

spacious square pew, with a carpet on the floor, well-stuffed cushions on the seats, and moreen curtains, drawing all round it; a comfortable resting-place might well be made there, and I worked myself up to a pitch of philanthropic heroism, by wishing that hundreds of poor creatures, who were wanderers on the earth, were lodged as well as I was.

"I had only one objection to this seat, and that appeared to me so very puerile and absurd, that I would not permit it to have any effect on me: the front of the pew was immediately opposite to a large monumental tomb erected to the memory of Sir William Herbert, the last of the family who had resided on their manorial estate in the neighbourhood, and of this Sir William I had, when I first came to the village, heard a story that now, in spite of myself, would recur to my mind.

"Soon after my arrival, I had observed the deserted and dilapidated appearance of the manor-house and garden: the latter was wild and running to ruin through neglect; nettles and weeds obscured the once beautiful walks and parterres of flowers; the vases and images were defaced and overthrown; the spacious fountains were choked with mud, and covered with the rank luxuriance of the water-plants; and the adjoining park had been let to a farmer, who had converted the whole to the purpose of agriculture. The house exhibited the same symptoms of neglect: the farmer's family inhabited one wing—but in the rest of the house the windows had been bricked up. The whole conveyed the idea of decay, and the swallows and other birds had taken undisturbed possession of the turrets and chimney-tops. Some of the great rooms were converted into granaries, and the principal hall was made a receptacle for the farmer's carts, &c.

"I expressed curiosity to know the cause why so magnificent a residence should have been so abandoned, and the farmer, to whom I applied for information, told me that the last resident possessor was Sir William Herbert; that since his death it had been twice let to occasional inhabitants, but that neither of the families had stayed more than a few nights; and that the present owner had given orders to dispose of the grounds on a lease to any of the neighbouring farmers, and to let the house be included in the agreement with them. 'I am surprised,' said I, 'that so lovely a spot should not have attracted the attention of some one who would have rescued it from its present state, and I wonder that its owner should have so little taste as thus to abandon so delightful a possession.'

"Why, madam," replied the farmer, 'it is a long story, and it happened a great many years ago, but, as you seem curious, if you will walk in and rest yourself I will tell you all about it.'

"It was before my time, for I was a little boy when Sir William died, but my father was his huntsman and lived at the manor-house, and I have heard all the particulars often enough from him. This Sir William, madam, was a fine portly gentleman as ever you saw, and the ladies all round admired him, and he might have chosen a wife from any of the great families in the neighbourhood, and he was very rich, and was come of a very ancient and great family himself; but somehow, as I have heard my father say, he was never for good. He had always a hard and cruel heart. When he was a child, it was his delight to torture flies and worms, and he would take the young birds from the nests, and torment them to enjoy the misery of the old ones; and when he grew to be a man, all his delight was in badger-baiting, cock-fighting, or any sport that would enable him to indulge his cruel nature. He was also very fond of matching dogs to fight, and he kept bull-dogs that were the terror of the neighbourhood. He had one, in particular, which was reckoned to have more courage than any dog that had ever been seen in this country, and he had gained Sir William a great deal of money by the wages that he had laid on him. One day, a neighbouring gentleman, who had long been a sort of rival to Sir William in every way, boasted at a public dinner that he had procured a dog that he would match against his, which was now considered almost invincible. Sir William accepted the offer, and had very large sums of money on his dog, and a day was fixed, and many of the neighboring gentlemen were invited to see the

sport, as they called it. The dogs were set at each other, and a more obstinate fight had never been seen. They were both creatures of wonderful strength and power, and both staunch in their way. The contest lasted very long, and the poor brutes were excited by their cruel masters to continue it, though they had hardly strength left to crawl to each other. At last the victory was decided; Sir William's dog was completely exhausted, and lay bleeding and breathless on the ground, and no effort could induce him to return to the attack. The other dog was declared the conqueror, and was carried off amidst shouts of triumph from the human brutes who had witnessed his prowess. My father, who was present, said he turned towards Sir William at that moment, and was terrified at his countenance: he looked almost mad with rage and disappointment; his face was swollen and black with passion, and his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets. He took from one of his attendants a loaded hunting-whip, and called to the miserable dog to come to him. The wretched animal heard the voice of his master, and, though nearly blind, and hardly able to drag himself across the floor, he yet crawled to his foot, and licked the hand that was extended to seize him. My father, madam, could never tell the story without a shudder of horror: but Sir William held the animal fast in one hand, while with the other he flogged him with the hunting-whip, which he never let go till the miserable creature had breathed his last in agony. Several gentlemen who stood round, and cried shame on him, had made ineffectual attempts to stop his cruel arm, but he was infuriated; he foamed at the mouth with rage. At the moment when the dog had received his last stroke, one of them caught his arm to stop him. Sir William turned round to make a deadly blow at him with the butt-end of the whip, when, in one moment, the blood gushed from his mouth, nose, and ears, in a continued torrent. He fell to the earth, never to rise from it more a living man, but there he lay a swollen and discolored corpse. In his fury he had broken a blood-vessel, and his life and his cruelties ended together.

To be Concluded in our next.

