

"Oh," said he, "the pleasure of bookmaking is an expensive luxury. Think of the many hours spent in writing; and then the critics, &c., &c. I prefer the pleasure of a drive at early morn through the forest, the music of birds, and to gaze on such a picture as we are leaving behind us. Whoa, whoa, Rosabella!"

The wagon containing the fishing gear of Mr. Urban and his friend, drawn by a steed named Rosabella, stopped, and we looked in the direction indicated by Mr. Urban.

The city was partially hidden in fog: from the Dartmouth side it was rising in thin pale clouds, revealing the harbor, with its islands and numerous vessels. The steamer for England was leaving Cunard's Wharf.

Sloping to the waters are pretty suburban cottages, surrounded by gardens and fields. Above these residences towers the Asylum for the Insane, a large and commodious edifice, standing in an ample enclosure, where the inmates find employment and recreation.

The view is bounded by McNab's Island, and the thick forest which clothes the hill, which rises gently from the harbor.

Beside us lay the town of Dartmouth, the main street thronged with vehicles of every description, containing meat, eggs, butter, vegetables, flowers