

tlemen settlers" been detailed, but never with more life-like reality than in the chapter entitled

CUCUMBER LAKE.

"Look at that officer at Halifax; he is the best dressed man in the garrison; he is well got up always; he looks the gentleman every inch of him; how well his horses are groomed; how perfect his turn-out looks; how well appointed it is, as he calls it. He and his servant and his cattle are a little bit of fashion imported from the park and astonish the natives. Look at his wife, ain't she a beautiful creature? they are proud of, and were just made for each other. This is not merely all external appearance either; they are accomplished people; they sing, they play, they sketch, they paint, they speak several languages, they are well read, they have many resources. Soldiering is dull, and, in time of peace, only a police service. It has disagreeable duties; it involves repeated removals, and the alteration of bad climates—from Hudson's Bay to Calcutta's Black Hole. The juniors of the regimental officers are mere boys—the seniors great empty cartouch boxes, and the women have cabals—there is a sameness even in its variety; but worse than all, it has no home—in short, the whole thing is a bore. It is better to sell out and settle in the province; land is cheap; their means are ample and more than sufficient for the requirements of the colony; country society is stupid; there are no people fit to visit. It is best to be out of the reach of their morning calls and their gossip. A few miles back in the woods there is a splendid stream with a beautiful cascade on it; there is a magnificent lake communicating with several others that form a chain of many miles in extent. That swelling knoll that slopes so gently to the water would be such a pretty site for a cottage—*orne*, and the back-ground of hanging wood has an indescribable beauty in it, especially in the autumn, when the trees are one complete mass of variegated hues. He warms on the theme as he dilates on it, and sings as he turns to his pretty wife:

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms that a cottage was near,
And I said if there's peace to be found in the world,
The heart that is humble might hope for it here."

"How sweet to plan, how pleasant to execute. How exciting to see it grow under one's own eye, the work of one's own hand—the creation of one's own taste. It is decided on; Dechamps retires, the papers go in, the hero goes out—what a relief; no inspection of soldier's dirty kits—no parade by day—no guards nor rounds by night—no fatigue parties of men who never fatigue themselves—no stupid court martial—no horrid punishments—no reviews to please a colonel who never is pleased, or a general who will swear—no marching through streets, to be stared at by housemaids from upper windows, and by dirty boys in the side paths—no procession to follow brass instruments, like the train of a circus—no bearded

band-master with his gold cane to lead on his musicians, and no bearded white goat to march at the head of the regiment. All, all, are gone.

"He is out of livery, he has played at soldiering long enough; he is tired of the game, he sells out, the man of business is called in, his lawyer as he terms him, as if every gentleman kept a lawyer, and he does a footman. He is in a hurry to have the purchase completed with as little delay as possible. But delays will occur, he is no longer a centurion and a man of authority, who has nothing to do but to say to this one come, and he cometh; and another go and he goeth; do this and it is done. He can't put a lawyer under arrest, he a man of arrests himself. He never heard of an attachment for contempt, and if he had, he couldn't understand it; for when the devil was an attorney, he invented the term, as the softest and kindest name for the hardest and most unkind process there is. *Attachment for contempt*, what a mockery of Christian forgiveness!

"A conveyancer is a slow coach, he must proceed cautiously, he has a long journey to take, he has to travel back to a grant from the crown, through all the 'mense' conveyances. He don't want a *mean* conveyance, he will pay liberally if it is only done quickly. And is informed 'mense' in law signifies immediate. It is hard to say what the language of law does mean. Then there are searches to be made in the record offices, and the—damn the searches, for he is in a hurry and loses his patience—search at the bankers and all will be found right. Then there are releases and assignments and discharges. He can stand it no longer, he releases his lawyer, discharges him, and assigns another, who hints, insinuates, he don't charge; but gives him to understand his predecessor was idle. He will lose no time, indeed he has no time to lose, he is so busy with other clients' affairs, and is as slow as the first man was.

"But at last it is done; the titles are completed. He is presented with a huge pile of foolscap paper, very neatly folded, beautifully engrossed and endorsed in black letters, and nicely tied up with red tape, which with sundry plans, surveys and grants, are secured in a large dispatch box, on which are inscribed in gold letters 'the *Epaigwit* estate.' It is a pretty Indian word that, it means the 'home on the wave.' It is the original name of that gem of the western ocean, which the vulgar inhabitants have christened Prince Edward's Island.

"But what can you expect of people whose governor call the gentry 'the upper crust of society,' and who in their turn see an affinity between a Scotch and a Roman fiddle, and denounces him as a Nero. But then who looks, as he says, for taste in a colony, it is only us 'Englishmen' who have any. Yes, he calls this place 'Epaigwit.' It has a *distingue* appearance on his letters. He has now a name, the next thing is 'a local habitation.' Well, we won't stop to describe it, but it has an elegant drawing-room, if there was only company to collect in it, a spacious dinner-room for