

ting over a wall of rock, become a brook below. In front is a vast rocky mountain, the barrier of the dell, that opposes itself to all further access. Among the variety of water-falls that distinguish this awful boundary of rock, one catches the eye at a distance, that exceeds the boasted LOWDORE, as much as CAWSEY-PIKE does CASTLE-RIGG, in height of rock, and unity of fall; whilst the beholder is free from all anxiety of mind in the approach; not one pebble or grain of sand offends, but all is nature in her sweetest trim of verdant turf, spread out to please her votaries.

Whoever would enjoy, with ease and safety, Alpine views, and pastoral scenes in the sublime stile, may have them in this morning ride.

The road, or rather tract becomes less agreeable for a few roods, not from any difficulty in the finest mountain turf, where roads may be made at the least expence, but from the dulness of the dalesmen, who habituate themselves to tread in the tract made by their flocks. It will not be labour lost

to walk a few roods, and see a new creation of mountains, as unlike what are left behind, as the **ANDES** are to the **ALPS**. The contrast is really striking, and appear at once on the summit of the hill. On the right, at the head of a deep green dell, a naked furrowed mountain of an orange hue, has a strange appearance amongst his verdant neighbours, and sinks, by his height, **SKIDDAW** itself.

Descend the tract on the left, and soon have in sight the highest possible contrast in nature, in sublime Alpine scenery. Four spiral, towering mountains, dark, dun, and gloomy at noon-day, rise immediately from the western extremity of the deep narrow dell, and hang over **BUTTEREMRE**. The more southern is by the dalesmen, from its form, called **HAY-RICK**; the more pyramidal, **HIGH-CRAG**; the third **HIGH-STEEL**; and the fourth, from the ferruginous colour, **RED-PIKE**. Between the second and third, there is a large crater, that from the parched colour of the conical mountains, in whose bosom it is formed, appears to have been the focus of a volcano in some distant period
of

of time, and the cones produced by explosion. At present it is the reservoir that feeds the roaring cataract you see in the descent to BUTTERMERE. Here all is barrenness, solitude, and silence, only interrupted with the murmurs of a rill, that runs unseen in the narrow bottom of a deep dell. The smooth verdant sides of the vast hills on the right, have many furrows engraven in their sides by the winter rains; and the fable mountains in front, present all the horrors of cloven rock, broken cliff, and mountain streams tumbling headlong. Some traces of industry obtruding themselves at the foot of the glen, disturb the solemn solitude, with which the eye and mind have been delighted, and point out your return to society, and that you approach the village of BUTTERMERE, which is situated betwixt the lakes, and consists of sixteen houses. The chapel here is very small, the stipend not large, and though twice augmented with the queen's bounty, exceeds not twenty pounds per annum. This is one of the cures Mr. PENNANT mentions; but the perquisites of the clog-shoes, harden-sark, whittle-gate, and goof-gate,

gate, the present incumbent does not enjoy. The horrid dark mountains above described, scowl over the village, and the cataract from the crater thunders down their sides.

The life of the inhabitants is purely pastoral; a few hands are employed in the slate quarries; the women spin woolen yarn, and drink tea. Above the village you have a view of the upper lake, two miles in length, and much under one in breadth. It is terminated on the western side by the ferruginous mountains already described; a stripe of cultivated ground adorns the eastern shore. A group of houses, GATESGARTH, is seated on the southern extremity, under the most extraordinary amphitheatre of mountainous rock that ever eye beheld, HONISTAR-CRAG rising to an immense height, flanked by two conic mountains, FLEETWITH on the east, and SCARF on the western side. A hundred mountain torrents form a never failing cataract, that down the centre of the rock, fall foaming headlong with a thundering noise, and form the lake.

Mr.

