



THE
BRITISH TOURISTS;
 OR
 TRAVELLER'S
POCKET COMPANION,
 THROUGH
 ENGLAND, WALES, SCOTLAND,
 AND IRELAND.
 Comprehending the most
CELEBRATED TOURS
 IN THE
British Islands.

My genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
 Where lawns extend, that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than fann'd Hydaspis glide.
Goldsmith's Traveller.

By **WILLIAM MAJOR, LL.D.**

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and wrapping their heads in obscurity, was a grand object.

We were sheltered from the rain by the bowers of our way, where *Lonicera*, hanging over our heads in elegant, rich clusters, shed her sweetest fragrance through the glade.

July 18th, walked up to Armathwaite, at the foot of Skiddaw, the seat of Mr. Wilkinson, to whom A—— introduced us, and who invited us to dine with him. In the way thither, we stopped at the Horse Block, a celebrated, and the best station, for taking in the lake at a coup-d'œil.

We were here entertained by many paintings and prints, collected by Mr. Wilkinson and his brother, an Oxford man, who both take sketches well themselves.

Went in the evening to see Hutton's Museum. There is a fine collection of mosses and fossils. The mosses are beautifully preserved in boxes, but the other plants are very ill laid down.

The principal plants were the following :

<i>Alchemilla Alpina.</i>	<i>Cotyledon Umbellæ.</i>
<i>Adoxa Moschatellina.</i>	<i>Drosera Longifolia.</i>
<i>Athamanta.</i>	<i>Eryngium Maritum.</i>
<i>Anemone Ranunculoides.</i>	<i>Epimedium Alpinum.</i>
<i>Aster Trifolium.</i>	New plant found on Skiddaw, by Hutton.
<i>Asphodel.</i>	<i>Empetrum Regium.</i>
<i>Arenaria Peplodes.</i>	<i>Fumaria Claviculata.</i>
<i>Asplenium Scolopendrium.</i>	<i>Geranium Sanguineum.</i>
<i>Convolvulus Soldanella.</i>	——— <i>Pratense.</i>
<i>Chelidonium Glaucum.</i>	<i>Gallium Boreale.</i>
<i>Convallaria Multiflora.</i>	<i>Hypericum Elodes.</i>
	<i>Juncus Filiformis.</i>

<i>Iberis Nudicaulis.</i>	<i>Saxifraga Granulata.</i>
<i>Littorella Lacustris.</i>	——— <i>Stellaris.</i>
<i>Lobelia Dortmanna.</i>	——— <i>Oeternifolium.</i>
<i>Ophrys Ovata.</i>	——— <i>Nivalis.</i>
——— <i>Bifolia.</i>	<i>Salix Herbacea.</i>
——— <i>Paludosa.</i>	<i>Satyrium Album.</i>
<i>Plantago Maritima.</i>	<i>Serapis Latifolia.</i>
<i>Parietaria Officinalis.</i>	<i>Scandix Oderata.</i>
<i>Primula Farinosa.</i>	<i>Sanicula Europea.</i>
<i>Rhodiola.</i>	Broad-leaved Ragwort.
<i>Saxifraga Autumnalis.</i>	Red Wortleberry.

Seven kinds of *Fexas* and nine of *Polipodium*, besides various other plants.

The following day, their ride to Cromack was sublime to the greatest degree, amid all the grandeur of nature's simplicity. There are no disturbing traces of cultivation on the way; none of the prettiness of inclosures; no regular hedge-row, hardly even a cottage breaks upon the rude enchantment. Rocks rise in walls, down which the angry torrents of the mountains come. All Ossian is suitable to the scene.

"I am alone; forsorn on the hill of storms.—The wind is heard on the mountain.—The torrent pours down the rock.—No hut receives me from the blast; alone on the hill of storms.—Cease a little while, oh wind! stream, be thou silent awhile.—Let my voice be heard around.—On! from the rock on the hill, from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye gnomes of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid!—Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave shall I find the departed?—No feeble voice is on the gale! No answer, half-drowned in the storm!"

On all sides is nothing but brows of mountains, the most remote by shepherds trod: they stand forth immediately on the view; concentrating the attention to what is awful, and to what is awful

awful alone. Our road winded for several miles down their steep sides, where all was barrenness and desolation, except a handful of straggling sheep, and now and then a single herd wandering over the waste.

Some of the mountains have brown heath to the foot; others are black, their only stratum of heath, washed down by the floods from above. The winter torrents left the marks of their beds in many parts: they were melancholy to behold; like the dry cheek of age, whose furrows remain, but whose tears have ceased to flow. Clouds, lowering and breaking over their pinnacles, moved in slow and solemn bodies of mist along their sides.

As we drew nearer Cromack, a furious blast swept across the little path, and almost tore up by the roots a few trees, the only vegetation of the scene. It seemed to drive with rage against any thing that encroached on nature's domain. It was very, very sublime. The whirlwind carried off the foam of the waves it raised on Buttermere Lake, and dashed the spray in large bodies impetuously over the rocks, and on the mountain's sides.

We were detained at the inn, at Buttermere, some time by a heavy storm; and we were ministered unto by the celebrated beauty of the lakes, Mary Robinson. She is certainly handsome, but did not strike us as singularly beautiful. The contour and expression of her face is much like that of Mrs. Siddons, only the features more delicate. She wears black stockings. A—— watched an opportunity, when he was last here, of slipping a pair of silk stockings into her empty shoes. He had the curiosity to enquire after
them

them now, and found that the poor girl had never worn them, thinking they might be claimed by somebody.

We had considerable difficulty in climbing to Scale Force, a waterfall in a hill near Cromack. It slides down a narrow pass between two rocks, but its waters are too scanty for sublimity, and its rocks too wild for elegance. Cromack and Buttermere are two little lakes, similar and adjacent to one another; their characteristic is wildness, and they are embosomed among rugged rocks and murky mountains, the tops of which are enveloped in impenetrable mists. The various shapes that these assume in sitting along, set Fancy at work to embody them. The scowling of the winds among the caves and hollows of the rocks, and the uncertainty how far these regions, dark and dolorous, extend, give an air of reality to any ideas, however extravagant, that she may form.

In returning, we rode through the Vale of Lorton, through lanes that lay among arches of trees, festooned with woodbine and wild roses, luxuriant in colour and in perfume. Neat cottages start in several places, the abode of innocence and hospitality.

But the mountainous appearance recurs in the ride over Winlatter to Keswick, till within four miles of the latter, when we had a very noble view from the hill indeed. Keswick, with its very rich environs, the white churches, houses, and turrets, in the neighbourhood and on the lake, were in a fine disposition of light, as was Bassenthwaite Lake, of which we had a side view, and which appeared an extended, angry arm of the sea; wanting wood for picturesqueness, in-
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