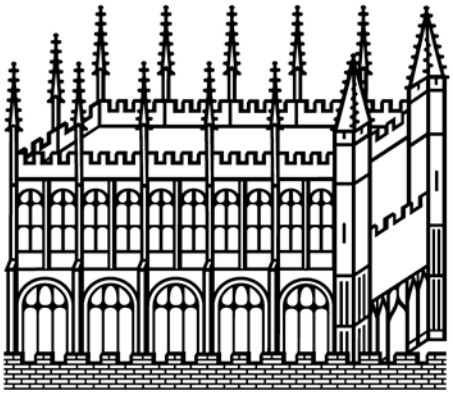


WESTMORLAND, CUMBERLAND, Durham, & Northumberland

Illustrated,

FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY THOMAS ALLOM, &c.

WITH

HISTORICAL & TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS,

BY THOMAS ROSE.

LANCRIGG FIRES. WESTMORLAND.

FISHER, SON, & Co. LONDON, 1832.

PICTURESQUE ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

WESTMORLAND, CUMBERLAND, DURHAM,

AND

NORTHUMBERLAND.

LANGDALE PIKES,—WESTMORLAND.

Langdale Pikes, situate at the western extremity of Westmorland, in the immediate vicinity of Bowfell, exhibit some of the principal characteristic features of lake and mountain scenery. Separated by a valley, through which runs the river Brathay, these hills rise on each side to an astonishing height, and form a vast amphitheatre, where the simple beauties of nature unite, in effect, with the loftier and more sublime creations of the Almighty hand.

The highest pike, known in the neighbourhood by the name of Harrison Stickle, is elevated 2,400 feet above the level of the sea; and the other, called Pike o'Stickle, 2,000 feet. From these hills, a fine blue slate is obtained, much of which is sent to London, and other parts of the kingdom.

In the fore-ground of the view, we notice the fragments of rock which follow the windings of the road, and form a romantic entrance to the valley; the guide-post, indicating a connexion with the dwellings of man; and the lone traveller, with his laden beast, home returning, toil-worn and weary. Proceeding onward, we traverse the windings of the Brathay river, which at length terminate in a distant and narrow dell. Here the contemplative angler may enjoy his Walton, and allure the playful trout to his hook; delighted with the strip of verdure that skirts along the stream, from its striking contrast with the barrenness which extends around. The eye then glances, not without interest, on the heathy wilderness that covers the hill-side; and though the distant fires are easily explained, imagination views them as altars whence the circling incense rises, grateful to the genius of the scene.

Feelings of reverence, of astonishment, of undefined pleasure, flow through the heart, as we fix our earnest gaze upon the surrounding hills. The lightnings have furrowed their sides with deep and awful ravines, the thunder-scars of a thousand tempests. Many, many winters have poured the snows upon their heads; as many summers have scorched them with a noon-day sun. Still they remain in their place, asserting the wonders of creative power: a memento of past ages—a record for a future race of men.

HOWICK HALL,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Pleasantly situated on the Northumbrian coast, at the distance of four miles from Alnwick, is Howick Hall, the seat of Earl Grey; whose family have held possession of the manor of Howick for several centuries.

Sir Henry Grey, Bart., one of the ancestors of the present Earl, erected the parish church; a neat edifice, without a tower, and in the Greek style, standing on the margin of a brook that skirts the lawn of the manorial house. He also founded a free-school for the children of his tenants; and endowed it with ten pounds per annum, chargeable on the Howick estate. This endowment was augmented with a rent-charge of thirteen pounds, by Mrs. Magdalen Grey. The school-room has been recently rebuilt; and in addition to the former grants, the master now receives five pounds per annum from the present Earl.

The old tower of Howick, mentioned by Leland, is entered by a flight of steps, and is still a goodly structure. In its immediate vicinity are the remains of a Roman encampment; and more than half a century ago, many relics of "the eternal city" were here discovered, and removed into the antiquary's cabinet.

Howick Hall, the modern building, was erected towards the close of the eighteenth century, under the direction of Mr. Newton, of Newcastle. Within the last eight years, the furniture and internal decorations have been renewed, and the wings of the edifice united to the centre by intermediate buildings. The gateways have been altered, and new approaches made to the hall; the lawn has also been broken, and disposed in better style.

The west front of this elegant mansion is seen to great advantage in the view before us; and forms, with the wings and connecting buildings, an imposing and splendid *coup d'œil.* The lawn sweeps in a magnificent slope to the margin of a fine trout water; which, after flowing through the shrubberies and plantations, passes away by a gentle fall. The gardens are perfect "realms of fairy," enriched with every species of native flowers and exotics, on which Flora has bestowed a more than ordinary richness of scent, or beauty of appearance.

Into this calm, yet princely retreat, Earl Grey may occasionally retire from the tumult of applauding multitudes, and the fatigues of legislative duty; but again and again he will be called from the scene of quiet, as was the Roman dictator of old, to resume the management of national affairs, and to conserve the interests of his country. In the "Biographical Sketches of the Reform Ministers," Mr. Jones gives a faithful summary of Earl Grey's character in so few words, and in terms so apposite, that with it we conclude our notices of Howick Hall.—"He has, says the author, "eloquence of the highest and rarest stamp—instinct with deliberative wisdom and classic fire, set off by a personal delivery, at once popular and noble; and an exalted integrity of character, upon which calumny has never ventured to breathe."

T. Allom. Wm Le Petit

HOWICK HALL.

THE SEAT OF THE Rt HONBLE CHARLES GREY, EARL GREY,-PREMIER.

T. Allom. Wm Le Petit

ALNWICK CASTLE.

THE SEAT OF THE Rt HONBLE HUGH PERCY F.S.A. DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

ALNWICK CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Alnwick Castle, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, occupies an eminence on the south side of the river Aln, directly opposite to the town of Alnwick. It was probably founded by the Romans; but no part of the original structure is now remaining.

In the reign of William Rufus, Malcolm III. of Scotland having laid siege to the fortress, one of the garrison rode forth completely armed, with the keys of the castle tied to the end of a spear; and presented himself humbly before Malcolm, as being come to make surrender. The latter went forward to meet him, and instantly received a mortal wound; while the assailant, by the fleetness of his horse, escaped through the river Aln. The name of this bold adventurer was Hammond; and the place of his passage was long known by the name of Hammond's Ford. Malcolm's defeat is commemorated by a cross, erected about a mile from Alnwick, called Malcolm's Cross.

In 1750, by the death of Algernon, Duke of Somerset, this ancient edifice, with all the estates of the barony, devolved upon the late Duke of Northumberland, who immediately began to repair the castle. These renovations were conducted with such consummate taste and judgment, as to render this structure a splendid model of an ancient baronial residence.

Nothing can be more striking than the entrance within the walls of this castle, from the town. Passing through a dark gateway of considerable length, the splendid and stupendous fabric, at once bursts upon the sight. It is not possible, in the brief space allotted us, minutely to describe the interior. The saloon is designed in the most magnificent style of gothic architecture. The dining-room and drawing-room are on a similar scale of elegance and grandeur; and the library includes a rich collection of rare and valuable works. The chapel is inimitably fine; and embellished throughout with highly decorative gothic work. The ceiling, copied from that of a chapel in King's College, Cambridge—and the east window, taken from the one in York Cathedral—are most superb. The walls are painted in a manner similar to those of the great church at Milan.

Our view, taken from a woody elevation on the banks of the Aln river, discovers the beautiful gothic bridge erected by the Duke of Northumberland. Raised on a lofty eminence, the castle appears to look proudly down on the surrounding country, as though conscious of having been, for upwards of five hundred years, the residence of the Percys.

CARLISLE,—CUMBERLAND.

Carlisle is delightfully situated on a rising ground in the midst of extensive and fertile meadows, bounded by the distant mountains, and watered by the rivers Eden, Caldew, and Peteril.

Carlisle is still surrounded by the ancient walls, which are entered by three gates, respectively named after the three kingdoms. The castle and cathedral possess a powerful interest arising from historical associations. The former occupies the north-west angle of the city, and consists of an outer and inner ward. Within the citadel is a deep well, traditionally said to have been sunk by the Romans. Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned here, and the apartments she occupied are still shown. The cathedral is chiefly remarkable for its east window, the largest in the kingdom; and for the choir, a beautiful specimen of gothic architecture in the pointed style. Hadrian's wall, better known by the name of the Picts' Wall, extending from the Tyne to Solway Frith, passes Carlisle at the distance of about half a mile on the north. The entrance to the city from the south is rendered striking by two magnificent circular towers, erected on the site of those which formerly defended the English gate of the city. These structures were raised in 1812, from designs by R. Smirke, Esq., architect, and are used as court-houses for the county.

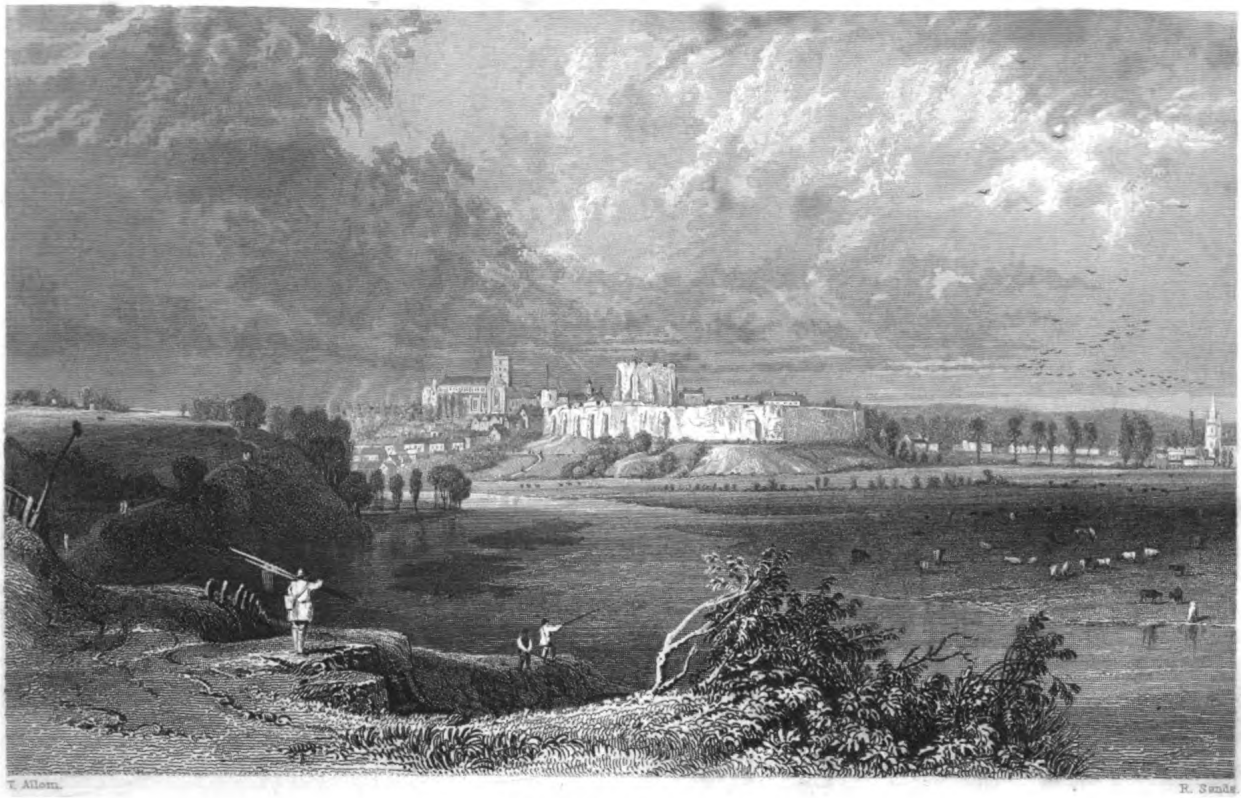
Since the union with Scotland, Carlisle has improved rapidly; and it is now little inferior to any town of similar size in the kingdom. Its manufactures of cotton, linen, woollen, and leather, together with several founderies and breweries, give employment to about two-fifths of the inhabitants. The navigable canal to the Solway, opened in 1823, has added many facilities to the manufacturing and commercial interests. Besides the weekly markets on Wednesday and Saturday, numerous fairs are held in Carlisle for the sale of cattle and agricultural produce. The great show-fair for oxen, &c. takes place in April, when cattle are brought in from all parts of Scotland, and prizes distributed by the Agricultural Society.

The church of St. Cuthbert, rebuilt in 1778, is a fine ecclesiastical edifice. A handsome bridge of white free-stone was, in 1812, erected over the Eden, after a design by R. Smirke, and at an expense of £70,000. Carlisle is provided with a commercial newsroom, an academy of arts, a mechanics' institution, and a theatre.

The illustrative view taken from Etterby Scar, comprehends the castle and cathedral; and discovers the river Eden skirting the eminence, forming the foreground of the scene. "The lowing herd" are ruminating in the rich meadows, bounded by the distant hills; and the patient anglers complete this picture of rural quietude and olden grandeur.

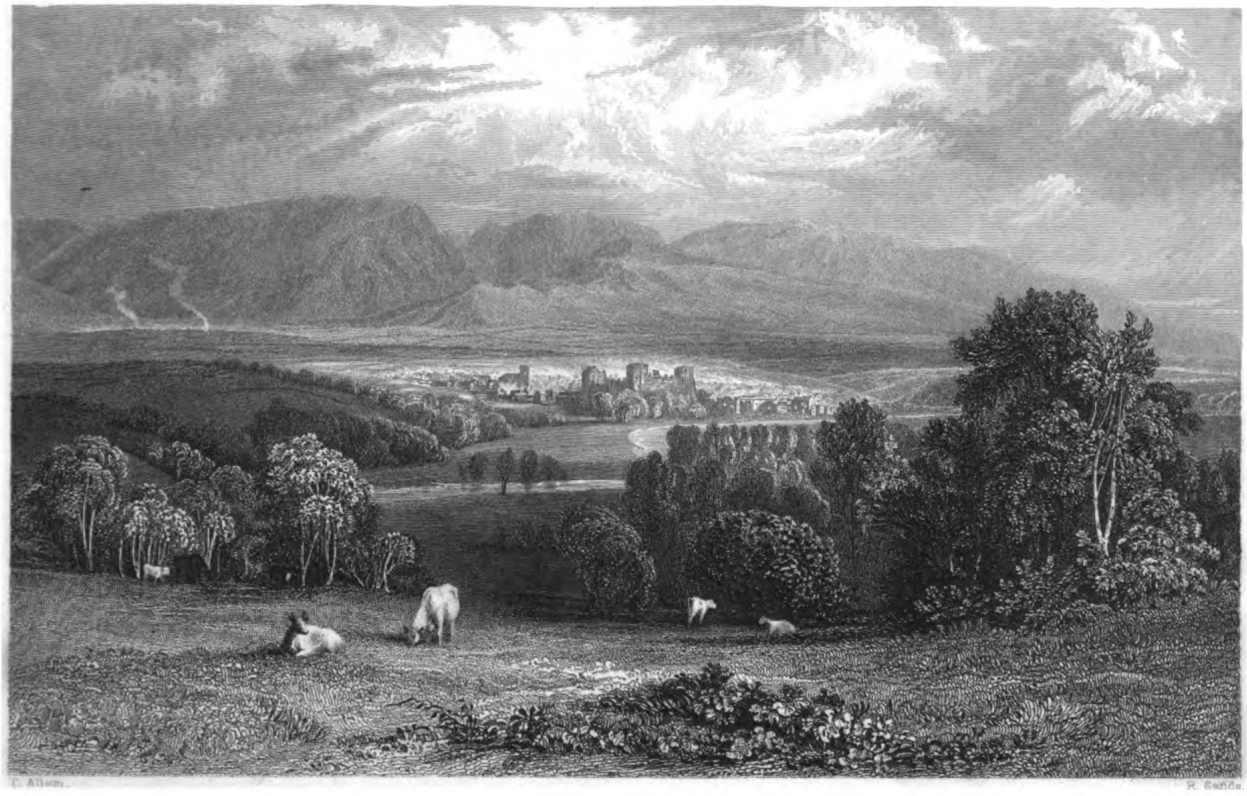
COCKERMOUTH,—CUMBERLAND.

Cockermouth is pleasantly seated in a narrow valley, at the mouth of the Cocker, by which river it is divided into two parts, united, however, by a bridge of one arch. The church, market-place, and castle stand on the east side, and the remaining portion of the town is on the south-west. The buildings and avenues are very irregularly constructed; with the exception of the street ascending to the castle gate, and that leading to Derwent bridge.



T. Allom. R. Sands.

CARLISLE.



T. Allom. R. Sands.

COCKERMOUTH.

The remains of the castle, which appears to have been originally a strong and extensive fortress, stand on the summit of an artificial mount near the junction of the Derwent and Cocker rivers. The period of its erection is considered to be a few years subsequent to the Conquest. This building, with its rich demesnes, had been in the possession of several noble families, when at length it descended, by inheritance, to the late Earl of Egremont. On the tower are five shields, which are said to contain the armorial bearings of the successive proprietors. During the civil contentions, in the reign of Charles I., this castle was garrisoned for the king; falling, however, into the hands of the parliamentarians, it was reduced to a state of ruin, in which it has ever since remained.

The church, first erected in the reign of Edward III., was, with the exception of the ancient tower, entirely rebuilt in 1711, and is now a spacious and handsome edifice.

The trade and merchandise of Cockermouth derive great advantages from its situation in the neighbourhood of three sea-port towns. The chief articles of manufacture are hats, coarse woollens, linens, and leather. The principal market is on Monday, when a considerable quantity of grain is brought for sale; and there is another on Saturday, for provisions, &c. Fairs for cattle take place every fortnight, from the beginning of May to the end of September, besides the one on the 10th of October; and two annual fairs, or statutes for hiring servants, are held in the castle yard.

At the distance of two miles from the town stands the village of Papcastle, so called from a castle, supposed to have formerly been a Roman station.

Cockermouth sends two representatives to the Commons' house of parliament.

The accompanying view is taken from a beautiful woody eminence, bounding the rich cornfields and meadows on the banks of the Derwent. The church and castle, though prominent objects in the distant mass of buildings, appear to occupy but little space in the extensive plain, stretching to the very foot of the mountains. The hills rise up like a fenced wall of colossal dimensions; yet,

> "The barriers disregarding that surround
> This deep Abiding-place, before your sight
> Mounts on the breeze the Butterfly—and soars,
> Small creature as she is, from earth's bright flowers
> Into the dewy clouds."

HARTLEPOOL,—DURHAM.

Hartlepool is a sea-port town of great antiquity, occupying a peninsular situation on a promontory of the German ocean. It has only one principal street, from which, however, a number of smaller avenues diverge in cross directions. The government of the town is vested, under a charter of King John, in a corporation, including the mayor, alderman, recorder, and common-council.

Few places can convey to the tourist so perfect an idea of ancient fortifications, as Hartlepool. A long-extended wall, with bastions and remains of sally-ports, defended by

turrets, are still visible. The harbour was formerly a fine basin of water within the walls of the town; but the present one, which lies to the south, has been much improved by the extension of the stone pier. The entrance is easy; yet vessels of light burden only can approach.

This town has been much frequented of late years, during the summer months, for sea-bathing. On the south side of the town is a chalybeate spring, which is covered by the sea on every return of the tide; there is also another below the south battery, which resembles, in the properties of its waters, the far-famed springs of Harrowgate.

Hartlepool being included in the parish of Hart, the church is merely a chapel of ease. Of this building, erected in different ages, and in various styles of architecture, the most ancient parts are the nave and tower. In the grave-yard may still be seen some old mutilated monuments, said to be those of the Bruce family; by one of whom the monastery of Grey Friars was established in the thirteenth century, the ruins of which are still visible. In the centre of the town is a well-constructed hall, where the business of the corporation is transacted; the only public buildings beside this, being the custom-house and the free-school. There is a good weekly market on Saturday.

The fishery, which is very considerable, constitutes almost the entire trade of Hartlepool; indeed, if we except the influx of visitors during the bathing season, the inhabitants are nearly all fishermen. These are an athletic and courageous race of men, ever ready to face the storm, when the signal of distress announces a ship in danger; an occurrence by no means infrequent on this coast. The scenery in the neighbourhood is of an interesting character. The rocks which girt the ocean on the north side of the town, have been excavated by the violence of the waves; and many pleasant and romantic retreats are discovered during low water, the most curious of which is Black Hall.

Our engraving exhibits the south wall of the town, and the distant pier. A number of small craft are seen with swelling sails; some approaching the harbour, and others leaving it. In the fore-ground the artist has introduced a variety of detail connected with the fishing trade. The group, at some little distance on the right hand, appear to be assorting their fish; while those immediately before us are busily engaged in their several occupations.

DURHAM.

The city of Durham, capital of the County Palatine of Durham, is romantically situated on a commanding eminence, occupying a peninsula formed by the river Wear. From this elevation, the most picturesque and interesting views are obtained over diversified and far-extended tracts of country. The city is partly surrounded by the ancient walls; beneath which, on one side, are beautiful gardens and plantations, descending to the margin of the river; and on the other, a naked and abrupt descent from the acclivity.

A superstitious legend, (commemorated in some emblematic devices on the east transept of the cathedral,) ascribes the origin of Durham to the monks of Lindisfarne,

HARTLEPOOL, DURHAM.

DURHAM.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON 1832

who, arriving here so early as the year 995, with the remains of Saint Cuthbert, were directed, by miraculous interposition, to make this place the mausoleum of their patron. Having determined on a permanent settlement, the monks raised habitations round the tabernacle in which they had enclosed the saintly relics; and thus laid the foundation of the Saxon *Dun-holme,* corrupted by the course of time into Durham. William the Conqueror desolated the town and neighbourhood; when a dreadful famine ensued. About 1424, the plague raged violently, and carried off several thousands of the inhabitants.

The cathedral, originally founded A. D. 1093, occupies the highest ground in the city, and, when viewed from the opposite bank of the Wear, bursts upon the eye with imposing grandeur. This edifice was completed towards the close of the thirteenth century. The character of the architecture, though chiefly Anglo-Norman, partakes in a considerable degree of the English or pointed style. At the time of the dissolution, this priory was rated at about £1600 per annum. In 1541, Henry VIII. granted a foundation charter to this church, altering its dedication from St. Mary and St. Cuthbert, to that of Christ and St. Mary. The see of Durham is the richest in the kingdom; and the bishop is invested with higher prerogatives than any of his episcopal brethren. He is perpetual justice of the peace in his own territories, and lord-lieutenant of the county; and to what court of justice soever he comes, within the limits of his diocese, he there sits as chief.

The castle, now the residence of the bishop during his visits to Durham, was first erected, it would appear, by William the Conqueror. At the present time, though accommodated in a great measure to the taste and manners of our own age, this structure discovers many traces of military harshness and feudal barbarity, mixed up with the elegancies and conveniencies of modern improvement. It stands on the north side of an open area, called Palace Green, whence a number of beautiful public walks, kept in repair by the minster funds, lead along the windings of the river.

Durham contains six churches, exclusive of the cathedral. It has a commodious infirmary, and a small square market-place, with a guildhall on the west side, and, in the centre, a fountain, surmounted by a statue of Neptune seated on a dolphin. The trade of this city has declined of late years. There are manufactories for stuff and carpets, and for spinning and combing wool; a brass foundry, two iron foundries, and a hat factory. It has a market on Saturday for corn and provisions, and five annual fairs, for horned cattle, sheep, and horses; that on the three last days of March being accounted the principal. The government of the city is vested in a mayor, recorder, twelve aldermen, and twenty-four common council men. Durham gives the title of baron to the Lambton family.

In the illustrative engraving, the first object that excites attention is the salmon leap of the river Wear. Framwell-gate bridge assumes a bold and striking character; the elliptic arches of which, span a distance of ninety feet each. On the left hand is seen that venerable and colossal mass of feudal architecture, the castle. The lantern tower of the cathedral, and an oblique glance at the west front, with some few details of lesser note, complete the line of view. The setting sun sheds a warm glow over these splendid

erections of departed days; and the whole scene is calculated to carry back the mind to a remote period, when wine and wassail prevailed at the castle board, and the blended voices of the monks of Lindisfarne, were heard, "glad even, and glad morn," chanting the vesper hymn and matin song.

DUNGEON GILL,—WESTMORLAND.

The beautiful and romantic waterfall of Dungeon Gill is situated in the deep cleft of a hill, in the immediate neighbourhood of Langdale Pikes. The name is compounded of *dungeon*, signifying, in the language of the country, a deep chasm; and *gill*, a valley or dell.

"The quantity of water here," Mr. Baines remarks, "is not considerable, but the fall is exceedingly high and picturesque. It descends in a fine sheet of foam betwixt two walls of perpendicular rock, which I should judge to be more than a hundred feet high. Two enormous rocks, which have fallen into the top of the chasm, hang suspended in a way alarming to the spectator. Trees have taken root in the sides of the cleft, and hang out their branches to receive the perpetual rain of spray from the waterfall."

There is an air of venerable grandeur in the appearance of the rocks, forming a stupendous archway for the rush of waters, and the reflective mind will trace

> "Upon their bleak and visionary sides,
> The history of many a winter storm."

Amid this thought-inspiring solitude of nature, Wordsworth's shepherd boy, perhaps, enjoyed

> "——— the first virgin passion of a soul
> Communing with the glorious universe."

Here, also, it may be,

> "——— he scanned the laws of light
> Amid the roar of torrents, where they send
> From hollow clefts up to the clearer air
> A cloud of mist, which in the sunshine frames
> A lasting tablet—for the observer's eye
> Varying its rainbow hues."

It has been remarked, that the seclusions of nature, are more favourable to pure devotional feeling, than the crowded haunts of society; and few, we believe, will dispute the truth of the observation. The footsteps of Deity are far less discernible in the thickly inhabited city, where every thing that meets the eye is the result of human art and ingenuity, than in the wide theatre of nature, where "littleness is not," and even "the least of things seem infinite."

The engraving is illustrative of an interesting poem, by Wordsworth, founded on the fact of a lamb having fallen into the basin of the cataract, whence it was taken unhurt.

COLWITH FORCE,—WESTMORLAND.

At the distance of five miles, west from Ambleside, the tourist discovers a precipitous path leading to Colwith bridge; a rude structure of one arch, thrown across the river Colwith, which, taking its rise in the stupendous fells above, here discharges its waters

T. Allom. W. Tombleson.

COLWITH FORCE, WESTMORLAND.

T. Allom. W. Tombleson.

DUNGEON GILL, WESTMORLAND.

FISHER SON & CO LONDON 1832

down the rocks with a fearful impetuosity. An awful grandeur pervades this scene at all times, but more especially at those seasons

> " When copious rains have magnified the stream
> Into a loud and white-robed waterfall."

The dashing of the waters is heard long before you reach the spot. The dim and woody path leading to it is every way calculated to increase the effect, and when at length an opening in the copse reveals the Force in all its " dread magnificence," the mind is overcome with a mingled feeling of terror and delight.

The total depth of Culleth or Colwith Force, may not exceed 150 feet; but the rocky projections and other obstacles which oppose the waters in their descent, render it eminently picturesque and sublime. After falling successively from one crag to another, the headlong stream plunges into a basin, from the outer edge of which rises a massive fragment of rock. Impeded in their course, the waters rage violently, and shoot with terrific rapidity through the narrow openings on each side, whence they fall, amidst clouds of spray, into a deep and fearful chasm below.

In every period of human history—in the regions of savage and civilized life,—the extent of ocean, the raging of the mountain torrent, the unbroken surface of the quiet lake,—have claimed pre-eminence in the mind of man over all the various phenomena of the natural world. The sacred writings abundantly show, that water, in a state of action or repose, affords the most sublime and comprehensive similes. The Creator, it is said, " sitteth above the water-floods;"—the noise of a multitude, is compared to " the voice of many waters;"—and of the placid streams, we are told that " they make glad the city of God."

BROUGHAM HALL,—WESTMORLAND.

On the east bank of the Lowther river, and at the distance of about half a mile from Eamont bridge, stands Brougham Hall, the seat of Lord Brougham and Vaux. Distinguished only by a venerable simplicity of style, this mansion has frequently been designated, from the elevated situation which it occupies, the " Windsor of the North." The terrace, in front of the house, commands a delightful prospect, comprising the river Lowther, and its plumy woods; the village of Clifton, an extended level of rich meadows, and the mountain scenery of Ullswater. Five gothic windows of painted glass, including a great variety of subjects, admit a subdued light into the entrance hall, and cast upon its lofty walls the beautiful tints of an autumnal evening.

The extensive shrubberies and pleasure-grounds, laid out in excellent taste, are esteemed the most exquisite of their kind. Within the former is a hermit's cell, furnished with the usual characteristics of an anchorite's dwelling. A scroll is exhibited in part of the building, with these lines inscribed:

> " Beneath this moss-grown roof, this rustic cell,
> Truth, liberty, content, sequestered dwell:
> Say, you, who dare our hermitage disdain,
> What drawing-room can boast so fair a train?"

Brougham Hall, as shown in the engraving, is seen to great advantage; the rich foliage of the shrubbery being contrasted in a pleasing manner with the simple and antiquated character of the building. The figure in the fore-ground of the view, will be easily recognized, as being that of the modern Gracchus himself.

Possessing talents of the highest order, with the most extensive acquired knowledge, and, superadded to these, a strong feeling of philanthropy and benevolence towards his fellow-men, this illustrious statesman was peculiarly fitted to rise up as the instructor of the people, and the champion of their rights. Swayed by no prejudices, and actuated by no sinister motives, his decisions have in all cases been formed on the broad principle of right and wrong. He is now the caressed of thousands,—the idol of a grateful nation; and, in no case, perhaps, have popular esteem and admiration been more justly conferred.

In the neighbourhood of Brougham Hall are the remains of the ancient castle. History is silent respecting both the architect and the period of its erection; the ruins, however, retain the character of Norman architecture, and appear to be those of a once strong, extensive, and beautiful edifice.

WINDERMERE LAKE,—WESTMORLAND.

Windermere, or Winandermere, the most capacious and extensive of all the English lakes, lies on the boundary line which separates Westmorland from Lancashire. The circumference of this vast sheet of water is something less than twenty-three miles, and the breadth rarely exceeds a mile; the depth varying from thirty to one hundred and twenty feet. It is formed principally by the united streams of the Rothay and Brathay rivers. The waters are finally discharged at Newby Bridge, under the name of the Leven river; which, after a course of two miles, falls into an estuary of Morecambe Bay.

"Diffusiveness, stately beauty, and, at the upper end, magnificence, have been justly considered as the characteristics of Windermere." The extraordinary clearness of this lake is such, that the eye can distinctly view the finny inhabitants of its deep recesses, as they play in shoals, and,

> "sporting with quick glance,
> Show to the sun their waved coats, dropp'd with gold."

This lake suffers little change in its appearance, either from the drought of summer, or the copious rains of winter; almost constantly maintaining a uniform level. It is, however, subject to violent agitation by the winds; and there are times when its disturbed waters bear no indistinct resemblance to a tempestuous ocean. Windermere abounds with trout, perch, pike, and char; and its banks are the favourite haunts of wild fowl, "which add to the scenery of the lake, by the variety of forms in which they appear—sometimes, sitting in black groups on the water, they rise and sink with the waves; at other times in the air, they circle the lake in figured files, or with hesitating wing seize some station on its banks or surface."

In the centre of Windermere are several beautiful islands, the largest of which is Curwen island, so named after the proprietor, Mr. Curwen. "A more sequestered spot,"

T. Allom. W. Taylor.

BROUGHAM HALL, WESTMORLAND.

THE SEAT OF THE R^T HON^BLE HENRY BROUGHAM, BARON BROUGHAM & VAUX, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN

T. Allom. W. Taylor.

WINDERMERE LAKE, FROM THE FERRY HOUSE

it has been remarked, "cannot easily be conceived. Nothing can be more excluded from the noise and interruption of life; or abound with a greater variety of those circumstances which make retirement pleasing."

This island formerly belonged to the Phillipsons, a Westmorland family of some note; and, during the contentions between Charles I. and his parliament, two brothers of this name, one of whom was then proprietor, aided the royal cause. After the war had subsided, Robert Phillipson being on a visit to his brother's house on the island of Windermere, Colonel Briggs, a parliamentarian officer, attempted to secure him, as a person who had rendered himself obnoxious to the ruling powers. Accordingly, he laid siege to the house; but was compelled, by the return of the proprietor with a strong party, to abandon the enterprise. Robert Phillipson had no sooner been relieved by his brother, than he meditated revenge. Advancing with a small troop of horse to Kendal, he there was told that Colonel Briggs had gone to prayers; upon which, he rode directly to the church, and proceeded on horseback through the midst of the congregation. The object of his search, however, was not there; and, the girths of his saddle breaking, Robert was unhorsed by the people, and, but for the timely succour afforded by his companions, would have been destroyed for this impious profanation of the sacred edifice. "The action marked the man. Many knew him; and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit, that it could be nobody but *Robin the Devil*."

This incident is worthy of remark, from its having been introduced with some poetical embellishment into the "Rokeby" of Sir Walter Scott.

"Through the gothic arch there sprung
A horseman armed, at headlong speed—
Sable his cloke, his plume, his steed.
All scattered backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham!—
Three bounds that noble courser gave;
The first has reached the central nave,
The second cleared the chancel wide,
The third,—he was at Wycliffe's side."

The view of Windermere, shown in the engraving, is taken from the Ferry-house, whence a most delightful prospect is obtained across the lake. The distant mountains are named High Street, Harter Fell, and Hill Bell. The situation of the island previously mentioned, is indicated by the clustering foliage, connecting apparently with the foot of the mountains, yet being in reality far distant from them. Cowper would have been content to forego his "lodge in some vast wilderness," for a convenient dwelling on the banks of Windermere; and the beautiful remark made by Miss Landon on another view of the lake will apply with equal propriety to this: "Here might the weary heart dream itself away, and find the freshness of the spring-time of the spirit return upon it."

NEWCASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Newcastle, a borough and market town, usually designated Newcastle-upon-Tyne, from its situation on the northern bank of that river, was formerly a Roman station; and

some remains of the Picts' wall, which, extending from sea to sea, ran through the town, are still discernible in the vicinity of the Panden Gate. The town originally derived its name from a castle erected in the neighbourhood to check the inroads of the Scots; and, despite of changes and renovations, this noble structure affords strong evidence of its former strength and beauty.

Newcastle contains four churches, of which those dedicated to St. Nicholas and All-Saints are the most remarkable; the former for its lofty and ornamental spires, and the latter for its elegant steeple and beautiful interior. There are also many neat and appropriate buildings for the dissenting communities. The public charities of Newcastle are numerous, and most efficient; including among others an infirmary, a lunatic asylum, a lying-in hospital, and the keelmen's hospital, which last is supported by trifling contributions from the daily earnings of the keelmen. The bridge, an elegant structure, connecting the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead, was erected in 1781, at an expense of £30,000. In addition to other recent improvements, the town is adorned with an exchange, an elegant theatre, and a set of handsome baths. The residences of the higher classes are mostly in the northern part.

Newcastle has long been famous for its coal-trade, of which article it has frequently sent coast-wise, in the course of a year, upwards of 600,000 chaldrons. Here are also several extensive manufactories of glass, cloth, hardware, wrought iron, &c.; and ship-building is carried on to a great extent. Newcastle returns two members to parliament; and by the provisions of the reform bill, the inhabitants are entitled, under certain restrictions, to the right of voting in the election of members for the county.

The view of Newcastle, shown in the engraving, is taken from the Gateshead side of the river. The Tyne, partially covered with small craft, and graced by its elegant bridge, directs the eye to the dense line of erections, receding into remote perspective along the opposite shore. In this mighty assemblage of buildings, we readily distinguish the church of St. Nicholas, the castle, the new county courts, the church of All-Saints, and the exchange. There is an air of commercial greatness in the scene; and the distant shipping, of which the principal part, probably, is engaged in the coal trade, forcibly reminds us of the colliers, to whom a description of the Cimmerians, by Homer, may very well apply:

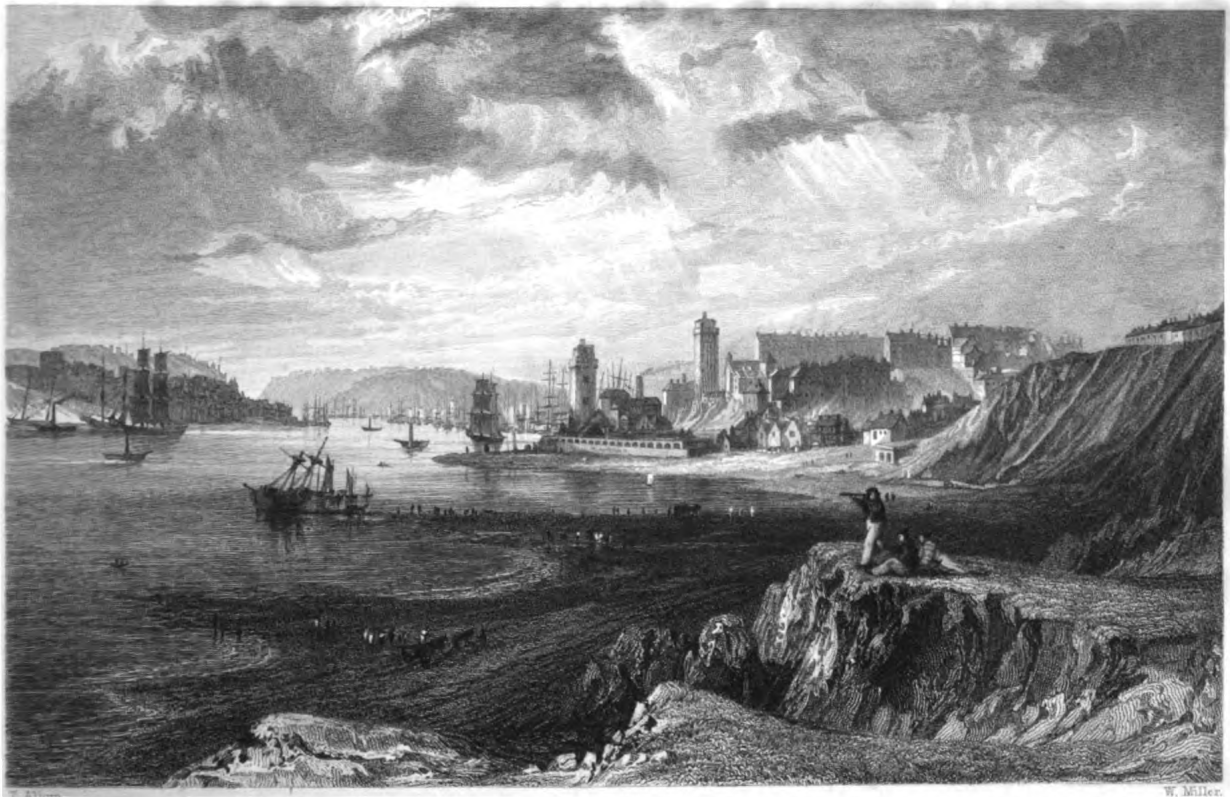
> "The gloomy race, in subterranean cells,
> Among surrounding shades and darkness dwells,
> Hid in th' unwholesome covert of the night,
> They shun th' approaches of the cheerful light.
> The Sun ne'er visits their obscure retreats,
> Nor when he runs his course, nor when he sets."

