

charged with its annals, possesses its realms of dim and shadowy fields, in which troops of fancies already walk like disembodied ghosts in the old fields of Elysium, and which bid fair to be quite dark and uncertain enough for all the purposes of poesy for centuries to come.

Alas! only a few weeks after, amid hundreds of his sorrowing friends and townsmen, I followed the honoured remains of the poet to the grave; and heard, in that old picturesque burying-ground which commands on its green ridge the effluence of the Esk, the shovelled earth falling heavy on the coffin-lid. It was a lovely day of chequered shadow and sunshine; and the wide firth slept silently in the calm, with a dream-like spectrum of the heavens mirrored on its bosom. From the sadness of the present my thoughts let themselves out upon the past. I stood among the groves on a grassy mound which had been reared by the old Roman invader greatly more than a thousand years before; and I bethought me how, on visiting the place a few twelvemonths previous, for the first time, I had first of all sought out the burying-ground of the family of the deceased,—a spot endeared to every lover of poesy by those tenderest and sweetest of ‘domestic verses’ which show how truly, according to Cowper, ‘the poet’s lyre’ had been ‘the poet’s heart;’ and how I had next set myself to trace, as next in interest, the remains of that stern old people whose thirst of conquest and dominion had led them so far. And lo! like a dream remembered in a dream, as the crowd broke up and retired, the visions of that quiet day were again conjured up before me, but bearing now a felt reference to the respected dead, and accompanied by the conviction that, had we been destined to meet, and to compare at length our respective views, we should have found them essentially the same.

On that rising ground, so rich in historic associations, both Somerset and Cromwell had planted their cannon, and