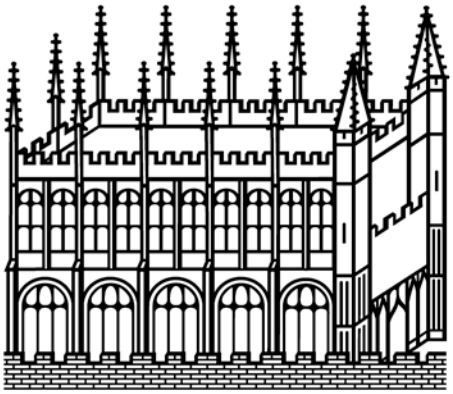

THE PEOPLE'S EDITION.

A

GOSSIPING GUIDE

TO

MORECAMBE,

HEYSHAM

Silverdale, Grange. Cartmel,

FURNESS ABBEY,

LANCASTER,

AND THE

VALLEY OF THE LUNE,

SHEWING

What to See and How to See it.

By THOMAS JOHNSON.

WITH

40 ILLUSTRATIONS,

FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY

Mr. CHAS. HAWORTH, of Blackburn,

AND A LARGE

MAP OF THE SCENERY AROUND MORECAMBE BAY,

Copied by permission from the Map drawn to scale by the late R. B. Peacock, Esq., of Hest Bank; by the aid of which any one standing upon the Promenade or the Pier at Morecambe, may distinguish at a glance the name, height, county in which it is situated, and distance in a direct line of any Mountain across the Bay.

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A

PICTORIAL HANDBOOK

TO THE

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AND

GOSSIPING GUIDE

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AND DISTRICT.

BY THOS. JOHNSON.

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PREFACE.

THE speedy sale of the first and second editions (1,000 copies each) of this little work has induced the writer to use his best endeavours to make the present one still more worthy of encouragement, by subjecting it to such alterations and improvements as have been judged essential to complete its design.

Though some additional matter has been added, a few trifling eliminations have also been made, chiefly with the view to keeping the book within the prescribed limits of the title. The chapter on Barrow-in-Furness, which appeared in the two former editions, has disappeared in this, because it is not a town to which the tourist or the pleasure-seeker would be likely to be attracted ; but, on the other hand, an equal amount of matter has been added to that on Morecambe, for a reason the reverse of that just stated.

Five illustrations, viz., Burrow Hall, Lancaster from Nelson Street Bridge, Coffins in the Rock at Heysham, View of Grange-over-Sands, and Cartmel Church, have in this edition made their first appearance ; while the Map of the Scenery around Morecambe Bay will, it is hoped, materially enhance the value of the book as a work of reference to every intelligent visitor to, or resident in, Lancaster and Morecambe.

The original Map (from which this is, by permission, copied) was the work of the late R. B. PEACOCK, Esq., of Hest Bank, near Lancaster, and is on a more extended scale, includes a wider area, and embraces other details of a more or less important character. It is no exaggeration to state that it is a real work of art, and a marvel of painstaking industry and mathematical exactness. Only a few copies appear to be extant, and they are cherished by the owners with that careful regard which befits the merits of the work. This original Map measures 48in. by 14in., and when first published was offered at some three or four shillings ; but a few copies, printed on stout cartridge paper, and done up in neat cloth cover, are in the hands of the publisher of this Handbook, and will be forwarded post free to any address on receipt of 13 postage stamps ; or it may be had mounted upon linen, in book form, with coloured wrapper, very suitable for the pocket and for easy reference, by sending 18 stamps to the address on the opposite page.

INDEX.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

INGLETON.

Oh! there is a sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share.

THE usual way for the traveller by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway to approach Ingleton is to change on to the Midland line at Hellifield, from which station it is distant about twelve miles. This, no doubt, is the most convenient way for business purposes, or for those who can afford to hire a conveyance at the village to take them to the various objects of interest in the neighbourhood; but for the tourist, or the sightseer, who relies mainly upon his legs to feast his eyes and save his pocket, a better plan would be to change at Hellifield and alight at Ribblehead station, on the Settle and Carlisle Railway. The great object of interest at Ingleton is Weathercote Cave, and this is nearer by three miles to Ribblehead than it is to Ingleton station; therefore, by taking train to Ribblehead (sixteen miles from Hellifield) the tourist will save a considerable walking distance.

In a former little volume* we have attempted a description and pointed out the situations of the most curious and picturesque spots along the course of the Settle and Carlisle line up to Ribblehead. What was then our terminus we now make our starting-point—a starting-point which will lead us to some of the most wonderful as well as the most pleasing sights in our island.

The road to Ingleton from Ribblehead, after clearing the station grounds, is under the railway arch to the left, and, for nearly the whole distance, beneath the shadow of the towering Ingleborough. Whernside is on the right hand, and great mountain ranges soar up both in front and behind. The houses are very thinly scattered, and nothing is heard save the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle on the mountain sides; though now and again the train thunders along the viaduct thrown across the valley just behind, awaking echoes that have slumbered ever since the foundations of the surrounding hills were laid. After a walk of about a mile along this road, we reach Chapel-le-dale, a small village—if, indeed, it can be called such—nestling deep down in the valley and half hidden with foliage, and presently we espy a little chapel, a very little one, having accommodation for hardly a hundred worshippers, yet, no doubt, large enough for the thinly scattered population of the district. This "church in the wilderness" will perhaps be familiar to many from Southey's charming description of it and the secluded spot upon which it is built, in his novel entitled *The Doctor*. We will just quote a few sentences, giving a description of the place in words such as only a poet can write:—

On three sides of the chapel-yard there is an irregular, low stone wall, rather to mark the limits of the sacred ground than to enclose it; on the fourth it is bounded by a brook, whose waters proceed by a subterranean channel from Weathercote Cave. Two or three alders and rowan trees hang over the brook, and shed their leaves and seeds into the stream. Some bushy hazels grow at intervals along the lines of the walls, and a few ash trees, as the wind has sown them. To the east and west some fields adjoin it, in that state of half-cultivation which gives a human character to solitude; to the south, on the other side of the brook, the common, with its limestone rocks peering everywhere above ground, extends to the foot of Ingleborough. A craggy hill, feathered with birch, shelters it from the north. The turf is as soft and fine as that of the adjoining hills; it is seldom broken, so scanty is the population to which

*See the "Pictorial Handbook to the Valley of the Ribble," post free, 7 stamps.

it is appropriated; scarcely a thistle or a nettle deforms it, and the few tombstones which have been placed there are now themselves half buried. The sheep come over the wall when they list, and sometimes take shelter in the porch from the storm. Their voices, and the cry of the kite wheeling above, are the only sounds which are heard there, except when the single bell, which hangs in its niche over the entrance, tinkles for service on the Sabbath Day, or with a slower tongue gives notice that one of the children of the soil is returning to the earth from whence he sprung.

The residence near the chapel, with the garden and grounds in front, is the parsonage. If you enter the gate from the highway, and walk along the carriage-road across the field immediately behind the parsonage, you shortly arrive at Weathercote House, the residence of Mr. Metcalfe, the owner of the house and adjoining lands. To obtain access to

WEATHERCOTE CAVE,

application must be made here for a guide, who charges one shilling per head for admission, and no one will begrudge it.

As you proceed along the path in the field, the falling of water may be distinctly heard; but when the guide unlocks the door of the inclosure, and ushers you into the presence of the amazing cascade, your eyes and ears are equally astonished with the sublime and the terrible. But the view from this point, though very astonishing and even dreadful to the stranger, is only an imperfect one. Following the guide down a rude flight of steps, and under a natural arch, you descend into the great cave, laid open to the day; and there you cannot but stand in silent astonishment at the wonderful scene before you. The perpendicular height of the north corner of this cave is 108 feet. About thirty feet from the top, issues a torrent out of a hole in the rock about the dimensions of an ordinary house doorway, and, rushing forwards with a curvature which shows that it has had a steep descent before it appears in open day, tumbles precipitately seventy-five feet down on to the rocks at the bottom, with a noise like thunder. The water sinks as it falls amongst the rocks and pebbles, running by a subterranean passage about a mile, when it appears again by the side of the turnpike road, visiting in its way the caverns of Gingle Pot and Hurtle Pot. The cave is filled with the spray arising from the water dashing against the bottom, thus producing for about two hours in the middle of the day, when the sun shines, a small but vivid rainbow. Just above

WEATHERCOTE CAVE.

the hole from whence the torrent proceeds, a large fragment of rock, denominated "Mahomet's Coffin," is firmly wedged, and has an excellent effect in the scene. A cloud of white spray rises from the bottom, glossing with moisture all the surrounding rocks. The black moss-grown cliffs tower high above, and their margins are beautifully fringed with trees and shrubs. The descent to the bottom is along confused fragments of rocks, after scrambling over which you reach the wide overhanging canopy of a cavern, and from this point, if you have nerve enough, you may get behind the fall, at the expense of a wetting, unless the water be more than usually low. It is frequently accomplished.

After rains, another cascade falls nearly from the same height on the west side of the cave, leaping irregularly from rock to rock, and a stream issues from the higher part of the chasm, near the arch. If the rains still increase, a large stream pours in out of the chamber on the side of the little cave at the top of the steps; and in great floods, a vast river falls into the great cave down the precipice on the eastern side. Nothing, it is said by the guide, can be more "awfully grand" than to view this cave when about half-full of water; a variety of cascades issue from crannies in every quarter, some as small as the running of a tap, others copious as a mill-race, hurl themselves into the boiling cavity, which, unable to carry off the deluge, is sometimes full, and overflows into the adjoining field; but this happens only about half-a-dozen times in twenty years, though it is not unfrequently near the top of the cave. Ascending to the surface, a path will be observed through the trees on the right which leads to a point where the waterfall may be viewed without so much of its accompanying gloom. From hence a narrow ledge may be seen communicating with the cave from which the water issues; this has been crossed, but nothing found within the cavity to reward so foolhardy a feat.

Having satisfied your curiosity in viewing this wonder of nature, and perhaps moralised on the insignificancy of all human attempts to produce anything like it,—though we must acknowledge that our artist has produced a striking representation of it—the best we have ever seen—the guide shows the way to another object, of a somewhat different character, called

GINGLE POT,

about two hundred yards south of Weathercote. This natural chasm is situated at the bottom of a precipice twenty-four feet high. It is twenty-six feet deep, and when a stone is thrown down it produces a peculiarly hollow and gingling sound, from which circumstances it derives its name.

Having viewed this curiosity also, ask the guide to direct you to

HURTLE POT,

about eighty yards above the chapel, where you will encounter a round, deep hole, between thirty and forty yards in diameter, surrounded on all sides with perpendicular rocks, which overhang a deep pool of water. The descent to the edge of this pool is by a steep and slippery path, the depth of water, by accurate measurement, being twenty-seven feet. After heavy rains, a singular noise, called by the country people the "Hurtle Pot Boggart," is heard, apparently proceeding from the surface of the water. It is caused by the glutting of the surface of the water against the bottom of some rocks, or passages worn into them to a considerable distance. These chasms are connected with each other, and with Weathercote Cave above, by subterranean passages, and after heavy rains, when the cave is half-full, they overflow, and if the floods continue they boil over with great violence; sometimes in Gingle Pot the upward force of the water is so strong that it throws up stones from the bottom the size of an egg, and leaves them on the bank.

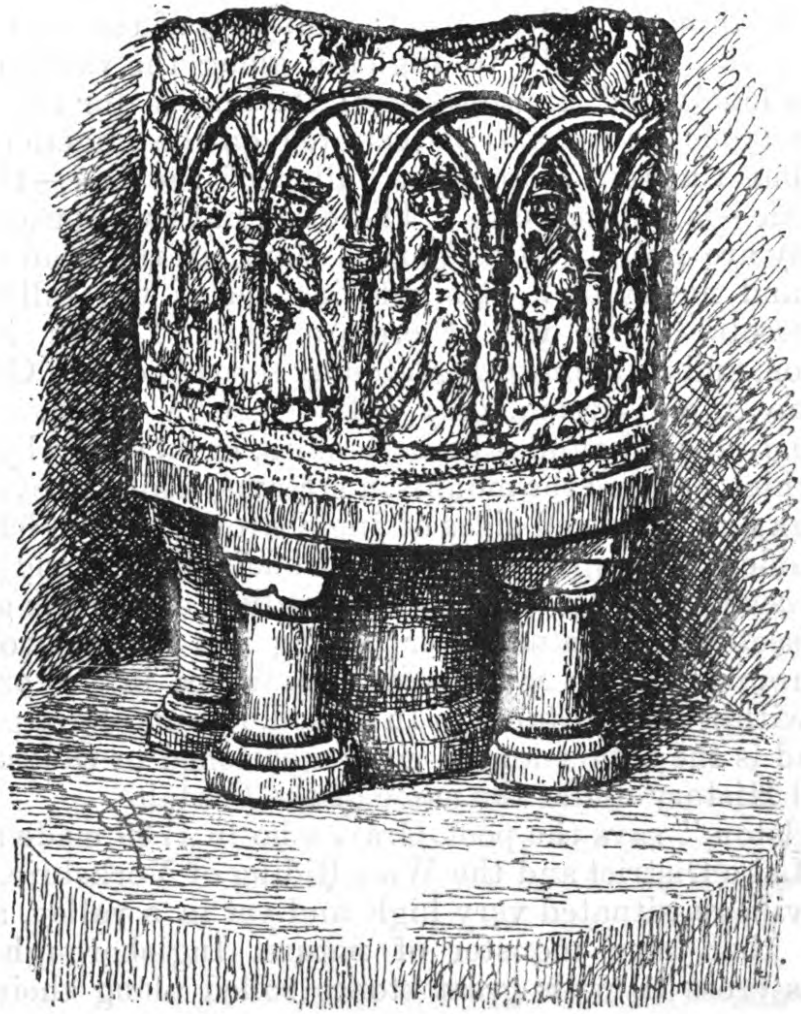
There are several other caves and minor waterfalls in the neighbourhood of Weathercote, but the above are those usually shown, the others—Gatekirk and Douk Caves—lying out of the route, though of a similar character, are greatly inferior to those just visited.

All the interesting objects we have touched upon are in Gretadale. If you wish to see the almost equally interesting sights in Kingsdale, the generality of guide-books inform you that you should do so without first going to Ingleton, namely, by a walk of about three miles westward across the moors. But these are "blind guides." The writers have never done it themselves; we have; and the cream of our advice is—Don't. Three miles across those trackless, boggy moors, are as good as six upon the highway; and, then, what is there on

the other side to reward your pains? Why, a cave, called Yordas, the key of which is kept at Westhouse—miles away; and if you want it, you must write, or send, or go yourself to the owner, asking for a guide, who charges two shillings for admission. If you have set out from Blackburn, it is impossible for you to see all the wonders there are to be seen about Ingleton in one day; but in two days you may see them all, or the most important of them, and visit Clapham cave and Ingleborough (which form the subjects of the next chapter) as well. The walk to Ingleton along the valley of the Greta is lonely and uninteresting; the houses for the whole distance (four miles) may be counted on the fingers of one hand; but the route along the valley of the Doe—that is, Kingsdale—is still more so. There are but two houses in it, and they are not far from Yordas Cave, at the head of the valley, and nearly in a straight line across the hills from Weathercote. We will therefore omit Yordas in our excursion, and walk on to Ingleton by the side of the Greta—a shallow, rapid stream, only a few feet in width. Long limestone ranges bound it on both sides, broken only by rifts, down which descend the mountain streams, whilst above them the bleak and furrowed sides of Ingleborough on the left, and Whernside on the right, impart additional wildness and gloom to the scene. A little way down the valley, the stream gushes out of several fountains, after having run about two miles underground, though making its appearance in two or three places within that distance. In a flood, it runs above ground also and is the subterranean river mentioned in Goldsmith's Natural History under the name of the Gretah.

"Ingleton," says the poet Gray, who in 1769 made a tour of the Lake District and the West Riding of Yorkshire, "is a pretty village, situated very high and yet in a valley, at the foot of that huge monster of nature, Ingleborough; two torrents cross it, with great stones rolled along their beds instead of water, and over are flung two handsome arches." It is true there is commonly but a scanty supply of water; yet the rugged beds show how full and impetuous the streams sometimes are. They both unite near the railway arches,—the one furthest from the road being the Doe, having its rise in Kingsdale, and the other the Greta. The village itself, though picturesquely situated, has not the well-to-do air about it that Kirkby Lonsdale has, nor the prim and

"sweet smiling" appearance that its other neighbour, Clapham, assumes. The houses, for the most part, are mean-looking, and the disused cotton mill in the valley adds nothing either to the wealth or the appearance of the place. Even the Church partakes of the character of the houses, being a miserable, slap-dashed building, without one redeeming feature. We believe it is in contemplation to rebuild it,



NORMAN FONT IN INGLETON CHURCH.

the present structure having been pronounced dangerous. Within the Church is a very curious and beautiful Norman font, well worthy the inspection of the antiquary. The ornamental sculpture upon it is of a rich and elaborate character, the style of the work being of the later Norman period—about the middle of the twelfth century. The

sculptor's aim has evidently been to represent some of the earlier incidents of the gospel narrative, for in the central compartments are represented the Virgin seated with the infant Saviour on her knees, Joseph, with the implements of his trade as a carpenter, being on the right hand, and on her left, the Eastern Magi are approaching with their offerings. The massacre of the Innocents is also represented, with the cruel Herod giving his orders for their destruction, and Rachel weeping for her children with an expression of grief very effectively portrayed. The youthful figure on the side of Joseph may be intended for the Baptist. The remaining personages are not so clearly defined, but may have some reference to the Purification of the Virgin. These sculptures stand within a series of interlaced arches on pillars of good character, the latter being cut away where they would have interfered with the mounted figures which are introduced.

We were informed that our utilitarian forefathers threw this unique piece of workmanship on one side, substituting in its place a nondescript pillar and basin; and—would you believe it, Horatio ?—they converted the grand old Norman font into a whitewash-pot, out of which they daubed and disfigured the pillars and arches in the interior of the Church, so completely did their ideas of cleanliness eclipse their veneration for art.

The views of scenery about Ingleton have few superiors in the north of England. Those from the churchyard, and the hill above the village, from the opposite side of the Greta, and the road to Burton may be more particularly pointed out, while the contracted scenes of rock and stream in the two branching valleys will well repay their exploration. Ask any one resident in the place to direct you to

Beezley Falls,

about a mile or so above the village, near some old slate quarries by the side of the Greta. Here are objects both of nature and art to interest you. On one hand is a precipice ten or twelve yards in perpendicular height, made by the labour of man, being a quarry of blue roofing slate, while on the other hand is a river rolling down from rock to rock in a narrow, deep chasm, where there is no room for the foot to tread between the stream and the rugged, high, steep rocks on each side. The bed of slate runs nearly from north to

south, by this place and the quarry near Thornton Force. Its length may be traced for several miles, though only about two hundred or three hundred yards in breadth. The plane of the cleavage is nearly perpendicular to the horizon, and affords matter of speculation to the geologist as to its presence,

BEEZLEY FALLS, NEAR INGLETON.

there being nothing but limestone rock on the east and west sides of it.

By crossing the river over the broken fragments of rocks, which afford their rugged backs above the surface of the

water to tread upon, a near way to Thornton Force will be found; though, if time will permit, the best way to approach it is to return to Ingleton, cross the two rivers by the "handsome arches" before mentioned, and turn into the fields on the right, keeping the path for a little over a mile. You will then be in Kingsdale, but at the very foot of it; in a short time you may command a view, from the best point of observation, of the grandest scene in the whole valley—

THORNTON FORCE,

a magnificent waterfall, situate in a romantic and richly-wooded glen. Here part of the stream tumbles over a precipice to the depth of sixty feet, while another part, in search of a nearer and less violent course, has discovered a subterranean passage, and gushes out of the side of the rock, immediately uniting with the other in a large, deep, and black pool at the bottom. The rocks are fringed with trees, which impart a certain air of gloom around the spot; and the spray arising from the dashing of the water on the bed of slate below resembles mist, or wreaths of smoke from a furnace, sprinkling the ground for many yards round the fall. From below, a picture is exhibited which leaves little for the imagination to supply. The white sheet of flowing water, the black receptacle beneath, the tree-clad rocks, and the wild mountain scenery around, form a picture as complete as the most fastidious taste could desire. This truly grand and impressive scene should be visited, if possible, soon after heavy rains. It will then appear at its best, just as our artist has represented it.

A short distance from this cataract, nearer Ingleton, is

THORNTON SCAR,

a tremendous cliff, partly clothed with wood and partly exhibiting the bare rock. This scar is about a hundred yards high, and runs up a considerable way, varying its elevation, into the mountains, along with one not quite so perpendicular on the other side. These unite so closely at the bottom that the frightful chasm hardly leaves room for the hurrying stream to escape by a precipitate flight over a succession of small cascades.

THORNTON FORCE.

About two hundred yards above the Force is a rocky pass called

RAVENWRAY,

nearly forty yards high, spotted with ivy and evergreens, whilst the Doe runs beneath over fragments of rocks, forming a succession of miniature waterfalls. About a mile higher you come to the head of the river, which issues from one fountain, called Keld Head; and beyond you may see a broken, serpentine, stony channel, extending to the top of Kingsdale, down which a large stream is poured from the mountains in rainy weather.

In the foregoing description we have by no means exhausted the natural beauties of Ingleton. The sojourner may find out many others which will repay the little exertion required to reach them.

The best Hotels at Ingleton are the "Ingleboro"—a large and commodious house—and the "Wheat Sheaf." There is also a good Temperance Hotel.

CLAPHAM.

Within this vale there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees: in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'errun with brambles and perplex'd with thorn;
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rock and shelving arches vaulted round.

PRESUMING that the tourist who does us the honour to read these pages will adopt the route we have indicated in the opening lines of the chapter on Ingleton, and that, where it is available and does not interfere with any object of interest on the way, he will prefer the train to a fatiguing uphill walk of four or five miles on a sultry day, we must now ask him to turn back, as it were, four miles from Ingleton on the Midland Railway, in order to visit the place mentioned at the head of this chapter, and the celebrated cave in the south side of Ingleborough.

The village of Clapham is one mile and a quarter from the

railway station, and the road to it is along a winding path, with the majestic Ingleborough towering up straight in front. For fully a mile of this road, the village is entirely hidden from sight; but on attaining the top of an eminence in the road, we get a good view of the picturesque little place, irregularly built on the banks of a rapid stream, and embowered amid a number of beautiful trees. The many good houses, the neat cottages, the absence of squalid poverty, the carefully kept plantations and gardens that adorn the banks of the stream, the beautifully-situated mansion, and its extensive grounds, make this one of the most pleasing villages in the West Riding. The Church is a neat, modern edifice, with a low square tower, having replaced a building of late Gothic, and the original Norman structure. Behind the Church, the stream issues from an arch and tumbles down an artificial fall constructed in the embankment, which was thrown up some years ago, in order to convert the narrow valley above into a lake. An uphill walk of about a mile and a half along the left bank of this sheet of water, or (by permission only) through the beautiful grounds of Ingleborough Hall, the residence of the Rev. M. T. Farrer, the lord of the manor, will bring the tourist to

INGLEBOROUGH CAVE,

but as the gate is kept locked, and no one is admitted but in company with the guide (whose name is Tennant), it will be best to enquire of any one in the village where he resides before walking to the mouth of the Cave. The charge for a party of less than three persons is 2s. 6d.; but for a party of three or more it is only a shilling per head.

The entrance at the foot of an imposing breast of rock, about seventy or eighty feet high, relieved by moss-grown trees, overhanging foliage, and creeping ivy, is in itself a most attractive spot; but on the candles, which the guide provides, being lighted and the iron gate passed, a far different scene is entered upon. We leave daylight behind us and penetrate the gloomy mansions of what is called the "old cave," that is to say, that portion of this subterranean wonder which was "known to the ancients," before the explorations of the late Mr. James Farrer, had rendered accessible the recesses which form the most beautiful part of this unparalleled cavern, between thirty and forty years ago.

This old part of the Cave, it will be observed, is not nearly so grand as the "new" portion, on account of its having been long since—before any person laid claim to it—despoiled of most of its ornaments, the tesselated markings of the roof, and a few dusty petrifactions, being all that remain. The length of the "old Cave" is about sixty yards; to the first Gothic arch, two hundred yards more; and the entire length, as far as it has been hitherto explored, is about a thousand yards.

It is not our intention here to dilate on the various features of interest in the different passages and chambers of the Cave through which the tourist is conducted. This we leave to the guide, whose province it is; and he will not fail to point out, in his own interesting and peculiar manner, the almost infinite variety of stalactites and stalagmites, and the various shapes which they assume. No written description can do full justice to, or convey an adequate idea of, the many and diversified beauties which the visitor encounters at every step. In the centre of one chamber, called "Pillar Hall," there is a perfect column of spar between the roof and the floor, half a foot in diameter. There are stalagmites standing like unfinished statuettes, and gradually growing under the continual dropping of the water, and sometimes the same drop is slowly working at the junction of a stalagmite with its fellow stalactite above. Here there is the perfect model of a beehive, and there the resemblance of a jockey's cap, ten feet in circumference and about two feet high, which is calculated to have been formed by the continual droppings of 260 years. One part, called the "Gothic Archway," has the beauty and almost the regularity of a lofty aisle of the finest pointed architecture; another is so low that you are obliged to scramble, not on "all fours," but in a most uncomfortable doubled-up posture, with a candle in one hand and your hat in the other. At every step there is something to attract attention, named after the objects they most resemble, such as a flitch of bacon, an elephant's head and leg—nearly as perfect in appearance as Jumbo's own—an enormous bridecake, a fortification, a bed and cushion, and numerous other not inappropriate titles. In one or two places, the guide strikes with his stick a lot of fluted stalactites, and forthwith they utter the sweetest bell-toned sounds. Sometimes a number of these elegant

INGLEBOROUGH (CLAPHAM) CAVE—FRONT VIEW

ornaments fill the side passages and clefts, long, clear, and tapering, like branching coral or inverted shrubs, or clustering round a larger one, like the lustres of a chandelier, and here and there they are reflected in a little translucent pool. A white line of calcareous concretion in some places marks the height at which the water once stood; now it stands only in still pellucid pools, or rippling along a narrow channel, makes the only sound that breaks the stillness of the place. The utmost care is very properly taken to prevent visitors from injuring the petrifactions, which in their present fantastical shapes form the most beautiful natural curiosities that can possibly be conceived.

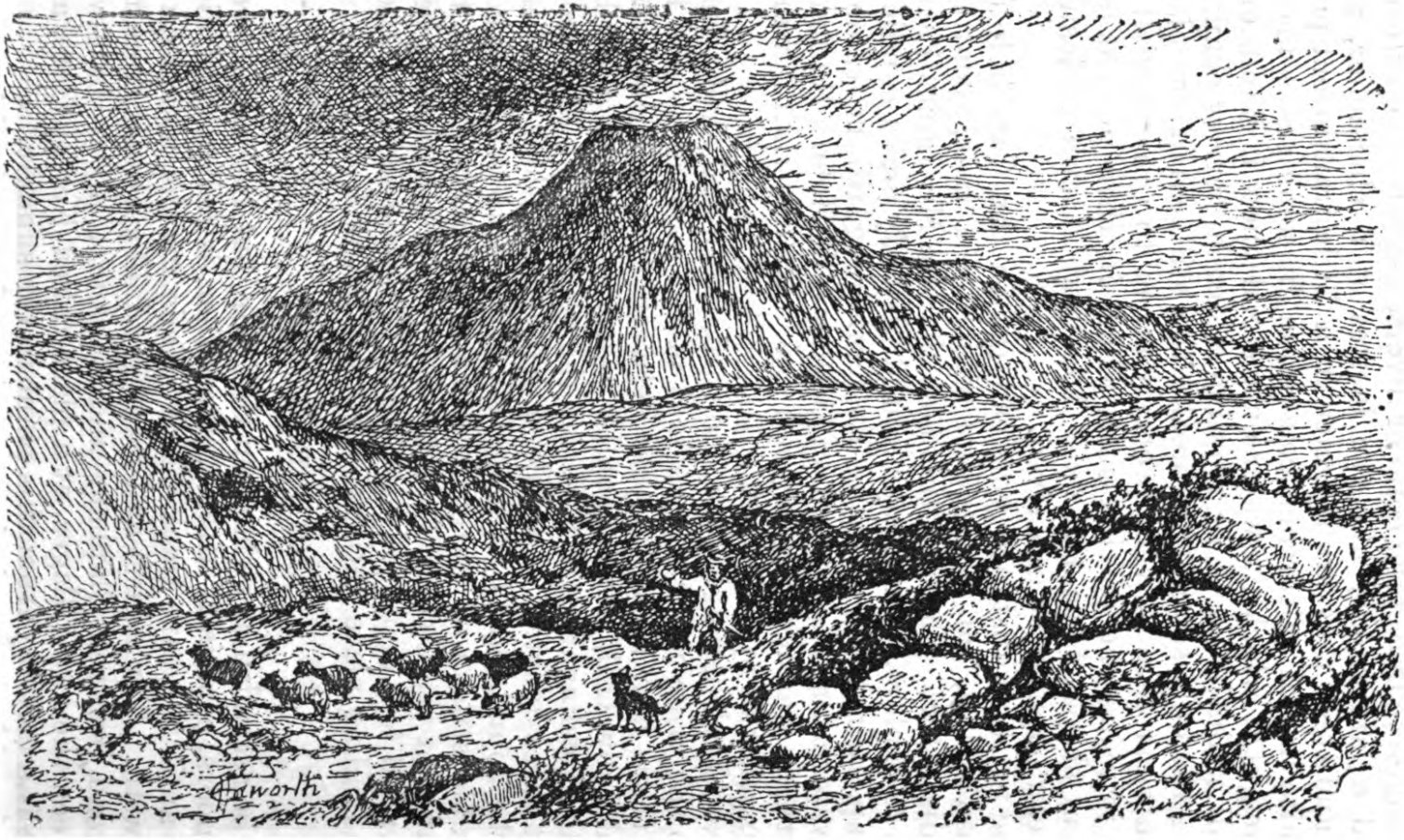
The furthest distance you can get in the Cave is to the "Giant's Hall," at the end of which is a hole, about two feet diameter. Through this hole the late Mr. James Farrer went to explore, with a rope round his body and a candle in his cap, swimming, creeping, or scrambling till he came to the waterfall at the bottom of Gaping Gill Hole. He found that there was nothing beyond the "Giant's Hall" worth the expense of opening out.

From Ingleborough Cave, the road, green and shady, leads on to the wide moor at the foot of the mountain. On the left there is a romantic pass between two towering cliffs, called Trow Gill, which may be ascended without difficulty, and the road again met with on the right. At a distance of about three quarters of a mile, a deep, gloomy-looking chasm will be found, called Gaping Gill Hole, into which a considerable stream of water falls, and re-appears close to the entrance of the Cave. This horrible-looking abyss has been descended to a depth of nearly two hundred feet, and there is no landing place until this depth is reached.

INGLEBOROUGH

may be ascended anywhere on this side, but the route across the moors, especially after wet weather, is tedious and difficult, until the cart track which winds up the mountain is met with. The easiest and most gradual ascent is from the old road between Clapham and Ingleton, about half-way between the two villages, at a place called Newby Cote, and there is a cartway from this point to the summit.

This noble mountain is a prominent feature in the scenery for many miles round. From every part of the district its



INGLEBOROUGH.

table-land may be seen towering grandly to the skies; and an ascent upon its summit, on a fine, clear day, is one of the most delightful excursions that can be undertaken. It stands upon a base of between twenty and thirty miles in circumference, and its highest elevation is 2,361 feet above the level of the sea, being only twenty-three feet lower than its neighbour—the highest of the Yorkshire hills—Whernside. The views from the top are splendid. A vast extent of country, from north to south, with the Irish Sea in the west, can be distinctly traced as in a map. In the north-west, the confused heaps of mountains in the Lake District, with their grotesque outlines, terminate the prospect at the distance of fifty miles. Westward, it is closed in by the blending of sea and sky. Southward, after following the indented shores of the Irish Sea, the Welsh mountains lift their broken summits across the horizon. Pendle Hill is seen finely in the south-west, while in the east and north-east, black and irregular hills and deeply-indented valleys soon terminate the view.

The plain on the top is about a mile round, having the ruins of an old wall of gritstone upon it, from which circumstance some antiquaries endeavour to prove that it was once a British camp and place of great defence. On the western edge are the remains of an old beacon, three or four yards high, and ascended by a short flight of steps, with the ruins of a small watch-house adjoining. In times of internal commotion, and particularly during the incursions of the Scots, a fire was probably lighted here, for the purpose of alarming the neighbouring country, and to warn them of some imminent danger. The soil on the top is dry and barren, yielding little grass; a spongy moss is all that appears to thrive in this lofty region. The stones on the summit, and for a great way down, are of a soft, sandy nature; but the base is limestone, to an enormous depth. Several springs have their origin near the top, particularly one on the north side, of pure, good-tasted water, called Fairweather Sykes, which runs down by the side of a sheep-fence into a chasm called Meir Gill. All the other springs, as well as this, when they come to the limestone base, are swallowed up, and after running perhaps a mile underground, make their appearance once again in the surrounding vales, and then wind in various courses to the Lune or the Ribble, which empty themselves into the Irish Sea.

The naturalist cannot but observe a number of conical holes, with their vertexes downwards, not only all over Ingleborough, but also near the summit. They are mostly from two to four or five yards in diameter, and from two to three and four yards deep; but one on the north-east side, called Barefoot Wives Hole—a round, funnel-shaped pit—has a diameter at the top of about fifty or sixty yards, and a depth of twenty-six yards. The cause of them is left for the determination of the ingenious naturalist.

The direct visual distance from the summit of Ingleborough to Lancaster Castle and Church is said to be 17¾ miles. This may serve as a standard by which the spectator may judge of other distances around.

KIRKBY LONSDALE and the VALE of the LUNE.

Oh, stream of my childhood, thou beautiful Lune,
Through meadow and wildwood still murmur thy tune;
O'er grey rock and pebble rush gladsomely on,
Though thy gleam from my vision be vanished and gone!

A PLEASANT ride of six miles from Ingleton, without any intermediate stoppage, brings us to Kirkby Lonsdale station, somewhat inconveniently situated, about a mile and a half from the town itself; but an omnibus from the Royal Hotel meets nearly all the trains.

Kirkby Lonsdale lies on the very verge of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Westmorland, though included in the latter county. It is situated in a picturesque and highly interesting district, intersected by the Lune, which here assumes the character of a fine river, gradually widening as it shapes its course through a fruitful, well-cultivated, and famous valley. This river, though now universally spelled and pronounced Lune, has obtained different titles at different times, such as Lan, Lone, and Loyne. It rises in the parish of Ravenstondale, among the mountains of Westmorland; thence, after

taking a winding course to near Tebay, it joins the Rothay, about nine miles north of Kirkby Lonsdale. The congregated streams then serpentine through the fertile vale of Lonsdale, collecting the tribute of every subordinate rivulet in their passage. After washing the foot of the mount on which Kirkby Lonsdale is situated, the Lune is augmented by the Leck, at Burrow, by the Greta, near Thurland Castle, and by the Wenning, at Hornby. It then flows merrily on,

> By many a field and fallow,
> And many a fairy foreland set
> With willow-weed and mallow,

until it forms a fine canal of deep, still water, stretching from Halton to Skerton—about two miles—and takes the name of Halton Water. After this it becomes a tidal river, and finally joins the sea at Sunderland, seven miles below Lancaster.

So much for the Lune: we will now return to Kirkby Lonsdale. This remarkably neat and beautiful little town was formerly, as its name implies, the Kirk or Church Town of Lunesdale; and its antiquity may be inferred from its having had a charter for a market and fair as early as the year 1227. But though a town of no inconsiderable importance at so early a date, it presents no features of antiquity (except the Church) by which we might infer that it had an existence prior to the last one hundred years. Most of the houses have been built within the latter period, being generally designed with good taste; but the streets are narrow, though clean and well paved. The walks in the vicinity of the town are truly delightful; and the fine gardens and luxuriant plantations by which the place is surrounded, contrast well with the white walls and blue roofs of the houses, throwing over the whole scene a pleasing and cheerful aspect. The only ancient building in the town of interest to the tourist is

THE CHURCH,

a very large fabric, one hundred and twenty feet long by one hundred and two feet broad, with a square tower sixty-eight feet high, and is supposed to have been erected soon after the Norman Conquest; for in the process of repairs which were made in 1808, it was discovered that some of the timber bore the date 1149. About the time these repairs were made (1808), the architectural effect of this venerable edifice was seriously injured, the leaden roofs, battlements, pinnacles,

and clerestory being removed, to give place to an enormous sweeping roof of blue slate. The lower part of the tower is a splendid specimen of ancient architecture, the doorway leading to the belfry being a rich Norman arch, having at one time been relieved with basso-relievos of grotesque animals, but exposure to the weather has almost obliterated them. The south door, which is partly concealed by a porch, presents an example, in fine relief, of the zig-zag or cheveron moulding. The exquisite lancet window above the altar is a pure

WESTERN DOORWAY, KIRKBY LONSDALE CHURCH.

specimen of early English. It consists of three tall single lights, in the best style belonging to the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century, with slender detached columns bound by graceful and well-cut bands of stone, the capitals of these columns, or shafts, being sculptured with curious and minute ornamental designs. Some of the capitals of the columns at the western or Norman end of the nave are carved in a singular and beautiful manner, well deserving the notice of archæologists and those who look back to by-gone

times, or delight in the study of the Church architecture of our ancestors. The piscina is in the niche of one of the pillars of the south side of the choir. The interior of this fine old church has of late years undergone a thorough restoration and beautifying, at the sole expense of the Earl of Bective.

In the churchyard, which is celebrated for the fine views it affords of the vale of Lune, and the magnificent avenue of venerable beech trees leading to the parsonage, will be observed a monumental pillar, raised, as the inscription upon it records, by subscription, in memory of five young women, "all of whom were hurried into eternity in the awful destruction by fire of the Rose and Crown [now Royal] Hotel, in this town, on the night of the 6th December, 1820."

After leaving the Church, the visitor should proceed through the stile in the north-east corner of the churchyard, and survey the scene which excites universal admiration. Here, after the eye has traversed over a rich and fertile vale, variegated with woods and country residences, and washed by a rapid and pellucid stream, which gurgles musically over its rocky bed, the prospect is terminated by a chain of lofty mountains, running in a direction from north to south, parallel to the course of the river, and among them, to the right, the never-failing Ingleborough peers high above the rest, looking like the bold and surly leader of the legion arrayed behind him. Pursuing the path along the Brow and through a fine park, he will shortly come in sight of

UNDERLEY HALL,

the elegant mansion of the Earl of Bective, M.P. for the county of Westmorland. It was formerly the property of the ancient family of the Nowells, one of whom, Arthur Nowell, Esq., rebuilt it in 1828, in the magnificent Gothic style which prevailed in the reign of James I. Viewed from the bank of the river below Underley Hall, the scenery of the Lune puts on a particularly charming and diversified appearance. Here a transparent sheet of still water, about half a mile in length, lies stretched at our feet; at the high end of it is a grotesque range of impending rocks of red stone, about thirty yards in perpendicular height, and partly covered with foliage, which, both by their colour and situation, produce an excellent effect in the scene. This patch

of rock (red Silurian conglomerate) is of considerable interest to geologists, as it defines the break between the slate and mountain limestone.

Returning from Underley by the same path we took to get to it, we see opposite the gates on the south side of the churchyard the old hall taken notice of over two-hundred years ago by "Drunken Barnaby," in his *Itinerary*. It is still an inn (the King's Arms), and doubtless keeps up its ancient character :—

> I came to Lonsdale, where I staid
> At hall, into a tavern made;
> Neat gates, white walls—nought was sparing;
> Pots brimful—no thought of caring;
> They eat, drink, laugh, are still mirth-making,
> Nought they see that's worth care-taking.

What there is of town in Kirkby Lonsdale is not much; and, indeed, we cannot wish that it was more.

> God made the country, and man made the town;

and we, who have left man's work and its smoky pall far behind, do not feel over anxious to encounter it again just yet. For the size of the town, and the small number of its inhabitants (about two thousand) the Market Square seems out of proportion. The Savings' Bank, on the northern side, gives it a nice finish. This, however, *en passant*, as we hasten to re-cross the Lune, stopping a few minutes this time to examine the famous bridge, called

The Devil's Bridge,

which, for its great age and curious workmanship, exceeds, perhaps, any in the north of England. The date of its erection has never been ascertained; but it appears to have existed before the year 1275, as there was in that year a grant of pontage obtained for its repair. There being no memorial of its foundation, its erection has been attributed to supernatural agency; and by a local poet, writing in *Bentley's Miscellany*, the honour is assigned to the famed magician, Michael Scott. But there is another story of its origin, a second part to the same tune of the tradition "Dule upo' Dun," and no doubt equally veracious. This story an ingenious poetaster has woven into verse, after the manner of

Burns, and published it in the July number of the *Lonsdale Magazine* for 1821, from which now very scarce publication we extract the following

LEGEND OF KIRKBY LONSDALE BRIDGE.

Still grand, and beautiful, and good,
Has Lonsdale Bridge unshaken stood,
And scorn'd the swollen raging flood
For many ages;
Though antiquaries, who have tried
Some date to find, in vain have pried
In ancient pages.

