

one of the finest I have ever seen—rose high above the other trees on the opposite bank. The whole appearance of the scene was mysterious and dismal, resembling that of the deserted and neglected lake of some great park which has been abandoned by its owner, and over which hung some gloomy association."

How "the scene," including as we should have thought, willow, black, birch high bank, camp, wooded flat, and his fellow travellers besides, failed to suggest more to Mr. Gordon than the "lake" of a park, we are at a loss to understand. In the egotisms of the night it is indeed possible, that the camp did duty for mansion, and the continued "drumming of the partridges" turned in his fancy the waving tree tops into green fields and stubbles, and having got so far the transition in his mind would be easy enough to some stately park adorned by a noble lake—of course the camp would still be the castle, and the dreamer lord of all. The "gloomy association" so poetically introduced is fully accounted for by the passage which follows—

"To a wet night succeeded a showery morning."

We have picked up these examples at random, and the whole pamphlet is thickly sprinkled with similar trash.

At one period of his wanderings the happy thought struck Mr. Gordon that to record in a journal form, the events of successive half hours, would be both novel and pleasing. The place chosen for the development of the plan was, we think, ill selected for its successful accomplishment, and its results in consequence are somewhat barren. Thus—8.30 A.M. Right bank—Burnt land; L. B., Burnt land. 9 A.M. R. B., Burnt land; L. B., Burnt land—and so on for about five consecutive hours. This must have disappointed the ingenious deviser of the arrangement, which notwithstanding its failure in this instance, we can confidently recommend to station masters, pointsmen, and felons under sentence of imprisonment for life.

The most interesting part of the pamphlet is that in which the Lazaretto of Gloucester county is described. Here his Excellency is more at home, and interests us in a subject, which is, however, somewhat misplaced in a book about Wildernesses.

The snobishness with which the author brings out the importance of his position, on his return to civilization from the woods, on two occasions, deserves particular mention. However far he may have forgotten himself in the wilds, however far his dignity may have been compromised by the upsetting of a canoe and other trifles, he is fully determined that all the world shall know, when, how, and where he returned to the realms of civilization,—

"A few miles from the town I was met by the High Sheriff, the Hon. W. Hamilton, the members for the county, and other inhabitants of Dalhousie, and entered the town with the ordinary firing of guns, and shoutings and racings usual on the part of the juvenile members of the population,"—and so on for a page and a half.

If the Governor of New Brunswick in his normal state is constantly surrounded by an "ordinary firing of guns" and a perpetual clatter of juvenile feet, journeyings in the wilderness, we should imagine, will become much in vogue with such personages.

His next egress from the forests, is still more remarkable. He says:—

"Quitting the canoe in a rapid above the falls, I walked alone (mark that word) across the bare granite rocks which separated me from the party awaiting my arrival, and which also formed the dividing line between the wilderness and civilized life. My moccasined feet made no noise on the smooth worn rock, though had they done so the roaring of the falling waters would have drowned the sound, and long before the solitary blue-shirted figure approaching them had caught their eye, I could see a group of the gentlemen of Bathurst waiting near Mr. Ferguson's carriage."

Yes, alone on the bare rocks in moccasined feet walked the blue shirted figure—quite alone—why, we are not informed, but if this dramatically told story means anything, it means to say that the authors eagle eye saw Mr. Ferguson, before Mr. Ferguson and his party, gifted only with ordinary power of vision, were able to see the author. It is quite possible, however, that this passage is intended as a mild rebuke for Mr. Ferguson, and a hint to keep a better look out in future when grandees are known to be in the neighbourhood. This view of the case is supported by the reflection that there were not the "ordinary guns" and small boys present on the occasion, an omission deserving we should have thought, of a heavier rebuke than that here suggested. If this be the meaning of the passage, we really must compliment Mr. Gordon on his moderation. The egotism of the whole work counteracts the effect of any

merits it may possess, and we should not have felt it necessary to allude to the pamphlet at all, had we not observed, that, as was to be expected, this book written about a lower Province, by a governor of a lower Province, is, with all its faults, praised up to the skies, by the press both of this city and New Brunswick. We have before alluded to the silliness of such indiscriminate laudation of all that belongs to our provinces, but if writers in our papers consider that the contact of a governor's nose with a black fly, the death of a partridge, or the description of a levee in a remote village, are worthy of perpetual record, well and good—*chacun a son goût*.

