

not content with eating whole ones, amidst so much abundance, had become saucy, and, an epicure in his way, amused himself by taking the shoulders out of as many as he could. Jack fortunately had strung up his prize, and so it had escaped mutilation. Picking out some of the remaining ones, we made our breakfast, and then left Andy to smoke the rest, while we started off to the fishing ground again, with the exception of Jack, who, content with his fishing laurels of the day before, vowed, notwithstanding our expostulations against his cruelty in shooting them at this time of the year, that he would have a squirrel stew for dinner, and sauntered off with his gun and Bang. When he returned he brought a large bag of squirrels, which proved very nice, and a big cock-partridge, which he said he could not resist shooting, though out of season, the shot had been so tempting. In the evening our spoils from the river nearly doubled those of the preceding day, and we commenced to wonder how we would manage to bring them all to town, even when smoked.

Wednesday was the first of August, Jack and myself determined to spend it in a woodcock cover about a mile and a half up stream, leaving Harry to his beloved rod, and Tom to look after the smoking of the fish, and catch the mink if he could, while Andy volunteered to be our guide. It was certainly the hardest day's shooting I ever had in my life. The wood was very thick getting there, and when there the cover was terrible. Bang did his duty splendidly, but still we had a great deal of tramping to do ourselves. One bird in particular gave us a world of trouble; Jack walked him up in the open and missed him. He flew down the edge of the cover about a hundred yards, and then made a bolt in to the right. I was behind Jack when the bird rose and marked it down as well as I could. We went up to the place, but Bang was getting tired and could not find him, so I determined, as I thought I knew where he had pitched, to go and raise him myself. So, plunging in, I struggled through the undergrowth for some minutes calling at the top of my voice, when, pausing for an instant, I was suddenly startled by the bird getting off actually from between my feet and rising so perpendicularly as almost to brush my face, I called to Jack, but there was no need, he had seen him top the bushes, and master wood-cock fell back scarcely half a dozen yards from me. Another, but for Bang, would have been surely lost, it rose almost from my feet, and I fired before it had got a dozen of yards from my gun—a cloud of feathers showed through the smoke, and I thought the poor bird had been blown to pieces. What was my astonishment to see it running through the bush like an ostrich—only one wing had been shot away, not a feather else touched; and Bang had hard enough work in catching him. When we gave over, we showed eleven brace of birds, which we considered a pretty good bag for the first, so near Quebec. Our manner of cooking them was peculiar, but excellent. It was simply this, we rolled them up, feathers and all, in a paste of clay about an inch in thickness, and laid them in the hot embers; when cooked, the clay was easily knocked off, taking the feathers with it, by this means all the juice was preserved in the birds.

Next morning, we broke up camp on the Jacques Cartier, and moved back about six miles to the north-west, to a pretty large lake called Cedar Lake, leaving our tent behind, safely stowed away under the canoe, which had been drawn ashore and turned upside down. There we found a small log *cabane*, built by the Wilson boys on a former expedition, which was soon put under thorough repair, as also a raft, or rather a new one was made, the materials of the one found on the lake helping to make it up. Our slaughter of fish that day was most wanton, for we were already almost over-burthened with them. Our catch before sunset was *fifty dozen*, but they averaged a smaller size than those we had caught in the Jacques Cartier. That night we were very much disturbed, and, until we found out what it was, rather scared (to be honest about it), by a duet of hideous yellings

performed by two great horned owls perched in neighbouring trees. At first, thoughts of bears and wolves presented themselves, and it was only when Andy revealed to us the true source of the horrid noises that we could imagine whence they came, for they seemed in the air, above and below, and all round us, and were kept up almost without intermission. Getting hold of the guns, Andy and I went out into the moonlight, and just as one of them started to fly he knocked it over, while the report echoed across the lake, and reverberating from hill to hill, with long continued clearness, gave us a warning of foul weather coming, that we would have done well to have paid more attention to. But instead of starting to return next morning, we delayed till the evening, and devoted the day to shooting and fishing. Jack and I having discovered what turned out to be a magnificent cover, in which we bagged thirty birds; Harry, though we each offered him our guns, would not join us, as all the wood-cock in the country cannot wean him from his rod, when he finds his exquisite casts appreciated by the trout.

