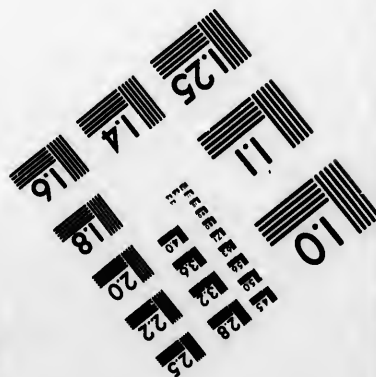
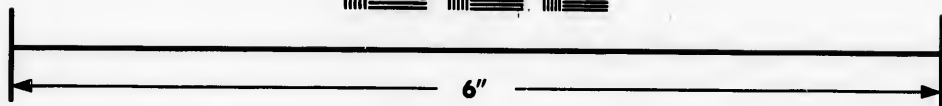
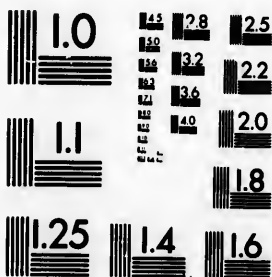


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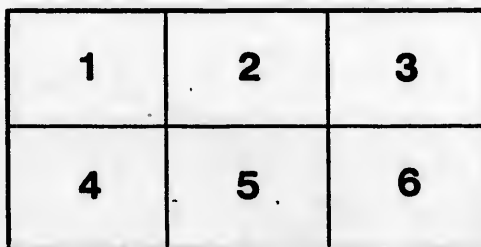
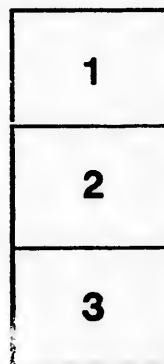
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**THE
OLD JUDGE.**

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THE
OLD JUDGE;

OR,
LIFE IN A COLONY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"SAM SLICK, THE CLOCKMAKER,"

"THE ATTACHÉ," &c.

*Habeoque senectuti magnam gratiam, quæ mihi sermonis aviditatem auxit,
potionis et cibi sustulit.* CICERO DE SENECTUTE.

New Edition.

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HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
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P R E F A C E.

The following sketches of "Life in a Colony" were drawn from nature, after a residence of half a century among the people, whose habits, manners, and social condition, they are intended to delineate. I have adopted the form of a tour, and the character of a stranger, for the double purpose of avoiding the prolixity of a journal, by the omission of tedious details, and the egotism of an author, by making others speak for themselves in their own way. The utmost care has been taken to exclude any thing that could by any possibility be supposed to have a personal reference, or be the subject of annoyance. The "dramatis personæ" of this work are, therefore, ideal representatives of their several classes, having all the characteristics and peculiarities of their own set, but no actual existence. Should they be found to resemble particular individuals, I can

assure the reader that it is accidental, and not intentional; and I trust it will be considered, as it really is, the unavoidable result of an attempt to delineate the features of a people among whom there is such a strong family likeness.

In my previous works, I have been fortunate enough to have avoided censure on this score, and I have been most anxious to render the present book as unobjectionable as its predecessors. Political sketches I have abstained from altogether; provincial and local affairs are too insignificant to interest the general reader, and the policy of the Colonial Office is foreign to my subject. The absurd importance attached in this country to trifles, the grandiloquent language of rural politicians, the flimsy veil of patriotism, under which selfishness strives to hide the deformity of its visage, and the attempt to adopt the machinery of a large empire to the government of a small colony, present many objects for ridicule or satire; but they could not be approached without the suspicion of personality, and the direct imputation of prejudice. As I consider, however, that the work would be incomplete without giving some idea of the form of

government under which the inhabitants of the lower colonies live, I have prepared a very brief outline of it, without any comment. Those persons who take no interest in such matters, can pass it over, and leave it for others who may prefer information to amusement.

I have also avoided, as far as practicable, topics common to other countries, and endeavoured to select scenes and characters peculiar to the colony, and not to be found in books. Some similarity there must necessarily be between all branches of the Anglo-Saxon family, speaking the same language, and living under modifications of the same form of government; but still, there are shades of difference which, though not strongly remarked, are plainly discernible to a practised eye.

Facies non omnibus una nec tamen diversa.

This distinctive character is produced by the necessities and condition of a new country, by the nature of the climate, the want of an Established Church, hereditary rank, entailment of estates, and the subdivision of labour, on the one hand, and the absence of nationality, independence, and Republican institutions, on the other.

Colonists differ again in like manner from each other, according to the situation of their respective country; some being merely agricultural, others commercial, and many partaking of the character of both. A picture of any one North American Province, therefore, will not, in all respects, be a true representation of another. The Nova Scotian, who is more particularly the subject of this work, is often found superintending the cultivation of a farm, and building a vessel at the same time; and is not only able to catch and cure a cargo of fish, but to find his way with it to the West Indies or the Mediterranean; he is a man of all work, but expert in none—knows a little of many things, but nothing well. He is irregular in his pursuits, “all things by turns, and nothing long,” and vain of his ability or information, but is a hardy, frank, good-natured, hospitable, manly fellow, and withal quite as good-looking as his air gives you to understand he thinks himself to be. Such is the gentleman known throughout America as Mr. Blue Nose, a *sobriquet* acquired from a superior potato of that name, of the good qualities of which he is never tired of talking, being anxious, like most men of small property,

to exhibit to the best advantage the little he had.

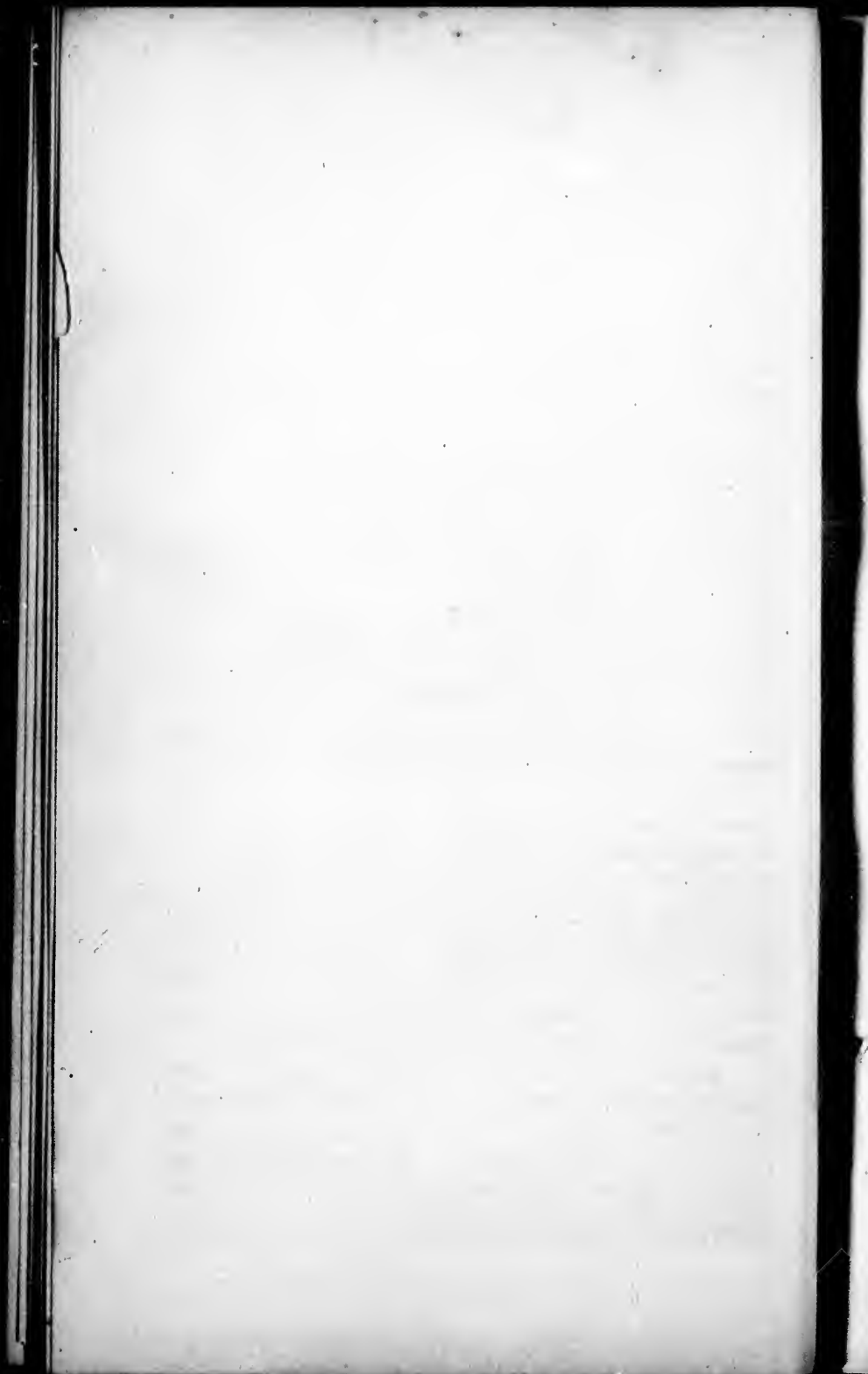
Although this term is applicable to all natives, it is more particularly so to that portion of the population descended from emigrants from the New England States, either previously to, or immediately after, the American Revolution. The accent of the Blue Nose is provincial, inclining more to Yankee than to English, his utterance rapid, and his conversation liberally garnished with American phraseology, and much enlivened with dry humour. From the diversity of trades of which he knows something, and the variety of occupations in which he has been at one time or another engaged, he uses indiscriminately the technical terms of all, in a manner that would often puzzle a stranger to pronounce whether he was a landsman or sailor, a farmer, mechanic, lumberer, or fisherman. These characteristics are more or less common to the people of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Cape Breton, and the scene of these sketches might perhaps to a very great extent be laid, with equal propriety, in those places as in Nova Scotia. But to Upper and Lower Canada they are not so applicable.

The town of Illinoo, so often mentioned in this work, is a fictitious place. I have selected it in preference to a real one, to prevent the possible application of my remarks to any of the inhabitants, in accordance with the earnest desire I have already expressed to avoid giving offence to any one.

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THE OLD JUDGE;

OR,

LIFE IN A COLONY.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD JUDGE.

A few days ago two strangers were shown into my study: one of them, stepping aside, pointed to his companion, and said, "This, sir, is the Reverend Gabriel Gab of Olympus." The other performed the same kind office for his friend, saying, "And this, sir, is the Reverend Elijah Warner, of the Millerite persuasion, from Palmyra, United States of America."

The former, whose name was by no means inappropriate, explained, with great volubility, the object of their visit, which he said was twofold: first, to pay their respects to me; secondly, to make some inquiries about the great bore in the river in my neighbourhood.

Had there been a mirror in the room, I should have been tempted to have pointed to it, as they would have there seen two much greater bores in their own persons; for, if there is any one subject more than another, of which I am heartily tired, it is the extraordinary tide of this remarkable river. It attracts many idlers to the village, who pester every one they

meet with questions and theories, and seldom talk of anything else. If, however, the visit of these gentlemen wearied me, in consequence of the threadbare subject of our discourse, it amused me not a little by the whimsical manner of its introduction; it not only had novelty to recommend it, but its brevity enabled them to enter *in medias res* at once. I shall therefore imitate their example, by introducing myself and explaining my business.

I am, gentle reader, a traveller, and my object also is twofold: first, to pay my respects to you, and, secondly, to impart, rather than solicit, information. When I left England, my original destination was New York and the far West, after which I purposed making a rapid tour over our North American Colonies. In pursuance of this plan, I took passage on board of one of the British mail-steamers for America.

It is well known that these ships touch at Halifax on their way to and from New York and Boston; this apparently circuitous route being actually thirty-six miles shorter than the direct course.¹ In twelve days after leaving England I found myself in Halifax.

Of my voyage out I shall say nothing. He must be a bold man indeed who would attempt to describe the incidents of a common passage across the Atlantic, with any hope whatever of finding a reader. It was, like all similar trips, though as comfortable as such an affair can be, anything but agreeable, and, though short, tedious to a landsman. Off the Port of Halifax we encountered a thick fog, and were obliged to slacken our speed and use the lead constantly, when we suddenly emerged from it into bright clear dazzling sunshine. Before us lay the harbour, as calm, as white, and as glittering, as if covered with glass; a comparison that suggested itself by the beautiful re-

¹ See the second series of *The Clockmaker*, chapter xxii., in which this route was first suggested, and the actual distance given.

reflections it presented of the various objects on shore ; while behind us was the dense black mass of fog, reaching from the water to the heavens, like a wall or cloud of darkness. It seemed as if Day and Night were reposing together side by side.

The first object that met our view was the picturesque little church that crowns the cliff overlooking the village and haven of Falkland, and, like a *stella maris*, guides the poor fisherman from afar to his home, and recalls his wandering thoughts to that other and happier one that awaits him when the storms and tempests of this life shall have passed away for ever. The entrance to this noble harbour, the best, perhaps, in America, is exceedingly beautiful ; such portions of the landscape as are denuded of trees exhibit a very high state of cultivation ; while the natural sterility of the cold, wet, and rocky soil of the background is clothed and concealed by verdant evergreens of spruce fir, pine, and hemlock. On either hand, you pass formidable fortifications, and the national flag and the British sentinel bear testimony to the power and extensive possessions of dear old England.

On the right is the rapidly increasing town of Dartmouth ; on the left, Halifax, situated *in extenso* on the slope of a long high hill, the cone-like summit of which is converted into a citadel. The effect from the water is very imposing, giving the idea of a much larger and better built place than it is—an illusion productive of much subsequent disappointment. Still further on, and forming the northern termination of the city, is the Government Dockyard, of which I shall speak elsewhere. Here the harbour contracts to a very narrow space, and then suddenly enlarges again into another and more sheltered body of water, eight or ten miles in length, and two or three in width, called Bedford Basin.

On a nearer approach to the Quay, old dingy warehouses, trumpery wooden buildings, of unequal size and disproportioned forms, and unsubstantial wharfs,

in bad order and repair, present an unpromising water-side view, while the accent of the labourers and truckmen who are nearly all Irishmen form a singular combination of colonial architecture and European population. The city itself, which has been greatly improved of late years, does not, on a further acquaintance, altogether remove the disagreeable impression. Although it boasts of many very handsome public as well as private edifices, it is well laid out and embellished with large naval and military establishments ; it has not the neat or uniform appearance of an American town, and it is some time before the eye becomes accustomed to the card-board appearance of the houses, or the singular mixture of large and small ones in the same street. The general aspect of the city is as different from that of any other provincial town, as it is from a place of the same size either in Old or New England. The inhabitants, who are composed of English, Irish, Scotch, and their descendants, are estimated at twenty-two or twenty-five thousand. It is a gay and hospitable place, and, until recently, when agitation and political strife made their baneful appearance, was a united and happy community.

It is not my intention to describe localities—my object is to delineate Life in a Colony. There is such a general uniformity in the appearance of all the country towns and villages of these lower provinces, and such a similarity in the character of the scenery, that details would be but tedious repetitions, and, besides, such topographical sketches are to be found in every book of travels on this continent. I have said thus much of Halifax, because it is not only the capital of Nova Scotia, but, from its proximity to Europe, has lately become a most important station for English and American Atlantic steamers, as it always has been for the British navy. A few words will suffice for Nova Scotia. The surface is undulating, seldom or never exceeding in altitude five hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is greatly intersected with rivers and

their tributary brooks, on the margins of which are continuous lines of settlements, and the coast is everywhere indented with harbours more or less capacious, in most of which are either towns or villages. In the background, the forest is everywhere visible, and penetrated in all directions with roads. Although extensive clearings are made yearly in the interior, principally by the children of old settlers, in which backwood life is to be seen in all its simplicity, yet the country has passed the period of youth, and may now be called an old colony.

Of the habits, manners, and modes of thought of the people, few travellers have had such an opportunity of becoming acquainted as I have. At the suggestion of Mr. Barclay, a member of the provincial bar, with whom I accidentally became acquainted on my arrival at Halifax, I abandoned for a time my intention of proceeding to New York, and from thence to the South and West, and remained in this country for a period sufficiently long to acquire that knowledge of Anglo-American character without which rapid travelling on this continent is neither convenient nor instructive. By him I was conducted to Illinoo, an interior town, about fifty miles from Halifax, and there introduced to Mr. Justice Sandford, a retired Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature. By the considerate kindness of these two gentlemen, I was enabled to see all that was desirable to be seen, and to understand many little points in the character of the people, which, without their valuable explanations, would have either escaped my notice, or have been unintelligible.

Illinoo is situated at the head of the navigation of the Inganish river, and is a neat, thriving town, consisting of about a hundred and fifty wooden houses, painted white, after the prevailing American taste, most of them being decorated with green Venetian blinds, and all enclosed by board fences of different patterns. The glare of the glossy

white is somewhat relieved by the foliage of the gardens that everywhere surround the houses, and supply the inhabitants with fruit and vegetables. Such is Illinoo, the description of which will answer for any other rural village, the difference in general being one of situation, rather than appearance and of size, more than beauty.

Three miles further up the river, and above the influence of the tide, is Elmsdale, the residence of Judge Sandford. The house stands on a rising piece of ground in the centre of an extensive island, formed by two branches of the river, one of which is a small brook of about twenty yards in width, and the other the main stream. The island consists principally of alluvial soil, but is interspersed here and there with gently swelling knolls of loam, covered with oaks, maples, and yellow birches, while the meadow land is decorated with large single elms of immense size and great beauty. The margin is secured against the effects of the current by the roots of the shumach, the wild flowering pear, and dwarf rowan tree, and the still stronger network of the roots of the giant elms that enclose the place on all sides. On the south-west and east, this valley is sheltered from the wind by a mountainous ridge, through a winding and almost concealed gorge, of which the river precipitately issues, previously to its forming the bifurcation that converts Elmsdale into an island.

The house, which was built by the present proprietor's father, an American Loyalist, is a large commodious cottage of one story in height, covering a great deal of ground, and constructed after the manner of the German settlers on the Hudson, having long projecting eaves, and an extensive, elongated range of buildings protruding from the back part, devoted to the use of domestics and farm purposes, and which is effectually concealed from view by an almost impenetrable hedge-row of spruces. Two noble, primeval elms, at either side of the hall-door, rejoice in their

native soil, and with their long, umbrageous, pendent branches, equally deny admission to the rain and sun. The interior of the house corresponds, to a great extent, with its outward appearance. The furniture is in general old, solid, and heavy, like that used in our former colonies before the rebellion, which contrasts oddly with an occasional article of lighter form, and later and more fashionable manufacture. They are types of the old and the present generation; for, alas, it is to be feared that what has been gained in appearance has been lost in substance, in things of far more value and importance. It is a place of great beauty at all seasons of the year; but, in spring, when vegetation first clothes the mountains, and in autumn, when the frost tinges it with innumerable hues before it disrobes it, it is pre-eminently so. The forest, to which you are attracted in summer by its grateful shade, is rendered still more agreeable and cool, by the numerous rapids and cascades of the river; and even winter, dreary as it is everywhere in the country, is here stripped of half its rigour, by the barrier the hills present to the stormy winds.

To this hospitable and charming mansion I was so fortunate as to be invited by the Judge, at the suggestion, no doubt, of his nephew, my friend Mr. Barclay. "He will be delighted to see you," he said, as we drove thither from the village. "He is one of those persons with whom you will feel at home and at ease at once. Such is the force of professional habit, that there is something of judicial gravity in his manner when abroad, or among those he does not know, but there is not the least of it about him when at home, or among his friends. Although far advanced in years, he is still as active in body and mind, as quick of perception, and as fond of humour, as when he was at the bar. He abounds in anecdote; is remarkably well informed for a lawyer, for their libraries necessarily contain more heavy learning than light reading; and he has great conversational powers. In religion he is a

Churchman, and in politics a Conservative, as is almost every gentleman in these colonies. On the first subject he never speaks as a topic of discussion, and on the latter very rarely, and then only to those who, he knows, entertain similar opinions with himself. He will press you to make his house your home, as far as is compatible with your other arrangements, and I hope you will not fail to do so, for he is fond of having his friends about him, and in this retired place considers it a great piece of good fortune to have an opportunity of conversing with a person whose ideas are not all bounded by this little province. On the other hand, you will find a kind, frank, but plain hospitality, that is comfortable without being oppressive ; and, as your object is information about colonial life, I know of no man in this country so well qualified or so willing to impart it as he is. There is capital shooting and fishing on his grounds ; and, when you feel inclined for a ride or a drive, either he or his niece (for he is an old bachelor) will be happy to accompany you, while I am always on hand, and at your service. Don't be afraid of my fair cousin," he continued ; " though not too old to be agreeable, (for my uncle is an instance of the difficulty of deciding when that period of life commences) she is of a certain age, when she may be considered no longer dangerous."

Leaving the highway, we crossed the brook that separates the island from the main land over a rustic arch, so constructed between clumps of large French willows growing on the banks as to have the effect of a natural bridge. The road wound round the base of a knoll, through a forest of elms, from which, with an easy sweep, it suddenly terminated in front of the house. From thence we proceeded to the garden, where we understood the Judge was superintending some improvements. This enclosure covers about two acres of land, and embraces the fruitery, shrubbery, kitchen and flower garden ; thus combining use-

ful with ornamental cultivation, and keeping both within the limits of moderate means. In summer, he spends most of his time here, when the weather permits.

As soon as he perceived us, he advanced, and cordially welcomed me to Elmsdale, which, he said, he hoped I would make my head-quarters and consider my home, as often and as long as I could, while in this part of the country.

Though thin, his frame was strong, and well put together, and therefore, though short in stature, he could not be called a small man. In figure, he was erect, and in motion active, while his quick bright eye, notwithstanding the snowy whiteness of his hair, and a face in which the traces of care and thought were deeply marked, suggested the idea of a much younger person than he really was—an illusion not a little aided by the sprightliness of his conversation, and the singular smoothness and expansion of the upper part of his forehead.

In a few moments we were joined by Miss Sandford, who entered the garden by a glass door from the library, that opened upon the verandah where we were standing, and admonished her uncle that, as everybody was not quite as interested in gardening as he was, it might not be amiss to recollect that it was the hour of luncheon. From the age as well as the affection of these relatives, brother would have seemed to be a more appropriate term for her to have used than uncle; but there was, in reality, a much greater disparity between them in years, activity, and strength, than there appeared to be at first sight. She was admirably well qualified to preside over his establishment, and be his companion; for she was a remarkably well-informed and agreeable woman, and, what could scarcely be expected, and is rarely found in a new country like this, was highly accomplished, which latter advantage she owed to a long residence and careful education in England.

Such was the place where I resided, and such the people among whom I was domesticated so often and so long. Having, like Boswell, kept a copious journal of the conversations I had with the Judge, I shall in all instances let him speak for himself, as his power of description far exceeds mine. When he was not present, I shall endeavour to delineate the scenes I witnessed myself, without embellishment on the one hand, and, as far as practicable, without prolixity on the other.

CHAPTER II.

HOW MANY FINS HAS A COD?

OR, FORTY YEARS AGO.

For several days past, nothing else has been talked of at Illinoo but the approaching term of the Supreme Court. At all times, this is a great event for a quiet village, where there is but little to diversify the monotony of life; but the arrival of the Judge and the circuit lawyers is now looked forward to with great interest, as there is to be a man tried for murder, who, in all probability, will be convicted and executed. I have much curiosity to see the mode of administering justice in this country, because the state of the courts is a very good criterion by which to estimate the state of the province. The Bench and the Bar usually furnish fair samples of the talent and education of the gentry—the grand jury of the class immediately below them, and the petit-jury of the yeomanry and tradesmen. In a court-house, they are all to be seen in juxtaposition, and a stranger is enabled to compare them one with the other, with the condition of the people and similar institutions in different countries.

The Judge informs me that the first courts established in this province were County Courts, the Judges of which were not professional men, but selected from the

magistrates of the district, who rendered their services gratuitously. The efficiency of these courts, therefore, depended wholly upon the character and attainments of the Justices of the Peace in the neighbourhood. In some instances, they were conducted with much decorum, and not without ability; in others, they presented scenes of great confusion and disorder; but, in all cases, they were the centre of attraction to the whole county. The vicinity of the court-house was a sort of fair, where people assembled to transact business, or to amuse themselves. Horse-swapping or racing, wrestling and boxing, smoking and drinking, sales at auction, and games of various kinds, occupied the noisy and not very sober crowd. The temperance of modern times, the substitution of professional men as judges, and an entire change of habits among the people, have no less altered the character of the scenes within than without the walls of these halls of justice. In no respect is the improvement of this country so apparent as in its judicial establishments. As an illustration of the condition of some of these County Courts in the olden time, the Judge related to me the following extraordinary story that occurred to himself:—

Shortly after my return from Europe, about forty years ago, I attended the Western Circuit of the Supreme Court, which then terminated at Annapolis, and remained behind a few days, for the purpose of examining that most interesting place, which is the scene of the first effective settlement in North America.

While engaged in these investigations, a person called upon me, and told me he had ridden express from Plymouth, to obtain my assistance in a cause which was to be tried in a day or two in the county court at that place. The judges were at that period, as I have previously observed, not professional men, but magistrates, and equally unable to administer law, or to preserve order; and the verdicts generally depended more upon the declamatory powers of the lawyers than the merits of the causes. The distance was

great—the journey had to be performed on horseback—the roads were bad, the accommodation worse. I had a great repugnance to attend these courts under any circumstances ; and, besides, had pressing engagements at home. I therefore declined accepting his retainer, which was the largest that at that time had ever been tendered to me, and begged to be excused. If the fee, he said, was too small to render it worth my while to go, he would cheerfully double it, for money was no object. The cause was one of great importance to his friend, Mr. John Barkins, and of deep interest to the whole community ; and, as the few lawyers that resided within a hundred miles of the place were engaged on the other side, if I did not go, his unfortunate friend would fall a victim to the intrigues and injustice of his opponents. In short, he was so urgent, that at last I was prevailed upon to consent, and we set off together to prosecute our journey on horseback. The agent, Mr. William Robins (who had the most accurate and capacious memory of any man I ever met), proved a most entertaining and agreeable companion. He had read a great deal, and retained it all ; and, having resided many years near Plymouth, knew every body, every place, and every tradition. Withal, he was somewhat of a humourist. Finding him a person of this description, my curiosity was excited to know who and what he was ; and I put the question to him.

“I am of the same profession you are, sir,” he said. I immediately reined up.

“If that be the case,” I replied, “my good friend, you must try the cause yourself. I cannot consent to go on. The only thing that induced me to set out with you was your assertion that every lawyer, within a hundred miles of Plymouth, was retained on the other side.”

“Excuse me, sir,” he said, “I did not say I was a lawyer.”

“No,” I observed, “you did not ; but you stated

that you were of the same profession as myself, which is the same thing."

"Not exactly, sir," he said. "I am a wrecker. I am Lloyds' agent, and live on the misfortunes of others; so do you. When a vessel is wrecked, it is my business to get her off, or to save the property. When a man is entangled among the shoals or quicksands of the law, your duty is similar. We are both wreckers, and, therefore, members of the same profession. The only difference is, you are a lawyer, and I am not."

This absurd reply removing all difficulty, we proceeded on our journey; and the first night after passing through Digby reached Shingle Town, or Spaitsville, the origin of which, as he related it to me, was the most whimsical story I ever heard. It is rather long for an episode, and I will tell it to you some other time. The next morning we reached Clare, a township wholly owned and occupied by French Acadians, the descendants of those persons who first settled at Port Royal (as I have just related), and other parts of the province into which they had penetrated, previous to the occupation of the English. I will not trouble you with the melancholy history of these people at present; I only allude to them now on account of a little incident in our journey. As we approached the chapel, we saw a large number of persons in front of the priest's house, having either terminated or being about to commence a procession. As soon as Robins saw them, he said—

"Now, I will make every man of that congregation take off his hat to me."

"How?"

"You shall see."

He soon pulled up opposite to a large wooden cross that stood by the way-side, and, taking off his hat, bowed his head most reverently and respectfully down to the horse's neck, and then, slowly covering again, passed on. When we reached the crowd, every hat was lifted in deference to the devout stranger, who had

thus courteously or piously saluted the emblem of their faith. As soon as we had escaped the wondering gaze of the people, he observed—

“There, lawyer, there is a useful lesson in life for you. He who respects the religious feelings of others, will not fail to win indulgence for his own.”

In the afternoon we arrived at Plymouth. As we entered the village, I observed that the court-house as usual was surrounded by a noisy multitude, some detached groups of which appeared to be discussing the trials of the morning, or anticipating that which was to engross the attention of the public on the succeeding day. On the opposite side of the road was a large tavern, the hospitable door of which stood invitingly open, and permitted the escape of most agreeable and seducing odours of rum and tobacco. The crowd occupied and filled the space between the two buildings, and presented a moving and agitated surface; and yet a strong current was perceptible to a practised eye in this turbid mass, setting steadily out of the court-house, and passing slowly but constantly through the centre of this estuary into the tavern, and returning again in an eddy on either side.

Where every one was talking at the same time, no individual could be heard or understood at a distance, but the united vociferations of the assembled hundreds blended together, and formed the deep-toned but dissonant voice of that hydra-headed monster, the crowd. On a nearer approach, the sounds that composed this unceasing roar became more distinguishable. The drunken man might be heard rebuking the profane, and the profane overwhelming the hypocrite with opprobrium for his cant. Neighbours, rendered amiable by liquor, embraced as brothers, and loudly proclaimed their unchangeable friendship; while the memory of past injuries, awakened into fury by the liquid poison, placed others in hostile attitude, who hurled defiance and abuse at each other, to the full extent of their lungs or their vocabulary. The slow, measured, nasal

talk of the degenerate settler from Puritanical New England, was rendered unintelligible by the ceaseless and rapid utterance of the French fisherman; while poor Pat, bludgeon in hand, uproariously solicited his neighbours to fight or to drink, and generously gave them their option. Even the dogs caught the infection of the place, and far above their masters' voices might occasionally be heard the loud, sharp cry of triumph, or the more shrill howl of distress uttered by these animals, who, with as little cause as their senseless owners, had engaged in a stupid conflict.

A closer inspection revealed the groupings with more painful distinctness. Here, might be seen the merry, active Negro, flapping his mimic wings and crowing like a cock in token of defiance to all his sable brethren, or dancing to the sound of his own musical voice, and terminating every evolution with a scream of delight. There, your attention was arrested by a ferocious-looking savage, who, induced by the promise of liquor, armed with a scalping-knife in one hand and a tomahawk in the other, exhibited his terrific war-dance, and uttered his demoniac yells, to the horror of him who personated the victim, and suffered all the pangs of martyrdom in trembling apprehension that that which had begun in sport might end in reality, and to the infinite delight of a circle of boys, whose morals were thus improved and confirmed by the conversation and example of their fathers. At the outer edge of the throng might be seen a woman, endeavouring to persuade or to force her inebriated husband to leave this scene of sin and shame, and return to his neglected home, his family, and his duties. Now, success crowns her untiring exertions, and he yields to her tears and entreaties, and gives himself up to her gentle guidance; when suddenly the demon within him rebels, and he rudely bursts from her feeble but affectionate hold, and returns, shouting and roaring like a maniac, to his thoughtless and noisy associates. The enduring love of the agonized woman prompts her again and

again to renew the effort, until at last some kind friend, touched by her sorrows and her trials, lends her the aid of his powerful arm, and the truant man is led off captive to what was once a happy home, but now a house of destitution and distress. These noises ceased for a moment as we arrived at the spot, and were superseded by a command issued by several persons at the same time.

“ Clear the road there ! Make way for the gentlemen ! ”

We had been anxiously expected all the afternoon, and the command was instantly obeyed, and a passage opened for us by the people falling back on either side of the street. As we passed through, my friend checked his horse into a slow walk, and led me with an air of triumph, such as a jockey displays in bringing out his favourite on the course. Robins was an important man that day. He had succeeded in his mission. He had got his champion, and would be ready for fight in the morning. It was but reasonable, therefore, he thought, to indulge the public with a glimpse at his man. He nodded familiarly to some, winked slyly to others, saluted people at a distance aloud, and shook hands patronisingly with those that were nearest. He would occasionally lag behind a moment, and say, in an under but very audible tone—

“ Precious clever fellow that ! Sees it all—says we are all right—sure to win it ! I wouldn't be in those fellows the plaintiff's skins to-morrow for a trifle ! He is a powerful man, that ! ” and so forth.

The first opportunity that occurred, I endeavoured to put a stop to this trumpeting.

“ For Heaven's sake, ” I said, “ my good friend, do not talk such nonsense ; if you do, you will ruin me ! I am at all times a diffident man, but, if you raise such expectations, I shall assuredly break down, from the very fear of not fulfilling them. I know too well the doubtful issue of trials ever to say that a man is certain of winning. Pray do not talk of me in this manner. ”

"You *are* sure, sir," he said. "What, a man who has just landed from his travels in Europe, and arrived, after a journey of one hundred miles, from the last sitting of the Supreme Court, not to know more than any one else! Fudge, sir! I congratulate you, you have gained the cause! And besides, sir, do you think that if William Robins says he has got the right man (and he wouldn't say so if he didn't think so), that that isn't enough? Why, sir, your leather breeches and top-boots are enough to do the business! Nobody ever saw such things here before, and a man in buckskin must know more than a man in homespun. But here is Mrs. Brown's inn; let us dismount. I have procured a private sitting-room for you, which on court-days, militia trainings, and times of town meetings or elections, is not very easy, I assure you. Come, walk in, and make yourself comfortable."

We had scarcely entered into our snuggerly, which was evidently the landlady's own apartment, when the door was softly opened a few inches, and a beseeching voice was heard, saying—

"Billy, is that him? If it is, tell him it's me; will you? that's a good soul!"

"Come in—come in, old Blowhard!" said Robins; and, seizing the stranger by the hand, he led him up, and introduced him to me.

"Lawyer, this is Captain John Barkins!—Captain Barkins, this is Lawyer Sandford! He is our client, lawyer, and I must say one thing for him: he has but two faults, but they are enough to ruin any man in this province; he is an honest man, and speaks the truth. I will leave you together now, and go and order your dinner for you."

John Barkins was a tall, corpulent, amphibious-looking man, that seemed as if he would be equally at home in either element, land or water. He held in his hand what he called a nor'-wester, a large, broad-brimmed, glazed hat, with a peak projecting behind to shed the water from off his club queue, which was

nearly as thick as a hawser. He wore a long, narrow-tailed, short-waisted blue coat, with large, white-plated buttons, that resembled Spanish dollars, a red waistcoat, a spotted Bandanna silk handkerchief tied loosely about his throat, and a pair of voluminous, corduroy trousers, of the colour of brown soap, over which were drawn a pair of fishermen's boots, that reached nearly to his knees. His waistcoat and his trousers were apparently not upon very intimate terms, for, though they travelled together, the latter were taught to feel their subjection, but, when they lagged too far behind, they were brought to their place by a jerk of impatience that threatened their very existence. He had a thick, matted head of black hair, and a pair of whiskers that disdained the effeminacy of either scissors or razor, and revelled in all the exuberant and wild profusion of nature. His countenance was much weather-beaten from constant exposure to the vicissitudes of heat and cold, but was open, good-natured, and manly. Such was my client. He advanced and shook me cordially by the hand.

"Glad to see you, sir," he said; "you are welcome to Plymouth. My name is John Barkins; I dare say you have often heard of me, for everybody knows me about these parts. Any one will tell you what sort of a man John Barkins is. That's me—that's my name, do you see? I am a persecuted man, lawyer; but I ain't altogether quite run down yet, neither. I have a case in court; I dare say Mr. Robins has told you of it. He is a very clever man is old Billy, and as smart a chap of his age as you will see anywhere a'most. I suppose you have often heard of him before, for everybody knows William Robins in these parts. It's the most important case, sir, ever tried in this county. If I lose it, Plymouth is done. There's an end to the fisheries, and a great many of us are a going to sell off and quit the country."

I will not detail his cause to you in his own words, because it will fatigue you as it wearied me in hearing

it. It possessed no public interest whatever, though it was of some importance to himself as regarded the result. It appeared that he had fitted out a large vessel for the Labradore fishery, and taken with him a very full crew, who were to share in the profits or loss of the adventure. The agreement, which was a verbal one, was, that on the completion of the voyage the cargo should be sold, and the net proceeds be distributed in equal portions, one half to appertain to the captain and vessel, and the other half to the crew, and to be equally divided among them. The undertaking was a disastrous one, and on their return the seamen repudiated the bargain, and sued him for wages. It was, therefore, a very simple affair, being a mere question of fact as to the partnership, and that depending wholly on the evidence. Having ascertained these particulars, and inquired into the nature of the proof by which his defence was to be supported, and given him his instructions, I requested him to call upon me again in the morning before Court, and bowed to him in a manner too significant to be misunderstood. He, however, still lingered in the room, and, turning his hat round and round several times, examining the rim very carefully, as if at a loss to discover the front from the back part of it, he looked up at last, and said—

“Lawyer, I have a favour to ask of you.”

“What is it?” I inquired.

“There is a man,” he replied, “coming agin me to-morrow as a witness, of the name of Lillum. He thinks himself a great judge of the fisheries, and he does know a considerable some, I must say; but, d— him! I caught fish afore he was born, and know more about fishing than all the Lillums of Plymouth put together. Will you just ask him one question?”

“Yes, fifty, if you like.”

“Well, I only want you to try him with one, and that will choke him. Ask him if he knows ‘how many fins a cod has, at a word.’”

“What has that got to do with the cause?” I said, with unfeigned astonishment.

“Everything, sir,” he answered; “everything in the world. If he is to come to give his opinion on other men’s business, the best way is to see if he knows his own. Tarnation, man! he don’t know a cod-fish when he sees it; if he does, he can tell you ‘how many fins it has, at a word.’ It is a great catch that. I have won a great many half-pints of brandy on it. I never knew a feller that could answer that question yet, right off the reel.”

He then explained to me that, in the enumeration, one small fin was always omitted by those who had not previously made a minute examination.

“Now, sir,” said he, “if he can’t cipher out that question (and I’ll go a hogshead of rum on it he can’t), turn him right out of the box, and tell him to go a voyage with old John Barkins—that’s me, my name is John Barkins—and he will larn him his trade. Will you ask him that question, lawyer?”

“Certainly,” I said, “if you wish it.”

“You will gain the day, then, sir,” he continued, much elated; “you will gain the day, then, as sure as fate. Good-by, lawyer!”

When he had nearly reached the foot of the staircase, I heard him returning, and, opening the door, he looked in and said—

“You won’t forget, will you?—my name is John Barkins; ask anybody about here, and they will tell you who I am, for everybody knows John Barkins in these parts. The other man’s name is Lillum—a very decent, ’sponsible-looking man, too; but he don’t know everything. Take him up all short. ‘How many fins has a cod, at a word?’ says you. If you can lay him on the broad of his back with that question, I don’t care a farthing if I lose the case. It’s a great satisfaction to nonplush a knowin’ one that way. You know the question?”

“Yes, yes,” I replied, impatiently. “I know all about it.”

"You do, do you, sir?" said he, shutting the door behind him, and advancing towards me, and looking me steadily in the face; "you do, do you? Then, 'how many fins has a cod, at a word?'"

I answered as he had instructed me.

"Gad, sir," he said, "it's a pity your father hadn't made a fisherman of you, for you know more about a cod now than any man in Plymouth but one, old John Barkins—that's me, my name is John Barkins. Everybody knows me in these parts. Bait your hook with that question, and you'll catch old Lillum, I know. As soon as he has it in his gills, drag him right out of the water. Give him no time to play—in with him, and whap him on the deck; hit him hard over the head—it will make him open his mouth, and your hook is ready for another catch."

"Good night, Mr. Barkins," I replied; "call on me in the morning. I am fatigued now."

"Good night, sir," he answered; "you won't forget?"

Dinner was now announced, and my friend Mr. Robins and myself sat down to it with an excellent appetite. Having done ample justice to the good cheer of Mrs. Brown, and finished our wine, we drew up to the fire, which, at that season of the year, was most acceptable in the morning and evening, and smoked our cigars. Robins had so many good stories, and told them so uncommonly well, that it was late before we retired to rest. Instead of being shown into the bed-room I had temporarily occupied for changing my dress before dinner, I was ushered into a long, low room, fitted up on either side with berths, with a locker running round the base, and in all respects, except the skylight, resembling a cabin. Strange as it appeared, it was in keeping with the place (a fishing port), its population, and the habits of the people. Mrs. Brown, the landlady, was the widow of a sea-faring man, who had, no doubt, fitted up the chamber in this manner with a view to economize room, and

thus accommodate as many passengers (as he would designate his guests) as possible in this sailor's home. A lamp hung suspended from the ceiling, and appeared to be supplied and trimmed for the night, so as to afford easy access and egress at all hours. It was almost impossible not to imagine one's self at sea, on board of a crowded coasting-packet. Retreat was impossible, and therefore I made up my mind at once to submit to this whimsical arrangement for the night, and, having undressed myself, was about to climb into a vacant berth near the door, when some one opposite called out—

“Lawyer, is that you?”

It was my old tormentor, the skipper. Upon ascertaining who it was, he immediately got out of bed, and crossed over to where I was standing. He had nothing on but a red nightcap, and a short, loose check shirt, wide open at the throat and breast. He looked like a huge bear walking upon his hind-legs, he was so hairy and shaggy. Seizing me by the shoulders, he clasped me tightly round the neck, and whispered—

“‘How many fins has a cod, at a word?’ That’s the question. You won’t forget, will you?”

“No,” I said, “I not only will not forget it tomorrow, but I shall recollect you and your advice as long as I live. Now let me get some rest, or I shall be unable to plead your cause for you, as I am excessively fatigued and very drowsy.”

“Certainly, certainly,” he said; “turn in, but don’t forget the catch.”

It was some time before the hard bed, the fatigues of the journey, and the novelty of the scene, permitted me to compose myself for sleep; and just as I was dropping off into a slumber, I heard the same unwelcome sounds—

“‘Lawyer, lawyer, are you asleep?’”

I affected not to hear him, and, after another ineffectual attempt on his part to rouse me, he desisted; but I heard him mutter to himself—

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"Plague take the serpent! he'll forget it and lose all: a feller that falls asleep at the helm, ain't fit to be trusted no how."

I was not doomed, however, to obtain repose upon such easy terms. The skipper's murmurs had scarcely died away, when a French fisherman from St. Mary's Bay entered the room, and, stumbling over my saddle-bags, which he anathematized in bad French, bad English, and in a language compounded of both, and embellished with a few words of Indian origin, he called out loudly—

"Célestine, are you here?"

This interrogatory was responded to by another from the upper end of the room—

"Is that you, Baptiste? Which way is the wind?"

"Nor'-nor'-west."

"Then I must sail for Halifax to-morrow."

While Baptiste was undressing, an operation which was soon performed (with the exception of the time lost in pulling off an obstinate and most intractable pair of boots), the following absurd conversation took place. Upon hearing the word Halifax, (as he called it) Baptiste expressed great horror of the place, and especially the red devils (the soldiers) with which it was infested. He said the last time he was there, as he was passing the King's Wharf to go to his vessel late at night, the sentinel called out to him, "Who come dare?" to which impertinent question he gave no answer. The red villain, he said, repeated the challenge louder than before, but, as he knew it was none of his business, he did not condescend to reply. The soldier then demanded, in a voice of thunder, for the third time, "Who come dare?" "to which," to use his own words, "I answer him, 'What the devil is that to you?' and ran off so fast as my legs would carry me, and faster too; but the villain knew the way better nor me, and just stuck his 'bagonut' right into my thigh, ever so far as one inch. Oh!" said Baptiste (who had become excited by the recollection

of the insult, and began to jump about the floor, making a most villanous clatter with the half-drawn boot), "Oh! I was very mad, you may depend. I could have murder him, I was so vexed. Oh! I was so d—— mad, I ran straight off to the vessel without stopping, and—jumped right into bed."

Célestine expressed great indignation at such an unprovoked and cowardly assault, and advised him, if ever he caught that soldier again, alone and unarmed, and had his two grown-up sons, Lewis and Dominique, with him, to give him a sound drubbing, and then weigh anchor, and sail right out of the harbour. He congratulated himself, however, that if the soldier had run the point of his bayonet into his friend, he had lately avenged it by making a merchant there feel the point of a joke that was equally sharp, and penetrated deeper. He had purchased goods, he said, of a trader at Halifax upon this express promise—

"If you will trust me this spring, I will pay you last fall. The merchant," he observed, "thought I was talking bad English, but it is very good English; and when last fall comes again, I will keep my word and pay him, but not till then. Don't he hope he may get his money the day before yesterday?"

Baptiste screamed with delight at this joke, which, he said, he would tell his wife Félicité, and his two daughters, Angélique and Blondine, as soon as he returned home. Having succeeded at last in escaping from his tenacious boot, he turned in, and, as soon as his head touched the pillow, was sound asleep.

In the morning when I awoke, the first objects that met my eye were the Bandanna handkerchief, the red waistcoat and blue coat, while a goodnatured face watched over me with all the solicitude of a parent for the first moments of wakefulness.

"Lawyer, are you awake?" said Barkins. "This is the great day—the greatest day Plymouth ever saw! We shall know now whether we are to carry on the fisheries, or give them up to the Yankees. Every-

thing depends upon that question; for Heaven's sake, don't forget it!—'How many fins has a cod, at a word?' It is very late now. It is eight o'clock, and the courts meet at ten, and the town is full. All the folks from Chebogue, and Jegoggin, and Salmon River, and Beaver River, and Eel Brook, and Polly Crossby's Hole, and the Gut and the Devil's Island, and Ragged Island, and far and near, are come. It's a great day and a great catch. I never lost a bet on it yet. You may win many a half-pint of brandy on it, if you won't forget it."

"Do go away and let me dress myself!" I said, petulantly. "I won't forget you."

"Well, I'll go below," he replied, "if you wish it, but call for me when you want me. My name is John Barkins; ask any one for me, for every man knows John Barkins in these parts. But, dear me," he continued, "I forgot!" and, taking an enormous key out of his pocket, he opened a sea-chest, from which he drew a large glass decanter, highly gilt, and a rummer of corresponding dimensions, with a golden edge. Taking the bottle in one hand and the glass in the other, he drew the small round gilt stopper with his mouth, and, pouring out about half a pint of the liquid, he said, "Here, lawyer, take a drop of bitters this morning, just to warm the stomach and clear your throat. It's excellent! It is old Jamaiky and sarsy-parilly, and will do your heart good. It's an antifogmatic, and will make you as hungry as a shark, and as lively as a thrasher!"

I shook my head in silence and despair, for I saw he was a man there was no escaping from.

"You won't, eh?"

"No, thank you, I never take anything of the kind in the morning."

"Where the deuce was you broughten up," he asked, with distended eyes, "that you haven't lost the taste of your mother's milk yet? You are worse than an Isle of Sable colt, and them wild, ontamed devils suckle for two years! Well, if you won't, I will,

then ; so here goes," and holding back his head, the potion vanished in an instant, and he returned the bottle and the glass to their respective places. As he went, slowly and sulkily, down stairs, he muttered, " Hang him ! he's only a fresh-water fish that, after all ; and they ain't even fit for bait, for they have neither substance nor flavour !"

After breakfast, Mr. Robins conducted me to the court-house, which was filled almost to suffocation. The panel was immediately called, and the jury placed in the box. Previous to their being sworn, I inquired of Barkins whether any of them were related to the plaintiffs, or had been known to express an opinion adverse to his interests ; for if such was the case, it was the time to challenge them. To my astonishment, he immediately rose and told the judges he challenged the whole jury, the bench of magistrates, and every man in the house,—a defiance that was accompanied by a menacing outstretched arm and clenched fist. A shout of laughter that nearly shook the walls of the building followed this violent outbreak. Nothing daunted by their ridicule, however, he returned to the charge, and said,

" I repeat it ; I challenge the whole of you, if you dare !"

Here the Court interposed, and asked him what he meant by such indecent behaviour.

" Meant !" he said, " I mean what I say. The strange lawyer here tells me now is my time to challenge, and I claim my right ; I do challenge any or all of you ! Pick out any man present you please, take the smartest chap you've got, put us both on board the same vessel, and I challenge him to catch, spit, clean, salt, and stow away as many fish in a day as I can,—cod, polluck, shad, or mackerel ; I don't care which, for it's all the same to me ; and I'll go a hogshead of rum on it I beat him ! Will any man take up the challenge ?" and he turned slowly round and examined the whole crowd. " You won't, won't

you? I guess not; you know a trick worth two of that, I reckon! There, lawyer, there is my challenge; now go on with the cause!"

As soon as order was restored the jury were sworn, and the plaintiff's counsel opened his case and called his witnesses, the last of whom was Mr. Lillum.

"That's him!" said Barkins, putting both arms round my neck and nearly choking me, as he whispered, "Ask him 'how many fins a cod has, at a word?'" I now stood up to cross-examine him, when I was again in the skipper's clutches. "Don't forget! the question is"

"If you do not sit down immediately, sir," I said, in a loud and authoritative voice (for the scene had become ludicrous), "and leave me to conduct the cause my own way, I shall retire from the Court!"

He sat down, and, groaning audibly, put both hands before his face and muttered,—

"There is no dependence on a man that sleeps at the helm!"

I commenced, however, in the way my poor client desired: for I saw plainly that he was more anxious of what he called stumping old Lillum and nonplushing him, than about the result of his trial, although he was firmly convinced that the one depended on the other.

"How many years have you been engaged in the Labrador fishery, sir?"

"Twenty-five."

"You are, of course, perfectly conversant with the cod-fishery?"

"Perfectly. I know as much, if not more, about it than any man in Plymouth."

Here Barkins pulled my coat, and most beseechingly said,—

"Ask him"

"Be quiet, sir, and do not interrupt me!" was the consolatory reply he received.

"Of course, then, after such long experience, sir, you know a cod-fish when you see it?"

“ I should think so ! ”

“ That will not do, sir. Will you swear that you do ? ”

“ I do not come here to be made a fool of ! ”

“ Nor I either, sir ; I require you to answer yes or no. Will you undertake to swear that you know a cod-fish when you see it ? ”

“ I will, sir. ”

Here Barkins rose and struck the table with his fist a blow that nearly split it, and, turning to me, said,—

“ Ask him ... ”

“ Silence, sir ! ” I again vociferated. “ Let there be no mistake, ” I continued. “ I will repeat the question. Do you undertake to swear that you know a cod-fish when you see it ? ”

“ I do, sir, as well as I know my own name when I see it. ”

“ Then, sir, how many fins has a cod, at a word ? ”

Here the blow was given, not on the deal slab of the table, but on my back, with such force as to throw me forward on my two hands.

“ Ay, floor him ! ” said Barkins, “ let him answer that question ! The lawyer has you there ! How many fins has a cod, at a word, you old sculpin ? ”

“ I can answer you that without hesitation. ”

“ How many, then ? ”

“ Let me see—three on the back, and two on the belly, that’s five ; two on the nape, that’s seven ; and two on the shoulder, that’s nine. Nine, sir ! ”

“ Missed it, by Gosh ! ” said Barkins. “ Didn’t I tell you so ? I knew he couldn’t answer it. And yet that fellow has the impudence to call himself a fisherman ! ”

Here I requested the Court to interfere, and compel my unfortunate and excited client to be silent.

“ Is there not a small fin beside ? ” I said, “ between the under jaw and the throat ? ”

“ I believe there is. ”

“ You believe ! Then, sir, it seems you are in

doubt, and that you do not know a cod-fish when you see it. You may go; I will not ask you another question. Go, sir! but let me advise you to be more careful in your answers for the future."

There was a universal shout of laughter in the Court, and Barkins availed himself of the momentary noise to slip his hand under the table and grip me by the thigh, so as nearly to sever the flesh from the bone.

"Bless your soul, my stout fresh-water fish!" he said; "you have gained the case, after all! Didn't I tell you he couldn't answer that question? It's a great great catch, isn't it?"

The plaintiffs had wholly failed in their proof. Instead of contenting themselves with showing the voyage and their services, from which the law would have presumed an assumpsit to pay wages according to the ordinary course of business, and leaving the defendant to prove that the agreement was a special one, they attempted to prove too much, by establishing a negative; and, in doing so, made out a sufficient defence for Barkins. Knowing how much depended upon the last address to the jury, when the judge was incompetent to direct or control their decision, I closed on the plaintiff's case, and called no witnesses. The jury were informed by the judge, that, having now heard the case on the part of the plaintiffs and also on the part of the defendants, it was their duty to make up their minds, and find a verdict for one or the other. After this very able, intelligible, and impartial charge, the jury were conducted to their room, and the greater part of the audience adjourned to the neighbouring tavern for refreshment. The judges then put on their hats, for the air of the hall felt cold after the withdrawal of so many persons, and the president asked me to go and take a seat on the bench with them.

"That was a very happy thought of yours, sir," he remarked, "about the fins. I don't think another lawyer in the province but yourself knows how many

fins a cod has. A man who has travelled as much as you have, has a great advantage. If you had never been in England, you never would have learned that, for you never would have crossed the banks of Newfoundland, and seen the great fishery there. But this is dull work ; let us retreat into the adjoining room, and have a smoke until the jury returns. They will soon be back, and I think I may venture to say you are sure of a verdict. You displayed great skill in that matter of the fins."

Just as we were about retiring, our attention was arrested by a great noise, occasioned by a constable endeavouring to remove a turbulent and drunken fellow from the court. The judge promptly interfered, fined him five shillings for his contemptuous conduct, and directed the prothonotary to lay it out in purchasing a bottle of wine wherewith to drink the health of the Stranger Lawyer. Having settled this little matter to his satisfaction, he led the way to the anteroom, where pipes were provided, and the officer soon appeared with the wine and some glasses. Filling a tumbler, the prothonotary apologized for not being able to remain with us, and drank respectfully to the health of the Court.

"Stop, sir!" said the judge; "stop, sir! Your conduct is unpardonable! I consider your behaviour a great contempt in helping yourself first. I fine you five shillings for your indecent haste, and request you to pay it immediately in the shape of a bottle of brandy; for that wine," of which he took a tumbler full by way of tasting, "is not fit for a gentleman to drink."

"A very forward fellow that prothonotary!" said the legal dignitary, as the officer withdrew.

"Instead of being contented with being the clerk of the court, he wants to be the master of it, and I find it necessary to keep him in his place. Only think of his confounded impudence in presuming to help himself first! He would drink the millpond dry if it was wine, and then complain it didn't hold enough! For my

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own part, I am obliged to be very abstemious now, as I am subject to the gout. I never exceed two bottles of late years, and I rectify the acidity of the wine by taking a glass of clear brandy (which I call the naked truth) between every two of Madeira. Ah, here is the brandy, lawyer! Your very good health, sir—pray help yourself; and, Mr. Prothonotary, here's better manners to you in future. *Seniores priores*, sir, that's the rule."

Here the constable knocked at the door, and announced that the jury were in attendance.

