long, thirty-six feet high, eighty-nine feet in circumference, and has been computed to weigh from one thousand eight hundred to two thousand tons. From the position in which it lies, Wordsworth has compared it to a ship resting on its keel—

"Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that rests
Careless of wind and waves."

From the similarity of its veins to those of the adjoining precipice, Bowder Stone appears to have been detached from the latter by lightning, or some violent convulsion of nature. It is visited, on account of the prospect obtained from the summit, of the interior of Borrowdale, extending as far as Rosthwaite. The ascent is by steps cut in the side; and, though dangerous and difficult, it is frequently ventured upon by ladies.

* "Summer Wanderings."
THE VILLAGE OF ROSTHWAITHE.

"Scenes as fair as England holds
Within her world of beauty." — CARRINGTON.

In the valley of Borrowdale, one mile beyond the Bowder Stone, stands the village of Rosthwaite, in the midst of an amphitheatre, sheltered by mountains, and arrayed in unequalled loveliness and grandeur, where there is a small inn, at which a guide may be procured to any of the points of interest in the neighbourhood. This hamlet forms part of the township and chapelry of Borrowdale, and is distant rather more than six miles south from Keswick, in the parish of Crossthwaite.

Our view is taken at a point in the road from Watendlath, and discovers the romantic valley of Borrowdale, with its lowly and peaceful dwellings, rich meadows, and fertilising streams. The vale is beautified with two winding rivers, which, uniting at a short distance from Rosthwaite, form the silver Derwent. On the left appear Scawfell Pikes, the rolling clouds clinging around them; and immediately beneath, we discern a small white structure, which is the chapel-of-ease belonging to the whole township of Borrowdale. Adjoining Scawfell Pikes is seen the hill of Sty Head. Near is the hamlet of Seathwaite, in which neighbourhood are the celebrated wad mines, to which the artist is indebted for that valuable drawing implement, the black-lead pencil. They are the only mines of the kind in England; and when occasionally discovered in other countries, the mineral is widely inferior in quality. The wad is not found without much difficulty, and the workmen are frequently engaged many months in seeking for it, without finding any. "It does not lie in veins, but in masses or sops, sometimes of a ramified form, like the root of a tree, and its discovery is consequently accidental."

The hamlet of Rosthwaite is denoted by the clustered dwellings standing on the margin of the nearest stream. In the engraving, every object shown, every accident conceived, it must be admitted, subserve the general design; and even the peat-burner's fire becomes, under the judicious management of the artist, a powerful auxiliary to picturesque effect.
ROSETHWAITE. BORROWDALE, FROM THE ROAD TO WATERLATH.
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WATERFALL, & THE STREAM OF LOWDER.
EAGLE CRAG, FROM ROSTHWAITE.

"Mountains, on whose barren breast:
The labouring clouds do often rest:
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide." Milton.

Eagle Crag is a stupendous pile of rock, soaring above the separation of the Langstretth and Greenup valleys, at the head of Borrowdale, to the east, where eagles used commonly to fix their habitation. The young eagles were occasionally caught by the adventurous inhabitants of the valley, who, when standing underneath, observe the place where the nest is seated, and afterwards, from the summit of some cliff, let down by ropes one of the most hardy of their companions, to secure the nest while the old eagles were abroad. The king of birds has, however, been driven from this locality by the persecution of the shepherds. The eagles left the crag distinguished by their name, for one in Seathwaite, and finally crossed the ridge into Eskdale. It is a rare thing now to see one of these majestic birds.

The views in this part of Borrowdale are of the richest picturesque, from the combination of towering hills and crags, with woods, streams, and branching valleys. The present view includes a branch of the Derwent river, the hamlet of Stonethwaite, the lofty declivity of Eagle Crag, and a distant glimpse of "the mighty Helvellyn."

WATENDLATH.

"Tis glorious here, at breaking day,
To watch the orient clouds of gray
Blush crimson, as the yellow sun
Walks up to take his purple throne,
And melts to snowy mists the dew
That kiss'd, all night, each blossom's hue." J. H. Nichols.

Between the vale of Keswick and Borrowdale, the mountains are called Watendlath. They inclose a narrow dell, called Watendlath Vale. It lies nearly due west of the Bowder Stone; and is included in the chapelry of Borrowdale. A mountain stream running through it forms two considerable tarns, and the stupendous cataract of Lodore. It is well worth a visit; the fields are richly green, and the rocks on each side, though not very lofty, are fine, and picturesquely plumed with trees. Near the end of
the glen, a road climbs a ridge, and descends to Borrowdale; and it is not unusual for pedestrians to cross the Armboth fells from Watendlath to Thirlmere, and vice versa. The valley of Watendlath is adapted for an anchorite's abode. On the borders of the tarn are a few cottages of great antiquity, and, these excepted, not a single dwelling can be discovered in the neighbourhood.

WATERFALL, NEAR STY HEAD.

"Noble the mountain stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage ground;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness—thunder in its deafening sound!
Mark how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day,
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies." — Bernard Barton.

The hill of Sty Head forms a defile between the mountains of Scawfell and Great Gavel or Gable. It derives its name from the Danish word stie, a ladder. The direct road is from the village of Seathwaite, and it is marked by a bed of stones, serving as a sure guide to the tourist in his ascent. Skirting along the rocky channel of the Derwent, which at this place is a small torrent, rapid and turbulent in its course, the traveller crosses a rude bridge projected over a tributary stream, and commences the ascent of a steep hill on his right hand. The path is winding and laborious; and a torrent rushes down a ravine by the side of it, in one uninterrupted fall.

The waterfall to which our illustration refers, is formed of the tributary streams of the Derwent rivers, and, though inferior to others in extent, is eminently picturesque in its appearance, owing to the variety which it presents to the eye. The bare summits of the rocks, where, as if in mockery of vegetation, a few trees are scattered, contrast with the umbrageous foliage that clothes the base and sides of the precipices; while this is again relieved, on the opposite side, by a steep and rude ascent, strewn with fragments of rock, and partially covered with underwood. The principal stream is divided by a mass of rock, nearly at the commencement of the fall, and reaches the bed of the torrent with but few obstructions. Another stream descends with great impetuosity on the right hand; and the mingled waters pursue their rapid course, boiling and foaming as they proceed, over a bed of stones:

"A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep."
WATERFALL, NEAR SYT HEAD, CUMBERLAND.
STY HEAD TARN.

"How divine
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps, regions consecrate
To oldest time."

Sty Head Tarn is a small elevated lake on the summit of Sty Head, forming one of the sources of the Derwent river. In former times, swine were wont to feed and drink here in the summer, and go down in the autumn into Borrowdale, where they found nuts and acorns. The eagles came after the boars; but neither are now seen on Sty Head. In these days, no creature comes to drink at the tarn, except, perhaps, a tired traveller, exhausted by climbing the toilsome ascent from the vale below. Above the tarn, at a dread elevation, rises the towering acclivity of Great End, one of the summits of Scawfell—shutting in the pass of Sty Head on the right, as Great Gable does on the left. That pass is the highest in the lake district, having an elevation of 1,300 feet.

The extreme elevation of Sty Head forms a rocky plain, nearly half a mile in extent, and environed by a circle of steep slaty rocks. From one side of this crag, the eye looks down with terror; much of the scenery around the place being calculated to inspire emotions of the most awful description. On the opposite side, a pleasing prospect unfolds itself, comprising the vales of Keswick and Borrowdale, to the north; and to the south-westward, the valley and village of Wastdale, with the lake of Wastwater, and a background of stupendous mountains. The pleasure with which the tourist surveys the latter scene, is, however, to a certain extent, lost in the overpowering sensation of danger, arising from a view of the path by which he must descend. Above him rise tremendous hills, whose bases appear to unite; beneath lies a precipice, which the human eye can scarcely fathom; and along its sides winds the narrow and almost perpendicular path, whence, by one false step, the traveller would be precipitated into the gulf.
SCAWFELL PIKES, FROM STY HEAD.

"The eye can only see
Broken mass of cold gray stone;
Never yet was place so lone!
Yet the heart hath many a mood
That would seek such solitude."

Proceeding from Keswick, the road to the romantic defile of Sty Head lies through Rosthwaite, Borrowdale, and Seathwaite. On leaving the vale, and entering the defile, cultivation terminates; and the overhanging mountains frown sullenly on the passing traveller.

From Seathwaite, a deep and winding path, marked by a bed of stones, leads across Sty Head, which, as already observed, forms a narrow valley or pass between the two mountains of Scawfell and Great Gable. The latter is 2,925 feet above the level of the sea, and on its summit is a well of pure water—a small triangular basin in the rock, six inches deep, which contains water in the driest seasons. Scawfell comprises a range of four mountains—Scawfell, Scawfell Pikes, Lingmell, and Great Gable; the latter being the north-eastern limits, fronting Borrowdale. The shepherds of Wastdale contend, however, that Scawfell extends no further than a deep chasm called Mickle-Door, that separates the two principal points, the highest of which, 3,160 feet above the sea-level, they call "the Pikes," and sometimes, "High Pike," or "Man,"—whilst they term the other "Low Pike." In the trigonometrical survey, the first is designated "Scawfell highest top;" the second, which is nearly of the same altitude, as it reaches an estimated height of 3,100 feet, is called "Scawfell lower top." The two points are three-quarters of a mile apart, and it is very difficult to pass from one to the other. Some persons have ventured to cross Mickle-Door; but it is a hazardous experiment, and a wide circuit is necessary. The ascent of Scawfell is made sometimes from Sty Head, sometimes from Langdale and Esk Hause, and at others from Lingmell. From both points, the views are most extensive, picturesque, and beautiful. Mr. Wordsworth scaled "the Pikes;" and his description is the best extant. The day was calm; the guide said, he "was never so high upon the mountains on so calm a day:" and, says the poet, "no sound could be heard; the Scawfell cataracts were dumb; 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 sand. 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; Grasmere, and the other mountains of Crummock; Ennerdale, and its mountains; and the sea beyond."* 

* "Letter to a Friend."
considerable part of the Lancashire, Cumberland, and Scottish coasts, with the Isle of Man and the mountains of North Wales, the Yorkshire hills, the country in the neighbourhood of Derwentwater and Windermere—all are included in the view which is said to constitute as fine a panorama as can be seen in England.

There is no vegetation on Scawfell, except that of lichens. "Cushions or tufts of moss, parched and brown, appear between the huge blocks of stones that lie in heaps on all sides, to a great distance, like skeletons or bones of the earth, not needed at the creation, and there left to be covered with never-dying lichens, which the clouds and dews nourish, and adorn with colours of exquisite beauty. Flowers, the most brilliant feathers, and even gems, scarcely surpass in colouring some of those masses of stone."

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**WHITEHAVEN.**

"Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and ocean wide, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decay."  

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**WHITEHAVEN.**

From Whitehaven, a seaport and market-town in the parish of St. Bees, excursions may be made to the lakes and mountains in the western division of Cumberland. The town is situated in a creek of the Irish sea, at the distance of twenty-seven miles from Keswick, fourteen from Cockermouth, forty-one from Carlisle, and three hundred and twenty from London. It contained, at the census of 1851, a population of 18,916 souls. It stands at the northern extremity of a narrow vale, extending to the village of St. Bees, five miles inland, and the high ground of which, sweeping to the ocean, and bounded by bold rocks, rising abruptly from the shore, terminates in St. Bees' Head; a lofty promontory, on which a lighthouse—a very conspicuous mark for mariners—is erected.

In the monastic ages, Whitehaven belonged to the monks of St. Bees, whose aversion to commerce, and disinclination for the improvements that ever follow in its train, sufficiently explain the circumstance, that in 1666 the town consisted of six fishermen's huts; and one small bark only, of nine tons burden, entered the port, and that for the purpose of supplying the brotherhood with fish, salt, and other necessary articles. At the dissolution of religious houses, an ancestor of the Lowther family purchased the lands in the neighbourhood of the town; and to his descendants, Whitehaven is much indebted for the vast improvements that have been effected in its general appearance and prosperity. The present town is laid out with much taste and
elegance. The streets are broad and straight, intersecting each other at right angles; the houses are, for the most part, constructed of stone, and roofed with blue slate. The churches, three in number, and other public buildings, are handsome and appropriate structures. The extensive harbour is protected by seven stone piers, stretching into the ocean in different directions; it retains nine feet of water at the lowest ebb, and has twenty feet of water at spring-tide. On the pier called the old quay, is a lighthouse, erected in the reign of Charles II.; and on the one called the new quay, is another lighthouse, with revolving lights. From the whiteness of the rocky headlands, the port is supposed to have received its name of White-Haven. The open valley in which the town is situated, is generally supposed to have been anciently occupied by the sea; the appearance of the soil, and the discovery of a ship's anchor at a considerable depth in the ground, seem to favour the opinion.

The commerce of Whitehaven is very extensive; the exports are coal (which is the most important article of trade), lime, freestone, alabaster, and grain, with manufactured goods; the imports are linen and flax from Ireland, wine from Portugal and Spain, dried fruits from the Levant, and various articles from the Baltic, America, and the West Indies. The chief manufactures are linen, sail-cloth, checks, gingham, sheeting, thread, twine, paper, soap, anchors, and nails; here are iron and brass foundries, and breweries. Ships are also built for the American, West Indian, and coasting trade. Steamboats pass regularly from this port to Liverpool, Carlisle, Dublin, and Scotland; and as this mode of reaching Whitehaven from Liverpool and Fleetwood is much more economical than the inland one, many persons avail themselves of it for arriving at the lake-country. Railway communication is also had to Maryport, Carlisle, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and by them to all parts of England and Scotland.

The coal-mines of Whitehaven are perhaps the most extraordinary in the world, lying beneath the town, and extending a considerable distance under the bed of the sea; so that ships of large burden sail over the miners' heads. The sea sometimes bursts into the mines, causing an immense destruction of life and property; the miners are also much annoyed with fire-damp and choke-damp, fulminating gases which occasionally cause terrible explosions. Mr. Spedding, formerly engineer of the coal-works in this neighbourhood, having observed that the fire-damp could only be kindled by flame, invented a machine in which a revolving steel wheel elicits from flints, properly disposed, a continual train of sparks, affording sufficient light for the miner's purpose, and superseding the use of light or candle. This contrivance, however, was not an effectual preservation, for the ingenious contriver lost his life by an explosion of the damps, where his machine was in operation. The safety-lamp, invented by the celebrated Sir Humphrey Davy, has succeeded better; but that has not been found infallible in preventing accidents in mines.

