

of Nab Sear now faces us and at its base Nab cottage where the younger Coleridge lived. Rydal Water is now on our left studded with several islets, and surrounded with "Things of beauty" which are "a joy forever," and yet the lake is but half a mile in length and a third of a mile in breadth. We hear the song of the brook. We see the trickling or rushing of this stream, and the other such as himself describes :

" Towards a crystal mere that lay beyond
Among steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed
A copious stream with boldly winding course
Here traceable, there hidden, there again
To light restored and glittering in the sun.
On the stream's bank and everywhere appeared
Fair dwellings, single or in social knots;
Some scatter'd o'er the level, others perched
On the hillside, a cheerful, quiet scene
Now in its morning purity arrayed.

We looked over to Fox Howe associated with the name of Thomas Arnold of Rugby, and the place adjoining where Foster the statesman-philanthropist, found relief from the cares of thankless office. We passed the cottages of Harriet Martineau and Hartley Coleridge by the roadside. Close to Rydal Hall the ancient seat of the Le Flemings, whose ancestors came over with the Conqueror, stands Rydal Mount, whither from Allan Bank at Grasmere he removed in 1813, and remained till 1850, when he died. Our stage stopped not long enough to admit of our visiting the poet's home, a plain two story building with a double row of five windows in the front and a porch. It is mantled over here and there with roses, ivy, jessamine and Virginia creepers. The house contains no relics of the poet, nor is it occupied by any relative, and the present tenant declines the intrusion of tourists; from the grassy lawn in front a silver gleam of Windermere can be caught. The post of distributor of stamps for the County of Westmoreland, yielding £500 stg. a year, furnished him a snug sinecure from which in 1842, when past 70, he retired in favor of his son, with a pension of £300. The year following he succeeded, after the death of his friend Robert Southey, to the Poet Laureateship, which he enjoyed till the time of his own death, seven years after (on the 23rd April, 1850,) at the age of 80, to be succeeded in turn by Tennyson.

We are soon at Ambleside which is practically the centre of the