"Don't rise, Mr. Sandford," said the judge; "let them wait: haste is not dignified. Help yourself, sir; this is very good brandy. I always like to let them appear to wait upon me, instead of their thinking I wait upon them. What with the prothonotary treading on my toes and the jury on my heels, I have enough to do to preserve the dignity of the court, I assure you. But *Tempus præterlabetur est*, as we used to say at Cambridge, Massachusetts; that is, John Adams, senior, and our class, for I was contemporary with that talented and distinguished—ahem—stingy rebel! Help yourself, sir. Come, I won't leave any of this *aqua vitæ* for that thirsty prothonotary. There, sir," he said, smacking his lips with evident delight, "there is the *finis* and his *fine*. Now let us go into court. But give me your arm, sir, for I think I feel a slight twinge of that abominable gout. A dreadful penalty that, that Nature assesses on gentility. But not so fast, if you please, sir! true dignity delights in *otium*, or leisure; but abhors *negotium*, or hurry. Haste is the attribute of a prothonotary, who writes, talks, and drinks as fast as he can, but is very unbecoming the gravity and majesty of the law. The gait of a judge should be slow, stately, and solemn. But here we are, let us take our respective seats."

As soon as we made our appearance, the tumultuous wave of the crowd rushed into the courthouse, and, surging backward and forward, gradually settled down to a level and tranquil surface. The panel was then

called over, and the verdict read aloud. It was for the defendant.

Barkins was not so much elated as I had expected. He appeared to have been prepared for any event. He had had his gratification already. "Old Lillum was floored," the "knowing one had been nonplushed," and he was satisfied. He had a duty to perform, however, which he did with great pleasure, and I have no doubt with great liberality. The jury were to be "treated," for it was the custom of those days for the winning party to testify his gratitude by copious libations of brandy and rum. As soon as the verdict was recorded, he placed himself at their head, and led the way to the tavern with as much gravity and order as if he was conducting a guard of honour. As soon as they were all in the street, he turned about, and walking backwards so as to face them, and at the same time not to interrupt their progress to that mansion of bliss, he said,

"A pretty fellow that Lillum, ain't he? to swear he knew what a cod was, and yet couldn't tell how many fins it had, at a word! Who would have thought that milksop of a lawyer would have done so well? He actually scared me when I first saw him; for a feller that smokes cigars instead of a pipe, drinks red ink (port wine) instead of old Jamaiky, and has a pair of hands as white as the belly of a flat fish, ain't worth his pap, in a general way. Howsumdever, it don't do to hang a feller for his looks, after all, that's a fact; for that crittur is like a singed cat, better nor he seems. But, come, let's liquor!"

I did not see him again till the evening, when he came to congratulate me upon having done the handsomest thing, he said, as every body allowed, that ever was done in Plymouth,—shown the greatest fisherman in it (in his own conceit) that he didn't know a cod-fish when he saw it.

"It was a great catch that, lawyer," he continued, and he raised me up in his arms and walked round the

room with me as if he were carrying a baby. "Don't forget it, 'How many fins has a cod, at a word?' Yaw never need to want a half-pint of brandy while you have that fact to bet upon!"

The next day I left Plymouth very early in the morning. When I descended to the door, I found both Robins and Barkins there, and received a hearty and cordial farewell from both of them. The latter entreated me, if ever I came that way again, to favour him with a visit, as he had some capital Jamaica forty years old, and would be glad to instruct me in the habits of fish and fishermen.

"I will show you," he said, "how to make a shoal of mackerel follow your vessel like a pack of dogs. I can tell you how to make them rise from the bottom of the sea in thousands, when common folks can't tell there is one there, and then how to feed and coax them away to the very spot you want to take them. I will show you how to spear shad, and how to strike the fattest salmon that ever was, so that it will keep to go to the East Indies; and I'll larn you how to smoke herrings without dryin' them hard, and tell you the wood and the vegetables that give them the highest flavour; and even them cussed, dry, good-for-nothing all-wives, I'll teach you how to cure them so you will say they are the most delicious fish you ever tasted in all your life. I will, upon my soul! And now, before you go, I want you to do me a good turn, lawyer. Just take this little silver flask, my friend, to remember old John Barkins by, when he is dead and gone, and when people in these parts shall say when you inquire after him, that they don't know such a man as old John Barkins no more. It is a beautiful article. I found it in the pocket of a captain of a Spanish privateer that boarded my vessel, and that I hit over the head with a handspike, so hard that he never knew what hurt him. It will just suit you, for it only holds a thimble-full, and was made a purpose for fresh-water fish, like Spaniards and lawyers. Good-by!

God bless you, sir ! A fair wind and a short passage to you !”

I had hardly left the door, before I heard my name shouted after me.

“ Mr. Sandford !—lawyer ! lawyer....”

It was old Barkins. I anticipated his object ; I knew it was his old theme,—

“ Lawyer, don’t forget the catch, ‘ How many fins has a cod, at a word ? ’ ”

CHAPTER III.

ASKING A GOVERNOR TO DINE.

The arrival of an English steamer at Halifax, and the landing of a Governor-general for Canada, have formed an all-engrossing topic of conversation during the past week at Illinoo. In the winter season, when but few vessels enter the port, and during the period that intervenes between seed-time and harvest, when the operations of agriculture are wholly suspended, politics are ably and amply discussed, and very sapient conjectures formed as to the future, in those interesting and valuable normal schools for statesmen—the debating societies, taverns, blacksmiths’ shops, tap-rooms, and the sunny and sheltered corners of the streets. Every one, however humble his station may be, is uncommonly well-informed on affairs of state. A man who can scarcely patch the tattered breeches of a patriot, can mend with great facility and neatness a constitution, and he who exhibits great awkwardness in measuring a few yards of riband manifests astonishing skill in handling the measures of a government. Indeed, provincials have a natural turn for political economy, as the Germans and Italians have for music ; and it is the principal source of amusement they possess.

If Lord John Russell were to spend an evening at

the public room of the Exchange in this town, he would find such topics as the corn-laws, free trade, responsible government, and repeal of the union, disposed of to his entire satisfaction, in a manner so lucid, so logical and conclusive, that he could not fail to be both astonished and edified. He would be convinced that the Colonial Office should be removed from Downing Street, London, to Shark Street, Blueberry Square, Illinois, where there are master minds capable of directing, reconciling, and advancing the complicated interests of a vast and populous empire. To such a zealous statesman discussions of this kind would, no doubt, be exceedingly interesting; but, as they are too deep and difficult for my comprehension, I prefer listening to the graphic, though rather ascetic, "Sketches of Life in a Colony," by my friend Barclay:—

Two such important and simultaneous arrivals, sir, he said, as those of a steamer and a governor, always create great interest in this country—the one for wonders achieved, and the other for wonders to be performed. Indeed, they are so identified one with the other, that the reception and farewell they severally receive are precisely similar. The approach of both is regarded with intense curiosity, and witnessed with great anxiety by the whole population, on account of the novelties they are expected to bring with them; and both the great ship and the great man depart, so noiselessly and so quietly, as not even to disturb the dulness of that drowsy town Halifax, for, alas! their sojourn here is a tale that is told. The formal landing and final embarkation of a Governor present such a singular contrast, that they are well worth describing.

As soon as it is known that this high functionary is on board, all the little world of Halifax rush with impetuous haste, like a torrent, into Water Street, and from thence through a narrow passage like an arched tunnel, down an abrupt declivity, to a long, narrow, dingy, and unsafe wharf, the extremity of

which is covered (with the exception of a footpath of about nine feet wide) by a low miserable shed, that is dignified with the name of the "Customs' Warehouse." The whole of the surface of this dangerous place is crowded to excess, by a mixed and motleyed multitude of black and white of both sexes—porters, truckmen, and cabmen, vociferously demand or enforce a passage, while those on the outer edge, pressed to the extremity of the docks, utter loud screams of terror from the impending danger of instant death by drowning.

Amid such a confused and moving throng it is not easy to distinguish individuals, but any one acquainted with the town can see that the heathen who worship the rising sun are there, and the Pharisees, who are waiters on Providence, the restless and the discontented, the hungry and needy place-hunters, and, above all, the seekers for position—not a safe position on the Quay, because, in such a crowd no place is safe—but for an improved social position, which the countenance of the Governor is expected to confer. This holiday is claimed and enjoyed by the people and their leaders. There is no place allotted for persons of another class, and, if there were, they would soon be compelled to leave it by the intolerable "pressure from without." Many an anxious face is now illumined by expectations of better times; for hope, like the Scottish fir, takes root and flourishes in a cold and sterile soil, that refuses nutriment to anything less vivacious. Far above the heads of the gaping multitude rises the huge Leviathan, the steamer, equally crowded with the wharf with strange-looking people, habited in still stranger-looking foreign costumes, staring with listless indifference at the idle curiosity of the idle mob beneath. The descent from the deck, which is effected by a few almost perpendicular planks, without railing, hand-rope, or any security whatever, like the descent to the grave, is common to all, from the viceroy, with his gay and numerous staff, to the

stoker with his sooty and cumbrous sack of coals, who, reversing the order of things, imparts more than he receives.

The thunder of artillery from the citadel and the flag-ship of the Admiral announce to the world the important event that the Governor has now landed; and the national anthem from the band of the guard of honour, and the cheers of the free and enlightened citizens of Halifax, are the first strains of welcome that salute his ear. On his way to the palace he stops for a few moments at the "Province Building," where, among the fashion, beauty, and gentry of the town, and surrounded by the executive councillors, he takes the usual oaths of office, and assumes the reins of Government. Legislative and civic bodies now present to him addresses, expressive of their heartfelt gratitude to their most gracious Sovereign for having selected, as a particular mark of favour to themselves, such a distinguished man to rule over them, which they cannot but attribute to their own unquenchable and unquestionable loyalty, and to the kind and good feeling they ever exhibited to his predecessors. They do not forget to remind him that they have always felt as affectionately as they have expressed themselves decorously towards every Governor of this province, none of whom they have ever placed in a position of difficulty, or deserted when they found him so situated; and conclude with an offer of their cordial and strenuous support.

The Governor, on his part, a gentleman by birth and education, is much affected with this flattering reference to himself, and the kind and generous greeting with which he has been received. He naturally supposes that such respectable looking people mean what they say; and as they have, with a delicacy above all praise, made no mention of any difference of opinion among themselves, he augurs well of his success among a united population, whose leaders express themselves so well and feel so warmly. Touched by

a behaviour that appeals directly to his heart, and unwilling to be outdone in such magnanimous conduct, he assures them that it will be his pleasure, as it is his duty, to co-operate with them in any measure that has for its object the benefit of the province; and that they may confidently rely upon his untiring efforts to develop the vast resources, both mineral and agricultural, of this interesting and beautiful appendage of the British Empire.

As soon as these ceremonies are terminated, immediate reference is made by some of his new and sincere friends to the army list or peerage books for the purpose of ascertaining his services or his pedigree, but never, I am happy to say, for the credit of our population, for discovering some blot in his escutcheon, or some failure in his conduct wherewith to vilify or abuse him hereafter; for such is the resource only of low and ignoble minds. But, alas! colonial addresses are commonly but unmeaning compliments, and the promises of support they contain are always accompanied by a mental reservation that a valuable equivalent is to be rendered in return. As soon as he finds it necessary to call for the fulfilment of this voluntary engagement, he finds to his astonishment that this harmonious and happy people are divided into two parties, Conservatives and great Liberals. What that term Conservatism means, I do not exactly know; and it is said that in England Sir Robert Peel is the only man that does. But in a colony it would puzzle that wily and cameleon-like politician even to conjecture its signification. I take it, however, to be an abandonment of all principle, and the substitution of expediency in its place; a relinquishment of any political creed, and the adoption of a sliding-scale whereby tenets rise or fall according to popular pulsation. Great Liberalism, on the other hand, is better understood, for it is as ancient as a republic. It rests in theory on universal suffrage and equal rights; but in practice exhibits the exclusion and tyranny of a majority.

The real objects of these two amiable and attractive parties are so well masked under high-sounding words and specious professions, that the limited period of gubernatorial rule is generally half expired before a stranger understands them. When, at last, he attempts to reconcile these conflicting factions, and to form a mixed government, that shall combine all the great interests of the country, the Conservatives inform him, in very moderate and temperate language, and with much complacency, that they are both able and willing to govern the province themselves, the prosperity of which has been greatly advanced by their sound and judicious policy. They admit that they have conferred several important appointments of late upon their own relatives, but entreat him to believe that affinity never entered into their consideration; for, as they are the best qualified themselves to form an administration, so are their connexions the most suitable for public offices. At the same time, they proclaim their extreme anxiety to carry out his views, and promote the peace and harmony of the country; and, as a proof of the great sacrifice they are willing to make, offer to him a resignation of one seat at the council board, which is attended with great labour and unaccompanied by any remuneration, and also one legal appointment, to which the large salary of eighty pounds sterling a-year is attached.

The Great Liberals, on the other hand, with a vast display of learning (for they have some distinguished jurists among them), treat him to a long dissertation on the British Constitution, the principles of which they have derived, with infinite industry and research, from the notes of an American edition of "Blackstone's Commentaries," and inform him that they are ready to take office, if he will turn out all the present incumbents for their benefit, or create an equal number of situations of equivalent value, to support them while thus engaged in their disinterested labours for the public good. They frankly state to him that work

requires food, that they are sturdy men and have a good appetite, and, moreover, that bread and honey will not appease their hunger. He therefore finds himself, to his amazement, in what the Americans with some humour, but more elegance, call "a considerable fix."

But this is a painful subject, and I will not pursue it, for I have nothing in common with either Conservatism or Great Liberalism, which I believe to be mere modifications of the same thing. I have done with politics long since. When I did think or talk of them, I belonged to a party now nearly extinct in these colonies—the good old Tory party, the best, the truest, the most attached and loyal subjects her Majesty ever had, or ever will have, in North America. There are only a few of them now surviving, and they are old and infirm men, with shattered constitutions and broken hearts. They have ceased to recruit, or even to muster for several years; for who would enlist in a body that was doomed to inevitable martyrdom, amid the indifference of their friends and the derision of their enemies? Hunted and persecuted by rebels and agitators, they were shamefully abandoned to their cruel fate by those for whom they had fought and bled, and whole hecatombs of them were at different times offered up as a sacrifice to appease the sanguinary wrath of the infidel deities of sedition. Of late, they have enjoyed comparative repose, for they have neither influence nor numbers now to render them objects of proscription or insult. Let us, however, throw a mantle over these disgusting ulcers in the body politic, and amuse ourselves by shooting Folly as it flies. Let us pass over the intervening space of the Governor's rule. I have described to you his landing; we will now proceed to the wharf again, witness his embarkation for his native land, and mark the agreeable change.

The steamer has arrived from Boston *en route* for England. She has no passengers for Halifax; and a

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few bagmen and a subaltern or two, whom nobody knows, are the only persons to be taken on board. The rabble are not there, the Governor's patronage has been small, and he has not been able to find offices for every applicant. The naked have not all been clothed, and many of the hungry have been sent empty away. They have seen him continually; he is no longer a novelty; his day is past, his power is gone, and they have now nothing to hope or receive from his bounty, and nothing to fear or endure from his disapprobation. Groups of gentlemen and ladies, gay carriages containing many a familiar face, heads of departments, and the respectable part of the community (many of whom are personal friends, and warmly attached to him), occupy the wharf, which now appears to afford sufficient space for the purpose. Instead of the noisy and vulgar cheer with which he was received, the tremulous voice, the starting tear, the silent but eloquent pressure of the hand, convince him that, if he has not received all the support that was so spontaneously and insincerely offered to him, he has secured more of affection and regard than he could have expected in so short a time; and that his honest endeavours to benefit the country have been duly appreciated by all those whose good opinion is worth having.

Such is the usual course of events here; but sometimes the same idle and turbulent crowd attend a Governor at his embarkation that honoured his arrival, and when that is the case, and they form his exclusive escort, he has good grounds for self-examination, and he may, with propriety, ask himself what he has done to deserve such a degradation.

Considering a Governor, apart from his political opinions, as the head of society at Halifax, it is amusing to hear the inquiries and conjectures as to the probable manner in which he will receive his guests, or whether he will contract or enlarge the circle of people to be admitted at the palace. There is no little anxiety among the mammas, to know

whether he is married or single, and who the persons are that compose his staff. The young ladies are not less interested in ascertaining whether he is likely to enliven the tedium of winter by giving balls, for, on this important subject, the practice has not been uniform.

Tradition has preserved, and affection has cherished, the memory of dear old Governor Lawrance, who lost his life in the service of the fair sex, by over-exertion in attempting to fulfil a vow to dance with every young lady in the room. For this voluntary martyrdom, he has been very properly canonized, and St. Lawrence is now universally considered as the patron saint of all Nova Scotia assemblies.

Among another class, there is an equally important inquiry: Will he dine out? On this point also, as on the other, there are many conflicting precedents, from Governor Parr, who preferred dining anywhere to being at home, to his Excellency Governor *Im-par*, who, in my opinion, very properly dined nowhere but at home. As the distributor of rank and patronage, and the arbiter of fashion, the course to be adopted by one who is to administer the affairs of the country for five years is a matter of great importance to people who are desirous of acquiring a position in society; for, until recently, any person whom a Governor countenanced by accepting his invitation, became thereby a sort of honorary member of the higher class.

My attention was first directed to this peculiarity many years ago, in the time of Sir Hercules Sampson. A merchant of the name of Channing, who had begun life with a small property, which, by great industry, and a long course of upright and honourable dealing, he had increased into a large fortune, was very anxious that the Governor should impress the Tower mark of his approbation upon himself and his silver by dining with him. He had looked forward to this period with much anxiety for many years, and had built a large and commodious house, which he filled with rich and

expensive furniture. Upon the arrival of Sir Hercules, he waited upon him with slow and hesitating steps, and, according to the usual etiquette, solicited the honour of his dining with him, and naming a time for that purpose. The Governor, who was a considerate, kind-hearted, affable old man, readily acceded to his wishes, and proposed that day week for conferring happiness upon him.

Channing returned, with a lighter heart and quicker pace, to communicate the overpowering news to his agitated wife. They were an affectionate and domestic couple, and had always lived in perfect seclusion. Great were the fears and many the conferences that preceded this eventful day. Poor Mrs. Channing was lost in a sea of doubts and perplexities. None of her acquaintances were better instructed on these matters than herself, for they were all in the same class of life, and equally ignorant of what she desired to be informed; when, by great good fortune, she discovered an able counsellor and valuable assistant, well versed in all the forms and usages of the royal party, in the butler of a former viceroy.

It was an anxious and trying week, and the longest, in her apprehension, she had ever passed; but weeks and months, as well as years, come to an end at last, and the long-expected and dreaded day had now arrived. Chairs were uncovered, curtains unfolded, grates polished, and all the finery and *bijouterie* of the house displayed to the greatest advantage. Every contingency had been provided for; every order given, repeated, and reiterated, and her own toilet completed; when, fatigued, exhausted, and alarmed, she descended to the drawing-room, and awaited with her husband the awful announcement of her distinguished guests. The hands of the clock appeared to be stationary. It was evidently going, but they did not seem to advance. The arrival of myself and several others, at the same time, was a great relief to her mind, as it diverted her thoughts from her harassing anxieties. At last,

heavy and long-continued knocks, like the rub-a-dub-of a drum, that made the side of the house vibrate, announced the approach of the Government-house party.

In those days the magnetic telegraph of the door-bell had not been introduced into the country, and it is subject of great regret to all reflecting minds that it ever has been imported. It is one of those refinements that have debilitated the tone of our nerves, and, by depriving them of exercise, rendered them so delicate, that they are excited and shocked by the least noise. Nor is the language it speaks by any means so intelligible as that which is uttered by that polished, deep-toned, ornamental appendage of the hall-door, the good old brass knocker. At the same time that that intelligent watchman gave notice of an application for admission, it designated the quality and sometimes the errand of the visitor. A timid, single beat bespoke the beggar, whose impatience was very humanely allowed to cool while he was studying the form of his petition. A stout, bold, single blow announced a footman, who was immediately admitted for the mutual privilege of an interesting gossip. An awkward, feeble double knock was proof positive that a poor relation or shabby acquaintance was there; and a slow and reluctant attendance operated as a useful hint to wear better clothes, or carry a heavier purse in future. But there was no mistaking the sledge-hammer blows that made the door tremble for its panels, as it did at present. They had a voice of authority, a sort of bear-a-hand command, as sailors call it; their tones were those of fashion, rank, and dignity. They were well understood, from the mistress, who fidgeted uneasily on the sofa in the drawing-room, to the lady's-maid, who flew from the servants' snuggerly with the lightness and fleetness of a fairy to receive the Governor's lady and daughter, and ascertain with her own eyes whether these divinities were decorated with ermine and diamonds, or only cat and

paste, as she had heard it whispered, with a contemptuous sneer, by her confidant at the Admiralty-house.

At last, the door flew open with such impatient haste as nearly to demolish a gouty foot that had protruded itself with careless ease within its fearful reach, and the servant announced Sir Hercules and Lady Sampson, Miss Sampson, Lord Edward Dummkopf and the Honourable Mr. Trotz (the two aides-de-camp), and Captain Howard (the military secretary). It was a large and formidable party from one house; and the clatter of swords, and jingle of spurs, and the glitter of gold lace and epaulettes, and the glare of scarlet cloth and blaze of jewellery, was quite overpowering to the timid and unaccustomed senses of poor Mrs. Channing.

The Governor was a tall, gaunt, iron-framed man, with an erect and military bearing, that appeared to increase a stature naturally disproportioned. His head was bald; the hand of Time, or of the Philistine woman his wife, having removed his hair, which gave a more striking appearance to an enormous nose that disfigured a face which would otherwise have been called handsome. His manner was kind without condescension, and his conversation agreeable without humbug. Lady Sampson, had she not inherited a large fortune, might have been supposed to have been selected by her husband on that principle that so many men appear to make choice of their wives, namely, for being the very opposite of what they are themselves. She was a short, but uncommonly stout person—unwieldy, perhaps, would be a more appropriate term, and very vulgar. Her dress was a curious and rather complicated mass of striking contrasts, which, notwithstanding her size, awakened the idea of an enormous salmon-fly. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," and from their dimensions, in excellent keeping with the circumference of her huge arms and neck. Her charms had been duly appreciated by

her discerning husband when on duty with his regiment at Birmingham; and her heart was besieged with such military skill and ardour, that she soon surrendered herself and her treasure at discretion to the conquering hero.

Miss Sampson was an only child. Her glass, and the admiration of her friends, convinced her she was handsome; her mother had informed her of her large fortune, and she saw the station, and knew the high reputation of her father. Unlike him, she was well proportioned; and, unlike her mother, she was graceful. Her complexion, which once boasted of the pure red and white of England, had slightly suffered from the climate of the West Indies; the colour, like that of a portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, being somewhat impaired. Young and beautiful, it is not to be wondered at if she exhibited a little of the pride and haughtiness of a belle. She lisped a little, either naturally or affectedly, and "danthed only with her own thett," or with a few officers of good family belonging to the "thixty-thixth" regiment, whom she condescended to honour with her hand. Still, though she talked more, perhaps, than was agreeable to colonial ears of her "own thett," it was evident she considered herself among them, but not of them; for, notwithstanding the rank of the gentlemen on her father's staff was superior to his own, which was merely local, she would sometimes speak of the aides with a slight curl of her pretty lip as "our daily bread."

Lord Edward Dummkopf was decidedly the handsomest man in Halifax; which, considering that it contains a remarkably good-looking population of 25,000 inhabitants, three regiments, and the officers of several men-of-war, is bestowing no small praise upon him. He was tall, rather slight, graceful, remarkably well got up, and had an air of fashion and elegance about him, which is alone acquired in that high and polished society of which he was such a distinguished member. He had a

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beautiful head of hair, the value of which was evidently well appreciated by the care bestowed upon it; also a moustache and an imperial of the most approved form and unexceptionable colour. His pale complexion gave the idea of a poetical turn of mind. His forehead was high, though rather narrow, and slightly receding; the oval of his face was well defined, but the centre was somewhat concave, which, to a critic, perhaps, would suggest the idea of the inside of a spoon. It did not, however, to a casual observer, impair its general beauty, which was illuminated by eyes so bright as to glisten, and ornamented with teeth of unrivalled whiteness. With respect to his talents, a physiognomist could be at no loss; for it was evident that the brilliancy of his eyes arose from their peculiar texture, and not from that which usually produces animation. But this secret was well concealed from the world by his great reserve, for he was seldom heard to utter anything beyond "How very good!" a remark which every occurrence elicited. In one respect, he evinced a little humour, by adding the syllable "bus" to words—as dogibus, horsibus, and catibus. So distinguished a man could not fail to have imitators; and many a pretty young lady was heard to speak of her pin-a-bus, thread-a-bus, and book-a-bus, as Lord Edward says. Take him altogether, he was without a rival for personal appearance, if we except the exquisite drum-major of the before-named "thixty-thixth" regiment, who divided the empire of hearts with the aristocratic lieutenant; the one leading captive the mammas and their daughters, and the other their maids. On entering the room, he bowed condescendingly, though somewhat formally, to Mrs. Channing; the inclination of the body being from the hip-joint like that of a wooden doll.

The Hon. Mr. Trotz, on the contrary, was more distinguished for a form that exhibited a singular compound of strength and activity. He was the *beau ideal* of a light infantryman. He was the boldest rider,

the best swimmer, the most expert pugilist and swordsman, an irresistible billiard-player, and the best shot in the garrison. His habits were temperate, which, with continued and systematic exercise, enabled him to be always ready, or on hand, as he called it, for anything. He was a good economist, and understood how to make the most of the small allowance of a younger son. He sported the best-appointed tandem of any man in the place, which he kept jointly with another officer, who paid more than his share of the expenses, in consideration of being relieved from the trouble of using it. He had also a beautiful and very fast yacht, which he sustained upon the same friendly and equitable terms. The Governor, perhaps, was not aware how admirably well calculated he was to aid him in conciliating the affections of the people; for, in his absence, he was very fond of informing colonists, for whom he had a profound contempt, how much he was interested in the Negroes and Indians of Nova Scotia, who alone could boast of purity of blood, and were the only gentlemen in it. He would inquire, with an innocent air, when the province first ceased to be a penal colony; and, when informed it had never been one, would affect great surprise, as he thought he could trace the debasing effects of the system in the habits and morals of the people. He was indignant at the local rank of Honourable being conceded to people filling certain public offices, whom he called honourable carriboos; and requested that that prefix might be omitted in any written communication to him, lest he might be supposed to belong to such an ignoble herd. When he entered the room, he was evidently suffering from cold, for he proceeded directly to the fire, turned his back to it, and put his hands behind him to warm them. It was an advantageous position, as it enabled him to take a cool and leisurely survey of the company, and to be seen to advantage himself.

Captain Howard, the military secretary, was a philanthropist, and a pious and zealous member of the Low

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Church party. He was a distributor of tracts, and talked very eloquently and learnedly of such books as "The Drunkard's Grave," "The Sinner Saved," "The Penitent Thief," "Prodigal Son," and "The Last Dying Confessions of a Convict." He was a great enemy to private balls and amusements, and to public assemblies and theatres. The only pleasures to which he was indulgent were the pleasures of the table, being a capital judge of wine, of which he drank freely. He abhorred beggars, whom he threatened to send to Bridewell, and orthodox clergymen, whom he devoted to a worse place. He disapproved of indiscriminate charity as encouraging idleness, and preferred seeking out objects for his benevolence to their obtruding themselves; as it enabled him, when he gave a sixpence, to accompany it with that which was far more valuable, a long lecture.

Some of the party, following the example of his Excellency, now took their seats; but the Governor, who had sat down on a small ottoman near Mrs. Channing, was restless and uneasy. At first, he drew himself a little further forward, and then removed as far back as possible; and, finally, rose up and turned to ascertain the cause of the inconvenience he had experienced. He immediately exclaimed—

"Good God, I have killed this cat! Was there ever anything so awkward or so shocking?"

Mrs. Channing said the cat was only worsted.

"Pardon me," he answered; "I wish with all my heart it was only worsted, for then there would be some hope of its recovery; but it is as dead as Julius Cæsar!"

"I raised it myself, Sir Hercules!" she continued; "and...."

"Oh, if you raised it yourself, madam, it must have been a pet!" he replied; "and so much the worse for me. I beg ten thousand pardons! It is quite dreadful!"

Mrs. Channing explained again—"It is only a bad piece of work, your Excellency, and I...."

“ A very bad piece of work, indeed !” said the inconsolable offender. “ But the truth is, my eyes have never recovered the injury they received in Egypt.”

“ It will rise again, I assure you, Sir Hercules ! A good shake....”

“ Never ! never, my dear madam !” he persisted. “ Cat though it be, if it had fifty lives instead of nine, it will never rise again !”

Here Lady Sampson came to the rescue. Taking an enormous eye-glass set with brilliants out of her bosom, she examined the defunct cat, and pronounced it a most beautiful piece of rug-work ; and, on a nearer inspection, exclaimed—

“ But where did you get those beautiful eyes of yours, my dear Mrs. Channing ? and those bright and sharp claws ? They are the most magnificent I ever saw ! I used to think my eyes and claws perfection, but they are not to be compared to yours ! Where in the world did you get them ?”

“ At Storr and Mortimer’s,” replied the delighted hostess, who had spent so much time and valuable materials in this valuable employment.

Lady Sampson was an enthusiast in the art, and pressed her friend to accept a pattern of a real Angola cat, which she would send her in the morning. It had, she said, a splendid tail, like that of a spaniel dog ; and a bushy tail was, in her opinion, one of the most beautiful things in the world. She then asked a lady who sat near her if she was fond of rug-work ; but she said she was sorry to confess her ignorance or awkwardness, for she had never raised but one cat, and that she had killed in shaving.

“ How very good !” said Lord Edward ; “ only think of shaving a little catibus !”

But Trotz, who never lost an opportunity of being impertinent, asked her if it was the custom in this country to shave cats ; and observed that it would be a capital employment for the young monkeys of the town, whom he had seen grimacing a few evenings ago

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at a public assembly at the Masons' Hall. Lady Sampson, whose perceptions were none of the quickest, very gravely explained to him that shaving a cat was a term of art, and meant the close and uniform shearing of the irregular and protruding ends of the worsted.

The door now opened, and several persons (not necessary to enumerate or describe) were announced, among whom were the Bishop of the Isle of Sable, recently arrived from England on his way to his diocese, and Colonel Percy, of the "thixty-thixth." There was nothing remarkable about the former. One bishop is very like another bishop. Their dress is similar, and their conversation generally embraces the same topics. You hear a little too much of what they are pleased to call church architecture, though why I could never quite understand; and you are somewhat fatigued with prosy dissertations on towers, spires, transepts, galleries, and buttresses. This, however, is a matter of taste, and they have as good a right to select "church architecture" for their hobby, as a sportsman has his dog and his gun. He was, however, a new one; and it is singular that these *novi episcopi* bear a still more striking resemblance to each other than the senior class do. Besides the never-ending topic just mentioned, which they have in common with all their brethren, they have a great deal to say about themselves—a subject no less interesting than the other. New dignity, like a new coat, is awkward and inconvenient. It is stiff and formal, and has not "a natural set." Time takes off the vulgar gloss of both, and directs your attention from things that annoy yourself, and are apt to excite remark in others. They have also (I mean, colonial bishops) one grand object in view from the moment of their landing in a colony; and that is, the erection of a cathedral so large as to contain all the churchmen of the province, and so expensive as to exhaust all the liberality of their friends; and this unfinished monument of ill-directed zeal they are sure

to place in a situation where it can be of no use whatever.

His Lordship, Job Sable Island, as usual, had his model, his plans, and his subscription-list ; and, as usual, though warned that no suitable foundation for such a massive structure could be found on that enormous accumulation of sand, was determined to persevere and exhibit another melancholy instance of failure, to warn the Christian public how careful they should be into whose hands they entrust their donations.

This, as I have said, was a characteristic of his order ; but there was one peculiarity that concerned himself as a man, and entitled him to my warmest sympathy. He had no doubt supposed, when he left his native land, that all he would have to do in his diocese would be to discharge the ordinary episcopal duties, onerous as they might be, and responsible as they undoubtedly are, but that there his labours would end. To his astonishment, however, he had not been ten days in Halifax before he found that he would have everything to do. He discovered that colonists, although natives of the country, and accustomed to its climate, knew nothing of either. They knew not how to build houses, or to warm or ventilate them, to cultivate their fields, clear the forest, or even how to manage their own affairs. With a zeal that did his head and heart great honour, he resolved not to content himself with merely showing his people the road to Heaven, but also how to make, use, and enjoy roads on earth, while permitted to remain there. But there was one consolation to be drawn from his misfortunes, and that was, that time would lessen his labours ; for he who attempts to teach another that which he does not know himself, cannot fail to acquire some information in his endeavours to advance his pupil.¹

¹ A bishop for any of the North American provinces should in all cases be selected from the colonial clergy, most of whom are natives, and all of whom are well educated ; while the great

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Colonel Percy, of the "thixty-thixth," just mentioned, was one of the most delightful men I ever met; cheerful, humorous, filled with anecdote, well-informed and well-bred, he was, in reality, what Miss Sampson called him, a "hotht in himthelf."

The guests having now all arrived with the exception of Captain Jones of the Navy, Channing was in great perplexity about ordering dinner. He would like to wait for the gallant captain, but the Governor was remarkable for his punctuality. What was to be done? He argued it over in his mind, for he never did anything without a sufficient reason. Jones was notoriously the most absent man in the service. He was as likely to forget his invitation as to remember it, and was sure to make some blunder about the hour; and time, tide, and Governors wait for no man.

The dinner was ordered; and, when the folding-doors were opened, Channing, with a palpitating heart, offered his arm to Lady Sampson, and conducted her to her place, while his Excellency honoured his better half in a similar manner. It was a moment of pride

majority, I am happy to say, are not only scholars and gentlemen, but pious, laborious, and most exemplary men. These persons, from their thorough knowledge of the state of the country; the habits, feelings, prejudices, and means of the people; the peculiar relation subsisting between the rector and his parishioners, and the Church and Dissenters in this part of the world; the extent to which episcopal authority ought to, or can be pushed with safety; and many other things of no less importance, are infinitely better qualified than any English clergyman can possibly be (for this information can only be acquired from long experience, and, after a certain period of life, is very difficult to be attained at all). In other respects, to say the least, they are quite equal to the episcopal specimens we have been honoured with. I am quite aware that, in high quarters, where a better feeling should exist, and where it is most important they should be better informed, it is heresy to say colonial clergymen are not only qualified, but they are the most suitable persons to fill the higher offices of their profession in their own country; but *magna est veritas*.

and pleasure to them both. They had attained a long-cherished object of ambition. They had "asked a Governor to dine," and had thereby taken another and higher step in life. They were now people of "a certain position." Channing asked the bishop to say grace, but he had repeated that formulary so often for "the squire" in Kent, when rector, that, now he was a lord of a manor himself, he was unwilling to perform the duty any longer, and bowed (or rather nodded, for there is more palpable meaning in a nod than a bow) to his chaplain, who was but too happy to gratify his excellent friend and patron.

The soup was capital, conversation became general, and everything seemed to be going on remarkably well; but the hostess was dying with apprehension, for a critical part of the entertainment had arrived, the thoughts of which had filled her with terror during the whole day.

At the period I am speaking of, no person could venture to give a large dinner-party at Halifax (such was the unskilfulness of servants) without the assistance of a professional cook, a black woman, whose attendance it was necessary to secure before issuing cards of invitation. Channing had not forgotten to take this wise precaution; but the *artiste* had prepared some side-dishes, of which, though she knew the component parts, she did not know the name. By the aid of a *Housewife's Manuel*, Mrs. Channing judged them to be "Côtelettes à l'Italienne," "Chartreuse d'un Salpicon de Volaille," "Boudins à la Richelieu," "Quenelles de Volaille," "Croquets," &c. &c.; but she was uncertain. They were too difficult to remember; and, if remembered, unpronounceable. She was afraid of having her knowledge tested and her ignorance exposed by Trotz, who was noted for his malicious impertinence. Fortune, however, favoured her, and she owed her escape to the tact of a servant, who found himself in a situation of similar difficulty. The first of these mysterious dishes that he presented to

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the troublesome aide, called forth the dreaded inquiry, "What is the name of it?" Equally ignorant with the rest of the household, he affected not to hear the question, withdrew the dish, passed on to the next person, and never offered him another until he found one he knew by name as well as by sight. The crisis was now passed, the lady's fever instantly subsided, and she breathed freer. At the mention of moose-meat, Lord Edward, to the astonishment of everybody, commenced a conversation himself, a thing almost unknown before. He asked the young lady who had amused him so much by saying she had killed a cat in shaving, what the plural of moose was.

"Mice," she replied, with great readiness.

"Miceibus!" he repeated. "How very good!" and relapsed again into his usual taciturnity.

The two favourite wines at Halifax at that period were champagne at, and Madeira after, dinner. Trotz therefore, of course, voted them both vulgar, called them kitchen wines, and, when pressed by the host to take a glass with him, and asked which he would take,—

"Anything *but* champagne, sir," he said.

Channing was shocked; he had imported it himself, he had spared no expense, was a good judge of its quality and flavour, and he could not understand how it could be rejected with such evident disgust. He prudently asked no questions, but smiled, bowed, and talked to some one else.

Miss Sampson observed to the bishop that Trotz was like a "thistle, he thrathed tho thockingly!"

Which was honoured with the usual remark from another person, "How very good!"

Captain Jones now made his appearance, and a very odd one it certainly was. He was one of the most eccentric men in the navy. In roughness of manner and disregard of dress, he was of the old Benbow school; in practical skill and science he was at the head of the modern one. He was so dreadfully absent

that he unintentionally said and did the most awkward things imaginable; and the only redeeming point in his absurd behaviour was, that it was entirely free from affectation. He was dressed in an old shabby frock-coat with a pair of tarnished epaulettes, his hands bore testimony to their familiarity with the rigging, and he had not submitted himself to a barber for two days, at least. He took his seat near me, and then for the first time appeared to be conscious that he was late for dinner; but he applied himself without loss of time to remedy the defect. The arrival of such a man in such an attire naturally occasioned a pause, by attracting everybody's attention to him.

"Pray," said Trotz (who sat nearly opposite to us) to his neighbour, but loud enough to be distinctly heard, "who is that old quiz? Is he a colonist?"

"Captain Jones, of H.M. ship Thunderer, sir; very much at your service!" said the sailor, with a very unmistakable air and tone.

Trotz quailed. It was evident that, though a good shot, he preferred a target to an antagonist, and wanted bottom. True courage is too noble a quality to be associated with swaggering and insolent airs.

"How very good!" said Lord Edward.

"Very," said the charming Colonel; "very good, indeed! He may be an oddity, but he is a fine manly old fellow; and your friend had better be cautious how he wakes up that sleeping lion."

The Captain ate heartily, though rather inconveniently slow, which protracted the removals, and kept us all waiting. It was a matter of business, and he performed it in silence. Once, however, he looked up, complained there was a draught in the room, and, drawing a soiled black silk cap with a long pendent tassel from his pocket, put it on his head, and resumed his employment. Although Mrs. Channing was unacquainted with the names of many of her dishes, there was one she rather prided herself upon—a pudding, which, when the Governor declined, she pressed

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upon his attention, saying, that she had made it herself. This was too good an opportunity for Trotz to pass unnoticed; he, therefore, begged Miss Sampson to partake of it, as the hostess had made it with her own hands: laying an emphasis on the latter words, which produced, as he intended, an involuntary smile. Channing saw and winced under the ridicule, although he was unable to discover whether it was excited by the pudding or his wife. To make matters worse, Captain Jones, whose appetite was now satisfied, and who had only heard the word pudding, to which he had just been helped, added to their mortification by one of his blundering remarks. He said that it was capital, and that he had never tasted but one like it before, and that was in Mexico.

“I went there,” he said, “with the Admiral, to settle some little difference we had with the government of that country, and the President asked us to dine with him. What makes me recollect the pudding is his wife made it herself. He had two beautiful daughters; one about eighteen, and the other twenty years of age, who were covered with jewels of a size, brilliancy, and value far beyond anything I ever saw in Europe. I asked him where madam his wife was. ‘To tell the truth,’ he replied, ‘she is in the kitchen superintending the cookery for the dinner.’”

The Governor, with his usual tact and good-nature, turned the conversation to another topic. He adverted to his recent government in the West Indies, and was speaking of some very unreasonable request of the people, the refusal of which had made him very unpopular at the time. Jones, with his customary intention, thought he was speaking of some one else, and said:—

“Your friend was a devilish lucky fellow, then, that they did not serve him as I once saw the Chinese punish one of their gods. They had been praying to him for rain for thirty days, and at the end of that period, seeing no appearance of a shower, they sent

three of their mandarins to him and gave him a sound drubbing. Indeed it is a wonder that they did not Lynch him, as they did the Governor of Antigua in 1710. Colonel Park having rendered himself extremely obnoxious, the whole white population rebelled, and, besieging his house, put him to death, and killed and wounded thirty-six people whom he had assembled for his defence."¹

"How very good!" said Lord Edward.

Jones, to whom this remark had been several times applied, was somewhat in doubt as to its equivocal meaning. He had already repressed the insolence of one aide-de-camp, and was quite prepared to avenge that of the other.

"Gad, sir," he replied, "you would not have thought it is so very good if you had been there, I can tell you, for they hung his staff also!"

Then turning to me, he said, in an under tone,—

"Who is that gentleman opposite, who did me the honour to call me an old quiz, for I intend to have the pleasure of making his acquaintance to-morrow?"

"T-r-o-t-z," I said, spelling his name, so that the familiar sound might not strike his ear.

"Trotz! Trotz!" he slowly repeated; "does he enjoy the title of honourable?"

On my answering in the affirmative, he remarked,—

"I know him! he is a son of that old scoundrel, Lord Shoreditch, who sold his party and his reputa-

¹ The Governor, Ensign Lyndon, and thirteen or fourteen soldiers, were killed on this occasion; and Captain Newel, Lieutenant Worthington, and twenty-six soldiers, wounded; besides a number of the Governor's friends, who were dreadfully beaten and bruised. On the part of the assailants, Captain Piggot and thirty-two persons were killed or wounded. In the thirty-sixth volume of the "Universal History" (part Modern), page 276, a full account is given of this atrocious affair; it is also to be found in Bryant Edwards's "History of the West Indies." Not the least extraordinary part is, that no one was punished for it.

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tion for a peerage, and the contempt of all mankind !
The reptile is beneath my notice !”

Here there was a pause. To use the expressive language of the country, there was a thaw ; the sleighing had gone, and we had stuck in the mud, when an old servant of Channing’s entered the dining-room, and, holding the door in his hand, either confounded at the sight of such an unusual party, or waiting to catch the eye of his mistress, hesitated awhile, and then said, in a loud voice :—

“ Bears has no tails, ma’am !” and very deliberately retired.

There was something so comical in this unconnected and apparently useless piece of information that laughter was irresistible. As soon as any one could be heard, Mrs. Channing, with more coolness and self-possession than I had given her credit for, explained that as all sleighs were covered with furs, and of late decorated with the tails of foxes and other animals, she had thought in her simplicity that bears’ tails would admirably contrast with the grey wolf-skins with which her sleigh was clothed, and for that purpose had sent the groom for a furrier to procure some, which caused this communication that “ bears has no tails.” Having extricated herself so well from this awkward affair, she rose and retired, accompanied by Lady Sampson and the rest of the fair sex. As soon as we had resumed our seats, the Governor started as a topic of conversation the great improvement that had taken place of late years in the soldier’s dress. He spoke of the inconvenient practice of using soap and flour on the hair ; of their absurd and useless queues ; of their troublesome breeches and long gaiters, the care of which occupied the time and destroyed the comfort of the men, all which he illustrated by amusing anecdotes of the olden time.

“ I quite agree with you, sir,” said Captain Jones ; “ but there is great room for improvement yet, especially in the dress of the medical men of the army.

What a monstrous absurdity it is to put these people in the uniform of soldiers, who have no fighting whatever to do, and whose arms and accoutrements are emblems of a service they never perform! If it is necessary for the sake of appearance that they should be habited like other officers, I would make their dress subservient to the objects of their profession. For instance, I would have the gold band that goes down the seam of their trousers to be gilt strips of diachylon plaster; their spurs should contain lancets; their scabbard a case of instruments instead of a sword, the handle of which should be a pliable syringe. I would give them a sabertash, and fill it with splints and bandages; their sword-belt should be so constructed as to be made useful as a tourniquet, and their sash as a sling for a wounded arm. They might also have a cartouche-box, filled with opiates, pills, and styptics; while the cushion of the epaulette might be composed of blisters and strengthening plasters. They would then be always ready for immediate service, and would be provided on the spot for every emergency. I cannot conceive anything more perfect than this arrangement. With his library in his head, and his dispensary in his clothes, what more efficient man would there be in the service than a military surgeon?"

This very droll suggestion put every one in good humour, and was followed by some capital stories from the Colonel; until the Governor having passed the wine (for he was the first that curtailed the period spent over the bottle), Channing proposed that we should join the ladies in the drawing-room. The dinner had been a good one, though rather too abundant; and the cook had introduced some dishes of her own that were new to the Government House party, and occasioned remarks that annoyed poor Channing excessively. Among these was one containing a number of small baked pears, the long and slender stalks of which were bent backward and extended the whole length of the fruit. Lord Edward had asked permission to help Miss

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Sampson to one of these baked mice, as he called them, to which they certainly bore a very striking resemblance.

"Mithibus! Oh! you! thocking! quithe!" was her reply.

Notwithstanding this and other mortifications that he had endured, Channing was, on the whole, elated and pleased. He knew that a man who steps out of his proper sphere in life must inevitably provoke ridicule, and although good breeding may suppress it in his presence, it cannot fail to find vent at his expense afterwards. He remained behind in the dining-room a few minutes. His property had been acquired by care and economy, and could only be preserved by the same means. He was now enabled to be liberal, but liberality does not necessarily include extravagance; he therefore locked up the wine and the dessert, and then followed his guests into the drawing-room.

Here the attention of the company was engrossed by a beautiful and precocious little boy, the child of his eldest daughter, who was then living at Bermuda with her husband. The moment he saw his grandfather (which word he had abbreviated into Danny), he ran up to him, and claimed the reward of his good behaviour. It was evident he had been drilled and bribed into silence upon the subject of the defect in the face of Sir Hercules, for he said—

"Danny, give me the orange you promised me, for I did not say the Governor had a great big nose."

Even the terror of his relatives and the politeness of the company were overcome by the absurdity of this remark. Every one laughed, and among the rest none more heartily and good-naturedly than his excellency himself.

"Come here, my little man," he said; "it is a very big nose, a very big nose, indeed: but it has had too many jokes cracked upon it not to be able to bear another from such a pretty little boy as you."

As the Governor advanced the little fellow receded,

until his progress was stopped by the corner of the room. His terror now became insupportable, and he called to his grandfather for assistance.

"Kick him, Danny!" shouted the child. "Throw a stone at him, Danny! Make the dog bite him, Danny!"

He then threw himself on the floor, and kicked, and screamed most furiously, until he was carried out of the room by the nurse.

"How very good!" said Lord Edward.

"Capital, by Jove!" said Trotz.

But Miss Sampson, knowing the unfortunate cause of it all, thought "it wath thocking."

Lady Sampson, who prided herself upon her singing (as every one does upon what they cannot do), was now induced to take a seat at the piano and favour the company with a song, which she executed, if not to the delight of all present (for her voice was very false), at least to her own entire satisfaction. I have often observed, that most people, however pleased they may be with themselves and their own personal appearance, prefer to sing of beings and characters wholly different. A pale, consumptive, diminutive-looking little man, delights in the loud and rough song of a sailor or pirate, that speaks of thunder, and forked lightning, and mountain waves. A grenadier-sort of person idolizes little Cupid, and wishes to be thought to resemble him. If asked for a song, he begins—

I'm the Cupid of flowers—

A merry light thing;

I'm lord of these bowers,

And rule like a king.

There is not a leaf

Ever thrilled with the smart

Of Love's pleasant grief,

But was shot through the heart,

By me—by me—little mischievous sprite,

Kindling a love-match is all my delight.

Stout and well-developed women warble of elfs, sylphs, and beings of aërial lightness.

The Governor's lady, under the influence of this inscrutable law, sang—

Thine ear I will enchant,
Or, like a *fairy*, trip upon the green—

and one or two others of a like nature, and was loudly applauded; for a little gubernatorial circle at Halifax has its courtiers and parasites as well as that of the Tuileries or Buckingham Palace. After this magnificent display of taste and talent, Miss Sampson followed the great enchantress. She would have liked to have sung Italian, as most young ladies do who neither understand the language nor know the pronunciation, for they very properly imagine they can give a greater effect to it on that account, and, besides, there is something beautifully mystical in the strains of an unknown tongue; but Lord Edward was a judge of music, and always applauded her singing: she therefore appealed to him to select a song for her.

“Oh, that charming little songibus,” he said, “you sing so sweetly, so divinely. It begins, ‘Sing me those gentle strains again.’”

Sweetly and divinely are strong but most agreeable words when applied to one's voice. She was pleased, and consoled for having given up the horrid Italian, and began, “Sing me thothe gentle thtrains again.” With the exception of the air of absurdity given to it by lispings, she sung it tolerably well, for ladies generally do well when they are pleased.

“How very good!” said his Lordship. “Thank you, thank you—it is exquisite; but there is a beautiful little songibus called ‘Sing me those strains again.’ Would you favour us with that?”

Miss Sampson looked at him to see what he meant, but, alas, the unalterable face told no tales! Cold, and bright like moonlight, it wore its usual calm and interesting expression. Still it was very odd, she had just sung it; but then he always expressed himself oddly. Was he quizzing her, or was he really so pleased as to desire to hear it repeated? Sweet-tem-

pered young ladies, like Miss Sampson, generally adopt that interpretation where they can that is most agreeable to their wishes; and she sung it over again in her best manner, and with very good effect.

“How very good!” he said, approvingly; “but, ah, pray don’t leave us yet! It is quite refreshing to hear such sounds. There is a little songibus I think I heard you once sing; it is a beautiful thing.”

“What is it?” said the delighted fair one, looking up at her gallant and charming friend, and at the same time executing a chromatic run on the piano, “What is it?”

“Perhaps I can recollect it. It begins, ‘Sing me those gentle strains again.’”

Her eyes became suddenly dim, there was a total eclipse of those beautiful orbs, and for a moment she was in utter darkness, she was so near fainting. There could be no mistake now, he had not heard a word of it; and was so completely absorbed in contemplating himself in a large mirror, that he had even forgotten the phrases of unmeaning compliment he had so mechanically used. Exerting herself to conceal her vexation, she rose and returned to her seat. This painful disclosure of total indifference had dissolved in an instant some little airy fabrics her imagination had been rearing during the past year; and what rendered it the more provoking was, that the slight was offered in public, and by one of her own “thett.”

The Bishop, meanwhile, had taken but little part in the conversation. The topics were new to him, and he was thrown out. Now he made an effort to draw it towards the subjects that filled his heart, namely, himself and his projects. He described the agreeable voyage he had made with Captain Jones from England, extolled his kindness in offering to land him at the Isle of Sable, and expressed his wonder that clergymen should in general be so unpopular with sailors.

“I will tell your Lordship,” said the Captain. “I am inclined to think, although you are better informed on these subjects than I am, that Jonah must have

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been a very troublesome passenger before such good-natured fellows as seamen would have handled him so roughly as to throw him overboard. But, talking of the Isle of Sable, reminds me of what I ought to have mentioned to your Lordship before, that we sail for that charming little island—that Paradise of the Gulf Stream, that scene of primitive innocence, to-night, at eleven o'clock. If you will be on the King's Wharf at half-past ten, sharp, with your traps, I will have some of my 'little lambs' there to attend you. I will answer for their being there at that moment, for they know I am the most punctual man in the world."

The Bishop was disconcerted. It was a short notice—too short, indeed, to be at all agreeable; but eccentricity knows no limits, and recognises no laws: so, making the best of it, he departed with his friend, who took his leave contrary to all colonial etiquette, which restrains any one from retiring until the Governor sets the example.

"What a very odd man Captain Jones is!" said his Excellency.

"Very," replied the Colonel; "but, at the same time, he is one of the most valuable officers in the service, although I confess his indulgence to his men is sometimes very perplexing to his friends. He is an exact and rigid disciplinarian, but shows them every kindness compatible with a strict observance of duty. He calls them 'his lambs,' and they are allowed to come on shore in very large parties, and have got up a very pretty quarrel with my fellows. Sometimes the soldiers charge them, and drive them into their boats, but oftener they have the best of it themselves; yet, in all cases, he complains that those dare-devils (his lambs) have a hard time of it, and are ill used. Eccentricity is often the accompaniment of great talent, and that is the reason so many blockheads affect it. His, however, is genuine, although he is not to be compared, in that respect, with a gentleman of my acquaintance in one of the adjoining provinces. I took

shelter from a thunder-shower one day in a country inn, to which others had fled for the same purpose, and, among the rest, one of the most eminent men of the bar of the colony. Every one was tired and bored to death by the continuance of the rain, but he was at no loss for amusement. He made a small bow of whalebone, and, procuring a large needle (which the landlady called a darning-needle), for an arrow, he put on a pair of spectacles, and commenced shooting mosquitoes, as they flew by or about him, to the great danger and infinite annoyance of every one in the house. I never saw a more eager sportsman, or one more delighted when he made a good shot. His shouts of laughter came from his very heart."

Here the conversation was enlivened by a very absurd incident. Among the guests was a rough old Commissary-General, who was exceedingly deaf. A merchant, a vulgar acquaintance of Channing, taking pity on his infirmity, sat down beside him for the purpose of talking to him. The old gentleman, taking up his trumpet, asked his friend why his wife was not of the party.

"One of 'our brats' is ill," replied the merchant.

"Then I know how to pity you," said the Commissary. "They are a great nuisance; I am plagued to death with them, I have so many."

"It has the croup," answered the other, raising his voice.

"A coop!" replied the deaf man; "that is not a bad idea, if you could only manage to coax them into it, but I never could."

"They have nearly eat me out of house and home."

"How shocking!" said the other, in great amazement. "Shocking, sir!" he continued, becoming animated with his subject: "there never was anything like it in the world. But I'll tell you how to get rid of them quietly. Don't use arsenic, because you might poison yourself, but steep some bread in prussic acid, and give them as much of that as they can eat, and

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you will soon find a difference in your baker's and butcher's bill, I can tell you."

"What in the world," asked the merchant, with unfeigned astonishment, "are you talking of?"

"Rats, to be sure," was the answer.

"And I was telling you," rejoined the other, slowly, distinctly, and loudly, "that one of my children had the croup."

The effect was electrical; everybody was convulsed, except the unruffled aide-de-camp, who contented himself with merely observing—

"How very good!"

Here the Governor's sleighs were announced, which was a signal for the breaking up of the party. The play was now concluded, and the actors withdrew to their homes; but there was an afterpiece enacting elsewhere, the humour of which was broader than was agreeable, either to the host or his guests.

