

God knows, I lean on a very few friends, and if they drop me, I become a wretched misanthrope."

Passing upwards from Thomson's hollow, we reach a second and more secluded depression in the hill-side, associated with the memory of Shenstone; and see at the head of a solitary ravine a white pedestal, bearing an urn. The trees droop their branches so thickly around it, that, when the eye first detects it in the shade, it seems a retreating figure, wrapped up in a winding-sheet. The inscription is eulogistic of the poet's character and genius. "In his verses," it tells us, with a quiet elegance, in which we at once recognize the hand of Lyttelton, "were all the natural graces, and in his manners all the amiable simplicity of pastoral poetry, with the sweet tenderness of the elegiac." This secluded ravine seems scarcely less characteristic of the author of the "Ode to Rural Elegance," and the "Pastoral Ballad," than the opener hollow below, of the poet of the "Seasons." There is no great expansion of view, of which, indeed, Shenstone was no admirer. "Prospects," he says, in his "Canons on Landscape," "should never take in the blue hills so remotely that they be not distinguishable from clouds; yet this mere extent is what the vulgar value." Thomson, however, though not quite one of the vulgar, valued it too. As seen from his chosen recess, the blue of the distant hills seems melting into the blue of the sky; or, as he himself better describes the dim outline,

— "The Cambrian mountains, like far clouds,
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise."

It is curious enough to find two men, both remarkable for their nice sense of the beautiful in natural scenery, at issue on so important a point; but the diversity of their tastes indicates, one may venture to surmise, not only the opposite character of