

had not sown. One of our number contrived to bring away a pot unobserved from his home ; another succeeded in providing us with a pitcher ; there was a good spring not two hundred yards from the cave mouth, which supplied us with water ; and, thus possessed of not merely all that nature requires, but of a good deal more, we contrived to fare sumptuously every day. It has been often remarked, that civilized man, when placed in circumstances at all favorable, soon learns to assume the savage. I shall not say that my companions or myself were particularly civilized in our previous state ; but nothing could be more certain, than that during our long vacation we became very happy, and tolerably perfect savages. The class which we attended was of a kind not opened in any of our accredited schools, and it might be difficult to procure even testimonials in its behalf, easily procurable as these usually are ; and yet, there were some of its lessons which might be coned with some little advantage, by one desirous of cultivating the noble sentiment of self-reliance, or the all-important habit of self-help. At the time, however, they appeared quite pointless enough ; and the moral, as in the case of the continental apologue of Reynard the Fox, seemed always omitted.

Our parties in these excursions used at times to swell out to ten or twelve,—at times to contract to two or three ; but what they gained in quantity they always lost in quality, and became mischievous with the addition of every new member, in greatly more than the arithmetical ratio. When most innocent they consisted of only a brace of members,—a warm-hearted, intelligent boy from the south of Scotland, who boarded with two elderly ladies of the place, and attended the subscription school ; and the acknowledged leader of the band, who, belonging to the permanent irreducible staff of the establishment, was never off duty. We used to be very happy, and not altogether irrational, in these little skeleton parties. My new friend was a gentle, tasteful boy, fond of poetry, and a writer of soft, simple verses in the old-fashioned pastoral vein, which he never showed to any one save myself ; and we