

piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of this strange procedure. The dog made his way to a cataract at some distance from the spot where the Shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract, almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travellers who frequent the Grampian mountains. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents, the dog, without hesitation, began to make his way, and at last disappeared by entering a cave, the mouth of which was almost level with the torrent. The Shepherd with difficulty followed, but, on entering, what were his emotions when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought to him; while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacence! From the situation in which the child was found, it appeared that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up to him his daily allowance. He seems never to have left the child day or night, except when it was necessary to go for food, and then he was always seen going at full speed to and from the cottage.

POETRY.

To Solitude.

YES, Solitude, thou hast unnumber'd charms
 For me. Dear to my heart thy silent hour,
 When, all resign'd to meditation's power,
 I calmly view the wild surrounding storms
 Of life—its joys, its sorrows, and alarms;
 Then turn mine eyes towards yon celestial bower
 Where pleasure blooms, an amaranthine flower,
 And no foul speck the lovely scene deforms.
 When youth and health delusive hopes inspire
 Of lasting happiness below the skies;
 Whene'er I feel the restless, fond desire
 Of earthly bliss, within my bosom rise;
 Ah, then be mine the hour of solitude,
 Far from the scenes which smile but to delude!