

That grazed it stood beneath that ample cope
 Uncrowded, yet safe sheltered from the storm.
 No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outlived
 Thy popularity, and art become
 (Unless verse rescue thee a while) a thing
 Forgotten as the foliage of thy youth.
 While thus through all the stages thou hast pushed
 Of treeship, — first a seedling hid in grass ;
 Then twig ; then sapling ; and, as century rolled
 Slow after century, a giant bulk
 Of girth enormous, with moss-cushioned root
 Upheaved above the soil, and sides embossed
 With prominent wens globose, — till, at the last,
 The rottenness, which time is charged to inflict
 On other mighty ones, found also thee.”

I returned with my guide to the rustic bridge ; resumed my walk through the hitherto unexplored half of the chestnut colonnade ; turned the corner ; and then, passing downwards along the lower side of the park, through neglected thickets, — the remains of an extensive nursery run wild, — I struck outwards beyond its precincts, and reached a whitened dwelling-house that had been once the “Peasant’s Nest.” But nowhere else in the course of my walk had the hand of improvement misimproved so sadly. For the hill-top cottage,

“ Environed with a ring of branchy elms
 That overhung the thatch,”

I found a modern hard-cast farm-house, with a square of offices attached, all exceedingly utilitarian, well kept, stiff, and disagreeable. It was sad enough to find an erection that a journeyman bricklayer could have produced in a single month substituted for the “peaceful covert” Cowper had so often wished his own, and which he had so frequently and fondly visited. But those beauties of situation which awakened the