Whitehaven enjoys the privilege of sending one member to parliament, an advantage conferred upon it by the Reform Bill of 1832. The market-days are Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. One annual fair. Races are occasionally held in the vicinity. A life-boat has been stationed at the port, since 1803, and has saved many lives.
Paul Jones, the notorious pirate, served an apprenticeship to a mariner of Whitehaven. This desperado landed here, early in the morning of the 23rd April, 1778, with about thirty armed men, from on board the American privateer, Ranger, which carried eighteen 6-pounders and six swivels, and had been fitted out at Nantes for this hostile expedition. After setting fire to three ships, Paul was betrayed by one of his men, and obliged to make a precipitate retreat, leaving the shore in two boats before any force could be brought against him, having taken the precaution to spike all the guns on the nearest battery.

The entrance to Whitehaven from the north is under an archway, with an ornamental entablature, displaying the arms of the Lowther family; and near the town, the Earl of Lonsdale, who is lord of the manor, and proprietor of the coal-mines, has a delightful residence, called Whitehaven Castle. It was originally called "The Flat," or Flat Hall; but on being rebuilt by the Earl of Lonsdale, in a castellated style, it received its present name. The façade is handsome, and there is a fine lawn, with extensive pleasure-grounds and gardens. This structure appears on the right of our view.

**LOWESWATER.**

"High sunny summits, deeply-shaded dales,
Thick mossy banks, the flowery winding vales
With various prospect gratify the sight,
And scatter fixed attention with delight." — *Parnell.*

Loweswater, which lies to the west of Derwentwater, about seven miles south of Cockermouth, and about the same distance east of Whitehaven, gives name to a hamlet situated near the foot of a lake. The mountains surrounding the lower end of the lake are high and rocky; in many points of view they appear of a conical form, and rise from their base so abruptly that it is impossible to ascend them. These declivities, however, are not unfrequently clothed with brushwood and a few trees, which render them exceedingly picturesque in themselves, and impart a pleasing variety to the surrounding prospect. The lake, scarcely exceeding a mile in length, hardly one-quarter broad, and about sixty feet in extreme depth, discharges itself, by a narrow rivulet, into Crummock Water, distant about two miles to the south-eastward. Viewed from the lofty mountain of Melbreak, which rises on the west of Crummock Water, Loweswater has an interesting and picturesque appearance, many neat farmhouses being built on
the slopes; and the lake making a middle distance to a combination of mountains scarcely equalled. A house on Scale Hill, to the south-east of the lake, is said to have been an early occasional residence of Lord Brougham.

"The village of Loweswater is charmingly situated close to the lake, under the lofty Melbreak." Excepting in this direction, however, there are few habitations near it; and a consequent air of solitude pervades the scene. "Nothing exceeds in composition the parts of this landscape. They are all great, and lie in fine order of perspective. The genius of the greatest adepts might here improve in taste and judgment; and the most enthusiastic ardour for pastoral poetry and painting will here find an inexhaustible source of scenes and images."

"Look where you may, a tranquillising soul
Breathes forth a life-like pleasure o'er the whole.
The shadows settling on the mountain's breast,
Recline, as conscious of the hour of rest;
Stedfast, as objects in a peaceful dream,
The sleepy trees are bending o'er the stream;
The stream, half-veil'd in snowy vapour, flows
With sound-like silence, motion-like repose."

The illustrative view is taken from the north-east, on the road leading to Crummock Water; and includes the mountains of Blake-fell, Melbreak, and Red Pike.

CRUMMOCK WATER.

"Here are the Alpine landscapes, which create:
A fund for contemplation — to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire;
Here to be lonely is not desolate."  BYRON.

This lake, situated between the lofty mountains of Grasmoor and Melbreak, is distant two miles south-east from Loweswater, and extends within about three-quarters of a mile of Buttermere; it is three miles long, by about three-quarters of a mile broad; and its sounded depth is twenty-two fathoms. On its surface are three small islands, one a naked rock, and the other two covered with wood: owing to their contiguity to the shore, they contribute but little to the beauty of the lake. The head of Crummock Water is exceedingly fine; the middle part is remarkable for bold and naked grandeur;
and at the foot is spread a rich profusion of wood. Like Buttermere, and many of the other lakes, it is well stocked with trout, char, and other fish.

At Scale Hill, between this lake and Loweswater, four miles and a-half from Buttermere, there is a large and comfortable inn, which, for a few days, might advantageously be made the tourist's residence. There are walks cut through Lanthwaite Wood, commencing at the inn door, and running some distance by the side of the lake. Boats may be had upon Crummock Lake, from which the inn is about a mile distant; and Scale Force, one of the loftiest waterfalls in the vicinity of the lakes, may be visited, if not seen previously. One boating excursion, at least, ought to be taken, for the purpose of viewing the fine panorama of mountains which enclose the lake, and which can nowhere be seen to such advantage as from the bosom of the water. From the lower extremity, Rannersdale Knot and the Melbreak promontory, on the west, seem to divide the lake into two reaches. Whitemoss and Grasmoor, on the east, are majestic to the highest degree. A fine view of Crummock Lake and of Buttermere, may be obtained from a point two or three hundred yards above the promontory under Melbreak. Honister Crag closes the prospect on the south-east, beyond Buttermere.

This romantic solitude is invested with a sublimity attributed by fable to the regions that "mortal foot hath ne'er profaned:" and were it not for the shepherds and their faithful assistants, gathering their scattered charge, and the diminutive sails visible on the deep-shadowed wave, we might justly deem it the peculiar abode of silence; and

"The broad blue lake, extending far and wide,
Its waters dark beneath the light of noon,"

would picture to the imagination the classic Lethe.

If to "look through nature up to nature's God" is the legitimate object of refined and sensitive minds, in their contemplations of material beauty, scenes similar to that which we have described, cannot fail to excite emotions of reverence, and give enlarged conceptions of Deity. To recognise a Supreme Power in the dark cloud and in the stirring wind, is not the mere simplicity of an untutored mind. Standing in those cloud-roofed temples "that human hands have never helped to pile," the philosopher and the peasant are alike compelled to acknowledge the presence of the "God of the mountains."

The illustrative engraving exhibits the central portion of Crummock Water. The vast mountain of Grasmoor, its barren sides streaked with beds of shale, is seen robed with the thunder-cloud; and immediately in front, is the comparatively low but abrupt hill, called Rannersdale Knot, extending a bold promontory into the lake. In the centre of the engraving appear the rugged heights of Honister Crag; and the acclivity, in the foreground, on the right hand, is part of the Red Pike mountain. The foot of this hill, and the road along it, are merely sheep-tracks, and form by no means a convenient route for the pedestrian tourist. He, however, who travels "in search of the picturesque," will not regard obstacles of this nature; a good staff, strong shoes, and a little patience, will enable him to make his way.
SCALE FORCE

"The torrent's roar,
Loud tumbling down the rock, say, does it charm
Thy listening ear with rapture, like the sounds
That warble sweetly from the lyre, woke
By the murmuring breeze?" — ROBERTS.

This cascade, which lies to the south-west of Crummock Water, and is distant about a mile and a-half from the village of Buttermere, exceeds, in extent of fall, the renowned Niagara; yet, owing to a difficulty of access, it is frequently neglected by the tourist. The most commodious route for the visitor, is to engage a boat at Buttermere Inn, and, crossing the lake of Crummock Water, land at the foot of the mountains in which the torrent is situated. The journey on foot is both dangerous and inconvenient, leading over a rapid river, with only a single plank laid across, and continuing over a boggy pasture along the foot of the Red Pike mountain. The tourist, however, who can set at nought the difficulties of the journey, will be gratified by the wild sublimity which surrounds his path, apparently leading into the heart of the mountains.

An opening between the hills of Melbreak and Blea Crag shows the course of the waterfall. A large fissure here presents itself, extending nearly three hundred feet into the mountains. Passing through this chasm, which is about four or five yards wide, and fenced on each side by perpendicular rocks—covered with moss, fern, and shrubs, nourished by the spray from the falling waters; whilst several large trees, growing in the fissures near the summit of the mountain, cast a deep shade around—the water rushes to a perpendicular wall that terminates the opening, and falls 180 feet, in one unbroken stream, into the gulf below; from whence it issues in a much more gentle form, over the ledge constituting the outer barricade of the basin.

Scale Force should be visited on the day succeeding a heavy rain; it will then appear in all its grandeur. On such an occasion, the volume of water fills the whole chasm; the rocks and the torrent struggle fearfully together, and seem to shake the mountain; while the noise of the fall, loud as that of a peal of thunder, carries dismay into the most intrepid heart.

The bank at the head of the cascade overlooks a magnificent view of the lake and mountains. Buttermere Lake and Honister Crag are components of the scene. The road to Keswick, by Newlands, may be seen climbing the Haws. A mountain-path, leaving Scale Force on the left, and climbing the fells above it, leads into Ennerdale. Blounts Tarn, which is passed on the way, serves as a landmark. The pedestrian who pursues this route, ought to know that the only inns in that valley are at Ennerdale Bridge, and a small one on the margin of the mere.
SCALE FORCE, CUMBERLAND.
HILL BECK, GREAT LANGDALE.
MILL BECK AND BUTTERMERE CHAPEL.

"I see a graceful hill,
On whose green sides unnumber'd flocks are leaping;
I see the sparkling sheen of flood and rill,
Through cultured vales their tuneful mazes keeping;
And human habitations, too, that fill
A pleasant space, from leafy coverts peeping;
And blithesome swains upon their homeward way,
Singing the burden of some moral lay."  J. C. Prince.

The accompanying view is taken from near the Keswick road, close by the picturesque bridge of the Mill Beck stream. Buttermere is a township and chapelry, deriving its name from the celebrated lake. The chapel of ease is a small building, erected by the Rev. Vaughan Thomas, on the site of a still smaller one; and is rendered interesting to the tourist by the situation which it occupies in the immediate neighbourhood of the fine conical mountain of Melbreak, and by its domestic aspect. "A man must be very insensible who would not be touched with pleasure at the sight of this chapel, so strikingly expressing, by its diminutive size, how small must be the congregation there assembled, as it were, like one family; and proclaiming at the same time to the passenger, in connection with the surrounding mountains, the depths of that seclusion in which the people live, that has rendered necessary the building of a separate place of worship for so few." Pastoral interest is added to this scene by the sheep browsing on Melbreak from the bottom to the top. Great numbers of sheep are bred on most of the Cumberland mountains, and the task of the farmer must often be arduous, and in winter very dangerous.

BUTTERMERE, FROM THE WOOD.

"Far in the north, in an humble sphere,
Dwelt Mary, the beauty of Buttermere,
Whose charms were so famed, that from every side
Came many to gaze upon Cumberland's pride."  Budworth.

The lake of Buttermere, which affords excellent sport for the angler, reposes in the bosom of a vale of the same name. It is one of the smallest lakes, extending about a mile and a quarter only in length, and little more than half a mile in breadth; is

* Wordsworth.

† Joseph Budworth (afterwards Palmer), F.S.A., author of "A Fortnight's Rambles to the Lakes in Westmorland, Lancashire, and Cumberland, by a Rambler, 1792," also of "Windermere, a Poem," and other works.
of an oblong form, and sweeps at one end round a woody promontory. The neighbouring scenery is eminently grand and picturesque. Along the western side, an extensive range of mountainous declivity stretches from end to end, and, to appearance, everywhere falls precipitately into the water. The Hay Stacks (so named from their shape), Red Pike, High Stile, and High Crag, are the mountains which rise to a sublime elevation. The eastern side is woody, and forms a rich and beautiful contrast to the west. At the head of the lake, rises Honister Crag, looking down on the hamlet of Gatesgarth beneath. The vale of Buttermere is rather confined in that part which the lake occupies, but at the outlet it opens, and extends to a considerable distance.

The village of Buttermere is situated on the eastern border of the lake, between it and Crummock Water; it is encompassed with stupendous mountains, and lies at the distance of eight miles south-west of Keswick. It consists of a few scattered farm-houses and two tolerable inns; and is, by reason of surrounding hills, the beau ideal of seclusion. At a time when the lakes were less frequented, the inhabitants were purely rustic; some of the men found employment in the neighbouring slate quarries, and the women occupied themselves in spinning woollen yarn. In the history of Buttermere, the beauty and misfortunes of Mary Robinson, better known as "Mary of Buttermere," form an interesting feature. She was the daughter of an innkeeper, and had long lived in this sequestered spot, where her beauty was celebrated in the shepherd's song, and her unsullied virtue was the theme of universal admiration. Mentioned, with great praise, in the work published by Capt. Budworth, from which we have taken our motto, she attracted the notice of many tourists; and at last became the victim of a heartless villain, who assumed the name of the Hon. Col. Hope, brother to the Earl of Hopetown. In 1802, they were married, and the real character of the husband soon became known. He was a criminal, named Hatfield, concealing himself from the officers of justice, by disguises, and under a false name; but he was soon discovered, and, about a year after their marriage, suffered death for his offences. Some time after, she resided with her native valley; and having married a young farmer named Harrison, from the neighbourhood of Carlisle, undertook the management of the inn that had formerly been kept by her father. By her second husband she had seven children, and lived several years very happily. Wordsworth has not deemed this woman of "a meek spirit, suffering inwardly," unworthy of celebration by his muse.

The point whence the illustrative view is taken, is distant not more than a hundred yards from the inn. The distant central hill is Honister Crag, down whose sides the ceaseless cataracts are pouring, that assist in forming the lake below. Red Pike mountain is seen rising behind the foliage on the right of our view.
BUTTERMERE LAKE AND VILLAGE.

"Beautiful is earth!
The lights and shadows of her myriad hills;
The branching greenness of her myriad woods;
Her sky-effecting rocks; her changing sea;
Her rushing, gleaming cataracts; her streams
That race below; the winged clouds on high;
Her pleasantness of vale and meadow." Miss Barrett.

This view of Buttermere lake and village is taken from the road leading from Crummock Water to Gatesgarth, which passes through the village, and along the banks of the lake. The valley of Buttermere is exceedingly beautiful and picturesque, the air pure and salubrious; and near the bottom of the vale is a very lofty cascade, "bisecting the mountain whence it descends like a white riband," and which, from its constant foaming, has obtained among the country-people the name of "Sour-Milk Force."

