

ally to swim and mingle together under his astounded eyes, and so went on till they ended in one unintelligible blur. He paused: his lower jaw dropped, and he stared at the self-defacing lines, as if he had witnessed witchcraft.

"Ill loock again—an' more an' more iv id!" at last groaned Murty; "an' what *bolgh* is on id now, I wondher?"

"Haze-a-head," cried the admiral, slapping Murty, in what he meant to be an encouraging manner, between the shoulders, for he had noticed the undisguised drooping of the man of letters, and sought to prop him up; "haze-a-head, and that's all; cheer up my jolly boy; hard tackin', some times, getting out o' port; but when you once make sey room enough to spread canvass, nine knots an hour won't catch you—sink me to ould Davy, if they will!"

"Musha, may be it's wet is on the poor creature iv a paper," surmised Chevaun.

"Faix, and I believe it is," agreed her husband, somewhat relieved; and he arose and held it to the fire, kneeling to his task; and in this position turned round his head to address his hearers. "Well, well; the praises for all; there's no tellin', now-a-days, when a poor boy sits down to do any one thing, what crosses an' what contrary things may come to pass afore he—och! tander an' ages!"

Thus did Murty interrupt his own moralizing, as the paper suddenly caught fire, ~~was~~ well up, and scorched his fingers, causing him instinctively to let it go. "Ulla—loo—oo!" he went on; "niver sich a misfort'nit writin' mit me in my born days, afore—sure there was some curse on you!" and with a countenance of the most extreme mortification he watched, still kneeling, the expiring ashes of the paper, as, speck, by speck, the caloric flitted from it. The breeze came in sharply at the open door, and, hastening to get out of the house again as fast as possible, whisked up the wide chimney, and soon carried with it even those relics of old raggyery.

"There!" resumed Murty; "ould Nick has you now, an' let him write on you, if he can."

"Auld ship blown up," announced the admiral, beginning himself to feel at last discomfited in his hopes of "a memorandle o' service."

"An' hav'n't you ne'er another scrap o' paper about you, admiral?" asked his secretary.

"Scuttle an' sink me to ould Davy—no! locker cleaned out this voyage, shipmit."

"Maybe I'd find a bit," said Chevaun; and her husband and his friend fixed their eyes on her movements. When—

"Fresh squall comin' on—heavy cloud right-a-head!" piped the admiral.

"Never a welcome to whoever it is," grumbled Murty.

(To be continued.)

ANGLER'S GLEE.

Among the lavish variety of splendid and beautiful scenery, characterizing the country around Quebec, there cannot be found a more enchanting home of the magnificent, picturesque, and lovely in landscape, than marks out this beautiful lake and its environs, to the admiration of visitors, be they wanderers from whatever clime of beauty this world can call its own. A silver mirror, as it were, set in an exquisite and diversified frame-work of lawn-like strand, its flowery borders lipping the blue chrystal of the slumbering waters, and fairy-like dell and dingle, and sunny glade, receding in gentle acclivity from the shore, and fading softly and imperceptibly from the view, like a passing smile from the face we love. Then, again, the towery grandeur of pine clad mountains, upspringing in their lofty and gloom-wearing might, direct from out the deep calm below, and flinging far and wide over its fair bosom, a shadow stamped with the character of their own dark sublimity. Then think of all the most beautiful varieties of either summer or autumnal verdure and foliage, lavishly scattered on every hand—and fancy you hear the bleat of the wood-roaming fawn, and the joyous songs of birds, and the hum of bees along the shores, or it may be, at particular seasons, the wailing whoop, or shrill cry of some winged solitary from afar off, over the blue waters. Think of these things, and all else that your fancy may awaken, of attraction to a place of "nature's fairest fashioning," like this, and then imagine, if you can, what a poet, or a painter, or the true Angler, who is always a compound of both, after a fashion—must feel who revels for a week of Elysium in all the beauteous attractions of this same, almost incomparable, Lake St. Charles of ours. How is it, I would further ask the question,—is it from ignorance or apathy that the American tourists never go near such a region of loveliness as this, and which is only a short two hours' drive from the "towers and turrets grey" of the Diamond Rock?

Away, away, where the mountain lake

Deep in the woodland gleams,

Circled by rock and dell and brake,

Fed by the purest streams;

Away, away! to the Angler's home,

Where the scaly tribes delight to roam,

Where the speckled trout exults in play,

And all's that bright keep holiday.

Away, away, away!

By every hope the bosom warming,

Silvery sylphs! we'll try our charming,

And spread our snares today.

Away, away, away!

Away, away—ere the sun is high,

Treasure the freshest hours,

Ere dew exhale in a fragrant sigh,

Kissing the lips of flowers;—

Launch the canoe with careful hand,

Yet linger awhile on the fairy strand,—

For beauty basks in the morning ray,

And all around is bright and gay.

Away, away, away!

While eager hope each breast is warming,

And silvery sylphs await our charming,

We'll spread our snares today,

Away, away, away!

Quebec, July, 1839.

W. R.