

covers a great space of ground, and consists of several distinct buildings. In the centre is a massive square tower, called the Lungess tower, seventy-eight feet high, on the top of which, at one angle, is a turret called *John O'Gaunt's chair*. This tower and the spacious court-yard are surrounded by several outer towers joined by a lofty wall. A great part of the pile is modern, but the Lungess tower, the Gateway tower, Hadrian's tower and the Dungeon tower on the western side, and the Well tower on the southern, are all ancient. The lower parts of the Lungess tower is supposed to be of Roman architecture, and it is certainly of great antiquity. The modern parts are castellated, and made to correspond with the ancient. As a prison, Lancaster castle is one of the strongest and best regulated in the kingdom. The courts in which the Assizes are held form part of the castle, and are on the north side. On the western side part of the ancient moat remains.

Walking round the castle, we came to the terrace, which commands a splendid view of the Lune, the sea, and the mountains. We also entered the church-yard, which immediately adjoins, and whence we saw the valley above the town. The church is a fine structure, and harmonizes well with the castle; at a distance, the towers and battlements of both appear as if they belonged to one huge pile of building.

In order that my cousins might enjoy the best possible view of the surrounding country, we entered the castle, and ascended to *John O'Gaunt's chair*, whence we had a prospect not surpassed by many in England for grandeur, beauty and variety.

I could not have wished for a clearer or brighter day, to show my cousins the magnificent view from this place. Scarcely any town in the kingdom enjoys so beautiful a situation as Lancaster, and the prospect from the hill on which the castle stands, possesses nearly every feature of a perfect landscape. The hill itself rises abruptly in the midst of the vale of the Lune, and commands a complete panoramic view of the country. The river is seen winding round the foot of the hill, and may be traced up the valley as far as the aqueduct, and, in the opposite direction, to the sea. Just below the town it expands into a broad estuary, which makes a sweeping bend through the valley, and at high water has a noble effect.

Looking northward and beyond the Lune, the eye beholds the whole of the extensive Bay of Morecambe, running several miles inland, and the white houses of Ulverston, at the distance of twenty miles, on the opposite shore. The fine wooded estuaries of the Kent and the Leven penetrate the northern shore of the Bay, and give it a richly picturesque effect. Rising beyond the Bay is the whole range of the Westmorland and Cumberland mountains - the ultimate object of our expedition.

To the left, nearest the sea, is the regular and rounded yet lofty mountain of Black Comb, said to command one of the most extensive views of any hill

in England; and further inland spring up the loftier and more rugged cluster of Scaw Fell and his neighbouring heights, which, as well as the range of Helvellyn further still to the right, display the peaked and irregular forms common to high mountains. I thought George, would have gazed his eyes out at this unexpected and splendid view of the mountains which he had been so eager to behold: the sun, resting upon them, showed their barren sides and bold summits to great advantage, and the slight degree of indistinctness and softening which their remoteness occasioned, gave them an almost unearthly and perfectly fascinating appearance to one who saw them for the first time.

Turning eastward, the eye follows a long chain of hills till it rests on the broad head of Ingleborough, the prince of Yorkshire mountains, rearing his enormous bulk over the upper extremity of the vale of the Lune. The vale itself is fertile and beautiful, highly adorned by the winding stream, and by the majestic aqueduct which carries the canal across it by five lofty arches, at the distance of a mile and a half from the town. Both the aqueduct and the bridge are here in view, and, being very fine erections add much to the interest of the prospect. Woods, corn-fields, meadows, villages, and mansions, are beautifully disposed on the sides of the valley, and on the long slip of land which lies between the river and the Bay of Morecambe.

On the south-east, the town is over-looked by heath-covered hills, but on the south-west a fine expanse of country opens, and runs down to the sea-shore.

Mrs. Anabella gazed with delight on a scene which she had once before beheld, and still faintly remembered; and whilst she pointed out to her niece the different objects, as old friends, which recalled the feelings of her youth, Matilda too caught the infection, and our whole party became quite amiable. Nevertheless it was now high time to quit this beautiful scene, and to enter the court, which looked sufficiently gloomy by the contrast.

The Crown Court at Lancaster is plain sombre, and rather incommodious; the "dim *judicial* light" shed into it through windows overtopped by the spike-surmounted walls of the prison, seemed not inappropriate to the dismal investigations this day to be carried on.

The grand jury box and the spaces on each side of the Judge were soon crowded by ladies, and we thought ourselves fortunate in obtaining a seat; the small gallery over our heads was also filled by women, and a large proportion of the persons who occupied the body of the court behind the bar were of the same sex. It is somewhat remarkable that the curiosity of the gentler sex always leads them to flock to scenes of painful and even dreadful interest - a circumstance which I merely state *en passant*, and leave it to philosophers to account for.