Then hear what old tradition says:
Close by the Lune, in former days,
Liv'd an old maid, queer all her ways,
In Yorkshire bred;
Tho' now forgot what she was named,
For cheating she was always famed,
'Tis truly said.

She had a cow, a pony too,
When o'er the Lune, upon the brow,
Had passed one night these fav'rites two
'Twas dark and rainy;
Her cow was o'er, she knew her bellow,
Her pony, too, poor little fellow,
She heard him whinny.

Alack, alack-a-day! she cries,
As overflowed her streaming eyes,
When lo! with her to sympathise
Old Nick appears;
"Pray, now, good woman, don't despair,
But lay aside all anxious care,
And wipe your tears.

"To raise a bridge I will agree,
That in the morning you shall see;
But mine for aye the first must be
That passes over;
So by these means you'll soon be able
To bring the pony to his stable,
The cow her clover."

In vain were sighs and wailings vented,
So she at last appeared contented,
It was a bargain—she consented—
For she was Yorkshire.
Now home she goes in mighty glee,
Old Satan, too, well pleased he,
Went to his work, Sir.

When Ilus' son surrounded Troy
With walls that nothing might destroy,
Two gods some time he did employ,
But never paid 'em;
Here Satan, certain of his prize,
With building made a terrible noise,
So fast he laid on.

In short the morning streaks appear,
The bridge is built, and Satan there,
When the old lady now drew near,
Her lap-dog with her:
"Behold the bridge," the tempter cries,
"Your cattle, too, before your eyes,
So hie you thither."

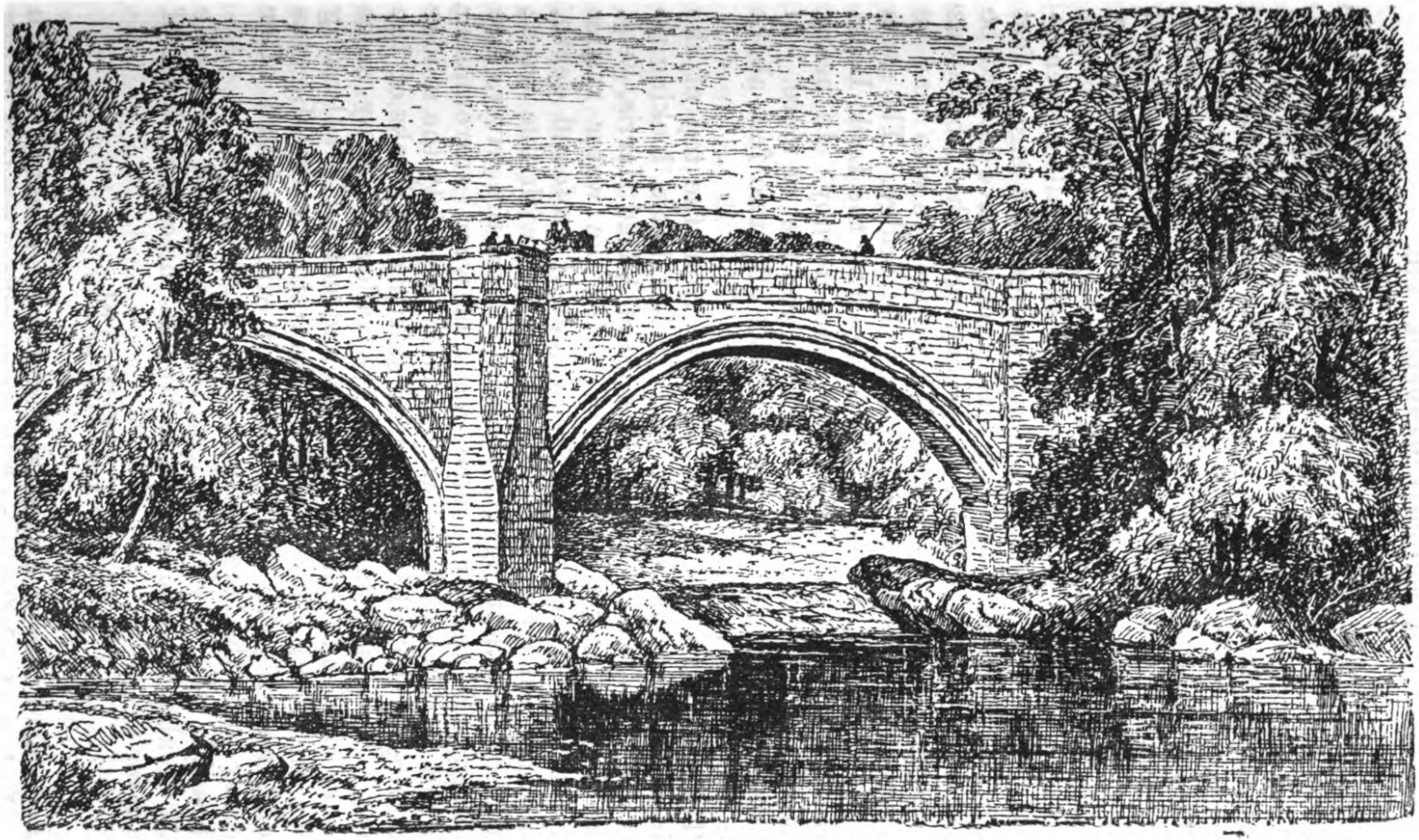
But mark! she well the bargain knew:
A bun then from her pocket drew,
And showed it first to little Cue,
Then over threw it;
Now flew the bun, now ran the dog,
For eager was the mangy rogue,
Nor stood to view it.

"Now, crafty Sir, the bargain was
That you should have what first did pass
Across the bridge,—so now, alas!
The dog's your right."
The cheater cheated, struck with shame,
Squinted and grinned, then in a flame
He vanished quite.

And, then, the writer, quitting romance, finishes off with an extra stanza, which he styles "The Toast," in which we are sure that you, good reader, out of the fulness of your heart, will cheerfully join:—

Long stand the bridge, long flow the Lune;
May all the dwellers on its banks
Be honest, healthy, good, and bold,
Still living happy in their ranks,
And free from evil;
With mirth may Lunesdale ever ring,
Be faithful each to Church and King,
And cheat the Devil!

Another version of the legend omits all reference to the old woman and her pets, but agrees in the main "fact" that the building of the bridge was contracted for by his Satanic Majesty, who, it asserts, gathered the stones with which to build it into his apron, and flew with the loads from the gathering ground to the site of his operations. In fetching



KIRKBY LONSDALE BRIDGE.

the last load, his apron string unfortunately broke, just as he was passing over Casterton Fell. He lost many of them out, and as the work had to be done in one night, he had not time to pick them up again, or the bridge would have been much wider.

This antique structure consists of three strong and lofty semi-circular arches, built of fine white freestone, turned and ribbed with the utmost exactness, and supported by strong and massive pillars. The span of the two larger arches is fifty-five feet each, and of the smaller, twenty-eight feet. The roadway is one hundred and eighty feet long, but so narrow that angular recesses have had to be constructed in the parapet, corresponding to the projections of the piers, for the escape of foot passengers who may be overtaken by vehicles while crossing the bridge. The same peculiarity is observable in the bridge over the Leck Beck, across which we pass on our way to Hornby. In heavy floods the Lune rises to a height of fifteen feet or more. In ordinary seasons the parapet is about fifty-two feet above the level of the water.

The views up and down the river from the top of the bridge are truly delightful. On the left bank, looking up the river, is Lunefield, the residence of Alfred Harris, Esq., charmingly situated at a point where the water rushes through a rocky channel, narrow, but of profound depth, the banks on either side being adorned with fine trees; while on our left again, looking down the river, rise Summerfield and the dark mass of wood surrounding Burrow Hall, which break with a pleasing variety the milder colouring of the cultivated ground skirting the banks of the Lune. A magnificent view up the valley for many miles may be obtained from the rising ground on the right (looking down the river), close to a thick plantation, called Biggins Wood, and a path leading up to it will be found after turning down the lane just past the bridge.

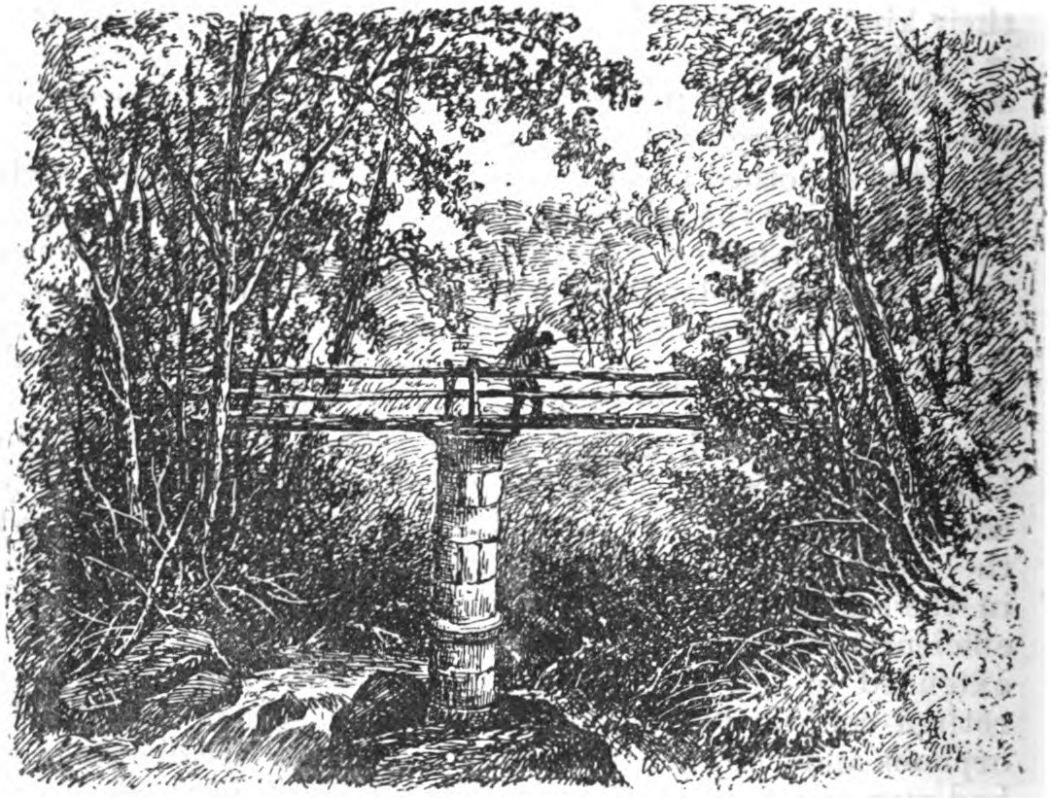
Leaving the Devil's Bridge, there is a most enjoyable walk of about a mile along the lane on the eastern bank of the river to

CASTERTON,

styled the Pride of Lonsdale, beautifully situated beneath the shadow of a lofty mountain range, whose verdant slopes,

dotted with pasturing flocks and herds, add a pleasing variety to the richly-wooded valley below. The Church is a neat edifice, in the early English style, with a square tower. It was erected in 1838, by W. W. C. Wilson, Esq., formerly of Casterton Hall, and one of the principal landowners of the township. To him and his son, the late Rev. W. Carus Wilson, the locality owes much of its present beautiful appearance, and the inhabitants are indebted to them for the great interest they took in their social and religious elevation. Here are three admirable scholastic institutions, unique of their kind, established by the late Rev. W. C. Wilson. One is the Clergy Daughters' School, founded in the year 1823, and is open to the whole kingdom, but its benefits are confined to the clergy with the smallest incomes. One hundred pupils are clothed and educated for about £20 a year each, and on leaving the school are provided for as governesses in respectable families. Another is the Preparatory Clergy Daughters' School, established in 1837, situated close to the parent institution, and provides on similar terms for thirty children, chiefly orphans, who, when fit, are advanced into the other school. A third is the Servants' School, commenced at Tunstall in 1820, and permanently established at Casterton in 1838. The primary object of this school is to train girls for service; but it has been found difficult to get the complement of pupils at such an age, and to retain them in the school for such a period, as is necessary to fit them efficiently for service. Therefore its benefits have been extended to the children of parents who are situated in retired country places, remote from any school, and also to orphans and children who labour under the disadvantage of bad management or bad example at home. With regard to the system of education which is pursued, the great object is to give to all a general knowledge of household work, while at the same time the duties of the schoolroom are not neglected. No pupil is received under fourteen years of age, except in very urgent cases, and each child is required to remain at least two years. The terms for clothing, lodging, boarding, and educating are £14 a year; £7 being paid in advance each half-year. All these institutions are, of course, dependent in a great measure upon charitable contributions to enable them to carry out efficiently the benevolent objects of their founder.

But the principal attraction to those who visit this beautiful village are the extensive woods about Casterton Hall, which are accessible to every one who can appreciate the privilege by orderly conduct. The entrance to them is nearly opposite the Church tower. After proceeding a little way down, the Servants' School will be observed on the right, and still further down, a ruinous building, which has formerly been used as a bath. Close to this is a picturesque Alpine bridge, which our artist has thought worth sketching. Just below



ALPINE BRIDGE, CASTERTON WOODS.

the bridge is a pretty cascade, one of a series that enliven with their music the charming scene around, of winding walks, gigantic ferns, gay wild flowers, and luxuriant trees and shrubs. By crossing the bridge, a path on the opposite side of the stream will be reached, which leads to the Lune side, where another rustic bridge will be met with, and from this a pleasing view of Underley and the rose garden, sloping down almost to the margin of the river, can be obtained. These woods extend some distance in a northerly direction,

and two or three hours may be most agreeably spent in them.

From Casterton, there is a direct road over the fells, of about a mile and a half, to

EASGILL,

a tremendous rocky ravine between Leck and Casterton Fells, near the southern extremity of the latter, abounding in natural curiosities. It is dry in the summer months, as mos of these mountain ravines usually are—the water rushing soon in and as quickly out again. But if the season be

SCENE IN EASGILL.

uncommonly wet, or when the snow is melting, it is a mountain torrent of the most rapid and tumultuous nature, forming a succession of whirlpools, waterfalls, and eddies, not surpassed by any in this country. About three hundred yards from the entrance to the gill, there is a cavern called the "Witch Holes," being easy of access, and continuing for a long way into the mountain. Ascending the bed of the stream for a short distance, we enter "Easgill Kirk," an area of about two hundred yards in circumference, enclosed on all

sides but one by gigantic perpendicular cliffs, rising from one hundred to two hundred feet, and ornamented at the top and in various parts of the sides by shrubs and creeping plants. In the north-east corner of the "Kirk," the stream—when there is one—falls from a height of about thirty feet. Not far from this waterfall, the "Choir" of the "Kirk" is entered by a fine arch, eight feet high and fourteen feet broad. The interior is a small lofty apartment; and just over the entrance, on the opposite side, is a grotesque petrifaction suspended from the roof, called the "Priest of Easgill."

These fells abound with chasms of profound depth, and several small caves, which, however, are difficult of access. We leave them to the adventurous, retracing our steps towards the Devil's Bridge, but striking off down the road a little higher and on the opposite side of the entrance to Casterton Lane, on our road to Hornby (eight miles). Summerfield—delightfully situated on an eminence which commands the richest portion of the Lune valley—is on our left, and soon after we pass this we come in sight of

BURROW HALL,

on the same side. This handsome modern residence, the seat of T. F. Fenwick, Esq., is situated on rising ground, in an extensive and richly-wooded park, bounded by a high and substantially-built stone wall, at the termination of which we cross a most picturesque little bridge over the Leck, an important tributary of the Lune. At each end of the bridge are two tall yew trees, which, mingling their foliage together, form two natural triumphal arches, which have a very pleasing effect.

BURROW,

formerly called Overborough, is memorable as having been the site of the Roman Station of Bremetonacæ. Traversing the district in the very infancy of research into Roman antiquities, Leland discovered the remains and the tradition of an ancient city at Overborough, without even a conjecture at its Roman name. And Camden, who visited the place in 1582, says of it:—

As soon as the Lune enters Lancashire, the Lac, a little river, joins it from the east. Here at present stands Overborough, a small country village; but that it was formerly a great city, taking up a large plot of ground between the Lac and the Lune, and was forced to surrender by

BRIDGE OVER LECK BECK.

the utmost misery of a siege and famine, I learned from the inhabitants, who have it by a tradition handed down by their ancestors. The place itself shews its own antiquity by many old monuments, as inscriptions upon stones, chequered pavements, and Roman coins; as also by this its modern name, which signifies a Roman fortress. If ever it recover its ancient name, it must be owing to others, and not to me, though I have sought it with all the diligence I could. If a man might have the liberty of a conjecture, I must confess I should take it to be the Bremetonacum, upon the account of its distance from Coccium.

This last conjecture of Camden has left from that time to this the modern Overborough in undisputed possession of its claim to be the Bremetonacum of Antonine.

From the time of Camden to the earlier part of the last century, little attention seems to have been paid to the place, and no discoveries were made. But about the year 1740, Thomas Fenwick, Esq., having chosen Overborough, for the beauty and fertility of its situation, as the place of his future residence, began the foundation of a spacious mansion, near the north-eastern point of the Roman fortress, on the site of the Prætorium; and was fortunate that an intelligent and observing clergyman of the neighbourhood was frequently a guest, and almost an inmate in his family. He watched the levelling of the ground, previously to the foundation being laid, and afterwards the smoothing of the lawn in front, with curious and critical eyes. The opportunities of observation which he possessed, gave birth to a small quarto, entitled *Antiquitates Bremetonacenses; or the Roman Antiquities of Overborough*, in which he has, with great fidelity, recorded all that he had seen in the progress of his patron's improvements, and much that he most ingeniously conjectured as to the state of the place under its Roman masters. This clergyman, whose name was Richard Rauthmel, was perpetual curate of Whitewell, in Bowland, at the time of his death. He is said to have been a lively and entertaining man, which made him always a welcome guest at Burrow, and he well repaid the hospitalities of his host by a dedication, in which, with an eye to the main chance, he touched some topics of adulation with a delicate and skilful hand. Alluding to Burrow Hall, which his patron was then building, he remarks:—

The different and opposite fates attending this hillock, when I was last at Overborough, presented themselves to my imagination. The houses Agricola and Theodosius built at Overborough were designed for

the pomp of war, and to be a terror to all around. The house you are building, which discovers elegance without ill-judgment, and usefulness without ostentation, is designed for the kind offices of peace and good neighbourhood. To approach this hill in the time of its Roman proprietors, the kindest salutation that could be expected was to be hailed with a javelin from the hand of a jealous Roman; to approach it now, and its proprietor, we may depend upon being highly obliged, either with the kindest acts of friendship, or the most generous offices of humanity.

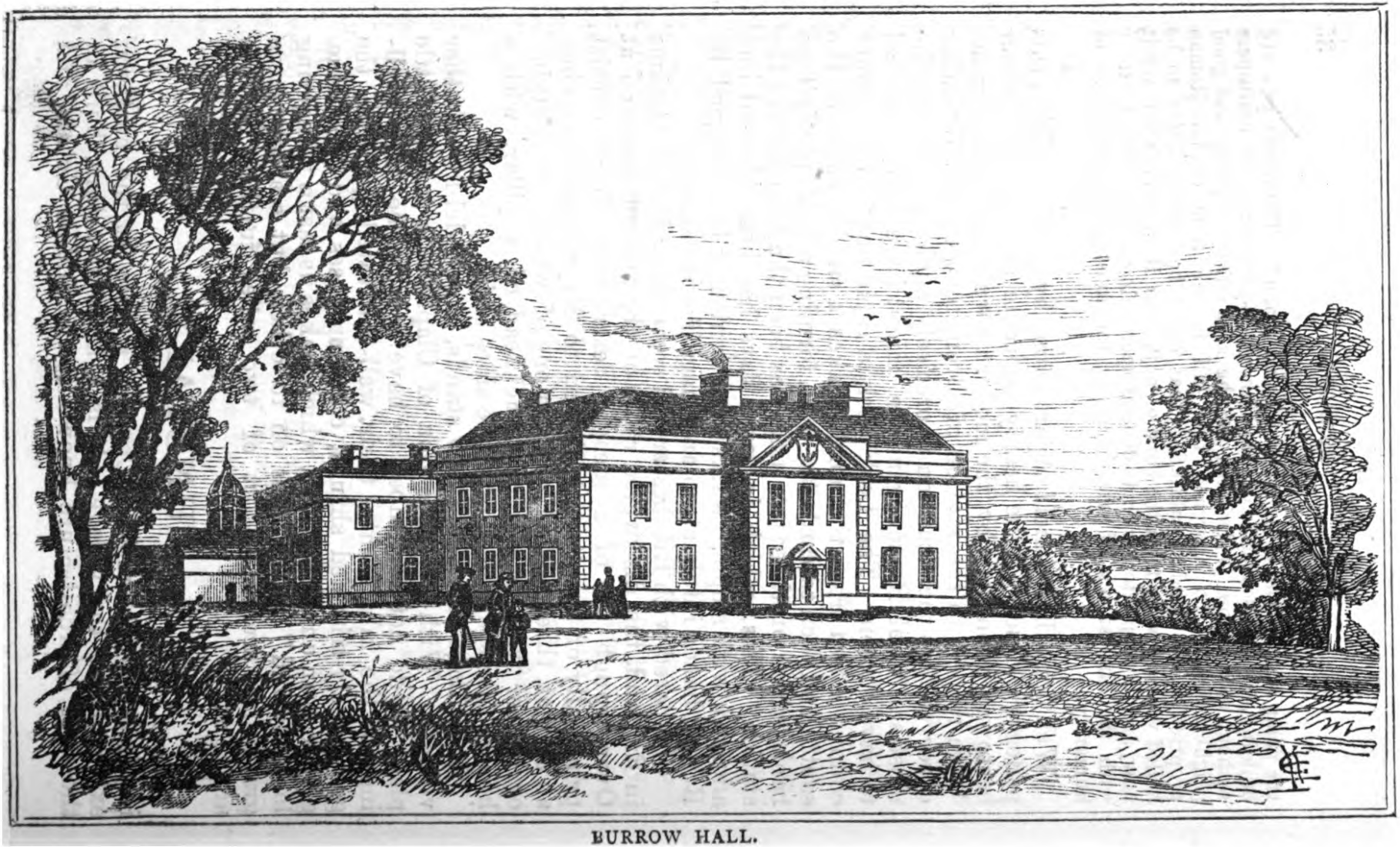
Well done, Rauthmel! Apart from thy social qualities, this panegyric deserved the hearty welcome and the good cheer bestowed upon thee by the modern owner of Bremetonacæ. With respect to the station of Bremetonacæ, Dr. Whitaker observes that the situation is precisely such as Agricola, the most skilful of Roman generals, might have been expected to have chosen. The Leck Beck, a rapid and stony torrent coming down from the north, makes a sudden curve to the south, and then towards the west, forming a bold, precipitous bank, which on those two sides has been the boundary of the station. This, which in later days has been planted and adorned with sloping walks, had evidently been formed by Roman hands into a steep and magnificent rampart.

Compared with Ribchester and some other Roman stations in England, the discovered relics of the ancient garrison at Overborough are of a meagre description. They consist principally of an altar, dedicated to Mogan; a silver ring, an amulet, three or four urns, in one of which was a stylus, or copper writing pen; and the head of a pillar, with a human face sculptured on three sides of it.

The village itself, as it now stands, is a model for all other villages. With the exception of Clapham, a lovelier little place we do not remember to have seen. The neat dwellings of the inhabitants, their well-cultivated gardens, the grotesquely-trimmed shrubs, climbing roses and woodbine, give to it an unusual charm, which makes us cast a "lingering look behind" as we pass on to other, but scarcely more gratifying, scenes. Short of two miles further on, we arrive at

TUNSTALL,

in sight of the ancient Church, situate at the northern extremity of the village. It is a large structure, built in the style of architecture known as the middle Gothic, and



BURROW HALL.

is believed to be the second or third erection on the same foundation. The last re-building is ascribed to Sir Thomas Tunstall, who flourished in the reigns of Henry IV. and V. The damaged stone effigy on the south side of the altar rails is supposed to be that of Brian Tunstall, who was slain at the battle of Flodden Field,—he of whom we read in *Marmion*—

> Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
> His life-blood stains the spotless shield.

Dr. Whitaker, however, thinks that the figure is more likely to be the representation of Sir Thomas Tunstall, the founder of

THURLAND CASTLE,

that stately pile standing in the spacious park on our left as we leave Tunstall. The old Castle of Thurland was built by Sir Thomas in the early part of Henry VI.'s reign. It was judiciously restored by R. T. North, Esq., in the beginning of the present century, and was partially destroyed by fire in 1879, when it was again restored by the present owner, North North, Esq.

Soon after we pass the main entrance to Thurland Castle, we cross another important affluent of the Lune—the rapid Greta, on our way to

MELLING,

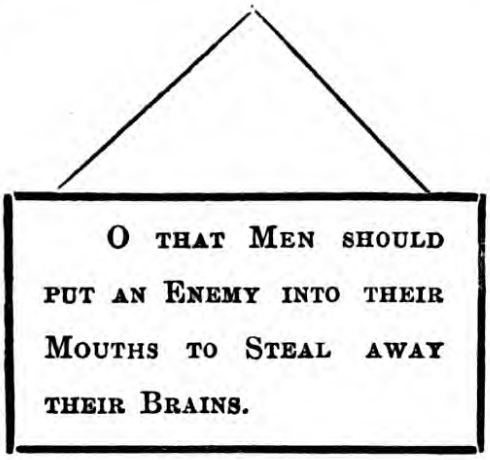
about a mile and a half from Greta-bridge. The village on our left is Cantsfield, and further up, on the banks of the Greta, is Burton-in-Lonsdale—sometimes called Black Burton—famous for the manufacture of brown earthenware pots, or "Black Burton china." The Greta, it will be remembered, is an old friend, whose acquaintance we first formed at Ingleton. At Melling is a railway station, on the Furness and Midland Line,—the first we encounter after leaving Kirkby Lonsdale. As we enter the village, Melling Hall, the residence of W. Rome, Esq., is just over the high wall on the left, and up the lane past the front of the house there is a road over Melling Moor, past Wennington Hall, to Wennington station, on the Midland Railway. This station is short of two miles distant, and the road to it is very pleasant. Melling Church is a spacious building of late Gothic, but with a Norman doorway. The present building

(except the tower) is a re-erection, and was new roofed and beautified in 1673. The foundation dates from 1106.

We believe it was Defoe, in his Satire, the *True-born Englishman*, who said,—

> Wherever God erects a house of prayer
> The devil always builds a chapel there.

Whether he meant by "chapel" to insinuate a public-house, we have no means of knowing; but, oddly enough, you seldom see a church without either the "Mitre Inn," or the "Church Inn," or "The Angel," or some such usually appropriate sign, in close proximity to it. The exception is at Melling. Here there is no inn of that class. The nearest is at Wennington; the next, at Hornby. You can refresh yourself at Melling with nothing stronger than ginger beer or lemonade—not a drop of "shandygaff" can you get for love or money,—and for the sale of these gaseous commodities, as well as tea and coffee, and the usual *et cæteras*, there is a "Teetotal Hotel," about the centre of the village—on your right, just before coming to the Church—with a hanging sign and the following aphorism from Shakespeare painted upon it:—



But although the lord or the lady of the manor will not allow any intoxicating drink to be sold at Melling, still it is to be feared that Melling sups; and sups something stronger than ginger beer; for in the advertising columns of a Lancaster newspaper of October 20th, 1882, we read,—

> To Let, good Cottage at Melling; a teetotal shoemaker would be valued.—Address, C. R., Melling, Carnforth.

Here, now, is a point for the opponents of Local Option. At Melling there is no option, local or otherwise,—"Hobson's choice" awaits the thirsty traveller. But notwithstanding this fact, that the nearest public-house—legitimately so called—is two miles away, a teetotal shoemaker would be a treasure in the village.

The observant traveller through Lunesdale cannot but be struck with several artificial mounds which now and then meet his eye. Perhaps the most remarkable of these may be seen on the right between Melling and Hornby. It is a high, flat-topped field, on the other side of the river, close to a village called Gressingham. According to Dr. Whitaker, "this is a magnificent Saxon fortification, intended to guard the pass of the Lune, as it commands the river both upwards and downwards. Its form is a regular ellipsis, at the north end of which the axis major is a circular mount, separated from the area below by an interior second fosse. The whole area is 2A. 9P. It is, perhaps, not too bold a conjecture to suppose that it was the Castle of Horne, the first founder." It has been assumed by other writers that these elevations constitute the *Agraria* of the Romans. It is remarkable that most of them are situated near our old parish churches; for instance at Sedbergh, Kirkby Lonsdale, Melling, Gressingham, and Halton. For whatever purpose they were originally designed, whether as places of defence, or "moot-hills" where justice was dispensed, in later days they appear to have been put to more ignoble uses. "I find," says Dr. Whitaker, "'The Gallows Hill of Melling' [situate opposite the railway station] mentioned in the records of Hornby Castle," and the small one on the glebe, immediately behind the vicarage at Kirkby Lonsdale, appears to have been put to a less useful purpose, being known to this day by the *sobriquet* of Cockpit Hill.

The walk from Melling to Hornby is along a clean and very pleasant road, with high ground on the left, but on the right you overlook a large portion of the fertile vale of the Lune. Occupying an elevated position on the opposite bank of the river, between Gressingham and Arkholme, may be seen Storrs Hall, the residence of F. Pearson, Esq., and, a little lower, close to the margin of the stream, the "Saxon fortification" just referred to.

Proceed along this road until you come to the end of it, when it diverges right and left. The road to the right

conducts to Gressingham, Arkholme, Borwick, and Carnforth; that to the left, to

HORNBY,

which is only about a quarter of a mile from this point, so that a five minutes' walk will bring you to Hornby Church, lying close to the wayside, its decorated octagonal tower being the first object that strikes the eye. To this tower and the inscription upon it, with the coat of arms encircled by the Garter, "hangs a tale," which, by the reader's permission, we will repeat when we come to the Castle. Of late years some slight improvements have been made in the appearance of the Church, but, with its flat roof and unrelieved spaces, it yet remains internally a somewhat ungainly-looking edifice. In the chancel there is a tablet to the memory of Dr. Lingard, the historian, which memorial was erected by his "friends and associates," and is perhaps the only instance that could be cited of a Roman Catholic dignitary having a monument erected to him in modern times in a Protestant Church. Dr. Lingard lived in the house nearly opposite the Church. The house, it will be observed, stands back a little way from the road, and has a small garden in front, with protecting wall and iron railings coming up to the roadside. Adjoining, is a cornered-up Catholic Chapel, where for forty years—from 1811 to 1851—the doctor was accustomed to perform his humble ministrations. There is a large garden behind the Chapel; and there, amongst sweet-smelling flowers and over-hanging trees, the good priest was wont to sit or walk, book in hand, pursuing his studies in heartfelt seclusion. It was in this quiet, unpretentious house at Hornby that he wrote, year by year, with steady industry, his *History of England*, a work which has long been regarded as one of the most able histories that we possess. Dr. Lingard, we are told, was of a genial sociable nature, and both received and paid many daily visits. One of his most intimate friends was the Vicar of Hornby, Mr. Fogg; indeed, all the English Church clergy in the district were on intimate terms with him, and none of the country gentlemen who lived near, from the occupant of the Castle downwards, ever thought a dinner-party complete without the doctor.

We come now to the principal object of interest in the village,—an ancient feudal relic, and one of the handsomest and stateliest residences to be found in the country—

HORNBY CASTLE.

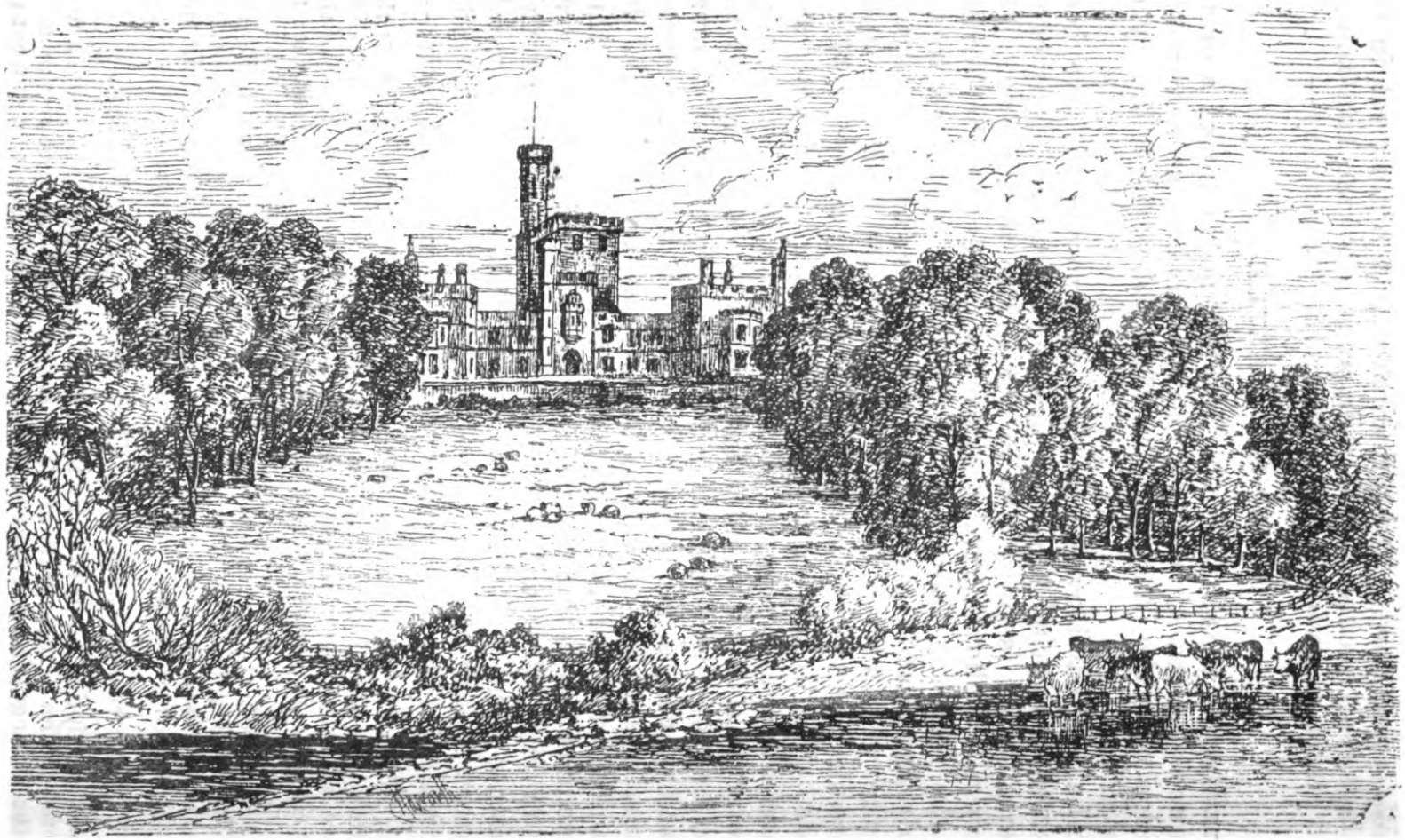
Standing on the summit of a bold hill, at the top of a grand avenue of trees, this magnificent pile is best seen from the bridge over the Wenning—another important tributary of the Lune.

The original baronial mansion is supposed to have been erected soon after the Conquest by Adam de Montbegon, whose shield is preserved in the Castle to this day. The Longvilles followed, and they were succeeded by the Nevills, in the reign of Henry III., after whom it passed to the Lady Margaret Harrington, wife of Sir William Harrington, in the year 1433. Both Sir William and his son John were slain at the battle of Wakefield, fighting for the White Rose. Sir John's two daughters, Anne, aged nine, and Elizabeth, aged eight years, became co-proprietors of Hornby. Their uncle disputed their title, but was defeated, and the two heiresses were placed in the wardship of Lord Thomas Stanley, whose third son, Sir Edward Stanley, married Anne, the elder of the girls, and whose nephew, John Stanley, married Elizabeth, the younger. Hornby thus came into possession of the Stanleys. The interesting tradition connected with Hornby Castle comes in at this juncture; and as it cannot be better told in as few words than it was in the *Lancaster Guardian* of July 16th, 1881, we will take the liberty to repeat that version of it here:—

Sir Edward Stanley was one of the most famous of the victors at the battle of Flodden Field. There is a ballad extant, curious for its alliterative exactness, describing his achievements at Flodden and those of the "lively lads in Lonsdale bred" whom he had on that occasion led to victory. It is recorded that Sir Edward made a vow that, if he returned victorious from the war against the Scottish invader, he would build and dedicate at Hornby a chapel to his patron saint. He did return victorious, and the vow was fulfilled, and the chapel which Sir Edward built still stands, with the inscription above the doorway of its tower—

Edwardus Stanley, miles, Dns. Monteagle me fieri fecit.

In this inscription he figures by the title of Lord Monteagle, which was granted to him by the grateful King Henry VIII. as some recompense for the distinguished services of the man whom his Majesty was wont to salute as "My soldier." Now comes the tradition that the church at



HORNBY CASTLE.

Hornby was not built by Stanley in pursuance of a soldier's vow, but that it was built by him in substantial token of penitence for the committal of a dark deed.

It would appear that Sir John Harrington, Stanley's opponent in the last contest of the Harringtons for the Hornby lordship, was suddenly removed. There seems to have been little known about the knight's death, but that little left all the more room for dark conjecture and speculation. It was known that there was jealousy and rivalry and hatred between the two men, and when the weaker of them died, there grew up in the minds of the people in all the country-side a belief that Sir Edward Stanley had removed the last of the Harringtons by poison. There is nothing now discoverable in the shape of groundwork for such a belief, but the tradition is very circumstantially formulated for us in that highly interesting book, Roby's *Traditions of Lancashire.*

The grim suspicion of the people derived strength from the known habits of Lord Monteagle in his later life. His lordship was wont to retire at night to his solitary room in the high watch-tower of his castle. The peasantry doubtless many a time saw the light which he kept burning there far on into the still hours; and their superstitious fancies, no doubt encouraged by the ominous head-shakings of servitors in the castle, clothed the dark baron with all sorts of awful attributes. He was whispered of as a materialist, a freethinker, and an alchemist; and there was little effort required for the popular mind in those times to darken such a figure yet further by the shadow of murder.

It would seem that these whisperings of horror had come to the ears of a godly and conscientious and withal a very popular divine, known as the "parson of Slaidburn." Parsons were rarer then than now, and benefices were more widely scattered. Slaidburn is a pretty long distance from Hornby, and if the parson called in this legend "the parson of Slaidburn" was really what his title would indicate—we have no precise description or account of him—then his subsequent act was exceedingly creditable and courageous. When he heard of these things as touching Lord Monteagle, he determined to go down to Hornby and rebuke its lord. He got hold of a man named Maudsley, Lord Monteagle's faithful servitor, and compelled or terrified Maudsley into co-operating with him in his purpose. One night—an autumn night, for there was still the light of the harvest moon—the parson and Maudsley went to the castle, the former actuated by the purpose of surprising the lordly sinner *in flagrante delicto.* The two men crossed the drawbridge, Maudsley stilling the baying of the hounds which kept watch and ward there better than any sentinel halberdier, and ascended the staircase of the great keep and so up to the chamber in the watchtower. They gained admittance into the chamber—on what pretence it is not stated—and there found Lord Monteagle, surrounded by furnaces, crucibles, alembics, astrolabes, and mysterious volumes. He was seated at a table, reading by the dim light of an ancient lamp. The servitor was bidden to retire, and the parson of Slaidburn was authoritatively desired to state his business.

The parson, bold as he was, felt something of terror. The night was far spent, he was alone with a man whose name was one of terror, and who might be in actual league with the Evil One; and all the parson

could do for the moment was to mutter something about his Lordship's spiritual welfare. The baron at once began to argue the whole matter from the beginning, and at last fairly took the good parson by storm by declaring that the Bible was a complete forgery, and religion a mere system of priestcraft and superstition. The parson had, in the region of argument, got over the terror which the grim furniture and aspect of the chamber had inspired, and he rebuked the baron roundly, telling him that he only held such impious tenets because they flattered his expectations and soothed his fears.

"Fears! what fears?" demanded Lord Monteagle.

"The fear of facing the spirit of thy lady's cousin," said the priest; "his blood yet crieth from the ground against thee."

The hero of Flodden turned pale, trembled, and drew his sword; but the undaunted parson heeded not this threatening action.

"Put up thy sword," said the parson, scornfully, "for thou hast enow of sin to repent thee of without the shedding of an old man's blood added to the number."

The baron, reproved, replaced his sword, and, after a pause, said, "My cousin, John Harrington, died in his own chamber, in this house, God wot. Thou didst shrive him at his last shrift; and how sayest thou he was poisoned?"

The priest was adroit enough to make the most of this admission, and replied, "I said not aught so plainly;" and then, with a sudden movement exclaimed, "Behold Him!—There! Within a short space he cites thee to that bar where his presence will be a swift witness to thy doom!"

The baron glared wildly around him, terrified. Whether he saw the ghost of Sir John Harrington it is not stated; but we must believe that he did. The story is a poor one, otherwise. No doubt the spirit of the murdered Harrington did take shape and form visible to the fevered and haunted eye of the baron; and the evidence of it is that from that time forward the baron became an altered man; gave up his alembics, his crucibles, and his furnaces, his conjuring, and his blasphemy, and took to prayers and the giving of alms; and in order to appease the manes of Harrington and to give quiet to his own conscience, he built the church of Hornby, and endowed it, and the church of Hornby stands to this day.

