

turned from the escarpment of Look-Off-Place, and leaped into the waggon, saying, "Now for the Lobsters!"

The mountain air was cool and delicious. The road was sound, though not so smooth as that we had left in the valley. Now was to be seen the virtue of a strong waggon and heavily tired wheels. With a word of caution to ensure the safety of each occupant, I gave the horse the road. Jehu! shall I ever forget that drive to the shore? or will the two Powers, for that matter? The horse was now evidently an hungred for lobster, too. Curb and snaffle could not stay him for a time; the rocks flew right and left from each wheel like bullets from a Gatling gun. Amid the thunder of that long charge to the shore, I could hear snatches of wise admonition addressed to the jays, and partridges, and rabbits, mingled with vehement warnings to the squirrels in the trees, and even to the dwellers in the moon. When we came in sight of Scott's Bay Village, we were all as red as lobsters from the shaking up that horse gave us; but we had timed the tide admirably.

Attire being doffed and donned, and directions given for the pots to be got ready against our return, we each with gaff and bag plunged into the turbid and fast rising tide. It was the first lobster expedition my young friends had ever taken part in, (I wonder if it was the last!), but they proved apt scholars. They plied their gaffs with considerable skill, and were soon successfully hooking and unhooking their finds. The air rang with our sport. The Mogul being about to reject a lobster that had lost a claw in the conflict with his gaff, saying it would not scan, was earnestly assured by the Mustapha that it was a catalectic lobster, greatly to be prized. An hour's sharp work in the water, over and around rocks, saw us laden with lobsters. On reaching the shore we consigned them to the pots, and made ready for a return to the Valley.

In good time we were leisurely making the homeward journey. The freshly boiled lobsters occupied our attention to the exclusion of all else. As we ate, they were over and over declared to be "perfect poems."

As we descended the mountain the moon

Unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the earth her silver mantle threw.

I reminded my friends, as we gently drove through the calm and bright air, of the contrast between

the manner of our going and that of our return, and suggested that they now complete the poem, the first verse of which had been struck off as a lightning flash in the whirlwind of our initial speed. The suggestion was at once acted on, the Mogul leading always off with three lines impromptu, and the Mustapha in like manner readily capping each Mogullian strain. But I cannot now recall these stanzas, though I once could. Thus was spent a happy day with these joyous fellows. Need I say that I drove over to Acadia to see the class of '60 take their first degree. F. E. C.

P. S.— Hoping that I might procure a complete copy of the verses referred to, I addressed a note to one of those who made them. I have just received his reply, a portion of which I append with the song. Although he had no reason to suppose I would request you to publish it, I hope you will do so, (with any needful explanations supplied by my letter to you), and my friend must forgive me in memory of a glorious outing of long ago. He says:—

"The Lobster Song!" The words almost drag me from my moorings. I feel even now the freshness and life-giving power of the atmosphere then enveloping us. The ode has been in my mind ever since. We set the words to music. Once in a while a snatch of the melody comes to me, but when I think I have it, I have it not. The music was no unimportant part of the whole. How our voices rang out upon the air that day! Here is the

"LOBSTER SONG."

O Lobster fear
In front and rear
Throughout your vast dominions;
For to the fight
As swift as light

We come to pluck your pinions.

The Lobster crews
By one's and two's
'Neath shelving rocks betook;
With dextrous strokes
We hauled the "pokes"
With an unerring hook.

We bagged them all
Both great and small,
Then for the pots we sped:
We doused them in
With broken limb—
The living with the dead.

Full many a claw
Hath fed our maw
Since we the deed have done;
We'll say no more,
The battle's o'er,
And we the victory won.