

old trees with their far-spreading arms and rich foliage. Very pretty too and picturesque are the cottages, peeping from overshadowing trees, with the ivy and the honey-suckle twining around; and the blooming hedge-rows, to which we have nothing to correspond on this side of the Atlantic.

I spent ten days rambling among the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland; but at the close of this short sketch, I shall not attempt any account of what I saw. Even a brief description would require an article to itself. Here is met some of the most beautiful scenery in all this beautiful world. The queen of the English Lakes, to my thinking, is Windermere—peerless in its loveliness; with whose exquisite beauty you could no more find fault than with the twinkling of the evening star, or the full moon. Rydal and Grasmere Lakes, which are close to Windermere, are also little gems of beauty. In a little church-yard close to Grasmere, are the graves of Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge, son of the famous Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Never was there a sweeter spot for a poet's grave than Grasmere—the grand old mountains, that Wordsworth loved so well, looking down upon it; and the lakes, which Wordsworth taught all the world to admire, spreading around. From Ulswater Lake “I clomb the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,”—a mountain between three and four thousand feet high, from the top of which, in a beautiful, clear day I enjoyed a prospect never to be forgotten. Derwentwater Lake is associated with the memory of Southey, who sleeps in Keswick Church Yard, near Greta Hall, the scene of his noble literary toils.

At every turn among these lakes, tourists, by the score, and from all countries, are encountered,—some of them, like unhappy mortals doing penance, hurrying on from place to place, intent only on “doing” the famous localities, to be able to say “they had been there.” For any benefit they obtain they might as well act on Sheridan's suggestion and say they had been there without going through the toil of the journey. Many others, however, are possessed of the requisite culture and taste to enable them to enjoy the exquisite beauties of the scene. Among these tourists are to be met some fine specimens of the Anglo-Saxon stock—ladies with clear healthy complexions, finely developed busts and graceful carriage,—and men, tall, muscular, plump and rosy, into whose composition some of the very best beef and ale, and “the finest of the wheat” has entered. It takes centuries of good feeding and comfortable housing to develope from “the unkempt Savage” such a fine, manly race as the English. In it are no signs of decay, but plenty of energy and vitality. Of course I speak of the travelling class, who are chiefly from the middle and upper ranks. The pale factory-workers and smoke-grimed artisans of the great cities, are a feeble, degenerate race. I have a passion for examining old churches and church-yards, and, after some experience among them, I came to the conclusion that about 150 years, in the lachrymose climate of England, efface the deepest cut letters on a tomb-stone; and that a term of three centuries obliterates the features in the hardest materials of which a statue can be made. In Keswick Church I saw the