

this double tier of chestnuts, extended along the park-top from corner to corner, is the identical "length of colonnade" eulogized by Cowper in "The Task": —

"Monument of ancient taste,  
Now scorned, but worthy of a better fate ;  
Our fathers knew the value of a screen  
From sultry suns ; and, in their shaded walks  
And long-protracted bowers, enjoyed at noon  
The gloom and coolness of declining day.  
Thanks to Benevolus, — he spares me yet  
These chestnuts ranged in corresponding lines ;  
And, though himself so polished, still reprieves  
Their obsolete prolixity of shade."

Half-way on, we descend into the diagonal valley, — "but cautious, lest too fast," — just where it enters the park from the uplands, and find at its bottom the "rustic bridge." It was rustic when at its best, — an arch of some four feet span or so, built of undressed stone, fenced with no parapet, and covered over head by a green breadth of turf ; and it is now both rustic and ruinous to boot, for one-half the arch has fallen in. The stream is a mere sluggish runnel, much overhung by hawthorn bushes : there are a good many half-grown oaks scattered about in the hollow ; while on either hand the old massy chestnuts top the acclivities.

Leaving the park at the rustic bridge, by a gap in the fence, my guide and I struck outwards through the valley towards the uplands. We had left, on crossing the hedge, the scene of the walk in "The Task ;" but there is no getting away in this locality from Cowper. The first field we stepped into "adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood," is that described in the "Needless Alarm ;" and we were on our way to visit "Yardley oak." The poet, conscious of his great wealth in the pictorial, was no niggard in description ; and so the field,