

was rocky and precipitous, and therefore safest. Their progress was extremely slow. No light of any kind was there to guide them. The island loomed up in the distance against the sky, and not a sign of life could be seen upon it.

At last it was reached, and the slender bark grated on the shore. The pair leaped on the ice, and drew the raft so far after them, as at least to prevent its floating off. They then took the rifles, and gained the land. They found themselves at the foot of lofty rocks, from which hung thick and large trees, that half concealed their height. The ascent was rugged, but not impossible; and by feeling their way with extreme caution, they at last reached the summit. The wood was here dense in the extreme, and so mixed up with brushwood, as to oblige them to take great care as they advanced with the rifles. They pushed their way through, however, a little further, and then suddenly halted.

They were within a few yards of an extensive Indian camp!

[Conclusion in our next.]

PAPERS BY A RECLUSE.

No. 4.

I am not what is termed an admirer of the female sex. Possibly some of my readers may be so inflated with a sense of their own acuteness of perception, as to assert that my peculiarity in this respect has been long evident, not only from the absence of all gallant allusions to the ladies in my previous papers, but even from my title itself. Without deigning to notice such interruptions, I may state that I have hitherto experienced an unwillingness to commit myself to a formal recognition of the existence of that portion of the human species, termed collectively woman; and that at the present time, the statement which graces the head of this paper has been wrung from me in consequence of certain erroneous ideas which have arisen from various inflammatory and idolatrous expressions of love and adoration, that have been repeated from time immemorial, not only by poets, but even by many otherwise sensible men, when treating of the female character. The world has been deluded into the belief, that as woman, according to the representations of the individuals whom I have just noticed, is possessed of every imaginable and unimaginable virtue, as she is a queen, an empress, an angel, a goddess, so she walks in triumph over the prostrate hearts of all men—even of a recluse. But I beg to assure the world that it is in error, that while I am not conscious of harboring any very violent antipathy towards the female sex, I am by no means one of its blind and passionate adorers. I have never knelt before one of these empresses, except when the service I have thought proper to render has demanded for its performance