That is the most romantic account of how Hornby Church came to be built by

Edwardus Stanley, miles, Dominus Monteagle.

From Edward, Hornby Castle and domain descended to his son Thomas, and from Thomas to his son William, each in turn Lord Monteagle. William died in 1580, his only child being Elizabeth, who married Lord Morley. The issue of this marriage was a son, who took the titles of Monteagle and Morley, who acquired the estate on his father's death, and who was destined to become famous in history as the discoverer of the Gunpowder Plot. His descendant, after successive mortgages of Hornby, conveyed, in 1633, the equity

of redemption to the Earl of Cardigan, whose heir sold the Castle and estate, in 1713, for £14,500, to Colonel Francis Charteris. He died in 1732, and the Hornby estate descended to his daughter Janet, wife of the Earl of Wemyss. Lord Wemyss made the Castle his residence for some considerable time. In 1789, the then Earl Wemyss sold the Castle and estates to Mr. John Marsden, a near neighbour, of Wennington Hall. Mr. Marsden put the place into good repair, and took up his residence there in 1794. He died childless and almost imbecile in 1826, and his competency to make a will being disputed, Hornby Castle once more became the subject of litigation, and for a space of ten years the great *cause célebre* of Tatham *v.* Wright occupied the attention of the courts and claimed the deepest interest of the public. Four times the case came before a jury, alternately at the assizes at Lancaster and York, with varying results which in turn led to further appeals to the law. Finally, in 1836, at the York assizes, the suit was terminated in favour of Rear-Admiral Tatham, who took possession amid rejoicings which were shared by the whole district for many miles round. From this gentleman, Hornby Castle and estates descended to Mr. Pudsey Dawson, who made great alterations at the Castle, and by his successor, Captain Richard Dawson, the Castle and domain were sold to the late John Foster, Esq., of Bradford, in 1861, the purchase-money being close upon £200,000. He was succeeded by William Foster, Esq., his son, who died in 1884; and from him the estate descended to his heir, W. H. Foster, Esq., the present owner.

From Hornby to Lancaster the distance is nine miles,—nine miles of as beautiful a part of the country as you could wish to travel through. The first village past Hornby is

CLAUGHTON

(pronounced *Clafton*). This is the smallest parish in Lancashire, being only two and a half miles in length and one and a quarter mile in breadth. But though so small, the parish of Claughton had an existence when the Domesday Survey was made. So that it is no youngster; it is only a dwarf. The Church, too, is very little, and was rebuilt in 1815, on the site of the ancient fabric erected in Norman times. Two remaining features of the older structure may be seen in the east window, with its rather peculiar decorated tracery, and

a square stone, bearing the arms of the Croft family, let into the wall over the door. The belfry contains the oldest dated bell in this country, its date being 1296. It is of a beautifully green colour, of a very elegant shape, and measures sixteen and a half inches in height to the crown, exclusive of the canons, and twenty-one and a quarter inches in diameter at the mouth. It is estimated to weigh about two hundred weight two quarters, and is described as being peculiarly lofty and high-sounding in its pitch.

That large, venerable building close to the Church is Claughton Hall, built about the time of Charles the First, by the Crofts, an old family, to whom the manor belonged as far back as the fifteenth century. It is a lofty structure, with a centre and two projecting ivy-covered gables, and is now occupied as a farm-house.

Opposite Claughton Hall, on the slope of the northern side of the valley, will be observed a few scattered houses with a little Church perched among them. This is

AUGHTON

(pronounced *Afton*). A peculiar custom obtains here. The inhabitants go in for an enormous plum pudding every twenty-one years, and invite the rustics of the neighbouring villages to help them to eat it. So that if Preston has its Guild, Aughton has its pudding; and this is how its praises are sung by the "Bard of Lunesdale"—the late William Sanderson, of Lancaster—whose song will give the stranger some idea of the dimensions of this "wacking pudding":—

THE AUGHTON PUDDING.

Robin Burns of the haggis hath sung,
Most proudly hath chanted its praise,
And around it a glory hath flung
Which none but his own muse could raise;
Now of Aughton's brave pudding I sing,
Which was unto thousands a treat,
All the haggises Scotland could bring
Not a moment could with it compete.

Chorus.

Sing hey, then, for Aughton's brave pudding,
For Aughton's brave pudding sing ho;
In the spring-time, when roses are budding,
To Aughton we'll all of us go.

There were raisins, currants, and figs,
Sugar, almonds, plums, lemons, and spice,
All the choice of what came in three brigs,
For its cargo each brig going twice.
When all these were properly mix'd,
There was poured in a hogshead of rum,
On the cask-head this label was fixed—
"From Jamaica on purpose 'tis come."
Sing hey, then, &c.

For ten days five fat bakers toil'd,
A-kneading the flour into dough,
Which was in a wand-boiler boiled
Just a fortnight to make it enough.
This pudding was twenty feet long,
Six thick, and just eighteen feet round,
And a dozen young men stout and strong
Could scarcely raise it from the ground.
Sing hey, then, &c.

It was borne in processional train,
On the table with music was plac'd,
Since the days when King Arthur did reign
Such a pudding no table e'er grac'd.
It with pitchforks when done was got out
From the boiler in which it was boil'd,
Whilst the people did joyously shout,
Till loud echoes from each hill recoil'd.
Sing hey, then, &c.

On its outside, those carving it stood,
Like harpooners on back of a whale;
And the hundreds cried out, "O, how good!"
Who did on its contents regale.
The carvers with turf spades this pudding did cut,
And when all the feasting was o'er,
In two hand-carts the remnants were put,
And given at each poor man's door.
Sing hey, then, &c.

Then round went the soul-stirring cup,
The moments did merrily pass,
And the fiddlers their best strains struck up
As each lad took his favourite lass.
May thy glory, O Aughton, ne'er fade;
But to finish my song I must haste,—
The next time the pudding is made
I hope I may be there to taste.
Sing hey, then, &c.

The origin of the custom is thus given by the Rev. T. P. Rigby, the Vicar of Aughton :—

An old man, aged nearly ninety, formerly residing in Aughton, and now at Bolton-le-Sands, remembers well the occasion of the first Aughton pudding. His two uncles, by trade wand-weavers (a local term for basket-makers), introduced into the village the practice of boiling willows, or osiers, in order to make them capable of being peeled at other times of the year than sap-time. A large oblong boiler was made for this purpose, and when first set up was inaugurated by the cooking in it of a huge plum pudding of a ton weight. The old man aforesaid partook of this dainty. The ceremony has been repeated three times, at intervals of twenty-one years, the last being in January, 1866. It has, therefore, no halo of antiquity, nor is it connected with any tenure of lands or manor like the Dunmow Flitch, in Essex. The expense is met partly by subscripton and partly by the sale of cuts from the pudding. As the trade of basket-making has now entirely left Aughton, the holding of another festival may prove but a peg whereon to hang a holiday and its festivities.

Between Claughton and the next village, Caton, there is a most unromantic spot on the left—the "Lunesdale Brick and Tile Company's" works. One cannot help but wish that they had chosen any other site than this for their craft, as it comes in at a point where the scenery becomes highly beautiful and picturesque. Here a single line of railway comes between us and the river; but, as we trudge along, we find it no great obstacle to a view of the winding river and the thick woods which clothe its northern bank. Presently we pass a Church, occupying an elevated position on the left, at a short distance from the road. This is Brookhouse Church—the Parish Church of Caton—an ancient structure, renovated about twenty years ago, but, we should say, very inconveniently situated, quite half a mile from the dwellings of the majority of the parishioners.

CATON,

though about the least interesting of all the villages in the vale of the Lune, had an existence six hundred years ago; and long before then the Romans had evidently passed through it, for within the present century a *milliarium*, or milestone, six feet in height, was found in the bed of the Artlebeck rivulet, with a mutilated Latin inscription, which has been thus translated :—

To the Emperor Cæsar Trajan Hadrian Augustus, high pontiff, invested with the tribunical power, consul for the third time. Father of the country. From the Camp, three miles.

Soon after we pass Caton, we arrive at the "Crook of Lune," so called from the winding character of the river at this point. Here the road is considerably elevated above the course of the stream, and takes a turn corresponding with it. That villa on the opposite side, so charmingly situated on the river's bank, and nearly buried in foliage, is "The Hermitage," the residence of Mrs. Sharp. About this part, known as the Queen's Road Brow, the road becomes steep, and the trees overhang upon it, imparting to it a gloomy appearance. In former days, when "your money or your life" was more frequently demanded than it is now, this was a favourite rendezvous of the gentry of the Claude Duval type, and, after nightfall, was looked upon with suspicion and dread by the wayfarer.

From the top of Queen's Road Brow is the famous view up the valley, thus described by the poet Gray, or his biographer:—

> Here Ingleborough, behind a variety of lesser mountains, makes the background of the prospect; on each hand of the middle distance rise two sloping hills, the left clothed with thick woods, the right with variegated rock and herbage; between them, in the richest of valleys, the Lune serpentises for many a mile, and comes forth ample and clear through a well-wooded and richly-pastured foreground. Every feature which constitutes a perfect landscape of the extensive sort, is here not only boldly marked, but also in its best position.

And Dr. Whitaker, alluding to the vale of the Lune from the same standpoint, says:—

> On approaching Caton, three miles from Lancaster, the character of the vale of the Lune, as one of the first of northern valleys, is instantly and incontrovertibly established. The noble windings of the river, the fruitful alluvial lands on its banks, the woody and cultivated ridge which bounds it on the north-west, the striking feature of Hornby Castle in front, and, above all, the noble form of Ingleborough, certainly compose an assemblage not united in any rival scenery in the kingdom.

Turning from this scene, and resuming our journey, we presently pass Quernmore Park on the left, the seat of W. Garnett, Esq., and then we soon catch a sight of the grey tower of Halton Church, peering above the trees on the opposite side of the river. The rest of the way to Lancaster on this the southern side of the river is neither as interesting nor as short as that on the northern side; we will therefore leave it, and turn down the narrow green lane on the

right—about two hundred yards past Denny Bank Cottage—cross the railway and the footbridge over the Lune, at the back of the station, and enter the quaint and scattered village of

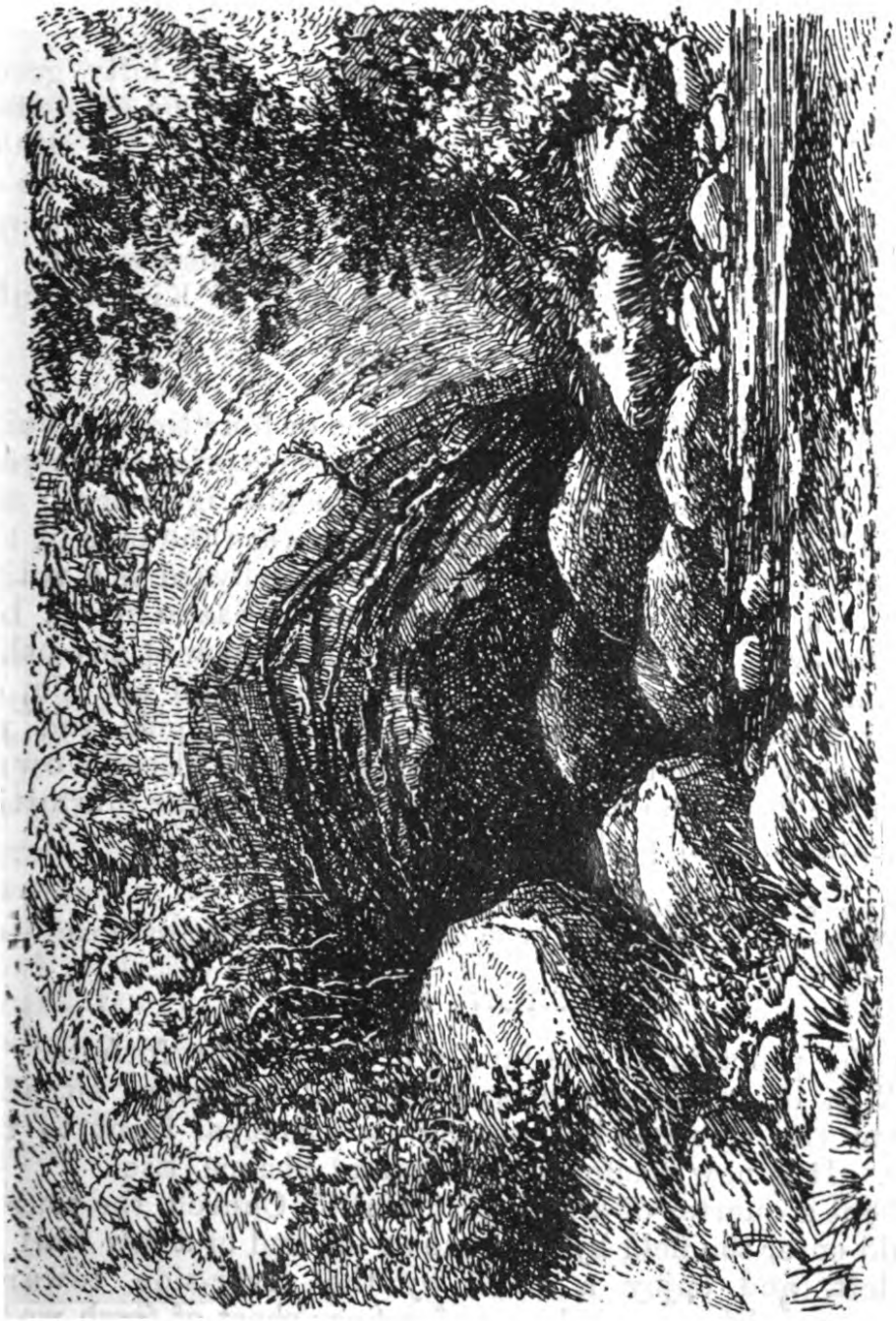
HALTON,

a part of which slopes down almost to the edge of the river, while another portion is considerably elevated above it From Halton, there is a road to Kirkby Lonsdale on the northern side of the Lune, nearer by two miles than that by Caton on the other side, but not nearly so interesting as the latter. About half a mile past Halton, on the northern route to Kirkby Lonsdale, will be seen a lane on the left hand side of the road, leading to a village called Nether Kellet, where the tourist who is curious in caves will find a remarkable cavern, known as

DUNALD MILL HOLE.

Its situation is in a barren and dreary part of the country. little frequented by any but those whose lot it is to pass an uneventful existence in this cornered-up, out-of-the-world place; otherwise it would be better known and more frequently visited. Its name, too, does not suggest anything curious or wonderful; and it certainly cannot be compared to the majority of the West Yorkshire caves. It is not good to find, nor yet easy to direct the stranger how to find it However, any rustic about the village of Kellet will be able to point out its situation, should the tourist be desirous of paying it a visit. It is near to an old corn mill, the roof of which may be seen at the distance of three hundred or four hundred yards, looking out of a naked hollow glen. There is a cottage close to the spot, where the visitor may procure a candle or two should he feel desirous of exploring the cave. The entrance to the chasm—delineated in the accompanying illustration—is romantically fringed with trees and shrubs, which, growing from the rocks and bending downwards, cover the rugged parts with their verdure, and impart additional gloom to the place. Immense fragments of rocks hang from the roof of the orifice, as if ready to drop down and crush the intruding visitor, forming altogether an uncommonly rude and grotesque entrance. This cavern, in a dry season, may be explored with very little trouble to the

length of one hundred and sixty yards, when it terminates with a deep pool of water, formed by the brook which



DUNALD MILL HOLE.

accompanies the visitor the whole length of his subterraneous excursion. The roof sometimes rises to the height of twelve

or fifteen yards; the apartments are often spacious, and the walls curiously coloured and covered with a sort of spar. The little stream which finds a course through this singular cave, after running underground about two miles, re-appears near Carnforth.

Halton is a place of some antiquity. The lofty green mound, not far from the Church, surmounted by a flagstaff and called Castle Hill, is conjectured to have been the site of a Roman fortress, or watch-tower. During the enclosure of Halton Moor, an elegantly-chased silver cup, bearing foliage and the figures of a bull and a panther, was disinterred. It was filled with nearly eight hundred coins of King Canute.

THE CHURCH,

dedicated to St. Wilfrid, has been three or four times rebuilt. The original Parish Church had an existence prior to the year 1017. The tower, a large and massive pile, is ancient; the remainder, as you may see—but only between the bars of the iron gate—is quite modern. In the churchyard is a votive altar for a body of Roman soldiers, and a Saxon cross; but they are evidently too sacred to be looked upon at any other time but a portion of Sunday. There is also an epitaph, on a lawyer, named Fletcher, which has been copied and re-copied for the encouragement of such of the "Devil's own" yet in the flesh who may be struggling against the infirmities incidental to their profession. It runs thus:

> He was,—but words are wanting to say what;—
> Think what a man should be, though an attorney, he was that.

HALTON HALL,

once the property of the family of Carus, but forfeited by rebellion in 1715, is a most delightful residence, situated near to the Church, but having its principal front to the river. It is now occupied by Edmund Sharpe, Esq.

About a quarter of a mile past Halton Church, the tourist should enter the field by the gate at the end of a low wall on the left, and enjoy a stroll by the river-side towards Lancaster. We do not know of a finer sheet of fresh water in all Lancashire than Halton Water. Many parts of the Ribble equal it for scenery, but none can touch it for breadth, for profundity, or for dignified and majestic movement.

Well, indeed, do the words of the poet, addressed to the Thames below Windsor, apply to the Lune below Halton :—

> Oh, could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
> My great example, as it is my theme;
> Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
> Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

Spanning this splendid piece of water, about a mile past Halton, is

THE AQUEDUCT,

which conveys the canal over the river Lune. This stupendous fabric consists of five semi-circular arches, each seventy feet span, springing from rusticated piers upon piles driven thirty feet deep. The height from the surface of the river to the canal is fifty-one feet, and the total height from the foundation of the piers to the top of the battlement is nearly ninety feet. In length it is 664 feet. This magnificent bridge is surmounted with balustrades of turned freestone, below which is a projecting cornice of great beauty. On the side facing up the river is inscribed in large letters,

TO PUBLIC PROSPERITY,

and on the other side is a Latin inscription, translated thus :

> Things that were wanting are brought together; things remote are connected; rivers themselves meet by the assistance of art, to afford new objects of commerce.

The Aqueduct was built at the close of the last century from designs by John Rennie, the eminent engineer, at an expense of nearly £50,000. The views from the top of the Aqueduct, both up and down the river, are very fine.

A path will be found leading from the southern end of the Aqueduct Bridge on to the green sward by the side of the railway, and so on pleasantly to Lancaster, past the Wagon Works, across the footbridge over the line, and on by the "Ladies' Walk." That village on the other side of the water is

SKERTON,

perhaps the largest suburb of Lancaster, and one which has greatly extended within the last few years. It has a large and handsome Church, but it dates no further back than 1833.

The bridge over the Lune, which connects Skerton with Lancaster, is a substantial and elegant structure, of five

SKERTON BRIDGE, AND LANCASTER CASTLE AND CHURCH, FROM THE LADIES' WALK.

elliptical arches, erected by the county in 1788, at a cost of £14,000. It is constructed of polished freestone, and is 549 feet in length. At the southern end of this bridge, we enter the good old county town of Lancaster; but it must have a chapter to itself.

LANCASTER.

Weary with wandering in the desert world,
Gladly I turn to thee, old Lancaster,
And view thy hoary towers and calm retreats;
Once more revisit all the pretty spots
Sacred to youth and earliest memory.

REPOSING snugly beneath the shadow of a grand old Castle and Church, on the southern bank of the river Lune, is the ancient and picturesque town of Lancaster, the only place of any importance along the whole course of that famous stream, from its rise even to its fall. As few towns abound with reminiscences and remains more interesting to lovers of historical and antiquarian research than this, we shall perhaps be expected to enter more largely into its history and topographical features than we have done, or are likely to do, in our descriptions of other towns and villages on our route; we will therefore commence with an

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TOWN.

At what time Lancaster was first built is unknown, nor indeed is it of any importance. There seems little room to doubt, however, that when the Romans, under Julius Agricola, finally established themselves in Britain, they found here a small town known as *Caer Werid*, or Green City of the ancient Britons,—probably so called from the peculiar richness of its foliage, being situated in a more luxuriant wood than the other towns of the same period. That it became a Roman station of the first order is universally admitted; the number of Roman antiquities found in the place remove all doubt on the subject, and the termination *caster*, given by the Saxons to the towns where the Romans had fixed their stations, serves to confirm the fact.

In the year 446 the Romans quitted this country, having possessed it three hundred and sixty-seven years. After their departure, the Caledonians—the unconquered enemies and greatest plague of the Romans in Britain, who were particularly galled and offended with the garrison at Lancaster, it having been always the first to oppose them as often as they attempted an invasion of the empire—resolved to pay a visit to the peaceful Lancastrians, not only on account of the prospect of plunder which their improved condition exhibited, but also in revenge for their former opposition. This induced the Britons to solicit the aid of the Saxons, who arrived in 449, and by their joint exertions defeated the Caledonians, and compelled them to retire into their own country. About a dozen years after this the Angles invaded England, and founded the kingdom of Northumbria, in which Lancaster was included. This country soon became the field for rival warriors to contest upon, and was torn into seven kingdoms, called the Heptarchy. Lancaster continued to be one of the principal towns in Northumbria till the Saxon Heptarchy was dissolved, and England was again reduced to a single kingdom.

William the Conqueror now appears upon the scene. He found Lancaster in decay, the ancient city reduced to little better than a village, and the Roman fortification nearly a heap of ruins. In the exuberance of his munificence towards his followers, he conferred upon Roger de Poictou three hundred and fifty-eight manors, and Lancaster formed part of this princely possession. The aspiring baron, fully aware of the advantages of a situation surrounded by a fine country, on the banks of a navigable river, and commanding an extensive view of his own dominions, pitched his headquarters at Lancaster, enlarged the Castle, gathered his retainers and serfs around him, and made himself as powerful as a monarch within his own territory. The county of Lancaster, which had almost lost its identity and partly merged into Yorkshire and Cheshire during the contests between the Saxons and the Danes, was now definitively formed, and Lancaster, being the seat of the great baron, was erected into the capital. Situations more convenient might have been found, but the dense population in the south did not then exist; and, as Baines observes, it must be admitted that the capital of

Lancashire, with all its disadvantages, is nearer to the centre of the county than the capital of Great Britain is to the centre of the kingdom.

A hiatus of nearly four hundred years occurs in the history of the town, which may be accounted for by the wars between the English under Edward II. and the Scotch under Bruce, in 1322. After the former had been defeated at Bannockburn, the latter ravaged all the northern counties, advancing towards the south, about twelve miles beyond Lancaster, carrying fire and sword along with them, sweeping away the cattle, and plundering and sacking the towns. In this irruption, Lancaster was plundered and burnt to the ground, except the Castle, where no doubt the inhabitants would seek shelter. The records of the town would probably be many of them lost on this occasion, and when the town was rebuilt, the history of its former state would quickly be forgotten.

Lancaster derived its greatest lustre and importance from the title it gave to Edmund, fourth son of Edward III., and to his issue, Dukes of Lancaster and Kings of England of the Lancastrian line. In the end, however, it suffered much by supporting their title to the crown in the contest with the house of York, and so little had it retrieved itself when Camden visited it in 1609, that he speaks of it as not populous, and that the inhabitants were all husbandmen.

TRADE, MANUFACTURES, &C.

During the last century, Lancaster was a very considerable shipping port, but by reason of the greater facilities afforded at Liverpool, the chief part of the mercantile trade was absorbed by that port; yet even with this drawback a considerable amount of business was transacted in the West India trade. The town was also famous for the manufacture of sail-cloth, in which several very large factories were employed, and for the manufacture of cordage for shipping, while in the production of cabinet ware, Lancaster stood unrivalled, and even in the present day it maintains a very high position in that branch of industry. Shipbuilding was also at one time carried on rather extensively here, and the works of the Lancaster Wagon Company, Limited, give employment to a large number of hands; but that which has contributed chiefly to the prosperity of the town in modern

times, and that may also be considered its staple business, is the manufacture of oil-cloth and table-baize, for the making of which the works of Messrs. Williamson & Sons, and Messrs. Storey Brothers, have obtained a world-wide celebrity.

The population of Lancaster, which in 1801 was only a little over 9,000, had increased in 1821 to 10,144, and in 1841 to 14,075. The last census exhibits a very substantial increase, the number being set down at upwards of 26,000 persons.

Objects of Interest in the Town.

Few towns in England of its size can boast so many and such handsome public buildings as Lancaster. From whichever quarter we approach it, the Castle and Church stand out most prominently in the landscape, and form a group of themselves which has often given employment to the pencil of the artist. With these two—the oldest buildings in the town—we will begin a description of its more important public edifices, giving such details as we think will prove interesting to the visitor, compiled (particularly with reference to the Castle) from sources which are now beyond the reach of the general reader.

The Castle.

It is admitted by all who have inquired into or written on the subject that Lancaster Castle is of Roman origin, a camp and fortress having been erected by Agricola about the middle of the first century. There is little reason, however, to suppose that any part of the original fabric remains. Though it claims the Romans for its founders, it has been so altered and improved at different periods that it becomes a question of very difficult solution to describe even its form at the time when the Romans abandoned England. It has been compared to the Scotchman's knife, which was originally his grandfather's, but his father put a new handle to it, and *he* had improved it by renewing the blade. Some historians have asserted that the father of Constantine the Great erected the square tower on the east side, adjoining the Governor's residence, and now called the Well Tower, in the year 305. This tower is remarkably strong, the walls being seven feet thick, and apparently in as good preservation as

they were on the day they were built. Beneath the tower are several horrid dungeons,—one, with iron rings fastened to the floor, is pointed out as having been anciently the condemned cell; another, darker and more dismal, extends under the Governor's house. The first is sufficiently gruesome for any ordinary mind; but it is difficult to picture the awful despair which every prisoner must have felt as he found himself thrust down the narrow stair to a lower place in which he could but just stand upright, a place where the light of day never penetrated, and where the only sound was the dripping of a well in one corner, or the shrieks of his fellow-prisoners driven mad by their confinement in such a Stygian cave. The roof is of a very ancient description formed by a species of concrete bedded upon osiers, the marks of which still remain. How many unfortunate prisoners have spent the last days of their existence in this miserable hole will never be known. No record was kept. But we can well imagine that the horrors of such a place, together with the awful charge of witchcraft hanging over her, were quite sufficient to crush the life out of the poor old woman who died before her trial, but who is painted in such dark colours in the pages of Harrison Ainsworth's *Lancashire Witches*.

From the period of the Conquest, when Roger de Poictou enlarged it and made it his residence, down to the time of John o'Gaunt, nearly all historical details relative to the Castle are matter of conjecture. The most contradictory statements are given, and these are exceedingly crude. However, we have the best evidence for believing that John o'Gaunt "re-edified and endowed the Castle with all its original splendour," whatever that might have been. He built the Gateway Tower, which faces the east, and never fails to strike the stranger on his first approach to this ancient and noble structure with the solemn grandeur of its appearance. Grown grey with years, it seems to frown with gloomy majesty on the visitor as he toils up the steep acclivity leading to the entrance. The gate, huge and strong, terminates a series of converging arches, which projecting wreath over wreath, evince the amazing substance of the wall that covers the expanding archivolt. The curtain containing the gate connects two octagonal towers sixty feet high. Round the towers and over the curtain are overhanging battlements, supported by three rows of corbels, perforated in a perpen-

GATEWAY TOWER, LANCASTER CASTLE.

dicular direction. Upon these battlements have been placed the remains of many a man whose only crime was his loyalty to the faith or the throne of his fathers. Between two of the battlements still remains the base of the spike upon which was first placed the head of Father Arrowsmith in 1628. By the order of the judge who tried the case [the only offence was that the accused being a priest of the Church of Rome had ventured to visit England contrary to the laws then in force], the head was afterwards placed on the highest pinnacle of the gateway that it might be more prominently seen. Father Arrowsmith's hand is still preserved, and for long was considered to be endowed with the power of curing certain diseases. Readers of Roby will be familiar with the tradition of the "Dead Man's Hand," and its miraculous healing powers. Immediately over the Gateway is an ornamental niche, on one side of which is a shield—France quartered with England—on the other side, the same, with a label ermine of three points—the distinction of John o'Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III., the first English monarch that quartered France on a shield. In the year 1822, a full-length figure of John o'Gaunt was placed in the empty niche, which, it is conjectured, contained an effigy of the same distinguished person when the tower was first erected.

The next certain era of renovation was during the shrievalty of Richard Ashton, Esq., in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Philip of Spain menaced England with invasion, and a stone in the battlement of the Lungess Tower marks the period by this inscription,—

E. R. 1585. R. A.

The turret of the Lungess Tower, at an elevation of eighty-eight feet, is called "John o'Gaunt's Chair," and from hence a prospect of vast extent opens upon the view. The Lungess Tower, and the inscription upon the battlement on the north side of it, may be best seen from the churchyard. This tower is rendered famous from the fact of the celebrated George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, and a large number of his followers, having been incarcerated in it; and in more recent times it has excited a certain amount of interest on account of the Rev. S. F. Green, a ritualistic parson, having, "for conscience sake," endured eighteen months' imprisonment therein. The two new towers on the north-east side of it, next the churchyard, were added about the year 1793.

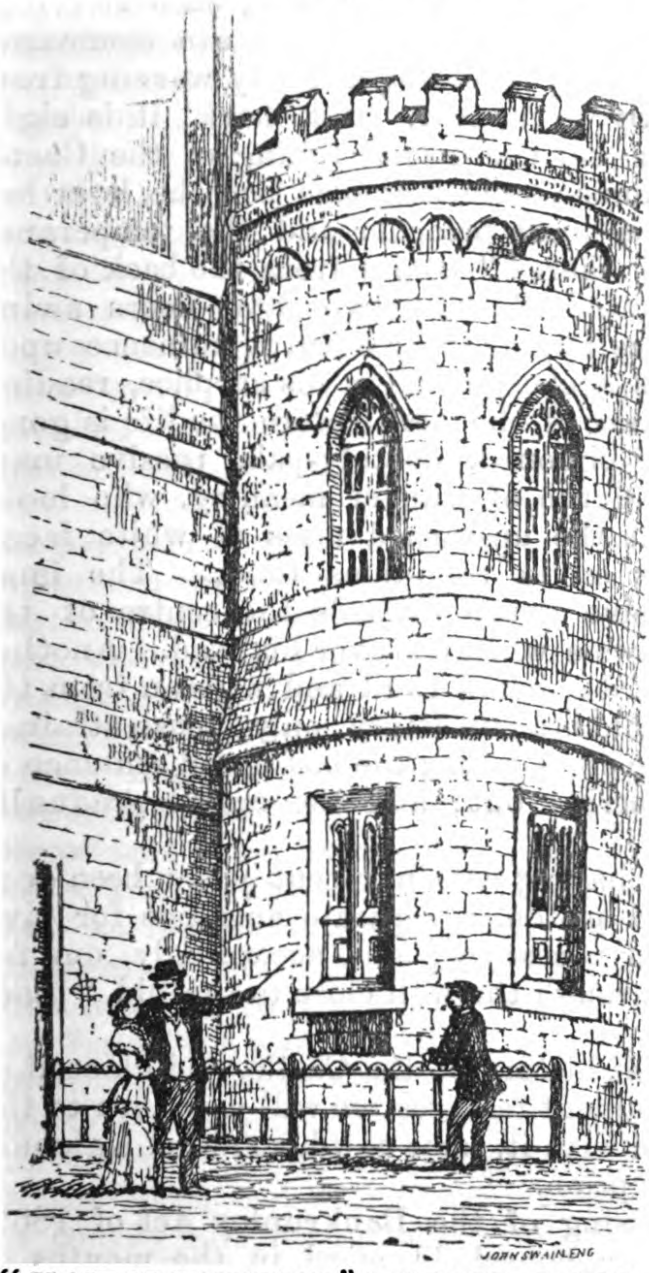
In the year 1788 the Castle was enlarged by authority of the Act for improving prisons. Under the direction of a committee of magistrates, the house in which the governor resides was erected in the space between the Gateway and the Well Tower, so situated as to command a view of the Castle yard. The county and crown courts, at the west side, with appropriate offices, were at the same time completed, and they afford excellent specimens, particularly the Shire Hall, of architectural beauty. During the last hundred years, upwards of £200,000 have been expended in additions and improvements to this stupendous building.

On the south and west sides of the Castle there is an elegant and lofty terrace, which constitutes a delightful promenade, and commands a view of the estuary of the Lune, the Bay of Morecambe, and the Cumberland and Westmorland hills. Overlooked by this terrace is a fine grass-grown plot of land, adjoining the churchyard, and entitled the Castle Parade, upon which are placed, surrounded by ornamental palisading, two Russian guns, captured in the Crimean war.

The two courts of the county have their public entrance at the top of the flight of steps at the end of the terrace. The Crown Court will accommodate one thousand five hundred persons. It is a lofty hall, lighted by a dome over the barristers' table, which opens to a roof of decorated oak. There are two galleries in it; the one to the right of the judge—whose seat is surmounted by profusely-adorned wood-work—being usually set apart for ladies, and the other appropriated to jurymen who are not on duty. Over the bench there is a large equestrian portrait of George III., by Northcote. In the dock where prisoners stand to take their trial is exhibited a holdfast and branding iron, the latter stamped with the letter M. This iron, after being made red-hot, was pressed against the hand of the prisoner retained in the holdfast, and thus he was branded for life as a malefactor. This court was opened in 1796; so that there are people still living who might have been witnesses to this piece of pleasantry.

The Shire Hall, or Nisi Prius Court, will contain two thousand persons. It is semi-circular in shape. The roof is supported by seven light clustered columns, with plain capitals, forming Gothic arches, the groins which spring from them ramifying into a stone ceiling of open work of a highly artistic character. Over the bench is an alcove of tracery work,

terminating in finials, foliage, and miniature turrets of great elaboration and beauty. Over this are two portraits, by Allen, dated 1802,—one of Colonel Stanley, and the other of John Blackburn, Esq., for many years representatives of this division of the county in parliament.



"PLACE OF EXECUTION," LANCASTER CASTLE.

On the east side of the terrace steps will be observed a semi-circular projecting portion in the corner, with two folding doors—dark, fatal "death's doors"—through which many, sadly too many, criminals have passed to pay the penalty of their guilt upon the black scaffold, which, when executions were conducted in public, was erected in this corner, upon the ground now partly railed off with the very rails that formed a part of the hideous engine of death. Standing upon this spot, our mind naturally reverts to the period when executions took place here. It is seven o'clock on a Saturday morning. All the space hereabouts, from the church steps to the cannons on the Parade, and a large portion of the churchyard, has been filled from an early hour with a motley crowd of men, women, and children. The trees that

overhang from the churchyard, and many of those on the Parade, are cracking and swaying to and fro with their burden of eager and restless men and lads. Amid the din of this multitude—the yelling, the whistling, the singing, and the "chaffing"—may now and then be heard the voices of the local preacher and the temperance lecturer, each striving, with all the eloquence and all the voice he can command, to improve the occasion by enforcing a timely warning from the example so shortly to appear. But, hark! it is eight by the church clock; and the dismal tolling of the Castle bell announces in unmistakable language that the hour has come. Down go the local preacher and the temperance lecturer. "Hats off, there!" comes from the back of the crowd. "Hush! H-u-s-h!" The two fatal doors swing open, and three figures appear in dreadful prominence upon the platform. One is a clergyman, in his surplice, reading the office for the burial of the dead before the life is gone. Another is a tightly-pinioned, deathly-pale, passive man, while the third is a figure of sinister meaning, who looks business, and stares at the up-turned mass of white faces. The clergyman reads on in tremulous tones. The busy man pushes the passive figure towards the centre of the beam, and swiftly draws a white cap over his head. Another moment, then are heard a heavy thud and a groan from the multitude. The scaffold is again empty; only a tense, strained rope depends from the cross-beam; the last dread sentence of the law has been carried out; and the crowd gradually disperses.

Part of the Castle having within recent years been converted into a military prison, a separate entrance for civil criminals was deemed necessary; and, accordingly, one for their use was made through the wall close to the old "place of execution."

Having given a brief history of the Castle, and glanced at some of its more prominent features, we will now turn to the associations connected with it, some of which are of a gloomy and melancholy description.

Previous to the passing of the Bankruptcy Act of 1869, Lancaster Castle was a household word in the mouths of hundreds of families whose only crime—black enough, no doubt—was that they were unable to pay twenty shillings in the pound. Nearly four hundred heads of families, arrested

at the instance of their creditors, have been incarcerated within its walls at one time. In this mass of human beings every grade of society was to be found, from the once lordly trader to the humble shopkeeper. Persons have been confined here for debt for a period of upwards of twenty-one years!

The manner of living followed by the debtors shut up in the Castle resembled in many respects that which we read of in writers of the last century, such as Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, and others, who have given us glimpses of life among the impecunious dwellers in the old Fleet Prison, in London. Any debtor who could afford it was at liberty to "find himself;" the county provided him lodging. There were no less than twenty-two rooms set apart for the accommodation of debtors—twenty for males and two for females. Every debtor on entering the prison was charged a certain sum, termed "room-money," which covered the cost of fire, candles, the use of culinary utensils, &c., during the whole period of his imprisonment, no matter how long. This money was collected by the "roomsmen," who had charge of the rooms, did the cooking, cleaning, &c., and waited upon the debtors in their respective apartments. The fee varied with the accommodation; from twenty-five shillings, the highest sum, to five shillings, the lowest. The most expensive room was that 'cleped "The Quaker's;" then followed "The Snug," "The Tap," "The Pin Box," "Smugglers'," "Belle Vue," "Long Room," and the cheapest was "The Constables." The latter was used wholly by poor debtors, of which class there were often as many as forty or fifty, all of different tastes and habits. In one of the windows might have been seen an industrious cobbler, plying his avocation, and in another, an unfortunate snip. But these were exceptions; the majority passed their time in hunger and idleness; for if a debtor was too poor to provide for himself, or had no friends outside to help him, he had to be content with prison diet, which cost him nothing, and never disordered his stomach. Subject to certain regulations, any tradesman in the town had full liberty, at stated times of the day, to convey eatables and drinkables into the Castle for the use of the debtors; and every morning a miniature market, where butchers' meat, bread, butter, groceries, vegetables, fish, and other commodities might be purchased, was held in the Castle-yard. Those among the richer debtors who did

not care to purchase for themselves, paid seven shillings and sixpence weekly to the "roomsman," for their board, and this included a bottle of ale every day. Some of the "roomsmen" made a very good thing out of it. And money actually used to be made in the Castle by some of the debtors during their stay; even as much as £800, or bordering on that sum, has been accumulated by one individual entirely from debtors, by advancing money to them, at a most exorbitant rate of interest, on the security of watches, jewellery, and other articles.

To soften the rigours of incarceration and pass the time away, every sort of amusement was invented. One, in particular, was a mock election, which took place annually, in July, for the representation of the ancient borough of John o'Gaunt. On this occasion the business was carried on with equally as much spirit and opposition as any election in the country. Deputations waited upon individuals most likely to become candidates; committee meetings took place; in short, every preliminary relative to an election was gone through. Some days previous to the nomination, the Castle pump, which stood in the centre of the yard, was bedecked with addresses, squibs, &c., some of which displayed talent of no mean order. At the nomination, speeches of an hour's duration were not unfrequently made by the respective candidates, often most eloquently delivered, and listened to by the constituency with all the gravity or derision becoming the occasion. Questions were put to the candidates in the usual form, the answers to which were greeted either with cheers or groans. The pump being the rostrum, was made the butt for many a joke :—

A.—Mr. Chairman, I wish to know—

B.—I beg pardon for the interruption; but the gentleman is out of order. As there is no chair there can be no Chairman. I move that he be called Mr. Pumpman.

A.—Well, then, Mr. Pumpman, I was just going to ask you to *draw* atten——

Pumpman.—Pray, Sir, don't make *a handle* of me.

C.—Let him have his *spout*.

On the day of election the hustings presented a very animated appearance. There might be seen the returning officer, town clerk, poll clerk, proposers and seconders, with a host of friends and admirers of the various candidates.

Bribery was very prevalent; the value or amount being generally from half a gallon of ale to a leg of mutton, the latter being most in vogue. The election was generally carried on with so much spirit that it was found necessary, for the better preservation of the peace of the "borough," to adjourn the poll, to allow the two parties time to cool down a little. To such a height was party spirit carried, that the governor of the Castle permitted the various officers on the debtors' side of the gaol to vote when the numbers were nearly even. At the close of the election the successful candidates were carried round the Castle-yard, amid the applause of their friends and the groans of the opposite party. The day closed with eating and drinking, speeches, toasts, and songs. These elections often cost the candidates and their friends as much as fifty pounds.

Other common amusements were race-running round the yard, cards, dominoes, skittles, amateur theatricals—the favourite piece being "A New Way to Pay Old Debts"—and dancing. It not unfrequently occurred that there were several debtors confined at one time who were good players on the violin, banjo, flute, or other musical instrument. When this was the case, couples were formed in the yard, where dancing was kept up till bed-time.