Gatesgarth dale, at the head of Buttermere valley, is a tremendous scene: the area is concave, the sides almost perpendicular, and composed of a kind of broken craggy rock, the ruins of which everywhere strew the valley, and give it a still greater air of desolation. A river also runs through it (the Cocker), which is the principal feeder of the lake, and not less wild in its appearance than the valley itself. It has to be crossed, repeatedly, by the travellers through the dale; and as there are no bridges, where stepping-stones are not placed, the pedestrian must wade. This awful solitude occupies the distance in our illustrative view. On advancing into this mountainous retreat, the spectator notices the clouds hanging gloomily on the sides of the hills, and concealing from his observation more than half their height. "The middle of the valley is adorned, as these valleys in some parts are, by a craggy hill, on the top of which stands the fragment of a rock, that looks, in Ossian's language, like the stone of power, the rude deity of desolation, to which the scene is sacred."*

That portion of the vale of Buttermere which, with reference to the present view, lies in the rear of the observer, is a wide, variegated scene, full of rising and falling grounds, woody in many parts, well inhabited in some; fruitful and luxuriant in all. The mountain of High Stile appears on the left in our view, and Honister Crag in the distance.

* Gilpin.
HONISTER CRAG.

"A gorgeous land!
Where giant mountains as thy guardians stand,
Lifting their sunlit heads to yonder sky,
Where fairy clouds in softest beauty lie." * Aveling.

Honister Crag, situated at the head of Buttermere, overlooks the valley of Borrowdale, which lies on its east side, and stretches some distance to the north and south. This stupendous mountain, though it may yield to others in height, is by far the most striking and picturesque rock in Cumberland. "The total elevation is one thousand seven hundred feet; and it rises from Gatesgarth Dale in a single precipice of one thousand five hundred feet." Its base is reached from Gatesgarth by one of the wildest bits of road in the district, "through a vast stony valley, where sheep and their folds, and a quarryman's hut here and there, are the only signs of civilisation."* These quarrymen, as the tourists ascend the crag, which is "dark, stupendous, and almost perpendicular," look like "summer spiders, quivering from the eaves of a house."† Honister Crag forms, with Yew Crag, a wild and solitary defile, which, during the existence of the Border clans, was frequently the scene of deadly feuds and contentions. The nature of the illustration obliges us to summon forth "far-forgotten things," referring, as it does, to a desperate struggle between two rival clans of Border freebooters.

Late in the evening, at the autumnal season of a year, over which passing centuries have thrown a darkening veil, the weary and harassed borderers of Borrowdale were summoned together by the sound of the slogan, or war-cry of their band. The scouts who had been sent forth in different directions, to give timely notice of any hostile approaches, returned to their chief, who sat ruminating by his watch-fire on a neighbouring mountain, and reported the sudden irruption of a Scottish clan, that had swept before them a rich booty of cattle, lying at the foot of Borrowdale hawse. By passing in small companies through well-reconnoitred passes of the mountains, the Scots had contrived to elude the observation of the night-guard, till their whole force had again united; they then divided into two companies, one of which drove their booty towards the frontier, and the other remained to protect the rear, and baffie their opponents if they attempted pursuit. The war-shout of the despoiled clan rang through the mountains, and the Cumberland men repaired one and all to their chief, each one mounted on his pricker—a name applied to their small horses, which were both fleet and sufficiently spirited to overcome a laborious ascent into the hills.

Among the Scottish freebooters, none were found possessed of greater skill and daring, in the management of their predatory excursions, than the Græmes. This clan it was who had undertaken and accomplished the capture of Borrowdale, which, even in those days of enterprise, was looked upon as an astonishing instance of successful

* See Miss Martinesu's "Guide to the Lakes."
† Ibid.
tremendous. These troopers were commanded by the younger Græme, a bold, hardy chieftain; and his aged father, the Ossian of the clan, followed in all their expeditions to infuse warlike feelings into their hearts, by reciting "the tale of other times," and the bold enterprises of his past days, when the feebleness of age had not arrived.

All the border clans cherished feelings of deadly animosity against each other; and this hereditary hate was even greater than their desire for plunder. When the division of the highland band, under the direction of the two Græmes, had succeeded in diverting the enemy from the track which their comrades had taken, they separated among the hills, there to wait the signal, when a favourable opportunity should present for rushing down in all their strength upon the Cumberland men, and working out the measure of their hatred against them.

After fruitless attempts to recover the spoils which had been wrested from them, the English borderers resolved to retaliate on the Scottish frontier; and, accordingly, collecting all their power, commenced their march through the desolate region of Borrowdale. Information was speedily conveyed to the younger Græme, that the enemy were approaching; the appointed signal was then given, and the highlanders once more crowded round their leader. The Scottish chief determined to suspend his attack till the enemy should arrive in the defile between Honister Crag and Yew Crag, when his followers would have the advantage of assailing their foe from the overhanging precipices. They passed in single rank, through the passes of the mountains, towards the appointed spot.

The highlanders concealed themselves behind the rocky fragments strown on the side of Yew Crag, till the English troopers, advancing at a rapid rate, had reached the point in Gatesgarth Dale, which lay directly opposite to their ambush. Young Græme sprung on his feet, and waved his claymore towards the enemy: the signal was answered by a volley of musketry from the hill; and instantly several horses, without riders, flew through the defile. The elder Græme singled forth the English leader. Sinking on one knee, he raised a musket with deadly certainty, and ere the sound of the death-shot could reach his victim, the white steed that bore him was left unattended by the rein. Furious at the loss of their chief, the troopers wheeled their horses round the precipice, on which the Græmes and a few of their followers were stationed; and, before the remainder of the highland band could afford succour, the younger Græme, together with several of his clan, had met the death of heroes. The English then dashed forward on their expedition, not caring to continue the battle under the disadvantages of their position.

The highlanders gathered round their fallen leader, and raised loud lament for the warrior, whose blood was streaming in their view. The old chieftain gazed wildly on his son; and his frame, which seventy winters had not palsied, shook with tremor. The body was laid in an opening on the hill-side, and every clansman brought a fragment of rock, to raise a rude memorial of his chief. On the summit of the pile they placed his bonnet, shield, and claymore, that neither friend nor foe should thereafter pass it with irreverence.
Ennerdale Water.

"No sound is uttered—but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale, from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades." — Wordsworth.

Ennerdale is situated in the mountains nearest to Whitehaven; and is guarded, north, east, and south, by almost impassable crags. The village of Ennerdale stands about four miles south of Loweswater, and eight miles to the east of Whitehaven, from which town it is more easily reached than from any other. The village takes its name from Ennerdale Water, which is three-quarters of a mile in width, and extends two miles and a-half in length. "It runs up into the heart of the mountains, and is skirted on each side by stern and precipitous hills. Near its foot are the woods of How Hall, but above this the scenery becomes barren and sublime; and beyond the head of the lake are seen some of the highest mountains in the county, of which the most conspicuous is the Pillar, rising to the elevation of two thousand eight hundred and ninety-three feet. The valley of Gillerthwaite, a narrow tract of cultivated land, stands at the head of the lake,

"Circled by mountains trod but by the feet
Of venturesome shepherd."

Of this valley, an essayist has observed, that "the genius of Ovid would have transferred the most favoured of his heroes into a river, and poured his waters into the channel of the Lissa, there to wander by the verdant bounds of Gillerthwaite—the sweet reward of patriotism and virtue." A subsequent writer considers this eulogy the very hyperbole of praise, and submits, that if the author had sojourned during a few months of the winter season in the valley of Gillerthwaite, his raptures would have cooled, and his language would have been less glowing;

"But not alike to every mortal eye
Is nature's scene unveil'd."

Ennerdale is less visited than most of the other lakes, in consequence of its difficulty of access, and the want of houses of entertainment in the valley. Moreover, it is deficient in some of those attractions which throw such an irresistible charm around more favoured meres. There is a want of wood to relieve the wild barrenness of its shores, and the hills immediately surrounding it do not reach those austere sublirmities which congregate around Wast Water and Crummock Lake. Still, the features of the lake, though less striking than those of Windermere or Ullswater, are not altogether deficient in beauty; but it is difficult to determine the point whence a
Ravenglass, from the Ravenglass road, Cumberland.
EGREMONT.

good view may be obtained. Perhaps a better station cannot be selected for a general survey of the lake and vale than the neighbourhood of How Hall. This mansion, now a farm-house, was originally the seat of the Patrickson family, and was erected, as appears by an inscription over the principal door, in the year 1566. The lake is well stocked with trout; there is also an abundance of an inferior kind of char found in the autumn, when it frequents the lake to deposit its spawn. The stream by which the fish obtain access to the lake flows by Egremont, southward, to the sea, and is called the Eden.

EGREMONT.

"The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower,
The town and village, dome and faree,
Each give to each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm." Dyer.

Egremont is a neat and small market-town, principally consisting of one wide street, seated on the banks of the river Eden, a few miles south-east from Whitehaven, and within two miles and a-half west from the Irish sea; containing about 2,000 inhabitants. Its origin appears to be connected with that of the castle, which was erected here near the commencement of the twelfth century, by William, brother to Randolph de Meschies. Its aspect is very pretty and cheerful, too, though its Norman name signifies "Mount of Sorrows."

Egremont was anciently a borough, and enjoyed the privilege of returning members to parliament, but was disfranchised on the petition of the burgesses themselves, who deemed their representatives in the senate (and perhaps with much justice) more costly than valuable. The inhabitants were invested with many privileges, under charters granted by the immediate successors of William de Meschies, and were also enjoined the performance of many servile duties that distinguished the ages of feudal tyranny. The charter granted by Richard Lucy, who possessed the barony about the time of King John, is still extant, and displays fearfully the abject state of vassalage in which the people then lived. The burgesses were compelled to find armed men for the defence of the castle forty days at their own charge. They were bound to furnish aids for the redemption of the lord and his heir from captivity; for the knighthood of one of his sons; and for the marriage of one daughter. They were to find him twelve men for his military array, to hold watch and ward; and were forbidden to enter the forest of Ennerdale with bow and arrow, or with a dog, unless one foot had been cut off to
disable it from pursuing the game. Every burgess who kept a plough was compelled to till the lord's ground one day in the year, and likewise provide a man to reap and mow in autumn. From old records it would seem, that dyers, weavers, and fullers were the only artisans formerly in Egremont; but at the present day, there are manufactories of check, linen, canvas, sail-cloth, and paper, and also for tanning and dressing leather. Extensive iron-stone mines exist in the neighbourhood.

The parish church of St. Mary is a plain structure, with a low tower. It was originally granted, by William de Meschiens, to the Cell of St Bees; and its interior having been repeatedly renovated, presents a neat and handsome appearance.—The castle appears to have been of great strength, but not very extensive; its ruins occupy an eminence on the west side of the town. The approach and principal entrance was from the south, where a drawbridge secured the passage over a deep moat that surrounded the fortress, and was originally walled on both sides, having a rampart of earth outward. The gateway is vaulted with semicircular arches, and defended by a strong tower, which appears to be the most ancient part of the fabric. The outward wall formerly enclosed an area of a square form, but is now wholly decayed, and has only a postern on the east side remaining. General Wyndham is the present owner both of the manor and castle of Egremont.

There is a traditional story current here, of a lady of the Lucy family, who, on an evening walk near the castle, was devoured by a wolf. A similar story is told of the hill of Wotobank, a romantic activity in the manor of Beckermont, in this neighbourhood. The tale relates, that "a lord of Beckermont, with his lady and servants, was one time hunting the wolf; during the chase, the lady was missing, and, after a long and painful search, her body was found lying on this hill or bank, mangled by a wolf, who was in the very act of ravenously tearing it to pieces. The sorrow of the husband in the first transports of his grief, was expressed by the words—'Wo to this bank! whence the hill obtained the name of Wotobank. Mrs. Cowley adopted this legend for the subject of her poem "Edwin."

"Wo to thee, bank! the attendants echoed round,
And pitying shepherds caught the grief-soughed sound.
Thus to this hour, through every changing age,
Through every year's still ever-varying stage,
The name remains, and Wotobank is seen
From every mountain bleak, and valley green:
Dim Skiddaw views it from his monstrous height,
And eagles mark it in their dizzy flight.

"The castle and town of Egremont, from many points of the river Eden, and the adjacent lands, display some pleasing assemblages of the picturesque; and the road hence to Emmerdale lake is easy, and beautifully diversified with the bold and chaste features of nature."
CALDER ABBEY.

"There's beauty in the old monastic pile
When purple twilight, like a nun, appears
Bending o'er ruin'd arch—and wasted aisle—
Majestic glories of departed years—
Whilst dark above the victor ivy rears
Its sacrilegious banner o'er the shrine,
Once holy with a dying martyr's tears;
Yet amidst dust—and darkness—and decline,
A beauty mantles still the edifice divine!"
— Swain.

On the northern banks of the river Calder, in the deeply secluded vale through which its waters flow from the bleak mountains of Cald-fell, about three miles south-east of Egremont, stand the beautiful ruins of Calder Abbey, in the immediate vicinity of a stately mansion to which they give name. This monastery was founded in the year 1134, by Randulph de Meschiens, for a colony of Cistercian monks, detached from the Abbey of Furness, in Lancashire. It subsequently was enriched with many valuable endowments, and continued to hold a pre-eminent place in ecclesiastical foundations, up to the period of the dissolution, when Henry the Eighth, by royal grant, transferred "to Thomas Leigh and his heirs, the demesne and site of the late abbey, or manor, of Calder, and the church, steeple, and churchyard thereof, and all messuages, lands, houses, gardens, orchards, waters, and mills, as well within as nigh unto the site and precinct of the said monastery; to hold the same of the king in capite, by the tenth part of a knight's fee, and a yearly rent of twenty-seven pounds." Its yearly revenue, at that time, amounted, according to Speed, to £64 3s. 9d. The estate and magnificent remains ultimately descended to J. T. Senhouse, Esq., who erected a plain substantial building in the neighbourhood of the monastic ruins, which edifice is now the seat of Captain Irwin.

Built of the red sandstone of the neighbourhood, which is now sobered down, by time (says Miss Martineau), to "the richest and softest tone that the eye could desire,"—the venerable ruins have a most picturesque and attractive appearance. They should be approached from the front, so that the fine perspective of bright green lawn and dark woods, seen through the open arches, may be best disclosed. "The eye is first fixed by the remains of the tower, from whose roofless summit dangles 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 the 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 on the green level between woods, he will feel how well the old monks knew how to choose their dwelling-places, and what it must have been to the pious and earnest amongst these Cistercians, to pace their 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 projections 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 was small, as the extent of the ruins plainly demonstrates. Among those ruins many effigies are found, which denote that important personages found their last resting-place within its consecrated grounds. But no record exists to tell us who they were; their memory has passed away, and their names are known no more.

