

think with any patience on the sneaking scoundrel. Jack's story was done.

"Did he understand angling," said our president? "No" said Mr. Hamper, tartly—who did not at the moment see the *entendre!* the fellow called it peddling in the water for silly fish by silly people. "Had it not been for the rascal's coat, he would have felt a sample of my strength—but its the same with all hypocrites—their object base, their pretensions noble." Jack's legs were now crossed in a very decided manner, his eye was on the ceiling—his mind evidently far away. A glass of madeira was raised slowly to his mouth and emptied. An animated conversation ensued, in which, however, he took but little part. "But what of the deserters?" asked one of our party. We found the task a hopeless one, answered Jack—but intimated, and caused it to be publicly known, that the next desertion that took place, unless the man was recovered—the whole company would be withdrawn—and as they cause the circulation of a good deal of money in the Island, the threat has had the desired effect, for I have not since heard of any further loss. Colonists, and other people too, I suppose, are apt to be virtuous or otherwise, as their interests lead them.

We separated, half regretting that Hamper had allowed the parson to carry off the belle of lot No.—, more especially as the cottage would have been capital head quarters for our members of the club when on a fishing expedition.

SKETCHES OF DARTMOUTH.

BY M. B. D.

LITTLE more than a century ago, the Mic-mac Indians, roamed, in all their native freedom, over the grounds on which the City of Halifax and the Town of Dartmouth are now situate. No traces of cultivation were then to be seen. Naught but a broad, beautiful bay, and, on either side, a primeval forest, which had oft resounded with the whoop of the savage, but the solitary grandeur of which, had for ages remained unaltered. The Indian could then wander through his vast hunting grounds, or in his birch canoe skim over the waters of our matchless harbor, or the lakes and streams in its vicinity—none questioning his right to appropriate to himself, whatever came within his reach. He might then exclaim with truth,

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right, there is none to dispute."

Previous to this period, the original masters of the forest, had never been disturbed, by the intrusion of the *pale face*, nor been maddened, or stupefied