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J. M. H. 1800

T O U R,
In 1787,
F R O M
L O N D O N,
T O T H E
WESTERN HIGHLANDS
O F
S C O T L A N D.

Including Excursions to the Lakes of
WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND,

W I T H
Minute Descriptions of the principal **S E A T S,**
CASTLES, RUINS, &c. throughout the **TOUR.**

L O N D O N :

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numbing cold of winter to the serene warmth of spring, from the barren rock to the cultivated farm, till passing Keswickdale, solitude and uncultivated nature again spread their solemn charms, to fill the mind with awful contemplation.

Following now the narrow path, called Newland-hawse, on the side of many a barren hill, we were again suddenly presented with much verdure, particularly, the delightful mountains Witeles, and Witeles-pike, whose grassy surface was scattered over with such a fleecy flock as is rarely found in plains of the greatest fertility.

Soon after we came in sight of Buttermere a small solitary village, situated between the lakes of Buttermere and Cromackwater. In the front we had Burtnefs-turn, where is a pond in the
bosom

bosom of the rock remarkable for trout of the deepest black, with eyes of the same colour, whence issues down the mountain's barren side a cataract called Sour-milk-gill, from the frothy whiteness which it obtains in its fall. On the left is Hay-rig, High-crag, and Red-pike; but most conspicuous is Humfter-crag, just above the vale of Gas-carth, remarkable for the finest blue slate, above which Great-gavel, Green-gavel, and Skow-fell spire with gigantic heads.

Crossing the vale of Buttermere we entered a most intricate barren inclosure, called Buttermere-scale, which, with the assistance of our experienced guide, we passed with great difficulty. Here fastening our horses to some rails, we walked about a quarter of a mile to the left, to view that surprizing phenomenon, called Scale-force, and of which no description has

has yet been given. At the time we were inspecting this extraordinary chasm its fall of water was deficient more than half its usual quantity, which gave us a better opportunity of examining every part. It is a wonderful separation of the two rocks, about ten feet wide, and the perpendicular fall of the stream near 150 feet. The rocks are chiefly barren that surround it, but on its margin, as if more peculiarly to adorn this enchanting spot, hang in graceful order both the willow and the ash. Its moist walls are covered by the soft hand of nature with every sweet variety of moss, herb, and flower, which form innumerable pictures, beyond the reach of art to imitate such excellence.

Leaving this most uncommon and delicious scene, we mounted our horses, and continuing on the side of Cromack-water, close under the mountain, Mell-break,

break, we came to an excellent station, called Lingey-point, a bold promontary that well commands this lake throughout. In front, on the opposite margin, stands Randon-knot, remarkable for its orange-tinted surface, Grafinire-mount for its purple one, and Silver-side for particular whiteness, which, when heightened by the rays of the sun, form a most delightful group. All that is wanted to render this scene more perfect, is a revival of those fine woods, whose small remains are left to bemoan the cruel effects of the American war. Proceeding onwards we came opposite the small church of Lows-water, where, from a gentle eminence, appears a most beautiful view of that lake on the left, over which are faintly seen, towering amidst the clouds, the Galloway hills in Scotland; and on the right the rich vale of Lorton opens a scene of fertility rarely to be found.

From

From this place, with the sure assistance of our guide, we undertook to traverse the western mountains to the lake of Ennerdale, about six miles farther, and unnoticed by Mr. West. After a laborious ascent up the steep side of Ennikin, to the right of Mellbreak, we were rewarded with a grand extensive prospect of the Solway Firth, spreading its wide waves into the Irish Ocean. From hence too may be distinguished the Isle of Man, and much of the mountainous country in Scotland, which, together with a sublime view of all those rocky hills we had left behind, could not fail to gratify our curiosity. After a few more rugged trials, sometimes upon the hard access of barren rocks, and at others upon the rotten surface of extensive mosses, which threatened at every step a boggy chasm, we arrived at last upon the firm brow of Floatren, which soon led us to the object of this

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pursuit.

purſuit. Of itſelf, it conſiſts of large barren rocks ſurrounding an oval baſon of water, about the ſize of Graſmire, but on the right extends a pleaſant vale, chiefly the property of Lord Lonſdale, interſperſed with farms, ſmall woods, and a few mills for the manufacturing of paper, &c.

The bold and craggy mountains that encompaſs the head of this lake, are called by the natives, Hindas, Bowneſs-Knot, Latterbarrow, and the three Coves, ſituated betwixt this lake and Waſtdale Head, diſtinguiſhed by the names of Birkmoſs, Windleſ, and Great Cove. The others moſt conſpicuous are Iron-Crag, Angling-Stone, and Crag Fell, but the higheſt of all, Pillar-Mount. In the Hawſe or path which leads from hence to Waſt-water, may be ſeen the havock made amongſt thoſe cliffs by a ſmart ſhock of the earth,