

one corner, with its roof of bark partly fallen in, and which was nearly concealed by the wild nettle and rank speargrass which grew through and around it—a sufficient indication of its being untenanted and abandoned for some years. On examining its interior, and laying aside with the stock of my gun the abundant vegetation that filled it, I discovered the mouldering remains of some superior articles of dress, and picked up the worm eaten covers of books, the less durable materials of which the weather and vermin had conjointly destroyed. There was one article which I contemplated with an intensity of feeling, from the imagined lovelines and probable fate of the being to whom it once belonged.—It was a woman's white beaver hat and feathers. Being suspended from the side of the hut, and under a part of the roof that had given way, it was little affected by the weather, except a yellowish dullness on its native purity of lusture.

The rich and full bunch of Ostrich plumes that once, methought, waved in soft and snowy luxuriance over a brow which, perhaps, was never gazed upon but to be admired, drooped down along the moss covered walls—their elasticity destroyed by long exposure to the air and damp;—and the polished steel clasp which joined them, once bright as the eye of her it adorned, was tarnished with rust.

There was a something singularly impressive in the fragile memento before me of the mysterious inhabitants of this secluded dell. Man may be assaulted and borne down by a complication of afflictions—may be the blasted victim of his own withering passions; and seeking a refuge from the scope of their distracting turmoil, retire to some lonely solitude, there to brood over their remembrance, or lament the depravity of their desolating influ-