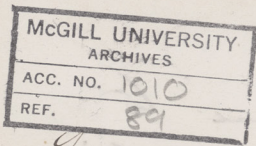




GRASMERE from RED BANK.

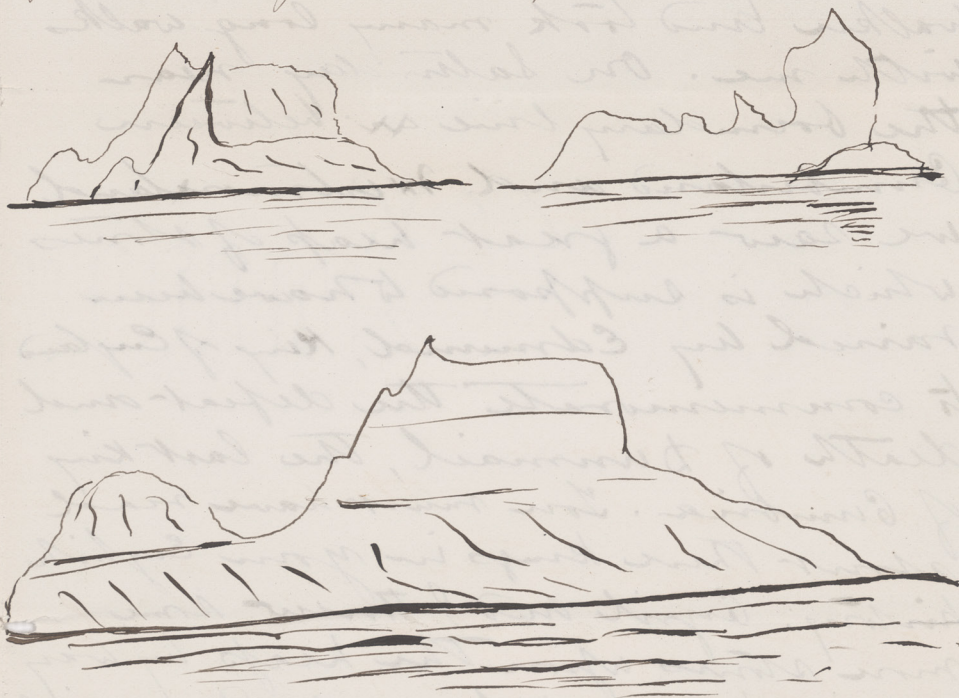


Manchester  
June 15<sup>th</sup> 1886

My dear Eric,

Thank you for your  
letter and also for the pictures  
which you sent me. I liked  
them very much and only wished  
that the letter had been longer.  
I intended to write you an  
account of our voyage across  
the Atlantic, but the story would

not be a very interesting one, and I shall now wait until my return voyage and then tell you all about that. We saw a great many ice-burys and here are pictures of three of them:



The last one was a very big one and we went quite close to it.

The picture at the beginning of this letter is a view of Framnes where father has been staying most



of the time since he came to  
England. The little bay which  
you see near the left hand  
corner of the lake is called  
Hudson's Bay and Professor  
Armstrong's house is quite near  
to it. You will notice that  
they call the lake a mere,  
and they have a great many  
other funny names. A brook is  
called a beck, a rock a crag,

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a mountain a fell, a lakelet a  
tarn. These are mostly old Anglo-  
Saxon and Norwegian names, but  
the people like to use them still.

Cyril Armstrong is a fine boy  
and I am sure you would like  
him very much. He is a capital  
walker and took many long walks  
with me. On Saturday near  
the boundary line ~~at~~ between  
Cumberland and Westmoreland  
we saw a great heap of stones  
which is supposed to have been  
raised by Edmund, King of England  
to commemorate the defeat and  
death of Dunmail, the last king  
of Cumbria. You must have read  
about these kings in your English  
history. Cyril and I threw some  
more stones upon the heap by way  
of doing honour to poor old Dunmail.  
If you had been there I am sure  
you would have thrown some  
too. Cyril was very anxious to know  
all about you - what you studied  
what you played for. He reads very  
well indeed, but does not seem to know much  
about drawing. From your loving Father.