

most celebrated scenery in England. Certainly for no scenery, either at home or abroad, has the Muse done more. Who, acquainted with the poetry of the last century, has not heard of Hagley, the "British Tempe," so pleasingly sung by Thomson in his "Seasons," and so intimately associated, in the verse of Pope, Shenstone, and Hammond, with the Lord Lyttelton of English literature? It was to walk over Hagley that I had now turned aside half-a-day's journey out of my purposed route. Rather more from accident than choice, there were no poets with whom I had formed so early an acquaintance as with the English poets who flourished in the times of Queen Anne and the first two Georges. I had come to be scarce less familiar with Hagley and the Leasowes, in consequence, than Reuben Butler, when engaged in mismanaging his grandmother's farm, with the agriculture of the "Georgics;" and here was my first opportunity, after the years of half a lifetime had come and gone, of comparing the realities as they now exist, with the early conceptions I had formed of them. My ideas of Hagley had been derived chiefly from Thomson, with whose descriptions, though now considerably less before the reading public than they have been, most of my readers must be in some degree acquainted.

"The love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last, sublimed
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!
These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
O Lyttelton, thy friend! Thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muse, through Hagley Park thou strayest,
The British Tempe! There along the dale,
With woods o'erhung, and shagged with mossy rocks,
Where on each hand the gushing waters play,