

dome was fixed an iron rod, upon which, pierced through the middle, swung a wooden representation of Captain Cook, in a blue naval coat, yellow epaulettes, red cocked hat, sword, and Wellington boots, albeit they bore not that appellation then. The famous navigator in wood and paint held to his eye a spy-glass, with which he was never known to look in any other direction than the wind's eye; so that, if his back was towards the ocean, everybody knew the wind was south; and if he looked to the setting sun, that the wind blew from the west.

The appearance of everything about the mole and warehouses manifested the highest commercial prosperity. Bales and kegs, marked with strange, outlandish names, barrels and pipes, rolls of merchandise, and crates of foreign wares, piled up under the projecting eaves, and partly covered with tarpaulins, betokened the extent of trade of which this secluded pier was the central point.

In the rear of the warehouse was a glen, or defile, along which a road wound leading from the wharf to the top of a ridge, which towered eighty feet above the captain's head, and nearly overhung it. On gaining this eminence, which was not more than four hundred feet from the mole, the eye was struck with the extraordinary degree of cultivation of a wide domain, that lay before and around him, and stretched even to the sea-side. Groves, open and park-like in their beauty, meadows bending with the rich harvest of golden corn; fields green with pastures, on which flocks and herds, and even a few deer, were browsing peacefully; foot-paths and hedge-rows were features of the scene. But the chief and distinguishing attraction was a mansion, visible through the trees in the distance, of large size and imposing exterior, with turreted ends, a bastion and terrace, and separated from the agricultural grounds by a wide lawn, while its southern front looked down upon the bay, and out upon the illimitable sea.