

heard of. Not one child in fifty is ever christened, unless a stray clergyman happens to come along that way. Not that the people are so very bad naturally; but they can't help it. What can they do? Sir, I once married five and twenty couple myself in one day as a magistrate. It wasn't legal, you know; but *they* didn't know it. And what do you think they gave me, or forced upon me? Why, Sir, I found my sleigh loaded. Three and twenty otter skins, two dozen frozen hares, a keg of whisky, home-made of course, and four rounds of corned beef. I was obliged to take them, not to give offence."

"It must be a very wild country indeed," said I. "I was not prepared for such a state of things; but, as the poet so beautifully says, '*Homo sum*;' and I am happy to obtain correct intelligence, even at the cost of finding my previously acquired ideas,—ideas acquired from books, not from men—somewhat disturbed by the facts which have come under your notice, from experience and actual investigation."

"You may say that, Sir. Why, when I first came to this country, I was as ignorant as a child. You should live among them, Sir—see them as I have seen them. Fine people for all that—capital shots; and as for hunting—beat the Indians all hollow. I remember, myself and Tom Johnson—poor fellow! Tom—dead now—poisoned himself by drinking caterpillar soup for a bad cold. Well, Sir, he and I, with a stout fellow, six feet two—none of them less thereabouts—went out back one day, with our blankets and traps, on a hunting trip. Gone twelve days—shot twelve bears—got two of their skins on my sleigh now—five dozen hares, fifty brace of partridges, six deer, and a catamount. I never had such sport. Well, Sir, I was going to tell you, that big fellow killed two bears with a jack-knife. The most beautiful thing I ever saw—stabbed them just behind the ear, which blinds the bear immediately—optic nerve destroyed in an instant. One of these bears weighed fourteen hundred weight—not an ounce less. Sent his skin to Sir Francis Head, an intimate friend of mine, who presented it to the Colonial Secretary. Nothing like coolness. Why, Sir?"

[We regret being obliged to omit some very curious, and to us certainly novel, details, elicited in the course of the conversation we have thus abruptly brought to a close. The strikingly-original remarks of our unknown correspondent on the evening's festivities, and the adventures on the road home, must also be left out, from the great accumulation of matter already in type. We cannot, however, deprive our readers of the

author's concluding observations, which we quote entire].

It is thus that a rational creature may make each hour minister to his instruction, and each day of recreation add to the credit, and subtract from the debit, of human enjoyment. We had spent a day, and during that day had spent about twelve and six pence a piece (including the broken whip, and without reckoning the loss of my pair of gloves, which, to say the truth, were rather old and worn.) But how pleasing the reflection, that experience had added to her stored garner, that health had fanned the cheek with the pure and invigorating breezes of the snow-white country—that amid the dangers of travel, no very serious accident had occurred to remove either of us from our seats at the boarding-house table—that friendship's arms had been stretched out more widely, to embrace with, it may be, a cold hand, but with a warm heart, those that fortune had brought within her reach; and, I may add, with reference to my friend, that LOVE, sweetest blossom on the bush of existence—LOVE, the glorious sparkle on the bowl of life—the sugar that coats over, and gilds the bitter pill of destiny—LOVE—heaven-born, earth-cheering LOVE—had dipped his torch afresh into the oil of gladness, and had cast a clearer ray, and shed a benignant influence over the entwined hearts of my friend and that sweet country floweret, Mary Anne!

How cold and unfeeling must be the soul that would regret even seventeen and sixpence spent with such results as these! How infatuated the mortal that would misspend his time in smoking or short whist, whilst all enlivening NATURE spreads out her clear face and snowy bosom to woo him from the smoky city!

SPRING.

Mother of Loves—thou comest, young-eyed Spring!

Bidding the green herbs shoot and meadow flow'rs;

Again thou comest, but thou canst not bring

Back to my lonely heart the happy hours

Of life. Thou, Spring, returnest, but with thee

Returns alone the painful memory

Of my lost treasure: lovely as of yore

I see thee still the same, fair Spring! arise.

Alas! I am not what I was before,

Now dear no longer in another's eyes!