For any one who dared to interrupt the harmony of the quieter portion of the debtors, or who spent too much time in sacrificing to the jolly god, there was a place called the "smoothing-iron," to which he was consigned, and there fed upon bread and water. It was called "smoothing-iron" from the circumstance of its having that shape. All persons confined in this room, or cell, were obliged to either sit or lie down, as it was impossible to stand upright. The length of punishment was proportionate to the nature of the offence, or the number of times the offender had previously been in this place of degradation. Should the "smoothing-iron" fail to reform the refractory, he was at once sent to the hospital, where a good "physicing" was resorted to, which never failed to effect a permanent cure.

Among the peculiarities observable was the monotonous ring of the Castle bell. This bell was rung on ordinary occasions three times a day, viz., at six in the morning and seven and nine in the evening. Hanging in the Gateway, it was usually rung by the turnkey who had charge of

the gate; and so singularly melancholy and startling was the sound, that in many it produced an indescribable sensation on first hearing it. The noise (for it could be called little else) was something between a ring and a toll, after this manner (pronouncing the *o* long and deep, as in tōll, and pausing at the end of each line):—

Tōlly-tōll-lōll;
Tōlly-tōll-lōll;
Tōlly-tōll-lōll;
Tōll!

It is recorded that a respectable individual was brought into the Castle in very low spirits, and that on the first stroke of this bell he leaped from his seat in the most frantic manner, and was taken out a lunatic, complaining that he perpetually heard the bell ringing. On another occasion, a prisoner on firt hearing this bell was suddenly taken ill, and died in a short time. During the ringing he looked wildly round, and begged, in the most earnest manner, that it might be stopped. This bell is also used for the last solemn duty of announcing to the public the departure of all unfortunate creatures condemned to death. It has sounded the death-knell of over two hundred human beings.

Imprisonment for debt is now a thing of the past; but while it lasted—and it was a time-honoured institution—it had its lights and its shades. With all its apparent pleasures to the casual visitor, with all its outward signs of jollity and reckless mirth, it was little better than hell itself to eight out of every ten of its unfortunate victims. "Many a poor wretch has been torn from his suffering family at a moment perhaps the most unprepared, who, when imprisoned, spent sleepless nights, depending on the issue of his bail; day after day, week after week, there was nought but disappointment, oppression, and injustice, during which time his beloved wife and family were suffering absolute starvation, unprotected and unfriended."

A few words, now, on the associations connected with the Crown side of the Castle. The debtors' side was generally termed by the wags, "half-crown side," and was familiarly spoken of as "Hansbrow's Hotel."* Many interesting trials have taken place in Lancaster Castle. It was for a number of years, long before assizes were held at Liverpool or Man-

* From Captain Hansbrow, formerly Governor of the Castle.

chester, the great focus of the northern circuit; and here was the field in which Brougham, Scarlett, Cresswell, and a host of other names famous in forensic annals, achieved their greatest triumphs.

In the year 1784, the business of two assizes was removed from the Castle to the Town Hall, in consequence of a terrible fever—the result of the wretched dietery of that time—breaking out in the Castle, which carried off great numbers. With that exception, the assizes have been held regularly twice a year within its walls for a period of five hundred years.

Among the more important trials, mention may be made of that of Charles Angus, in 1808, on a charge of procuring abortion, which set all the doctors in the county by the ears, and resulted in a verdict of acquittal. In 1826, the trial of William and Edmund Gibbon Wakefield, Esqrs., for the abduction of Miss Turner, of Shrigley Park, Cheshire, excited an unusual amount of public interest. "On this occasion," said a newspaper of that period, "the grand jury box and the ladies' gallery presented the appearance of large beds of lilies, roses, and tulips, thickly planted, and curiosity sparkled amongst them like the morning dew."

A great French writer of the last century observes that England, more than any other country, has been distinguished for the stern delight of slaughtering men with the pretended sword of the law, and that the history of England ought to be written by the executioner. And if it is true that a nation becomes more humane as it grows more intelligent, the remark of Dr. Johnson to the young lord who was boasting of his long line of ancestors was not said without due regard to historical facts:—"A wise man never attempts to trace his genealogy too far back, because if he do, he is sure to run upon an ancestor who has been hanged." From the year 1800 to 1879, no fewer than two hundred and twenty-six persons have been strangled, "according to law," at the Castle of Lancaster! Prior to the year 1800, the execution of criminals took place on the Moor, a little above where Christ Church now stands, and the spot was well known as Gallows Hill. The unfortunate victims were conveyed, seated upon their coffins, in carts from the Castle to the place of execution. There are forty-eight executions recorded as having taken place on Gallows Hill between the years 1782 and 1799.

In the year 1793, one of the most painful executions that ever occurred took place here. The whole of the circumstances were of a heartrending nature, not only on account of the man being executed innocently, but from the fact of the trial, the conviction, and the murder of this unhappy victim being attributable to a woman's fury. The facts are briefly these :—Joseph Clark, a rather superior young man, said to be well read, a splendid player on the violin, and otherwise exceedingly agreeable, was beloved by a married lady living near his own house, and to whose residence he often went in the capacity of lover to her servant-maid. One Sunday morning, on her return from church, she caught her maid in the bedroom with Clark, and became so enraged with jealousy that she caused her servant to swear a rape against him. This was accordingly done; and, strange to relate, he was condemned principally on the evidence, not of the girl herself, but of her mistress. The greatest excitement prevailed on the day of trial, as it was generally believed that he was innocent; and so certain were his friends of his acquittal, that a coach was in waiting, with a change of clothing, during the trial. When the jury pronounced him guilty, he fell prostrate at the bar, and cried aloud, "Oh, God, I am a murdered man; I never knew the woman carnally in my life." Every possible means were taken to save him, particularly by the girl herself; but in those "good old days" condemnation meant certain execution, and all was of no avail. He was hanged on Gallows Hill, and a death-bed confession, made many years after by his wretched persecutor, proved that he was hanged innocently.

The year 1794 was a most extraordinary one in the annals of Lancaster Castle, for there was not a single execution,—a circumstance that had not been previously known to the oldest inhabitant.

In the year 1799, the last execution took place on Gallows Hill; ever since, all executions have taken place at the Castle. A remarkable circumstance occurred at this execution, viz., an attempt to save the life of the culprit, whose name was James Case, a surgeon, condemned to death for "making bad notes." It was discovered after his execution that a small pipe had been introduced into his throat, and that he had also worked the knot of the rope as much under

his chin as possible. His coffin, which his friends had provided, was found to be perforated with small holes at both sides and the ends, in anticipation, of course, that he would save himself by the means already mentioned. However, all failed, for the poor fellow when cut down was quite dead.

At the spring assizes in 1801, eleven persons were executed at one time behind the Castle, amongst them being a military officer of great respectability, charged with forgery. On this occasion, the "new drop" was used, which was so badly managed that the toes of some of the unfortunate men touched the ground. One man, strong and muscular, struggled in a most desperate manner for several minutes; and, as the eight-foot drop was not then in vogue, the executioner was obliged to pull his legs before the wretched man would give up his life. The groans of the multitude were audible at a distance of upwards of a mile. At the August assizes of the same year there were eight condemned and executed, making a total of nineteen for the two assizes. Among this number was a woman, named Hannah Eastwood, charged with passing bad notes. She was the first woman executed for the long period of twenty-nine years.

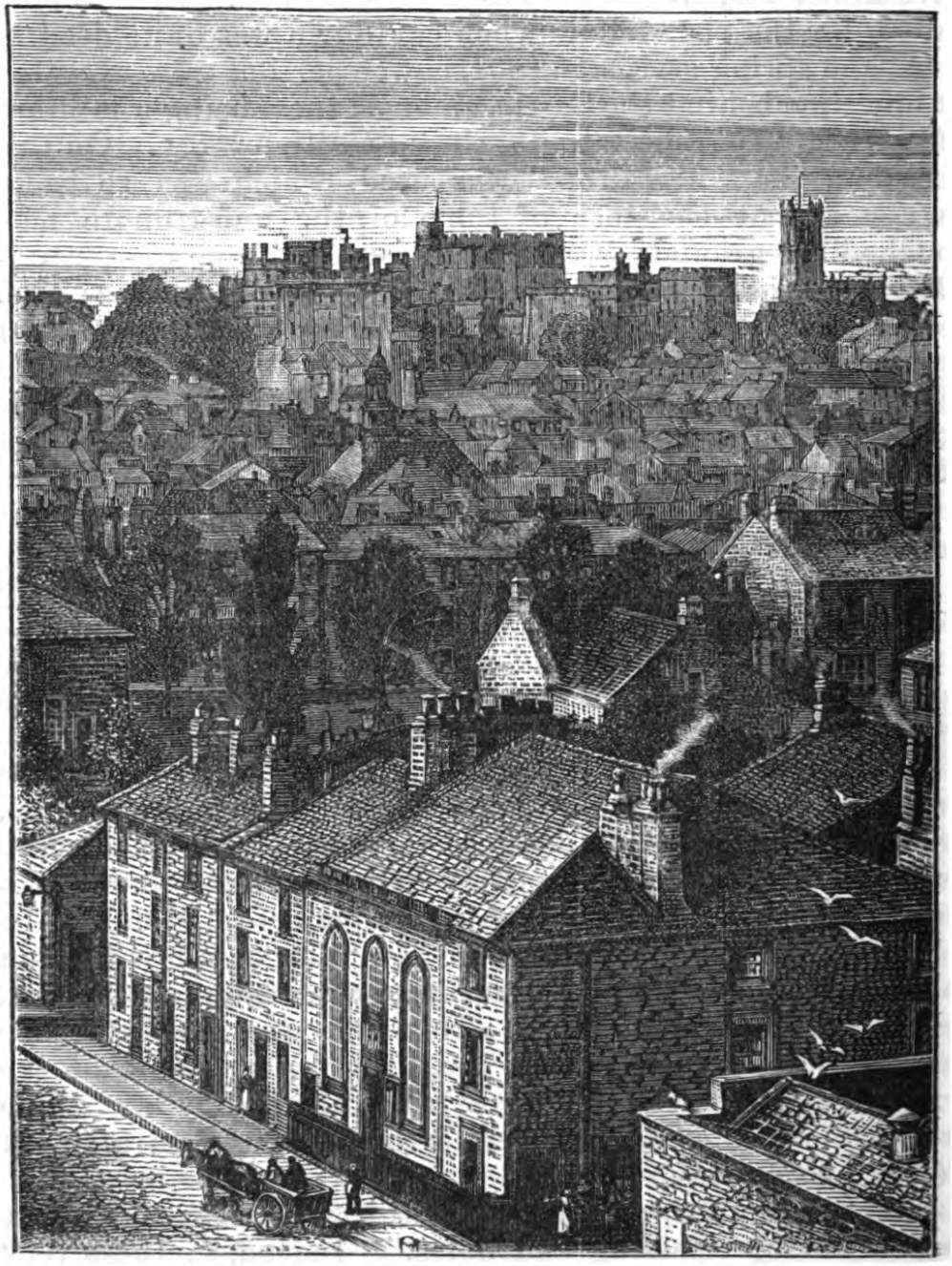
At the summer assizes of 1803, three lads, not exceeding seventeen years of age, were executed, two of whom were charged with burglary and one with forgery.

At the March assizes of 1805, John Lever was tried before Baron Graham for the wilful murder of his wife's uncle, aged eighty-two, at Radcliffe. He was found guilty and sentenced to death, and his body to be dissected and anatomised, which sentence was carried into effect on Monday, the 1st of April. At this period, the law did not allow the sun to set a second time upon a murderer after he was convicted, unless a Sunday intervened. Hence it was usual for the judges to try such cases on the Friday, in order that the criminal might have the longest time allowed by law. The execution of murderers generally took place then at eight o'clock on Monday morning.

In the year 1809, no fewer than thirteen were executed at the Castle for "passing bad notes." Indeed, in these very "good old times," a murderer stood a better chance of reprieve than a coiner or a burglar. Well might Lord Byron write,—

> Murder a man's family and he may brook it;
> But, keep your hands out of his breeches pocket.

From the year 1812 to 1835, there appears to be nothing of interest in the painful history of this part of our Castle associations, except, perhaps, the execution of William



LANCASTER, FROM NELSON STREET BRIDGE.

Holden, David Ashcroft, James Ashcroft, and James Ashcroft, junior, when there was very great excitement in the county

for a long period, in consequence of the very general belief in their innocence. The execution of these men (father, two sons, and son-in-law) took place on the 8th September, 1817, for murder and robbery at the house of Mr. Littlewood, Pendleton, near Manchester. The poor fellows continued to declare their innocence to the last moment. William Holden was the first on the scaffold. He appeared quite composed, and addressed the crowd in these words:—

Strangers and neighbours, friends and relatives, and foreigners, I am now going to meet my God, and in the face of Him I declare that I am as innocent of the concern as the child unborn, and hope that the Lord in heaven will be merciful to my poor soul for all my former sins. Dear friends, I could tell you no more if I was to talk to you all day. The Lord bless you, for the Lord Jesus knows I forgive every one that has sworn my life away. The Lord receive my soul. I have been a very wicked man.

David Ashcroft next stepped forward, and avowed his innocence in the strongest possible terms, after which Holden again came forward, and said:—

I declare I left them at half-past two o'clock; and I believe they are all as I am.

James Ashcroft, junior, then prayed as follows:—

Thou knows, O Lord, we are not deserving of this; Thou knows we are innocent.

He then asked for his father, who was led on the scaffold just at this time, and kissed him. James Ashcroft, senior, then turned to the spectators, and in the most solemn manner exclaimed, "I declare we are all innocent!" While they were being tied up, they all joined in singing a hymn, the words of which David Ashcroft gave out thus:—

I'll praise my Maker whilst I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
  Praise shall employ my nobler powers,
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last
  Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God;——

At this point the bolt was drawn, and whether innocent or guilty—and it was matter of precious little moment in those days, no time being allowed for further inquiry—they were

strangled, and their bodies handed over to the surgeons for dissection. After these executions, nothing could appease the popular excitement, which was kept alive upwards of twelve months, every one being quite satisfied of the innocence of these unfortunate men.

William Worrall, executed March, 1831, deliberately kicked off his shoes on the scaffold, because his mother had often told him that unless he improved in his conduct he would never die with his shoes off,—a significant hint that he would terminate his career on the gallows.

In 1862, Walker Moore, a tailor at Colne, murdered his wife by cutting her throat, and was sentenced to death at the August assizes in the same year. Many people attended to witness this execution, and by day-break the wall of the churchyard opposite the gallows was lined by a motley crowd, weary and footsore with tramping over the hills from Colne the previous night, to be present at the execution, which was to take place at eight o'clock in the morning. Greatly to their chagrin, however, the event never "came off," the victim having anticipated the executioner a trifle by drowning himself in a tank above the water-closets in the Castle-yard. A London newspaper, on the following day, published a circumstantial account of the execution.

The last public execution at the Castle took place on the 25th March, 1865, when Stephen Burke suffered the extreme penalty of the law for wife murder at Preston.

INFORMATION FOR VISITORS.

Only a very small part of the interior of the Castle is now shown to visitors, and that part is principally confined to the Courts and the Keep. Admission is by ticket only, to be obtained at the Judges' Lodgings—the large building at the top of Church Street. The charge for a ticket to view the Courts only is three pence; to view the Courts and Keep as well, sixpence; children half-price. No visitor is admitted on Saturdays, Sundays, or Court-days. At other times the place is open from nine to half-past eleven a.m., and from one to six p.m. The entrance for visitors is at the door on the *west* side of the terrace steps, opposite the churchyard gates.

No part of the actual prison precincts is accessible to visitors; the parts of the Castle usually shown are the Crown Court, Shire Hall Grand Jury Room, Judges' Retiring Room,

Record Room, Library, Common Jury Room, Pinioning Room (where criminals were pinioned before being led to the gallows), and the Keep.

THE PARISH CHURCH

has evidently been built at different times during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, for on the north side may be seen several carved stones, indicating that the previous Church was of a much more ornate character than the present fabric. There is an old print extant which shows the Church with three windows in the nave, and a low chancel with two windows. The present Church (dedicated to St. Mary) is a large, plain, Gothic structure, consisting of a nave, two side aisles, and chancel, with a lofty and well-proportioned tower at the west end, erected, according to the date just over the clock, in 1752. This tower is a pleasing object in every view of the town. Its light, lofty elegance contrasts so agreeably with the massy towers of the adjoining Castle, that, wherever it can be distinguished from the contiguous pile, it becomes an important object in a perspective view of the town. The body of the Church externally presents no particular architectural features to arrest the attention, but the interior amply compensates for all outside shortcomings. Here the principal features worthy of notice are the elaborately-carved stalls and tabernacle-work round the altar, supposed by some to be of an earlier date than the rest of the Church, and by others to have been brought from Cockersand Abbey at the dissolution in 1543. But to whatever period they may belong, they have for ages attracted the notice of the antiquary, and will continue to be admired as most exquisite specimens of ancient carving. The roof is supported by fourteen freestone pillars, which divide the nave and chancel from the aisles, twelve of these are octagonal and two finely clustered. All the windows, except those in the clerestory, are of stained glass, and are well deserving particular inspection. The large east window, representing scenes of the Crucifixion and Ascension, is very fine and striking. That also to the memory of Bishop Higgin, representing the miraculous draught of fishes, and the one opposite—the release of St. Peter from prison—are remarkably effective; while those portraying the Resurrection, the six days of Creation, and scenes in the life and death of John the Baptist, are marvellous examples of

this class of decorative art. The mural monuments around the Church, though numerous, are not of a very artistic or interesting character, if we except that which commemorates the virtues of William Stratford, LL.D., Commissary of the Archdeaconry of Richmond, who died in 1752, and was "eminent for knowledge in his profession, integrity in his office, and for those other virtues which adorn the man, the citizen, and the Christian." The design is an *alto relievo* in white marble, representing Charity succouring the aged and the orphan, and the sculptor was the celebrated Roubilliac. The deceased bequeathed £3,000 to particular charities, and the further sum of £10,000 towards the augmentation of small livings in the counties of Lancaster, York, and Chester. In the north aisle there is a beautiful monument, consisting of a marble tablet and bust, with a lengthy Latin inscription, to the memory of Sir Samuel Eyre, one of the Judges of the King's Bench in the reign of William III., who died at Lancaster September 12th, 1698, while performing his duties as Judge of the northern circuit, and whose remains were originally interred here, but shortly afterwards removed to Salisbury. In the chancel is an inscription engraved on brass recording the talents and excellencies of an ancient mayor of the town, Thomas Covell, whose principal talent, by the bye, seems to have consisted in tenacity of place, for he was "6 tymes Mayor of this towne [Mayors were paid then], 48 yeares Keeper of this Castle, 46 yeares one of the Coroners of the county palatine of Lancaster, . . . who dyed on the 1st of August, 1639, ætatis suæ 78." Above the inscription was formerly the figure of an alderman in his robes, with a coat-of-arms; and beneath it a local poetaster, who appears to have had small mercy upon the engraver, amplifies the virtues of the defunct placeman in rhyme, and after assuring posterity—who may well be excused if they doubt the statement—that

> his fame everie where
> Triumphs; the town, the countrie, farther forth,
> The land throughout proclaims his noble worth,

winds up with these two magniloquent lines:—

> That storie tell at large here doe you see
> Epitomiz'd in brief, Covell was he.

The Churchyard is very spacious, and contains a few interesting memorials, the most beautiful of which, we were

sorry to observe, a heavier hand than that of Time has shamefully defaced. The view from this Churchyard on a clear day is grand and comprehensive in the extreme :—

On one side, "Gaunt's embattled pile" sheds a dying glory from the far times, when Roman and Norman supremacy alternately triumphed. The Hall of the Shire—an architectural semiquindecagon—illustrates the majesty and intricacy of the law. Eastwards and northwards, the town, with its array of tapering chimneys, testifies to the revolutions of trade. On the west, the station and the railway display the inventiveness and enterprise of the 19th century. Now and again a train passes, thundering along with a commotion like the great ones of the earth, making the best use for worldly purposes of every minute, and rousing up echoes, like a roar of applause, from the hollow superstructure of the bridge. At the river's mouth and along the quay a few masts survive, to commemorate the prestige Lancaster once had as a port. Over the bay, other masts and chimneys represent younger, more vigorous, and more successful rivals in the competition of life. Beneath and around are the peaceful homes of the rural districts, with a pleasing intermixture of field and wood, extending on both sides of the silvery Lune that threads the vale. Here the lots of contentment have fallen for centuries. . . . . Looking eastward, beyond the workhouse and Christ Church, we catch a glimpse, pleasing in its limitation, of the high moorlands, with their glorious covering of purple heather. To the north-east, the elevated plateau of Ingleborough stands out like a giant's banquet table of ancient times, over the Yorkshire borders. The massive arches of the Aqueduct, noble in their beauty and utility, close the prospect of the Lune in the Halton direction. Over the woodlands of Slyne and Bolton-le-Sands the white boulders of Warton Crag seem to look intelligently towards the antique towers of Lancaster. The villages and hamlets on the other side of Morecambe Bay. distinct as they often are in the last hours of day-light, interest us like the distant homes of another nation. Above, rise the undulating hills, peak over peak, in irregular lines of landscape, sometimes cloud-capt, at other times sublime with snow-capt summits. Blackcombe, as a substantial bulwark on the left, seems to guard the long range. The mountains cluster their immense heads angular, cone-like, and round—and commune with one another among the clouds. From between the opposite slopes, through a deep cleft in the ridges, Scawfell Pike looks down, fading in distant elevation with dim outline; and that is the highest point of earth visible from Lancaster Churchyard. Over all, the deep sky-dome stretches, and blends with the Irish Sea in the west.

There are many other churches and chapels in Lancaster, belonging to various denominations, but only two—St. John's Church, and the Independent Chapel, in High Street—have been in existence a century. In their general appearance they are, of course, like the modern churches of most other towns, and therefore do not call for special architectural description. We will leave them and accompany the visitor in a hasty inspection of the town generally, at the same time pointing out some of its more important public edifices.

Supposing we start from the Churchyard, after we are tired of surveying the grand and impressive scenery which it commands. Passing through the little iron gate on the north side, we proceed down what is called Vicarage Lane, the site of the ancient Roman encampment. We are soon on the Quay, face to face with the vestiges of Lancaster's former commercial greatness. A long line of houses of all sorts—dwelling-houses, shipping-houses, public-houses, warehouses—all standing shoulder to shoulder, fronts the now lifeless row of quays; and about the centre of this line is a rather elegant looking building, with a portico, consisting of a rustic basement and four Ionic columns, fifteen feet high (each formed of a single stone), supporting a plain pediment. This is

THE CUSTOM HOUSE

of the once renowned port of Lancaster. It was built in 1764, from a design by a local architect, but does not appear to have been in active use for any great length of time after its erection, for in a description of the building which appeared in a local print published upwards of sixty years ago, we read,—"The entrance is by a double flight of steps, wisely constructed to prevent the crush arising from the crowd of merchants and others whom we should be happy once more to behold assembled round the door of the Custom-house."

But we will not dwell upon the mournful subject of what Lancaster was: the visitor has come to see it as it is; and with this object in view we will make the best of our way towards the centre of the town, retracing our steps, and passing under the railway arch at the foot of Bridge Lane—a very old part of Lancaster, and at one period—many years ago—the leading thoroughfare from the north into the town. Keeping to the left, and proceeding down Cable Street—whence, turning round, there is a very pretty view of the Castle towers—we soon arrive at a neat building on our left, opposite St. John's Schools, which the inscription upon it informs us is the

PUBLIC BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES,

presented to the inhabitants by the late Samuel Gregson, Esq., formerly M.P. for the borough. It contains a large swimming bath (sixty feet by thirty-two feet) and numerous first and second class private baths, neatly fitted up. The building is divided into two distinct portions for the con-

venience of the sexes, whose entrances are at opposite ends. The wash-houses are a distinct department of the same building, and afford accommodation for twenty-four washers at one time.

A little higher, on the same side as the Baths and Wash-houses, is the Green Area Station (Midland Railway), where you take train for Morecambe and the various parts of Yorkshire; and that palatial building nearly opposite the entrance to the station, and which we pass on our way to the centre of the town, is a private concern, devoted to show rooms, offices, etc., by the world-renowned firm of cabinet makers, Gillow and Co. Onward, we pass St. John's Church—the oldest, except the Parish, of all the Lancaster churches—and further on, up North Road and Cheapside, we come to where four streets meet, or, as the spot would be called in the country, "four-lane-ends." This is known to all Lancastrians as the "Horse-shoe Corner," from the circumstance of a horse-shoe, fastened on a square stone, being let into the pavement just here. This horse-shoe, which has a legendary history, is renewed at intervals, with some little ceremony, at the expense of the Corporation; and if you could be present at that ceremony, and ask any bystander if he could inform you of its origin and meaning, he would probably tell you that when John o'Gaunt entered Lancaster, to take possession of the town and Castle, his horse dropped its shoe here, and the inhabitants, who were affectionately disposed towards the Royal Duke, to commemorate the event had it fixed to the spot, and ever since it has been regularly replaced as often as the street traffic has caused it to be worn out. Proceeding up Market Street, which begins at the Horse-shoe Corner, we presently come in full view of

THE TOWN HALL,

an elegant structure, erected just one hundred years ago, at an expense of only £1,300. It has its principal front to the Market Square, from which there is an easy gradus to a low terrace. On this terrace stands a most majestic colonnade, composed of eight columns of the Doric order, supporting the pediment and cupola. The arcade and portico were formerly used on Saturdays as a grain market, but since the enlargement of the Market-house, more ample accommodation has been found for the farmers under its capacious roof. The

additions to the Town Hall within recent years, consisting mainly of public offices, police cells, &c., have cost the Corporation more than double the sum expended upon the original building. In the Council Chamber are paintings of William Pitt and Lord Nelson, by Lonsdale, a native artist. There are also full-length portraits of George III. and IV., by Henderson, another native artist; together with portraits of a few local celebrities.

THE MARKET-HOUSE

has its principle entrance in Market Street, and forms a very convenient thoroughfare into Common Garden Street and King Street. It was erected by the Corporation in 1846, but having been found too small for the requirements of the growing population, it was considerably enlarged in the year 1880 by the addition of what was known as the "back market," a large uncovered area on the west side of the covered portion. It is now the finest market in North Lancashire.

Passing out of the Market into Common Garden Street and turning to the left, across Penny Street, through Brock Street and Dalton Square, we ascend East Road, and while pausing to take breath, examine the splendid building on the right, of cathedral-like proportions, which is none other than the

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH,

dedicated to St. Peter, and built in 1859, at a cost of £12,000. The tower and spire—the former containing a fine peal of eight bells—rise to a height of 220 feet, forming a prominent object from almost any part of the town. The interior is highly decorated, and will accommodate about 1,000 persons. On the south side is a small convent, connected with the Church, while on the east are day-schools for both sexes, and a small burial-ground.

A little higher up the road, on the opposite side to the Church, is the

ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL,

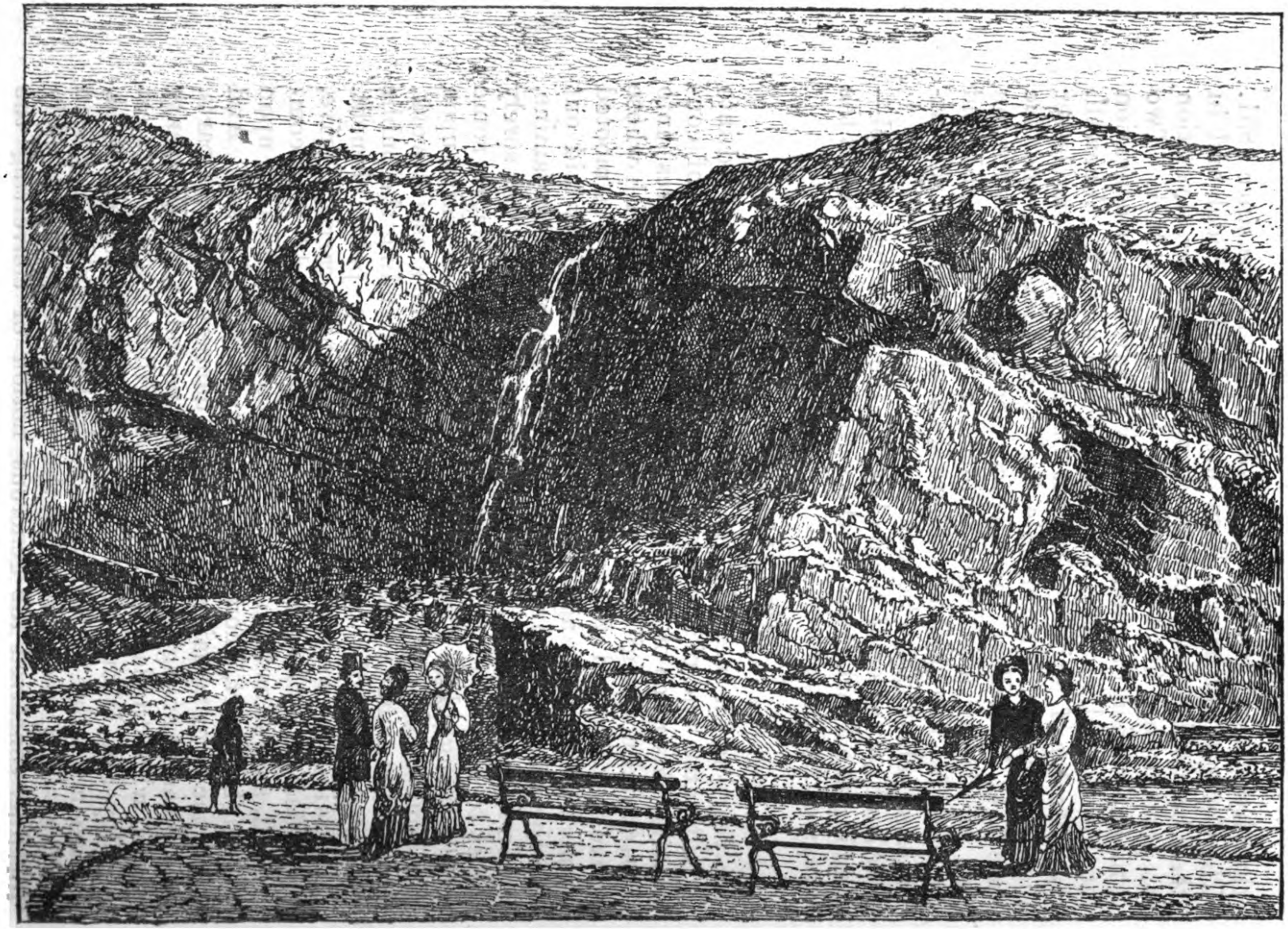
built in the Tudor style of architecture, at a cost of about £6,000. The date of its foundation is not exactly known, but it is mentioned as belonging to the Corporation as far back as 1495. It formerly stood on the west side of the parish

churchyard, and has only occupied its present site since 1851. The Corporation have still an interest in the School, and in their hands lies the appointment of Head Master, a position at present ably filled by the Rev. W. E. Pryke, M.A. Two eminently-scientific men of our day received their education at this School, namely, Professor Owen and Dr. Whewell, late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Among lesser lights were Dr. Higgin, late Bishop of Limerick, and the late J. C. M. Bellew, the talented elocutionist. The tuition fee for day-boys is eight guineas a year; for board and tuition fifty-five guineas. There are several valuable scholarships attached to the School.

About a quarter of a mile beyond the Grammar School—passing the Workhouse on the right hand—we arrive at the lungs of Lancaster—

WILLIAMSON PARK,

six years ago a bleak, barren moor, now metamorphosed into a cultivated and picturesque public park. The idea of converting this piece of land (comprising about forty acres) into a park did not originate with the generous donor with whose name it is now and will be for ever associated. It was mooted some twenty years ago, and the ground was partly laid out for the purpose during the time of the great cotton famine, when Lancaster, like most other Lancashire towns, was sorely beset to find employment for her people. At length some one bethought him that a carriage drive and some walks upon the rough and deeply-quarried moor would be a useful work, and at the same time a legitimate way of spending the public money, seeing that it would be for the public benefit. Accordingly the work was commenced, and a carriage-drive, dignified with the name of "Shakespeare Road," was completed, as well as some good gravel walks and a plateau upon the highest part, known as the "Top of Hard Times." And thus the moor remained—rough and dangerous in some parts, but pleasant enough in others—for a period of nearly twenty years, when the late Mr. Alderman Williamson, the greatest employer of labour in the town, who, about the year 1844, commenced the manufacture of table-baize and American leather-cloth, and in less than thirty years amassed a princely fortune, conceived the generous notion of converting the whole piece of land into a park at his own expense, and



RYELANDS SCAR, WILLIAMSON PARK, LANCASTER.

providing for its maintenance, so that it might never cost the town a single penny. His estimate of the amount required was £10,000, in addition to £1,000 for quarry rights, and he decided to spend not less than that sum in the formation of the park and its maintenance. He died shortly after making this announcement, leaving his two sons to carry out the scheme. They soon found that the original sum was not sufficient, so they set aside another £5,000 out of the estate. The sum of £13,230 10s. 4d. had been expended, leaving a balance of £1,769 9s. 8d. for the maintenance fund. Feeling that that sum was inadequate, Mr. James Williamson expressed a wish to contribute, on his own account, £8,230 10s. 4d., so as to bring the maintenance fund up to £10,000. This generous offer was accepted, with the best thanks of the Corporation on behalf of the people of Lancaster, who are now in possession of a park which, for beauty of situation, commanding, as it does, a panoramic view of the highest hills in four of the most mountainous counties in England, is without a rival in this country. Such, briefly, is the history of the Williamson Park: it was formerly a group of deeply-quarried gorges; it is now a succession of vistas of beautiful park scenery, through which smooth gravel walks meander in every direction.

There are two entrances—one on the northern and the other on the western side—through two handsome gateways of ornamental ironwork, upon which are fixed shields bearing the coats-of-arms of the Williamsons and the borough of Lancaster. At each entrance is a handsome and commodious lodge, built, exactly alike, of ashlar stone. The paths are bordered with a fringe of grass, and shrubs, suitable for the situation, extend from them all over the cultivated ground. The surfaces of the old hills and mounds have been smoothed and faced with green sods at their bases, the upper portions being planted with shrubs. Rustic houses, to serve as sheltering-places, are stationed at intervals, and numerous iron seats are fixed in various parts of the walks. About the centre of the upper portion of the ground is the level plain before alluded to, but considerably enlarged and improved since it was first formed. An extra number of seats are placed here; and to occupy one of them on a fine summer evening, when the air is clear and the sun is about to set, is a feast indeed, full of Nature's daintiest bounties

for the eye, the memory, and the imagination to revel in. From this plain the visitor may trace a perfect labyrinth of walks, round the bases of cliffs and hills. From this spot, too, he may see the waterfall, artificially constructed so as to tumble over the brow of a cliff eighty feet in perpendicular height, but so far the lake at the foot of this cliff is hidden from view. Following the sweep of the main road, however, it soon appears in sight, lying at the base of a great amphitheatre of rock, called Ryelands Scar, which our artist has chosen for illustration. The lake winds round this mass of rock, narrowing as it follows the curve, when, just at the narrowest part, it is spanned by a beautiful rustic bridge, from which a complete view of the lake, expanding so as to fill a great basin on the south side of the cliff, may be obtained. Close to this bridge, at the end of the carriage drive, the western entrance to the Park will be observed.

Eastward of the Williamson Park, and separated from it by a high stone wall, is the

COUNTY LUNATIC ASYLUM,

an extensive pile of buildings, opened in 1816, and at present containing about 1,200 patients. With the extensive pleasure grounds attached, where the inmates promenade along the walks, it will occupy fully fifty acres of ground; but, alas! this has been found to be very far short of what is required to meet the ever-increasing demand for more space within its walls. To provide for this great and growing increase of lunacy in the county, a second building is just completed, the immense size of which, considering its intended purpose, is sufficient to startle the most careless visitor. This colossal building occupies a site a short distance northward of the parent institution, separated from it by the public highway, but communicating with it by an underground passage. From its outside appearance, we should say it will accommodate quite as many as the parent institution.—Permission to view the interior of the Asylum can only be obtained by order from the Medical Superintendent, Dr. Cassidy.

In close proximity to the Asylum and the Williamson Park will be observed

THE CEMETERY,

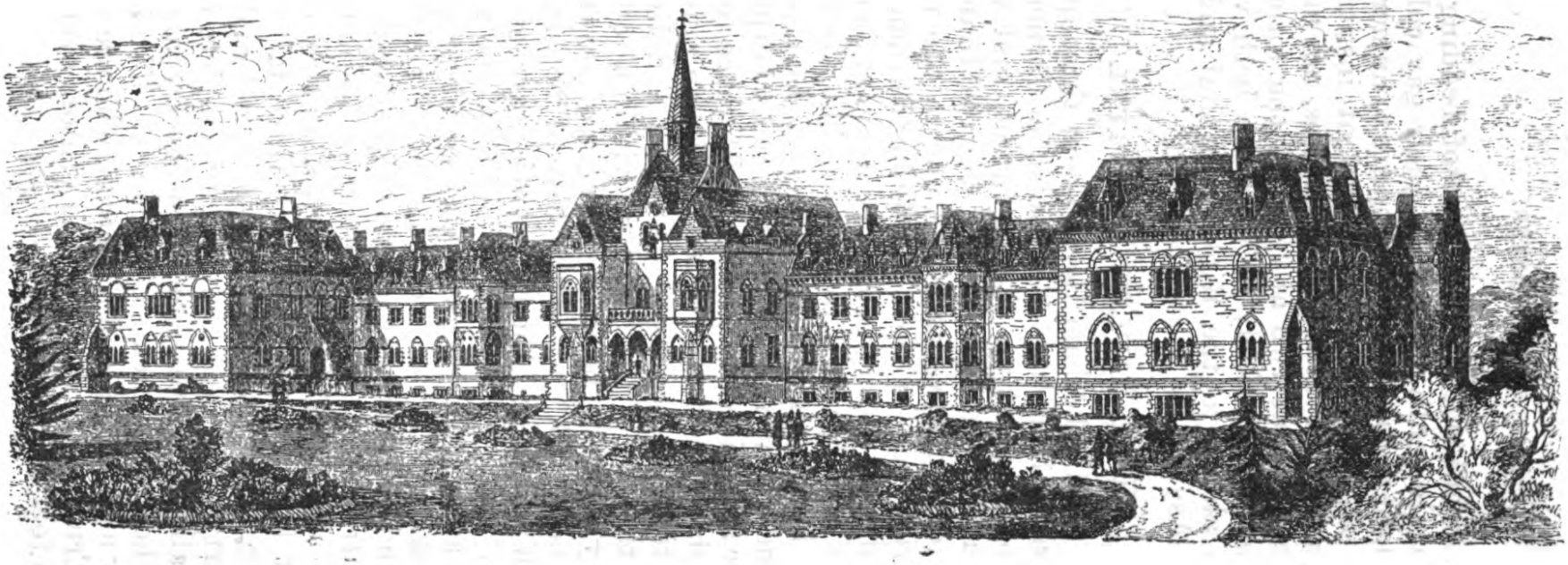
with its three mortuary chapels, opened in 1855. The grounds are well kept, and during the summer months are

tastefully laid out with a profusion of bedding plants and flowering shrubs, enlivening with their gay colours a spot which is fraught with touching memories to numerous visitors.

Lancaster is noted for its benevolent institutions, both great and small. The latter have, perhaps, not much interest for the stranger; but two at least of the former are well worthy a visit, particularly as they are both very easy of access. We allude to the Ripley Hospital and the Royal Albert Idiot Asylum.

The Ripley Hospital

is situate on the Cockerham Road, about three-quarters of a mile southward from the "Horse-shoe Corner." To approach it you proceed up Penny Street, and when at the top and over the canal bridge, of the two branching roads leading out of the town take the one to the right, which will soon bring you in sight of the institution, built in the early pointed style of the twelfth century, at a cost of about £25,000. It was founded by the late Thomas Ripley, Esq., a native of Lancaster and merchant of Liverpool, for the education and maintenance of three hundred orphan children of Lancaster and Liverpool, special preference to be given to the former place. Candidates for admission must have been born in the town of Lancaster, or within a radius of fifteen miles, or in the city of Liverpool, or within a radius of seven miles. They must be between the ages of seven and eleven years when admitted, and, in the case of boys, must remain until they have attained their fifteenth year; girls remain a year longer. The institution is built in the shape of the letter E, so as to form two wings of equal proportions, one being set apart for the accommodation of one hundred and fifty boys, and the other for the same number of girls. The principal entrance is in the central projection, facing the north-west, and is surmounted by a square clock tower, ninety-eight feet high, pierced with three tall lancet lights on each side. Each wing is one hundred and thirty feet long and sixty-eight feet high, being complete in itself, and combining all the arrangements necessary and peculiarly adapted to the requirements of each sex. The institution is governed by a Principal and a Matron, who are appointed by a body of Trustees; and is open to visitors every Thursday, from two to four o'clock, p.m.



ROYAL ALBERT IDIOT ASYLUM, LANCASTER.