Mr. GRAY'S account of BARROWSIDE, and his relation of BORROWDAL, are hyperboles, the sport of fancy that he was pleased to indulge himself in. A person that has crossed the ALPS or APPENINES, will meet with only miniatures here of the huge rocks and precipices, the vast hills, and snow topped mountains he saw there; and though he may observe much similarity in the stile, there is none in the danger. SKIDDAW, HELVELLYN, and CATCHIDECAM, are but dwarfs when compared with mount MAUDITE above the lake of GENEVA, and the guardian mountains of the RHONE. Here the rocky scenes and mountain landscape, are diversified and contrasted with all that agrandizes the subject in the most sublime stile, and constitutes a picture the most enchanting of any in these parts. If the roads in some places are narrow and difficult, they are at least safe; no villainous banditti haunt the mountains; innocent people live in the dells. Every cottager is narrative of all he knows; and mountain virtue, and pastoral hospitality are found at every farm. This constitutes a pleasing difference betwixt travelling here and on the continent, where
every

every innholder is an extortioner, and every voiturine an imposing rogue.

The space betwixt the lakes is under a mile, of pasture and meadow ground. The lower lake, called CRUMMOCK WATER soon opens after you leave the village, and pass through an oaken grove. A fine expanse of water sweeps away to the right under a rocky promontory, RANDON-KNOT, or BUTTERMERE-HAWSE. The road serpentizes round the rock, and under a rugged pyramidal craggy mountain. From the crest of this rock, the whole extent of the lake is discovered. On the western side, the mountains rise immediately from the water's edge, bold and abrupt. Just in front between BLEACRAG and MELLBREACK are two spiral hills; the hoarse resounding noise of a water-fall is heard across the lake, concealed within the bosom of the cliff, through which it has forced its way, and when viewed from the foot of the fall, is a most astonishing phenomenon.

This lake is beautified with three small isles; one of rock lies just before you. The

The whole eastern shore is diversified with bays, the banks with scattered trees, and a few inclosures, terminated by a hanging wood. At the foot of the lake a high crowned hill pushes forward, fringed with trees, and sweetly laid out with inclosures; and above it, on a cultivated slope, is the chapel of LOWES WATER, surrounded with scattered farms; behind all, LOW-FELL swells his verdant front, a sweet contrast to his murky neighbours, and a pleasing termination, seen from the top of this rock, or from the bosom of the lake.

The chain of pyramidal mountains, on each side of this narrow vale, are extremely picturesque, they rise from distinct bales, and swell into the most grotesque forms, and burst into rocky heads, started here, and broken there.

These lakes are of a much greater depth than DERWENT, and may be the only reason why they hold char, and the other does not. The char in the summer months retire to the deeps, probably to avoid the heat. The water here is clear, but not so transparent

rent as the DERWENT. The outlet is at the north east corner, by the river COCKER, over which is a handsome stone bridge of four arches. This lake is four miles in length, and almost half a mile over in some places.

LOWES WATER.

Proceed from the bridge by HIGH-CROSS, to the lake of LOWES WATER. Having passed through a gate that leads to the common, the lake spreads out before you, a mile in length, and of equal breadth, about a quarter of a mile. The extremities are rivals in beauty of hanging woods, little groves, and waving inclosures, with farms seated in the sweetest points of view. The south end is overlooked by lofty MELL-BREACK, at whose foot a white house, within some grass inclosures, under a few trees, stands in the point of beauty; the eastern shore is open, and indented with small bays; the opposite side is more pleasing. CARLING-KNOT presents a broad pyramidal front of swift ascent, covered with soft vegetation, and sprinkled with many aged solitary thorns.

A

Guide to the Lakes:

10

DEDICATED TO

THE LOVERS OF LANDSCAPE STUDIES,

AND TO

ALL WHO HAVE VISITED, OR INTEND TO VISIT

THE LAKES IN

CUMBERLAND, WESTMORLAND,

AND

LANCASHIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE ANTIQUITIES OF FURNESS.

*Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
Haec inter obliviscitur?*

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