

peculiar enjoyment. Jones, always with the steering paddle, and young Tom, in virtue of his enthusiasm, always in the bow, and John Smith, midshipman, and every time we dipped our paddles in that glassy water, we opened new marvels of beauty to our view; for island upon island, point beyond point, clad in the royal apparel of autumn scattered in ever new combinations, imparted as much of beauty to the scene as if we had travelled on all day through paradise. Though we caught little, Murphy's contraband net was well stocked. This net will some day make Inche Brachie Lake as destitute of fish as some of the lakes nearer the settlements are to-day. How the net is so destructive I do not know, for a few otters might, with ease, destroy as many fish as it does.

At dusk we welcomed back our spiritua and our temporal guides. Whenever Murphy started, however far he went, he always reached the lake on his return just at dusk. That night, as the hunter—the pot-hunter, as he called himself—sat undressing a muskrat, which, for the purpose, he had hung by the jaw to the roof with a string of bass bark, and which when its Esquimaux trousers were being peeled off, presented a comical appearance, we had many a good story told, and, among the rest, we learned why our leader called himself the pot-hunter. Fifty years ago, we shall say—no one could have told Murphy's age from his looks, but this makes the most of it—he was in the service of Sir Richard Murray Billingson, a noted surveyor in one of the countries in which he had been—and in what country had he not been since he forsook the smuggling trade on the north channel for lack of adventure? Sir Richard had as his assistant a Mr. Fooline de Forest Jaques, who pressed grasses and stuffed birds. Jaques had secured the disdain of the humbler *attachés* of the party by bringing curiosities of camping life into the bush. He had one box of horns to be distributed to the various members of the party—to blow when they got astray; and a tent of costly fabric, which had not been pitched

an hour before, (through some mischance which also cost the owner his whiskers), it became a blackened pole—an occurrence which Murphy never complained of, as his labors in making a new tent out of several heavy rolls of the same costly fabric which had been provided against such an emergency, saved him much toilsome labor in portaging the weighty provisions. Among these provisions was one parcel of sugar, which had been packed in a thick, hardwood tub of great size, heavily clamped with iron, which too often fell to the share of Black Fergus, a patient Highlander, who, for fault of better English, always designated his load as the "Sukar boosh." Well, Mr. Fooline de Forest Jaques had become aware of the existence of an eagle's nest on an island in a lake at some distance, and easily obtained permission from Sir Richard to go and shoot one or both of the assiduous parents. With Murphy as guide, after a journey over mountains of some six or eight miles, they found the bird on the nest, and, as they went boldly forward, so as to raise it for a shot, the eagle flew directly away from its enemies. Next morning, after a similar expedition, a similar result was attained. Both birds, with singular uniformity, always flying directly away from their pursuers. On the sixth or seventh day (I tell all the stories just as Murphy told them, and he was always very sensitive about any imputation against his veracity), Sir Richard complained somewhat hastily to the woodsman of his mismanagement of the matter, and Murphy at once promised, if he could get the direction of matters, to bring home at least one bird the first time he went. With this understanding, they went again, and landed on the island as usual. Murphy then ordered the boat away that the birds might suppose that they had returned as before. All left but Jaques, who would follow the hunter. The latter crept slowly towards the tree where the nest was, and in due time had the pleasure of seeing the eagle return. It was then the work of a minute or two to get near enough to fire, and bring it down.