

toothsome black ducks, dainty rabbit stews, fresh laid eggs, juicy clams and lobsters, or possibly a pony steak, which connoisseurs say is not bad, nor would fresh cod and mackerel or a slice of lean seal come amiss, topping off with ripe strawberries by way of dessert.

But this is all the sunny side of Sable Island life, and precious little of it there is too. Such halcyon days as these two which we have now enjoyed are as rare as a lunatic's lucid intervals. Even now there is a dull leaden haze thickening on the horizon, the sun wears a livid hue, and the surf begins to roll along the shore with a groaning, uneasy, and troubled sound—portending a gathering of the elements for strife. See! the cutter is already clawing off the coast. The old *Sea Dog* is weather wise, and means to keep the land on his weather side. Hope he will return in good time to take us off, and not leave us to vegetate for three months on the Island, as a certain doctor was left some years ago. We have no wish to turn wrecker just now. However, it is fortunate we are near old Farquar's house. We shall have shelter there and good entertainment. Here is the grizzled old fellow himself taking observations from his door-step, and carefully scanning the southern quarter, while his huge Newfoundland dog is just coming in with a seal which he had caught in the surf.

"Well, Farquar, how is the weather gage? Any chance of a storm?"

"Ay, ay, Sir, a storm! you may well say it! I've smelt it all day; and, mind! a private word to you—I dreamt last night of a wreck!"

This last remark in an undertone, and emphasized by the forefinger brought significantly to the temple.

"But come in, Sir. The fog is making fast, and we shall have it tooth and nail in an hour, blowing great guns. Come in, Sir, I say. A storm in these diggings is no trifle. I've no fancy for being out myself, and they do say (here a monitory tap upon the shoulder) there be such doings and carryings on as is not becoming the likes of us to behold!"

"We have heard stories of ghosts and strange noises at such times, Mr. Farquar."

"Whis! I've heard and seen them myself, but these are things not to be talked of above a whisper. Do you mind the wreck of the *Senator* down at the beach there? Well, I've seen lights there to come and go like the flash of a dark lantern, but devil a living creature within a good five miles of it."

"Very remarkable, Mr. Farquar!"

"You may well say it! More than that, I've seen the ocean on fire, Sir, and waves of flame leaping twenty feet high up between the sand hills! but it was only in places. Old man Darby has seen it too."

"Couldn't you tell us more particularly about some of these strange sights—these ghosts that blow horns, rattle chains, and walk about the Island at night?"

"Not for the Governor's salary would I breathe a word to a living soul. However, I might tell you of Lady Copeland's ghost. It's been in print, I believe, and there's no harm in speaking of it now, though it happened fore my time, and I can't swear to the truth on it, albeit there's folks now living in Halifax who knew well the parties concerned in it. Never heard of Lady Copeland's ghost! Well, sit you down here and take a pipe, while I go and get some hot stuff which will slush my tongue and help us to swallow the yarn the handier."

While old Farquar is gone the storm breaks in all its fury, not a gradually increasing gale, but suddenly, as though it had restrained and concentrated all its violence for a single instant which should puff the whole Island out of existence in an instant. None but an eye witness can conceive the horror and intensity of these storms. The whole Island rocks and trembles to its foundation. As far as the eye can reach the sea foams and drives like a snow-wreath in a whirlwind, while inland nothing can be seen but drifting sand and mist shutting in a narrow horizon of long grass tossing wildly and streaming in tatters from the wind-

swept hills. The combined artillery of contending armies is as nothing compared with the thunder of the breakers, and the flying sand rattles like hail wherever it strikes. No living creature can withstand the blast, and man must creep if compelled to go forth into the storm.

But all is snug within old Farquar's home. The stout timbers of his well-pinned house stand firm, and the blaze in the fire place is made more cheerful by the blast that shrieks in the chimney and whisks it spitefully up the flue. And now, seated on seal-skin cushioned stools before a hearth of glistening copper torn from a wrecked ship's bottom, warmed by flickering brands gathered from one wreck, and soothed by a cigar from another, we listen to Farquar's yarns, while many a carved memento and curious relic upon mantle, sideboard, and wainscot illustrate the startling tale, add emphasis to assertion, and conviction to truth.

"And now about Lady Copeland's ghost," the old man says, as he knocks the ashes from his pipe against his boot-heel. "She was wrecked, you know, on the *Amelia Transport*, sixty years ago, and Captain Torrens, of the *Twenty-ninth*, was sent out from Halifax to look after the wreck, for the talk was that it had fell into the hands of pirates, and all them that wasn't drowned was murdered. Well, as bad luck would have it, the Captain was wrecked too, and many of his soldiers went to Davy Jones, but he got safe ashore himself. After caring for them that was alive and burrying the drowned, he went off to take a look about the Island. When he came back and got to a shanty they called the 'Smoky hut' (which is torn down long ago), his dog began to growl and bark as if he was frightened at something in the hut, and looking in, what should he see but a lady in a white gown all wet and dripping with sand and sea-weed as if she had just been rolled ashore in the surf. Of course the Captain was startled to see the lady there, but he wasn't frightened one mite, for he was a brave man. So he goes up to speak to her, but she didn't answer a word, only held up her hand and showed the bleeding stump of her fore-finger. In a jiffy he ran for the surgeon's chest, and went up to her to dress the wound like a decent man, when what does she do but slip past him and streak it out of the door, and he all the time calling and begging her to come back. But she would't mind him, and kept on running until she dove head foremost into the lake:

"What to do he didn't know, he was all taken aback so. And so he walks slowly back, thinking the matter over, and when he got back to the hut there was the same lady again holding up her finger as before! After looking steady for a while at her pale, wet face, he seemed to know her face, and finally remembered her name, for she was well known to the Halifax quality. 'Is that you, Lady Copeland?' said he. She bowed 'Yes,' and then held up her finger again. 'Ah! I see now,' said he, thinking it all over; 'the pirates murdered you to get the ring?' She bowed 'Yes,' again, and then the Captain swore to hunt the villain out and return the ring to her family. This seemed to please her, for she smiled, bowed and disappeared into the lake as previous. Well, would you believe it, the Captain tracked one of the most noted pirates down to the Labrador, made the acquaintance of his wife and family, who didn't know who he was, and, after asking some questions, he found that the ring had been left at a watchmaker's shop in Halifax to sell; and sure enough he found it there, bought it, and sent it home to the lady's friends as he had promised to do.

"Now, Sir, don't you believe there's such a thing as ghosts? There was the ring which the lady was known to have on her finger when she went aboard the vessel to go to her husband in Halifax, and the same ring was found as you have seen. It was all the talk in Halifax for years after. One thing is sure, the old pirate was never seen out after dark after the ring was found by the Captain."

Farquar was told that the incidents were certainly very extraordinary, and that facts which were so well authenticated could not be disputed; but this qualified assent to a belief in the existence of ghosts did not more than half satisfy him, and so