

The streams are not "preserved," and the fish are said to seldom weigh above four ounces.

As we climbed to the top of Hardraw scar the sun was setting red behind the hills, distinctly marking out the ends of Cotter and Widdale fells and lighting with a red, hazy light the northern slope of Rysell. We turned down the path to Hawes and arrived at the White Hart by eight o'clock, after a journey of fifteen and a half hours, above ten on foot.

The ground passed next day was very different from the above, being mainly out-pasture and moor land. There were few sheep, but plenty of grouse and plovers. Going from Hawes through Gayle, passing the foss in the beck and the curiously flat, broad floor of the stream, following the road through Starhead, past the day-holes of the twelve-inch coal seam about Duerley bottom to the top of the pass by the mountain road, we had before us the great sweep of Dod fell from Ten end, round over the highest point to Greenside. At the top of Greenside we came to the hill-pass to Bainbridge (the old Cam road) and farther on to the lane end for Kettlewell. It seemed strange to find finger posts on these high places; but a hundred years ago this road was the highway from Upper Wensleydale to Lancaster, dangerous in misty weather, and there are tale of losses of way, and of life, remembered yet. Beyond this the road joins the track from the western side of Dod fell, and then we

have a rough carriage way, along the eastern slope of Cam fell, down to Gearstones, with a horse track past Ling gill to Horton.

We were caught in a thick cloud as we rose to the top of Cam fell, and, being unable to wait for it to clear off, saw nothing on these heights beyond the ground about us. Below Cam fell are many rounded hills in the valley, and the road winds through these. We passed on the western side of Ling gill, over Selside moss and across the Ribble to Selside, a poverty stricken place, the houses being empty and tumbling down, only six or seven being then tenanted. People formerly had work in worsted spinning, cotton weaving and knitting by hand, but now there is nothing to do and they have left. Up the lane and along the hollow for half a mile lies the great Alum pot, described elsewhere. Stones thrown in are heard falling long after they would be expected to reach the bottom. We crossed the path over Sulber, keeping to right of Simon nook and of Crummack dale, and the scars which lie west of the dale and terminate with Norber, and so came into Clapdale. The above scars are of the hardest kind, in some places flat patches, in others inclined, and guttered with water lines; whilst beyond these are seen the bare scars of Moughton.

Sedbergh has good inns; there are the Temperance hotel at Garsdale hall, and the Moor

Selside