

And mossy banks the fields adorn,
Where Damon, simple swain, was born.
The Dryads reared a shady grove,
Where such as think, and such as love,
Might safely sigh their summer's day,
Or muse their silent hours away.
The Oreads liked the climate well,
And taught the level plains to swell
In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
Might all their larger works descry.
The Naiads poured their urns around
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound;
They formed their streams to please the view,
And bade them wind as serpents do;
And having shown them where to stray,
Threw little pebbles in their way."

I got ready permission at the house of the Leasowes — a modern building erected on the site of that in which Shenstone resided — to walk over the grounds; and striking upwards directly along the centre of the angular tongue of land which divides the two forks of the valley, I gained the top of the hill, purposing to descend to where the gorge opens below along the one fork, and to reäscend along the other. On the hill-top, a single field's breadth beyond the precincts of the Leasowes, I met a tall middle-aged female, whose complexion, much embrowned by the sun, betrayed the frequent worker in fields, and her stiff angularity of figure, the state of single blessedness, and "maiden meditation, fancy free," which Shakspeare complimented in Elizabeth. I greeted her with fair good day, and asked her whether the very fine grounds below were not the Leasowes? or, as I now learned to pronounce the word, *Lisos*, — for when I gave it its long Scotch sound, no one in the neighborhood seemed to know what place I meant. "Ah, yes," said she, "the *Lisos*! — they were much thought of long ago, in Squire Shenstone's days; but they are all ruined now;