THE ROYAL ALBERT IDIOT ASYLUM

occupies a commanding and healthy position about a quarter of a mile further south, and on the same road as the Ripley Hospital. This magnificent building is in the Gothic style of architecture, and, with its surrounding grounds, occupies a space of about seventy acres. The Boys' Wing was formally opened by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire on the 14th September, 1870; and, in honour of the munificent donor of £30,000, has been called the "Brooke Wing." The Asylum was completed in 1873, and will accommodate about 600 inmates, exclusive of staff officers. There were, at the date of the last report, in October, 1884, 533 patients in the Asylum, of whom 243 belonged to Lancashire. For their support, dependence is placed upon payments for patients, donations and annual subscriptions to the maintenance fund, and interest and dividends arising from invested legacies. The patients consist of two classes, viz:—those admitted for seven years by the votes of the subscribers, and paying patients. At present about three hundred patients in the Asylum belong to the former class, being entirely dependent for support upon aid voluntarily accorded to the institution. As the cost of maintenance amounts on the average to within a few pence of thirty guineas per head per annum, it will be seen that an annual income of about £9,500 is required to support these cases alone. But the annual subscriptions only amount to a little over £4,000, and were it not for the interest on legacies and donations invested in railway and other securities, and the fact that the inmates themselves by their own labour contribute a considerable sum, the institution would be woefully short of funds. As it is, there is yet room for some hundred patients, who could be taken in at once if the funds permitted, for the candidates for admission are at least three times as numerous as the vacancies.

Elections are conducted by ballot among the donors and subscribers. A donation of five guineas entitles the giver to one vote for life in the election of patients, and an annual subscription of a guinea entitles the subscriber to two annual votes. The votes increase in the same proportion for higher sums.

The benefits of the institution are confined to idiots and imbeciles residing in the seven northern counties. Such as

are epileptic, paralytic, insane, or incurably hydrocephalic, are not admitted; idiocy, complicated with blindness or deafness, is also a disqualification. The children are classified and associated according to their habits and mental capabilities. In the training to which they are subjected, the endeavour is to turn those habits to useful ends, and, as it were, to direct the current of life and thought from a swamp to some defined channel. Thus in one large room may be seen a number of children going through a course of feeble gymnastics. On the floor lies a ladder with broad treads, over which a girl who could scarcely stand when admitted is being encouraged to put one foot before another, lifting her feet, and, it may be, when greater steadiness has been attained, carrying a cup full of water without spilling it. Small bags filled with beans are thrown by a teacher at a boy, who has no notion of catching them; but, by-and-bye, his wandering gaze becomes fixed on the place from whence come those bags, and then he puts up his hands in self-defence, thus gradually obtaining the mastery over them. Again, a girl whose fingers are crowded together in a bunch is set to thread beads on a needle, until in the course of a few months she becomes an adept. As the feeble bodies grow stronger, and the wits sharper, the energies—not newly-formed, but developed—are directed to more useful occupations. Some young men become expert tailors, others cobblers; others joiners; others again find occupation in the garden and the field, weeding or haymaking. Even the baker and the butcher have their idiot assistants, while the major part of the storekeeper's duties of weighing out groceries and keeping an account are performed by an idiot whose forte is calculation. Mat-making, hair-picking, washing, bed-making, floor-scrubbing, and kitchen work, all afford scope for the exercise of idiot ability.—Open to visitors on Mondays and Thursdays, from 11 to 3.

STREETS, BANKS, &C.

The streets of Lancaster—particularly in the business part of the town—are, like those of most other ancient places, narrow, and the shops and other buildings in some of them seem as if elbowing one another for front position. The principal streets are Market Street, Penny Street, Cheapside, North Road, Church Street, King Street, New Street, and

Cable Street. The *Savings' Bank* is in New Street, and so is the *Post Office.* Close to the latter—in Church Street—is the *Lancaster Bank,* a beautiful specimen of street architecture; and built across the top of Church Street are the *Judges' Lodgings,* approached by a double flight of steps, and erected by Thomas Covell (virtue's epitome,—*vide* brass in the Parish Church), sometime in the seventeenth century. His representatives sold it to a neighbouring gentleman, and it was not until 1819 that it was purchased by the Justices for Judges' Lodgings. At the top of Market Street will be observed a building with a name upon it which is fast becoming a curiosity in this country—the *Mechanics' Institute.* It contains a tolerable library of books, together with a small museum. Members are admitted on payment of yearly subscription, which entitles them to nothing more, but, in fact, something less, than is enjoyed by working men in the Free Libraries of the majority of Lancashire towns. One excellent feature, however, in connection with the Institution is a *School of Art,* for the teaching of drawing, but for which, of course, a separate fee is charged.

Grouped about the estuary of the Lune, which is seven miles below Lancaster, are several small places, of no great importance now-a-days, one or two of which having a name and a history dating from very early times, should not be overlooked by the curious traveller in the vale of the Lune. Perhaps the oldest of them is

OVERTON,

a village five and a half miles south-west of Lancaster, on the northern bank of the river Lune. Here there is a church which highly merits the attention of the antiquary, being of pure Saxon architecture, and in all probability erected during the heptarchy, and is consequently some centuries older than St. Mary's at Lancaster, Cockersand Abbey, or Furness Abbey. Dr. Whitaker, who had a keen eye for the antique, pronounced it the oldest thing that had come under his observation. Specimens of pure Saxon are extremely rare, and are rather to be looked for in remote situations, than in flourishing towns and districts; where improvements in public buildings are likely to take place. And even here the "restorer" has stretched out his relentless hand; for in the year 1773, the original windows, which were small, round-

headed, and without mullions, were removed, and the present disproportionate, unsightly, flat-headed ones substituted in their places. At the same period an addition was also made to the east end of the building, both in length and width. Previous to this alteration the church would be about six yards wide within the walls, and about twelve or thirteen in length. It is a very plain, quadrangular building, without buttresses, the walls of the old part being upwards of four feet in thickness. The stones are small; and judging from the solidity and compactness of the walls, the mortar must have been in a fluid state, which time has rendered harder than the stone itself. The doorway is formed in a deep recession, and, on account of the great thickness of the wall, makes a sort of portal. It consists of three converging arches, of a semicircular form, springing from as many connected columns. Both the columns and circular parts have been highly ornamented, the chevron, or zig-zag, being very conspicuous, and vestiges of rude figures may be seen carved upon them, but which the hand of Time has rendered difficult to decipher. A label moulding also borders the arch. The steeple, which may be between three and four yards in height, from the summit of the gable, consists of a solid wall of the same thickness as the gable, and terminates in a triangular form at the top. It contains a circular arch, surrounded by a moulding, in which is suspended a single bell. Now the Saxon moulding, the chevron or zig-zag, the gable, etc., are peculiar to Saxon architecture. And Saxon fabrics may be known by their comparatively small dimensions, by the great thickness of their walls without buttresses, and by the diminutive size of their windows without mullions. The interior of the Church contains nothing very curious or interesting.

About a mile and a half further on, at the extremity of a tongue of land which ends in a narrow point in the Irish Sea, and forms the termination of the estuary of the Lune, is

SUNDERLAND,

formerly a small port, where cotton wool was landed before its use was known by our manufacturers, or the article imported at Liverpool. Many people went down to inspect it as a curiosity; and it lay twelve months in the warehouse of the merchant who imported it before he could find a purchaser. Soon after the building of the dock at Glasson,

and the removal of the shipping and custom-house officers, Sunderland became nearly a "deserted village," and was frequently called by the sailors, Cape Famine. It is now an inconsiderable watering-place, being visited in the summer season by a few families who love to sniff the invigorating sea-breeze in peace and quietness, far away from the din and turmoil of more fashionable sea-side resorts.

Opposite the village of Overton, on the other side of the river, is the harbour called

GLASSON,

a spacious dock, built in 1787, capable of containing twenty-five merchantmen. Here is also a graving dock, where vessels are built and repaired, and a spacious canal basin, of about twelve acres in extent, and mainly used as a timber float. On the south side there is an immense warehouse, built specially for the storage of grain. The village, which for a century can only be said to have been in a lethargic state, is just arousing to a sense of its importance, and fast challenging status with other northern ports. In the summer of 1883, a branch line of railway from Lancaster, constructed by the London and North Western Company, was opened for passenger and goods traffic. By the acquisition of this branch line, more direct communication with the ports of Liverpool, Whitehaven, Barrow, &c., is established. The line skirts the river Lune nearly the whole distance—about five miles, and in connection with it the Lancaster Port Commissioners have expended upwards of £12,000 in the erection of a fine stone pier, and have provided other facilities for loading and discharging vessels.

About two miles beyond Glasson, on a neck of land projecting into the sea, are the remains of

COCKERSAND ABBEY.

This Abbey was founded by William of Lancaster, in the reign of Henry II., as a hermitage, and then a hospital for several infirm brethren, under the government of a prior; but about the year 1190 it was changed into an Abbey for Cluniac monks. Originally the buildings of the monastery covered nearly an acre of ground, but of these the octagonal chapter-house, thirty feet in diameter, used as the burial-place of the Daltons, of Thurnham Hall, is the only portion now preserved. The walls are two feet and a half thick.

MORECAMBE.

Here prospects, opening to the view,
At every turn delight renew;
Such scenes nor Poussin could, nor Claude,
In living canvass e'er afford;
Their varied beauties to rehearse
Would baffle quite the Muse's verse.

IF we except the wonderful town of Barrow-in-Furness, no place in the north of England has, within the last two decades, made such rapid progress, or has succeeded so well in elbowing itself out of the crowd of obscure villages which almost surround it, as the popular and picturesque watering resort, Morecambe. Situated three miles north-west of Lancaster, washed by the waters of Morecambe Bay, and having direct railway communication with all parts of the country—established by two of our most famous railway companies, the Midland and the London and North Western,—it bids fair to rival in a short time the best of the sea-side retreats of the western coast.

Though Morecambe owes a great deal to its unequalled situation, it cannot be denied that it owes still more to the enterprise and perseverance of the Midland Railway Company, who, long before the other Company formed a branch line from Hest Bank, granted special facilities for tourists by their system to visit the place, by running a number of trips every week during the summer to suit all classes—some of whom might wish to stay a month, others a week, and others only for a day—from all the great centres of industry in Yorkshire. And the result of this is visible to the most casual observer. Excepting in point of situation, Morecambe is really more Yorkshire than Lancashire. Its streets and terraces have Yorkshire names: its lodging-houses "speak for themselves," as plainly as houses can speak, of the pristine "belongings" of their owners or occupiers; for in addition to a "Bingley House," a "Sheffield House," an "Ilkley Cottage," and a host of other Yorkshire

names confronting the visitor in nearly every street, there is a whole district which has been dubbed "Little Bradford."

Yorkshire, then, through the Midland Railway, has been the great pioneer—the sapper and miner—which has prepared Morecambe for invasion by the people of Lancashire. Without it the place would never have been what we see it now. Blackpool and Southport have laid too firm a hold upon the affections of the great industrial classes of Lancashire ever to be entirely discarded or neglected for a young rival like Morecambe, transcendently alluring though its natural charms may be.

However, now that the way is clear, Yorkshire is not to enjoy a monopoly in Morecambe. It appears that Lancashire is willing to divide its attentions in some degree between it and the other great watering-places of the county provided the means of conveyance are forthcoming; for we believe that in the seasons of 1882-3-4—mainly owing to the direct railway communication which Blackburn, and, indeed, all South and East Lancashire, now holds with Hellifield—more Lancashire people visited Morecambe than at any former period in its history. And we doubt not that the majority of them were delighted with it, as they had every reason to be; for where is the watering-place in all broad England that can vie with it for scenic grandeur or climatic superiority?

Morecambe, not having attained to the dignity of an incorporated town, is governed by a Local Board of Health; and it is due to this body, owing to its extraordinary vigilance in sanitary matters, that the town has always enjoyed such a singular immunity from disease, the death-rate seldom averaging more than seven or eight in a thousand. The water supply being obtained from Lancaster is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence, as that town is well known to possess the purest water in England. The meteorological readings are said to average two degrees milder than in the south, and that is something for invalids to make a note of.

HOTELS, ETC.

One of the first requirements of the visitor will probably be an hotel. At a watering-place, visited during the season by persons from all parts in great numbers, bent on pleasure, it is requisite that the hotels and lodging-houses should meet

every requirement that comfort and convenience can suggest. In these particulars the hotels and lodging-houses at Morecambe will be found by no means deficient. The leading hostelry is the Midland, on the Heysham Road, near the end of the Midland station passenger platform; and fronting the bay are the King's Arms, West View Hotel, Crown, Queen's, Royal, Leeds, and Pier. The Imperial Hotel is close to the Summer Gardens, in Regent Road, at the south-west end of the town; and then there are numerous other very good hotels, such as the Victoria, Black Bull, Station, Pollard's, Birkett's, Morecambe, New Inn, Ship, etc., situate in various parts of the town. To some of these excellent bowling-greens and quoiting grounds are attached; while to one—the Morecambe Hotel, in Lord Street—is annexed a miniature museum, consisting of a well-assorted collection of antiquities and curiosities, free access to which may be had daily, except Sunday. The Lancaster Coffee Tavern Company have a branch establishment in Victoria Street.

Places of Worship.

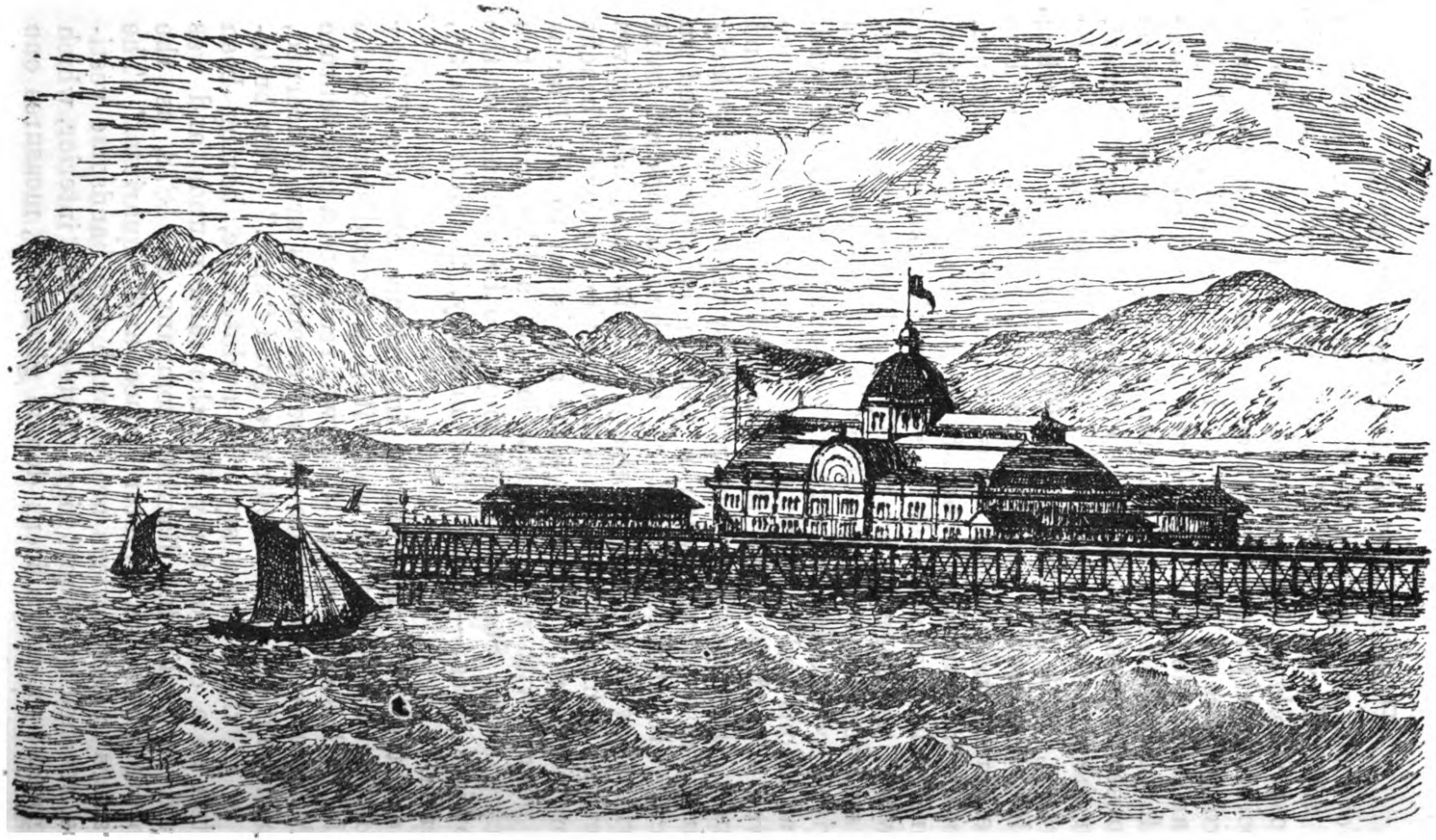
The Parish Church of Holy Trinity is a neat edifice, situated off Poulton Square, and was rebuilt in 1840, on the site of the original fabric, which was erected in 1745. It will accommodate about five hundred worshippers. This Church having been found very inconveniently situated for the use of that portion of the church-going visitors who may have gravitated to the southern end of the town, a new one—dedicated to St. Laurence—has been lately erected to meet their requirements. This Church, which is a large and handsome structure, is situated not far from the Midland Railway station, at the rear of Victoria Terrace, and will seat about seven hundred persons.

The Wesleyans have a large and imposing place of worship in Green Street, erected in 1875, at a cost of seven thousand pounds, which will accommodate about one thousand persons; and the United Methodists have a beautiful little Church, in Clarence Street, which cost something like four thousand five hundred pounds. The Independent Chapel is in Clark Street, and is a light and elegant structure, with a lofty spire, which stands out prominently in every view of the town; while the Primitive Methodists, the Baptists, and other religious denominations have their several places of worship.

Places of Amusement, etc.

Foremost among these is the *Promenade Pier*, opened on the 25th March, 1869. This elegant structure, which is almost wholly of iron, commences from the esplanade at a point nearly opposite Queen Street—one of the main thoroughfares of the town—and extends into the bay a distance of nine hundred and twelve feet, with a transverse platform at the head three hundred feet long, so disposed as to present a broad front to the sea, facing the opposite coast, after the shape of the letter T. It has two toll-houses at the entrance, with ornamental folding gates and turnstiles; while at the head of the Pier are pavilions, appropriated as refreshment and waiting rooms, etc., and a small aquarium, together with an observatory, fit up with a large telescope. There is also a capital landing-stage at the end of the Pier, by which passengers may readily reach or leave the boats and steamers at any state of the tide. The Pier is calculated to give accommodation to four thousand persons, and, with the additions and improvements which have been made siuce it was opened, has cost the shareholders fifteen thousand pounds. It is usually well patronised by visitors, particularly during the evening, when a portion is appropriated to dancing, to the strains of an excellent orchestral band provided by the Pier Company. This band also gives selections of music at intervals during the day for the benefit of promenaders. The charge for admission to the Pier is one penny, with an additional levy of a like sum to the dancing area. Season tickets may also be obtained at the following rates:—Yearly, 5s.; monthly, 2s. 6d.; weekly, 1s. each.

Next the Pier in point of importance are the *Winter Gardens*, fronting the bay, and within a short distance of the Midland Railway station. This was reckoned a bold venture for Morecambe; and as far as the promoters are concerned, we believe it has not turned out a good "spec." The building is in the Italian style of architecture, having been erected at a cost of forty five thousand pounds, and was opened by a limited liability company in 1878, as the "Morecambe Baths, Winter Palace, and Aquarium." The entrances to the Gardens are through two handsome vestibules, reached by a short flight of steps. The interior, which is lighted by a magnificent domed glass roof, measures one



VIEW FROM MORECAMBE PIER.

hundred and eighty feet by forty-two feet, with a spacious orchestra at one end raised above the floor. In the centre of the hall is a pretty fountain, surrounded by various flowering plants and shrubs; and a spacious gallery leads to two balconies on the outside front, from whence an uninterrupted view of the bay and its surroundings may be obtained. During the season, promenade concerts and entertainments are daily provided. Occupying the western side of the Gardens is the *Aquarium*, designed under the superintendence of Mr. W. A. Lloyd, of the Crystal Palace Aquarium. Arranged on each side of a lengthy corridor are twenty-six tanks, with plate-glass fronts, the largest being about thirty feet long, and all well stocked with rare and curious marine animals, sea anemones, aquatic plants, etc. The charge for admission to the Gardens and Aquarium is sixpence.—The entrance to the *Baths* is by the door on the east side. There are three plunge baths, viz., a ladies' bath, sixty feet by twenty-eight feet; a first-class gentlemen's, same size; and a second-class gentlemen's, seventy-one feet by twenty-eight feet. In addition to these there are ladies and gentlemen's first and second-class private baths of all descriptions, including salt water, vapour, medicated, and shower; the whole being fitted up in excellent style. The salt water is collected at each tide, and stored in a huge tank capable of holding nearly fifty thousand gallons. The charge for a first-class plunge bath is one shilling; second, sixpence; first-class private bath, two shillings; second, one shilling. Bathing costumes are provided. The basement floor of the building is occupied by a well-fitted *Restaurant*, where refreshments of all kinds and to any extent may be obtained at very moderate rates.

About half a mile from the Winter Gardens, on the road to Heysham, and close to the bathing sands, is another venture, equal in magnitude to the one just described, but of a more diversified character—somewhat after the style of Raikes' Hall Gardens at Blackpool—called the *Summer Gardens*. These Gardens are owned by a limited liability company, formed about six or seven years ago, with a capital of £15,000, but with considerable borrowing powers. The first impression that occurs to the visitor on entering the grounds is that of being suddenly transplanted from the sea-coast into the heart of a beautiful garden-valley in a

rural district, so wondrous is the change from coast scenery. Entrance to the grounds is obtained through a noble corridor leading into a spacious and handsome pavilion, calculated to shelter 10,000 persons, with balconies, stage, galleries, etc. The Gardens are very tastefully laid out, with conservatories, bowling-greens, lawn tennis and croquet grounds, ornamental walks, flower beds, and terraces. On the south side is a large lake, well stocked with fish, and plentifully supplied with pleasure boats. Within the grounds is a large area of land for cricket, football, races, and sports of every description. The entertainments given all through the season are of a very superior character, and no expense is spared to make them as attractive as possible. The total expenditure so far has been between £20,000 and £30,000.

Behind the Midland Hotel are the *Bathing Sands*, plentifully supplied with bathing vans; and donkeys—quadruped and biped—ponies, wagonettes, cabs, etc., are as numerous at Morecambe as at any other sea-side resort.

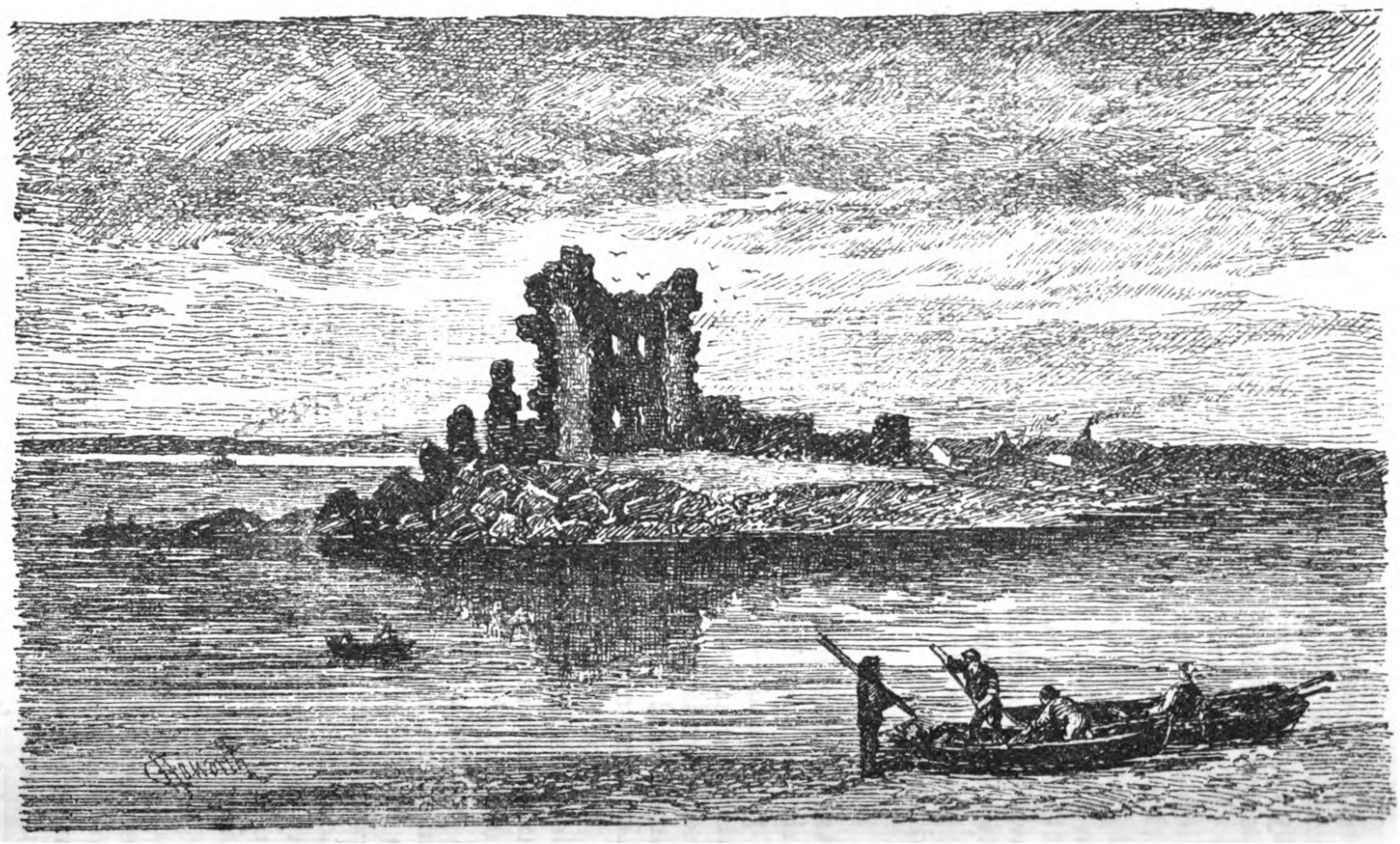
Boating is also a great feature at Morecambe. The number of small craft always bobbing about on the bay is surprising to the stranger. "Boat, Sir?" is the frequent interrogation as you pass along the Promenade, varied during tide-time with "Nice sea for Grange, Sir!" or "Take yer round the Lightship!" Many of the fishermen have banded themselves together into boating companies for the supply of pleasure yachts and sailing boats at exceedingly moderate charges. These boats may be entered at any state of the tide, from several stages which extend from the Promenade to low water mark. The steamers embark and discharge their passengers at the Promenade Pier. Their destinations and times of sailing are usually announced, if by early tide, the day before, and if by afternoon tide, the same morning. The places usually visited include Lancaster, Fleetwood, Blackpool, Southport, Grange, etc., according to the state of the tide. Twice a week (Tuesday and Saturday evenings) steamers sail to Londonderry, in the North of Ireland, presenting a very favourable opportunity for parties wishing to visit the Giants' Causeway, the celebrated City of Derry, and the Donegal and Western Islands. Should you have a taste for *Fishing*, it can be amply gratified by applying at the eastern end of the Promenade, where every sort of tackle is always in readiness. The *Promenades*, constructed of concrete,

faced with sea-walls, conjointly measure about two miles in length, and are well supplied with seats. Between the old jetty and the new pier an extensive lawn adds greatly to the appearance of the front. The weather barometer in front of the King's Arms Hotel, and the flag-staff opposite, upon which storm signals are sometimes displayed, were presented by the late Samuel Gregson, formerly M.P. for Lancaster, and have been of essential service to the mariners and fishermen on the Bay. Between the promenades is a substantially-built stone pier, which, with the offices and light-house upon it, was constructed in 1848, to form a breakwater to a wooden jetty that runs parallel with it into the bay, the space between the two constituting a dock for loading and discharging trading vessels.

THE SCENERY.

As we have before hinted, few places can vie with Morecambe for scenic grandeur. The view from the pier-head or the promenade—whether to the right, to the left, or in front of the spectator—is one of surpassing interest; for when the atmosphere is clear, the whole of the opposite coast is well defined, and its prominent features can be traced with distinctness and accuracy. On a fine summer evening, with the help of the chart which forms the frontispiece to this little work, half-an-hour spent in tracing the names, heights, situations, and distances from the spectator of all the more prominent of the lake mountains will afford a very agreeable and profitable relaxation. Indeed, this is such a captivating amusement, that we must ask the reader's permission to join him in a short *tête-à-tête* on paper, with the chart to this glorious scenery spread out before us.

Looking across the bay, a casual observer, as he views the array of hills towering peak over peak with almost Alpine grandeur, may hastily conclude that it is an impossibility to distinguish accurately by name, at a mean distance of not less than twenty miles, every link in that mighty chain which binds the four counties of Lancashire, Cumberland, Westmorland, and Yorkshire. But our chart does more than that. It gives the height in many instances, the county in which the hill is situated, and the distance in a direct visual line from Morecambe. It also indicates the direction of the more important lakes, and points out the landmarks



PIEL CASTLE—SUNSET.

on the opposite coast. And here we will supplement it with a few remarks on the chief characteristics of the whole.

Our view extends from Blackcombe to Arnside Knot. To the left of Blackcombe we see the tall smoky chimneys of the Barrow Iron and Steel Works, and further to the left the dark ruin of Piel Castle, standing in wild isolation among the waves of the Irish Sea. The castle was built by the monks of Furness Abbey, in the reign of Stephen, first as a kind of custom-house, where the abbots received their dues of anchorage from various traders, and secondly as a place of refuge whereto they could betake themselves and their portable wealth in case of sudden invasion by Scottish marauders. *Blackcombe*, rising from the shore of the Irish Sea, leads the van, and a bold and surly leader he looks. This hill—said to take its name from the dark ravine on its south-east side—stands near the southern boundary of Cumberland, away from the loftier peaks, and is a prominent object from any part of the promenade. In height it is one thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine feet above sea level. Past Blackcombe, to the right, we have the *Furness Fells*—a ridge of gentle heights sheltering Ulverston, Bardsea, and some pretty little villages on the margin of the bay; and just above Ulverston rises *Hoad*, with Sir John Barrow's monument on the top of it. We can plainly see the shape of the monument with the naked eye, though it is twelve miles in a direct line from us. Hoad is only four hundred and thirty-five feet above sea level; but some of the Furness Fells are much higher.

Travelling on further to the right, we pass the *Haycock*—the most distant mountain visible from Morecambe, being thirty-three and a quarter miles from our standpoint. *Harter Fell*, which apparently rises above Haycock, is in reality one hundred and ten feet lower; but it is seven and a quarter miles nearer to us than Haycock. The *White Maiden*, Seathwaite Fell, guides our eye to *Walna Scar*, two thousand feet high, and then it rests on *Scawfell*, the name given to the mountain connecting the heads of Borrowdale, Eskdale, and Wastdale. It is the highest ground in the Lake District, and, indeed, in all England. There are two peaks—the lower (marked on the chart) being a bulky mountain—the proper Scawfell, estimated at three thousand one hundred and sixty-two feet; the higher, designated *Scawfell Pike*, rises

from a narrower base, and is three thousand two hundred and ten feet in height. The first is visible from the Promenade or the Pier-head; but the latter can only be seen in very clear weather a few hundred yards on the north-east shore of Morecambe Bay. It will there appear a little behind and to the right of *Dow Crags*. It is plainly visible from Lancaster Churchyard, whence we have frequently seen it on fine summer evenings. From Scawfell, we pass on—visually, of course—to *Coniston Old Man*, which is seven miles nearer the eye than its lofty neighbour just mentioned. It takes its name, some say, from the peculiar configuration of the pile of stones on its summit; others, from a corruption of the Celtic *Alt Maen*, which means high rock. However, he is a truly "grand old man," and stands the very respectable height of two thousand six hundred and thirty-three feet, being distant twenty-two and three-quarter miles from our point of observation. At his foot lies Coniston Lake. Further to the right, and behind the Old Man, we just—and only just—get a glimpse of the *Great Gable* (two thousand nine hundred and forty-nine feet), so called from its resemblance to the end of a house. We, of course, only see the summit. *Humphrey Head*, which overhangs the bay, is but six and a half miles from us; and is traditionally famous as the spot where the last wolf in England was killed. Far away behind Humphrey Head we see *Wetherlamb*, easily recognised by its peculiar form, and to the right of Wetherlamb are the well-known *Langdale Pikes*. These Pikes are neither so high nor so massive as many other mountains, but probably no other heights in the Lake District are more familiar to the tourist. They consist of *Harrison Stickle* (two thousand four hundred feet), and *Pike o'Stickle* (two thousand three hundred and twenty-three feet). A twenty minutes' walk separates the two Pikes. Skirting the margin of the bay, we see Flookburgh, Kent's Bank, and Cart Lane,—quiet retreats in a neighbourhood full of interest and beauty. *Skiddaw* is invisible from Morecambe, but its direction we have indicated on the chart. It is well seen from Lancaster Churchyard, though its distance from that point cannot be estimated at less than forty-five miles.

Behind the hills which shelter the beautiful village of Grange, the "mighty *Helvellyn*" rears his giant form three thousand one hundred and eighteen feet above sea level.

This mountain we can readily distinguish, as it is the first to catch the eye after the apparent waste between Kent's Bank and Grange—taking these two villages as landmarks. To the right of Helvellyn, *Nab Scar*, *Great Rigg*, and *Fairfield* alternately rise one behind the other. Between Fairfield and the *Red Screes* (two thousand five hundred and forty-one feet) lies Windermere Lake. In front of Red Screes, *Wansfell Pike*, close to Ambleside, rises nearly one thousand five hundred feet above Windermere Lake, and between *Caudale Moor* and Red Screes is the well-known *Kirkstone Pass.* Nearer the eye, Holme Island—that "emerald set in the ring of the sea"—breaks the monotony of the coast line. Behind Holme Island a sudden "dip" occurs in the mountain range, out of which rises the small elevation of *Woundale Head.* *Yoke*, *Hill Bell*, and *Froswick*, the beginning of the High Street range, are seen standing to the right, over Methop Fell Point. Visitors to the Lake District look upon this range of mountains with particular interest, owing to there being on the top traces of what is supposed to have been a Roman road. This track, or road, is clearly defined in some places upon, and in other places near, the top of the mountain ridge, for a distance of at least fifteen miles. Whether the Romans made the road or not we have no means of knowing; but the track has evidently been used in former ages by persons who have travelled from Windermere to Penrith. *High Street* is a favourite with many tourists, and is more frequently ascended than any other hill in the Lake District. It is two thousand seven hundred feet high, and is situated due north of Morecambe. To the right of the High Street range we see *Harter Fell*—second of that name, this one being in Westmorland, the other, which has already passed under review, being in Cumberland. Our chart closes with *Arnside Knot*, eight and a-half miles distant; but the mountain range runs on into Yorkshire, terminating, so far as our vision extends, with the *Howgill Fells*, the highest point of which (rising just behind *Warton Crag*) is called *The Calf*, and is situated four miles north of Sedbergh. It is two thousand one hundred and eighty-eight feet high.

Thus we close our hasty review of the incomparable background of scenery which constitutes the pride and glory of Morecambe. Without the fatigue of a journey through lake-

land, and while imbibing the invigorating sea-breeze from the pier-head or the promenade, we have mentally ascended some of the highest mountains in our country, and, at a distance of some fifteen or twenty miles, made ourselves acquainted with the form and character of many more. Some may esteem this a very trivial accomplishment; but as the amateur botanist, or geologist, or astronomer finds pleasure in being able to single out by name all the plants, or fossils, or celestial phenomena which come under his observation, so may we, in sight of that glorious array of hills—all differing in height and form—take a pleasure in being able to distinguish, out of the apparent confusion, any one of the many links in that vast chain forged in the foundry of Nature, when the fiat went forth, "Let the dry land appear," and when "the evening and the morning were the third day."

Walks, Drives, and Places of Interest near Morecambe.

Without going into the minute particulars which the generality of guide-book writers seem to think their special province—either in order to fill a book or weary their readers with what they do *not* want to know,—such as a description of the gas works, the markets, the railway stations, the members of the local authority, or other dry-as-dust details,—we have endeavoured so far to interest the visitor in everything worthy his attention in what, after all, is only a young and, therefore, somewhat inconsiderable watering-place. But we have by no means exhausted either the natural or artificial beauties and attractions of Morecambe. To give a zest to his enjoyment, and relieve the *ennui*, which, somehow or other, will creep upon the merriest of us even in the midst of our pleasures, we have left a few for the visitor to find out for himself.

We will now conduct him to some other scenes and places outside the town, yet within the compass of an easy walk or ride, for Morecambe enjoys this great advantage over seaside resorts in general,—the walks and drives in its immediate neighbourhood are of so diverse a character that should the sojourner during his stay become tired of the salt water, he may, within the brief space of one hour, or two at the most, visit some fresh scene, famous either for great natural

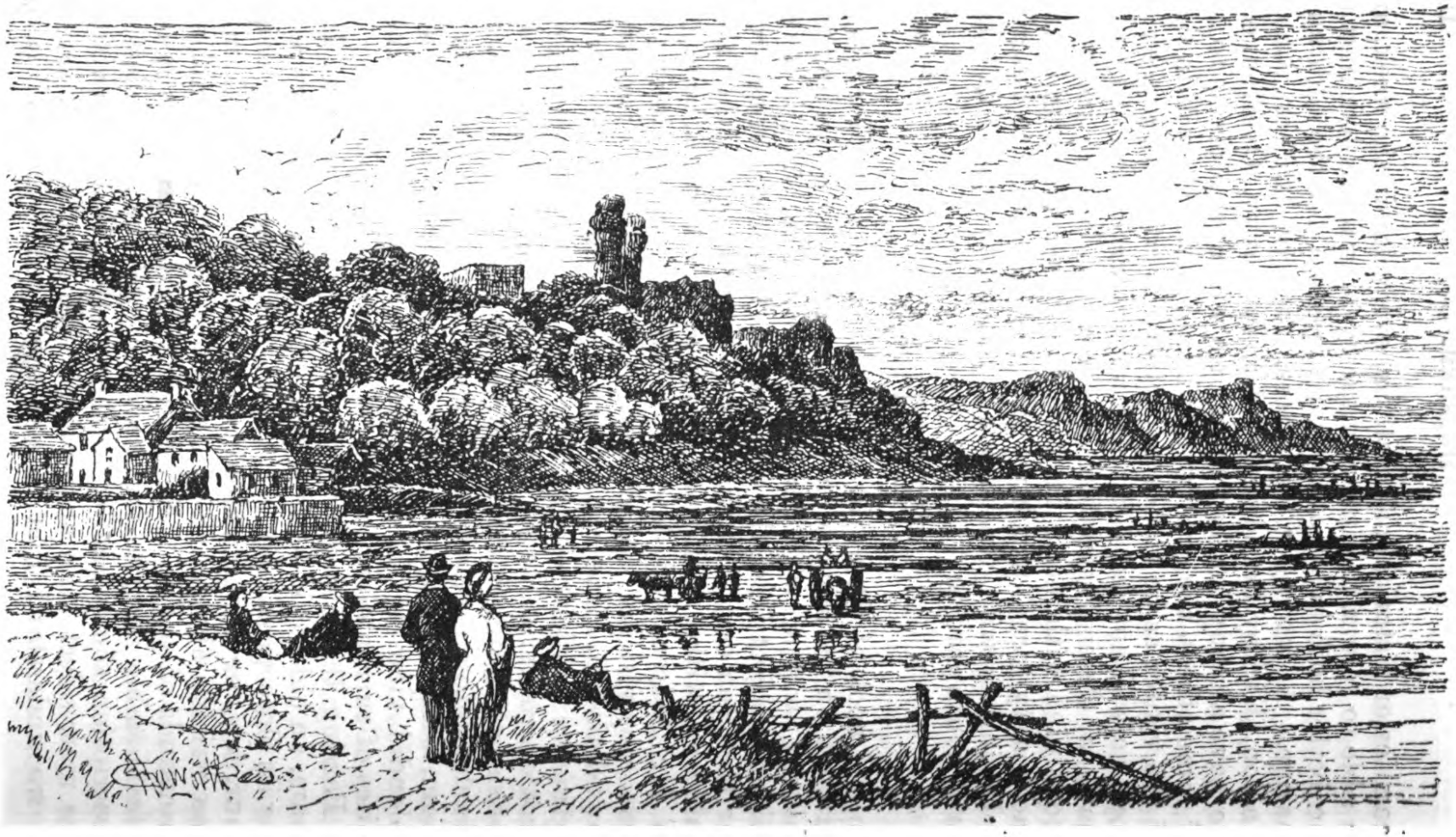
beauties or historical associations, every day in the week, and be able to return to dinner in the evening at his lodgings, all the better both in appetite and digestion for the additional change. A few of these places, such as Hornby, Caton, Halton, Kirkby Lonsdale, Kellet, Lancaster, Overton, etc., we have already touched upon; we will now proceed to tell of some others, the greater number of which are within sight of the visitor as he stands upon the pier at Morecambe; we hope he will not rest contented nor return home until he has made a closer inspection of them and become personally acquainted with most, if not all, the "scenes of magnificence and beauty rare" which we will now endeavour to describe.

