

very glacis which led up to the barracks of the military, and the residence of the Governor, is, in the season, white with peaceful harvests, while across where the three rivers meet, along the northern bank of the East River, the darkening forest has disappeared, and from where its roots were set, out into the bold waters, long wharves extend, at which all kinds of shipping load and unload cargoes; and looking down on this active traffic, stands a flourishing city, with broad streets, public buildings, shops, comfortable dwellings, and populous suburbs reaching far back among the green fields. Everything seems to have changed except the red soil of the shores, the unrivalled harbour, and the majestic rivers.

The Doings of a Day.

IT was a pleasant September morning and all things seemed propitiously inclined to our project—which was nothing less than going “a fishing.” Behold us then arriving at the depot in very irregular order. The ladies of our party were decidedly on time, but—“the fishermen came in one by one”—some just in time to board the train as it was moving out.

Fishing gear was prominently and promiscuously displayed in the car, and there was little need of expressing our object in travelling.

Before arriving at our destination, we were joined by some fair, and welcome, additions to our party. Soon we arrived at the scene of our prospective labors, and ladies and fishing rods are solicitously cared for—especially the former.

Upon reaching the stream everything was made ready and we “posed” for the benefit of the camera, which was ably handled by one of our number, and what a group was there—charming young ladies, embryo doctors, and two solitary specimens of their kind, an agent for one of our popular insurance