

because his skin was suitable for a silk hat. For none of these reasons was the Major of Digby Neck called Beaver, for the fact was that he was not a quadruped, nor a builder of lodges, or feller of trees. Strange to say he was a dapper man, with a sharp, abrupt manner, a critical eye and an incisive way of speaking, and perhaps too a little hasty in his disposition. His slaves were many and faithful and obedient, but not all. The Major had been accustomed to command conquering legions and rule over men who were convinced that disobedience meant death. It was hard therefore to be defied by his slaves. The body of a black man shot through the heart was found. As the Major had been the only individual shooting in the vicinity on the morning of the discovery of the body, the authorities instituted proceedings against him. He expressed sorrow that one of his slaves should have been killed and admitted having fired in the direction where the body lay. But he felt convinced that he fired at a beaver and not a black man. Ever afterwards he was called Beaver.

He drew a pension, so it was said, ten years after he died, although the pension was supposed to cease with his death. This sentence may savour of an Irish bull, yet it is nevertheless true.

XI.—“*The Marooning of Jerome.*”

It was forty years ago, on the shores of Digby Neck, that the humble fisher folk observed a ship on the horizon. Her movements attracted attention, for