Beginning with that which is nearest to us, let us take a stroll southward to

HEYSHAM,

an odd nook of the world barely three miles from Morecambe, situated on the slope of a rocky promontory projecting into the sea, which, with its wood-crowned summit, is a conspicuous object from the pier-head. Take the carriage-road, for then you can, if inclined, break your journey, when about half-way, with a look in at the *Strawberry Gardens*, belonging to Mr. Aldren, and deservedly well patronised during the season by visitors of all classes. A fee of twopence is charged for admission. The attractions in the interior, besides the extensive gardens—beautifully laid out and arranged with grottos, rockeries, bowers, miniature lakes and waterfalls—consist of a large building, partly constructed of glass, and divided into a green-house, aquarium, museum, and concert-room, with a balcony round the upper storey, from which a splendid view of the bay, the lake-mountains, and many miles of surrounding landscape, may be obtained.

Passing the Strawberry Gardens, you are soon at Heysham, an old-world-looking place, truly, which, if it were not for its close proximity to its fashionable and thriving neighbour, few, we suspect, would ever hear it mentioned, much less written about, and visited annually by, we should say, thousands of people. Nevertheless, Baines describes it as a "fashionable resort for sea-bathing," but qualifies his description somewhat by further stating that "the visitors are more select than numerous." We should think so, too, if we understand him to use the word "visitors" in its



HEYSHAM POINT.

ordinary acceptation, meaning individuals who take up their abode for a season, or part of a season, for the benefit of their health, or for other considerations. But, then, the historian of the county palatine wrote thus of Heysham as it was sixty years ago, when Morecambe was a mere shadow of its present self, or, rather, when that lively watering-place was nothing greater than a village inhabited by a few fishermen, and known to those who had any interest in it whatever by the somewhat Frenchified and not very euphonious appellation of Poulton-le-Sands.

Heysham is divided into two portions, called Higher and Lower Heysham. The higher portion contains the best houses, the lower being principally occupied by fishermen and their families. In the Domesday Survey it takes the name of Hessam, which signifies the house or home of Hesse, or Hessa, the original Saxon proprietor, who took possession of the rock and small tract of land which projects into the sea. At an early period of the Saxon era, a small chapel was erected upon this rock; and later on, but at what period is uncertain, a church was built upon a site northward of that which the existing one occupies. The present Church, dedicated to St. Peter, was built about six hundred years ago, and is a small edifice in the Norman style, very plain, without any tower, nicely sheltered on every side, and with the green sequestered beauty of its churchyard adds dignity and moral interest to a scene which cannot fail to delight you with its very simplicity. The spirit of the Saxon seems loth to depart from its old haunts about the rugged coast at Heysham, and all the turmoil of modern life cannot drive it away. Everywhere around is an air of antiquity, "a something breathing of the olden day, an influence surviving all the changes of time, all the vicissitudes of political and social life. The Church stands peacefully, reverently; like some old, visionary monk, his feet on earth, his thoughts with God. And the graves are all about; and things of peace and gentleness, like folded sheep, are gathered round it."

Ask any of the villagers where the clerk lives, not so much for the purpose of conducting you through the Church, which contains nothing very curious, as for showing you the antiquities on the rocky height to the west of it, which annually attract large numbers of visitors. If you visit Heysham during the Morecambe season, he is usually in

attendance at the churchyard every day, except Sunday, for the purpose of admitting visitors. He charges one penny each, and this admits to view the interior of the Church.

Remains of Saxon Chapel. Coffins in the Rock.

Following the path through the churchyard to the left, you soon commence to scramble up a rude and rocky staircase, and ultimately land upon the summit, there to encounter, all on a sudden, an apparently unlimited expanse of sea and sky. This scene is so very unexpected that you forget for a short time the purpose of your visit, and take in all you can get of the invigorating sea-breeze, which comes to you in extra doses on this bold and naked eminence. The antiquities referred to consist of the remains of a small chapel, and some stone coffins cut out of the solid rock. The chapel, when entire, has evidently been but a very small building—only nine yards long by two and a half yards broad—very rudely put together, but with sufficient strength, though in an unusually exposed situation, to have withstood the storms of many centuries. It is now a mere fragment; but a plain semi-circular arch over what was once the entrance remains to attest its Saxon origin. It was dedicated to St. Patrick, the protecting saint of navigators in the Irish Channel, and from that circumstance, together with its elevated position, it is conjectured to have been intended to act as a landmark to warn the mariner of the treacherous nature of this part of the bay, and also as a place wherein to move the intercession of the saint for those who may have perished by shipwreck or are about to embark on a perilous voyage.

There are some other ruins on the opposite side of the rock, possessing more architectural proportions than the chapel, and near them are eight coffins, hollowed out of the solid rock, with the head and general form of the body properly defined. Six of these coffins are ranged in a row, at the western side of the rock; the remaining two are also close together at the eastern. In some of the old churches and churchyards of Lancashire we occasionally meet with stone coffins. At Styd Church, near Ribchester, there is an old coffin of stone; and others may be seen in the churchyards of Whalley and Mitton. But these have more the appearance

of stone troughs than coffins of the general shape,—mere ponderous blocks of stone, hewn out as if for watering-troughs; while the coffins here at Heysham are chiselled out of the solid, immovable rock, and finished quite in an artistic

COFFINS IN THE ROCK, AT HEYSHAM.

manner. Four out of the six that are together have semi-circular indentations at the top to admit the heads of the occupants; the fifth is of an elongated oval form, and the sixth of plain oblong kind. One of them has a groove in

the inside for a lid; and the majority have small square holes above the head, in which very likely were fixed crosses, or inscriptions, somewhat after the fashion of the present day in many of our cemeteries. Of the two lying together, one has evidently been for a child; the other is of an ordinary description, without cross or headhole. They are all about a foot deep, and were designed—though this is said to be an optical illusion—for persons of short stature. If you are curious on this point you may measure your own length in one of them; you will not be the first who has tried this "grave experiment." There is nothing on record relating to these coffins, and tradition is quite silent on the subject. Antiquarians assign them to the fourteenth century; and it is thought that in them were deposited the remains of those connected with the religious house established on this spot.

Tired of viewing the stone coffins, the ruined chapel, and the grand prospect from the top of the hill, we direct attention to

THE CHURCHYARD,

in which are several ancient monuments deserving notice. A short distance from the foot of the rude flight of steps is a Saxon doorway, through which you may pass, and read the following inscription cut on a brass plate fixed on the inside of one of the posts, which tells you why and wherefore it came to occupy such an isolated position:—

This doorway, of undoubted Saxon work, was discovered when the north wall of St. Peter's Church, Heysham, was taken down, in 1864, for the addition of an aisle on that side. It was hidden by a massive buttress, and was five feet from the north-west angle of the wall; its threshold was two feet five inches below the surface of the present Church. It was re-erected on this spot under the careful direction of the late Rev. John Royds, rector, every stone being placed in its original position.

Among the few monuments to be seen, perhaps the most curious is an altar-tomb, lying near the path leading to the Church door. This antique piece of workmanship is slightly arched on the top, and round the sides are sculptured devices of lions' heads and groups of men and grotesque animals, which probably had, or were intended to have, some meaning; but they are now so blurred and mutilated, and their postures and actions rendered so equivocal, that it would be idle to lavish a conjecture upon them. A zig-zag moulding,

and other ornamental work, denote its Saxon origin ; but it bears no sign by which we can discover or guess the name of the person to whose memory it was erected.

Many tombstones and fragments of others are scattered about the churchyard, which from the symbols and ornaments upon them are evidently of no very modern date. They

SAXON DOORWAY, HEYSHAM CHURCHYARD.

have all outlived the memory of those for whom they were designed, and are now subjects of meditation rather than description. A sword and a cross are the more frequent symbols by which they are distinguished, but upon one may be observed a sword and a harp.

THE CHURCH

is a small, unpretentious building, evidently of high antiquity, judging from its architectural features. The nave occupies the area of a more ancient fabric, traces of such being discernible in the remains of the west doorway, and in the chancel arch, with its curious cabled architecture; the south aisle and chancel were probably added in the fourteenth century. Between the nave and south aisle is a plain arch, in the Norman style, with rude capitals; and in the south aisle there are angular columns with pointed arches, contemporary with several trefoil windows. The interior of the Church has, within the last twenty years, been entirely renovated, and two stained glass windows, of appropriate design, have been put in—one at the east and another at the west end.

There is a pleasant walk through Higher Heysham, of about three miles, to Overton, a quaint village near the estuary of the Lune. Here there is a Church, said to have been erected during the heptarchy, which highly merits the attention of the antiquary. A description of its main features will be found near the close of our chapter on Lancaster. Should antiquarian tastes have been fully satisfied by what you have just seen, perhaps a scramble among the rocks at Heysham Point would be a more pleasing diversion; and if you are geologically inclined, a little instruction may be picked up there at the same time.

On returning to Morecambe, take the walk by the sea-side in preference to the dusty and monotonous highway. The waves have made great inroads upon the coast about here, necessitating the erection of a sea-wall to arrest their depredations. Not far from the end of the wall stands a solitary but substantially-built stone house, the sight of which sets one a-thinking whatever could have possessed the brain of the builder when he pitched upon this site for his abode. "A cottage by the sea" is, no doubt, well enough, and has peculiar charms for the contemplative mind; but a cottage *in* the sea—as this must not unfrequently be—is just a little too much for even the most ardent lover of Neptune to muse upon with philosophical or poetical equanimity. Seen from the rising ground behind that beautiful villa on the right as you go to Morecambe, the views across the bay, in clear weather, are particularly grand and striking.

Having seen all that there is to see southward of Morecambe, we will now direct the attention of the visitor to a wider and more diversified field of operation in the opposite direction; and without going very far away, introduce him to a little world in itself, full of objects the most pleasing for the eye, the memory, and the imagination to revel in. In these excursions, we should advise the visitor to use the railway as much as possible to convey him from place to place; he will find his legs will have plenty to do when he cannot invoke the aid of the iron horse. We will arrange the places to be visited under one general head, sub-dividing as before for easy reference.

THE FURNESS DISTRICT.

From Silverdale to Kent-sand side,
Whose soil is sown with cockle-shells;
From Cartmel eke and Connyside,
With fellows fierce from Furness fells.

EAVING Morecambe by the train starting from Poulton Lane Station, a short run of three miles, brings us to Hest Bank, a quiet, pleasant village on the shores of Morecambe Bay, where, in the days of stage-coaching, the road across the sands to Ulverston commenced, and on that account was always a place of some importance. Here is an excellent hotel, and also some neat summer residences. At Hest Bank station you change for Carnforth, and at Carnforth you change again for the Furness district. Carnforth has risen wonderfully within the last twenty years. It is not a new place, to be sure; but before that big chimney and those huge furnace towers were erected, it was a poor little straggling village, with a mere handful of inhabitants, and those chiefly employed in the cultivation of the land. Now, however, the scene is changed; Carnforth is no longer a country village, with a little roadside station, but a thriving and quite a populous town, with a very decided commercial aspect, and a railway station second to none between Preston and Carlisle. Streets of shops, rows of dwelling-houses, and handsome stone-built hotels now occupy the site of waste

lands and half-starved pastures. The large smelting works of the Carnforth Hæmatite Iron Company comprise six blast furnaces, capable of turning out from three thousand to four thousand tons of pig iron per week.

The village lying in the hollow a little to the north-west of Carnforth, with its grey church tower rising conspicuously above, is Warton; and that rugged limestone elevation to the left is Warton Crag, upon which there is said to have been at one time a British fortress.

Leaving Carnforth, before the train stops at the next station you get a foretaste of the delicious scenery which, for nearly twenty miles, accompanies you during your journey on the Furness Railway. It is only a run of a little over three miles ere the train stops at charming

SILVERDALE,

romantically situated on a small, rocky tract by the seaside, and much frequented during the summer months by visitors and pic-nic parties. There is a choice of two roads from the station to the village,—the one to the left being a direct uphill walk of about a mile, while that to the right takes a more circuitous, and at the same time, more pleasing route, through the older portion of Silverdale. By the latter is passed the Church, a very plain building, with accommodation for only two hundred persons. It is fitted in the old style, and has no pretension to architectural beauty of any kind. Several things may yet be said in its favour, however. The interior, though extremely and severely plain, is conspicuously neat, and the fabric stands in a beautifully-situated and trimly-kept "God's-acre." Moreover, it occupies the site of several ancient ecclesiastical fabrics, which have preceded it in the path of disuse and decay. It was built in 1829. The need for a larger Church building, and a pardonable desire to possess a more seemly and beautiful structure, has prompted the Vicar and his friends to solicit funds for the erection of a new Church, and their efforts have been crowned with success. In 1882, an eligible site in the centre of the village was generously presented by Mr. Boddington, of Manchester, and of The Cove, Silverdale; and in September, 1884, the memorial stone of a new structure, designed to accommodate about three hundred and fifty persons, was laid by Mrs. Frazer, wife of the Bishop of

Manchester. The old fabric is now used as a mortuary chapel, its graveyard constituting the parochial burial-ground. Near the old Church are the National Schools, close to which, on the opposite side of the road, is a new and commodious stone-built Wesleyan Chapel, raised by voluntary subscriptions, and opened about five years ago. That high hill a little to the right is called Castle Barrow. It is private property; and if you wish to "view the landscape o'er" from its summit, a charge of one penny will be levied upon you by the tenant of the farm-house at the foot of it. The road to the left from this point conducts to the newer and higher portion of the village. The tower standing some distance to the south-west is called Gibraltar—properly, Lindeth Tower—and is habitable. It was built by Mr. Fleetwood, banker, of Preston, upon a precipitous rock facing the bay, from which circumstance it has received the name of Gibraltar. About five hundred yards past the tower, on the shore, may be seen what remains of the attempt made a short time ago to reclaim from the waves a considerable tract of land, extending from Silverdale to Hest Bank, in order to bring it under cultivation. A company, styled the "Warton Reclamation Land Company," was formed for the purpose; but after obtaining a special Act of Parliament, and building a sea-wall about a mile out, at an outlay of about £60,000, the project was abandoned.

Silverdale enjoys a reputation for rare and beautiful ferns, as well as being noted for a superabundance of nut trees, which, in season, usually yield immense crops. Free admission to the woods is generally to be obtained; but before visiting the "Lily Wood," where upwards of a hundred acres of yellow lilies and lilies of the valley grow, it will be necessary to be provided with a "pass," which you may easily obtain by applying by letter to the steward at Dallam Tower, near Milnthorpe. Other places of interest in and near the village are the "Fairy Steps," between two and three miles distant, on the northern side of the railway, from whence may be surveyed views of surpassing beauty, second only to those in the Lake District. This spot is a famous rendezvous of pleasure parties. Dallam Tower is within a short drive, and so are Levens Hall and Borwick Hall—two fine old historic mansions. Between the Church and the newer portion of Silverdale, on the

Challon Hall estate, may be seen a fresh water lake, about thirty acres in extent, and in some places nearly forty yards deep. On the shores of this lake are a quantity of marine shells, all univalves, many of them no larger than a grain of wheat. In a field, on the same estate, stands a huge boulder-stone, which is so marvellously poised on a piece of rock as to excite the greatest wonder how it maintains its position. The stone is about thirteen feet high and ten feet diameter, and is estimated at sixty tons weight. It only touches the rock upon which it stands in three places, each bearing being about the size of a man's hand, and all within the space of two feet, and strictly in a line. The stone is generally supposed to have been deposited in that curious situation during the glacial period. If you are in the lower part of Silverdale, these may be best reached by taking the path through the wood near the new Wesleyan Chapel, and on the way you may meet with some rare ferns.

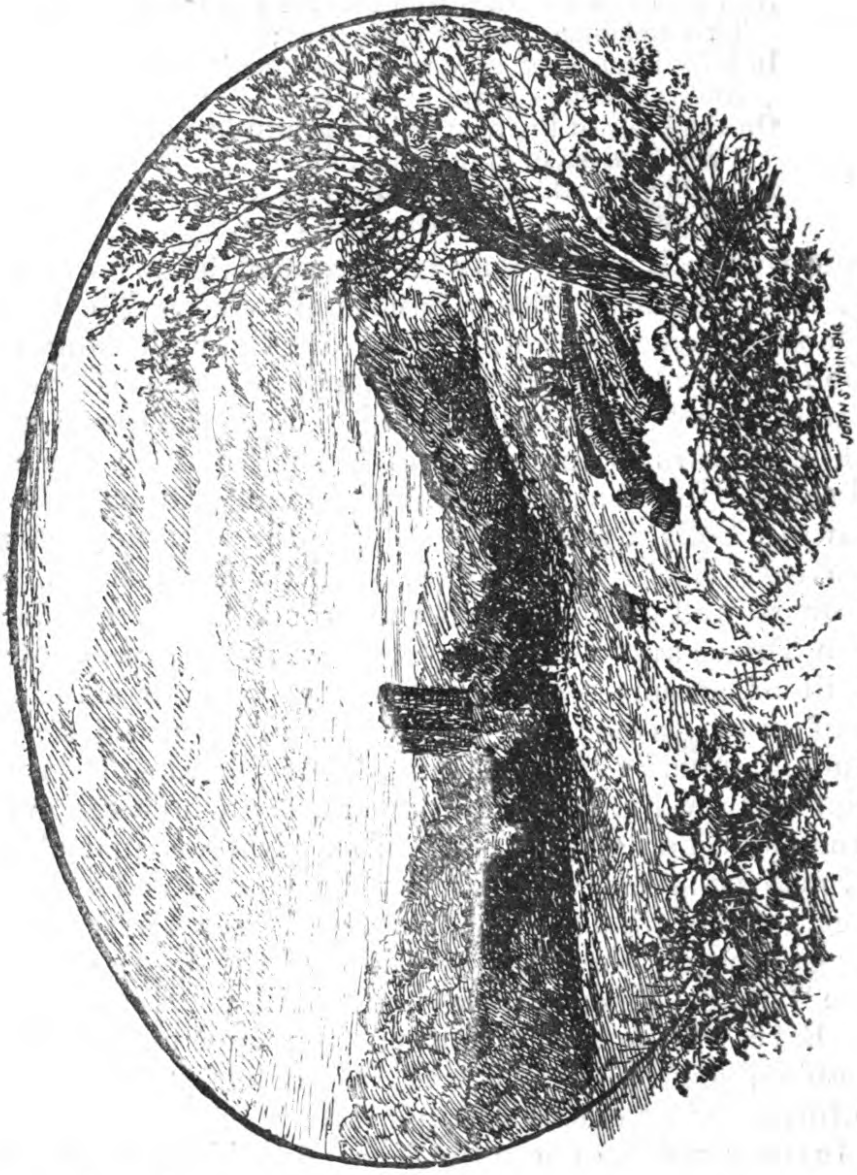
The neighbourhood of Silverdale abounds in delightful walks and drives, the deep woods, with their luxuriant foliage, tempering the gales that sometimes cause such havoc at sea-side resorts. Its equable climate, mild yet dry and bracing, is exceptionally beneficial to certain classes of invalids; and we are not surprised that it is being recommended by many of the medical profession as a health resort of the highest order. There are two very good hotels in the village.

A walk of about a mile over the hill called Loughbarrow Fell, lying to the north-west of Silverdale, in the direction of Arnside Knot, will bring you to

ARNSIDE TOWER,

a massive, square piece of masonry, rudely built of limestone, with walls four feet in thickness, standing on the summit of a grassy knoll, and flanked on one side by Arnside Knot, and on the other by an extensive plantation. This now roofless and ruined tower is said to have been formerly connected with Piel Castle, and used as a depôt for the Abbey stores collected about Haverbrack, as well as a defence to the bay. From what seem to be the remains of fire-places, the tower appears to have been four storeys high, with an embattled roof, ascended by a spiral staircase of fifty-four steps, nearly perfect to this day. The whole place is now open to the

sky. From the floor to the roof it has been divided in two parts, the partition wall with a doorway in it yet remaining. The larger chamber measures about ten yards by eight yards, and the smaller, ten yards by five yards. There remains



ARNSIDE TOWER, FROM THE RAILWAY.

also a square chamber at one of the angles. For whatever purpose the tower was built, it has evidently been a stronghold of a very formidable character.

We are now in close proximity to that rugged elevation which is such a conspicuous object in the landscape for miles around—

ARNSIDE KNOT,

whose head, clothed with trees and shrubs of the darkest hue, while his sides are as naked and bare as the rocks on the sea-shore, reminds us of Montgomery's stanza :—

Now peace to his ashes who planted yon trees,
That welcome the wandering eye;
In lofty luxuriance they wave with the breeze,
And resemble a grove in the sky :
On the brow of the mountain, uncultur'd and bare,
They flourish in grandeur sublime,
Adorning its bald and majestical peak
Like a lock on the forehead of Time.

From this hill, which may be ascended at any convenient point, there is a magnificent panoramic view. To the north-east, looking over the sands, with all their pleasing variety of ebb and flood, lies the picturesque village of Heversham, with its neat white Church peeping out of the green trees by which it appears to be surrounded, sheltered on the east by a hill called Heversham Head, and having the majestic range of Howgill Fells, beyond Kendal, for the distance. Further to the east rise Ingleborough, and Farleton Knot, with a rich foreground composed of the woods and grounds about Dallam Tower and Beetham. Southward appears Clougha—the hill of storms—with the county town of Lancaster at its foot; then, sweeping westward, is a grand sea view, embracing Fleetwood, Piel Castle, Morecambe, Barrow, the district of Low Furness, and beyond, the whole range of the Westmorland and Cumberland hills. Nearer, just along the coast, may be seen the romantic villages of Kent's Bank and Grange, with a number of homesteads scattered along the rising ground on the Cartmel side of the bay; Castlehead, Holme Island, Chapel Island, the Hill of Hoad, with Sir John Barrow's monument on the top, and numerous other agreeable objects, softened and improved by the distance so as to form a most enchanting picture.

A further walk of a mile from Arnside Tower, passing through the farmyard at the foot of the tower and along the road to the right, will bring the tourist to the village of

ARNSIDE,

a delightful little watering place, unlike Silverdale in one respect, namely, in being close to the water. For the contemplative visitor who seeks rest only from the troubles and

cares of town life, and can find "pleasure in the pathless wood" and "rapture on the lonely shore," this appears to be a spot peculiarly adapted. The country all about Arnside and Silverdale is famous for its extensive plantations. Along the shore, all the way from Arnside to Silverdale, there is a luxuriant coppice, chiefly of hazel, through which you may enjoy a very pleasant ramble and return by the road over Loughbarrow Fell and past Arnside Tower. That beautiful mansion, half hidden by trees, with the bow of a ship projecting through the wall in front of the house, is called Ash Meadow. The sight of it is enough to make one break the tenth commandment.

From the shingle bed on the west shore of Arnside, some beautiful specimens of the fossil *Michliena grandis* have been obtained. Numerous other species of organic remains may be found here; indeed it is considered one of the best localities in the whole district for obtaining organic remains in quantity.

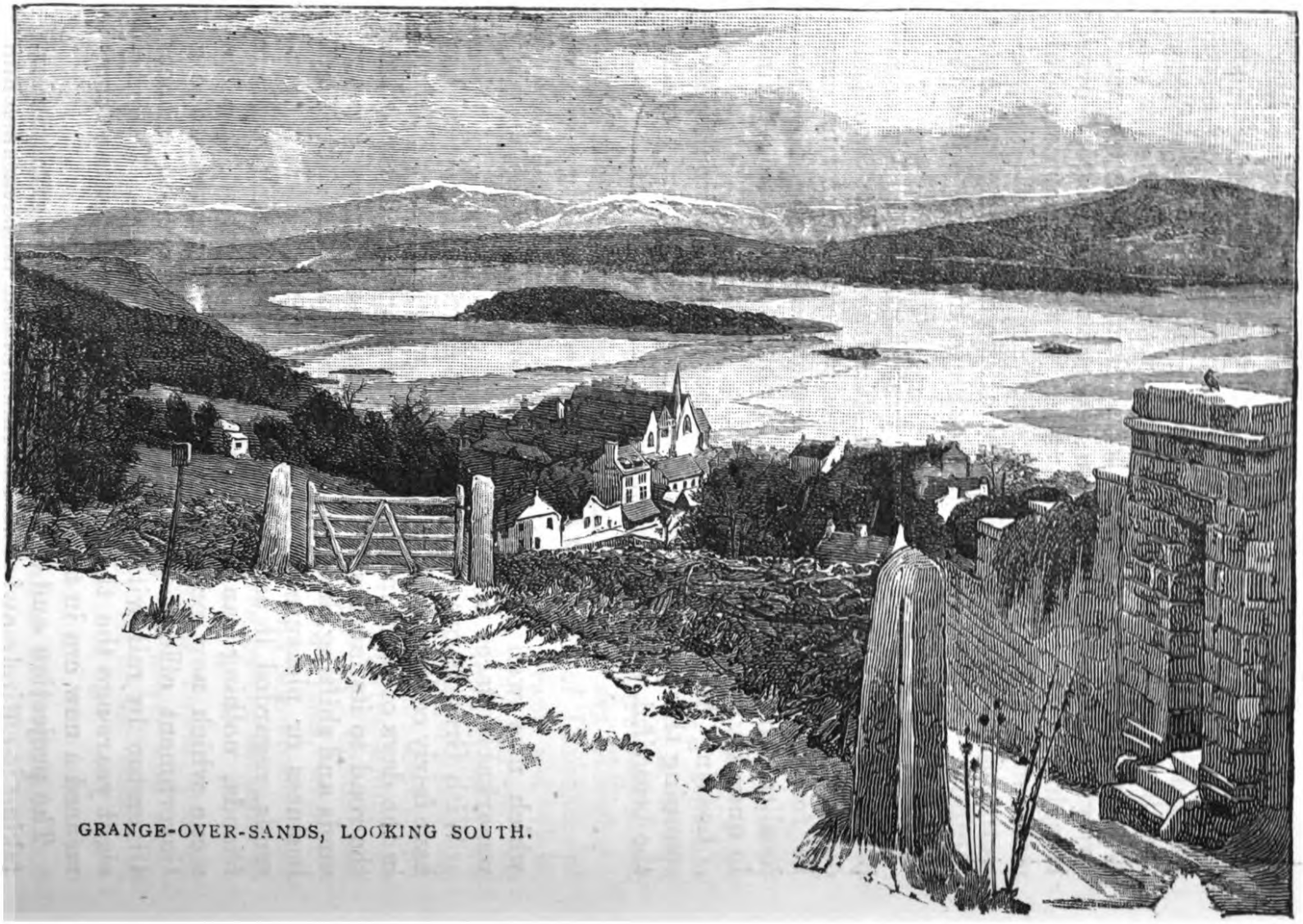
Leaving Arnside, the train dashes along an iron bridge spanning the broad estuary of the Kent, and shortly enters the beautiful, the *pierless* watering-place,

GRANGE,

which may well form the centre for visiting some very remarkable places in its vicinity.

With Grange, our entry into Low Furness may be said to have fairly commenced; and to those who knew Low Furness in the days of its romantic out-of-the-world seclusion, when the road to its famous Abbey remains was over treacherous sands and shifting channels, and when those who, either from business or pleasure were led to make the journey over-sands, regarded it as an adventure worth relating to their friends, nothing can appear more extraordinary than the scene which now presents itself. Thirty-four years ago a Government official pronounced it impossible to connect Ulverston by rail with the land across the sands. Twenty-eight years ago the thing was accomplished; and thus commenced a new era in the history of Furness.

The projection and carrying through of this great undertaking is entirely owing to the indomitable perseverance and commercial enterprise of the firm of Messrs. Brogden and



GRANGE-OVER-SANDS, LOOKING SOUTH.

Sons, who expended £420,000 in the construction of this line. They had leased several valuable hæmatite mines near Ulverston, but great difficulty was experienced in the transport of the ore to the best markets. They, therefore determined, at a great outlay of capital, to connect Ulverston with the London and North-Western Railway, and thus open out a communication with all parts of the kingdom. The work was carried out under the superintendence of Mr. J. Brunlees, C.E., and some idea of the difficulties to be overcome may be formed from the fact that of the nineteen miles of railway, ten were sea-embankment and viaduct. About one thousand acres of land were reclaimed from the sea, and converted into fertile fields. The line was opened in 1857, and in 1862 it was purchased by the Furness Railway Company, and now forms part of their system.

So much for the railway; it is time now that we said something about Grange. This lovely village, beautiful at all seasons, is in the summer a veritable paradise. Picturesquely situated in a quiet nook on the estuary of the Winster, having a southern aspect, and being perfectly protected from the north and east winds by the huge masses of Yewbarrow and Hampsfell, it enjoys a decided advantage over most other watering-places of the west of England; and besides being a delightful summer residence, is also a snug retreat for the winter months. Invalids suffering from bronchial and pulmonary diseases are said to be able to pass a severe winter here in ease, so remarkably mild and salubrious is its climate. It possesses in combination essentials rarely found in sea-side resorts (at least in England), namely, a genial climate, sheltered situation, an invigorating sea-breeze, a dry soil (because of the limestone formation), and last, but certainly not least, enchanting scenery.

Grange is quite a modern village; and though the place is said to have received its name from the circumstance that in the olden time the monks of Cartmel had a grange or store-farm for the crops grown in that part of their domains, there is nothing about it that has the appearance of age. The shops, the houses, the hotels, have, with very few exceptions, been built since the railway was opened. These, for the most part, are light and elegant, with garden frontages and terraced walks, seeming from the railway a cluster of villas and gardens clinging to a craggy wooded

height, the white limestone of the houses scattered over its slopes contrasting with the rich foliage by which they are surrounded, forcibly reminding the spectator of Swiss scenes. Viewed from the sands on an autumn evening, about seven or eight o'clock, when the lights in the terraced houses seem to play hide-and-seek among the wavering branches of the trees, the place puts on a charmed and fairyland appearance; but,

> Oh! to see it by moonlight, when mellowly shines
> The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
> Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
> A new wonder each minute as slowly it breaks,

is a sight not soon forgotten by any one who has had the luck to see it under these peculiar aspects.

There are three hotels in the village, viz., the Grange Hotel, the Commercial, and the Crown. The first of these is a splendid building of blue limestone, erected at a cost of £20,000, and contains, exclusive of kitchens, etc., seventy rooms, with large refreshment rooms and extensive stables, swimming and other baths, supplied with sea-water. The site occupies six and a-half acres, and about as many more to the front are laid out in pleasure-grounds, in the centre of which is a fresh-water lake. There is not much of "town" in Grange; the business portion consisting of one main street, running along the foot of the hill, and containing several elegantly-furnished shops, which appear to be well stocked with various commodities. Just outside the station will be observed a miniature park, with some nice walks and seats, and an ornamental sheet of water winding through it. The village is supplied with gas and water by the Grange Gas Company, Limited, which was established in 1869; and the spiritual wants of the three great religious bodies of this country are amply provided for. The Church of St. Paul, which is in the decorated style of architecture, rears its tiny modest spire above the trees at the western extremity of the village, and was erected in 1853. The Wesleyans followed with a neat stone structure, opened in 1875; and in 1884, the Catholics succeeded in enriching the place with a beautiful little structure, and at the same time have supplied a long-felt want, there having been previously no place of worship for them nearer than Ulverston.

As we stated at the outset—though we dislike puns—Grange is pierless—peerless and *pierless*. This is a great drawback. It wants a promenade, too; but the railway has taken up the best site for that. However, there is yet room for one below the railway, if a company could be found speculative enough to build one. The running a pier out from it would quickly follow; and this, could the owners of property only see it, would add immensely to the popularity of the place, even if it only served as a landing-stage for passengers by steamers and boats from Morecambe and Blackpool. Perhaps, however, the latter are not particularly wanted, for, as a writer expresses it, "Grange is eminently genteel and kid-glovish. To the robust, and those who regard their holiday as a prolonged 'lark,' the place would, no doubt, be voted slow, at least for those who care more for amusement than delightful scenery and quietness. The typical 'Arry' would not be at home here, as the decorous authorities—and Grange rejoices in a Local Board, which holds its periodical meetings at the Crown Hotel—would stand no 'Rolling Home in the Morning, Boys' nonsense. The young man of the period would, no doubt, dub it 'blooming slow,' and would probably use a more emphatic adjective when his hotel bill, like a revolver, was presented." But as a sanatorium, or as forming a centre for visiting some remarkable spots, Grange has not its equal in the north of England.

Let us visit a few, such as are within easy walking distance. Supposing we take first the easterly direction, commencing, say, from the Grange Hotel. After passing the railway station, our road follows the line of a high cliff of limestone, thirty or forty feet in height, cut through by the Furness Railway. Half a mile from Grange we cross the railway to

HOLME ISLAND,

"the sylvan gem of the waters." Half a century ago this islet was little more than a bare rock, the home of the wild sea-bird; its surface, about ten acres in extent, is now converted into a most beautiful garden, in which the choicest and rarest flowers are successfully cultivated. The grounds are strictly private and can only be visited by permission. The late owner (Mr. Brogden, M.P.), at a considerable expense, connected the island with the main land by a roadway

over a solid embankment, so that it might be approached at any state of the tide. The whole of the island is composed of mountain limestone, large blocks of which are strewed on the east side, causing a tremendous uproar when ruffled by storms and high tides. The house stands about the centre, and is nearly hidden from view by the surrounding trees. On the south side is a model, in white limestone, of a Grecian temple, and pleasant shady walks meander in every direction. It is a truly delightful spot.

About half a mile northward of Holme Island rises

CASTLEHEAD.

anciently known as Atterpile Castle. This isolated hill, which rises so abruptly from the level plain, consists of an immense mass of Silurian rock, covered with wood. At the foot of the rock is a mansion of considerable extent, a century ago the home of J. Wilkinson, Esq., a great Staffordshire and North Lancashire ironmaster, but now the property of E. Mucklow, Esq. From the discovery of coins and other relics, it is conjectured that the hill was used as a fortified place by the Romans. The meadow land around was reclaimed from the sea by Mr. Wilkinson, who constructed the embankment across the Winster Meadows. To the river Winster belongs the honour of having floated the first iron-built vessel, constructed by Mr. Wilkinson in 1786.

The strange and sudden uprising of rock at Castlehead offers a valuable lesson to the geological student. The south point of the rocky hill slopes quickly down to the level of the plain below and sinks into the ground, when it meets the general level, but the Silurian portion of the rock is seen no more on the surface in a southern direction until we find it repeated in North Wales. The foot of Castlehead is washed by the river Winster, which for several miles has ever been the boundary between the counties of Westmorland and Lancaster; but at this point the river is now diverted so as to make its entrance into the bay upwards of a mile further to the east, at Meathop Point.

Setting out again from the Grange Hotel, which we before made our starting-point, we will this time take the direction of the seashore southward. Let us begin by walking past the Church and taking the first turning to the left. On arriving at the four-lane-ends, we choose the road leading to

the shore, through the old hamlet of Cartlane, then through a farmyard and on by a path along the railway to

KENT'S BANK,

another of those beautiful seaside retreats so plentifully scattered about this part. Here is a commodious hotel, and houses for the convenience of visitors are increasing yearly, as the place becomes more popular. Before the railway was constructed, the coach-road to Hest Bank across the sands (eleven miles) commenced here. Less than thirty years ago, these sands were constantly traversed by vehicles and foot passengers; and the records of the district abound with harrowing accounts of persons drowned by being overwhelmed by the tide while attempting to cross without a guide. In Cartmel churchyard alone are shown the graves of over one hundred persons who have so perished. On June 4th, 1846, nine people were drowned when returning from Ulverston Whitsuntide Fair; and a still greater calamity occurred in 1857, when a party of fourteen young men and women, on their way to Lancaster Hiring Fair, were overtaken by the tide, and all perished. The principal guide was stationed at Kent's Bank. His name was Carter, and the office had been held by his ancestors for generations. The original salary was £10, afterwards increased to £20; but his stipend was greatly augmented by gratuities from the numerous travellers whom he conducted safely over dangerous sands and shifting channels.

In the face of a hill, between Kent's Bank and Humphrey Head, is the

KIRKHEAD CAVE,

discovered some years ago by the late Mr. J. Bolton. The mouth of the cavern, which is about eighty-five feet above high water mark, is only two feet in diameter at the orifice, but within the roof rises to fourteen feet, and, then descending, forms a series of caves in the limestone rock. The cavity is of considerable dimensions, and on exploration yielded a quantity of pre-historic remains, amongst which were—animal and human bones; a fragment of ancient pottery, of the rudest description; bronze spearhead, rings, and celts; and other indications of its having been inhabited.

The discovery of a coin of the Emperor Domitian (A.D. 84), only a few inches below the soil, would seem to show that it had been but little disturbed since the country was occupied by the Romans.

About two miles along the sands, southwards from Kent's Bank, we come to

HUMPHREY HEAD,

a singular promontory of limestone rock, from the summit of which a grand view of the bay and its surroundings is to be obtained. Immediately after we have rounded the southern point of the base of Humphrey Head (which can only be done when the tide is out) we see an inscription recording the death of a young gentleman who was killed by a fall from the summit of the rock; and a little further, but close to the foot of this immense limestone cliff, we come to the "Holy Well of Cartmel." This is a small spring of mineral water issuing from the base of the rock, said to be very efficacious in gouty, rheumatic, bilious, and other disorders. Some years ago this spring was very popular, but in recent years it has been, we think, undeservedly neglected. A full account of its virtues and history is given by Dr. Barber in the new edition of Baines' *History of Lancashire.* On the low-lying ground between Humphrey Head and Grange, and close to the Furness line, which here skirts the coast, is the little grey ruin of

WRAYSHOLME TOWER,

sheltered by clumps of old trees, whose deep green foliage throws a sombre hue over the whole scene. The Tower was evidently built for protection, some time during the fifteenth century, and may be taken as a good specimen of the ancient peel or border castle. The lower part is windowless, and the upper story is lighted by small apertures. A spiral staircase in one corner leads to the top, which was once, doubtless, battlemented and covered by a flat leaden roof. Popular tradition asserts that the last wolf was killed on Humphrey Head, by one of the Harringtons, who built Wraysholme Tower. The incident is related in a nice little love story, which, as it is so very short—though it might easily be spun out into a three-volume novel—the reader

shall have it entire. It wants a title, however; so supposing we designate the story,

HOW THE GALLANT KNIGHT OF WRAYSHOLME RESCUED BEAUTY FROM THE BEAST.

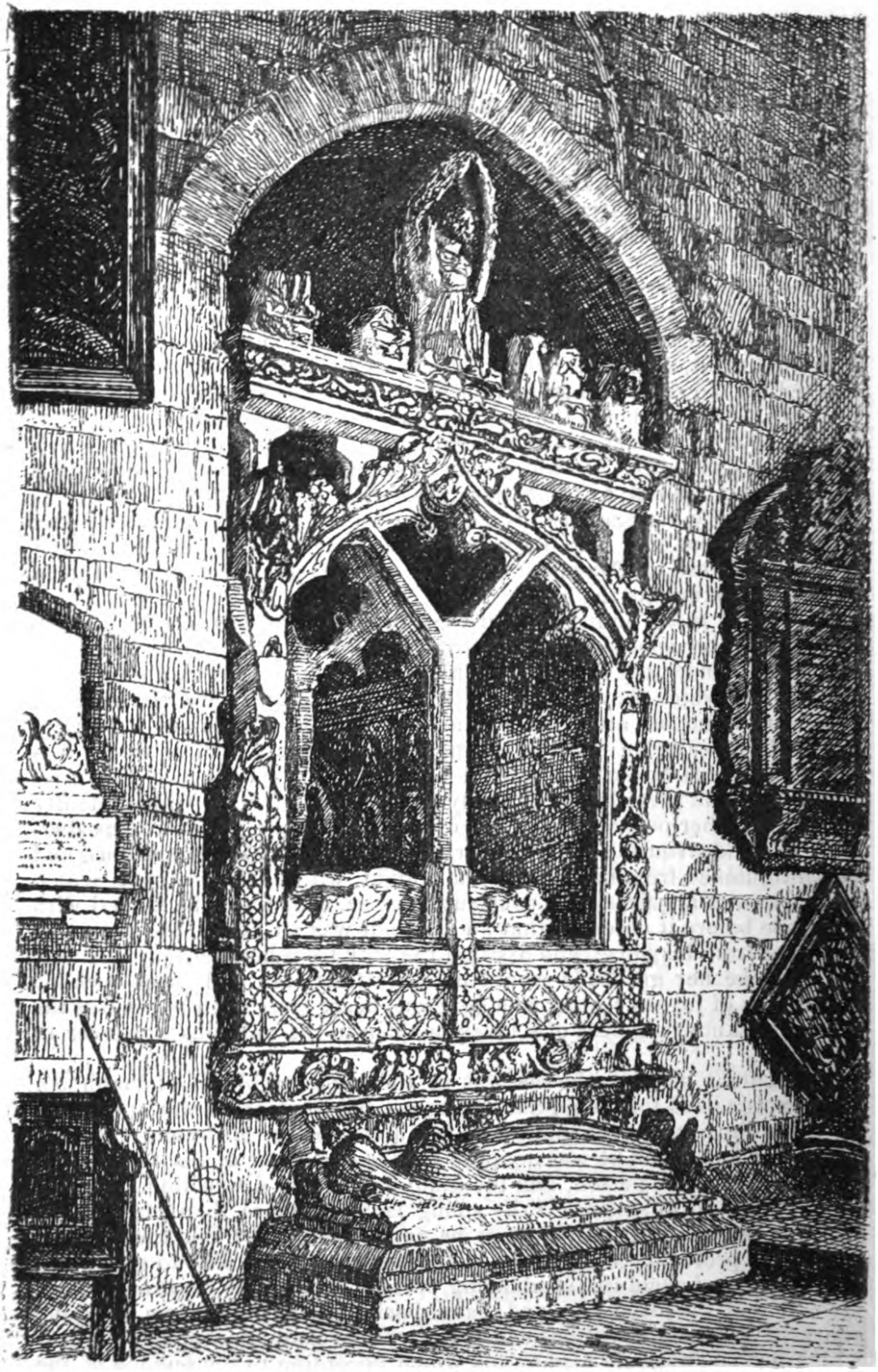
A Legend of Humphrey Head.

