

was hatching, the table, or shelf on the rock was generally kept well furnished for her use, and when she was in that state, or the eagles were very young, the other generally tore a wing from the fowls for her, and a leg from the beasts they brought. These eagles, as is generally the case with animals that are not gregarious, were faithful to one another, but would not permit even any of their young to build a nest, or live near them, and always drove them off a considerable distance. The eagles of this country are thought, by people who are judges of this matter, to be uncommonly large and voracious; and their claws are so long and strong, that I have seen them used by young people by way of curiosity, as a horn, with a stopple, for holding snuff, and carried regularly in the pocket for that purpose *Hall's Travels.*

NARRATIVE.

THE GRAY-HEADED CHRONICLER OF 1785.

"Near two thousand suns
Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse
Of generations, since the day-spring first
Beamed from on high! Now to the mighty sun
Of that increasing aggregate we add
One unit more." *H. K. White.*

In a beautiful and lonely glen on the confines of Inverness shire, lived Evan Fraser, the pride of the whole district. The older inhabitants delight still to repeat the tales of him, in which they themselves sometime form a part; and oft, in the long winter nights, do the children form a circle round the fire, to listen with steadfast eye and eager ear to the stories which never cease to please them. One of these tales I have heard; and as it is one which has a particular interest at this season, when we are about to enter on another year, I hope I may be excused for requesting its insertion in the *Friend of Youth*.

Evan's character was deeply contemplative, and the romantic scenery of his native valley had impressed still more forcibly upon him the stamp in which nature had moulded him. Often was he seen wandering in the twilight darkness, or by the pale moon-light, with his eyes fixed upon the glories of the night. Often was he found by day leaning by the waterfall at the top of the glen, or reclining near the awful precipice which environed it on the south. In one of these evening wanderings, towards the close of December 1785, he found seated on a large stone near the waterfall an aged and venerable man. He was sitting with a pensive eye directed to the stream as it dashed before him, and a tear of sorrow seemed to trickle down his furrowed cheeks. Evan observed him unseen, for he appeared to be completely abstracted from every thing around him; and though his body was before him, it was evident that his soul was far from its clayey tabernacle—wandering in the regions of boundless space, and surveying in imagination the glories of the unseen and eternal world. There was a look of deep melancholy which marked every feature of his countenance, of which age had not effaced the expressive and manly outline.—The white locks which hung down upon his shoulders added much to his venerable appearance while the erect posture in which he sat showed what had been the stateliness of his mien. On his right

side lay a book, which he appeared just to have laid down, and of which the last page was unwritten; while, on his left a sand-glass, almost run out, seemed to point out the shortness of his stay upon earth.

Evan was close by him ere the old man observed that the loneliness of his retreat was discovered, and immediately on perceiving it, he arose to depart. The interest however which his appearance had excited in Evan, prompted him to inquire into his history before he would suffer him to go, and the old man, struck with the earnestness of his entreaty, communicated to him the following account of his short but eventful life.

"I am," said he, "the angel of the present year. The rejoicings which were made at its commencement ushered in my birth, and seemed to foretel the happiness which man expected from my company. My anticipations however of the respect which would be paid to me, like the dreams of youth, have now faded away, and I am about to be rolled up in the scroll of time, without the shedding of a tear or the heaving of a sigh.

"From the instant of my birth to this present time, I have been passed by unheeded, by all those who then expressed so much delight at my appearance. The men of the world have endeavoured by every means in their power to forget that I was continually by day and by night moving on to my close, and they are now about to exhibit the same symptoms of joyfulness which they displayed at my entrance, when I am about to shut my eyes upon time. Except to mark the date of a birth or a death, or some remarkable occurrence, I have been seldom even thought of, and now I am about to mingle with the years that are passed, and to be forgotten by all who once knew me, for ever. My sand-glass, you will observe, is almost run out, and the book which was entrusted to me at the beginning of my course is nearly filled up."

"What is the book?" said Evan.

"In it," replied the old man, "are enrolled all the deeds of the children of men, and out of it they are to be judged, when the record of ages is complete. Often have I warned them that my race was fast hastening to its termination, but they have not listened to my voice, and I must now give up to their Judge the record of their deeds, 'whether they be good or whether they be evil.' I have wandered through the abodes of death, and I have watched the last state of each of those who have, during my existence, been removed to the world of spirits; 'for as the tree falleth, so shall it lie.' I have visited the house of feasting, and chronicled the follies and sins which I have witnessed there; for, 'for all these things God will bring men into judgment.' I have attended the profligate in his courses, as he 'went down to the chambers of death.' I have listened to the vaunt of the scorner; for he 'alone must bear its shame.' I have heard the oaths from the mouth of the blasphemer, and his words are chronicled here. I have stood over the righteous man as he knelt before his God, and heard the prayers of the saints which ascended to his throne, amidst the smoke of incense 'out of the Angel's hand.'"

"I have seen changes on the face of the earth. Many who have promised to survive me have been hurried away from before me, to the

unseen and eternal world. The child, fair as the snow drop, has drooped and died. Youth in the pride of growing years, is mouldering in corruption. Consumption has stretched the fairest and the best of the hopes of man to the dust—the base earth-worm riots amidst the buds of sweetest promise. The full grown man who looked forward to many days of prosper and ease, has had his soul required of him, and the hoary-headed father, full of years, has said to corruption, 'Thou art my father; and the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.' The tender and affectionate wife has been snatched from the idol of her heart. The widow's hope has sunk in the death of her only son. The family circle has found the place its sweetest one unfilled. The old father, who seeing all his offspring consigned to the grave has gone to them, for they could not return him.

"I have seen the spirits of the just waft on angels' wings to the realms of endless bliss, and I have seen the souls of the wicked assigned to the awful abodes of the dreariness and darkness of eternal death. 'O that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!'"

Evan, during the old man's narration, kept his eyes fixed before him. At its close he turned round to thank him for the kindness he had shown him; but the mysterious visitor had disappeared, and though sought for, was not to be found.

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

OF TRUE GLORY.

A Passion for glory may contribute greatly both to your advancement and happiness; but may likewise render you unhappy and disesteemed, if you know not how to govern it.

The love of glory is the most ardent and permanent of all our inclinations, and the sentiment which abandons us; but we must not confounding it with vanity.

Vanity desires the approbation of others; but glory is the secret testimony of a good conscience. Endeavour to gratify the disposition, have of attaining glory; but secure the approbation of this interior witness. While your triumph is with yourself, appeal is unnecessary. You may always be able to appreciate your own worth. Should those who are ignorant of your good qualities, undertake to dispute them, cannot be a circumstance of regret.

To be an honest man is of great importance; but to be known as one is less necessary; the who desire not to extend their reputation beyond their merit, are in the surest way to obtain both.

What a difference there is between the natural dignity of man and the insignificance of those things on which he values himself! A thing is so ill matched as the dignity on which he plumes himself, and the vanity which he derives from an infinite number of trifles. Ambition so ill founded, indicates great want of merit. The truly great man is not diverted by the insatiable of vain glory.

P O E T R Y.

ANTICIPATION

OR THE PILGRIM'S REST.

How sweet to retire when day closes in,
And the icicles hang at the door;