

I was very hungry, but I felt no appetite for the dish she was preparing for us. It proved salt, hard, and unsavoury.

D—— pronounced it very bad, and the whiskey still worse, with which he washed it down.

I asked for a cup of tea and a slice of bread. But they were out of tea, and the hop-rising had failed, and there was no bread in the house. For this disgusting meal we paid at the rate of a quarter of a dollar a-head.

I was glad when the horses being again put to, we escaped from the rank odour of the fried pork, and were once more in the fresh air.

“Well, mister; did not you grudge your money for that bad meat?” said D——, when we were once more seated in the sleigh. “But in these parts the worse the fare the higher the charge.”

“I would not have cared,” said I, “if I could have got a cup of tea.”

“Tea! it’s poor trash. I never could drink tea in my life. But I like coffee, when ’tis boiled till it’s quite black. But coffee is not good without plenty of trimmings.”

“What do you mean by trimmings?”

He laughed. “Good sugar, and sweet cream. Coffee is not worth drinking without trimmings.”

Often in after-years have I recalled the coffee trimmings, when endeavouring to drink the vile stuff which goes by the name of coffee in the houses of entertainment in the country.

We had now passed through the narrow strip of clear-