Captain Irwin takes great care to preserve the ruins, which are perfectly free to strangers, who visit them in great numbers. As well as the modern mansion, they are sheltered by majestic forest-trees, which rise from the skirts of the level meadows to the top of the circumscribing hills that bound the lake of Calder.

**HOLME HALL.**

"Where smiles the extended lawn in glowing pride,
Sinks the green vale, or swells the airy hill,
Waves the rude grove its hoary branches wide,
And down its bosom steals the darkling rill." Roscoe.

Holme Hall is situated on a rising ground, in the neighbourhood of the Irt river, about two miles and a-half north of Ravenglass. It commands extensive and pleasing prospects of marine and picturesque scenery, and, from its proximity to the sea, enjoys a highly salubrious air.

The village of Holme Rook, in the vicinity of the Hall, stands on the banks of the river Irt; and the Egremont road lies at the distance of two miles and a-half, north, from Ravenglass. This village obtained a celebrity, from its having been the residence of an eccentric woman, called Jane Roger, who subsisted on the bounty of the neighbourhood, but never would take money. Her whole apparel, hats and shoes excepted, she knitted

* "Guide to the English Lakes."
on wooden pins, from wool she had gathered on the common, and spun herself. She had constantly a pipe in her mouth, a large knotty stick in her hand, and a bag upon her back; and when she could find nothing of value to enclose in the latter, rather than be deprived of her accustomed burden, she would fill it with loose earth or sand. When age prevented her from continuing to perambulate the country, she repaired to the house of a friend at Whitehaven, and there died.

Ravenglass, a small town, nineteen miles from Ulverstone, and sixteen from Whitehaven, is seated in an arm of the sea, at the confluence of the Esk, Irt, and Mite. A small coasting trade is carried on here, as well as ship-building and oyster-fishing. In the churchyard is a stone pillar of great antiquity, covered with illegible characters. — An old ivy-coloured ruin, called Wall’s Castle, a quarter of a mile to the south-east of Ravenglass, is said to have been the original residence of the Penningtons—a family of note, who were seated at Pennington, in Lancashire, before the accession of William I.

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MUNCASTER CASTLE.

"Landscape hill and dale,
The lowly sweetness of the flowery vale,
The mount elate that rises in delight,
The flying lawns that wanton from the sight,
The florid theatres, romantic scenes,
The steepy mountains, and luxuriant plains,
Delicious regions."

—Brooke.

Muncaster Castle, the seat of Lord Muncaster, is a handsome structure, delightfully situated on the north side of the Esk river, something more than a mile east of Ravenglass. A spacious park and beautiful walks and gardens lie in the vicinage of the edifice, which commands an extensive prospect towards the south-west, of land and marine scenery. The grandfather of the present lord covered the neighbouring hills with forest-trees, and introduced into the pastures a breed of cattle, of acknowledged superiority. Lord Muncaster is a lineal descendant of the family of Pennington, in whose hands the manor of Muncaster has been for upwards of 800 years. The honour of knighthood was conferred on many members of that house for their distinguished valour in the field.

The connection of the prosperity of a family with the integrity of an inanimate object has frequently been one of the playthings of tradition, and traces of the superstition are found in ancient fable. There is a legend of this kind attached to a glass Cup, which was given by Henry VI. to Sir John Pennington, in 1462—the king having been sheltered in the castle after the battle of Hexham. From the general
opinion of his Majesty’s sanctity, and that he entailed with the gift a blessing on the family, the glass was called “the Luck of Muncaster.” A picture is preserved at the hall, representing the monarch presenting the cup to St John.—At Eden Hall, in Cumberland, the seat of the Musgraves, there is preserved, with scrupulous care, an old anciently-painted glass goblet, called “the Luck of Eden Hall,” to which a legendary tale is attached. In the olden time, the butler of the family, on going to draw water from a neighbouring well, surprised a group of Fairies, dancing on the sward. They disappeared, but left a glass which the butler seized. The Elves returned to reclaim their missing goblet, but being unable to recover it from the butler, they again vanished—the air reverberating with their song,—

“If that glass either break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall.”

The illustrative view is taken from the ancient city of Barnscar, some extensive ruins lying on the south side of the Esk. No historical documents are in existence, to throw a light on the origin of these remains. Tradition ascribes the foundation to the Danes, who are said to have gathered for its inhabitants the men of Drig, and the women of Beckermont; and the old popular saying, “Let us go together like lads of Drig and lasses of Beckermont,” is gravely urged in confirmation of the tale. “This place is about three hundred yards long, from east to west; and one hundred broad from north to south; it is walled round, save at the east end, nearly three feet in height. There appears to have been a long street, with several cross ones: the remains of homesteads within the walls are not frequent; but on the outside they are very numerous, especially at the south side and west end. About the year 1730, a considerable quantity of silver coin was discovered in the ruins of one of the houses, concealed in a cavity formed in a beam.”

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W A S T W A T E R.

“There is a lake far hid among the hills  
That rolls around the throne of solitude,  
Not fed by gentle streams, or playful rill,  
But headlong cataract and rushing flood.  
There gleam no lovely hue of hanging wood,  
No spots of sunshine light her sullen side;  
For horror shaped the wild in wrathful mood,  
And o’er the tempest heaved the mountain’s pride.”

WILSON, The Isle of Palms.

In the above extract, the poet first surveys, with equal beauty and accuracy, the lake of Wast Water in its stormy aspect; but the widely different appearance presented
in its "calm hour of sunshine," enables him to draw an effective contrast in the following lines:—

"Is this the lake, for ever dark and loud
With wave and tempest, cateract and cloud?
Wondrous, O Nature! is thy sovereign power,
That gives to horror hours of peaceful mirth;
For here might beauty build her summer bower!
Lo! where yon rainbow spans the smiling earth,
And, clothed in glory, through a silent shower
The mighty sun comes forth, a godlike birth;
While, 'neath his loving eye, the gentle lake
Lies, like a sleeping child, too blest to wake."

Wast Water (one mile from the pretty village of Strands, which is about five miles from Calder Abbey) is three-and-a-half miles in length, and about half a mile broad. The deepest part yet discovered is about forty-five fathoms; and on account of this great depth, it has never been known to be iced over, even in the severest winter. It lies among some of the most westerly of the Cumberland mountains, which rise to a great height on either side of Wastdale; and being out of the regular route of tourists, is not so often visited as the other lakes. The most direct access is on the side next Egremont, on the west; but the most picturesque route is that from Borrowdale, on the east. As the tourist advances by this route, the valley becomes more contracted, and the way is progressively more rugged. Ascending to the head of Borrowdale, he continues his journey through narrow winding paths, between rocks and precipices, down which pours a roaring torrent, that, after flowing for some miles, passes through the village of Grange, and becomes the main feeder of Lake Derwent. Crossing an alpine bridge of one arch, the tourist addresses himself to the laborious ascent of Sty Head, from whence the scenery is calculated to inspire emotions of the most awful kind; but, after reaching the brow of the hill on the opposite side, a most delightful prospect is opened to the eye. The river Wastdale, or Wasdale, is seen falling from the adjacent mountains; at the bottom are the dale and village of Wastdale, and on every side rise mountains of stupendous height. The mind revels in the beautiful and extensive scenery here displayed; but every other feeling is nearly lost in an overpowering sensation of danger, on beholding the path by which a descent must be made into the vale. Above appear tremendous mountains, whose bases seem almost to meet; and below is a precipice, nearly interminable to the eye, along which winds the narrow and steep path, whence a single false step would precipitate the traveller into the fearful chasm beneath. On approaching the vale, the road becomes wider and less perpendicular.

The illustrative view supposes the tourist to have visited Wastdale by the route above described, and to have reached a point in the lake overlooking Nether or Lower Wastdale, and commanding an impressive view of the mountains at the foot of Wast Water. On the left, in the engraving, is seen the débris of the Scree, a very high ridge of mountains extending along the southern shore of the lake; the loose rocks on which are in almost constant motion, falling in showers into the water.
WASTE DALE HEAD.

"O beauteous dell,
To which my gladdened heart devotes this strain;
O! long may all who in thy bosom dwell,
Nature's primeval innocence retain,
Nor e'er may lawless foot thy sanctity profane!"

WILSON, The Angler's Tent.

Waste Dale Head lies between Sty Head and Wast Water. The hamlet consists of a few scattered homesteads, and a little chapel, lying in a small but pleasant valley. There is no inn, and the primitive simplicity of pastoral life remains seemingly undisturbed even in these days of rapid locomotion, when the number of travellers is so much increased. The inhabitants of Waste Dale are chiefly shepherds, residing beneath the shelter of stupendous mountains, by which they may be said to be "disjoined from all the world beside." Their limited intercourse with the rest of mankind, necessarily preserves them from many vices which disfigure society; but, on the other hand, it depriv.es them of the great advantages resulting from social life. Hospitality forms a distinguishing feature in their character; and at a farm-house at the dale-head, good beds and excellent fare can always be procured. The dale is one of those places which Professor Wilson, writing on the spot, says, "Were we far away, we could describe it in the light of memory." It is inclosed by lake and mountains, which shut it out from the world; and when the traveller has fairly threaded the passes that lead to it, and stands upon its level surface, it seems as if there were no outlet but by the lake. The chapel is one of "those unpretending works of human hands," which Wordsworth speaks of as "necessarily, more than others in rural scenery, deriving their interest from the sentiments of piety and reverence for the modest virtues and simple manners of humble life, with which they may be contemplated." Few localities in England, we apprehend, present the same example of primitive simplicity as Waste Dale, where there is a chapel and a school, but no public-house.

The panorama of mountains surrounding this leval area is strikingly grand. Standing at the head of the lake, the spectator will have Yewbarrow, like the slanting roofs of a house, on his left; further up, Kirkfell; and, immediately before him, Great Gable—a little to the right of which is Lingmell, a protrusion from Scarfells Pikes; and Scarfells, which mountains bring the eye to the Screes. Through the glen called Mosedale, lying between Yewbarrow and Kirckfell, there is a path over Black Sail into Ennerdale; and a foot-road, passing round the head of the lake, and climbing the high ground between the Screes and Scarfells, descends by way of Burnmoor Tarn into Eskdale.
WASTDALE HALL.

"Happy is he, beyond all gain,
Who holds in thee his free domain,
And roves with careless feet at will
Over his paternal mead and hill;
And stores the fruit his harvests yield
From his own orchard and his field."  Joanna Baillie.

Wastdale Hall, one of the most beautiful rural seats in the county of Cumberland, is situated at the foot of Wast Water, in a delightfully picturesque and romantic situation. The artist has chosen his point with much judgment, and connected with the building the most beautiful features in the scenery of the neighbourhood. Here we may be allowed to remark on the good taste which induced the proprietor to adopt so unpretending and unobtrusive a character in the erection; it harmonises well with surrounding objects, and imparts an additional beauty to the scene; while it derives an interest from the assemblage of picturesque magnificence in its vicinity.

ESKDALE.

LOOKING TOWARDS SCAWFELL.

"Enchanting Elysium! long, long may'st thou flourish,
To gladden the eye with thy verdure and flowers;
And may each future which rolls over thee, nourish
Thy exquisite beauties with sunshine and flowers."  Bernard Barton.

The mountain scenery, represented in this large picture, is unsurpassed, perhaps, in the world, for picturesque grandeur and effect. Many a Swiss and Alpine prospect, accounted "beautiful exceedingly," would sink into insipidity beside it. There is a wonderful variety in all its features, from the small fragments of rock in the foreground, to the mountainous acclivities, multiform and vast, that rise above each other, and form the boundary of vision. The happy arrangement, also, of cloud and light produces an astonishing effect: the deep tone which pervades the view on the left side, and loses the lofty pikes in a dense mass of vapour, gives vastness to the nearest hills; while the burst of light in the centre reveals the far-off mountain-tops, in splendid contrast. A breadth of shadow then descends the broken precipice on the right, and, extending over foliage of an Alpine character, forms a judicious and highly
effective separation between the ground and the distance.—The view represents the stupendous scenery of Eskdale, observed from the vicinity of Dale-Garth, and looking towards the vast mountain of Scawfell; a point from which it is seen to the greatest advantage.

Eskdale is a chapelry and joint township with Wastdale Head. It contains the hamlets of Boot, Gatehouse-Green, and Miterdale; but the inhabitants are not numerous. The few dispersed dwellings, however, "scattered in the romantic vale of Esk," from which rise rocky knolls, beautifully enriched with trees, and bordered by considerable uplands, where graze large flocks of sheep, have a pleasant rural appearance. This beautiful vale is watered by the river Esk, which, after a course of sixteen miles, enters the sea near Ravenglass—where the waters of the Irt and the Mite also mingle with those of the ocean. Its scenery comprises some of the most picturesque objects in the Lake district, including Birker Force and Stanley Gill; and, at the head of the valley, the remains of a Roman fortress are still visible. The mountains encircling the vale are the Seathwaite Fells on the left, and projections from Scawfell on the right.

ESKDALE MILL.

"In a plain little cottage conveniently neat,  
With a mill and some meadows, a freehold estate,  
A well-meaning miller by labour supplies  
Those blessings that grandeur to great ones denies.  
Ere the lark's early carol salutes the new day,  
He springs from his cottage as jovial as May;  
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,  
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair."  
CUNNINGHAM.

The ready and powerful aid constantly afforded by the mountain streams, has naturally led to the erection of many water-mills in this romantic district: one of these forms a prominent object in the present illustration. Amongst the choice morceaux provided in this seat of the picturesque for the gratification of the pictorial gourmand, few can be met with more suitable for artistic effect than Eskdale Mill. Free from all stiffness of outline and architectural precision, its rude appearance harmonises well with the rich accompaniments that nature has cast around it. The wheel and stream, the rocky knolls and clustering foliage, and the glimpse obtained of the upland pasturages, combine together with amazing effect, and produce a picture richer in composition than any that might be wrought from the artist's imagination.
BIRKER FORK, CUMBERLAND.
BIRKER FORCE.

"Craggy is the hill,
And steep; yet through yon hazels upwards leads
The easy path, along whose winding way,
Now close-enbowed, I hear the unseen stream
Dash down, anon behold its sparkling foam
Gleam through the thicket; and ascending on,
Now pause me to survey the goodly vale
That opens on my vision."

