

ingly depressing, he is haughty and high-minded in the extreme. Were he starving for want, there is not a person living from whom he would ask a mouthful of meat. In conformity to the custom of men, he takes off his bonnet to what is called a gentleman, but he does it with reluctance, and in a manner which indicates contempt rather than respect for the person whom he addresses.

Upon the whole, he merits the appellation of a most singular character. In circumstances the most depressing to pride, he has hardly his equal among the proud

and haughty. Among coxcombs he would make a distinguished figure, and yet, as I said, he discovers nothing of the passion for sex. He may be said to live in the original state of fishing and hunting; but he discovers not the ideas, nor the love of society, peculiar to that state. He is above fifty years of age, can neither read nor write, nor speak English. As I never saw him but once at church, and could at no time find him at any of my diets of examination, when in his neighbourhood, I apprehend that his notions of religion must be faint and obscure.

THE HERMIT OF THE CAVERN:

A SPANISH STORY.

ALONZO left the abode of happiness and peace to find out new lands, in company with other adventurers. The repose of nations hitherto unknown was to be destroyed, and the simplicity of hearts corrupted.

Awful favouring gales accelerated the course of their ship; every bosom beat high with the proud hopes of making fresh discoveries, and every heart had formed the cruel resolution of enslaving innocent and unoffending men. At length the rain descended in torrents—the increasing agitation of the waves threatened destruction—the utmost efforts of the crew promised but little, and their situation from alarming became terrible; when a sight of land not far distant gave fresh vigour to exertion, and with extreme hazard the vessel gained a secure harbour from the storm, which soon subsided into a gentle calm; and a night of awful suspense was succeeded by the opening beauties of a glorious morning. Alonzo and his companions quitted the ship, in order to discover the situation and nature of the spot they had gained, which appeared as another Eden, and to see if any inhabitants resided on it. Nor man nor beast opposed their passage; silent yet captivating nature bloomed around, and they wandered on wrapped in pleasing wonder, until the shades of evening warned them to revisit the vessel. Alonzo was missing—he had strayed beyond the reach of their call; but, being in no apprehension for his safety, they gave up farther search until the returning morn. Alonzo had been imperceptibly led from his company through embowering shades, which brought him

to a deep rocky valley. He was struck with awe on viewing the towering height of its stony sides; where rich verdure, starting out from innumerable apertures, embellished the magnificent scene. And now his attention was arrested by sounds of the most delightful harmony, proceeding from a cavern, the entrance of which was gloomy and narrow, but, widening by degrees, terminated in a grand rocky chamber, light, lofty, and extensive: at the farther end he beheld a venerable old man, before whom were placed large shells collected from the sea shore, these he struck with the blade of a broken sword, which brought from them the most captivating sounds, whose responses had charmed the ear of Alonzo while wandering in the valley, which might truly be called that of Echo.

The aged inmate of the cavern arose on the approach of Alonzo, and said, 'Whoever thou art, welcome to a poor old man, who has almost forgotten a language he yet hopes can now be replied to.'—'Yes,' rejoined Alonzo, 'you are from Spain.—But what rooted sorrow has fixed you to an abode like this?'

'Alas! young stranger,' replied the hermit, 'my story will try your feelings, if a sense of justice and humanity sways your bosom. In this cavern my lacerated and guilty heart received the first impressions of shame, sorrow, and anguish. It is here that mental sufferings were visited by heaven-born repentance. These tuneless shells have long soothed my bewildered mind with sounds suited to its melancholy—sounds which have stolen my heart from remembrances, when they have be-