

him, in addition to which he was speckled, literally speckled, all over his countenance with bluish spots, the result, I afterwards learned, of a gunpowder explosion—close-cropped red hair and extraordinary wide flat features, added to the fact that he possessed but one eye, the other being closed in what seemed to be a perpetual wink—(in truth I fancied he was winking at me at a first glance)—completed a picture of such striking ugliness seldom seen in the varied forms and features of our race.

"No, I ain't no beauty," continued this unlovely creature ; "small-pox, powder and such like things are not improvers ; me own mother war'nt no duchess ter look at ; me dad war'nt hung for beauty—died in his bed—not extre comfor'ble tho', for I've heerd tell as he'd only a hunch of straw to die on ; only bless yer heart, Miss, don't yer look so sorry, he war too dog-gone drunk to know he warn't a-dyin in ther best bed ther Queen er England ever slep. in.

The strange apparition's antecedents were certainly not promising. However, I felt interested in him, and with an effort I overcame my repugnance and sat down beside him. Before I left we had struck up quite a friendship.

He was a sailor by trade ; had been shipwrecked on Georgian Bay. After enduring, with his comrades, terrible suffering from cold and exposure, he had reached a place of safety to find his toes were frozen. Amputation had to be resorted to to save his life. How he had reached the quarters where I met him puzzled me. In answer to my query on the subject he told me he had come across a person who had spoken well of the medical skill at the hospital in — ; so when he needed the services of a doctor "he made tracks there." He said he was not a pauper, but paid for his bed, etc., so he expressed it "like a man." He came originally from Philadelphia. There his only relative—a sister—resided. She was well-to-do ; did a thriving business in peanuts, and had plenty of money laid by.