

Market Sketches



Hech nou! Hoo aro ye the nou? Brawly! brawly! thank ye for speerin. Hoo's a wi' yersel? Weel, fair to mid-dlin'. An' isna this the bonnie day for a May day? 'It's that; but it's ower fine to last. In twaree days ye'll see a muikle change in the temperatoor. or I'm wofully mista'en. It wasna intended by Divine Providence that ony man should suffer the torments of the damned, while he's yet aboon the clay, that enters sa' lurgely in his human composition. An' foreb'y a' that, wi' the indicator pointin' to ninety degrees in the shade, it's no canny. We're no that far frae the fire and brimstone as we imagoen oursel's. But haud a wee! It's eat, droenk, and be merry, for on the morra' we doo! It's no the Lamas time, ma freen, but ma word for't, there's a quarter o' lamb that da ye're hairt guide, just ta hae a gloomse o't, an' 'deed then there's no the leevin' mon but yoursel' that I'd tak' a cent less than sixteen cents the pun' for't, an' 'twixt we twa an' for auld acquaintance, gi' me feefteen cents the pun' an' tak' it.' 'Weel, Jannie, it's unco kend o' ye, but I was preecin' some vara fine lamb abune at Ames', an' fifteen cents was all he askit for.' 'Deed, then, Wullie, ye may tak' it for fourteen cents, an' the de'il a bawbee less I'd gi' it ta ma feyther for. Tak it the nou, Wullie, I'll be roon an' hae a crack wi' ye aboot twal'. Ye'll be ha'in deener aboot then. Dinna worry! I'll son' it up in time for deener.' 'Wall, I swanny! ef that aint about as close figgerin' as ever I hearn toll on. Sell a man a bit of meat, an' then gi' himself an invite to help eat it. It just puts me in min' of the donation visits they usoter have down in Charleston, Maine. Bigosh! one'd bring a spare rib and another'd bring a pan of do'nuts, an' some'd bring tea, and sugar, and cake, an' then, after they'd pooty c'nsidably heaped the table, I swan to man, ef they wouldn't sit down and her a reg'lar old fashioned pic-nic, an' all the minister'd got 'ed be the fragments, an' they wa'nt a basketfull, not by a long chalk, not less somebody focthed in some salt pork, or codfish, or sassengers, or some'n of that sort. I'll be darned ef it wouldn't take the wimmin folks all next day to clean up.' 'Bogorra's, that's what I'd call downright mane. I'd loike to see them thry that caper wid a rale decent Irish praste. The devil a whole bone he'd lave in their shkins, the shalpeens. An' what'd ye be axin' for the butther? 'See here, mister, ef ye'll take the lot I'll let you hev 't for twenty cents a pound, and I'll take you and the butter up home, an' I won't stay to help eat it.' 'Bedad! but ye're a gossoon affther me own heart, so ye are. I've got money enough to pay you, forby the bit I've got laid by in the stockin' I've got a shnug little place up near the Saw Mill Bridge, but the pay-soopers is gettin' as thick up there as fiddlers in Tophet. Jump in! I'll be wid ye as soon as I do be gettin' a bit of mate for the morra's dinner. Glory be to God, but the ould woman always lays out to have the iligant dinner for Sunday, and I've my suspishins it'll be mate and turmits this time.' 'For sure, M'sieu Flynn, she'll feel pooty goot all de tam sain' she'll got hundred tousan dollars. Bigosh me'll nevaire see such a man lak M'sieu Flynn. Bow homme, oui c'est vrai, she'll don't not nevaire come cross. She'll work pooty hard, mek plenty money, beancour d'argent. Sometime she'll lak have goot, 'am, probably she'll come down on me, sugar, place, she'll hays it some wheeskey, some do' nut, she'll seet down, dreenk wheeskey, eat

do'nut, fumer de tabac, seong song; bigosh me'll nevaire see man funny lak dat. She'll mek me chanter en Francais, mak me tak wheeskey,—bymby me sleepy, somwell,—me lie down on de 'camp,—come wake up, tree four hour, M'sieu Flynn,—she'll be mak fire,—boil le sirop,—bigosh she'll mak le sucre, don't it? She'll say to me, Pierre! tak some wheeskey, an' me put some new sucre on heem? Je prend un coup, bien bon for sure, M'sieu Flynn, she'll be nice, ould man, for sure, c'est vrai, don't it? 'Is that some of the sugar Mr. Flynn made?' 'Non! Non! M'sieu, me'll mak it dat meso'f.' 'I thought I noticed a smell of whiskey about it, but perhaps it was your breath.' 'Oh! M'sieu Couture, you planty funny man. You want heem ten cent. 'Bion, oui. J'en damnerais. Pete, c'est correck, oui. Pete, she'll lack me pooty bad, she'll tink me no lak for pay for come on de markett. 'Sucre! Sucre! hon sucre? Sept cent par liere! Bion bon sucre! Mak heem nussef! A vendre a bonne marche! Merci, M'sieu. Combien des livres? Le toute, eh? Merci, merci. Me sell heem pooty queek. 'Vingst-six livres. Twenty-six pounds. Sept cent par liere. She'll mak heem one dollar, heighty-two cent, hey? 'Oui. Me carry heem a votre maison pooty queek, immedietement, aint it? 'Oui.'—'By the hole in my coat, but that's a pulver over a bit of maple sugar. By my soul I'd sell all the eggs a've got, and that's twenty dozen, an' not talk half as much.' 'How much do you want for your eggs?' 'Fifteen cents, if you'll take the lot.' 'I'll take them. Bring them up to the City Hotel, and I'll pay you, and treat into the bargain.' 'There now, d'ye mind that; it is'n't talkin' does it. I'll wager a thrate I'll sell him my butter too when I go up.' 'I guess you can, if it's good. I'm having a big run from the C. P. R. trains, and I've made up my mind that I'll keep nothing but the best of everything.' 'Hello! Blanchard, what's the matter? You're smiling all over your face!' 'Why I've just found out why they were so long in taking Donald Morrison.' 'How was it?' 'Well, some time ago, I made a picture of Donald, and the High Constable got a copy from me. Then he got a photographer down town,—no, it wasnt Presby,—to make copies from that, because he got them for \$2.50 a dozen, while I charge \$3.00 for thirteen. Well, these copies were so darned poor that, after they arrested Donald, they couldn't toll from these copies whether they had the right man or not, and had to bring parties down to identify him. If my copies had been distributed amongst the police, they might have had him long ago; but good heavens, nobody could identify Donald from those photos. I should think somebody would feel mighty cheap over it.'

Canadensis to his Native Land.

O Canada, my country dear, Wild land of mountain, river, lake, Though snow-and-hail the circling year, Still dearer to thy snow-clad sake.

With freshened face thy charms revealed, Ere spring resigns her procreant sun; Who shall deny, while concealed, More beautiful in every one.

As when to lover's fainting arms, Some absent fond one turns again; So doubly dear those cherished charms, That time and absence touch in vain.

O Canada, my native land, My honored dear, my honored home; With sons for deeds of valour famed, And daughters of undying bloom.

Oh, may you ever be as blest, As fondest prayer on earth would crave, By no false zeal of thine oppressed, Or iron will beyond thy wave.

May o'er thy coming destinies, No darkening clouds their shadows fling; No future bard, disposed the less, Thy present, than thy past to sing.

May honor ever be thy guide; Nor pride nor passion lead astray; May truth and justice, side by side, In all thy trials, point the way.

Then shall thou rise, so sure as fate, Redeems her pledges made with time, And many a heart shall praise thy state, May ponder o'er thy poet's rhyme.

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