

dents engaged in business at other times, very frequently devote to country excursions. In this way, my kind friends shewed me the Corrals, Cape Geram, Mount Church, and many other interesting points of scenery. Higher up, amongst the hills, the scenery reminded me of some parts of the Highlands of Scotland. Everything is on the grand and majestic scale,—high rocks, deep ravines, wooded valleys, path-ways but a few feet in width, where one false step of your horse, sends you rolling down what seems a fathomless abyss. These real dangers, and the fatigue resulting from bad roads, right up or down hill, deprived me of much of the pleasure which the beautiful scenery would otherwise have afforded me. The horses, too, are very uncertain, unless one keeps their own pony,—a course which is not advisable, unless you can make up your mind to ride several hours a day, for if not ridden regularly they are quite unmanageable. The general custom is to apply at the stables, which are kept in town, where both horses and *bouragucéras*, or grooms, are provided. Whether you are to have a good horse or not depends much upon the manner in which you see your groom. The groom himself is a curiosity: as soon as the horse begins to trot he takes hold of it by the tail, and its wildest gallop can seldom induce him to let go his hold.

Montreal, August, 1854.



[Written for the Maple Leaf.]

THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

In an apartment furnished not only with every luxury of modern days, but also embellished with exquisite gems of rare and ancient art, the walls adorned with paintings by the best masters, the very atmosphere around breathing the abode of a refined and intellectual mind, sat a man apparently in the prime of life. Among the dark rich locks shading his finely developed head and brow, were, however, scattered lines of grey, and over his handsome features was spread a shade of gloom, as he sat gazing intently on the cheerful light of the wood fire before him. Suddenly, his eye flashed with an almost supernatural brilliancy, the proud and finely chiselled lip curled with scorn, he sprang up from the reverie in which he had been indulging.

“Why should I have allowed the idle remarks of a thoughtless