

gling again. In a quarter of an hour, we succeeded in gaining an open shed by the road side, already filled with half-drowned pedestrians and equestrians, who were seeking shelter from the pitiless peltings of the storm. Such an arrival as ours, with a carriage loaded with heavy trunks, a pile of carpet bags and hat-boxes, with umbrellas, water-proof cloaks, and great coats innumerable, would have attracted the curiosity of less inquisitive people than thorough-bred Yankees. Five or six inmates of the shed busied themselves with examining the ivory Chinese handle of Mr. B.'s umbrella; and a person, whom they designated as "Doctor," dressed in a threadbare, shabby-genteel, frock coat, of blue cloth, with a collar originally black velvet, but which, by wear and tear of weather, had been transformed into a nondescript colour, observed that "they carved cleverly in New York." The patent leather hat-box soon fixed their attention, and, my answer not satisfying them that it was not made of wood, they took it out of the carriage and minutely inspected it both within and without. The patent boxes of the carriage wheels next became subjects for their conjectures and guesses; they had evidently seen none before. At this time we were joined by a most consequential person,—the landlord of an adjoining tavern, whose curiosity had been excited by the crowd in his shed. Some one asked him whether he had ever seen such "mortal curious things in a carriage before;" he answered, "Yes;" and just glancing at one of the fore wheels, "but these are those poor Yankee things; I have been teaming these fifteen years, and would never wear one of them;" then turning to a hind wheel, "why here, this box is clear gone, the wheel will come off the first heavy lurch you have, and you'll be cast adrift." For once, curiosity proved of service, it being very evident that the first heavy jolt would throw the wheel from the carriage. Another by-stander, a blacksmith, and old weather-beaten man of sixty, whom the inn-keeper addressed as "Uncle Jack," said he would render it secure in five minutes, and carried the box away to his forge, which was "but a few rods up the road." The rain had now subsided, though we were still threat-