Southey.

Birker Force is situated in Eskdale, at the distance of about seven miles east-by-north from Ravenglass. Dale-Garth Hall, in the immediate neighbourhood, now a farm-house, was formerly the manorial residence. The present proprietor of the manor is Edward Stanley, Esq., of Ponsonby Hall, to whose judicious efforts the tourist is under much obligation, for improving the beauty of the Birker Cascade, and opening approaches to it, whence its peculiar character is most effectively displayed. The view should be taken from the Moss House on the steep. The rocks around are very grand, and the ravine is the finest in the district. The stream is crossed three times by wooden bridges on approaching the fall. The visitor traverses the plantations in the vicinity of this torrent, and discovers in his road several picturesque falls before he arrives at the one under review. After crossing the bridge, a road opens through the plantation, leading to a platform, whence a full view of the fall is obtained; it rushes down between two crags, the one bare, the other covered with pines. The height of the fall is comparatively inconsiderable; but the characteristic features of the scene it presents, differ so remarkably from those of any other in this neighbourhood, that the tourist will be highly gratified with the spectacle. The chasm is exceedingly bold and beautiful.

"With silent lapse
From thence through mossy banks the waters stole,
Then murmuring hastened to the glen below,
Diana might have loved in that sweet spot
To take her noontide rest."

The rocks in which Birker Force is situated, assume a pointed and glacier-like appearance; and the fir and larch trees which cluster round their bases, unite with them in producing a truly Alpine effect. Indeed, such another scene is not to be met with in the Lake district, wherein the most admired features of the continental picturesque are blended with the rich and varied forms that compose an English landscape. Returning, the Eskdale and Wastdale mountains, with Scawfell amongst them, are seen to fine effect.
BRITISH SWITZERLAND.

WINDERMERE, ESTHWAITE, AND CONISTON.

"Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valley warm and low;
The windy summit wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the sacred tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower!"  
DYER.

This large engraving presents a most interesting and extensive prospect of lake and mountain scenery, including the lakes of Windermere, Esthwaite, and Coniston, seen from the top of Loughrigg Fell.

Coniston Mere, or Thurston Lake, as it is sometimes called, is about six miles in length from north to south, and three-quarters of a mile at its greatest breadth from east to west. Its greatest depth is twenty-seven fathoms. The shores are beautifully indented, and several bays appear in succession. Both sides of the lake are marked with coppices, interspersed with verdant meadows, and with patches of rocky surface; above which, the mountains, clothed with verdure, and rendered picturesque by fragments of rock, gradually elevate themselves. A pleasant road winds along the side of the lake, sometimes through thick groves and low woods, which scarcely admit a sight of the water; at other times, over naked tracts, commanding a full prospect of the lake. At the foot of a mountain, on the west side of the water, stands the village of Coniston, pleasantly situated; and boasting its New Inn, one of the most comfortable in England. In its vicinity are the delightful residences of Waterhead and Coniston Hall; the latter once a seat of the Flemings of Rydal, but now a farmhouse. Above the verdant banks, which are sparsely studded with villages, seats, and cottages, the dark and rocky steeps ascend to an Alpine height, and encircle the head of the lake.

"Coniston Water," says Mrs. Ratcliffe, "appeared to us one of the most charming we had seen. From the sublime mountains which bend round its head, the heights on either side decline towards the south into waving hills, that form its shores, and often stretch in long sweeping points into the water, generally covered with tufted wood, but sometimes with the tender verdure of pasturage. The tops of these woods were just embrowned with autumn, and contrasted well with other slopes, rough and heathy, that rose above, or fell beside them, to the water's brink, and added force to the colouring which the reddish tints of decaying fern, the purple bloom of heath, and the bright, golden gleams of broom, spread over these elegant banks. Their hues, the graceful undulation of the marginal hills and bays, the richness of the woods, the solemnity of the northern fells, and the deep repose that pervades the
scene, where only now and then a white cottage or a farm lurks among the trees, are circumstances which render Thurston Lake one of the most interesting, and perhaps the most beautiful, of any in the country.”

The mountain of Coniston Fell, or Old Man, stands at the north-west angle of Coniston Lake; to the views from the head and eastern shore of which it adds a grandeur exceedingly imposing. Its boldest aspect, however, is presented, when viewed from the neighbourhood of Torver. It forms the highest peak of the Coniston Fell range, reaching an altitude of two thousand five hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea. The views to be obtained from this mountain towards the south and west, are open and extensive, in consequence of its position upon the outskirts of the hilly country. In other directions, the views are circumscribed by the bulky masses of the neighbouring mountains; but the intricacy of outline and grandeur of form which these latter exhibit, are highly gratifying to the eye.—The name of Old Man was given to this mountain, from a pile of stones formerly erected on its summit, which has been for some time removed.

Skelwith Bridge

“Let the great world rage
We will stay here, safe in the quiet dwellings.
It is an old custom. Men have ever built
Their own small world in the great world of all.”

GOETHE.—Faust.

Skelwith Bridge is a hamlet in the township of Loughrigg, on the river Brathay, two miles and a-half west-south-west of Ambleside. The view is taken passing down the Brathay from Lake Windermere. “Sweeter stream-scenery,” says Wilson, “with richer fore, and loftier background, is nowhere to be seen within the four seas.” Proceeding on, the tourist reaches the cataract of Skelwith Force, which is less remarkable for its height than for the body of water it contains. “In high water,” writes the author just quoted, “it might be shot in ascension by a Scotch salmon; yet, though even minute, ’tis magnificent.” The passage of the river is much contracted for some distance above the torrent, within a chasm formed in a vast bed of rocks; and, after running down this confined channel, the stream is discharged with amazing force into an abyss beneath: its waters,

“As if awakened from the dead,
Plumb down the rock of Skelwith dash,
With hearse reverberated crash;
And, boisterous boiling from below,
Again across the peaceful meadows flow.”
A more beautiful and perfect picture of natural scenery than is here presented cannot be imagined—the Fall occupying the centre, with rock and woods on either side, and Langdale Pikes forming the background.

Colwith Force, of which a view and description have been given,* is in this neighbourhood. From the terrace, attained soon after passing Skelwith Bridge, is a superb view of Elterwater, and of Great and Little Langdale, separated by Lingmoor.

DUNGEON GILL.

"There is a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go.
Into a chasm, a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock;
The gulf is deep below,
And in a basin, black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall." Wordsworth.

The beautiful and romantic waterfall of Dungeon Gill is formed by a stream which runs down a fissure in the face of the first great buttress of Langdale Pikes, twenty minutes' climb from the vale. The name is compounded of dungeon, signifying, in the language of the country, a deep chasm, and ghill, a valley, or dell. A natural arch has been made by two enormous rocks, which having fallen into the top of the chasm, hang suspended in a way alarming to the spectator. "Man's hand flung not that bridge over the abyss," writes Wilson. "Across a single stone is the transit; when from Pavey Ark comes down the torrent in glee of flood, stunned, you feel it shake; but there it has hung since the days of Noah, and there it will hang till the tail of some comet withers up the world." Over this bridge, ladies, as well as Wordsworth's "Idle Shepherd Boy," have had the intrepidity to pass, notwithstanding a black gulf on either hand is apt to unsteady the nerves. By a little scrambling over the rocks in the bed of the stream, the visitor may stand in the last and finest chamber underneath the arch, and in front of the waterfall. The quantity of water is not considerable, and the fall may be about one hundred feet. Trees have taken root in the sides of the cleft, and hang out their branches to receive the perpetual rain of spray from the waterfall, making it exceedingly picturesque. There is an air of venerable grandeur in the appearance of the rocks, forming a stupendous archway for the rush of waters; and the reflective mind will trace—

"Upon their bleak and visionary sides,
The history of many a winter storm."
The excursion to view Dungeon Gill Force and the Langdales is generally made from Ambleside; and at Mill Beck, a farm-house seven miles distant from that town, refreshment is usually taken, and a guide obtained. It has been remarked, that the seclusions of nature are more favourable to pure devotional feeling, than the crowded haunts of society; and few, we believe, will dispute the truth of the observation. The footsteps of Deity are far less discernible in the thickly-inhabited city, where everything that meets the eye is the result of human art and ingenuity, than in the wide theatre of nature, where "littleness is not," and even "the least of things seem infinite." The engraving is illustrative of an interesting poem, by Wordsworth, founded on the fact of a lamb having fallen into the basin of the cataract, whence it was taken unhurt.

THIRLMERE WATER.

Here rural beauty rears her pleasing shrine;  
She on the margin of each streamlet glows;  
Where, with the blooming hawthorn, roses twine,  
And the fair lily of the valley grows."  
FEUGUSON.

The lake of Thirlmere, which is also called Wythburn Water,—and occasionally Leathes Water, from the family to whom the property belongs,—lies between Helvellyn and Borrowdale. It extends nearly three miles in length; the shores, however, approach so near to each other in the middle, that a bridge has been thrown over the strait, which divides the lake into two distinct parts. On its eastern side, Thirlmere skirts the vast base of Helvellyn; and the numerous torrents that rend their way down the sides of this mountain, contribute their copious streams to the lake. A deep-brown shade is imparted to the waters by the surrounding hills; and there being little or scarcely any verdure on the banks, and no hanging woods to cast a rich shadow on its surface, this mere presents an almost uniform air of wildness and desolation. The predominating features of the scene are greatly heightened by the vast crags apparently hanging on the sides of Helvellyn; from which, it is probable, they have been torn by some convulsion of nature. The western shore of the lake forms a small promontory, adorned with a neat manor-house enveloped in trees, and a picturesque group of rocks, some of which are pyramidal, and mantled with wood to their summits, while others boldly project their gray and naked sides. A wooded island, of half an acre, lies near the shore, on the lower part of the lake; and it adds to its picturesqueness. Thirlmere exceeds in its elevation that of any other
lake, being five hundred feet above the level of the sea: the greatest depth of its waters is ascertained to be eighteen fathoms.

The little inn, the Horse's Head, at Wythburn, is seven miles and three-quarters from Ambleside, and tourists frequently make it their night-quarters before climbing Helvellyn. Hard by is "Wythburn's modest house of prayer.

As lowly as the lowliest dwelling."

In some measure connected with our present subject, is the mournful catastrophe of a young gentleman, Charles Gough, who, in the spring of 1805, lost his way in the mountains, and perished beneath "the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn." He had left Patterdale without being able to procure a guide, and was proceeding to Wythburn; contrary, however, to the advice of those acquainted with the dangers of the road, by whom he had been strongly persuaded to wait till a conductor could be procured. It began to snow heavily a short time after his departure, and to this circumstance his unhappy fate was, no doubt, mainly attributable. The mountain passes are, on such occasions, rendered unusually perilous, and the greatest circumspection is required, even in those who are not ignorant of their route. His remains lay undiscovered for three months; when, at length, they were found guarded by a female terrier, the companion of his rambles.—Wordsworth and Scott have both commemorated his fate.

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THIRLMERE BRIDGE.

"The everlasting hills are ranged around
Magnificent; and on the highest summit
The noontide rays in lines of glory fall,
And form a path—a path of light that seems
To lead from earth to heaven." —Neele.

This view of Thirlmere Bridge is taken not more than one hundred yards from the high road between Ambleside and Keswick. Tourists generally content themselves with a survey of Thirlmere from the road itself; but those who have leisure at command, and whose object it is to search out the picturesque, will find their trouble amply compensated, if they contemplate its varied features from different stations in the grounds near Dalehead House; and still more interesting views are obtained from the opposite side of the water. The bridge, which forms a prominent object in our view, is a rude structure, wherein we discover little of what the professed architect would call beautiful in design, or scientific in principle; but its remote distance from elaborate and fanciful construction...
is, in its present position, the greatest recommendation: the sublimities of human art must retire from those scenes, where "Nature, working with a master's hand," erects her mountain-thrones, or they sink into insignificance,—perhaps mar the beauty to which they have not interest sufficient to add one charm.

On the left of the view is seen the huge promontory of Raven Crag, rising near the foot of the lake, and forming a striking object in the landscape for many miles round. It derives a romantic interest from its resemblance to a gigantic round tower, blackened and shattered by exposure to many a storm, and by the lapse of ages. The distant central mountain is Skiddaw, which, rising in a vast conical form from the vale of Keswick, elevates its summit to the height of 3,022 feet above the level of the sea, and commands the most astonishing prospects "over hill and over plain." The view terminates on the right with a range of mountains that join Helvellyn. Between those lofty acclivities and the water, are seen picturesque and wood-clothed promontories adorning the margin of the lake.

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**Thirlmere and Helvellyn.**

From Raven Crag.

"His proud heart, this aery mountain hides
Among the clouds, his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common lot of all that's high and great."  

DENHAM.

This view of Thirlmere is taken from the low ground at the foot of Raven Crag, and consequently continues the prospect of this lake, as far as the eye can reach, in the opposite direction to the former survey. The west edge of the lake, which now lies immediately in the foreground, swells into a little promontory, decorated with a neat manor-house, shrouded in trees. The beauties of Thirlmere are seen to most advantage from the west side, from a road which is passable only by horsemen, or on foot, and which leads along the shore of the lake for nearly three miles. This road is, in some parts, steep; in others, where there is a declivity, rivulets flow across it; and sometimes it proceeds along the margin of the water, from which it is occasionally excluded by intervening rocks. Throughout its whole length it is completely overhung by part of the stupendous falls of Borrowdale; and on the left of the road are scattered fragments of rock, which had been precipitated from the mountains by repeated storms.
The bridge which made so conspicuous a figure in the former view, is here reduced to a waving line—"so little distant objects seem." The peculiar feature of Thirlmere, and that which distinguishes it from all the other lakes in Cumberland and Westmorland, is exhibited in the scene before us; that is, its separation into two distinct lakes by the advancing promontories, between which the bridge forms a communication. "About the middle of the lake, the land projects upwards of one hundred feet, till the shores on each side nearly unite, and contract the water into a small river, which is rapid, but not very deep. Over the lake, at this narrow peninsula, an alpine bridge of three arches (the bridge before mentioned) has been thrown, consisting only of one or two strong oaken planks, with a hand-rail for the security of passengers. The approach to this bridge is over a rude causeway of rough stones, upon which the arches are fixed; and immediately beyond these the lake resumes its former breadth."

The grand feature in the view is Helvellyn, which appears on the left, rising in peerless majesty—"losing the vales, and stealing to the skies." Its summit, on which is a pile of stones, can only be seen at a considerable distance.

