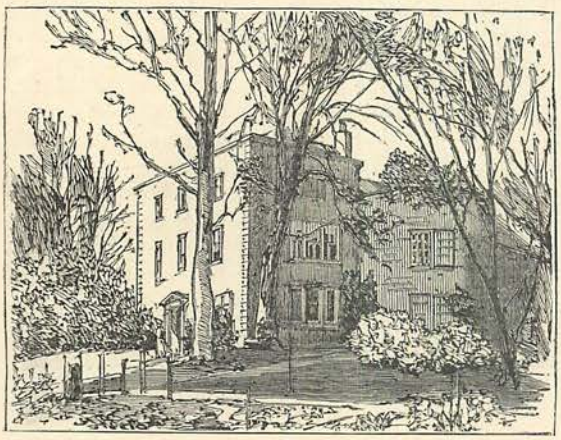
How few people even in Northumberland who read this beautiful poem will know where to find Aikenshaw Burn. It is one of the affluents of the Lewis Burn, which joins North Tyne nearly opposite Plashetts Station. In a letter written in 1536 by Lord Eure to Cardinal Wolsey respecting the Tynedale freebooters, Lewis Burn is described as "a marvellous stronge grounde of woodes and waters." The freebooters are gone, and the woods also. But the waters still flow on and the burn still runs "blithe and fain" as Swinburne saw it in his youth.

T. D. R.

Derwentwater, Keswick, and Grange.

KESWICK may be regarded as the metropolis of the English Lake District. The cheerful little town consists of two or three considerable streets, the houses being of stone and generally well built. In the outskirts there are numerous villas and hotels, many of which occupy delightful situations.



GRETA HALL.

The place is best known for its black lead pencils, which are made in large quantities, although the supply of the celebrated mineral (or "wad," as the inhabitants call it) has ceased, the mines in Borrowdale having been, it is supposed, exhausted. It was feared at one time that inferior pencils made in Germany and shipped to England would destroy the trade; but the astute Cumbrians quickly changed their tactics, and, producing wood and varnish of equal quality to the Teuton manufacturers, overcame them in the markets by the quality of the lead. The total number of lead pencils made in one year is about 13,000,000, whilst the number of hands employed of both sexes, including children, is about 200, the gross amount of wages paid annually being nearly £4,000. It may be mentioned that most of the lead now used is imported from Mexico and Peru.

Keswick was once celebrated for its woollen trade; but a "rune," cut into a flagstone,

May God Almighty grant His aid
To Keswick and its woollen trade,

lately occupied a position in some part of a pencil manufactory. There are no woollen mills in the town now.

Some of the old writers took an unfavourable view of Keswick. Leland calls it "a lytle poore market town." Camden, in more gracious mood, refers to it as "a small market town, many years famous for the copper works, as appears from a charter of King Edward IV., and at present inhabited by miners." A contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1751, stated that "the poorer inhabitants of Keswick subsist chiefly by stealing, or clandestinely buying off those that steal, the black lead, which they sell to Jews or other hawkers." Hutchinson, hardly less severe, avers that "Keswick is but a mean village."

The miners of Keswick in the old time would most probably be employed at the Newland mines, which were discovered in Queen Elizabeth's time by Thomas Thurland and Daniel Hetchletter, the latter a German from Augsburg. A lawsuit took place between her Majesty and Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland,

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ROBERT SOUTHEY.

the lord of the manor, which ended in favour of Queen Bess and her prerogative, because more silver and gold than copper, it is stated, was found; the royal minerals belonged to her, and the less precious metal to the Percy.

Another industry, which deserves to flourish, has lately been commenced in Keswick. This is beaten metal of artistic design. The new industry has been practically introduced by Mrs. Rawnsley, wife of the Vicar of Crossthwaite, the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley.

There are few public buildings of any moment in Keswick. The town hall is an unpretentious erection, where eggs and butter are sold at the Saturday market. This privilege dates from the time of Edward I., and was obtained for the town at the instance of Sir John de Derwentwater, the then lord of the manor. Certain fairs for cattle, cheese, and hirings, are held at different times of the year. The old Morlan fair which gave rise to the proverb,

Morlan fluid
Ne'er did guid,

has long since been numbered with events of the past. The floods in the neighbourhood are sometimes very serious, and Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite Lake are not unfrequently joined together. During a Morlan flood a local clergyman was drowned at High Hill. Morlan is from Maudlin, a corruption of Magdalen. An object of interest in the town hall is the old bell upon which the clock strikes, which has the date 1001 and the letters H. D. R. O. carved upon it. It was brought from Lord's Island, and is supposed to have been a curfew bell. In three establishments in Keswick may be seen models of the Lake District, which are of great assistance to tourists.

A short distance outside Keswick is Greta Hall, once the residence of Robert Southey, Poet Laureate. It is a beautiful retreat, and commands delightful prospects. Here he wrote most of those works which gained for him so high a position in the literary world of his day. Southey breathed his last moments at Greta Hall in 1843, having resided there for some thirty years. The murmuring Greta flows past Southey's house, and the banks of the stream were favourite haunts of the poet.

