

**RAMBLES IN THE
LAKE COUNTRY
AND ITS BORDERS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649686353

Rambles in the Lake Country and Its Borders by Edwin Waugh

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

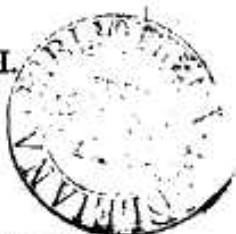
EDWIN WAUGH

**RAMBLES IN THE
LAKE COUNTRY
AND ITS BORDERS**

RAMBLES
IN THE LAKE COUNTRY
AND ITS BORDERS.

BY

EDWIN WAUGH.



"And so, by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean."

SHAKESPEARE.

MANCHESTER:
JOHN HEYWOOD, 143, DEANSGATE.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

1864.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NORBRECK	1
OVER SANDS TO THE LAKES	43
SEASIDE LAKES AND MOUNTAINS OF CUMBERLAND .	107
SILVERDALE	193
NOTES	239

NORBRECK :

A SKETCH ON THE LANCASHIRE COAST.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Come unto these yellow sands,
Then take hands :
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist).

THE TEMPEST.

At the western edge of that quiet tract of Lancashire, called "The Fylde," lying mainly between Wyre, Ribble, and the Irish Channel, the little wind-swept hamlet of Norbreck stands, half asleep, on the brow of a green ridge close to the sea. The windows of a whitewashed cottage wink over their garden wall, as the traveller comes up the slope, between tall hedges; and very likely he will find all so still, that, but for wild birds that crowd the air with music, he could hear his footsteps ring on the hard road, as clearly as if he were walking on the flags of a gentleman's greenhouse. In summer time, when its buildings are glittering in their annual suit of new whitewash, and

when all the country round looks green and glad, it is a pleasant spot to set eyes upon,—this quiet little hamlet overlooking the sea. At that time of year it smells of roses, and of “cribs where oxen lie;” and the place is so steeped in murmurs of the ocean, that its natural dreaminess seems deepened thereby. I cannot find that any great barons of the old time, or that any world-shaking people have lived there; or that any great events which startle a nation have happened on that ground; but the tranquil charm that fills the air repays for the absence of historic fame.

There is seldom much stir in Norbreck, except what the elements make. The inhabitants would think the place busy with a dozen people upon its grass-grown road at once, whatever the season might be. It is true that on fine days in summer I have now and then seen a little life just at the entrance of the hamlet. There, stands a pretty cottage, of one storey, consisting of six cosy rooms, that run lengthwise; its white walls adorned with rose trees and fruit trees, and its windows bordered with green trellis work. Two trim grass-plats with narrow beds of flowers, and neat walks mosaically paved with blue and white pebbles from the sea, fill up the front garden, which a low white wall and a little green gate encloses from the road. In front of this cottage I have sometimes seen a troop of rosy children playing about a pale girl, who was hopelessly infirm, and, perhaps on that account, the darling of the household. I have seen her rocking in the sun, and with patient melancholy, watching the gambols

of these merry children, whilst they strove to please her with all kinds of artless attentions. Poor Lucy! Sometimes, after swaying to and fro thoughtfully in her chair, she would stop and ask questions that sent her father out of the room to wipe his eyes. "Papa, are people lame in heaven?" "Papa, are angels poorly sometimes, like we are here?" * * It is one of those beautiful compensations that mingle with the worst mishaps of life that such a calamity has often the sweet effect of keeping kind hearts continually kind. The poor Lancashire widow, when asked why she seemed to fret more for the loss of her helpless lad than for any of her other children, said she couldn't tell, except it was "becose hoo'd had to nurse th' poor thing moor nor o' tother put together." Surely "there is a soul of good in all things evil." About this pretty cottage, where little Lucy lives, is the busiest part of the hamlet in summer time. There may chance to be two or three visitors sauntering in the sunshine; or, perhaps, old Thomas Smith, better known as "Owd England," the sea-beaten patriarch of Norbreck, may paddle across the road to look after his cattle, or, staff in hand, he may be going down to "low water" a-shrimping, with his thin hair playing in the breeze. Perhaps Lizzy, the milkmaid, may run from the house to the shippon, with her skirt tucked up, and the neb of an old bonnet pulled down to shade her eyes; or Tom, the cow lad, may be leaning against a sunny wall, whistling, and mending his whip, and wondering how long it wants to dinner-time. There may be a fine

cat dozing on the garden wall, or gliding stealthily towards the outhouses, with dainty step, noiseless as a little cloud, and considering to herself whether this would be a likely time to surprise the mouse which slipped her in a certain corner of the barn yester-evening. These are the common features of life there. For the rest, the sounds heard are mostly the cackle of poultry, the clatter of milk cans, the occasional bark of a dog, the distant lowing of kine, a snatch of country song floating from the fields, the wild birds' "tipsy routs of lyric joy," and that all-embracing murmur of the surge which fills one's ears wherever we go. In Norbreck everything smacks of the sea. On a grassy border of the road, about the middle of the hamlet, there is generally a pile of wreck waiting the periodical sale which takes place all along the coast. I have sometimes looked at this pile, and thought that perhaps to this or that spar some seaman might have clung with desperate energy among the hungry waters, until he sank overpowered into his uncrowded grave. The walls of gardens and farm-yards are mostly built of cobbles gathered from the beach, sometimes fantastically laid in patterns of different hues. The garden beds are edged with shells, and the walks laid with blue and white pebbles. Here and there are rockeries of curiously-shaped stones from the shore. Every house has its little store of marine rarities, which meet the eye on cornices and shelves wherever we turn. Now and then we meet with a dead sea-mew on the road ;—and noisy flocks of gulls make fitful excursions landward, parti-

cularly in ploughing time, when they crowd after the plough to pick slugs and worms out of the new furrows.

With a single exception, all the half-dozen dwellings in Norbreck are on one side of the road with their backs to the north. On the other side there are gardens, and a few whitewashed outhouses, with weather-beaten walls. The main body of the hamlet consists of a great irregular range of buildings, formerly the residence of a wealthy family. This pile is now divided into several dwellings, in some of which are snug retreats for such as prefer the seclusion of this sea-nest to the bustle of a great watering-place. A little enclosed lawn, belonging to the endmost of the group, and then a broad field, divides this main cluster from the only other habitation. The latter seems to stand off a little, as if it had more pretensions to gentility than the rest. It is a picturesque house, of different heights, built at different times. At the landward end, a spacious yard, with great doors close to the road, contains the outbuildings, which have an old-fashioned weather-vane on the top of them. The lowmost part of the dwelling is a combination of neat cottages of one storey; the larger and newer part is a substantial brick edifice of two storeys, with attics. This portion has great bow windows, which sweep the sea-view finely, from the coast of Wales, round by the Isle of Man, to the mountains of Cumberland. In summer time, the white walls of the cottage part are covered with roses and creeping plants, and there is an