

went by rail to Windermere, where I arrived about noon; I then bought a small map of the lake district and marked out my route; having done so, I put my leather bag over a stick on my shoulder, and started on my pedestrian tour. Having but a short time, my object was to see as much as I could; so having my bag with me I stayed wherever I might be when night came on. Leaving the village of Windermere, I walked to Bowness on the lake; this is a very pretty little place—the old church yard with its dark Yews, and the old weather-worn church, low and low, is the most venerable object in the place. From here I went by a small steamer on the fair Windermere to Ambleside; the scenery was truly grand, as on the one side nothing could be seen but mountains towering one above another until their summits were lost to my sight in the dark clouds above. Having got some refreshment I walked to Coniston, at the head of a beautiful piece of water bearing the same name. This was a grand walk, and on this day I much felt the want of a companion, but as I could not be favored with one I made up my mind to enjoy this indescribable scenery in solitude.—Every now and then a scene presented itself which caused me to rest and think of those who were so far from me. Leaving Coniston I wandered over the hills and through the passes on my way towards Grassmere, and after having roamed about four miles on roads, a greater portion of which was passible only by the pedestrian and saddle, the shades of night came on, and the mountains seemed to clothe themselves in dark blue and black. This was the most solitary walk I ever had, and when the dark rolling thunder clouds and shades of night gave a black hue to the mountains, many of whose summits were entirely obscured, it presented an aspect which I think I can never forget. I still wandered on and shortly viewed two or three houses, which I soon reached and obtained a comfortable bed for the night. Having past a very comfortable night I started off early and reached Grassmere after about two hours and a half's walking through a part interesting, as it contained many slate quarries. Grassmere with its lake is situated, as it were, in a large basin, and is an exceedingly beautiful place. After taking my morning meal I visited the old church which possesses a fine old tower, beneath whose shadow lies the Poet Wordsworth. Leaving Grassmere I started for Keswick. This was another grand walk, perhaps more magnificent than the previous one. I passed by Mount Helvellyn, and had a glass of beer in the Swan Inn, the very Inn from whence Scott, Southey and Wordsworth, set forth on ponies for the ascent of Mount Helvellyn, which is on the borders of Westmoreland and Cumberland. On this walk I passed through the gap of Dunmail Raise, which is very romantic and pleasing; continuing on I reached the very picturesque scenery of Shirlmore. Beyond this lake, and previous to entering the lovely yet grand valley of St. John, I passed what is called "Castle Rock," the scene of Sir Walter Scott's charming romance of the Bridal Triermain, and though its magic halls has long since melted away, its massive walls and turrets still remain. After proceeding on my journey for a short time, the lofty summit of Skiddaw and Saddle-back were before me, and in time I arrived at the grandest and most central station of the Northern Lakes district, Keswick. Here, after securing a bed room at the "King's Arms," I visited Greta Hall, which was for upwards of 40 years the residence of the poet Southey. I then visited his grave and monument at the church of Crosthwaite. (There are a great many places whose names end in "waite;" and I learned from a mountain guide that all places whose names thus ended were subject to being flooded.) In the evening I walked to Ladore where I took tea, (the house you will see in the view) and then went back to Keswick by row boat on Derwentwater. According to my taste, this is the finest of the lakes; in it are three or four small islands, on one of which the hermit Herbert lived, and he was then visited once a year by his particular friend St. Cuthbert. While on this lake I had a fine view of Borrowdale; this really is *the scene* of the lake scenery, for no where did I see the grouping of mountain peaks more striking, and among them was the well known "Scawfell," the top of which is the highest land in England. After arriving at Keswick, I got into conversation with a very pleasant young man staying at the same place from Liverpool: he, like myself, was making an excursion alone. After having passed a comfortable night I got up fresh, and we made preparations to ascend Mount Skiddaw. At nine o'clock, a. m., we commenced the ascent from Keswick; the day was warm and remarkably clear, and after four hours of upward travel we reached the summit six miles from where we started from, and 3,022 feet above the sea, or about 2,900 feet above the lake at the base. The view from this elevated spot must be seen to be appreciated, for no description could make it understood. In one direction there was no thing but mountain tops, with the lakes Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite beneath us