

leaked through,—a jacket of moleskin, shining with grease, and trowsers patched on one knee in four places, and with a burnt hole in the other: with beef boots—Canada boots, as they are called—torn and roughened all over with scraping on the stumps and branches of trees, and patched on the legs with sundry pieces of leather of divers colors; a broad-brimmed and round-topped hat, once white, but now no color, and battered into all shapes. With all these adornments, I am not surprised that Mrs. Barton, speaking of her children, and saying that here was “a little fellow frightened of nothing on earth,” should qualify the expression by saying, “but I think he’s a little scared at *you*, Sir.”

It was not alone in the field that Sir William was busy. His office work was often most arduous, and during the earlier years of his directorship, in addition to preparing his annual report, he even kept the accounts, entering every item of expenditure, so that he could at any time show exactly how every penny of the public money placed at his disposal had been spent. He also tells us that, with his own hands, he made, at that time, four manuscript copies of the Annual Report of Progress, often reaching more than one hundred printed pages—one copy for the Government, one for the House of Assembly, one for the Legislative Council, and one for the printer.

His manner of living was simple as it was solitary. Like his four brothers, he never married, nor does he seem to have formed many intimate friendships. Still every one who knew him loved him and respected him, and if you go the length and breadth of all the land, you will everywhere hear his praises, alike from rich and poor.

He peculiarly possessed the power of inspiring others with his own enthusiasm; not only those in his employ, but even uneducated farmers and backwoodsmen—men who, as a rule, are rather sceptical about the advantages to be derived from geology.

Though possessed of private means, he spent little upon himself; not that he was parsimonious, but he cared not for fashion or luxury. But with him Science never pleaded her needs in vain. The first grant of the Legislature, to make a geological survey of the Colonies, was £1,500—an amount which, Sir William quaintly remarked, was but a drop of what would be required to float him over twenty-five degrees of longitude and ten of latitude. This was, of course, very soon spent, and not only this, but at the end of the second year the Survey was £800 in his debt, and he had no guarantee whatever that his money would be returned to him. Since then the Survey has been constantly indebted to him for books, instruments, and other aids, and the building on St. James street, now used for office purposes, was built by him, two years ago, and rented to the