

drove us up to Hill Top in a dogcart, with a very strong mountain horse who took us up the hills splendidly. Some chance remarks of Miss H's - touched a chord in the old man's memory, and he beguiled the journey with many interesting remarks on the daily habits of some of the Lake poets, in whose country he had spent his early years. When we arrived at Hill Top, we wrote them down at once, while they were fresh in our minds. During our stay at the summit which lasted two or three clear days, we were literally rained up. A steady ceaseless pourdown kept us prisoners by a large fire, and we read aloud and worked a good deal. The book which we were engaged on then was "Blue Cross", a pathetic story which often moved us greatly. At last the weather cleared, and we left immediately, as the hotel was changing hands, a sale of furniture was to be held that day, and our further presence was undesirable. It was such a lovely morning

that F and I soon decided to walk on and enjoy the freshness, leaving Miss H and our luggage to follow in the coach which left for Little River shortly after noon; accordingly we started at half past ten. The rain had left the road as clean and free from dust as any pedestrian could possibly wish, and the air was deliciously cool. Our way lay down the other side of the range the winding path at every fresh turn revealing some new beauty to our admiring gaze. Now - some fresh beauty ^{view} or shape in the vast amphitheatre of hills stretching up into the blue sky before us, with their ever varying lights and shades which only a Turner could depict, now - at ~~at~~ some bend a delicious little waterfall streaming gently down over logs and rocky stones - then trickling gently over our road into the creek below. The heavy rain had swollen these little mountain streams so that in some places they completely flooded the road,