Crossing Greta Bridge from Keswick, we come to the

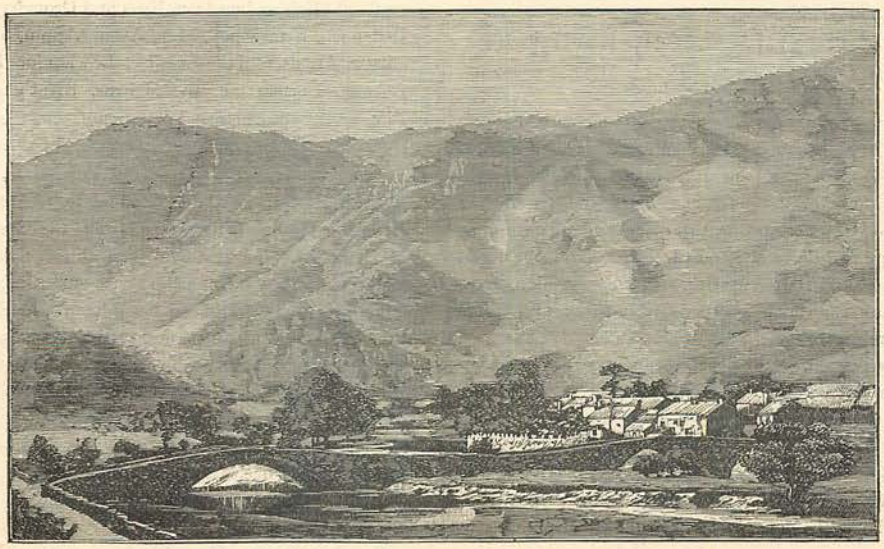
KESWICK AND DERWENTWATER, FROM LATRIGG.

old village of Crossthwaite, and the parish church, dedicated to St. Mungo, or St. Kentigern, which lie at the base of Skiddaw. The edifice is large, with heavy buttresses and battlements, and a massive tower. It was restored in 1845 by Mr. James Stanger, of Lairthwaite, at a cost of £4,000. Amongst its ancient monuments is one of Sir John Ratcliffe, who led the Cumberland men to Flodden Field, an ancestor of the Earl of Derwentwater, and Dame Alice, his wife, recumbent, in alabaster. The font is curious, and bears the arms of Edward III. The devices on it represent the Tree of Knowledge, the Passion, the Trinity, Aaron's Rod, &c. Perhaps the most important object in the church is the monument to Southey by the Tyneside sculptor, John Graham Lough, the epitaph on which was written by Wordsworth. The vicarage at Crossthwaite was the birthplace of Mrs. Lynn Linton, the celebrated novelist. The present vicar is an earnest student of Lake literature, and himself a poet of deserved fame.

Derwentwater, sometimes called Keswick Lake, and by the natives Daaran, is a compendium of most of the Lake District. It is unnecessary here to enter into comparisons with the other lakes; but it may be briefly stated that it is the most beautiful of them all on account of the variety afforded by its wooded islands, the charm of the adjacent valleys, and the grandeur of its surrounding mountains. Three miles in length, and over one mile in breadth at its widest part, it partakes less of the character of a broad river than Windermere or Ulleswater. Derwentwater is remarkable for the clearness and placidity its water, which reflects all the neighbouring objects like a mirror. But there are times when the lake is lashed into fury by storms; then woe betide the occupant of any frail boat that may be floating upon its bosom. Not long since a young Newcastle man named William Henry Porter came thus to an untimely end. Trout, perch, pike, &c., abound in the lake. Attempts have been made to naturalise the char, but without success. Sometimes a bright, silvery fish, with heart-shaped brain in a translucent skull, and with a mouth devoid of teeth, is found in a dying state, floating on the surface of the water. It is supposed to be the vendace, which until recently was thought to exist only in the Castle Loch of Lochmaben, in Annandale.

Several islands and islets adorn Derwentwater. That nearest to Keswick is Derwent Island, or Vicar's Island. It is well wooded, is about six acres in extent, and has a mansion on it. This island formerly belonged to Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire. St. Herbert's Island is about a mile and a quarter from the Keswick shore, and near the centre of the lake. Here dwelt a hermit named Herbert who maintained a loving correspondence with St. Cuthbert of Durham. The recluse of the island died about A.D. 687. Tradition relates that St. Herbert and St. Cuthbert died at the same hour.

Lord's Island derives its name from its having been in the possession of the Earls of Derwentwater, whose residence was erected thereon, with materials obtained from a stronghold on Castle Rigg, an adjacent eminence. But the family relinquished the mansion when they went to reside at Dilston, in Northumberland. The island was formerly a peninsula, but was severed from the main land by a deep, wide fosse, spanned by a drawbridge. The foundations of the walls and the walks and gardens can yet be traced. Almost all the land on the north-east of the lake belonged to the Derwentwater family until



VILLAGE OF GRANGE, BORROWDALE.

