

fect *Adonis*, and seemed scarcely to have finished his sixteenth year. Surely, thought I, this must be the abode of "angels and departed spirits, made happy in the Lord." That form, so heavenly, so fair, cannot be subject to the incumbrances of mortality! or, am I deceived. And those sounds— I uttered this last part of my soliloquy, in a tone which disturbed the reverie, of the youthful votarie at the shrine of music. He looked up,—there was something in the glowing, and at the same time melancholy expression of his countenance, discovering an early acquaintance with the misfortunes of life, that struck me with awe and admiration. I felt as I had never felt before in the presence of any human being. The first look he gave, was expressive of surprise; but it soon gave way to a gloomy smile, with which, he asked me in a kindly tone, "what misfortune had led my steps to the abode of the most miserable of beings?" I replied in a voice of tenderness and respect, that I should esteem it a piece of particularly good fortune, if I could be of any service, to one, for whom, having found him in so extraordinary a situation, I felt the deepest interest. He shook his head, and with a look of extreme sorrow, saying, "never," motioned me to go with him. I followed him as if mechanically. We were soon beneath the cataract, in a beautiful cave, where contrary to the custom of recluses of ancient days, who were more *austere*, he had a rough pine table, a chair, a wooden bowl, a knife and hatchet, which composed most of his visible furniture. Handing me the chair, and desiring me to be seated, he went out and in a few minutes returned with a pitcher full of clear water in one hand, and a stone bottle in the other. Going to a chest, (which by the bye I forgot to mention, and which was placed in one corner) he took out a couple of tin cups, and saying that I would probably be thirsty after my walk, he poured out of the bottle a cordial which I do not know the name of, and requested me to drink. Some time passed in silence. I broke it first, by observing to him, that I was surprised to find one of his appearance and age, in so curious and strange a situation. He remained silent. I saw I had touched a tender cord, and therefore changed the subject to that of poetry and music; in which he was an enthusiast. After some considerable conversation on music and poetry in general, during which he evinced a great deal of proficiency and knowledge in both, I desired him to give me a specimen of his skill. After a short prelude, he commenced a strain of such ineffable sweetness, as made me forget myself and every thing around me. He continued it for some time; he finished, and was again silent. At last, remarking that it was getting late, he adverted to the subject of my first remark. "You may perhaps," said he, be astonished at my singu-

lar appearance, and the manner in which you find me circumstanced; but promise me that you will disclose it to no one, and I will furnish you with my history, which will allay all feelings of surprize that you may feel, and which I perceive you are anxious to know."— I readily complied; fearing that by acting otherwise I should be deprived of the knowledge of what I so ardently desired. Taking a paper from his chest, he gave it to me, and telling me that it was high time for me to be gone, wished me a farewell; saying, "if you would know more, call some future day—'tis too late now." I put the paper in my pocket, and telling him that I should make a good use of his invitation, retraced my steps, and gained the summit of the precipice with difficulty. The sun was slowly sinking beyond the horizon, and all nature was in a glow from the reflection of his departing rays, as they shone in resplendent glory towards the east. I walked quickly home, ruminating on what was likely to be the history of him whose retreat I had so accidentally discovered. On reaching my boarding-house, I ordered a light, and sat down to peruse the paper. 'Twas a strange and doleful history, interspersed with occasional stanzas, and scraps of poetry. I think it would be no breach of my promise, to publish some of them, to show the world how much excellence and talent is thus nipped in the bud, and hidden from society. But hark! what is that? Oh! 'tis the bell, summoning me to appear at the tea-table. Reader, you must be content to wait a short time for the rest; it shall come. Rest satisfied. A. B. C.

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THE DROVER.

In a small village in the western part of England, there stood a little hosted, whose successive occupants, for a long course of years, dispensed the good things of this life to the gossips, the politicians, and the loiterers of the borough. It was also in high repute with many wayfarers, drovers especially, who, travelling to the inland markets for the sale of their live stock, and returning with well-lined pouch, met a cordial reception from the jolly host of the "Heifer." It is indeed said, that by the way of compliment to these independent gentry, the ample sign presented its distant resemblance to the animal just named. Who the artist was, who had thus left a significant proof of his pictorial talent, has never transpired; it was indeed a subject of curiosity and ingenious speculation among the *virtuosi* of the village; but, except the very hazardous conjecture of its being justly fathered upon a "paur lean bodie," whose vocation was, and whose support depended upon whitewashing fences, houses, &c., no shadow of probability could lay this sin at the door of any other; and there swung upon its rot-