NORTH AND SOUTH SHIELDS,—NORTHUMBERLAND, AND DURHAM.

North Shields, Northumberland, forming the principal feature in the illustrative view, is a place of considerable antiquity, standing on the north bank of the river Tyne.

T. Allom. W. Miller.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, FROM NEW CHATHAM, GATESHEAD.



T. Allom. W. Miller.

NORTH & SOUTH SHIELDS, TAKEN FROM THE ROCKS NEAR TYNEMOUTH.

FISHER SON & CO LONDON 1832.

The earliest mention of this place occurs in the reign of Edward I., at which time it consisted only of a few cottages, or *shielings*, inhabited by fishermen. An attempt was made, about this period, by the prior and monks of Tynemouth, to extend the village, and give it a commercial character; for which purpose they erected houses, founded a harbour, and established a market. Newcastle had, however, till then, enjoyed the exclusive trade of the Tyne, and its authorities possessed sufficient influence to thwart these efforts for the advancement of Shields. During the commonwealth, Cromwell used great exertions to remove the restrictions under which the town laboured; but, in consequence of his death, the plan proved abortive, and it was not until the end of the seventeenth century that Shields was admitted to the advantages which its maritime situation had so long presented. Since then, however, the population of the town has risen with unexampled rapidity, and its commerce has assumed a most important character. It has a weekly market on Friday, and an annual statute fair on the first Friday in November.

Clifford's Fort, a strong and handsome stone building, well provided with ordnance, stands at the bottom of the town, and effectively secures the entrance to the river. In this fort is the low light, which, corresponding with one more elevated on an adjacent bank, serves as a pilot-mark for vessels entering the harbour.

The staple article of commerce at Shields, like that of Newcastle, is coal, and the number of vessels annually loaded at this port, falls very little short of the shipment from the latter place. The manufactories have reference principally to ship-building. The only ecclesiastical edifice connected with the established church, is a chapel of ease; besides which, there are many places of dissenting worship. Here, also, are several free schools, and charitable institutions, all liberally endowed.

South Shields, of which a distant view is included in our engraving, is seated on the south bank of the Tyne, and forms, with North Shields, a very considerable maritime port. It was formerly celebrated for its salt works; but, at the present time, its commerce is confined chiefly to the coal trade, and to the extensive glass manufactories. The town consists almost entirely of one street, two miles in length, near the centre of which is a spacious square, where a weekly market is held on Wednesday. The ancient chapel was rebuilt, and considerably enlarged, in 1811. South Shields has the honour of being the first place where a society was instituted for the rescue of mariners from shipwreck, by means of the life-boat; of which a beautiful model, presented by the inventor, is preserved in the chapel.

By the late reform bill, South Shields is constituted a borough, and, in conjunction with Westoe, is entitled to the return of one member to parliament.

ULLSWATER,—CUMBERLAND.

Ullswater is usually included among the lakes of Cumberland, though, from its situation on the line of demarcation between that county and Westmorland, it might properly be considered as common to both. The accompanying view is taken from the valley of

Patterdale, on the Westmorland side of the lake, a point happily chosen by the artist for displaying the peculiar features of Ullswater.

This magnificent expanse of water is admitted to be the finest of all the lakes. It does not, like Windermere, present scenes of voluptuous beauty, equal to those which the Arabian prophet has promised shall hereafter be unveiled to the faithful; but a succession of imagery, incomparably grand and sublime. Its waters advance into the very heart of the mountains, which, "lifting their huge forms above the clouds," impend over the lake, and shroud in awful majesty this seclusion of nature. The hill-sides are covered with waving forests; and rich meadows are spread at their feet. At intervals are seen, peeping forth from among the trees, those quiet habitations of rural industry, that captivate the heart of the occasional visitor, and for which he is inclined to think the busy world can offer no equivalent in exchange. In the survey of such a scene, the mind of necessity becomes contemplative, and every feeling of levity subsides into emotions of reverence and admiration; whether it be at a time when the smooth lake "mirrors the Almighty's form," or on those solemn occasions when the echoing mountains reverberate

"——————— his voice, deep, dreadful loud;
Utter'd from forth the rolling thunder-cloud."

Ullswater is nine miles in extent, and, excepting in one part where a rocky projection occurs, above a mile in breadth. "But the eye loses its power of judging even of the breadth, confounded by the boldness of the shores, and the magnificence of the fells that rise beyond: the proportions, however, are grand; for the water retains its dignity, notwithstanding the vastness of its accompaniments." This lake abounds with a great variety of fish, including a peculiar species of trout, weighing upwards of thirty pounds; eels of very considerable size, and of the finest flavour, are also readily found.

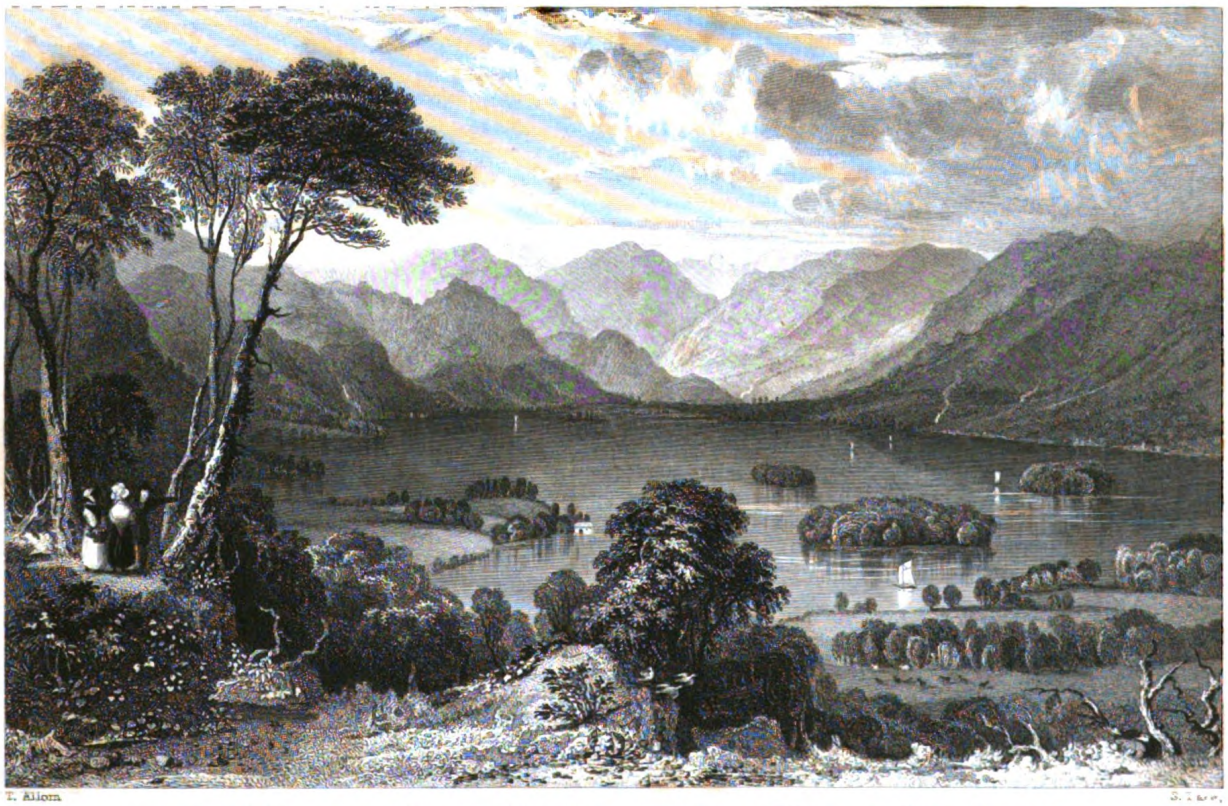
The village of Patterdale derives considerable interest from a traditional history connected with the Mounsey family. On one occasion, when the Scots had made an irruption into the northern counties, a chief was wanted to lead the herdsmen to battle against the marauders. A peasant of the name of Mounsey, offering his services, was accepted as their leader, and, by great vigilance and warlike ingenuity, he succeeded in putting the enemy to a total rout. As a reward for his valour, he was crowned amid loud acclamations, and proclaimed king of Patterdale; which title, accompanied by a substantial homage, was afterwards enjoyed by his descendants. The kings of Patterdale, however, now exist only in the chronicles of departed days.

DERWENT WATER,—CUMBERLAND.

Derwent Water, not unfrequently called Keswick Lake, from its vicinity to that town, is a beautiful sheet of water, inclining to an oval form, extending about three miles in length, and a mile and a half in breadth. It partakes of the lofty majesty of Ullswater, and the delicious scenery of Windermere; having, like the last mentioned lake, a number of small islands appearing on its surface, and being, like Ullswater, surrounded by an

T. Allom S. Lacey.

VIEW OF ULLESWATER, LOOKING TOWARDS PATTERDALE.



T. Allom S. Lacey.

DERWENT WATER, FROM THE CASTLE HEAD, CUMBERLAND.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON 1834

amphitheatre of rocky mountains, occasionally covered with woods. On the south side of the lake is the cataract of Lowdore, one of the most magnificent water-falls in "this region of the sublime."

Derwent Water gave the title of earl to the Ratcliffe family, in whose possession the lake and adjacent lands continued until the ruin of that noble house, when they were vested in trustees for the benefit of Greenwich Hospital. Castlerigg, or Castle Head, whence the illustrative view is taken, is the site of an ancient castle, formerly the residence of the Earls of Derwentwater; afterwards, however, they had a house on one of the islands of the lake, since named Lord's Island. Castlerigg is further remarkable for the remains of a druidical temple.

The islands of Derwent Water are five in number, of which the principal are Lord's Island above mentioned, and Pocklington Island. The whole are covered with trees, and contribute very materially to the picturesque beauty of the lake. Towards the southern extremity is occasionally seen a *floating island*, the alternate appearance and disappearance of which has given rise to various hypotheses. Mr. Southey, in his "Madoc," thus alludes to this phenomenon, connecting it with the artificial islets which float on the lakes of Mexico and China:

"——————— We reached the shore:
A floating island waited for me there,
The beautiful work of man. I set my foot
Upon green growing herbs and flowers, and sate
Embowered in odorous shrubs: four long light boats,
Yoked to the garden, with accordant song,
And dip and dash of oar in harmony,
Bore me across the lake."

The mountains of Skiddaw and Helvellyn sinking the neighbouring elevations into comparative littleness, give a dignified character to this scene of natural beauty. Of the former, Mr. Wordsworth has spoken in glowing terms:

"What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sovereignty,
Our British hill is fairer far! he shrouds
His double-fronted head in higher clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly."

It has been recommended to tourists to survey the romantic scenes of Derwent Water by moonlight. Of its effect upon the lake, Mr. Southey thus speaks:

"The moon arose; she shone upon the lake,
Which lay one smooth expanse of silver light;
She shone upon the hills and rocks, and cast
Upon their hollows and their hidden glens
A blacker depth of shade."

A night-view of Derwent Water, it might be supposed, would call up devotional feeling in the bosom of an atheist. Every object is invested with a mantle of soft light; the broad shadows of the mountains give indefinite extent to those parts over which they extend; and the solemn voice of the waterfalls, and the echoes of the mountains, fall upon the ear in sounds not altogether of earth.

"In expatiating over the vastness of the scene," Mr. Baines justly observes, "the mind rises far above the insignificant works of man, and delights to feel itself at liberty, unconstrained by the observations of others, to range and exult on the magnificent temple of nature."

LAMBTON CASTLE,—DURHAM.

Lambton Castle, the seat of Lord Durham, occupies an eminence on the north bank of the river Wear, the identical site of Harraton Hall, anciently the residence of the D'Arcys and Hedworths. This edifice, erected by Bonomi, is pleasantly situated in an extensive park, seven miles in circuit, and intersected by the river Wear, over which is thrown a simple, yet elegant bridge, of one arch. Though not entirely free from incongruities in the design and execution, the Castle presents a magnificent appearance; and the judicious improvements that have been effected by the present noble proprietor, add greatly to the chastity of the mansion, and to the beauty of the park. The library, a quadrangular apartment of good proportions, contains a choice selection of literature, and several family paintings of excellent character. The grounds are disposed in the most effective manner; and the ride, through a hanging wood, on the south bank of the river, is beautifully romantic. Races were annually held in the park, in October. They were commenced in 1821, by Mr. Lambton, (now Lord Durham,) for the amusement of himself and friends; and, in consequence of the general interest excited, his lordship threw them open to the neighbouring gentry: but from the ill health of the noble proprietor, and a residence abroad, these races have been discontinued.

The illustrative View of Lambton Castle is taken from the south bank of the Wear. The foliage skirting the margin on either side, is effectively relieved by the bridge. The deeply-toned shadows in the foreground give distance to the Castle, which is here shown to great advantage, on the summit of an eminence, and completely embosomed in rich and massive woods. The name of Lambton is connected with a marvellous legend, of an enormous worm, that infested the banks of the river Wear, and which was at length overcome by a hero of this family. This tradition, veiling some mystery which has not descended to us, is a strong testimony to the antiquity, the valour, and prowess of the party whose achievements it perpetuates. Indeed, both history and tradition, uniting with the common consent of the present day, bear witness, that with the house of Lambton has ever been associated those lofty qualities which ennoble high birth; and whence are derived the highest advantages to a people, for whom their inheritor may be called to legislate.

RAVENSWORTH CASTLE,—DURHAM.

Ravensworth Castle, the seat of Thomas-Henry Liddell, Lord Ravensworth, is situate westward of the river Team, on the site of the ancient castle, a fortress of very great antiquity.

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

LAMBTON CASTLE, DURHAM.

THE SEAT OF THE Rt HONBLE JOHN-GEORGE LAMBTON, BARON DURHAM.

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

RAVENSWORTH CASTLE, DURHAM.

THE SEAT OF THOMAS-HENRY LIDDELL, BARON RAVENSWORTH.

"The present edifice stands proudly in its park, at the distance of three miles south-south-west from Newcastle."

"In the oldest records concerning Ravensworth, the village is written *Raffenswarth*, and the castle *Raffenshelm*, the first signifying the *estate*, and the second the *fortress* of *Raffen*, which, being the name of the Danish standard, shews that they were anciently possessed by the Danes, who were probably the founders of the castle."

The manor of Ravensworth was purchased by an ancestor of the Liddells in 1607. "Sir Thomas Henry Liddell, the *seventh baronet*, and present possessor of the estates of this family, was raised to the peerage in 1821, by the title of Baron Ravensworth." By this nobleman, the old castle was, in 1808, taken down, and a new erection begun. The works were placed under the superintendence of Mr. Nash, the architect; and an excellent white free-stone, obtained from a quarry in the park, was used in the construction of the edifice. The mansion is sheltered on the north and west sides by a fine forest of oaks. Towards the east it commands an extensive view over Lamesly vale; and immediately opposite, in the distance, is seen "the wild and shaken ridge of Gateshead Fell, covered with a multitude of rude hovels." The contrast between these humble dwellings and the magnificent castle by which they are overlooked, might induce the observer to lay too great a stress on the disproportionate allotment of temporal good: the Latin poet, however, takes occasion to shew how shadowy is the difference made by wealth and title between man and man:—

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.———

This superb Gothic structure unites nearly all the warlike features of the ancient baronial residences with the elegance and splendid refinement of modern times. As we look upon it, the mind, without laborious effort, recurs to the olden time, when the Raven standard was here unfurled, and the walls rung with the rejoicings and laughter of the Danish chiefs. We pause: a thousand years have passed by—the invader is gone—a renovated, rather than a new edifice rises before us—and the barbarous manners and usages of the period we had contemplated, retire before the superior influence of a more refined and enlightened age.

"Near to Ravensworth Castle is a stone column, concerning which there is a tradition, that it was one of the *crosses* erected to hold markets at, during the great plague at Newcastle in 1645, when the produce of the county was not allowed to be exposed for sale at a less distance than three miles from that town."

CORBY CASTLE,—CUMBERLAND.

Corby Castle, the seat of Henry Howard, Esq., stands on the summit of a cliff, on the east side of the river Eden, at the distance of about five miles from Carlisle. This mansion, though now bearing no resemblance to a fortress, occupies the site of an ancient castle,

"and actually consists in part, of the very walls of a large square tower, such as was not an unfrequent object upon the marches in early times."

The rocky but richly wooded banks of the Eden, in this neighbourhood, have long been the theme of universal admiration. David Hume visited this part of the country, about 1750; and the following lines written by him upon a pane of glass at the Old Bush Inn at Carlisle, were communicated to Mr. Howard, by the late lamented Sir Walter Scott:—

"Here chicks, in eggs for breakfast, sprawl;
Here godless boys, God's glories squall;
While Scotsmen's heads adorn the wall:
But *Corby's walks* atone for all."

The natural scenery in the neighbourhood of Corby Castle has been greatly increased in effect by the tasteful and judicious management of the pleasure-grounds. "From the castle, a flight of steps, hewn out of the natural rock, and overshadowed with lofty trees, leads to a long walk on the margin of the Eden, where a number of caves and grotesque apartments have been scooped with considerable labour, and great taste. Concealed by umbrageous foliage, is a singular colossal statue, standing in a romantic spot, beneath a lofty rock, nearly opposite to which are erected *wears* for catching salmon, and affording an easy communication with a long wooded island in the middle of the river." These delightful grounds are opened to the public on Wednesdays, when the visitor to the north is at liberty to wander, free from restraint, amid scenes of more than Arcadian beauty.

In 1813, the castle, which had till then been an irregular building, was made uniform, and cased with stone, according to the Grecian Doric order of architecture. The apartments are elegantly furnished, and contain many fine paintings and relics; amongst the latter is a gold chain worn by Mary Queen of Scots, and the claymore of Major Macdonald, the Fergus Mc. Ivor of Waverley.

ULLSWATER,—WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND.

The upper reach of Ullswater lies wholly in Westmorland; but, from the curvature at Glencoin, the boundary line between the two counties passes down the middle of the lake.

The head of Ullswater is situated amongst majestic mountains, interspersed with several glens, or small valleys, and having their sides embellished with a variety of native wood and rocky scenery. The general character of this lake was slightly sketched at page 18; and the upper reach differs from the lower parts, only in exhibiting the characteristic features under the most striking combinations. "This reach of the lake is a piece of water scenery, that can scarcely be surpassed in grandeur, and which displays itself to the eye in a majestic sweep around Place Fell, a lofty mountain on the opposite shore."

The rocks in the neighbourhood of Ullswater are remarkable for the grandeur and variety of their echoes. The firing of a cannon causes an awful uproar, as if the foundations of every rock on the lake were giving way. A few wind-instruments produce an

T. Allom. W. Floyd.

CORBY CASTLE, CUMBERLAND.

THE SEAT OF HENRY HOWARD, ESQ.

T. Allom. W. Floyd.

UPPER REACH, ULLSWATER.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON 1832

entirely different effect: the most ravishing sounds fill the air, and form a thousand symphonies playing together from every part. Such is the illusion of the moment, that "the whole lake is transformed into a kind of magical scene, in which every promontory seems peopled by aërial beings, answering each other in celestial music."

Between Ullswater and Windermere there is this difference; the former will be most attractive to the deeply-contemplative mind, and the latter to the young and the volatile—to those who had rather be pleased than astonished. Solitude has placed her throne on the mountains of Ullswater; if, indeed, we may call it loneliness, to range amid the magnificence of nature, and "hold high converse with her charms:"—

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled."

"But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!"

The boatmen who ply on the lakes have learned, by observation, from what point, a view appears to most advantage; and they frequently endeavour to keep the visitor ignorant of their intention, till, by a skilful manœuvre, they have brought the object immediately before his eyes. Mr. Baines, jun., in his "Companion to the Lakes," relates a circumstance of this kind, which occurred in passing up Ullswater.—

"At the desire of the boatman, we crossed to the side of Gowbarrow Park, just where it terminates in the deep and secluded valley of Glencoin, which contributes its streamlet to the waters of the lake. He contrived that we should creep along the shore, till we came close under a lofty crag, enveloped from the base to the summit in natural wood. Then, turning the head of the boat from the land, and desiring me to pull as strongly as I could, whilst he directed us all to keep our eyes on the crag, we shot out towards the middle of the lake. The effect was magical. The naked peak of a mountain, before concealed, seemed to rise up swiftly out of the woody eminence from which we were receding, till it stood in its just proportion before us, and appeared many hundred feet above our heads, leaving at its base the bold crag from under which we had darted."

WARKWORTH CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The magnificent and extensive ruins of Warkworth Castle occupy a bold eminence, near the little river Coquet. This fortress is said to have been erected by the Bertram family. The Percy arms are seen on different parts of the building, whence some have thought that it was built by an ancestor of that house; whilst others contend that these armorial tokens appear to have been inserted long after the completion of the structure.

The keep stands on the north side, on an artificial mount; and the masonry in this part of the building is in such excellent preservation, that a few ordinary repairs only would be sufficient to restore the numerous apartments to their ancient state. Indeed, the present noble proprietor, the Duke of Northumberland, has invariably shown a disposition to preserve this grand specimen of the ancient baronial mansions of England, from reckless dilapidation and decay. "The area of the keep has been enclosed within a wall thirty-five feet high, a great portion of which is still standing: the principal gateway has been a stately edifice, but only a few of its apartments now remain. Near to the draw-well, in the great area, are two subterraneous apartments."

On the north bank of the Coquet, at a short distance west of the castle, is the Hermitage, which is indebted for much of its celebrity to the beautiful Northumbrian ballad, entitled "The Hermit of Warkworth," written by Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, and published in 1771. This sacred edifice, hewn out of a solid freestone rock, is embosomed in the foliage of venerable trees, "impending from the top of the precipice and fissures of the cliffs." The Chapel adjoins the Hermitage, and is curiously decorated in the ancient style of Gothic architecture. "In a niche, near the altar, is the representation of a table monument, with a recumbent female figure; and at her feet the figure of a hermit, in an attitude denoting grief." This cenotaph faintly shadows forth the touching incidents connected with the Lord Percy and the fair Maid of Widrington, to which the author of the ballad, before-mentioned, has imparted so intense an interest. The first resident in this hermitage is said to have been a member of the Bertram family, who, to expiate the double murder of his rival brother and "faithless fair one," renounced all intercourse with the world, and here devoted himself to a life of abstinence and solitude.

Warkworth Castle continued, for several ages, to be a favourite residence of the Percy family; the Earls of Northumberland usually residing here, when circumstances required their presence in this county. Alnwick Castle appears to have been used rather as a military fortress, than as the palace and domestic abode of the Northumbrian lord.

SCOTSWOOD BRIDGE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Scotswood Suspension-bridge, erected over the river Tyne, about three miles above Newcastle, was begun in August, 1829, and opened, with great ceremony, on Tuesday, the 12th of April, 1831. The design was furnished by Mr. Green, architect, of Newcastle; under whose direction and superintendence the works were conducted.

T. Allom. S. Lacey.

WARKWORTH CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

T. Allom. S. Lacey.

SCOTSWOOD BRIDGE, OVER THE TYNE.

The two piers are built in the Norman style of architecture; and, together with the land abutments, are constructed of solid ashlar masonry. The distance between the points of suspension is 370 feet, with two half arcs of 130 feet each, making the total length of the bridge 670 feet. There are four suspending chains, each consisting of four flat bars, in ten-feet lengths, (four inches by one inch,) coupled together with five plates, eight inches broad and one inch thick, with strong connecting bolts.

The roadway, 22 feet in width, is constructed with Memel timber, having a strong longitudinal beam on each side, with transverse joists bolted on to the same, and overlaid with strong planks, upon which is spread a composition of prepared tar and gravel, which renders it impervious to water. The masonry work was executed per contract by Messrs. Welsh and Son, Gateshead; and the chains by Messrs. Walker and Yates, at their iron-works, near Birmingham.

The estimated expense of the bridge was £12,900, within which sum the contracts were all performed; but in consequence of the unforeseen difficulties in the foundations, which required the piling and masonry of the piers to be founded at a greater depth, and thereby rendered an additional quantity of timber and labour necessary, both for the foundations and construction of the coffer-dams, the total expenditure amounted to about £15,000.

From the unfavourable nature of these foundations, the progress of the work was unavoidably protracted beyond the time at first expected; the able architect, however, aided by the prompt energies of an active and spirited committee, in carrying into effect those plans which he found necessary to adopt, was enabled successfully to overcome every obstacle, and place the structure on a firm basis, and that within the time limited by the Act for the erection of the bridge.

We refrain from any eulogium on the zeal and ability of Mr. Green, the architect. The proprietors of the beautiful structure, brought to completion under his superintendence, are the best judges of his deserts; and their opinion of his merits is evidenced by the presentation of an elegantly-formed silver claret jug, as a testimonial of respect for his eminent services.

A situation more picturesque and striking than the one it occupies, could scarcely have been selected for the site of this beautiful bridge, had it even been designed for no other purpose than to adorn the noble Tyne. The country on each side is a chosen spot for pleasurable excursions, and is enriched with "all the attractive charms which nature yields;" while the river itself adds an exhaustless variety of feature to the landscape.

BOWNESS AND WINDERMERE LAKE,—WESTMORLAND.

Bowness, which has been not inaptly termed, "the capital port town of the lakes," forms part of the parish of Windermere, and is situated on the eastern shore of the Lake. It has a few fishing vessels, and enjoys a considerable trade in charcoal and slate; but the chief support of the town is derived from the vast conflux of visitors, by whom, during

the season, the numerous pleasure boats are constantly kept in hire. A small market, principally for butcher's meat, is held every Wednesday.

Of the Fisher family, formerly of considerable note in this place, and from whom the proprietor and publisher of this work is descended, tradition records many remarkable incidents and anecdotes during the turbulent reign of Charles I., and through the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell.

The church at Bowness, an ancient edifice, with a square tower, is chiefly remarkable for "a large and curiously painted east window, the coloured glass of which was brought from Furness Abbey."

This window is divided into seven compartments, including scriptural subjects, Catholic superstitions, ancient legends, and armorial bearings of several noble families. The interior of the church bears strong resemblance to that described in the "Excursion."

"Not framed to nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy, for duration built:
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately crossed,
Like leafless under-boughs, in some thick grove,
All withered by the depth of shade above."

"——— Marble monuments were here displayed
Upon the walls, and on the floor beneath
Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems graven,
And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small
And shining effigies of brass inlaid."

We must not omit to mention, that within this church lie the earthly remains of Bishop Watson, a man by whom human distinctions were valued merely as an enlarged means of doing good. The only memorial inscribed over "the illustrious dead," is a small plate, containing a brief record of his name, age, and death.

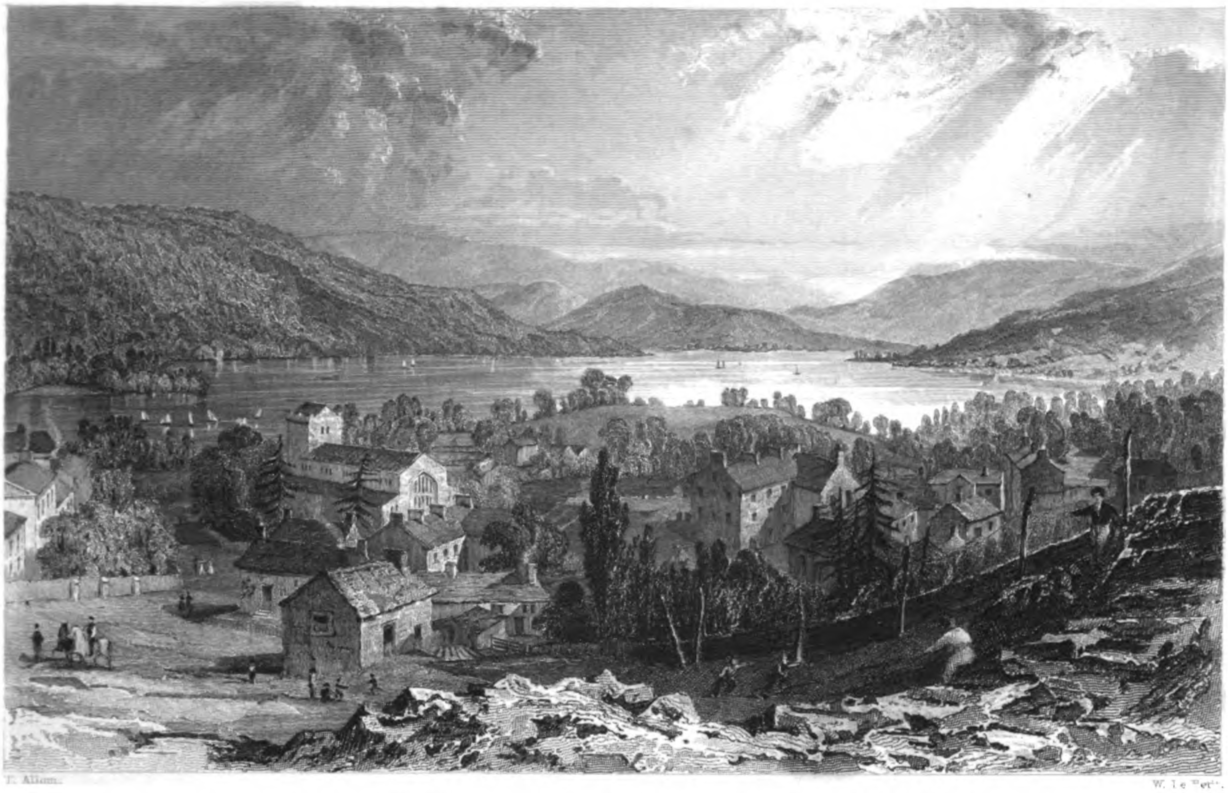
The rectory house is pleasantly situated in front of the lake:—

"A house of state,
——— One, beneath whose roof, methinks,
A rural lord might dwell.

"*There* abides,
In his allotted home, a genuine priest,
The shepherd of his flock; or, as a king
Is styled, when most affectionately praised,
The father of his people."

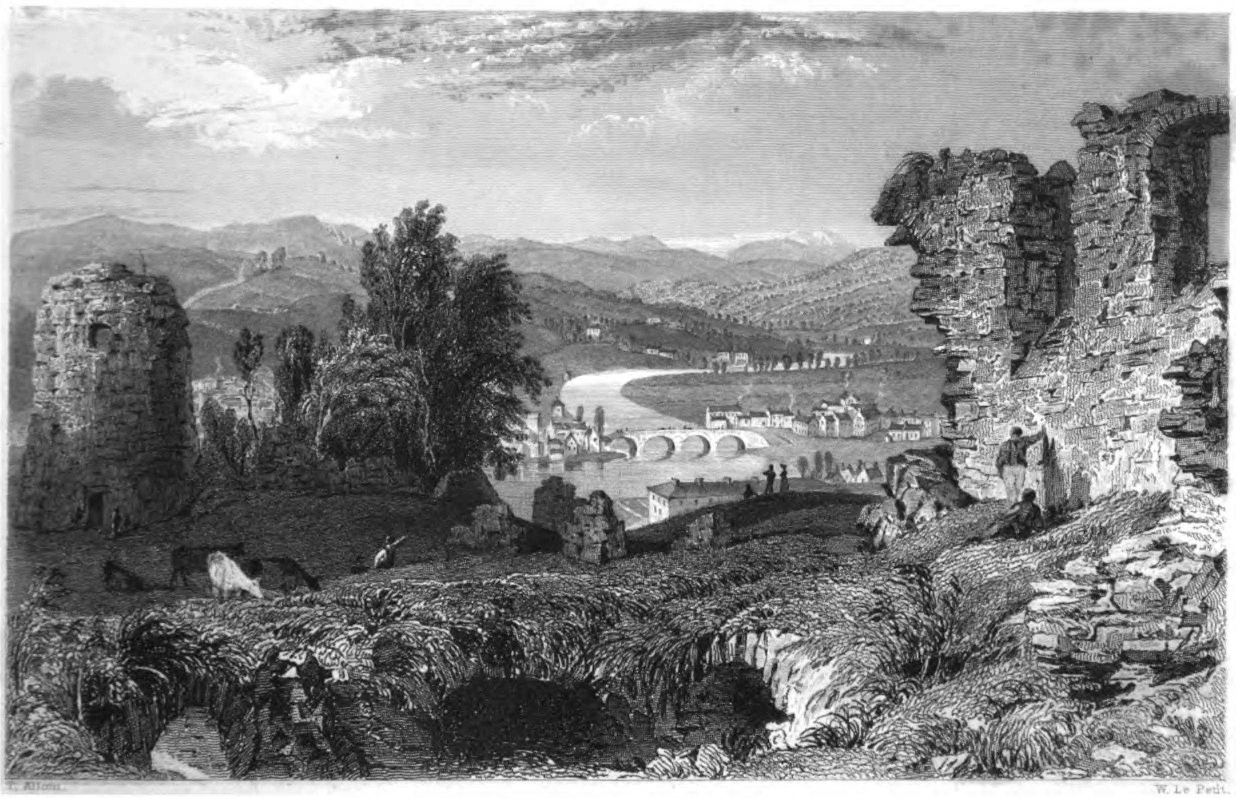
The verdant mounds scattered over this "church-yard in the mountains," to mark the hallowed spots where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," more deeply impress the mind, than the most elaborate trophies which human ingenuity has been able to erect in loftier temples:—

"Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."



T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

BOWNESS, & WINDERMERE LAKE, WESTMORLAND.



T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

KENDAL, FROM THE CASTLE.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON, 1

The illustrative view, taken from an eminence, presents a bird's-eye view of Bowness, and the Lake of Windermere. Rural dwellings, the abode of honest industry; the church, "a happy beacon, visible to all;" the lake, "calm and placid as a good man's hopes;" the mountains, clad in aërial vestments, and towering to heaven;—these are the varied objects which compose the scene—a scene, of all others, perhaps, the most replete with associations on which a well-regulated mind delights to dwell.

KENDAL,—WESTMORLAND.

Pleasantly situated in the vale of the Kent, on the west side of the river, is Kendal, the largest town in Westmorland. It is intersected by four principal streets; one of which, running north and south, extends a mile in length, and leads northward to the lakes. Kendal is a place of great antiquity; but the re-erections and enlargements which have taken place within the last forty years, have given it an entirely modern aspect. The building material, obtained from Underbarrow Scar, on the west side of the town, will receive a polish nearly equal to that of marble. The white appearance of the houses is effectively relieved by a number of Lombardy poplars, and towards the west by a long range of hanging gardens. The beautiful stream of the Kent river skirts the town, and is crossed by three substantial bridges.

In the fourteenth century, some Flemish weavers settled, by invitation, at Kendal, and founded the woollen manufacture, to which the town has long been indebted for its prosperity: latterly, however, owing to the competition in Yorkshire, the trade in coarse woollens has not increased so rapidly as formerly. The manufactures of Kendal now consist principally of fancy fabrics for waistcoats, carpets, worsted, and leather. In a neighbouring fell, several varieties of marble are found, the cutting of which forms a lucrative branch of trade.

The Castle occupies a grassy hill on the east side of the Kent. Of this structure, four broken towers, and part of the outer wall only, are now remaining. This fortress was the ancient seat of the barons of Kendal, and the birth-place of Catherine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII. "The Castle is well worth visiting, both from the situation, and from the interest always attaching to the venerable relic of former days. Its appearance, however, is more imposing from a distance than close at hand."

The Engraving exhibits a portion of the ruins of the Castle; beyond which is seen the river Kent, winding its course through rich and fertile meadows. The town of Kendal is partly concealed by the foliage in the foreground.

BRANCEPETH CASTLE,—DURHAM.

The village of Brancepeth, pleasantly situated at the distance of four miles and three quarters south-west by west of Durham, is said to have derived its name (a corruption of *Brawn's-path*) from a brawn of vast size, which in ancient times laid waste the surround-

ing country. After committing many ravages, it was at length destroyed by "*Hodge of Ferry*," whose prowess is celebrated in the "Superstitions of the North," whence the two following stanzas are extracted:—

"The muse may sing how in a northern wood
In olden time, a bristled brawn was seen,
Of giant size, which long the force withstood
Of knight well arm'd with club or dagger keen.

"And how, when Dian held her nightly reign
And silv'ry moon-beams slept on Vedra's breast,
The monster scour'd along the silent plain,
And, roaring loud, disturb'd the peasant's rest."

Brancepeth Castle, the magnificent residence of William Russell, Esq., anciently a seat of the Earls of Westmorland, stands a little to the south-west of the village. The old castle, originally erected by the Bulmer family, previous to the Conquest, was strongly fortified, and defended by towers and a moat; this was, however, nearly all taken down by the late Matthew Russell, Esq., and the present structure erected on its site. The modern edifice is deemed equal in magnificence and grandeur to any of the baronial residences in this part of the kingdom.

That part of the ancient building which was suffered to remain entire, contains, besides several fine apartments, the Barons' Hall; which last was, in 1821, lighted at the sides by stained-glass windows; and at the west end, by a beautiful painted window, representing, in three compartments, so many different views of the memorable battle of Neville's Cross.

Considerable alterations and improvements have been made in the gardens and pleasure-grounds of the Castle; and the well-stocked park was, a few years ago, enlarged by the addition of more than a hundred acres.

The illustrative Engraving presents a north-east view of the Castle, including a great portion of the park, through which runs the Stockley rivulet, a considerable stream, uniting, in the parish of Brancepeth, with the river Wear. The Church, which is here shown embosomed in foliage, stands at the south end of the village, and is the burial-place of several members of the Neville family.

CASTLE EDEN HALL,—DURHAM.

The village of Castle Eden, formerly called South Eden, is situate on the high-road between Stockton and Sunderland, at the distance of little more than two miles from the sea. At the time of the dissolution of monasteries in England, this parish belonged to the prior and convent of Guisborough. Subsequently, however, the church and manor were purchased by Rowland Burden, Esq., whose descendant, of the same name, is the present possessor.

T. Allom. T. Jeavons.

BRANCEPETH CASTLE, DURHAM.

THE SEAT OF WILLIAM RUSSEL ESQ

T. Allom. T. Jeavons.

CASTLE HEDINGHAM, ESSEX.

THE SEAT OF ROWLAND [illegible] ESQ.

[illegible]

Castle Eden Hall, a spacious and elegant structure, stands on the summit of a woody precipice, which forms the southern boundary of Castle Eden Dean, and commands an extensive prospect over sea and land.

"The Dean (written in Saxon *Den*, or *Dene*, and signifying a valley, or woody place, that suddenly sinks from the common level of the country, and cannot be seen till the spectator is close upon the borders) extends about three miles from its entrance on the sea-shore, takes a waving course, and constitutes some of the finest scenery in the county, being deep, rocky, and sylvan." Appearances would argue, that this defile was originally formed by some great convulsion of nature, which tore the rocks asunder. The tourist, as he passes along the road which has been made through it, is delighted with the various beauties which present themselves before him in this singularly wild and romantic valley. A beautiful cascade, issuing from the crevice of a rock at the head of the dell, falls at length into a basin called Gunner's Pool.