Channing escorted his company to the hall, where were deposited their cloaks and wrappings, but led the Governor and his staff into his study, where they had disrobed. The door, though shut, was not closed sufficiently for the action of the lock, and, pushing it open, he found to his amazement another "thett," enjoying themselves infinitely more than that which had been assembled in the drawing-room. The black cook had belted on the Governor's sword, and decorated her woolly head with his military hat and plumes, which she wore jauntingly and saucily on one side, while three black, supernumerary servant-men, who had been hired for the day, having mounted those of the two aides and the military secretary, were dancing a reel, with their arms akimbo, to the great amusement of a boy, who hummed a tune, in an undertone, for them, and beat time with his fingers on the crown of his master's hat. So wholly engrossed were they with their agreeable pastime, that they did not immediately notice our entrance. I shall never forget the appearance of the cook when she first discovered us.

She stood instantly still in her dancing attitude, her feet widely extended, and her fists resting on her hips, as if suddenly petrified. Her eyes enlarged rapidly in size, while all the colour fled from them, and they assumed the appearance of two enormous pieces of chalk. Her mouth, which was partly open, exhibited a long transverse streak of ivory; and the strong contrast of black and white in her face would have been extremely ludicrous, had it not also been very fearful. Her nostrils, like those of an affrighted horse, expanded themselves to their utmost extent; and respiration and animation seemed wholly suspended, when she suddenly sprang up from the floor, perpendicularly, nearly two feet, and screamed out—

“Gor-ormighty ! de Gubbenor !”

Instantly the hats flew, with the rapidity of shuttlecocks, on to the table, and the usurpers of the trappings of royalty sought safety in immediate flight. But the poor cook, in her hasty and discomfited retreat, forgot the sword, and, stumbling over it, pitched forward, and struck with great violence against the stomach of Trotz, whom she overthrew in her fall, and rendered speechless from the weight of her body, and nearly insensible from the concussion of his head against the marble column that supported the mantel-piece. A shout of laughter from every one present followed this summerset, in which the voice of the good-natured Governor was most conspicuous, for there is but little use in having aides-de-camp living at your expence, if you cannot occasionally enjoy a joke at theirs. Even Lord Edward smiled at the ignoble overthrow of his coadjutor, and said—

“How very good !”

Trotz was seriously injured, and, for awhile, unable to recover his breath, and, of course, even to attempt to rise, or to remove the superincumbent weight of the unsavoury cook; while the unfortunate and affrighted woman, catching the contagion of the general laugh, was seized with hysterics, and grinned horribly over

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the prostrate Tartar, whom she had so unwillingly made a captive.

The first intelligible ejaculation of Trotz was, that he was poisoned; and he called, with many oaths and imprecations, for instant aid to preserve his life. This only excited fresh merriment, and awakened anew the almost convulsive shrieks of the sable *artiste*, who, meanwhile, refreshed her nearly inanimate victim with the balmy air of a breath redolent of gin and raw onions, with which she supported her strength and spirits on days of great exertion like the present. Poor creature! though deeply versed in the mysteries of her art, she was not well read. Her knowledge was derived from experience, and not from books; and she knew not that Swift had cautioned cooks—

“ But lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
The onion must be thoroughly boil'd.”

A blow on the ear from the unmanly fist of the prostrate aide-de-camp operated like a draught of water on spasmodic hiccup; it cured her hysterics immediately, and restored her to her senses. Raising herself on her knees, which in her haste she planted on his stomach, and again nearly endangered his life, she arose and fled from the room. Trotz now managed to get upon his feet, and, putting one hand to the back of his head, made the agreeable discovery of a large contusion, and the other to his hip, was not less annoyed to find a rent of sufficient size to admit of a far freer action of his limbs. The presence of the Governor repressed the repetition of language that had already shocked the religious ears of Channing, but he rendered his indignation quite intelligible by signs and low mutterings. After enveloping himself in his cloak, he drew out a cambric handkerchief, and placed it over his head, and then, taking up his hat, looked at it and shuddered (as a man labouring under hydrophobia does at the sight of water), and arranged it so that it should not contaminate his hair. As soon

as the Governor descended the steps and was out of hearing, Trotz, before he left the hall, said aloud—

“Dummkopf, this is too bad! If the Governor chooses to perform a part in the vulgar farce of *High Life Below Stairs*, to make himself popular, you may attend him if you like, but I won't.”

“How very good!” were the last words of the party heard within the walls of the mansion that night.

Channing, though he could not help laughing at the absurd scene in the study, was hurt and mortified at the occurrence. He felt that it might be told to his disadvantage, and subject him to ridicule; but he consoled himself with the reflection that it was one for which he was not answerable, and might have happened anywhere else. It was also a comfort to him to think that Trotz was the only man injured by it, and that it might be considered not an inapt retribution for his insolence. On the whole, he was gratified, not at the occurrences of the day, but that the day was over, and an important object gained, and a disagreeable duty performed. He knew that he who passes securely over the shoals and the alarming eddies of a rapid and dangerous river, has more reason to rejoice at his safety, than grieve over any little damage his bark may have sustained.

He therefore returned to the drawing-room with a cheerful face. Both himself and his wife breathed freer, like people relieved from the weight of an oppressive burden. Patting his wife affectionately on her shoulder, he said—

“Well, Betty, notwithstanding some blunders and mistakes, I think it went off very well, on the whole, as lawyer Reynard said, when he returned from the funeral of his wife.” Then, passing his arm round her waist, he observed to me (whom he had requested to remain)—

“Doesn't she look well to-night, Barclay? I never saw her look better since the day we first.....”

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"Don't talk foolishly, Channing!" said his partner, disengaging herself from his embrace, but looking well pleased with the compliment (for ladies of a certain age never hear with indifference that time has dealt leniently with their charms). "Don't talk foolishly! I am afraid you have taken too much wine to-night!"

He then turned to me, and rubbing his hands, said—

"Well, Barclay, that is a very nice, sensible, affable old man, the Governor. Is he not? What do you think of Lord Edward Dummkopf?"

"I think," I replied, "that there is an uncommon affinity between himself and his name. He belongs to one of the oldest families in England. He is of Saxon origin, and in the German language his name signifies Blockhead. There is no harm in him; indeed, there is no harm in an empty room; but the air is apt to be so uncomfortably cold, as to induce you to withdraw from it as soon as possible."

"But Trotz?" he inquired.

"He," I remarked, "is probably descended from some low retainer on the Dummkopf estate, for his name is also Saxon, and signifies Insolence. In the olden time, most names had a pertinent meaning, and both these people seem to have inherited the qualities to which they are indebted for their ancestral cognomen."

"I quite agree with you," he said, "in your estimate of them; and Sir Hercules, I fear, will add another name to the long list of governors whose personal staff have rendered themselves and the Government-house distasteful to the public. But come with me to the study, and let us have a glass of whiskey-punch and a cigar, for it is not often we have the pleasure of seeing you at Halifax."

When we were quietly ensconced in this snuggerly, he passed his hand slowly and strongly over his face, as if to repress a feeling of pain, and said—

"My good friend, Barclay, pray do not let the folly of this day lower me in your estimation. This

is no idle vanity of either myself or my wife. I am contented with the sphere in life in which Providence has placed me; and am far happier in it than I ever can be in one for which I am not qualified, either by my talents or previous habits. But I have acquired a large property, and have an only son, to whom, with the blessing of God, I intend to give as good an education as this country can afford. I am anxious, therefore, to acquire a certain position for his sake, for which I am willing to pay the penalty, the first painful instalment of which you have seen produced to-day. I am not such a blockhead as not to know that I am unacquainted with the modes and usages of society, and that I am, what some people have been so anxious to inform me, a vulgar man. But, thank God," he said, rising from his chair, and standing with an erect and proud bearing, "I have also the good sense to know and to feel, that on this occasion, with the exception of the Governor himself, we have entertained a far more vulgar party from Government-house than ourselves."

"Spoken like yourself, my friend," I said; "and now for the punch and the cigars."

Alas! poor Channing is since dead, and his son, who inherited his fortune, inherited also his sound good sense and excellent qualities. His father fulfilled his intentions as to his education, and sent him to King's College, Windsor, where, under the paternal instructions of its excellent principal,¹ he was made

¹ The gentleman here alluded to is the Rev. Dr. Porter, who, during an exile of thirty years in this country, educated nearly all the clergy of this and the adjoining colony of New Brunswick, many of the judges, and most of the conspicuous lawyers in both provinces, besides many others, who are filling various offices of importance, here and elsewhere, with credit to themselves and advantage to the public. He is still living near Exeter in his native land, to which he retired some few years ago for the benefit of his health, carrying with him the respect and esteem of a people upon whom he has conferred

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a scholar and a gentleman. He is now one of the greatest ornaments of the bar in the colony; and, if he think proper to do so, can "ask a governor to dine" without occasioning a remark.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TOMBSTONES.

After divine service yesterday, we sauntered about the churchyard, examining the tablets erected by the affection or vanity of the living, to perpetuate the virtues or record the rank of the dead. In this stroll, we were joined by Mr. Barclay. He is one of a numerous class of persons in these colonies, who, though warmly attached to British connexion, feel that they are practically excluded from imperial employment and the honours of the empire; and that no service rendered the Government in a province opens the door to promotion out of it, or ensures due consideration within it, in any department not entirely local in its object and management. A brother of his, an officer of distinguished merit, who, by accident, had been enabled to enter the naval service in his youth, had recently died a lieutenant of more than forty years' standing.¹ His skill, his unblemished character, and his valuable

the most incalculable benefit. Should these lines meet his eye, he will recognise the hand of an old pupil, who hopes that this unauthorized use of his name will find a palliation in the affection and gratitude that inserted it.

¹ The London *Times*, of November 8th, 1846, contains a biographical notice of the late Lieutenant William Pringle Green, R.N., a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia. After enumerating his eminent services, and valuable nautical inventions, it goes on to say:—"From 1842 until the time of his death, a few days since, he was not only unemployed, but unrewarded and neglected, though still devoting his time to the maturing inventions for the improvement of that service in which he was so ill-treated. He died at the age of sixty-one, more from the

services had been repeatedly acknowledged, but as often forgotten; and his case, which had been much commented upon of late in the English papers, as one of extreme hardship, had created great sympathy at a time when, alas! sympathy was unavailing. He will not, however, have served his country in vain, if the dreadful sacrifice he has offered of a life of unrequited toil shall remove this distinctive badge of humiliation, and ameliorate the condition of his brave and loyal countrymen, the colonists of North America.

Disappointment and grief at the unmerited neglect of his broken-hearted brother had soured a temper naturally cynical, and given a bitterness to Mr. Barclay's language, which the Judge, however, assured me was indicative rather of his habits than his feelings. He is one of those anomalous characters we sometimes meet, whose sarcastic tone and manner of conversation disguise a kind and good heart.

"Here," said my eccentric friend, Lawyer Barclay, as he is universally called, "here, as elsewhere, the receipt which the grave gives for a human being is written in a prescribed form. The name, the age, and the date of his death, are minutely and accurately entered. If he has filled an office of importance, or belonged to a learned profession, or served in the Assembly, and, above all, if he has been a member of the Upper House of the Legislature, and borne the title of Honourable, it is recorded at large; while, on the other hand, if he has derived his support from an honest trade, the dishonest tombstone refuses to mention it, lest it might wound the aristocratic feelings of his aspiring posterity.

"It is said that truth is to be found in the wine-butt and the depths of a well. If revealing the secrets of others be truth, wine may be the element it loves.

want of the common necessities of life, than from a decay of nature; and has left a widow and seven daughters to subsist (if they can) upon the pitiful pension of a lieutenant's widow—a lieutenant of forty-one years!!!"

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The well can only give it when exhausted, and then the fact it has to communicate is found to be scarcely worth the trouble of the search, namely, that the well is empty. Wherever it is to be sought for, one thing is certain, it is not to be found on a tombstone. The broken-hearted husband who erects a monument to record his inconsolable grief for the loss of his wife, ere one short year has passed, or the sound of the sculptor's mallet has ceased, refutes the pompous falsehood by a second marriage; and eyes as bright and voice as sweet as those that are closed by death seduce him into a disavowal of his own words, 'Here lieth the best of wives,' and compel him to acknowledge 'Here the husband lies.' The disconsolate widow whose affections are buried in the grave of her dear husband, near whom she desires soon to repose in death, feels her heart reanimated with the genial warmth of returning spring. It rises from the earth with the primrose, shakes off its wintry torpor, and re-appears with renewed life and vigour after its short seclusion. The admired of all admirers no longer refuses to be comforted. The churlish miser receives the homage of insincerity from his heir even after death, when his cold and mouldering ear can no longer listen to its flattering accents. A chaste and beautiful allegorical figure of Affection is seen weeping over his urn, which rests on a pedestal that resembles a money-chest; you are lost in doubt whether the tears so copiously shed are caused by unexpected legacies to others, or by the protracted delay of possession. This is a double fraud. It represents the dead as worthy of love, and the living as capable of loving. It is not gratitude, but a decent observance of a hypocritical custom.

"But why are men so shocked at the mention of that on a tombstone which the deceased published throughout his life to all the world? In this churchyard, numerous as the graves are, no man is designated as tailor, barber, butcher, baker, or shoemaker; yet, doubtless, there are scores of each who placed these

ominous and forbidden words on their signs in the largest letters, and the most attractive and conspicuous form. There is, indeed, one exception, if such it can be called. This marble was erected to a man who is described as 'a servant,' but it was raised at the expense of 'a friend,' that styled himself his master, who, in enumerating his excellent qualities, has not forgotten to proclaim his own liberality, nor been ashamed to inform us that he has expended more money in extolling his services than in rewarding them. It has been said that the grave knows no distinctions. The rule is now reversed, it seems. All are not reduced by it to a level, for the level is on a summit, and all are elevated to it. Be it so ; but then strike out all your degrees, your D.D.'s, your M.D.'s, the words Judge, Councillor, Barrister, Esquire, and let the rank of the dead be uniform. Of all places in the world, a graveyard, at least, should be consecrated to truth. As it is, it seems devoted to flattery, vanity, ambition, ostentation, and falsehood. All sects retain their peculiarities here, and endeavour to perpetuate them. A little more taste, and a little more expense in the monument (but with a contemptuous disregard of veracity in its record), indicate that a churchman is deposited there (for the Church in the colony embraces the greater part of the upper class of society). A neat, plain, substantial one, with the modest assurance that the soul of the deceased was immediately conveyed to heaven, proclaims the saint to have been a Dissenter.

"The common Christian emblem of the Cross is more in use among Romanists than others, but you may identify them by their pious horror of Protestants. It would be dangerous to be found in such bad company, for the Pope has declared they cannot be saved; and who can question such high authority? They, therefore, very wisely lie apart from the dust that is polluted by heresy. If you are still in doubt, read one of the inscriptions, and a scrap of Latin sets the matter at rest. It is an appropriate tongue, for it is

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“a dead language.” In this curtilage, then, which is the common burial-place of all, sectarianism and fashion have found their way and offered their distinctive badges to their followers. The highway of life has been extended into the churchyard, and is thronged in its usual manner. Here are the handsome equipages and expensive trappings of the rich, the sobriety of the middle classes, and the destitution of the nameless and unknown poor. The scale of colonial precedence survives mortality. The mitred bishop still regards, with a condescending and patronising air, the poor curate; and the grocer looks down from his marble monument upon his quondam labourer with his turf covering, and maintains his relative position in the society of the dead. The iron railing boasts of its quality and durability, and regards with pity or contempt the temporary and trumpery wooden enclosure. The classic urn appeals only to the hearts of scholars, and the bust to the man of taste; while all look up to him who represented his King, and whose titles are almost as long as his eulogium—the old Governor—the fountain of honour, and the distributor of patronage and of rank.

“Amid all this vanity—here and there is to be found some consistency—the antiquated virgin preserves her acidity of temper to the last. She is one of those of whom vulgar people so idly and flippantly predict ‘that they dry, but never die.’ Accustomed to hear such agreeable compliments, she anticipates the sneer or the smile of youth upon finding the word ‘Miss’ associated with seventy-four years of age; and as in life she maintained the privilege of the last word, so in death she claims a right to the first; and youth and beauty are admonished that ere long they must undergo the penalty of the law of their nature, and be humbled in the dust like herself. She thus avenges the slights and injuries of an unfeeling world, and, consistent to the last, evinces her fondness for disagreeable truths.

“The houses of this silent city are of various sizes. There are fashionable squares, there are streets of less pretension, and there are suburbs that are but little frequented, for they are the abodes of the lower orders. If you must dwell among the latter, it would be best to preserve a strict *incognito*. A mansion in St. Giles’s would prove your habits to have been dissolute, your associates depraved, and your means exhausted. It would disgrace your posterity for ever. A respectable address is a letter of credit, but the occupant of mean lodgings is cut by his acquaintance and disowned by his family. If you would be regarded as a gentleman, you must associate with fashionable people, and reside among them. The churchyard, strange as it may seem, is a true but painful picture of life—ostentation without, corruption within; peace and quiet on the surface, but the worm at the heart. Ah, poor human nature! your last resting-place, the grave, would be eloquent, if you did not stifle its voice. Do not read these inscriptions, my friend,” he continued, “there is no dependence to be placed on anything but the figures; the tale they tell is not true. But come with me, and I will show you a grave that bears that upon it that carries conviction to the heart.”

On a little mound, in a distant corner of the churchyard, was a grove of spruce-trees, enclosing a verdant spot of small dimensions. Here was a solitary grave, having at the foot a common field-stone to mark its termination; and, at the head, another of the same kind, one side of which was dressed with a chisel, and bore the inscription “Mary Merton, 1840.”

The whole of this little plot of ground was enclosed by a rough rustic railing, having a small gate for the purpose of access. The grave was not covered with sods, but decorated with patches of forget-me-not and other simple flowers, emblematical of the feeling and the object with which they were placed there, and was encircled by white rose-bushes. At the upper

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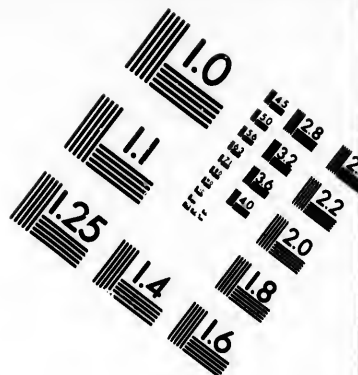
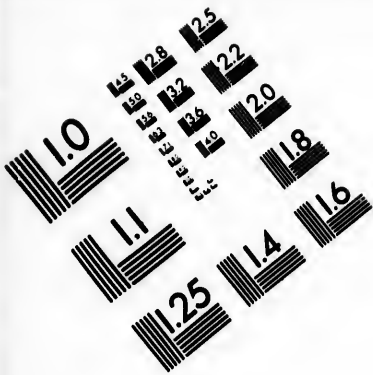
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part of the enclosure, but outside of the railing, stood a weeping willow, the light pendent tressery of which fell like the dishevelled hair of a mourner whose head was bending over the body it loved and lamented. The little spot was kept in perfect order, and tended with the most careful neatness.

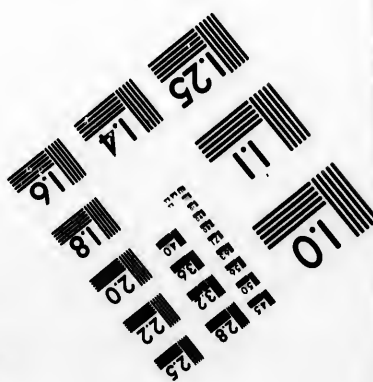
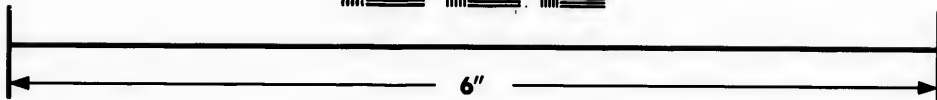
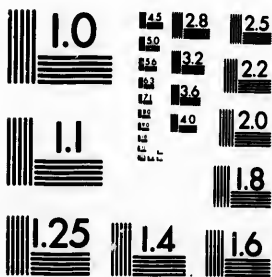
"There, sir!" he said, "there, at least, is truth. That simple and natural embellishment is the votive offering of a poor widow to her only child. Those flowers are weeded by her hands, and watered with her tears. Where is the sting of death, or the victory of the grave, when, like that little innocent and helpless victim, the dead survive decay, and rise again to dwell in the hearts and affections of the living? It is refreshing to see simplicity and truth amid so much that is false and unnatural. This is a strange world. Take man individually, and there is much that is good and amiable in him; but take men collectively, and they are always rapacious or unjust. Parties are but combinations, under plausible pretences, to deceive the people; public departments are stern and cruel; governments are ungrateful; patronage is either blind and cannot distinguish, or selfish and capricious. A man who serves his country with ability and zeal is too apt to find at last, to his cost, that his country, like a corporate body, has neither a soul to think, a heart to feel, a head to remember, or a spirit of liberality to reward."

"Come, come, my friend," said the Judge, well knowing the cause of this bitter ebullition, "you have too much reason to complain, I fear, to do so calmly. Let us not enter into these speculations on this day and in this place. Let us rather yield to the influence of the objects around us. I, too, am fond of this spot for the lasting affection it exhibits. Fathers may forget their offspring, and children lose the remembrance of their parents; husbands and wives may be replaced, and brothers and sisters be to each other as strangers and even as foes, but the love of a mother endureth





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for ever. A father supplies the wants of his child from his purse, a mother from her bosom. Even the grave itself cannot extinguish her devotion. She mourns over her deceased infant in solitude and in silence. It is always before her. Its voice is in her ear, and its smile is in her heart. Memory raises up the little idol to her admiring eyes by day, and the too vivid dream reanimates it by night. Her maternal affections regard it as a living being, and she longs to fondle and embrace it, while the divinity within her sympathizes with it as celestial, and invests it with the attributes of a ministering angel. She holds strange and mysterious communings with it, for love such as hers has an ideal world of its own. Her wounded spirit flutters against the barriers of its human prison, and strives to escape and join that which has 'put on immortality;' and at last, when wearied with its ineffectual struggles, it yields in timid submission to the law of its nature—it indulges the hope that that which is imperishable may be permitted to revisit the object of its love, and illumine, by its mystical presence, the depths of its gloom. Her grief, therefore, produces at last its own solace, and she cherishes it with an humble but a firm reliance upon the mercy and goodness of God, that her child shall be fully restored to her in another and a better world, where they shall dwell together in unity for ever.

“There is something, as you say, about this little grave that is very attractive; for youth is innocent, and innocence is always an object of interest and of love. Age, on the contrary, is venerable, but not loveable. I see nothing in the termination of a ripe old age to occasion grief, unless there has been a mis-spent life. There is nothing to regret where all, or more, has been given than was promised—

‘Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti,
Tempus abire tibi est.’

But youth, prematurely cut off, awakens many a pain-

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ful reflection. I recollect being greatly struck with a monument erected to a young officer at Shelburne, who perished under very peculiar circumstances. The story itself is short and simple, but, as it is connected with the rise and fall of that ill-fated and melancholy town, I will give you the history of both together. Let us sit down on this tombstone, for it is a fitting seat from which to tell a tale of mortality.

“ Last summer I made a tour of the province, and revisited the scenes of my former judicial labours. The growth and improvement of the country far exceeded my expectations. In many places where the road ran, a few years ago, through an unbroken forest, it was now bordered on either side by a continuous line of farms; and substantial houses and large herds of cattle evinced the condition of the new population. The towns and villages were greatly increased, and an improved system of husbandry had changed the whole appearance of the country. The habits of the people also had undergone an alteration for the better no less striking and gratifying. Still it was by no means a journey of unmixed pleasure. A generation had passed away, if not from life, from its business and duties. Many whom I had known I could not at first recognise: care, time, and disease, had not been idle. The young had become men, the men had grown old, and the old had died or withdrawn from view. I was a stranger among strangers. The houses I had frequented during the circuits were either enlarged, remodelled, or rebuilt. A new race of people welcomed me, and the well-known voice and the well-known face were nowhere to be heard or seen. My local interest was the same, but my personal interest had gone, and gone for ever.

“ At home, these changes are so gradual that they are almost imperceptible. The vacant place soon collapses, or is occupied by another, and harmonises with all around. It becomes incorporated with the rest, and cannot be distinguished from it. In this manner,

an entire revolution is effected, and yet that revolution is so slow and so gradual in its growth, and contains so much to which we are daily accustomed, that the eye cannot discern where the old ceases or the new begins. But, when we return to past scenes, after an absence of many years, the whole change bursts on our astonished view at once. We knew it as it was, we see it as it is, and we feel and know it is not the same.

“ We are painfully reminded, at the same time, that we have been ourselves no less under the influence of this universal law of mutability : we return to our own, and our own knoweth us no more. The face of Nature, though here and there partially transformed by the hand of man, was in the main unaltered. The mountains, with their wavy outline distinctly marked against the clear blue sky, or their summits enveloped in mists, were the same as when my youthful eye first rested on them. The rivers, the valleys, the murmuring brooks, the wide-spread alluvial meadows, covered with grazing herds, the sheltered and placid lakes, and the rugged and bold promontories that invaded the sea, or resisted its assaults, were all unchanged. The road also on the sea-shore wore the same familiar aspect, and the ceaseless roar of the ocean saluted my ear with the same voice that first awakened my adventurous hope to pass to that fatherland that lies beyond the great deep. At night, as I walked out meditating on the past, the pale silver moon and its starry host proclaimed that they also were unchanged, and recalled many a long-forgotten scene in years by-gone, before all that has been was, or reflection came to teach us that youth has its shadow, that increases as the day declines, and that that shadow is death. These visible objects of nature, therefore, become dearer and dearer to us as we advance in years. They are our early, our constant, and sole surviving friends, the same to-day and to-morrow as they were of old. They are typical of Him who knoweth no change.

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“ As far as Shelburne, all was progressive or rapid improvement, but that unfortunate town was in ruins. It arose in the wilderness like a work of magic, but had hardly been erected before it was in a state of decay. Twelve or fourteen thousand emigrant loyalists from New York sought shelter in this remote place at the close of the war of rebellion, in the year 1784, and built a large, commodious, and beautiful wooden town, at the head of the magnificent harbour of Roseway. In their haste, or their necessity, they overlooked the fact, that a town requires a country to support it, unless a trade which has grown with its growth supplies its wants upon equal terms. Remote from the other settlements of the province, surrounded by a trackless forest, that covers a poor and stony soil, situated too far from the entrance of the harbour to reap the advantages of the fishing-grounds, and filled with a population unaccustomed to the mode, and unequal to the fatigues, of settling in a wilderness, it was impossible that a town so constituted could long exist. Some returned penniless and destitute to their native land, others removed to various parts of Nova Scotia, and the grave-yard, from year to year, received great numbers of those that were left behind, to mourn with broken hearts over their ruined fortunes, their hopeless and helpless condition, and their dreary exile. When I had last seen it, the houses were still standing, though untenanted. It had all the stillness and quiet of a moonlight scene. It was difficult to imagine it was deserted.

“ The idea of repose more readily suggested itself than decay. All was new and recent. Seclusion, and not death or removal, appeared to be the cause of the absence of inhabitants. But now the houses which had been originally built of wood had severally disappeared. Some had been taken to pieces, and removed to Halifax, or St. John's; others had been converted into fuel, and the rest had fallen a prey

to neglect and decomposition. The chimneys stood up erect, and marked the spot round which the social circle had assembled; and the blackened fireplaces, ranged one above another, bespoke the size of the tenement and the means of its owner. In some places they had sunk with the edifice, leaving a heap of ruins; while not a few were inclining to their fall, and awaiting the first storm to repose again in the dust that now covered those who had constructed them. Hundreds of cellars, with their stone walls and granite partitions, were everywhere to be seen, like uncovered monuments of the dead. Time and decay had done their work. All that was perishable had perished, and those numerous vaults spoke of a generation that had passed away for ever, and, without the aid of an inscription, told a tale of sorrow and of sadness that overpowered the heart.

“A few new houses had recently been erected, and a very few of the old had been snatched from decay and repaired; but, of the thousands of inhabitants that this town once contained, four or five survivors alone remained, and the entire population did not exceed two thousand souls. They were all attached to the place, and spoke confidently of its revival, fondly of its noble harbour, and proudly of its former prosperity.

“Every spot had its little history. Here the pilgrims first landed, and this spacious street was the first that was cut out through the woods. On that bridge the bands of the regiments assembled on a summer's evening to play the tunes of their fatherland. In the house which once stood over this large cellar, Field-Marshal Beresford was quartered when a young officer in the garrison, and in that sedgy piece of ground was wounded in the face by an accidental discharge from the gun of a brother sportsman. On that eminence, on the opposite side of the harbour, stood extensive barracks, capable of accommodating three regiments; and on the point of land that termi-

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nates King's Street was a heavy battery, the guns of which, corroded by time, lie half-buried in the earth ; for, alas ! there is nothing now to defend. At this corner stood the great hotel of Shelburne, where the weekly balls were held, and the beauty and fashion of the old colony of New York (for the Loyalists were principally gentry) assembled for the last time. Driven into exile by their rebel countrymen, and environed in the country of their adoption by poverty, and a dim and lowering future, they vainly sought to fly from regret, and lose the painful memory of the past in festivity and amusement. That spacious church, which is now so far from the village, was once in the centre of this large town ; and the number of the graves in the cemetery bear a frightful disproportion to the present population.

“ While strolling one afternoon through the deserted and grass-grown street that passes in front of this building, my attention was attracted by a very handsome and apparently new monument, which appeared to have been just erected,—probably to one of the last of this ill-fated emigration. It was built of the beautiful granite that abounds in the neighbourhood, and its fresh-chiselled surface glistened in the sun, as its rays fell on the bright and polished particles of mica embedded in its indestructible substance. It was a costly structure, not in keeping with the means of the present inhabitants, and evidently could not have been executed by any workman then resident at Shelburne.

“ It occurred to me that, perhaps, the affection or the piety of a child had erected this tribute to the memory or misfortunes of a parent who had found rest at last in this secluded spot. My curiosity was excited, and, opening a little gate, I entered the yard to ascertain, from the inscription, the name and history of this venerable patriarch. I was, however, astonished to find that it was nearly as old as the town, and designed, not for one of the pilgrims, but for a young

officer who had been drowned in the harbour. The inscription was as follows :—

Sacred
to the Memory of
PATRICK MAXWELL, Esq.,
Ensign in His Majesty's 61st or First
Warwickshire Infantry,
and Son of
Sir William Maxwell,
of Spring Hill, Bart., N.B.,
who was unfortunately upset
in a Sail-boat,
10th July, 1790, and
drowned,
Ætat. 19,
deeply regretted by
his afflicted parents,
and all who knew him.

“ Such an untimely and melancholy death is unhappily one of daily occurrence, and his was only distinguishable from others of the same kind by a trait of generous manliness that deserves to be recorded. I have just told you there was a large battery and guard-house at the termination or commencement of King's Street, and very extensive barracks on the opposite side of the harbour—an arrangement which had, probably, been adopted for the greater seclusion and better management of the troops. Between these two stations boats were constantly passing and repassing, either on business or pleasure. On the day mentioned on the tablet, a victualling-barge, containing a party of soldiers and two officers, was struck about the centre of the harbour by a heavy squall, and upset, and every soul on board perished, with the exception of the sergeant. Young Maxwell was one of the unfortunate sufferers.¹ The sergeant, who was an

¹ On the reverse side of this monument was an inscription of a similar nature to Lieutenant Nicholas Ball, of the same regiment, who perished on this occasion. Both bodies were deposited in one grave.

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expert swimmer, generously took him on his back, and struck out boldly for the shore. Miscalculating his power, however, he swam too hastily, and had not proceeded far before his strength began to fail. Maxwell, as soon as he perceived him falter, expressed his determination to relieve him of the burden he had so kindly assumed. He exhorted him to be cool and collected, to proceed slowly, but, above all things, to persevere on account of his wife and children; and then, bidding him adieu, relinquished his hold, and sunk to rise no more.

“ My first feeling on reading the inscription was one that is common to us all when we hear of the untimely death of the young, but reflection soon took another turn. If now living, he would have been seventy-five years of age—a tottering, decrepit old man like myself, full of years and infirmities. Had he been then spared, I asked myself, would he have survived till this day? Or would disease have put in its claim, or the battle-field held him as a victim? Was ignominy avoided or honour lost by that event? Would his career in life have been unmarked, or has a name perished that was destined to grace the pages of his country's history? All, alas! is hidden in impenetrable mystery. But reason and religion alike teach us this great consolatory truth, that a wise and merciful Providence orders all things for the best.

“ As regards monuments, however, I agree with you, Barclay. I neither approve of the imagery, emblems, nor language we use. Less flattery and more truth, less reference to worldly vanities and more resignation to the will of God, a total exclusion of heathen allegories and the introduction of such only as are of Christian origin, would be infinitely more appropriate and becoming. If we are to be addressed from the grave, it should be in language calculated to make us wiser and better men; for we do not seek these solitudes to gratify our tastes, but to purify our hearts, and to enable us, by a contemplation of the fate of others, to prepare for the inevitable approach of our own.”

CHAPTER V.

A BALL AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

On our return to Illinoo, our recent visit to Halifax and its incidents naturally became the subject of conversation, and, among other things, Government House and its inmates were adverted to.

“The situation of a Governor,” said the Judge, “is by no means an enviable one. He is insufficiently paid, seldom properly supported by the Colonial Office; and no sooner becomes acquainted with the people and the country than his term of service expires. The province is then again entrusted to a stranger, who goes through the same process of acquiring experience, with great personal labour, annoyance, and inconvenience to himself, and with some danger, and no little alarm, to the inhabitants; while his best exertions and intentions are often frustrated, and his domestic comfort destroyed, by the petty insolence and insignificant intrigues of the little leaders of little political factions about him.

“Recent democratic changes in the constitution of the colonies have rendered his position still more difficult, by limiting the prerogative, transferring much of his authority to his council, and making public offices not the reward of merit, but of agitation. With politics, however, I have nothing to do. I not only take no interest in them, but I even dislike to hear them discussed. A Governor, however, if he be a man of honour, and a gentleman, is really an object of pity. As far as we have been concerned ourselves, we have been extremely fortunate in the selection that has been made for us, and are enabled to enumerate a long list of very clever as well as very amiable men; but as my experience extends over a long series of years, and is by no means limited to our North American possessions, I have been sometimes amused at them as a class, and at the different manner in which

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they severally attempt to accomplish the object they all have in view; namely, to conduct their administration satisfactorily to their employers, and to the people committed to their charge. To secure the approbation of the authorities at home, it is merely necessary to keep things quiet, for they have themselves made every concession for this purpose, to every troublesome party, until there is little left now but total independence to concede. To preserve this tranquillity, therefore, necessarily involves the same policy on the part of a Governor, and, consequently, the necessity for a certain degree of personal popularity. It is the pursuit of this popularity that calls forth the peculiarities and character of the man: some resting it, where it ought to be, on the honest and inflexible discharge of duty; others on tact, a knowledge of character, or some personal qualification, that renders them agreeable. As a class, therefore, they naturally present a great variety.

“ For instance, there is ‘ your man-of-business Governor,’ accessible at all times, punctual in the performance of his own duty, and strict in requiring a corresponding exactness in others—affable, cautious, but decided. Then there is your ‘ scheming Governor,’ a man before his age, who delights in theories—has visions of greatness for his little empire, desires to have the people habited in garments, which, if they do not fit, are admirably well calculated to admit of an extended growth of the body and limb; who talks of systems, heads of departments, and boards, and will neither see nor hear of difficulties, as, in his opinion, there never are any that are insurmountable, and who treats the Secretary of State to long reports, for the amusement of the clerks to report upon. Next comes your ‘ entertaining Governor,’ who keeps an hospitable table, gives numerous parties, is full of anecdote, and tells his stories well, pays due attention to country members and their fashionable and agreeable wives and daughters, takes care that his staff are attentive

to those who stand in need of attentions, and dance with those who cannot command partners, and who arranges his dinners so as to bring together people who know each other and are agreeable. As for business, he obeys orders from home, interferes personally as little as possible, and suffers things to take their course.

“Then, there is your ‘humberging Governor,’ who bows and smiles to all, says civil things to everybody, and of everybody, makes long speeches, and writes long messages, adopts no side warmly, has no decided opinions, is with the majority, but lives with the minority, so he can co-operate with them, too, if they become strong enough; is attached to the Church, for he was born and bred in it; is fond of the Romanists, for they are numerous, and devoted to British connexion; to the Baptists, because freedom of opinion is the right of all, especially of those who form so large a body; and of the Scotch Dissenters, on account of their abhorrence of democratic principles, and because he has often witnessed and admired their amiability at home, and the brotherly love they exhibit to the church abroad. In short, he is ‘all things to all men’—a hand for all, a word for all, and a fig for all.

“Then, there is your ‘dashing Governor,’ a regular politician, who believes that every man has his price, regards all provincials as scoundrels, and thinks their price small; will carry his measures *colûte qui colûte*; has a strong smack of English Radicalism, and flatters the vanity of colonial Liberals; knows the little points of little men, and talks of the vast resources of the colony, the important geographical, relative, and political position of it; the able views and great scope of intellect of its statesmen; advocates a united legislature for all the colonies, the creation of a Viceroy, and the construction of a railroad to the Pacific, and other gigantic projects—tubs for the whale.

“There are also your ‘purely civil,’ or ‘purely military Governors.’ The former has no command,

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and, of course, is by no means so well paid as the other; is subject to some inconvenience from the want of this control, and is in occasional collision with the Commandant, not in matters of importance (for then it seldom or never occurs), but in insignificant, and, therefore, more annoying affairs. He procures the attendance of a regimental band at his parties as a favour, and tolerates their airs as an unavoidable evil. Although familiar with, and hospitable to, the officers of the garrison, he never enjoys their sympathies like an old General. Unless he is a man of rank himself, the Admiral, it is observed, is more apt to stand on etiquette and rights with him than if he were a soldier, for they again both pertain to the profession of arms, although not to the same branch of the service. The latter, or purely military man, delights rather in the appellation of General than that of Governor; is fonder of assembling his troops than his legislature, and is more at home with the officers of his brigade than with the officers of his colony. He would rather talk of the Punjaub than the Maddawaska, and the heads of columns than the heads of departments. He says but little, promises less; but does what he says. He refers every thing to the department to which it belongs, and acts on the report of the principal. He takes no responsibility. If the assembly flares up, so does he; begs them to accept the assurance of his most profound indifference, and informs them that he was a General before he was a Governor. If they petition the Sovereign, he thanks them for it; tells them he is an old and faithful servant of the Crown, and has been so long abroad he is in danger of being forgotten; that their memorial will call attention to the fact that he is still living, and serving his King with zeal and fidelity.

“These peculiarities are either generated or disclosed by the duties and necessities of the station, and are the various effects on the human mind of a morbid desire for applause. Under any circumstances, this

high functionary can now personally effect but little good, in consequence of the restrictions and limitations imposed upon his authority: but he is by no means equally powerless for evil, and, if he should, unfortunately, be surrounded by a needy or unprincipled council, and be deficient either in a knowledge of his duty, or in firmness of purpose, the country may suffer incalculable injury.

“One of my predecessors on the bench, a man of great humour and eccentricity, used gravely to maintain, that the only person fit for the situation was a wise man or a fool. ‘If he really is a wise man,’ he used to say, ‘he will govern by himself, and not by favourites; if he is a fool, he will not think of holding the reins at all, but entrust them wholly to the constituted authorities.’ Your indifferent Governors, generally speaking, are your clever men, or, according to the cant phrase of modern times, your ‘talented men,’—people who are intelligent enough to be conceited, and yet have not sufficient ability to dispense with advice.

“These great guns, therefore, as my friend Barclay calls them, are, as a matter of course, of different calibre and weight, and their effect is in proportion. Some carry as true, and are as unerring, as a rifle; others, though they hit the mark, have no power of condensation, and do mischief by scattering. This one overshoots the object, and that falls short of it. Some hang fire from indecision, and others go off unexpectedly from impetuosity. All these failures arise from want of previous preparation, either by having served in one or other of the houses of Parliament, or filled some of the higher offices in a colony. Suitable persons, I admit, are not easily found; but, confining the selection to general officers increases the difficulty, inasmuch as a military education, and the life and habits of a soldier, have a tendency to unfit them for constitutional government. Indeed, some difficulty will be experienced in future, in inducing gentlemen to accept

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an office, the emoluments of which are insufficient to defray the ordinary expenditure, and the duties, both onerous and responsible—many of them excessively disagreeable, and all accompanied by the most offensive abuse and misrepresentation of an unbridled and licentious press.

“Much of this, if not all, may be regarded with pity or contempt by a well-regulated mind; but, unfortunately, custom has sanctioned, until time has converted into a duty, the practice of indiscriminate hospitality, whereby the privacy of his house, and the comfort of his family, are effectually destroyed. Men are to be seen at a Governor’s table who are to be met with nowhere else; and people are brought together whose previous intercourse has extended no further than purchases made through the intervention of a servant at the market-place. The consequence is, that, instead of exhibiting the best, Government House affords the worst specimen of society in the province. Independently of the annoyance to which all are subject by such an association, the Governor, his staff, and strangers, naturally infer that this anomaly is the general condition of colonial society. The ignorance, awkwardness, and presumption thus displayed, are taken as characteristics of the whole; and many anecdotes are in circulation to the disadvantage of Halifax and other provincial capitals, that are chargeable alone on the extraordinary mixture that this ill-regulated hospitality produces.

“You have seen the Governor under more favourable circumstances; for you have merely dined with him and some of his friends, and, fortunately, at a time when the town was not filled with the ‘gentlemen from the rural districts,’ and, of course, when he was enabled to escape from their intrusion. There are times when the ‘palace’ may be said to be out of season, it is so distasteful; and it is necessary that you should see it, and the balls given at that period, fully to understand what I mean. The most amusing part of

this folly is, that people who are excluded for their misconduct (although not admitted elsewhere) formally complain of it as a grievance, and actually maintain that the Governor is not only bound to extend his invitations to those that are unfit, but even to those that are unworthy. One cannot but feel for the indignity and annoyance he must continually endure from this cause. It reminds me of an anecdote told me by Sir John Sherbrooke, when he commanded here.

“ He had given permission to his house-steward and butler—two of the tallest and largest men in Halifax—to give an entertainment to their friends, and invite as many as they thought proper, in their own apartment at his house. A day or two after the party, a diminutive but irascible barber, who was in the habit of attending upon him, complained, in the course of his professional duty, that his feelings were greatly hurt by his exclusion from the festivities of Government House, by the steward and butler, as it had a tendency to lower him in the estimation of his acquaintances; and, if it had not been for the respect he owed his Excellency, he would most assuredly have horsewhipped them both.

“ ‘ Would you?’ said Sir John, who was excessively amused at the pugnacious little man. ‘ Would you? By Jove! then, I give you my leave. Horse-whip them as long as you can *stand over* them.’

“ ‘ This is the manner,’ he observed, ‘ in which the good people here censure me. It appears that I occasionally omit to ask some person who thinks he is entitled to a card as a matter of right. I really thought, at first, the fellow was going to complain to me of myself, for, in fact, he has just as good a right to come as some others who are admitted.’

“ So far, therefore, from a Government house exercising a salutary influence on the community, its effects are in fact injurious. People who go from the country, and procure, through their representatives, admission to the palace, when they return to their

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homes, contrast the facility with which this honour has been obtained, with the utter impossibility of being introduced to the families of gentlemen in their own neighbourhood, attribute the difference to pride or injustice, and naturally attempt to vindicate their rights, by striving to reduce to their own level those who maintain this invidious reserve. It is natural for them to think, if the first officer in the colony—he who represents his sovereign, is willing to admit that there are no distinctions of stations, or to waive the consideration, that it is neither right nor expedient that subordinate people should maintain a different course. It is, therefore, the prolific parent of that respectable, as well as amiable and attractive, virtue known as ‘Colonial Patriotism.’

“It is some years since I was at a ball at Government House. My age and infirmities render them irksome to me, and, of course, unfit me for enjoying them. The last time I was there, was during the administration of Sir Hercules Sampson. I need not describe him, or his lady and daughter, or his two aides, Lord Edward Dummkopf and the Honourable Mr. Trotz, for, if I recollect aright, Barclay has done that already, much better than I could, in his graphic sketch of ‘Asking a Governor to Dine.’ It was on the first day of January, there was a levée in the morning, a dinner party in the afternoon, and a ball in the evening. A custom prevailed then, and still does, I believe, at Halifax, as well as elsewhere in the country, for the gentlemen to call that day on all the ladies of their acquaintance, who are expected to be at home to receive visitors, to whom cake and wine are offered. Of course, there is at every house a constant succession of people, from mid-day till the hour of dinner; and, at the time I am speaking of, these morning libations to the health of the fair sex increased not a little towards afternoon the difficulty, that always exists in winter, in walking over the slippery and dangerous streets of the town. Although

generally considered a very troublesome ceremony, it is not without its beneficial effects, inasmuch as it induces or compels a renewal of relations that have suffered from neglect or misunderstanding during the preceding year, and affords a good opportunity for reconciliation without the intervention of friends, or the awkwardness of explanations. Indeed, it is this consideration alone that has caused this rural practice to survive the usages of the olden time.

“ Many absurd anecdotes are in circulation relating to the accidents and incidents of the ‘ New Year’s Calls,’ among the drollest of which is the sudden irruption into a house of the greater part of those persons who had attended the Governor’s levée, and their equally sudden departure, amid shrieks of affright and roars of laughter, as the cracking of the beams of the floor gave notice of the impending danger of a descent into the cellar, and the subsequent collective mass of fashionables in one confused and inextricable heap at the foot of the very icy steps of the hall door. Ah, me ! those were days of hilarity and good humour, before political strife had infused bitterness and personality into everything. *We were but too happy before we became too free.* The dinner was an official one ; the guests were the various heads of departments in the place ; and it passed off much in the same manner as similar ones do elsewhere.

“ Of the ball, it is difficult to convey to you a very distinct idea, such entertainments being so much alike everywhere. There may be more fashion and more elegance in one assembly than another ; but, if the company are well-bred people, the difference is one of appearance, and not of character ; and even when the company is mixed and motleyed, as on the occasion I am speaking of, still, when the greater part of them are gentry, the difference between it and one more exclusive, though perceptible to the eye well defined and clearly distinguishable, is one of colouring ; and if, in delineating it, the shades are made too strong, it be-

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comes a fancy sketch rather than a faithful picture, and the actors appear in caricature, and not in natural and faithful portraiture. To give you the proprieties would be insipid, as all proprieties are, and to give you only the absurdities would be to make them too prominent, and lead you to suppose they were samples of the whole, and not exceptions. You must bear this in mind, therefore, or you will think the account exaggerated, or the party more exceptionable than it really was.

“ When I first knew Government House, the society to be met with there was always, as I have before said, the best in the place. In time, each succeeding Governor enlarged the extent of his circle; and, at last, as a corrective, two were formed for evening entertainments: one that was selected for small parties, and for frequent intercourse with the family; and a second, designed for public nights only and rare occasions, and so arranged as to embrace all within, as well as most people beyond, the limits of the other. The effect of this arrangement was, to draw the two classes apart, to create invidious distinctions, and to produce mutual dislike. Subsequently, the two have been merged into one, which has consequently become so diluted as to be excessively unpalatable. The best part have lost their flavour, without imparting it to others; and the inferior, being coarser and stronger, have imbued the rest with as much of their peculiarities as to neutralize their effect, while they have retained enough to be as disagreeable and repulsive as ever.

“ The evening to which I allude being a public one, the invitations were very numerous, and embraced the military, navy, and staff, the members of the legislature, which was then in session, and all the civilians whose names were to be found on the most extended list that had been formed at the time. Having dined at the palace that day, I happened to be present at the arrivals. The guests were shown into the drawing-

room, and courteously, though ceremoniously, received by the Governor, his lady, and staff. Those who were wholly unknown, and the least acquainted with the usages of society (as is always the case with awkward people), arrived long before the rest, and were not a little surprised and awed at finding themselves alone in the presence of the 'royal party.' The ladies were unable or afraid to be at ease, or to appear at home, and sat on the edges of their chairs, stiff, awkward, and confused. The utterance of the gentlemen, who were no less conscious of being out of their element, was thick, rapid, and unintelligible; while they appeared to find hands and feet an intolerable nuisance. The former felt into every pocket of their owners for a secure retreat, but were so restless, they had hardly secreted themselves before they made their escape into another hiding-place, when they put a bold face on the matter, advanced and clasped each other in agony in front, and then undertook the laborious task of supporting the skirts of the coat behind. The latter, like twin-brothers, entered the room together, and stood on a footing of perfect equality; but it was evident ambition was at work among them, for the right first claimed precedence, and then the left, and then rudely crossed before each other, and, at last, as if ashamed of this ineffectual struggle, when their master sat down, hid themselves under the chair, or embraced each other lovingly on the carpet.

"Lord Edward could not, and Trotz would not, talk. Sir Hercules, with great good humour, tried every topic; but he no sooner started one, than it fled in affright at the cold and repulsive monosyllable 'Yes,' or 'No,' and escaped.

"'How very icy the streets are!' he said; 'they are really quite dangerous.'

"'Very, sir.'

"'Does your harbour freeze over?'

"'No, sir—oh, yes, often, sir!—that is, very rarely—when the barber rises, sir....'

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“ ‘ Perhaps, madam, some of these prints would amuse you ! Here are some of the latest caricatures ; they are capital....’

“ ‘ No, thank you, Sir Hercules—not any, sir.’

“ ‘ Are you fond of driving in a sleigh ?’

“ ‘ Some, sir.’

“ ‘ Do you play ?’

“ ‘ I never touch cards, sir.’

“ ‘ No, but upon the piano ?’

“ ‘ No, but my Anna Maria does ; and master says she has a most grand ear, sir.’

“ ‘ Perhaps you would like to hear some music ? If so, Lady Sampson will have great pleasure in playing for you.’

“ ‘ For *me* ! Oh, dear, no—not for the world ! I couldn’t think of it for *me*, sir.’

“ ‘ What a pity it is there is no theatre at Halifax !’

“ ‘ Yes, sir—very, sir—for them as sees no harm in ‘em, sir—yes, sir.’

“ The Governor gave it up in despair, and offered me a pinch of snuff, with an air of resignation that would have done honour to a martyr. They were afraid of him, and knew not how to address him ; and, besides, who could talk amid general silence, and subject their chit-chat to the critical ordeal of strangers ?

“ Announcements now became more frequent, and relieved the embarrassment of both parties. Major and Mrs. Section ; Mrs. and the Misses de Laine ; the Hon. Mr. Flint (a privy councillor) ; Mr. Steel (the Speaker), Mrs. and Miss Steel, and Miss Tinder ; Colonel Lord Heather ; Vice-Admiral Sir James Capstan ; Lady Capstan ; Captain Sheet ; Lieutenant Stay ; and so on. The room was soon filled, and it was amusing to witness the effect this reinforcement had on the spirits of the advanced party, who had hitherto sustained, unaided and alone, the difficult conversation, and to watch the eagerness with which they recognised and claimed an acquaintance with whom they could be at ease and talk freely. An in-

ipient attack of the gout compelling me to take a chair, I sat down near the table on which were the prints and caricatures, but soon became more interested in the scene before me than in those over-drawn pictures of life, and was excessively amused at the scraps of conversation that reached me from detached groups in my neighbourhood.

“ ‘ Ah, Mrs. Section!’ said Trotz, as he gave her, very condescendingly, one finger, ‘ how do you do? And how is my friend, the major?’ ”

“ ‘ The major is poorly, thank you,’ she replied; ‘ he caught a bad cold in going those ‘orrid grand rounds last night.’ ”

“ ‘ Ah,’ said Trotz, ‘ he should have had a four-post bedstead put upon runners, and driven in that manner to visit the posts! The orderly could have accompanied him, turned out the guards for him, and, when all was ready, opened the curtains.’ ”

“ ‘ How very good!’ said Lord Edward.

“ ‘ What a droll fellow Trotz is!’ observed the lady to her neighbour: ‘ but those grand rounds really are a great nuisance, and I get dreadfully frightened when Section is out. Last night I wanted to have Sergeant Butter to sleep in the ‘ouse; but the major said, ‘ Enrietta, don’t be foolish!’ So I put my maid Hann in the dressing-room. Presently I ‘eard a noise, and called to Hann, and we examined every place—and what do you think it was? an howl tapping against the heavens of the ‘ouse!’ ”

“ ‘ I am afraid,’ said the Admiral to his flag-captain, ‘ that Sampson will find himself in a scrape this winter. I don’t see how he is to get over the rupture of the last session; where it was tongued then, it has again given way, I understand, and nothing holds it now but the cheeks and back fish.’ ”

“ ‘ Dear me, Sir James,’ said Mrs. Section, ‘ ‘ow very ‘orrid! do, pray, recommend to him ‘Olloway’s Healing Hointment—it’s hexcellent! But what did you say it was that ‘ung by the Governor’s cheeks?’ ”



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“ Their sense of the ludicrous overcame their sense of propriety, and they both laughed heartily; when the Admiral said—

“ ‘ Nothing, my dear madam—nothing in the world but his whiskers!’

“ Moving a little further off, their place was soon supplied by another set, among whom was the pretty Mrs. Smythe.

“ ‘ Ah, Mrs. Section, how do you do to-night? You really look charmingly! Let me introduce dear Mrs. Claverhouse to you!.....How glad I am to see you, Miss Schweineimer! When did you come to town? Has your father taken his seat in the council yet?—Stop, my dear, there is nobody looking just now; your dress is unhooked at the top; let me fasten it. What a lovely complexion! I would give the world for such a colour as you have. I suppose you ride a great deal a-horseback in the country?’

“ ‘ No, I never ride; father hasn’t a beast fit for the side-saddle.’

“ ‘ Call it a horse, dear; we call nothing a beast in Halifax, dear, but Colonel Lord Heather, who won’t allow his band to play at private parties. Do you know Lady Capstan? I will introduce you.’

“ ‘ Oh, dear, no, not for the world, before so many folks! I shouldn’t know whether I was standing on my head or my heels, if you did.’

“ ‘ Don’t talk of standing on your head, dear; women never do it here, except at a circus.’

“ ‘ It’s allowable to have one’s head turned a little sometimes, though, ain’t it?’ retorted the young lady. ‘ But who is that old fellow at the table?’

“ ‘ Don’t call him a fellow, dear—fellows are only found at colleges and workhouses: call him ‘gentleman,’ and leave the word ‘old’ out; nobody is old here but the devil. It is Judge Sandford, dear. Shall I introduce you? I think he knows your father.’

“ ‘ Oh, no, pray don’t; he looks so horrid cross and grumpy!’

“ ‘ Who is to be the new Legislative Councillor? inquired a member of the Assembly of another.

“ ‘ Morgan, I believe.’

“ ‘ Morgan! why, he can’t write his name! You don’t mean to say they intend to put in Morgan? Why, he ain’t fit to be a doorkeeper—and, besides, his character is none of the best, they say.’

