

A
S U R V E Y
OF THE
L A K E S
OF
CUMBERLAND, WESTMORLAND,
AND
LANCASHIRE:

TOGETHER WITH
AN ACCOUNT,
HISTORICAL, TOPOGRAPHICAL, and DESCRIPTIVE,
OF THE
ADJACENT COUNTRY.
TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A SKETCH of the BORDER LAWS and CUSTOMS.

BY
JAMES CLARKE, LAND-SURVEYOR.

——— *In Ingem tamen diem
Mentem, bellique miment vigilia raris.*

HORACE Ep. I. Lib. II.

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and I never so much as dreamed of rain till it came *perpendicularly* upon my head: I attempted to run from it, but in vain, no shelter was near; *near* indeed must any have been that could have been of the smallest service, for in a few minutes I was completely drenched as if I had been laid to sleep: patience, therefore, was my only resource; accordingly, *patiently* or perhaps *obstinately*, I sat myself down and bid it defiance. I think I need hardly add, that such an attack might prove too violent for a delicate constitution.

The prospects among these mountains are every where grand, but as they consist of nothing but rocky and uncultivated scenes, I scarcely think them worth the excessive labour of the journey: besides, in travelling from Kewick to Ambleside you have prospects of the precise same kind; you see the same number of small lakes, but with advantage of better roads and higher mountains.

It is not amiss, indeed, to take a ride into Newlands, to see *Goldscope*, or rather I would call it *Gold-Scalp*, and other places, where those once very valuable mines of copper were. Denton says they were wrought in King Henry the VIII.'s time: Nicholson and Burn say they were discovered in Queen Elizabeth's time by Thomas Thurland, and Daniel Hetchletter a German of Augsburg, (see Cambden, p. 523.) which occasioned a suit between the Queen and Thomas then Earl of Northumberland, Lord of the Manor. In regard of the Queen's prerogative, (there being in these mines more gold and silver than copper or lead,) they were, by ancient law, the property of the Queen. Upon the Defendant's putting in a demurrer in law, it was agreed, that where the gold and silver extracted out of the copper or lead was of greater value than the copper or lead, it was then a Royal mine: But by the act 1st of William, no mine of copper, tin, lead, or iron shall from henceforth be deemed a Royal mine, provided that the gold or silver extracted be disposed of at the King's mint within the Tower of London: But smuggling of the metal arising to a great height, and disputes arising, another act was passed the 5th of William, cap. 6. wherein the owners of mines shall enjoy them; provided, nevertheless, that the King may have the ore of any mine, paying to the proprietors for the same, (the tin-ore within the counties of Devon and Cornwall excepted,) within thirty days after the ore shall be raised, and before it be removed, the following prices, viz. For every ton of copper sixteen pounds, for tin and iron forty shillings a ton, for every ton of lead nine pounds. Some authors say that these mines were then so valuable that they served the whole kingdom, and much of it was also exported. In the civil wars in 1650 and 1651 the smelting houses were destroyed, and most of the miners either killed or followed Oliver Cromwell: afterwards the Dutch, who came with William Prince of Orange, began the work again, and partly repaired the mills; the work was very rich, which caused the two acts before-mentioned to be passed, but the Dutch were driven from it in 1715, and it is now entirely lost, though Mr Gilberts has been lately at the expence of clearing the old level, but without effect.

Buttermere is a small chapelry, consisting of about sixteen or eighteen families, who each of them keep a few sheep as in Borrowdale, and all the mountainous parts; the men mostly work at the blue-slate quarries, which here are carried on to a great extent. This lake of *Buttermere* has the best fish in it of any, (Ullswater only excepted,) viz. charr and trout for potting, but not very plentiful; here also are some grey-trout, such as in Ullswater, none other of the lakes have them. The right of fishing belongs entirely to the Earl of Egremont, the Lord of the manor.

Buttermere is a chapel of ease under *Lorton*, though *Lorton* is but a chapel of ease under *Brigham*. *Lorton* consists of four townships, viz. *Lorton*, *Brakenthwaite*, *Wythop*, and *Buttermere*; each of which townships send one chapelward unto *Lorton*, besides their own for *Wythop* and *Buttermere* have each a chapel, *Brakenthwaite* none. Nicholson and Burn, in their Cumberland history, p. 62, says, that one Radulphus Lindsay gave to
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the church of Carlisle lands in Lorton, with a mill there, and all its rights and appendages, namely the *miller*, his *wife*, and *children*; this they say was in the time of Richard the I. What they made of the miller, his wife, and children, they say nothing about; we are certain they hold the manor at this day, and that it is customary paying a four-penny fine certain at the death of a tenant or alienation, but the lord never dies.

The rocks and mountains about Buttermere are truly awful and romantic; but, as I said before, the same kind of views may be seen where the roads are better, and the valleys more inhabited. The landscape-painter will find variety of excellent stations here, as in many other places with stupendous amphitheatres of broken-topped mountains, whose bases are scattered with woods; and as every station adds a fresh view, the greatest connoisseur can hardly distinguish the best. Descending to Lorton, you meet with as rich and beautiful a vale of inclosures, with a serpentine river through them, as any I ever saw, (the valley of Wharff near Otley in Yorkshire only excepted;) there indeed you have not the high Cumbrian mountains to contrast the scenes of cultivation, but much richer pastures, with many noble mansions, such as Maud, Esq; Faux, Esq; Sir W. Vavasour, Sir James Ibbetson, Sir W. Middleton, Lord Grantly, the Duke of Devonshire, &c. all seen at one view, with the serpentine river Wharff winding the whole length; but this is out of my line.

I shall here introduce a Pastoral Poem, wrote by a person who signs his name RUSTICUS.

H A R V E S T. A Poem.

THE maiden star now rules the varied year,
 And o'er the fields the golden sheaves appear;
 Chaste Luna gently darts a languid ray,
 To light the sun-burnt reaper on his way.
 As to his lonely cot he speeds with joy, 5
 No goading cares his happy hours annoy;
 Whilst he with pleasure views his lisping race,
 Who round him cling to snatch the fond embrace;
 With innocence their little tales impart,
 Unheedful of the polish'd rules of art. 10
 As on the table smokes the homely food,
 Serv'd up in humble bowls of ashen wood;
 No massy plate attracts the roving eye;
 No luscious cates the appetite destroy;
 No costly beverage to fire the brain, 15
 And spread a raging heat through ev'ry vein;
 'Tis simply plain, kind Nature's call relieves,
 And to the body health and spirit gives.

Let wealth and pomp behold, with scornful eye,
 But ask if they such real sweets enjoy? 20
 What tho' on beds of down, stretch'd out at ease,
 Where art and nature both combine to please;
 What tho' soft music charms th' enraptur'd ear,
 Its strains can't sooth the pangs of dire despair.
 If regal honours in profusion roll, 25
 They nought avail to him whose tortur'd soul
 Is rack'd with conscience, whose unerring dart
 Will ever sting the guilty wretch's heart.