In the accompanying View, we obtain a glimpse of the Hall, throned on a lofty and woody eminence, at the foot of which is seen the southern extremity of the Dean. The artist has here introduced, with considerable taste and good effect, what is called a gypsy party. Within this sylvan retreat, the wanderers of a day appear to have acquired a flow of spirits, and a degree of enjoyment, that has banished the *ennui* consequent upon the monotony of the drawing-room.

BLEA TARN,—WESTMORLAND.

Tarn is the name applied to a small lake found at a considerable elevation amongst the mountains.

Crossing the valley of Little Langdale, the tourist ascends a slack, (or defile formed by the dip of two contiguous hills,) which leads to Great Langdale. "In this slack, between two considerable mountains, faced with tremendous crags, lies Blea Tarn, with a single farm-house near it, and a plantation of fir and larch on each side." Wordsworth has made this wild and lonely region the residence of his hermit.

"We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,
A steep ascent; and reached a dreary plain,
With a tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops
Before us; savage region! which I paced
Dispirited; when, all at once, behold!
Beneath our feet a little lowly vale,
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains, even as if the spot
Had been, from eldest time by wish of theirs,
So placed,—to be shut out from all the world!"

* * * * *

A quiet, tree-less nook, with two green fields,
A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,
And one bare dwelling; one abode, no more!"

WINDERMERE, FROM LOW WOOD INN,—WESTMORLAND.

Low Wood Inn, distant about two miles from Ambleside, is delightfully situated on a small bay, whence the head of Windermere opens magnificently. Beyond, lie Brathay Park, and the valley of Great Langdale; the mountains of Langdale Pikes, Loughrigg Fell, and Fairfield, with others in the remote distance, forming the back-ground. This Inn is a favourite residence of visitors to the lakes. A grand annual regatta is held on Windermere at Low Wood, and another at the Ferry Inn, early in September. These delightful exhibitions attract most of the families of distinction, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring county, to the lake, which on these festive days is literally covered with boats and barges, forming splendid aquatic processions, attended by bands of music, and crowded with gay and mirthful parties. A more enlivening spectacle cannot be conceived: the sublime scenery, the music with all its soul-enchanting echoes, the variety of costume, and, "prime ornament of all," the enrapturing smile of many an "English flower"—these together convert the charming solitude into a high festival, of which, even the legends of fairy-land can furnish no example:

Low Wood Inn commands a view of the whole upper part of the lake; the prospect extending towards the south, so far as Curwen's Island. The appearance of Windermere from this station cannot be adequately described. The lake spreads out into an extensive plain of water, which "may be compared to a mirror of vast size and rude shape, set in a huge frame of grotesque figure, adorned with the grandest carvings and lace work, in a variety of the richest colours, and altogether bearing the negligent air of nature's original workmanship." On the opposite shore, the gradually sloping hills display a mixture of woodlands and beautiful farms. Some of the mountains surrounding the head of Windermere are clothed with wood, and others, of a dark slaty colour, extend their bases into the lake itself. "Indeed, the vicinity of Low Wood presents numerous charming views of the lake and surrounding country; but of the beauties of this situation, a true idea only can be formed by him, who has time to explore the various elevations, who considers the different points of views, and who suffers no accidental circumstance to escape his observation."

Not far distant from Low Wood Inn, is a gentle eminence leading to the village of Troutbeck. From this acclivity the spectator surveys all the prominent beauties of the surrounding landscape. The stupendous chaos of rocks, terminating the northern shore, might be mistaken for the Pyrenean chain, and "a very moderate exertion of the fancy would transport the beholder to the borders of the Leman Lake."

In the neighbourhood of Low Wood Inn, is a commodious pier for the accommodation of water parties. Cannon is kept at this place, to gratify visitors with

T. Allom. A.W. Graham

BLEA TARN, WESTMORLAND.

T. Allom. A. W. Graham

WINDERMERE LAKE, FROM LOW WOOD INN

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON, 1833.

the surprising reverberations of sound that are produced amongst the mountains by its discharge.

"The cannon's roar
Bursts from the bosom of the hollow shore:
The dire explosion the whole concave fills,
And shakes the firm foundation of the hills.
Now pausing deep, now bellowing from afar,
Now rages near the elemental war:
Affrighted echo opens all her cells,
With gather'd strength the pesting clamour swells,
Check'd or impell'd, and varying in its course,
It slumbers—now awakes with double force,
Searching the straight and crooked hill and dale,
Sinks in the breeze, and rises in the gale:
Chorus of earth and sky! the mountains sing,
And heaven's own thunders through the valleys ring."

"In no part of the world are tourists treated with more respectful attention, and on more reasonable charges, than at this health-restoring portion of the British empire."

TYNEMOUTH PRIORY,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Early in the seventh century, Edwin, king of Northumberland, built a small chapel, of wood, at Tynemouth, in which his daughter Rosella took the veil. This humble structure, to which, however, the Priory of Tynemouth owed its origin, was rebuilt of stone, by St. Oswald, the successor of Edwin. It was dedicated to St. Mary; and, in the course of a few years, so great was the sanctity which it obtained, that the illustrious dead were brought from various parts to be interred within its sacred precincts. During the infuriated career of the Danes, this edifice, in common with most other religious houses and monasteries in the kingdom, was plundered and destroyed. Tostig, Earl of Northumberland, is said to have rebuilt the monastery from the foundations; and his successor, Waltheof, about 1074, gave it, with all its possessions, to the monks of Iarrow. In 1090, Earl Mowbray, a patron of this house, having conspired against William Rufus, converted the building into a fortress, which, after a siege of two months, was taken by storm. After an ineffectual attempt to secure his safety by flight, Mowbray returned to take refuge in the ruined sanctuary, whence he was dragged forth, and consigned to a dungeon.

Twice after this period, the Priory was subjected to spoliation and ravage: in 1306, by a victorious band of Northumbrians; and, in 1389, by the Scots, to whose outrages the northern parts of England were so much exposed. A high degree of sanctity, however, continued to brood over the edifice; and it was not unfrequently the temporary residence of royalty. On the dissolution of religious houses, the prior of Tynemouth, making a virtue of necessity, surrendered his monastery; when an annual pension of £80 was assigned to him, and smaller stipends to the other members of the convent. The possessions of this richly-endowed priory were granted, by Edward VI., in 1550, to John

Dudley, then Earl of Warwick; but, on the attainder of that nobleman, they again reverted to the crown, and, in 1567, were enumerated among the queen's possessions in Northumberland.

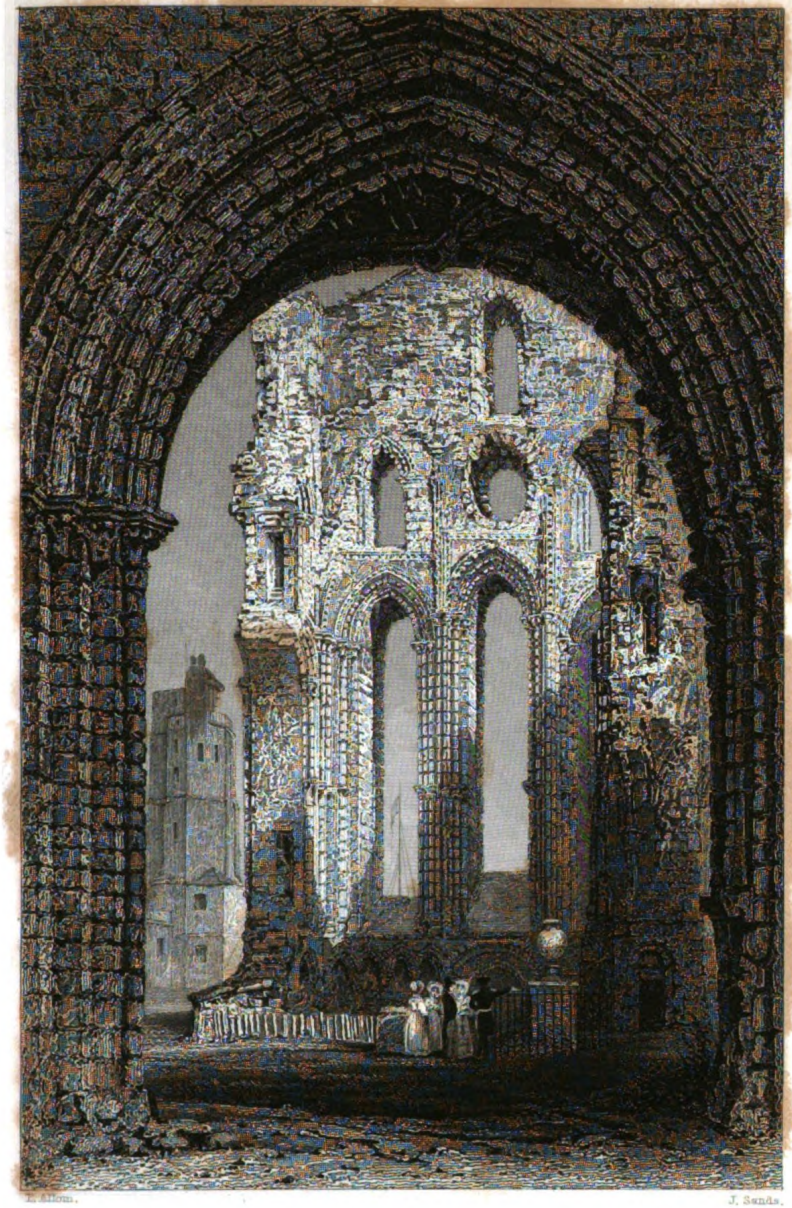
Though sufficient is still remaining to show its former extent and grandeur, this beautiful structure has, since the dissolution, suffered greatly from the ravages of time and military occupations. "The little oratory of the Virgin, at the east end of the chancel, which, till of late years, was preserved in great perfection, has been converted into a magazine for military stores, and has had its windows walled up. The cemetery of this venerable ruin still continues to be used, by the parishioners of Tynemouth, as a place of burial. The remains of the priory stand at the east end of the town, on a peninsula formed of stupendous rocks, on the north side of the mouth of the Tyne, against which the heavy seas break with great vehemence and tumult." They are approached from the west by a square gateway, at the north-east corner of which is a circular exploratory turret. This tower has been modernized, and converted into barracks, capable of accommodating a considerable force. Tynemouth Castle (the title of Priory being now inapplicable) has been made a depôt for arms and military stores, under the superintendence of a governor and lieutenant-governor.

The dim obscurity which gathers upon the past, imparts to every thing that carries back its original to former times, a peculiar degree of interest, varying, it is true, in extent and character, with the nature of the subject by which it is called forth. The splendid and venerable ruin, shown in the Engraving, is a stupendous memorial of departed years. Whether it be viewed as the altar on which a maiden sacrificed her earthly hopes, thither led by an enthusiastic and mistaken zeal; or as the once impregnable fortress of an imperious churchman, who strangely blended piety with warfare, and religious services with the shock of arms—it calls up visions of other days, on which the poet, the philosopher, and the historian delight to dwell.

> "Ruin sublime! Oh! who could gaze on thee
> Untouched by tender thoughts, and glimmering dreams
> Of long departed years?"—

INTERIOR OF THE CASTLE CHAPEL, NEWCASTLE.

The building of the Castle, and surrounding fortifications, at Newcastle, is ascribed, by historians, to William the Conqueror. It seems probable that he contemplated, and even commenced the work; but there is good reason to believe, that these erections were carried on and completed by William Rufus. According to some writers, Rufus was despatched by his father against an insurgent army, commanded by the Duke of Northumberland, who were then in possession of Prudhoe Castle, situated about ten miles west of Newcastle. Not thinking it advisable to commence the siege of that fortress till the ensuing spring, Rufus garrisoned his troops for the winter in Newcastle. He employed his soldiers, during this cessation of arms, in building the Castle; remarking on the occasion, "if we



T. Allom. J. Sands.

TYNEMOUTH PRIORY & CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

FISHER SON & CO. LONDON, 1835.

T. Allom. J. Sands.

INTERIOR OF THE CASTLE CHAPEL, NEWCASTLE.

FISHER SON & CO. LONDON, 1835.

cannot take the *old*, (meaning the Castle of Prudhoe,) we will at least build a *new* Castle." Thereafter the town, previously known by the appellation of *Monkchester*, received the name of Newcastle.

In early times, social life was rendered so insecure, by a system of predatory warfare and intestine strife, that a town usually either owed its origin to the erection of a strong fortress in the immediate neighbourhood, or, at least, continued of no importance, so long as this necessary protection was wanting. After the completion of the Castle, the town of Newcastle increased rapidly; and many privileges and immunities were conferred upon it by the Conqueror, and the monarchs who succeeded him.

The Castle, of which it is our business more particularly to speak, is a fine specimen of Norman military architecture, occupying a lofty and natural eminence on the river Tyne. The height of the tower, to the tops of the lowest battlements, exceeds 97 feet; and the base covers an area of 62 by 66 feet. The walls, having chambers within them, are nearly 15 feet in thickness at the top, and 17 feet at the bottom. A bold and spacious winding staircase, in the north-east corner, leads from the ground-floor to the top of the keep. The grand entrance led immediately into the state apartments, some of which display much antique grandeur. After entering the inner wall, that enclosed the keep, a flight of stairs, of which nineteen are still in existence, led to the second portal, of prodigious strength, from whose top the besieged had great power to annoy assailants. This fortress stands on the site of the Roman station, *Pons Ælii*.

The Engraving exhibits the interior of the Castle Chapel, Newcastle. The characteristic features of Norman architecture are strongly developed in the circular arches, their intersections, and zig-zag ornaments. There is a mixture of rudeness and grandeur, of barbarity and solemnity, in the appearance of the edifice. It may be said rather to resemble a prison than a temple of peace; it serves, however, to impart a vivid impression of those unsubdued times, when the warrior kneeled at the altar with his breast-plate girded on, and when the chance of sudden assault obliged him to make the sword and shield, companions of devotional hours.

DURHAM, FROM THE SOUTH.

The city of Durham, and its environs, from what point soever they may be surveyed, present an unique and striking appearance. The public buildings exhibit a degree of magnificence not expected at so remote a distance from the metropolis; and the situation and ichnography of the city have, from their peculiar character, obtained it the name of the *English Zion*. From the legend of St. Cuthbert, (written and published by Robert Hegg, in 1626,) the following passage, referring to the cathedral and city of Durham, is extracted:—"This reverend and aged Abbey is seated in the heart of the citty, advanced upon the shoulders of an high hill, and encompassed againe with the higher hills, that he that hath seene the situation of this citty, hath seene the map of Sion, and may save a

journey to Jerusalem. Shee is girded almost round with the renowned river Weer, in which, as in a glass of crystall, shee might once have beheld the beauty, but now the ruine of her walls."

On approaching this place from the south, the attention of the traveller is arrested by the elegance of its situation, and the venerable appearance of the castle and cathedral, rising from an eminence enclosed within the remains of the old city walls. The long expanse of the river Wear, crossed by Framwell-gate bridge, is adorned, on the east side, with sloping gardens; and on the opposite banks, which are high, rocky, and scattered over with trees, is Southwell-street. Newton Hall, with the adjacent plantations, occupies the middle distance; behind is a fine, cultivated country, extending the prospect to the distance of ten miles and including, among other beautiful objects, a view of Painshaw Hill.

In an ancient Saxon poem, the city of Durham is thus described:—

"This city is celebrated
In the whole empire of the Britons.
The road to it is steep:
It is surrounded with rocks,
And with curious plants:
The Wear flows round it,
A river of rapid waves."

The poet adds—

"There is in this city
Also, well known to men,
The venerable St. Cudberth."

We are not to understand that the patron saint was living at the period when this poem was written. The writer merely alludes to the commonly received opinion, that the body of this holy man had not undergone the corruption which ordinarily attends the remains of mortality.

William the Conqueror, returning from an expedition against Malcolm, king of Scotland, sojourned at Durham. Resolving to ascertain the fact of "the incorruptibility of the saint's remains," he ordered the officers of the church to open the sepulchre; but, at that instant, he found himself, says the chronicle, smitten with a burning fever. This circumstance obtained for St. Cuthbert's shrine, a still greater celebrity than it had before enjoyed.

FINCHALE PRIORY,—DURHAM.

The ruins of Finchale Priory are situated in a secluded spot, in the parish of St. Oswald, on the western side of the river Wear, at the distance of nearly three miles from Durham. This place appears to have been of some note in the time of the Saxons; a synod having been held here so early as 792, and another, as Leland states, in 810. This Abbey is rendered famous by the austerities of St. Godric, born at Walpole in Norfolk, who, after

T. Allom. S. Lacey.

DURHAM, FROM THE SOUTH.

T. Allom. S. Lacey.

THE CHAPEL PARLOUR, DURHAM.

FISHER, SON & CO., LONDON. 1835

twice performing the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, came, directed by a vision, to Finchale, where he erected a chapel and hermitage. Here he resided sixty-six years, practising "unheard-of austerities," which, in the eyes of a superstitious and ignorant people, were sufficient to invest his character with a high degree of sanctity. The mortifications to which he subjected his body, if not laudable, were extremely severe. He wore an iron jerkin, mingled ashes with the flour of which he made his bread, and, not unfrequently, passed whole nights at his devotions, immersed up to his chin in water. He died in 1170, and was then admitted, on account of his uncommon penances, and the great miracles he is said to have performed, into the calendar of the saints.

About the year 1118, Bishop Flambard granted the hermitage of Finchale to the monastery of Durham. In 1196, a priory of Benedictines, subordinate to the church of Durham, was founded at Finchale, by Henry, son of this prelate. At the dissolution, it consisted of a prior and eight monks; and its revenues were valued at nearly £147 per annum. It was shortly afterwards granted to the see of Durham, and is now appropriated to the support of a prebendary in that cathedral.

The remains of this abbey, which "cover an extensive plot of ground, are so much dilapidated, that the original appropriation of their respective parts can with difficulty be traced, and several portions of the walls are hid beneath a profusion of ivy,

> "——— which now with rude luxuriance bends
> Its tangled foliage through the cloistered space,
> O'er the green window's mouldering height ascends,
> And fondly clasps it with a last embrace."

These ruins, in conjunction with the opposite cliffs of Cocker, compose a peculiarly fine and interesting scene. In the summer months, excursions are frequently made to this delightful place, which cannot fail to afford high gratification to those who are able to appreciate the grand and the sublime. Though now a refuge for the solitary owl, with only a few shattered walls remaining, legendary lore and historical associations so closely connect themselves with this edifice, that the mind of the spectator is crowded with memories of the past. By an illusion peculiar to itself, the mind's eye conjures up the ancient resident of this hermitage, and sees him "in his habit, as he lived." The ear joins in this delicious mockery, and discovers low sounds, as of the brotherhood chanting their evening service. The past then merges into the present: the visitor deplores the credulity and superstition of past ages, but congratulates his country, that the day-spring of knowledge has visited her shores, and dispelled for ever that "palpable obscure" in which her earlier sons were left to grope "their uncouth way."

STOCK-GILL FORCE,—WESTMORLAND.

Within the distance of a mile from Ambleside, is Stock-Gill Force, the most beautiful waterfall amongst the lakes, if we except the far-famed cataract of Lowdore, in the

neighbourhood of Keswick. The torrent which supplies this cascade, rises in the neighbouring mountains, and flows in a confined channel, through a chasm in the rocks, partially concealed by the foliage of overhanging trees. Mr. Baines appears to have contemplated this sublime spectacle from the identical spot whence our view is taken: we, therefore, borrow from his "Companion to the Lakes," the following animated description of the scene:—

"We had pursued our course up the glen for some time, when, on climbing a sharp ascent, and going to the edge of the chasm, the cascade burst upon us in all its splendour. It was immediately opposite to us, and we were about mid-way between the top and bottom, its height being one hundred and fifty feet. The stream is divided into two portions, by a huge crag interposed just in the centre of the precipice over which it flings itself, and covered with bushes and trees; yet both branches of the fall are visible at once, and the division heightens its beauty. They do not reach the abyss at a single leap, but, after falling about half the depth in smooth lines of silver, they meet with a projecting rock, from which they rebound in large volumes of flashing foam and spray, uniting at the bottom in a very deep but clear basin."

This waterfall, as indeed do all the others at the Lakes, varies exceedingly, according to the weather. In time of drought it is reduced to an insignificant rill, but after a heavy fall of rain it becomes an overwhelming torrent.

The most elaborate effort of art is frequently only a feeble approximation to the realities of nature. The poet may describe a scene of beauty in rich and animated language, but the mere glow of words cannot bring it immediately within our sight; and though the painter has an advantage over the poet, inasmuch as he can produce a perfect delineation of his subject, still he is unable to communicate motion, sound, the momentary variations of light and shade, and all those accidental circumstances which so greatly contribute to picturesque effect. The artist has, however, in the scene before us, done all that art can do; and it is with a feeling of admiration, not of disappointment, that we adopt the exclamation of the poet—

> "Ah! that such beauty varying in the light
> Of living Nature, cannot be portrayed
> By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;
> But is the property of him alone,
> Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
> And, in his mind, recorded it with love."

LOWER FALL, RYDAL WATER,—WESTMORLAND.

The Falls of Rydal Water, in the grounds of Rydal Hall, are two highly-picturesque Cascades. Though inconsiderable, by comparison with others, in extent and magnitude, they are invested with an air of romantic grandeur, and apparently identified with tales of mystery, that impart to them all the magic influence of a theatrical scene.

STOCKGILL FORCE, WESTMORLAND.

The Lower Fall (of which a beautiful and correct representation appears in the Engraving) is an object of intense interest to every lover of the picturesque. "The approach to it is through a narrow glen, till you come to a little thatched summer-house, standing on the banks of the Rothay, and which, from the date upon one of the window-shutters, would seem to have been erected in the year 1617. On entering the room of the summer-house, the view of the cascade bursts at once upon the eye. The suddenness and velocity of the impressions which the mind receives, defy every attempt to describe the effect produced on the spectator. The momentary effect is electrical. The noise of the torrent, and the dark shade of the overhanging and surrounding trees, form a scene which inspires a variety of pleasing yet melancholy sensations." Mr. Gilpin, one of our most distinguished topographers, observes, with reference to this cascade, that, "though a miniature only, it is so beautiful, both in itself and its accompaniments, as to deserve a particular notice. The water falls within a few yards of the eye, which, being rather above its level, has a long perspective view of the stream, as it hurries from the higher grounds, tumbling in various little breaks through its rocky channels, darkened with thicket, till it arrives at the edge of the precipice, before the window, whence it rushes into the basin, which is formed by nature in the native rock." Another writer remarks—"Nature has here performed every thing in little, that she usually executes on a larger scale; and on that account, like a miniature painter, she seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner. Not a little fragment of rock thrown into the basin, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its craggy sides, but has a picturesque meaning, and the little central current, dashing down a cleft of the darkest coloured stone, produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description. This little theatrical scene might be painted as large as the original, on a canvass not bigger than those usually dropped in the Opera House."

After the glowing descriptions we have quoted, it can scarcely be necessary to dwell longer on this unique and singularly interesting cascade. Nature, in her happiest mood, produced this scene—

"In lofty minds to nourish high romance;"

and we would ask, who—

"if master of a vacant hour,
Here would not linger, willingly detained."

UNDERLAY HALL,—WESTMORLAND.

Underlay Hall, the princely residence of Alexander Nowell, Esq., is situated in an extensive park, about half a mile northward of the town of Kirby Lonsdale.

This structure is of very recent date, and is built of the finest stone, principally in the old English style of Gothic architecture, that prevailed in the reign of James I., but with a rich and massive Grecian portico. Objection has been taken to the site of this edifice, as

not commanding those extensive and delightful prospects, which other and neighbouring situations afford. However this may be, the view which is here given of it can scarcely fail to raise a longing in the mind of the spectator, that this splendid fabric, with its magnificent lawn and gardens, were his "allotted home." "Shrined in its own delicious seclusion," Underlay Hall resembles the palace of the Happy Valley, where the Abyssinian princes reside during their minority, and to which they would willingly retire again, after brief experience of the world's tumult, and the ceaseless anxieties which gather round a throne.

The artist has thrown a broad and vivid light upon the building, giving distinctness to that minute and decorative finish, the prevailing characteristic of the style in which it is executed. Over the lawn and gardens—

"Behold, the shades of afternoon have fallen"—

and the massive shadow affords a decisive and pleasing contrast to the brilliancy and lustre which invest the mansion.

LOWTHER CASTLE,—WESTMORLAND.

This majestic structure, the magnificent residence of the Earl of Lonsdale, stands in an extensive park, comprising six hundred acres of land, four miles and a half south of Penrith, on the east side of Lowther vale. The site of this mansion had attracted the notice of Lord Macartney, who, whilst describing a beautiful and romantic scene in China, observed, that "it reminded him of Lowther in Westmorland, which, from the extent of prospect, the grand surrounding objects, the noble situation, the diversity of surface, the extensive woods, and command of water, might be rendered, by a man of sense, spirit, and taste, the finest scene in the British dominions." Whether his Lordship's opinion influenced the Earl of Lonsdale in his undertaking, we are not able to say; but certain it is, that this nobleman, by the erection of the present Castle, and by a tasteful and judicious arrangement of the grounds in its vicinage, has nearly, if not entirely, realized the suggested scene.

The Lowther family is of great antiquity. The names of William and Thomas de Lowther are subscribed as witnesses to a deed executed in the reign of Henry II.; there can, however, be little doubt that they were located here previously to the Conquest, as their name is evidently derived from the Lowther river, which in the ancient British language is *Gled-dwr*, signifying a limpid stream. In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Richard Lowther, Knt., was appointed Lord Warden of the West Marches, and had the custody of Carlisle Castle, and of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scotland. In addition to the manor of Lowther, this house is now possessed of many other extensive demesnes, formerly belonging to the ancient families of Westmorland and Cumberland.

Lowther Castle, the erection of which was begun in 1802, occupies the site of the old hall, which was nearly destroyed by fire so far back as the year 1720. This noble

T. Allom. J. Thomas

TYDERLAY HALL, WESTMORLAND.

THE SEAT OF ALEXANDER NOWELL, ESQ.

T. Allom J. Thomas

SOUTH VIEW OF LOWTHER CASTLE.

THE SEAT OF THE RIGHT HON. WM. LOWTHER, F.S.A. EARL OF LONSDALE.

ENGRAVED BY J. THOMAS IN 1835.

structure is built of pale freestone, and combines the majestic effect of a fortification, with the splendour of a regal abode. The north and south fronts are of a widely different character, the former presenting the appearance of a castle, and the latter that of a cathedral. The view exhibited in the Engraving is taken from the south, and discovers the highly decorative Gothic work in this front of the building. The surrounding scenery "accords well with the solemn character of the edifice, being a lawn of emerald green and velvet smoothness, shut in by ornamental trees and shrubs, and by timber of the loftiest growth." The prospect from the north front is more extensive, and that from the great central tower is extremely grand, being shut in by the mountains Skiddaw and Helvellyn.

The interior of the Castle is fitted up in a style of splendour, corresponding with the richness of the exterior, and exhibits a plentiful use of British oak, beautifully carved, in the wainscotting and furniture of the rooms. The grand staircase has an imposing appearance. The apartments are enriched with a vast quantity of massive plate, and contain several pictures of great value.

The monastic character of the south front almost identifies the structure with our ancient abbatical residences; while the aspect of the northern front recals the glorious days of chivalry, when "the feast was kept right merrily," and the castle walls echoed back the song of the minstrel:—

> "The minstrel! wandering on from hall to hall,
> Baronial court or royal; cheered with gifts
> Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise;
> Now meeting on his road an armed knight,
> Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
> Of a clear brook;—beneath an abbey's roof
> One evening sumptuously lodged; the next,
> Humbly, in a religious hospital;
> Or with some merry outlaws of the wood;
> Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell."

DERWENTWATER, AND LOWDORE,—CUMBERLAND.

The view which is here presented of Derwentwater differs widely in its character from the one already described, at Castle-head. In the latter, the mountains, stretching along the western shore of the lake, rise smooth and uniform; several islands variegate the surface of the water; and the whole scene reposes in quiet and pleasing majesty. Surveyed from the north-west, the stern and rugged features of the southern boundary arrest the sight. The spectator gazes in silence on the scarred and tempest-worn rocks, beyond which are seen a series of broken mountainous crags, soaring one above the other, and overshadowing the dark winding deeps of Borrowdale.

The southern extremity of Derwentwater is shown in the accompanying view. This portion of the lake, usually called the Bay, includes in its scenery a picturesque, though distant view of the Lowdore cataract, issuing from a chasm in the rear of a small hamlet,

which takes its name from the waterfall. Much of the wild sublimity that characterises this region, is produced by the vast and awful crags which rise on either side of the torrent. At the foot of these stands the hamlet of Lowdore, in which is a well-conducted inn, for the reception and accommodation of tourists. In the meadow, descending to the margin of the lake, an extremely fine echo can be heard, proceeding from the enormous fells above.

The lake scenery of England is in no degree monotonous: when the visitor has contemplated with a mingled feeling of reverence and delight any one of those romantic and mind-ennobling prospects which it affords, he must not conclude that he has seen all the combinations of form that "mountain, flood, and vale," can assume. Even amid those scenes where beauty seemeth to repose "in the lap of horror," the naked crags and gloomy recesses of the overhanging mountains are surveyed with emotions of pleasure, rather than of pain;—for, stern and awful as their appearance may be, they image forth a majesty more solemn, a magnificence infinitely greater than their own:—

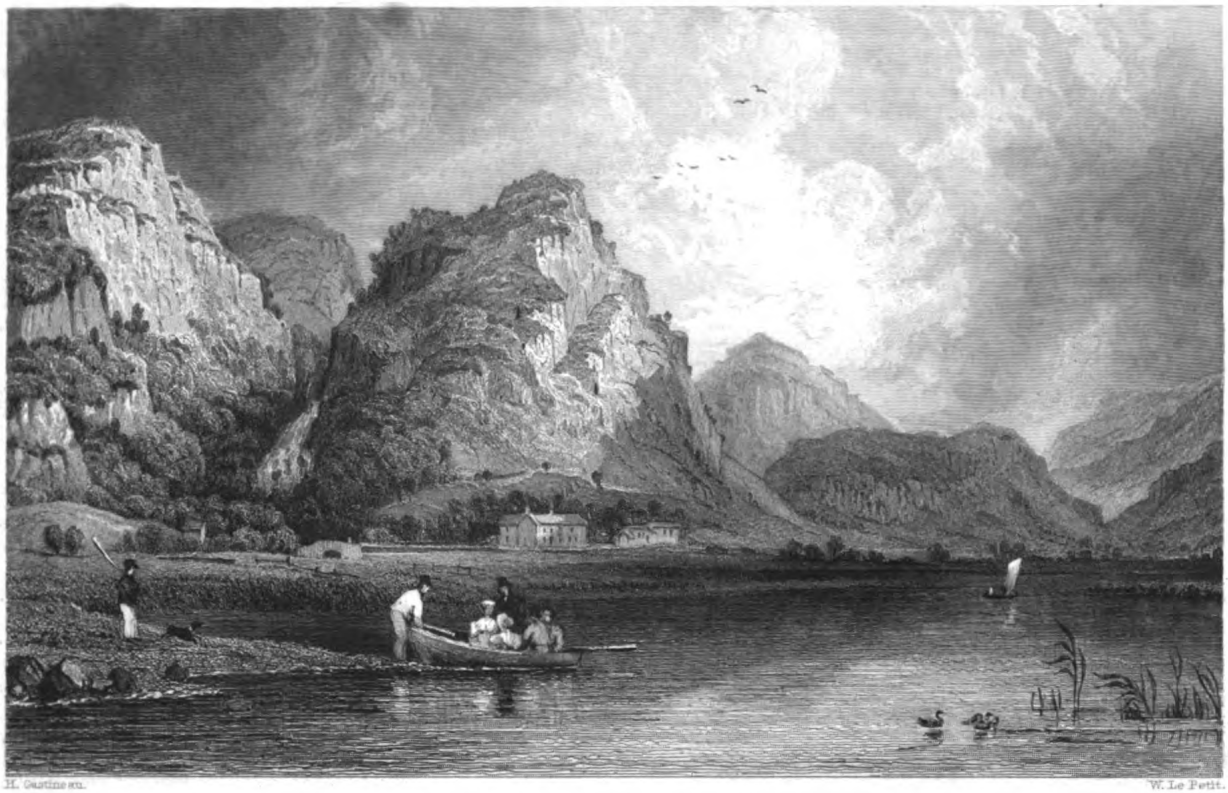
> "These craggy regions, these chaotic wilds,
> Does that Benignity pervade, that warms
> The mole, contented with her darksome walk,
> In the cold ground."

The meditative wanderer lingers in these deep retirements of nature "from morn till dewy eve," and at length leaves them with regret. He views them as the sacred haunt of superior intelligences,—beings with whom his soul claims kindred, and to whose "high converse" he hopes to be admitted. He feels—

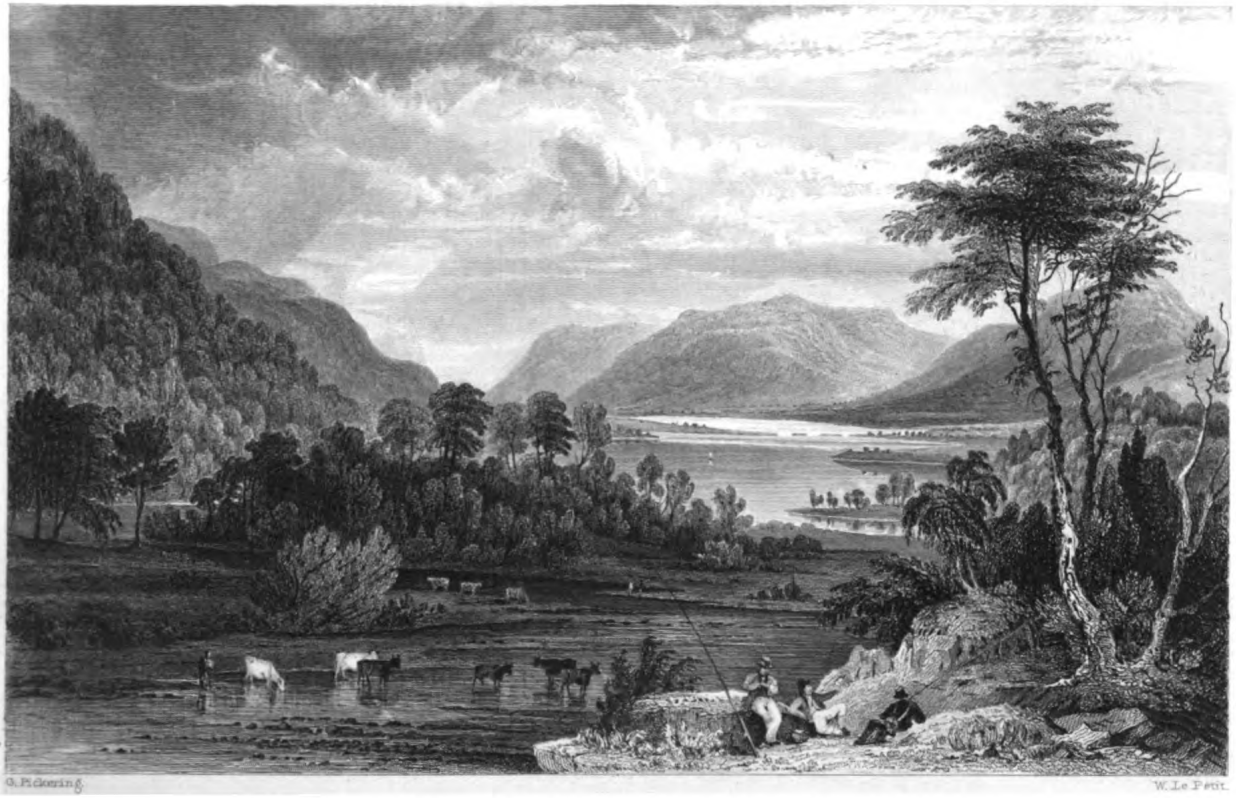
> "How divine,
> The liberty, for frail, for mortal man
> To roam at large among unpeopled glens
> And mountainous retirements, only trod
> By devious footsteps, regions consecrate
> To oldest time! - - - - - - - - -
> - - - - - - - - - While the streams
> Descending from the regions of the clouds,
> And starting from the hollows of the earth
> More multitudinous every moment, rend
> Their way before them—what a joy to roam
> An equal amongst mightiest energies,
> And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
> Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
> By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,
> 'Be this continued so from day to day,
> Nor let it have an end from month to month.'"

THIRLMERE, OR WYTHBURN WATER,—CUMBERLAND.

The lake of Thirlmere, which is also called Wythburn Water, and occasionally Leathes Water, lies along the foot of the Borrowdale Fells, and extends nearly three miles in



H. Gastineau. W. Le Petit.



G. Pickering. W. Le Petit.

length; the shores, however, approach so near to each other in the middle, that a bridge has been thrown over the strait, which divides the lake into two distinct parts.

On its eastern side, Thirlmere skirts the vast base of Helvellyn; and the numerous torrents that rend their way down the sides of this mountain contribute their copious streams to the lake. A deep brown shade is imparted to the waters by the surrounding hills; and there being little or scarcely any verdure on the banks, and no hanging woods to cast a rich shadow on its surface, this mere presents an almost uniform air of wildness and desolation. The predominating features of the scene are greatly heightened by the vast crags apparently hanging on the sides of Helvellyn; from which, it is probable, they have been torn by some convulsion of nature. The western shore of the lake forms a small promontory, adorned with a neat manor-house enveloped in trees, and a picturesque group of rocks, some of which are pyramidal, and mantled with wood to their summits, while others boldly project their grey and naked sides. Thirlmere exceeds in its elevation that of any other lake, being five hundred feet above the level of the sea: the greatest depth of its waters is ascertained to be eighteen fathoms.

In some measure connected with our present subject, is the mournful catastrophe of a young gentleman, who, in the spring of 1805, lost his way in the mountains, and perished beneath "the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn." He had left Patterdale without being able to procure a guide, and was proceeding to Wythburn; contrary, however, to the advice of those acquainted with the dangers of the road, by whom he had been strongly persuaded to wait till a conductor could be procured. It began to snow heavily a short time after his departure, and to this circumstance his unhappy fate was, no doubt, mainly attributable. The mountain passes are, on such occasions, rendered unusually perilous, and the greatest circumspection is required, even in those who are not ignorant of their route. His remains lay undiscovered for three months; when, at length, they were found guarded by a female terrier, the companion of his rambles.

Sir Walter Scott, and the author of the "Excursion," have given a permanency to this touching incident; the former by his poem—"Helvellyn," and the latter, by a beautiful composition, entitled "Fidelity."

In "Helvellyn" are the following exquisite lines:—

"How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind wav'd his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long nights didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart!
And, Oh! was it meet that, no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,—
Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should depart."

Different in poetical character, but not less beautiful and affecting, is this extract from "Fidelity:"—

"The dog which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.
Yes, proof was plain, that, since the day
On which the traveller thus had died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side:
How nourished here through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate."

On the eastern side of Wythburn water is a rock, projecting into the lake, known by the name of "Clarke's Leap." It acquired the appellation from the circumstance of a person, bearing this name, having, in deference to the suggestion of his wife, precipitated himself into the mere. This singular instance of *complaisance*, it has been remarked, can find few, if any, parallels in ancient or modern times.