HELVELLYN.

"I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn." Scott.

Helvellyn stands the highest of a long chain of hills at the angle formed by the vales of Grasmere, Legberthwaite, and Patterdale, on the east side of the Keswick and Ambleside road, opposite the Thirlmere lake. It is more widely known by name than any other mountain amongst the lakes, partly from its easiness of access, and its proximity to a turnpike-road, being about half-way between Keswick and Ambleside. From its central position and great altitude, it commands an extensive map-like view of the whole lake district. Its height, on the authority of the ordnance surveyors, is stated to be three thousand and fifty-five feet above the level of the sea, being something more than a hundred lower than Skawfell Pike, and higher than Skiddaw by thirty-three feet. The mountain may be ascended from Grisedale or Patterdale; and there are three modes of ascent from the Grasmere side:—1. by Grisedale Tarn; 2. by Wythburn; 3. by Legberthwaite. Another route is from the lake of Thirlmere. Our illustrative view is taken from the north-west, where the base of the mountain is skirted by that lake; or Wythburn Water, as it is sometimes called—from which spot the ascent is frequently commenced; the facilities for procuring a guide being greater, and the distance to be
traversed much less, than from other places. An active pedestrian may easily surmount the difficulties of the journey, though the acclivity is too steep for a horse to keep his footing. The surface of the mountain, in the neighbourhood of its summit, forms a kind of moss-covered plain, inclining towards the west, and terminated eastward by alpine precipices. Hence, the prospect spreads to an astonishing extent, no fewer than six lakes being visible, together with a number of tarns; whilst the circumjacent mountains present themselves in fine arrangement. Red Tarn is seated so deeply below the eye (600 feet), that, compared with its gigantic accompaniments, it would scarcely be estimated at more than half its actual dimensions. To the right and left of Red Tarn, the two narrow ridges called Striding Edge and Swirrel Edge are stretched out. Beyond the latter lies Keppel Cove Tarn, and at the termination of the ridge rises the peak of Catsby Cam, modernised into Catchedecam. Angle Tarn, and the frothy stream from Hays Water, may be seen among the hills beyond Patterdale; and, more remote, the estuaries of the Kent and Leven, uniting in the Bay of Morecambe, and extending to the distant ocean: in which the Isle of Man may be distinguished.

On the western side of Helvellyn, 800 feet below the summit, there is a fine spring, called Brownrigg Well, from whence the water issues in a copious stream during all seasons—its temperature, in summer, being from 40° to 42°. This side of the mountain exhibits a smooth and easy slope, with little vegetation, except moss. The eastern side of the principal ridge presents a series of rocky precipices. The exterior of the summit is a coarse, grey, slaty rock. Beneath the surface lies a more compact substance, called hornstone; and, lower still, the stone is more porphyritic, with a base of a darker colour, and is interspersed with small white crystals.

VALENT OF TROUTBECK

"Blest silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
Which we may every year
Find when we come a-fishing here."—Sir Walter Raleigh.

For some time we have been taking our readers through the picturesque and beautiful scenery of Cumberland. We now return to Westmorland; the remaining views of the volume being taken from spots in that county. Our first plate shows the valley of the Troutbeck, a tributary stream to Windermere—falling into the lake at a short distance
from Calgarth. The valley of Troutbeck, "a favoured spot of earth," is fertile and lively; and the village, which stands on the side of a hill, enclosing the vale, is beautifully picturesque. In the midst of the valley, near to the Beck, stands the chapel—a neat, unpretending edifice—a simple rural shrine, every way suitable for the mountain-worshipper.

"Many a year ago,
That little dome to God was dedicate;
And ever since hath undisturbed peace
Set on it, moveless as the brooding dove
That must not leave her nest."

The Beck is a favourite resort for trout-anglers: the sport is good, and the surrounding scenery possesses that picturesque and contemplative character which the disciple of Walton deems essentially necessary to enhance his enjoyment. The "summer beauty" of this delightful vale, annually desolated by the winter storm, brings to mind that exquisitely fine passage in Ossian: "The thistle is there on its rock, and shakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head, waving, at times, to the gale. 'Why dost thou awake me, O gale?' it seems to say: 'I am covered with the drops of heaven. The time of my fading is near, the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come; he that saw me in my beauty shall come. His eyes will search the field, but they will not find me.'"

The scenery of Troutbeck is exceedingly varied: in some parts the stream is enclosed between high and rugged rocks, and in others is beautified with woodlands; whilst occasionally its banks spread out into green meadows and pastures.

"Nature casts forth her gifts with lavish hand,
And crowns, with flowery luxury, the land."

Referring to the View, we notice the Troutbeck mills standing on the woody declivity that confines the stream. In the distance appears the head of Windermere, shining in all the glory of a summer's day, and adorned with islands, of which the most conspicuous is Belle Island. The promontories stretching out into the lake are decorated with Storrs Hall, the Ferry, and the Station House. The varied beauty of the scene may incline the tourist, if of poetic mind, to exclaim—

"How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand;
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art."

The line of mountains on the right form part of the boundary of Lancashire.
SMALL-WATER TARN.

"My foot is on the mountains,—I am free,
And buoyant as the winds that round me blow!
My dreams are sunny as your pleasant lea,
And tranquil as the pool that sleeps below;
While, circling round my heart, a poet's raptures glow."

J. C. Prince.

Small-Water Tarn lies in a lofty and dreary solitude at the head of Riggin-dale, which is the highest branch of the valley of Mardale, and takes its name from a sharp and barren ridge running up from the vale to the lofty mountain of High Street, which has an altitude of 2,700 feet. The mountain takes its name from an ancient road that was carried over its summit, being the highest ever made in England. It is believed to have been part of the old Roman road from Kendal to Penrith, and is now appears as a broad green path. An annual meeting of the shepherds formerly took place on High Street, which is centrally situated between several valleys: they gave each other information concerning the sheep that had strayed; and the meeting was cheered by a merry-making, when races and other sports took place on the broad summit of the mountain.

From the most elevated portion of High Street are seen Skiddaw, Saddleback, and the Scotch mountains. The views immediately under the eye, from the mountain itself, are of such appalling magnitude and character, that few persons possess sufficient resolution to look on them.

"A region wild and wide,
A realm of mountain, forest-haunt, and fell."

The manners and circumstances of a class of men inhabiting the mountainous districts, are thus described by Mr. Warner, in his "Northern Tour."

"In the midst of these secluded scenes, formed by the involutions of the mountains, lives one of the most independent, most moral, and most respectable characters existing—the estatesman, as he is called in the language of the country. His property varies from eighty to two hundred pounds per annum; his mansion forms the central point of his possessions, where he passes an undisturbed, inoffensive life, surrounded by his own paternal meads and native hills." The hospitality of the estatesman to the wayfarer and traveller is touchingly illustrated by the same writer. "Go," said an estatesman to a person whom he had entertained for some days in his house—"go to the vale on the other side of the mountain, to the house of—— (naming the party), and tell him you came from me. I know him not; but he will receive you kindly, for our sheep mingle upon the mountains."

The view is taken from the pass of Nanbield, a slack or defile between High Street and Hayter Fell, another mountain, to the east of High Street.

VOL. II.
BLEA-WATER TARN.
FROM HIGH STREET MOUNTAIN.

"A green and silent spot amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing skylark ever poised himself."—COLERIDGE.

Blea-Water, a dark, pear-shaped tarn, lies beneath a lofty crag of the same name, on the one hand, and Long Stile, on the other, forming part of the Mountain High Street. In its approach to the valley of Mardale, the stream from this tarn unites with that of Small-Water Tarn, and both flow together northward to the lake of Hawes Water, of which they are the principal feeders. They join a little above Mardale. The united stream runs here through a fertile meadow, which sends 3,000 lbs. of butter to Manchester every week. There is a good inn at Mardale; and the landlord is always ready to act as a guide. It is dangerous travelling the passes, it should be recollected, without one.

LONG SLEDDALE QUARRY.

"Who digs the mine or quarry, diggs with glee!
No slave!—his option and his gain are free:
Him the same laws the same protection yield,
Who ploughs the furrow, or who owns the field."—SAVAGE.

Long Sleddale township and chapelry extend over a mountainous and picturesque district, six miles in length by three miles in breadth, and reach southward from the lofty Harter Fell to Potter Fell, within a few miles north of Kendal. They form, says, Mrs. Radcliffe "a little scene of exquisite beauty, surrounded by images of greatness." This vale is intersected by the Sprint rivulet, which runs parallel with the road by which tourists from Kendal approach the sublime mountain-scenery round Hawes Water. On each side of the rivulet, verdant fields rise in irregular swells, till the rocky declivities of the mountains preclude all cultivation, except that of the brushwood and coppices, which climb the steep banks, and in some places find support even in the craggy precipices, here presenting their lofty and rugged fronts with much
grandeur, having, in many places, beautiful cascades spouting and tumbling from their summits, and sometimes broken by gusts of wind into clouds of spray. The chapel stands on a knoll by the road-side, eight miles from Kendal; Brunt Knott being on the left, Bannister Fell on the right. Not far distant, a thin bed of Silurian limestone, abounding with fossils, is exposed by a quarry. Two miles beyond the chapel, a little below Sadgill Bridge, the stream makes a pretty cascade. Gateforth Spout, a waterfall not seen from the road, is on a stream rushing from the hills on the right; and Goat Graig stands boldly out on the left.

The extensive slate-quarries are situated at Rangle Gill, near the head of the dale, and are famous both for the quality and quantity of fine blue slate which they yield. The slabs are conveyed from the quarries on the backs of ponies and asses, the roads being inaccessible to carts.

It is an object of no slight interest to the tourist, in these picturesque regions, to behold in the secret retirements of nature, where solitude would seem to rule with despotic sway, the hand of human industry labouring with patient toil, and the great work of civilisation aided and accelerated.

"What vast intricacies of human art
Are daily trodden by laborious man!
In ocean, earth, or air, there's not a thing
On which the eye of Genius hath not glanced,—
On which the hand of Science hath not wrought
Change beautiful or useful."

KENTMERE HEAD.

"Nor fair Parnassus with this hill can vie,
Which gently swells into the wondering sky,
Commanding all that can transport our sight,
And varying with each view the fresh delight."  Hughes.

The township of Kentmere forms a narrow valley, five or six miles in length, enclosed by the huge mountains of Hill Bell, High Street, and Harter Fell, and distant nine miles north-west-by-north from Kendal. It is watered by the river Kent, which rises on the south side of High Street; and thence proceeds, collecting the tributary streams in its course, to the estuary of Morecambe Bay. This river feeds a small mere, or lake, one mile in length, whence the valley of Kentmere takes its name. Near the foot of one of the broken crags that overhang the vale, stands Kentmere Hall, which is now in the occupation of a farmer. In that house, Bernard Gilpin, the "Apostle of the North," was born, in 1517. The chapel is situated within a short
distance of the hall and lake; the ancient salary attached to the curacy being only six pounds per annum. The head of Kentmere is remarkably grand, from the amazing height of the mountain-walls which stand round it. The Roman road from Kendal to Penrith ran along the side, and over the summit of Hill Bell, which is 2,436 feet above the sea-level. That mountain can be ascended from Kentmere; and although the journey may be wearisome, the view from the summit will well repay the toil. It is described by Mr. Baines, as “being, beyond comparison, the most novel, interesting, and wonderful prospect he had ever beheld.” The valleys of Kentmere and Troutbeck through all their windings, and the larger valleys into which they fall, as far as the sea; the town of Kendal, and nearly the whole of Windermere; the estuaries of the Kent and the Leven; Morecambe Bay, and the hills of Yorkshire and Lancashire, even beyond Ingleborough and Pendle Hill, are visible. The fells of Cartmel and Furness, Black Comb, Coniston Old Man, Wetherlame, Bowfell, Scawfell Pikes, Great Gable, Langdale Pikes, Wansfell, Kirkstone, Scandale, Fairfield, Helvellyn, Harter Fell, the Shap Fells, and the country beyond Penrith, terminated by Cross Fell, Place Fell, Patterdale, and the Upper Reach of Ullswater, as well as Hayswater, under the north-west side of High Street, can also be distinguished from Hill Bell.

BURNSHEAD HALL

“The ruin’d tower, the broken arch,
You mansion’s mouldering wall,
Might tell of Time’s relentless march,
And death—the lord of all.”

Mrs. Ellis.

Burnshead, more usually called Burneside, is a village standing on both sides of the Kent river, at the distance of two miles, north by west, from Kendal. The chapel is a handsome Gothic structure, on the west side of the river, and was rebuilt in the year 1823, at a cost of £1,300. The manor and estates formerly belonged to the ancient family of Burnshead, with whose heiress it passed to the Bellinghams, and thence to the Braithwaites, who sold it to the Shepherds; from whose hands the estate passed into various families; the manor being purchased by the Lowthers. The Hall, which is a fine old ruin, is occupied by a farmer. In 1692, this structure consisted of “a court, with a lodge and battlements, through which was the ascent into the Hall.” Before the court was a large pond on each side of the passage to the gate; and on either side a small island, with a tree planted in the midst; and in the windows of the gallery and dining-room were the Braithwaites’ arms, with impalings of the several families to which they were related.
Kendal, from the Castle.

"Hark, with age these towers look down
Over their once vassal town;
Warlike—yet long years have past
Since they looked on slaughter last.

Never more will that dark wall
Resonate with the trumpet's call,
When the Red Rose and the White
Call'd their warriors to the fight.

Never more these halls will ring
With the ancient harper's string,
When the red wine pass'd along
With a shout and with a song."  L. E. L.

Pleasantly situated in the vale of the river Ken, or Kent, on the west side of the river, and at the foot of a steep fell called Underbarrow Scar, stands Kendal, the largest town in Westmorland. The river runs in the valley on the east; and beyond it, on a grassy hill, are the remains of Kendal Castle. This ancient fortress is well worth visiting, on account of the views which the hill commands, as well as from the interest always attaching to the venerable relics of former days. Its appearance, however, is more imposing from a distance than close at hand. The walls are circular, and have been surrounded by a deep fosse, over which there is an entrance on the west. There are remains of three towers, two of them circular, and also traces of a keep; but, excepting these, all is mere shell.

