

ings, and of their marvellous power; for when was a story deficient of proof, where people are crafty or credulous? As a sample, I will tell you one that was related to me by a person who had been for some time suffering under the malignant influence of the Witch of Inky Dell, in Cumberland, Nova Scotia.

Shortly after the termination of the American Rebellion, a number of the inhabitants of the old colonies emigrated to this province, the majority of whom were Loyalists, who, relinquishing their homes and possessions, followed the flag of their king into this cold and inhospitable country, while not a few belonged to the opposite side, which they had either disgraced or deserted. Every county of Nova Scotia received great numbers of these "refugees," as they were called, and, among others, Cumberland had a large proportion. Driven from their homes and ordinary occupations, it was a long time before they settled themselves in the country of their adoption, and many preserved, during the remainder of their lives, the habits of idleness engendered by war and exile. Taverns were then places of much greater resort than at the present day, when they are almost exclusively given up to travellers, and the voice of contention or merriment scarcely ever ceased within them, either by day or night.

The battles of the recent war were fought over again with renewed zeal, and it must be admitted that these Loyalists were a most distinguished body of men, inasmuch as it appeared that every individual was confident that the result of the contest would have been far different if the British Government had followed his advice. These faithful and wise councillors daily met, deliberated, and decided upon the fate of the nation, but, alas! they had no means to execute their designs, and the world unfortunately went on as usual without them.

Among this little loyal band was one Walter Tygart, or Watt the Tiger, as he was more generally called from the ferocity of his temper. He had held a commission in the celebrated corps of cavalry known as Tarlton's Legion, and was a strong, well-made, active, daring man; he had distinguished himself during the war as well by his valour as his cruelty, for it was a favourite maxim of his that "the Devil was the first rebel," and that therefore to spare a traitor was a devilish and not a Christian act, and was accordingly noted for never having taken a prisoner, or given quarter to a foe. He was a noisy, rollicking, dissipated fellow, full of anecdote, with some humour, and a strong but dangerous propensity to practical joking. My first recollections of Cumberland are connected with the "Loyalist Club" and Watt the Tiger, the revolutionary anecdotes they severally