1715, when it was forfeited to the Crown. (See p. 1, *ante.*) The Derwentwater estates were then transferred to the trustees of the Greenwich Hospital. A hollow in Wallow (or Walla) Crag, on the east of Derwentwater, is still known as the Lady's Rake, from the circumstance that the wife of the ill-fated Earl of Derwentwater is said to have escaped to it with the family jewels at the time of her husband's capture.

The floating island of Derwentwater and the cascade of Lodore have already been described in the *Monthly Chronicle.* (See pp. 64, 500, vol. iii.)

Our view of Derwentwater is taken from Latrigg Fell, to the north of Keswick, which lies at the feet of the spectator. The rounded eminence seen in the middle distance to the left is Castlehead or Castlet, near which are Lord's Island and the islet of Rampsholm. St. Herbert's Island is in the centre of the lake. The peak to the right is Catbell; and the lesser eminence to the left of the view at the entrance to Borrowdale is Castle Crag. Among the mountains seen in the extreme distance are Scawfell and Glaramara.

A short distance from the head of Derwentwater, and in the very "jaws of Borrowdale," is the hamlet of Grange. It is a favourite subject with artists, the combination of wood and water, bridge and mountain, being of a striking character. The name is derived from the fact that it was there that the monks of Furness, who had considerable landed possessions in the neighbourhood, stored their grain. Near to Grange there is a remarkably fine echo. Some of the cottages in this neighbourhood are ancient.

Our drawings of Greta Hall, Grange, and Derwentwater are taken from photographs by Mr. Pettit, of Keswick.

William the Lion, King of Scots.

THE exact limits of England and Scotland were for a long time undetermined. Northumberland as far as the Tyne, as well as Cumberland, was as often under Scottish as under English rule, while, on the other hand, the basin of the Tweed and its tributaries, and even Lothian, were during more than one prosperous Southern and feeble Northern reign reckoned part of England.

On the accession, in the year 1163, of William the Lion to the Scottish throne, that monarch was resolved to prosecute his claim to what he deemed his ancestral inheritance lying southward of the Tweed and Solway, forfeited in a previous reign; and Henry II. of England, being then at war with his rebellious vassals on the Continent, soothed him with fair promises to end all disputes as to territory as soon as he should have leisure to attend to the matter. But seven years elapsed, and William got no redress. Irritated at this delay, he responded to an application made by King Henry's sons, who had risen in rebellion against their father. William laid the case before his baronage, in plenary Parliament asembled, so as to get their advice. The Earl of Fife counselled his liege lord to demand his rights from King Henry "without any subterfuge," and then, if the demand were acceded to, to go to his succour with all speed against his sons. Messengers were accordingly sent off to King Henry, then in Normandy, offering that, if he would fulfil his promise, King William would forthwith assist him with a thousand knights armed, and thirty thousand "unarmed," that is, not sheathed in mail, who, he guaranteed, "would give his Highnesse's enemies wonderful trouble." Henry, it seems, was not apprehensive at that juncture of anything that his sons or the King of France or the Count of Flanders could do against him; and so gave the Scotch ambassador a somewhat saucy answer, reported to be of the following tenor:—

You ask me for my land as your inheritance,
As if I were imprisoned as a bird in a cage;
I am neither a fugitive from the land nor become a savage,
But I am King of England in the plains and the woods;
I will not give you through my need, in this first stage,
Any increase of land. This is my message,
But I shall see whether you will show me love and friendship,
How you will behave, foolish or wise,
And act accordingly.

Incensed by this reply, William at once resolved to invade England. Engelram, Bishop of Glasgow, Waltheof, Earl of Dunbar, and others, tried to dissuade him, but in vain. Determining in the first place to take the castle of Wark-on-Tweed, he mustered his forces at a place on the Tweed called Caldonie, now Caddonlee, in Selkirkshire, between Galashiels and Innerleithen, famous of late years for its extensive vineries. There were assembled Highlanders from Ross and Cromarty, Lochaber, Badenoch, Strathspey, Mar, Athol, Appin, Lorn, Breadalbane, Angus, and the Lennox; Lowlanders from Moray, Buchan, Formartine, the Mearns, Strathmore, Gowry, Fife, and the Lothians; West-Countrymen from Lanark, Renfrew, Cunningham, Kyle, and Carrick; South-Countrymen from the Merse and Teviotdale, Tweeddale, Ettrick Forest, Eskdale, Liddesdale, Annandale, and Nithsdale; and Galwegians from the Stewartry, the Machars, and the Rinns, "men almost naked, but fleet and remarkably bold, armed with small knives at their left sides, and javelins in their hands which they could throw to a great distance, and setting up, when they went to fight, a long lance." There were also a stout band of Flemish auxiliaries, fully equipped. More than three thousand barons, knights, squires, and men-at-arms, clad in ring-armour, and so many "naked people" that the chronicler hesitates to enumerate them, followed the Scottish lion-rampant on this campaign, the first in which it was hoisted.

Crossing the river Tweed by one or other of the numerous fords, William arrived before Wark, and summoned