

though not very remarkable for anything, has had its picture drawn.

“A narrow brook, by rushy banks concealed,
Runs in a bottom and divides the field ;
Oaks intersperse it that had once a head,
But now wear crests of oven-wood instead ;
And where the land slopes to its watery bourn,
Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn.
Bricks line the sides, but shivered long ago,
And horrid brambles intertwine below ;
A hollow scooped, I judge, in ancient time,
For baking earth or burning rock to lime.”

The “narrow brook” here is that which, passing downwards into the park, runs underneath the rustic bridge, and flows towards the Ouse through the diagonal valley. The field itself, which lies on one of the sides of the valley, and presents rather a steep slope to the plough, has still its sprinkling of trees ; but the oaks, with the oven-wood crests, have nearly all disappeared ; and for the “gulf beside the thorn,” I could find but a small oblong, steep-sided pond, half overshadowed by an ash-tree. Improvement has sadly defaced the little field since it sat for its portrait ; for though never cropped in Squire Cowper’s days, as the woman told me, it now lies, like the ordinary work-day pieces of ground beyond and beside it, in a state of careful tillage, and smelt rank at the time of a flourishing turnip crop. “O,” said the woman, who for the last minute had been poking about the hedge for something which she could not find, “do you know that the Squire was a beautiful drawer ?” — “I know that he drew,” I replied ; “but I do not know that his drawings were fine ones. I have in Scotland a great book filled with the Squire’s letters ; and I have learned from it, that ere he set himself to write his long poems, he used to draw ‘mountains and valleys, and ducks and dab-