At a remote period, when all the hills and vales which diversify the shores of Morecambe Bay formed one vast forest, and yon beautiful tract of level ground near the sand side was overflowed by the sea, a bold and intrepid knight, named Harrington, fixed his residence at Wraysholme. He erected the Tower which alone remains to mark the spot where he passed his days. He constructed the walls of stones, and cemented them together with lime and bullocks' blood, designing them to exist till the world itself should sink in ruins. He was a man of strange and wayward fancy, as is evident from the shape of the structure, being considerably wider at the top than at the bottom. In his days, the wolves in all the southern part of the kingdom had been destroyed; but a few still remained in the extensive forest of Cartmel. These it was his amusement to hunt, in order to exterminate the breed.

In one of these hunting excursions, in which he was usually accompanied by other sportsmen, Harrington had lost sight of his companions, and had ascended the top of Humphrey Head, if possible to discover the direction in which they had gone. He had scarcely gained the summit, however, when his attention was arrested by the shrieks of a female, evidently in extreme peril. Harrington, with that gallantry which distinguishes generous minds, rushed to the part from whence the cries proceeded, and there beheld a lovely and youthful female with difficulty maintaining her position in a cleft of the rock while an enormous dog-wolf was endeavouring to reach her. His barking was tremendous, and death lightened from his eyes. The knight, with that steadiness which an active arm acquires from constant exercise, transfixed the animal with his lance before it observed that an assailant was so near. He then dismounted from his horse, and assisted the lady from her perilous position. To describe her gratitude would be a fruitless task. It was such an expression of joyous feeling as a generous heart gives birth to; it was the grateful acknowledgment of a lovely maiden to the valorous preserver of her life.

The knight of Wraysholme was in the vigorous bloom of manhood. He was esteemed for his gallant and hospitable temper; he was applauded for his enthusiasm in the chase; he was honoured for his heroic deeds on the battle-field; and he was admired for the eloquence of his tongue, the gracefulness of his person, and the kindliness of his disposition. Can it, then, be matter of surprise if the young lady felt more than mere gratitude for her deliverer? or can we be astonished if she felt the wish to secure the protection of him who had proved himself so able to afford it?

Harrington beheld in his admiring protégé all that his heart sighed for. He saw that she loved him, and that of itself was equivalent to a thousand charms. No long or tedious courtship was requisite to complete a union which had so strangely begun, and which, according to the opinion of the times, had already received the sanction of heaven. Their vows were



THE HARRINGTON MEMORIAL, IN CARTMEL CHURCH.

exchanged before the altar in Cartmel Church. Happiness was the result of this propitious wedding, and a numerous offspring added yet stronger links to the golden chain that bound them.

This wolf was the last ever seen in England, on which account the knight assumed it as his crest. And the happy pair, after a long life of uninterrupted felicity, were buried in Cartmel Church. Their effigies were cut in stone, with the figure of a wolf at their feet. A few Runic knots, to mark the Celtic descent of the knight, were carved on the wall; and, without a word of inscription, their splendid monument remains to this day—a puzzle to the fertile brains of modern antiquarians.

Another very pleasant excursion from Grange is to

HAMPSFELL,

(sometimes called Hampsfield Fell,) a somewhat steep and rugged hill lying in a northerly direction from the village, at a distance of about a mile and a half. The nearest way to it is up the road leading to the Crown Hotel stables, taking the first turn to the right and keeping on this path till you come to a narrow shaded lane, at the top of which is a gate, through which you pass, and then, a little further on, is another gate that gives entrance to the hill, up which you scramble in the best way you can till the summit is reached, where you will find some good old soul has provided for your comfort by building a tower (towers are very common in this district), where you can take breath, shielded from the rays of the scorching sun, or, maybe, preserved from a wetting by a passing shower. This tower, as you will see by the inscription on entering, is called the "Hospice of Hampsfell;" and it was erected by the Rev. Thomas Remington, a former incumbent of Cartmel, who, with commendable generosity, provided this little retreat as an inducement to visitors to ascend the hill and partake of the rich banquet of Nature's glories spread so liberally before them, and which the good incumbent himself must have often feasted upon. Over the doorway is an inscription in Greek, which, freely translated into English, means, "To the rosy morn appearing,"—such being the dedication. Then, inside, on a wooden tablet, is a more lengthy inscription, in rhyme, as follows:—

This Hospice has an open door,
Alike to welcome rich and poor;
A roomy seat for young and old,
Where they may screen them from the cold.
Three windows that command a view
To north, to west, and southward too;

A flight of steps requireth care,
The roof will shew a prospect rare;
Mountain and vale you thence survey,
The winding streams and noble bay;
The sun at noon the shadow hides
Along the east and western sides;
A lengthened chain holds guard around,
To keep the cattle from the ground.
Kind reader, freely take your pleasure,
But do no mischief to my treasure.

From the summit of the tower, which is over eight hundred feet above sea level, a grand panorama of hill and dale, mount and stream, sea and sky, is spread before the admiring gaze of the spectator, to which no word-picture can do anything like justice. If, however, it should unfortunately happen that there is no view to admire, sit ye down in the "Hospice" and rest awee, and while on the spot pull out your "Handbook," and read about and admire, if you can, the heroic deeds of the men of Cartmel on the memorable 25th November, 1745, when a great but bloodless battle, styled in the annals of the district, "The Hampsfield Fell Feight," took place here between the Scotch rebels and the "fellows fierce from *Cartmel* fells," a full account of which appeared some time after from the graphic pen of a war correspondent of the period, but which we are compelled to condense into as few words as possible:—

A stirring time for North Lancashire was the year 1745, when Prince Charles Stuart made a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to regain the throne of his ancestors. It was rumoured that the rebels on their way to the metropolis would pay a flying visit to the district of Cartmel; and consequently there was a gathering of all capable of bearing arms on Hampsfield Fell on the day of their expected visit—the 25th November, 1745—to repel the invaders.

All the neighbourhood had been well scoured the day previously in search of arms for the occasion; but guns and pistols being scarce, the majority had to be content with such primitive weapons as sticks, pokers, scythes, muck-forks, flails, spades, etc. The morning being clear, with a frosty air, many had swallowed a hasty breakfast and ascended the hill by daybreak, in the hope that they might be able to obtain a glimpse of the whereabouts of the enemy. Nine o'clock came, but no enemy with it; though by this time a great number, armed to the teeth, had assembled on the hill to receive them. Ten o'clock chimed by the Priory bells, but with no better result, and as far as human vision, both aided and unaided, could penetrate, not a trace of the rebels was to be seen.

At length it was decided to hold a "council of war," to determine what was to be done; and after some wrangling it was concluded to send one Harry Borwick, who kept horses and was considered only a half-

witted fellow, to Milnthorpe, to bring what news he could gather of the movements of the rebels. Accordingly he was despatched, and strictly enjoined to make all the haste he could, for they on the hill would have their eyes upon him nearly the whole distance. After having been about four hours away, they espied him galloping furiously, without coat or hat, looking in the distance like a second Mazeppa. They were terror-stricken, hardly knowing which way to run.

"They're here! t'rebels are coming!" quickly passed from one end of Hampsfell to the other; "Flee fer yer lives, lads!"

Off they all ran, helter-skelter, pell-mell, as fast as their legs could carry them, leaving all behind, and proceeded to barricade themselves in their houses in Cartmel.

When Harry reached the fell not a soul was to be seen, but weapons of all sorts lay scattered about. So he galloped into Cartmel. Here again, not a living being was visible; and every door and window was fast, and barricaded with chests of drawers, tables, chairs, sofas, and every article of furniture that could be heaped against it.

Harry paced about, monarch of all he surveyed, till at last an old woman peeped out of the gateway window, and shouted, "Hello, Harry Borwick, is that ye? Whare er't Skotch?!'

"Skotch?" said Harry, "how the devil mun I knaw? I never seed* any."

"Never seed any? Then what fer did ye gallop back sooa fast fer, Harry?"

"Why, I thoute I'd try t'pluck o' Cartmel, an' see what sooart o' metal they wor med on; and now I find thai've naiya pluck atoe; thair nowt but dross; nut fit to maiyak a flai-craw† on!"

When the others heard this dialogue going on between Harry and the old woman, they turned out, laughing at one another's fears; and thus ended the "Hampsfield Fell Feight."

The return journey from Hampsfell may be varied by taking the road to the right, near the gate which gives entrance to the fell, and so on by the side of the wall and through a gate leading into Eggerslack wood till you arrive at another gate, through which you pass into the highway leading from Grange to Lindale, the former lying on the right hand, at a distance of about three-quarters of a mile.

But, perhaps, the pleasantest, and certainly the most interesting, ramble about Grange is in a north-westerly direction to

CARTMEL.

To reach this ancient and picturesque village you proceed up the steep, straggling street that comprises whatever there is of town in Grange, pass the Church, and then follow the line of the telegraph wires stretched above the road all the

* saw. † scare-crow.

way to Cartmel, a distance of about three miles. The first half of the distance is a pretty stiff pull-up, the road skirting the slopes of Hampsfell, on the right. On attaining the summit of the high ground, you will observe the road divides, one path leading to Allithwaite, another to Cark, and the third descends into the vale of Cartmel. The lane is green and shady, the slope on the left being steep, while at the bottom a small stream, called the Ea, winds its way towards the Leven. You are soon in full view of the quaint-looking village, composed of a few groups of houses clustered around the grand old Priory Church, the lofty battlemented walls of which, whitened by the storms of nearly seven hundred years, tower above them with an air of solemn grandeur.

The etymology of Cartmel is said to be derived from the Cymric *caer*, an enclosure, or camp, and *mell*, a fell, or small mountain, meaning a fortress among the hills. The site of the ancient British camp is supposed to have been in the fields behind the rivulet Ea, usually called the beck, a little to the north-west of the Church, and which to this day are known as the Castle Meadows. Camden informs us that the British settled here A.D. 677, and that shortly after, Egfred, king of the Northumbrian Angles, granted the land and its inhabitants—this was at a time when Britons *were* slaves—to the Church, in the person of St. Cuthbert; but at what period a Church was first erected here is unknown, nor is the place mentioned in the Domesday Survey. Certain it is, that the present Priory Church, which is the distinguishing ornament of Cartmel, was founded in 1188 by William, Earl of Pembroke, who, influenced by the spirit of the times, conceived the idea of founding a house for the canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. To carry out his purpose, he obtained from John, Earl of Monteign, afterwards King John, a grant of lands in Cartmel for the permanent endowment of his house. This important preliminary ended, the monks, or canons, or whatever they were, had nothing more to do but choose their own situation and set to work and build the house. History does not say upon what particular spot in Cartmel the Earl of Pembroke directed it to be built, or whether he had any voice in the matter at all; but tradition, which supplies the defects of history, conjures up the following marvellous story of the

way in which the pious canons discovered and were led to make choice of this green nook, hidden away among the bleak mountain solitudes :—

Many, many years ago, some monks came over from another country, and finding all this part of the kingdom covered with wood, resolved to build a monastery in some part of the forest. In their rambles they found a hill which commanded a prospect so beautiful and so extensive that they were quite charmed with it. They marked out a piece of ground on the summit of the hill, and were preparing to build a Church, when a voice spoke to them out of the air, and said, "Not there, but in a valley between two rivers, where the one runs north and the other south." Astonished at this strange command, they wondered where the valley could be; for they had never seen a valley where two rivers ran in contrary directions. They set out to seek this singular valley, and travelled through all the north of England, but in vain. How they wished the voice had been a little more definite! At length, wearied and footsore with their fruitless search, they resolved to return to the hill where they had heard the strange voice. In their way back they had to cross the vale of Cartmel, at that time entirely covered with wood. Here they encountered a small river, the stream of which ran north. They waded through it, and, at a distance of about a hundred yards, found another, the stream of which ran south. They measured the distance between the rivers, and placed the Church, which they dedicated to St. Mary, in the middle, upon a little island of hard ground, in the midst of a morass. They also built a small chapel on the hill where they had heard the voice, which they dedicated to St. Bernard. The chapel has long since disappeared, but the hill is called Mount Bernard to this day.

By the original charter, it was provided that this monastery should never be elevated into the dignity of an abbey. The founder prescribed the mode of electing the priors, as well as of governing the institution; and, as if he foresaw the evil that would befall it, concluded the charter in these terms :—

This house I have founded for the increase of our holy religion, giving and granting to it every kind of liberty that heart can conceive or the mouth utter; and whosoever shall in any way infringe upon these immunities, or injure the said priory, may he incur the curse of God, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of all other saints, as well as my particular malediction.

William de Walton was appointed the first prior of the newly-founded house, which continued to flourish until the period of the Reformation, about the year 1535, when Henry VIII., with the consent of his Parliament, ordered a general visitation of the religious houses of this country. In the autumn of that year, the Commissioners appointed to report upon these establishments made their appearance at

CARTMEL PRIORY CHURCH, FROM THE EA.

Cartmel Priory, and summoned the prior and monks to give an account of their worldly possessions. In the MS. surveys then made the total income varies in amount from £89 4s. 7d. to £91 6s. 3d., while Dugdale, the antiquary, rates it at £124 2s. 1d., the lowest computation being equal to an annual income of £2,141 10s. at the present day. In the following year the Act was passed confiscating to the Crown all the religious houses whose yearly income did not amount to £200, and Cartmel was included in this list. The brotherhood of the Priory, however, protested against this invasion of their rights, and asked for a new survey, on the ground that the previous valuation did not include the whole of the sources from which their income was derived. But this protestation was of little avail; Cartmel was doomed; and the prior had no choice but to surrender, and rest content with the small annuity which was granted to him out of the revenues.

Though the Act which authorised the suppression of the Priory was passed in April, 1536, it was not until the following year that the King's Commissioners proceeded to the accomplishment of their work. The Earls of Derby and Sussex, and their minions, Southwell, Tunstall, Laybourne, Byron, Sandford, and Holcroft, were deputed to undertake the business; and they were just the men to do it. A fig for the malediction of William, Earl of Pembroke! What cared they for it, or for "the curse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of all other saints" in the calendar, so long as they obtained possession of the property and the revenues? They demolished the walls of the cloisters, and levelled to the dust the other portions of the monastic buildings, which then extended across the river on arches up to the tower gateway—the only vestige of the house which now remains. The work of destruction fell less heavily upon the Church, not because it was less suited to the purpose of the levellers, but because it was parochial as well as monastic, and the parishioners claimed it as belonging to them. But though the Commissioners were restrained in their efforts to demolish the Church, much havoc and destruction had been done to the sacred edifice before their hands were stayed. They destroyed the painted windows, mutilated the carved work, stripped off part of the roof of the fabric, and thus effectually got rid of the inmates. In this state the Church was allowed

to remain for a period of eighty years, when Mr. George Preston, of Holker, with some assistance from the parishioners, repaired the dilapidated edifice generally, decorated the inside with a stuccoed ceiling, and the choir and chancel with a profusion of elaborately-carved woodwork.

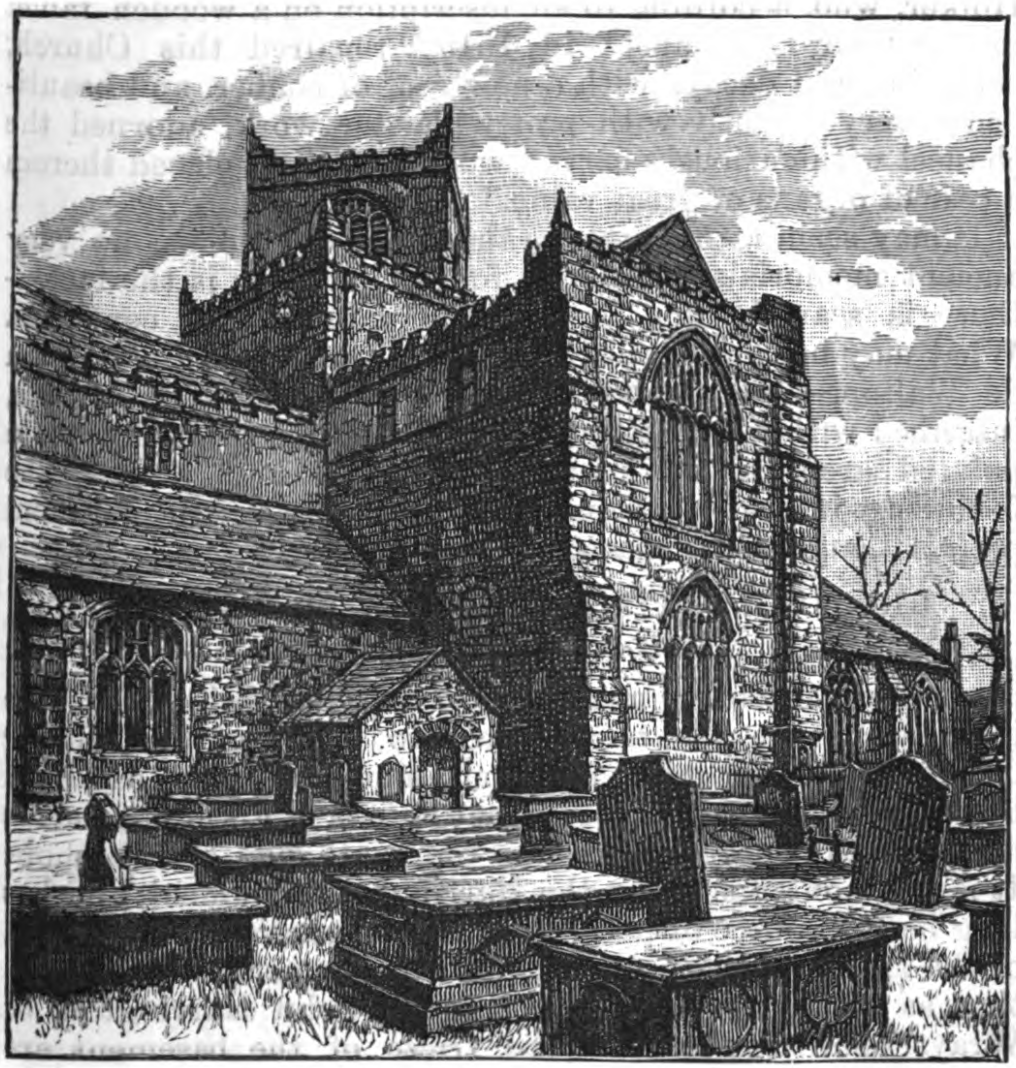
In the year 1541 Henry VIII. granted the site of the Priory to Thomas Holcroft, one of his principal Church plunderers; but he did not keep it long, having exchanged it for other lands in the south of England, when it again came into possession of the Crown as part of the Duchy of Lancaster, and so continued until the time of Charles I., when, with other lands forming part of the manor of Cartmel, it was conveyed to George, son of Christopher Preston, of Holker, whose great-granddaughter Katherine conveyed it by marriage to Sir William Lowther; and her grandson, also Sir William Lowther, dying issueless in 1756, the property passed to his cousin, Lord George Augustus Cavendish, from whom it has descended, with other Cartmel property, to the present Duke of Devonshire, who is also patron and lay rector.

Having now run hastily through the ancient history of the Church, we will just direct the attention of the visitor to some of its more important architectural features both outside and inside, though the whole fabric is worthy a minute examination.

The extraordinary appearance of the tower must at once attract the attention of the beholder, being raised upon the side of another tower, and standing a square set within a square diagonal to its base, having the angles of the one placed upon the sides of the other, as shown in our engraving. The western front is good; but the chief work is the choir, with its majestic window of nine lofty mullioned lights and richly traceried head, twenty-four feet wide and forty-eight feet high, occupying nearly the whole of the eastern gable.

Enquire of any villager where the clerk lives; for no one should leave Cartmel without having seen inside this grand old Church. The first thought that strikes you on entering is the loftiness of the interior, and the long perspective of the nave and choir. The pillars which support the central tower are of Norman character and of massive proportions. The choir is of unusually large dimensions, and is separated from the chapels by two circular arches of Norman character,

with elaborately-ornamented mouldings; above them is a fine triforium arcade of twenty-two pointed arches on each side, springing from cylindrical shafts, with a passage running behind that seems to have been originally carried round the east end. The noble east window contains some remains of ancient glass that graced it before the Reformation.



CARTMEL PRIORY CHURCH.

An interesting feature in the choir is the series of twenty-six stalls, that were used by the canons before the Priory was dissolved, each with its quaintly-carved seat, or miserere, after the style of those in Whalley Church. The tops and pillars are finely carved with foliage, surmounted with

representations of the instruments of our Saviour's passion, such as the crown of thorns, the nails, the hammer, the sponge, the dice with which the soldiers cast lots, the ear which Peter struck off the High Priest's servant, together with the sword which performed the rash act, and many other devices. The canopies over the stalls are of a much later date, and were the gift of George Preston, Esq., of Holker, who, according to an inscription on a wooden tablet in the "Lord's Chapel," in 1619 "repaired this Church, being in great decay, with a new roof of timber, and beautified it very decently with pretty plaister work, adorned the chancel with curiously-carved woodwork, and placed therein a pair of organs of great value."

It may seem rather strange that in so old a place no very ancient memorials should be found; yet such is the fact,—there is scarcely one beyond the date of two centuries. What may be considered the oldest is that of Prior William de Walton,—a beautiful and perfect slab of grey marble, inscribed with a floriated cross, and standing beneath a plain pointed arch on the north side of the high altar. The following inscription runs round the margin, in plain and perfect Longobardic characters :—

HIC. IACIT. FRATER. WILELMVS. DE WALTONA.
PRIOR. DE. KERTMEL.

There are a few other memorials of departed priors, but the inscriptions are too much worn to admit of their being deciphered. The most imposing memorial is a canopied tomb, on which are the recumbent figures of a knight and his lady, placed beneath an arch on the south side of the choir. It is commonly known as the Harrington monument, and has long been a source of perplexity to antiquaries as to which of the Harringtons it was intended to commemorate. Tradition, as we have seen, assigns it to Sir John Harrington, of Wraysholme Tower. On the frieze of the basement are groups of monks, some with their cowls over their heads, others bare; some sitting, others kneeling; the former reading, the latter praying. There is no inscription upon it; but several shields are carved upon the screen, with the arms of Harrington painted upon them. An enclosure at the east end of the south aisle is appropriated to the remains of owners of Holker Hall. Several local families have also

monuments in the Church; and as a curious specimen of the monumental poetry of a former age, we copy an epitaph on Etheldred Thornburgh, a descendant of an ancient family of Hampsfield Hall, near Cartmel:—

1600.
Here before lyeth interred
Etheldred Thornbvrgh corps in dvst
In lyfe at death styll fyrmely fixed
On God to rest hir steadfast trvst
Hir Father Jvstice Carvs was
Hir Mother Katherine his wiffe
Hir Husband William Thornbvrgh was
Whylst here she ledd this mortail lyff
The thyrde of Martch and year of grace
One thowsand fyve hundred ninetie six
Hir sowl departed this earthly plase
Of age nighe fortie yeares and six
To whose sweet sowle heavenlye dwelling
Ovr Saviovr grant everlastinge.

In the vestry, in addition to the ordinary registers, which begin in 1559, there is a library of some three hundred volumes, including many curious works bequeathed to the parish in 1692, by Thomas Preston, of Holker, among which are a black-letter Bible, in six volumes, printed at Basle, in 1502; a copy of the works of Thomas Aquinas, also in black-letter, printed at Vienna, in 1509; an imperfect copy of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," dated 1596; a Virgil of the same date; a folio copy of Foxe's Book of Martyrs, and other rare and curious works. There is also preserved in the vestry a gigantic umbrella, over two hundred years old, which was formerly used to protect the clergyman from the rain while reading the burial service in the churchyard.

There is little of "town" in Cartmel beyond the market-place, which latter is an irregular square, with a stone pillar in the centre; and, except on market days, when the farmers and country people come in from neighbouring villages, the place seems the very personification of dreamland. Many of the houses have a staid, old-world appearance about them, which you will not meet with in any other town or village on the Furness Railway; and when you look around and see how you are hemmed in by hills which extend their circling sweep on every side, you seem not to realise the fact that you are within three miles of the railway, and within fifteen miles of one of the largest and busiest of our modern towns.

On one side of the market square there is a vestige of the old Priory,—the gateway that once formed the principal entrance to the conventual buildings. The walls, it will be observed, are of considerable thickness, and within them are queer recesses and secret passages, that were doubtless intended for safety in time of danger. The groining of the arch has disappeared, and it is now covered with a coating of plaster; the niche which most likely contained the image of the Virgin is empty, and the window lighting the room in which it is said the priors of Cartmel were wont to hold their memorial court and deal out a rough and ready kind of justice to their tenantry has lost its mullions, though happily the trefoil carvings still remain. From 1624 to 1790, this old gatehouse was used by the inhabitants as a public school. From the gateway you can trace the outer walls and note the general arrangement of the Priory buildings, the area comprising all being about twenty-two acres.

We have now touched upon all the most interesting places within easy walking distance from Grange. Our next place of visit shall be Ulverston, five and a half miles from the railway station nearest to Cartmel—Cark. To reach Cark station from Cartmel, you proceed through the gate, or stile, just behind the market cross, keeping the path through the fields, till you come to two gates, that on the left being the one which opens to the lane leading to the station. The road for some distance is through an avenue of splendid larch trees, forming part of the woods of Holker Hall. At the end of this avenue the road tends to the left, past the National School and through the village of Cark.

HOLKER HALL,

a favourite residence of the Duke of Devonshire, is close by. There is not much difficulty in obtaining access to the park and house when the family is away. The Hall, very plain in point of architecture, is yet complete and commodious. It was the family mansion of the Prestons as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, from whom it passed by marriage to the Lowthers, and afterwards to the Cavendishes. The front of the house (built of red sand-stone from Runcorn) opens into a splendid park of over two hundred acres of rich land, ornamented with some of the finest trees ever planted.

ULVERSTON.

Aw've worn my bits o' shoon away,
Wi' roving up an' deawn,
To see yon moorlan' valleys an'
Yon little country teawn:
The dule tak' shoon an' stockin's, too!
My heart feels warm an' fain;
An' if aw trudge it bar-fut, lads,
Aw'll see yon teawn again!"

The ride from Cark to Ulverston, though short, is one of the most pleasant that can be undertaken on any railway in England. About midway, we encounter another iron bridge, built across the estuary of the Leven; and the views from this bridge as the train dashes along, with the Bay of Morecambe and Chapel Island on one hand, and the beautiful vale of the Leven on the other, are not surpassed by even those from Arnside, which is saying a great deal.

Before the construction of the railway, when the usual way to reach Ulverston from Lancaster was by crossing the sands, a fresh guide was in readiness to conduct travellers across the channel of the Leven. The distance from Kent's Bank to Ulverston, over sands, is only three miles, while that from Hest Bank to Kent's Bank, as we have already seen, is eleven miles. But the shorter distance was reckoned the more dangerous, on account of the shifting nature of the channel. The Priory of Conishead was wont to support this officer; and such were the importance and the idea of danger attaching to this journey, that the Priory furnished a monk to pray daily for the safety of all travellers, in the chapel upon the island by the ford, called to this day Chapel Island.

Ulverston has been long regarded as the key to the Lake District, and it is being used more and more every year as such. To meet its growing importance, a handsome railway station has been erected within the last twelve years, in place of the dingy structure that previously stood here; and the town itself is gradually losing that antiquated appearance it formerly possessed, when it was wont to be called the capital of Furness.

Into the etymology of Ulverston it is neither our province nor intention to enter. In the native dialect it is pronounced *Ooston;* and the home-sick swains of the district—whose

love of their native hills is ingenerate, and, we believe ineradicable—delight in giving it the appellation of "bonnie lile* Ooston." The town, though unquestionably very ancient, has now a modern aspect, and is rapidly extending in every direction. It contains some good streets, four of which branch off from the Market-place, which occupies a central position at their junction. Before the opening of the covered market, in 1878, the country people stood here regularly every Thursday, in all weathers, with their baskets; but this state of things has happily been remedied, and a spacious Market-house, built at a cost of £10,000, is now provided, which is not only a boon to the market people and the inhabitants, but also a great ornament to the town itself, never by any means rich in public buildings.

The trade of Ulverston is confined mainly to the getting, smelting, and exportation of iron ore. Of course there are many other industries, but none of them are carried on to

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* *Lile*, little. This reminds us to say a few words about the dialect of Ulverston, which, of course, is that of the Furness district in general. If the stranger should ever meet with a "real native," unsophisticated by contact with the interloper from "oversands,"—who, since the railway was opened has nearly re-peopled Low Furness—he will hear some lingo that will astonish him. In the country places about Lancaster it is not uncommon to hear *yan* made do duty for *one;* but in Furness they look upon the *n* as quite superfluous, and *ya* (pronouncing the *a* as in ah) is deemed sufficient to express the singular number. One would think that "acre" was incapable of being corrupted; but the "real native" speaks of the dimensions of his field as a "five *yacker* field." Here is a rhyming promissory note given by a local poetaster, and accepted by the landlady of a once well-known inn at Ulverston:—

"I, John Oldland,
Befoar I gang hence,
A' Betty Woodburn
Just six and two pence;
An' Thursday come sennet,
I'll pay off th'auld scoar,
An' wha knaws but I may
Spend twice as mich moar."

It was the same local genius who thus extemporised after having been (as he expressed it) "put to trouble" by a lawyer, for some debt which he had incurred at Ulverston,—a proof that not only poets but all who meddle with rhyme are poor:—

God mead men,
An' men mead money
God mead bees,
An' bees mead honey:
But the devil mead lawyers an' 'tornies,
An' pleac'd 'em at Ooston an' Dotan i' Forniss.

any great extent. The estuary of the Leven is supposed to have receded from the town, but direct communication with the Bay of Morecambe is formed by means of a ship canal, one mile and a quarter in length, which was cut in 1795. This canal, constructed under the superintendence of the eminent engineer, John Rennie, Esq., is capable of floating vessels of over three hundred tons burden; and is the shortest, the widest, the deepest, and the straightest canal in England. It has been of immense service to the town, affording ready export for the iron ore, slate, and limestone with which the neighbourhood abounds; but since the introduction of the railway into Furness, and the construction of docks at Barrow, the shipping trade of Ulverston has gradually declined, and it may now be regarded as next to *nil.*

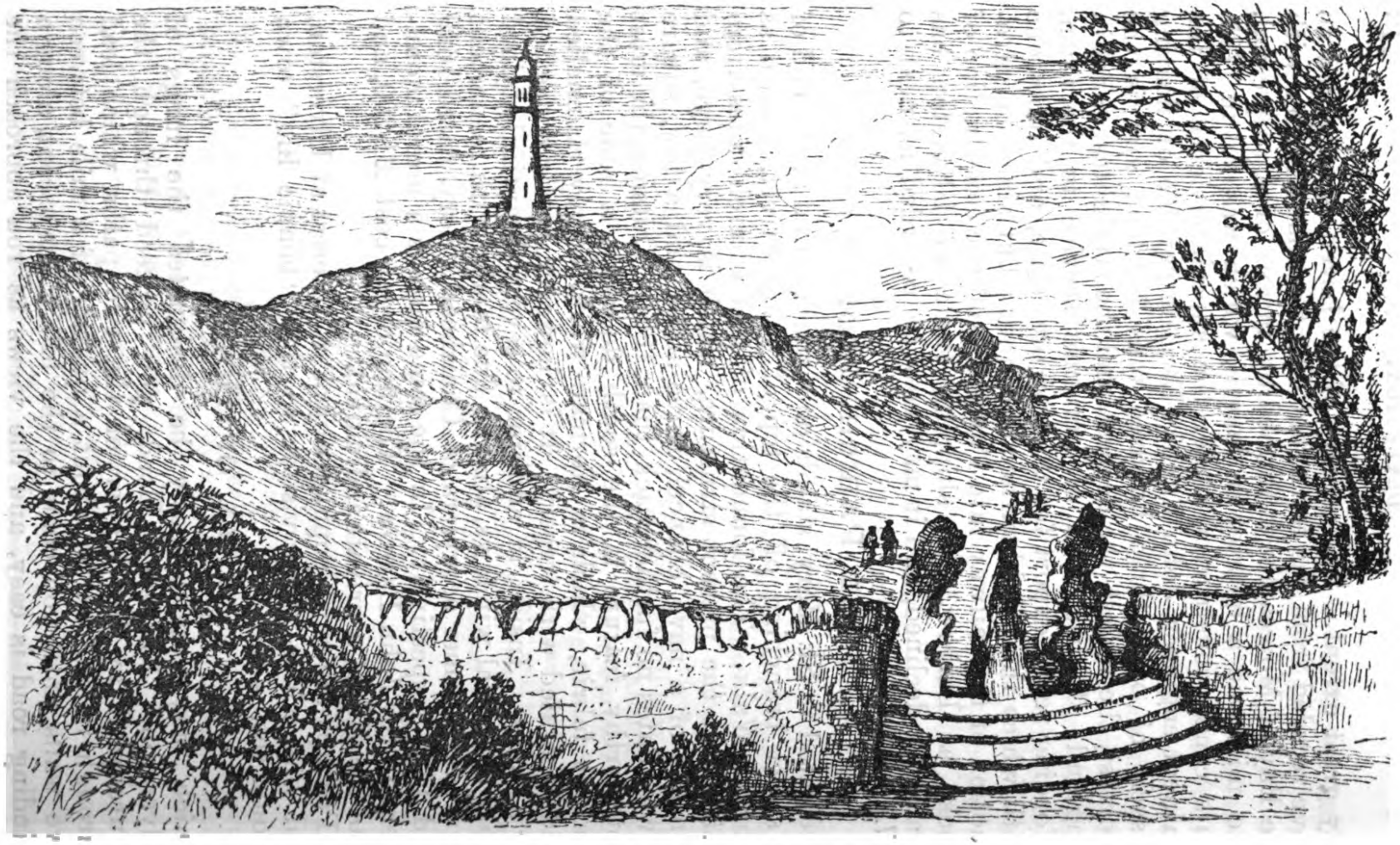
THE PARISH CHURCH,

dedicated to St. Mary, stands on rising ground at the end of a street branching off the top of King Street, known as Church Walk. The foundation of this Church dates from 1154; but the present structure, which is very large, and consists of a nave, chancel, three aisles, and a low, square tower, dates no further back than 1804. Outside, the most noteworthy feature is the south doorway, a relic of the ancient fabric, which is Norman work, deeply channelled and decorated with tracery. It is, however, partly concealed by a porch. Inside, in addition to several beautiful stained glass memorial windows, are two fine tombs, with recumbent figures of former occupiers of Conishead Priory, dated 1629 and 1788 respectively. In the same aisle is a mural monument to Sir John Barrow. The fine organ cost £1,200, and was the gift of a private individual.

Perhaps the most popular object of interest at Ulverston, and one which every visitor to this "bonnie lile" town should see, is the

HILL OF HOAD,

which may very properly be designated the lungs of Ulverston. To reach Hoad, you proceed through the churchyard by the higher of the two paths which lead through it, and on for about a quarter of a mile between two walls until you come to the hill. The ascent, along a winding road is easy, and the views as you approach the



HILL OF HOAD, ULVERSTON.

summit—particularly from the eastern side—for extent and grandeur are unsurpassable. Oft on summer evenings have we reclined on the verdant slopes of this famous hill, when

> 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;

and there, "far from the crowd of busy men, the towns with smoky pall," with the sea on one hand and the mountains of the Lake District on the other, in the company of a book or a pleasant companion, whiled away many a happy and profitable hour.

This hill, which is four hundred and seventeen feet above sea-level, is composed of an immense mass of mountain limestone, huge blocks of which may be seen cropping out here and there above the surface. In one place the rock has assumed the fanciful form of an arm-chair, with which is connected the legend of the Lover's Leap, a story now remembered only in name. On the summit of the hill stands a tower one hundred feet high, built of native limestone, after the manner of the old Eddystone Lighthouse. This noble monument was erected by public subscription in 1850, at a cost of £1,250, in memory of Sir John Barrow, Bart., a native of Ulverston, and one of the many examples which this country affords of men who have risen from the lowest ranks of life to the highest pinnacle of fame, when gifted with good natural ability, coupled with self-application and perseverance. He was born of poor parents, in a little cottage (still shown) at Dragley Beck—about half a mile from the railway station—where, above the mantelpiece, has been placed a marble slab bearing the following inscription:—

> In this humble cottage, the best memorial of his enterprising spirit, industry, and perseverance, was born, on the 19th June, 1764, Sir John Barrow, Baronet, LL.D., F.R.S., who accompanied Lord Macartney's embassy to China; who travelled far into the interior of Africa, and who was for forty years (embracing the whole period of the last war) Secretary of the Admiralty. He died in London on the 23rd November, 1848, in the 85th year of his age. Remarkable for the vigour of his mind, as his later works abundantly testify, and scarcely less remarkable for the activity of his body, *Soli Deo Gloria*.

The works here referred to are his Travels in China and South Africa, a Chronological History of Arctic Voyages,

the Lives of Macartney, Howe, Anson, Cook, etc. He received the honour of knighthood from William IV. The monument to his memory on the summit of Hoad, has an internal diameter of nineteen feet in the saloon, diminishing to nine feet in the lantern. Its very exposed situation rendered necessary the possession of great strength, and to secure this a thickness of twelve feet six inches has been given to the walls at the base, gradually diminishing to two feet at the cornice. The upper chamber is reached by a flight of one hundred and twelve steps, where eight circular openings look out upon views on all sides that completely baffle description. The monument is in the care of Mr. J. H. Peters, of 5, Quay-street, near the Canal Head, who is usually in attendance during the summer months for the purpose of admitting visitors to the interior.

The walks in the vicinity of Ulverston are truly delightful. In whichever direction you choose to go, there is something either to amuse, instruct, or elevate the mind. Take, first, the

VALE OF THE LEVEN,

lying in a north-easterly direction from the Hill of Hoad. About two miles up the valley is Greenodd, a station on the Lakeside branch of the Furness Railway, and formerly a small sea-port. Ulverston sands, on the western branch of Morecambe Bay, end here; but the tide flows up to Low Wood—famous for its powder mills—two miles further up the river Leven. Soon after leaving Greenodd, you pass Penny Bridge Hall, through the grounds of which runs the river Crake, the outlet from Coniston Lake, and forms a junction with the Leven, the outlet from Windermere. This "meeting of the waters" is quite equal in beauty to that in the vale of Avoca, celebrated by Thomas Moore, in his song beginning,

> There's not in the wide world a valley so sweet
> As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
> Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
> Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Both the Crake and the Leven run their whole course in the lower Ludlow rock, which here juts out with a bold escarpment almost into the head of the bay. Our course is now by the Leven, through extensive mosses, in which are

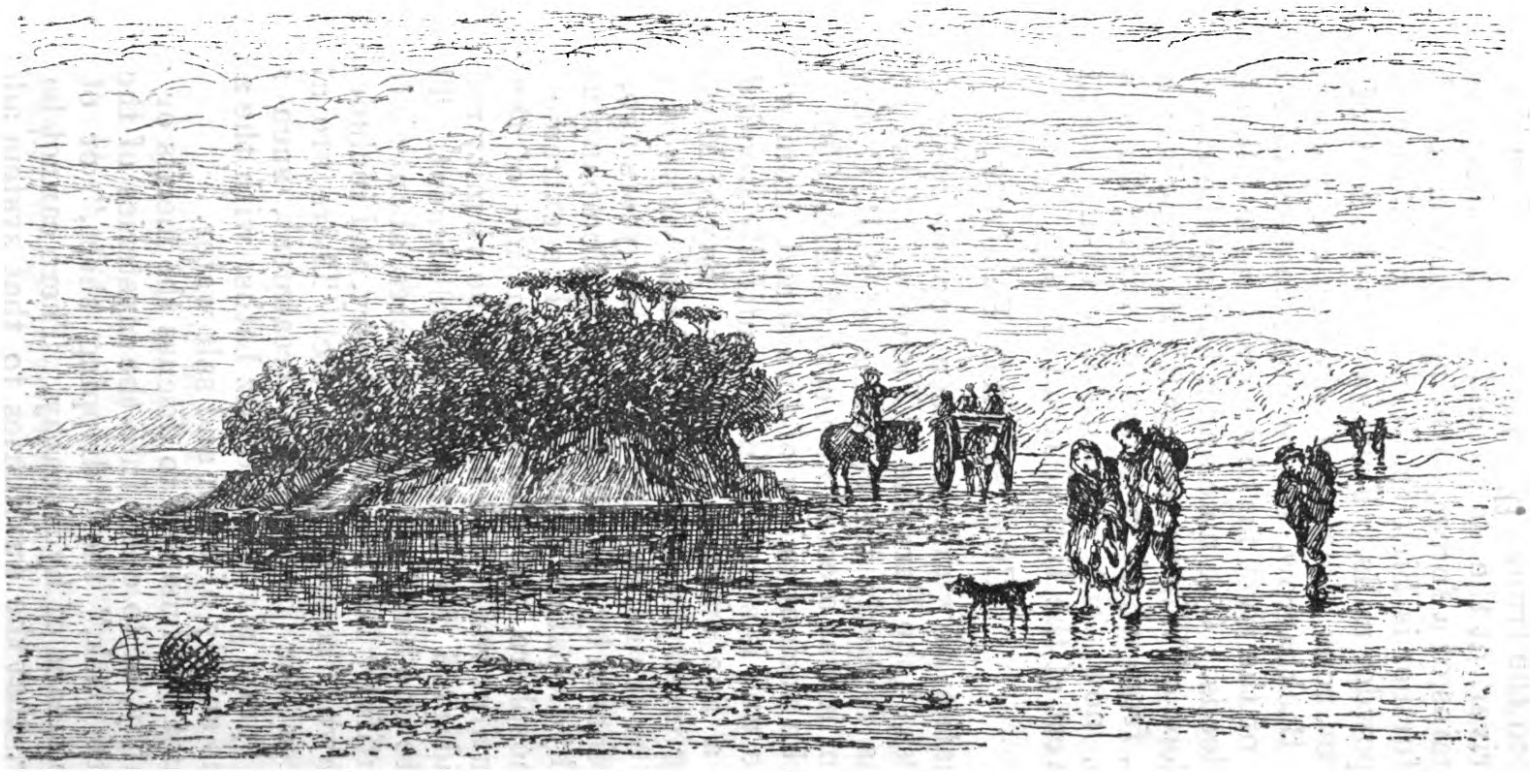
embedded the trunks of large trees; and on the opposite side of the river, at the north end of Roudsea Wood, there are the remains of a forest, covering some acres of land. About a mile further is Birk Dault, a short distance from the Low Wood powder mills. From here to the foot of Windermere the Leven runs almost entirely in a rocky channel, particularly at Backbarrow, where huge masses of stone crossing the bed of the river make a considerable fall, almost deafening in floods. One mile and a half up the river is Lakeside, at the foot of Windermere, with its first-class hotel for lake visitors, from which steamers ply during the summer season.

