

No. 4.—AS GOOD A JUDGE FOR £100 A YEAR.

In the days when King George ruled over the "Lands," England sent Judge Fletcher out to the Townships to be a terror to the lawless and to deal out a generous amount of law to all applicants, and it was said that no man went empty away, or without getting the worth of his money in that kind of material. His salary, I believe, was £500 sterling, which was paid by England.

One day a flat-bottomed boat laden with the cheap, common, brown earthenware of the times, came down the St. Francis, and pulled into the mouth of the Magog, at Sherbrooke, where day after day, Wright Chamberlain, the Elder, the owner, sold his wares to those of the town and country people who needed a supply.

The old Judge one day called round to investigate the craft and cargo. Picking up crocks, pans and other articles, he asked the price of each, always setting it down with the remark, "I could buy it for seven pence ha' penny in England," or a shilling as it might happen, naming in each case about half the price that Chamberlain asked.

After a good many of the articles had been examined and set down with the same remark, it became a little unpleasant as well as tedious to the vendor, and looking the Judge square in

the face, he observed, "What a pity it is we haven't England here, for probably we could get just as good, or perhaps a better judge for one hundred pounds as the one we had sent us at five hundred."

The Judge soon had business elsewhere and Chamberlain is reported to have taken good care not to have any official business at the Court House for many a day afterwards.

## No. 5.-THE BARN RAISING.

At the Cross Roads on what was called the "Gallup Hill," in Melbourne, Joseph Gallup-or Uncle Joe, as he was usually called-selected a home for himself and family very early in 1800. He was from Hartland, Vt., and-as I recollect him-a man of rough exterior, honest to a penny, and extremely hospitable and charitable. Many a hungry mouth went away from his table with satisfied appetite, and some bread or meal for the wife and children, or a little hay perhaps, in March, to save the only cow. It was fun to see the old man at 80 years of age, with a well filled pitcher of cider at his side, his eyes shining with excitement, as he related how the New York boys came over that cold night, in winter, into what was then disputed Vermont or New York, as the case was viewed. "Yes, those New York rascals came over in the night and

caught a lot of our men, tied them in sleighs, and started back home. In the early morning the party reached Hackett's Tavern in the woods. Leaving guns and prisoners in the sleighs they went in to get a drink and warm up. In a few minutes the pursuing Vermonters came up and quietly cutting the cords with which the prisoners were tied, appeared at the door of the tavern, and kindly asked the New York boys to take off their coats and come out, one at a time. (Another glass of cider got the old man to stammering good.) We strapped them to a small tree, one after another, and warmed them well with beech switches, that frosty morning, and they ne-nene-never said that we we-we-we'uns' lived in N-N-New York State any more."

Three of the sons made themselves homes on high points of land within sight, and Elisha remained on the home farm.

Ezekiel-of whom I now speak-had a barn framed, and as was usual in those days, the heavy timbers required the assistance of the boys to make pins, the men to put the timbers in place, and a goodly sprinkling of old men from the thinly settled Township to just watch the jugs that were set away in some supposed safe corner. A few dogs of varied pedigrees and possessing wonderful qualities for treeing coons or bears, or "heeling" the moose in winter, completed the outside outfit, while inside the good wife and Samantha kept up the supply of long pumpkin pies,—baked in 18 x 10 tin dishes,—cakes, chicken pies, and other fixings.

"Yes, 'twas marvellous how well Ezekiel had framed that barn, every tenon jest trimmed to fit exactly." As the old men by turn viewed the hasty raising of the structure, with many a call, "All hands!" "Now then!" "Heave oh! Heave!" "Give beam!" "Hold!" Then a few heavy blows with the mundy by some daring fellow up aloft, "just to drive it home." The body of the barn up 'twas time to have the jug passed round and pass a few comments on "Capt. Adams' two and six penny whiskey." "Hardly bear one to one," as the froth was eyed closely, while a trial was made by pouring it from one cup into another. "Hurrah boys! Now for the king pole and rafters!" Now was also the time for the other old men to be relieved from guard over the big keg. "All up!" "First rate!" cried the master workman.

Now for another general turn at the big keg before the wrestling ring is formed. The keg came that the old men had guarded so well,—but see how strong young Lawrence has sud-