

ridge. He had scarcely spoken, when the sharp little creature sprang upon a boulder in front of us about 200 yards off. We remained quite still, when he stood upon his hind legs and took a full survey. Whether the sun shining in his face dazzled his eyes or not, I don't know, but as a fact he seemed quite careless of our presence. Stealthily he crept along, bent, as we soon discovered, upon mischief, for he sprang forward, and up went a covey of partridges around him. No doubt the rogue had scented the birds, but he had missed his prey. He crouched down for a little, then glided slyly by the side of a small pond in the direction where the birds had pitched. As soon as he was hidden from our view, as quickly and as softly, old Robert glided away towards the other end of the pond, and as master reynard came along, his thoughts no doubt intent upon his breakfast not far ahead, he was saluted from Robert's little gun, and rolled over to yield his skin as an addition to Robert's collection of furs. There are four different coloured foxes in Newfoundland: the black, the silver-grey, the patch and the yellow. The first two are very valuable, the skins being worth from £10 to £30 each, according to season and quality, but these are scarce. Robert's prize was only a yellow.

The travelling over the marshes is very laborious, and not unattended with danger to the unwary. A false step may plunge one into a bog-hole from five to ten feet deep, and not two feet across at the top; or he may go down to his middle in black puddle. A short experience, however, soon makes one guarded against these treacherous localities. Some of the marshes are covered with a sedgy grass, others with moss, wet underneath and soft; the foot sinks at each step, requiring a vigorous effort to draw it up, which is especially trying to the knees. A great variety of mosses, some of which form the food of the caribou, are found in the marshes, and other varieties adorn the hills, snags and rocks; among which the stag-horn, trumpet and coral mosses are particularly beautiful.

Upon the edges of the marshes and near the tucks of wood, the ptarmigan, or, as it is called in Newfoundland, the partridge, breeds, usually bringing out from six to twelve in a brood. The chickens are early led to the dry naps, where their food consists chiefly of the eggs of ants, abounding in the ant-hills which are numerous. Upon the approach of danger, it is interesting to watch the old birds flutter away with drooping wings, as if wounded, to decoy the enemy from their young, which hide themselves beneath the bushwood. And oftentimes in the shooting season a young dog is led away from the brood by the old bird running for a distance of two or three hundred yards, then rising beyond the range of a shot, whilst far behind at the same time the covey rises, disappointing the hunter of his sport; but the old dogs are too well up to these tricks to be so cajoled. I was very highly amused at a scene like this. My dog drew up and up for a considerable way, when the old cock went to wing, cackling and flying but a short distance, pitched behind a boulder with his head peeping out at us. Just then we heard a whi-r-r behind and saw eight or ten birds going off in the other direction, and as soon as the