



"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

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THE JUVENILE RECLUSE.

'Twas a beautiful afternoon in the month of July—the sun still near the meridian, though verging to the west—the city was filled with loungers, collected together in groups at the corners of the streets, talking over the affairs of the day—the walks were crowded with the "military," parading about to show their fine close-buttoned standing-collared coats, beautiful white pantaloons, and other elegant etc.—the streets were filled with dashing equippages of every description—merchants and tradesmen of every class, walking to and fro, that I took my hat and cane and sallied out to saunter in the green, sweet-scented fields adjoining the city, to contemplate nature in all her beauty and loveliness, and to learn humility and meekness from the innumerable witnesses, to the power of Him that made them. I left the limits of the city, and clambering over some opposing fences, found myself in a beautiful meadow, belonging to my friend C—. Here, creation appeared more beautiful from every survey I took—the various kinds of the feathered tribe, tuning their notes, some soft, some shrill, seemed to vie in singing the praises of their common Father and supporter. Wandering alone, wrapped up in the intensity of my own meditations, I strayed far from the city, and strolled along until my attention was arrested by the noise of a water-fall; and turning my eyes around me, I perceived at some distance on the right, a considerable stream pouring down a ledge of almost perpendicular rocks; in all the grandeur and magnificence of nature;—casting the spray in different directions, which was whirled round and round and finally dispersed into mist by the force of the air, rising from the bottom of the chasm. I gazed intently on; "here," exclaimed I, "is yet another proof of thy power and wisdom, thou God so good and great! Ah! where would be the creed and belief of the atheist, were he now to consider this grand and stupendous work of thy hands? 'twould vanish in a mo-

ment, as does spray into empty vapors! 'twould be impossible, yes, utterly impossible, for one of the human species, on whom thou has bestowed so many and so noble faculties; to be insensible to thy omniscience and omnipresence." While I was studying this mighty and beautiful work, wrought by the hand of the Creator of this whole extensive universe, a train of melancholy, melodious and pleasing sounds came rushing on my ears, and completely captivated my senses. I listened, and having ascertained from whence they proceeded, I drew nearer the edge of the precipice, my foot struck a stone—it rolled off, and was precipitated down the fall—I heard the splash. In an instant the music was hushed. Again I listened—all was "still and silent as the grave," save the noise of the water as it joined the current beneath. But just as I, having despaired of again hearing those sounds so sweet so sublime, was about to retire to a farther distance from the stream, being made dizzy with viewing it, as it dashed swiftly by me, now forming small eddies and whirlpools, now murmuring and bubbling from the opposition of some large stones, my ears were again saluted by those charming strains, which had so suddenly absorbed my whole soul.—Being a passionate admirer of music, I stood still, lest I should lose any part of the performance. It ceased; I espied a small uneven path winding down the rocks; by it I descended the steep and craggy precipice, supporting myself by the shrubs and bushes that sprung from the crevices in the rocks, when by a sudden turn I found myself in the presence of a youth, leaning over his instrument, intent upon his own thoughts. I was afraid of disturbing him, and therefore stopping short, took a survey of the personage before me. He was a youth—over whom manhood had not yet gained its ascendancy—his cheeks still suffused with the tints of youthfulness, were covered with a soft down; his hair which was black, hung in graceful and clustering ringlets over his neck and shoulders. His forehead was partly concealed from my view, but what could be seen, showed it to be of exquisite beauty of mould; in short, he was a per-