

and herbs, for the green market; milkwomen, in clean white aprons and old bonnets, rested their large tin cans on the street; French girls chatted over their baskets, while colored *folk* shoved through the crowd, with birch barks resting on their heads, filled with strawberries—all hasting to catch the ferry boat which ran to and from the capital.

A touch from the rein, and Rosabella moved on, but not in the direction she wished to go. "That road," remarked Mr. Urban, "leads to Cole Harbor; the next one to the left is our road."

About a mile from the ferry, after crossing the canal, and along the margin of the first lake, beside which was a small encampment of Indians; we came to it, and from a gentle hill noticed a small and pretty settlement. Several detached farms; a mill, where squalling geese disputed with hungry pigs for corn up hill; starting lazy cattle from their sleeping places; through a miserable settlement of colored people, their log huts perched on the bare rocks. Here is *Deers'*, where the traveller may obtain refreshments. From the swing-sign, with a most imposing inscription, we learnt that "William Deer lives here." We stop a moment at this inn. A smart colored lad gives our horse a pail of water, and we drive along, meeting colored people with pearly teeth and laughing ebon faces, each laden with strawberries.