

will keep rolling over on its side, and has to be righted again with much loss of time, trouble, and temper; and my shoulders are one mass of galls and bruises from the rope, and my feet a pair of large blisters from the ice formed on the snow-shoes; and I am altogether completely dead beaten before half our journey is over. But there is no help for it, and a feeling akin to despair keeps me on. Moreover, to add to our woes, the hide, in which our stores are enclosed, is now frozen as hard as an iron box; and though it might be wrenched open by our united prowess, could never be closed again without more fire than we have time to give it. So, food being impracticable, our only sustainer is an occasional draught of 'bootay' from our flasks, and even for this the cold makes it impossible to stop more than a minute or two at a time. Still, English despair and Dutch courage help me on, and I think no felon condemned to death ever felt the relief of his pardon much more than I felt that of first seeing the smoke from our settler's hut—earnest of the feast in store for us—curling up through the twilight.

Soon a cheery shout announces Will Doherty, and the stalwart form of that jolliest of sled-drivers is seen winding through the trees. At that sight woes, pains, and fastings are forgotten, and I break forth into song. For be it known that, *apropos* to certain of our former melodies, I have a wager with Will, who in the retirement of his native farm-house is much given to the Muses of harmony and of poesy—and the wager is a 'brandy cocktail'—to wit, that I cannot find a rhyme for the word 'Cariboo.' I solve the question, win the wager, and welcome his return, in one and the same verse, to one of our favourite airs:—

A Cariboo we've killed, as you shall learn from me and Joe at tea.
We've lots of venison for our friends:
among them for Will Doherty.
The haunches both are booked, I fear;
but he shall have the spare-rib, who
Has come to share our luck, and help
to carry back the Cariboo.
Bow wow wow, &c.

Why should I recount the feast

which follows, with the noise and laughter accompanying our different narratives of adventure; Will's being a full confession how at the ball he made it all right with his sweetheart, whose feelings he, with some sentiment, compares to the warmth of the 'tot' of tea which he is drinking?

Why recount the night's journey back to Fredericton, with its second edition of song and boisterous fun; with its ovation at the different settlements which we pass, whose inhabitants rush out clamorous with inquiries as to the sport, and congratulations at the success; with its halt at the solitary 'grog-store,' where the one brandy cocktail which I have won is succeeded by many brandy cocktails which nobody has won; with its consignment of Joe to the arms of his squaw at the door of their wigwam, after an affecting farewell, consisting, on the part of that descendant of a hundred kings, in a modest request for the remainder of my tobacco—upwards of half a pound of the choicest Latakia, irreplaceable westward of the Atlantic; with our final arrival, very weary, but very jolly, as the clocks are striking Sunday morning?

Why recount the congratulations of friends, or the gratifying sensation of distributing venison, then experienced for the first and probably for the last time? for the estates of the Linstocks do not lie in the Highlands, and where the ancient halls of our race do stand, we have long ago lost the right of 'vert and venison' once granted us, I believe, by William the Conqueror, or Julius Cæsar, or some other early monarch;—I fancy it was revoked by Nebuchadnezzar, when he took to grazing on his own account, and feared for the safety of the pastime if our well-known prowess was allowed free scope. Suffice it to say that in those halls, amid spoils from man and beast of every period, there hang the trophies of my rifle, grouped with the hunting-knife, tomahawk, and snow-shoes which assisted at their capture; to memorialize to future generations how Uncle Anaxagoras penetrated the frozen deserts of America, and slew the Cariboo of the Forest.

T. G. F.