



POOLEY BRIDGE, LAKE ULLSWATER.

BEING STRAY NOTES OF FIVE YEARS OF TRAVEL.

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ULLSWATER, DERWENTWATER, AND THE SURROUNDING LAKES.

FROM Bowness, having driven through Windermere, and climbed out of the valley past Orrest Head, where is obtained one of the most expansive views of Lake Windermere, we turn up the gentle Troutbeck Valley, from which vale Hogarth, the artist, stole out into the world of fame. Then the coach makes a long and tedious climb up and over the Kirkstone Pass.

"O care! O guilt! O vales and plains!
Here, in his own unweeded domains
A genius dwells, that can subdue
At once all memory of you,—
Most potent when mists veil the sky,
Mists that distort and magnify;
While the coarse rushes, to the sweep-
ing breeze,
Sigh forth their ancient melodies!"

So sang Wordsworth of the Kirkstone Pass. It is a wild, yet not a dreary scene. Great trees bend to the wind, and the hills and the dales of pasture land are dotted and splashed with the fleecy white of the Herdwick sheep. Looking down from one side of the pass is the High-street range of mountains, so called from the Roman road that winds its way near their summits—a wonderful and daring piece of Roman engineering. Yet was it any more daring than the motorist who brought his car along with the coach, and toiled and snorted up the steep incline, to fear madly down the winding road that leads past Brothers' Water and away across the meadowland to Patterdale? Ah! that demon of the road! We followed him at a slower but more comfortable pace. And, think you, with the toot, toot, echoing and re-echoing from hill to hill, that Wordsworth could have stood on the Kirkstone dreaming:—

"Farewell, thou desolate Domain!
Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,
Carols like a shepherd-boy";

The idea is, of course, absurd, for poetic sentiment is speedily torn to shreds in the onrush of a motor. Now, I have no prejudice against the motor car, and can enjoy a spin along a straight hard road as well as anyone; but I cannot help feel-

ing regret for the mad speed at which the motorists tear along those Cumberland and Westmoreland lanes, ignoring the beauty of rill and mere, endangering the lives of the dalesman's children, and leaving in their wake an inferno of dust and smell that distracts the poor pedestrian beyond endurance.

Ullswater claims the greatest variety of scenery, blending the soft beauty of Windermere with the wilder grandeur

of Westwater and Conistone Water, and it perhaps comes nearest in likeness to Lakes Lugano and Como. The Old England has its votaries, and so has the Ullswater Hotel at Patterdale, and I think that honestly, one must give the palm to the Ullswater Hotel for the exceptional beauty of both its garden and its outlook. Here the rhododendrons bloom with a profusion to make one gaze in wonder, and bright beds

of begonias make a lively show. While we are waiting on the landing stage at the foot of the garden, Helvellyn and Place Fell look down somewhat gloomily, and then wrap up their faces in a cloud of mist. In spite of Helvellyn's frowns, we spent a pleasant afternoon steaming up to Pooley Bridge. A little way north from Patterdale we got a splendid view of Helvellyn hacking a deep green dale and sulking behind a cloud of rain. Oh! the rain, the rain, the rain! how it dogs one's steps in the lake district. On Stybarrow's summit the oak clings persistently. Our little steamer seems buried amid these hills and puffs along like some lost thing anxious to find a way out of this fjord-like lake. To think that Aira Force lies up that valley to our left—Aira Force, flinging spray on to the golden daffodils that called Wordsworth into song upon their gay beauty. By Aira Force a knight and a lovely maiden trusted in the olden days. The knight loved his lady full well, and to prove the strength of his constancy, he went on a great crusade to Syria. Trials and imprisonment kept him away for many weary years, and the lady, pining and fading from grief, walked, even in her sleep, by the singing waters that danced along to Ullswater. So it happened that when the true knight at length returned he found his lady wandering by moonlight at the old trysting-place of Aira Force. He leapt forward and clasped her in his arms. Poor lady, startled from her sleep, she sprang from his embrace, and fell over the crag into the great pool beneath. After her plunged the knight, and he caught her as she was sinking into the depths of the water. For one moment her eyes opened and she recognised her long lost love, then they drooped, and closed, never to open again. By the old trysting place of Aira Force the knight built a cell, and in melancholy loneliness lived there until he died.

Under some conditions Ullswater is the bluest of the lakes and its mountains and ghylls are almost fearful in their purple glory. It is girt with hill and dale at Patterdale, and sloping, mossy banks at Pooley Bridge, and who shall dare say it is not a lovely jewel from end to end.

There was a rose show at Ulverston one day, so we took the steamer from Bowness all the way down Lake Windermere to Lake Side, and from there journeyed to Ulverston by train. We had been told that it was the finest rose show held in the north of England, but it seemed to me that the magnificent sweet-pea exhibits ought to have given the title to the show rather than the roses. However, we gained a certain satisfaction out of the roses when



A PEACEFUL DALE IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.