SKIDDAW, FROM APPLETHWAITE,—CUMBERLAND.

Applethwaite, a hamlet in the township of Under-Skiddaw, is situated on the south side of the mountain, at the end of "a deep and wild chasm;" and is distant from Keswick about a mile and a half towards the north. Ormathwaite Hall, in the immediate neighbourhood, belongs to Sir John Walsh, Bart., together with the extensive surrounding estate. In Applethwaite is a large woollen manufactory.

Skiddaw, as seen in the illustrative view, is too distant to give a just idea of its stupendous height and extent. It will, however, form the subject of another Engraving; we may, therefore, refer to the present one as merely exhibiting, from a commanding point, the picturesque features of a mountain village:—

"Seemingly preserved
From the intrusion of a restless world,
By rocks impassable and mountains huge."

AIREY FORCE,—CUMBERLAND.

Airey Force, situated in a deep and winding glen, in the neighbourhood of Gowbarrow Park, is an extremely fine and picturesque object; contesting the palm of beauty with Stockgill Force. A delightful winding path leads up the rocky vale to the waterfall, and after making a sudden turn, so as to come into a nook of the glen, the visitor arrives in

H. Gastineau. J.C. Bentley.

SKIDDAW, FROM APPLETHWAITE.

T. Allom. J.C. Bentley.

AIREY FORCE, CUMBERLAND.

front of the cataract. The water rushes through a chasm in the rocks, divided at the top by a narrow ledge; but the stream thus broken, unites again before it has fallen half way down. The descent is not less than eighty feet perpendicular; and the sun's rays, falling upon the clouds of mist, produce several concentric rainbows, which brighten and fade alternately, according to the greater or less density of the spray. The waters plunge into a deep basin, whence they issue forth in a rapid and transparent stream. The rocks and trees, surrounding the Force, render it perfectly secluded, and invest it with the deep privacy of those mountain retreats, where—

> "Once, while the name Jehovah was a sound
> Within the circuit of this sea-girt isle
> Unheard,
> To the inventions of corrupted man
> Mysterious rites were solemnized—"
> * * * * * * * *
> "rites of such strange potency,
> As, done in open day, would dim the sun,
> Though high enthroned in noontide brightness."

Seen from the highest point of rock, whence the fall commences, this cascade assumes an appearance yet more striking than when viewed from below. The yawning gulf, and perpendicular channel, excavated by the continual passage of the waters, have something terrific in their character, and cause the spectator powerfully to feel

> "How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low."

ULLSWATER, FROM POOLEY-BRIDGE,—CUMBERLAND.

Pooley-Bridge, a village at the foot of Ullswater, has a comfortable inn for the reception of tourists; and boats can always be obtained here for voyaging the lake.

The mountains surrounding Ullswater, in the neighbourhood of Pooley-Bridge, do not rise to so great a height as those which extend along the middle and upper reaches; the general features of the lake are, however, distinctly charactered. Here, as at Patterdale, and in the vicinity of Gowbarrow Park, the mountains wear not the aspect of peaceful majesty, but the stern frown of demons sullenly brooding over the waters. The scenery of the lower reach is enriched by the river Eamont, a clear and rapid stream, into which the lake discharges its contents; and by the steep, conical, wood-covered hill of Dunmallet, at one season of the year wearing a mantle of the richest foliage, and at another assuming the mellow tints of autumn.

The Engraving exhibits the lake of Ullswater under an aspect entirely different from any in which we have before seen it. The glassy surface of the waters is broken up, and

in its place a thousand waves are rolling and tossing over each other. The trees bend beneath the fury of the winds, and "howl a mournful requiem in the blast." The accumulated clouds roll heavily along, and, descending by the sides of the mountains, increase a thousand-fold the awful grandeur of this solitude:—

"The stormy winds
Are working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand, thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, and driving clouds on clouds
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags.'

A tempest is at all times, and under any circumstances, a solemn and awakening occurrence; but in those chaotic wilds, where humanity shudders at its own helplessness, the mountain wanderer gazes with fearful interest on "the war of elements," till at length appears the token of returning peace—

"Bright apparition, suddenly put forth—
The rainbow!—smiling on the faded storm."

When the thunders have ceased to lift up their voice—when the tumultuous echoes of the hills are hushed again to silence, and the dark clouds which overshadowed the spirit of the storm, are broken and dispersed—should the sun at this instant be near his setting, a scene of overpowering splendour bursts upon the sight:—

"Rays of light—
Now suddenly diverging from the orb,
Retired behind the mountain tops, or veiled
By the dense air—shoot upwards to the crown
Of the blue firmament—aloft—and wide:
And multitudes of little floating clouds,
* * * * * *
Innumerable multitude of forms,
Are scattered through the circle of the sky.
* * * * * *
That which the heavens display, the liquid deep
Repeateth, but with unity sublime!"

LANERCOST PRIORY,—CUMBERLAND.

Lanercost Priory, giving the name of Abbey Lanercost to a small hamlet in its neighbourhood, stands on the north bank of the river Irthing, at the distance of about twelve miles east-north-east from Carlisle.

This Priory appears to have been founded about the year 1116, for the reception of a brotherhood of the Augustine order, by one Robert de Vallibus, who endowed it with "all the lands lying between the Picts' Wall and the Irthing." Liberal donations, and progressive extension of territory, had enriched this monastery so greatly, that at the dissolution it was enjoying a yearly income of nearly £80—a considerable revenue in those days.

T. Allom. W. Miller.

ULLSWATER FROM POOLY BRIDGE.

T. Allom. W. Miller.

[illegible]

The edifice, in its present state, includes the remains of the conventual church, a portion of the cloisters, and part of the walls of the refectory and other buildings. The west end being used as the parish church, is preserved from dilapidation; but the tower, chancel, and cross aisles have long been roofless, and the beautiful Gothic work displayed on the walls is nearly hidden beneath a profusion of ivy. At the extremities of the cross aisles are several tombs, sculptured with the armorial bearings of the Dacres and the Howards. These memorials of departed greatness, now mutilated and overgrown with moss, refer to a period when the structure flourished under the auspices of papal authority, when

"The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find."

Hutchinson relates, on the testimony of an aged person living near the Abbey, "that, some years ago, one of the sepulchral vaults fell in, when several bodies were found entire; one in particular with a white beard down to the waist, but a few days reduced them to dust." The cemetery-grounds have been converted into gardens; and many stone coffins and inscribed monuments may still be seen lying amongst the trees.

This Priory, with the adjacent lands, was granted by Henry VIII., in 1543, to Thomas Dacre, a descendant from the founder. He repaired the conventual mansion for his residence; and here his descendants remained, till, by a failure of male issue, the building and its demesnes reverted to the crown. It is now in the tenure of the Earl of Carlisle.

The Engraving exhibits the richly-ornamented gateway at the west end, consisting of a circular arch of many members, supported by pilasters. Three lofty Gothic windows confer dignity on this front of the edifice; and in a niche immediately above them, is a statue of Mary Magdalen, the tutelary saint of the Priory. The structure, both in itself and in its scenic accompaniments, is exceedingly picturesque; and of Lanercost Abbey, as of the far-famed Melrose, it may be said, in the glowing language of the Northern Minstrel:—

"Wouldst thou view this fair Abbey aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon-light;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray;
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Gleams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die."

RABY CASTLE,—DURHAM.

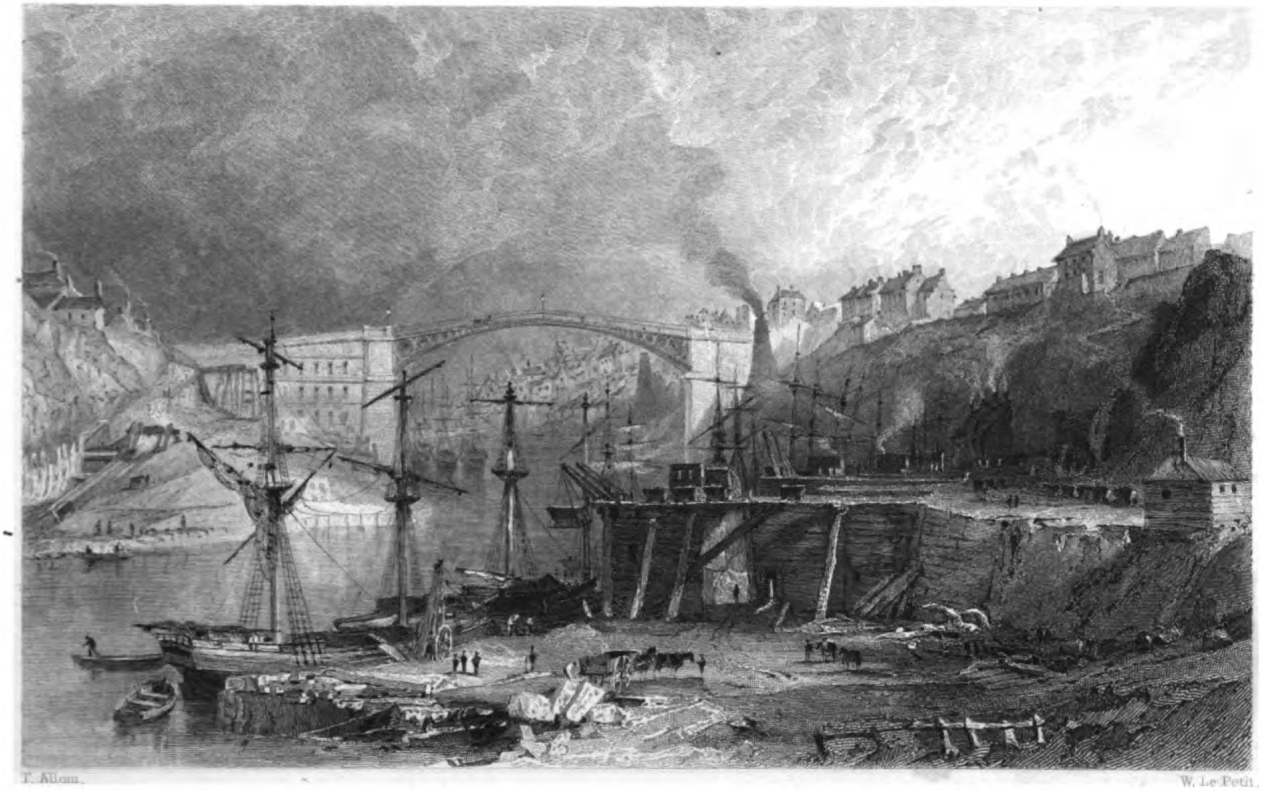
Raby Castle, situated within the parish of Staindrop, on the east side of an extensive and beautiful park, is the magnificent seat of the Duke of Cleveland. This nobleman became Earl of Darlington on the decease of his father, in 1792; he was created Marquis in 1827, and has subsequently been elevated to a Dukedom. The site of this edifice is pastoral rather than romantic; being in the vicinity of a richly-cultivated country, which exhibits all the gratifying results of agricultural art. The prospect is bounded on the east and west by distant hills; and towards the north "the nearer parts of the horizon are beautifully verged by plantations, raised by the late Lord Darlington, who, in every part of his extensive property, gave the highest proof of his attention and taste."

This "noble pile of stately towers, retaining all the appearance of antiquity, and giving the most perfect idea of a great baron's palace in feudal ages," is supposed to occupy the site of "Canute's Mansion." Great part of the present Castle was built by John de Nevill, to whom, in 1379, license was granted to castellate and fortify the same. Its pristine appearance remains uninjured to this day; the recent repairs and additions having been made in strict conformity to the character and original design of the building. The possession continued in the Nevill family till the forfeiture by Charles, sixth Earl of Westmorland, in 1570, when it fell to the crown. In the reign of James I., the manor and castle of Raby, with their appendages, were purchased by an ancestor of the present noble proprietor.

The south front of the edifice is extremely beautiful, and the windows are truly elegant in their style and proportions. The great hall, or "rendezvous apartment," is 120 feet long by 36 feet broad; and is crossed at the west end by a gallery, which, in olden times, was appropriated to orchestral purposes, and those exhibitions of mimicry in which our ancestors took so great delight. To this room are attached historical recollections of the proudest character. Here were celebrated those baronial festivals, at which were assembled full seven hundred knights, who held their estates of the Nevill family: here, at intervals, when the laughter and loud merriment of the feast were suspended, the minstrel told his legendary tale, and aroused the lofty valour of the warriors, as he swept with aged hand over the sounding strings, and alternately sunk the chords to the ecstacies of love, or swelled them to the thunders of battle.

The different towers are said to derive their names from the various distinguished personages to whom, during the periods of civil war and Scottish incursions, their government was consigned. The dining-room in Clifford's tower is ornamented with a large music-piece, containing the group of figures placed by Rubens in the centre of "the Marriage-feast of Canaan," in which he introduces himself and his contemporaries as musical performers. In this room, also, and in other parts of the Castle, are many excellent portraits of personages connected with the present family.

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.



T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

SUNDERLAND,—DURHAM.

"Sunderland and Bishop Wearmouth, on the south side of the river Wear, together with Monk Wearmouth, on the opposite shore, are connected by a handsome iron bridge, and form one populous commercial town and sea-port, pleasantly situated near the confluence of the Wear with the German Ocean."

Early in the seventh century, a monastery was founded on the north side of the Wear, in which, according to the testimony of Bede, a religious society assembled under the superintendence of St. Bega. A more splendid foundation, however, was laid about the year 674, by Biscopius, who, having obtained from King Egfrid a grant of land on the north bank of the Wear, built an abbey, which he dedicated to St. Peter. In 786, the Danes plundered and destroyed this monastery; and when, after a lapse of five years, it had been rebuilt, another religious institution had also been founded on the south side of the Wear. From the contiguity of these two edifices, considerable confusion arises in their history. At the dissolution, the whole yearly revenues did not amount to more than £26. 9s. 9d.; which, though an important sum at that time, was trifling when compared with the resources of other monasteries.

Monk Wearmouth is a place of great antiquity, and appears to be coeval with the monastery; but Bishop Wearmouth is not mentioned in history till the year 930, in the reign of Athelstan. The first authentic record which speaks of the port and borough of Sunderland, is dated in the close of the twelfth century. It is probable, however, that the coal-trade, from which Sunderland has derived great part of its wealth, did not reach the Wear until the reign of Elizabeth, or of James I. In 1634, the burgesses and inhabitants were incorporated under the title of "mayor, aldermen, and commonalty of the borough of Sunderland;" and a privilege was granted for holding annual fairs and a market. A progressive increase of population and commerce has, by a natural consequence, brought about very considerable improvements in this port, as well in its maritime appendages, as in the extent of the streets, and the character of the buildings. Besides the parish church, there is one erected so recently as the year 1827, in St. John Street, by order of the parliamentary commissioners, together with many dissenting chapels, and a considerable number of charitable institutions. By the provisions of the Reform Act, Sunderland has been erected into a borough, and returns two members to Parliament.

The iron bridge, which crosses the river Wear at Sunderland, is beautifully simple in its construction, having only one magnificent arch, spanning a distance of nearly 237 feet: the centre of the arch is elevated almost 100 feet above the water, when the tide is down; and vessels of 200 to 300 tons burden can pass under with only striking their top-gallant-masts. This structure was begun in 1793, and opened on the 9th of August, 1796, in the presence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, and a vast multitude of spectators. In the centre, on each side of the bridge, is the motto—"*Nil desperandum auspice Deo.*"

The imports of Sunderland are numerous, as are also the exports; but of the latter, the principal article is coal, the trade in which furnishes employment for a vast number of keels and vessels. Lime and glass form important articles of commerce in this port, and ship-building is carried on to a very great extent.

That terrible visitation, the cholera morbus, after having traversed Asia, and great part of Europe, at length reached Hamburgh; it then passed across the German ocean to Sunderland, whence it spread itself through great part of the United Kingdom.

DERWENTWATER, FROM APPLETHWAITE,—CUMBERLAND.

In this View, the spectator, standing with his back towards Skiddaw, enjoys a fine prospect, including the beautiful and romantic hamlet of Applethwaite, the northern extremity of Derwentwater, and the lofty range of mountains forming the south-western boundary of the lake.

The lovely and sequestered dwelling-place, in the foreground of our View, by "circling mountains sever'd from the world," appears to be a spot peculiarly suited to the rich and glowing visions of young romance.

"There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the Muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray."

The distant lake reposes in calm and silent majesty:

"Time writes no wrinkles on its azure brow!"

The hills, patriarchs of the solitude! decked with their coronets of mist, and "gleaming with purple"—

"like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

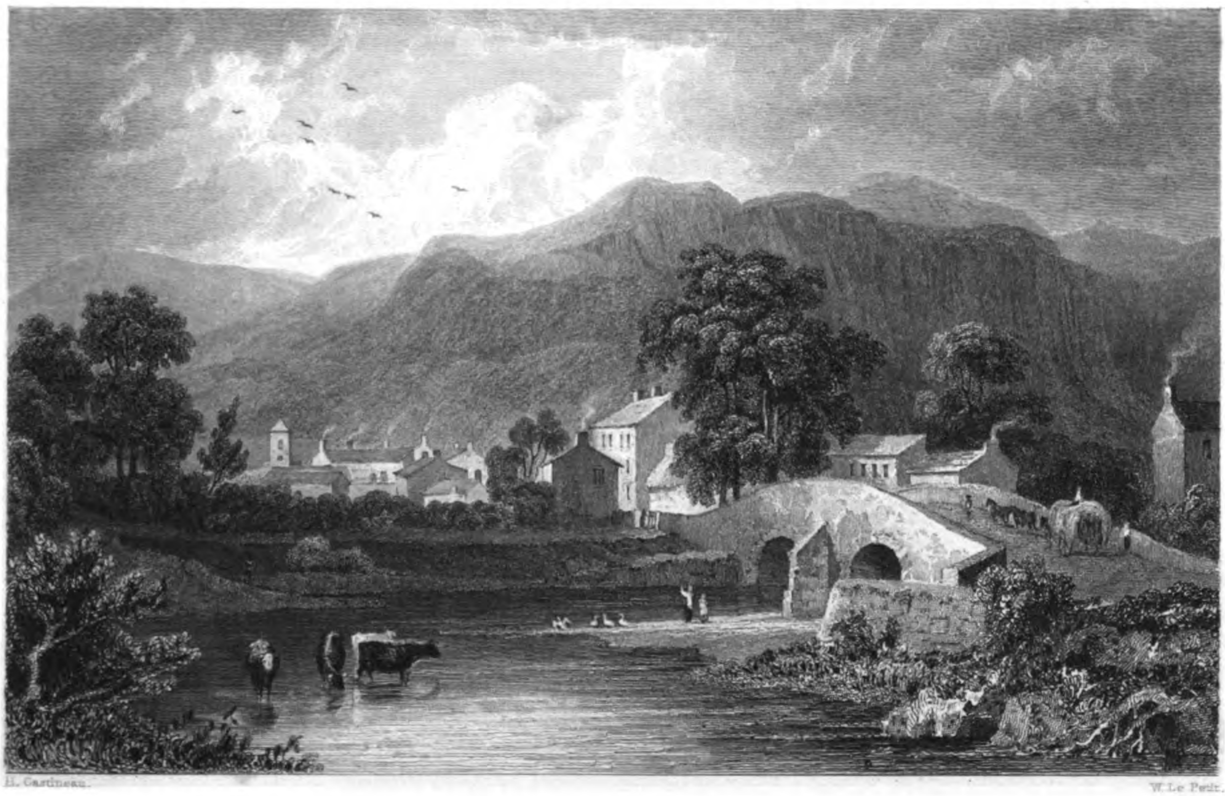
KESWICK, FROM GRETA BRIDGE,—CUMBERLAND.

Keswick, a small market-town of neat appearance, consisting of one long street, is delightfully situated near the foot of Derwentwater, at the distance of eighteen miles from Penrith. Tourists to the Lakes are here provided with every accommodation, both as respects domestic comfort, and the requisites for their pleasurable excursions. An annual regatta is held on the last Thursday and Friday in August, when the several sports of horse-racing, rowing, and wrestling are maintained with great spirit.

The Town-hall was erected in 1813: on the ground-floor the meal, butter, egg, and poultry market is held; and the upper part of the building forms a commodious court-room, in which the Governors of Greenwich Hospital sit as lords of the manor of Castle-rigg and Derwentwater. The principal manufactures in Keswick consist of coarse woollen goods, and black-lead pencils; and in these a considerable portion of the inhabitants

H. Gastineau. W. Le Petit.

DERWENT WATER, FROM APPLETHWAITE.



H. Gastineau. W. Le Petit.

[illegible], FROM [illegible] BRIDGE.

[illegible]

find employment. The population at this time can scarcely be estimated at less than from two to three thousand.

There are in Keswick two museums, exhibiting, in addition to many foreign curiosities, the natural history and mineral productions of the surrounding country. At each of these, the visitor can purchase interesting specimens, illustrating the geology of the neighbourhood.

With the accompanying view before him, the reader need not be told that the situation of the town is beautiful and romantic. From the spirited delineation here given, the eye is enabled to convey to the mind a vivid impression of " this scene sublime :"—

" Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise."

On the mountains forming the back-ground of the view, the history of centuries is charactered; and whilst viewing them, the question suggests itself,—

" Yon beetling brow,
In craggy nakedness sublime,
What heart or foot shall dare to climb ?"

The following extract from " The Lady of the Lake," beautifully describes the natural phenomena so frequently observable in a mountainous neighbourhood :—

" The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
Now clothe the mountain's lofty range,
Now leave their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle furl,
Or on the sable waters curl,
Or on the eddying breezes whirl,
Dispers'd in middle air.

And oft, condensed, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
Pours like a torrent down ;
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whiten'd with foam, a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown."

Keswick offers a delightful and halcyon retreat, suitable to many occasions in life. The young bride who has unreluctantly parted with " her maiden gladness, for a name and for a ring"—the happy family circle, desirous of collecting a store of amusing incidents and useful information, to enliven the winter evenings at home—the citizen who can assure himself, that labyrinths of brick and mortar are *not* the most picturesque features in nature, and that an echo heard in the mountains, discourses music not less eloquent than " cent per cent" whispered on 'Change—for each and all of these, Keswick and its neighbourhood affords the varying prospect, " ever charming—ever new," fanned by breezes pregnant with health, and redolent of balmy odours, more grateful and refreshing than the rich fragrance " of Araby—of Araby the blest."

BOTHAL CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The ancient village of Bothal is seated in a romantic and picturesque amphitheatre, on the north bank of the river Wansbeck, three miles from Morpeth. The church contains black-letter tablets inscribed with the genealogy of the Ogles, and also an alabaster monument, bearing recumbent figures of a lord of this family and his lady.

Bothal Castle stands between the river and the village, on the brink of a rock whose foot is washed by the Wansbeck. Of this edifice, a large tower gateway, and several fragments of the outer walls, are still remaining. The former of these, with its strong lofty towers, appears to be the most modern part of the castle, and bears several shields of arms, besides the figure of a man in the attitude of sounding a horn, and another effigy representing a man holding a ball in his hands. This part of the structure is referred to the time of Edward IV., and several of its apartments are still in a state of good preservation.

The lordship of Bothal having been made a barony by Richard Cœur de Lion, was held *in capite* by Robert Bertram, on the service of three knight's fees. In the reign of Edward III., a descendant of the same family obtained the royal permission to make a castle of his manor-house at Bothal. His daughter and heiress conveyed the barony in marriage to Sir Robert Ogle, Knt., whose family had long enjoyed considerable influence, and held large possessions in Northumberland. It subsequently came into the possession of the Duke of Portland; by whom a court-leet and baron is held annually in April and May.

It has frequently been remarked, that the ancient baronial structures have, written upon their walls, a brief history of the most remarkable characters and events that are to be found in the annals of their country. Bothal Castle is not wanting in proud associations: Richard, the lion-hearted, conferred upon it marks of royal favour; and with his memory are connected the crusades against the Saracens, the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of chivalrous enterprise, and (resulting from the last of these) the earlier dawn of national refinement. Edward III. granted permission to castellate the edifice. With his name are associated the "harde foughten fieldes"—Cressy and Poictiers. The mention of Edward IV. refers us to those scenes of carnage with which the rival princes of York and Lancaster, in an age when freedom had not reached maturity, were permitted to "affright the peaceful land." Our ancient structures, therefore, whether lay or ecclesiastical, are sacred depositories of national history;—either records of glorious achievements and eventful periods, or venerable witnesses against tyranny and injustice, and the lawless aberrations of regal sway. If such be their uses, wisely may we adopt the prayer of the poet,—

"that no proud, insulting foe
May ever lay these temples low,
Or violate these fanes;
No moody fanatic deface
The works of wondrous art that grace
Antiquity's remains."

T. Allom. J. Scott.

[illegible]

T. Allom J. Scott

[illegible]

[illegible]

MORPETH,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Morpeth is a well-built town, pleasantly situated on the north side of the river Wansbeck, at the distance of nearly fifteen miles north from Newcastle, in a warm and sheltered vale, surrounded with a rich, cultivated country. The name is, perhaps, derived from More-path, or the road through the moor; and if so, its corruption by the course of time is comparatively inconsiderable. Under the Saxons and Danes this town arrived at no great importance; but after the Norman Conquest it was erected into an honour and styled the Barony of Morpeth or Merlay, from its possessors the Lords Merlay.

The borough of Morpeth first sent members to parliament in the reign of Queen Mary, since which time it has continued to send two representatives to the Lower House. By the recent act for amending the representative system, the borough is now, however, restricted to the return of only one member. In Leland's Itinerary, it is spoken of as being "a far fayrer towne *then* Alnwicke;" but the improvements which have been wrought by time in the latter place have brought them nearer to an equality. Morpeth retains its ancient consequence; and exhibits in its southern suburbs many handsome houses of modern erection.

The view of Morpeth, illustrating this description, exhibits the bustle and activity which prevail at the weekly market, held on Wednesday. The market place is conveniently situated near the centre of the town; but so numerous are the droves of cattle exposed for sale, that more space than it affords would be desirable. The cross is a commodious structure; and was built in 1699, at the joint expense of the Hon. Philip Howard, and Sir Henry Belasyse, Knt. The clock-house, a square tower, near to the market place, contains a clock, and a good peal of bells. The utility of this erection arises from the parochial church being situated at some distance from Morpeth, in the township of High Church.

On the west side of the market place stands the town-hall, built in 1714, by the Earl of Carlisle, whose eldest son takes the title of Viscount Morpeth. The lower part of the edifice is occasionally converted into a theatre, and the upper story has been appropriated to the courts of sessions, and to other public uses. This structure has a rusticated piazza, and is decorated with turrets and a pediment. Between the town-hall and the bridge stands the county gaol, a decent and substantial building.

The Grammar-school, an ancient building, coeval with many other similar institutions, was founded in the reign of Edward the Sixth; by whom it was endowed with the lands belonging to two dissolved chantries in Morpeth, and one at Nether Witton.

Morpeth has been the birth-place or residence of many eminent individuals, amongst whom is Robert Morrison, the celebrated Chinese linguist and missionary.

THE MILL ON THE STOCKGILL,—WESTMORLAND.

This view has been selected on account of its wild, romantic, and melo-dramatic character; and not with reference to any historical incident, or traditional legend connected with it. To the tourist, this Mill, with its accompaniments, presents a beautiful and highly interesting scene; and the visitor to Stockgill Force would deprive himself of a gratification, if he were not to include it among the *noticeable* objects in the neighbourhood of that cascade.

Unobtrusive, however, as the Mill on the Stockgill is, the most interesting associations are connected with it. The Mill itself is the offspring of mechanical art, and an accessory of commerce; but the situation which it occupies is in the midst of those solitary retreats where the eagle builds her eyrie, and in which other sounds than those of the torrent and of the echoing hills are seldom heard.

UPPER FALL, RYDAL WATER,—WESTMORLAND.

Of the Lower Fall at Rydal, a beautiful representation, accompanied by a description, has already been given. The Upper Fall being more extensive, its beauties are of a very different character; and whilst the former is surveyed with an unmingled feeling of delight; the latter inspires sensations of astonishment bordering on fear.

The cascade exhibited in the engraving, is in a glen, at a short distance from Rydal Hall, whence a convenient path conducts the spectator at once to the most picturesque point of view from which the Fall can be seen. On arriving at a turn in this road, the eye is arrested by a considerable stream of water, descending in one unbroken sheet from a rock of great height into a basin below; and the ear is at the same time stunned with the roar of the torrent, which produces a concussion that appears to shake the very mountain itself. The grandeur of the spectacle is considerably increased by the foaming and struggling of the waters over a rocky bed previously to their reaching the basin.

The beautiful and well-known description of a waterfall, by Thomson, applies with singular fidelity to this cascade:—

> "Smooth to the shelving brink, a copious flood
> Rolls fair and placid; where, collected all,
> In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
> It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
> At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
> Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,
> And from the loud-resounding rocks below
> Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
> A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower."

H. Gastineau. T. Jeavons.

[illegible]

[illegible]

H. Gastineau. T. Jeavons.

THE UPPER FALL AT IRVINE, WESTMORELAND.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON 1838

MITFORD CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The village of Mitford, pleasantly situated at the confluence of the rivers Wansbeck and Font, is distant two miles west from Morpeth. The church is an interesting and ancient edifice; the advowson and impropriation of which were granted by Edward I. to the Priory of Lanercost, in Cumberland. Within the chancel is the tomb and effigy of Bertram Revely, of Mitford Castle, who died in 1622.

The ruins of Mitford Castle stand upon a lofty eminence on the south side of the Wansbeck. These remains lie scattered in confused heaps, and occupy nearly an acre of ground, skirted on the south and west by a deep ditch or moat.

The manor of Mitford, so early as the reign of Edward the Confessor, gave name to its proprietors; and shortly after the Conquest, William I. conferred the only daughter and heiress of Sir John Mitford on Sir Richard Bertram, one of his Norman adventurers, by whom she had two sons, William and Roger. The former of these succeeded to the manor and castle, which were erected into a barony by Henry I., and subsequently forfeited in the reign of Henry III. In 1316, this Castle was in the possession of Gilbert Middleton, a noted freebooter, who, for his daring outrages, was executed in London. Two years after, the structure was seized and dismantled by Alexander, king of Scotland; when the whole barony was held by the Earl of Pembroke, an unworthy favourite of the unfortunate Edward II. In the reign of Henry VIII. these demenses were possessed by Lord Brough, whose descendant granted them, in the time of Queen Mary, to Cuthbert Mitford and his heirs for ever; reserving, however, to himself the site of the castle and its royalties. These last having devolved on the crown, were given by Charles II. to the representative of the Mitford family, with whose descendants they have ever since remained.

Mitford Castle has never undergone repair since its destruction by the Scottish monarch; and the ravages of time during a lapse of five hundred years, it may well be supposed, have contributed, in no slight degree, to its utter demolition. The remains which do exist, however, have a two-fold interest, arising from their antiquity, and a close connexion with the national history. Time is "the beautifier of the dead:" it shrouds the frailties of departed greatness,—it throws a mystic veil over the ruined edifice; and men, the beings of a day, approach with reverential awe the dilapidated tomb or structure that rolls back upon them long departed ages, and reveals, it may be said, the history of a bygone world.

The accompanying view is taken from the east. The road across the bridge leads to the church and parsonage house. Along the side of the Wansbeck, the scenery is exceedingly picturesque; and from the turnpike road to the north of the Castle, a beautiful prospect is discovered, including a noble vista of trees, the river, and an elegant modern edifice erected by Mr. Mitford, the present proprietor of the manor.

ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, NEWCASTLE, TYNE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

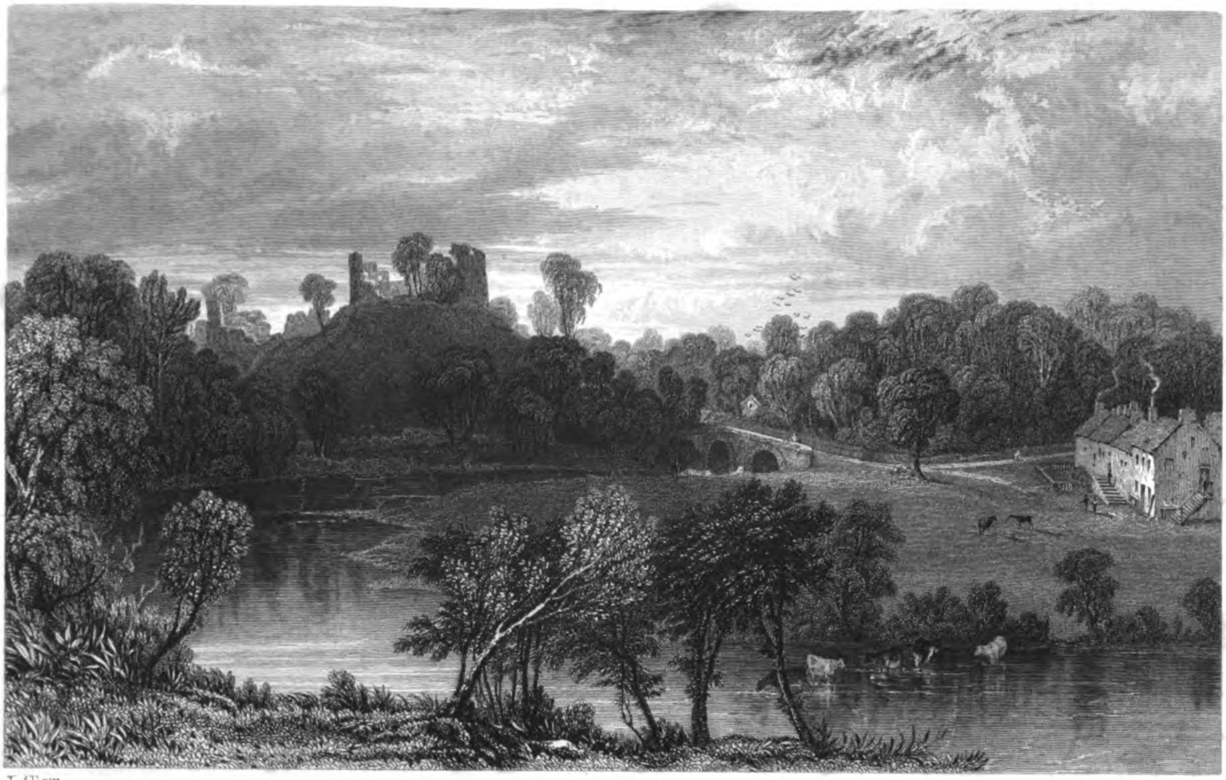
This ancient and beautiful edifice was founded in the year 1091, by Osmund, bishop of Salisbury and Earl of Dorset, a follower of the Norman conqueror. Henry I. gave it, with others, to the church of Carlisle; in the patronage of which see it still remains. Though the presentation to the living, however, is vested in the Bishop of Carlisle, the vicar of St. Nicholas claims jurisdiction over the other three parochial churches in the town, and their benefices are in his gift.

The original structure was burnt down in 1216, and the present edifice erected in 1359; since which period it has undergone frequent repairs, and been rendered eminently beautiful. It is now universally allowed to be a most magnificent building; and its situation, on the crown of a bold eminence, rising abruptly from the river nearly to the centre of the town, is the most advantageous position that could have been selected. The exterior dimensions of the church are,—eighty yards in length, twenty-five in breadth, and sixty-four in height, to the extremity of the steeple. From the square tower rise two bold stone arches, supporting a large and beautiful lantern, crowned with a tall spire, and decorated with a number of rich pinnacles. The steeple is the admiration of all strangers visiting Newcastle.

The interior of this church presents a most solemn and imposing appearance. The nave measures nearly 110 feet in length, and about 74 feet in breadth; while the choir, from the organ gallery to the east window, extends something more than 110 feet, and is 63 feet and a half in width. In 1783, a subscription, amounting to upwards of £1200, was formed, for the purpose of making such alterations, as should give this church the air and character of a cathedral. The chancel was accordingly thrown open, the communion table removed under the great east window, and the erections at the west end cleared away to afford space for the purposes of sepulture. Many of the ancient monuments were destroyed by the Scots; and others were unfortunately much broken and defaced during the progress of the renovations. The church, however, contains several fine specimens of modern sculpture; the most interesting of which are those erected to the memory of Sir Matthew White Ridley, Lord Collingwood, the Rev. Hugo Moises, and Calverley Bewicke, Esq. The figure of Religion on the tomb of the Rev. H. Moises is much admired; as is also the group in the monument of Colonel Bewicke.

An admirable painting on glass, (executed by John Gibson, Esq., of Newcastle,) representing our Saviour bearing the cross, was placed in the great east window in 1827.

Our view, taken from the entrance to the south aisle, extends to the great east window, and conveys a perfect idea of the interior of this noble ecclesiastical edifice. The monument, forming a prominent feature of the engraving, is that of a former mayor of Newcastle; and round the lower part of the cenotaph are carved the effigies of his children. It is deemed a fine specimen of funereal architecture, belonging to the era of James I.



T. Allom. J. Sands.

MITFORD CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

T. Allom. J. Sands.

[illegible] NEWCASTLE, [illegible]

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON

WOOD HALL,—CUMBERLAND.

This mansion, delightfully situated on the banks of the river Derwent, in the parish of Bridekirke, overlooks the fine venerable ruins of Cockermouth Castle; and commands the most picturesque views, comprising magnificent scenery in mountains, rivers, and woodlands.

Wood Hall, together with the manor of Bridekirke, was at an early period vested in the Priory of Guisborough; but when, at the dissolution of religious houses, this, with other monastic estates, was seized upon by the crown, Henry VIII. granted them to Henry Tolson, Esq., and to his heirs for ever, to be held *in capite*, by the twentieth part of a knight's fee, on yielding to his majesty's successors the annual rent of twenty-six shillings. A descendant from this proprietor, leased or sold the estate of Wood Hall to Mr. Grisdale, the ancestor of the present possessor, I. S. Fisher, Esq., who resides at the mansion. Major Richard Henry Tolson, F.S.A. is the existing representative of the ancient family, named above.

The present structure is a modern erection; but the original edifice occupied part of a Roman station. It subsequently became the retreat of Henricus, a Saxon; one of those who excelled in olden magnificence, by having a *dais* in the hall for the reception and entertainment of his guests, and, at the lower end, a bower, or recess, where he retired to rest. In a stream of water which ran through the premises into the river Derwent, he is also said to have baptized his children. Near the windows of the hall, the *vallum* and walls were sufficiently thick to form a vestibule, in which conversation might be held, yet not be heard in the room.

The building, exhibited in the engraving, is a truly enviable retreat; seated on a considerable elevation, in the midst of a picturesque amphitheatre, it commands the most delightful prospects, bounded by wood-covered eminences, or terminating with the distant mountains. The tortuous windings of the Derwent enrich the landscape, and confer upon it an air of surpassing loveliness. The river itself is not monotonous in its beauty: the glassy surface that, with the fidelity of a mirror, reflects the objects extending along its banks, is occasionally broken and relieved by the trout-leap foaming over its stony bed.

To those, if any there be, who have no relish for the charms of nature, as developed in the scene before us, the poet addresses a powerful remonstrance:—

> "Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
> Of charms, which nature to her votaries yields!
> The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
> The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,
> All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
> And all that echoes to the song of even."

