

just left him, and he lay upon his bed bedewed with a cold perspiration, and in a state of complete exhaustion. "Poor Tom!" said I; "he passed a horrible day, but the fit is over and I will make him a cup of coffee." While preparing it, old Satan came in and began to talk to my husband. He happened to sit exactly opposite to the aperture which gave light and air to Tom's berth. The rude fellow, with his accustomed insolence, began abusing the old country folks. "The English were great bullies," he said. "They thought nobody could fight but themselves. But the Yankees had whipt them, and would whip them again. He was not afeared of them. He never was afeared in his life."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a horrible apparition presented itself to his view. Slowly rising from his bed, and putting on the fictitious nose, while he drew his white night-cap close over his ghastly and livid face, Tom thrust his head through the aperture, and uttered a diabolical cry—then sank down upon his unseen couch as silently as he had arisen. That cry was like nothing human. It sounded more like the extravagant neigh of some fear-stricken horse in his agony, and it was echoed by an involuntary scream from the lips of my servant and myself.

"Good God! what's that?" cried Satan, falling back in his chair, and pointing to the now vacant aperture. "Mr. M——! Mr. M——! did you hear it? did you see it? It beat the universe. I never saw a ghost or the devil before."

M——, who had recognized the ghost, and who greatly enjoyed the fun, pretended profound ignorance, and very coolly insinuated that old Satan had lost his senses. The man seemed bewildered. He stared at the vacant aperture, then at M—— and me, as if he doubted the accuracy of his own vision. "'Tis tarnation odd!" he said. "But the women heard it, too."

"I heard a sound," said I, "a dreadful sound; but I saw no ghost."

"Sure an it was himself," said my lowland girl, who now perceived the joke. "He was a seeken to gie us puir bodies a wee bit fricht."

"How long have you been subject to these sort of fits!" said I. "You had better speak to the doctor about them. Such fancies, if they are not attended to, often end in madness."

"Mad! I guess I am not mad."

"Perhaps troubled with an evil conscience?"

"Good God! woman! did I not see it with my own eyes, and as to the noise, I could not make such a devilish outcry to save my life."

Again the ghastly head was protruded—the dreadful eyes rolled widely in their sockets, and a hollow laugh, more appalling than the former

shriek, rang through the cabin. The man sprang from his chair, which he overturned in his fright; he started back and stood for one instant with his starting eye-balls riveted upon the spectre—his cheeks deadly pale, the cold perspiration streaming from his face,—his lips dissevered, and his teeth chattering in his head.

"There—there! look—look! the devil—the devil!"

Here Tom, who still kept his eyes fixed upon his victim, gave a diabolically knowing wink, and thrust his tongue out of his mouth.

"He is coming! he will have me!" cried the affrighted wretch, and clearing the open doorway with one leap, he fled for life across the field. The stream intercepted his path, he passed it at a bound, and plunging into the forest, was out of sight.

"Ha! ha! ha!" muttered poor Tom, sinking down exhausted upon his bed. "Oh! that I had strength to follow up my advantage; I would lead old Satan such a chase that he should think that his namesake was behind him."

During the six weeks that we inhabited that wretched cabin we never were troubled by old Satan again, and this respite we owed to Tom Wilson's extraordinary nose.

As he slowly recovered and began to regain his appetite, his soul sickened over the salt beef and pork, which, for want of a near vicinity to town, formed our principal fare, and he positively refused to touch the sad bread, as my Yankee neighbours very appropriately termed the unleavened cakes in the pan, and it was no easy matter to send a man on horseback eight miles to fetch a loaf of bread.

"Oh! my dear Mrs. M——, for God sake, give me a bit of the baby's bread, and try, there's a dear good creature, to make us some bread. The stuff your maid gives us is uneatable," said Wilson to me in most imploring accents.

"Most willingly, but I have no yeast, and I never baked in these odd bake-kettles in my life."

"I'll go to old Joe's wife and borrow some rising," said he. "They are always borrowing of you."

Away he went across the field, but soon returned.

I looked in his jug—it was empty. "No luck," says he. "Those stingy wretches had just baked a fine batch of bread, and they would neither sell nor lend a loaf. But they told me how to make their milk-emptyings."

"Well, discuss the same." But I much doubted if he could remember the Yankee recipe.

"You are to take an old tin," said he, sitting