

grooved in the distance by the diagonal valley, and mottled with trees, stretches away beyond to the thick belting of tall wood below. There is a wide opening, just where the valley opens, — a great gap in an immense hedge, — that gives access to the further landscape; the decent spire of John Newton's church rises, about two miles away, as the central object in the vista thus formed; we see in front a few silvery reaches of the Ouse; and a blue uneven line of woods that runs along the horizon closes in the prospect. The nearer objects within the pale of the park, animate and inanimate, — the sheepfold and its sheep, the hay-wains, empty and full, as they pass and repass to and from the hay-field, — the distinctive characters of the various trees, and their shortened appearance in the streamless valley, — occupy by much the larger part of Cowper's description from the alcove; while the concluding five lines afford a bright though brief glimpse of the remoter prospect, as seen through the opening. But I must not withhold the description itself, — at once so true to nature and so instinct with poetry, — familiar as it must prove to the great bulk of my readers.

“Now roves the eye;
And, posted on this speculative height,
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field; but, scattered by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sunburnt hay-field homeward creeps
The loaded wain; while, lightened of its charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by,
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team,
Vociferous and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of various growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks