

found a succession of the same sort of minute desolations as I had met in the branch already explored. Shenstone's finest cascades lay in this direction ; and very fine, judging from the description of Dodsley, they must have been. "The eye is here presented," says the poetic bibliopole, "with a fairy vision, consisting of an irregular and romantic fall of water, one hundred and fifty yards in continuity ; and a very striking and unusual scene it affords. Other cascades may have the advantage of a greater descent and a larger stream ; but a more wild and romantic appearance of water, and at the same time strictly natural, is difficult to be met with anywhere. The scene, though small, is yet aggrandized with so much art, that we forget the quantity of water which flows through this close and overshadowed valley, and are so much pleased with the intricacy of the scene, and the concealed height from whence it flows, that we, without reflection, add the idea of magnificence to that of beauty. In short, it is only upon reflection that we find the stream is not a Niagara, but rather a waterfall in miniature ; and that by the same artifice upon a larger scale, were there large trees in place of small ones, and a river instead of a rill, a scene so formed would exceed the utmost of our ideas." Alas for the beautiful cascade ! Here still was the bosky valley, dark and solitary, with its long withdrawing bay from the lake speckled by the broad leaves of the water-lily ; old gnarled stems of ivy wind, snake-like, round the same massy trunks along which they had been taught to climb in the days of the poet ; but for the waterfall, the main feature of the scene, I saw only a long dark trench, — much crusted by mosses and liverworts, and much overhung by wood, — that furrows the side of the hill ; and for the tasteful root-house, erected to catch all the beauties of the place, I found only a few scattered masses of brick, bound fast together by the integ-