

urns among the thickets of this enclosure; and sepulchral urns they are, — raised, however, to commemorate the burial-places, not of men, but of beasts. Cowper in 1792 wrote an epitaph for a favorite pointer of the Throckmortons; and the family, stirred up by the event, seem from that period to have taken a dog-burying bias, and to have made their Wilderness the cemetery; for this square enclosure in the corner, with its tangled thickets and its green mouldy urns, is the identical Wilderness of “The Task,”

“ Whose well-rolled walks,
With curvature of slow and easy sweep, —
Deception innocent, — give ample space
To narrow bounds.”

One wonders at the fortune that assigned to so homely and obscure a corner—a corner which a nursery-gardener could get up to order in a fortnight—so proud and conspicuous a niche in English literature. We walk on, however, and find the scene next described greatly more worthy of the celebrity conferred on it. In passing upwards, along the side of the park, we have got into a noble avenue of limes, — tall as York Minster, and very considerably longer, for the vista diminishes till the lofty arch seems reduced to a mere doorway; the smooth glossy trunks form stately columns, and the branches, interlacing high over head, a magnificent roof.

“ How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Reëchoing pious anthems! while beneath
The checkered earth seems restless as a flood
Brushed by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton every moment, every spot.”