

A COMPANION,
AND
USEFUL GUIDE
TO THE
BEAUTIES OF SCOTLAND,
TO
THE LAKES
OF
WESTMORELAND, CUMBERLAND, AND
LANCASHIRE;

AND TO THE CURIOSITIES IN
THE DISTRICT OF CRAVEN,
IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, A MORE PARTICULAR
DESCRIPTION OF SCOTLAND,
ESPECIALLY THAT PART OF IT, CALLED
THE HIGHLANDS.

BY THE HON. MRS. MURRAY.
OF KENSINGTON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;
AND SOLD BY GEORGE NICOL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
MAJESTY, PALL-MALL.

1799.

Rydal Water, and the rocky romantic pass between it and Grassmere, where you will be introduced into the land of soft, pastoral, calm delight. Admire the mountains as you ascend from Grassmere; by the road's side, at the top of that ascent, is a heap of stones, and there ends Westmoreland, and Cumberland begins. The ridge of mountain on the right is Helvellyn, 3324 feet above the level of the sea, which is somewhat higher than Skiddaw, and it retains the snow upon its top much longer than Skiddaw. In a rainy day, innumerable torrents rush down its sides to the road, and run to the Lakes. About midway between Low-wood and Keswick there is a lake, called Leathes Water; which, though bare of wood, is notwithstanding beautiful. The outline of Leathes Water, the hills around it, and the promontories that run into it, render the *tout ensemble* striking. You will pass through part of Saint John's Vale before you come within sight of Keswick: the mountains which bound that vale are very fine. Of your own accord you will stop to admire, and almost adore, when you first look upon Keswick Vale, Derwent Water, Bassenthwaite Lake, and the surrounding mountains.

At the Queen's Head, at Keswick, you will be

well accommodated, and meet with the utmost civility from the Woods, who keep the inn, particularly from Mrs. Wood, who is an exceeding good woman.

The guide charges five shillings a-day for his attendance, besides the hire of his horse. If you can ride on horseback, you will be able to see that fairy land far better than in a carriage.

Do not omit going to Watenlagh; it is the most beautiful mountain vale that can be seen; it is literally a valley upon a high mountain, with mountains again rising from it, infinitely higher than the vale. It lies at the top of Lodore Fall, having the rivulet, which is precipitated over the rocks at Lodore, running through it from a small lake at the village of Watenlagh.

Go through Borrowdale, and over the Hawse into Gatesgarthdale. In Gatesgarthdale you will pass under Honister Crag to the left, where are fine slate quarries. From the top of Honister Crag is a prodigiously fine view of the lakes below, and the heaps of mountains all around. The descent from the crag, on the sharp and rocky ridge of it, near to the houses of Gatesgarth, is somewhat tremendous; but it was descended, in 1796, by a female. The head of

Buttermere is close to the village of Gatesgarth, and you will ride very near that lake all the way to the village of Buttermere; where is an alehouse, at which you can get admirable ale, and bread and cheese, perchance a joint of mutton.

Few people will like to sleep at the Buttermere alehouse: but, with the help of my own sheets, blanket, pillows, and counterpane, I lodged there a week very comfortably.

From Buttermere I one day walked to the Wad Mines, or blacklead mines, and returned over the top of Honister Crag. Another day, I walked over the mountains by Gatesgarth into Innerdale, and through it to Inner Bridge, on the whole, sixteen miles. If possible Innerdale should be seen, for it is beautiful, particularly about Gillerthwaite, at the head of the lake; and again at the foot of the lake, looking up the vale towards its head. At the alehouse at Inner Bridge, I was obliged to pass the night in a chair by the kitchen fire, there being not a bed in the house fit to put myself upon. The next morning I returned over the mountains, by Scale Force, to my lodgings.—But to return to the travellers on horseback.

At Buttermere you may leave your horses, and walk about a mile to Scale Force, a very lofty

curious waterfall. In your way thither you will have a fine view of Crommack Water, and the noble mountains around it. Return to Buttermere, and ride through Newlands Vale back to Keswick.

When you get to the top of the ascent from Buttermere towards Newlands, look behind you, and you will see a prospect that will delight you. On the descent into Newlands Vale on the right, is a very fine mountain torrent. A carriage can go only a small part of this beautiful ride, namely, to the head of Borrowdale, and back again to Keswick.

Drive on the Cockermouth road to Scale Hill; and if you have not seen Buttermere nor Scale Force on horseback, procure a boat to carry you up Crommack Water, to the landing-place near Scale Force. When you have seen that fall, cross the lake to Buttermere, and afterwards return in the boat to Scale Hill, where you left your carriage. From Scale Hill, see also a small lake near Crommack Water, called Lowes Water; it is very pretty. The view of Lorton Vale, near Scale Hill, is very beautiful, particularly if the sun should be shining upon it.

It is a matter to boast of, that of climbing to the top of Skiddaw; but the view from it is hardly

for her daughter and grand childdren, while they are, some spinning, others singing and dancing, and a group of youngsters playing on the ground with each other, and their faithful sheep dog.

When I lodged at Buttermere, in Cumberland, the good folks of the alehouse there always drew their beer by the light of dried rushes; and also used them on every other possible occasion, as the safest, as well as cheapest candles. Those large reeds grow in abundance about the lakes at Buttermere; and great quantities of them are dried by the villagers for candles.

I had observed no beggars in the Highlands, till I came upon the moor between High Bridge and Fort William; but there, at the sound of the carriage, came bounding like fauns, through the dub and the lare (mire and bog), swarms of half naked boys and girls, muttering Galic. Having no half-pence, I shook my head, and made every sign I could think of to make them understand I had nothing for them; but notwithstanding, one fly of a girl kept skimming over every thing in her way, by the side of the carriage, for at least two miles; I screaming, “to-morrow I will give you something.” Whether she became weary, or conceived what I meant, I cannot say; but at