

chosen water,' and as you journey gently down its romantic borders, coming suddenly upon spots where Titania and her fairy court might sleep or revel, you will not wonder that the wild and poetical people so distinguished this lovely and intricate river. And the trout, the delicious trout, that abounds in these transparent depths! We saw the beautiful creatures of some four or five pounds weight, with their brown shining backs and shell-pink breasts, bedropped with scarlet, come dripping from their clear cool home, and hungry heathens that we were, ate them afterward. I have heard, as you remember, of marvellous results from the exploits of certain amateur fishermen among the Highland Lochs, but am convinced these sportsmen would hold the memory of former spoils in small repute, could they fish in the blue pool of the Musquodoboit.

On our road homeward we encountered a rising genius, the transcendent polish of whose steel watch chain was clearly traceable to the agency of brick-dust, and who was of opinion that the St. M——y River, in our vicinage, fell into the Pacific Ocean. Feeling warranted, from these symptoms, in our belief that this attractive youth must be—

“The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.”

We made inquiries accordingly, and found that harmless as was his general appearance, he had not long previous been productive of a formidable disturbance among the fair of the district. It appeared upon reliable evidence that this lady-killer having a pervading sense of his own dignity, and instigated thereto by the desire of defining his importance in some marked and tangible manner, had devoted a portion of his leisure—a few small brass nails acting as auxiliaries—to the achievement of the initials of his name upon the heels of his boots, performing afterward—by the like instrumentality—with great success, an inscription around the same, illustrative of his daily life and conversation. Little, poor, persecuted youth, imagining, that from the fatal revelations imparted to the betraying snow by the biographical boots, he should be tracked by relentless spies to the rival houses of the settlement, and innocently create a war of women, such as the fiercest conflict of Guelf and Ghibelline never surpassed.

I have no doubt that you, who have looked at the Persian Rubies in London, and couched in the shadow of the tree-fern in sunny Polynesia, sustained a passage at arms with Comanche Indians, and dazzled your eyes with the snowy crown of Chimborazo, are beginning to laugh at my travels. He who has voyaged both to Lilliput and Brobdignag may well be careless of my easy-chair stories, so I finish my account of our ramblings by telling you that a day or two later we reached Linden Hill in safety, and found it looking as it looked upon many a lonely summer evening, when you sat within the shadow of its leaves, listening to the sunset concert of the birds in our neighbour's swampy grove.