

encircled by a ditch and mound, to which Sir Walter Scott refers as

"Red Penrith's Table round
For feats of chivalry renowned."

We leave the railway at Keswick and take to the outside of one of several stages, a four-in-hand tally-ho, a mode of travelling that is too fast passing away—for after all none is so good for seeing the country and getting acquainted with one's fellow traveller. The town, with a population of some 3,000, lies under the frowning shadow of Skiddaw, which is over 3,000 feet in height and within half a mile of Derwentwater, which, take it all in all, is the loveliest of that lovely chain of lakes which are the "glory and joy" of this charming region. This Keswick Lake is three miles long by one and a half broad and eighty feet deep. Near to it is Bassenthwaite, four miles in length and three quarters of a mile in breadth. Climbing the hill, we left our jolly Jehu, "minding to go afoot." We got ahead of our panting steeds, ever and anon pausing at eligible points to "view the landscape o'er." The Vale of Keswick at our feet: the mountain that stands as guardian sentinel over it, filling our eye, making us sympathise with Wordsworth's apostrophe:

"What was the great Parnassus' self to thee—
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sovereignty
Our British hill is nobler far, he shrouds
His double-front among Atlantic clouds
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly."

We were fortunate in having a bright clear day—not unfrequently it is otherwise. The traveller finds himself like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner,"

"The mist is here, the mist is there,
The mist is all around."

But there was no mist the day of our visit, and the features of the glorious landscape came out in bold and beautiful relief.

We rattled through the celebrated Vale of St. John, at whose southern entrance to the right is the Castle Rock, the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Bridal of Triermain." White Pike rises to the north, Haddie Fell to the west, Great Dodd to the east, with the picturesque Saddleback, so called from the appearance of its summit.

We skirted Thirlmere, a fine sheet of water three miles long, a quarter of a mile broad and 100 feet deep, now being made the