

were not allowed to remain long in this paradise of sailors, being ordered suddenly to Quebec. I ran round to say good bye to all my dear Acadian friends. A tearful eye, a lock of hair, a hearty shake of a fair hand were all the spoils with which I was loaded when I quitted the shore, and I cast many longing, lingering looks behind as the ship glided out of the harbor; white handkerchiefs were waved from the beach, and many a silent prayer put up for our safe return, from snowy bosoms and from aching hearts. I dispensed my usual quantum of vows of eternal love and fidelity before I left them, and my departure was marked in the calendar of Halifax as a black day by at least seven or eight pairs of blue eyes.

"We had not been long at sea before we spoke an Irish Guineaman from Belfast, loaded with emigrants for the

United States; about seventeen families. These were contraband. Our captain had some twenty thousand acres on the Island of St. John's or Prince Edward's, as it is now called, a grant to some of his ancestors which had been bequeathed to him, and from which he had never received one shilling of rent, for the very best reason in the world, because there were no tenants to cultivate the soil. It occurred to our noble captain that this was the very sort of cargo he wanted, and that these Irish people would make good clearers of his land



He made the proposal, and as they saw no chance of getting to the United States, and provided they could get nourishment for their families it was a matter of indifference to them where they colonized, the proposal was accepted, and