

was drowned,—and had it been in his nature at any time to have judged another harshly, he could not have done so then. He remembered only their early companionship, and possessing that divine charity which forms the key-stone to the arch of Christian virtues, he had that faith in him which inspired confidence, and therefore he asked his care and counsel for his child, when she should be without the guidance of parental love. This clergyman had a daughter of my own age, who soothed my first weary days of home-sickness, by revealing to me the treasures of the village library, which was under her father's charge, and amid its unexplored novelties I revelled for the first time in regions of fiction that opened to me an ideal world, a thousand times more beautiful than the one in which I dwelt.

“Even at this distance of time I love to look back to those hours, steeped as they were in enjoyment, and radiant with the hues of romance, and recall every object and circumstance connected with that happy period of my existence. The dull routine of my school hours, unmarked by interest or improvement in my ill-directed studies—the stately figure of my preceptress, who taught, or rather pretended to teach, with such an air of dignified condescension—the stiff, but really worthy preceptor—the short rotund figure, and comical face of my father's clerical friend—the persons of my school-mates, of those especially who bore the euphonious appellations of Sally Tarbox, and Love Ramsdale, and Patty Tower, and Polly Drumblecorn, names so extraordinary, that they stamped themselves indelibly upon my memory, and with their formidable array of ugliness, are in my opinion quite sufficient to disprove the usual assertion, that Americans have a particular fancy for fine names. Even the old meeting-house, where we once a-week assembled for public worship, has a place in my remembrance;—I can see it now, a low misshapen building, standing at the far end of the broad common—roomy and bare as a barn was it, with its pulpit draperies of faded green moreen, and its high old fashioned sounding board, heavy and seemingly unsupported, which always exercised my imagination with the thought of its possible fall, and the consequence of such a catastrophe. And then those services! what soulless and barren formalities they were! embodying the letter of the gospel, but alas! how little of that spirit which alone giveth life. The scenery also of the place lies unrolled before me, like a landscape seen at the far end of a long green vista—even the small yellow and purple flowers, that grew like heather close to the ground on the faded sun-burnt common, which I daily crossed and recrossed in my progress to and from

the academy, and which I used to gather by handfuls, wondering that none admired their beauty but myself,—these tiny blossoms still glow in my memory with the same bright and undimmed hues as then delighted me. The aspect of the neat white houses, too, is unforgetten, and the low shoe shops, indicating the staple merchandize of the place, which were appended to almost every dwelling, and within which the minister, forgetting his high calling, loved to idle and gossip with the workmen.

“Those once familiar objects, though my mental vision still beholds them as they were, are probably all changed—for in an age like this, nothing remains the same—nothing save the unalterable features of nature, such as the high rocks, bare and round, which bounded the village on one side, giving a somewhat rude and unique character to the scenery. And yet I forget that even these huge masses of stone may not have remained sacred from the innovating touch of man; with his fierce combustibles, and his fiery train, he may have uprooted them from their deep foundations, and shivered them into blocks, or hewn them into pillars to support the stately fabrics of his ark. But there they then stood; and among them with my young companions I often wandered, climbing up their stony sides for the bright moss, or gaudy wild flower that softened their roughness with a touch of beauty, or sitting, a merry group, perched on some bold crag till the dews fell, telling wild legends of our nurseries, or talking of the fearful witch, Moll Pitcher, upon whose habitation we looked down from our high and airy seat, till alarmed by our own words, we clung to each other with terror, or arose and fled swiftly from the place.

“It was in a narrow, grassy glen, closed in by these granite barriers, that Moll, the fortune-teller, dwelt. A small courtyard in which grew two stunted fir trees, formed the entrance to her cottage, the gate leading to which, was supported by posts formed of the jaw bone of an enormous whale, which, bleached by the suns and rains of years, towered in ghastly whiteness, high above the humble roof, standing like spectral shapes to guard from intrusion the unhallowed home of the sorceress. Often did we sit at a distance gazing long upon the solitary dwelling, where it was asserted she performed such fearful mysteries, summoning the Prince of Evil to aid her in raising the spirits of the dead, and piercing with presumptuous daring into the unrevealed secrets of the future. Sometimes, in our hours of watching we would see her stealing forth silently and alone, her scarlet cloak closely enveloping her spare figure, and her quick keen eye glancing furtively around, as if to detect whatever might be lying perdué in her path. At