In the evening between five and six we started to return to the Jacques Cartier, every one of us with as heavy a load as we could well carry of trout and camp necessities. By this time the weather was getting very dark and lowering and thickly overcast, while the constant rumblings and mutterings of the thunder warned us to remain, but we hoped to reach our old camp before the storm, or night set in. Unfortunately we had miscalculated our powers of progression and, retarded by our loads and the badness of the narrow foot-path through the woods, we were overtaken when little more than half way by both the darkness and the rain. Thus beset we soon lost our road. At first we were unwilling to give in that we had strayed, and for some time plunged boldly on through the woods, bruising our feet and legs, against roots and stones, constantly struck about the bodies and head by wet branches, and every second becoming more miserable. At last we could no longer deceive ourselves, and drew up to hold a council, Jack's exclaiming, "There's no earthly use going on this way; better stop at once, and make up our minds for the most confoundedly miserable night we've ever passed." There we stood looking, I cannot say *at*, for it was too dark, but *towards* each other, wet, and draggled, for all the world like barn-door fowl after a day in the rain. Harry was the first to make a suggestion—"Out with the liquor, and let's have a nip all round." So the last bottle of brandy was produced and passed round, each one helping himself sparingly in order to make it last the night out. After that we piled up our things under the shelter of a large tree and spread a blanket over them. We then took shelter ourselves under neighbouring trees leaning our backs against them, and sitting or standing as best we could—poor old Bang crouching at our feet. An attempt was made to light a fire, but the matches had all got damp, and we had to give it up. Jack shot off a couple of jokes about it being impossible under the circumstances to display any of his usual *dry* humour; but they were miserable failures, and Harry's lead in "Jolly Dogs," was scarcely better. About midnight the rain ceased, but long before that we had become thoroughly saturated; fortunately it was a warm night, and the brandy helped to keep our spirits up. Slowly the hours wore on to dawn. I am not sure if any of us slept, but I think we did. At the first streak of light we were moving, and commenced preparations to start: cold and stiff we were, notwithstanding the mildness of the night. We found our things much less wet than we had feared; but the blanket we had put over them was a large water-proof one, and so protected them well. When it was light Andy soon discovered landmarks, and about an hour afterwards, we arrived at the Jacques Cartier. There we determined to remain till the afternoon, and dry ourselves and effects, so the tent was soon put up, and, a box of matches being discovered in one of the knapsacks, we speedily had a roaring fire blazing away. By this time, the sun was shining brightly down, and everything gave

promise of a hot day—the woods were gleaming with emeralds and diamonds, and the birds as merry as birds could be, and the whole scene one to delight sadder hearts than ours. Changing as much of our clothes as we had changes for, we set them to dry, and then prepared a tremendous breakfast, at which it was something astonishing to see the quantity of hot coffee that was drunk. Then feeling much better—none of us had colds, strange to say—we prepared our lines for a last cast in the Jacques Cartier before returning to town. About one o'clock, we packed our things into the canoe and started down stream. It was easier sailing than coming up, for the current was so swift that we almost flew—no portage—no paddling—nothing but steering, and a steady hand it needed for that. Once or twice, I thought we were done for, dashed to pieces on some rock that it seemed impossible to avoid, but a twist of the paddle and we would shoot past within an ace. In an incredibly short time, we arrived at our place of disembarkment, and were soon after trudging towards Wilson's farm, where we arrived a little before six. There we soon got on comfortable clean clothes left there on our way out; and after we had put ourselves outside a substantial supper, lit our pipes, and bidden good-bye with a remuneration for their services to Andy and Tom, we started in the waggon with the old man for town, where we arrived soon after nine. Perhaps we didn't sleep that night. Sunday was a day of rest; and Monday morning, with renewed health and vigour from our "Week in the Woods." Jack went back to his ledger, and Harry and I to our law books and briefs.

WYVANT.

Quebec, August, 1866.

### THE DRAMA.

"IT is never too late to mend" is the title of a dramatic version of a novel written some fifteen years ago, when the public mind was agitated by the question of prison discipline, and certain well-meaning, but injudicious philanthropists exerted all their influence to convert penitentiaries, &c., into attractive retreats, instead of places of stern punishment for the committers of crime; the practical result of which was seen a few years after in the garrotting experiments that for a while made the streets of London dangerous to walk in after nightfall. "It is never too late to mend," with its morbid, greatly exaggerated picture of the interior of a prison and the doings therein, together with the attempt to make saints and heroes out of street arabs and felons, happened to hit the unhealthy fancy of a certain portion of the public, and a dramatised version was for years played at minor English provincial theatres, always eliciting the applause of the gallery portion of the audience, ere the manager of one of the London establishments placed an improved edition of it before the Londoners, and by the influence of splendid scenery and accessories forced it into popularity, though the prison scene created a great uproar upon the first night, and had to be modified considerably afterwards.

As "Tom Robinson," the hero of the play, Mr. Barton Hill was hardly as successful as usual (we do not mean in pleasing the audience, but in his rendering of the character). In the first act we could not help fancying that in the style of the swell-mobman we traced some resemblance to Mr. Hill's Lord Dundreary, a resemblance hardly natural in a flash pickpocket giving himself airs: in the second there was nothing in the manner of acting to complain of, but the greatest genius would find it difficult to make pleasing a scene in which prison tortures are inflicted, before the audience, in such a manner as to drive one of the prisoners into an attempt to hang himself and even ultimately to an early death, and to send another raving about the horrors of solitary confinement; especially, when nothing of the kind would be allowed in any English establishment of the kind, at the present date. In the last two acts Mr. Barton