PLAYING A CARD.

occupant of i close conillustrious friend. To port to his itee for his le province e inherited being thus ple of Nova vouchsafed kind in her will be graat courtiers perefore, as it to honour own Queen," reason, will

hat the day efore night, e afternoon s of several of the his-, and were t their fallox, at that ring among 1 the fleet, f one third dreadful a mortality has never been witnessed on this continent; and the number of strangers thus suddenly smole with death at this place exceeded by several thousands the amount of the population of the country in which they were interred. Of one of the most powerful armaments ever fitted out by France, a few hundreds of persons only survived to return to their native land to tell the sad tale of their misfortunes. The ships are still distinctly visible in calm weather, and the rising ground in the neighbourhood where the Duke d'Anville and his mighty host were buried is again clothed with wood, and not to be distinguished from the surrounding forest, except by the inequality of the surface, caused by numerous trenches cut into it to receive the dead. The whole scene is one of surpassing beauty, and deep and melancholy interest. The ruined Lodge, the sunken fleet, the fatal encampment, and the lonely and desolate cemetery of those unfortunate strangers, form a more striking and painful assemblage of objects than is to be found in any other part of British America.

On my return to the inn I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Slick, who was on his way to Halifax, for the purpose of arranging the details of our journey. In the course of the evening I succeeded in obtaining his consent, not merely to attend me to New York, but to accompany me to England. He was in great spirits at the idea of transferring the scene and subjects of our conversation to the other side of the water, where, he said, he could indulge in greater freedom of remark than he could here, having always been afraid of wounding the feelings of his own countrymen, and alienating the affections of his old friends the colonists, for whom he professed great regard.

On the following morning, when the little light travellingwaggon was driven round from the coach-yard, I was delighted to see that the Clockmaker had brought his favourite horse, "Old Clay," with him. Come, step in, squire, said he, as he held the reins; "Old Clay" is a-pawing and a-chawing like mad; he wants to show you the way to