

A HOLIDAY TOUR.

Early in July I obtained two weeks leave of absence from my employers. I determined to make the most of my time by paying a visit to "papa's country residence," which lies in Nova Scotia, about fifty miles up the bay. At ten o'clock, Monday morning, I was seated on a pile of shingles on board a noble ship of about thirty tons burthen. I wanted to start at once. Want, however, was my master. We got under way about eleven o'clock, and, once started, drifted slowly out, passing on our way many heavily laden woodboats and schooners. After danger of more than one collision with the moving craft that barred our progress, we cleared the harbor and were soon leaving it behind in gallant style (at the rate of one and one third miles per hour). The day was very fine and calm, too calm in fact, and we moved very slowly and evenly along. I soon tired of looking at the scenery near St. John, magnificent though it is, and turned my attention to companions. They were three in number, comprising the captain, the steward, and a passenger—a country lad of about my own age. While the latter perused a newspaper, the two former settled down into "yarn spinning." They had reduced the art to a science, and I listened with amazement and delight, thoroughly convinced that Grey was right when he said, concerning the sleepers in a country churchyard, "Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest." I cannot pretend to be able to place even one yarn before you in the original, but the dry substance of two were as follows: No. 1.—Two years ago the captain had come across a man whom he pronounced the "sinarrest man I had ever seen." He could perform all the "circus tricks," and could "fight his weight in wild cats." Nevertheless the captain tackled him. They fought, and the captain assured me, in confidence, that all he left of that man was a little bald spot on the top of the head, a pair of boots and one false tooth (which last he showed and offered to sell for fifty cents.) No. 2.—The steward had had a dream continued three nights in succession. In it he was told to go to a place called LaHaute, and find a certain spot, which was described to him in the dream. There he was to dig for one hour. He went, found the very place, and dug for thirty-five minutes, when his spade struck metal, and soon he had uncovered a bar of solid gold. He put out his hands to take it, but suddenly it sank down from him. He continued digging for fifteen minutes, and again uncovered it. Again he stooped to seize it, but it again eluded his grasp. He was now convinced that there was something besides gold in the spot, and too much frightened to continue operations, made the best of his way homewards. In after times when he visited the place, resolved "to do or die," he was unable to find the spot. So much for the stories which beguiled part of the time spent on board the schooner. In the meantime a little wind came up and tossed us about considerably. Suddenly my fellow passenger made a rush towards the side of the vessel, where he remained for nearly half an hour looking intently down at something in the water. When he at last changed his position, his face bore the look of a man who had lost *all* his friends, and this too, although I had endeavoured to cheer him up by praising his benevolence to the fishes, and had assured him that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." You understand that I was feeling very pleasant just then, and thought to remain

so, but alas for the fallacy of our mortal expectations, scarcely had he quitted the side of the vessel, when I made a move toward it. In five minutes I had disbursed over two dollars worth of family groceries among the denizens of the deep. For the next few minutes I felt as if life had no charm for me. Mermaids could not have distracted my attention; whales would have been passed by unheeded; humbly bees could not have moved me, because—sea-sickness had sat down upon me. However, I came out of it after awhile. The trip is usually made in twelve hours, but on this occasion it took a day and a half. On Tuesday, at 8 p. m. we arrived at our destination—a barred harbor; but as it was low tide we could not enter. However, I persuaded the captain to row me ashore outside the bar. As there was quite a surf on he could not take me close in, and I had to skip out and walk ashore. I got a "lift" from a stranger who was driving along in my way, and arrived at my final destination about nine o'clock. The daily record of country life, for the next twelve days would only tire my readers. Suffice it to say that the place was overrun by boys, and that consequently my time was nearly filled with trouting, salt water fishing, clam digging and baking, and berrying excursions, with other diversions in great variety. Once on going out to tea I was somewhat shocked to hear the hostess say to myself and country cousins: "Make yourselves to home, now, do; I'm at home and I wish ye were all at home, too." My relations however assured me that she was only giving us a hearty invitation to help ourselves. Well, even if she meant what she said, I'm satisfied, for I made a hole in the family provisions which it would be impossible to fill without great labor. I went to church once in the course of my visit. The pastor, a bilious looking, lean, long, lank person, preached extempore, with a charming disregard of his text and the rules of English grammar. Among the audience were some very melancholy looking specimens of humanity, whom I put down as fervent saints, but was pained to hear that they were only suffering from dyspepsia. This section of Cumberland county has not a liquor store of any kind, and the temperance societies of the place are trying to bring the Scott Act into operation. At last my visit came to a close. In it, I had enjoyed myself to the utmost, and had met with no kind of misfortune. Only twice had I been even jarred (that is to say, agitated), *i. e.*: First, by the old lady's remark at the tea table; second, by the discovery that I had mistaken dyspepsia for religion. However, before the end of my visit, I was destined to be jarred considerably, though in another sense of the word. In order to make every spare moment of my time available, I put off starting for Parrsboro (whence I was to take the train for St. John) until Monday morning at one o'clock. It happened to be a dark morning. We could hardly see ten feet ahead. The horse was skittish and the road bad, consequently my hair stood on end until daybreak. We stopped at an hotel, about half way up, for two hours, then, driving on, we reached Parrsboro about eight o'clock, having passed through many splendid farming districts, which, I believe, are not excelled in the Dominion of Canada, save by the lands which line the banks of the St. John River, in New Brunswick. The scenery, in places, was very beautiful, and the inhabitants and their surroundings bore the look of solid comfort and prosperity so pleasant to the eye of