

neighbourhood, for Tom had so frightened me with his account of a bush life that I had no great inclination to become a denizen of the woods.

M—— happened to agree with me on this point, and it was nearly two years after that we unfortunately changed our minds on the subject. Well, M—— was away, and I had to get through the long day at the inn in the best manner I could. The local papers were soon exhausted—the baby thought fit to sleep like a dormouse, and books I could find none. I wished that Tom would make his appearance and amuse me with his oddities; but he had suffered so much with the ague the day before, that when he did enter the room to lead me to dinner he looked like a walking corpse—the dead among the living! So dark, so livid, so melancholy, it was painful to look upon him.

"I hope the ladies who frequent the ordinary won't fall in love with me," said he, grinning at himself in the miserable toilet glass. "I look quite killing. What a comfort it is to be above all rivalry."

In the middle of dinner the company was disturbed by the entrance of a person who had the appearance of a gentleman, but he was evidently much flustered with drinking. He thrust his chair in between two gentlemen who sat near the head of the table, and in a loud voice demanded fish.

"Fish, sir!" said the obsequious waiter, a smart Irishman, and a great favorite with all the customers. "There is no fish, Sir. It is all eaten, Sir."

"Then d—n you, fetch me some."

"I'll see what I can do, Sir," said Tim, and went out.

Tom Wilson was at the head of the table carving a roast pig. He was in the act of helping a lady when the rude fellow thrust his fork into the pig, and called out:

"Hold, Sir! You have eaten among you all the fish, and now you are going to appropriate the best parts of the pig."

Tom raised his eyebrows and stared at him in his peculiar manner, then very coolly lifted the whole of the pig upon the stranger's plate.

"I have heard," he said, "of dog eating dog, but I never before saw pig eating pig."

"Do you, Sir! do you mean to insult me?" cried the stranger.

"Only to tell you, Sir, that you are no gentleman. Here, Tim," calling the waiter, "go to the stable and bring in my bear; we will place him at the head of the table to teach this man how to behave himself in the presence of ladies."

A general uproar ensued. The women all left the table, while the entrance of the bear threw

the gentlemen present into convulsions of laughter. It was too much for the human biped; he was forced to leave the room and succumb to the bear.

My husband concluded his purchase of the farm, which I have endeavored to describe in my last sketch, and he invited Wilson to go with us into the country and try if the change of air would be beneficial to him, for in the weak state he then was, it was impossible for him to return to England. His funds were getting very low, and Tom thankfully accepted the offer. Leaving his bear in charge with Tim, who delighted in the oddities of the strange English gentleman, he made one of our party, as the reader will remember, on that memorable day.

After reducing the log-cabin into some sort of order, M—— contrived, with the aid of a few boards, to make a little closet for the poor invalid. There was no way of admitting light and air to this domicile, which opened into the general apartment, but through a square hole cut in one of the planks, just wide enough to admit a man's head through the aperture. Here I made Tom a comfortable bed, and we did the best we could to nurse him during his sickness. His long, thin face, emaciated with disease, and surrounded by huge black whiskers, and a beard of a week's growth, looked perfectly unearthly, and he had only to stare at the baby to frighten her almost out of her wits.

"How fond that young one is of me," he would say; "she cries for joy at the sight of me."

Among his curiosities, and he had many, he held in great esteem a huge nose made hollow to fit the face, which his father had carved out of box-wood; when he slipped this nose over his own it made a most perfect and hideous disguise. Numberless were the tricks he played off with this nose. Once he walked through C—— with this proboscis attached to his face. "What a nose! Look at the man with the nose!" cried all the boys in the street. An honest Irish emigrant passed at the moment, and with the courtesy natural to his nation, he forbore to laugh in the gentleman's face, but after he had passed him, Tom looked back and saw the poor fellow bent half double in convulsions of mirth. Tom made the man a low bow, took off his nose and gravely put it into his pocket.

"There, Mrs. M——, said he to me, on his return, "my nose, which is only a piece of wood, can give more notoriety in a day than the best article you can write could do in a month."

The day after his frolic he had a dreadful fit of the ague, and looked so ill that I really entertained some fears of his life. The hot fit had