

Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine  
 Within the twilight of their distant shades ;  
 There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood  
 Seems sunk, and shortened to its topmost boughs.  
 No tree in all the grove but has its charms,  
 Though each its hue peculiar ; paler some,  
 And of a wannish gray ; the willow such,  
 And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,  
 And ash far stretching his umbrageous arm ;  
 Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,  
 Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.  
 Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,  
 The maple, and the beech of oily nuts  
 Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve  
 Diffusing odors : nor unnoted pass  
 The sycamore, capricious in attire,  
 Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet  
 Have changed the woods, in scarlet honors bright.  
 O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map  
 Of hill and valley interposed between),  
 The Ouse, dividing the well-watered land,  
 Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,  
 As bashful, yet impatient to be seen."

Quitting the alcove, we skirt the top of the park of the Throckmortons, on a retired grassy walk that runs straight as a tightened cord along the middle of the belting which forms the park's upper boundary,—its enclosing hedge, if I may so speak without offence to the dignity of the ancient forest-trees which compose it. There is a long line of squat broad-stemmed chestnuts on either hand, that fling their interlacing arms athwart the pathway, and bury it, save where here and there the sun breaks in through a gap, in deep shade ; but the roof overhead, unlike that of the ancient avenue already described, is not the roof of a lofty nave in the light, florid style, but of a low-browed, thickly-ribbed Saxon crypt, flanked by ponderous columns, of dwarfish stature, but gigantic strength. And