

former being a daughter of the elder Thomas Wyer, when informed by me about a year ago of the spiked guns, claimed to be wholly ignorant upon the subject, though he may have been so in consequence of being my father's junior by several years. He, however, in return for my contribution, supplied me with the details of another incident, handed down through the intervening years, relating to the same period and place, which has the merit of being neither more nor less incredible than that last recorded. One day in summer in the year 1812, according to this informant, the town of Saint Andrews was enveloped in impenetrable fog, which hid all but the nearest objects and muffled every sound. Through this dense atmosphere Dr. Caleff plodded along the street which lies next to and follows the harbor line, and, after the manner of every faithful physician when alone, he was wrapped in thought. Suddenly an ominous sound was heard. Ph-r-r-r-r bang. The doctor aroused himself from reverie in an instant and all was alert; his mind was carried back to the old war days and he promptly recognized the sound. There could be no doubt, it was the report from the gun of a Yankee privateer down the bay. But he was a prudent man, averse to forming conclusions upon uncertain proof, and so he waited and listened until again he heard from the sea the same ph-r-r-r-r bang. Then he hurried off, and being a person of intelligence and influence it was not long before the Fencibles, fully armed and equipped, were, on his report, patrolling the harbor front ready for the foe. All that day and for part of the next they were under arms, and during all the time the gloomy pall hung over them and at intervals, never nearer and never further away, the dreadful reminder of war sounded in their ears. At length a private anxious to find some relief from the monotony of his present duty,