CRUMMOCK WATER,—CUMBERLAND.

This Lake, situated between the lofty mountains of Grasmoor and Melbreak, is distant two miles east from Lowes Water, and extends within about three quarters of a mile of Buttermere. On its surface are three small islands, one a naked rock, and the other two covered with wood: owing to their contiguity to the shore, they contribute but little to the beauty of the lake. The head of Crummock Water is exceedingly fine; the middle part is remarkable for bold and naked grandeur; and at the foot is spread a rich profusion of wood. Like Buttermere, and many of the other lakes, it is well stocked with trout, &c. &c.

This romantic solitude is invested with a sublimity attributed by fable to the regions that "mortal foot hath ne'er profaned;" and were it not for the shepherds and their faithful assistants, gathering their scattered charge, and the diminutive sails visible on the deep-shadowed wave, we might justly deem it the peculiar abode of silence, and

> "The broad blue lake, extending far and wide,
> Its waters dark beneath the light of noon,"

would picture to the imagination the classic Lethe.

If to "look through nature up to nature's God" is the legitimate object of refined and sensitive minds, in their contemplations of material beauty, scenes similar to that which we have described, cannot fail to excite emotions of reverence, and give enlarged conceptions of Deity. To recognize a supreme Power in the dark cloud and in the stirring wind, is not the mere simplicity of an untutored mind. Standing in those cloud-roofed temples "that human hands have never helped to pile," the philosopher and the peasant are alike compelled to acknowledge the presence of the "God of the mountains,"

> "at whose will the clouds
> Cluster around the heights, who sendeth them
> To shed their fertilizing showers, and raise
> The drooping herb, and o'er the thirsty vale
> Spread their green freshness; at whose voice the hills
> Grow black with storms."

The illustrative Engraving exhibits the central portion of Crummock Water, and is taken from a point between Scale Hill and Scale Force. The vast mountain of Grasmoor, its barren sides streaked with beds of shale, is seen robed with the thunder-cloud; and immediately in front, is the comparatively low but abrupt hill, called Randon Knot, extending a bold promontory into the lake. In the centre of the Engraving appear the rugged heights of Honister Crag; and the acclivity, in the foreground, on the right hand, is part of the Red Pike mountain. The foot of this hill, and the road along it, are merely sheep tracts, and form by no means a convenient route for the pedestrian tourist. He, however, who travels "in search of the picturesque," will not regard obstacles of this nature; a good staff, strong shoes, and a little patience, will enable him to make his way.

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

WOOD HALL, NEAR COCKERMOUTH.

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

CROWDOCK [illegible], CUMBERLAND.

EPISCOPAL PALACE AT BISHOP-AUCKLAND, DURHAM.

This is the usual residence of the Bishop of Durham; the Castle, at the latter place, being only occasionally occupied by the right reverend prelate during his visits to the seat of his diocese. The present edifice, like that at Durham, is known indifferently by the name of the Castle, or the Palace. The original building is said formerly to have been a manor-house belonging to the see; afterwards castellated by Bishop Bek, who also built a large hall, and adorned it with pillars. During the commonwealth, this structure was placed in the hands of a violent partizan, Sir Arthur Hazelrigg; who, after demolishing nearly all the buildings, produced a magnificent mansion out of the ruins. At the Restoration, Bishop Cosins, who had been ejected from his palace by the puritans, was restored to his diocese; and by him the lordly erection of the before-named fanatic was levelled with the ground. The materials were then once more applied to their ancient uses, and great part of the now existing palace produced.

The building is somewhat irregular in its character, owing to the different periods in which the several parts were completed; and, having lost its castellated form, it now bears strong resemblance to some of the magnificent foreign Abbeys. The approach to the edifice is by an elegant gothic gateway, and skreen, erected by Bishop Trevor, after a design by James Wyatt, Esq. The principal apartments in the Palace are, a spacious old hall, and a magnificent dining-room, ornamented with excellent paintings of Jacob and the Twelve Patriarchs. The wainscoting, in one of the lower rooms, is decorated with the armorial distinctions of many potentates, contemporaries of Queen Elizabeth, together with those of sixteen peers attached to her court; and over all are emblazoned the heraldic bearings of every bishopric in England.

The approach to the Park, in which the Palace is situated, is particularly beautiful; the scene being varied by verdant slopes, rising grounds, woods, and deep precipices impending over the Wear, and enriched with landscapes composed of wild and irregular woodlands, bold cliffs, and eminences, mingled in the most picturesque manner.—It has been remarked, that "language is too weak, and but few pencils are sufficiently powerful to delineate the rich scenery of Auckland Park." From a descriptive poem, by one of Bishop Trevor's domestics, the following lines, happily illustrative of the subject, are extracted:—

"When Spring, advancing, clothes the laughing grove
In robes of green, embossed with blossoms pale;
When Autumn tinctures every fading leaf
With vivid dyes, from the refulgent gold
To the full-bodied tint of russet brown;
Say, can the pencil's warmest touch convey
The varied richness of the glowing scene?"

BARNARD CASTLE,—DURHAM.

Barnard Castle, a market-town and township in the parish of Gainford, situated on the southern declivity of a hill, descending to the river Tees, is distant twenty-five miles south-west from Durham. It is a place of great antiquity, and, in common with many other ancient towns, originated with the fortified erection in the immediate neighbourhood.

About the year 1093, William Rufus gave to Guido Baliol, a follower of the Conqueror, "the forests of Teesdale and Marwood, together with the lordships of Middleton, in Teesdale, and Gainsford, with all their royal franchises, liberties, and immunities." A descendant of this knight, in 1178, erected the Castle, which, after the name of its founder, was called Barnard Castle. By him the inhabitants of the adjacent town were invested with certain privileges, which his son afterwards enlarged and confirmed by a written charter. The estates and liberty of Castle Barnard remained in the family of Baliol till the time of Edward I., when John Baliol, king of Scotland, having forfeited the possession, Edward bestowed them on Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in whose line they continued for five descents. They subsequently reverted to the crown in the reign of Henry VII.; and were afterwards granted by James I. to the unfortunate Robert, Viscount Branspath, Earl of Somerset. Ultimately they were purchased by an ancestor of the Duke of Cleveland; and they now confer the title of Viscount Barnard on a member of that family.

The ruins of the Castle enclose an area of about six acres and a half. The strongest portion of the walls stands on the verge of a cliff, rising precipitously from the Tees to the height of seventy feet, and commanding a rich and extensive view of Teesdale. During the periods of feudal commotion, this fortification was a post of great importance. It is defended by a semicircular tower, the broken walls of which exhibit some appearance of maskings and outworks. In the area are the remains of several edifices; the most prominent of which is "Brackenbury's gloomy weed-capt tower," so named after the Lieutenant of the Tower of London, in the reign of Richard III. An arched vault, open in front, is all that now remains of the once darksome dungeon. The principal strongholds of the Castle stand on an elevated ground, surrounded by a dry ditch or covered way; with small gateways through the intersecting walls, and terminated by two sally-ports. At the north-west corner of this area is a circular tower of excellent masonry, having a vault thirty feet in diameter, with a plain roof, without ribs or central pillar. This tower is in a fine state of preservation, having, some years ago, been repaired and fitted up as a shot manufactory. The inner area of the castle has been dug up, and converted into a spacious garden. At the present time, though the owl may occasionally sing her watch-song amid the ruins of Barnard Castle, the structure no longer wears the aspect of entire desolation; taste and industry have rendered it a pleasing seclusion, where the contemplative idler may sit and muse upon the past, and discover a local habitation for those things that have fallen away into a by-word and a tradition.

T. Allom. S. Lacey.

THE PALACE OF THE BISHOP OF DURHAM, AT BISHOP AUCKLAND.

T. Allom. S. Lacey.

BARNARD CASTLE, COUNTY OF DURHAM.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON 1834.

The church of Barnard Castle, occupying an elevated ground, is a spacious building, in the form of a cross, with a detached tower. The interior has a very neat appearance; and an elegant organ of fine tone was erected near the south window in 1823, by voluntary subscription. The living is a curacy in the patronage of the vicar of Gainford. The Wesleyan Methodists, and the Independents, have each a place of worship; to which is attached Sunday schools for the education of nearly 600 children. A national school also exists here for boys and girls, who receive gratuitous education.

Barnard Castle has long been famous for the manufacture of imitative Brussels and Kidderminster carpets; and for the fabrication of plain and fancy worsted stuffs. The water of the Tees is supposed to be the best in England for the process of dyeing, and in consequence the goods manufactured here are much esteemed. The market day is on Wednesday; besides which there are four annual fairs, and a fortnightly fair for the sale of cattle held every alternate Wednesday.

The bridge, crossing the Tees at Barnard Castle, and dividing the counties of Durham and Yorkshire, obtains celebrity from the following incident, taken from Sir C. Sharp's History of Hartlepool. "Alexander Hilton, curate of Denton, left a son named Cuthbert, of great notoriety, who, having taken orders in *no* church, but having been trained as bible clerk under his father, came to Barnard Castle, and celebrated illicit marriages upon the centre of the bridge. The old rhyme made use of by him on these occasions, after having made the parties leap over a broomstick, is still remembered—

"My blessing on your pates,
And your groats in my purse:
You are never the better,
And I am never the worse."

Barnard Castle has given birth to several eminent characters; amongst whom we may particularize William Hutchinson, Esq., F.A.S., author of the "History and Antiquities of Durham,"—George Edwards, Esq., M.D., writer of several works on political economy, —and Mr. G. Layton, who in 1823, conferred distinction on his native place by the publication of "Castle Barnard, a poem."

MARDALE HEAD,—WESTMORLAND.

Mardale is a chapelry in the parish of Bampton, and forms part of the Earl of Lonsdale's forest of Thornwaite. The chapel of ease stands on an eminence, one mile south of the head of Haweswater, in a beautifully picturesque and fertile situation, surrounded by lofty mountains and fells.

Among the mountains which form the southern boundary of Haweswater is Mardale Head, a wild and solitary region, wherein nature, working with a master hand, seems to have produced the very beau ideal of romantic grandeur and sublimity. The beautiful representation which the artist has given, renders description almost needless, and almost

impossible. The reader may look on the bold delineation before him, and realize the very scene itself; but language is cold and feeble when attempted as the medium for conveying to the mind's eye perfect ideas of objects so vast and overwhelming. The view is taken from the side of the river flowing into Haweswater. This stream issues from a tarn in the distant central mountains, across which is the pass of Nan-bield leading to Kentmere. Salset-brow appears on the left. The mists gather suddenly and with great density on the mountains in this neighbourhood; and woe to the traveller, who, relying on his knowledge of the road, suffers them to overtake him in his journey.

The clouds gather round the mountains, and hang poised and motionless upon their heights. The gushing streams descend from the hills,—

> "Still gathering, as they pour along,
> A voice more loud, a tide more strong."

To the master spirits of poësy we are indebted for those glowing descriptions, which almost nullify the remark lately made, that language is inadequate to portray the beauties of nature. Apposite to our present subject are these splendid lines of "Caledonia's much lamented son:"—

> "The western waves of ebbing day
> Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
> Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
> Was bathed in floods of living fire,
> But not a setting beam could glow
> Within the dark ravines below,
> Where twined the path in shadow hid,
> Round many a rocky pyramid;
> Shooting abruptly from the dell
> Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
> Round many an insulated mass,
> The native bulwarks of the pass,
> Huge as the tower which builders vain
> Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain."

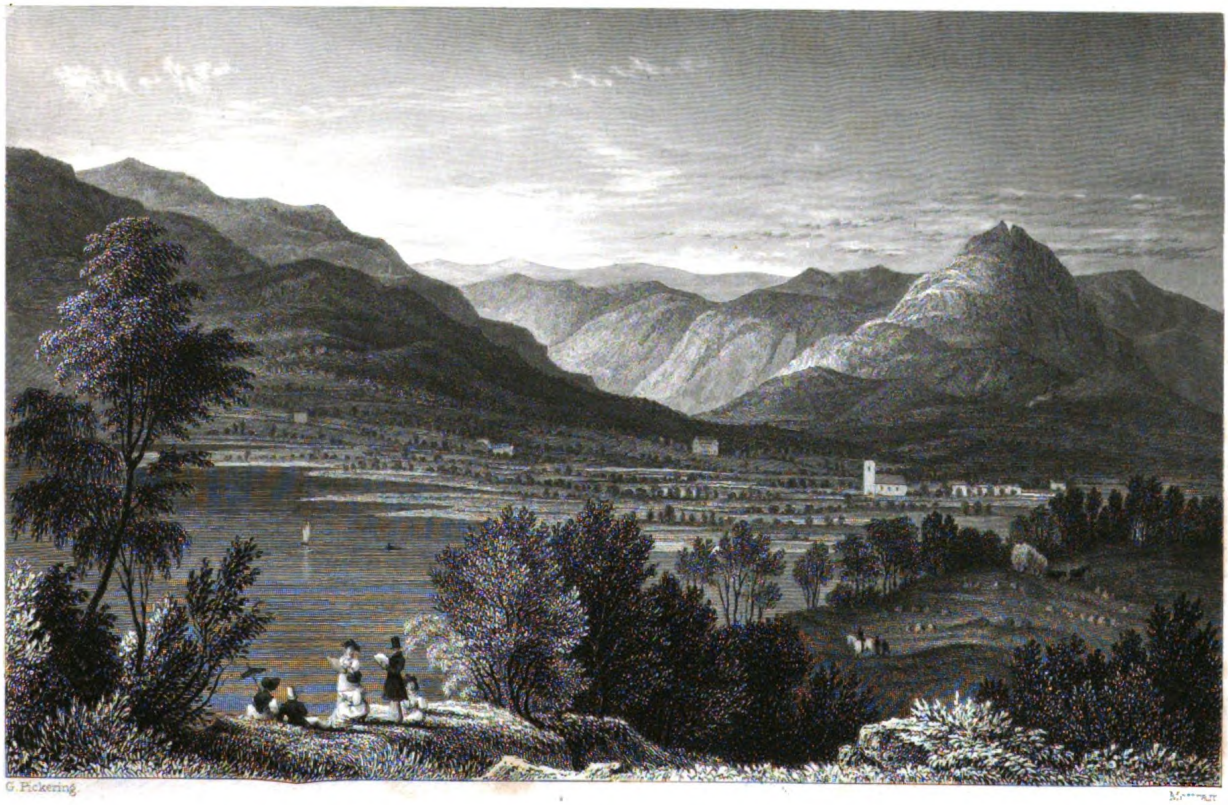
GRASMERE LAKE AND VILLAGE,—WESTMORLAND.

The parish of Grasmere, anciently written *Gresmere* and *Grismere*, a name derived from the *grise*, or wild swine, that formerly abounded in these parts, was once a chapelry attached to Kendal, but is now a rectory. In the reign of Henry VIII., the right of advowson was sold by the crown to Alan Bellingham, who afterwards disposed of it for £100 to the Flemings of Rydal. The church is a burial place of the last-named family.

The lake of Grasmere, situated at the lower end of a valley, whence it obtains its name, is about four miles in circumference. From whatever point it is viewed, nearly the whole of this lake can be seen at once. A small green island partially covered with wood adorns the centre, and the head is decorated with the church and village of Grasmere, behind which rises the lofty pyramidal hill called Helm Crag.

T. Allom. E. Challis.

MARDALE HEAD, WESTMORLAND.



G. Pickering. Measom

GRASSMERE LAKE & VILLAGE, WESTMORLAND.

FISHER SON & Co LONDON 1833.

Helm Crag is a solitary conical mountain, which, at its highest point, is said to bear a striking resemblance to an "ancient woman;" and Mr. Wordsworth alludes to the circumstance, whilst noticing the effects of an echo in the neighbouring hills:—

"When I had gazed perhaps two minutes' space,
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.
The rock, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the lady's voice, and laughed again:
That ancient woman, seated on Helm Crag,
Was ready with her cavern: Hammar Scar,
And the tall steep of Silver How, sent forth
A noise of laughter: southern Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone:
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the lady's voice;—old Skiddaw blew
His speaking-trumpet;—back out of the clouds
Of Glaramara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone toss'd it from his misty head."

The highest part of this mountain is covered with fragments of rock, which give it the appearance of a grand ruin occasioned by an earthquake. The summit is very difficult of access; yet, when attained, the prospect thence discovered amply repays the tourist for all the toils of his ascent. The scene comprises "the whole of Windermere, Esthwaite Water, and Grasmere, with the intervening valley, divided into rich and highly cultivated enclosures, and seeming to contain almost every thing that can be beautiful in rural miniature."

"From an eminence, a little distance from the church," says Mr. Hutchinson, "we viewed the whole circle, delighted with the scene. All the fields were clothed in fresh verdure; the vale was graced with some humble cottages, dispersed on the borders of the lake, among which the sacred fane, with its white tower, stood solemnly superior. The hills were here and there patched with a few trees, and their slope enlivened by flocks of sheep that broused on each declivity. This seemed to us to be the vale of peace." The matin hour is beautiful upon the hills—when "the gray mist leaves the mountain side," and over rock and vale the morning splendour breaks:

"The rocks, and shores,
The forest, and the everlasting hills,
Smile in that joyful sunshine, and partake
The universal blessing."

The accompanying Engraving discovers the head of Grasmere lake, with the village and its peaceful residences, behind which rises the Helm Crag mountain. The time selected by the artist for taking the view is shortly after sunrise, when

"Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sows the earth with orient pearl."

APPLEBY,—WESTMORLAND.

Appleby, the capital of Westmorland, is an ancient market-town and borough, consisting of two parishes, lying on opposite sides of the Eden; Appleby St. Lawrence being on the west bank of the river, and Appleby St. Michael on the east. It is distant twenty-four miles from Kendal, and two hundred and sixty-six miles from London. This borough is now disfranchised; but, until lately, it had returned two representatives to parliament, from the time of Edward I. The town received a charter of incorporation at a very early period; this having been long since lost or destroyed, the corporation still exists by prescription. The charters of this borough were all surrendered to James II., by whom they were partially restored, and the corporation made to consist of a mayor, twelve aldermen, and sixteen capital burgesses, besides inferior officers.

The church of Appleby, dedicated to St. Lawrence, is a fine gothic structure, erected in 1655, by the Countess of Pembroke, and consists of a nave, chancel, side-aisles, and a square tower. The chancel contains a beautiful marble effigy of Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, and an elegant altar-tomb, in memory of her daughter, the before-mentioned Countess of Pembroke. The Wesleyan Methodists have a chapel in this town.

The illustrative View is taken from the side of the river, to the north of the town. The river Eden, which flows between the parishes, nearly surrounds that of Appleby St. Lawrence, and is crossed by a plain stone-bridge of two arches. The road, on the left, along which cattle are seen passing, leads to Penrith. In the midst of the woody eminence, southward of the town, stands the castle of Appleby; and the beautiful gothic church, forming a prominent feature in the engraving, terminates the view on the right.

The weekly market, held on Saturday, is remarkable for the supply of corn. A fortnightly market for cattle is held at the High Cross. Besides which, there are three annual fairs, for the sale of horses, sheep, merchandise, &c.

LEVINS HALL,—WESTMORLAND.

Levins Hall, the romantic seat of the Honourable Fulke-Greville Howard, stands on the eastern side of the river Kent. This venerable mansion is deeply embosomed in wood, and commands, from its towers, extensive prospects of the surrounding country. It has been frequently repaired and beautified; and presents an interesting object for the attention of antiquaries, and the lovers of picturesque architecture. The gardens, by which it is surrounded, are cultivated in the German style; and the grotesque figures formed in the foliage of the trees, give to the edifice a character of wild and indefinite romance. In these sylvan shades, on the 12th of May, the mayor and corporation of Kendal, together with the friends of the house of Levins, spend the afternoon (after having proclaimed the fair at Milnthorp) in eating radishes, drinking *morocco*, (a very strong old ale,) smoking, bowling, and a variety of other amusements.

T. Allom. M. J. Starling.

APPLEBY, WESTMORLAND.

T. Allom.

The interior of Levins Hall exhibits a great diversity of elegant carved work, which abounds throughout the house, with the exception of the new tower recently erected. The carving represents a great variety of figures, emblems and ornaments said to have been bestowed on the building in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In the north dining-room, so rich and expensive is this work, that it has been valued at three thousand pounds, according to the present scale of wages. The carved chimney-piece in this apartment, dated 1586, is supported by large figures of Samson and Hercules, and bears, in its several compartments, beautiful emblematic representations of the five senses, the four elements, and the four seasons, with a poetical inscription. In another room are seen rich specimens of gobeline tapestry, exquisitely finished, and illustrative of a pathetic tale from one of the Italian poets. The entrance-hall is decorated with relics of ancient armour of various dates, "bearing the bruises of war, and the rust of time;" and contains a costly saddle of red velvet and gold, which formerly belonged to Elphi Bey. The drawing-room, and library also, display most beautiful specimens of ancient carved work in the chimney-pieces.

The view from the lower apartments is not very extensive; but the propect on every side is rendered agreeable by the noble avenues and clumps of trees—patriarchal in their age, and flourishing in strength. The park is well stocked with fallow-deer, and acknowledged to be one of the most delightful spots that fancy could imagine. Rocks, wood, and water combine, in beautiful assemblage, and endless variety.

CATARACT OF LOWDORE,—CUMBERLAND.

This Cataract, formed by the Lowdore river flowing out of the valley of Watendlath, aided by numerous tributary streams from the mountains, discharges its waters into the lake Derwent Water. The character of this fall varies considerably with the season. Though at all periods an object of great interest to the tourist, it is only after a heavy fall of rain that the grandeur and sublimity of the torrent can be justly estimated. Then, when the thousand streams of the mountains are let loose, the cataract appears in all its majesty: rushing down an enormous pile of protruding rocks, it rolls along with uninterrupted volume and impetuous velocity, "and shakes the country round." The scene is fearfully magnificent; and the deafening tumult of the raging waters can, it is stated, in a serene evening, be distinctly heard at the distance of twelve miles.

The Lowdore waterfall forms a splendid adjunct to the scene, when viewed from a distance in connexion with other objects; but it *requires* no accompaniments to heighten its effect: it exhibits in itself the most stupendous dignity—a wild and varied grandeur—an overwhelming sublimity of sight and sound—

> "Where the proud queen of wilderness hath placed
> By lake and cataract her cloudy throne."

The spectator grasps instinctively the straggling shrub, or projecting branch, that meets his hand, fearful lest the resistless torrent should bear him away in its course, as he stands

> "Gazing on pathless glen, and mountain high,
> Listing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown,
> Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
> And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning sky."

The stream falls between two perpendicular rocks, the intermediate parts of which, broken into large fragments, form the rough bed of the cascade. Some of the fragments stretch out in shelves, and hold a depth of soil sufficient for large trees; among these the stream hurries along through a fall of at least one hundred feet. Towards the bottom, also, the ground is much broken, and overgrown with wood: here the water reaches an abyss, whence it finds its way through deep channels into Lake Derwent.

The View, which accompanies this description, is taken from a ledge of rocks about the centre of the stream, and is the most extensive survey of the cataract that can be taken from one point.

SCALE FORCE,—CUMBERLAND.

This cascade, distant about a mile and a half from the village of Buttermere, exceeds, in extent of fall, the renowned Niagara; yet, owing to a difficulty of access, it is frequently neglected by the tourist. The most commodious route for the visitor is, to engage a boat at Buttermere inn, and, crossing the lake of Crummock Water, land at the foot of the mountains in which the torrent is situated. The journey on foot is both dangerous and inconvenient, leading over a rapid river, with only a single plank laid across, and continuing over a boggy pasture along the foot of the Red Pike mountain. The tourist, however, who can set at nought the difficulties of the journey, will be gratified by the wild sublimity which surrounds his path, apparently leading into the heart of the mountains.

An opening between the hills of Mellbreak and Blea Crag, shows the course of the waterfall. A large fissure here presents itself, extending nearly one hundred feet into the mountains. Passing through this chasm, which is about four or five yards wide, and fenced on each side by perpendicular rocks, the visitor discovers the torrent rushing down a height of nearly two hundred feet. The steep on each side is covered with foliage, nourished by the spray from the falling waters. Several large trees, growing in the fissures near the summit of the mountain, cast a deep shade on the cavern below.

Scale Force should be visited on the day succeeding a heavy rain; it will then appear in all its grandeur. On such an occasion, the volume of water fills the whole chasm; the rocks and the torrent struggle fearfully together, and seem to shake the mountain, while the noise of the fall, loud as that of a peal of thunder, carries dismay into the most intrepid heart.

T. Allom. J. C. Bentley.

T. Allom. J. C. Bentley.

VALLEY OF TROUTBECK,—WESTMORLAND.

The Troutbeck is a tributary stream to Windermere, and falls into the lake at a short distance from Calgarth. The valley of Troutbeck, "a favoured spot of earth," is fertile and lively; and the village, which stands on the side of a hill enclosing the vale, is beautifully picturesque. In the midst of the valley near to the beck, stands the chapel; a neat, unpretending edifice, a simple rural shrine, every way suitable for the mountain worshipper.

"Many a year ago,
That little dome to God was dedicate;
And ever since hath undisturbed peace
Sat on it, moveless as the brooding dove
That must not leave her nest."
* * * *
"Ah me! how beautifully silent thou
Didst smile amid the tempest! O'er thy roof
Arch'd a fair rainbow, that to me appeared
A holy shelter to thee in the storm,
And made thee shine amid the brooding gloom,
Bright as the morning star. Between the fits
Of the loud thunder rose the voice of psalms,
A most soul-moving sound. There unappall'd
A choir of youths and maidens hymn'd their God,
With tones that robb'd the thunder of its dread,
Bidding it rave in vain."

The Beck is a favourite resort for trout anglers; the sport is good, and the surrounding scenery possesses that picturesque and contemplative character which the disciple of Walton deems essentially necessary to enhance his enjoyment. The "summer beauty" of this delightful vale, annually desolated by the winter storm, brings to mind that exquisitely fine passage in Ossian: "The thistle is there on its rock, and shakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head, waving, at times, to the gale. 'Why dost thou awake me, O gale?' it seems to say: 'I am covered with the drops of heaven. The time of my fading is near, the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come; he that saw me in my beauty shall come. His eyes will search the field, but they will not find me.'"

The scenery of Troutbeck is exceedingly varied: in some parts the stream is enclosed between high and rugged rocks, and in others is beautified with woodlands; whilst occasionally its banks spread out into green meadows and pastures.

"Nature casts forth her gifts with lavish hand,
And crowns, with flow'ry luxury, the land."

Referring to the View, we notice the Troutbeck mills standing on the woody declivity that confines the stream. In the distance appears the head of Windermere, shining like "a burnished silver sea," and adorned with islands, of which the most conspicuous is Belle Island. The promontories stretching out into the lake are decorated with Storrs Hall (the seat of Colonel Bolton,) the Ferry, and the Station House. The line of mountains on the right form part of the boundary of Lancashire.

A scene, such as is here presented, clothed in all the beauty and magnificence of nature gives additional energy to the passionate appeal of the poet:—

> 'Lives there a man, with soul so dead,'
> Who never to himself hath said—
> This is my own, my *native land?*"

Whether "our steps are on the woody hill" that shrouds this vale of peace, when the brightness of the sun-beam is streaming round us, or in that more quiet time when "heaven burns with all its stars,"—

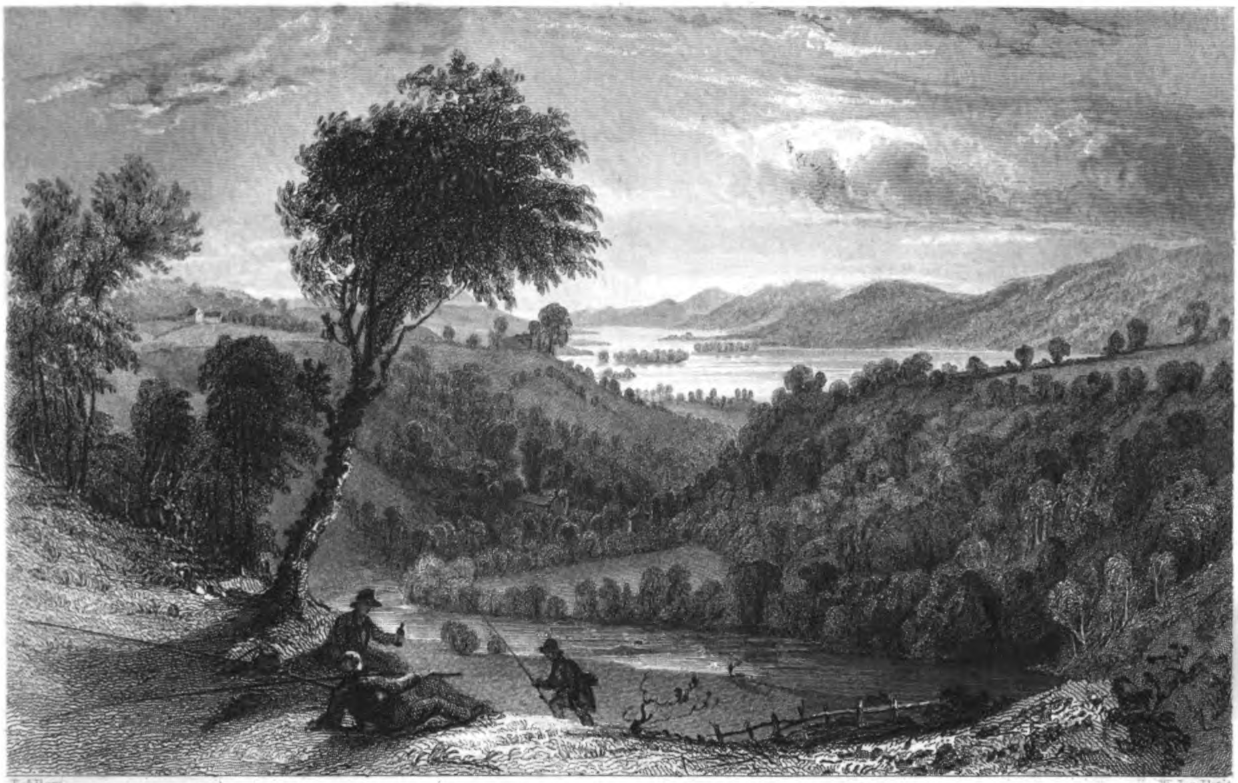
> "With what attractive charms this goodly frame
> Of nature touches the consenting heart
> Of mortal men! And what the pleasing stores
> That beauteous imitation thence derives,
> To deck the poet's or the painter's toil!"

STICKLE TARN, LANGDALE PIKES,—WESTMORLAND.

Stickle Tarn is discovered when crossing the Pikes from Great Langdale. It is elevated about 1700 feet above the level of the sea, and is formed of numerous tributary streams flowing from the mountains. This Tarn passes off in a rivulet, which composes the picturesque waterfall of Dungeon Gill.

> "This is the solitude that reason loves!
> Even he who yearns for human sympathies,
> And hears a music in the breath of man
> Dearer than voice of mountain or of flood,
> Might live a hermit here, and mark the sun
> Rising or setting 'mid the beauteous calm,
> Devoutly blending in his happy soul
> Thoughts both of earth and heaven!"

The accompanying View is taken from the foot of Pavey Ark, a perpendicular rock, appearing in the foreground on the right. Next to it rises the lofty pike called Harrison Stickle, having a pile of stones on the top, to which it is customary for every visitor to add one. The mountain of Wrynose occupies the centre of the distance. Between Stickle Tarn and the first range of hills lies Blea Tarn, of which a view has already been given in this work.



T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

VALLEY OF TROUTBECK, WESTMORLAND.

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

The neighbourhood of these Tarns is singularly wild, romantic, and solitary. With the exception of the enterprising angler, or the wandering shepherd, little is to be seen that does not indicate utter loneliness.

"By the lake side, on a stone,
Stands the heron all alone,
Still as any lifeless thing!
Slowly moves his laggard wing,
And cloud-like floating with the gale,
Leaves at last the quiet vale."

"When the day hath gathered his legions of light," and hasted away to other lands, an air of deep melancholy is cast over this tranquil wilderness:—

"For the sadness of a fallen throne,
Reigns when the golden sun hath gone;
And the tarn, and the hills, and the misted stream,
Are shaded away to a mournful dream."

The solitary character of the scene is powerfully described in the following lines:—

"Never hath the quiet shore
Echoed the fall of silver oar,
Nor the waters of that tarn recoil'd
From the light skiff gliding wild;
But the spiritual cloud that lifted
The quiet moon, and dimly drifted
Away in tracery of snow,
Threw its image on the pool below,
Till it glided to the shaded shore,
Like a bark beneath the moveless oar."

BUTTERMERE FROM THE WOOD,—CUMBERLAND.

The lake of Buttermere, which affords excellent sport for the angler, reposes in the bosom of a vale of the same name. This is one of the smallest lakes, extending about a mile and a half only in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth; of an oblong form, and sweeping at one end round a woody promontory. The neighbouring scenery is eminently grand and picturesque. Along the western side, an extensive range of mountainous declivity stretches from end to end, and, to appearance, every where falls precipitately into the water. The eastern side is woody, and forms a rich and beautiful contrast to the other. The vale of Buttermere is rather confined in that part which the lake occupies, but at the outlet it opens, and extends to a considerable distance.

The village of Buttermere is situated on the eastern border of the lake, between it and Crummock Water. At a time when the lakes were less frequented, the inhabitants were

purely rustic; some of the men found employment in the neighbouring slate quarries, and the women occupied themselves in spinning woollen yarn. In the history of Buttermere, the beauty and misfortunes of Mary Robinson, better known as "Mary of Buttermere," form a very interesting feature. She was the daughter of an innkeeper, and had long lived in this sequestered spot; her beauty was celebrated in the shepherd's song, and her unsullied virtue was the theme of universal admiration. But, alas! "All that's bright must fade." In 1802, she had the misfortune to bestow her hand on a person of the name of Hatfield, an outlaw and a fugitive from justice, who, having long violated the laws of his country, eventually (in 1803) suffered death for his offences. Some time after, she re-settled in her native valley, and having married a young man from the neighbourhood of Carlisle, undertook the management of the inn, that had formerly been kept by her father. "Sorrow," however, to use the beautiful language of Ossian, "sorrow, like a cloud on the sun, shaded her soul."

The point whence the illustrative View is taken, is distant not more than a hundred yards from the inn. The distant central hill is Honister Crag, down whose sides the ceaseless cataracts are pouring, that assist in forming the lake below. Red Pike mountain is seen rising behind the foliage on the right of our View.

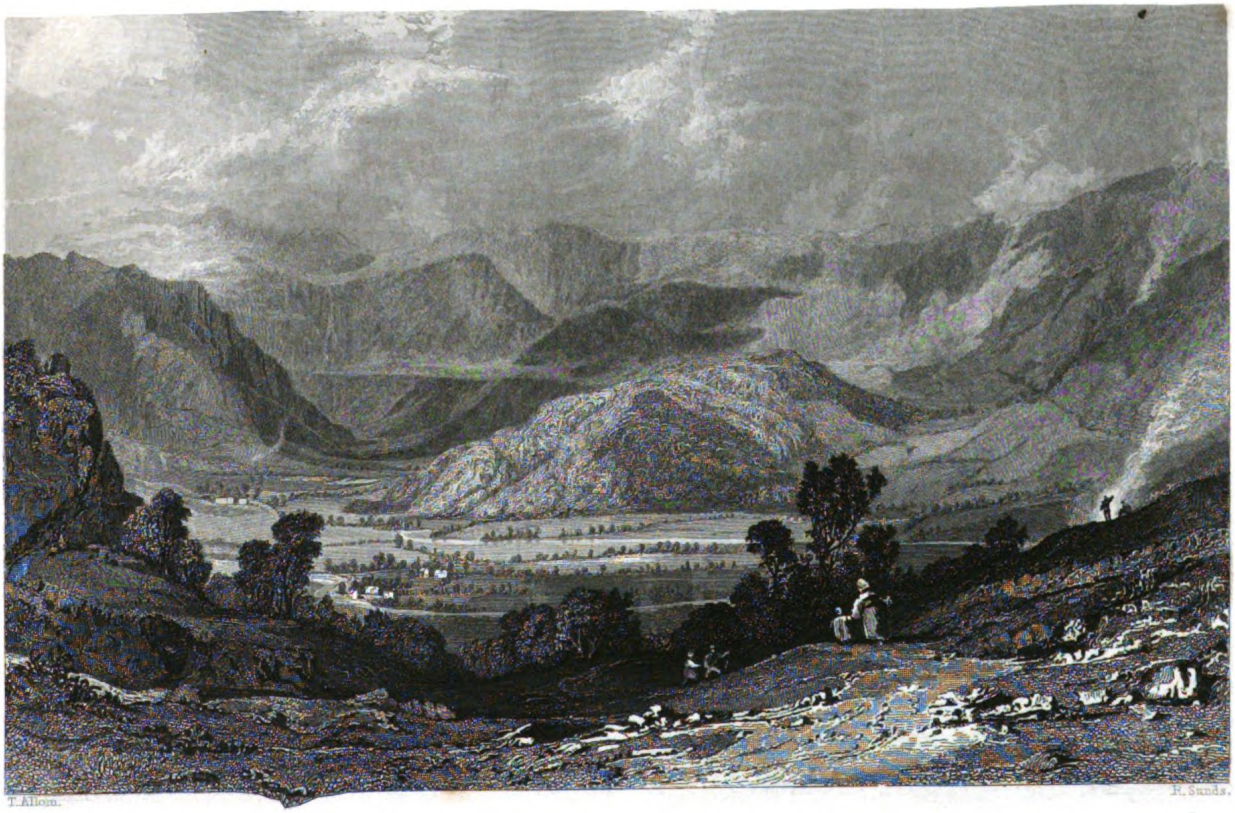
THE VILLAGE OF ROSTHWAITE, BORROWDALE,—CUMBERLAND.

In the valley of Borrowdale, one mile beyond the Bowder Stone, stands the village of Rosthwaite, in the midst of an amphitheatre, sheltered by mountains, and arrayed in unequalled loveliness and grandeur. This hamlet forms part of the township and chapelry of Borrowdale, and is distant rather more than six miles south from Keswick, in the parish of Crosthwaite.

Our View is taken at a point in the road from Watenlath, and discovers the romantic valley of Borrowdale, with its lowly and peaceful dwellings, rich meadows, and fertilizing streams. The vale is beautified with two winding rivers, which, uniting at a short distance from Rosthwaite, form the silver Derwent. On the left, appear Scawfell Pikes, the highest points in England, the rolling clouds clinging around them; and immediately beneath, we discern a small white structure, which is the chapel-of-ease belonging to the whole township of Borrowdale. Adjoining Scawfell Pikes is seen the hill of Sty Head; and in this neighbourhood are some of the *wad* mines, to which the artist is indebted for that valuable drawing implement, the black-lead pencil. The hamlet of Rosthwaite is denoted by the clustered dwellings standing on the margin of the nearest stream. In this Engraving, every object shewn, every accident conceived, it must be admitted, subserve the general design; and even the peat-burners' fire becomes, under the judicious management of the artist, a powerful auxiliary to picturesque effect.

T. Allom. R. Sands.

DERWENTWATER, CUMBERLAND.