“ ‘ It will conciliate all the clergy of’

“ ‘ Conciliate the devil! Well, you do astonish me! Did you get your vote through for the Shinimicash Bridge?’

“ ‘ Yes.’

“ ‘ I wish you’d help me, then—log-roll mine through, for an over-expenditure. I have of five hundred pounds.’

“ ‘ I will, if you will support the academy in my county. I was put in on that interest.’

“ ‘ Done!’ and the parties shook hands, and separated.

“ As they turned to depart, one of them struck his elbow against a musical instrument, that gave out a loud and long-continued sound.

“ ‘ What’s that?’ he asked.

“ ‘ They call it a harp,’ was the reply.

“ ‘ The devil it is! I wonder if it is like the harp of Solomon!’

“ ‘ I never heard of Solomon’s harp.’

“ ‘ Well, it’s much of a muchness, then, for I never saw it; so we are about even, I guess.’

“ ‘ I say, Bill, that’s a devilish pretty craft with a rainbow on her catheads, ain’t she?—there, that one with pink streamers and long-legged gloves,’ said one little middy to another. ‘ I’m blowed if I don’t go and ask her to dance with me!’

“ ‘ Why, Black, what are you at, man! You haven’t been introduced to her.’

“ ‘ The uniform’s introduction enough to her; there’s no harm in trying it, at any rate. So I’m off in chase of the strange sail, and will speak her, at all events.’

“ ‘How was dry cod at Berbice?’ inquired a little, cold, calculating man, of another (who, from his enormous bulk, appeared to have fed upon something much better than his favourite export)—‘how was cod, when the brig Polly left Berbice? And lumber—was the market good? What a grand government contract Longhead got for the supply of the army and navy! That fellow don’t entertain the commissary people for nothing; that’s a fact! There’s no use to tender where he’s concerned.’

“ ‘How late the officers of the 10th are in coming to-night!’ whispered a very pretty young lady to her companion. ‘There is nothing but those horrid black coats here, and they look like ill-omened birds. I can’t bear them; they take up so much room, and, I fancy, soil my gloves.’

“ ‘I can’t say I have any objection to them,’ said the other; ‘but I wish they were not so fond of dancing. But just look at Ann Cooper, what a witch she has made of herself; she actually looks like a fright! I wonder what Captain Denham can see in her to admire! Come this way: there is that horrid Lawyer Galbanum seeking whom he can devour, for the next quadrille: I shall say I am engaged.’

“ ‘So shall I, for I have no idea of figuring with him. Look at Major Mitchell, how he is paying court to Lady Sampson! They say he is attentive to Miss Sampson. They are moving this way; let us go over to Mrs. Section, she always has so many people about her that one knows.’

“ ‘What a magnificent screen!’ exclaimed Major Mitchell to the great enchantress, Lady Sampson. ‘How beautifully it is executed! It is the most exquisite piece of embroidery I ever saw. I am at a loss which most to admire,—the brilliancy of the colouring and delicate shading, or the skilful way in which it is worked in; for it has a richer and softer effect than anything of the kind I ever beheld. Where in the world did you get it?’

“ ‘ I hardly like to tell you, after such extravagant praise ; but it is the joint production of myself and daughter. One has to resort to some such occupation to pass the time in this horrid country ; and,’ looking round cautiously, and lowering her voice, ‘ among such horrid cariboos of people, too.’

“ ‘ Exactly,’ said the major ; ‘ I know how to pity you.’

“ ‘ When I was in the West Indies, I used to amuse myself by embroidering by way of killing time. The weather was so extremely hot, it was impossible to use any exercise.’

“ ‘ Got this place made a free port, you see, Sir Hercules,’ said a man, who appeared to have had an interview on some occasion at the Colonial and Home Office. ‘ I told the Secretary of State refusal was out of the question, we must have it ; and threatened to have a committee moved for on it in the House of Commons,—regularly bullied him out of it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is a particular friend of mine, told me before I went it was the only way at Downing Street. Bully them, says he, and you’ll get it. But Peel, he said, was a different man : self-created—a new man—important—feels himself—stands before the fire with his back to it, and his hands in his pockets. He knows who he is, and so must you appear to know. I took the hint, pitched into him about the confidence of the colonies in his great grasp of intellect, comprehensive mind, and so on. Don’t say another word, my good fellow, it shall be done. *I* say it, you know, and that’s enough. I had a conversation with John Russell, too ; and, between you and me, they tell me his Lordship is a rising man. Plumbstone, said he, Halifax is a very important place,—a very important place indeed. I really had no idea of it until you explained to me its capabilities ; and then, tapping me on the shoulder, he said, and it has some very important men in it, too!—a handsome compliment, wasn’t it? And

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then he quoted some Latin ; but I've grown so rusty—hem !—so long since I've had time—hem !—I couldn't follow him.'

" ' Stop a minute, Sarah ; let me pull out your flounce, and fix your sleeves and braids for you,' said an anxious mother to her daughter. ' There, now, that will do ; but hold yourself up, dear. In a ball-room, people look shorter than they are, and must make the most of themselves ; and don't dance with those horrid little midshipmen, if you can find any other partners.'

" ' Why, ma ?'

" ' Exactly,' said Mrs. Smythe, who appeared to be endowed with ubiquity, ' your mother is right. Do you know Captain Beech, or Lieutenant Birch, of the Jupiter ? I will introduce them to you ; they are both well connected, and have capital interest. Take my arm, but don't look at those country members, dear, and then you won't have to cut them, for Sir Hercules don't like that. Appear not to see them, that's the most civil way of avoiding them. Recollect, too, that walls have ears—especially when they are covered with flowers, as they will be to-night. Now, I'll tell you a secret, dear ; Major Macassar is engaged in England, so don't waste your time in talking to him this evening. Keep close to me, now, and I'll take you among the right set, and introduce you to good partners, for I see preparations making for moving out.'

" Here Sir Hercules gave his arm to Lady Capstan, Lord Heather following with Lady Sampson, and led the way to the ball-room. It was a large and handsome apartment, tastefully decorated and well lighted ; and the effect produced by the rich and various uniforms of the military and navy was gay, and even brilliant—more so, indeed, than is generally seen in a provincial town in England ; for the garrison consisted of three regiments, and the greater part of the fleet upon the station was in port at the time.

At the upper end of the room were the Governor, Lady Sampson, the Admiral and his lady, and the heads of the civil and military departments of the place and their families. Those next in rank adorned the sides of the room ; and groups of those who made no pretension to that equivocal word ' position ' occupied and filled the lower end.

" The indiscriminate hospitality that had thus assembled together people of the same community, wholly unknown to each other except by name, had the effect of causing a restraint in the manner of the upper class, in a vain and weak desire not to be thought on a footing of equality with those beneath them ; and, on the other side, a feeling that this difference was purposely rendered palpable, and maintained, if not with incivility, at least, with a total want of courtesy. Where such was the condition of things, the whole naturally suffered from the conduct of a few individuals ; and those who exhibited or assumed airs of superiority, on the one part, or resented them coarsely, on the other, naturally involved the right-thinking people of both in the censure that belonged peculiarly to themselves.

" ' Who is that beautiful girl ? ' asked a person near me, of a lady belonging to the place.

" ' I don't know her.'

" ' And that extremely interesting young lady ?'

" ' I am not aware ; I never met her before ; she is not of our set.'

" And yet it was manifest she knew her name ; had seen her frequently, though not, perhaps, in the same room ; and was well acquainted with the condition and respectable character of her parents. If any allowance could be made for this absurd fastidiousness, some extenuation might be found for female vanity in the fact, that what the lower end of the room lost in station was more than compensated for in beauty. Trotz, who had observed this littleness, did not fail to use it, to the annoyance of those who had

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been weak enough to exhibit it. He affected great astonishment at their not knowing people so distinguished for beauty, ease of manner, and agreeable conversation. The lower they were in the scale of society, the more he extolled them for these qualities, and pronounced them decidedly the finest women in the country.

“ In a short time, the quadrilles were formed, and all (that is, all the younger part of the company) were in motion; and, whatever the undercurrents and unseen eddies of feeling might have been, all appeared gay and happy. Indeed, some of the young ladies from the country danced with a vigour and energy that showed their whole hearts were engaged in displaying what they considered most valuable qualities, exertion and endurance. The effect of the sudden cessation of music in a ball-room is always ludicrous, as the noise compels people to talk louder than usual; and, when it terminates, the conversation is continued for awhile in the same key.

“ ‘ My heart is as free as the eagle, sir,’ were the first words I heard from a fair promenader.

“ ‘ Father is shocked at a waltz. I must wait till he goes into supper.’

“ ‘ Ma says she’s a sheep in lamb’s clothing; she recollects her forty years ago, dancing with a boy, as she is to-night.’

“ ‘ I say, Bill, look at the old ladies a-starboard there, how they haul in their claws, like lobsters, when the promenading commences!’

“ ‘ Hush, there’s Captain Sheet!’

“ ‘ I hope he’s not in the wind! Who is that he has got in tow? She looks like a heavy sailor.’

“ ‘ Hush, he’ll hear you!’

“ ‘ It’s a great shame, now, to wear spurs in a ball-room! Major Macassar has torn my dress, and scraped my ankle dreadfully. I’m really quite lame. The gold wire, too, has made my neck smart as if it was stung with nettles.’

“ ‘ Well, if it’s any satisfaction to retaliate, you have certainly punished that Highland officer nicely, for the beetle-wing trimming on your dress has scratched his knees most unmercifully ! But, oh, Sarah ! look at Captain Denham ! if his epaulette hasn’t drawn off a false curl, and there he carries it suspended from his shoulder as a trophy ! Well, I never ! He needn’t think it will ever be claimed ! I wonder who in the world it belongs to ? How glad I am it isn’t the colour of my hair ! ’ ”

“ ‘ Oh, sir, if you haven’t seen Carriboo Island, sir, near Pictoo, you haven’t seen the prettiest part of Nova Scotia ! I never beheld anything so lovely as Carriboo Island. We have such pleasant clam-parties there, sir, especially when the timber-vessels arrive. ’ ”

“ ‘ Lady Sampson had but one topic, which, though it had lasted since October, was likely to endure through the winter season. She had visited the Falls of Niagara in the autumn, and was filled with wonder and amazement. She was now describing them to a circle of admiring friends. ’ ”

“ ‘ It was a mighty cataract ! ’ she said.

“ ‘ It might be removed by couching, ’ remarked a deaf staff-doctor, who thought she was talking of her eyes, which greatly distended at the time with the marvellous story.

“ ‘ The Falls ! ’ she said, raising her voice.

“ ‘ Ah ! the effect of a fall—that will render the operation doubtful. ’ ”

“ ‘ Water-fall ! ’ ”

“ ‘ Ah, exactly ; the lachrymal gland is affected. ’ ”

“ ‘ Ni-ag-a-ra ! ’ she said, raising her voice still higher, and pronouncing the word slowly.

“ ‘ I beg your pardon, madam, ’ he replied, putting his hand to his ear, and advancing his head much nearer ; ‘ I beg your pardon, but I didn’t hear. ’ ”

“ ‘ Trotz ! do, pray, take that horrid man away, and explain to him, ’ said the lady, and then con-

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tinued. 'I saw the pool at the foot of the rock where the Indian warrior rose after going over the Fall, and was whirled round and round in the vortex for a great many days, in an upright position, as if he were still alive! They say it was a fearful sight; at last, the flesh dissolved, and the frame parted and sunk!'

"She then led the way to the drawing-room, to show a sketch of Niagara, that the military secretary had prepared for her. Trotz detained the doctor a minute behind, and I heard him say,—

" 'Though the cataract was not, that story of the Indian really was, all in my eye.'

" 'So I should think,' was the reply.

"The ante-rooms through which we passed were filled with persons playing cards, or taking refreshments. At a small table sat my friend, the midshipman, with the little strange sail with pink streamers, to whom he had given chase in the early part of the evening, and, as he said, brought to. They were just commencing a sociable game of chess.

" 'Suppose,' said the jolly tar to his fair friend—'suppose that we strip as we go? It's great fun.'

" 'I don't understand you,' said the young lady, with an offended toss of her pretty head.

" 'What! not know what strip as we go is?'

" 'I don't know what you mean, sir!'

" 'Why, this is the rule. Any thing you *can* take, you are *bound* to take, and strip the board as you go on. It shortens the game amazingly.'

"Lady Sampson now opened a large book, containing the promised sketch, and unfolded and extended out a narrow strip of paper of immense length, painted green, and resembling an enormous snake, and explained it all in detail.

" 'There is the Gulf of St. Lawrence,' she said; 'and there's Quebec; and there's Montreal; and there are the lakes; and there—just there—no, not

there—a little higher up—just between your thumb and finger—is Niagara,—vast, mighty and grand Niagara! Don't you see the grand Falls, Mr. Section? There, that little white speck—that's it! It's so mighty, that neither the eye nor the mind can take it all in at once! Captain Howard drew it! Ain't it beautifully done? He draws so well! He can draw any thing!

“ ‘I must introduce him to you,’ whispered Mrs. Smythe to Miss Schweineimer.

“ ‘Yes,’ said Trotz to Lord Edward, ‘he can draw any thing,—a long bow, a long cork—any thing but a bill, and that he won't draw for any one!’

“ ‘How very good!’ replied Lord Edward.

“ ‘Here is an epitome of it—an abridgment—the ideas, as it were, itself, though not developed;’ and she exhibited a very good and accurate sketch taken by her daughter, infinitely better done, and more intelligible, than the other. ‘What do you think, Mrs. Smythe, of my transferring this to embroidery—working it for a screen, or a cushion? No, a cushion wouldn't do, either; it's inconvenient to have to rise every time you wish to show it. But for a screen, eh?’

“ Another party, an exploring one, that was reconnoitering what was going on in the drawing-room, now arrived; and the loud prolonged sound of Niagara was again heard in the distance, amidst the confused hum of many voices, as I returned to the ball-room. The dancing being about to be resumed, I took a seat near a Mrs. Blair, an old lady who came for the purpose of chaperoning her daughter that evening. I had known her in her youth, but had not met her of late years, and was shocked to see the change that time had effected both in her appearance and disposition. The playful humour, for which she was remarkable when young, had degenerated into severe sarcasm; the effects, probably, of ill health, or of decreased fortune.

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“ ‘ Who would have thought of seeing you here, Judge ? ’ said she.

“ ‘ The truth is, my dear Mrs. Blair, ’ I replied, ‘ I have not been at a ball for many years, and probably never shall be again ; and, as I dined here to-day, and was in the house when the company arrived, I thought I would stay and take one last long look at a scene which recalls so many recollections of bygone days ; and, besides, it always does me good to see happy faces about me.’

“ ‘ Happiness in a ball-room ! ’ she ejaculated, with some bitterness of feeling ; ‘ I thought you were too much of a philosopher, to believe in such a deception ! Look at that old wall-eyed colonel, now (excuse the coarseness of the expression, but I have no patience with people of his age forgetting their years),—look at that wall-eyed colonel, with an obliquity of vision, and the map of Europe traced in red stains on his face ! Happy fellow, is he not ? See, he is actually going to dance ! It will puzzle those two sisters to know which he is addressing.’

“ She had scarcely uttered the words, when both the young ladies rose at once, each thinking he had asked for the honour of her hand.

“ ‘ How happy he must feel, ’ she continued, ‘ in having such an ocular proof of the want of unity or expression in his eyes ! Oh ! look at that old lady, with a flame-coloured satin dress, and an enormous bag hanging on her arm, with tulips embroidered on it, and a strange-looking cap, with a bell-rope attached to one side of it, fanning a prodigious bouquet of flowers in her belt, as if to keep them from fainting with the heat, and losing their colour ! Oh, observe that member woman, that lady from the rural districts, habited in a gaudy-coloured striped silk dress, trimmed all over with little pink bows, having yellow glass buttons in the centre ; a cap without a back, stuffed full of feathers, like Cinderella’s godmother ; and enormously long gloves, full of wrinkles, like the

skin of an elephant ! They are both happy, but it is the happiness of fools ! Happiness in a ball-room ! Ah, Judge, you and I are too old for such twaddle ! I wish you had been here when the yellow-fever was raging ! In a garrison town, the young ladies have the scarlet-fever all the year round ; but last year the yellow-fever predominated ; for, you know, two diseases cannot exist in the constitution at one time. At a sale of wrecked goods, a fashionable milliner bought a lot of maize-coloured satins so cheap, as to be able to sell them for a mere trifle ; but disposed of them skilfully, by exhibiting only a few at a time. The consequence was, a great number of young ladies made their appearance here in what each one considered a rare fabric ; and, to their horror, found the room full of them ! I christened it then, and it has ever since been known as the bilious ball. Do you suppose those maize-coloured satins covered happy hearts that night ? There is Ella M'Nair, now, dancing with her awkward country cousin, whom she is afraid to refuse, yet unwilling to accept, as a partner, alarmed for the horror of Lord Heather, the sneers of Trotz, and the triumph of the Shermans. Sweet girl ! how joyous she looks, does she not ? Oh, look at that supercilious little fellow near the fireplace, whose elbow is resting on the mantelpiece ! The education his foolish father gave him spoiled him for the kitchen, without fitting him for the parlour. Instead of being a cheerful, thrifty tradesman, he has been metamorphosed into a poor, shabby, discontented gentleman. He looks like a grasshopper on half-pay.

“ You see the same thing every where. Observe that very pretty and remarkably well-dressed lady opposite. She is a widow of large fortune and good connexions. Her affections are all absorbed by that lout of a boy she is talking to, who is her only child. His bent knees and stooping shoulders give you the idea of a ploughboy, while his fashionable dress would lead you to suppose he had clothed himself, by fraud or

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mistake, from his master's wardrobe. She is beseeching him to stand properly, and behave like a gentleman; and, above all, to dance; to all which he is becoming more and more rebellious; and now he has jerked away his arm, and is diving into that crowd of men near the fire, to escape from her importunities and the observation of others. Her wealth and station have given her but little happiness, and her maternal cares and devoted affection are the torment of her son. Did you use that word happiness, therefore, Judge, as a common-place phrase, or did it express what you really meant?

“ ‘I meant what I said,’ I replied. ‘Happiness is rather a negative than positive term in this world, and consists more in the absence of some things than in the presence of others. I see no harm in assemblies where they are not the business, but the relaxation of life, as they certainly are in this country. People come together for the purpose of pleasing and being pleased, of seeing and being seen, to be amused themselves, and to contribute their share to the amusement of others. They come with a disposition and a hope to be happy. Music and dancing exhilarate the spirits, hilarity is contagious, and, generally speaking, people do enjoy themselves, and I derive great gratification in witnessing their happiness. That was what I meant, for I never supposed there could be an assemblage of two or three hundred people, without there being some individuals unable or unwilling to partake of the gaiety about them.’

“Just then Miss Schweincimer, the young lady that called her horse a beast, and myself an ugly old fellow, passed, hanging on the arm of a subaltern officer, into whose face she was looking up with evident satisfaction, while listening to his flattering accents.

“ ‘Oh, charming!’ she said. ‘If I haven’t enjoyed myself to-night, it’s a pity, that’s all! How do you feel? I feel kind of all over. It’s the handsomest

party I ever saw in all my life ! How I like Halifax ! I wish father lived here instead of the Blueberry Plains !'

" 'There, madam,' I said, 'let us abide by the decision of that unsophisticated girl. I forgive her nasal twang and her ignorance, for the simplicity and truthfulness of her nature ;' and I effected my escape from my cynical companion.

" Conversation such as hers is depressing to the spirits, and lowers one's estimate of mankind. It puts you out of sorts ; for such is the mysterious effect of sympathy, that a discontented person soon infuses a portion of his own feeling into the mind of his auditors. I did not, however, derive much benefit from change of place, for the gentleman who next accosted me was imbued with much of the same captious spirit.

" 'I have been pitying you for some time, Judge,' he said. 'How could you think of remaining so long with that bitter specimen of humanity, Mrs. Blair ? She speaks well of no one, and has been amusing herself by feeling the silks and satins of her neighbours this evening, so as to find fault with their texture, if thin, and the extravagance of their owners, if otherwise. She has been grumbling to every one that the room is so badly lighted, good dresses are lost in the dim and gloomy apartment. I shall propose to Sir Hercules to have shelves put up on the wall for those old chaperons, with chandeliers in front of them to show off their velvets to the best advantage ; when they will be out of all danger themselves from heels and spurs, and be deprived of the power of annoying others. Capital idea, isn't it ? A very vulgar party this, Judge ? When the guests that are invited do come, it's not fair to send to the highways and byways for others. In the olden time, we are told, it was only when a man's friends declined, that a press-warrant issued to man the tables with the first poor devils that could be found going to bed supperless.'

" The party now began to move towards the supper-

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room, which generally presents more attractions to persons who stand less in need of refreshments than those who have been fatigued or exhausted with dancing. The tables were tastefully and beautifully arranged; but the effect was much injured by the profuse and substantial character of some of the viands, which the number and quality of the guests rendered necessary. Whatever doubt there might have been as to the possibility of a ball conferring happiness, there could be none as to the enjoyment derived from the supper. In approving or partaking, nearly all seemed to join; few claimed exemption from age, and no one objected to a *vis-à-vis*; and, if some had danced with all their hearts, an infinitely greater number eat and drank with as much relish as if eating and drinking were as unusual a thing as waltzing.

“ I looked, but in vain, for my cynical companion, Mrs. Blair, to draw her attention to my friend, the midshipman, who had evidently made a prize of the strange sail, and was behaving with the utmost generosity and kindness to the vanquished. He insisted upon filling her plate with every thing within reach; and when it could hold no more, surrounded it with tenders, deeply laden with every variety of supply. Nor did he forget champagne, in which he drank to the fair one's health, to their better acquaintance, and to a short cruise and speedy return; and then, protesting it was all a mistake to suppose he had already done so, apologized for his neglect, and repeated the draughts till his eyes sparkled as bright as the wine. He cut the large cake before him, and helped his partner to a liberal share, complaining all the time that the knife was desperately dull; that it was the severest cutting-out service he was ever employed in; and vowed that the steward ought to have three dozen for his carelessness. He succeeded, however, at last in effecting the incision, and brought away several folds of a three-cornered piece of napkin, exactly fitting the slice, which had impeded the progress of his knife.

As he deposited this trophy of his skill and strength on the plate, he said, in an under tone, 'It only wanted a ring to make it complete;' whereat the lady's face was suffused with blushes and smiles, and, holding up her glass, she said, 'A very little wine, if you please.' Complying with this request, and filling his own, they pledged each other again; and something was looked, and something was thought, and something was felt, though not expressed on that occasion, that, notwithstanding Mrs. Blair's theory to the contrary, looked to me uncommonly like happiness.

"Miss Schweineimer was no less pleased, though she thought that the sandwiches were rather bitey; and the little red things in the pickles, to which Trotz had helped her, the hottest, not to be a fire, she had ever tasted, for they burned her tongue so as to make tears trickle down her cheeks.

"'Do look!' said a young lady near me to Mrs. Smythe—'do look at that strange creature covered with pink bows, and yellow glass buttons in them; she is actually eating her supper backwards! She began with fruits, and then proceeded to confectionary and jellies, and so on, and is now winding up with the breast and leg of a turkey! Who is she, and where does she come from?'

"'Her name is Whetstone; I will introduce you to her, by and by.'

"'No, thank you; I'd rather not.'

"'The place is unpronounceable. It is Scissiboomish-cogomah, an Indian word, signifying The Witch's Fountain.'

"'Ah, indeed! she is a fit representative.'

"The inventor of shelves for the chaperons now accosted me again.

"'I should have liked, Judge, to have had the pleasure of taking wine with you, but really Sampson's wine is not fit to drink; he seems to have lowered his standard of taste to suit the majority of his guests. Did you ever see any thing so disgusting as the quan-

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tities of things with which the tables are loaded, or the gross appetites with which they were devoured? It is something quite shocking! He is ruining the state of society here. These people realize our ideas of the harpies:—

Diripuuntque dapes, contactuque omnia fœdant
In mundo.

By the way, a little man, with a face like a squeezed lemon, has done me the honour to notice me once or twice to-night, with a half familiar and half obsequious nod, whom I have been at a loss to make out. The supper-table has betrayed him at last; for its resemblance to his own counter (for he keeps a confectionary-shop in the country) put him at ease in a moment. He is the most useful person here.'

"A message from Sir Hercules to his aide, Mr. Trotz, brought him to his feet, muttering, as he rose, his discontent in very audible tones. The renewal of the music in the ball-room at the same time intimated that the last dance was about to be commenced.

" 'You ain't going, Mr. Trotz, are you?' said Miss Schweineimer, who had unconsciously been the object of many impertinent remarks during the last half hour. 'Pray try one of those custards before you go; they are so good! Do, just to please me. You know I ate those fiery pickles, because you asked me;' and she handed him a liquid one, contained in a small circular glass.

"To the astonishment of every body, he complied with her request; but, being in a hurry to attend to the Governor's wishes, drank it off without the aid of a spoon, and replaced the glass on the table. In a moment he became dreadfully pale, and, putting his handkerchief to his face, exclaimed—

" 'Good heavens, the mustard-pot!' and left the room in convulsive agony from the effects of this powerful emetic, and disappeared amid the malicious laughter and uproarious delight of all those whom

he had at one time or another annoyed by his insolence.

“ ‘Well, I never!’ said the young lady: ‘it looks as like a custard-glass as two peas, don’t it? and it’s the identical colour, too! I am sorry it’s done; but I’d rather it had happened to him than any one else; for I believe in my soul he gave *me* the red hot pickles a-purpose. I am up sides with him, at any rate.’

“ ‘So would I, my dear,’ said Mrs. Smythe; ‘but don’t say so; here, you must always appear to be sorry for an accident. Let me introduce you to Mr. Able, assistant-surgeon of the Jupiter; for this is the last dance, and he’ll tell you where the red pickles grow. I really love you, for putting that trick upon that horrid Trotz.’

“ ‘I assure you it was a mistake....’

“ ‘That’s right, dear; look innocent, and say it was a mistake.’

“ ‘But I assure you....’

“ ‘Oh, of course! you really do it very well. You are a capital scholar!’

“The last dance lasted for a long time; for the termination of every thing agreeable is always deferred to the utmost moment of time. At length the band played ‘God save the King!’ which was the signal for parting, and the company took leave and disappeared in a few minutes, with the exception of the awkward squad that first arrived. Owing to their having made a mistake in the hour, or forgotten to give orders as to the time their carriages were to come for them, they were again doomed to annoy the gubernatorial party, and to be no less perplexed and bored themselves.

“Such were my last reminiscences of Government House; and, from what I hear, it has not at all improved of late years. Don’t let me be misunderstood, however. I do not give you this as a sketch of society at Halifax, but of a promiscuous ball at Government House: nor are the people whom I have described

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samples of the whole company ; but some of them are specimens of that part of it who ought never to have been there."

CHAPTER VI.

THE OLD ADMIRAL AND THE OLD GENERAL.

The quiet inn in which I have been domiciled ever since I arrived at Illinoo was yesterday the scene of the greatest disorder and confusion. Shortly after breakfast, a party of midshipmen, mounted on horseback, dashed into the courtyard during a violent thunderstorm, with the speed and clatter of a charge of cavalry. The merry crew at once dispersed themselves over every part of the house, which rang with their loud and long-continued peals of laughter. Their number was soon increased by the addition of three or four young women, who joined in their play with equal noise and delight, chasing their tormentors, or flying in affright at their rudeness, or quietly enjoying with them a game of leapfrog in the passages.

My landlady, Mrs. Smith, was in despair. All her remonstrances were met either with the response that she was a beauty without paint, an angel, a cherub, and a divine creature, or an invitation to join in their sport. An officer's wife, who was awaiting the arrival of her husband from Fredericton, was so alarmed and annoyed at the indecent behaviour of the juvenile party, that she summoned the hostess, and announced her intention of immediately leaving the house.

"I am shocked and frightened beyond measure," she said, "at your permitting those young gentlemen to make such a riot ; but, more than all, am I horrified at the behaviour of your housemaids, who are the most forward, romping, and shameless young women I ever beheld. I just now rang my bell, which was answered by the one who calls herself Charlotte, the pretty girl with the curly head of golden

hair. 'Fasten my dress,' said I. 'Yes, ma'am,' she replied; and before I knew what she was about, or could find words to express my surprise, my stays were nearly undone, and my clothes unfastened. 'Oh! I beg your pardon, ma'am,' she said, on being reprimanded for the mistake; 'I thought you said unrig. I'll reave it up in a minute.' When this was effected, she said, 'I'm blowed if I can find the hooks! are they on the larboard or starboard side?'—'Don't use those dreadful words,' I replied: 'you have learned them from those rude young midshipmen, who appear to have turned your head. Take care of yourself; for they are reckless creatures—here to-day, and gone to-morrow, and do not care what they say or do.' What do you think, Mrs. Smith, was the reply of that bold, impudent creature? I could scarcely believe my ears. 'Oh, ma'am,' she said, 'they are such nice young gentlemen, and so handsome, too, a body can't refuse them any thing; and, besides, I don't see any great harm in kissing. If you were to try....'—'Leave my presence directly,' I said; 'how dare you address me in that manner! Where is your mistress?'—'Up aloft, ma'am.' 'Aloft again! poor lost creature, dead to all sense of shame, whatever; I pity you, from the bottom of my heart. Send your mistress to me.' Now, Mrs. Smith, I have never been so vexed and insulted in my life, and I have sent for you to inform you I shall remove to another inn."

My poor unoffending landlady excused herself as well as she was able for an occurrence which she could neither foresee nor control. She said she was happy to say, for the credit of her household, that she had no such maid as Charlotte, nor one female in her establishment that would think of acting or talking as she had done. That that person must been the Honourable Mr. Hawson, who, with two others, borrowed female attire, while their own was drying at the fire, as they had no clothes with them but what they had on when they arrived; and that the romping girls who

played leapfrog were, in fact, no other than midshipmen. She added, that nothing of the kind could occur again, as they had just set out on their return to Halifax; and she hoped that nobody would be ridden over or killed, for they started at full gallop, waving their caps and cheering each other as they went.

The Judge was a good deal amused at the story, and laughed heartily over it.

"I am a good sailor," he said, "and fond of the sea, and so well acquainted with the manly bearing and noble qualities of our seamen, that I make every allowance for the irrepressible delight and inexhaustible fun and frolic of these youngsters, when just landed from a cruise. Whatever croakers may say about the condition of the navy, it is in as efficient a state as ever it was, and, when occasion requires, will give as good an account of itself. The Lieutenants are, in my opinion, as a class, in reference to their numbers, the most active, intelligent, and valuable body of men to be found in any branch of public service in any country in the world. In former years, I used to see a great deal of the navy, but, alas! all my old friends are now either superannuated or dead.

"During the war, when the whole fleet of one hundred sail rendezvoused at Halifax, such scenes as you have described were of constant occurrence, and the town was daily amused or disturbed by pranks of the sailors. I remember one piece of absurdity that occasioned a good deal of laughter at the time. At the period I am speaking of, before the expensive underground reservoirs were cut out of the rock on which the town stands, the streets were sometimes rendered almost impassable, from standing pools of water. A sailor, seeing a lady contemplating in despair one of these lagoons, took her up most gallantly in his arms, and, wading through it, safely deposited her on the other side. Alarmed at the suddenness of the transportation, she scolded her escort, in no measured terms, for the liberty he had taken, when he mounted

her again on his shoulders, and, carrying her back, replaced her where he had found her, humbly begging pardon, and hoping he had rectified his error.

“The story of the man who laid a drunken ship-mate at the feet of Captain *Coffin*, saying, ‘Here’s a *dead* man for you!’ was one that that eccentric officer was always very fond of relating, as illustrative of the humour of poor Jack.

“Nova Scotia was then the principal naval station on this side of the Atlantic, but now shares that honour with Bermuda; the Admiral residing in the summer at the former, and during the winter months at the latter place. The noble harbour of Halifax is one of the best, perhaps, in the world: its contiguity to Canada and the United States, its accessibility at all seasons of the year, and its proximity to England, (being the most Eastern part of this continent) give it a decided advantage over its rival; while the frightful destruction of stores at Bermuda, from the effects of the climate, its insalubrity, and the dangers with which it is beset, have never failed to excite astonishment at the want of judgment shown in its selection, and the utter disregard of expense with which it has been attended. The dockyard at Halifax is a beautiful establishment, in excellent order, and perfect of its kind, with the singular exception of not having the accommodation of a dock from which it derives its name. This deficiency was severely felt during the late war, and even in these peaceable times is a source of great inconvenience, expense, and delay. The arrival of the Admiral, in the spring, is always looked forward to with anxiety and pleasure, as it at once enlivens and benefits the town. Those common demonstrations of respect, salutes, proclaim the event, which is soon followed by the equally harmless and no less noisy revels of sailors, who give vent to their happiness in uproarious merriment. The Admiral is always popular with the townspeople, as he often renders them essential services, and seldom or never comes into collision with them. He is inde-

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pendent of them, and wholly disconnected with the civil government. 'Lucky fellow!' as Sir Hercules Sampson, the Governor, once said; 'he has no turbulent House of Assembly to plague him.'

"On an eminence immediately above the dockyard is the official residence, a heavy, square, stone building, surrounded by massive walls, and resembling, in its solidity and security, a public asylum. The entrance is guarded by two sentinels, belonging to that gallant and valuable corps, the marines, who combine the activity of the sailor with the steadiness and discipline of the soldier, forming a happy mixture of the best qualities of both, and bearing very little resemblance to either. 'These amphibious troops,' my old friend, Sir James Capstan, used to say, 'are very much in the way on board of a ship, except in an action, and then they are always in the right place.'

"This was no mean praise for a man who thoroughly detested them, for an insult his dignity once suffered from them, which he never forgot or forgave. Upon one occasion, I attended divine service with him, on board of his magnificent flag-ship, the *Graball*. The discipline, in those days, was dreadfully severe, and, I may add, unmerciful. The men were punished so often and so cruelly, that they became desperate, and mutiny and desertion were things of frequent occurrence. Scarcely a day passed without the loss of a man; and even the extreme penalty of death, which was the inevitable consequence of such crimes, did not check their desire to escape from the service. The chaplain took the opportunity to preach against desertion, and selected, for his text, the eleventh verse of the sixth chapter of Nehemiah—'And I said, should such a man as I flee?' He enlarged upon the duty of sailors to be obedient to those who were set in authority over them, and to continue true to their engagements, and enforced every exhortation by a repetition of his text. He then concluded, by an eloquent appeal to their feelings; first eulogizing their coolness and in-

trepidity in danger, and then calling upon them to stand by their king and country, and maintain the honour of both, and slowly and emphatically reiterated, 'And I said, should such a man as I flee?'—'No,' said a voice, which arose from among the marines, and was evidently the effect of ventriloquism—'no, d—n you! you are too well paid for that!' A loud, long-drawn breathing, was audible among the men, who, feeling that something atrocious had been done, which, in all probability, would be followed by some terrible retribution, while an ill-suppressed titter was heard among the junior officers, at the suddenness and quaintness of the retort. The chaplain paused, and looked at the Admiral, and the Admiral glared at the men, as if he could annihilate them all. Immediate inquiry was made, and the strictest examination of every individual instituted, accompanied by a positive declaration that the whole ship's company should be whipped, unless the culprit was given up. The secret, however, was never divulged, nor the threat of indiscriminate punishment carried into effect.

"More attention to the comfort of the men, greater regularity, and less caprice in their management, and a scale of punishment more proportioned to offences, have rendered flogging almost unnecessary, and executions of very rare occurrence. Poor fellows! their lives are hard and perilous, but their hardships and perils are occasionally aggravated by the tyranny of their superiors. Admirals, though they vary in size, temperament, and talent, all, more or less, bear the same characteristic stamp. The difference is one of class. For instance, there is your Admiral that is sent out to die. Rising alone and unaided in the service, it is late in life before he attains to the honours of his profession, and, when he does, his palsied hand can scarcely grasp his commission. Poor man! his reign is short; for his life expires before his period of service has terminated.

"Then there is your Admiral that comes out to

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make money. He has noble connections, or parliamentary interest, and his services through life have consequently been duly appreciated and promptly rewarded. Though he entered the navy many years after the aged man who preceded him in the command, he is in fact scarcely his junior in rank, so rapid has been his promotion. He has come to make money—but, alas! money is no longer to be made. The steamers carry all the coin and bullion which were formerly transported by men-of-war, and the Admiral, like others, is reduced to his pay, his rations, and his grog.

“Then comes an Admiral, because it cannot be helped. He is old, and has been long since forgotten, especially as he never performed any services worth remembering: but his name is on the list, and he cannot be passed over. He is accordingly traced to his agents, and from thence to Cheltenham, and again to a cottage surrounded by every plant of every part of the world that will endure the damp and sunless climate of England. The gate of this museum of relics and curiosities is opened by a servant, dressed in a pair of loose duck trowsers, a check shirt, and white canvass shoes, who gives a twitch with both hands to his waistband, a knowing nod with his head, and, looking at the postman with a mischievous air, as if he would delight in tripping up his heels and scattering his letters in the street, says, ‘Well, master, what cheer now? Closing the door on the impatient visitor, he reads on the letter the words, ‘On His Majesty’s Service;’ and says, musingly, ‘Some musty old return, I suppose; for, as for service, we are hardly seaworthy now.’ He then proceeds into a little room hung round with charts, spy-glasses, swords, and pistols, and shelves on which are exhibited South Sea war-clubs, idols, ostrich eggs, and curious feathers, the mantelpiece being garnished with an extensive collection of the pipes of all nations: at one end of the apartment is a hammock, in which reposes the unconscious commander-in-chief

of the North American and West Indian station. In a short time, the little occupant of the little cottage is transported to Portsmouth, where he hoists his flag as Admiral on board of one of the noble seventy-four gun ships in that harbour, and sets sail for Halifax or Bermuda. He comes, because it couldn't be helped.

"Fighting Admirals are, happily, not required; and, when the day of need comes, they will no doubt be found, as they always have been, among that numerous class of officers who enjoy the benefit of experience without the infirmities of age. Admirals again, even of the same classification, notwithstanding this strong family-likeness to each other, equally differ in peculiarities, which, however, affect their subordinates rather than civilians. They are generally uncomfortable inmates on board ship. There is your Admiral who never reads; he is an intolerable bore to the flag-captain, whom etiquette requires to attend him on deck and amuse him. He acts the part of dry nurse, and longs to be relieved from his charge.

"Then, there is your married Admiral, whose ladies will violate all rules, by sitting on forbidden parts of the ship, and insisting on his ordering sail to be shortened unnecessarily to appease their fears, while their horses, carriages, cows, cats, dogs, birds, and furniture, encumber the ship to the annoyance of everybody. They are very ungallantly styled live lumber by Jack, and voted a nuisance, a term of reproach which is somewhat compensated for by the evident admiration with which even the plainest of their sex are regarded in a place where women are such a rarity that a petticoat is looked upon as the attribute of Divinity.

"Then, there is the Admiral who does everything, and he who does nothing. The first is adored by the whole fleet, for a sense of justice pervades all his acts: services are rewarded, grievances redressed, and every body and everything kept in their place. Where the secretary rules all and does all, favouritism is dis-

covered or suspected; and, like all favourites, he is exceedingly unpopular with everybody but his master. Such are the men who so rapidly succeed each other in the command on this station.

“The old Admiral and the old General (for the Governor is almost always a military man) are the two highest officials in the colony; each have their staff and their guards, and each their little empire to rule. The one is a despotic and the other a constitutional monarch, and severally participate in the convenience or disadvantage of their respective systems. The one promulgates his own laws, and issues his orders on his own responsibility, which are implicitly obeyed. The other summons a parliament, and assembles around him his little Lords and Commons, and receives rather than gives law. He is not the machinery itself, but only a part of it—a sort of pendulum, that, by an equal vibration, balances and regulates the motions of both sides. They reside at different ends of the town, and love to reign apart from each other; a united service being incompatible with the habits and discipline of both. There is a marked difference in their bearing.

“The Admiral is a plain, unaffected man, with a frank and cordial manner, somewhat positive in his language, and having a voice that carries authority in its very tones. He is always popular, for he converses so freely and affably with every one, especially with the chronometer-maker, whom he visits daily, and instructs in the mysteries of taking observations of the sun. He delights in hoisting a mast into a disabled merchantman, provided the skipper will stand out of the way during the operation, and hold his tongue about matters of which it is impossible he can know anything; or in sending a hundred men to warp a vessel out of a place of danger; or in exhibiting the agility and boldness of his sailor in extinguishing a fire that defies the efforts and appals the courage of landsmen. He is liberal in his expenditure,

and subscribes munificently to every object of public charity.

“The old General is erect and formal, and is compelled to be ceremonious in defence of his prerogative and station. He is also reserved and cautious, afraid to commit himself by promises or opinions, and, whenever practicable, shelters himself behind generalities. There is an apparent object in his condescension ; he is desirous of standing well with the community, for much of his success depends upon his personal influence. The public have a claim upon and an interest in him ; for, though appointed by the Crown, he is their Governor, and they take the liberty of criticizing him. The one, therefore, naturally and unconsciously wins the good will of people, and the other labours to conciliate it. Popularity follows one, and is wooed by the other. Their mode of life and style of entertainment, too, are equally dissimilar.

“The Admiral has nothing to do with the legislature, a sort of *imperium in imperio*, which he is not altogether able to understand, and whose remonstrances look very like mutiny to him, and always suggest the idea of arrest and court-martial. The country members, therefore, are not seen at his table, nor do their wives and daughters grace his evening parties. He is free and unfettered in the choice of his society, and can select his associates from such portion of the community as he pleases. His household is principally composed of his attendants at sea, who know his habits and humours, and can accommodate themselves to them. His favourites, unlike those of the other, who are always courtiers or politicians, are a large Newfoundland dog, or a frolicksome goat, called the Commodore, who knocks over the unwary intruder, to the infinite amusement of the numerous domestics. The only part of his establishment that is refractory are his sheep, which, notwithstanding that the boatswain, boathook in hand, has been transformed into a shepherd, are constantly breaking bounds, leap-

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ing the stone walls, and scampering over the country. His kitchen-garden is the best in the place, and he prides himself not a little on his heads of cabbages and lettuces, which, he says, are the whitest and hardest that ever were seen; and in his poultry-yard, where white ducks, polar geese, guinea-hens, peacocks, and Portugal fowls, sailor-like, are enjoying a run on shore, and vie with each other in making the most discordant sounds. His carriage bears the same striking dissimilarity to the General's. The latter is a state affair, displaying gay trappings and liveried servants; the former an unpretending, convenient, little low-wheeled covered waggon, drawn by one stout horse, and driven at a slow pace by his secretary, in which he daily perambulates the unfrequented streets as well as the thoroughfares of the town. His dinner parties, also, are less formal. People are expected to speak above a whisper, or they cannot be heard, and to be at home, or they cannot be agreeable. The dinner itself has a smack of the sea; the dishes have a higher seasoning and a stronger flavour of vegetables, while the forbidden onion lurks stealthily concealed under the gravy. It is more abundant and substantial, and the decanters have a quicker pace and travel, as if time were short, and a walk on deck was soon apprehended. The servants move faster, though more noisily, and retain a sidelong motion, bracing out their feet, and hold fast the dishes as if they momentarily expected a lurch, and were prepared to maintain their equilibrium. Their apparel, too, is in character—slightly varied, in some instances, and in others not at all, from the regulation dress; while the butler (who is occasionally heard to order, in an undertone, Boy George to bear a hand, and Bill Gibson to stow away the dishes), instead of looking like his landlubber brother at Government House, heavy, corpulent, and rosy, is a thin, sunburnt, weather-beaten man, who has visited all parts of the world, and undergone the vicissitudes of every climate, and

appears to have selected his wines in the region in which they were made. The conversation, also, is unlike that at the palace, having no reference whatever to local matters. You hear nothing of the Mer-rygomish Bridge, the election at Port Medway, or the alteration of the road at Aspatangon, to which the Governor is compelled to listen, and, at each repetition, appear as much interested as ever.

“The sea is the sailor’s home, and his topics are drawn from every part of the globe. When at the Admiral’s table, therefore, you forget you are in Halifax. The following scraps of conversation that reach your ear convince you that you are not among provincials, but men of the world.

“‘You drive a wild horse into the stream, whom the electric eel immediately attacks ; after a few shocks, he exhausts his muscular powers, and you may seize him with impunity. They are occasionally found six feet in length.’

“‘The Canopus was one of Napoleon’s ships. She was built of Adriatic oak, and, old as she is, is one of the soundest and fastest vessels in the navy.’ ‘I don’t think any thing of her age, and, as for the timber, it is not to be compared to English oak : last year, I saw in the harbour of St. John a merchantman, that was employed by General Wolf, as a transport, at the siege of Quebec.’

“‘A double-bedded room does not mean, in the States, a room with two beds, but a bed with two persons in it. During the great embargo, I happened to be at Charlestown, South Carolina, when the landlord proposed to me to sleep with a dirty-looking foreign officer. If I cannot have a separate bed, I said, I prefer sitting before the fire all night to sleeping with that d—d Russian ! Is he a Russian, sir ? said a tall, thin, inquisitive Yankee, that stood listening to the conversation — is he a Russian ? I’ll take him, then, if it convenes you, stranger. I should rather like it, for I never slept with a Russian.’

“ ‘ Cape Breton was once a separate government, and that little village, Sidney, was the capital. When I commanded the Linnet, I put in there for a supply of coal. The Governor, who was the most extraordinary person I ever met, told me his Chief Justice had passed him in the street without touching his hat to him, and asked me if I did not think such insolence would justify him in removing him from his office. Upon my answering in the negative, he said, I'll tell you what I'll do. By Jove, I will declare martial law, try him at the drum-head, tie him up, and give him three dozen !’ ”

“ ‘ The Chinese regard these matters very philosophically. When Elliot was cannonading the forts above Canton, an officer came off with a flag of truce to one of the ships, and told the Captain that he thought the effusion of human blood both useless and wicked. If you no fire iron plumbs, then I no fire iron plumbs. You bang away powder for half an hour, and so will I; then I will run away, and you come and take the fort.’ ”

“ ‘ It depends upon what part of the coast you are on. The Gambia is by no means unhealthy, unless, perhaps, at the rainy season. It is a magnificent country; I penetrated three hundred miles into the interior, and the forest is like a vast umbrageous park. I recollect riding one moonlight night through where I was struck by the sound of the tinkling of innumerable little silver bells, which appeared to be attached to all the trees. It was the African nightingale, with which the forest was filled. I shall never forget the effect; it was the sweetest and most charming thing I ever heard.’ ”

“ ‘ He told me very gravely he saw a man breaking a horse at Rio, upon which he had fastened a monstrous pair of magnifying glasses, and, on inquiring of the fellow what was the object of putting spectacles on a horse, he replied that it was done for the purpose of giving him a good action, for, by enlarging every ob-

ject on the road, it made him step high to avoid it. He told the story so often that he began to believe it himself at last.'

"All this might as well have been said at Portsmouth or Plymouth as at Halifax, but is more agreeable at the latter place than elsewhere, because it is a relief to the monotonous conversation of a provincial town.

"The evening parties are much the same as those at Government House, which I have already described to you, but have more naval and fewer military officers, which, in a ball-room, is a decided improvement. Your subaltern, when he has taken his first lesson in 'soldiering' in England, of which, by the by, he is rather ashamed, for it is by no means the most fashionable amusement in that country, and lands in a colony, is rather a supercilious young gentleman, that finds nothing good enough for him. He talks to young ladies of Almacks, where he has never been; of the Opera, to which his mamma took him in the vacation; and La Blache, Catalani, or Grisi, whom, if he has not seen, he has often heard of. He thinks it beneath his dignity to dance—the 10th never dance—why should he? But the days of puppyism soon pass away, when their eyes are opened and they see as well, and become as agreeable as other people. The dear little midddy is a different sort of person altogether: he does not try to play the man—for he actually is one, a frank, jolly, ingenuous fellow. The cockpit is no place for affectation and nonsense, and, if by any chance they find their way there, they are expelled forthwith by common consent. There is no pity or sympathy, even for the real distress of an 'exquisite.'

"I recollect an anecdote of poor Theodore Hook's on this subject. I never knew, he said, but one instance of real sympathy. I was in an outward bound man of war off the Cape of Good Hope: the weather was very stormy, the sea ran mountains high, and the

ship laboured dreadfully. One night I put on my dreadnought coat and norwester hat, and went on deck. It was so dark, and the rain falling in torrents, it was difficult at first to distinguish objects. The boatswain was pacing to and fro as usual on his watch, and I held on by the rigger, for the purpose of ascertaining his opinion of the probability of a change of weather, when I heard a voice like that of a child crying. The sailor and I both approached the spot together whence the sound issued, where we found a little midshipman weeping bitterly, as he clung to the weather bulwarks to protect himself from the storm. 'Hullo! who are you that are blubbering like a baby there?' said the veteran, in a voice that resembled the roll of a drum. 'Lord Windlas, sir,' was the reply. 'Who the devil sent you here?' 'My father, sir.' 'More fool he for his pains!—he ought to have kept you at school. Did you cry when you left home?' 'Yes, sir,' said the little fellow, releasing his hold, and putting both fists to his eyes, as if to stop the gushing tears. 'And your mother, did she cry?' 'Ye-es, sir.' The old tar paused for a moment as if touched by this instance of maternal tenderness, and at last said, in a voice of great feeling, 'Poor old devil!' and, twitching up his waistbands, resumed his walk. Now that, said Hook, was the only instance of real sympathy I ever saw. 'Poor old devil!' how much those words convey when they come from the heart!

"But to return to what I was talking of. A man-of-war is a capital school to train a youngster in. Take a military man out of his profession, and to a certain extent he is a helpless being. A sailor, on the contrary, is self-relying, bold, hardy, and well acquainted with everything that is useful for making his way in the world. This is the reason why a soldier seldom succeeds, and a seaman rarely fails, when they retire from their respective services and settle in the colonies.

“The Admiral again is at home at a regatta ; he is once more afloat and in his own element. The first one that was ever held at Halifax was patronised by my friend Sir James Capstan. He and I had been boys together at school, and even, at that early period, I was always known as ‘Old Sandford,’ an appellation probably derived either from the sedateness or awkwardness of my manner. We had lost sight of each other for many years, when I was surprised and delighted at hearing that he had arrived at Halifax as Commander-in-Chief on this station. ‘Good heavens ! here is Old Sandford,’ he said, as he saw me advancing towards him. Alas ! what had begun in jest time had turned into reality. I had, indeed, become an aged man. ‘My good friend,’ he said, ‘your country has had more than its share of your time and attention. I must monopolize you now while you are in Halifax, for we have our mutual histories to relate, and much to say to each other. To-morrow we are to have a regatta. I suppose it would be *infra dig.* for the old Judge and the old Admiral to dance a jig together, before the youngsters, but I’ll tell you what, old boy, I don’t know what you can do—but I could dance one yet, and, by Jove ! when we are alone this evening, we will try. It will remind us of old times. What has become of the Smiths ?—monstrous fine galls those—I have often thought of them since.’ ‘Dead !’ ‘Dead ! the devil they are ! how shocking ! and those two romping little Browns ? married, I suppose, and have romping little daughters.’ I shook my head. ‘Gone, too,’ I said. ‘You forget that forty years have passed since they were young, and that the greater part of that generation has passed away.’ ‘Well, thank God, you and I, old fellow, have not passed away ! I don’t know what you intend to do, but I have no idea of going yet, if I can help it. I am worth a dozen dead men, and so are you.’ While active employment had kept him so busy that he appeared not to have been aware of the lapse of years,

time also had passed h' n without notice : his spirits were as buoyant and joyous as ever.

“The following day was as brilliant and as propitious as could be desired, and at an early hour the harbour was covered with boats filled with light hearts and merry faces. The noble ship, the Graball, was tastefully decorated with flags of every variety and colour, and presented a gay and beautiful appearance. Every convenience that ingenuity could invent, or delicacy suggest, was provided for the comfort and accommodation of the guests ; every arrangement was perfect, with the single exception, as a young lady observed, with some degree of regret, that there was not a single pin on the toilet-table of the dressing-room.

“Soon after the company arrived, and while the Admiral was surrounded by a numerous assemblage of ladies, a little flotilla of canoes was observed advancing from the opposite shore of Dartmouth, led by a rival officer, the Commander-in-Chief of his own navy, Admiral Paul, the Indian. He was a tall, well made, active man, in the prime of life. He was dressed in a frock-coat with red facings, secured round the waist by a sash of scarlet wampum ; his feet were ornamented with a pair of yellow moccasins, with a white and blue edging, curiously wrought with the quills of the porcupine. A military cap (a present from some officer of the garrison) completed his equipment. He approached the quarter-deck with an ease and elegance of motion that art can never supply, and, addressing Sir James, said, ‘Are you the Admiral?’ ‘Yes!’ ‘So am I: I am Admiral Paul—all same, you see, ‘as one brudder.’

“Paul, notwithstanding that his manner was so natural and unaffected, was a great rogue withal, and found it convenient to invest himself with two commissions. With the officers of the navy he was an Admiral, and with Sir Hercules Sampson he was a Governor. He was, therefore, to use his own language, ‘all same as one brudder’ with both ; and,

standing on such a footing of intimacy, was enabled to receive fraternal assistance without any diminution of his dignity. He also had the misfortune to take 'very big drinks,' which, though they did not lower the respect of his tribe for him, had the effect of setting them a very bad example. Upon one occasion, when he was soliciting a loan from the Governor, (for he never condescended to beg), he was unhappily intoxicated; his wants were liberally supplied upon condition that he should never appear at 'the Palace' again, unless he was perfectly sober, an agreement into which he very readily entered. About a fortnight afterwards he required another loan, but the Governor refused it. 'Didn't you promise me never to let me see you tipsy again?' he said. 'Sartin!' he replied. 'Why didn't you keep your word, then?' 'Sartin, I keep my word.' 'Why, you are drunk now, man.' 'Sartin,' he replied, very coolly, 'sartin, but it's the same old drunk, though—Paul not been sober since—all same old drunk, Mr. Gubbernor.' The drollery of the reply has caused it to pass into a bye-word in this country. Uniform occupations, or frequent repetitions of the same thing, are constantly denominated 'the same old drunk.' Having established his relationship to the Admiral, Paul thought the opportunity for obtaining a loan not to be omitted. 'All same as one brudder, you see, Mr. Admiral, so please lend me one dollar.' The novelty of the application pleased my friend amazingly, and he gave him several, adding, very needlessly, that there was no necessity for returning them. Paul received them with an easy bow, and deliberately counted them, one, two, three, four, five, six; and then, taking a fur pouch from the back part of his belt, in which were his flint, steel, punk, and tobacco, he deposited them safely in it, and replaced it as before, merely observing, 'Sartin, white Admiral makun money bery easy.' As he turned to depart, his countenance suddenly became very fierce. 'Mr. Admiral,' he said, 'do you

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know that man?" pointing to a young officer of the ship. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I know him; he is one of my midshipmen.' 'Sartin he one d—d rascal!' 'Tut, tut, tut!' said the Admiral. 'Sartin, Mr. Admiral, he one d—d rascal! he kissum my squaw yesterday.' 'Tut, tut, tut!' he replied again, waving his hand to him at the same time to go away, lest the further continuance of the conversation might prove inconvenient. 'Ah, Mr. Admiral,' he said with much animation, and he advanced a little, and bending forward held out his arm, in an attitude of elegance that a sculptor might envy, 'ah, Mr. Admiral, if I kissum your squaw' (pointing to Lady Capstan) 'you no say Tut, tut, tut, man!' and he retired, not quite satisfied that justice had been done him.

