

will the visitor linger with a more fascinated interest than before that of the fair Countess, who, dying at the early age of twenty-four, is immortalized in Tennyson's touching verse. The poet tells her story with little embellishment. Certain it is, the bride, who bore the unromantic name of Sarah Hoggins, and her family, had no idea of the rank and wealth of the wooer till the Lord of Burleigh had wedded the peasant-girl. And equally certain is it that the lady was soon bowed down to death by the heavy weight of honour "unto which she was not born." Let the sweetest poet of the time tell the touching story :—

In her ear he whispers gayly,
"If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies, in accents fainter,
"There is none I love like thee."
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand :
Summer woods about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns ;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before ;
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footsteps firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is mine and thine."
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free;
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin,