should do the least rowing and catch the most fish. With what laughing faces we assembled around the stone on which we were to cook our steak, and how we stared when we found that the tinder was wet. A noonday sun dried it, however, and then there was such a puffing and broiling, and such a sprinkling of pepper and salt. I have eaten beef-steaks in the most celebrated houses of the Metropolis of the world; but commend me to the steak that is cooked on a flat stone, by a parcel of boys, on the margin of a lake.

As I grew to manhood, my fondness for angling grew with me. Not that it could be indulged, as in boyhood, every week or every hour---but sparingly, and in those hours, often few and far between, which every occupation affords. The pride of killing fish---the novelty of wild scenery, and of self-imposed toil, and occasional privation---have perhaps passed away; but a sense of freedom, even for a day, from the labours and cares of life---the transition from stove heat and a recumbent posture, to fresh air and exercise---with the quiet and seclusion of the woods, give a zest which compensates for what the flight of years has banished. Angling is, to me, one of the standard recreations that, it appears, cannot pass away, until sight fails, and my limbs refuse their office. The thought of the pleasant days of spring often beguiles the tediousness of winter---amidst the sleet and snows of March, I can look forward to the bursting buds of May---and when the sedentary pursuits of life dull the spirit and relax the fibre, the very thought of the running stream, sparkling in the sun, and the speckled trout rising at the fly, soothes and cheers with the promise of rest and pleasure to come.

I do not always go alone---for companionship is often agreeable ---but there is no greater luxury, to a man who moves for 364 days of the year, on the busy thoroughfares of life, with the ceaseless hum of many voices continually in his ears, than to spend the 365th day by himself, far from the dwellings of human beings, with the green woods around him, and the bright river or sylvan lake at his feet, and with no trace of the world to be discovered, save and except the narrow path from fall to fall, made by the feet of men, who, like himself, are fond of the 'Rod and Stream.' 'Oh solitude, where are thy charms,' cried Juan Fernandes, sighing for the pleasures of society beyond his reach, and weary of self-communion---but the very antithesis of the Hermit's situation is that of the man whose taste is palled by what society calls pleasure---whose mind is distracted with its duties and labours---whose o'erwrought brain requires soothing, and not excitement---who fears that his original nature will be warped or overlaid, by the endless reiteration of the same thoughts, and the unvarying round of exertion amidst the passions, and prejudices, and formal conventions by which he is constantly enthralled. For such a person, 'solitude' has 'charms'---it is a mental medicine, purging the spirit of all impurities, and keeping alive in the heart of man the better feelings, which, but for such blessed hours of self-communion amidst the beauties of nature, would be almost worn out by commerce with the world. These are the days that of late years I mark with white chalk---not that I am a misanthrope---God forbid. I love the world, and its cheerful round of duties---its labours, anxieties, aye even its mortifications and perils---for the former give a vigor and robustness to the intellect, which the idle misanthrope wots not of; and the latter bow down the heart to that just level of humility, which begets sympathy with the humblest of our fellow-creatures, and teaches us to enjoy the gifts we have received, without any admixture of selfishness or pride. The relaxations---the cheerful frivolities of city life---I do not affect to despise---but I love to escape from them; and, from the depth of shade afforded by the unbroken wilderness, contemplate the animated scenes of business or dissipation that have been left behind,---and, sifting the wheat from the chaff---the honorable from the impure---the innocent from the enervating---to brace up the mental instrument, and restore the tone, which constant thrumming on its thousand strings, has weakened, if not destroyed.

But companionship, I have said, is also pleasant in the woods—not the companionship of noisy roisterers, who make a fishing excursion only an excuse for eating and drinking double their usual allowance, and who carry into the woods much of the riot and license of city dissipation—but the cheerful society of old friends, with whom we have a store of thoughts and feelings in common—or of old fishermen who love the sport, and are familiar with the mutual duties and obligations which the "gentle craft" imposes. Of all the trials of temper that have been recorded, there are few to be compared to having a stupid or half drunken fellow tangling your line at every cast, when the fish are abundant—roaring at the top of his voice at every noise, or tumbling up to his middle into the very best hole in the river, before you have killed one of the dozen that you had dreamt of drawing from it in the course of an hour. Of this kind of nuisance I have long since tired, and of late my circle of lake-side companions have narrowed down to three. Three fellows of the right sort—keen and practised fishermen while the day light lasts, and facetious and intelligent persons when evening closes around us. Nobody would suspect that we were intimate, for on the bustling thoroughfares of life we often jostle past each other--we are like ships at sea, some on one tack, and some on another, but found side by side in the same quiet haven at last. The fishing season always unites us—the merrie month of May brings us together like swallows under the eaves of a barn. Our companionship was the natural result of the same tastes, and the same necessity for kindred pleasures. We often met by lake and river, before we formed more than a casual acquaintance—but, after sundry exchanges of "a light," or a drink out of each other's flasks—and ample opportunities of judging of each other's woodcraft and social qualities—we drew together insensibly, and have since spent many a day by still water and running stream, and many a night in the woods. Have you ever "Camped out?" good Mr. Pearl. If you have not, you have something to learn—and if you are not a Fisherman, then are there many sweet scenes unvisited, and many natural sights and sounds with which your eye and your ear are unfamiliar. It has often occurred to me that sketches of some of the wild scenery that we visit—and a report of some of the songs we sing, and the jokes and stories we tell, over our evening fire, while "Camping out," might amuse you; and if you have no objection, I will now and then send you a scrap that may serve to give you an idea of an angler's delights, and illustrate the character of my companions.

