

And forced the thief to quit his prey,
 And spread his wings and flit away.
 There old Van Hoozer once went by,
 And caught me treading down the rye:—
 He call'd—I ran—he broke a switch—
 But I was quickly out of reach.
 There oft, beneath the burning sun,
 The sharp, the keen-edged scythe I've swung,
 Or spread the new-mown swathe to dry,
 While Phœbus glowed in southern sky.
 Oft have on this same ground I tread,
 My inexperienced fingers bled,
 When first I did the sickle wield
 To reap the harvest off the field:—
 But what for that?—the golden year
 Brought the reward of labour near,—
 The sheaves upraised their heads around,
 And joy and pleasure did abound.

But cease!—my journey's at an end—
 Out bounces Gunner—good old friend!—
 With hearty welcome home once more
 He turns to lead me to the door:—
 My parents are alive and well,—
 Then think the rest—I can not tell.

ERIEUS

Port-Talbot, U. C.

Quebec, 29th June.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

Looking over some newly imported caricatures the other day, I was much struck with a series of etchings, by one of the best masters in that art, representing the progress of a Scotch man, through life, from Dumbarton, where the first scene lay, up to the very court of King George the IV. What drew my attention particularly, was that the backgrounds and scenery of several of the pictures, though labelled as representing different places in London, seemed to have been drawn on the spot, for corresponding parts of this city; and this circumstance raising in my mind the suspicion of some hidden meaning which I could not fathom, I determined on sending you a list of the pictures that you may explain the mystery, if there is any.