"Of the regatta, you will perhaps be surprised to hear that, in common with the young ladies, I saw but little. I have always regarded a boat-race as a very stupid, and a horse-race a very cruel thing. I never could take any interest in them, and to describe either would be to tell a thrice-told tale. The Admiral, however, entered into it with all his heart, and was delighted that the fishermen of Herring Cove and the eastern passage beat (as they always do) the barge of the man-of-war. He said it would take the conceit out of the lubbers, make them mind their eye for the future, for there was not a man in the ship could pull an oar properly.

"I was more amused myself at what was passing around me. A dance on board ship is always more pleasant than in a ball-room, not that the latter is less commodious or convenient, but because the former is a novelty. The decorations are different, and even the natural obstacles of the place are either concealed with taste, or converted into objects of use or ornament. The effect is produced by great trouble and ingenuity, and who are there who do not personally appropriate much of this as a compliment to themselves? The part of host is played not by one, but by

twenty, for every officer is interested in the honour of the ship, and the reputation of her hospitality; and what cannot many hands, heads, and hearts accomplish? The dance (for, after all, though the regatta was the professed object, this was the real attraction, which was on the main deck), from the hour, the place, and the occasion, partook more of the character of a private party than a public entertainment, and was accordingly more agreeable, in proportion as it was less formal.

“ ‘ Ah, Sandford,’ said the Admiral, who was delighted beyond measure, ‘ I wish you had your robes on—we would try that jig now; wouldn’t we astonish the boys, eh? D—n them! they look as solemn, and dance as heavily, as if they were stamping their feet to keep them warm at a funeral in winter! Look at that dandy—it is half-past twelve o’clock with the navy, when you see such fellows as that on the quarter-deck. It was a bad day for the service when the king sent his son to sea. It made it fashionable, and fashion plays the devil with a ship. We should always keep up the distinctions between the services. *Let the army be fashionable, and the navy manly*, and if they stick to that, they may keep their troops at home for parades and reviews, and we will do all the fighting for them:’ and, lowering his voice, said, ‘ I don’t know what you intend to do, but the sun is over the fore-yard, and I am going to have a glass of grog. I suppose it would horrify Sampson to ask him, for he is too fashionable for that, and, if he wasn’t, his stock is buckled so tight, he couldn’t bend his head back sufficiently to swallow it. He is not a bad fellow, though, after all, but he is one of the old school of pipeclay and pomatum soldiers, and is as stiff and starched as a shirt collar.’

“ In the midst of gaiety there is always sadness. The chords of pleasure are so interwoven with those of melancholy in the human mind, that it is difficult to touch the one without causing a vibration of the

other. Like the strings of an Æolian harp, they all awaken to life under the influence of the same whispering breeze, and blend their joyous notes and pensive wailings together. The Admiral seemed to be sensibly affected by this mysterious feeling. But it was a mere sudden emotion, as fleeting and as transitory as a cloud passing over the sun.

“ ‘Sandford,’ he said, ‘the other day—for it appears no longer ago—I was a midshipman in this port—I am now commander-in-chief at the same place: that was my first, and this will be my last cruise in life, for, when I return home, I shall be put on the shelf, or perhaps converted into a sort of hulk, or receiving ship, an old port admiral: it is a short run we make of it in this life, after all, ain’t it? How sad a thing? Hullo, sir!’ he said, calling out aloud to a servant, ‘if you don’t know better than that, by Jove, I’ll have you taught in a way you won’t forget! I’ll give you three dozen, as sure as you are born. D—n that fellow! he has knocked all the sentimentality out of me. And yet, I don’t know but what I ought to thank him for it, for a man that talks foolishly, may soon begin to act foolishly. But come, old boy, let us have that glass of grog.’

“ ‘Talking of giving that fellow three dozen,’ he continued, ‘puts me in mind of a prank of my uncle, Sir Peter’s. Previous to the American rebellion, he commanded a frigate on the Boston station: having put into one of the Puritanical ports of New England, he happened to dine on shore, and, as usual with him when not on board, got tipsy. The select men, who affected to be dreadfully shocked at such a bad example being set by people in high places, apprehended him, and put him in the stocks as a terror to all evil-doers. For once in his life (for he was a violent tempered man), he uttered no threats, and made no complaints, but quietly submitted himself to the inevitable insult. On the following day he called upon the committing magistrates, applauded their zeal and impartiality in

administering the law, and invited them to come and dine on board with him, as a proof that they no longer harboured any resentment against him for the heinous offence he had perpetrated. This they readily agreed to do, and were accordingly most kindly received and hospitably entertained, and enjoyed themselves exceedingly. As the time approached for their departure, a servant entered the cabin, and whispered to the custos that there was a gentleman above who desired to speak to him for a moment on urgent business. As soon as the Justice made his appearance on deck, the boatswain seized him, stripped him, and, tying him up, gave a dozen lashes. Each of the others were severally summoned, and punished in a similar manner, when they were set on shore—the anchor was hoisted, and the vessel put under weigh for England.’

“ But to return to the party ; the company was a mixed one, every officer having invited his own friends, and some of them having made rather strange acquaintances.—I heard one of the young ladies object to a tune which she said was as old as ‘three grandmothers ago,’ and another observe that Lord Heather had his ‘high and mighty boots on,’ and was quite ‘high-cock spotty’ to-day. The sentiment was old, though the phraseology was novel, and it must be admitted that if there were nothing but proprieties in this life, we might, perhaps, lose in insipidity as much as we gained in refinement. The maxim that extremes meet was fully verified, for the smallest midshipman seemed to pride themselves on having the tallest partners. I heard one little fellow, who threw back his head and looked up at his *chere amie*, as if he were addressing the man at the mast-head, say, ‘I hope you will keep a good look-out, or we shall run foul of the captain.’ ‘Starboard, Milne,’ said one.—‘Larboard, Skipsey,’ said another, while a third advised his friend, who appeared to be steering wildly, to ‘port his helm.’

The great object of attraction was an American heiress of immense fortune, a young lady from New Orleans. She was the daughter of an undertaker in that city, which was the best stand in the Union, as he boasted, for a man in his line of business. His coffins were made in Massachusetts by machinery, and served the double purpose of conveying 'New England notions' to the Mississippi, and the dead to the churchyards. But, alas, for human expectations! the delicate girl of a sickly climate, who had been enriched by the toll-house of the grave, vampire-like, was plethoric and heavy. She looked like an hospital nurse that faithfully delivered the medicines to the patients, and appropriated the wine and porter of the convalescents to herself. Never was there such a disappointment; for, after all, it is easy to invest with divinity the being that presides over funeral obsequies, and there is sublimity as well as poetry in the grave, but reptiles alone fatten on corruption. 'Stay, Bill,' said a little humourist to his companion, 'she may have a million of money, but I'm blowed if she is worth a d—n, after all!'

"If, however, she had thriven by caring for the dead, there was one of the company who was nearly worn out by caring for the living. He was an active little old man, with a benevolent though remarkably ugly face, and, judging by his dress, belonged to some public department. His head was uncommonly bald, and very nearly round, which, with the yellow tint of the skin, suggested the idea of a ball of soap that had fallen on the floor, and, rolling on the carpet, had gathered a few hairs. He attended at the ladder, and assisted the ladies in their ascent to the deck; cautioned them against portholes and hatches, which, though closed, might open of themselves, and precipitate them either into the hold or the harbour; pointed out the cannon, and entreated them not to stumble over them, as they might fracture their limbs; and, above all, advised them not to stand in draughts, or

take ice-creams when they were heated. He had a long catalogue of accidents wherewith to illustrate every caution, and several ingenious inventions to counteract the effects of damps or chills.

“The Admiral, whose attention was directed to him while he stood bowing to the ladies, and rubbing his hands, asked who that ‘little wash-my-hand sort of a person was, and, on being informed that his name was Davis, recognised him as a barrack-master whom he had known at Malta, and immediately addressed him, complimenting him upon having ‘worn so well.’ ‘Ah, my dear Sir James,’ he said, ‘my good looks have ruined me. It is the worst thing in the world to have a juvenile face. The medical board refused to superannuate me last year, saying I was an active man yet, and fit for service. Most men like to look young, or to be thought young, but, alas! my good looks have been a great misfortune to me. They have broken my heart—yes, yes! they will be the death of me yet. But don’t let me detain you here, sir, in the draught of this awning; it is very dangerous, very liable to give cold, or bring on rheumatism—they are the cause of half the illness in the country.’ ‘You should have stood in one of them yourself, then, my old friend,’ was the good-humoured reply, ‘before you applied to the board for your superannuation.’

“The lunch, which was a capital one, was a merry affair, and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves uncommonly. But where was there ever a midshipman without a practical joke attesting his presence? The Governor’s hat had exchanged its plume for a sprig of spruce, and a commissary-general, whose sword-belt had been shortened so that it would no longer buckle round him, was heard to exclaim, ‘Good heavens! is it possible, the luncheon could have made all this difference in my size?’

“While roaming about the ship, I was a good deal surprised at the apathy of a sailor, who was sitting with his back turned to the gay scene, quietly stitching

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a pair of shoes, with the most philosophical indifference to all that was passing around him. In reply to some remark I made on the subject of the party, he said, 'Ah, sir, I have seen enough of them in my day—our part of the entertainment will come to-morrow, when we have to clear up the ship, which will be in a devil of a mess when it's all over.'

"The big-wigs, as the naval and military commanders-in-chief were called by the youngsters, were now preparing to go on shore, and the former pressed me to accompany them. As they were about to descend the side of the ship, our old friend Paul made his appearance again. 'Ah, Mr. Gubbernor,' he said, 'sartain me lose very much yesterday—my camp all burned up—Paul very poor now.' 'I am very sorry for you,' was the reply. 'Yes, brudder, but how much are you sorry? Are you sorry one pound?' The ruse was successful, and the contribution, as a measure of grief, was paid to him. 'And you, Mr. Admiral, how much you sorry?' Another pound rewarded this appeal also. 'Thank you, brudders—sartain white man's pocket, like brook, keep run all the time, and never get empty. Indian man's pocket all same as glass of rum, one drink, and it's all gone.'

"We now left the ship; and at the dockyard gate, where their respective carriages were in attendance, the *old Admiral* and the *old General* cordially shook hands with each other, and parted."

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

Nothing astonishes the inhabitants of these colonies more than the poverty, ignorance, and degradation of the people who are landed upon their shores, from the passenger ships that annually arrive from Europe. The destitution of these unfortunate emigrants so far exceeds any thing ever seen among the native popula-

tion, that they cannot understand how it is possible that human beings can voluntarily surrender themselves as willing victims to starvation, who have the bodily strength to work, and the opportunities of earning their bread, as it is well known they have in their own country. Although they are too often the dupes of demagogues themselves, they are too proud to receive alms, live in a country too poor to feed wilful idleness, and no man has ever yet had the hardihood to incite them to rapine and murder.

Though neither frugal nor diligent, they cannot conceive a people being satisfied with less than a decent maintenance, or being so debased as to beg, or so wicked as to take by violence what they can earn by labour. They are a kind and affectionate people, and hear with horror of the atrocious crimes with which, alas ! so many of these strangers are familiar at home.

A group of these unfortunate and misguided people, arriving at Elmsdale this morning, sought, or, I should rather say, demanded, pecuniary aid, for their tone was more exacting than supplicating. As they were all able-bodied men, they received an offer of employment, which, they were informed, was the course usually adopted at that place, as best suited to the means of the proprietor, and the object they had in view, of earning a subsistence. This they refused, not only with incivility, but with a distinct avowal that, if they were in their own country, they would take a very summary mode of enforcing compliance with their wishes.

“ Oh,” said the Judge, “ what a change has come over this continent ! These men, who begin by begging or stealing, end by governing. Political power is possessed by the mass, and this stream of pauperism increases and pollutes it ; and, whatever our neighbours may say to the contrary, civilization is retrograding, and not advancing. In this province, all our emigrants of late years have been poor and illiterate. The first settlers were scholars and gentlemen. You may recol-

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lect I related to you, some time ago, the particulars of a singular trial I was concerned in at Plymouth, in which one Barkins was my client, and the reluctance I had to go there, in consequence of an interesting examination I was making of the scene of the first effective settlement made in this continent at Annapolis. The people who discovered and colonized this country were so different from those who come to us in the present day, that it may amuse you to hear the result of my investigations.

“During one of my visits to Paris, I had accidentally met with the Journal of Mark Lescarbot, a French lawyer, who had accompanied the exploring party that first visited this part of America. With this book in my hand (which was published as early as 1609) I traced their movements from place to place, in their attempt at colonization. On the 8th of November, 1603, Henry IV. of France granted to the Sieur de Monts, a gentleman of his bed-chamber, a patent, constituting him Lieutenant-General of L'Acadi, (now Nova Scotia) with power to conquer and Christianize the inhabitants. On the 7th of March, having equipped two vessels, he set sail from Havre de Grace, accompanied by the celebrated Champlain and Monsieur Poutrincourt, and arrived on the 7th of May at a harbour (Liverpool) on the south-east shore of the province. From thence they continued coasting the country, until they arrived at the Bay of Funday. On the eastern side of this bay they discovered a narrow strait, into which they entered, and soon found themselves in a spacious basin, environed with hills, from which descended streams of fresh water. Between these high lands ran a large navigable river, to which they gave the name of L'Équille. It was bordered by fertile meadows, and filled with delicate fish. Poutrincourt, charmed with the beauty of the place, gave it the name of Port Royal (now Annapolis). After exploring the neighbourhood, and refreshing themselves, they ascended the river Saint John, as far

as Fredericton, and then, visiting the coast of Maine, spent the winter of 1604-5 at the island of Saint Croix, the identity of which has lately been the subject of so much discussion between the governments of Great Britain and the United States. The weather proved very severe, and the people suffered so much from scurvy, that thirty-six of them died. The remaining forty, who were all invalids, lingered on till the spring, when they recovered, by means of the fresh vegetation.

“ After an ineffectual attempt to reach a more southern climate, they recrossed the bay to Port Royal, where they found a reinforcement from France of forty men, under the command of Dupont. They then proceeded to erect buildings on the spot where Annapolis now stands, with a view to a permanent occupation of the country. De Monts and Poutrincourt, having put their affairs in as good order as possible, embarked in the autumn for France, leaving Pont-graë Commandant, with Champlain and Champdore as Lieutenants, to perfect the settlement and explore the country. During the winter, they were plentifully supplied by the savages with venison, and a great trade was carried on for furs. Nothing is said of the scurvy; but they had a short allowance of bread, not by reason of any scarcity of corn, but because they had no means of grinding it, except a hand-mill, which required hard and continued labour. The savages were so averse to this exercise, that they preferred hunger to the task of grinding, though they were offered half of the flour in payment. De Monts and Poutrincourt were at that time in France, preparing, under every discouragement, for another voyage.

“ On the 13th of May, 1606, they sailed from Rochelle, accompanied by Lescarbot, who has left us a record of their proceedings; and, on the 27th of July, arrived at Port Royal. To their astonishment, they found but two persons remaining. The rest, conjecturing from the long absence of succour, that the settlement had been abandoned by De Monts, com-

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elled the officer in charge to sail for Canseau, in order that they might obtain a passage to France in some of the fishing vessels that frequented that port. Two men, however, having more courage and more faith than the others (La Taille and Mequelet), volunteered to remain and guard the stores and the buildings. These faithful retainers were at their dinner, when a savage rushed in and informed them that a sail was in sight, which they soon discovered to be the long-expected vessel of their chief. Poutrincourt now began his plantation; and, having cleared a spot of ground, sowed European corn and several kinds of garden vegetables.

“ But, notwithstanding all the beauty and fertility of Port Royal, De Monts had still a desire to make discoveries further towards the south. He therefore prevailed upon Poutrincourt to undertake a voyage to Cape Malabarre (Cape Cod), and, on the 28th of August, the ship and the barque both put to sea. In the former, De Monts and Dupont returned to France, while Poutrincourt, Champlain, Champdore, and others, crossed the bay to Saint Croix, and then continued their survey of the coast. In the mean time, Leskarbot, who remained behind at Port Royal, was busily employed in the cultivation of the garden, harvesting the crop, completing the buildings, and visiting the encampments of the natives in the interior.

“ On the 14th of November, Poutrincourt returned from his exploring voyage, which had proved disastrous, and was received with every demonstration of joy by the party at the fort. Leskarbot had erected a temporary stage, which he called the ‘ Theatre of Neptune,’ from which he recited a poetical address to his friend, congratulating him on his safe arrival, probably the first verses ever written in North America. Over the gate were placed the royal arms of France, encircled with evergreens, with the motto,—

‘ DVO PROTEGIT VNVS.’

“ Above the door of the house of De Monts were

placed his arms, embellished in a similar manner, with the inscription,—

‘ DABIT DEUS HIS QUOQUE FINEM.’

“ Poutrincourt’s apartments were graced with the same simple decoration, having the classical superscription,—

‘ INVIA VIRTUTI NVLLA EST VIA.’

“ The manner in which they spent the third winter (1606-7) was social and festive. Poutrincourt established the order of ‘ Le Bon Temps,’ of which the principal officers and gentlemen, fifteen in number, were members. Every one was *maitre d’hôtel* in his turn for one day, beginning with Champlain, who was first installed into the office. The president, (whom the Indians called Atoctegi) having superintended the preparations, marched to the table, baton in hand, with the collar of the order round his neck, and napkin on his shoulder, and was followed by the others successively, each carrying a plate. The same form was observed at every meal; and, at the conclusion of supper, as soon as grace was said, he delivered, with much gravity, his insignia of office to his successor, and pledged him in a cup of wine. The advantage of this insitution was, that each one was emulous to be prepared for his day, by previously hunting or fishing, or purchasing fish or game of the natives, who constantly resided among them, and were extremely pleased with their manners. The chiefs of the savages were alone allowed the honour of sitting at their table; the others partook of the hospitality of the kitchen. The abundance and variety of the fare this winter was a subject of no little boasting to Lescarbot, on his return to Europe, where he taunted the frequenters of la Rue aux Ours de Paris, (where was one of the first eating-houses of the day), that they knew nothing of the pleasures of the table who had not partaken of the beavers’ tails, and the mouffles of the moose of Port

Royal. The weather, meanwhile, was particularly mild and agreeable.

“ On the 14th of January, on a Sunday, they proceeded by water two leagues, to a corn-field, where they dined cheerfully in the sunshine, and enjoyed the music of their fatherland. You will observe, therefore, my dear sir, that, from the earliest account we have of this climate, it has always had the same character of variableness and uncertainty. The winter but one preceding this (when they were at St. Croix) was extremely severe; and, we are informed, that that which succeeded it was remarkable for the most intense cold the Indians ever recollected. Their time, however, was not devoted to amusement alone. They erected more buildings, for the accommodation of other adventurers, whom they expected to join them the following year, in making pitch for the repairs of their vessels, and, above all, in putting up a water-mill to grind their corn. In this latter attempt they completely succeeded, to their own infinite relief and the great amusement of the savages. Some of the iron work of this first North American mill is yet in existence, and another of the same kind (Easson's Mill) still occupies the ancient site.

“ You will, perhaps, smile at the idea of antiquities in a country which is universally called a new world; but America has a great advantage over Europe in this respect, that it has a record of its birth, while the origin of the other is to be sought for in the region of fable. I am a native of this country, and this little settlement has always had great attractions for me, who am an old Tory, from its primogeniture being two years older than James Town, in Virginia, and three years senior to Quebec, which was settled twelve years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts.”

CHAPTER VIII.

MERRIMAKINGS.

The shooting season having commenced most favourably this autumn, Barclay and myself spent a few days at Foxville, where the snipe are very abundant, and on our return tried, with great success, the copse that skirts the meadow between Elmsdale and Illinoo for woodcock. While crossing a little wooded promontory that intersected the alluvial land, and interrupted our sport, I heard the shrill voice of a female at some little distance, in great apparent distress; and, stopping a moment to ascertain the direction from whence the sound came, I distinctly heard the following extraordinary dialogue.

“Oh, John! my head! my head!—let me die! I'd rather die!—oh, John, do! How can you act so? Oh, let me die!”—to which the person appealed to so pathetically replied—

“Oh, no, Sally, don't be scared—it won't hurt you—live a little longer.”

“I tell you, I'd rather die—I will die!”

“There, then, if you must die, die!”

“Yes, but not so suddenly, John. Let me die easy!”

Rushing forward with what speed I could, I suddenly caught a view of a young woman, seated in a swing, suspended between two trees, having a rope attached to the seat, by means of which her companion forced her backwards and forwards, in her pendulous motion. The alarming language she had used, it appeared, was merely the technical term applied to the cessation of the impulse given by the ropes that regulated the movement. And dying, I found, to my surprise, meant not to cease to live, but to cease swinging. The fair one who had so unconsciously terrified me by her screams of affright, and, as I thought, by her threats of suicide, was a stout, strong,

blooming country girl, of about eighteen years of age; and her attendant a good-natured, awkward, rustic admirer, but little older than herself. She had died, as she desired, by the time I had reached the spot, the swing being nearly motionless, and was ready to be safely deposited on and not in the ground, as I had feared, an office which I performed for her, to the surprise and evident disappointment of her companion.

"I was properly scared, you may depend," she said; "that's a fact: a body that ain't used to carry their head so low, and their feet so high, is apt to get kind of dizzy, and haven't ought to be throwed up so hard, all of a sudden, lest the seat might sort of turn bottom upwards."

Seeing a number of tables with baskets upon them, in an open glade, at some distance before us, and a great concourse of people assembling, I asked her what was the occasion of it.

"It is a pickinick stir, sir," was the reply.

"A pickinick stir!" I inquired; "what is that?" although, from the preparations that were making, the meaning was perfectly obvious, but I wanted to hear her definition yet, as I had no doubt she would express herself in the same droll language.

"Lawful heart!" she said, "I thought every body knew what a pickinick stir was. Why, it's a feed, to be sure, where every critter finds his own fodder."

"Ah," I said, "then I fear I am an intruder, for I have no fodder; and, what is worse, I am neither invited nor expected. I regret this the more," I added, "as I should like very much to see a pickinick stir."

"Ah, you are funning now, ain't you? Would you, though, in rael, right down earnest?"

"Certainly," I said, "I should be delighted."

"Well, that's very easy fixed, any how. John," she said, "go and bring your basket, and look into sister Hannah Dowler's waggon, and fetch the wooden pail, with the birch bark cover, and no handle to it;

and, if we can't find enough for the stranger, it's a pity, that's all."

John hesitated for a moment, standing before her with a very sorrowful expression of countenance, as if to catch an assurance from her eye that he was not to be deserted for another.

"Why, what ails the critter?" she said, "that you stand starin' and a gapin' there, as vacant as a spare room, looking as if you couldn't hear, and had never seed a body afore;" and then, altering her manner as if the truth suddenly flashed upon her, she added, in a milder and more conciliatory tone, "Go, John, that's a good soul, and don't be all day about it:" words that inspired new life and most rapid motion into the jealous swain. She then seated herself on the grass near the declivity of the sloping knoll, and, leaning back, supported her head with her hand, by resting on her elbow.

"Sit down," she said; "sitting is as cheap as standing, when you don't pay for it, and twice as easy." Obeying her command, I assumed the same attitude, and there we were, who, a few moments before, had never seen each other, in this singularly easy position, conversing face to face as unceremoniously and as freely as if we had known each other for years. "Dear me," she said, as her eye fell on my disengaged hand, for the other was concealed by my hair, "what a small hand you have, and how white it is!—what do you do to make it so white?—washin them in buttermilk, they say, is grand;—what do you do?"

"Nothing," I replied; "wearing gloves produces the effect."

"Ah!" she said, "I see, you belong to the quality, I suppose, or keep a store, or sell doctors' means—and haven't to use your hands. Mine" (and she held up one of hers, and examined it minutely) "are horrid hard, ain't they?—all crinkum crankum like, and criss-crossed every which way—sort of crisped and chapped; but it can't be helped, I do suppose, for

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they are in and out of hot and cold water for everlasting."

"It is lucky it doesn't affect the lips," I remarked.

"Well, so it is," she replied, and added, in the most artless manner possible, "I vow, I never thought of that before. So you never see a pickinick stir, sir."

"No, not here."

"What, are you an entire stranger in these parts?"

"Yes."

"Lawful heart, you don't say so! So be I. I live to the mill-ponds to Yarmouth, where I am to home; but now I am on a visit to sister Hannah, who is married to the cross roads. Then, perhaps, you never see a Bee stir?"

"No."

"Nor a raising?"

"No."

"Nor a quilting?"

"No."

"Nor a husking?"

"No."

"Nor a berrying?"

"No."

"Scissors and pins!—why, you hain't seen nothing of our ways yet! Well, I've been to 'em all, and I'll tell you what, I like a rolling frolic better than all on them. There is always fun at the end of the roll—if you'll—but here's John; he's generally allowed to be the greatest hand at a roll in these clearings—the critter's so strong! No, it ain't John, neither. Creation! how vexed he would be if he knowed he was taken for that scarecrow, Norton Hog, who looks, for all the world, like a suit of clothes, hung on a bean pole stuck out to air; he is so horrid thin! Well, there's no accounting for taste—what do you think now?—he was married last week to Betsy Spooner, as likely a gall as you will see any where, I know—fact, I assure you, she is twenty and he forty—exactly twice her age; and so, as sister

Hannah says, when she is fifty, he will be a hundred. Isn't it a horrible, scandalous match?"

"Pray, who is John?" I inquired, as I saw him approach.

"Old Mr. Thad Rafuse's son."

"Is he to be the happy man?"

"Well, the critter is happy enough, for all I know to the contrary."

"If I am in the country, may I come to the wedding, and offer a bridal present in return for your kindness to-day?"

"Wedding!—oh, my!—well, I never!—now I understand you. Marry John Rafuse! Lord love you, no! not unless I can't do no better, I can tell you. He's well enough, and won't want, seeing his father is well to do; but he ain't got no force—he wants a head-piece—he's sort of under-baked. I ain't in no hurry to splice neither, at any rate, though I won't just say I won't take John Rafuse at no time, neither; for, as Hannah says, a poor husband is better than none; and it's handy to have a man about the house, for they can do little chores to home, and run of errands. Are you married?"

"No."

"Why don't you!"

"Who would have me?"

"Ah! you are fishing for compliments now, but

Praise to the face

Is open disgrace;

and I won't humour you, for men are so awful con-saited! I guess the will, and not the way, is wanted. Why, John," she exclaimed, on looking up, and observing him without his basket and pail, "what on airth have you done with all those chicken-fixings, ham-trimmings, and doe-doings, besides the pies, notions, and sarces; has any thing happened to them?"

"Squire Barclay told me to thank you, and say he

had made provision for his friend and himself, and here he is."

Having arranged matters so as to have the young lady, Miss Sally Horn, as our neighbour at the table, Barclay and I left the young couple together, and strolled through the crowd, and mingled with the various groups that were scattered on the green, or dispersed in the woods.

"This," said Barclay, "is a pic-nic, given by the owner and builder of the large timber-ship, of one thousand tons, we saw launched at Illinoo yesterday, to the families and friends of those who have in various ways been engaged either in gathering or preparing the materials, or putting them together; for the construction of a vessel of such magnitude gives employment to a vast number of people, who cut, hew, or haul the timber. The owner is also desirous of ingratiating himself with the people, over whom he has some design of acquiring political influence, being a violent democrat. If you took any interest in such subjects, it would amuse, or rather I should say disgust you, to see how men and not measures, office and not principle, is at the bottom of our colonial politics. As it is, his harangue would appear to you like a foreign language, and really the idiom is not worth acquiring. Come and look at the vehicles; such a strange collection is worth seeing."

Hay-carts filled with temporary seats, waggons furnished with four posts and a tester-like awning resembling a bedstead, carts ornamented with buffalo robes, or having their rude timbers concealed by quilts, together with more ambitious gigs, cabs, cars, and britzschkas of every variety, form, and colour, occupied the field near the main road, to the fences of which were fastened the horses, many of which, having huge pillions attached to the saddles, appeared to have carried several persons on their backs.

"A large temporary table, you observe," continued Barclay, "is spread at one end of the Green, and several

of nearly equal size occupy the other ; a division rendered necessary by the scruples of the advocates of total abstinence from all vinous or fermented liquors, who, not contented with exercising the right of doing as they please themselves, are determined to force others to follow their example, and will not permit the use of wine in their presence. How often does it happen in this world that the most strenuous advocates for liberty in theory are the most exclusive and tyrannical in practice !”

Here a man wearing a badge to distinguish him as a manager proclaimed, in a loud voice, “ All ye invited guests, fall into the procession, and come to the platform !” This was a sort of circular scaffold erected in the centre of the glade, formed around and supported by the trunk of a large elm. Three or four speakers soon made their appearance, and, ascending this elevated stage, addressed the company much in the same style and upon nearly the same topics. The ship whose launch they had come to celebrate was eulogized as one of the largest, fastest, best built, and beautifully modelled vessels ever seen in this or any other country. The builder was said to have done honour to the province in general, and his native town in particular, and was adduced as one of many instances to prove that Nova Scotians only wanted opportunities to be afforded them to excel all mankind, the humblest of them being fitted for the highest offices of state at home, or abroad ; but that, unhappily, during the long Tory rule in England, the aristocracy engrossed every situation of honour or emolument in every part of the empire. The company were assured that the Legislative Council of this province contained as many learned, and the House of Assembly as many able statesmen, as the Lords or Commons’ Houses of Great Britain, and that their integrity and honour were equal, if not superior.

The colonies, it was said, were filled with mineral wealth, so near the surface as to be exhumed with very

little outlay ; and all that was required was for England to open their native treasures at her own expense, and give all the returns to the people—an act of justice which, ere long, she would be compelled to perform, and which would long since have been spontaneously done, had it not been for certain influential persons in this country, who wanted the proceeds to be given exclusively to them. It was confidently predicted that a railroad would be immediately constructed by the mother country between Halifax and Illinoo, and another between the former place and Quebec ; as the local legislature had most liberally done its part by giving permission to any company to be formed for that purpose, to pass through the land of the crown, and take as much of it as was necessary, which they had a perfect right to do, the Queen being a mere trustee for the public, and, of course, having no interest whatever of her own. And much to the same purpose.

Mothers were then implored to look upon their children with pride as having the honour to be Blue Noses ; and were assured that Latin and Greek, which had hitherto been upheld by Tories, to create a distinction between the rich and the poor, were exploded, or, as it was quaintly expressed, “ reformed out ” ; and that now, all speaking one language, (and it was well known that they pronounced English better than the British, for who could understand a Yorkshire or Cornish man, or the Yankees, who were too lazy to use their mouths and spoke through their noses ?)—now that great object had been obtained, there was an open field and fair play for all, and their children had a high destiny before them, and honour and wealth were their portion.

Here the herald again proclaimed, “ The bankit is now ready, and all ye invited guests will please to fall to in your places.”

Few people are unconsciously flattered, however delicately the incense may be offered ; and this agreeable and prophetic language I have related, although

artfully veiling any thing like broad compliment, was, notwithstanding its skilful disguises, thoroughly understood by some of the male part of the audience, for I heard one old man pronounce it all moonshine, and another, addressing his little boy, say, "Well, Zacky, you have a-most a grand inheritance—that's a fact. Don't you hope you may live to get it? Tell you what—your lot and your luck is, your lot will be hard work, and your luck to zave what you make. I hate all fortin-tellers—when they put their hands on your ribs to tickle you, they are sure to slip their fingers into your pockets and pick it—they are all cheats. Look out always for number one, Zacky, my boy. Now, here's a hint for you—do you go and set by your mother, for the men always give the women the best, and the women always help the children before they eat themselves: so you may guess who gets the tid bits, Zacky. I have done my part now, by helping you to advice. Jist you go and ask your mother to help you to something to eat."

Having found my fair friend, Miss Sally Horn, we proceeded to the table at the upper end of the Green, and took our seats, placing her between us, when a servant of Judge Sandford's spread before us the contents of a basket he had brought from Elmsdale, and we enjoyed a capital luncheon. Poor Mr. John Rafuse, not at all approving of the young lady's behaviour, and determined to make her feel sensible of the danger of losing an admirer by such levity of manner, refused to make one of the party, and, offering his arm to another of his fair acquaintances, led her off to the other end of the field. Miss Horn observed that "pickinick stirs" were stupid things, for a lady had nothing to do but walk up and down, and stare, which warn't wholesome for weak eyes; and as for preaching, as she called the speeches, she could hear enough of that of a Sunday, but pronounced the repast the best part of the entertainment, and evinced the sincerity of

what she professed by the justice she did to every thing placed before her.

"Well, I declare," she exclaimed, "if I haven't dined well, it's a pity, for I have been helped to every thing twice, and five times to blueberry pudding."

"Squire," said a man seated on the opposite side of the table, and addressing himself to Barclay, "Squire, may I trouble you for a piece of that 'are apple-pie to your left there?" pointing to a large tart, the top of which had been accidentally crushed.

"With great pleasure," he replied; and applying a knife and fork to it, remarked, "I believe you are under a mistake, sir—this is, I rather think, a pigeon-pie, and this one must have been the father of the flock, for my knife makes no impression on him. I will give you the whole bird, and you must dissect it for yourself—here it is;" and he raised on his fork, amid roars of laughter, during which the table was nearly overturned, a child's shoe, that had been accidentally thrust into it, and lost in the deep and capacious dish.

"Well, I declare," said Miss Sally: "if that ain't little Lizzy Fink's shoe! She has been hopping about all day with only one on, like a land gosling. If she hain't put her foot in it, it's a pity!—don't it beat all natur that? I wonder what business children have to pickinick stirs; they are for everlastingly a-poking their noses, or fingers, or feet, into something or another they hadn't ought to."

"Well," continued the old yeoman, with philosophical indifference, "that pumkin-pie to your right will do as well, for, arter all, I guess pumkin is about the king of pies; but, Squire, how is the Judge's potatoes? have they escaped the rot? mine have got something worse."

"What's that?"

"They are actually destroyed by curiosity. Every critter that passes my field says, I wonder if neighbour Millet's potatoes have got the disease; and he pulls

and pulls ever so many hills to see, and then says, well, that's strange too ; he is the luckiest man in these parts, he hain't lost one, and the next one that comes by just does the same thing, and so on till I have lost just half my crop. I vow I will shoot the first fellow I catch there, and hang him up to scare away the curious. Thank fortin, it hain't effected the Indian corn !" (maize.)

This exclamation was occasioned by the introduction of a number of dishes of this delicious vegetable. In a moment, every one took an ear, and, raising it to his mouth with a hand at each end of it, began to eat. The colour of the corn, and the manner of holding, gave the whole company the appearance of a band playing on the flute. It was the most ludicrous sight I ever beheld. It was a sort of practice in dumb show.

After Miss Sally had finished two ears of it, she drew breath, and rested a moment. " Why don't you eat ?" she said ; " you had better begin soon, or it will all be gone ;" and then, looking at the long white cob from which she had so expeditiously removed the grain with her teeth, and holding it admiringly by the end before she deposited it on the plate, she continued, " Them cobs are grand for smoking hams or herrings—nothin' in nature gives the same flavour ; and as for corking bottles, they are better than boughten ones. Will you hand me the dish ?"

" With great pleasure ; but had you not better take a little wine first ?"

" Well, I don't care if I do," she replied ; and, holding a tumbler instead of a glass, observed, " I like wine better than cider for consart ; it has more body, and is a more cheerfuller drink, unless the cider be first frozen down, and then bottled tight with corn cobs. Here's to you, sir, and wishing you luck. When you bottle cider, it must be always upended on its neck, for bottoms are thicker than heads, and ain't so apt to go off onexpected ; and cider is a wicked

thing to burst. Have you been to Yarmouth lately?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes, last week."

"Oh, Solomon," she said, "you don't say so! How glad I am I fell in with you! Did you see anything of old Mr. Sam Horn's folks down to the mill-ponds?"

As a matter of course, I neither knew nor had heard of old Mr. Sam Horn or his family, but, wishing to hear her out, I replied evasively—"Not recently."

"Well, when you return," she continued, "I wish you would tell them I feel kind of homesick and lonesome, at the cross-roads—will you? I think I shall make tracks homeward soon."

"Why, your folks think you are a-going to be married," I said.

"Oh," she replied, with a piteous face, "there is no such good news, I can tell you. A lady has no chance of seeing folks there, unless, maybe, such a chap as John Rafuse, and the likes of him, is no great catch for any likely gall that's got a home of her own. It's kinder dull there, and there ain't no vessels, nor raisings, nor revivals, nor camp meetings, nor nothing. I'd rather go back."

"Well, that's what old Mr. Sam Horn said; he remarked that he knew you would sooner be among the bull-frogs in the mill-ponds at Yarmouth, than among the owls of the cross-roads."

"Did he, though? well, there's a great deal of fun about the old gentleman, too—ain't there? But, as I am a living sinner, if here ain't a fiddle—ain't it grand?" and, extricating herself from the table, she was on her feet in a moment.

Shortly afterwards, the whole company rose, and a benevolent matron present proposed that what was left of the viands should be given to the negroes who were in attendance.

"I guess," said Miss Sally, "you might as well then butter the table-cloth then, for, excepting the

shoe-pie, which ain't fit for no christian to eat, unless it's a darkey, I don't see there is anything else left."

"It would be just as well," retorted the other, with an offended toss of her head, and not at all relishing the general laugh raised at her expense, "it would be just as well perhaps if some young folks know what was due to their elders and betters, and didn't talk quite so fast and so pert."

The black musician, to whose superior knowledge and authority in such matters all deferred, now summoned the young people to take their places on the green.

"Will you dance?" said my fair friend.

I replied, "I am sorry I am obliged to bid you good bye, and leave you, for I have an engagement elsewhere, this being altogether an unexpected pleasure to me. But pray dance with your friend Mr. Rafuse, who I see has returned: he seems hurt at your neglect."

"Who cares?" she said; "if he don't like it, he may lump it. Tell you what—if John Rafuse was down to the mill-ponds to Yarmouth among the ponders, they would call him *Refuse*, and that's the poorest sort of boards they have in all their lumber. Well, I am sorry you are a-going, too. There is grand shooting to the cross-roads, I have heard Hannah's husband say, only people are too lazy to shoot. If you will come there, I will get him to give you a rolling frolic, for he has got one on hand, and promised me a treat before I go home. I'll hold back for you. Oh, it's fun alive, you may depend!—but pickinick stirs are as heavy as dough—more trouble to come and to go and to carry things than they are worth, and dancing on the ground is hard work, and, besides, it don't seem kinder natural in the day-time, and so many folks looking on, and making their remarks, who have nothing to do with it kinder, puts a wet blanket on it. Oh, a rolling frolic is just what you would like, for it's sociable and onformal; or, if

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you can't come, next time you go to Yarmouth, just give us a call to old Mr. Sam Horn's to the mill-ponds. It's a most a beautiful place. It's generally allowed to take the shine off this province, I tell you. You won't forget to give us a call, will you? The old gentleman will be very proud to see you, and I'll....."

The order of the musician was imperative; and Mr. Rafuse several times reminded the talkative lady that she was keeping the company waiting.

"Don't be in such a plaguy pecky hurry," she answered sharply. "If you can't wait, get another partner. Don't you see, I am bidding good bye to the stranger? manners before measures."

"Pray don't detain him," I said. "Mr. Barclay and I will be at the cross-roads next week, if the weather is favourable, and spend a day or two there shooting."

"And the rolling frolic?" she inquired doubtfully.

"Oh, certainly, I shall be delighted to accept your kind invitation. Good bye, till we meet again."

"Then, I may depend?"

"Certainly, I shall only be too happy."

"Come, now, I like that," she said, "you are the rael grit, every inch of you. Seeing you're a touch above common, I was afraid you would be too proud, maybe, to come among the like of us poor folks. Thank you, sir. Good bye! mind next week. And now, John, how sorry I am I kept you waiting so long! What's become of Nabby Frisk I seed you with just now? She looks as yaller as a kite's foot. What's that tune, Pompey, you are a-playing? Is it 'Off she goes to Mirimishee?'"

"No, miss, it's 'Come tickle my nose with a barley straw.'"

"Oh, my!" she replied, pressing both her hands on her sides, and laughing most immoderately—"Tickle my nose with a barley straw!" well, if that name don't bang the bush!—it caps all."

The young people were now all in motion ; but such a dance ! It was a serious business affair. Everybody maintained a profound silence, and the only voice to be heard was that of the black fiddler, who gave out the figures in a loud tone, that was distinctly audible over the screaming notes of the violin, while the dancers seemed most anxious to execute such steps as they knew with the greatest exactness and agility. In describing this scene, I have preferred giving the greater parts of the dialogue with Miss Horn to recording the general conversation of the tables, because, as this sketch is faithfully drawn from nature, it will convey to the reader an accurate idea of the class to which she belonged.

Taking Barclay's arm, I now strolled to the other end of the glade previous to returning to Elmsdale. This portion of the company had also left the tables, and were scattered in detached groups ; some packing up preparatory to leaving the place, and others listening attentively to a man who was denouncing those who had profaned the place with wine and dancing. He was a tall, thin, cadaverous-looking man, whose long black hair, falling wildly over his shoulders, gave his face a ghastly appearance, while his wild and wandering eye imparted to it a fearful expression. He appeared to be labouring both under great excitement and a considerable impediment of speech which affected his respiration, so as to contract and expand his cheeks and sides, and make the indraught and exit of his breath distressingly audible. Nothing could be more painful than to witness his convulsive utterance, unless it was to hear his dreadful language. He consigned all those who were not members of Temperance Societies to everlasting perdition, without the slightest compunction, and invoked an early fulfilment of his imprecations upon them. Occasionally, he would terminate a period with a long unmeaning alliteration, calling dancing a profanation of an ordination that led to damnation, or point his harangue against wine-

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drinkers, by observing, that they think it fine to drink wine like swine; but they'll repine, they'll repine.

Turning in disgust from this profane and uncharitable discourse, we crossed the lawn in the direction of the post road. On our way, we met two young women looking about them in great trouble and perplexity. As soon as they perceived us, one of them approached, and, addressing herself to me, said, "Pray, sir, did you see a beast down there?" pointing to the part of the lawn we had just left. Although I should never have thought of the word brute, or beast, as applicable to the wretched man I had been listening to, I was not at all surprised at the terrified girl using it, knowing that the population of rural districts derive most of their epithets from the objects about them.

"I have indeed seen a strange animal there," I said.

"Was he a black beast, sir?"

"Long black hair," I replied, "and a wild and wicked expression of eye."

"Did you take notice of his feet, sir?" she inquired anxiously.

I now perceived, by this reference to the cloven foot, that the poor girl either thought he was the devil in *proprid personâ*, or was possessed of one. "Don't be alarmed," I said. "I didn't observe his feet."

"Had he a long black tail, and a cushion strapped on behind for carrying a gall on?"

Here Barclay, who had been enjoying my mistake, came to the rescue. "You have lost your horse, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, our beast has broke his bridle, and made tracks. I only hope he ain't raced off home."

"Had he four white feet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, then, he's quietly grazing below the crowd. Where is the bridle?—Ah, here it is. Make yourself easy; I will restore him to you in a moment."

On his return, the two girls were adjusted into their seats ; one riding in front on a man's saddle, the other behind, but on the opposite side of the horse.

"I agree with your friend, Miss Sally Horn," said Barclay ; "pic-nics are stupid things, under any circumstances, but doubly so, when attempted by country people, who do not understand them, are destitute of the resources furnished by education for conversation and amusement, and to whom unoccupied time is always wearisome. Merrimaking in America, except in towns or new settlements, is a sad misnomer, when applied to such matters ; the religion of the country, which is puritanical, is uncongenial to it ; dissent is cold and gloomy, and represses the cheerfulness of youth, and the buoyancy of healthful spirits. The people are not fond of music, and are strangers to theatrical amusements ; and, being dispersed over a great surface of country, instead of dwelling in villages or hamlets, as in Europe, have little opportunity for convivial intercourse ; while the exigencies of a northern climate, and the hardships and privations of forest life, leave but little time for relaxation. They are a business and matter-of-fact people. 'Raisings,' which mean the erection of the frames of wooden houses, are everywhere performed by mechanics, except in new settlements. 'Log rolling,' which is the process of heaping together the trunks of trees that have been felled preparatory to being burned, so as to clear the land for cultivation, and 'the Bee,' which is the gathering of people for the purpose of chopping down the forest, or for harvesting, or some other friendly act for a neighbourhood, are all, in like manner, peculiar to remote places.

"When any of these occasions occur, they are followed by festivities of a totally different character from those in the old settlements. In proportion as the country becomes more densely peopled, these acts of mutual assistance, rendered necessary in the first instance by the individual weakness and mutual wants

of all, become more and more rare, and finally cease altogether, and with them, merrimakings cease also. Festive assemblies occur now only in towns, or the midst of the woods: so true in all things is the old maxim—'extremes meet.' In that portion of the country where these good old 'Raisings,' 'Bees,' 'Log-rollings,' and other cordial and friendly meetings have died out, nothing has arisen in their place to induce or require a celebration. The formal manners of the town sits awkwardly on the farmer; its customs and fashions neither suit his means nor his condition. Unwilling to be thought rustic and vulgar, he has abandoned the warm-hearted junketing of old; and, unable to accommodate himself to city usages, which he sees so seldom as not thoroughly to understand, he has little or no recreation to give his family; a cold hospitality that acquires ostentation, in proportion as it loses cordiality, gradually supervenes. The character and appearance of the man undergo a sad change; the jolly, noisy yeoman, becomes a melancholy-looking man; his temper is gradually soured by the solitude and isolation in which he lives, and, resorting to politics and religion for excitement, he rushes to the wildest extremes in both, howling for nights together in the protracted meetings of revivals, or raving with equal zeal and ignorance about theories of government.

"The injurious effects upon the health, occasioned by the absence of all amusement, and the substitution of fanaticism, or politics in its place, is not confined to the male part of the population. It falls still heavier on the females. The former have their field labours to detain them all day in the fresh air; the latter are confined to the house and its close and unwholesome atmosphere, and suffer in proportion. No merry laugh rings on the ear of the anxious mother, no song gladdens her heart, no cheerful dance of joyous youth reflects the image of the past, or gives a presage of a happy future. Sadness, suffering, or discontent, is

legible on the face. Silence or fretfulness pervades the house. The home is not happy.

“I am glad you have arranged to go to the cross-roads next week. You will at once see the effect of merrimakings and cheerfulness, not only on the health and looks, but upon the bearing and character of the population. The Judge says ‘Exercise is health,’ but he is mistaken; cheerfulness is an essential ingredient, and where that does not spring from a well-regulated mind, as it does among educated people, amusement, in some shape or other, is absolutely indispensable.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ;

OR, THE HECKE THALER.

On our return to Elmsdale, the absurd scene of the morning was adverted to, and the extraordinary manner in which the people were flattered and lauded by the orators of Illinoo.

“That,” said the Judge, “is the inevitable result of the almost universal suffrage that exists in this province. People accommodate themselves to their audience; and, where the lower orders form the majority of electors, their vanity is appealed to, and not their judgment—their passions, and not their reason; and the mass, instead of being elevated in the scale of intelligence by the exercise of political power, is lowered by the delusion and craft, of which it is made the willing victim. Nova Scotians have been so often assured that they are the ablest, the wisest, and best of men, though their rulers are both ignorant and corrupt, and that they have a rich and fertile country, blessed with a climate more salubrious and agreeable than that of any other part of the world, they begin to think that law and not industry, government and not enterprise, is all that is wanting for the full enjoyment of these numerous advantages. If any man were

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to say to them that their winters are long and severe, their springs late, cold, and variable, while much of their soil is wet, stony, or unproductive, and that toil and privation are the necessary incidents of such a condition; or venture to assert that, although the province abounds with mineral wealth, skill, capital, and population are necessary to its successful development; or, that, although the innumerable streams that intersect the country in every direction are admirably adapted for manufactories, the price of labour is yet too high to render such speculations safe or profitable; and, above all, to tell them that they are idle, conceited, and ignorant; and, so long as they maintain this character, they merit all their poverty and all their wretchedness; these demagogues, to whom you listened yesterday, would call him a rabid Tory, a proud aristocrat, an enemy to the people, a vile slanderer, and a traitor to his country.

“It is a melancholy condition of things; and, so long as education is so grievously neglected as it is at present, there appears to be no hope of a change for the better. The British Government, with that foresight and liberality which has always distinguished it in its treatment of the colonies, founded, many years ago, a college at Windsor, an interior town, situated about forty-five miles from Halifax, which has been of incalculable advantage, not merely to Nova Scotia, but to British North America. The system of common school instruction, on the contrary, which depends upon ourselves, is founded chiefly on the voluntary principle, which has proved as defective in education as it always has in religion. When a man fails in his trade, or is too lazy to work, he resorts to teaching as a livelihood, and the school-house, like the asylum for the poor, receives all those who are, from misfortune or incapacity, unable to provide for themselves. The wretched teacher has no home; he makes the tour of the settlement, and resides, a stipulated number of days, in every house—too short

a time for his own comfort, and too long for that of the family, who can but ill afford either the tax or the accommodation. He is among them, but not of them. His morning is past in punishing the idleness of others, his evening in being punished for his own; for all are too busy to associate with him. His engagement is generally for a short period. He looks forward to its termination with mingled feelings of hope and fear—in alternate anticipations of a change for the better, or destitution from want of employment. His heart is not in his business, and his work prospers indifferently. He is then succeeded by another, who changes the entire system, and spends his whole time in what he calls rectifying the errors of his predecessor. The school is then unhappily too often closed for want of energy or union among the people; the house is deserted and neglected, the glass is broken by the children, who regard it as a prison. The door, after a long but unsuccessful struggle with the wind, falls, at last, in the conflict; the swine then enter, for protection, from the violence or heat of the weather, and retain possession until expelled by the falling roof, or the rod of a new master. It is evident, therefore, that ‘the greatest, wisest, and best of mankind’ either do not need instruction, having the wonderful good fortune to possess knowledge intuitively, or else the rest of the human family, whom they are so often told they far excel, must indeed be in a state of hopeless and wretched ignorance.”

The following day, as we were strolling through Bridge Port, a small, straggling village, situated about a mile and a half above Elmsdale, the subject was again accidentally renewed by our hearing the piercing cries of a poor little urchin, who was undergoing the punishment of the rod in the schoolhouse. As Bridge Port aspires to the honour of being called a town, and its ambitious inhabitants entertain sanguine hopes that it will one day rival Illinoo in importance, this building exhibits much pretension, having a belfry

surmounted by a gilt weather-vane, which, though it does not indicate the direction of the wind, being stationary, either from accident or for the purpose of displaying the broad, glittering side of a golden quill at its top, fulfils all that it was designed for, by ornamenting the village. So handsome a structure, deserving a classical name, is dignified by the appellation of Academy. It was from this seat of learning that the young student's voice was heard complaining of the thorny paths of literature.

"Ah, my good friend, Mr. Enoch Pike," said the Judge, soliloquizing in reference to the teacher, "if you had ever been in the army, you would have become more indulgent by learning that the tables are sometimes turned, and the master punished himself. I recollect," he said, addressing himself to me, "when the Duke of Kent was commander-in-chief at Halifax, going to the barracks to see an officer of the Fusileers, and, as I passed the regimental school-room on my way upstairs to the quarters of my friend, I found all the children vociferating at the top of their voices, almost wild with excitement and delight. 'Ah! my little fellows,' I said, 'so you have a holiday to-day, have you?'—'Oh, yes, sir,' several of them answered at once, 'oh, yes, sir, master has been flogged to-day; he has just received three hundred lashes.'

"He who needs forgiveness himself ought to be merciful to others. I have several times spoken to Pike about his severity, and recommended to him more forbearance, but he always has one answer. Thinking to pacify me by avowing himself a conservative, he invariably commences: 'Ah, Judge, when I first took charge of this Academy, I was a Radical, a thorough-going Radical; but I soon found a school required a good strict Tory government. Freedom and equality sound prettily in theory, but they don't work well in practice. You, who have presided in courts of justice, and I, who have presided in seats of learning, know that nothing but a stern air and a

strong arm will preserve order.'—'Oh, yes,' I reply, 'that is all very well—but strictness is one thing, and severity another. You must be moderate. Patience is a cardinal virtue in an instructor.'—'Oh, sir,' he says, 'I am the most patient man in the world, but there is a point—there is a line, you know, sir, beyond which, ahem!—there is a limit—a bound—a terminus you may call it—a place where you must stop. They talk about the patience of Job, Judge. I have read every thing about that illustrious man with great care, sir; and, in my humble opinion, his patience was never fairly tried. Job never was a schoolmaster, Judge—oh, no! oh, no! he can't be said to have been fairly tried. Job never kept a school. Corporeal punishment, Judge, either in schools or the army, cannot be dispensed with. We say, and say truly, the *rod* of the empire! I have often asked myself with Virgil, *Quid domini facient*—What shall masters do without the birch? and answer with Ovid, *Principiis obsta*—Nip an offence in the bud; or with Horace, *Quicquid præcipies esto breve*—Let it be a word and a blow. All antiquity is in its favour, and Solomon recommends a liberal use of it. Spare it, says he, and you spoil the child. The quantity of flogging is very properly left to the discretion of the master; the true rule, perhaps, is, *Nocturnâ versate manu versate diurnâ*—Turn them up and whip them by day or night when needed, not urging them too fast, but keeping a steady rein. *Festina lentè*—An even travelling gait is the proper course. In this manner, he runs on, making the most absurd application possible of his quotations, and regularly talks me down, so that I am glad to drop the subject, and quit the house.

