

THE LAKES IN THE OLD COUNTRY
An Interesting Description of the
Famous Lakes by James M. Lemon
of Fredericton.
(Concluded.)

We left the "Red Lion" with pleasant recollections of its good cheer and proceeded on the road to Windermere; the milestones which are set on so many roads in England, give the traveller good idea of what road he is on and to go of what progress we were making.

we gave them a little help, but we were not prepared to meet a few minutes later two other men with the same tale to tell further on at short intervals we came upon whole groups of tramps and we came to the conclusion either that there were a great many men out of work that neighborhood or that this was the favorite road for beggars. Rydal Water was the next lake to appear in sight. It is of small dimensions but rather prettily situated in a deep valley. At its southern end is the small village of Rydal. Here we

the handsome residence of General Fleming. We also climbed the steep hill to the left to visit Rydal Mount the cottage in which Wordsworth spent the latter years of his life and where he died. A conspicuous sign on the gate warns trespassers to proceed no farther, and we were compelled to be satisfied with a look through the bars at the pretty lawns, flower beds and walks, and rose and ivy covered cottage. At this point two roads branched off and our going back seemed as good as taken. In the distance north for a few miles

therefore crossed a bridge over the Rothay, and asked for directions from the little fellow six or seven years old, who met me trudging manfully along. With a cute little lisp he told us to keep right straight on "across the bridge and past the Ambleside Church." This road keeps for some distance quite near the banks of the Rothay and has on its one side many handsome cottages, one of which was the residence of the late Sir Arnold of Rugby. This taking altogether was about the prettiest road I have seen in England. At one place we noticed

in the stream a number of stepping stones. We had heard so much of the English stepping stones that we crossed and re-crossed merely for the sake of the experience. They were not according to my former idea of stepping stones, but were all carefully chiselled and set in position by the hand of man, flat on the top and tapering to a sharp edge on the upper side, so as not to meet the force of the water. What gave me much pleasure as anything was to look at the houses on this quiet road. The English houses, these other

look of one if any house in the world has it. One might think that the dense stone of which they are built, and the stone walls in front, would give them a gloomy look, but all this is taken away by the ivy and other climbing plants which cover everything with their cheerful green, and by the flowers of which the English people are so fond. Even here in London, where one might expect to find nothing but continuous rows of stone walls and brick and mortar, every house on some streets has a little flower garden in its windows and often a small

plot in Rome. Those usually schoolboy tales of their everlasting talk of the poor little children of London who never saw a flower or a green leaf, or a tree, or a grass blade, or a bird, or a butterfly, or a don't know what grass is, are most unconvincing leading. I doubt if there is any large city in America in which trees and flowers are so common. Right in the very business heart of the city there are little green spots, and business men have the habit of wearing whole bouquets in their button holes. The child in London who has never seen a flower or a tree, may have been born blind or kept locked

however, is digressing very much from the lakes, and I must return to the beautiful shaded road on which we are walking, from Rydal to Ambleside. As due time we came to the bridge the little fellow had told us of and passing through over so many gates and turnstiles, found ourselves near the church and in the town of Ambleside. The church is a modern structure, built in 1854. It contains many handsome windows and among them one to the memory of the poet Wordsworth (placed there by

America admirers.) The town is straggling, stone built place and contains on its outskirts many handsome villas. We only stopped here long enough for lunch, intending to walk on to Windermere that afternoon. Ambleside, nearer the head of Lake Windermere, is the railway station which goes by the name of Windermere is five miles farther down. Walking to the shore of the lake we found that one of the little steamers which traverse its entire length several times a day, would soon leave, therefore gave up our idea of walking

latter, as we wanted to have a sail on the lake. In about half an hour we reached Bowness where, as this was Saturday, had decided to remain over Sunday. Bowness is situated on a small bay on the east of the lake just opposite to the largest island, Belle Isle. Windermere is the largest of the lakes, having a length of eleven miles and being about a mile in breadth. After we had secured our lodgings in Bowness we went for a farther sail in the steamer, this time going down to Lakeside, on the southern extremity, the terminus of one of the rail-

Lakeside we climbed through a row of woods to the top of a hill from which we got a good view of the surrounding country. Here, sitting down like Elijah under the shade of a juniper tree, but not with Elijah's gloomy thoughts, we surveyed the landscape and wished that the steamer would wait another hour for us. The sail along the lake, both going and returning, was very delightful. The scenery of Windermere has not the grandeur of what we have seen in the Scotch Highlands, or even

quiet beauty which, to the American tourist, is much more enjoyable than the lofty hills and bare rocks. On the return trip we left the steamer at a stopping place called Ferry and crossed the lake to the Bowness side in an old-fashioned