The Castle, probably built on a Roman fort, was the seat of the barons of Kendal, and became successively the residence of the families of Le Brus, Roos, and Parr. It was the birthplace of Catherine Parr, the last queen of Henry VIII.; of whom Pennant quaintly observes, "she had the good fortune to descend to the grave with her head, in all probability merely by outliving her tyrant." William Parr, brother to Queen Catherine, was also born here. He was the first and last Marquis of Northampton of that family; and for supporting Lady Jane Grey's claim to the throne he was condemned as a traitor; but his honours and estates were ultimately restored to him. The Castle appears to have been so neglected, that it was ruinous at the middle of the seventeenth century. Some years back it became the property of the late William Thompson, Esq., long one of the members of the corporation of London; and also member of parliament for Westmorland.

Opposite the Castle, on the west side of the town, is Castle-how hill, or Castle-law hill. It consists of a circular mound of gravel and earth thrown upon a rock, and near thirty feet high. Round the base is a deep fosse, strengthened with two bastions

* Her fourth husband was the Lord High Admiral Seymour, whose ill-usage carried her to her grave, not without suspicion of poison, on the 5th of September, 1548.
on the east. The top is flat, and has been defended by a breastwork of earth and ditches. Dr. Stukeley is of opinion that it owed its origin to the Saxons, and was one of those hills called laws, where, in ancient times, distributive justice was administered. In 1788, the inhabitants of Kendal erected a handsome obelisk on this spot, in commemoration of the Revolution of 1688. Immediately below the obelisk is "Battle Plain."

Within the distance of a mile from Kendal, is Water Crook, the site of the Concangium of the Romans. A watch was stationed here for the security of the Roman posts at Ambleside and Overborough. The line of the fosse may still be traced by a persevering antiquary. Altars, coins, inscriptions, and other remains, have been discovered here; and very lately an inscribed stone existed in the wall of a barn, on the very area of the station, perpetuating the memory of two freemen, and invoking vengeance on him who should presume to desecrate their sepulchre.

One mile and a-half to the west, at the termination of a long ascent over an open moor, is the bold escarpment of limestone rock, called Underbarrow, or Scout Scar, which the stranger is strongly advised to visit. It is a remarkable object, and will repay the trouble of reaching it, by the splendid view of the distant lake-mountains, and the interjacent country which its terrace commands.

"Nature in the prospect yields
Humble dales and mountains bold;
Meadows, woodlands, heaths, and fields,
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold."

On the east of the town, a hill, termed Benson Knott, rises abruptly to the altitude of 1,900 feet above the level of the sea. From the summit of this hill an extensive prospect is obtained, but the ascent is somewhat fatiguing.

The illustrative view exhibits a portion of the Castle; beyond which is seen the river Kent, winding its course through rich and fertile meadows. The town of Kendal is partly concealed by the foliage in the foreground.

KENDAL, FROM GREEN BANK.

"A straggling burgh, of ancient charter proud,
And dignified by battlements and towers
Of a stern castle, mouldering on the brow
Of a green hill." Wordsworth.

Kendal is a township and parish, containing about 20,000 inhabitants. The name is a contraction of Kirkby Kendale, or the church in the vale of the Ken, and stands
KENDAL, FROM GREEN BANK.

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near the site of the Roman station Concangium, mentioned in the Notitia Imperii. The woollen manufacture was founded as early as the fourteenth century, by some Flemish weavers, who settled here at the invitation of Edward III.; and it has been the subject of several legislative enactments, the first of which was in 1389. Several of our early poets and writers have testified to the celebrity of Kendal woollens; but the cloth called Kendal-green (now no longer made), seems to have been of a coarser kind than that termed Lincoln-green, and it was probably of a different hue; at the present time, the manufactures consist of kerseymers, linsey-woolseys, Serge, baize, knit-woollen caps and jackets, and various kinds of carpeting.

The barony of Kendal was granted by William the Conqueror to Ivo de Talbois, one of his followers. The Earl of Lonsdale and the Howard family are now the proprietors, in unequal portions, of the barony; both of whom have large possessions in Westmoreland. An incorporation of aldermen and burgesses was established by Queen Elizabeth; James I. entrusted the town to a mayor, twelve aldermen, and twenty burgesses; and by the Municipal Corporation Reform Act, the government of the borough is now vested in a mayor, six aldermen, and eighteen common-councillors. By the Reform Act, which disfranchised Appleby, the county town, Kendal has the privilege of returning one member to parliament.

The town is intersected by four leading streets, two of which, lying north and south, form a spacious thoroughfare of a mile in length: but the houses are erected with great irregularity of position: they are built of the limestone which abounds in the neighbourhood, and possess an air of cleanliness and comfort—their white walls contrasting pleasingly with numerous poplars, which impart a cheerful rural aspect to the town. The river is spanned by three neat stone bridges: it is of no great width, though subjected to sudden floods by its proximity to the mountains. The parish church, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, stands in that part of the borough called Kirkland. It is a spacious Gothic edifice, remarkable for having five aisles, like the famous church of St. John Lateran, at Rome. It contains three chapels at the east end, belonging to the ancient families of the Parrs, Bellinghams, and Stricklands. The oldest part appears to have been erected about the year 1200. The tower is square, and is seventy-two feet in height, having a ring of eight bells: like most other ecclesiastical structures of ancient date, it contains a number of curious monuments and epitaphs. The following, composed for himself, by the Rev. Ralph Tyrer, Vicar of Kendal, who died June 4, 1627, is worth preserving, on account of its quaintness:—

"London bred mee,—Westminster fed mee,
Cambridge sped mee,—My sister wedd mee,
Study taught mee,—Living sought mee,
Learning brought mee,—Kendal caught mee,
Labour pressed mee,—Sickness distressed mee,
Death oppressed mee,—The grave possessed mee,
God first gave mee,—Christ did save mee,
Earth did crave mee,—And heaven would have mee."
The living is a vicarage in the diocese of Chester. There are two other churches in the town, dedicated to St. Thomas and St. George, both handsome edifices. The Roman Catholics have a neat chapel; and there are also upwards of a dozen places of worship for dissenters. Here is a free grammar-school, blue-coat school, school of industry, a national school, and a green-coat school, all liberally endowed. The other edifices worthy of notice are—the Natural History Society, and the Whitehall buildings, containing a news-room, ball-room, auction-room, billiard-room, &c. The house of correction is used as a county as well as a borough gaol.

The Lancaster and Preston canal affords great facilities for the conveyance of goods to and from Kendal. The railway from Lancaster to Carlisle passes within a short distance of the town, on the east; and there is a short line to connect Windermere with that railway. Kendal is 262 miles distant from London, and twenty-one miles from Appleby.

**SCOUT SCAR**

"How lovely from this hill's superior height,
Spreads the wide view before my straining sight!
O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,
E'en to the blue-ridge'd hill's remotest bound,
My ken is borne."

KIRKE WHITE

Scout Scar, or Underbarrow, is a mountainous elevation in the vicinity of Kendal, situated eastward of the town, and overlooking the vale of the Kent river. Hence is obtained a delightful prospect, extending to the Irish sea, and diversified with a great variety of pleasing and picturesque objects: hill and plain; the meandering stream, and the wide expanse of the distant ocean; the rich verdure of the valley, and the bleak shattered precipices—

"With savage grandeur charm,
And raise to noblest thoughts the mind.

The Scars in the neighbourhood of Kendal yield a stone of the most durable quality, which is so compact in its formation, as to receive a polish equal to that of marble. The modern buildings in the town are mostly constructed of this beautiful material; and the graceful appearance they present, is rendered yet more striking by contrast with the tall Lombardy poplars which rise above them, and by the long range of hanging gardens to the west of the town.
SCOUT SCAR, NEAR KENDAL, WESTMORLAND.
Sizergh Hall, an ancient fortified mansion, situated to the right of the road from Kendal to Milnthorpe, stands in the midst of fertile grounds, beautifully sprinkled with wood; though at the foot of a sterile and rocky hill.

This mansion was erected in those days of suspicion, when feudal discord and northern irruptions required to be met by strength of masonry and a well-appointed garrison; and even to the present day it retains a formidable appearance, reminding us of a remote period, when, without any poetical license, every Englishman's house might be really styled his castle. Many alterations and enlargements have been made in the edifice since its original construction, the exact period of which cannot be ascertained; but these have been effected with judicial reference to the character of the building, and have therefore renovated without deforming it. The exterior has a gray, venerable appearance, especially the tower at its south-east corner, which is finished with two embattled turrets. One of the turrets—that over the great entrance—is embrasured, and capable of holding twelve men. The winding staircase terminates also in a turret, which served as a defence to the other entrance.

Sizergh Hall is the seat of the family of Strickland, whose ancestors derived their name from Strickland, or Stirkland, in Morland parish, and who resided in this vicinity from an early period. William de Strickland, in the time of Henry III., married a daughter of Ralph d'Aincourt; and it is probable that he built the tower of Sizergh: for on the west side is an escutcheon quartering the arms of D'Aincourt and Strickland. In the reign of Edward I., the manor of Sizergh is expressly mentioned as the possession of the latter family. The strength and importance of the lord of Sizergh, in the time of Henry VI., may be gathered from the fact, that he could take to the border-wars, "bowmen, horse and harnessed, sixty-nine; billmen, harnessed, seventy-four; bowmen, without horse and harness, seventy-one; billmen, without horse-harness, seventy-six," making together a force of 290 fighting men.

The interior of this structure is elegantly furnished, and adorned with good paintings. The dining-room, the ceiling and wainscoting of which are of oak richly carved, is a spacious and lofty apartment. Tradition has conferred on one of the rooms—that forming the subject of our illustration—the name of the Queen's room: Catherine Parr, the last queen of Henry VIII., is said to have occupied this apartment for several
nights after the king’s death; an interest, in consequence, attaches to it, beyond that derived from its spacious extent and rich adornings. We have but to carry the imagination back three centuries—a mere trifle when one’s pegasus has got the rein—and the present illustration ushers us at once into the very sanctum sanctorum of a queen of England. There is the royal couch, its stately pillars and lofty canopy; the richly-disposed toilet, with its massive appendages—royalty assuming her outward adornings, and the lady-in-waiting disposing draperies according to the most approved mode: the vision might lose its illusion by an observation on the want of sables in her majesty’s dress, and on her extraordinarily youthful appearance and elegant figure: but, after all, Henry was not a king or husband to be mourned exceedingly; and a lady’s age is universally admitted to be a very delicate subject of discussion.

Levens Hall, a seat belonging to the Howard family, stands on the eastern side of the Kent river, five miles south of Kendal, deeply embosomed in wood, and commands from its towers extensive prospects of the surrounding country. It has been frequently repaired and beautified; and presents an interesting object for the attention of antiquaries, and the lovers of picturesque architecture. The park, through which the river Kent winds betwixt bold and beautifully-wooded banks, is separated by the turnpike-road from the house. It is of considerable size, well stocked with deer, and contains a noble avenue of ancient oaks. The gardens by which this venerable mansion is surrounded, are cultivated in the German style; and the grotesque figures formed in the foliage of the trees, give to the edifice a character of wild and indefinite romance. In these sylvan shades, on the 12th of May, the mayor and corporation of Kendal, together with the friends of the House of Levens, spend the afternoon—after having proclaimed the fair at Milnthorpe—in eating radishes, drinking morocco (a very strong old ale), smoking, bowling, and a variety of other amusements.
The interior exhibits a great diversity of elegant carved work, which abounds throughout the house, with the exception of the new tower. The carving represents a variety of figures, emblems, and ornaments, said to have been bestowed on the building in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In the north dining-room, so rich and expensive is this work, that it has been valued at three thousand pounds, according to the present scale of wages. The carved chimney-piece in this apartment, dated 1586, is supported by large figures of Samson and Hercules, and bears, in its several compartments, beautiful emblematic representations of the five senses, the four elements, and the four seasons, with a poetical inscription. The drawing-room and library also display most beautiful specimens of ancient carved work in the chimney-pieces.

"The chambers carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain."

One of the rooms is adorned with rich specimens of Gobelin tapestry, exquisitely finished, and illustrative of a pathetic tale from one of the Italian poets; in others there are valuable and rare portraits; and the entrance-hall is decorated with relics of ancient armour, of various dates, "bearing the bruises of war, and the rust of time;" there is, also, a costly saddle of red velvet and gold, which formerly belonged to Elphi Bey.

The view from the lower apartments is not very extensive; but the prospect on every side is rendered agreeable by the noble avenues and clumps of trees, patriarchal in their age, and flourishing in strength. The park is acknowledged to be one of the most delightful spots that fancy could imagine. Rocks, woods, and water combine, in beautiful assemblage, and endless variety.
DALLAM TOWER.

"Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Thou solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal Love.
Oh how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve." - Drummond, 1630.

Henry VIII., in the thirty-seventh year of his reign, granted to William Thornburgh the manor and hall of Haverbrack; who, at the time of his death, in 1608, was possessed of Dallam Tower, which soon after was purchased by Edward Wilson, Esq., ancestor of the present proprietor. In 1720, Daniel Wilson, Esq., built the present mansion out of Haverbrack Hall, on the site of the ancient tower; and about the same period, the extensive park was also formed, which has been greatly improved: it includes a number of very fertile, undulating hills, finely interspersed with venerable and lofty forest trees, the immemorial abode of a numerous rookery, and an abundance of deer. The site of this edifice is truly delightful. Behind the tower rises a steep hill, clothed to the summit in rich and clustering foliage; and in front of the building spreads the ample extent of the park, on the side of which the river Beloe meanders in its course, crossed by a stone bridge of one arch, erected to divert the high-road, which formerly passed directly in front of the house, from the park grounds. This stream affords good angling, and contains a variety of fish—salmon and trout being occasionally found amongst the finny tribes that frequent it. It falls into the estuary of the Kent river, which passes through the bay of Morecambe into the Irish sea. Along the opposite banks of the Kent extends a line of mountains, including Lyth Fell and Whitbarrow Scar.

A little eastward from the Tower is a small hill in the park, called Castle Hill, from an ancient circular castle, the site of which is now called Castle Banks. In the year 1613, Edward Wilson, Esq., above-mentioned, then of Nether Levens, founded Haversham school: besides a liberal salary to its master, it has two exhibitions, of fifty pounds a-year each—one to Trinity College, Cambridge, and one to Queen's College, Oxford. Many eminent men have been educated at this school.

The neighbourhood of Dallam Tower is eminently picturesque, and well worthy the attention of visitors. Near to the grounds is a good bathing station, most advantageously situated, which has become a place of very general resort, owing perhaps, in a great measure, to the good society to be met with in the pleasant town of Milnthorpe and its immediate vicinity.
MILNTHORPE SANDS.

