

it an honor to be received into the familiarity of so great a poet." But the titled paid a still higher, though perhaps undesigned compliment, to the untitled author, by making his own poetry the very echo of his. Among the English literati of the last century, there is no other writer of equal general ability, so decidedly, I had almost said so servilely, of the school of Pope as Lyttelton. The little crooked man, during the last thirteen years of his life, was a frequent visiter at Hagley; and it is still a tradition in the neighborhood, that in the hollow in which his urn has been erected he particularly delighted. He forgot Cibber, *Sporus*, and Lord *Fanny*; flung up with much glee his poor shapeless legs, thickened by three pairs of stockings apiece, and far from thick, after all; and called the place his "own ground." It certainly does no discredit to the taste that originated the gorgeous though somewhat indistinct descriptions of "Windsor Forest." There are noble oaks on every side, — some in their vigorous middle-age, invested with that "rough grandeur of bark, and wide protection of bough," which Shenstone so admired, — some far gone in years, mossy and time-shattered, with white skeleton branches atop, and fantastic scraggy roots projecting, snake-like, from the broken ground below. An irregular open space in front permits the eye to range over a prospect beautiful though not extensive; a small clump of trees rises so near the urn, that, when the breeze blows, the slim branch-tips lash it as if in sport; while a clear and copious spring comes bubbling out at its base.

I passed somewhat hurriedly through glens and glades, — over rising knolls and wooded slopes, — saw statues and obelisks, temples and hermitages, — and lingered a while, ere I again descended to the lawn, on the top of an eminence which commands one of the richest prospects I had yet seen. The