

son would carry my baggage to the tilt, where I would meet her Uncle Robert. It was soon arranged that they should be on hand at dawn. We would have breakfast and start with the sun.

"Oh, then, it's proud George will be to be in with you, sir. He has been talking about you for a month, and wondering whether you'd take him again after he broke the bottle last time; but he said he knew you would."

Now, this said George was a son of Robert, the old hunter—not particularly bright in his intellect, but tremendous in his physical development. But George could give a good answer sometimes, and it generally hit hard. Some merry young officers, not long since, were upon a shooting expedition. One of them was rather awkward in his gait, and his lower limbs were shaped something like a bent bow. He, unfortunately, twitted George, and told him that he thought George was the last man made—there was not enough to finish him, and that was the reason he was such a fool. "Well, sir," said George, "not meaning no harm, I thinks your honour was the *first* man made: the mould warn't right like, and ye couldn't be brought out straight!"

All present were of course convulsed with laughter—one clapping him on the back, with "George, what'll you have to drink?"

The crestfallen joker retired, ever to be reminded of George's reply.

The sun was just rolling up in gorgeous splendour when we mounted the rocky ridge behind Killrose, dotted with immense boulders, some of which, on the very top, are many tons in weight, apparently so balanced that a slight push would only seem needed to send them down the hill. Then we entered a narrow path to penetrate the coastal belt of woods, and traverse the long leads of marshes. We pass the "Bald Rock," a lofty eminence, from which Consumption Bay, with its islands, long inlets, and dark, bold cliffs, is spread before the eye—a grand panorama. Up and on we go by the Soldier's Pond and Soldier's Look-out, in the former of which, tradition says, a soldier was drowned;—I suppose because he did not look out.

We halt for a spell under the latter, and here Uncle James says—"Do you know, sir, just here, many a year ago, a little boy was in with his mother and some women berry-picking, and he runs to his mother and says, 'Mother, I saw a little boy up there dressed just like myself,' and up they went but no boy was there; and do you know, sir, he died that day week. And here, sir, away by that pond, early in the morning and late at night, you'll hear a man screechin' and yellin' like— Oh! it's awfu' to hear."

But Uncle James was not much of a woodsman, and the screeching was the cry of the loo to his mate.

"Up with your loads again." On we go past the Woody Hill and Sullivan's Pond.

"Hark!" Crouk, crouk. "Wild geese; down, all of you! Ah, it's no go; they saw the dog mount the ridge. Heels! Shot, Bob, Dick." I advance, creeping behind tucks of wood to within about 150 yards of them, but they are off—seven splendid geese. It is most difficult, in this open country, to work a shot on wild geese at this