

longer. "By God, sir," said he, "I never saw a man eat like you."

"This man had strength and perseverance charactered in every muscle. He eat three cucumbers, with a due quantity of bread and cheese, for his breakfast the following morning. I was much pleased with him, he was good-humoured and communicative; his long residence on the Labrador coast made his conversation as instructive as interesting. I had never before seen so extraordinary a man, and it is not therefore strange that my recollection of his manner, and words, and countenance should be so strong after an interval of six years.

"I read his book in 1793, and, strange as it may seem, actually read through the three quartos. At that time, I was a verbatim reader of indefatigable patience, but the odd simplicity of the book amused me — the importance he attached to his traps delighted me, it was so unlike a book written for the world — the solace of a solitary evening in Labrador. I fancied him blockaded by the snows, rising from a meal upon the old, tough, high-flavoured, hard-sinewed wolf, and sitting down like Robinson Crusoe to his Journal.

"The annals of his campaigns among the foxes and beavers interested me more than ever did the exploits of Marlborough or Frederic; besides, I saw plain truth and the heart in Cartwright's book, and in what history could I look for this?

"The print is an excellent likeness. Let me add that whoever would know the real history of