WILDERNESS JOURNEYINGS IN NEW BRUNSWICK IN 1862—63, by the HON. ARTHUR HAMILTON GORDON, LIEUT.-GOVERNOR, ETC. McMillan & Co., St. John, N. B.

#### MR. PERKINGTON'S DIARY.

Monday, Oct. 10th.—Met with a severe accident in the lower continuation of Sackville St., between Hollis and Water Streets. I fell over a pair of horns exposed for sale on the pavement. There is nothing more dangerous than horns when exposed for sale in this manner, though C— says, boxes are equally so, and oyster kegs worse still. This I deny, and I know that nothing could have been more insidious than the Cariboo horns over which I stumbled, for I am generally a very careful walker. Was carried home in a cab, and before I reached my door, was fully determined to bring the matter before the City Council on my recovery. This methinks will be a very good maiden resolution to move. Wife declares that I was much excited on my arrival, and used bad words. This I don't believe. Took a homeopathic dose of something at her desire to abate the fever, which she imagined was impending. My giddy girls who were dressed for a ball at the time I reached home, pooh poohed my wound, and dragged their mother off to the dance.

Tuesday, Oct. 11th.—My wound not so bad as I had expected, and able to attend a meeting of the City Council. Showed my bad shin to E. C. and D.,—and asked what could be done. They rudely answered "rub it." I then remembered the heaps of break-neck rubbish I had noticed in front of their own stores. I suggested mildly that this was the cause of their want of sympathy for my sore, on which they laughed, and said I should understand more about such things in a few days. "Stick to your order my boy" concluded C, and look after your foot-steps a little better in future." This being my first attendance at the Council, I had dressed with unusual care, and had on a very pretty light blue neck-tie, given me by my wife, on the last anniversary of our wedding day. As I left the Council with C—, I saw a person near, staring hard at my neck-tie, and laughing immoderately. "Who?" I said "is that?" "Your neck-tie answered C— quietly, will be made famous on Saturday evening next. "Who?" I cried "will dare to allude in print, to my personal appearance?" Hush said C—, he is very harmless and will probably give you no coarser name than "old Perky" or perhaps the "Blue Jay"—in pleasant allusion to the neck-tie he is now laughing at." He doesn't care much what an Alderman does, but is very particular about their costume. "On the whole" concluded C—, whispering cautiously "you had better not offend him or he may rout out little secrets of your private life, which however innocent in themselves, it will not please you to see published." Bewildered, and doubting whether C—, myself, or the person alluded to, or all three, were for the time being maniacs. Went home and reflected deeply upon the dangers to which an Alderman is exposed.

Wednesday, Oct. 12th.—Seeing that the Hoffer family are highly spoken of in the press, took wife and daughters to the performance. The music though aiming at high things, was but poorly executed. If the Hoffer family settle in the city, they will be a great acquisition, since here, an indifferent performer well acquainted with the theory of music, may teach the art with success. We are at present very short of scientific musicians, and if we except some members of the Military Bands, Mr. Hagarty, and one or two others, we should not know where to seek materials for a Concert.

Thursday, Oct. 13th.—This being mail day, and business unusually pressing, wife insists on my taking the girls to a party the other side of the water. Her excuse is, that she is fatigued

by the stupid Concert. Sir, I must go to the thing. "Oh you old flirt to flirt to night."

Friday, Oct. 14th.—I expect a prize, consisting of the meeting of his own account, in vain that I tell at an annual meeting and will be looked says "rifles in the What will I do with another case was over some bu

If Queen Charl glimpses of the her venerable ha ror at a pork-pie slips so naturally would astonish a little less than a nce of that elen relations between days. The the her grandmother herself once occu and a prematu treated much as The approaches clothed with des lamb-and-wolf t longer lamb-like with which they male sex credit which a prudish ing exists betw mix with each more intimately them is thrown every-day relat but of boyish h evil, young-lady other sex, of arm driven by the prate itself from t It has quitted th encounter man.

One of the mo that of a young her own sex. I form channel, er being, as int Clarissa opene every secret of have given vent rio's or Eugenic squeamish. Th tute themselves the young and brought to impa fessional, and bosoms. No or freely extende in the growth much good. I his conscience of gratitude he give him advic sion to the choi sibly soothing directress, and logue of petty becomes more miseration of borne with mo est in a gentl of a long-out materialism o communicatio and young lad