T. Allom. R. Sands.

HEXHAM ABBEY CHURCH,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The remote history of this edifice commences in the year 673; when St. Wilfrid, under the pious auspices of Etheldreda, wife of King Egfrid, began the erection of a church and monastery at Hexham, the beauty and splendour of which were the wonder of the age, and the admiration of all historians. This was the fifth stone church built in England, and the first which had been constructed with chancel and aisles. In 678, Hexham was erected into an episcopal see, and so continued, under the pastoral care of twelve successive bishops, till the year 821, when the prelacy gave way before the cruel ravages of the Danes; and at length, in 876, the church and town of Hexham were completely destroyed by "the terrific sea-kings of the Baltic."

The diocese of Hexham was, in 1112, appropriated to the formation of a prebendal stall in York cathedral; and in the following year, the archbishop, *pro tempore*, commenced the restoration of the church, of which, time and the ravages of war had left but few remains. In 1296, the Scots invaded Hexham, and destroyed the nave of the Abbey; and this portion of the edifice was never afterwards rebuilt.

The inhabitants of Hexham, opposing themselves to the innovating principles of the Reformation, continued to cherish the ancient faith; and the surrenders which were extorted from the monasteries, so highly provoked their indignation, that they excited the principal religious houses to insurrection. This struggle was of short duration: fire and sword, the ready weapons of religious zeal, completed the destruction of those men who, excited by party strife, could discern in the reformation of religion nothing but disappointed avarice, and the reckless licentiousness of a turbulent prince.

The Abbey Church of Hexham, as it exists in the present day, consists of a transept and choir; the former 156 feet, and the latter 70 feet in length. From the centre of the edifice rises a square tower, 90 feet in height. For the want of a nave, both the exterior and interior of the building are rendered less striking in their appearance than they would otherwise have been.

The principal entrance is by a modern door at the north end of the transept, opening at once into this portion of the structure. The spectator beholds "one lofty aisle, open on all sides, grand in its pristine nakedness, pleasing in its simplicity, and astonishing in the magnitude of its proportions and the unity of its parts. At equal distances from the centre, four light and lofty arches spring from as many masses of tall clustered columns, supporting the tower, and opening into each division of the edifice. The west side is one wall, pierced, however, into galleries, and lighted by many lancets. At the north end is the wood work of the large door, above which the gallery is continued beneath a long range of pointed windows. With this the south end corresponds, excepting that the place of the gallery is supplied by a huge balcony, and a heavy flight of steps connected with the spiral stairs, that lead to the gallery of the choir, to the belfry, and

the battlements of the tower. Beneath this balcony is the cemetery of the Blackett family." A threefold screen, principally remarkable for an antique painting, called "Death's Dance," divides the transept from the choir, which is now used as the parish church, and consists of one aisle divided into three. It is to be lamented that sufficient funds are wanting to render the choir more consistent with the general design and character of the building. The great east window is spacious and well executed, and, before its mutilation, was probably very beautiful. Above the entrance to the choir, is the organ and choristers' gallery. Standing near the altar, among other relics and memorials of ancient time, is the celebrated *Freed Stool*, to which offenders used to flee for refuge, when the privilege of sanctuary, originally procured by St. Wilfrid, was attached to the church.

The illustrative view is taken from the north-west corner of the transept; and the description already given will enable the reader to identify the various features of the edifice included in the engraving. To describe the emotions under which we survey this lofty memorial of olden piety and ancient art, would be a gratuitous undertaking. Some there are, who can recognise, in structures of this kind, nothing but a waste of human labour—an extravagance of human skill. Yet, wherefore should we cast contumely on those ancient shrines which good men consecrated, and which time has hallowed? Why deprecate as vain and futile, all those rites and observances that tend to loosen the mind from the thrall of worldly pursuits—to calm and subdue the fluctuations of human passion—to draw a holy mystery around the sanctuary? Whatever unfavourable associations may be connected with their long history,—a history embracing the casualties of seven centuries, and the actions of ten generations of men,—cold is the heart that can enter their portals unaffected by feelings of piety and awe; and more deaf than the adder is that ear, which continues listless and wandering,

> When through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
> The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

ROYAL ARCADE, NEWCASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

During the present century, public Arcades have been erected in the metropolis and several of the principal towns of the kingdom; but in few instances have the useful and ornamental been so admirably combined, as in the subject of this plate. Whether we regard the architecture of the principal front, or the chaste and elegant decorations of the interior, its claims to distinction are admitted by all who have visited the similar establishments of other towns.

The Royal Arcade of Newcastle occupies a commanding situation near the centre of the town, and facing the eastern extremity of Mosley street, on the line of the great north road from London to Edinburgh. It here presents an imposing front of finely polished stone-work, 94 feet in length, and 75 feet high. The basement story is of Grecian Doric

T. Allom J. Sands.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL, NORTHUMBERLAND.

T. Allom J. Sands

ROYAL ARCADE, NEWCASTLE.

architecture, two massive pillars of which order adorn the entrance. The entablature, surmounted by six Corinthian fluted columns, adorned with beautiful capitals, supports a richly carved frieze and entablature. The whole is surmounted with a finely turned balustrade, and in the centre is a sculptured group, representing Britannia surrounded with emblematical figures.

From the front, the Arcade extends eastward, and consists of an extensive range of cellars, shops, and offices, forming the entire side of Manor-street. At the eastern extremity is a lofty archway, from which a flight of stone steps, having a richly ornamented ceiling above, leads to the Interior of the Arcade.

The effect produced by the loftiness and splendid decorations of this part of the building, is such as cannot fail to excite the highest admiration. It extends in length 250 feet, and is 20 feet in width; and the roof, which is 35 feet high, contains eight conical lights of very elegant construction, by which a powerful light is thrown on every part of the interior. The groining of the arched ceiling, and the capitals of the pilasters, are enriched with pure Grecian ornaments, which have a rich and elegant appearance. The floor is composed of chequered stone and black marble, the former of which was brought from a quarry near Leeds. The front building contains several stately apartments, occupied by the Joint Stock Bank, the Savings Bank, and other public institutions. The interior comprises 16 large shops, elegantly fitted out, and displaying a rich variety of useful and ornamental articles. Above these are numerous chambers and offices, chiefly occupied by gentlemen in various professional departments, for whom the situation is admirably adapted; the Post Office and a spacious News Room being included in the establishment. The eastern part of the Arcade forms a suite of Government offices; namely, the Office of Excise, the Permit Office, &c. Over them is Mr. Small's auction mart; and on the floor above, are splendid show rooms. The principal apartment, measuring 72 feet in length by 32 feet in width, and presenting at one view a rich display of china, cut glass, &c., the beautiful effect of which is exceedingly imposing. The roof in this part of the Arcade is intended for a conservatory; and in the other portions of the building, steam and vapour baths are being erected: so that, ultimately, this erection will comprise a great variety of useful and ornamental attractions, calculated to render it a favourite promenade, and a place of general resort.

This extensive pile of building was begun in June, 1831, and so rapidly and efficiently were the operations proceeded in, that it was opened in May the following year. The modification of the design, and the entire execution, were entrusted to the able and unremitting superintendence of Mr. Grainger, the proprietor. The entire cost of the edifice amounts to nearly £45,000.

In consequence of the great public improvement effected by this and other extensive architectural works, brought to completion under the efficient direction of Mr. Grainger, a service of plate was recently presented to that gentleman, at a public dinner, by the inhabitants of Newcastle; when the attendance of a numerous and highly respectable

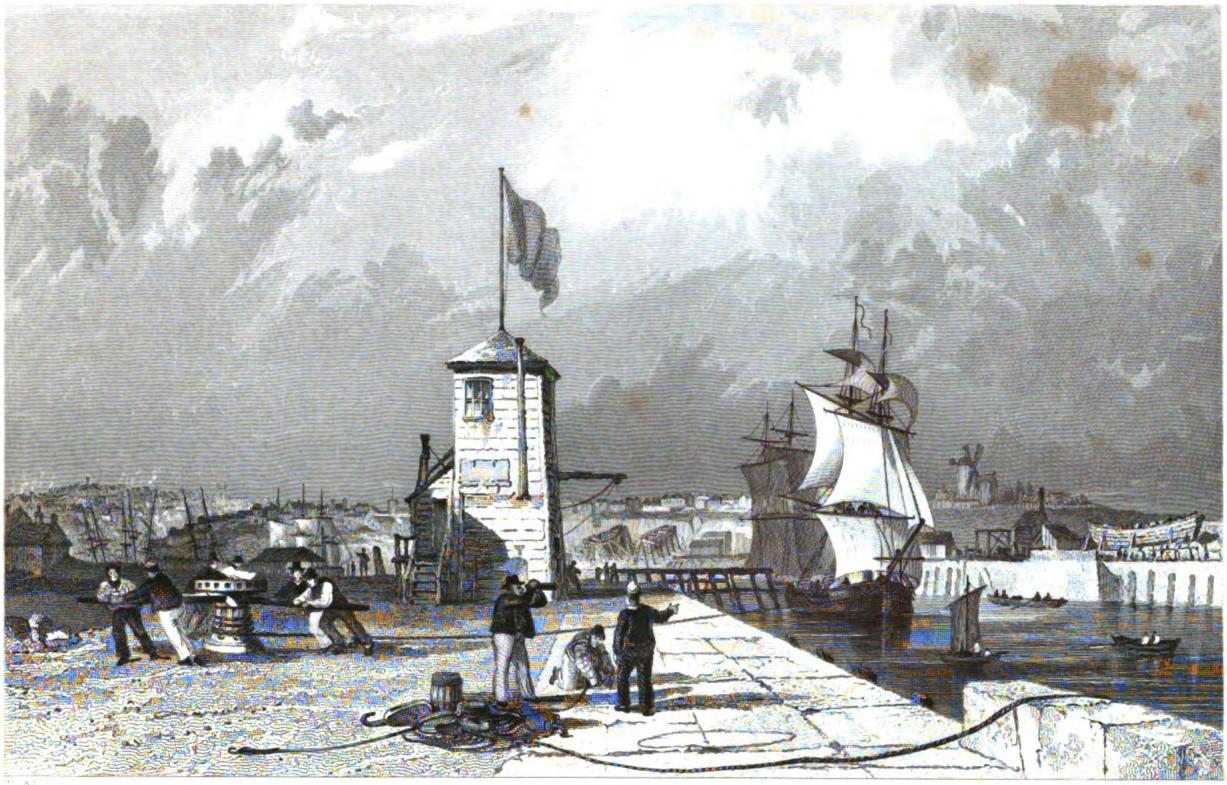
company, composed of the principal gentry and tradesmen of the town, sufficiently evinced the high estimation in which the private character, as well as the professional talent, of this enterprising architect is held.

To persons who have visited the Lowther Arcade in London, the similarity between it and the Royal Arcade at Newcastle will be obvious; indeed, the latter is professedly an imitation of the metropolitan erection.—Time has been, when Commerce confined herself to narrow and inelegant streets, and her exterior wore a stern and uninviting appearance. He only who sought accumulation of wealth, lingered in her dwellings; and her powerful influences were wrought unobserved. Not so now: the noblest avenues are her frequented place; the most substantial and superb edifice bears on its threshold the impress of her foot: seating herself in palaces of Oriental splendour and magnificence, she proclaims, "I am a queen." Our continental neighbours have called us, by way of reproach, "a nation of shopkeepers:" be it so; they cannot deny the synonyme—a wealthy and powerful nation, whose friendship is universally conciliated, and whose name is treasured as a household word in every land whither the many winds can waft her sails, wherever ocean rolls.

SUNDERLAND HARBOUR, FROM THE PIER,—DURHAM.

The port of Sunderland obtained the royal favour in 1669, when Charles II. granted letters patent to Edward Andrew, Esq., "to build a pier, and erect a light-house or light-houses; to cleanse the harbour of Sunderland, and to raise contributions for that purpose." Several acts have subsequently been obtained for the preservation and improvement of the port and river. Of these, the earliest is the Act of 3d Geo. I., which states in the preamble, that Sunderland is the residence of rich and able merchants, and promises to be of great importance both to his Majesty's service and revenue, and to the public benefit of the kingdom. Commissioners were appointed by this Act, to carry its several provisions into execution; and the powers vested in them have been continued and extended by subsequent statutes. One considerable object of attention, under all these enactments, was the building of the South Pier.

The harbour of Sunderland is formed by two piers, standing on the north and south sides of the river. The latter of these, (the subject of our Illustration,) was completed in 1726, to the extent of three hundred and thirty-three yards, at the cost of nearly £20,000. In 1765, not less than £50,000 had been expended; and the estimated cost of its final completion amounted to as much more. It received considerable damage during the great flood in November, 1771; but was subsequently repaired, and extended to the length of 19,000 feet from the east end of the engineer's house which stands at its western extremity. A light-house, or tide-light, is erected on this pier; whence signals of direction are conveyed to the vessels entering and leaving the harbour.



T. A. [illegible]

EDINBURGH HARBOUR FROM THE PIER HEAD.

T. Allom. S. Lacey

[illegible]

[illegible]

DINSDALE SPA,—DURHAM.

Dinsdale is a small village lying in a deep retired situation, at the distance of five miles south-east by east of Darlington. This, and the adjacent village of Middleton-one-Row, are visited in the summer season by crowds of invalids, who repair thither to enjoy the medicinal virtues of the famed sulphureous spring called the Dinsdale Spa. These healing waters were discovered on Lord Durham's estate in 1789, by some workmen employed in searching for coal. One of the labourers, who for many years had suffered from severe rheumatic affections, was perfectly cured by drinking the spa-water and using the bath. From this time till 1797 it was much resorted to; but principally by the neighbouring villagers, for whose use a bath was constructed. Every succeeding year, however, brought an increase of visiters; and it was found necessary to erect a suite of hot and cold baths for their accommodation. An hotel, containing twenty apartments, built on an eminence in the immediate vicinity of the spring, commands a beautiful and extensive prospect of the surrounding country. The spa is nearly enclosed by a noble plantation extending about one mile westward, and intersected with shady walks.

The virtues of the Dinsdale waters are efficacious principally in the removal of scorbutic affections. By an analysis of the gaseous fluids, this spa is found to contain a mixture of sulphurated hydrogen, carbonic acid, and azote; and the combination of solid matter includes muriate of lime, soda, and magnesia, with carbonate and sulphate of lime.

Dinsdale is not now, however, to be considered the resort of invalids only; of many it certainly may be said,

> "Here from the restless bed of lingering pain
> The languid sufferer seeks the tepid wave,
> And feels returning health and hope again
> Disperse 'the gathering shadows of the grave.'"

But to a great portion of the visiters, change of scene and delightful converse are the principal objects of attraction.

LOWTHER CASTLE AND PARK,—WESTMORLAND.

The south front of Lowther Castle has already been introduced into this work. (See page 38.) The north front (exhibited in the present engraving) is entirely different both in the character of its architecture, and the nature of its scenic accompaniments. The south is a solemn close scene: a beautiful but diminishing lawn soon terminates among the loftiest trees; the objects of the eye are bounded, and the imagination is left to wander among the recesses of the forest. The prospects from the north front are considerably more extensive, and are seen from a terrace of ninety feet in breadth, and about four times

as much in length. The eye first descends on a lovely and spacious park, rich with trees of the finest growth. This park is surrounded by a vast wood, over which, in the distance, is seen Penrith Beacon.

The chief approach to the castle is from the north, where its numerous towers of different elevation are seen rising in beautiful proportion; the whole assuming a massy appearance, of great magnificence. This front is four hundred and twenty feet in length, and is executed in the rich and massive style of architecture which prevailed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Its numerous towers, different in shape and elevation, are crested with battlements, and pierced with slit windows; and the fresh colour of the stone gives an amazing richness to all these harmonious masses of architecture. A lofty embattled wall surrounds the court of the castle, which is entered by an arched gateway. The central tower is seen by the visiter immediately on entering the castle, and is supported by massive clustered columns. The grand staircase, winding round this tower, is of a solid and costly construction, harmonizing well with the character of the whole edifice. In a corridor at the top of the staircase are several fine pictures by Guercino, Guido, Titian, and Tintoretto.

HAWES WATER, FROM THWAITE FORCE,—WESTMORLAND.

The lake of Hawes Water is seldom visited by tourists; though the solemn grandeur of its rocks and mountains renders it eminently picturesque. The comparative neglect in which it has been left, may perhaps in a good measure be attributed to the local habits of the guides, who are not accustomed to include it in "the excursions."

This lake does not exceed three miles in length, and varies in width from half a mile to a quarter. On the western side, near the village of Measand, it is divided by a promontory; and thus consists of two sheets of water, joined by a narrow strait. The second expanse of the lake (the subject of our Illustration) discloses a scenery more varied and sublime than that of the northern extremity. The south side presents a noble ridge of mountains, very bold and prominent down to the water-edge, bulging out in the centre of a fine broad head, venerably magnificent; and the view of the first expanse, losing itself in the second among hills, rocks, and woods, is beautifully picturesque. The perspective of the second sheet of water appears from a distance to be terminated by the huge mountain called Castle Crag; but as you advance, Harter Fell rears his awful front, impending over the water, and confines the scene. Here, amidst rocks, and at the entrance of a glen almost choked by fragments from the heights, stands the chapel of Mardale.

The illustrative view is taken from the side of a mountain, whence issues the waterfall of Thwaite-Force. At the foot of this hill stands the village of Measand; and close at hand is the woody promontory which divides the lake. The wood-covered hill on the left, projecting into the water, is Wallow Crag, concerning which there is a singular legend: "The vulgar believe that the spirit of Sir James Lowther, a gentleman who rendered

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

LOWTHER CASTLE & PARK, WESTMORELAND.

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

[illegible], FROM THE [illegible], WESTMORELAND.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON, 1833.

himself remarkable by his penurious habits, is imprisoned in the dark womb of the rock. The rustic natives of the valley declare, that when Sir James died he could not rest,—that various incantations were tried by the learned vicar of Bampton to *lay* his ghost,—that the reverend gentleman was roughly handled by the refractory spirit,—but that at length, having sent for more books, the vicar fairly succeeded in lodging him in Wallow Crag."

Tourists who visit Hawes Water will find it most advisable to cross from Kentmere, and ascend the mountains between Harter Fell and High Street, whence they obtain a beautiful view of mountain scenery and a general survey of the lake.

CASTLE CRAG, BORROWDALE, FROM THE VILLAGE OF GRANGE,—CUMBERLAND.

The village of Grange is situated in the straits of Borrowdale, on the west side of the Derwent; and it is here that the grand and savage scenery of the valley commences. The mountains and crags on either side approach each other so closely, as to leave a very confined entrance to the valley beyond. "Borrowdale appears from this point to be choked up with vast rocks and fragments, which lie strown in the wildest disorder, as if they had been torn by some great convulsion of nature from the neighbouring mountains, and tumbled down into the valley."

The hospitality of Borrowdale is proverbial; and Mr. Baines, from whose "Companion to the Lakes" we have frequently extracted much interesting and valuable information, mentions a particular instance of this social virtue which occurred to himself at the house of Mr. Thomas Threlkeld, of Grange. "We were received by his wife with a simple and hearty welcome, ensconced in huge upright arm-chairs by the fire-side, which was of antique dimensions,—fresh wood was heaped upon the blazing hearth, and home-made cheese, butter, and bread brought forth, with rich milk, buttermilk, and oat-cake, for our refreshment. I was the more pleased, when I found afterwards that Gray had been hospitably entertained at the same village."

Opposite to the village of Grange is a conical hill, which, in the course of time, has received a sufficient covering of earth to admit of trees taking root, and is now covered with wood. With this exception, the first mile of Borrowdale presents a uniform scene of nakedness and desolation. The hill we have named appears on the left of our view.

Rising precipitously from the river Derwent, is the lofty and peaked mountain called Castle Crag, its sides finely mantled with wood. From the summit is obtained a magnificent view of Derwent-water and Skiddaw, with all their varied beauties on the one side, and of Borrowdale, with all its rugged grandeur and mountain ruins, on the other. Castle Crag obtains its name from an ancient fortification erected on its summit, most probably to command the pass of Borrowdale, and protect the southern parts of the kingdom from incursions on the north.

SCAWFELL PIKES, FROM STY HEAD,—CUMBERLAND.

"——————" the eye can only see
Broken mass of cold gray stone;
Never yet was place so lone!
Yet the heart hath many a mood
That would seek such solitude."

Proceeding from Keswick, the road to this romantic defile, whence is obtained a close and fearful view of Scawfell Pikes, lies through Rossthwaite, Borrowdale, and Seathwaite. The latter place is a wretched village, situated nearly at the extremity of the valley of Borrowdale. Here cultivation terminates; and the overhanging mountains frown sullenly on the passing traveller. "On the hill to the right of the village are the celebrated Wad Mines, where the mineral called *plumbago*, or vulgarly black-lead, and on the spot denominated *wad*, is found." These are the only mines of the kind in England; and when occasionally discovered in other countries, the mineral is widely inferior in quality. The wad is not found without much difficulty, and the workmen are frequently engaged many months in seeking for it, without finding any. "It does not lie in veins, but in masses or sops, sometimes of a ramified form, like the root of a tree, and its discovery is consequently accidental."

From Seathwaite, a deep and winding path marked by a bed of stones, leads across Sty-head, which forms a *slack* between the two mountains of Scawfell and Great Gavel. The top of this head is not more than half so high as either of those mountains, and is comparatively level for about a mile, so as to form a narrow valley between them. When approaching Scawfell Pikes, the road becomes rocky and boggy, and is traversed with difficulty. Passing the mountain of Great End, one of the elevations of Scawfell, the tourist arrives at the proposed point, and stands on the brink of a precipice, opposite the Pikes, and hanging midway between the summit and the base. "Immediately in front of us," says Mr. Baines, in his Companion to the Lakes, "that mountain 'reared his mighty stature.' We saw him at a single glance, from the verdant tract of Wasdale at his foot, to the overhanging precipices, crowned by a conical pile of stones, which indicate the head of the Pikes, and the highest summit in England. The side forms one long concave sweep, becoming gradually steeper as it ascends, till the highest part rises in perpendicular crags, like a mountain battlement." There is a simple grandeur in the view, which is deeply impressive.

"Never yet
Did our forefathers o'er beloved chief
Fallen in his glory, heap a monument
Of that prodigious bulk, though every shield
Was laden for his grave, and every hand
Toil'd unremitting at the willing work,
From morn till eve, all the long summer day."

T. Allom. J. C. Bentley.

CASTLE CRAG, BORROWDALE, FROM THE BRIDGE OF GRANGE, CUMBERLAND.

T. Allom. J. C. Bentley.

[illegible], FROM STY HEAD, CUMBERLAND.

[illegible]

ELTERWATER, GREAT LANGDALE,—WESTMORLAND.

Elterwater, a tributary stream of Windermere, is an elevated lake, or *tarn*, nearly a mile in length, situated in Great Langdale, at the distance of two miles and a half west from Ambleside. The low meadows on the margin of this tarn are frequently inundated by the sudden influx of water from the two Langdales; and the means which have been adopted to obviate this inconvenience have injured the trout fishery, by introducing into the lake the destructive pike. Elterwater is surrounded by mountains skirted with verdant pasturage, and embosomed in heath; these, rising up in various forms, discover the lake, "seated high in the dimpled breast of one of them, and sending forth a silvery stream which joins the Brathay river, and thence forces itself over a succession of little cascades to mighty Windermere."

"What change can seasons bring
Unto so sweet, so calm a spot,
Where every loud and restless thing
Is, like a far-off dream, forgot?"

Of scenes like this, "the reigning spirit may not vary:" solitude and quiet, unbroken save by the eagle's scream, the roaring of the torrent, and the mountain echoes, dwell—dwell here absolute.

"O gentlest lake! from all unhallowed things
By grandeur guarded in thy loveliness,
Ne'er may the poet with unwelcome feet
Press thy soft moss, embathed in flowery dyes,
And shadowed in thy stillness like the heavens.
May innocence for ever lead him here,
To form, amid the silence, high resolves
For future life; resolves, that, born in peace,
Shall live 'mid tumult, and though haply mild
As infants in their play, when brought to bear
On the world's business, shall assert their power
And majesty—and lead him boldly on
Like giants, conquering in a noble cause."

On a woody eminence, at the head of Elterwater, stands Elter-Hall, beyond which rise the towering summits of Langdale Pikes:

"In the majesty of distance now
Set off, and to our eyes appearing fair,
And beautified with morning's purple beams."

THRANG CRAG SLATE QUARRY, GREAT LANGDALE,—WESTMORLAND.

This Quarry, the property of Lord Lowther, yields an abundance of fine blue slate, and is situated in the mountains adjacent to the Brathay river.

The geology of the lake districts presents many difficulties to the scientific inquirer; and it still remains in dispute, to what rocks the term *primitive*, and to which that of *secondary* should be applied. The materials of which the greater part of the mountains are composed have been included under the general name of *slaty* rocks; though many of them shew little or no inclination to that peculiar *cleavage* or formation. These slate rocks have been classed into three divisions. The first division comprehends, among others, the mountains of Skiddaw, Saddleback, Grasmoor, and Griesdale Pike. "The granite of Skiddaw being considered as a nucleus upon which these rocks are deposited in mantle-shaped strata, that which immediately reposes upon it is called *gneiss*, though it is more slaty and granular than the gneiss of some other districts. More distant from the granite, the slate becomes less impregnated with *mica*, and is quarried for flooring flags, &c. under the provincial name of *whintin*. This, again, is succeeded by a softer kind of slate. These rocks are of a blackish colour, and divided by natural partings into slates of various thickness, which are sometimes curiously bent and waved." The partings, when very numerous, open by exposure to the weather; and in time, the slate shivers into thin flakes unfit for roofing purposes.

The second division includes the mountains of Borrowdale, *Langdale*, Grasmere, Mardale, &c. Most of the rocks in this division are of a pale blue or grey colour; but they do not exhibit any distinct partings similar to the slates of the first division. "The finest pale blue roofing slate is found here in beds, (called by the workmen veins,) the most natural position of the cleavage of which appears to be vertical, though it is formed in various degrees of inclination, both with respect to the horizon and the planes of stratification. The slates are split into various thicknesses, according to their fineness of grain, and the discretion of the workmen."

The third division of strata form inferior elevations, commencing with a bed of dark blue limestone, and alternating with a slaty rock of the same colour; the different layers of which are, in some places, several feet, and in others only a few inches, thick.

There are few places in England where slate is worked as a mine under ground. It has been suggested, that it might be worked to advantage in subterranean galleries, as in the quarries at Charleville, since the quality improves as the depth of the excavation increases, and the expense of procuring it by mining would be considerably less than that of removing the load of upper rocks and working it in open quarries.

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

TYRANT CRAG SLATE QUARRY, GREAT LANGDALE, WESTMORLAND.

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

TYRANT CRAG SLATE QUARRY, GREAT LANGDALE, WESTMORLAND.

[THE PROPERTY OF LORD LONSDALE]

In a cubic foot of Westmorland slate, the specific gravity varies from 2797 to 2732 ounces. It is blasted from the quarry in large masses, and afterwards split with proper tools by the workmen.

The illustrative engraving conveys more information than mere description could give of the various labours by which this useful mineral is obtained; but those who take an interest in geological science, or who feel a gratification in tracing the history and origin of a great domestic comfort (an elegant and durable covering for their dwellings) will not omit in their Lake tour to cast a passing glance at the Slate Quarries.

ENNERDALE WATER, FROM HOW HALL—CUMBERLAND.

Ennerdale water gives name to the village of Ennerdale, and is situated about four miles south of Lowes Water.

The features of this lake, though less striking than those of Windermere or Ullswater, are not deficient in beauty; but it is difficult to determine the point whence a good view may be obtained. A better station cannot be selected for a general survey of the lake and vale of Ennerdale than the neighbourhood of How Hall, which stands at the foot of the water. This mansion, now a farm house, was originally the seat of the Patrickson family, and was erected, as appears by an inscription over the principal door, in the year 1566.

Ennerdale Water is three-quarters of a mile in width, and extends two miles and a half in length. "It runs up into the heart of the mountains, and is skirted on each side by stern and precipitous hills. Near its foot are the woods of How Hall, but above this the scenery becomes barren and sublime; and beyond the head of the lake are seen some of the highest mountains in the county, of which the most conspicuous is the Pillar, rising to the elevation of 2893 feet."

The valley of Gillerthwaite, a narrow tract of cultivated land, stands at the head of the lake,

> "Circled by mountains trod but by the feet
> Of venturous shepherd."

Of this valley, an essayist has observed, that "the genius of Ovid would have transferred the most favoured of his heroes into a river, and poured his waters into the channel of the Lissa, there to wander by the verdant bounds of Gillerthwaite—the sweet reward of patriotism and virtue." A subsequent writer considers this eulogy the very hyperbole of praise, and submits, that if the author had sojourned during a few months of the winter season in the valley of Gillerthwaite, his raptures would have *cooled*, and his language would have been less *glowing;*

> "But not alike to every mortal eye
> Is nature's scene unveil'd."

On this subject, however, fervour of thought and expression may well be justified; and whenever

> "Man feels as man, the earth is beautiful."

WATENLATH, AND THE STREAM OF LOWDORE—CUMBERLAND.

Watenlath is a narrow upland glen, situated in the chapelry of Borrowdale, through which runs a mountain stream, forming two considerable tarns, and the stupendous cataract of Lowdore.

The valley of Watenlath is adapted for an anchorite's abode. On the borders of the tarn are a few cottages of great antiquity, and, these excepted, not a single dwelling can be discovered in the neighbourhood. "The children," Mr. Baines remarks, "stare at a traveller with wonderment, as if they had never before seen a human being out of their own families; and a troop of terrier dogs give mouth, as if a beast of prey were descending into the valley."

The stream of the Lowdore, descending from the tarn, passes over a bed of broken rocks, and continues its course a distance of two miles down this elevated valley, before it arrives at the spot "whence the torrent is thrown." "Two of our melancholy bards," a late writer observes, "breathed out their wishes for an abode in some deep solitude, where their feelings might no longer be harassed by the noise, the follies, and the crimes of the world. Under this temper of mind, they could not have selected a more suitable spot than the vale of Watenlath. Environed on all sides by mountains, no ruder sounds would have met their ears, if we except the roaring of winds and cataracts, than the bleating of sheep and the melody of the shepherd's lute. They might have lived like Laplanders, in gloomy twilight during the winter months." Cowper, one of the bards alluded to, did not seek "the lone wilderness," there to cherish a misanthropic hate, and enjoy a loathing of his kind; his were feelings such as these:

> "Among the hills a hundred homes have I;
> My table in the wilderness is spread;
> In those lone spots a human smile can buy
> Plain fare, kind welcome, and a rushy bed.
> Oh dead to Christian love! to nature dead,
> Who, when some cottage at the close of day
> Hath o'er his soul its cheerful dimness shed,
> Feels not that God was with him on his way,
> Nor with these simple folks devoutly kneels to pray."

The other melancholy bard may, or may not, be one who outraged society, before he desired the desert for his dwelling-place; and who, after having poisoned the social cup apportioned to him, in the bitterness of his soul cursed the fountain at which it was filled.

T. Allom. J. Sands

T. Allom. J. Sands

GRASMERE,—WESTMORLAND.

The lovers of picturesque scenery have already been gratified with a view of Grasmere Lake and Village, taken from the south. The present illustration exhibits the "form and feature" of this lovely spot when surveyed from the east.

> "Ever charming, ever new,
> When will the landscape tire the view?
> The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
> The woody valley warm and low;
> The windy summit wild and high,
> Roughly rushing on the sky;
> The pleasant seat, the *sacred* tower,
> The naked rock, the shady bower!"

Natural beauty, unlike to artificial, does not altogether depend for effect on the point of view from which it is seen. Under different aspects, the prospect will assume an appearance more or less striking; but from what position soever the spectator may survey the scene, he will discover "a glowing beauty," an "untired variety."

The vale of Grasmere terminates in two upland valleys: one rises with a long ascent into a slack, leading to the vale of Wythburn; and the other runs up into the heart of the Langdale Fells. A number of pleasing residences lie at the foot of the hills; one of which was formerly inhabited by WORDSWORTH—Wordsworth! a name hallowed by piety, by moral worth, by "heavenly minstrelsy!"

> "How beautiful is genius, when combin'd
> With holiness! Oh! how divinely sweet
> The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touched
> By the soft hand of Piety, and hung
> Upon Religion's shrine, there vibrating
> With solemn music in the ear of God."
>
> "Thou didst despise
> To win the ear of this degenerate age
> By gorgeous epithets, all idly heap'd
> On theme of earthly state, or, idler still,
> By tinkling measures and unchastened lays,
> Warbled to pleasure and her syren train,
> Profaning the best name of poësy."

The Western boundary of Grasmere is formed by "the rugged hills of Silver How," and the lofty range of Fairfield. The single island of this beautiful lake, covered with verdure, and partially wooded, is a prominent feature in our view.

KIRKBY-LONSDALE BRIDGE,—WESTMORLAND.

The town of Kirkby-Lonsdale is pleasantly situated on the west bank of the Lune, fifteen miles north-north-east of Lancaster.

The singular construction of this bridge renders it an object of great curiosity; and when viewed in connexion with the river and valley of the Lune, it forms one of the most romantic prospects on which the eye can dwell. It is composed of three beautifully ribbed arches; the centre one rising to the height of thirty-six feet above the stream. Antiquity has cast her veil over this erection, and a consequent obscurity envelopes its history. If, however, we *may* rely on popular tradition, the building is to be ascribed to an *unmentionable personage;* of whom it is said, "that he built the bridge one windy night, and that, in fetching the stones from a distance, he let fall the last apron-full as he flew over a fell hard by." This historical *fact* accounts for the huge blocks of stone found in various parts of the neighbouring moors.

"The bridge is a long, firm, and handsome structure, but so narrow as almost to deserve the taunt cast upon the "auld brig of Ayr"—

"Where twa wheelbarrows trembled when they met:"

at least, no two carriages of a larger size can pass each other; but, for the security of foot passengers, there are angular recesses in the battlements, corresponding with the projecting piers."

The river Lune, which is here of considerable width, winds through the bottom of the valley, and is overshadowed by the trees that grow upon its banks. The current passes over a rocky bed; and huge blocks, overgrown with moss, rise up in the midst of the stream. The water is clear to a great depth, and is plentifully stocked with trout and salmon. In this rich and lonely seclusion, the angler may sit and watch the gilded fly with a devotion worthy of Davy or Walton.

NAWORTH CASTLE,—CUMBERLAND.

Naworth Castle, the baronial mansion of the barony of Gilsland, seated amidst lofty trees, in a verdant park, on the south side of the Irthing, is distant two miles and a half, east by north, from Brampton.

This unique specimen of feudal architecture consists of two lofty towers, connected by masses of masonry, enclosing a quadrangular court; and retains the character which distinguished it when occupied by Lord William Howard, celebrated in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," as "Belted Will." His apartments and furniture, together with his

T. Allom. S. Lacey.

GRASSMERE FROM BUTTER CRAGS, WESTMORELAND.

T. Allom. S. Lacey.

[illegible]

library, oratory, and armoury, are shewn to visitants, "and convey a strong impression of the solitary grandeur and inconvenient magnificence of the border feudal lord." The private rooms communicate by secret passages with the dungeons; so that he was enabled, whether in his library or at the confessional, to overlook his prisoners and their guards. The grand hall, a large and lofty room, is adorned with paintings, including portraits of the Scottish monarchs. The dining and drawing rooms are hung with tapestry, and ornamented with paintings, one of which exhibits a full-length portrait of Mary, Queen of England. A considerable display of ancient armour is seen in the chapel; and on the panelled ceiling and altar-screen are portraits of the patriarchs, and of the kings of Israel and Judah.

When this structure was first erected does not appear; but it is first noticed in the 9th year of Edward III., when Ralph Lord Dacre obtained royal permission to castellate the building. The castle is now the property of the Earl of Carlisle, of whose good taste in preserving its pristine character, it affords a striking instance. The south front of the edifice is fortified by an embrasured curtain wall and gateway; and the north side reposes on the brink of lofty cliffs, impending over the torrents of a stream which flows into the Irthing. The windows are narrow and grated; and the doors, which are nearly all cased with iron, have bolts of amazing strength, and move on ponderous hinges.

In the illustrative view, the artist has imparted additional interest to his subject, by introducing a well-told "tale of other days."

THE MOSS TROOPERS.

"The warder looked from the old gray tower,
And thus to his lord he said:—
'The moss troop comes with a fearful power,
And a chieftain at their head.

"'Now, by my sword,' spake that gallant lord,
'We will meet them in the field;
Let each valiant knight equip for the fight,
And traitors be they who yield.'

"Of horse and foot, five hundred strong
Went forth upon that morn,
To chase the border troop along,
With spear, and hound, and horn.

"They drove them from fair Cumberland,
And some were prisoners ta'en;
And some by the hand of that knightly band,
On the battle field were slain.

"And better were they, who on that day
Had fallen in the strife,
Than the remnant left, of all hope bereft,
To live through a captive life.

" Galled by the chain, in the victor's train,
They walked for a weary hour;
Then pass'd from their sight the cheering sun light,
In the dungeons of Naworth tower."

The ancient borderers, or *moss-troopers*, retained in their wild forests and mountains the manners and laws of the ancient Britons. They were divided into clans, each commanded by a border chief, at the sound of whose war-cry they were speedily gathered together. Amongst these free-booters were included both English and Scotch; and it was matter of indifference to either, whether they preyed on the opposing frontier, or on the property of their own countrymen. In the time of Edward I., rapine and bloodshed occurred to so alarming an extent, that officers were created under the title of Lords Wardens of the Marches, by whom the moss-troopers were pursued by the *hot-trod*, " which was maintained with a lighted piece of turf carried on a spear, with hue and cry, bugle horn, and blood hound, and all who heard the alarm, were compelled to join in the chase."

DERWENT WATER AND VILLAGE OF GRANGE,—CUMBERLAND.

Leaving the romantic and desolate valley of Borrowdale, the tourist arrives in sight of Lake Derwent Water, whose ample breadth and meadow scenery contrast powerfully with the narrow and ruinous vale in his rear. The bridge crossing the Derwent at Grange forms a pleasing object in the view; while the village itself, and the scattered residences lying on the declivity of the hills, add greatly to the beauty of the prospect. The lake, diversified with islands, and circled by " hills whose tops reach heaven," is hence seen under an aspect peculiarly favourable to picturesque effect.

" On its smooth breast, the shadows seem
Like objects in a morning dream,
What time the slumberer is aware
He sleeps, and all the vision's air."

Loftiest among the distant hills, rises Skiddaw. The poet Wilson has addressed a powerful sonnet to this "mountain monarch."

" It was a dreadful day, when late I pass'd
O'er thy dim vastness, Skiddaw! Mist and cloud
Each subject Fell obscured, and rushing blast
To thee made darling music, wild and loud,
Thou mountain monarch!"

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

…RTH CASTLE, CUMBERLAND.

