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CHAPTER XIX.

SOME of our friends tell us that the Indian summer has begun; that it may last ten days, or a fortnight, or a month, and that then the winter will set in with all its rigour. Others say that we are only enjoying the fine autumnal weather of the Upper Province, that we shall have a little blowing, and raining, and mist, and that then the real Indian summer will commence. However, we are well content to enjoy the present, and nothing can be more delicious than the atmosphere in which we exist, though the air is sufficiently warm to make sitting out-of-doors in the shade pleasant. The rays of the sun are hot, yet there is a lightness, a freshness, a purity in the atmosphere, which enables us to take as much exercise as we desire without feeling anything like oppression or fatigue. The signs of the Indian summer, we were told, are a perfect stillness in the air, a warm sun, and a thin gauze-like mist hanging over the whole face of nature and obscuring all distant objects.

I had been taking a view of Hamilton from between the trees on the lawn of Barton Lodge, when one morning, as I went out to put in a few finishing touches,