

much discussion in the house the next day ; and many a joke was got off at Dwyre's expense, who stoutly insisted that he had seen the Frenchman, though all discredited his story save his wife ; who maintained her opinion that the place was haunted.

Governor Patterson, on being told of the occurrence regarded it as a canard ; but Martin Dwyer brought to his recollection the trouble they had experienced in securing workmen for the erection of the house : and he, beside the old woman, thought there might have been something in it—perhaps a Ghost.

The Rampike.

The old tree stood in the midst of a farm, with well-cleared land around,
It stood, alone, like a relic, whose title to the ground
Was not respected because of age nor the awe of long ago,—
In the farmer's mind was a lust for land where paying crops might grow.

Once it was one of a mighty host of straight, tall pines, that stood
Like regiments of soldiers, close-ranked in the virgin wood ;
The wild beasts of the forest beneath their branches strayed,
And only the Indian hunters disturbed the quiet glade.

Then came the eager white men, and the forest felt the stroke
Of the broad and sharpened axe-blades, that levelled pine and oak,
And they fell by scores, till wide spaces within their depths appeared,
And these in their turn gave place to fields, rudely fenced and cleared.

All this had the rude old rampike seen, in the days that had gone by—
Had seen its comrade forest-giants rolled to the stream near by ;
Where the frame of a graceful vessel from the timbers rough was made,
And the trees of the ancient forest became the slaves of Trade.

Burnt by the sun, and chilled by the frost, and torn by the lightning's blast
The tree, so exposed, bore every ill, till the life refused, at last,
To venture into the needle leaves, and stubbornly it died—
The tree that for years in its loneliness had marked the country-side.

A weather-beaten spectre of the forest kings of old,
Over this bleached survivor a century had rolled ;
Its leafless trunk and branches—a skeleton grim and bare,
Scarcely a bird or an insect sought rest or refuge there.