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

DERWENTWATER & VILLAGE OF GRANGE [illegible]

[illegible]

BRENCKBURN PRIORY,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Brenckburn Priory, distant ten miles north-north-west from Morpeth, is situated within a curvature of the river Coquet, by which it is surrounded on all sides except the north. A portion of this ancient edifice has been demolished. The church, which was built in the cathedral form, is nearly entire, consisting of the square tower, the nave, the two transepts, the aisle, and a side aisle, to the north: one spire still stands, which, with the noble pillars and arches, and the remains of the dormitory, authenticate its former extent and magnificence. The windows of this structure exhibit the circular and pointed arch; and the north and south doors are richly ornamented in the Saxon and Norman styles of architecture. Mutilated urns, and other relics of antiquity, having been discovered in various parts of the buildings, it has been conjectured that a Roman station once existed here, and that "Brenckburn Grove" echoed the ravings of pagan superstition long before a Christian priesthood had chosen it for their abode. On a hill adjacent to the Priory are evident traces of a Roman villa, and of a military way, on which are the foundations of many houses running regularly in streets. When the water is low, the piers of a Roman bridge are distinctly seen in the bed of the river. According to the opinion of some, Brenckburn, or Brencaburgh, carries back its origin to a period even more remote than the Roman invasion. Probably it is the same with Brunenburgh, near to which king Athelstan, in the year 938, gained the celebrated victory known by that name: the battle, it is known, was fought in this neighbourhood.

The Priory was founded in the reign of Henry I., by William de Bertram, Baron of Mitford, who dedicated it to St. Peter, and placed therein a brotherhood of black canons, of the order of St. Benedick. By this nobleman and his son, the Priory was endowed with extensive possessions, and invested with many and important privileges. At the time of the dissolution, ten canons were resident here; and the annual revenue of the institution was estimated at nearly eighty pounds, a large revenue in those days. The building, together with its demesnes, ultimately descended to Major Hodgson, of Moorhouse Hall, in the county of Cumberland; and was by him sold to Ward Cadogan, Esq.; by whose recent decease, the property of Brenckburn Priory has devolved on Major Hodgson Cadogan, "son of the former proprietor, who married the only daughter of this gentleman."

The proprietary mansion stands near the south-west angle of the church, and was built on the walls of the monastic edifice. The situation is highly romantic and picturesque: the river Coquet winds round the grounds, giving them a peninsular situation; and the stream is overhung by rocks and woods, presenting together a picture of exquisite beauty. The Priory itself presents many objects of great interest to the antiquary.

THE CASTLE, FROM THE COUNTY COURT, NEWCASTLE-TYNE.

A general description of the Castle, at Newcastle, has been given at page 32 of this work; we shall, therefore, only add some few particulars, to render that brief survey more complete.

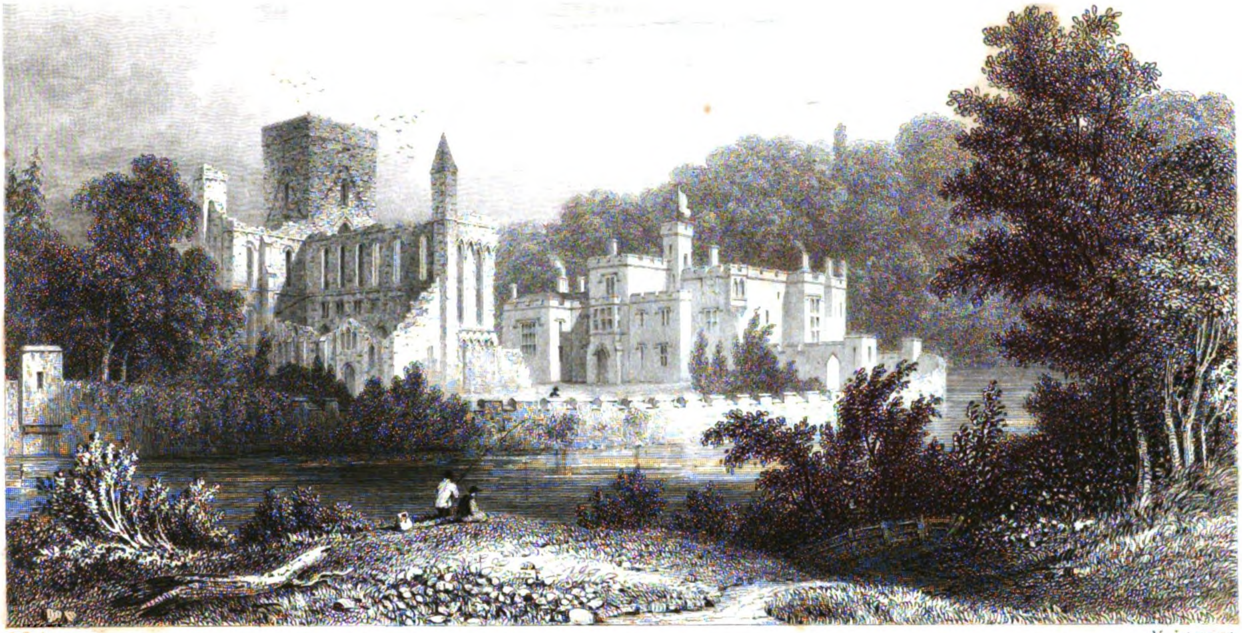
The liberties and privileges of the Castle extended northward to the Tweed, and southward to the river Tees. After the union of England and Scotland, this structure, which had till then served as a check against the inroads of our northern neighbours, was abandoned by the crown, and afterwards held by the incorporated company of tailors, at the annual rent of one pound; a portion of the keep only being retained as a prison. From the year 1605 to 1616, this seat of "olden revelry," the gathering-place of "knights and barons bold," was the farmed property of the corporate *board* above-mentioned, who here *threaded* their arguments, and took their *measures*. In 1618, James I. granted the castle to the page of his bed-chamber, for a yearly rent of forty shillings. In 1652, the corporation of Newcastle obtained it by purchase, and James II. confirmed it to them by letters patent. This grant was, however, in 1734, revoked; and the property, after having passed successively through the hands of Colonel Liddle, Henry Lord Ravensworth, and others, was once more, in 1812, purchased by the corporation for six hundred guineas, and to them it now belongs.

This noble fortress was for a length of time tenanted by a currier, and the chapel used as the beer-cellar of a tavern! Afterwards, the Castle was repaired, and its appearance considerably improved: the top of the keep was arched and flagged, and a flag-tower erected; the battlements were embrasured; and the stairs and interior apartments carefully restored. Twelve carronades were also mounted, to fire salutes on days of public rejoicing.

The County Court, or Moot Hall, forming one feature in our Engraving, is a massive stone building, universally allowed to be one of the finest specimens of Grecian architecture in the north of England. It stands on the south side of the Castle-garth, and was erected under the superintendence of Mr. Stokoe, architect. The foundation-stone was laid on the 22d of July, 1810, and in 1812 the edifice reached completion. This magnificent building is of an oblong form, and measures one hundred and forty-four feet by seventy-two; the north and south sides being ornamented with elegant porticoes, the Grecian Doric pillars of which are twenty-eight feet in height, and five feet in diameter. The whole fabric is surrounded partly by walls and buildings, and partly by iron palisades.

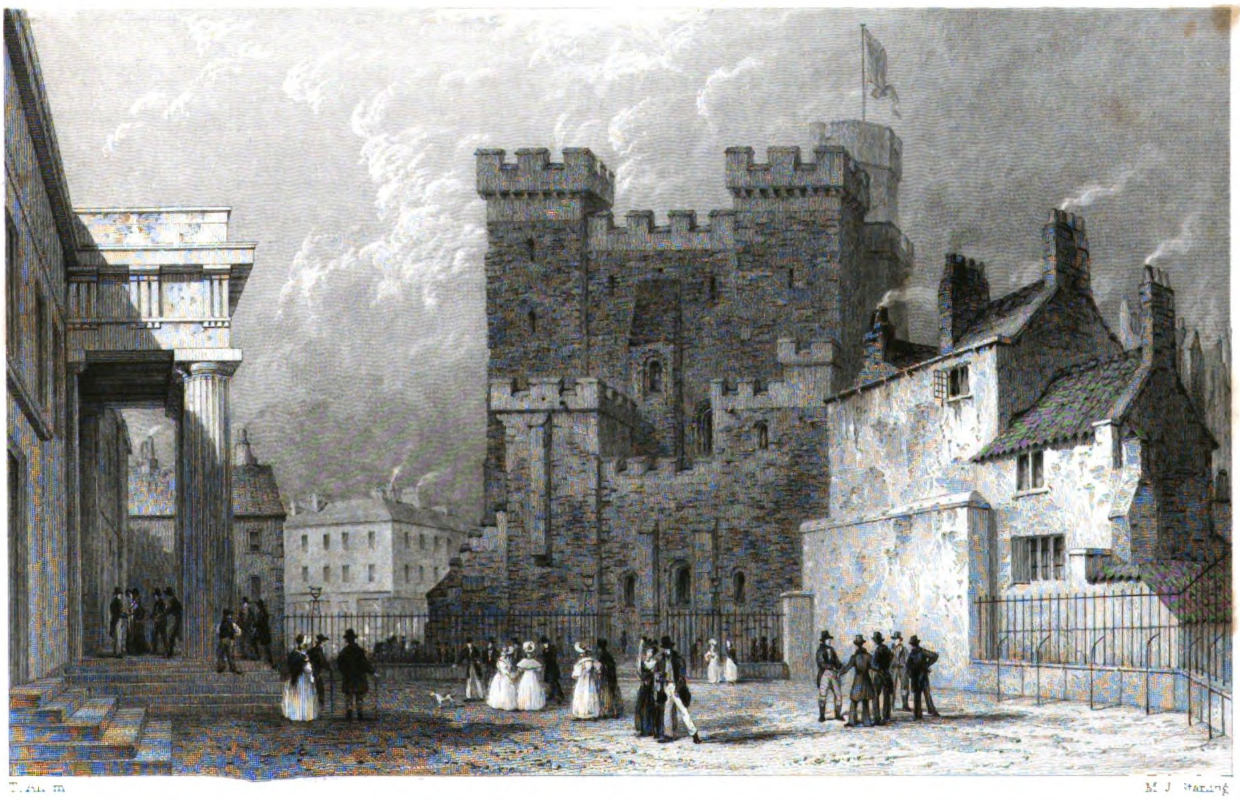
On the right of the entrance-hall is the crown court, and on the left the *nisi prius* court; and the wings include convenient apartments for the judge, and the inferior attendants of the court. Above these, are the gaoler's apartments. The prison occupies the lower part of the building, and consists of a great number of cells, which are dry, well lighted and ventilated, and furnished with fire-places.

This structure is one of the principal architectural ornaments of Newcastle.



M. J. Starling.

N. W. VIEW OF BRINKBURN PRIORY NORTHUMBERLAND.



T. Allom. M. J. Starling.

THE CASTLE, FROM THE COUNTY COURTS, NEWCASTLE – TYNE

FISHER SON & CO. LONDON 1834.

NORHAM CASTLE,—NORTH DURHAM.

Norham Castle was built by Bishop Flambard, in 1121, for the protection of the see of Durham against the inroads of the Scots. It is "situated on the top of a high steep rock, impending over the Tweed." Bishop Tunstal found it necessary to repair the edifice; and Pudsey, a subsequent prelate, built the great tower, which still exists, and is seventy feet in height. Near to the river, the ruins hang upon the verge of the precipice, and part of them have been washed away by the encroachments of the stream. The materials of which the building is composed is a soft red freestone.

In early times, this fortress was, when sufficiently garrisoned, almost impregnable. It was taken, and partly destroyed, by David I., of Scotland, in 1138; but was afterwards restored to its former strength by Bishop Pudsey. King John besieged the Castle, in consequence of the Northumbrian barons having yielded homage to Alexander II.; so obstinate, however, was the defence, that in forty days he was obliged to raise the siege. Various attempts were afterwards made by the Scots to obtain possession of this fortress, but with no great success. A short time previous to the memorable battle of Flodden Field, it was assaulted by James IV., of Scotland, who effected an entrance, through the advice and assistance of a deserter from the garrison.

The Traitor's Guerdon.

Silence, interrupted only by the measured paces of the sentinels, had taken place of the tumult which, a few hours before, rung throughout Norham Castle. James had retired, with the Earls of Huntley, Lennox, and Argyle, to the state-room. Seating himself in an antique chair at the upper end of the apartment, the Scottish monarch welcomed his nobles to Norham.

"Why, Huntley," exclaimed the affable James, "the wine-cup of Norham brings a blush into thy face; dost think we have not earned our cheer?"

"Dearly earned it, sire," replied Huntley: "these English fight bravely, and do not yield on slight pretence."

"There are traitors among them, Huntley," rejoined the king. "Did you notice the dark-looking churl, that craved our ear last night?"

"I did, sire, and marvelled your majesty should grant him private audience."

"I'll tell thee, Huntley: I saw the traitor lurking in his face, and guessed his errand was to sell his countrymen. He offered me entrance to the Castle: I bargained with the craven, and instructed him, on a certain signal being given, to admit me and my followers. This morning, therefore, I gave thee charge to press the assault with vigour, that the resources of the besieged might all be collected at one point; and before they had discovered the stratagem, I was in possession of their fortress."

"And what guerdon did your majesty bestow on the traitor?"

"He has not yet received his reward," replied James. "I appointed to-night for the payment of the sum demanded, and 'tis some wonder that he is not here already."

The door of the apartment opened, and an attendant entered, to inquire whether it was his majesty's pleasure that a stranger should be admitted to his presence.

"Conduct him hither," replied the king.

The door again opened, and admitted a tall muscular man, whose face (the very index of his mind) exhibited a strange mixture of effrontery and cowardice. He advanced with long slovenly strides to the king's chair, and, resting his arm on one of the supporters, briefly explained the motive for his visit.—"I come for my hire," said he.

"I bade you come for your *reward*," answered James.

The man's countenance betrayed considerable anxiety; but his apprehensions appeared to subside on seeing the stipulated sum counted over on the table, and all his former assurance returned when the Earl of Huntley had given the price of treason into his hands. With a slight obeisance, he prepared to leave the presence.

"Stay, traitor!" exclaimed James: "thou hast thine hire, but not thy reward." Then summoning his guard, "Seize this caitiff," said the king, "and hang him on the outer battlement."——It was the utter hopelessness of life, probably, that inspired the prisoner with courage, while, with a look of daring and contempt, he replied—"James of Scotland, thou hast sealed thy own death." The monarch waved his hand, and the traitor was led away to execution.

Not long after this occurrence, was fought the memorable battle of Flodden Field, in which James, with a great portion of his army, perished. It was currently reported, that several letters, in the hand-writing of James, had reached the English court; and that on them the latter had acted, in all its movements, against the Scottish monarch. When, at length, the decayed body of the traitor fell through the chains which suspended it, another letter, in the same character, was found in an envelop of his dress: a sufficient evidence that he had conveyed the manuscripts to the English court; and that he, in fact, had sealed the death of James.

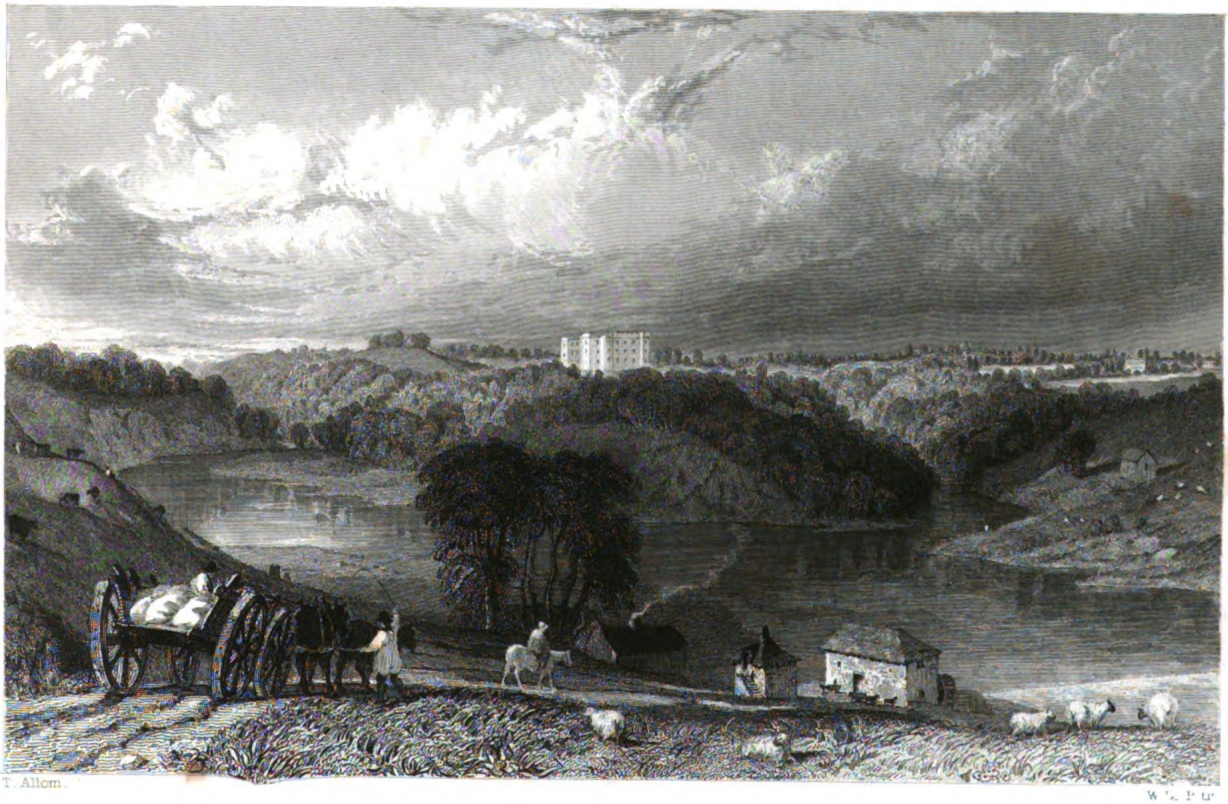
TWYSILL CASTLE,—NORTH DURHAM.

Twysill is a township, ten miles south-west of Berwick. The Castle, the property of Sir Francis Blake, Bart., stands in this township, on the brink of a rocky precipice, east of the river Till, and at no great distance from Tilmouth House. This magnificent castellated structure is built of white freestone, and the scenery by which it is surrounded is of the most romantic and picturesque description.

The manor of Twysill was anciently held in soccage tenure of the barons of Mitford, and has passed successively through several distinguished families to the Blakes, its present possessors. This last-named family is of great antiquity, and of British extraction, being traditionally derived from *Ap Lake*, one of the knights of the celebrated Round Table.

At Twysill, the river Till is crossed by a stone bridge, consisting of one magnificent arch, spanning upwards of ninety feet. The junction of the Till with the Tweed is shewn in the illustrative View.

NORHAM CASTLE, ON THE TWEED, NORTH DURHAM.



TYNEMOUTH CASTLE, ON THE TYNE, NORTH DURHAM.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON 1834.

T. Allom. S. Lacey.

HIGHCUP—GILL, APPLEBY IN THE DISTANCE.

T. Allom. S. Lacey.

BROUGHAM CASTLE, WESTMORLAND.

HIGHCUP GILL, APPLEBY IN THE DISTANCE,—WESTMORLAND.

Highcup Gill is situated between the lofty elevation of Murton Pike and Roman Fell. Through the middle of this romantic valley runs a mountain stream which, after a winding course of some miles, at length effects a junction with the river Eden. The Gill presents a most remarkable appearance; and might be compared to the tumultuous heavings of a troubled sea, suddenly arrested by a petrifying power. The elevation of this spot may be assumed from the distance to which the spectator can extend his view. The intervening space between it and Appleby appears inconsiderable; but the diminution of objects, and the aërial tint that veils them, sufficiently indicate "the stretch of vision" which may be here enjoyed.

BROUGHAM CASTLE,—WESTMORLAND.

The venerable ruins of Brougham Castle are situated in the immediate neighbourhood of Brougham Hall, the seat of the present Lord Chancellor, near the junction of the rivers Eamont and Lowther, and within half a mile south-east of Penrith. Some traces of an ancient encampment are still visible, and many coins and other remains of the Roman era have from time to time been discovered. The present ruins attest a Norman origin, and the first recorded possessor was John de Veteripont; but considerable additions were made to the structure by the first Roger Lord Clifford, and his descendant.

In 1412, Brougham Castle suffered considerably from the Scots; and no mention of it occurs in history from that period till 1617, when James I., on his return from Scotland, was here hospitably entertained by Francis, Earl of Cumberland. An inscription on the edifice states, that in 1651 it was repaired by the Countess Dowager Pembroke, "after it had lain ruinous ever since 1617." No renovations appear to have been afterwards made; and the pile has gradually sunk beneath the all-subduing influence of time: yet, even at the present day, the ruins retain an air of grandeur, to mock and to attest its former magnificence.

The entrance to the Castle is by a gateway and tower, leading through a short covered way to the inner gateway. The keep is situated in the middle of the area: the masonry in this portion of the building is admirable; but all the interior apartments, with the exception of one vault, are destroyed. The roof of this chamber consists of groined arches, supported in the centre by an octagonal pillar; and the whole is finished with elaborate chisel-work and grotesque sculptures. Of the out-works, scarcely any vestige remains. The gateways are vaulted, and they had each a portcullis to protect the entrance.

Situated on a woody eminence, these ruins present a striking and picturesque object to the tourist, from whatever point the view may be obtained. Near the Castle is a lofty and handsome pillar, adorned with coats of arms and other embellishments, called the Countess's Pillar. It was erected in 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, as the inscription states, "for a memorial of her last parting in this place with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland."

With Whinfell Park, in the neighbourhood of Brougham, the following improbable narration is connected:—During a visit of Edward Baliol, King of Scotland, to Robert de Clifford, in 1333, it is said, "they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Red Kirk, in Scotland, and back to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side, and the greyhound attempting the same leap, fell, and died on the contrary side."

HEXHAM, FROM THE WEST,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Hexham is a town of great antiquity, pleasantly situated on an eminence south of the Tyne river, at the distance of twenty miles west from Newcastle. The soil in this neighbourhood varies considerably: the valleys are rich, and in a fine state of cultivation, while the higher lands require all the efforts of skill and industry to render them fertile. Of the vale of Hexham it is said, "its harvests are the earliest, its trees have the richest foliage, and its landscape is the most diversified and interesting of any in Northumberland."

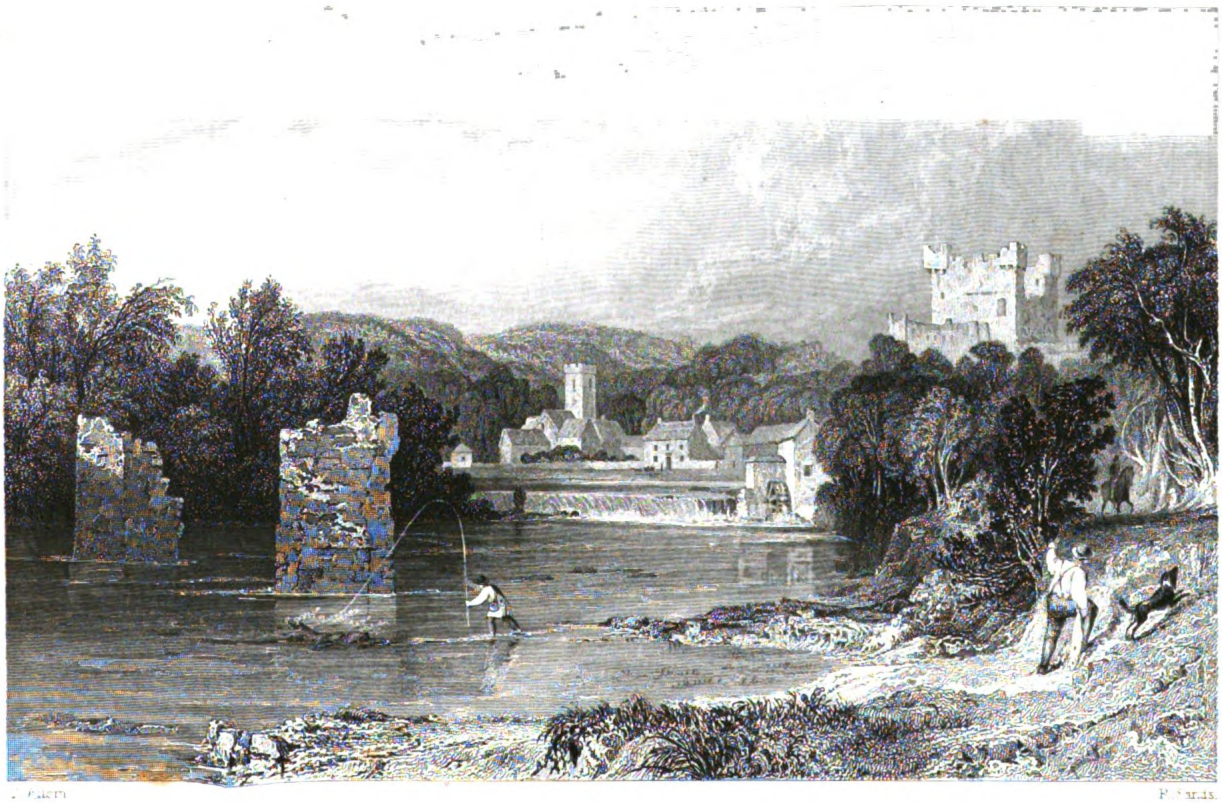
The site of the town, in the immediate neighbourhood of Hadrian's Wall, and several important Roman stations, affords testimony that an encampment formerly occupied this place; though antiquaries differ much in opinion on this subject. The dignity and celebrity of Hexham is derived from the ancient church, the building of which by St. Wilfrid was undoubtedly the first inducement to erect domestic habitations in the vicinity. To this holy personage, king Egfrid granted the whole territory of Hexhamshire, and to his zeal and ability the town was indebted for that high character which rendered it the envy and admiration of the age. He introduced into it the most skilful artists from France and Italy; and the first use of glass windows in the north of England is ascribed to him. He is represented as having been "elegant in person, accomplished and affable in demeanour, popular in manners, and, though extremely ambitious, was eminent for the virtues of charity and liberality. The sons of princes were his pupils, and princes themselves were his familiar intimates."

The ecclesiastical buildings, and the whole neighbourhood of Hexham, suffered severely from the Scots; and a short time previous to the battle of Nevill's Cross, David, king of Scotland, with an army of forty thousand men, halted here three days, and converted the place into a depôt for military stores and provisions. The next event of importance was the battle of Hexham Levels, in which Henry VI., of the house of Lancaster, suffered a final defeat by the Yorkists.—The romantic incidents attending the escape of Margaret and prince Edward, will form an episode in this brief history.

The "Queen's Cave."

After the defeat at Hedgeley Moor, the Lancastrians concentrated their forces on the plain of Hexham Levels, and there waited the advance of the Yorkists, resolving to place on the issue of the expected contest their final overthrow or triumph. The result of this battle is well known: the army of Henry was completely routed, and even the high cap of state, with its two rich crowns, fell into the hands of the Duke of York, who shortly after ascended the throne of England by the title of Edward IV. Henry fled from the field;

HEXHAM, FROM THE WEST, NORTHUMBERLAND.



ETWELL, ON THE TYNE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

FISHER SON & CO LONDON 1834.

and Margaret, his queen, with the young prince Edward, escaped into an adjoining forest. They had scarcely entered within its intricacies, when they were seized by a band of ruffians who had there located themselves. Regardless of her rank, sex, or situation, they stripped the queen of her jewels, and were proceeding to greater indignities, when a quarrel arose between them about the distribution of the spoil. Seizing this favourable opportunity for escape, the prince and his mother fled into the interior recesses of the forest.

As the royal fugitives were pursuing their toilsome journey through this wilderness, a rustling of the trees forewarned them of approaching danger; but before they could reach concealment, a robber confronted them in their path.

"Ruffian," exclaimed the queen, assuming the dignity and haughtiness of carriage familiar to her, "thou hast tarried over long: thy comrades have been before thee, and have despoiled us of our treasures."

"Truly," answered the robber; "their chief will find but worthless prey in what they left you. You may pass: 'twere better that you take the right-hand path, its windings lead to an opening of the forest."

"Stay, man," said Margaret, "though a desperate outlaw, there yet may be some spark of pity in thee, some reverence for a kingly name."

"Pity and reverence are terms alike unknown to me," replied the man; "and kingly power is but an idle sound to him who owns no sway—respects no laws."

"Yet will I trust thee," answered the queen, "for fortune leaves us little choice of friends. Behold this boy—the son of Henry of Lancaster, your king."

Whether surprise overpowered him, or a latent nobleness of mind forbade him to offer insult to fallen majesty, the robber chief uncovered his head, and proffered his assistance to the wanderers.

"What service," said he, "can I render to you and the prince your son?"

"Provide us with a place of concealment," eagerly rejoined the queen, "and effect our escape beyond the reach of York."

"Concealment," said the robber, "is not difficult; and what more I can do, I will do: for the present, follow me to a cave hard by, where you may repose in safety, and wait a favourable opportunity of rejoining your friends."—He led the way through an unfrequented path, and brought them to "a wretched but secure asylum" in the forest, which, in memory of the unfortunate queen, still retains the name of the "Queen's Cave."

During the civil wars, the inhabitants of Hexham maintained their loyalty; and, in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, they manifested the strongest attachment to the house of Stuart. The reorganization of the northern militia in 1761, occasioned a "direful commotion, called *Hexham Riot*," in which a considerable number of the miners were killed and wounded by the military. Martial law having been proclaimed, the country was patrolled by an excited soldiery, who inspired terror wherever they appeared, and succeeded in dragging the ringleaders of the riot from their places of concealment to the scaffold.

In common with most ancient towns, Hexham is irregularly built. The market-place

is spacious; and on the principal day of business (Tuesday) a plentiful supply of corn, provisions, &c. is brought for sale. A market of less consequence is held every Saturday. Two annual fairs take place in August and November; and "three hirings," in the months of March, May, and November. Hexham does not enjoy an inland navigation; but its manufactures of leather, gloves, stuff-hats, and worsted articles, are very considerable. Vast quantities of vegetables are supplied by Hexham for the Newcastle markets.

After several ineffectual attempts to erect a bridge, the present one was constructed under the direction of Mr. Myne, architect. This beautiful structure consists of nine principal arches, and three smaller ones on the south side. The Abbey Church is the parochial place of worship at Hexham; besides which, there are several buildings for the use of the Presbyterians, Catholics, and other dissenting congregations. Amongst the public buildings may be enumerated a Mechanics' Institute, a Dispensary, and a Savings' Bank.—Hexham is the birth-place of several eminent men; of whom the learned Stackhouse, sometime master of the Grammar-school, is not the least distinguished.

BYWELL, ON THE TYNE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The picturesque village of Bywell is pleasantly seated on the north side of the Tyne, at the distance of eight miles east by south from Hexham. It was formerly a place of greater importance than it is at the present time, and was famous for the manufacture of stirrups, bits, curbs, buckles, and a variety of other articles. In 1569, the commissioners of queen Elizabeth make mention in their report of its flourishing condition.

In Bywell are two parochial churches, dedicated to St. Andrew and St. Peter; "one of which is said to have been built in consequence of a quarrel for precedency between two sisters, one of whom founded a church of her own, where she reigned lady paramount, to the exclusion of the other." The church of St. Peter is a large ancient edifice, with a square tower; the vicarage of which is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Durham. This edifice occupies a central position in our View. The structure dedicated to St. Andrew is smaller, and surmounted with a lofty steeple: the living is a discharged vicarage, in the gift of T. W. Beaumont, Esq. These two ecclesiastical buildings are at no great distance from each other, and between them stands an ancient stone cross. Two stone piers, the remains of an old bridge, whose history does not exist even in "dim tradition," are still standing.

Westward of the village, are the ruins of the ancient baronial Castle, which was formerly a strong and extensive fortress. The barony was held *in capite* by Hugh de Baliol, whose ancestors had enjoyed possession from the time of Rufus. In the reign of Richard II., it was vested in the Nevils, Lords of Raby, and subsequently Earls of Westmorland, by whom it was forfeited in 1571. It is now the property of Thomas Wentworth Beaumont, Esq. Bywell Hall, in the neighbourhood, the elegant mansion of the present possessor of the barony, stands in a beautiful lawn, skirted on the south by the river Tyne, and adorned by forest trees.

NETHERBY,—CUMBERLAND.

Netherby, the magnificent seat of the Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Baronet, First Lord of the Admiralty, and M.P. for Cumberland, is seated on an eminence in a beautiful and spacious park, within the township of the same name. The site of this edifice was anciently occupied by a Roman city, and the sea is supposed to have approached very near to its walls. Leland remarks, that "men alyve have sene rynges and staples yn the walles, as yt had bene stayes or holdes for shyppes." Dr. Graham, who erected this mansion, discovered many curious and interesting remains of antiquity, while forming the pleasure-grounds in the vicinage of the house. These consist of a fine hypocaust or bath, several altars, inscriptions, coins, and domestic utensils. From an inscription on one of the altars, it appears that the Romans were located here in the reign of Adrian. The Esk river, and its adjacent fertile plains, give variety to the scenery of Netherby; and the gardens and pleasure-ground attached to the mansion, are disposed with great taste. The interior of the edifice is magnificently furnished, and includes an excellent library.

The Netherby estate became, in the reign of King John, the property of the Stutevilles, whose male issue failed in the time of Henry III. The possession then passed by marriage to Hugh de Wake, and by a descendant of this house it was at length annexed to the crown. Shortly after his accession, James 1. granted the manor to George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, of whose successor it was purchased by Sir Richard Graham, ancestor of the present distinguished proprietor.

This demesne is said to owe its importance to Dr. Graham. When it came into his possession, the lands were entirely uncultivated, and the people had scarcely emerged from feudal ignorance and barbarity. To the latter he taught industry by his own example; and the wild tract of ground soon assumed, under his management, the form of verdant meadows and fruitful corn fields. As one means of improving his estate, he erected houses for his tenants; and, attaching to each a few acres of ground, suffered the occupants to live free of rent, till the productiveness of the soil enabled them to pay it. He also established schools for the children of his tenantry; "and, in a few years, had the satisfaction of seeing upwards of five hundred young persons constantly instructed at them."

Considerable additions are now being made to the manorial house; and our artist has been furnished with the means of introducing the most important one into the present view. This is the elevated building in the centre of the edifice, ornamented with lantern turrets. The picturesque structure on the right forms an interesting object in the approach to the park.

At the distance of two miles from Netherby, are the remains of a strong entrenchment, called Liddal's Strength, situated on a lofty cliff, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country.

NAWORTH CASTLE,—CUMBERLAND.

Naworth Castle has already formed a subject for our Illustrations; and the description by which the former view was accompanied, comprises in brief all that can be said respecting the structure. The quadrangular court is here shewn, and the peculiar architecture of this unique feudal residence effectively developed.

The Bridal of Naworth.

The manor of Gilsland, which had descended in the ancient family of Beuth from a period antecedent to the Conquest, was wrested from the rightful heirs in the time of Henry I., and by that monarch confirmed to Hubert de Vallibus and his posterity, "to hold by the service of two knight's fees." To Hubert succeeded Robert de Vallibus, his son, whose claims to the barony were disputed by Gilles Bueth. Robert, adopting the ruthless and barbarous policy of a feudal age, removed his rival by assassination, and thus established an undisputed right to the manorial possessions.

Mirth and revelry ushered in the day appointed for the nuptials of Robert, lord of Gilsland. He had chosen for his bride Ada, a lady of gentle birth, and heiress of right noble possessions: the contracts had been formally sealed and delivered, and due preparation made for the solemnization of the marriage. The bridal morn beheld a goodly company assembled in the great hall of the castle: knights and dames of high degree; pages, and men at arms; together with all the vassals of the barony. In this numerous assembly, the lady Ada was received with acclamations, as the elect bride of Robert de Vallibus. The retainers, who stood at respectful distance, at the lower end of the hall, pledged the wine-cup freely, and acknowledged the munificent largess of the baron, with shouts that echoed through the castle. The sun-beams gilded the frowning battlements of Naworth, as the bridal procession passed through the court-yard to the chapel. Then, at the altar, the lady Ada plighted her troth to the lord of Gilsland. While yet the holy brotherhood were chanting their service, and ere the benediction had hallowed the marriage rite, De Vallibus, whose countenance had assumed a ghastly paleness, uttered a loud cry of terror, and rushed forth from the chapel. Surprise and consternation seized the whole assembly: the choral services were suspended, and the venerable prior stood with uplifted hands, hesitating to pronounce a blessing on a union so strangely interrupted. The bride of De Vallibus was removed insensible in the arms of her attendants, and the rest of the company retreated from the altar with confused and hasty steps.

The baron's confessor had been summoned to the oratory. When the holy father entered, he discovered his lord lying prostrate and insensible at the foot of the crucifix. He raised him from the ground, and endeavoured to recall his wandering faculties; but De Vallibus gave no sign of recognition, and his eyes threw a wild and vacant glance on objects long familiar to his sight. Cordials and restoratives at length succeeded in removing the death-like stupor which bound his senses; but the approaches of consciousness were more terrible than the pale and ghastly expression of benumbed reason. He seized

T. Allom. J. C. Bentley.

NETHERBY, CUMBERLAND.

THE SEAT OF SIR JAMES GRAHAM BART. FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

T. Allom. J. C. Bentley.

[illegible] COURT YARD, NEWCASTLE ON TYNE.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON 1834.

the father's hand with a convulsive grasp, while his whole frame trembled beneath the influence of some dreadful excitement.

"Benedicite, my son," at length exclaimed the monk.

"What, Ranulph, is it you?" began the baron. "A dream, a fearful terrible dream, Ranulph."

"My son, 'tis time that I recall you to yourself. It is no dream has troubled you. Within these two hours past, you fled the altar, leaving your nuptial rites unfinished; since when, your frame has been convulsed and agonized, your tongue has uttered words of guilty meaning. Confess, confess, my son, and let my counsel comfort and assure you."

"It is no dream then?" wildly exclaimed the baron, "and I have seen him."

"Him? whom?"

"Tell me, father—can the sepulchre cast forth its dead, to mock us with a semblance of the life, to stand before us in our very path, and blanch our cheeks to whiteness like their own?"

"Why this inquiry?"

"Gilles Beuth! he stood this day between me and the altar!"

* * * * * *

Whether remorse and penitence prevailed for the blood-guiltiness of the baron, is not for us to say: certain it is, that, after he had founded the priory of Lanercost, as an atonement, the church absolved him from his crime; and when he approached the altar a second time with the lady Ada, either the spirit of Gilles Beuth had been appeased, or the phantasies of a guilty mind had been dispelled by the influence of religion.

WYNYARD,—DURHAM.

Wynyard, the elegant seat of the Marquis of Londonderry, is distant about four miles and a half north by west from Stockton. Within the last few years, the park has been considerably enlarged, and the present house erected on the site of the old mansion, from a beautiful Grecian design by P. W. Wyatt, Esq. It is difficult to say which is most worthy of admiration—the dignified simplicity exhibited in the exterior of the building, or the judicious arrangements in the interior, which combine the majesty of a palace with the comforts and conveniences of a domestic dwelling. The walks and pleasure-grounds in the vicinage of the edifice harmonize well with the chaste design of the architect; artificial decoration, and superb ornament, give place to the softer features of nature. A small rivulet, forming a beautiful canal, margined with wood and shady walks, meanders with easy curvatures through the park, and gives a delightful finish to the scene.

