

twenty, and a charming study only awaiting his leisure to enjoy it and so on.

"It is done and the design carried out, though not completed; prudence forbids a further expenditure just now. It has cost five times as much as was contemplated, and is not worth a tenth part of the outlay, still it is very beautiful. Strangers go to see it, and every one pronounces it the prittiest thing in the Lower Provinces. There have been some little drawbacks, but they are to be expected in a colony and among the Goths and Vandals who live there. The contractors have repudiated their agreement on account of the extensive alterations made in the design and nature of the work, and he has found there is law in the country, if not justice. The servants find it too lonely, they have no taste for the beauties of nature, and remain without work, or quit without notice. If he refuses to pay he is sued, if he pays he is cheated. The house leaks, for the materials are green, the chimneys smoke, for the drafts are in the wrong place. The children are tormented by black flies and mosquitoes, and their eyes are so swelled they can't see. The bears make love to his sheep, and the minks and foxes devour his poultry. The Indians who come to beg, are supposed to come to murder, and the negroes who come to sell wild berries are suspected to come to steal. He has no neighbors, he did not desire any, and if a heavy weight has to be lifted, it is a little, but not much inconvenience to send to the town for assistance; and the people go cheerfully, for they have only five miles to come, and five to return, and they are not detained more than five minutes, for he never asks them into his house. The butcher won't come so far to carry his meat, nor the baker his bread, nor the postman to deliver his letters.

"The church is too far off, and there is no school. But the clergyman is not fit to be heard, he is such a drone in the pulpit; and it is a sweet employment to train one's own children, who thus avoid contamination by not associating with vulgar companions.

"These are trifling vexations, and what is there in this life that has not some little drawback. But there is something very charming in perfect independence in living for each other, and in residing in one of the most delightful spots in America, surrounded by the most exquisite scenery that was ever beheld. There is one thing, however, that is annoying. The country people will not use, or adopt that pretty word 'Epaigwit,' 'the home of the wave,' which rivals in beauty of conception an eastern expression. The place was originally granted to a fellow of the name of Umber, who was called after the celebrated navigator 'Cook.' These two words when united soon became corrupted, and the magnificent sheet of water was designated 'the Cucumber Lake,' while its splendid cataract known in ancient days by the Indians as the 'Pan-ook,' or 'the River's Leap,' is perversely called by way of variation 'the Cowcumber Falls;' can any thing be conceived more vulgar or more vexatious, unless it

be their awkward attempt at pronunciation which converts Epaigwit into 'a pigs wit,' and Pan-hook into 'Pond-hook.'

"But, then, what can you expect of such boors, and who cares, or what does it matter, for after all, if you come to that, the 'Cumberland Lakes' is not very euphonious, as he calls it, whatever that means. He is right in saying it is a beautiful place, and as he often observes, what an immense sum of money it would be worth if it were only in England! but the day is not far distant, now that the Atlantic is bridged by steamers, when 'bag-men' will give place to tourists, and 'Epaigwit' will be the 'Killarney' of America. He is quite right, that day will come, and so will the millennium, but it is a good way off yet; and dear old Minister used to say, there was no dependable authority that it would ever come at all.

"Now and then a brother officer visits him. Elliott is there now, not the last of the Elliotts, for there is no end of them, and though only a hundred of them have been heard of in the world, there are a thousand well known to the Treasury. But he is the last chum from his regiment he will ever see. As they sit after dinner, he hands the olives to his friend, and suddenly checks himself, saying, I forgot, you never touch the 'after-feed.' Then he throws up both eyes and hands, and affects to look aghast at the mistake. 'Really,' he says, 'I shall soon become as much of a boor, as the people of this country. I hear nothing now but mowing, browsing, and 'after-feed,' until at last I find myself using the latter word for 'desert.' He says it prettily, and acts it well, and although his wife has often listened to the same joke, she looks as if it would bear repetition, and her face expresses great pleasure. Poor Dechamps, if your place is worth nothing, she, at least, is a treasure above all price.

"Presently, Elliot says, 'By-the-bye, Dechamps, have you heard we are ordered to Corfu, and embark immediately.'

"Dear me, what magic there is in a word. Sometimes it discloses, in painful distinctness, the past; at others, it reveals a prophetic page of the future; who would ever suppose there was anything in that little insignificant word, to occasion a thought, unless it was whether it was pronounced Corfoo or Corfew, and it's so little consequence which, I always give it the go by and say Ionian Isles.

"But it startled Dechamps. He had hoped before he had left the army to have been ordered there, and from thence to have visited the classic coasts of Greece. Alas, that vision has gone, and there is a slight sigh of regret, for possession seldom equals expectation, and always cloy. He can never more see his regiment, they have parted for ever. Time and distance have softened some of the rougher features of military life. He thinks of joyous days of youth, the varied scene of life, his profession exposed to his view, and the friends he has left behind him. The service he thinks not so intolerable, after all, and though regimental society is certainly not what he should choose,