



	% Patients
<i>N.24.</i> of the hedge, nestling, as it were,	100%
<i>N.18.</i> wren, “that shadow of a bird,” as White, of Selbourne, calls it, perched in the middle	100%
<i>N.14.</i> abound here always. The poor birds, how tame they are, how sadly tame! There is the beautiful and rare crested	100%
<i>N.12.</i> This is rime in its loveliest form! And there is still a berry here and there on the holly, “blushing in its natural coral,” through the delicate tracery, still a straaay hip or haw for the birds, who	100%
<i>N.10.</i> How lovely these banks are now-the tall weeds and gorse fixed and stiffened in the hoar frost, which fringes round the birght, prickly holly, the pendent foliage of the bramble, and the deep orange leaves of the pollard oaks! Oh!	99%
<i>N.8.</i> a wide view over four counties-a landscape of snow. A deep lane leads abruptly down the hill; a mere narrow cart-track, sinking between high banks clothes with fern and furze and low broom, crowned with luxuriant hedge-rows and famous for their summer smell of thyme.	98%
<i>N.6.</i> How satisfying to the eye and to themind-above all, how melancholy! There is a thrilling awfulness, an intense feeling of simple power in that nak and colourless beauty which falls on the earth, like the thoughts of life-life pure and glorious and smiling-but still life. Sculpture has always the sam effect on my imagination, and painting never. Colour is life. We are now at the end of this magnificent avenue, and at the top of a steep eminence commanding	94%
<i>N.5.</i> Now we have reached the trees-the beautiful trees! Never so beautiful as today. Imagine the effect of a straight and regular double avenue of oaks, nearly a mile long, arching overhead, and closing into perspective like the roof and columns of a cathedral, every tree and branch encrusted with the bright and delicate congelation of hoar-frost, white and pure as snow, delicate and defined as carved ivory. How beautiful it is, how uniform, how various, how filling	82%