

THE BEAUTIES OF BRAXTED.

AWAY TO "THE LODGE!"

"Scenes must be beautiful, which, daily seen,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years."—COWPER.

O! to "Braxted Lodge" away,
Where such beauties view you may;
Where the Deer, in summer tide,
Spotted so in Nature's pride,
Grace the sod on ev'ry side.

Where, at the Stone Passes grand,
No grim, strutting Porters stand,—
But where all a welcome find,
As the titled so the hind,—
Such the lib'ral owner's mind.

Where is seen the matchless Wall,
So encircling Park and all;
Some long miles found in extent,
With verdant ivy o'er it bent,—
View'd still with astonishment.

Where the shade the scene sublimes,
First, go wander 'neath the Limes,
Whose wide branches intertwine,
And mistletoe with them combine
To form a canopy so fine.

Here—amid these sylvan bowers—
Each sabbath eve, in time of flowers,
The village maid and youthful swain,
Peaceful dwellers on the plain,
Plight their vows of love again.

Much the good Sir William Dawes
"Braxted Lodge" to bless had cause;
There it was, by Cupid's care,
He won the heart of Darcy fair—
Her of wit and virtues rare.*

Then, again, proceed and take
A stroll beside the spacious Lake,
On whose smooth and silv'ry face
We, as in a mirror, trace
Ev'ry object near the place.

Graceful Swans there charm our sight,
And Aquatic Fowl delight;
While Trout to its surface rise,
Deem'd by anglers such a prize,—
Eels, too, of enormous size.†