

BOOK I, ODE XXII.

Thou shin'st me, Chloe, like a fawn,
That on some trackless mountain lawn,
Scared idly by the woods and wind,
Seeks her shy dam to find.

If the first breath of Spring but chance
To quiver on the leaves that dance,
Or the green lizards stir the brakes,
In heart and knees she quakes.

I chase, but not to crush thee, child,
Like lion grim, or tiger wild;
Then, cease to haunt thy mother's side,
Now fit to be a bride.

GEO. MURRAY.

Contributions.

BACKWOODS PICTURES AND PECULIARITIES.

BY A MEMBER OF THE "DELTA SIGMA."

(Concluded.)

But the great event, the *Carnival* of the back country, is the annual cattle show, held in the county town, in the month of October. Early in the morning of the eventful day, the whole neighborhood is astrident. Drove of cattle, and cart or waggon loads of cackling hens and crowing cocks, and gabbling geese and truculent turkeys, and tinnets of butter and great heaps of vegetables, may be seen entering the town, which is gaily decorated with flags and bunting. Observe that slender legged colt, trotting gaily along by its mother's side, its bushy tail wagging with excitement, its fine dark eye kindling, its ears pricking, a wreath of artificial roses around, or a bunch of bright ribbons at its neck. Or this drove of cows, headed by a vicious looking old gentleman cow, whose eyes glare, and whose head shakes so menacingly from side to side at the timid little girls on their way to school, (for it is now going on to 9 o'clock,) that instinctively they shrink with terror, and some of them begin to run, casting ever and anon fearful looks behind, to see if the terrible creature is giving chase.

By about half past ten the cattle, fowls etc., are all mustered in a large field, and ranged around the fence, all the cows together, all the sheep together, all the pigs together etc. etc., and dire is the discord of sounds. When all is in order, the judges walk round, take the cows by the horns, feel the soft wool of the sheep, poke the lazy pigs in their sides to see how fat they are, and finally enter a great deal of professional consultation, affix tickets to those animals they consider worthy of a prize.

But while all this is going on in the field, let us look into the Town Hall, and see what is in progress there. On tables round the room are displayed loaves of white home made bread, pots of golden butter, and many other exhibits of the same kind. But there seems to be some special attraction at the far end. Behold! it is the fancy work department. Here is a patchwork quilt, which is much and justly admired. The groundwork is of white cotton, the centrepiece an immense yellow star;—around the yellow star is a whole constellation of green stars of lesser magnitude, while at the corners are triangle of yellow. The effect

as a whole is unique and artistic in a high degree, and we cannot wonder that this quilt should take a prize. There are invariably on exhibition, two or more large frames, containing wreaths of flowers, made of wool seeds or feathers. At one of these cattle shows I saw an *arrangement*, constructed of straws tied with magenta wool, and intended I imagine, as a pendant ornament for the ceiling or window of some rural drawing room. The body of the ornament seemed to be an intricate network of straws, while from all point hung little pendants made of four straws crossed.

How in the world the manufacturer of this delicate marvel managed to bring it into the town without crushing or breaking, I do not understand; but there it was in perfect preservation, dividing with the above mentioned quilt, the admiring wonder of the crowd. There is always a display of knitted socks, mittens, and comforters, and the prevailing colour for the two first is striped or spotted magenta and yellow.

During the afternoon the lads and lasses walk round the town, arm in arm. Both dressed in their gayest attire; the young ladies resplendent in purple dresses blue feathers, green silk ties; the young gentlemen, with faces burned to a healthy shade of boiled beets or roast beef, smiling and looking very sheepish. As they walk along generally both ladies and gentlemen are regaling themselves with gingerbread mittens or "Taffy" on a stick, bought at one of the numerous stalls set up for the occasion, I am sorry to have to tell it, but in truth I must, that some of these good or bad people finish up the day by getting drunk and having a fight. However this disgraceful custom is becoming less frequent than it was, and let us hope that as Christianity and Temperance advance, it will happily die out and become altogether a thing of the past.

I have said that, the backwoods people are proverbial for keeping a tight purse string in regard to the Clergyman and Doctor. This latter individual they cannot bear to call in until the very last moment, when it is almost life or death; and however reasonable his charges there is an extreme reluctance to paying them, particularly in cash, produce being, as in the Clergyman's case offered instead. If he has been successful it is sometimes said, "Shure, he just ordered a poultrie and a bottle of so-and-so, and I believe she would have *took the turn* and got better if he had not come near her at all, at all."

If unsuccessful, and the patient grows worse or entirely succumbs, then he is often pronounced unskillful, and his bill disputed or repudiated.

The diseases from which they suffer have names, under which we would hardly recognize them. Bronchitis is *brownteeeters*; congestion, a *conjuncture*; inflammation, *information*,—a malady from which some of us students would not object to suffer at examination time.

One person, in speaking of her daughter who had been sick, said that she was *conscientious* (conscious) all the time.

Another old woman who was suffering from some affection of the limbs, said, in bemoaning her illness, "Shure I can't walk at all, for, savin' yer presence,