

you were after—I saw the teams pass ownr about noon—and I said to fayther—I guess I'll go up and see those strangers. Yes! says he, do—and take that decanter with you, for maybe they'll want one to put their whiskey in. So I came across with it, an' here it is. But now, don't break it, for 'tis the only one we have; and 'tis so mean to drink out of green glass."

My astonishment increased every minute. It seemed such an act of disinterested generosity thus to anticipate wants which we had never thought about. I was regularly taken in.

"My good girl," I began, "this is really very kind—but——"

"Now, don't call me gall—and go for to pass your English airs off upon us—we are *genuine* Yankees, and think ourselves as good, or a great deal better than you. I am a young lady."

"Indeed!" said I. "I did not mean to offend you, by using the term girl. I was going to assure you that we had no need of the decanter. We have bottles of our own—and we don't drink whiskey."

"How! not drink whiskey—why, you don't say so. How ignorant you must be—maybe, they have no whiskey in the old country!"

"Yes, we have; but it is not like the Canadian whiskey. But pray, take the decanter home again. I am afraid that it will get broken in this confusion."

"No, no! Fayther told me to leave it—and there it is," and she planted it resolutely down upon the trunk. "You will find a use for it, until you have unpacked your own."

Finding her determined on leaving the bottle, I said no more about it, but asked her if she could inform me if there was a well upon the place.

"A well! who thinks of digging wells," she replied, contemptuously, "when they can get plenty of water from the creek? There is a fine water privilege not a stone's throw from the door." Then jumping off the box, she disappeared as abruptly as she had entered.

We all looked at each other. Mr. W. fell a laughing, and taking up the empty decanter, said:

"Well, this is a puzzler—what in the world tempted her to bring this empty bottle here?"

"You'll know more about it in a few days," said James, looking up from his work. "That bottle is not brought here for naught."

I could not unravel the mystery, and thought no more about it, until it was again brought to my recollection at the same hour the next day. (Our united efforts had effected a complete transformation in our uncouth dwelling. Sleeping berths had been partitioned off for the men;

shelves had been put up for the accommodation of books and crockery; a carpet covered the floor, and the chairs and tables, which we had brought from Cobourg, gave an air of comfort to the place, which I did not think, in the first instance, could have been effected. Mr. W., my husband, and the man servant, had walked over to the farm; and I was sitting at the table at work, the baby creeping upon the floor, and Hannah peeling potatoes for dinner. The sun shone warm and bright; and I had opened the door, to enjoy the fresh air.

"Well! I guess you look smart," said the same voice, and the same being presenting herself before me. "You old country people are so stiff, you must have every thing neat about you, or you fret. But then, you can easily do it. You have *stacks* of money—and money can get every thing fixed off."

"Pray," said I, offering her a chair, "take a seat, and be kind enough to tell me your name. I suppose you must live in the neighborhood, although I cannot perceive any dwelling near us."

"My name! So you want to know my name; well, I arn't ashamed of my name—'tis Emily S——, and I am eldest daughter to the *gentleman* from whom you rent this house."

What must the father be! thought I, if he resembles the young *lady*, his daughter. Ragged and impudent as she was, I saw that she was vain enough to covet distinctions which never could be granted to her, and I could scarcely help laughing aloud, when I thought of a girl calling herself a young lady at home, dressed in peeped petticoats, through whose yawning rents, ragged forth from time to time, her bare red knees. While these reflections, combined with a thousand ludicrous images, were flitting through my mind, I forgot the presence of my strange visiter altogether, until she suddenly exclaimed:

"Have you done with that decanter, I brought across yesterday?"

"Oh, yes! I never had occasion for it," and I rose and took it from the shelf, and placed it in her hands.

"Well! as you have done with it, fayther bade me tell you that he would be glad if you returned it full of whiskey."

The riddle was solved—the mystery was cleared up at once—I could contain myself no longer, but gave way to a fit of mirth, in which Hannah heartily joined.

Our young lady looked mortally offended. She tossed the decanter from hand to hand, and glared at us both with her tiger-like eyes.