

'But just now,' continued he, 'you called this town B—; can I have mistaken my way, by your new roads, to N—?'

'O, you will travel the globe over,' said the Solitary, 'and never find the good old town of N—that was; names, as well as men and things, have wofully changed here in my day, & a farm's figure is never the same two generations. Have you any acquaintance here, sir?'

'I presume not,' muttered the traveller, over whose features a shade of gloom collected.

'Your tour is one of pleasure, then?'

A moment's pause of deep thoughtfulness satisfied the traveller it was useless longer to act the stranger, if he was to obtain the information so much desired from the glimpse-like facts already elicited. Impelled, therefore, by this sudden conclusion, he started up, and grasping the cottager's quivering hand, exclaimed—'Willie, you have wholly forgotten me, I see, but if you will tell me all you know of the Herbert family, whom I once knew, all their history for twenty years past, I'll pay your rent; left, as I fear you are, designedly, to be wretched on the stream of chance.'

In vain did the confused and wandering octogenarian strive to recall some recollection of his generous visitor. He had learned to bear with indifference the cold world's neglect, and nothing had occurred, hitherto, at his retreat, to beguile his regular course of life. To him, of course, this introduction was a remarkable event, and its object, now fully avowed, occasioned within him no little agitation. A suspicion of deception and his own habit of reserve would restrain him from the desired disclosure, to which he was nevertheless urged by the natural kindness of his heart—now he would drum with his staff on the floor, and now brush across his brow its crowning locks of the whiteness of snow, as if at the successive moments willing and unwilling to proceed. 'My poor memory,' said he at length, 'retains little of the past. I will ask no reasons for your anxiety to know what it is a grief to me to speak; and as you knew the family once, you shall have an outline of their story. (To be continued.)

TRAVELS.

A VISIT TO ATHENS.

I passed my last evening among the magnificent ruins on the banks of the Ilissus.—I am looking more for the amusing than the useful in my rambles about the world; but I freely say I never have met with an equal number of my fellow-creatures who seemed to me so indisputably & purely useful as those at the mission station. The most cavilling mind must applaud their devoted sense of duty, bearing up against exile from country and friends, privations, trial of patience, and the many, many ills inevitable to such an errand in a foreign land, while even the coldest politician would find in their efforts the best promise for an enlightened renovation of Greece.

Long after the twilight thickened immediately about us, the lofty Acropolis stood up bathed in a glow of light from the lingering sunset. I turned back to gaze upon it with an enthusiasm I had thought laid on the shelf with my half-forgotten classics. The intrinsic beauty of the ruins of Greece—the loneliness of situation, and the delightful climate in which to use Byron's expression, they are "buried," invest them with an interest which surrounds no other antiquities in the world. I rode on, repeating to myself Milton's beautiful description:

'Look! on the Egean a city stands.
Built nobly; pure the air, and light the soil;
Athens—the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence; native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks or shades.
See, there the olive groves of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer
long.
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the
soud
Of bees' industrious murmurs, oft invite
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream; within the walls
there view

The schools of ancient sages, his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world."