

furnished with a blue surtout, frilled at the elbows, worn at the button holes, and stained with a variety of tints, so that it might truly be styled a coat of many colours; and to render this external department of my habit still more conspicuous and worthy of observation, the waist descended below the knees, and the skirts hung dangling at my heels; and to complete the whole, a jaundiced-colored wig devoid of curls was shaded by the remnants of a rusty beaver, its monstrous brim replete with notches and furrows, and grown limpsy by the alternate afflictions of storm and sunshine, lopped over my shoulders and obscured a face meagre with famine and wrinkled with solicitude. My consort and niece came lagging behind at a little distance, the former arrayed in a ragged baize nightgown, tied round her middle with a woolen string, instead of a sash; the latter carried upon her back the tattered remnants of a hemlock-colored linsey-woolsey, and both their heads were adorned with bonnets composed of black, moth-eaten stuff, almost devoured by the teeth of time. I forgot to mention the admirable figure of their petticoats, jagged at the bottom, distinguished by a multitude of fissures, and curiously drabbed in the mud, as a heavy rain was now beginning to set in. And to close this solemn procession, Dr. Mayer and our faithful John (Macnamara) marched along in all the pride of poverty and majesty of rags and patches, which exhibited the various dyes of the rainbow. The doctor proceeded, with a yellow bushy beard, grinning all the way, while his broad, Dutch face opened at his mouth from ear to ear. The other continued his progression with a doleful solemnity of countenance, as if designed to give a kind of dignity to the wretched fragments of his apparel which floated in the wind. In this manner our procession began, and was supported until we arrived at Captain Callahan's, near half a mile from the place of our landing. This worthy gentleman, who was formerly my friend and neighbor, was at this time absent on an expedition to Penobscot. Having obtained entrance, we saw no person in the room but Polly Clensy, a young girl whom this family had transported from Kennebec.