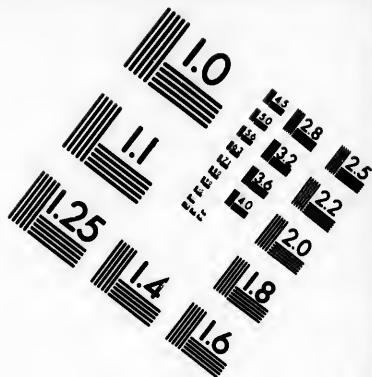
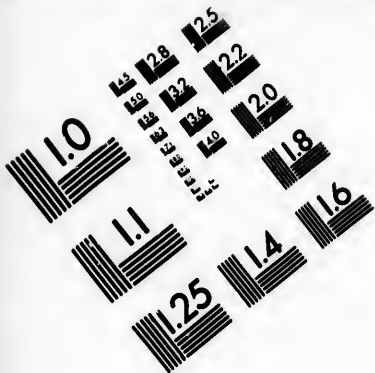
"They have had a strange set of masters here: one was a universal genius, and converted his school into a sort of workshop. He painted signs and signboards, gilded frames, repaired watches and guns, made keys in place of missing ones, veneered bones and

tables, cut and lettered tomb-stones, and was devoted to carving and turning. He prided himself upon being able to execute any difficult little job, that exceeded the skill of anybody else in the country. He preferred every thing to teaching, and his scholars preferred him to every other master; for it seemed to be a fixed principle with him not to trouble them if they would observe the same forbearance towards him. But the parents, not approving of this amicable treaty, refused to ratify it, and he was discharged, to the great grief of the young men, and the infinite loss of all young ladies who had brooches, locketts, or bracelets to mend.

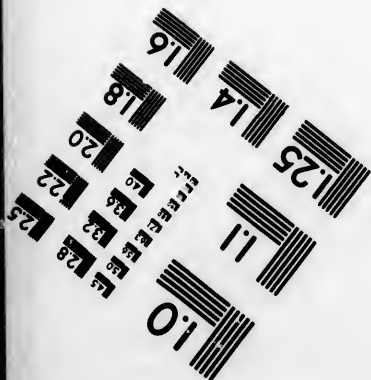
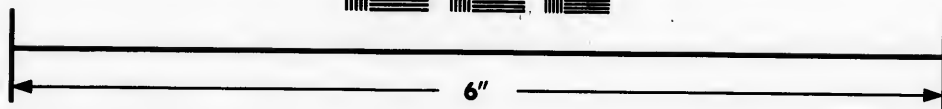
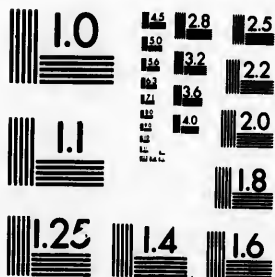
“Universal Smith was universally regretted. His successor, though equally engaged for others, was a totally different person. Instead of mending and patching up things for his neighbours, he made more breaches than Universal Smith could have soldered or welded together again in a long life. He set the people by the ears; and, when he failed in an attempt to separate friends, got up a little quarrel with them on his own account. He piqued himself on his knowledge of law, and advised tenants to overhold, and landlords to distrain, and, being a talebearer, was a great promoter of actions of defamation, in which he was generally a witness, and attested to different words from those laid in the declaration, whereby his friends were nonsuited, and his foes escaped. He induced several persons who were indifferently honest to expose their roguery by endeavouring to evade the payment of their just debts, by availing themselves of the benefit of the statute of limitations. Even his boys were set against each other, so that scarcely any two of them were upon speaking terms.

“At that time, there was a female school held in one end of the apartment, which was divided into two rooms by a temporary wooden screen. This afforded too good an opportunity for hostilities to be neglected,





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and he, accordingly, attempted to drive away the teacher and her children by resorting to every petty annoyance and insult in his power ; but, finding their endurance superior to his patience, he commenced a regular system of encroachment. He was always at his post an hour before the school commenced, during which time the partition was advanced a few inches, until he succeeded in thrusting them out and engrossing the whole building.

“He was a constant contributor to a scurrilous newspaper, published at Illinoo, in which he misrepresented the motives and conduct of every gentleman in the neighbourhood, and, as is always the case with people of this description, seemed to take peculiar pleasure in abusing those to whom he was most indebted for personal or pecuniary kindness. At last, he managed to quarrel with the boys, their parents, and, finally, the trustees of the school ; which ended, first, in his dismissal, and then in a lawsuit, that terminated in his ruin and sudden disappearance from the place.

“After this, the school was closed for some time, for want of a master, when a stranger presented himself as a candidate, and was accepted. Mr. Welcome Shanks (for such was his name) was one of the most extraordinary-looking men I ever beheld. He was very tall, and, though his frame was large and muscular, exceedingly thin. His back, either from the constant habit of stooping, or from a rheumatic affection so common in this country, was almost circular, and had the effect of throwing his long bony arms forward, which looked as if they were still growing, and in time would reach the ground, and enable him to travel upon all-fours. His face was hard, hollow, and pale, having an anxious and careworn expression, that indicated either mental or bodily suffering. His eye was bright and intelligent, but restless, as was his head, which he kept continually but slowly moving from side to side. He was attired in a suit of old,

rusty black, which, though almost threadbare, and showing evident marks of successive repairs, was scrupulously neat. He wore a white, Quaker-looking hat, having a brim of more than usual dimensions, the front of which was bent downwards, so as effectually to protect his face, and especially his eyes, from the strong light of the sun. His queue gave an inexpressibly droll effect to his figure, for he carried his head and neck so much lower than his shoulders, that it could not reach his back, but, resting on the cape of his coat, stood up almost in a perpendicular direction, and suggested the idea of its being the handle of the protruding arms, or the root to which they were indebted for their extraordinary length.

“ His manner was shy and reserved ; he held but little intercourse with any one, appearing to have but two topics of conversation in which he took any interest, namely, piracy, and the history of the early settlement of the province by the French, their subsequent expulsion, and cruel dispersion in the other colonies, to every detail of which he listened with the greatest eagerness. He was accustomed to take long and solitary walks, upon which occasions it was observed he was armed with a huge club, which was accidentally discovered to be hollow, and to contain something of a smaller size within it, generally supposed to be a rapier, or dagger. He also carried about with him, wherever he went, a thin, but broad tin case, containing a pocket-book, which he would often take out during school hours, and attentively study, occasionally altering or making additions to what appeared to be written in it.

“ The story of the hollow cane, or sword-stick, filled the school with wonder and fear, which the mysterious case and black book raised to the highest pitch. His scholars, however, soon perceived the danger of approaching him when thus engaged ; for, though at other times the gentlest and most patient of beings, he became furious, and almost frantic, if disturbed in the

apparently abstruse calculations of this magical book, seizing the thoughtless offender by the collar, with his giant arm, and swinging him round and round in the air with fearful rapidity, gnashing his teeth the while, and accompanying these gyrations with dreadful threats of vengeance. These outbursts of passion were of a violent character, but happily of short duration. They ceased as suddenly as they arose, when he would place the culprit on his feet, and, patting him tenderly and affectionately on his head, say, 'Don't interrupt me, my son, when I am at my studies—it agitates me.' His size, his strength, his generally calm and imperturbable temper, and occasional fits of fury, ensured implicit obedience, and the silence, order, and diligence, observed in his school, excited the astonishment of everybody.

"One day, just as he had finished a diagram, and entered it in his pocket-book, he was suddenly sent for by a passenger in the mail-coach that passed through Bridge Port, who desired to see him for a few minutes at the inn. In his haste to join his friend, he forgot his mysterious manuscript and its case, both which lay on his table, in full view of the boys. In a moment, all eyes were turned on those objects of wonder. 'The book—the book!' was whispered round the school; but, such was the awe inspired by the man, and everything that belonged to him, that for a time no one ventured to leave his seat. At last, a sentinel was placed at the door, in order to give notice of his return; a consultation held; and one more bold than the rest, with palpitating heart and trembling hands, opened the fearful volume. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'it's all magic—look here, boys! Ah! you are afraid, are you!—then keep your places: it's filled with magical figures, and the writing and all is in magic. I can't make head or tail of it!' Then, taking up the tin case, he drew, from the opposite end to that which usually contained the book, a measuring tape, a long cord, with a bullet fastened to the end of it, a box of

phosphorus-matches, and a small travelling pocket-compass. 'Here's the things to make the magic ring with, boys!—wouldn't you like to see him do it? Who's afeerd? I ain't. I'd give anything to see the Devil.'—'Here he is!' said the sentinel. 'Who? Who?' shouted the boy, in great alarm. 'Why, the master, to be sure,' replied the other; 'who did you suppose it was?'—'Oh, my sakes!' said the little boaster, 'how you scared me! I actilly thought it was the Devil himself agoing to take me at my word!' and, hastily replacing the things where he had found them, he withdrew to his seat.

"When Shanks returned to his desk, and saw the book and the case lying exposed on the table, he turned suddenly pale. He clinched his fist, and strode up and down the room with great rapidity, glaring on the boys like a tiger, with a searching look, as if selecting a victim for pouncing upon. In a few moments, the paroxysm, as usual, passed off. He sat calmly down, and, taking up the book, examined it carefully page by page, when he suddenly paused, and, looking attentively at something that attracted his attention, held up the writing to the light, first in one direction and then in another, and finally applied a magnifying-glass to it, when he pointed to the boy who had called him a magician, and said, 'John Parker, come forward. How dare you meddle with my property, sir, in my absence?'—'I didn't,' replied the boy, with the greatest assurance. 'I haven't been off my seat.'—'You did, sir!' rejoined the master, in a voice of thunder. 'I appeal to every scholar present; and if they all were to lie as you have done, and say that you did not touch this book, I wouldn't believe them. The name of Two Thumb Parker is written here in your own hand. You are your own accuser; and have borne testimony against yourself. Leave me, sir—leave me, instantly, while I am calm, and don't return again! Go!' and, raising his voice, and stamping passionately on the floor, he shouted out,

'Go! go!' when the terrified boy, recovering from the stupefaction into which he had been thrown by the marvellous discovery of his name and guilt, suddenly bolted out of the room, without waiting for his hat or coat, and hurried homeward, with all possible speed. The truth is, the unfortunate urchin had a very remarkable thumb on his right hand. It was only half the usual length, and was divided from the last joint outwards into two parts, each being perfect, and having a nail upon it, from whence he was called 'Two Thumb Parker.' While holding the open book in his hand, he unconsciously left the impression of his deformed and soiled thumb on the leaf, which the master not inaptly denominated 'his name written by his own hand.'

"The secret was known only to Shanks; but the story of the magical book, of the Devil entering the boy's name in it, and of the tin case, with its contents, circulated far and wide over the whole country. Other peculiarities in his conduct increased and confirmed the general suspicion with which he was surrounded. He had a remarkable-looking old silver dollar, that he called his '*Hecke Thaler*,' two magical words, of which he never could be induced to explain the meaning. He would often take it from his pocket, and examine it with as much care and minuteness as if he had never seen it before, and then poise it on the point of one of the fingers of his left hand, strike it with the blade of a knife, or ring it on the stove, and listen to its tones, with the greatest delight. Whenever he saw dollars in other people's possession, he invariably entreated to be permitted to examine them, and compare them with his own, expressing the greatest anxiety to procure one exactly similar, in all respects, to that to which he was so much attached, and offered a large sum to any one that would procure him its counterpart.

"All schools throughout the country are closed at twelve o'clock on Saturday, which is invariably

considered a half holiday. He deviated from this custom, by giving the boys the entire day; and, whenever the weather permitted, always left the village on Friday afternoon, habited in a suit of strong, coarse homespun, carrying a large and heavy knapsack on his shoulders, and the ominous hollow walking cane in his hand—a useless and inconvenient thing in the woods, and one with which no other man would encumber himself. Whither he went, or how he occupied himself, no one could tell—all that was known was, that he invariably took the same route into the forest, walking at a rapid rate, and never returned again until Monday morning, about eight o'clock, in time to open his school, greatly fatigued and exhausted.

“I have already observed that, when he presented himself as a candidate for the situation of master of the academy at Bridge Port, he was a stranger. No one knew who or what he was, or whence he came, although, from his accent, manner, and habits, it was thought probable that he was either a Nova Scotian, or a native of the New England States. A residence of several months among the people did not enlighten the curious upon these points, and public opinion was much divided as to the real nature of his character. Some thought him to be a spy in the employment of France, a suspicion encouraged by the fact that he had several French books descriptive of British North America, and one in particular, written by a Jesuit priest, (Charleroix) containing numerous maps of the harbours, coasts, and rivers of the country, and also by the minute inquiries he made about the removal of the Acadians. Others believed he was engaged in devising or executing some extensive plan of robbery; for his landlady, unable to endure the oppression of her curiosity, had opened, by the aid of a neighbour's key, a wooden chest of his, while he was absent at school, and discovered in it a dark lantern, a crowbar, a cold chisel, and a hatchet, as well as other tools

suitable for breaking into houses. But the better opinion appeared to be that he was a magician, and was in league with the powers of darkness. His pocket-book, the contents of the tin case, the *Hecke Thaler*, and, lastly, a crucible and some charcoal, found in his chest, together with some extraordinary-looking fossils, which were no doubt 'Philosopher's Stones,' seemed to put the matter beyond all dispute. If further corroboration were needed, his face furnished it, by the expression it wore of care and anxiety; for, as it was shrewdly observed, although the Devil imparts knowledge and wealth to his votaries, he is a stranger to happiness himself, and cannot confer it upon others.

"No man was ever so unconscious of the feelings and suspicions he had given rise to as poor Welcome Shanks: loving solitude, and avoiding society, he was not aware that he was avoided himself. The awe with which he was regarded rather flattered his vanity than awakened his apprehensions, for he mistook it for respect for his great erudition and unimpeachable character. Poor man! he thought if he had a secret, it was his own, and he had a right to keep it. Had he mixed more with the world, he would have found that it is an offence against society at large, for a man to presume to have a secret at all, unless the fact of his having it be carefully concealed also.

"No avowed secret ever was permitted to be retained inviolate; even the freemasons have had theirs disclosed. A lady once told me, she had discovered it, after years of anxious perseverance; and, as it was one of the most singular mysteries in the world, she would communicate it to me. She said she had given her husband no peace by day or night, until he revealed it. She had coaxed him with endearments, teased him with importunities, tormented him with annoyances, and entrapped him when unguarded; and, finally, extorted from him the disclosure, which was, that in reality there was no secret, after all, there

being, in fact, nothing to tell. Many consultations were held by the people, as to the best mode of making him give some account of himself; and at last it was decided to have him apprehended, and examined before a magistrate, but the difficulty was to find a charge that would justify his arrest. While this embarrassing subject was under consideration, he saved them the trouble of proceeding any further in the matter, by relinquishing the school and quitting the place.

“A few evenings previous to his departure, he called at my house, and, sending in his name, begged the favour of a private interview. After carefully closing the study-door, and looking round the room, to ascertain that we were alone, and out of the hearing of others, he said, ‘Judge, I have discovered that there is a treasure buried in this estate.’—‘I know it,’ I said.—‘Ah,’ he replied, his countenance beaming with joy, ‘ah, I am right, then! I knew I could not be mistaken. When, and by whom was it hidden, sir?—I will not ask you where, for that I have discovered already.’—‘By my father and myself: we have sunk more money, in clearing, cultivating, and improving Elmsdale, than would purchase it twice over; but that money neither you nor I will ever find, my friend.’

“His face suddenly became overcast with an expression of disappointment and mortification. I had unintentionally, it seemed, wounded his feelings, by subjecting him and his theory to what he considered ridicule. ‘Will you permit me to dig for the treasure where I know it to be?’—‘Certainly,’ I replied; ‘you may dig wherever you please, provided you do me no damage, and do not disfigure my grounds.’—‘What proportion will you require as owner of the soil?’—‘You are welcome to all you can find. I only ask the privilege of a friend, to advise you to save yourself the trouble. It is impossible there can be any hidden treasure on this property. It never was inhabited, previous to our occupation, but by Indians, who, we all know, had neither gold nor silver, and by

the French Acadians, who were almost equally poor. They were mere peasants, who lived on the productions of their farms, while the little trade they had, either with each other or the savages, was conducted by barter. They had nothing to bury.'—'Pardon me,' he said; 'many had not, but some had money—so my information goes—and I can rely upon it.'—'Yes, large sums of money for conducting the fur trade with France; although I must admit that this district is not rich in treasure.'—'But Chester Bay, Judge—Chester Bay, Judge!' and he straitened himself for the first time, I believe, since he came to Bridge Port; and exhibited his great height and manly frame to such advantage, that he seemed as if he had been suddenly transformed into another being. 'Chester Bay, Judge, is the place for treasure. Millions were buried there by the pirates; whole cargoes of Spanish galleons, coin and bullion, jewels, precious stones, and wealth untold. I am on the track of it at last—a few weeks more, and it is mine: where the rod first pointed, it now bends down as if to touch it. But the propitious time of night is now come, and, by your leave, kind sir, I will go and dig for this Frenchman's money,' and, seizing his hat, disappeared from the room.

"Shortly afterwards, we were disturbed by a violent knocking at the door, and my servant was not a little alarmed at finding the unwelcome visitor seeking admission again at so late an hour. 'Show me into your master's study,' he said. 'Judge,' he exclaimed, 'I have found it! I have found it! it was concealed under the root of an old tree. Here it is!—but you were right, sir, in saying the Acadians were generally peasants. This was the saving of a poor man, for it is chiefly in small silver pieces.'

"He then unstrapped his knapsack, and, taking from it a rusty old tin kettle, removed the cover, and exposed to view a quantity of silver shillings, sixpences, Spanish pistareens, and quarter and half dollars, amount-

ing, in all, to about seventy-five pounds.—‘ This is not the property of the French,’ I said, after examining a number of the different coins: ‘ the Acadians were transported from this country in the year 1755; but nearly all this money bears a subsequent date; I think that I know to whom this package belonged.’—‘ Ah,’ he observed, with a sad but decided tone, and an air of grievous disappointment, ‘ if there is an owner, I will restore it: treasure-trove—I think that is the word, Judge—treasure-trove in this country, where the King makes no claim, is the property of the finder, but treasure lost belongs to the owner—it must be restored.’

“ ‘ About thirty years ago,’ I said, ‘ there was a knife-grinder wandering about the country, who was always in the habit of getting drunk on Saturday night, on which occasion his wife very prudently hid his money, lest he should squander more of it than he could afford. Once she hid it so effectually, that she could never find it again, and loud and long were the lamentations of the poor people over their lost property. She always believed that it had been stolen by some person who had observed her concealing it. The following year they were both drowned, by the upsetting of a ferry-boat, where the bridge now stands at the village. They were strangers unconnected with, and unknown to, anybody in the province, and have long since been forgotten. Can you show me the spot where this money was found?’—‘ Certainly,’ he replied; and, taking out the mysterious pocket-book, he showed me a sketch of the stump.—‘ I always mark places,’ he observed, ‘ where the hazel wand points to metallic substances, and take their bearings by measurements to other objects, so that I can find them again. My observations are all entered in a cipher of my own invention, for fear of losing my book and disclosing my secret.’—‘ Will you show me your wand?’—‘ Certainly; here it is;’ and, unscrewing the top of his cane, he drew out the prophetic hazel—‘ Ah, sir,’ he

exclaimed, with evident satisfaction and pride, 'this is a beautiful wand—a real German hazel from Upper Saxony—it is as true as a load-stone.—How truly it indicated this treasure; and it points as decidedly to that of the pirates, which, by God's blessing and the aid of this little windfall of money, I hope to reach soon. That wand, Judge, and this inestimable *Hecke Thaler*,' showing me the renowned old silver dollar, 'cost me a great deal of money—all that I was worth in the world at the time, a very large sum for a poor man, but a mere trifle for such invaluable things—I gave a thousand dollars for them.'

“‘Pray, what is a *Hecke Thaler*?’ I inquired, ‘I never heard the term before.’—‘A *Hecke Thaler*, Judge, is a sympathetic dollar. Everything in nature, animate and inanimate, is endowed with sympathy. In the animal world, it exists in sex; in the mineral world, in kindred, affinity, or identity. This dollar is known to be sympathetic. It has been proved to be so in Germany. If a kindred or identical dollar can be found of equal purity and texture, size, and density, and brought into contact with the sympathy of this one, they can produce a third dollar, and so on *ad finitum*, from which wonderful power it derives its name of *Hecke Thaler*, or Hatching Dollar. It is one of the mysteries of nature that science cannot explain or imitate—one of the innumerable wonders with which an inscrutable Providence surrounds us on all sides, though, in reality, no more strange or miraculous than we are ourselves. Like begets like—unlike begets unlike: steel and flint produce fire—they are not like, but wheat brings wheat of its own kind, and in its own likeness—so silver produces silver. It is the restorative power of nature that thus counteracts the tendency to decay in all things terrestrial. I bought the *Hecke Thaler* and the hazel wand from an aged German in Lunenburg, whose father.....’ ‘You have been grossly deceived and shamefully treated, my good friend,’ I said. ‘Is it possible that a man of

your good sense can believe in such a palpable absurdity as the Hecke Thaler?

"He rose hastily, in great agitation, and held up his hand, as if to waive the discussion, and said, 'I know all you would say, Judge—I know all you think. You imagine that my head is affected, and regard me either as a madman or a fool. It is natural, very natural you should. I have not your knowledge, Judge—I am not so learned nor so wise as you are; but I crave your pardon, good sir—think me not presumptuous if I say there are some things I know which you have not studied. The blind hear more accurately, and have a keener sense of feeling, than those who have eyesight; they have less to distract their attention, and observe more accurately. I have thought deeply on this subject, and must not lose my faith because I cannot explain the mysteries of nature, else am I an unbelieving heathen. I follow my destiny, whatever is, is, and whatever is to be, will come to pass—neither you nor I can alter the decrees of Fate. Next week my term expires at Bridge Port. Will you be so good as to allow this money to remain in your safe till that time, when I will call and take it on my way to Chester Bay, where it is my intention to prosecute my search until I obtain the object of my wishes.'

"In a few days he returned, accompanied by Barclay, who converted his money for him into the more portable and convenient form of gold, and, thanking me for what he called my great condescension and kindness, bade me farewell.

"A month or two after this, I observed a notice in one of the papers of the death of Mr. Welcome Shanks, who lost his life by the collapse of a shaft in which he was working on Tancook Island, in Chester Bay. The object of the excavation, it went on to say, appeared to be so perfectly unintelligible, that it was generally supposed the unfortunate man must have been of unsound mind.

CHAPTER X.

THE LONE HOUSE.

This morning, I accompanied the Judge and Miss Sandford in their sleigh on an excursion into the country. The scene, though rather painful to the eyes, was indescribably brilliant and beautiful. There had been, during last night and part of yesterday, a slight thaw, accompanied by a cold fine rain that froze, the moment it fell, into ice of the purest crystal. Every deciduous tree was covered with this glittering coating, and looked in the distance like an enormous though graceful bunch of feathers; while, on a nearer approach, it resembled, with its limbs now bending under the heavy weight of the transparent incrustation, a dazzling chandelier. The open fields, covered with a rough but hardened surface of snow, glistened in the sun as if thickly strewed with the largest diamonds; and every rail of the wooden fences in this general profusion of ornaments was decorated with a delicate fringe of pendent ice, that radiated like burnished silver. The heavy and sombre spruce, loaded with snow, rejoiced in a green old age. Having its massy shape relieved by strong and numerous lights, it gained in grace what it lost in strength, and stood erect among its drooping neighbours, venerable but vigorous, the hoary forefather of the wood.

The tall and slender poplar and white birch, which here and there had sprung up in the new clearings from the roots of old trees, and outgrown their strength and proportions, bent their heads gracefully to the ground under their unusual burden, and formed fanciful arches, which the frost encircled with numerous wreaths of pearls. Everything in the distance was covered with the purest white, while the colours of nearer objects were as diversified as their forms.

The bark of the different trees and their limbs appeared through the transparent ice; and the rays of

the sun, as they fell upon them, invested them with all the hues of the prism. It was a scene as impossible to describe as to forget. To the natives, it is not an unusual sight, for it generally occurs once a year, at least, and its effects are as well appreciated as its beauty. The farmer foresees and laments serious injury to his orchard, the woodman a pitiless pelting of ice as he plies his axe in the forest, the huntsman a barrier to his sport, and the traveller an omen of hard and severe weather; and yet such was the glory of the landscape, that every heart felt its magic, and acknowledged the might and the beauty of this sudden transformation. It was the work of a night. The sun set with chilling showers. It rose in all its splendour to witness and to heighten, by its presence, the magnificence and brilliancy of the scene. We constantly recurred to this topic after our return, and again and again went to the window, as the day declined, to catch the last parting glimpse of the "silver frost" before it dissolved from view under the gaze of the sun, and vanished for ever. In the evening, winter and its scenery, its festivities and privations, and its effects on the habits, feelings, and tastes of the people, formed the subject of a long conversation, in which the Judge told me the following sad and interesting story:—

On one of the shore-roads, as the highways near the Atlantic are called, in a distant part of the province, there is a lone house, situated in the midst of one of the wildest and most barren tracts of country in these colonies; on either side of it are enormous bogs, stretching away in the distance for miles. Behind it is an undulating country of granite formation, covered with enormous masses of detached rock. In front is a lake, in a deep and sunken hollow, so still, so cheerless, and repulsive, that it looks like the pool of death. Beyond this, a mountain wave of granite rises and shuts out the sea, which is not far distant. The place where the house stands is a small ridge of land in the

form of a wedge, which formerly bore beech and birch trees; and not only had a tolerable soil, but was exempt from the incumbrance of loose stone. Beyond this ridge, however, all is barren. The surface is either naked rock or partially covered with moss, the wild strawberry, and the hardy white clover. Here and there a stunted birch or dwarf larch finds a scanty subsistence in the crevices of the rocks, or in coarse gravel formed by the disintegration that time and the alternations of heat and frost have produced in the granite. In the hollows, which resemble basins or stone reservoirs, a boggy substance has accumulated, that nurtures small groves of ill-conditioned and half-fed firs, which seem to have grown prematurely old, and grey before their time, being covered with white moss, which, climbing up their stems, hangs pendent from their limbs, like hoary locks. The larger bogs on the right and left are in part covered with a long, coarse, aquatic grass (which the moose and carraboo feed upon in winter, when the frost enables them to travel over these treacherous and dangerous places), and in part by the yellow water-lilies, the wild iris, and clusters of cranberry-bushes.

It is impossible to conceive anything more lonely and desolate than this place. Even in summer, when the grassy road is well defined, and vegetation has done its best to clothe the huge proportions of the landscape and conceal its poverty and deformity, when the glittering insects flutter by to withdraw your attention from their dank, stagnant, and unwholesome cradles, to their own beauty, and the wild bee, as he journeys on, whispers of his winter's store of honey, and the birds sing merrily that contentment is bliss; even then, excited by the novelty of the scene, and interested, as you are, in the little, lone household of the desert, its total seclusion from the world, and the whole human family, overpowers and appals you. A crowd of ideas rushes into your mind faster than you can arrange and dispose of them. Surely, you say, Here,

at least, is innocence; and, where there is innocence, there must be happiness. Where there is no tempter, there can be no victim. It is the "still water" of life. Here, all is calm and quiet, while, on either side, is the rapid or the cataract. The passions can have no scope; the affections must occupy the whole ground. How can envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness find an entrance? There can be nothing to envy where the condition of all is alike, and where all that is garnered is a common stock. There can be no hatred, where there is no injury or no superiority; but they can love one another, for they are all in all to each other; and they can trim their fire for the poor wayfaring man, feed him, and send him on his journey rejoicing. They can hear from him of the houseless stranger, and bless God with thankful hearts that He has given them a home to dwell in. He may tell them tales of war, but they feel they are beyond its reach; and, what is far better, learn that, if poverty has its privations, it has also its own peculiar privileges and immunities. Thoughts like these naturally force themselves upon you in such a scene. Your feelings are subdued and softened. You behold the family with interest and affection, but still you shrink at a full view of their situation, and involuntarily regard it with pity as a hopeless exile. You are a creature of habit; you cannot understand it; you feel you have social duties to perform; that grief is lessened when the burden is divided, and happiness increased when it is imparted; that man was not made to live alone; and that natural wants, individual weakness, and common protection require that, though we live in families, our families must dwell in communities.

If such be the feelings that a traveller entertains, even in summer, how must he shudder when he regards this lone house in winter? I have seen many solitary habitations as well as this, and some of them much farther removed from any neighbourhood, but never one so dreary and so desolate. Follow any

new road into the wilderness, and you will find a family settled there, miles and miles from any house. But imagination soon fills up the intervening space with a dense population, and you see them in the midst of a well-cultivated country, and enjoying all the blessings of a civilized community. They are merely pioneers. They have taken up their station: the tide of emigration will speedily reach them, and pass on. Go into that house, and you are at once struck with the difference of the two families. The former is still life and contentment; the latter is all hope, bustle, and noisy happiness. The axe is at work on the forest, that is ringing with its regular blows. Merry voices are heard there, and the loud laugh echoes through the woods, for friends have come from the settlements, and ten acres of wood are to be cut down in one day. Sleighs are arriving with their neighbours and relations, from whom they have lately parted; and at night there will be a festive assembly at a place which, until the year before, when the road was made and the house built, was in the heart of a howling wilderness. There is nothing about such a dwelling to make you think it desolate, although loneliness is its characteristic. Converse with the forester, a fine, manly, native settler, and you find he has visions of a mill on his brook; he talks of keeping fifty head of horned cattle in a few years. As soon as his mill is finished, this log-hut is to be superseded by a large framed house; and that miserable shed, as he calls his stable, is to give place to a spacious barn, seventy feet long and fifty feet wide. He is full of merriment, confidence, and hope. In the former place, a pious resignation, a placid contentment, hearts chastened and subdued into a patient endurance of toil, and a meek but firm reliance on the superintendence of a Divine Providence, form a strong contrast to the more animated and self-relying forest family.

The wintry blast howls round their dwelling, like a

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remorseless and savage foe. Its hollow, mournful voice appals the heart with painful recollections of its overpowering strength; and the poor besieged family, as they encircle their little fire at night (drawn still closer together now by their mutual fears and affections), offer up a silent prayer to the throne of grace, and implore the continued and merciful protection of Him who is always a father to the fatherless. At this season the road is covered, in common with the dreary desert, with deep snow. In the clear light of an unclouded sun, its direction may be ascertained by an experienced traveller, and by him alone; but, at night, or in stormy weather, it is a vast and trackless field, where the fatigued and bewildered stranger is doomed to inevitable death.

To afford shelter and assistance to the traveller, to furnish him with a guide, and speed him on his way, was the object which John Lent had in view in settling on the "Ridge." He was aided by the subscriptions and encouraged by the personal assistance of those on either side of the desert who were interested in the road, or in the benevolence of the undertaking. A house and barn were erected with much labour and difficulty (for all the materials were brought from a great distance), the Court of Sessions granted him a free tavern license, and the legislature of the province a small sum of ten or twelve pounds a-year, in consideration of the importance of this house to the mail communication to that part of the province.

The Ridge contained about thirty acres of land. These were soon cleared and brought into cultivation, and produced his winter's store of hay, and yearly supply of wheat and vegetables. His sheep and cows wandered over the plains, and found in summer, in an extended range, sufficient food on the scattered and short, but sweet, herbage of white clover, and the leaves of the dwarf bushes. The bog supplied him with fuel and materials for cultivating his fields, while

the proceeds of his little inn enabled him to obtain some of those articles of groceries that habit has rendered indispensable to the poorest people in this country.

Such was the condition of this family. They derived a scanty but a certain provision from the sources I have described. Year followed year with little variation. Their occupations came and ceased with the seasons. Time passed silently away, and, as there were few incidents of importance that interested them, its flight was unperceived and unmarked. The three eldest daughters had severally left home for service in the next town, which was a seaport ; had married and quitted the country ; and the family, at the time I am speaking of, consisted of John Lent, his wife, and three little girls, the youngest of whom was seven years of age. When I arrived at the house last summer, Mrs. Lent did not at first recognise me. Old age had so completely covered my visage with his wrinkled and repulsive mask, that the features of manhood were effectually concealed from view. It had removed my hair, deprived me of my teeth, obscured my eyes, and disfigured my cheeks with unseemly furrows.

These ravages of time, however, are wisely permitted or ordained, to prepare us to leave a world which we can no longer either serve or adorn. In proportion as we lose our personal attractions, mankind recede from us ; and, at last, we mutually take leave of each other without a sigh or a tear of regret.

What years had gradually effected for me, misfortune had suddenly and deeply engraven upon her. The young and cheerful woman whom I had known was now a staid and care-worn matron ; the light and elastic step of youth had been succeeded by the slow and heavy tread of limbs stiffened with toil, and her hair had blanched under grief and anxiety. My voice first attracted her attention. She said she knew it, and was certain it was that of an old and kind friend, and entreated me not to think her ungrateful if she

could not recall my name, for her poor head had been confused of late. On discovering who I was, she communicated to me a brief outline of her melancholy story, the details of which I subsequently heard from others at Shelburne.

During the previous winter, her husband had set out on foot for the nearest town, to procure some little necessaries for the house, and intended to return the next day. The subsequent morning was fine, but the weather, as is often the case in this variable climate, suddenly changed. At noon it began to snow; towards evening the wind had risen to a gale, and clouds of sleet were sweeping over the desert with resistless fury. Once or twice she went to the door, and looked out, but withdrew immediately, nearly blinded and suffocated by the drifting storm. Her evening meal was prepared for her husband. The table, with its snow-white cover, stood ready for his reception. The savoury stew simmered on the hearth, and the potatoes gave out their steam in token of readiness, while the little earthen teapot and unleavened cake, the never-failing appendages of a settler's meal, were ready to cheer him on his return. "Ah, here he is!" she said, as the outer door suddenly opened, followed by thick volumes of snow that nearly filled the little entry. "No, that is the wind that has forced it open. He won't be here to-night; we had better go to supper. He saw the coming storm, and remained in town. I often wonder how he can foretell the weather so well. He knows when a thaw, or a frost, or a fall of snow, or a tempest is approaching, hours beforehand. He was too wise to try the barren to-day."

His absence gave her no anxiety whatever; she had become familiar with the storms, and dreaded them only for others who were strangers and unwary. He had often been away before, and there was nothing unusual in his not arriving now. It was a proof of his sagacity, and not of his danger.

The gale continued unabated throughout the second

day, and she neither expected him nor prepared for his reception. The third day was calm and tranquil ; the whirlwind had spent its fury, and, having rolled up its wreathy pillows, sunk down and reposed in utter exhaustion. The snow-birds came in numbers about the barn, to feed on the hayseed of the stack-yard, and the cattle were set at liberty, to relax their stiffened limbs, and to go to the spring in quest of water. The affrighted and half-famished poultry issued from their hiding-places, and clamorously demanded that attention that had been so long withheld, while the ill-omened crow came at the well-known signal, to enforce his claim to a share of the food, as a houseless and a friendless stranger. The children, too, were released from their prison, and life and animation were again to be seen round the Lone House.

As the mother stood at the door, and looked abroad upon the scene, a little spring bird, the first harbinger of that glad season, carolled merrily from the leafless apple-tree at the side of the cottage.

“ Thank God ! ” she said, “ winter is now nearly over, and its storms and trials ; we have seldom more than one very heavy gale of wind after that little bird comes to sing us a song of spring. Your father will be at home early to-day.” And she sent the eldest girl to the snares set for catching wild rabbits. “ They will be all abroad to-day,” she said ; “ see if there are any there for his dinner.”

In a short time the child returned, with two of these little animals in her hand, and the table was again spread ; but he came not. He would return, perhaps, she thought, in the evening ; for, when he did not arrive at noon, he seldom reached home until sunset. But night came with its accustomed meal, and his place was still vacant. To-morrow would be post-day ; he had very properly waited, she said, to come with Ainslow. She was glad of it, for he was lame, the walking was heavy, and he had a pack to carry. Yes, they would both be here early in the

day. Doubt, fear, or misgiving, never entered her mind. She had great confidence in his judgment; whatever he decided on was right, and it was prudent and much more agreeable for him to travel in company with the postman, who had all the news, and was a pleasant and obliging man. The next day brought again and again merry faces to the door, to look over the dreary bog, and catch the first glimpse of the sleigh.

At last, a shout proclaimed its approach, and the whole group were assembled to see the little dark speck that was moving forward in the distance, and gradually enlarging into a distinct form. It was anxiously watched, but was slow in coming, as everything in life is that is impatiently waited for.

The arrival of the postman was an important event at this little habitation. He was a part of that world on either side of them, of which they had heard and formed vague conceptions, but which they had never seen. Their father's return, too, was an affair of great interest. He did not very frequently leave home; and, when he did, he always brought back some little present to the mother or her children, from some kind persons, whom their attentions and peculiar situation and character had converted from strangers into friends. They were little events, to be sure; but these little incidents constitute "the short and simple annals of the poor." They are all that occur to diversify the monotony of their secluded life. The postman came, but he had no companion. He drove his sleigh to the opposite side of the road, where the barn stood, and, leaving it there, he proceeded to the house. He was met by Mrs. Lent, who shook him cordially by the hand, and said that she had expected her husband with him, but supposed he was not ready to come.

The dinner, however, was now waiting, and she pressed him to go in and partake with the family of their humble meal.

"Have you seen John?"

The truth had now to be told, which Ainslow did in the kindest and most considerate manner. After preparing her mind for the reception of very bad news, he proceeded to inform her, that as he crossed the wooden bridge, at the black brook in the bog, he observed John Lent sitting on the floor, with his back resting against the rail, a stiffened and frozen corpse. He had evidently been overpowered by the storm, which, coming from the eastward, blew full in his face, depriving him at once of his breath and his strength; and, having sat down exhausted to rest his wearied limbs, he had sunk into that fatal sleep in which the soul, without a struggle or a sigh, passes into another and a better world. He added, that he had taken him up in his arms, and lifted him into the sleigh, where he now was; and that he had covered him with a rug, and driven to the barn, that she might not be too suddenly shocked by the awful sight of the dead body; and concluded with those consolatory remarks which, though unheard or unheeded, are usually addressed to those who are smitten down by sudden affliction.

Before he had finished his narrative, a loud, long-continued, and piercing cry of distress arose from the sleigh that thrilled the whole group, and brought them instantly to the door. The poor man's faithful and affectionate dog had discovered his master, and the strong instinct of the animal revealed to him at once that he would never more hear that voice of kindness and fellowship that had cheered him from day to day, or receive his food from that hand which had always been extended to feed or to fondle him. The postman then drove the sleigh to the door, lifted out the lifeless body, which had been frozen in its sitting attitude, and, placing it in the same position on a large chest, in a corner of the strangers' room, rested its back against the wall. It looked like a man not dead, but sleeping. He then withdrew the family into their sitting-room, and, having placed some oats in a bucket

before his horse, who ate them as he stood in his harness, he occupied the few remaining minutes of his time in endeavouring, as he best could, to condole with and comfort the poor widow and her helpless family. He was astonished at her fortitude. Her agony, it was evident, was almost insupportable, but she gave no vent to violent and unavailing lamentations. He was not the first, as he will be by no means the last, to admire this quality of the female mind when roused by great events to deep thought and cool and deliberate action. Weak, timid, and powerless as woman is, in the minor troubles and trials of life, when real danger and great afflictions are to be encountered, she rises superior to fear, calls in the aid of a judgment always good, when confidently relied on, and a moral courage surpassing that of man, because its foundations are not built on the delusive laws of honour, but deeply laid in conscious innocence, in a strong sense of the obligations of duty, and a pious and firm reliance on the might and goodness of God. Thus supported and strengthened, she sustains burdens disproportioned to her sex, and successfully resists afflictions that overpower the vigour and appal the courage of man.

The poor widow heard him calmly and patiently, though words seemed to fail her when thanking him for his kindness. This portentous silence, however, deceived him. There are calamities too heavy to be borne, and misfortunes may overpower by surprise, that could be successfully resisted if their advent were known. Although the blow did not prostrate this miserable woman, it stunned her into insensibility. Thought and memory seemed suspended. Incapable of action herself, she was passive in the hands of her children. She had but one confused and indistinct idea that remained. She thought her husband was at home, and asleep in the adjoining room, but his long slumber and unbroken silence did not alarm her. When her meals were prepared by her daughter, she would look round and say, "Call your father—tell

him we wait for him;" or, at night, she would look into his room and admonish him it was prudent to wake up and go to bed, or he would take cold. The poor children gazed at her, wondered, and shed tears. Helpless, unprotected, and alone in the world, their little hearts failed them; and the inquiry often and often occurred to their minds, What is to become of us? Death, that sat embodied in one human form in that house, and had laid his cold, benumbing hand on another, whom he appeared to have marked for his victim, seemed ready to devour them all. Silence first disclosed to them their solitude, and solitude their danger. On the third evening, they clustered as usual round their mother's chair and prayed; but she was unable to join them. She looked at them, but did not seem to comprehend them. They then tried, with faltering lips and tearful eyes, a verse of a hymn, one that she had always been fond of; but two voices were now wanting, and they were alarmed at the feeble and plaintive sound of their own. The chords of the widow's heart vibrated at the sound of the music, and she looked about her as one awaking from slumber. Thought, feeling, and sensibility returned; the fountains of her affections opened, and a flood of tears mingled with those of her children. She inquired of them the day of the week, and whether any person had been at the house since the postman left it, wrung her hands in agony at the thoughts of the length of her stupor, and, having affectionately kissed and blessed her little ones, went to bed to weep unseen, and pour out her griefs and petitions undisturbed to Him who has graciously promised His protection to the widow and the orphan.

In the morning, she rose more composed but sadly changed. Years had revolved in that night, and left their tracks and furrows on her faded cheek; and the depth, and strength, and acuteness of her mental sufferings had rendered her hair as white as the snow-wreath that death had folded round her husband as a

winding-sheet. The struggle had been violent, but successful. She was afflicted, but not subdued—bereft, but not destitute. She was sensible of her situation, and willing to submit with humble resignation; aware of her duties, and ready to undertake them. She stood between the living and the dead. A fearful debt was to be discharged to the one, subsistence and comfort were due to the other. She commenced the morning with prayer from a church formulary that had been given her by a travelling missionary, and then went about her usual duties. As she sat by her fireside in the evening, she revolved in her mind the new sphere in which she was placed. As any doubt or difficulty suggested itself, her loss became more and more apparent. How was her husband to be buried! The ground was frozen to the depth of three feet, and she was unable to dig a grave. She dare not go to the next neighbour's, a distance of seven miles, for she could not leave her children. She could not send her eldest daughter, for she did not know the way; and she, too, might be lost. She must wait for the postman; he would arrive in three days, and would assist her. If not, God would send relief when least expected. Everything, however, about her, everything she had to do, and everything she required, mixed itself in some way with recollections of him she mourned, and reminded her of some habit, word, or act of his. Even the weather now made her shudder. The storm, like a giant refreshed with sleep, arose again in all its might, and swept across the desert with such unbroken force that the snow appeared rather like a moving mass of drift than distinct and separate flakes. It was just such an evening as when her husband perished.

She shuddered, and drew her children nearer to her on the hearth. They had always loved each other, but their affection was greatly increased now, for they knew that death was a reality. They had seen it, and felt its effects. It had lessened their number once—it could do so again. They had been told they were

mortal, now they knew it. It was an awful disclosure to them, and yet what was death? It was not annihilation, for the body remained. That which had inhabited and animated it was incorporeal, and had departed unseen. It was that unknown, invisible, and mysterious spirit, they had unconsciously loved, for the corpse shocked and terrified them. They had been instructed that there was a soul that survived the body, but they could not comprehend it. They now saw and shuddered at the difference between the living and the dead. It was palpable, but still it was not intelligible. Poor little innocents! it was their first practical lesson in mortality, and it was engraved on their aching hearts too deeply ever to be forgotten. Their affection now became more intense and far more tender, for solicitude had blended with it and softened it. Yes, their little circle was stronger for having its circumference reduced; it could bear more pressure than before, if the burden were unhappily increased.

The time for rest had now approached, and the widow was weak and unwell. The thought of her unburied husband oppressed her. The presence of death, too, in the house, for so long a time, was a heavy load for her nerves; and, unable to sustain her feelings and her reflections any longer, she resorted to her evening prayers with her little family, and added to the prescribed form a short and simple petition of her own. Her voice was almost inaudible, amid the din and roar of the tempest, to those around her; but it penetrated far above the elements, and reached the throne of mercy to which it was addressed.

Relieved, refreshed, and strengthened by this devotional exercise, they gathered again around the hearth ere the fire was secured for the night, and were engaged in some little consultation about the daily duties that were to be assigned to each, when they were aroused by a loud and violent knocking at the door. The mother arose and opened it with a palpitating heart.

Three strange, wild-looking, haggard men, entreated admittance for God's sake, for they were famished, and nearly chilled to death with the cold. What a contrast for that hitherto quiet and noiseless household! There were these men stamping on the floor, shaking off the snow from their clothes, beating their hands together, throwing down their packs, talking loudly, and all speaking at once—all calling for food, all demanding more fire, and all rejoicing in their shelter and safety. The children huddled together in affright, in the corner of the room, and the poor mother trimmed her lamp, rebuilt her fire, and trembled as she reflected that she was alone and unprotected. Who are these men? she asked herself. Houseless in the storm, her heart replied, "Would to Heaven there had been such a shelter for my poor John Lent! We need not fear, for God and our poverty are our protection." She told them they were in the house of death—that her husband lay dead, and, for want of assistance, unburied in the next room; but that all that could be done for them she would do, though at such a time, and in such a place, that all, of course, would be but very little. She advised them to keep at a distance from the fire; and, having ascertained that they were not frost-bitten, set about getting them some refreshment.

While at work, she heard all that they had to say to each other; and, with the quickness of observation peculiar to the natives of this country, soon perceived they were not equals—that one of them spoke with a voice of authority; that another called him, Sir; and the third only answered when he was spoken to, and that all three were sailors. They had a fearful tale of trouble and of death, to which frequent allusion was made. They were the captain, mate, and steward of a ship that had been wrecked that day on the coast beyond the hilly land in front of the cottage, and were the sole survivors of ten, who, on that morning, were pursuing their course on the ocean in perfect confidence and safety. A hearty meal was hastily pre-

pared, and more hastily despatched. Liquor was then asked for ; she trembled and obeyed. She was a lone woman, it was a dangerous thing, and she hesitated ; but a moment's reflection suggested to her that it was impossible they could either forget her loss or their own.

A fresh difficulty now occurred, to understand which it is necessary to describe the house. The chimney stood in the middle of the building, opposite the front door, which opened into a small entry. On the right, was the family sitting-room, or kitchen, where they were now assembled, adjoining which were two bedrooms. On the left, three rooms were similarly arranged, and devoted to the accommodation of strangers. In the apartment corresponding to the one they were in, was the frozen body of her husband, resting on a chest, in a sitting attitude, as I have before described. In order to prepare their beds, it was necessary to pass through that room, into which she had not ventured since she had recovered from her stupor. She was perplexed and distressed, but, at last, having stated to the captain her difficulty, he at once ordered the steward to go and make the requisite arrangements. The master and mate having been thus provided for the night, some blankets were given to the steward, who slept on the hearth, before the kitchen fire.

In the morning, the latter was sent to dig a grave for poor John Lent, while the other two, having procured the requisite tools, made him a coffin, into which he was placed with great difficulty, from the rigidity of his limbs. The little pony was then harnessed to the sledge, and the body was followed by the family and their guests to its last resting-place. The beautiful burial service of the church was read over the deceased by the captain, amid the heartfelt sobs of the widow, the loud lamentations of the children, and the generous tears of the sailors. The scene was one that was deeply felt by all present. There was a community of suffering, a similarity of situation, and a sym-

pathy among them all, that for the time made them forget they were strangers, and feel towards each other like members of one family. The mariners had twice narrowly escaped death themselves: first, from shipwreck, and then from the intensity of the weather; while seven of their comrades had been swept into eternity before their eyes. The poor widow, in losing John Lent, appeared to have lost every thing—her friend, her support, her companion, and protector; the husband of her heart, the father of her children. She had afforded them food, shelter, and a home. They had aided her in a most trying moment with their personal assistance, and comforted her with their sympathy and kindness.

The next morning, her guests visited the seashore, in order to ascertain whether any portion of the cargo of their vessel could be saved. When they arrived at the scene of their disaster, they found that the vessel was gone; she had either fallen off from the precipitous cliff upon which she had been thrown by the violence of the sea, or been withdrawn by the reflux of the mountain waves, and had sunk into the deep water, where her masts could just now be discerned under its clear and untroubled surface. The cabin, which had been built upon the deck, had been broken to pieces, and fragments of it were to be seen scattered about on the snow. Some few barrels and boxes from the steward's pantry had been thrown on shore, containing stores of various kinds, and also the captain's hammock and bedding. These were divided into two small lots, of equal weight, and constituted two sleigh loads, for the travelling was too heavy to permit them all to be carried at once. The captain presented them, together with a purse of ten sovereigns, to the poor widow, as a token of his gratitude for her kindness and sympathy for his distress. She was also recommended to examine the shore from time to time, after violent gales of winds, as many loose articles would no doubt hereafter float to the surface; and these, by a

written authority, he empowered her to apply to her own use.

On the succeeding morning, the postman returned with his mail, and furnished a conveyance for the steward. The captain and mate followed, under his guidance, with Mrs. Lent's little pony and sledge. They now took an affectionate leave of each other, with mutual thanks and benedictions, and the widow and her family were again left to their sorrows and their labours. From that day she said an unseen hand had upheld her, fed her, and protected her, and that hand was the hand of the good and merciful God of the widow and the orphan. There were times, she added, when the wounds of her heart would burst open and bleed afresh; but she had been told the affections required that relief, and that Nature had wisely provided it, to prevent a worse issue. She informed me that she often saw her husband of late. When sitting by her solitary lamp, after her children had fallen asleep, she frequently perceived him looking in at the window upon her. She would sometimes rise and go there, with a view of conversing with him, but he always withdrew, as if he was not permitted to have an interview with her. She said she was not afraid to meet him; why should she be? He who had loved her in life would not harm her in death. As soon as she returned to her seat, he would again resume his place at the window, and watch over her for hours together. She had mentioned the circumstance to the clergyman, who charged her to keep her secret, and especially from her children, whose young and weak nerves it might terrify. He had endeavoured to persuade her it was the reflexion of her own face in the glass; that it was a natural effect, and by no means an unusual occurrence. But no one, she added, knew so well as those who saw with their own eyes. It was difficult, perhaps, for others, who had not been so favoured and protected, to believe it, but it was, nevertheless, strictly true; and was a great comfort to her

to think that his care and his love existed for her beyond the grave.

She said many people had advised her to leave that place, as too insecure and inconvenient for a helpless woman; but God had never failed them. She had never known want, or been visited by illness, while she and her children had been fed in the wilderness, like the chosen people of the Lord. He had raised her up a host of friends, whose heart He had touched with kindness for her, and whose hands He had used as the instruments of His mercy and bounty. It would be ungrateful and distrustful in her to leave a place He had selected for her, and He might perhaps turn away his countenance in anger, and abandon her in her old age to poverty and want. And, besides, she said, there is my old man; his visits now are dearer to me than ever; he was once my companion—he is now my guardian angel. I cannot and I will not forsake him while I live; and when it is God's will that I depart hence, I hope to be laid beside him, who, alive or dead, has never suffered this poor dwelling to be to me a "LONE HOUSE."

CHAPTER XI.

THE KEEPING-ROOM OF AN INN; OR, JUDGE BELER'S GHOST.

NO. I.

The more I see of Nova Scotia, the more I appreciate the soundness of the counsel given me by my friend Barclay, who recommended me, instead of commencing a continuous tour of the provinces, to select some one colony, live in it for the space of a year at least, and study the people, their habits and institutions, and then resume my travels. "The store of knowledge thus acquired," he said, "would enable me to comprehend many things afterwards which would otherwise appear unintelligible." I am now daily reap-

ing the advantage of this judicious advice. Neither the Americans nor the provincials, who differ from each other nearly as much as from the English, are so easily understood as the vanity of a traveller would lead him to suppose. To be known, they must be studied; and to study them properly requires time and the aid of resident friends. We have lately been spending a fortnight at Halifax, amid the festivities and gaieties of that hospitable town.

The last three days previous to our departure were marked by intense cold. The harbour smoked like a basin of boiling water (the steam of which is not inaptly called the Barber), and then froze into a mass of ice of great depth and solidity. The streets were almost deserted, and the few persons who were to be seen upon them hurried to and fro, as if unable to withstand the severity of the cold. The snow sounded hard and crisp under their feet, and the nails of the wooden houses, yielding to the sudden contraction occasioned by the frost, separated with a noise not unlike the report of pistols. Small and almost impalpable crystalline particles of snow floated in the air like down. The western sky assumed a light, reddish colour, resembling that of a summer's sunset; and the Dartmouth hills, on the opposite side of the harbour, and all distant objects, appeared, not only more distinctly visible, but very much nearer than usual. Sounds underwent a similar change, and became more audible and more distinguishable. The heated air of our room, when it came in contact with the glass of the window, froze into beautiful, transparent, silvery coatings, exhibiting, in the delicate texture of their brilliant tracery, every imaginable form of landscape, figures, trees, and variegated patterns, like exquisite embroidery. The beauty of this partial encrustation of the glass no language can describe, and I confess to having spent much time in the childish amusement of studying and admiring the infinite variety of shapes it presented. Our dinner,

though colder than was agreeable, smoked as if it were still undergoing the process of cooking. The strong, clear, blazing fire appeared to give out no heat, and our visible breaths painfully reminded us that the frost had penetrated everywhere but into our lungs.

The following day, the weather suddenly relaxed (for it is said that extreme heat or cold seldom continues in this country beyond seventy hours). Its last effort and whole strength were expended, during the night, in a white frost, which, under the rays of a clear and unclouded sun, illumined and beautified every object covered with its white and brilliant mantle. By ten o'clock, the magical transparencies had disappeared from the windows. Large, clear drops of water trickled from the roof, and, as if unwilling to quit a bed on which they had so long reposed, clung with tenacity to the eaves, and congealed again in the form of long and pendent icicles. About noon a shower of tears preceded their inevitable fall, and gave warning of an approaching thaw. The wind, which had blown steadily, but very moderately, from the north-west for several days, gradually diminished until it ceased altogether. A few long-drawn sighs and audible breathings indicated the waking up and subsequent approach of a southerly gale. Meanwhile, the soft and balmy air, and the delicious weather that generally intervenes between the departure and arrival of these two contending winds, had tempted the whole population of the city to be abroad. The Tandem Club and the four-in-hands of the garrison were out; and the double and single sleighs of the townsmen, enveloped, as well as their inmates, with furs, and their horses, decorated with bells fancifully arranged, and many-coloured rosettes, enlivened the streets; while gaily-dressed people on foot and numerous equestrians added to the animated and variegated scene which they themselves had come to admire.

Barclay, who had been only waiting for a change of temperature, now drove up to the door in his tandem,

to take me back to Illinoo. His sleigh was a light but compact vehicle, containing accommodation in front for two persons, and a seat behind for a servant. It was the best-appointed and most comfortable one I had seen in the colony, and his horses were noted for their beauty, speed, and docility. In a few minutes, we were on our way to the country.

“I am in great doubt,” he said, “how to drive. I should like to proceed slowly, in order to enjoy the charming weather; but I fear we shall have a heavy fall of snow, and that at no great distance. Observe the singular aspect of the sky. It looks clear, but it is not transparent. Although there is a strong light and a total absence of clouds, the sun is, nevertheless, obscured. Those long, dark, heavy masses assembling in the east, and abiding their time for mischief, are charged with snow; and the heavens have a yellow, and, what we call in this country, a creamy appearance: all which signs, when they follow intense cold, such as we have experienced these last three days, and a heavy, white frost, like that of the past night, are certain indications of a storm. It is bad philosophy, however, to allow anticipations of the future to mar the enjoyment of the present. We must govern ourselves according to circumstances. Let us proceed leisurely at first; and, if a gale overtake us, my horses have both bottom and speed to keep pace with it.”

