

the sight where they should be best known, and present instead but a turbid expanse of water.

I got access to the parish church, a fine old pile of red sandstone, which dates, in some of its more ancient portions, beyond the Norman conquest. One gorgeous marble, sentinelled by figures of Benevolence, Fidelity, and Major Halliday, all very classic and fine, and which cost, as my guide informed me, a thousand pounds, failed greatly to excite my interest: I at least found that a simple pedestal in front of it, surmounted by a plain urn, impressed me more. The pedestal bears a rather lengthy inscription, in the earlier half of which there is a good deal of verbiage; but in the concluding half the writer seems to have said nearly what he intended to say.

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“Reader, if genius, taste refined,
A native elegance of mind, —
If virtue, science, manly sense,
If wit that never gave offence,
The clearest head, the tenderest heart,
In thy esteem e’er claimed a part, —
O ! smite thy breast, and drop a tear,
For know, thy Shenstone’s dust lies here.”

The Leasowes engaged me for the remainder of the day; and I again walked over them a few weeks later in the season, when the leaf hung yellow on the tree, and the films of gray silky gossamer went sailing along the opener glades in the clear frosty air. But I have already recorded my impressions of the place, independently of date, as if all formed at one visit. I must now take a similar liberty with the chronology of my windings in another direction; and, instead of passing direct to the Clent Hills in my narrative, as I did in my tour, describe, first, a posterior visit paid to the brine-springs at Droitwich. I shall