FROM THE WINTER'S WREATH.

SONG OF DELOS.

A song was heard of old—a low, sweet song,
On the blue seas by Delos; from that isle,
The Sun-God's own domain, a gentle girl,
Gentle—yet all inspired of soul, of mien,
Lit with a life too gloriously bright—
Was borne away to die. How beautiful
Seems this world to the dying!—but for her
The child of beauty and of poetry,
And of soft Grecian skies—oh! who may dream
Of all that from her changeful eye flashed forth,
Or glanced more quivering through starry tears,
As on her land's rich vision, fane o'er fane
Coloured with loving light—she gazed her last,
Her young life's last, that hour! From her pale brow
And burning cheek she threw the ringlets back,
And bending forward—as the spirit waned
The red-like fern still to the shore beloved,
Breathed the swan-music of her wild farewell
O'er dancing waves:—"Oh! linger yet," she cried;
"Oh! linger, linger on the oar,
Oh! pause upon the deep!
That I may gaze at once, once more,
Where floats the golden day o'er fane and steep,
Never so brightly smiled my own sweet shore;
Oh! linger, linger, on the parting part!

"I see the laurels fling back showers
Of soft light still on many a shrine,
I see the paths to haunts of flowers
Through the dim olives lead its gleaming line;
I hear the sound of flutes—a swell of song—
Mine is too low to reach that joyous throng!

"Oh! linger, linger on the oar,
Beneath my native sky!
Though breathing from the radiant shore
Voices of youth too sweetly wander by!
Mine hath no part in all their summer-mirth,
Yet back they call me to the laughing earth.

"A fatal gift hath been thy dower,

Lord of the Lyre! to me!

With song and wreath from bower to bower,
Sisters went bounding like young Oræads free;
While I, through long, long, voiceless hours apart,
Have lain and listened to my beating heart.

"Now, wasted by the inborn fire,
I sink to early rest;

The ray that lit the incense pyre,
Leaves unto death its temple in my breast.
—O sunshine, skies, rich flowers! too soon I go,
While round me thus triumphantly ye glow!

"Bright isle! might but thine echoes keep
A tone of my farewell,

One tender accent, low and deep,
Strived 'midst thy founts and haunted rocks to dwell!
Might my last breath send music to thy shore!
—Oh! linger, seamen, linger on the oar!"

* It will be remembered that this beautiful island was sacred to the ancient Greeks, from having been the birth place of Apollo and Diana. None were born or died there—the mothers and the dying were carried to the neighbouring island of Rhane. Solenn expeditions, with much priestly pomp, were frequently made from Athens to enforce this ordinance, particularly to propitiate the gods in time of calamity. Our era refers to the celebrated festination, at the time of the Peloponnesian war, during the plague of Athens.

Mrs. HEMANS.

MODERN ULYSSES.

No sooner was the hatchment mounted over the porch of Beechwood Hall, announcing that its late proprietor, Sir John Denyers, was dead, and that his widow had succeeded to the splendid mansion and broad lands, than it was hailed, as the signal for attack, by all the unmarried men within a circumference of twenty miles. They flocked to her by scores, arrayed in the mourning cloak of condolence, endeavouring to smuggle in their love under the disguise of sympathy. Her lawyer, a hale bachelor of sixty, requested she would do him the honor to consider him less in the light of a professional adviser than a friend zealous for her interests, and would fain have presented her with a title to his services in his shriveled hand; but he had already given her a surfeit of parchment; and the man of law discovered that, although his suit had frequently been successful in those courts where the presiding goddess is represented to be blind, it was quite another thing to plead his cause before a woman with her eyes open. In fact, ere she had worn the weeds of widowhood for six weeks, her paths were beset, and her dwellings besieged; and never, certainly, had woman a better chance of mending her luck, for there was not one of the whole five and forty lovers who was not willing to stake his life upon the sincerity and disinterestedness of his affections. She could not open a window in her house, but a myriad of billets-doux came showering into it like a snow storm. She could not take a walk in her most private grounds, but a lover started from behind every bush, and flung himself upon his knees in the path before her. Others, again, affecting bucolics, would wander forth into the fields, crook in hand, and carve her name upon every tree, to the great endangerment of her timber. Every domestic in her household was bribed by one or other of her suitors, and she was under the consequent necessity of changing her establishment twice a year, from the lady's maid to the stable-boy. While, however, there exists not a rebel in the citadel of the heart, the fortress will hold out long against external assaults; and the widow had got some antediluvian notions into her head about "first love," "respect for the memory of the dead," &c. which, although, no doubt, extremely silly, had the effect of disinclining her from a second speculation in the hazardous adventure of matrimony. As the number of suitors increased, their individual chances of success, of course, diminished, and their audacity being in the exact ratio of their despair, her own mansion was no sanctuary against the intrusion of her unbidden guests. The matchless impudence of one of her visitors deserves particular record. It happened one day that the widow went out for several hours, to call on a friend at some distance, leaving only two male domestics, the butler and a footboy, in the house. Towards evening, a horseman rode up to the hall door, and applied himself with more than ordinary energy to the knocker. He was a tall, military-looking personage, with a cast of features