Odd Duels.—A few nights ago we were "Camping out," by the Grand Lake, one of a chain connected by a River that takes its rise about Beech Hills, and falls into Pennant Bay. The day had been favourable, cloudy and warm, and we had killed lots of fish, but the best part of it had been spent in reaching the ground, and we determined to camp out, and, after enjoying the morning's sport, return home on the evening of the next day. Early in the afternoon, therefore, we laid down our rods, and hatchet in hand, proceeded to erect our wigwam. Some years ago, while passing along the street, where a new house was building, I was amused by the remark of an Indian, who, after looking at the proprietor, surrounded by carpenters and masons, and hearing him give all sorts of directions, shrugged his shoulders and muttered, "Ugh—white man take great trouble to build him house, me build mine in half an hour." Our's, like the Indian's, was made in half an hour, and was of much the same simple construction—a few poles, forming the outline of a sugar loaf, were soon covered with boughs, and bark, a young spruce was cut to block up the doorway, when we retired for the night, and lots of wood was prepared to feed our evening fire. After rearing our mansion, and putting all things that might be wanted within reach, we resumed our rods, and lingered by the running waters, until the deep shadows closing around us, the difficulty of seeing our own flies, satisfied us that it was useless to try another cast. We then retired to our camp—kindled our fire—boiled our tea-kettle—roasted some trout upon a stick—rummaged our knapsacks for bread, butter, ham, and cheese—and set about the enjoyment of our evening meal with appetites, that gave a relish to all we touched, and which an epicure or an Alderman might have envied.

"This, now," said Bob Norton, lighting his segar, and throwing himself back on his elbow, "is clear comfort, as old McK— said in the Barn."

"What Barn was that," asked O'Brien, "and how came the fellow to be so comfortable?"

"As to the Barn," said Norton, "like most of the old acquaintances of my youth, that were made of boards and shingles, it has passed away, but some of you must remember it. It stood at the corner of what is now Allison's lawn, next the stone bridge, and was a comfortable tenement for horses and horned cattle, in my boyish days, when the property belonged to Stayner. That Barn was the scene of one of the oddest duels of the olden time—one of the sternest sword-in-hand battles that ever occurred in the country."

"It must have been between a brace of bulls then," said I, "for surely no bipeds would resort to rack and manger, to settle their personal differences."

"There you mistake," said Bob, "many things that are not very likely, happen notwithstanding. The old barn, you must know, like other Barns on the Peninsula, was built before there was any house in its neighbourhood—forty years ago the stone bridge was "out in the country," and the old Barn occupied a nice retired spot, and having a broad threshing floor, was not a bad place for a couple bent on mischief to take exercise on a frosty morning. Old McK—(I call him old because he died before I was born, but he was not old at the time) was a lieutenant in the — Highland Regiment, stationed in Halifax, about the year 17—. I saw his picture in full length, at the house of a relative in the interior, some years since, and a fine looking stalwart man he must have been. While gazing at his handsome features, and brawny limbs in repose upon the canvass, I could not but wish that I had seen them *in the full play of action, where life or death was in the strife.* McK— and a brother officer quarrelled while at mess, and the nice laws of the Duello being in those days not very well defined or much regarded, they agreed to meet in the old Barn the next morning, and fight it out, sword in hand, upon the thrashing floor. For some reason or other, which I never learned, they took no seconds—and when they drew their broad swords, and pulled their bonnets over their eyes, "this, now," said McK. looking round, and seeing no living thing near but an old cow peering through the manger with very natural astonishment, "this," said McK. who had the true Highland love for fighting and faith in his weapon, and who feared nothing---but an interruption, "this is clear comfort."

