

me leg kapes *rinnin'* all the time. And," she continued, "it's the *right-hand leg*, sor."

It was yet another who remarked that she didn't eat a bite forbye what she *drank*.

If one of the back-countrymen went to a druggist's to buy a disinfectant for our *Picotte*, he would in all probability ask for *Florida time* (chloride of lime), or *Garabaldie acid* (carbolic acid.)

Many of them are remarkable for a strained propriety of speech when they want to make an impression. A certain man, who passed for somewhat of an orator, gave Twelfth of July addresses, etc., was calling at the house of a gentleman, on business, and the latter not being at home, his wife invited our friend to enter. His answer was: "I thank you, missus, I shall not halt upon the present occasion."

When anyone dies, his residence is immediately designated the "Corp house," and his friends proceed to give him a *wake*. I am told that this affair often lasts two or three nights, and that they have a gay time, laughing, talking, eating, singing, courting, in the neighborhood of the apartment where the dead is laid out, if not in the actual room itself.

Apròpos of this, I heard an amusing story of a man who was dead, and his friends were discussing whether he should be buried in a shroud or in his shirt. Some one suggested that the shirt would do nicely, and save expense, which in the circumstances of the family was a serious consideration. But the wife, with a look of righteous indignation, exclaimed, "What! bury my husband in his shirt? a nice figure he'd cut at 'the Resurrection with nothing but his shirt on." We must hope after this that the shroud was procured.

Most of the back-country people are very superstitious. I knew of a man who had made a vow never to shave on Sunday, in order to be kept from tooth-ache.

Once in the dead of winter a poor old woman was lost in the woods and frozen to death, and the people who live near the place say that still she can be heard crying in plaintive accents, "Och and och and o—" Most likely it is the owls they hear, or perhaps a loon. The loon is a large, handsome bird of the duck species, which flies at night over the lakes, and one who has never heard its cry can have no conception of the wild, melancholy shriek, dying away in a hollow moan, as of a person in distress.

I have said nothing of the *scenery* of the backwoods, for that is rather foreign to my subject, and might well exhaust many pages of descriptive eloquence, were I possessed of eloquence.

But I would just briefly notice one pretty picture that may be seen on any winter's day. It is a sleigh-load of logs, drawn by two fat brown horses. Seated on a buffalo skin on the logs is the driver, clad in a blanket coat, and a blue and red tucque, which makes a bright spot of colour against the dazzling snow. His hair and beard are white with frost, and his breath, as well as that of the horses, is like a cloud of fine smoke in the cold, clear air. The logs are crusted with ice, and here and there is a tuft of evergreen, which has escaped the wood-cutter's axe. As the load passes along through the town on its way to the saw-mill, the sleigh-bells jingle merrily, and the crisp snow crunches

beneath the horses' hoofs. A crowd of merry boys and girls on their way to or from school, encounter it, and with a hasty "Gimme ride, please," and before the old fellow has even time to assent, which, unless unusually churlish, he does, with a grim smile, or an acquiescent grunt, they spring nimbly up, seat themselves on the logs, and the load proceeds, gathering additional freight at every turn.

The backwoods people in their intervals of leisure occasionally court the muse, and their effusions almost invariably take the form of *obituaries*. One such, which I cut from a local newspaper not long ago, occurs to my recollection, and as it is a fair specimen of those which I have read, I give it here, as the conclusion of my hastily prepared paper.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ———

BY HER SISTER SARAH ———

Dearest sister, God has called you
From this world of care and pain—
Where to meet with thy dear loved ones,
Never more to part again.

Could I but have watched thy bedside,
Or have smoothed thy bright brown hair,
I do feel it would have soothed me,
Although I know that's hard to bear.

But to think I could not see you,
Oh! that seems harder still;
But we must not be reducing,
But submission to His will.

Dearest Letty, I remember
When I kissed you last good-bye:
And your tender arm was around me—
Tears was in your bright blue eyes.

I little thought it was for ever,
When that last good-bye I said;
You were standing by the gateway,
Where in childhood days we played.

All those months since I have left you,
My thoughts were still on home and thee—
I was hoping at some season
Back again with you to be.

But it's God that hath bereft us,
And I know if I sincerely
Ask him, He will guide me safely
Home to heaven and sister dear.

SARAH ———

Every Fortnight.

Themistocles, being asked, "Whether a man should rather bestow his daughter upon a poor man that was honest, or upon a man that had more wealth, but less integrity," made reply: "I had rather bestow her upon a man that wants money, than upon money that wants a man."

This is all very well, but it does not appear which the girl herself would have preferred. Those who have read the story of Spinoso will remember what an effect even a necklace has.

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It is unnecessary for me to say that I have been greatly abused and calumniated since I commenced to send my scribbblings to the GAZETTE. I have been called all sorts of names, but the most cutting accusation which has been hurled at me is that of being a "combination." I really did not deserve that. Call me a safe, or a lock, or anything but a combination.