Take, now, the opposite direction. About two miles south-west of the Hill of Hoad stands

CONISHEAD PRIORY,

the situation of which has been appropriately designated by Mr. West, "the Paradise of Furness." This splendid mansion was formerly the residence of T. R. G. Braddyll, Esq., by whom it was erected at a cost of £140,000, partly on the site of the ancient priory of Conishead, from which it takes its name, and is situated in a beautifully-wooded park, at the foot of a fine eminence, near the Bay of Morecambe, commanding most pleasing and delightful views of the exquisite scenery of the neighbourhood. A few years ago, the mansion was purchased by a Limited Liability Company, and converted into a hydropathic sanatorium. The extreme salubrity of the atmosphere, the sheltered situation of the Priory, and the beautiful walks and drives in the vicinity render it peculiarly adapted for such an establishment. The grounds extend to one hundred and fifty acres, about sixteen of which are beautifully laid out in shrubbery, and include croquet and tennis lawns, bowling green, etc. There are all the usual appliances for hydropathic treatment, such as Turkish, douche, spray, plunge, and sitz baths, with the advantage of a copious supply of fresh and salt water.

It is not our business to discuss the merits or demerits of hydropathy, or to enter into the mysteries of the "douche," the "wet pack," the "dripping sheet," or other of the curative means of hydropathy. There cannot be any doubt, however, that the auxiliaries to that system add greatly to any merit it possesses. At all these places there is secured to the visitor an absence of business worry, abundance of



CHAPEL ISLAND

amusement, cheerful company, regular hours, pure air, and healthy diet,—means that lead him insensibly to those curative restorers that Nature supplies, and that are present but often neglected at home.

Nearly opposite Conishead Priory, about a mile out on the Ulverston sands, may be seen

CHAPEL ISLAND,

near to which was the crossing track from Ulverston to Cark. On this island there formerly stood a chapel, where divine service was performed by the canons of Conishead Priory, at a convenient hour, for such as crossed the sands with the morning tide. Some ruins of the chapel are still remaining; but this rocky island is now more sacred to pleasure than devotion. Readers of Edwin Waugh will remember his somewhat exciting story of the misadventure which befell him and his companion when on an excursion to this island some years ago. Waugh makes mention of a house on the island, where they dried their clothes and had something to eat; but this has long since become a ruin.

A little westward of Conishead Priory, occupying a pleasant and romantic situation near the shore, is

BARDSEA,

an ancient village, where formerly stood an hospital belonging to the Order of St. John, of Jerusalem. In the village is a handsome Church, erected by subscription, and opened in 1848. Bardsea Hall, the residence of H. R. H. Gale, Esq., J.P., is an old building, occupying a well sheltered though elevated position, with terraces made on the shelving rock; the whole being built so as to resemble a Swiss chateau. Bardsea, like Silverdale, Arnside, and Kent's Bank, is rising in public estimation as a watering-place, being free from the din and bustle incidental to popular sea-side resorts, and not liable to periodical invasion by that dreadful creature of the modern railway system—the cheap-tripper.

On the road conducting from Bardsea to Conishead Priory, will be observed a lane on the left leading to

BIRKRIGG,

an immense mass of mountain limestone, nearly five hundred feet in height, and covering an area of three hundred and

fifty acres. Here are the remains of a small Druidical temple, at least by such name generally known, though whether the Druids ever worshipped on this spot may well be doubted. These remains consist of a small circle, twenty-four feet in diameter, formed by thirteen unhewn blocks of limestone, placed upright in the ground. There is also the appearance of an outer circle. From the top of Birkrigg, the view of Furness and of the surrounding coast is singularly beautiful.

About a mile along a road leading in a north-westerly direction from Birkrigg, is situated a strange-looking village, which you ought not to omit in your tour in Furness, called

URSWICK.

Here are some curiosities worthy of inspection. In the centre of the village is a large tarn, the water of which is as red as blood, and this tarn occupies a space of over fourteen acres. In form it is an elongated oval, four hundred and twelve yards long, and two hundred yards broad, with an average depth of thirty-nine feet. Its physical history differs materially from that of any other lake or tarn in this country, and affords a valuable lesson to the naturalist, but more especially to the student in geology. The tarn is almost completely encircled by a thick belt of reeds and bull-rushes, and the surface of one portion of it, perhaps half an acre, is covered with broad green circular leaves and the beautiful pearl-white cups of the water-lily. There is only one inlet, or feeder, to the tarn. This feeder is called Clerk's Beck, which forms a part of the "water-level" from the mines at Lindal, and besides taking the drainage of all the mines near Lindal, it is the receiver of the whole watershed of the Lindal valley; so that the red colour of the water in the tarn is easily accounted for, Lindal being the head-quarters of the mining industry of Furness.

The Church stands between the two villages of Great Urswick (provincially called *Girt Ossick*) and Little Urswick. It is a large and venerable fabric, with a massive tower, on one side of which is a defaced figure of the Virgin Mary, holding the infant Saviour in her arms. This Church is undoubtedly of great antiquity. It is mentioned as existing within fifty years after the Norman conquest, but was probably founded before the Conquerer's time. Many alterations are visible in the varied styles.

About a quarter of a mile westward of the Church are some singular remnants of antiquity in the shape of two enclosures, about twenty yards asunder, an angular and a circular one, the latter being divided into several compartments by curved walls. This is supposed to have been a Druidical temple, where the priests of the ancient Britons exercised their religious rites, and resembles the famed Druidical remains near Penrith,—

> Mayborough's mound and stones of power,
> By Druid raised in magic hour.

A mile and a half northward of Urswick is the village of

SWARTHMOOR,

where you may see the first Meeting-house ever erected in connection with the Society of Friends. A high wall almost hides it from view, but any resident in the village will point it out, if you should be desirous of visiting it. This building, like everything else belonging to the early Quakers, is neat and plain, preserving the appearance rather of a dwelling-house than of an ecclesiastical building. It is still in perfect repair, being regularly used by the Friends at Ulverston and neighbourhood for religious worship. Over the door is the following inscription:—"*Ex dono, G.F*, 1688." The "G. F." are the initials of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers. Among the curiosities to be seen inside are Fox's Bible, printed in 1541, with lock and chain attached to it; and the chair in which the sturdy old Quaker used to sit at meeting. Half a mile from the Meeting-house is

SWARTHMOOR HALL,

the ancient home of the Fells, where the noble and amiable Margaret Fell, before and after her marriage with George Fox, held meetings for worship, for which, and refusing to take the oath of allegiance, she was imprisoned in Lancaster Castle, afterwards appearing before the judges, who were utterly confounded by her defence. George Fox also suffered much persecution and imprisonment, an account of which he gives in his *Journal*. Swarthmoor Hall is now occupied as a farm-house. It has lost its pristine dignity. There is a public road through the farm-yard, so that it is easy to view externally. We never were inside; and if the outside surroundings on the occasion of our visit are to be taken as

an index to the sanitary conditions existing within, we shall take down our grey hairs to the grave without having seen the original bedstead upon which George Fox reposed, or the identical "study" in which he concocted his fulminations against the "steeple-house."

We must now leave Ulverston—not because we have exhausted all its natural beauties, its nice walks, and historical associations—to do this would require a long sojourn in the town—but because there is another place a few miles further on deeply interesting to the lover of nature, the antiquary, and the tourist in quest of new scenes and places famous in the history of Lancashire, which demands more than a mere passing notice. Availing ourselves once more of the railway, we take our seats for Furness Abbey, six and a half miles distant from Ulverston. Hitherto, our journey on the Furness line has been most pleasantly relieved by some charming views of both land and sea; now we run inland, darting past iron-ore mines, which crop up more and more plentifully as we approach the intermediate station between Ulverston and Dalton—

LINDAL,

styled by Mr. West "the Peru of Furness." Here are some of the greatest iron mines in England. The roads, the buildings, everything but the grass—which, by the by, is as green and fresh as the richest pasture in Craven—partakes of the colour of the ore. The immense deposit of hæmatite ore at Lindal is marvellous. Millions of tons have been taken away, and many millions yet remain. The ore is found in a limestone stratum, mixed with a variety of spars of a dirty colour. There is much quartz in some of the mines that admits of a high polish.

After a ride of barely five minutes from Lindal, we arrive at a thriving and important town of Low Furness, called

DALTON,

pleasantly situated on rising ground, and within a mile and a half of the venerable ruins of Furness Abbey. There is little in Dalton to interest the stranger. In monastic times it was styled the capital of Furness; but its supremacy declined on the dissolution of the neighbouring Abbey, when Ulverston became the chief town of the district, a privilege

which the latter retained until quite recently, when Barrow put it into the shade. According to the census returns of 1881, the population of Dalton is greater than that of Ulverston, the former being credited with thirteen thousand three hundred and fifty souls, and the latter, ten thousand and one.

The town of Dalton consists mainly of one long street, at the top of which is an oblong tower, styled

THE CASTLE,

supposed to have been erected by one of the abbots of Furness Abbey, out of the ruins of one still more ancient and extensive. The walls are of limestone, six feet thick. There are two entrances—one on the south, and the other on the west side. The ground-floor is divided into two rooms; and from the western entrance a spiral staircase ascends to the upper room, which is lighted by a window on the south side. There is a dark chamber below the stairs, which was probably a prison. The external angles of the building are surmounted by seated figures, which have a grotesque appearance. After the dissolution of Furness Abbey the Castle fell rapidly to decay, and an order was made by the Duchy in 1544 for its reparation with stone, timber, and lead taken from the dismantled Abbey. It again underwent thorough repair in 1856, and is now used for the manorial courts and an armoury for the volunteers.

Near the Castle, in the open space formed by the expansion of the west end of the principal street, stands a plain cross of limestone, surmounting an octagonal pedestal of the same material, erected by the late Duke of Buccleuch, the lord of the manor. Market Street, with its rough-coated houses, is a winding thoroughfare; its want of uniformity indicates its antiquity; but many of the buildings have been refronted, and now wear a modern aspect.

Pursuing the railway for another mile and a half from Dalton, we alight at Furness Abbey station, close to which are the ruins of what was once one of the most magnificent monastic institutions in this country, and, of all English Cistercian houses, second only to Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire. The history of this once splendid religious establishment has been so faithfully recorded, and the description of its magnificent remains so ably delineated by Mr. West, in

his *History and Antiquities of Furness*, and, later, by Mr. Beck, in his *Annales Furnesienses*, that we shall take the liberty of placing before the reader in the following short account the gist of these two learned antiquarians' researches, commencing with an historical sketch of the Abbey, and ending with a brief description of the remains.

FURNESS ABBEY.

A noble convent! I have known it long
By the report of travellers. I now see
Their commendations lag behind the truth.
Here it lies in the valley of the nightshade
As in a nest: and the narrow stream, gliding
Along its bed, is like an admonition
How all things pass.

The Abbey of Furness was founded A.D. 1127, by Stephen, Earl of Monteign and Boulogne, afterwards King of England. It was peopled from the monastery of Savigny, in Normandy, and dedicated to St. Mary. Until the occasion of the sixth abbot—whose name was Richard de Bajocis—about twenty years after the foundation of the monastery, the monks were of the Benedictine order, and wore grey cloth; but under this abbot they turned their grey coats into white ones, and

HABIT OF THE CISTERCIANS.

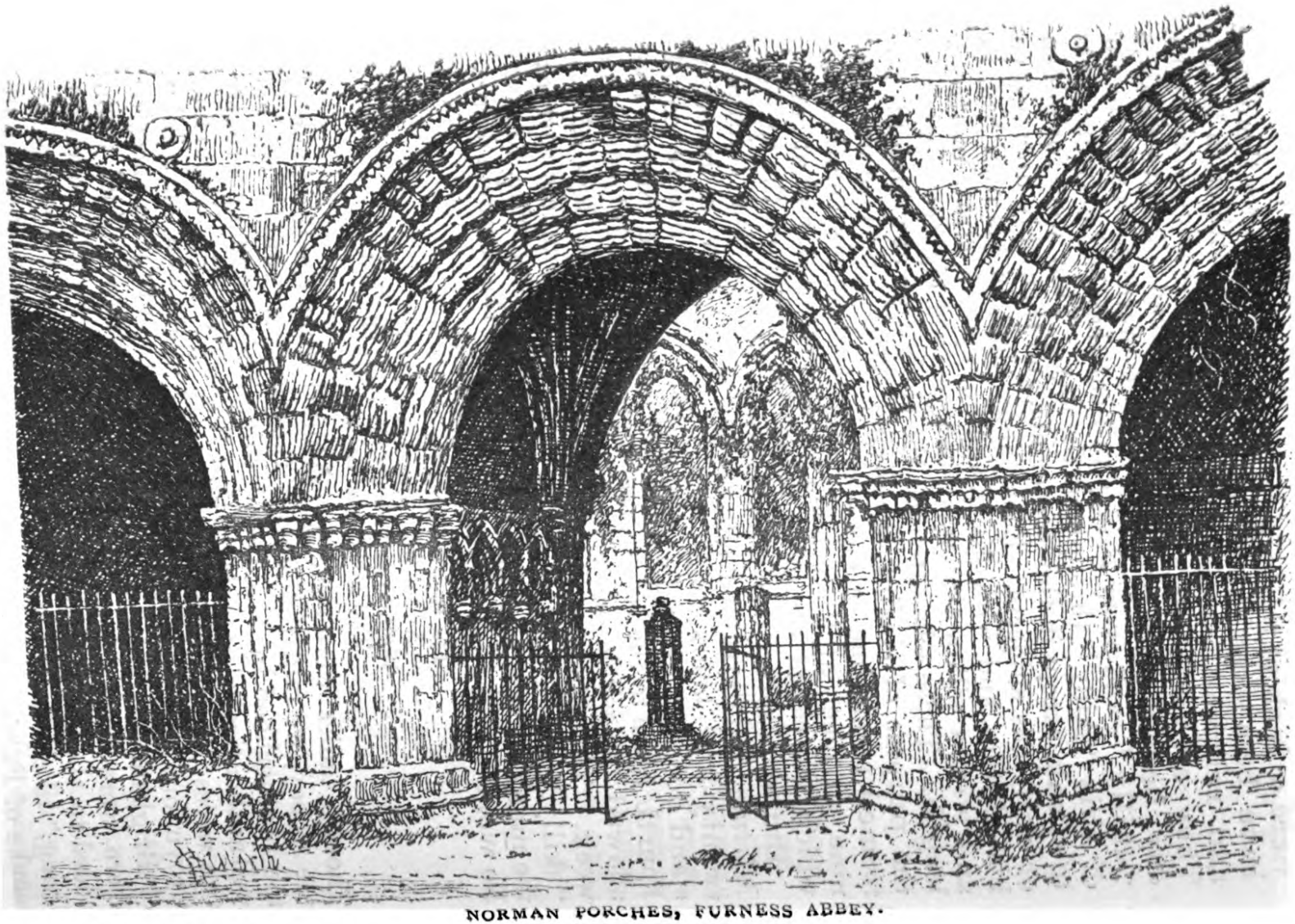
exchanged their patron Benedict for St. Bernard, thus becoming Cistercians, and such they ever after remained. They were divided into two classes—namely, the "clerical," who were wholly devoted to spiritual and literary pursuits, and the "lay brethren," who cultivated the lands and performed the servile work of the Abbey. Of the former there

were only about thirty or forty, while of the latter there must have been several hundreds. Their rules, both as to fasting and religious exercise, were at first exceedingly rigorous. They eat neither flesh nor fowl, and had only two meals a day, besides the *mixtum*—which we presume was Latin for "skilly"—and every Friday in Lent they had only one mess of this "skilly" throughout the day. They were forbidden to speak, except in the locutorium, and then only upon grave or religious subjects. Each monk slept in his own bed, in his clothes, and with his girdle on, upon a straw mattress, and with a pillow that was not to exceed eighteen inches in length. Those who attended the choir rose at midnight, for the purpose of singing the divine offices. Service was performed seven times a day,—at two a.m., at six (matins), at nine, at noon, at three p.m., at six (vespers), and at seven, which was called compline, because it completed the service.

But such severe discipline as this could not long continue. *Mixtum*, uninterrupted silence, and seven services in every twenty-four hours were more than human nature could stand for any great length of time; so Pope Sixtus the Fourth came to the rescue, and among other indulgences, he allowed the whole order to take meat on three days of the week. The thin edge once in, discipline became less severe; "skilly" was deemed fit only for the pigs; and wine, to give the monk a cheerful countenance, became the common drink. No wonder that with this improved diet,

> The monk waxed fat,
> And issuing shorn and sleek,
> Would twist his girdle tight, and pat
> The girls upon the cheek.

Though ladies were strictly excluded from the precincts of the Abbey, we find that among the charges brought against the brotherhood by the Royal Commission, and apparently well authenticated, it is stated that Roger Pyle (the abbot) had two wives, who, of course, ought not to have had one; John Groyn, one wife; and Thomas Horneby—surely an ancestor of Brigham Young—no less than five wives! And then, there were some grave charges of insolence and rebellion added to those of "synne, vicious, carnal, and abominable living," likely to be well founded. The fact is the abbot and monks of Furness, owning such vast possessions, and having such spiritual and temporal privileges, grew proud and gross



NORMAN PORCHES, FURNESS ABBEY.

and contumacious. "Not an abbot in the kingdom," says Dr. Whitaker, "was so much a monarch as that of Furness. His territory was marked by boundaries so nearly impassable—by the sea, with its ever-varying sands, on more than two sides; and by mountains almost insuperable on the remainder—that Furness was a little nation within itself. In point of extent it was equal to the Kingdom of Man. Within these limits the Abbot was lord paramount, and exacted the same oath of fealty which was paid to the King. He had the patronage of all the Churches, except one; had free warren over the whole district; and was immediate owner and occupier of almost half the low country." Besides all these, he had other privileges, which we have not space to enumerate. However, the last Abbot (Pyle) did not long enjoy them; for he had been abbot only a little over four years, when Henry VIII. sent down his Commissioners to Lancashire, and after hanging the Abbot of Whalley within sight of his own Abbey, and the Abbot of Salley at Lancaster, and giving orders that "all monks and chanons that be in any wise faultie, are to be tyed uppe without further delay or ceremonie," was pleased to find the Abbot of Furness to be "of a very facile and ready mynde" to follow the advice of the Commissioners and surrender. And we are not surprised that he was. A deed was accordingly drawn up for him to sign, in which, having acknowledged "the misorder and evil rule, both unto God and the King, of the brethren of the said Abbey," he, in discharge of his conscience, gave and surrendered to Henry all the title and interest he possessed in the Monastery of Furness, its lands and its revenues. So for this judicious act of submission, the abbot was rewarded with the Rectory of Dalton, valued at £33 6s. 9d. yearly; and all that the poor monks got by way of compensation, was the sum of forty shillings, out of which they had to purchase their "secular wedes" (or lay garments), without which they were not permitted to depart. Well, indeed, might the monks exclaim, in their own doggerel fashion,

Henricus Octavus
Took more than he gave us!

for at the dissolution the revenues of the Abbey were valued at £966 7s. per annum, a sum equal to about £5,000, according to the present value of British money.

When the monks had all cleared out, the Commissioners at once proceeded to sell the goods and chattels, the farm stock, lead, bells, and everything that belonged to the society; and when they withdrew, an almost universal pillage and destruction succeeded. Every one was at liberty to help himself with what remained; and the result was that in a very short time the once magnificent Abbey of Furness became a ruin, and "the lamp on St. Mary's altar was extinguished for ever."

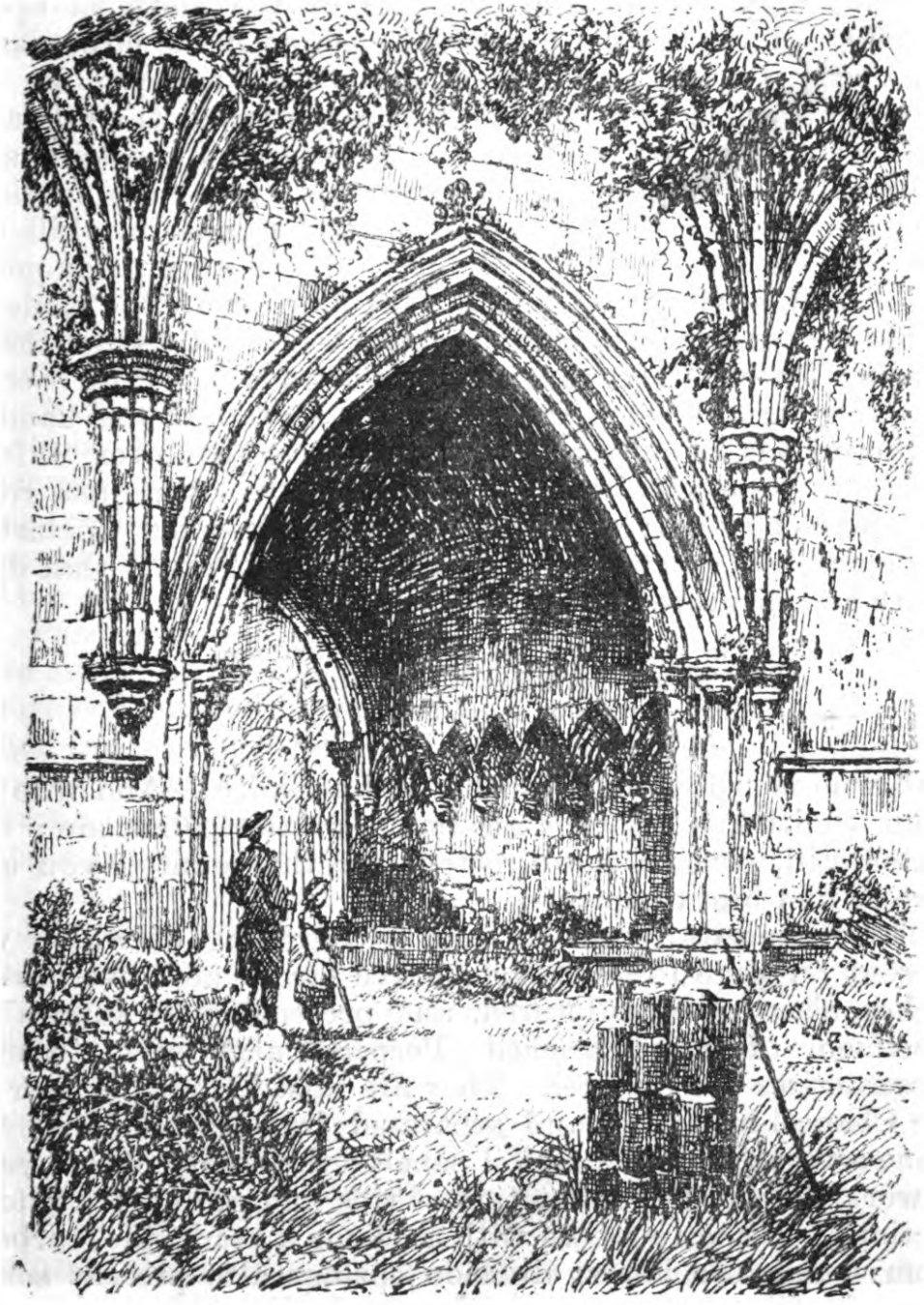
THE REMAINS

of Furness Abbey and the adjacent lands are now the property of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who, with his usual generosity, not only throws open the grounds, etc., to everyone who wishes to inspect the interesting ruins, but provides a guide, to whom you may apply for any information you require, or for permission to enter the two or three chambers which, for the better protection of the carved work and loose pieces of sculpture they contain, are usually kept locked.

The Abbey, which was formerly of such magnitude as nearly to fill up the breadth of the glen, is built of permian sandstone—the uppermost or newest rock formation in the Furness district. It is a moderately good stone, but not a very reliable building material, as may be seen from the ruins of the Abbey, some portions of which are as perfect as when the Abbey was first erected, while others are rapidly mouldering away.

Entering the enclosure from the hotel, the most striking feature of the venerable ruin is the *Church*, now, like every other part of the Abbey, entirely roofless, but exhibiting the lofty arch of the great window, where, instead of the painted glass that once enriched it, are now tufted plants and wreaths of nightshade. Below is the principal door of the Church, bending into a deep, round arch, which, retiring circle within circle, is rich and beautiful; the remains of a winding staircase are visible within the wall in its left side. Near this northern end of the edifice is seen one side of the eastern choir, with its two slender Gothic window frames; and on the west a remnant of the nave of the Abbey, and some lofty arches which once belonged to the belfry, now detached from the main building. From the north transept

we pass to the Choir, and eastward of the Choir is the Chancel, perhaps the most interesting portion of the remains. The east window has been noble; when perfect it was forty-



CHAPTER HOUSE VESTIBULE, FURNESS ABBEY.

seven feet high and twenty-three feet wide, and was filled with painted glass. On the outside of the window, under

an arched festoon, is the head of the founder, and, opposite to it, that of Maud, his queen; both crowned, and well executed. A short distance from the wall, under the east window, may be seen the basement of the platform upon which stood the high altar, having behind it the circumambulatory. In the south wall was placed the piscina, or cistern, at which the officiating priests washed their hands during some part of the service, and close to the piscina are the sedilia, where they sat at intervals during the service. No portion of the remains exhibits such wonderful skill on the part of the ancient sculptor as these seven canopied stalls; and, at the same time, no portion presents the modern would-be sculptor in such a despicable light as do these "seats of stone that run along the wall;" for on every available part of them are carved, or scratched, the names, or the initials, of all the eminent nobodies that ever, unfortunately, were admitted within the gate. And just read that wretched travesty which some addle-pated poetaster has scratched among the innumerable autographs that disfigure and disgrace this part of the Abbey :—

> The names of these men all remind me
> There's fame to win, O ye inane!
> So I, departing, leave behind my
> Initials on the hoary fane.—J.S.

And who is "J.S."? Probably John Smith. And who is John Smith? Ask the postman, or the policeman; or, better still, consult the directory for the county; you are sure to find him there.

These beautiful seats—a correct engraving of which we present on page 162—consist of five larger and two lesser niches, elaborately sculptured, and presenting an admirable specimen of the enriched Perpendicular style which characterises the Chancel. They are raised from the floor of the Chancel by a step, and separated from each other by a stone screen of pierced trefoil panels; the ceiling of the seats is worked into a representation of ribs and groins, the intersections meeting in a boss with a demon's head; the corbels from which the lowest division springs also present some faces familiar to persons with a weak digestion who retire to rest on a heavy pork supper. These canopies have a rich cornice, and when, as was undoubtedly the case, the sedilia were gilded as well as painted, the effect of the whole must

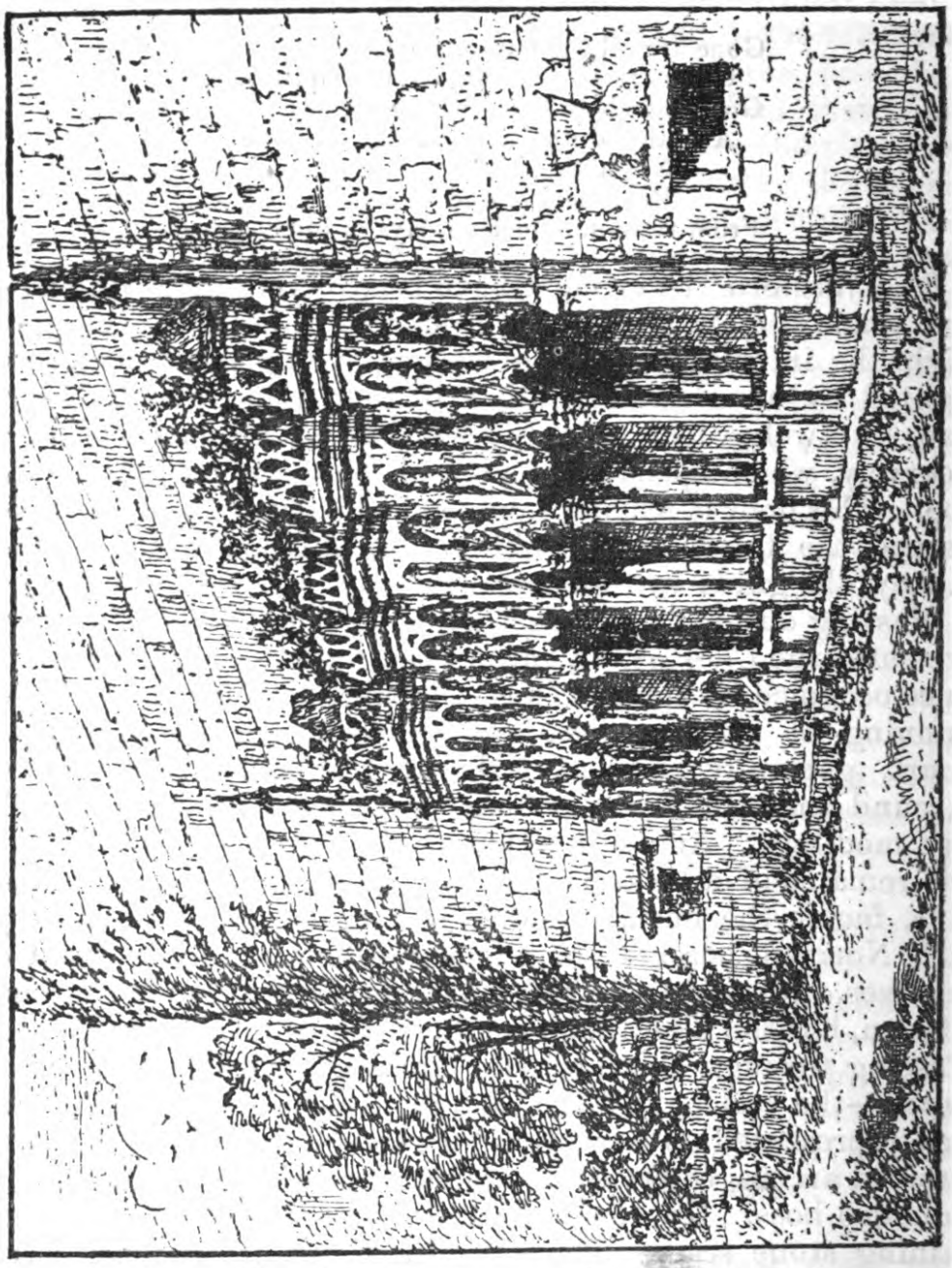
have been splendid indeed. West of the stalls is the doorway into the Vestry; and in the middle space of the Chancel, where the first barons of Kendal are interred, are placed some tombstones and effigies that have been found in and around the ruins.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and squires,
Gone the abbot, stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars;
Not a name
Remains to fame
From those mouldering days of old!

The Western Tower must have been of very great altitude, the remaining walls being eleven feet thick and sixty feet high, the interior measuring twenty-five by thirty feet, and lighted by an elegant window of four lights, about thirty-five by twelve feet. At the south-west angle there is a doorway, which opens upon a spiral staircase leading to the top. This door is usually kept locked; but if you wish to ascend the tower, and so obtain a good general view of the Abbey, the guide will unlock it for you.

Passing out of the Church by a door in the south aisle, we enter the *Cloisters*, or, rather, the vacant space that was once occupied by them. These Cloisters were covered alleys, running at right angles, and enclosing a quadrangular court, generally used as a burial-ground for the monks. Around this court the monks were accustomed to walk and meditate. At the junction of the south and west walks the remains of a lavatory may yet be seen; and on the east side, facing the burial-ground, will be observed three very rich Norman porches, of which two contain only vaulted recesses, supposed to have been designed for lonely contemplation, but the middle one conducts into the Chapter House. Passing through this majestic archway, we enter an open porch—the vestibule of the Chapter House—which our artist has represented on page 159. The roof consists of pointed groined arches, the central intersection being finished with a moulded boss. On each side are trefoil-headed arches, containing stone seats. The *Chapter House* itself must have been an exquisite structure, having a vaulted roof supported by six slender fluted columns. This, unhappily, fell in about the middle of the last century, so that this chamber is but a

wreck. A raised seat was carried round three sides, whereon the abbot and his monks sat and dispensed justice, or received distinguished guests. Over the Chapter House was the *Scriptorium*, where the monks copied and illuminated



THE SEDILIA, FURNESS ABBEY.

manuscripts. The *Dormitories*—reached from the Church by a passage over the vestibule to the Chapter House—were lighted by a row of lancet windows, and form one side of the

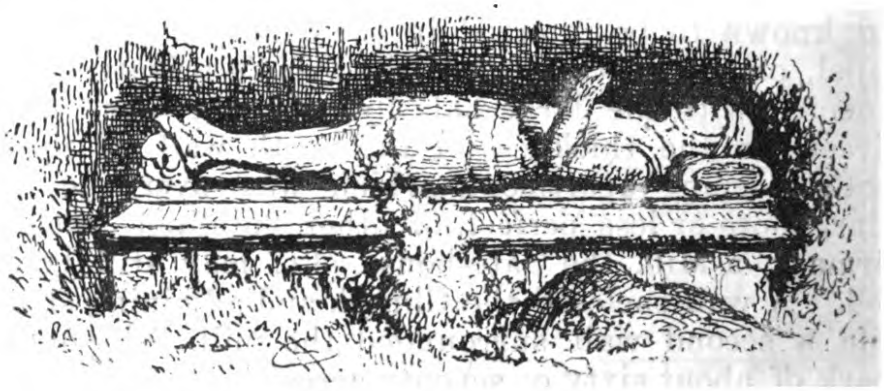
quadrangular court before referred to. Beyond them was the *Refectory*, of which only a trace remains; and a long cloister, now levelled to the foundations, closed in the western side.

Passing out of the Refectory at its southern end, we see before us a detached building, consisting of a large hall about one hundred and thirty feet long and fifty feet broad. This, sometimes called the *Guest Hall*, is now known to have been the abbot's own abode, usually styled in monastic language, his lodgings. At the western end was the abbot's private kitchen, and other offices of a like character. At the south-east corner of the hall, and communicating with it by a single door, is the abbot's private chapel, measuring forty-three by twenty-five feet in the inside. At the east end is a large window, and there are also three traceried windows on the south side. A stone bench, fourteen inches wide, has extended round this chapel, and upon it, under the south-east window, is a clustered pier, which probably supported a piscina. The roof, which is entire, is formed by rib-moulding, springing from slender shafts, with slate-stone between the ribs, and presents a graceful specimen of the fourteenth century. Arranged around the walls are specimens of carving, such as corbels, bosses, mouldings, gargoyles, and other "nightmare subjects," found among the ruins at various times; and, locked up in a big black box, are two well-preserved recumbent figures of a knight, in chain mail, and a lady, which have evidently formed the upper portions of a raised or table tomb. Mr. Beck is of opinion that the male effigy is meant for Reginald, King of Man, the only crowned head known to be interred in the Abbey. Adjoining the Chapel, on the north side are the abbot's private chambers, connected with the large hall by two doorways. A spiral staircase in the thickness of the north wall led up to the abbot's sleeping apartment, which was over the Chapel. Ruins, more or less perfect, of other buildings, such as an Infirmary, a Mill, the Gate-house, etc., may still be recognised. A wall enclosed the Church and adjoining structure, while a second wall surrounded the mill, fish-ponds, and a park of about sixty or seventy acres.

Near the entrance to the precincts from the Dalton Road stand the remains of a beautiful little chapel, built in the geometric style. Its dimensions are forty-eight feet by twenty

feet, and besides the dais, on which the altar stood, are three plain sedilia. Above the arched doorway is a niche, but the statue that once adorned it, is gone. This has probably been a chapel appropriated to the use of the tenants and strangers. Near this chapel an arch spans the road, but it is no part of the original buildings, having been erected by the late Lord George Cavendish.

The hotel, adjoining the railway station, is a very large establishment, replete with every convenience for visitors to the Abbey. It was formerly the residence of the Preston family, and was known as the Manor House. In various apartments of the house are sculptured stones, with Latin inscriptions, indicative of the faith and aspirations of its pristine inhabitants, the most remarkable of which is a tablet of red freestone over the fire-place in the coffee-room, representing, in bas-relief, the creation of Eve from the rib of Adam. Inserted in the walls of different apartments are four beautiful figures, in relief, representing the woman with the issue of blood touching the hem of our Saviour's garment, Mary wiping his feet with her hair, John the Baptist, and St. John the divine. These were probably taken from the Abbey, to adorn the mansion of the Prestons. The Furness Railway passes within a few yards of the ruins, and the vibration of the heavily laden mineral trains to and from Barrow, has rendered necessary the strengthening of the ruined walls of the Abbey by stout iron rods and bolts, and in several places buttresses have been built against them to prevent their fall.



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PROPERTIES AND USES.

This medicine is cooling and laxative. It refrigerates the heat of the blood and subdues its acrimony, by evacuating gross humours which give rise to Blotches and Skin Eruptions. It opens the obstructed passages of the liver, regulates the biliary organs, preventing the absorption of bile into the blood (the chief cause of sallowness of the complexion and jaundice. This medicine recalls the lost appetite and restores the due tone of the stomach. The efficacy of Lund's Saline Salt being such as will bear the strictest trial, it is confidently recommended to sufferers from Indigestion and Liver Complaint.

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Saline Salt and Lancaster Tic Mixture forwarded per parcels post to all parts for three extra stamps by the sole proprietor, W. J. LUND, Chemist, from London, Paris, and Brussels, 51, Penny Street, Lancaster.

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☞ Omnibuses from the Hotel meet most of the trains at the L. & N. W. Railway, and at Arkholme on the Furness & Midland line.

Kirkby Lonsdale is situated seven miles from Ingleton.

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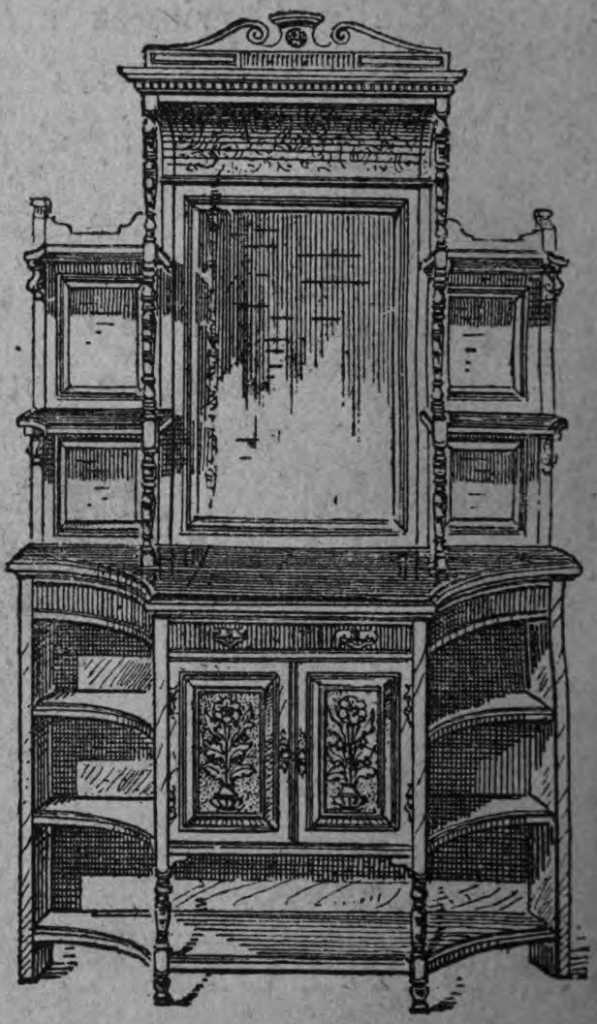

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