

inky pool, with rotten *snags* projecting from its sluggish surface, as a murderer would select for concealing the body of his victim. A forlorn brick ruin, overflowed by the neighboring streamlet, and capped with sickly ivy, stands at the upper end; at the lower, the waters escape by a noisy cascade into a secluded swampy hollow, overshadowed by stately oaks and ashes, much intermixed by trees of a lower growth,—yew, holly, and hazel,—and much festooned with ivy. We find traces of an untrodden pathway on both sides the stream, with the remains of a small, mouldering, one-arched bridge, now never crossed over, and divested of both its parapets; and in the centre of a circular area, surrounded by trees of loftiest stature, we may see about twice as many bricks as an Irish laborer would trundle in a wheel-barrow, arranged in the form of a small square. This swampy hollow is the “Virgil’s Grove,” so elaborately described by Dodsley, and which so often in the last age employed the pencil and the burin; and the two barrowfuls of brick are all that remain of the obelisk of Virgil. I had run not a few narrow chances of the kind before; but I now fairly sunk half to the knees in the miry bottom, and then pressing onwards, as I best could,

“Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea
Nor good dry land, nigh foundered, on I fared,
Treading the crude consistence half on foot,
Half flying,”

till I reached a drier soil beside yet another lake in the chain, scarce less gloomy, and even more sequestered, than the last. There stick out along its edges a few blackened stumps, on which several bushy clusters of fern have taken root, and which, overshadowed by the pendent fronds, seem so many small tree-ferns. I marked here, for the first time, the glance of scales and the splash of fins in the water; but they belonged