"At least so says tradition," murmured O'Brien, "but the word *comfort* is peculiarly English."

"I am not going to swear to all I say in a Camp," replied Norton, "but you have the story as it was told to me. After eyeing each other for a moment, at it they went, and being both powerful fellows, and good swordsmen, the combat was long, obstinate and doubtful. After a furious onset, and some admirable sword play, both were wounded and bled fast. Once or twice hostilities were suspended, and the combatants leaned against the ends of the barn to recover breath, and wipe the blood and perspiration from their brows. Again and again they crossed their blades on the centre of the threshing floor, and renewed the strife, and then paused to gather new energies to decide the question of who was the better man, until at length, in the final shock, both were desperately wounded, and reeling to opposite ends of the barn, fell heavily upon the threshing floor. Neither could rise—but McK. who had his senses about him, was gravely lamenting that they had not brought their pistols in their belts, that they might have a shot or two at each other, by way of wind up, when the door opened, and in walked the owner of the Barn, who had come to milk his cow and turn her upon the common. He gave the alarm, assistance was brought, and the wounded Officers were conveyed to the Hospital. The affair was hushed up and they were forgiven, in consequence of the high opinion entertained of their courage and soldier-like qualities—but I have often heard the old people tell the story while passing by the Barn."

"What a pity it is," said Tennant, who has much of the spirit of an Antiquary about him, "that a collection has not been made of these old stories, and some notes preserved of the ancient features of things which have passed or are fast passing away. The surface changes its aspect so rapidly in a new country—all things built of wood decay so fast—and our people are so prone to look forward and not back, that by and bye there will scarcely be a trace of things as they were, or a record of the wise sayings and queer doings of the vigorous race that flourished here in the olden time."

"One of the oddest duels, and most systematic too, that I have heard of," said O'Brien, "took place in one of the Eastern Towns not many years ago. A gentleman, who held a situation in the Customs, and a spirited old Jersey merchant, had some dispute. The Jerseyman was high, and the Custom House Officer punctilious, and the latter sent a challenge. A pair of Duelling Pistols were not to be found in the place, or a pair of seconds who knew much about things either. A couple of rusty old horse pistols, heavy, and stiff on the springs, were at last mustered, and two friends persuaded to go out with them, in the rear of the settlement, on a fine summer afternoon. A good deal of time was occupied with preliminaries, but at last the pistols were charged, the men planted, and the parties fired, without any fatal effect.

"Are you satisfied now, Mr. Newtong?" cried the Jerseyman. "No," was the response, and the pistols were loaded again. After two or three shots, without any execution being done, the Jerseyman drew his watch from his fob, and declared that he could not stay any longer, but "must go home and post his books," according to his invariable custom. His adversary remonstrated, and the merchant marched off the ground, but declared his willingness to come out again next day, and give him "as much satisfaction as he wanted." An adjournment accordingly took place, and the parties met at the same spot next morning. After a shot or two, it was approaching the Jerseyman's breakfast hour—his watch had been pulled out once or twice, and he was beginning to evince a determination to adjourn again, when the pistols being loaded, the word was given, and off went the Custom House Officer's pistol, and the ball sung past the head of his vis-a-vis. The Jerseyman's weapon snapped, but, with most commendable sang froid, he shook up the priming, shut down the hammer, and rubbing his nail two or three times against the flint, levelled, and before any interference could be effectual, took deliberate aim, hit his adversary on the ancle, and brought him to the ground. Walking up to him he took off his hat and making a profound bow---"Mr. Newtong, are you satisfied *now*," roared the Jerseyman. "Yes," was the reply. "Then I am very glad of it, for my breakfast has been ready three minutes and a half---good morning, Sair."

And thus, Mr. Editor, the night wore on---story following story, until there was but one man to tell, and one, very drowsy, to listen to the last---but I must reserve the rest of the Droll Duels, for your next Original No.

CONS.

Why is one of the Members of Assembly for Halifax like Robin Hood? *He is a Forrester.*

Why is one of the Members like a manger? He is *For-a-stall.* (Forrestal.)

Why may one of the Members from Hants be called a bore? He is a *Goudge.*

Why should the Member for Amherst, and one of the Members for Pictou, sympathise with each other? One is *Dickey* and the other is *Dick's-son.* (Dickie and Dickson.)

Which of the Members might be deemed excuseable if he looked one way and rowed another? *Waterman.*

Why should the member from Gaspereaux be a favorite? He is the 'Benjamin' of the House.

Of what Point should young navigators be cautious? *Point Pleasant.*

Why is the present number like a new-found gem? It is an *original Pearl.*