

ling in Nova Scotia in particular. The Prince Edward's man, a tradesman, was on his first visit to the States, in fact to the great world, and was a modest, thoughtful person, who talked as men of merely home experience are apt to talk, saying nothing to object to, nothing to startle, and some little to remember concerning the climate, the society, and products of his native isle. The gentleman from Newfoundland had seen the world to his soul's content, and now was a most passionate lover of wild nature. He had dined with nobility and gentry, and could talk of them and of cities, from the end of his tongue ; but of the pleasures of the sportsman in British America, out of his very heart. A more genial companion the lonely traveller could not easily light upon. I had seen him before, but forgot to mention it. It was at Murdoch's, on the last Sunday, which I was sorry to recollect of him. He drove up about noon, in woodman's dress partly ; washed, dined, and departed in great haste for Pictou, in order to reach Halifax in time for the very steamer that we were hoping to catch. With all his speed he missed it as well as we. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. In his conversation you heard the crack of the rifle, and the roar of the forest and the ocean. He was often reeling in the largest salmon and the finest trout, and bringing down with a crash in the brushwood