

lake district, five miles from Windermere station, six from Bowness, one and a half from Rydal, four from Grasmere, nine from Patterdale and seventeen from our starting point at Keswick. After a comfortable dinner we made for the boat landing where we found a comfortable little steamer awaiting us, and enjoyed a glorious cruise over Windermere, which, though the largest of the lakes, is but ten miles long and a mile broad, with a depth not exceeding 240 feet. Lofty mountains form its northern boundary, the Langdale Pikes 2300 and 2400 feet high; Bowfell to the west rising to a height of 2960 feet, and Scawfell, 3220 feet, the highest mountain in England.

How sweet that bugle and cornet sound as it floats over that silvery sheet and reverberates amid the surrounding hills, the sound, and then, the silence, such as Wordsworth describes:—

“And when there came a pause of silence,
Then sometimes in that silence while he hung
Listening, a shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart, the voice
Of mountain torrents or the visible scene
Would enter unawares upon his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods and that uncertain Heaven received
Into the bosom of the shady lake.”

On a summer's eve what can be more enjoyable than with a congenial companion to

“Go floating in our pinnace thro' the Isles
Of wooded Windermere the River-Lake,
Hung for a while between two Worlds of Stars.”

Wordsworth, with Coleridge and Southey and Wilson, founded the Lake School of Poetry. In Wordsworth's simple characters and natural unadorned recital of ordinary persons and things, we have a recoil from the stilted stanzas and high flown elaborateness, that had become so common. It was a revolt against the conventional theories hitherto so much in vogue, which placed the men women and children, and incidents of every day life outside the pale of poetic delineation, as if the muse could be attracted only by the “battles of the warrior,” or the heroes or heroines of a sensational and strong knight errantry; and had no sympathy with the simpler forms of speech, and those uneventful occurrences that form the staple of our daily existence. By his own example he showed, as in