The property of Wynyard has been held by a long succession of distinguished families. The inheritance was conveyed in marriage with Lady Frances, daughter of Sir Henry Vane Tempest, to the Marquis of Londonderry in Ireland, who, in 1823, was created Earl Vane, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

STOCKTON-UPON-TEES,—DURHAM.

Stockton-upon-Tees is a handsome market-town, situated near the confluence of the Tees with the German Ocean, at the distance of twenty miles south-south-east from Durham.

The early history of this town is involved in considerable obscurity. A castle formerly existed here, but whether the site of this edifice was ever occupied by the Romans, is doubtful; a small coin of Claudius Cæsar, who invaded Britain about the year 44, being the only testimony to support the conjecture. Stockton formed part of the possessions annexed to the see of Durham, and contributed to extend the jurisdiction of the bishop from the river Tyne to the Tees. Several of the prelates had residences in the town; and many of its privileges and immunities were directly or indirectly conferred by them. So early as 1310, Bishop Bek granted a charter for holding a market and fair, which was afterwards renewed in the 44th of Elizabeth.

In 1597, the town was partly consumed by fire; and in the reign of Edward II., according to ancient record, it was destroyed by the Scots. "The castle did not fall a sacrifice to the ravages of time, but to the distracted state of the kingdom during the common-wealth; the order of parliament for the sale of the bishop's lands, brought it into the hands of private persons, who appear to have demolished it for the sale of materials, with which some of the stone houses in the town are said to have been built." Subsequent to the great rebellion, a large extent of common and undivided lands were enclosed, and a spirit of improvement created in the town, which led to an extension of trade and an increase of the population.

This town is corporate by prescription, such as London and many other places, "which have existed as corporations from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; and therefore are looked upon in law to be well created." It is under the authority of a mayor, recorder, and a court of aldermen. As a commercial station, Stockton enjoys great advantages, and its trade with Holland and the ports of the Baltic is considerable. "At the Reformation, it was a village so despicable that the best house in it could scarcely boast of any thing better than clay walls and a thatched roof; and yet, near fifty years ago, there came in one year to the port of London, as appears from the Custom-house books, seventy-five vessels from thence;" and the trade has been progressively increasing ever since. Considerable quantities of salt provisions, corn, flour, lead, allum, &c. are sent coast-wise to London; and large supplies of hams, pork, and leather are shipped at this port for the metropolitan market. The fisheries in the Tees river are very productive, particularly that of salmon, which is protected by an act passed in the first year of George I. "The commerce of Stockton has been materially increased and facilitated by the formation of a cut, or canal, two hundred and twenty yards long, at Portrack, a little below the town, across a narrow neck of land, by which a circuit of almost three

T. Allom. W. Floyd.

STOCKTON ON TEES.

T. Allom. W. Floyd.

WYNYARD, DURHAM.

THE SEAT OF THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON, 1834.

miles is saved in the navigation of the river; and ships can now cross the bar, and come up to the quays, in one tide."

In 1767, a navigable canal was projected, to pass from Stockton to the extensive inland collieries of Etherly and Witton Park; but, for reasons not explained, the undertaking was abandoned. The desired communication has, however, been effected by a rail-way, or tram-road, extending a considerable distance, and having several branches to Yarm and other places. The original work was completed in 1825, under the authority of an act of parliament, and is the joint property of a number of shareholders. Coaches, drawn by horses, travel daily over this road, from Stockton to Darlington, at the rate of about nine miles an hour. Locomotive engines are employed for the transit of coal, lime, lead, &c.; and other engines are stationed on the line, to assist the loaded waggons in their passage across the elevated portions of the road. The utility of this communication is evidenced by the number of carriages which are constantly traversing it, laden with passengers and merchandise.

The public buildings and institutions in Stockton are too numerous for particular mention in this brief sketch. The town-hall is a handsome and commodious structure, standing in the centre of High-street, and presenting a noble façade towards the north. The parochial church is a handsome-built edifice, which was consecrated to divine uses in 1712. The Custom-house, situated on the quay, at the foot of Finkle-street, was erected by the corporation in 1730, on the site of the old one, then in a ruinous and decayed condition. The exterior presents nothing remarkable, but the interior arrangements are commodious and judicious.

Annual races are held on the Carrs, on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, commencing the Thursday in the first week after York August Meeting. The race-course, with its attendant "pomp and circumstance," is shewn in the illustrative View: the church tower, and the light and beautiful spire of the town-hall, are also seen rising above the surrounding mass of buildings.

RYDAL WATER,—WESTMORLAND.

The small lake of Rydal Water lies within the valley of Grasmere, at the distance of two miles north-west from Ambleside. The spirit of repose that broods over it, and the luxuriance of its borders, give a pleasing relief to the stern grandeur and barrenness of the neighbouring mountains. It scarcely exceeds a mile in length, and the water is apparently shallow. Two small islands rise above the surface of the lake; on one of which a heronry has been established. A few ancient trees decorate its banks on one side, and the other is skirted by hoary rocks, with woods vegetating from their fissures. Rydal Water has an outlet in the Rothay river, which, after a course of two miles, enters the lake of Windermere. On the right of our view is Ivy Cottage, the beautiful and romantic residence of the Rev. Samuel Tilbrook, D.D.

At a short distance north-east from the lake, stands Rydal Hall, the seat of the Fleming family. It is situated on a gentle eminence, at the junction of two valleys, and is sheltered by waving woods, which cover the surrounding heights. In the rear of the Hall, is the mountain of Rydal Head, covered with a soft herbage, occasionally relieved by rugged masses of rock. The ascent to this hill is laborious and difficult, but the prospect thence obtained is an ample compensation for the toil. Hence are seen Grasmere and Rydal Water, extending like beautiful mirrors far beneath the feet; the eye looks down upon them almost perpendicularly, and every creek and bay in the line of shore is distinctly perceptible.

Rydal Water is the property of the Flemings of Rydal Hall.

ULLSWATER, SECOND REACH,—WESTMORLAND.

The Second Reach of Ullswater presents a scene of natural grandeur and sublimity that can scarcely be exceeded; and when beheld, as our artist has shewn it, under a moon-light effect, it affords objects for contemplation, on which the eye rests with astonishment, and the mind with awful and devotional feeling. This reach of the lake extends about four miles in length, and lies between the lofty and precipitous acclivities of Hallan-fell, Birk-fell, and Place-fell on the south, and the undulating copse of Gowbarrow Park on the north. "The characteristics of the left shore are grandeur and immensity; its cliffs are vast and broken, and rise immediately from the stream, and often shoot their masses over it." Among the fells enclosing this shore, are Holling-fell, and Swarth-fell, "shewing huge walls of naked rocks, and scars which many torrents have inflicted." The mighty Helvellyn, scowling over all, adds dignity to this alpine solitude.

Referring to the scenery in the neighbourhood of the second reach, Mr. Hutchinson says, "We now doubled a woody promontory, and passing by the foot of Gowbarrow Park, ascended into the narrow part of the lake, leaving the grassy margins and scattered copse, which had bordered the water as we passed by Water Mellock. All around was one scene of mountains, which hemmed us in, arising with awful and precipitate fronts. Here the white cliffs raised their pointed heads; there the shaken and rifted rocks were split and cavated into vast shelves, chasms, and dreary cells, which yawned upon the shadowed lake; while other steeps, less rugged, were decked with shrubs, which grew on every plain and chink, their summits being embrowned with sun-parched moss and scanty herbage.

"Gowbarrow Park," Mr. Baines remarks, "is far more interesting, and more accordant to the rest of the scenery, with its neglected woods, its aged oaks and thorns, and its rough carpet of grass and fern, than if all the elegance of art had been lavished upon it.

T. Allom. J. Sands.

SECOND REACH, OF ULLSWATER.

T. Allom. J. Sands.

KEWEAL WATER, NEAR IVY COTTAGE, WESTMORLAND.

FISHER SON & CO LONDON.

Nature, and what is almost as good as nature, antiquity, are the ideas it impresses on the mind. In beholding it, you think of ancient baronial times, and a pleasing melancholy, mingled with reverence, comes over you. The impression is heightened by the plain gray building, called Lyulph's Tower, standing on the edge of a wood, and whose battlements lead you to suppose it a fortification. It is, however, merely a hunting-box, erected in imitation of an old mansion. A fine blood-hound, kennelled near the door of the tower, is another characteristic appendage to the residence of a feudal baron."

From Lyulph's Tower, the lake of Ullswater is seen to make one of its boldest expanses. The view up this reach, towards the south and east, includes all the fells and curvatures of Gowbarrow Park; while to the west, a dark angle discovers a glimpse of the solemn alps assembled round the base of Helvellyn.

Lyulph's Tower is situated on the left of our view. It was a hunting-seat of the late Duke of Norfolk, and was by him bequeathed to Mr. Howard, of Corby Castle. It is a square, rugged edifice, with four towers, battlements, and gothic windows; was erected, in a good measure, to form an interesting object in the surrounding scenery; and is supposed to have been denominated from Lyulphus, an Anglo-Saxon of distinction, the first baron of Greystock, who received the grant shortly after the Conquest, and thus became the proprietor of Ullswater. Lyulph was murdered during the disturbances occasioned by the intrusion of the Normans into this country; and his monument, it is said, still remains in the church at Chester-le-Street, near Durham. "The park, within which the tower is situated, contains upwards of eighteen hundred acres, and is pastured by a vast number of deer, besides sheep and black cattle."

On the right of our view, the shattered mountain of Birk-fell is seen stretching itself into the lake; and down the sides, the hill torrent-rushes on in its long-accustomed channel. A scene like the one here presented, must be actually witnessed, to be adequately felt and understood. Even the pencil cannot do every thing; and mere description can give but a very faint and imperfect idea of a solitude so desolate on the one hand, and so richly wooded on the other—so awful and majestic, yet so calm and peaceful.

TYNEMOUTH ABBEY, AND BATHING-PLACE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The site of Tynemouth Abbey, or Priory, is said to have been a strong fortress of the Romans. The advantages of its position, added to the anarchy of ancient times, induced the monks and their patrons to render it a defensive structure; to which end, they surrounded it with fortifications. It is mentioned as being, in 1379, "a certain fortified and walled place, to resist the malice of the enemies of the kingdom." And, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Camden testifies, that it "gloried in a noble and strong castle." The history of the Priory and Castle of Tynemouth are blended with each other; and for further description, we must refer the reader to page 31 of this work.

The commanding situation of this fortress is advantageously shewn in our view. A lofty and precipitous cliff defends it towards the sea, and a massive wall entirely surrounds it. Commencing at the left hand, we notice successively the extensive barracks, the ruins of the priory, and the light-house erected on the north-east side of the castle.

Tynemouth is a place of fashionable resort during the bathing season; at which times the inns and lodging-houses are usually filled with company. The station, exhibited in the view, called the Prior's Haven, is sheltered by an amphitheatre of lofty rocks, and forms a fine bay for the recreation of visitors. Here are commodious and elegant baths; and a number of covered boats are provided, for the accommodation of those who wish to bathe in the open sea. There is another fine station on the north side of the priory, called Percy's Bay.

The trade connected with the Tyne constitutes one of the great nurseries for British seamen; a circumstance thus alluded to by the poet:—

> "Ne'er from the lap of luxury and ease
> Shall spring, the hardy warrior of the seas;
> A toilsome youth the mariner must form,
> Nurs'd on the wave, and cradled in the storm.
> These nurseries have trained the daring crew,
> Through storms and war our glory to pursue;
> These have our leaders train'd,—and naval Fame
> Reads in their rolls her Cook's immortal name."

JESMOND DEAN,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Jesmond (a corruption of Jesus-mount) is a beautifully picturesque township, lying between the Ouse-burn rivulet and the Newcastle Town-moor. It contains several elegant mansions, belonging to the gentry and merchants of Newcastle; and the romantic Dean forms a pleasurable rendezvous for the whole country round. On the eminence to the right, are the remains of the chapel and hospital, dedicated to St. Mary; and near to them is St. Mary's Well, which is approached by as many steps as there are articles in the creed. The road from Stote's Hall to West Jesmond commands a beautiful and extensive view of the most picturesque scenery imaginable. Gateshead-fell is situated in the distance, on the right; and the grounds of Sir Matthew White Ridley lie remotely in the centre. Within the latter, still exists the temporary concealment of Bishop Ridley, the victim of bigotry and religious rancour. The Ouse-burn stream is seen winding its course through the wooded valley.

There are public gardens in Jesmond, for the accommodation and refreshment of the numerous parties that visit the neighbourhood.

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

TYNEMOUTH CASTLE, & BATHING PLACE.

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

JESMOND DEAN, NEAR NEWCASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

FISHER SON & C° LONDON 834

BROTHERS' WATER, FROM KIRKSTONE FOOT,—WESTMORLAND.

The small lake of Brothers' Water, though extremely interesting, and surrounded by scenery of the most enchanting and sublime description, is scarcely larger than a mountain tarn. Mr. Baines, junior, in his Companion to the Lakes, recommends the tourist to approach it from the Kirkstone side, in his route from Ambleside, as in that case "it is the beginning of beauties." Mr. B. accompanies his advice with these judicious observations:—"It may seem in speculation to be a matter of indifference at which end you begin, as, going over the same ground, you will have all the beauties, first or last; but it is found by actual observation, that a great difference is produced by the way in which objects present themselves; much depends on the first impression, and much on the order of improvement or of deterioration in which the views are seen."

This lake is said to have obtained its name from the circumstance of two brothers having been drowned here. Such an event did actually occur in the year 1785; and tradition speaks of a similar one having taken place, at a period considerably more remote; but as the ancient name of the lake was Broader Water, it becomes matter of speculation whether the appellation has been gradually corrupted, or suddenly changed on account of the incidents before-mentioned.

The road from Patterdale to this lake is pleasant and easy, winding through level meadows, skirted by hanging woods and lofty mountains, down whose sides "a hundred torrents rend their furious way." The sound of these streams is occasionally driven full on the ear; while at other times it is scarcely audible, unless re-echoed from the opposite side. It is no unusual circumstance for one part of the mountains to be wrapped in shade, while the other exhibits all the glowing variety of colour which the rays of the declining sun can impart. The road from Brothers' Water to Ambleside lies through a rugged pass, truly alpine in its character, and winds along a contracted valley, with a lofty and naked mountain impending on the left. A steep and difficult path, leading to the heights of Kirkstone, encounters the deafening tumult of a raging torrent, tumbling and foaming over its rocky channel.

The meadows, spreading out to a considerable distance beyond the lake, present a surface as level as that of the pool itself; and Mr. Baines conjectures, "that they were once covered with water, and that an alluvial deposit, or the accumulation of vegetable matter at the shallow bottom of the lake, or the widening of the passage by which the water flows out of it, has converted this considerable extent from a pool into a meadow."

The huge mountains of Place Fell and Grisdale Pikes terminate the view of Brothers' Water, as seen from Kirkstone Foot.

PATTERDALE BRIDGE,—WESTMORLAND.

The village of Patterdale is situated at the upper end of lake Ullswater, and the lowly dwellings of this quiet abiding-place, shrowded with trees and sheltered by scowling mountains, repose in a rocky nook, with corn and meadow land sloping gently in front to the lake. The bridge, which crosses one of the tributary streams of Ullswater, forms a picturesque object in the neighbouring scenery.

The vales of Patterdale lie embosomed in the midst of lofty and barren mountains, and are watered by springs and streams descending from the hills. The brightness of their verdure contrasts effectively with the rugged sterility of the adjacent heights. Here and there appears a neat white edifice, built beneath the shelter of a hill, and partly shadowed with foliage; its size insignificant, by comparison with the colossal magnificence that surrounds it.

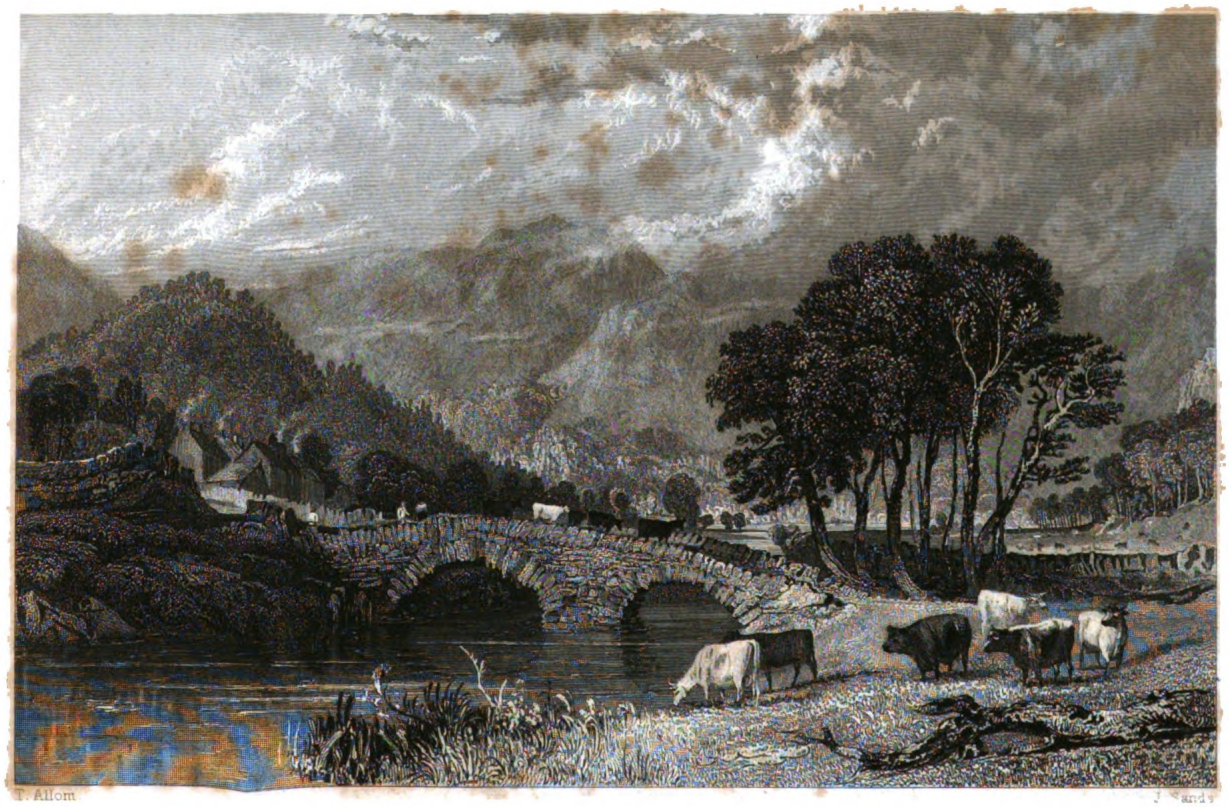
At the head of Ullswater, and near the village, stands Patterdale Hall, the seat of Mr. William Marshall, and formerly the residence of John Mounsey, Esq., whose ancestors for many ages bore the title of kings of Patterdale. This mansion is surrounded by thriving plantations, which, with the lofty mountains behind, shelter it from cold and inclement winds. At the end is a delightful shrubbery, through which, in the approach to the house, a lovely garden is discovered; and in front of this is a lawn, gradually sloping to the road.

The church of Patterdale is an ancient white structure, furnished with oaken benches, and exhibiting a simplicity far more suitable to religious services, and the awful grandeur that environs its site, than the too tasteful and elaborate erections of modern times. The eye cannot glance on an object more sublime, than a village church in a mountain country. The hallowed associations connected with the sacred pile, can but appeal forcibly to the mind, when the road to its portal lies over hill and vale, where the very footsteps of Deity are discernible, and the majesty of Omnipotence is so awfully displayed! In the church-yard is a venerable yew-tree, of amazing circumference, and still retaining a good portion of vigour: it stands a chronicler of departed days; and is viewed with interest by the senior inhabitants, as a pleasing reminiscence of early life, when they rested in its shade, and when their eyes had not become dim through age. Neither "storied urn, nor animated bust," nor indeed a single grave-stone, can be found in this church-yard. The lowly inhabitants of the village are content to be gathered to their fathers, with no other covering over their last resting-place than the green mound:—

> "———— In our church-yard,
> Is neither epitaph nor monument,
> Tombstone nor name; only the turf we tread,
> And a few natural graves."—

T. Allom

BROTHER'S WATER FROM KIRKSTONE FOOT WESTMORLAND



T. Allom

J. Sands

PATTERDALE BRIDGE, WESTMORLAND

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON. 1834

A few remarkable particulars are recorded of the Rev. —— Mattinson, formerly curate of Patterdale. He buried his mother; married and buried his father; published his own marriage-banns; and christened and married his four children, in this church, over which he had presided sixty years, when at the age of ninety-six he departed the present life. His stipend, as curate, did not at first exceed twelve pounds per annum, and it never reached twenty pounds; yet, by astonishing frugality and industry, he was enabled to support himself and his family with comfort, and to save a thousand pounds!

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The village of Bamborough, once a royal burgh, and, during the heptarchy, a seat of the Northumbrian monarchs, stands in a healthy and commanding situation, at the distance of nearly five miles east by north from Belford.

The remains of the Castle stand eastward of the village, and form with their demesnes a separate township. The ruins occupy the summit of a triangular rock, one corner of which projects into the sea, whence it rises perpendicularly to the height of one hundred and fifty feet above low-water mark. A great portion of the buildings stand on the very brink of the rocks on the land side, and in this quarter is a venerable circular tower. Towards the south-east, the only accessible part of the precipice, is the old gateway, strengthened by a round tower on each side, and formerly defended by a ditch. Within a short distance of this is another and more modern entrance, with a portcullis; and farther on, a very ancient round tower, seated on a lofty point of the rock, and commanding the pass. The keep is a lofty square structure, of Norman architecture, built of stone, supposed to have been obtained at North Sunderland. The front walls of the edifice are eleven feet in thickness, but the others only nine. In 1773, the removal of a considerable quantity of sand discovered the remains of the ancient church, built by king Oswald. The altar and font were both found; the latter of which is richly carved, and is now preserved in the keep. Ida, the first Saxon king of Northumbria, is said to have fortified the rock on which Bamborough Castle stands; but others contend that the Romans first occupied the fort, and attribute its foundation to Julius Agricola.

This ancient fortress has been the scene of great contentions. Penda, king of the Mercians, so early as the year 642, laid siege to it, and attempted its destruction by fire; but the shifting of the wind drove the burning faggots into his own camp, whence he fled with great loss. The arms of king Oswald, who thus triumphed over his pagan enemy, were preserved in the church which he had built, and are said to have remained uninjured by time during a lapse of many centuries. Frequent were the contests that took place between the petty rulers of the heptarchy for the possession of this fortress. About 933, it was seized and nearly destroyed by the Danes; and again, in 1015, after it had been restored, and many new works had been added, it was pillaged by these northern invaders. In the reign of William Rufus, Robert Mowbray, who had defeated and slain Malcolm, king of Scotland, thinking his services neglected by his sovereign, entered into a conspiracy

with other noblemen, for the purpose of dethroning him. William being at length apprised of his designs, marched into Northumberland, and found Mowbray in possession of Bamborough Castle; the king, after endeavouring in vain to reduce it by siege, blockaded the place, and prevented the garrison from receiving necessary supplies. Mowbray being thus pressed, fled to the convent of Tynemouth, whence he was brought prisoner to William. The king, having threatened his captive with loss of sight, unless the fortress was forthwith delivered up, the wife of Mowbray prevailed with the governor to surrender the Castle.

During the strife between Stephen and the Empress Matilda, the Castle was besieged by David, king of Scotland, who, however, found himself unable to reduce the fortress. Amidst the contentions of the two houses of York and Lancaster, Bamborough Castle was governed by one or the other party, as either obtained a temporary ascendancy. In the time of Elizabeth, the building, with its demesnes, was possessed by the crown; but it was afterwards granted by James I. to a descendant of a former governor. Eventually the property was purchased by Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, who directed by his will that the ample revenues should be applied to charitable uses. The munificent institutions connected with Bamborough Castle, in consequence of this bequest, deserve particular mention.

The Library of the Castle, which was founded by Lord Crewe's trustees in 1778, is very extensive and valuable. It is opened every Saturday, from ten in the morning till one in the afternoon; and, during this interval, books for perusal may be obtained gratuitously by every well-known housekeeper, residing within twenty miles of Bamborough; and by the members of the church, and all dissenting ministers who officiate within the limits, though they may not be housekeepers.

The Free-schools of the Castle, for both sexes, admit an unlimited number of pupils, who are gratuitously supplied with all school requisites; and thirty of the poorest girls are maintained in the house till the age of sixteen, when they are placed out at service. These seminaries are now conducted on Dr. Bell's system.

The upper part of the great tower is made a depository for grain, whence, in seasons of scarceness, the poor are supplied on liberal terms. Meal, and grocery articles, are sold on Tuesdays and Fridays, to the indigent inhabitants at a very reduced price. Annually, at Christmas, a plentiful supply of beef is distributed.

A number of apartments in the Castle are fitted up for the accommodation of ship-wrecked sailors; and so watchful are the trustees in the fulfilment of the sacred charity bequeathed, that a patrol is kept on stormy nights, and a premium given to the person who first brings information of a ship in distress. During winter, a party is stationed on the Observatory, to see if any vessels are in danger; and, in foggy weather, various signals are given, to direct the movements of the shipping.

It has been well remarked, that "this ancient Castle, which was, in former times, so often the scene of war and tumult, is now the abode of munificent charity, where the poor, the afflicted, and the ship-wrecked never call in vain for relief."

T. Allom. S. Lacey

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

T. Allom. S. Lacey

BERWICK [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] LONDON [illegible]

BERWICK-UPON-TWEED,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

To give a detailed account of this ancient town, for so many ages a cause of contention between the rival kingdoms of England and Scotland, is far beyond the limits of our brief page, we must therefore confine ourselves to a few notices of its present condition and character. Since the Union, great improvements have taken place in Berwick, some of which are of very recent date. The streets, though irregularly built, are in several quarters spacious; and the principal shops are well stocked, and fitted up with much elegance.

The ancient Castle at Berwick is little more than a confused heap of ruins, and is supposed to have been erected in the time of the Anglo-Saxons. The remains stand on an elevated mount on the north bank of the Tweed. The modern fortress is a place of great strength, and the barracks department is capable of accommodating a very considerable military force. There were formerly no less than ten religious houses in Berwick, all of which shared the general fate at the dissolution.

The Parish Church of Berwick was completed in 1652, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity; the interior is handsome, and is provided with an excellent organ, and an altar-piece of exquisite workmanship. Churches and chapels for the use of Dissenters and others, exist in different parts of the town. In addition to the Grammar-school, there are several well-endowed free-schools for the education of the humbler portion of the community. A Dispensary has been established, for the purpose of affording medical and surgical aid to the afflicted; besides which, numerous benefactions and institutions are in operation for the assistance and relief of the poor. The Town-hall, a stately pile of modern architecture, standing at the foot of High-street, affords ample convenience for market purposes, and includes a variety of offices and apartments for judicial business. The principal places of public amusement in Berwick, are the Theatre and the Public Library. The Bridge, a spacious and elegant structure, completed in 1634, crosses the Tweed by fifteen arches; and measures 1164 feet in length by 17 feet in breadth. The Union Chain-bridge crosses the river at New Waterford, about six miles from Berwick, and was the first suspension-bridge of the kind erected in Great Britain. The building of the New Pier was begun in 1810, and completed at an expense of £40,000.

A weekly market is held in Berwick every Saturday, and an annual fair on the Friday in Trinity week; besides which, there are, in the course of the year, three High Markets, for the sale of horses and cattle, and for the hiring of servants. The commercial importance of Berwick is of long standing: so early as 1156, it was distinguished for having many ships, and more commerce than any port in Scotland. The staple articles of the maritime trade are grain, salmon, herrings, &c.

The illustrative View exhibits the river Tweed, and its union with the German Ocean. On the left, the river determines the boundary of Northumberland; and on the right bank are seen the castle, quay, and town of Berwick.

BARNARD CASTLE, AND RIVER TEES,—DURHAM.

The town and castle of Barnard Castle have been described at page 58 of this work, to which the reader is referred. The present View will be accompanied with some brief notices of the picturesque scenery of the Tees river.

The river Tees rises in the mountain of Cross Fell, in Cumberland, whence it passes along the southern shore of the county of Durham, till it discharges itself into the German Ocean. In the course of its windings, it traverses a district of between sixty and seventy miles, and imparts a rich beauty to the romantic and picturesque country through which it flows. The venerable ruins of Barnard Castle, situated on a cliff, and overhanging the river; the tranquillity of the scene in the neighbourhood of Egglestone Abbey; the walks of Rokeby, at the confluence of the Greta with the Tees; the hanging woods and precipices at Winston and Gainford; and the beauties of Hurworth and Dinsdale, present a series of interesting objects, of which the pencil only can convey an adequate idea.

The channel of the Tees being for the most part rocky and shallow, this river is of no great utility as respects navigation. The tide reaches only to Worsal, about three miles above Yarm, and twenty miles from the sea. In its approach to Stockton, the shore of the Tees becomes very low, and the stream winding; but as it approximates to the ocean, the river spreads itself forth into an extensive bay, about three miles across. The mouth of the estuary is contracted by a tongue of land, called Seaton Snook, whence a bar of sand extends to the Cleveland coast. During the spring tides, from ten to twelve feet of water is the depth on the bar at low-water, and from twenty-six to twenty-eight feet at high-water; while, in the neap-tides, the depth is twelve feet at low-water, and twenty-two feet at high-water. The bay of the Tees is a convenient shelter for shipping in stormy weather.

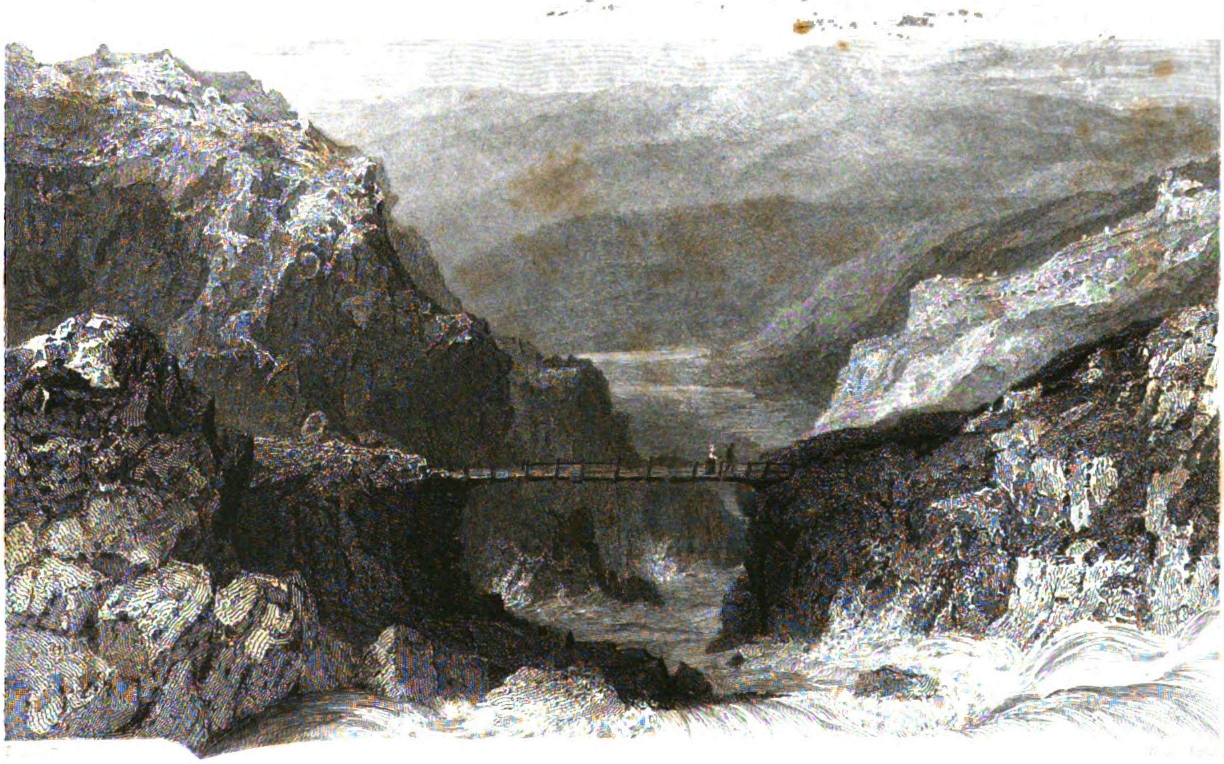
CALDRON SNOUT,—DURHAM.

The cataracts of the Tees equal in magnificence any that are to be found in the kingdom; and of these, Caldron Snout is one of the most remarkable.

In the neighbourhood of Harwood Common, the Tees expands into a kind of lake, called the Weel, whence it rushes over a rocky bed, and forms innumerable cascades. About a mile below the Weel is the waterfall named Caldron Snout. Here "the madden'd Tees with maniac fury foams;" and a tremulous motion is communicated to the adjacent rocks by the rushing of the torrent. It requires some nerve and intrepidity to pass the rudely-constructed bridge which crosses the fall: the roaring of the waters beneath, and the apparently unstedfast footing of the structure whereon he stands, excites a feeling of anxiety and fear in the heart of the tourist.

The scenery in the vicinity of Caldron Snout is more wild and romantic than that of any other part of Durham. Several lead mines are situated near; and lofty ranges of basalt extend from the fall, down the south side of the Tees.

BARNARD CASTLE, DURHAM.



CALDRON SNOUT, TEESDALE, DURHAM.

FISHER, SON & C° LONDON 1834.

THE FERRY HOUSE AND REGATTA, WINDERMERE LAKE.

The Ferry House is situated on the west side of Windermere Lake, about one mile south from Bowness. The approach to it from Curwen's Island is particularly striking. The waters spread out into a magnificent expanse: on the right, is a noble bay, running up to the foot of a steep hill opposite Bowness; and on the left, a corresponding indentation of the shore is formed by the lake. Beyond the Ferry, there is a majestic sweep of about a mile to the promontory of Storrs, where stands the elegant mansion of Colonel Bolton.

Behind the Ferry House is a small observatory, built on the top of a wooded rock, whence is seen the whole extent of the lake, from Newby Bridge almost up to Ambleside. "A richer landscape of wood and water cannot be pictured by the imagination of man. The glassy lake returns the heaven and the mountains, enriched by the reflection. The islands, the promontories, the hills, are all covered with wood; yet endlessly varied, from the natural thicket which feathers the islet, and the regular grove that environs the mansions on the shore, to the solemn forest of larch and fir, with which the hills are mantled. Southward, the landscape is graceful without boldness; but the head of the lake is surrounded by lofty mountains, which are sufficiently near to impart magnificence to the view."

The illustrative View exhibits the appearance presented by the lake of Windermere on the occasion of a Regatta, when the Ferry House is crowded with distinguished visitors from all parts of the empire, and the neighbouring country in particular. To describe the ravishing delights incident to this festivity, would be gratuitous information to those who have had the pleasure of witnessing it, and could give no idea to those who have not, of the gratifying spectacle it displays. Suffice it to say, that all the sentimentality and quixotism of "the song and oar of Hadria's gondolier," shrink from comparison with it.

In connexion with the present subject, it may not be amiss to institute an inquiry, why foreign scenery should be sought out with such eagerness, and the, at least, not less lovely pictures presented in our native land disregarded. Is the former visited with less inconvenience? Are the facilities for enjoyment greater abroad? Is continental scenery so "beautiful exceedingly," that all natural loveliness beside must fade before it? We will see. Italy is the gathering-place of connoisseurs in the sublime and beautiful: let us follow the tourist to this "bright spot of earth," and judge of his enjoyments. First, the conveniences of travelling. The visitor to Italy must produce his passport at almost every trifling village he passes through, and submit it to the inspection of a demi-military turnpike-keeper, who will *expect* a gratuity for his gentlemanly forbearance, in not emptying the traveller's trunks, and scattering his wardrobe to the winds. Moreover, he may be detained an hour or two on his journey, to allow sufficiency of time for the official examination. Then there are the exorbitant charges, and the cringing devotions, of the inn-keepers to *mi lor Anglais*. Added to these, the annoyances which occur every

time you pass from one petty state into another, the attendant losses in exchange of money, the swarms of filthy lazars that beset the unfortunate tourist at every turn, the miry or dusty roads, the unpaved streets, the pestilential effluvia that poisons the air of the towns, &c.—Secondly, the facilities for enjoyment. Begin with bugs, fleas, gnats, musquitos, and scorpions, who seem in classic land to have a marvellous predilection for English blood. Then the pleasurable emotions excited by the sudden appearance of a brigand: however, we will pass this over slightly; there is something so romantic and interesting in a tête-a-tête with an Italian robber, that we have perhaps no right to call the tourist's enjoyment in question; besides, if in the sequel he should be shot, or his throat should be cut, immortality is obtained at once.—Thirdly, the surpassing beauty of Italian scenery. On this head, listen to the observations of a writer in the Literary Gazette, to whose sensible remarks we are indebted for the present *exposé*. "The mountains of the Appenines are less varied and romantic than some of our mountains in North Wales. The almost interminable levels and marshes in Italy, may find a parallel in Lincolnshire; but their plantations, their palaces and villas, jutting out from open fields unadorned by the graceful investiture of pleasure-gardens, are not to be compared with the rich, verdant, and various scenery of England." Let the tourist, then, assure himself of this: he will meet, in his own country, with picturesque beauty yet more magnificent than that of Italy; while in the articles of cleanliness, domestic comfort, excellent provisions, moderate charges, and all the *inter alia* requisites for convenience and enjoyment, Italy will bear no comparison with England. Let him pause, then, "before he quits a land in which the beauties of nature and the refinements of comfort abound, and undertakes a journey of a thousand miles, to sojourn in a country which is, at least, a hundred years behind his own in all that regards the substantial enjoyments and the decorums of life; and before he lavishes that wealth which is drawn from the industry of his countrymen, among foreigners, who dislike him for every thing but his money."

STORRS, WINDERMERE.

Storrs Hall, the magnificent residence of Colonel Bolton, stands on a promontory of Windermere Lake, in the midst of ornamental groves. At the farthest point of land, is a small naval temple, erected by the former proprietor of the mansion, Sir John Legard, Bart., and for which an elegant poetical apology has been written by Wilson. The lake here spreads out into a beautiful expanse, smooth and translucent as a mirror; and every object on its shores is reflected in the waters in natural strength. The Hall was partly built by Sir John Legard, but was finished by Colonel Bolton; and all the pleasing adjuncts to this delightful residence were planned and executed by the latter gentleman.

Colonel Bolton was the intimate friend of the Right Hon. George Canning, and also of the Right Hon. William Huskisson; and to the hospitable mansion of Storrs these statesmen frequently retired, to recreate both body and mind, after the severe and harassing occupations of a parliamentary session.

T. Allom. J. Starling

FERRY HOUSE, REGATTA, WINDERMERE LAKE.

T. Allom. J. Starling

STORRS HALL, WINDERMERE LAKE, WESTMORELAND.

FISHER & CO. LONDON, 1834