

source of Manchester's water supply. We passed, at different points, the elaborate and expensive works that have broken in on the stillness of these hitherto quiet waters.

In 1844, Wordsworth poured forth his indignant plaint over the inroads even then being made—how much more now!

“Is then no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth and 'mid the busy world kept pure,
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish;—how can they this blight endure?
And must he, too, the ruthless change bemoan
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Orrist Head
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance:
Plead for thy peace thou beautiful romance
Of Nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds, ye torrents with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.”

Helvellyn, the third highest mountain in England (3,118 feet high) overshadows us during much of this memorable drive, linked with the pathetic story which the poetic genius of the region has wedded to undying lines.

Grasmere Lake next, a mile long, half mile broad, comes in sight with a single island rising boldly from the water, near whose head lies the village of the same name, in whose sequestered churchyard under overshadowing trees lies peacefully till the resurrection morn, William Wordsworth, the Immortal Bard—a simple solid slab over his resting place in accord with the simplicity and solidity of his character; Hartley Coleridge (whose cottage we passed), lying near him, twin Meccas for many a pilgrim. Yon house at Town End where De Quincey subsequently sojourned was where Wordsworth lived eight years, whither in 1802 he brought his bride, and where Scott visited him. Wordsworth's “Phantom of Delight,” portrays true womanhood in the person of the Poet's wife, Mary Hutchinson, to whom in 1802 he was wedded at Grasmere, the first stanza dwelling on the outward charms of his beloved, rising in the second to a portraiture of her mental and domestic excellencies, reaching in the third stanza, the gifts and graces of the “inner man of the heart even that which is not corruptible,” the good, better, best of her complex nature. The rocky front