There is something very novel and amusing in the scene presented by a main road in winter, in the provinces, when traversed by the extraordinary looking vehicles of the country. Here you encounter a load of hay, of such huge proportions as to occupy, not only the whole track, but nearly the whole highway, drawn by a long, extended line of five or six horses. Nothing can exceed the difficulty and inconvenience of passing one of these moving stacks of hay (for such they appear), an operation always performed at the risk of upsetting, and often occasioning serious injury to the horses and sleighs of the less favoured travellers.

In any other part of the world, this is an evil that would soon be remedied, but those who own or drive these teams are the multitude, and the gentlemen whose lives and property are perilled are but few in number; and, according to every rule of responsible government, it is held to be reasonable that the few should give way to the many. Then you meet another and still more powerful team, drawing the wooden frame of a house, or an enormous spar, of dimensions suitable for the mast of a seventy-four gun ship, either end of which is supported by a short, massive sled. As soon as you have escaped these dangerous neighbours, your nerves are again tested by a prodigious load of wood, extending eight or ten feet in length, and at least six or seven feet in height, bound together by four small stakes, the ends of which are secured in the runners, and the tops insufficiently and carelessly bound by a rope or chain. Seated on this travelling wood-pile is the driver, who, by the aid of a long whip and the intonations of his voice, without any rein whatever, directs half-a-dozen horses, if not according to your ideas of safety, to his own entire satisfaction.

Having escaped these perils, you have leisure to be amused at a countryman sitting astride on the back of an enormous pig, the uppermost one of some twenty or thirty frozen carcasses of pork which he is carrying to market; who is followed by a man with a load of empty barrels, piled as high in the air as the tops of the trees, and destined for the fisheries. Behind these are numberless sleds, having bodies like large packing-boxes filled with mutton, poultry, butter, cheese, and other rural productions. Such are the objects you meet in your progress to the country: those that you overtake and pass are loaded with every conceivable variety of supplies for themselves or retail traders. For some distance from Halifax you encounter but few foot passengers, and they are so poorly clad, and carry such heavy burdens, that you are struck

with compassion ; which you have scarcely time to entertain or express before your ear is assailed with the loud laugh or cheerful song of the merry, thoughtless Negro. He has secured his food for the day, and doubts not that Providence will provide for him on the morrow, and, therefore, like a true philosopher, never suffers doubt or anxiety to trouble his mind.

While noticing and remarking on these objects, we glided on with inconceivable ease. The snow had slightly melted, and settled into a more compact form ; there was neither friction nor resistance, and the runners passed over it as lightly as an oiled substance. Meanwhile, the colour of the road became altered. The pure and unsullied white covering looked yellow and dirty—the usual forerunner of a change of weather. A south wind, which had hitherto blown at intervals in fitful gusts, and moaned heavily through the streets, now arose into a steady gale, and the leafless branches of the forest creaked and laboured under its influence. A few loose, detached, and damp flakes of sleet, of uncommon size, began to fall around us, while the hasty return of all the sleighs that had preceded us bespoke the apprehension of their drivers.

We immediately increased our speed, but the falling of the snow increased faster, and soon assumed, in its rapid and compact descent, the appearance of a dense cloud. The clear and cheerful sound of the bells became dull and heavy, and finally ceased altogether, and our sleigh and ourselves were soon covered with a heavy, adhesive white coating. As we penetrated further into the country, we found that the road, according to the prediction of Barclay, presented a less hardened surface, and that the travelling was both deeper and more laborious.

“ Now, my friend,” he said, “ while I occupy myself with driving, endeavour, as well as you can, to guard us on the right, while my servant keeps a vigilant watch on the left hand ; for I intend to put my horses to their utmost speed, and am afraid of

running into some of the country teams. The flakes are getting smaller, finer, and drier; the wind has risen higher, and shifted to the east; and we are going to have a gale of unusual violence."

The storm, fortunately, was in our backs; but the rapidity of our motion through the white and dazzling snow nearly deprived us of the power of vision. A sudden turn of the road, which momentarily exposed us to the full sweep of the blast, showed me the accuracy of my friend's predictions, for we plunged directly through an enormous drift that lay extended across our track like a wave of the sea, particles of which, lifted by the wind, nearly suffocated us and our horses. As soon as we resumed a western course, our route lay for several miles through a wood, and, availing ourselves of its protection, we pressed forward as fast as possible. "God help those," he said, "who are travelling the other way, and have to face this storm, with poor or jaded cattle! as for ourselves, we are all right, and shall soon reach Mount Hope. Our only difficulty will be in the last mile of the road, which we shall find, I fear, covered to the top of the fences. Anything that horses can do, mine can effect; but I am afraid that, in their struggles, they will draw off the shafts or the whipple tree. This is decidedly the worst tempest I have known for twenty years."

When we arrived at this critical part of our journey, he requested me to take my seat in the back part of the sleigh, in the lap of the servant, so as to lighten the front of the vehicle when it pitched into the drifts, and then, standing up himself, he slackened his pace and drove cautiously. At times, our noble animals appeared perfectly buried in snow, and could only proceed by rearing and plunging forward, and we were often compelled to stop and lift up the sleigh, or lighten its weight, and disentangle the traces from the legs of the horses. The last drift terminated like a wall. The wind passing between the house and the outbuild-

ings, which were situated on opposite sides of the highway at Mount Hope, swept all that part of the road perfectly bare, and rolled up the snow on one side into a precipitous bank. Here Barclay got out, and, examining the depth, pronounced it impossible for horses to pass it in harness. Having released them from the vehicle, and procured assistance from the inn, we managed, though not without much difficulty, to remove the fence, and, by a circuitous route, to conduct them in safety to the stables.

When we arrived at the house, we were at first shown into a room warmed by a stove ; and shortly afterwards into another, having one of the large, blazing, glorious, wood fires of Nova Scotia. There is a hospitable profusion about these rural fireplaces, and a hearty welcome in their appearance, that contrasts most favourably with the ingenious city contrivances to administer the exact amount of heat with the least possible expenditure of fuel. After a capital dinner, for the larders of the inns at this season of the year are always abundantly supplied, we drew up to the cheerful fire, and admired the two brass giants, Gog and Magog, (the andirons) who supported with ease the enormous weight of wood.

The gale we had encountered, which still raged wildly and furiously, led the conversation to incidents resulting from similar events. Barclay related to me the particulars of the great storm of 1798, when it is said the greatest quantity of snow fell that was ever known at any one time, and also mentioned a curious occurrence that happened under his own view.

A few years ago, he said, when on his way to Cumberland (N.S.) in the spring of the year, he spent a night on the Cobequid Mountains. For several days previous the weather had been uncommonly fine, and numerous flocks of wild geese were seen pursuing their annual migration to the north. The morning after his arrival, an enormous flock of these birds, meeting with a storm of hail and freezing sleet, were observed re-

turning on their track in the form of the letter A, a figure which they adopt to enable the stronger and hardier ones to lead the advance. Their sagacity is so great, that they are usually aware of the approach of a tempest, and avoid its effects by seeking out a place of shelter in due time. On this occasion, however, they appear to have been unexpectedly overtaken; and when the sleet froze on them as soon as it fell, they became so overloaded and exhausted, that they descended into a field immediately in front of the house, where the whole of them were instantly taken prisoners, without being able even to make an attempt to escape. Some were eaten fresh by the family, others were preserved in pickle, and the rest sent to the Halifax market, where, he said, they put their feet to the fire before they went to bed, and gave them a glass of hot whisk—whisk—whiskey and water. The odd termination of the sentence induced me to look up at the face of my friend, and, lo! he was fast asleep. The drowsy effects of the large wood fire had mingled his thoughts or his wants with his story of the birds.

For some time after we reached the house, there were several arrivals from the country, among which was the stage-sleigh from Illinoc, which had been upset more than once, and the top broken to pieces. All the passengers spoke of the latter part of their journey as one of greater difficulty and more danger than any they had ever experienced. On the following morning we found, to our dismay, that it was not only snowing and drifting as fast as ever, but that there was not the slightest appearance of a change.

“We must make up our minds,” said Barclay, “to remain here for a day or two. It is impossible for us to leave this place in the present state of the roads, and equally impossible for any others to arrive. I will go and see who is in ‘the keeping-room,’ and what amusement it can afford us; for it would be quite absurd for a traveller like you to be shut up all day at an inn with such an old cynic as me, while there

may be many persons here well worth studying and knowing."

The house at Mount Hope was, inconveniently situated, being on the top of rather a high hill, but was very well arranged for the accommodation of the different classes of persons that frequented it. It was a long, narrow, two-story building, forming two sides of a square, and having a double entrance, one at the side and one at the front. Besides the apartments appropriated to the use of those who preferred to be alone, there were two large rooms, one of which was devoted to teamsters, pedestrians, and people of that description, connected with which was the bar. The other was called the keeping-room, and generally reserved for the use of the family, but where old patrons, friends, and acquaintances, were not considered as intruders. In the rear, and attached to this, was the kitchen, larder, pantry, &c.

Barclay soon returned, accompanied by Miss Lucy Neal, the manager of the household, a fine, hearty, blooming, good-natured country girl, of about thirty years of age, to whom he introduced me. After chatting awhile about the storm, and other indifferent matters, she said she feared I must find it dull to be confined so long to the house; and added, that if I felt inclined, she would be glad to see me after dinner in the keeping-room—an invitation which I most readily and cheerfully accepted.

As soon as she retired, Barclay said—

"I have arranged it all for you. I have ordered dinner at two o'clock, so as to enable us to spend the whole afternoon below, where you will see one of the oddest fellows in this country, Stephen Richardson, of Clements, in the County of Annapolis. There is some drollery about him, inexhaustible good humour, and, amid all the nonsense he talks, more quickness of perception and shrewdness than you would at first give him credit for. Take him altogether, he is what may be called a regular character. If I can manage it, I

will set him and others telling stories; for nothing illustrates the habits, manners, and tastes of a population more than their favourite topics."

About four o'clock we joined the party of travellers assembled in the privileged room of the family. This apartment was about twenty-five feet in length, but disproportionably narrow. The floor was painted, and not carpeted, and the walls covered with a yellow wash. The fireplace, which was of huge dimensions, was furnished with a back-log that required the efforts of two men to roll it into its bed; and surmounted by a mantelpiece that was graced with one of Mr. Samuel Slick's clocks, the upper half being covered by a dial-plate, and the lower portion exhibiting a portrait of General Washington mounted on a white charger, with long tail and flowing mane. The sides of the room were ornamented with a sampler worked on canvass, and some coarse gaudy-coloured prints, among which the most conspicuous were two representing George III. and Queen Charlotte, wearing their crowns, and severally holding in one hand a globe and in the other a sceptre, as if playing a game of coronella. In one corner was an open cupboard, fitting into the angle, and exhibiting the best china and glass of the house. In front of each window, was a stand supporting some geraniums, monthly roses, and ivy.

The company consisted of about six or eight persons, besides Miss Lucy and her sister. Mr. Stephen Richardson, to whom my attention had been previously directed, was a tall, muscular, awkward-looking man, with a slight stoop in the shoulder. His manners were free and easy, the expression of his face knowing and comical, and his dress the light blue homespun common to the country.

When we entered, a small, thin man, with a sour, bilious face, and dressed in a suit of black cloth, was entertaining the party with a grievance, for which he expressed his determination to be avenged upon the government at the next election. He had been at

Halifax, it seemed, from whence he was just returning, to solicit some little petty local office at Aylsford, where he resided, to which he thought himself eminently entitled by his valuable political partisan services, but which, to his dismay, he found had been disposed of to an earlier and more fortunate applicant. Loud and long were his denunciations and complaints.

“I don't pity you a morsel,” said Stephen. “The best office for a farmer is being his own overseer, and the best fees those paid by his orchards and fields. There is nothing so mean in folks like you and me as office seeking, unless it is in wearing broadcloth instead of homespun, as if a man was above his business. Now, look at me,” and he rose up and stood erect; “I am six feet four in my stockings, when unravelled and bolt upright, and six feet five when stretched out on a bench; and, from the sole of my foot to the crown of my head, I am dressed in the produce of my own farm. I raised the flax and hackled it, and bred the sheep and sheared the wool that made the linen and the cloth I wear. I am sort of proud of it, too; for a farmer, according to my ideas of things, ought to be known by his dress, like an officer or a parson; and then, when folks see him, they'll know he ain't run up a bill at a shop, and ain't cutting a dash in things he han't paid for.

“I've known some very mean men in my time. There was Deacon Overreach, now, he was so mean, he always carried a hen in his gig-box when he travelled, to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And then there was Hugo Himmelman, who made his wife dig potatoes to pay for the marriage license. Lawyer,” he continued, addressing himself to Barclay, “I must tell you that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one; and good stories, like potatoes, ain't as plenty as they used to be when I was a boy. Hugo is a neighbour of mine, though considerably

older than I be, and a mean neighbour he is, too. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Kolp, he goes down to Parson Rogers, at Digby, to get a license.

“ ‘Parson,’ says he, ‘what’s the price of a license?’

“ ‘Six dollars,’ says he.

“ ‘Six dollars!’ says Hugo; ‘that’s a dreadful sight of money! Couldn’t you take no less?’

“ ‘No,’ says he. ‘That’s what they cost me to the Secretary’s office at Halifax.’

“ ‘Well, how much do you ax for publishing in church, then?’

“ ‘Nothing,’ says parson.

“ ‘Well,’ says Hugo, ‘that’s so cheap I can’t expect you to give no change back. I think I’ll be published. How long does it take?’

“ ‘Three Sundays.’

“ ‘Three Sundays!’ says Hugo. ‘Well, that’s a long time, too. But three Sundays only make a fortnight, after all; two for the covers and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away. I must wait.’

“ ‘So off he went a-jogging towards home, and a-looking about as mean as a new-sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went, as hard as his horse could carry him.

“ ‘Parson,’ says he, ‘I’ve changed my mind. Here’s the six dollars. I’ll tie the knot to-night with my tongue, that I can’t undo with my teeth.’

“ ‘Why, what in natur is the meaning of all this?’ says parson.

“ ‘Why,’ says Hugo, ‘I’ve been ciphering it out in my head, and it’s cheaper than publishing bans, after all. You see, sir, it’s a potato-digging time; if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing; and, as hands are scarce and wages high, if I marry her to-night, she can begin to dig our own to-morrow, and that will pay for the license, and just seven shillings over; for there ain’t a man in all

Clements that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Gretchen can. And, besides, fresh wives, like fresh servants, work like smoke at first, but they get sarcy and lazy after a while.'

"Oh, my!" said Miss Lucy, "did you ever hear the beat of that? Well, I never!"

"Now, that's what I call mean," said Stephen.

"Mean!" said Miss Lucy, who was greatly shocked; "I guess it is mean! I never heard anything half so mean in all my born days!"

"Well, I have, then," continued Stephen. "It ain't near so mean as a farmer running about the country, dressed up in superfine broad-cloth, a-looking out for a little office. I'll tell you what, when *situa-tions* in the country fall vacant, folks to Halifax know it as well as can be, for the town is just like a salt-lick at the full of the moon, it's filled with stray cattle. When father and I lived on Bear River, and turned the young stock out to browse in the woods, we never took the trouble to hunt them up, for they were always sure to come to the banks at high-water at the full to get a drink of brine, for they are great place-hunters, are stray cattle."

Here the little man in black, though evidently accustomed to these rough, rustic remarks, appeared to wince under their application before strangers, and made an attempt to turn the conversation, by taking a letter out of his pocket-book, and asking Richardson "if he would do him the favour to allow him to make him the medium of transmitting it to Halifax, having, unfortunately, forgotten to deliver it himself."

"Which means, in plain English," said Stephen, "you fetched it back by mistake. Why the devil can't you talk plain? There is nothing like homespun talk and homespun cloth for a farmer. I'll take a hundred of them, if you like. Let's see it!"

He then took the letter, and examined the address, and, reversing it, looked at the seal and returned it, saying—

“Open that letter and read it to me, or I can't take it. I've made a vow never to carry a paper for any man unless I know what's in it. I got into an awful scrape, once, by carrying a letter that had a wafer in it to Sir Hercules Sampson, the Governor that used to be here a good while ago. I'll tell you how it was, so that you may see it ain't because I don't want to oblige you, but just to keep out of a scrape myself, when I know I am well off. One fall, just as I was a-starting from home for Halifax in a vessel loaded with apples and cider I raised on my own farm, and the matter of five hundred boxes of smoked herrings (which I caught and cured myself), who should come along but Pete Balcom, with a letter in his hand.

“‘Steve,’ says he, ‘just leave this at Government House, will you, that's a good fellow, as soon as you arrive in town, and I will do as much for you some other time?’

“‘Certainly,’ says I; ‘but, as my hands are sort of dirty, do you take my pocket-book out of my jacket, and stow it away snug, and he did so. Well, one day, after I got to Halifax, and unloaded the vessel, as I was a-going along the street with my working clothes on, who should I see a-galloping along from parade but the Governor and a couple of other officers, with their spurs a-jangling, and their swords a-dangling, and their plumes a-nodding, talking and a-laughing away like anything. Thinks I, I'll just follow on to Government House, and give Pete Balcom's letter to one of his hired men. So, away I goes into one of the great stone gates, and there was trees, and gravel-walks, and little bushes, and a sort of garden-looking place, and a great big front door. So, I backed out, and went up the hill, and turned into t'other gate, and, as I am a living sinner, there was another pleasure-garden-looking place, and a front door there, too. Thinks I, Goodness me, where's the back porch that common folks like me go into? These places are only meant for great men and office-seekers, like our friend

Broadcloth here. So, I took a circuit all round the house, till I came back to where I started from, like a fellow lost in the woods, when I saw a baker drive in. Come, says I to myself, I'll ax no questions, for that looks as if you did not know, but I'll just follow old Dough, for, where the bread goes, he that raises the flour has a right to go also. Well, out he jumps from his cart, and takes a basket of loaves on his arm, and dives down behind an iron railing alongside of the street-door, and I after him. Though he knew the way, and I didn't, I kept close up to him for all that; for a man that can overhaul a moose, ain't easy left behind by a baker chap, I tell you. Well, we no sooner got into the lower regions, than Sixpenny Loaf lays down his basket, up with his whip, knocks at the door, and off like a shot, leaving me and the basket there.

“ ‘Hullo,’ said I, ‘Mister, deliver your own freight yourself, will you, if you please? it's enough for me to hand in Pete Balcom's letter; and, besides, I am a stranger here.’

“ ‘But crack went the whip, and away went the wheels, and the only answer I got was, ‘Come in.’ So I opened the door, and there was a little, thin old lady, with spectacles on, and her two daughters handsomely dressed. Mother was writing in a big book that looked to me like a merchant's ledger, and the two young women were making a bit of carpet, with coloured yarns, in a small-sized quilting-frame. Thinks I to myself, I won't say nothing about that trick the feller played me with the bread. If he don't choose to stop for his pay, he may go without it. So says I—

“ ‘Marm, I've a letter for the Governor, that a neighbour of mine, one Pete Balcom, asked me to leave here for him;’ and I out pocket-book and gave it to her, and she handed it to one of the galls, who went out to hand it to some one else.

“ ‘Take a chair and sit down,’ said old mother, quite sociable-like. ‘Be so good as to wait a moment, perhaps his Excellency the Governor may have

an answer for you ;' and then she went on writing as before.

"That must have been the housekeeper you saw," said Miss Lucy, with the patronising air of a person that thinks they know the world ; "and what you call bits of carpet in frames, was rug-work."

"I don't know who the plague she was," said Stephen, "nor don't care. I never saw her before, and I never want to see her again."

"Well, as I was a-saying, that gave me time to cast my eye round and think a bit upon things in general ; and when I seed these nice-dressed women, and well-furnished room, and flowers, and what not, thinks I, if this is your kitchen-room, what must your parlour be ? And then I looked at my clothes all covered with dust, a little more nor half-worn, and looking none the better for the tar of the vessel. I won't say I wished for broadcloth, for I didn't, but I did long for my new suit of homespun, for I feel sort of proud of it, seeing I raised the stuff, and my old woman wove it and made it, as I said before.

"Well, just then in come a servant with a pair of red breeches on, and gold garters, and white stockings pulled up tight over a pair of legs about as big as — as big as — what shall I say ? why, about as big as your drumsticks, Broadcloth. The fellow looked as much like a gentleman, and was as well dressed as an eddy-gong, or chaplain, or whatever they call them, and as impudent too ; for, says he, ' Follow me !' quite short, like a chap that has received so many orders that he begins to think at last he has a right to give them himself. Thinks I, natur is natur, whether it's on a farm or in a Governor's kitchen-room, for everything gets sarcy that's well-fed and has nothing to do. Well, he takes me through a long stone passage, as cold as the nateral ice-house on Granville Mountain, and as dark too, then up a pair of stairs, and then turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right

again, as folks tell you when you don't know the road. It sort of crossed my mind as I followed the critter, who seemed most too lazy to carry his shoes, I suppose the Governor is going to offer me a glass of grog for fetching that letter, and that I'll take, for that's sociable and civil-like, though I wouldn't take all the money in his house, for that's mean, and don't become Homespun.

"At last, Breeches showed me into a large unfurnished room, without a carpet or a curtain, as bare as my thrashing-floor, with nothen in it but two unstuffed wooden sofas, and a table with a large writing-book and an inkstand on it. On one side sat a sergent with his sword on, and on the other a thirteen-penny soldier with his baggonut on, and there he left me standing in the middle of the room, without saying as much as, 'By your leave,' or anything else. In less than half-a-minute out come the Governor, a great, tall, thin, bony man, like myself, with a bald head, a nose as big as a brass knocker, and a pair of eyes as sharp, bright, and wicked, as Lucifer's, (*loup cervier*) with his great big sword by his side, and his spurs on, jist as I saw him in the street, only he had his hat with its white feathers in his hand. As soon as he came in, up jumps the sergent and the soldier, and stood as straight as two ramrods.

"'How dare you hand me such a letter as that, Mr. Balcom?' said he.

"'Governor!' says I.

"'Silence!' says he. 'It admits of no excuse.'

"I never heard no more after that, I was so taken a-back, and me with my old working-clothes on, looking like Old Scratch himself; but on he went, foaming and roaring like a freshet, and klomping, klomping round on the board floor, and waving his arms like a windmill. Thinks I to myself, This is what I call an indictment, and they are a-going to send me to the guard-house as sure as the world; and then I looked first at the sergent, and then at Thirteenpence, and

I seed I could pitchfork them fellows out of the window as easy as a sheaf of wheat : but then there was the Governor. If I was to lay hands on him, even in self-defence, I knew it would be rebellion, besides going agin the grain, for I am a loyal man, and so was my father before me ; and besides that, I warn't sure I could handle him either if I was to try. Then I thought I'd make a run for it, and if I had known the way, I think I should ; but what in the world can you do in a house that has as many doors in it, a'most, as there are days in the year ? So I made up my mind to face it like a man.

“ ‘ Governor,’ says I, ‘ will you just answer me one question ?’

“ ‘ Silence, Mr. Balcom !’ says he ; ‘ I have nothing to say to you.’

“ ‘ Man alive,’ says I, ‘ do you call all this saying nothing ? Besides, my name ain't Balcom, and never was, I tell you. You have got in a wrong pew, you may depend.’

“ ‘ What the devil is your name, then ?’ says he.

“ ‘ Why, folks call me Stephen Richardson, when I am at home,’ says I ; ‘ and I know no more about that letter than the man in the moon. I only brought it just to oblige you and Pete Balcom.’

“ ‘ Why didn't you tell me that before ?’ says he.

“ ‘ Because you wouldn't let me,’ says I.

“ With that he half turned and waived his hand, and the sergeant and the soldier sprung forward, and, as I thought they were a-going for to seize me, and I knowed I hadn't done nothing wrong, except not dressing myself decent, I stepped back as quick as wink two paces, and squared off.

“ ‘ Stop !’ says I. ‘ The first man that lays a hand on me, I'll level him as flat as a pancake : so stand clear.’

“ The Governor laughed right out at that, and the two soldiers opened the front door to let me out, instead of leading me all round by the kitchen,

the way I came in ; and up steps Sir Hercules, and says he—

“ ‘ You are a fine, manly fellow, and I admire your spirit. I wish I had a battalion of such men as you are. I am very sorry for the mistake. I beg your pardon,’ and so on.

“ Well, when a great man like a Governor condescends that way to humble himself to a poor man, to say he begs his pardon, it kind of overcomes you, and cools you down as quick as a cup of water does a kettle of boiling maple sap.

“ ‘ I don’t blame you a morsel,’ says I, ‘ Governor : but I blame Pete Balcom, though : he hadn’t ought to have made a fool of me after that fashion. This is the first office ever I filled in my life, and that was none of my seeking being a letter-carrier ; and when I get home I’ll give Pete Balcom the first quarter’s salary in the shape of as good a licking as ever he got since he was born, and then I’ll resign the commission.’

“ ‘ No, no, my good friend,’ said the Governor, patting me good-naturedly on the shoulder, ‘ pray don’t break the peace ; I should be very sorry to be the cause of any further annoyance to you.’

“ But I didn’t promise him, fo. when I promise I keep my word : and, beside, he sort of looked at me as if he wouldn’t care much if I did give him a quilting. Well, the first time I met Mister Pete Balcom after I returned home, I just up and says—

“ ‘ Pete,’ says I, ‘ what was in that letter of yours that you gave me to take to the Governor ?’

“ ‘ What is that to you ?’ says he.

“ ‘ It is a good deal to me,’ I said ; ‘ for I want to know what sort of business I was partner in ?’

“ ‘ Well, ask about and find out,’ said he, quite sarcey.

“ ‘ I’ll get it out of you as I get my wheat out of the ear, by thrashing it out,’ says I. ‘ So here’s at you ;’ and I turned to, and I gave such a tanteeing as he never had since he was raised, I know. The

postage of that letter came to a round sum, you may depend. I got sued for an assault, was dragged through two courts, and got cast in ten pounds' damage, and twenty pounds' cost; and what's more, after all, never found out to this day what was in that letter. Since then I've made a vow never to carry a paper for any man, unless he first shows me what's in it. If you don't think proper, therefore, to break the seal of that one, and read it to me, you may send it by some one else, and there is an end of it."

After some general and desultory conversation, my friend Barclay related the particulars of an apparition that had been much talked of at Halifax lately; and, for the purpose of drawing out a story from Richardson, which he knew he was very fond of telling, asked him if he believed in the existence of ghosts?

"Well, I don't know," said Stephen; "I didn't used to oncet upon a time, but I've larned better now. I am not a man that's easily darnted. A feller that's had a fair stand-up fight with a she-bear weighing six hundred weight, and nothing but a jack-knife in his fist to defend himself with, as I have, and killed her too—ay, and skinned her arterwards, don't deserve to be called a coward, I know. I warn't brought up in the woods to be scared by an owl, I tell you; and, therefore, what I say I'll stand to. I have seed a ghost, ay, and fit with a ghost, too: and look here," (and, undoing his cravat, he exhibited the back part of his neck), "look here, there's the marks of its teeth; that I shall carry to the grave with me. It was old Judge Beler's ghost. You have heern tell of old Judge Beler, and how oneasy he was, see! that he never was buried, haven't you?"

None of the company had come from that part of the country where Stephen lived, therefore, no one knew of a circumstance which had occurred in the early settlement of the province, and all answered in the negative.

"Not hear of Judge Beler!" he said. "Well,

that's strange, too! I thought everybody had heard of him and his ghost. Well," says Steve, "I'll tell you. There is Digby, do you see, as might be there," pointing with the handle of his whip to the floor; "well, away up there," pointing to another spot, "is Annapolis, as you might say; and there they stand, one at each end of the basin, looking at each other, but just twenty miles off by water, like two folks at each end of a long election table. Well, all up this side of the basin is Clements Township, stretching right away from one town to the other. Well, when the country was first settled after the American rebellion, this Clements was laid out for the Dutch and Germans that served in the war. There was three locations: one on the shore, and that the Long Island Dutch lived on; behind that was another range given to the Waldeck soldiers; and behind that another called the Hessian line, because the Hessians had lands laid off to them there.

"In those days, there were nothing but bridle-roads, because they always rode on horseback when they didn't walk; but they warn't turnpiked up for wheels as they are now into highways. Well, among the Long Island loyalists, there was one Judge Beler—at least, so they used to call him. He warn't like our supreme judges, regular halter-broke and trained, but a sort of magistrate judge, and in his own country (New York State) belonged to a kind of sheep-skin court, as folks nicknamed them. Still he was called Judge, and was a man well-to-do in the world, and well-known, and liked all through them settlements, and spoke German like a book, and could crack up all the hard lumps of words like a harrow, into powder, as fine as *a b*, *ab*. Well, he used to be often riding away back into the Hessian line, and spending a few days there. Sometimes they said he was surveying land, and laying off lots. At other times, they said he went to chat at old Milner's (not old Tom's that's there now, but old Tom's father's), and talk and fight

over the battles of the rebellion war; and sometimes they said the Judge—for he warn't by no manner of means up in years—used to go to see Vogler Vroom's daughter, old Mrs. Wagner that was afterwards. Minna Vroom, they say, was a rael fine gall in her day, full of health, and strength, and spirits, as a four-year old colt, and yet a great housekeeper too. Judging of her as she was when I seed her, which was long after she had lost the mark of mouth”

“ Why, Mr. Stephen, ain't you ashamed to talk that way of the ladies ?” said Miss Lucy.

“ A body could hardly believe she ever was so uncommon handsome (but then there ain't a wrinkled old woman in the country they don't say was pretty oncet); for she must have always been a little too much of the Dutch build for figure, according to my notions; too short, too square about the”

“ Never mind describing her,” said Miss Lucy: “ go on with the story. There is nothing in nature I am so fond of as a good ghost story.”

“ Well, I never knew it fail,” replied Stephen: “ one handsome woman never cares to hear about another handsome woman. Her father, by all accounts, was plaguy well off, and as she was an only child, if the Judge's mouth watered when he looked on Minna, and thought of the beautiful rolls of yarn and homespun, and fat hams, and smoked beef, that were hanging about so tempting, not to speak of the yellow and white shiners tied up in the long stockings in the big chests,—why it ain't to be wondered at, that's all. Maybe he did, and maybe he didn't; but most likely he went like other folks on his own business, whatever it was, whenever he liked, and whenever he pleased, and gave no account and axed no leave. Well, oncet he went, and, faith, he never returned again. It was in the forepart of winter 1786, as I have heard tell. Folks down to the shore thought the Judge was paying a long visit, and wondered he didn't come back; and people on the Hessian line road thought it was a

long time since he had gone home, and wondered he didn't come to see them again. At last, it was as clear as mud he was missing. Some thought he had got lost in the woods, others thought he had got scalped and killed by the Indians, and some reckoned he had got a cold shoulder from Minna Vroom, and that he had taken it so much to heart he had left the country; and nobody knew anything for sartain.

“ Well, days and weeks passed on and passed on, and no tidings was ever heard of him, and at last folks gave over talking of him, and he was sort of forgot and out of mind. For time, like the big roller of the Agricultural Society, as it rolls on, fetches all things to a level, or presses them into the earth out of sight, so that they don't attract attention no more. And queer sort of farmers books make too: first they plough up land to make it loose and light, and then they roll it as hard as ever, and undo all they have done, and that they call science; and it may be science, but it ain't common sense, and don't stand to reason. But that's neither here nor there, and, as I was a-saying, one day the next spring, just as the lakes had opened, Frederic Crowse was ranging about the woods for a stick to make ox-bows of, when who should he see in the middle of the great lake near the Hessian road but Judge Beler, seated as quiet and as nateral on his horse as life! There was a little wind at the time, and a ripple on the water, and the Judge was riding with his head towards home, and his horse making a slow motion like a canter, but not advancing forward a bit. At first, he thought he was swimming the lake, for that would make a very short cut for him, and he stood a while and stared at him; but seein' that he didn't go ahead, he called out to him as loud as he could call.

“ ‘ Judge!’ said he; but the Judge didn't look round.

“ ‘ Squire!’ said he; but the squire didn't speak.

“ ‘ Mr. Beler!’ said he; but Mr. Beler didn't

answer, but just went on rising and bending to every wave like a bow of the body, but still remaining in one spot.

“ ‘Good gracious!’ says Fred to himself; ‘the water is so shocking cold at this season of the year, it has almost chilled him to death. What onder the sun shall I do?’

“ Well, away he went as hard as he could run for his life, and alarmed all the neighbours, and down they came, with axes, and ropes, and tools, and what not, and made a raft, and put off into the lake to help him. The sun was just then setting as they shoved out from the shore, and when they got about half way to him they saw that his eyes were gone, and his face was all swelled, and his flesh was bleached, and bloated, and slimy, and that he looked awful bad; and they were dreadfully frightened.”

“ Oh, my!” said Miss Lucy, “ how horrid! But it’s a beautiful story: go on!” And she drew her chair nearer to Richardson.

“ Well, they were skeered to go up to him,” continued Stephen; “ and they stopped, awed like, and gazed and gazed, without saying a word; and when they give over rowing, the judge and his horse gradually settled down, slowly—slowly—slowly, until nothin’ but his head was above water, and then he remained for a minute or two longer, as if he didn’t like to leave his old friends for ever and ever, and down he went altogether, and sunk to the bottom.

“ It would have been no more than decent and neighbourly, perhaps,” he added, “ to have fished him up, and given him Christian burial. But I won’t say fished him up, neither; for, poor man, he was passed that, I guess, unless they had baited their hook with Minna Vroom, and that would have made him jump out of the water like a salmon, I do suppose. Many a man has been caught...”

“ Why, Mr. Richardson, how you talk!” said Miss Lucy; “ it’s actually ondecnt that—it’s

shocking ! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, so you ought."

" Well, grappled him up, then," he said : " for folks that are neglected that way by all the world, except by frogs and pollywogs, are oneasy, and walk, and he has terrified the whole country ever since. The old stock of them that knew him never mentioned him without fear ; and some said that they had actually seen him afterwards in that lake (which now goes by the name, and I suppose always will, of Beler's Lake). Well, the next generation, though they began to frighten children, by telling them they would send for the Judge if they behaved bad, soon gave over that sort of idle talk, and said there was no doubt he was up and stirring sometimes. Many people declared that they had heard him, in the winter time, muttering under the ice, in some unknown tongue ; for the German language has long since gone out in those parts. I know my father said he oncest seed him gallop like mad on his old black mare across that lake in a snow squall, and sink through the ice with a report like a cannon. And old Dr. Boéhme said he had known strange noises there, quite near ; and when he'd stop to listen, he would hear the same at the other end of the lake, as if he was trying to get through ; and then he would hear him strike the bottom of the ice with his fist such a blow, that it seemed as if it would crack it clear across, though it was three feet thick.

" Well, I never met that man yet that I was afraid of ; and as for ghosts, I never see one in all my born days, and did n't believe there was any, and therefore couldn't tell whether I was skeered or not. Still, somehow or another, it was a melancholy, dismal place, for no one would settle near it, and I can't say I much liked going by there alone, for it ain't pleasant to think of spirits and such things in the dark, if you have no one to talk to. I won't say, nether, I haven't heard those noises myself, especially when the lake is a-going

to break up in the spring; and I have heard some of those awful reports, like thunder in the ice, too, but I am not certain I haven't heard the same under other lakes; at all events, though they made me feel kind of serious like, they never skeered me. Well, one night—it was on the 17th of March, I recollect the day, for I was at Pat Doyle's that afternoon at Digby, and he said it was St. Patrick's day, and I drank a considerable some, though not to say I warn't sober, nether—when I came to the lake, it was a little after daylight down, just twilight enough to see the road, and much as a bargain, too, when I heard this rumbling under the ice, a rolling, moaning, hoarse, onnateral kind of sound, and then came one of those cracks that go off like a twelve-pounder.

“ ‘Hullo!’ says I to myself, ‘the old Judge is on-easy to-night; howsumever, I never hurt a hair of his head, and he has no call to me, good or bad; so, dead or alive, I don't fear him.’

“Just then, I sartainly did hear a most powerful yell. It went through me like lightning, and seemed to curdle my very blood. Oh! it was an awful scream, you may depend, and seemed onearthly like, or as if the devil was in the unburied human that gave it. I stopped a moment, and all was still again, but the hollow, rumblin', echo-like voice under the ice.

“ ‘What in the world is all this?’ says I to myself; ‘as sure as fate, Beler's ghost is no joke, but downright reality. There's no mistake. I'll take my oath I heard that scream of his, and I think, Steve, you had better be a-jogging on towards home, or you may hear what ain't good for your hearing, and see what ain't good for sore eyes.’

“So I just gave the beast a tap of the whip, and moved on. Well, as soon as you leave the lake, you come to a sharp pinch of a hill, and then you go down into a steep, heavy-wooded hollow, and then mount another smart hill, and pass on. This happened twenty-five years ago next March, and at that time it was still little more than a bridle-path, and the trees

lapped across it in places. Now, in that hollow, two large hemlocks had got canted well over on one side, windfalls like, and were caught by two large spruces on the other; so there was just room to stoop low down on the saddle, and squeeze under, and much as ever, too—almost a scrape. Having rid that way in the morning, I knew the track, kept to the left, bent forward on the neck of the horse, and went through. Just as I cleverly cleared it, old Beler sprung right on the crupper, seized me round the waist, and yelled just as he did when he got out of the lake, first in one ear and then in the other. Oh, how the woods rung! His breath was so hot, it most scalded me, and the scream cut me through the head like a knife; and then he clasped me so tight round the body, he near about squeezed the wind out of me. If I didn't sing out, it's a pity, and the more I hollered, the louder he shrieked. I won't pretend for to go for to say that I warn't frightened, because that wouldn't be true; I was properly skeered, that's a fact. I expected every minute to be clawed off, and plunged into the lake. I didn't know what to do. Human strength, I knew, was of no avail agin supernateral beings, so I took to prayer.

“ ‘Our Father....’ says I.

“ The moment I said that, he let go yellin’, and seized me by the nape of the neck with his teeth, and bit right through the grizzle. Oh, it was a powerful nip, that! the pain was enough to drive one mad, and I fairly roared like a bull, it hurt me so.

“ In the mean time, the horse began to rear and plunge most furiously; for the poor dumb animal knew, as well as could be, it had a ghost-rider, besides its lawful master, to carry. At last, it kicked so like old Scratch, it sent us both flying heels over head, the Judge on one side, and me on the other side of it. I fortunately held on to the rein, and jumped up like winkin’, and the horse stood head to him, snorting and blowing like a porpoise. I shall never forget that

scene, the longest day I ever live. The Judge had no hat on; his face was all hairy and slimy; his eyes looked some wild animal's, they had such a fiery, restless, wicked glance, which I expect was the ghost looking out of the dead sockets of the unburied skeleton—at least, that's my idea of it; and his teeth was the only white-looking thing about him: but then, teeth last a long time, particularly when kept from the air, under water, in the long matted grass and lily-roots. I hardly got a real good look at him, before he rolled himself up into a ball, like a porcupine, and shrieked—oh, how he shrieked! I heard him afterwards, for the matter of three or four minutes, (for you may depend I didn't stay to keep him company longer than I could help) while I was galloping off as hard as ever my horse could lay legs to the ground. I wouldn't encounter that old Judge agin, for anything in this blessed world. That's the first, and the last, and the only time I ever see a ghost; and I never desire to see another."

"What did your neighbours think of that story?" said Barclay.

"Well, I didn't want to brag," said Stephen; "but, since you've axed the question, this I will say for myself—there never was a man in the whole county of Annapolis, that so much as even hinted that he didn't believe it, except old Parson Rogers, of Digby; and plague take me if I think them ministers believe half they preach themselves, they are so loath to believe other folks. The parson one day jist up and axed me all about it.

"'Steve,' says he, 'they tell me you have seen the old Judge; is that true?'

"'Oh, parson!' says I, 'now you are only a goin' for to banter me; let me alone, now, that's a good soul, for that ain't a subject to banter on; and I might say something I would be sorry for, perhaps.'

"'I am not a going to tease you, Stephen,' he said: 'I really want to hear it as it happened, if it

ever did happen. They say you had a hard struggle with him; is that true?

“ ‘True as gospel,’ says I.

“ ‘Were you quite sober that night, Steve,’ said he. ‘You know, folks sometimes see double on St. Patrick’s Day.’

“ ‘See!’ says I, ‘parson; I not only see him, but felt him, too. Look here, where he left the marks of his teeth on me!’ and I stripped and showed him the scars. ‘Do you believe now?’ says I.

“ ‘I never heard that ghosts had teeth before, Steve,’ said he, most provokin’ cool—‘no, never.’

“ ‘Did you ever see one?’ says I; ‘so come, now, answer me that.’

“ ‘No, says he; ‘I never saw one, and never expect to.’

“ ‘How the plague can you tell, then,’ says I, ‘whether they have teeth or not? But I have seen one, do ye mind: and I can swear they have teeth—plaguy sharp ones, too—breath as hot as a tea-kettle, and claws as long and as strong a bear.’

“ ‘Stephen,’ said he, ‘my son, I didn’t think you were so easily frightened.’

“ ‘Frightened!’ says I; and I began to get cross with his banter, as if I would go for to tell a lie, or be such a fool as not to know what I was a talking about—‘frightened, is it?’ said I; ‘it’s more than ever you could do to skeer me, though you have been preachin’ against the devil and all his imps ever since I was born. But do you go to Beler’s Lake on St. Patrick’s night, and if the Judge is to home, and a talking and a stirring under water, do you undervalue him as I did, and say you ain’t afraid of him, dead or alive, and if he don’t frighten you into believing what you hear, and believing what you see, and into knowing the difference between a bite and a kiss, then you are a braver man than I take you to be, that’s all.’

“ ‘I’ll go with you the next 17th day of March,’ said he.

“ ‘Thank you,’ said I; ‘I’d rather be excused.’

“ ‘Well, I’ll go with or without you, just as you please, on the 17th of next March, if you will first go to Nick Wyland’s, and see that Colonel Brown’s crazy boy (the one that roasted his brother) is well chained up. It’s my opinion that that mischievous maniac broke loose, or slipped out that night, and attacked you; and the only wonder is that, with his superhuman strength, he didn’t kill you. You had a great escape. But as for a ghost, Steve....’

“ ‘Parson,’ says I, ‘do you believe the Bible?’

“ ‘Yes,’ says he, ‘I do.’

“ ‘Well, then,’ says I, ‘believe in Judge Beler’s ghost. I have seen him, and heard him, and felt him, and have the marks to prove it. You are Parson Rogers, ain’t you?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘Well, so you are; but how do I know it? Because I’ve seen you, heard you, and felt you. Well, that’s the way I know the ghost. I tell you, I have heard, seen, and felt Judge Beler’s ghost.’ ”

CHAPTER XII.

THE KEEPING-ROOM OF AN INN;

OR, SEEING THE DEVIL.

NO. II.

Miss Lucy, who had listened with great interest and attention to Richardson’s story of Judge Beler’s Ghost, pronounced it “beautiful!”

“Oh, Mr. Stephen,” she said, “that is a charming tale. There is nothing in nature I am so fond of as a good Ghost story; it is so exciting, although I don’t just altogether like to hear them too late at night, neither before going to bed, for they are apt to keep one awake, or set one a-dreaming. That part of it where the judge rises from the lake, a-cantering on

his mare, and never going a-head, like a rocking-horse, is grand; and so is that part where the people on the raft first see that it is not a living being, but a Ghost or a dead human, and suddenly stop rowing, and stare and stare at him with all their eyes, until he slowly sinks out of sight for ever! What a pictur that would make, if there was any one that could take it off naterally! I think I can see it, and the lone dismal lake, just as you have described it. And then agin, when the Ghost comes through the ice with a noise like thunder, jumps up behind you on the horse, and screams and yells like mad, and seizes you by the nape of the neck with his teeth, and you so scared all the time! Oh, it's fun alive! It beats all. It's...."

"You wouldn't have found it such fun, then," said Mr. Stephen, "I can tell you, if you had a-been there, for he would have just turned-to, and eat you up at oncest, like a ripe peach! He found me rather tough, I reckon; but if it had been your beautiful tempting neck, Miss Lucy, he'd a-never a-left off, after he had once a-got a taste of it, until he had finished it, I know. If I was a young man, I...."

"Which you ain't," said Miss Lucy: "and so there is no excuse for your talking such nonsense, so be done, now. But the part I don't like, is the talk you had with the parson at Digby, for that seems to throw a doubt on it, or to explain it. Now, I don't want to hear a good Ghost story cleared up. I do believe in them, and like to believe in them. Spirits ain't permitted, according to my idea, to wander about the earth merely to scare decent folks out of their senses, but for some good purpose or another; and although we can't always see them, who can tell that they don't surround us, notwithstanding, watching over us when asleep, guarding our steps, shielding us from evil, and putting good thoughts in our minds? That's my belief, at any rate."

"And a very sublime, beautiful, and poetical belief

it is, too, Miss Lucy," said the little man in black, whom Richardson denominated Broadcloth, but whose real name I found was Layton; "I sympathize with you in that rational, sensible, and agreeable theory. The very idea of holding communion with ethereal spirits, has something elevating and ennobling in it. I believe in them, and should like to see them about me and my couch. We read that, in the olden time, angels visited the earth, and conversed freely with mortals."

"Celestial beings? Celestial nonsense!" said Mr. Stephen; "you're a pretty fellow to encounter ghosts, ain't you? Why, man alive, you'd go mad, or die of fright in a week, if your wishes were fulfilled; you would, upon my soul! You are the last man in the world to want to see apparitions, I can tell you. Now, just look here, Miss Lucy. Broadcloth married his third wife last fall, and a nice, tidy, smart, managing body she is, too, as you will see between this and Annapolis county line. The only sensible thing he ever did was to marry her, and the only nonsensical thing she ever did was to take up with the like of him!"

"Thank you, sir," said Layton; "I am much obliged to you for the compliment."

"Oh, not at all!" coolly rejoined Mr. Stephen; "I mean what I say. I never flatter, and when I say civil things like that, people are welcome to them, for they deserve them. Now, Miss Lucy, just fancy this beautiful bridegroom undressing himself, blowing out his candle, and hopping into bed...."

"Why, Mr. Stephen," she said, "ain't you ashamed to talk so?"

"And hopping into bed like a frog on all fours, when, lo and behold! if he'd his way about spirits, he would see two ghosts standing at the foot of his bedstead, grinning horribly, and stretching out their long, thin, bony arms, and shaking their rattling, skinny fists, and making all sorts of ugly faces at him and his bride, or beckoning him this way with their

hands" (and he got up, and, stooping forward, suited the action to the word), "looking enticing like, and waving him to come, and follow them to the cold, damp grave, and sing ditties there through his nose with them in chorus, with earwigs and toads. Oh, yes, by all means, it's well worth while for a man who has married three wives to talk of living with ghosts, ain't it? Or, jist suppose now...."

"Have the goodness, Mr. Richardson," said the little man, "to make your suppositions less personal and less offensive, if you please, sir—your conversation is very disagreeable."

But the incorrigible talker went on without attending to him—

"Or, jist suppose him going across the Devil's Goose Pasture at night."

"The Devil's Goose Pasture!" said Miss Lucy; "what in natur is that? What under the sun do you mean?"

"The great Aylesford sand-plain," said Stephen; "folks call it, in a giniral way, 'the Devil's Goose Pasture.' It is thirteen miles long, and seven miles wide; it ain't jist drifting sand, but it's all but that, it's so barren. It's oneaven, or wavy, like the swell of the sea in a calm, and is covered with short, dry, thin, coarse grass, and dotted here and there with a half-starved birch and a stunted misshapen spruce. Two or three hollow places hold water all through the summer, and the whole plain is cris-crossed with cart or horse-tracks in all directions. It is jist about as silent, and lonesome, and desolate a place as you would wish to see. Each side of this desert are some most royal farms, some of the best, perhaps, in the province, containing the rich lowlands under the mountain; but the plain is given up to the geese, who are so wretched poor that the foxes won't eat them, they hurt their teeth so bad. All that country thereabouts, as I have heard tell when I was a boy, was oncest owned by the lord, the king, and the devil.

The glebe lands belonged to the first, the ungranted wilderness lands to the second, and the sand plain fell to the share of the last (and people do say the old gentleman was rather done in the division, but that is neither here nor there), and so it is called to this day the Devil's Goose Pasture. Broadcloth lives on one side of this dry paradise. Now, just suppose him crossing it to visit a neighbour of a dusky night, when the moon looks like a dose of castor oil in a glass of cider...."

"What an idea," said Miss Lucy; "well, I never in all my born days! did you ever, now?"

"When all of a sudden down comes two ghosts on moonbeams (not side-saddle fashion, the way galls ride, but the way boys coast down hill on sleds, belly-flounder-fashion), and lay right hold of him with their long, damp, clammy, cold arms, one pulling him this way, and the other pulling him that way—one saying 'You shall,' and t'other saying, 'You shan't'—one saying, 'Come to me,' and t'other saying, 'Stay with me;' and he a-saying, 'I wish old Nick had both of you!' And then fancy, when he returns home, his wife saying—'Broadcloth, who were those two onruly, onmannerly galls, that was romping so ondecent in Goose Pasture? you ought to be ashamed of yourself, so you ought, to be acting that way!' and he afraid to tell her, and she growin jealous and he a-growing mad. Oh, yes, take your own way, Broadcloth, invite ghosts to your house; they don't cost nothing to feed them, and they have wings instead of horses, and don't want oats. They are cheap guests, and very entertaining, especially to a lucky dog like you, that has had three wives, one reclining alongside of you, and a-looking up admiring and loving into your eyes, as much as to say, 'Well, they don't look a bit like onripe limes, though they be a little yallow or so;' and two other ladies standing near you, knowing every thought, hearing every word, watching like weasels, and as jealous as all natur. Oh, it wouldn't

make you nervous a bit. You would like to see them about your couch, I know you would."

"Mr. Stephen," said Layton, rising in great anger, "this is too bad. You first take the liberty to drink more than any two men can stand, and then talk in a style that no man in the world can bear. You or I must leave the room, that's a fact."

"Lord bless you," said Stephen, "there's no occasion for either of us to leave the room; it's big enough for both of us. I didn't mean no harm, you know that as well as I do; only when I hear folks a-talking nonsense, I like to rub them down good-naturedly a little, that's all. I won't say I haven't been drinking a little, though; but there is no danger of my being seized for it, for all that. Lawyer," addressing himself to Barclay, "did you ever hear of Andrew Wallace seizing a man that was drunk, and putting him up at auction? I must tell you that story. Squire Wallace was a captain in the militia, and one day, after training was over, and jist before the men was dismissed from parade, he took a guard with him, and made a prisoner of Pat Sweeney, who was a most powerful drinker—drink as much at a time as a camel a'most.

"'Pat,' says he, 'I seize you in the King's name!'

"'Me!' says Pat, a-scratching of his head, and looking abroad, bewildered like; 'I'm not a smuggler. Touch me, if you dare!'

"'I seize you,' says he, 'for a violation of the Excise Law, for carrying about you more than a gallon of rum without a permit, and to-morrow I shall sell you at auction to the highest bidder. You are a forfeited article, and I could knock you on the head and let it out, if I liked—no nonsense, man.' And he sent him off to gaol, screaming and scratching like mad, he was so frightened.

"The next day Pat was put up at vandeu, and knocked down to his wife, who bid him in for forty shillings. It's generally considered the greatest rise

ever taken out of a man in this country. Now, I am in no danger of being seized, though I won't say but what I have tasted a considerable some several times to-day."

The truth is, Mr. Richardson, notwithstanding his maxims of worldly wisdom, to which he was so fond of treating his friends when away from home, drank freely. His head, I was told, seemed able to resist the utmost effects of liquor; and although he boasted that he was never known to be drunk, he omitted to mention that he, nevertheless, often swallowed as much rum in a day as would intoxicate three or four ordinary men.

"If you are fond of spirits, Broadcloth," he continued, "I advise you to leave ghosts alone, and make acquaintance with good old Jamaica spirits. Instead of frightening you out of your wits, they will put wit into you, and that won't hurt you at no time. If you continue to drink cold water much longer, my boy, your timbers will perish of the dry-rot, as sure as you are born. You look as yaller as a pond-lily now; and it is all owing to living like them, on bad water. Man was never made to drink water, or Natur would have put him on all-fours, with his mouth near the running streams, like all animals intended to use it. But man was calculated to stand straight up upon his pegs, with his mug as far away from the cold springs and fish-spawny brooks as possible, and had apple-trees, and sugar-canes, and barley, and what not, given him, and sense put into his pate to distil good liquor from them, and hands to lift it up to his lips when made, and a joint in his neck to bend his head backward, that it might slip down his throat easily and pleasantly; and, by the same token, here is your good health, old fellow, and wishing you may have better beverage in future than horses and asses have. Now, Jamaica spirits I would recommend to you; but as for ghosts and onairthly spirits, why, a fellow like you that has had three wives...."

Here Layton protested so strongly against the repetition of these indecent allusions, that Miss Lucy interfered in his behalf, and forbade Richardson to continue his annoyance; and, by way of changing the conversation, asked if any other person in the company knew a good ghost-story.

"Certainly," said Stephen; "here is my old friend Thompson: when he was a boy, he and his father and mother saw the Devil one night. Fact, I assure you, and no mistake! Come, Apple-Sarce," he said, tapping a stout, good-looking countryman on the shoulder, "tell Miss Lucy that story of seeing the Devil. It's a capital one, if you could only tell it all through your mouth, instead of letting half of it escape through your nose, as you do."

"Seeing the Devil!" said Miss Lucy; "how you talk!"

"Yes, the real old gentleman," said Stephen; "horns, hoof, tail, and all!"

"Well, I never," said Miss Lucy, "in all my born days! Oh, that must be grand, for it's more than any ghost-story! Oh, pray tell it, Mr. Thompson; do, that's a good soul! But don't begin it just yet, please; I have some small chores to see to about the house, and will be back in a few minutes, and I wouldn't miss a word of it for any thing!"

During the pause in the conversation occasioned by the absence of Miss Lucy, a person of the name of Bayley, a passenger in the "Stage Sleigh," from Illinoo, entered the room. Barclay immediately recognised him as an old acquaintance; and so did Richardson, who appeared to know every body in the country. After their mutual greetings were over, Barclay congratulated him upon having received the appointment of Collector of His Majesty's Customs at the port of Rainy Cove. Mr. Bayley replied, that he was sorry to inform him that he had been superseded.

