
JUVENILE EXCURSIONS

IN

Literature and Criticism.

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IN

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

CONSISTING OF

I.

BRIEF OBSERVATIONS ON MEN, MANNERS,
OPINIONS, AND BOOKS,
WITH ANECDOTES AND EXTRACTS.

II.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON POETRY ANTIENT,
AND MODERN.

III.

SHORT DESCRIPTIONS OF SOME PICTURESQUE
SCENES ON THE NORTHERN LAKES.

By WILLIAM TINDAL, A. M.

Rector of BILLINGFORD, in NORFOLK.

— *Et mens, sine pondere, ludit.*

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one a *prolongation* of the other, in its *beginning*, as the episode of Michael's vision on the mount, is a *continuation* of it, from the *end*. The fall of the angels happened prior to the opening of the poem:—and, thus, can, with no more propriety, be said to be parallel to its subject, or compared to the plots of Dryden's play, (where they are *really* parallel,) than the episode of the destruction of Troy in Virgil, or the short occasional glances into prior events, in which we are gratified by the author of the Iliad.

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LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

 PART III.

SHORT DESCRIPTIONS OF SOME
PICTURESQUE SCENES ON THE
NORTHERN LAKES.

June 8, 1780. **T**HE first specimens of the English Apennine appear on gaining the top of a hill, just on this side Lancaster. For that reason this view, and another near Ambleside, mentioned in its place, are, I think, among the
 most

woods of noble old oaks that are, absolutely, fairy ground:—an *enchanted forest!*—But above all, what I would recommend to a traveller's notice, is the scenery just beyond; especially, as an afternoon view. A valley opens towards Helvellyn, who, at the distance of five or six miles, lifts a square head above the clouds, which is in a superior stile to any thing else he will see in this country. It is an undefinable mixture of majesty, and beauty. This part of Ulleswater excels the other lakes, more, than its former part falls short of them, in every requisite.

August 8. Rode, through Newland valley, to a village among the mountains, called **Buttermire**. After ascending

ascending a steep hill, at the farther end of Newland, you come suddenly upon a view that makes all the *merely mountainous* scenes the traveller has before beheld appear tame and insignificant. The road (about two feet broad, but often *interrupted* by torrents,) begins to wind down to Buttermire; with a precipice of, at least, 500 feet on your right hand;—with a noisy torrent at the bottom, and such a gigantic brotherhood of mountains on the other side of it, as those who have only seen Kefwick, Borrodale, &c. can have little conception of. Notwithstanding their height, and steepness, they are, all of them, except a prodigious, dun-coloured, furrowed mountain to the north-east, totally free from crags; and their smooth, green

green sides spotted all over with sheep. The profound silence of these sequestered spots always strikes a solitary traveller. Here, nothing seems ever to interrupt it but the torrent below. After winding about two miles on the mountain's side, you come down upon Buttermire. This village lies in a, considerably, larger valley which opens nearly at right angles with that by which you came. It is animated by two fine lakes, and a wonderful amphitheatre of mountains. But of these you have in your way thither specimens, which you need not expect to see outdone. There is one, however, of a very remarkable form. It seems nearly as high as Skiddow, but much steeper. The whole of the upper lake is blackened by its shadow ;
and,

and, from a sort of crater near its top, it pours down a torrent, from near a thousand feet, into the lake:—Proceeded from thence to Ennerdale, which (after attempting a shorter way thro' impassable mosses, and over perpendicular mountains, which have, in general, a zigzag steep path across them) I, at last, found. Smith's fine print of the water there had made me very desirous of seeing it. But all was disappointment. His print is, in fact, an entire fancy piece; of which the first hints *might* have been suggested by a view of Ennerdale-Broadwater, as it is called. He thought himself safe from all detection, and few, I believe, but myself, would have been at the trouble to detect him.—The breed of dogs here
uncom-

uncommonly fierce. They continually fasten upon the traveller's horse, and often put him in danger of a fall.

— 12. Spent the whole day (one of the pleasanter of my life) on Derwent water. Dined in a circular, and very pretty wooded bay, on the western side of the lake. It is called, I believe, Water-end; and is worth the trouble of enquiry, as, almost, the only beautiful spot, *purely* so, of this, otherwise, wonderful lake. While we were at dinner, the clouds of a very gloomy forenoon gradually broke away, and gave place to the most delicious evening the whole season had afforded. The water, every where clear as crystal, and of a silvery brightness, became, on a sudden, totally

tally calm. We were under some steep, and fantastically-pointed hills, which rise, almost perpendicularly, from the water, but had, notwithstanding, their skirts covered with fields of corn, now ripe for harvest, with little patches of woodland, here and there, and their green tops thick-studded with sheep. Their effect, as reflected in the water, was such as I shall, I hope, be excused from attempting to describe. A little farther, but almost in a line with the bottom of these hills, (for we were, nearly, in the *direction* of the range of hills on the west of the lake,) a bold and abrupt promontory shot into the water with an old oak or two upon its extremity. Over these, appeared the "jaws of Borrodale," with
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