"Ah! would thou knewest how much it better were
To 'bide among the simple fisher swaines;
No shrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here;
Nor is our simple pleasure mixt with pains:
Our sports begin with the beginning yeare;
In calms to pull the leaping fish to land;
In roughs, to sing and dance along the golden sand."

Phineas Fletcher.

MILNTHORPE is a small, but well-built market town, situated on the north side of the river Belo, seven miles and a-half south-by-west of Kendal, containing about 1,600 inhabitants. It is a dependent seaport under Lancaster, and has belonging to it vessels of nearly one hundred tons burden each; but they can seldom approach nearer to the town than Arnside or Haverbrack. The Sands here are well adapted for bathing, and many visitors resort hither in the summer for that purpose, though it is only during the highest tides in each fortnight that a sufficiency of water is found. The salubrity of the air, and the beautifully diversified scenery in the neighbourhood, contribute in no small degree to the health and gratification of the company. Several small inns stand on the shore for the accommodation of the bathers and other visitants; and ferry-boats are constantly in readiness, to convey passengers from one side of the Sands to the other. The elegant villas of Beetham House, Elmsfield House, Ash Meadow, and Dallam Tower, lie in the immediate neighbourhood. The plantations about Ash Meadow are in the most thriving condition, and the fruit trees extremely luxuriant, though many of them stand within a few yards of high-water-mark. The extensive coppices, which are chiefly hazel, yield vast quantities of nuts.

The town of Milnthorpe consists principally of one long street, the east end of which is the most modern; on the north side is an assemblage of new erections, called the New Row. Several extensive flax-mills, together with paper-mills, and a factory for the carding of wool, are met with in the town and neighbourhood. The May fair, of very ancient date, is proclaimed with much ceremony by the steward of the manor-lord, attended by a numerous train of gentlemen; and the business of the day is closed with mirth and festivity at Levens Gardens.
UNDERLAY HALL.

"The statesman, lawyer, merchant, men of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade;
Where, all his long anxieties forgot,
He tastes the charms of some sequestered spot." Cowper.

The princely residence of Underlay Hall was erected by Alexander Nowell, Esq., and became the property and residence of the late Alderman William Thompson. It is situated in an extensive park, about half a mile northward of the town of Kirkby-Lonsdale, and is built of the finest stone, principally in the old English style of Gothic architecture that prevailed in the reign of James I., but with a rich and massive Grecian portico. Objection has been taken to the site of this edifice, as not commanding those extensive and delightful prospects which other and neighbouring situations afford. However this may be, the view which is here given of it can scarcely fail to raise a longing in the mind of the spectator, that this splendid fabric, with its magnificent lawn and gardens, were his "allotted home." "Shrined in its own delicious seclusion," Underlay Hall resembles the palace of the Happy Valley, where the Abyssinian princes reside during their minority, and to which they would willingly retire again, after brief experience of the world's tumult, and the ceaseless anxieties which gather round a throne.

The artist has thrown a broad and vivid light upon the building, giving distinctness to that minute and decorative finish, the prevailing characteristic of the style in which it is executed. Over the lawn and gardens—

"Behold, the shades of afternoon have fallen"—

and the massive shadow affords a decisive and pleasing contrast to the brilliancy and lustre which invest the mansion.

KIRKBY-LONSDALE BRIDGE.

Kirkby-Lonsdale, pleasantly situated on the west bank of the Lune, is a small, neat, clean, stone-built town, with a market on Thursday. In 1851, the town contained 1,675, and the parish, 4,184 inhabitants. It is distant fifteen miles from Lancaster, thirteen from Kendal, and from London, 252 miles.

The singular construction of the bridge of this town renders it an object of great
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KIRKBY-LONSDALE BRIDGE.

curiosity; and when viewed in connection with the river and valley of the Lune, it forms a pleasing and romantic prospect. It is composed of three beautifully ribbed arches; the centre one rising to the height of thirty-six feet above the stream. Antiquity has cast her veil over this erection, and a consequent obscurity envelopes its history. If, however, we may rely on popular tradition, the building is to be ascribed to an unmentionable personage; of whom it is said, "that he built the bridge one windy night, and that, in fetching the stones from a distance, he let fall the last apron-full as he flew over a fell hard by." This historical fact accounts for the huge blocks of stone found in various parts of the neighbouring moors. "The bridge is a long, firm, and handsome structure, but so narrow as almost to deserve the taunt cast upon the 'auld brig of Ayr'—

'Where twa wheelbarrows trembled when they met?'

at least, no two carriages of a larger size can pass each other; but, for the security of foot-passengers, there are angular recesses in the battlements, corresponding with the projecting piers." The river Lune, which is here of considerable width, winds through the bottom of the valley, and is overshadowed by the trees that grow upon its banks. The current passes over a rocky bed; and huge blocks, overgrown with moss, rise up in the midst of the stream. The water is clear to a great depth, and is plentifully stocked with trout and salmon. In this rich and lonely seclusion, the angler may sit and watch the gilded fly with a devotion worthy of Davy or Walton.

From the churchyard of Kirkby-Lonsdale there is a charming and splendid prospect. The hill descends headlong to the river, which rolls at a depth of nearly 200 feet below, and sweeps with a majestic bend through the vale. On the opposite hill, higher than that of Kirkby-Lonsdale, are the fine woods and lawns of Casterton Hall, combining the richness of the park with almost the boldness of mountain scenery. The eye pursuing the valley upwards, reaches the feils of Sedberg; and in the opposite direction, follows a range of heath-covered hills, which are terminated by the bold front of Ingleborough.

The church and manor of Kirkby-Lonsdale both belonged to Ivo de Talbois, who bestowed them on St. Mary's Abbey, York. At the Dissolution, the advowson of the former was granted to Trinity College, Cambridge; and it is still the property of that institution. The manor, and various lands in the vicinity, were, in 1557, purchased of the crown, by Thomas Carns, then a lawyer of the Middle Temple, and who was subsequently a justice of the King's Bench. In the reign of Elizabeth, the manor, and all the property that had belonged to St. Mary's Abbey, passed from the Carns family into the hands of William Thornborough and Thomas Currven. The Prestons, of Holker, were the next purchasers; and they sold the property to Sir John Lowther. The title of Earl of Lonsdale is taken from this part of the extensive possessions of the Lowthers.
RAVENSWORTH CASTLE.

Ravensworth Castle is situate westward of the river Team, on the site of the ancient castle, a fortress of great antiquity. The present edifice stands proudly in its park, at the distance of three miles south-south-west from Newcastle. In the oldest records concerning Ravensworth, the village is written Raffensworth, and the castle Raffenshelm, the first signifying the estate, and the second the fortress of Raffen, which, being the name of the Danish standard, shows that they were anciently possessed by the Danes, who were probably the founders of the Castle.

The manor of Ravensworth was purchased by an ancestor of the Liddells in 1607. Sir Thomas Henry Liddell, the seventh baronet, was raised to the peerage in 1821, by the title of Baron Ravensworth. By this nobleman, the old castle was, in 1808, taken down, and a new erection begun. The mansion is sheltered on the north and west sides by a fine forest of oaks. Towards the east it commands an extensive view over Lamesly Vale; and immediately opposite, in the distance, is seen the wild and shaken ridge of Gateshead Fell, covered with a multitude of rude hovels.

This superb Gothic structure unites nearly all the warlike features of the ancient baronial residences, with the elegance and splendid refinement of modern times. As we look upon it, the mind, without laborious effort, recurs to the olden time, when the Raven standard was here unfurled, and the walls rung with the rejoicings and laughter of the Danish chiefs. We pause: a thousand years have passed by—the invader is gone—a renovated, rather than a new edifice, rises before us—and the barbarous manners and usages of the period we had contemplated, retire before the superior influence of a more refined and enlightened age.

Here we close our journey. The reader who has accompanied us from the first page to the last, will have obtained a better idea of the scenery of the "British Switzerland" than any other single work can give him; and we trust it will induce him, if he has means and leisure for travelling, and has not done so already, to direct his attention to his native land, rather than to foreign countries. He will find quite as much to interest in the former as in the latter; and the absence of the annoying and vexatious passport system will enable him to pursue the even tenor of his way without let or molestation. We have no wish to prevent the gentleman and the man of education from making himself acquainted with foreign manners and foreign scenes; but we wish England to have the first place in his regard; and sure we are, that he can find as much to interest him at home, as he can possibly do abroad.

THE END.
10 AU 59
THE BRITISH SWITZERLAND

ILLUSTRATED

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ADDRESS.

The scenery of the District which it is the object of the present Work to illustrate, is of the most sublime and picturesque character. The British Switzerland will reflect, as in a mirror, views of the most striking scenes in the Northern Counties of England, more especially of that portion of them which is known as the Lake District. Here Nature has scattered over her works the most varied, noble, and beautiful characteristics—presenting to the eye "the Lakes" with their sunny islands and their guardian mountains, whose cloud-capped heads tower towards the sky, while the music of the waterfall is heard as it rushes down their steep sides, and in the plain below are seen patches of cultivated land, divided by hedge-rows inclosing rich fields and pastures, and numerous herds of cattle, with pleasantly situate houses scattered here and there: thus increasing the beauties of nature by introducing among them the works of man. While looking from one of the towering eminences which surround Windermere, and surveying the glorious scene spread out before us as on a map, we might well exclaim with the poet:—

And "what a scene were here," he cried,
"For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow a lofty tower
In that soft vale a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away
The turrets of a cloister grey!
How blithely might the bugle horn
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The Engravings which illustrate the British Switzerland comprise all the most remarkable objects: towers, castles, churches, mansions, &c., as well as points of beautiful scenery, and have been executed from Original Drawings taken by T. Allom, Esq., a celebrated artist, whose skill as an architectural draughtsman, combined with taste and feeling in the delineation of scenery well qualifies him for the task; and in the numerous works which have come from his pencil, in few has he been so successful as in pouring the Lake Scenery of his native land. The topographical descriptions of this romantic district are of the most interesting character, and are written in an agreeable style, not unmixed with poetical inspiration.

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PROSPECTUS.
It is the intention of the Proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS OF THE WORLD, to establish a First Class Illustrated Family Newspaper, to be published Weekly. They feel that the present time is peculiarly favourable to the carrying out of this project. Steam Navigation, Railway Communication, and the Electric Telegraph, are joining together the various portions of this great Empire and the different nations of the earth in the closest manner; and, as a consequence, the interest taken in passing events is so great, and the spirit of inquiry as to the appearance of other countries, their natural products, and the manners and customs of their inhabitants, has become so general, that a newspaper which shall faithfully represent Persons, Places, and Events, Drawn and Engraved in the First Style of Art, cannot fail to command success. While such a desideratum in our literature is thus imperatively demanded, the invention of Photography, and the great improvements in the arts of Wood Engraving and Printing, present facilities for the production of an Illustrated Paper such as never before existed. The extensive practical knowledge which the Promoters possess as Engravers and Printers, enables them confidently to affirm that they have it in their power to produce a newspaper such as has never before been brought out in this country.

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TO BE HAD AT ALL RAILWAY STATIONS, AND OF ALL NEWSVENDORS AND BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.
THE

PRETIE

SINNEBERLAND

ILUSTRE

ED.
A NEW FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER
OF HOME AND FOREIGN POLITICS, RELIGION, AND
SCIENCE, WITH A SPECIMEN NUMBER TO SHOW ITS
QUALITIES, SATISFACTORY TO ALL, SUBSCRIBERS
MAY BE HAD AT ALL RAILWAY STATIONS AND OF ALL
NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.
Preliminary Announcement.

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To be Published Weekly.

Annual Subscription, Including All Supplements, 26s.; Half-Yearly, 13s.; Quarterly, 6s. 6d.
Also in Monthly Parts, Stitched in a neat Wrapper, containing Four Numbers, 2s., when Five, 2s. 6d.

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THE
BRITISH
SWITZERLAND
ILLUSTRATED

Printed and Published by the LONDON PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited),
1 AND 2, BLUECOAT BUILDINGS, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL; 26, PATERNOSTER ROW;
100, ST. JOHN STREET, LONDON; AND 55, DEY STREET, NEW YORK.
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Price Sixpence, Stamped; Fivepence, Unstamped.

To be Published Weekly.

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A NEW
FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER
OF HOME AND FOREIGN POLITICAL, GEOGRAPHICAL, AND COLONIAL NEWS, WITH-
ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.

PRICE SIXPENCE STANDARD, PRINTED AND DESTROYED.

PROGRESS.

The Illustrated News of the World is an attempt to
present to the American public a paper which shall
be distinguished by its high standard of execution,
and by the completeness of its information. It
will be issued weekly, on Thursday, and will con-
tain an abundance of good illustrations, together
with full and accurate descriptions of events, with
an explicit account of all railway stations, and of
all newspapers and periodicals.
Preliminary Announcement.

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Preliminary Announcement

The Illustrated News of the World

A new first-class illustrated family paper


Price Sixpence (quarterly), Fivepence (weekly). Sold at All Newsellers and Bookstalls in the United Kingdom.

To be had at all railway stations and at all newsagents and

Prospects
PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS OF THE WORLD

A NEW, FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER.

PRICE SIXPENCE, STAMPED; FIVEPENCE, UNSTAMPED.
TO BE PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, INCLUDING ALL SUPPLEMENTS, 26s.; HALF-YEARLY, 13s.; QUARTERLY, 6s. 6d.
STAMPED BY POST, A SINGLE COPY SENT FREE FOR SIX STAMPS.
Also in monthly Parts, stitched in a neat Wrapper, containing Four Numbers, 2s., when Five, 2s. 6d.

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TO BE HAD AT ALL RAILWAY STATIONS, AND OF ALL NEWSVENDORS AND BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.
THE
BRETTEYS
SWITZERLAND
ILLUSTRATED

Printed and Published by the LONDON PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited),
1 AND 2, BLUECOAT BUILDINGS, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL; 26, PATERNOSTER ROW;
100, ST JOHN STREET, LONDON; AND 53, FV STREET, NEW YORK.
Preliminary announcement.

The Illustrated News of the World

A New, First-Class Illustrated Family Paper,

Price Sixpence, Stamped; Fivepence, Unstamped.

To be published weekly.

Annual subscription, including all supplements, 26s.; half-yearly, 13s.; quarterly, 6s. 6d.
Stamped by post. A single copy sent free for six stamps.

Also in monthly parts, stitched in a neat wrapper, containing four numbers, 2s., when five, 2s. 6d.

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