"I was," he said, "as you may suppose, very strongly recommended by the most influential people

at Halifax, who were well acquainted with my father's long and valuable services, and my own strong personal claims; and was nominated by the head of the department, and appointed by the Governor in a manner that was particularly gratifying to my feelings. I accordingly relinquished my ordinary business, and devoted myself to the duties of my new office. I held the situation for several months, when, one Sunday night, as we were just rising from family prayers, and about to retire, I heard a loud knocking at the door. A stranger entered, and informed me that he had been appointed by the Board in England (who claimed the patronage) to the office I held, and requested me to deliver up to him the books and papers of the department early on the following morning. Ill-judged and improper as the time chosen for this communication was, I was pleased that it was so, for the occupation in which we had all just been engaged had not been without its effect on my feelings, and I was enabled to control the impatience and irritation to which I might otherwise have given vent, and refrain from saying and doing what I might have afterwards regretted; for, after all, he was in no way to blame, except, perhaps, for an unseasonable visit. It has, however, been a serious injury to me, by causing me to relinquish a business which I find it very difficult to regain; and is one of those things of which, as colonists, we have great reason to complain."

"Squire," said Stephen, "don't you live at the corner of King's Street, at Rainy Cove?"

"I do."

"And ain't there a platform to the house, that you go up seven or eight steps to reach the front door?"

"There is."

"Then I'll tell you how I'd serve a fellow out that came to me of a Sunday night, to gladden my heart with good news, like that chap. First, I'd take him by the nape of the neck with one hand; for, you see, there is a collar there, and a waistcoat, and a neckcloth,

and a shirt (if the feller had one afore he came here), and all them make a good strong grip—do you mark? and then I'd take him by the slack of the seat of his trousers, which gives another good hold, with the other hand, for that makes a good balance of the body, and then I'd swing him forward this way (and he put himself into attitude, and illustrated the process); and I'd say, 'Warny oncest,' then I'd swing him a-head again with a 'Warny twicet,' and then oncest more, with a 'Warny three times!' By this see-saw—do you mark?—I'd get the full sling of my arms with all the weight of my body and his too; and then I'd give him his last shove, with 'Here yow go!' and I'd chuck him clean across the street, into neighbour Green's porch, and neighbour Green would up, and kick him into the road, without ever saying a word, for smashing his stoop-door in; and stranger, English-like, would turn to and give him lip, and the constable would nab him, and lug him off to gaol, for making an ondecent noise of a Sabbath night. I'd work it so, the gentlemen of Rainy Cove would know where to find him, to call upon him next day, and welcome him to their town. That's what I call a hard case of yourn, Squire, and I'd like to see the feller that would fetch me a case like that, and he nimble enough to get out of my house afore I smashed it over his head, I know!"

The very proper conduct of Mr. Bayley under such trying circumstances, no less than the singular language of Richardson, induced me, after we retired from the keeping-room, to ask some explanation of my friend Barclay on this subject. He informed me that, until about twenty years ago, the Custom House establishment in this colony was supported by fees of office, which were then commuted by the province for an annual payment of between £7000 and £8000, upon the understanding that the patronage should be transferred to the local government, by whom the officers were to be paid. He added, that the usual course is, for the head of the department at Halifax to

nominate a suitable person for a vacancy, and the Governor to appoint; but that the provincial commissions to colonists have been so often superseded of late, in the most unceremonious manner, that the recent Lieutenant-Governor very properly refused to have any thing to do with a patronage that was only calculated to degrade his office, and diminish his weight and influence in the province. I understand that this improper interference of the Board of Customs is severely felt and loudly complained of by colonists, who, unfortunately, are so situated as to be unable to obtain any employment or promotion out of their own country; and, therefore, very naturally feel that they are at least entitled to those offices, the salaries of which they furnish themselves. But this is foreign to my subject. I give the conversation as it occurred; and, if it lacks amusement, it may furnish information to those who have the power to set the matter right.

When our young hostess returned, Richardson said—

“ Ah, Miss Lucy, you have lost a capital story while you was gone! This gentleman, here, Squire Bayley, saw the Devil also. He came pop into his house onest of a Sunday night, in the shape of a Custom House officer, seessed all his books, papers, and income, and left him scratching his head and a-wondering where he was to find employment or bread, and advised him to go to bed, and say his prayers, and hoped they might do him much good. But Thompson, here, seed him in his naked truth. Come, Apple-Sarce, we are all ready now. Tell us your story, unless you will wet your whistle first with a little brandy-and-water. You won't, won't you? Then I will—so here's to your good health! Now, go on, old Walk-'em-slow, we are all eyes and ears.”

“ When I was a boy,” said Mr. Thompson, “ I used to live at a place called Horton Corner. I dare say you have all heard of it.”

“ Heard of it!” said Richardson, “ to be sure I

have. I knew it afore you was born. It was then called the Devil's Half-Acre. Such an awful place for law, gamblin', drinkin', fightin', and horse-racin', never was seen. Father used to call the people Horton-tots. It reminds me of a drunken old rascal called Knox, that used to live at Annapolis. He took a day oncest, and hawled up all of a sudden, a teetotaller, and then lectured; for the moment a feller reforms here, he turns preacher, on the principle that, the greater the sinner, the greater the saint."

" 'Well,' says he, 'my brethren, when I used to be drunk about the streets, the folks called me that old blackguard Knox; when I left off drinking, it was old Knox; when I got new clothes, it was Knox; and now, my brethren, I am always called Mr. Knox—this is the ladder of virtue.'

"Now, that's the case with your Horton Corner. When it was the sink of iniquity, it went by the name of the Devil's Half-Acre; when it grew a little better, it was Horton Corner; and now they are so genteel, nothing will do but Kentville. They ought to have made old Knox *custos rogororum*."

"If you know the story, Mr. Stephen," said Thompson, "you had better tell it yourself."

"Thank you," said Stephen. "I know the sum total, but I can't put down the figures. Do you cipher it out your own way."

"Well, as I was a sayin', when I was a boy I lived at Hornton Corner, now called Kentville, and my father and mother kept a public house. Father was well broughten up, and was a very strict and pious man."

"Yes," said Stephen; "and, like most pious men, used to charge like the Devil."

"Mr. Richardson," said Thompson, very angrily, "you had better let my father alone."

"Why, confound you, man," replied Stephen, "I have got the marks to this day; if I was to home, I

could show you the bill. Fourpence a quart for oats, wine measure, and the oats half chaff. You had better say nothin' about piety, old Sugarstick."

"Mr. Richardson, perhaps you would like a candle to go to bed," said Miss Lucy. "It's very rude of you to talk that way, so it is; and, besides, it spoils a story to have it interrupted all the time after that fashion."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said Stephen, "I didn't mean no offence; and Thompson knows me of old: it's jist a way I have, bantering-like; nobody minds me—they know it's all for their own good. However, go it, Thinskin," he said, slapping Thompson on the back, "I won't stop you if you break your bridle and run away."

"On Sunday," continued Thompson, "his house was always shut up. None of the folks in the neighbourhood was ever admitted; and no liquor was sold on no account to nobody. In those days there warn't much travelling at any time, and on Sunday nobody hardly travelled; for old Squire M' Monagle picked them up at Windsor on one side, and fined them, and old Colonel Wilmot picked 'em up at Aylesford on t'other side, and not only fined them, but made them attend church besides. Officers and lawyers were the only ones a'most that broke rule. Every officer drew his sword, and swore he was travelling express on king's business, and magistrates were afeered of their commissions if they stopped a government messenger. And every lawyer swore, if they dared to stop him, he'd sue both magistrate and constable, and ruin them in costs. So these folks were the only exceptions."

"I'll tell you what I have observed," said Stephen. "Lawyers think law was made for every one else to mind but themselves; and officers have no law but honour; which means, if you promise to pay a debt, you needn't keep it, unless it's for money lost at cards; but, if you promise to shoot a man, you must keep your word and kill him. Now, don't say a

word, miss—I am done ; I'll shut up my clam-shell, mum."

"Well, father did not like to refuse officers, for they were dangerous men, and might be on king's business."

"And bled freely, says you," addressed Mr. Richardson, with a wink.

"But lawyers, he knew, needn't travel of a Sunday unless they liked ; and, when they did, he generally gave them a cold shoulder. Well, one fine summer Sunday, about one o'clock, when all the folks were going down to Mud Creek, to see old Witch Wilson dipt (that Elder Strong had converted from her wicked ways), who should arrive at our house but Lawyer Scott ! I was but a boy at the time, but I can recollect him, and what happened then, as well as if it was yesterday. He was a tall, stout, bony man, about the size of Stephen."

"And why don't you say about as handsome, too ?" added Richardson.

"With light-coloured hair, and a face somewhat kinder, paled by study ; a good-natured body, in a general way, when he was pleased, but an awful man when he was angry. They say he was the greatest speaker of his time, and carried all afore him ; and that, when he was talking to a jury, he could take the opposite lawyer and turn him inside out like, and then back again, as easy as an old stocking ; and, as for character, he could skin a man's off, and tear it all into little pieces as small as bits of paper, that no living man could put together again ; and all the time make judges, jury, witnesses, and hearers, roar with laughter, so you could hear them a mile off. The whole county used to attend courts in those days to hear the sport. Things are greatly altered now. Lawyers have no fun in 'em no more. They are dry sticks ; and, if any one makes a joke, the Judge looks as sour as if he had swallowed a pint of vinegar."

"They are like your old 'Devil's Half-Acre,' of

Hornton Corner," said Stephen. "They have got so infernal genteel, they have altered their name and very natur. Once upon a time, they used to be called attorneys; now, forsooth, they are solicitors: formerly they were styled lawyers, but now nothing but bannisters will do, and nice bannisters they are for a feller to lean on that's going down stairs to 'the devil."

"True," continued Thompson, "times are sadly altered. It will be many a long day before you see the like of old Lawyer Scott. Well, he drove up to the door in a gig — waggons hadn't come into fashion then, and people either travelled on horseback with saddle-bags, or in gigs; but, in a general way, pig-skin carried the day on account of the roughness of the roads—I think I can see him now, with his great, big, bony, high-stepping bay horse (we haven't got such horses no more now-a-days), and his little gig with the wooden pig-yoke spring (to my mind the easiest, and lightest, and best spring ever made for a rough country), and his gun and his fishing-rod fastened crossways to the dash-board. He came along like a whirlwind. You know how sandy the flat is at Kentville, and there was a stiff breeze a-blowing at the time; and he always travelled at a smashing, swinging trot; and, as he streaked along the road, the dust rose like a cloud, and all you could see was a flying column of drifting sand. Father was standing at the front gate when he reined up and alighted.

"How are you, Thompson?" said he; "how is the old lady, and all to home to-day?"

"None the better for seeing you of a Sunday," said father, quite short.

"There is your pious man!" said Stephen.

"Well, it was enough to make him grumpy, for he had got his go-to-meeting clothes on, and all the world was a-going to see the old witch dipt; and mother was all dressed, and was to spend arternoon with old Mrs. Fuller, that married her sister's husband's brother—Crane Fuller that was; and they

knowed, in course, that they'd have to go and take off their toggery and tend on the lawyer."

" 'Where is the hired man?' says Scott.

" 'Gone to meeting,' says father.

" 'Where's the boys, then?' said he.

" 'Gone there, too,' said the old gentleman.

" 'Well, I'm sorry for that,' says lawyer. 'Just ontackle this horse and put him up yourself, will you? —that's a good fellow.'

" 'Thou shalt do no work,' says father, 'thou, nor thy servant,' and so on, all through it.

" 'I'll tell you what,' says Scott; 'by Jove! if you don't go this minute, and onharness that horse, and take care of him,'—and he went to the gig and took out his horsewhip, and began to flourish it over father's head, with the lash looped in, club-like—'if you don't go and take that horse, I'll....'

" 'What will you do?' says father (for he was clear-grit, regular New England ginger.) So, turning right round short, and doublin' up his fists, 'What will you do, sir?'

" 'There was your pious man,' said Stephen. 'He wouldn't put up a horse of a Sunday, but he'd fight like a game-cock for half nothin'. Well done, old boy! swear your father was a pious man, until you believe it yourself, will you?'

" 'What will you do?' says father.

" 'Why, by the Lord,' says Scott, 'if you don't, and you know I am able....'

" 'You are not,' says father. 'You never was the man, and I defy you!'

" 'If you don't go and do it this minute, I'll—I'll—I'll just go and do it myself. Ah, my old cock!' said he, a-givin' him a slap on the back, so hard, that it gave him a fit of the asthma; 'so you got your Ebenezer up, did you? I have you there, at any rate. Now, do you go off to meetin',' says he, 'you and the old lady, and I'll put up the horse myself, and smoke my pipe till you come back, for I don't want to mis-

lest you in the least.' So with that he turned to, on-harnessed his horse, put him into the stable, and went into the house and lit his pipe; and father and mother went off to meetin' and left him."

"A nice temper to go to meetin' in!" said Stephen. "But pious men are always amiable and good tempered."

"Well, they stayed to see the dipping, and then went to visit Mrs. Fuller, and it was considerable well on to sundown when they came home, and mother began to feel compunctious, too, at leaving the lawyer so long alone; but father was strict, and had scruples of conscience, and wouldn't relax for no one. As soon as they drove up to the door, out runs lawyer.

"How do you do, Mrs. Thompson?" said he; for he was a sociable man, and talking kindly came natural to him. 'Bless me, I thought it was your daughter, you look so young and handsome! you have positively taken a new lease! Let me help you out.'

"He was a great tall man; and he went up to the gig and held out both hands, and when she sprung out, he managed to have her jump so that he caught her in his arms, and carried her to the door. What he said to her I don't know; but no man knew better what flattery to whisper to a woman than he did; and, whatever it was, it put her in a good humour, and she bustled about and got his dinner ready in no time. The table was set in the room where the old folks were, but father wouldn't talk, and hardly answer him at all, and when he did it was quite short. At last, says Scott, with a wicked twinkle of his eye, for he was full of mischief, and had the sliest eye you ever see—

"Thompson,' says he, 'I saw an old friend of yours in Aylesford to-day, Nancy Noley; she made many anxious inquiries after you, and desired to be kindly and gratefully remembered to you.'

"Who?" said mother.

"Nancy Noley," said the lawyer.

“ ‘ Nancy Devil ! ’ said father. ‘ I know there is such a woman in Aylesford, but I never spoke to her in all my life. ’

“ ‘ Strange, too, ’ said lawyer, ‘ for she told me to tell you the cow you gave her last spring got cast in the field and died, and she hoped you would either give or hire her another, and said how liberal you had always been to her. ’

“ ‘ A cow ! ’ said mother.

“ ‘ A cow ! ’ said father.

“ ‘ Yes, a cow, ’ said lawyer. ‘ Why, what in the world has got into you to-day ? ’ said Scott ; ‘ you won’t know your old friends, you won’t hear me, and you won’t hear of Nancy or her cow. ’

“ ‘ Well, well, ’ says mother, ‘ here’s a pretty how do you do ! What in the world are you giving cows to Nancy Noley for ? ’ and she began to cry like anything.

“ ‘ Lawyer, ’ says father, ‘ leave my house this minute ; if you don’t go out, I’ll put you out. ’

“ ‘ Indeed you shan’t, ’ says mother ; ‘ if you put him out, you shall put me out, too, I promise you. If you had been half as civil to him as you are to Nancy Noley, it would have been better for both of us, ’ said she, crying most bitterly. ‘ I’ll have your tea ready for you, lawyer, whenever you want it. ’

“ ‘ Father seed a storm a-brewin’, so says he—

“ ‘ Well, then, if he stays I’ll go, that’s all ; for I’d as soon see the Devil in the house as see him. ’

“ ‘ Mr. Thompson, ’ says lawyer, with a serious face, ‘ don’t use such language, or you may see the Devil in earnest. ’

“ ‘ I defy you and the Devil, too, sir ! ’ said he.

“ ‘ Recollect, Mr. Thompson, you say you defy the Devil, and you are in a devilish and not a Christian temper. ’

“ ‘ I defy you both, sir ! ’ said father, and he walked out into the orchard to cool himself. ”

"Improve his temper, you mean," said Stephen, "by eating sour apples. There never was an apple in your father's orchard that wouldn't pucker a pig's mouth."

"In the evening, we had tea, but father was not present; he did not come into the room till about ten. We were then just separating for the night. Says mother, says she—

"'Father, will you ask a blessing?'

"'I might ask a long time,' said he, 'before I could obtain one on a lawyer—a mischief-maker, and a sab-bath-breaker.'

"'Thompson,' said lawyer, for he was a good-natured man, 'I am sorry if I have offended you; come, shake hands along with me, and let us part good friends.'

"'I'd as soon shake hands with the Devil,' said father."

"What a sample of a meek, pious man!" said Stephen.

"'Only hear him, Mrs. Thompson!' said lawyer; 'he'd sooner, he says, shake hands with the Devil than a Christian man! That's a dangerous saying, sir,' he said, a-turning agin and addressing himself to father, 'a very foolish and very rash speech; he may shake hands with you sooner than you imagine. You have heard of the story of the Devil and Tom Ball; take care there ain't another of the Devil and Jack Thompson. Good night to you.'

"I was a little boy then, about twelve years old, and when there was anybody sleeping in the house there was a bed made for me in mother's room. Father and I went to bed, and mother seed to the house, and to putting out lights, and raking up wood fires, and putting the birch-brooms in water, for fear of live coals in them, and setting rolls to rise in the dough-trough, and covering them with a blanket, seeing the galls was in and a-bed, bolting the doors and what not, and at last she came to bed, too. Father either was or pre-

tended to be asleep, and not a word was said till some time after mother had turned in. At last, said she—

“ ‘John!’

“ ‘Father didn’t answer.

“ ‘John, dear!’ said she, giving him a gentle shake, ‘dear John!’

“ ‘What do you want?’ says father.

“ ‘Are you asleep, dear?’ said she.

“ ‘No; but I wish you would let me go to sleep,’ said he.

“ ‘Well, so I will, love,’ says mother; ‘but there is jist one thing I want to know, and then you may go to sleep.’

“ ‘Well!’ says he.

“ ‘Why didn’t you read the cow as usual to-night?’

“ ‘Read what?’ says father, turning round towards her.

“ ‘Read the cow, dear, before we went to rest.’

“ ‘Read the Devil!’ said he; ‘what in the world do you mean by reading the cow? I believe the woman is crazed.’

“ ‘Oh, dear, I believe so, too!’ said she; ‘and gracious knows I have enough to drive me mad.’ And she cried and sobbed like anything.

“ ‘Oh, ho!’ says he, ‘if you are going to take on that way, good night,’ and he turned back again.

“ ‘Oh!’ says she, ‘that’s the way you always treat your lawful-wedded wife; and when I ask you a civil question, the Devil is the best word you can find for me.’

“ ‘Well, what on earth are you at?’ said he. ‘What under the sun do you want?’

“ ‘Why,’ says she, ‘John dear, why didn’t you read and expound this evening, as usual on Sabbath night, some portion of the wretched creature after so much temptation of the wicked one to-day? It would have been good for body and soul, and if we couldn’t have digested it all, for our temper, we might at least have tried to do so.’

“ ‘ Oh, I see,’ says father, ‘ what’s runnin’ in your head! you are pretendin’ to talk about readin’ a chapter, and want to talk about Nancy Noley and the cow, and so you have mixed them all up in a jumble: woman like, you never could come straight to the point.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, now, you can’t wonder, can you, dear, if I am troubled in mind? What’s the truth of it?’ ”

“ ‘ The truth, Polly, dear,’ says father, ‘ is jist this. Nancy Noley is a liar, the lawyer is a liar, and you are a fool.’ ”

“ ‘ A meek Christian, that old Jack Thompson, warn’t he?’ said Stephen; “ and monstrous polite to his wife, too!”

“ ‘ Fool!’ said mother. ‘ Oh you wretched, wicked monster! first to deceive, and then to go to abuse your lawful wife that way!’ ”

“ ‘ Yes,’ says father, ‘ a fool; and a stupid one, too! I wish old Nick had you all before you conspired to bother me so confoundedly,’ and then he pretended to snore.

“ And mother began to sob and scold, and the more she scolded the louder he snored. At last both got tired of that game, and fell off to sleep, and all was quiet once more.

“ About an hour or so after this I was awaked by an odd rushing kind of noise, and a strange smell in the room, and I called to mother, but she said she didn’t hear anything, and told me to go to sleep again. At last she gave a violent scream, and waked up father.

“ ‘ Father! father!’ said she. ‘ Look here, John!’ ”

“ ‘ What on earth is the matter now?’ said he: ‘ what ails the woman?’ ”

“ ‘ Hush,’ says mother, ‘ the Devil’s come; you know you wished he might take us all away, and here he is—oh-o-o-o—oh-o-o-o!’ ”

“ ‘ Poor thing!’ says father, quite mollified; ‘ poor Polly, dear, I’ve been too harsh with you, I believe. You have gone mad, that’s a fact.’ ”

“ ‘ I am not mad, John,’ said she. ‘ I am wide awake : there—there ! don’t you see his great fiery eyeballs ?’

“ ‘ Oh, lay down, dear,’ says father, ‘ you have been dreaming, and are frightened. Lay down, dear, and compose yourself.’

“ ‘ I tell you, John, I haven’t been dreaming ; there he is again ! look, look !’

“ ‘ Where, where ?’ said father.

“ ‘ There, there !’ says mother, ‘ by the door : don’t you see his two red-hot, fiery eyeballs, and a great ball of fire at his tail ?’

“ ‘ Heavens and earth !’ says father, slowly, ‘ what is that I see ?’

“ ‘ Do you see his two great eyes now ?’ says mother.

“ ‘ I see four,’ says father. ‘ This all comes of that horrid lawyer !’ said he.

“ ‘ From that horrid Nancy Noley,’ ” said she.

“ Oh, my, what a beautiful story !” said Miss Lucy, pouring out a glass of cider, and handing it to Mr. Thompson. “ I am sure you must be dry. Oh, my gracious, what a nice story !”

“ Your good health, miss. Where was I ?” asked Thompson.

“ Where one said it was the lawyer’s doin’s,” she replied, “ and the other Nancy Noley’s.”

“ Oh, exactly : ‘ Lawyer,’ said he ; ‘ Nancy,’ says she.

“ ‘ Nancy be d——d !’ said he.

“ In the midst of all this hubbub I got awfully frightened myself, you may depend, and began to cry lustily, and mother called out—

“ ‘ Neddy, Neddy, cover yourself up in the clothes this minute, dear ! Keep close ; the Devil and Nancy Noley’s here. Here they come !—here they come !—slowly come ! Oh, it’s a trying thing to look on the Devil !’ And she gave an awful scream, and it retreated.

“ ‘ In this dreadful moment,’ says mother, ‘ when evil spirits are abroad, and the sound of rushing winds is heard, and the Devil is roamin’ about seeking whom

to devour, and human hearts are quaking, I conjure you, John Thompson, to tell me, is that story of Nancy Noley true?"

" 'It's a d—d lie !' says father.

" He had hardly got the words out of his mouth before all the china and glass ranged in the little three-cornered show-closet came down on the floor with a most tremendous smash, the broken pieces rebounding on our beds, and nearly blinding us. All now was silence for a minute or two, when mother said—

" ' John, what an answer you got to your assertion ! This is a judgment ; and, oh, may it be executed mercifully upon you—a sinful, fallen, deceitful man ! Get up and light a candle ; the Devil loves darkness and eschews the light.'

" ' Well, to tell you the truth, Polly,' says he, ' I'm a'most afeered ; and, besides, the floor is all covered with broken glass ; and it's as much as one's life worth to go stumblin' about among sharp-cornered bits of crockery, bottles, and what not.' "

" You had better tell us agin he was clear-grit, real, New England ginger, hadn't you?" added Stephen.

" ' Your conscience fails you, John, that's it. Confess, then, and I'll forgive you,' she said, ' and tell me how it was that you fell into the snares of that wicked woman ?'

" ' I tell you I hope the Devil may fly away with me in earnest, if it's true !' said father.

" At that instant there was a hollow sound, like that of flapping of enormous wings ; and father and mother, who were sitting up, saw the balls of fire again for an instant, when they were both knocked down, and the window at the head of the bed was dashed out with great violence. Mother's cap was torn to threads on one side, and some of her hair pulled out, while the temple was cut open, and one eyelid much lacerated. Father had his cheek dreadfully scratched, and the skin nearly torn from his nose.

" ' I can stand this no longer,' said mother ; ' the

smell of brimstone is so strong I am e'en a'most suffocated. I must get up and strike a light.' And she felt for her shoes, and, putting them on, groped her way to the kitchen.

"When she returned with the candle, she stood a minute at the door, as if afraid to enter, or dumb-founded at the destruction of the contents of her cupboard. Her first thoughts were of me—

"'Neddy, dear Neddy!' said she, 'are you alive?'

"'Yes, mother,' said I.

"'Are you hurt?' said she. 'Are you all safe and sound?'

"'Yes, mother,' said I.

"'The Lord be praised for that!' said she. 'And now let me see what's here.' And she sot the candle on the floor, and, standing ever so far off, she took the broom, and with the tip eend of the handle held up the valence, first of my bed, and then of hern, and peeped under; and then she made me stand up, and she beat the bed, as folks do a carpet to drive the dust out; and then she told father to rise and dress himself, and, while he was a-getting up, she began banging away at the bed, and managed, either by chance or by accident done a-purpose (for nothin' furies a woman like jealousy), to give him some awful whacks with the broom-handle.

"'What are you at?' says father. 'How dare you?'

"'The evil one may be concealed in the bed, dear! Oh, I shall never forget,' she said, 'her awful fiery eyes, and the blow she gave me over the head with her tail when she broke the window!'

"'Who?' said father.

"'Satan,' said mother. 'Oh, the wicked creature, how she has clawed your face and broke my china!'

"The thoughts of that loss seemed to craze her a'most, and make her as savage as a bear; and she hit him a crack or two agin, that made him sing out pen-and-ink in real earnest. At last, he caught hold of the broom-stick in his hand, and said—

“ ‘ What in the world do you mean by striking me that way? What ails you, woman?’

“ ‘ Did she strike her own lawful husband, then?’ said she, in a coaxing tone. ‘ Did she lift her hand agin her own John? Poor, dear, lost man! Well, I shouldn’t wonder if I did, for I’m e’en a’most out of my senses. Here’s your shoes, get up and dress.’

“ And when he let go the broom-handle, she stretched it across the bed, and lifted the blind, and exposed to view the broken sash and glass of the window.

“ ‘ See here—see here, John!’ she said; ‘ here’s where she escaped.’

“ ‘ Who?’ said father.

“ ‘ Why, Satan,’ says mother. ‘ Did you think it was Nancy?’

“ ‘ Oh, don’t bother me!’ said he.

“ Long and loud were mother’s lamentations over her china. Her beautiful old, real china bowl, that belonged to Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts, one of the oldest governors of the State, from whom she was descended; her beautiful painted jar, which, though often broken, was mended as good as new, but now was gone for ever! Her set of gilt teaware, that belonged to Judge Strange, who sentenced the two men to death for murder at Lunenburg; and a china lamb, that broke its legs and its neck in its fall; and a shepherdess, that was split in two from top to bottom by Washington on horseback! Tears mingled with the blood that trickled down her cheeks, and her voice was choked by fear, grief, and pain. Father never uttered a word. He assisted her in packing up all the pieces and fragments into a large basket with wool, to be reproduced and mended, if possible, afterwards. When this was done, they dressed each other’s wounds, and sat by the kitchen fire.

“ ‘ Polly,’ says father, ‘ what account are we to give of this night’s work? If we are silent, it will be said

we have lifted our hands against each other ; if we relate the whole truth, our house will be avoided as haunted, and our friends will desert us as possessed of evil spirits. We are sorely tried with afflictions. This is a judgment on me.' And he shed tears.

" ' Then you are guilty, are you ? ' said she. ' You confess, do you ? '

" ' Polly, dear,' said he, ' I am an innocent man of the slanders of that vile lawyer, and here is my hand ; it grieves me you should doubt me. I'll take an oath, if you wish it, love ! '

" ' Oh, no, don't swear, John ! ' said she. ' Your word is as good as your oath ! ' "

" ' She knew him better than you, Thompson,' said Stephen ; " for I guess it's six of one and half-a-dozen of the other."

" ' I believe you, John,' she said ; ' and, from this time forth, I shall never think or speak of it again.'

" ' Now you talk sense,' said father. ' But what shall we say ! How shall we account for this night, for the destruction of our china, and for the marks of violence on ourselves ? '

" ' You say you are innocent ? '

" ' I am.'

" ' Then some way will be opened unto us to save us from disgrace.'

" ' Easier said than done,' he replied.

" ' I tell you it will be done,' said she.

" Here they were disturbed by the early summons of the lawyer.

" ' Hullo, Thompson ! where's my bag ? '

" ' Answer him softly,' said mother ; ' you may want his advice.'

" ' Oh, is that you, lawyer ? ' replied father. ' How are you this morning ? I hope you slept well last night, Mr. Scott. Will you have a glass of bitters ? Is there anything I can do for you.' "

" ' What a pious hypocrite ! ' said Stephen.

“ ‘No, I thank you, not now. But where’s my bag? It had two silver-grey foxes in it, worth fifteen pounds. I was taking them down to Halifax, as a present to Sir John Wentworth.’

“ ‘Mother rose, and put her finger to her lip, and then went to her chamber and brought out the bag which she had seen near the door, and wondered over in clearing up her room.

“ ‘There it is,’ she said, as she handed it to father, ‘there it is; I told you a way would be opened to us. It’s nothing but a pair of foxes, after all!’

“ ‘At breakfast the lawyer lamented over his foxes, and mother over her china; but, pleader as he was, mother beat him all hollow.

“ ‘I am sorry for the loss of your china, Mrs. Thompson,’ said he; ‘and will replace it all, when I go to Halifax, with much better. It was I who untied the bag and let the Devil loose on you, in the form of those two foxes; for, to tell you the truth, your husband behaved unhandsomely. He treated one poor Devil very badly yesterday, and spoke very disrespectfully of another one behind his back. Recollect the old proverb, ‘Talk of the Devil, and he will be sure to appear.’”

“ ‘Well I never, in all my born days,’ said Miss Lucy, “heard such a beautiful story end in nothing at all, like that! Oh, now, only think of all that interest being excited and kept up by two nasty, horrid, dirty, common, smelly foxes! And then for to come for to go for to call that ‘seeing the Devil!’”

“ ‘It’s quite as much as I should like to see of him,” said Stephen.

“ ‘Well, it’s not as much as I should like to hear of him, then,” replied Miss Lucy. “ ‘Well, I never! It’s a great shame, now, so it is! The idea of calling that ‘seeing the Devil!’”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE KEEPING-ROOM OF AN INN ;
OR, A LONG NIGHT AND A LONG STORY.

NO. III.

Soon after the conclusion of the last story of "Seeing the Devil," with which Miss Lucy expressed herself so much dissatisfied, the company separated for the night. The storm still raged with unabated fury, and the prospect of its continuance for another day quite exhausted the patience of Mr. Richardson. He stretched out both his legs and his arms, and expanded his jaws to their fullest extent, and proclaimed the day to have been the most tiresome he ever spent in his life.

"I never saw one that was too long to home," he said, "for I can always find enough to do. Fine days, rainy days, and stormy days, are all alike to me. Out-doors or in-doors, a body needn't be idle ; but, away from home, with your head like horned cattle, fastened in the stanchels, a-chewing of the cud, or sitting before the fire, a-working as hard as you can, turning one thumb over the other, is dull music. It makes a slow day of it, and this has been about the longest I ever passed ; though, after all, it ain't to be named with an endless night I once spent. It was longer than you, Broadcloth, who are only five feet nothin', and something beyond me, who am six feet and a considerable piece to spare ; and, before we part, I will tell you how and when it was.

"In the fall of 1820, I think it was, when I lived to the head of Bear River, I took a notion into my head one day to go out a moose-calling ; so I strapped on my powder-horn and shot-bag, and put some balls into my pocket, and took a trifle to eat with me, and sot off alone into the woods. Well, first I visited one mooseground, and then another, and I never see them so scarce in all my life ; and, at last, by the end of the third day, I got off ever so far from home away to the

southward, and my provisions got out, and I couldn't see bird nor beast, nor anything to feed on, and I was a'most starved, that's a fact. Says I to myself, says I, 'Shall I go back while I'm able, or shall I hold on and trust luck?' and, seein' that I never failed yet, I thought I wouldn't give in, but persevere; so I drew my belt tighter round my stomach, which was pretty empty, I do assure you, and pushed on to a place where I thought I couldn't fail to find moose; and all I had to feed upon after the second morning was the inside bark and juice and scrapings of wild poplars. In the spring, a body might live on it for a week, I do suppose; but in the fall, it's kind of dry and stringy, and hard fare, you may depend. At last, night came, and I began to call the moose again.

"This is the way, stranger," he said, addressing me: "you fold up a piece of birch-bark like a short speaking-trumpet, as I fold this paper, and then go like the voice of the cow-moose — this fashion:" and he uttered some extraordinary lowings, which Miss Lucy pronounced very horrid and disagreeable, but which Barclay and others eulogized as capital imitations; "and then," he said, "if there is a herd in the neighbourhood, one or more of the leaders are sure to answer it, and come to the spot where the sound rises. Well, I had been at this sport so long, and been out of food such a length of time, I was quite weak and hardly able to call; but, howsomever, call I did; and, bymeby, I heard a great whapping fellor come thrashing and crashing, and rearing and tearing, along through the trees, as easy as if he was moving through tall grass, and I was getting ready to have a shot at him, as soon as he stood still to blow, and snort, and listen again, or as he past on, when the first thing I knew was he went right slap over me, and trod me under foot, knocking the wind out of me, and nearly breaking every rib in my body. Thinks I to myself, what under the sun shall I do now? I am e'en a'most starved to death: every created thing seems to keep

out of my way except one, and that one wants to teach me to keep out of his ; and if I ain't starved, I ain't quite sure I ain't bruised to death.

“Just then, I heard an owl hoot, and although they ain't very good to eat at no time, they are better than nothin' to a starving man. So I lay down on my back, and began to inveigle him, for I have been so much in the woods, I can imitate every sound that's in them—when, looking up, what should I see but a pair of bright eyes in the tree above me, and I let slip, and down came a porcupine. What a godsend that was ! didn't he get out of his jacket and trousers in double quick time ! There never was a gentleman got a good warm fire made up for himself at such short notice, I know ; and didn't raw fat meat taste, for the first time, better than that that's well done ! Arter that, I lay down and took a nap, and gin up the moose hunt, and minded next day to start for a cross road, that I expected to reach by night, where I knew a settler, one Increase Card, lived, and where I could put up and refresh a bit. Well, when morning came, I sot off, and, as is always the case in this world, when you don't care a morsel about things, you can have lots of them ; and, when you do, you can't get them for love or money. So, the next day, I shot partridges for my breakfast, and partridges for my dinner, and let other fellows run, as sodger officers do desarters, without looking arter them ; and, when I least expected it, came all of a sudden on a moose, and shot him, just as I reached the road.

“About seven o'clock, not very long after sundown, I came to the house of Increase Card, leg-weary, foot-sore, and near about beat out.

“‘Crease,’ said I, ‘my boy, how are you ? I never was so glad to see any one afore in all my life, for I'm all but used up. Have you got a drop of rum in the house ?’

“‘Yes,’ says he, ‘I have ;’ and, pulling out a large stone bottle from his closet—

“‘Here’s a little,’ said he; ‘wait till I get you some water.’

“‘I guess I won’t spoil two good things,’ said I, and I poured out half a tumbler of the naked truth, and drank it off like wink. ‘Now,’ says I, ‘one good turn deserves another. I’ll take a glass of water, if you choose, for I always like to see the quality go first.’

“‘Well, we sot by the fire, and talked over farming and crops, and politics and old times, and what not, and cooked some moose steaks, and eat and cooked, and cooked and eat, as fast as contract-work, and then went to bed. But afore I left the room, Increase said—

“‘Steve,’ says he, ‘Miss Card, my wife, and the little ones, are gone to Capersues, to see her father, old Captain Salmon. I am going after them afore day to-morrow, to fetch them back in the waggon. Do you just help yourself in the morning to whatever you want, and rake up the fire carefully, and put the house-key under the step of the door.’

“‘Why, Crease,’ said I, ‘was your wife a Salmon? I never knowed that afore.’

“‘Yes,’ says he, ‘one of the Salmons of Tusket, old Captain Noah’s daughter.’

“‘You showed your sense,’ says I; ‘they are the best fish going; and I see you know how to manage her, too. You have given her the line, let her run off the whole length of it, and now are a-reeling of her up, and a-going to slip a landing-net under her, bag her, and fetch her home. It’s the only way with women and fish. If you snub ’em too short, they spring and flounce like the Devil—tangle the line, or break it, and race right off. You warn’t born yesterday, I see. How many young salmon-trout have you?’

“‘Two,’ says he.

“‘Ah!’ said I, ‘your name is capital bait to a courting-hook.’

“‘How?’ said he.

“‘Why, Increase,’ says I; ‘it’s a grand name, that.’

“‘What a droll fellow you be!’ said he, laughing; ‘you ain’t a bit altered, for you always was a funny man ever since I knowed you;’ and then, taking up a quart bottle with a candle stuck in it—

“‘Follow me,’ he said, ‘and I’ll show you where to sleep.’

“‘Stop,’ says I, ‘Crease, don’t be in such a pucker of a hurry; just have out that stone jug again, that’s a good fellow, will you? that I may drink Miss Kitty, your wife’s health, afore I go.’

“‘Sartainly,’ said he, ‘and I ax your pardon for not offering it again to you; but, the fact is, I raily forgot; for, to tell you the truth, I never take any myself.’

“‘Neither do I,’ says I, ‘in a general way, when I am to home, for it’s a bad habit and a bad example to the boys, unless I am shocking dry, as I am just now; but, somehow or another, I consait my wife uses too much salt, both in curing her hams and corning her beef; and I often tell her so, though she won’t hear to it, for I am always awful dry after dinner.’ Well, I poured out a rail good nip, and then, holding it up, ‘Crease Card,’ says I, ‘here’s Miss Kitty, your wife’s health, and the same to you, and wishing you may have a strong hand of cards, all trumps and all honours. Now, make haste, and I’ll follow in your trail; for I feel as strong as a bull-moose a’most.’

“Well, he took me into a room that had a carpenter’s work-bench in it, and tools, and shavings, and boards, and what not; and then passed into a place that had been a porch, and then into a nice, snug, bedroom; and, putting down his ready-made candlestick on a table, he bid me good night, and then went off to his own roost. Well, I takes two chairs and puts them to the bottom of the stretcher, and hauls out the bed two foot or more—for no bedstead in a general way is long enough for me, and it ain’t pleasant to have your legs a-dangling out of bed—and

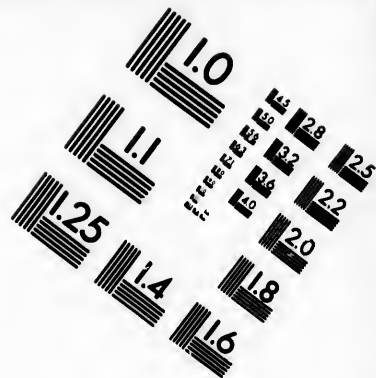
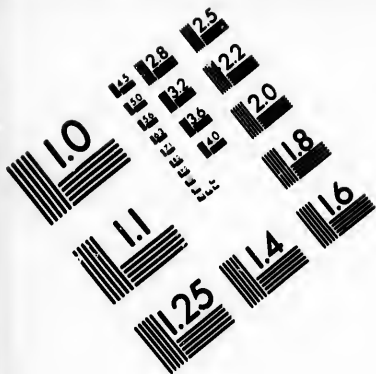
then I turned in, took a good stretch out, and was asleep in no time.

"Well, being in no hurry, and not intending to get up early, I took a good long sleep; and, when I woke up, I shoved out, first one leg, and then the other, to prove all was right in those distant parts; and then I drew a long breath to try if the ribs was in the right place to home, after the tramplng and kicking of that ere confounded moose; and then I rubbed my eyes, and found it was still dark, so I turned round again, and took another famous nap. 'Now,' says I, to myself, 'it's time to be a-stirring;' and I sot up in bed, and looked and looked, and all was as dark as ink. 'Steve,' says I, 'you are getting old, you may depend. Oncest on a time, you used to do up your sleep into one long parcel, but now you are so tired, you don't rest sound, and have to content yourself with a piece at a time;—it ain't day yet, try it again.'

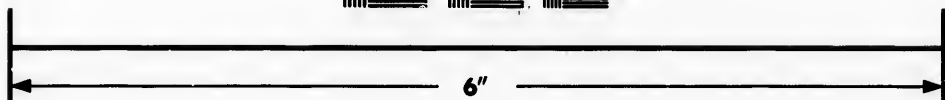
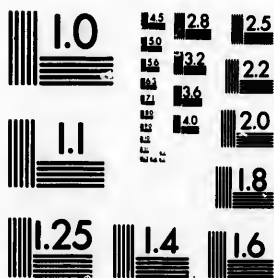
"Well, I tossed and turned, and rolled about ever so long, and, at last, I snoozed away again, and, when that was over, I up and out of bed, and felt for the window, and looked out, and it was as dark as Egypt; and then I put a hand to each cheek agin the glass, and nearly flattened my nose agin the pane, and stared and stared, but there warn't a star or the least streak of light to be seen; so back I went to bed agin, but I couldn't sleep: no how I could work it: I had had enough, or was too tired; but I don't like to give in till I can't help myself; so I began to count one, two, three, four, up to a hundred, and then back agin, one, two, three, four, and so on—but it was no go. Then I fancied I was driving a flock of sheep over a notch in the fence, one by one; and when two got over the fence at oncest, I'd drive one of them back, and begin agin; but it didn't confuse me to sleep; and then I tried a rhyme:

'I wish I had a load of poles
To fence my garden round,
The pigs they do break in and root,
And all my sarce confound.'





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And then I chased a little black boar round and round the garden walks, till I grew dizzy, and slipt off into a good solid nap. Well, when this was over, I looked up, and still all was as dark as ever, and I got more tired of the bed than of the three days' moose-hunt: so, thinks I, I'll get up and go to the keeping-room, and light my pipe, and wait for daybreak;—but this is a most mortal long night, that's certain; or, perhaps, I've got cold, and can't see out of my eyes. Well, that idea did startle me, you may depend; so I went to the window agin, and looked through as hard as I could, till I strained my peepers out a'most, but no daybreak was there. 'Perhaps it's a heavy land-fog,' says I; so I lifted the sash, and just as I was a-popping my head out, I got a crack over the pate that actilly made the fire fly from my eyes. 'Hallo!' says I, 'what in natur is all this?—let me think about it. Where am I?—Am I in Increase Card's house?—What ails me, that I can't sleep?—or am I buried alive by an earthquake?—or has the sun forgot to get up this morning?—or what in the world is to pay now?—I'll try the door.' Well, I opened the door, and felt along out to the porch, and along the wall to the house door, when the light fell on me all of a sudden so dazzling bright, it nearly blinded me, and made me wink like an owl.

"It was two o'clock in the day, at the least, and the sun shining away as clear and as hot as iron melted to a white heat. The fact is, Increase had built an addition to the house, and had lathed and plastered outside of the windows, and hadn't yet cut out fresh places in the end of the room for them, and it was agin this new wall that I knocked my head.

"Well, I didn't know whether to be mad or to laugh; but I didn't see I had any one to be mad with but myself, and as I never laugh except at other folks, I didn't do neither one nor the other, but struck a light, went into the dark room, dressed myself, returned, and made a most royal dinner and breakfast

all in one, shouldered a haunch of venison, and started for the settlements. That was a most—a particular long night, and was more than a match, after ail, for this tremendous long day.”

On the second morning, although the wind had subsided, it still snowed fast and heavily at intervals, but Barclay foretold the entire cessation of the storm in the course of the afternoon. Having taken an early dinner, as on the preceding day, we again adjourned to the keeping-room, about three o'clock, for the purpose of listening to the various stories and anecdotes told by the company, which are so illustrative of the habits and tastes of the people. The conversation, for some time after we joined the party, was desultory, and not worth recording; all, however, agreed that the opening in the clouds which disclosed a patch of blue sky in the west was the forerunner of a fine evening, which had a visible effect on the countenances and spirits of every body. One of the passengers of the stage sleigh, who, it afterwards appeared, belonged to the Commissariat department at Halifax, called Miss Lucy on one side, and earnestly pressed some request upon her, that I did not distinctly hear, to which she objected that it was rather late, and the roads impassable. I heard something, however, about taking the open fields and a violin, which seemed to convince her, for she went to the kitchen and gave orders that appeared to meet with remonstrance, but which was effectually silenced by the young lady raising her voice, and saying, “Just you go and do as you are told, now, and no nonsense;” and shortly afterwards I heard a sleigh, with its merry bells, leave the house. As soon as she had resumed her seat, she asked a stranger who sat next to her, either to sing a song, or to tell a story; and, upon his choosing the latter, inquired whether he knew a good ghost-story.

“No,” he replied, “I have never seen a ghost; but I'll tell you what I *have* seen—something much worse, lately.”

“Worse than a ghost?” she replied; “what in the world can that be? Come, do tell us: I like such stories horribly. What was it?”

“I was attacked by a pack of wolves last week.”

“Wolves!” exclaimed the young lady; “how shocking! what a dreadful thing it is that they have found their way here! Where, under the sun, do you suppose they came from? for father says, none were ever seen in this province till last year; and he don’t more than half believe there are any here now.”

“Nor I, either,” said Stephen; “nor never will, till I see the marks of some of them.”

“The first I ever heard of the wolves, Miss Lucy,” replied the stranger, “was at Fredericton, in the next province. About three years ago, the inhabitants were very much astonished at finding large herds of deer in the woods, of a species never seen in the country before, and only met with in the very northern part of Canada; but the cause was soon apparent, in the great numbers of wolves that began to infest the forest at the same time, and we had evidently driven these animals before them, and hunted them across that vast wilderness. Several packs of wolves last year were known to have crossed the narrow isthmus that connects New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; and, having once established themselves here, I fear we never shall get rid of them, unless the Legislature offers a large bounty to the Indians for their destruction. It is the Canada wolf; and, from being better fed, is, in my opinion, a larger animal than the Spanish.”

“Did one of them ever give you a nip?” said Mr. Richardson, “as Judge Beler did me? Heavens and earth! talk of a wolf’s teeth—it’s nothing to the jaw of an old judge. Did any of them bite you?”

“No,” he said, “I am happy to say they did not.”

“Well, that’s a pity, too,” remarked Stephen; “because, if one of them had taken you by the nape

of the neck, and just let his teeth meet through it, you'd have had the marks, do you see; and it's a great satisfaction that, when fellors don't believe you. I wish one of them had a-given you the mark of mouth: I should like to see how they write their name."

"Thank you," said the other: "I was not so fortunate, it appears, as you were."

"They tell me," said Stephen, "if you stoop doon, put your head between your knees, and look backwards to a wolf, or a bear, or a tiger, or what not, nothing in the world dare face it. It will scare the devil, will a man's face turned upside down: particularly if you can go like a horn; for music is what they can't stand, any how! See; this is the way:" and he suited the action to the word, put himself in the extraordinary attitude, and made a capital imitation of the sound of a conch-shell, as blown at all the farm-houses in the country, to call the people who are in the fields home to their dinner. The third rehearsal was followed by just such a yell as he describes himself to have uttered when the ghost seized him by the neck; so loud, so clear, and so appalling, that it was evident it was not designed as an imitation, but as a manifestation of fear, or of pain.

In a moment, we were all upon our feet; and really the sight was a most alarming one. A little bull-terrier of old Neal's, that lay under the table, seeing this extraordinary being intruding upon his domain, and defying him to combat, accepted the challenge, and seized him by the nose; and it was not without great difficulty he was choked off, and expelled from the room. Stephen was badly cut, but not dangerously, and he bore it like a man. After order was a little restored, Miss Lucy said—

"Now, Mr. Richardson, you have obtained your wish. You have got the mark of truth stamped upon you a second time. Your veracity is engraved on both sides. Suppose the gentleman tells us the story of the wolves."

"Oh, them cursed bull-dogs!" said Stephen, whose voice was nearly stifled by a wet cloth held to his nose; "those bull-dogs are an exception to all rules. They ain't afraid of man or devil; but I'll bet my life on that trick, if it was tried on a wolf. But come, stranger, let's hear the story of the wolves. I hope it is a good one, and that you will tell it well, and then I won't think so much of this nip on the nose."

"Last Monday week," said the stranger, "I left Halifax in a sleigh, with a young friend of mine, for the wilderness beyond Musquedoboit, for the purpose of hunting the moose and cariboo deer. We took our provisions, blankets, guns, and ammunition with us; and having met an Indian, (Joe Cope) by appointment, at the Thirty Mile Inn, we left our horse and sleigh there, and divided our equipments into three parcels; my friend and myself carrying the lighter packs strapped in the shape of knapsacks on our shoulders, and the Indian the guns and heavy luggage. As the days are short at this season of the year, we only proceeded ten miles further, and halted at the log-house of a settler, whose clearings are the last to be found in that direction."

"You don't mean to say you walked ten whole miles in one day, do you?" said Stephen. "Why, that was an awful stretch for a hunter! Didn't you feel tired, old seven leaguer?"

"Here we spent the night," continued the stranger, "and were most hospitably received, and abundantly provided with a substantial and excellent supper...."

"Gad, you needed it!" interposed Stephen, "after such an everlasting long tramp."

"And in the evening we sat round the fire and narrated stories, as we are now doing."

"I hope they were better ones," said Stephen, "than this yarn."

"People who live in the woods keep good hours; and, as we intended to start a little before the dawn of day, we had every disposition to follow their example,

and retired early to rest. In our hamper of provision was a bottle of brandy; and before I went to bed I offered some to the family; but they declined, saying, they never drank any kind of ardent spirits. The Indian had no such scruples, and took off his glass with great apparent relish, observing, that the strong water was very good. The settler remarked, that though none of his family used anything of the sort, there was an old sempstress, or school-marm, in the house, who did, when she could get it, which was very seldom...."

"Poor old critter!" said Stephen.

"And begged me to give her a little when she came in. Accordingly, when Aunty, as she was called, made her appearance, I offered her some of the creature comfort, which she accepted with apparent hesitation."

"As gals do kisses," said Stephen; for which indecent interruption he was severely rebuked by Miss Lucy, and positively ordered either to be quiet, or to leave the room.

"The old lady made many previous inquiries about its strength, and expressed great fears as to its effect on her head. Her relish, however, notwithstanding her apprehensions, was not less than that of the Indian."

"I'll answer for it," said Stephen, "she made awful wry faces, and shook her head, and hissed through her teeth like a goose arter it slipped down, as much as to say, 'Don't think I like it, or am used to it, for it's as hot as fire!'"

"We now separated for the night, each one retiring to his bed, except the Indian, who made up the fire, and, stretching himself out on the hearth, was asleep almost before his limbs had settled into their place. In the morning, Joe Cope called us, before the break of day, our traps were again packed, and we took a hasty breakfast, and entered the forest. While putting up the things, I observed that the brandy bottle

was nearly empty, and blamed myself for having left it within reach of an Indian, whose thirst is generally insatiable. After the cold exposure and fatigue of a day's hunting, a little brandy is a great restorative..."

"Lord bless you," said Stephen, "it wouldn't hurt you at no time!"

"And such a sensible diminution of the stock I felt to be an irreparable loss; but it was done, and it was no use to commence our excursion with scolding; so I swallowed the disappointment instead of the brandy, and proceeded."

"About as bad a swap as you ever made in all your life!" added Stephen.

"After travelling some two or three miles, Mr. Joe Cope, who had never spoken a word since we left the house, (for Indians seldom talk when travelling) asked me abruptly if I had missed any brandy. I replied, I had observed that the bottle was not so full as I expected."

"'Ah,' said he, 'sarten white woman very fond of big drink!'

"'What do you mean by that?' I inquired.

"'Why,' said Joe, 'Indgens, you know, always sleep with one ear open, and when that goes to sleep, t'other one opens. Well, last night, maybe twelve o'clock, I hear door move softly; open ear wakes t'other ear, and I listened. Well, old Aunty come out and look all round the room, then stop, then come where Joe was, look all over him, and see Joe fast asleep, then she go to table, and pour out one very big drink, holdin' breath good spell while going down throat easy, then give one long soft blow, all same as puff of smoke, which mean, very good dat brandy—feel all over—good. Then she go softly back, gettum in bed, but no fasten door. Aunty no afraid of Indgens scalp her that night, so she leave her door just so,' putting his two hands together, but not allowing them to touch each other. 'Well, about four, maybe, this

morning, Auntie comes agin, walkin' on toe, take another very big suck at bottle, walkin' back on heel, though, that time, very heavy—clump, clump, clump—and shut up door bang, and go in bed again very heavy, all same as one lump. Sarten white woman very fond of big drink!" said Joe."

"I say, stranger," said Mr. Stephen Richardson, with a very snuffling intonation of voice, "I thought you was a-goin' to tell us of the wolves. What's that old woman taking your brandy got to do with it?"

"That was a very fatiguing day. We walked with our loads twenty-two miles into the close forest, and then we came to a barren, which, though only three miles wide, where we emerged, stretched away to the right as far as we could see. I proposed encamping for the night at the edge of this open plain, so that we might avail ourselves of the shelter, and commence our hunt in the morning, as the Indian told us we were certain of meeting with the moose and cariboo on its skirts, in consequence of the herbage to be found under the snow in certain wild meadows it contained. But Joe, with his usual sagacity, said, we were to windward, that our fire would certainly be scented by the deer, and we should find them too wild to be approached, and advised us to cross over to the other side before we bivouacked."

"Why, in course," said Stephen, "it stands to reason: any fool knows you can't throw hot ashes to windward, without hurting your eyes."

"We pushed across the plain, therefore, with what speed we could. The tracks of wild animals now became very numerous: those of the moose, cariboo, wild cat, loup cervier, foxes, and wolves even, were plainly distinguishable on the fresh snow."

"Why, man alive!" said Stephen, "did you expect to see the tracks of tame animals there?"

"The latter I had never seen," continued the stranger; "for, as I have before observed, they had only arrived in the province about two years. When

we had advanced to within a short distance of the opposite side, a herd of cariboo suddenly turned the wooded promontory before us, and passed to the left in a smart trot.

“ ‘Take the leader,’ said the Indian, handing me a gun. ‘Be cool, and take steady aim; and if he wounds him,’ addressing my companion, and giving him the other gun, ‘do you fire at the same one, or you may wound two, and get neither.’

“Following his instructions, I took deliberate aim at the first of the file, and brought him down; but he was almost immediately up and in motion again, when my friend fired and killed him. It was a fine fat buck; but the Indian gave us but little time for examination or exultation. He urged us to seek the cover immediately, and encamp for the night, as the day was now far spent, and darkness fast approaching, and promised to return himself forthwith, and secure the haunches. We accordingly pushed on, forgetful of all fatigue, and in a few minutes the axe was at work in erecting a temporary shelter, and in preparing firewood for the night.”

“Who in the world ever heard of using an axe, and making a fire right among deer?” said Stephen. “Town-hunters and officers beat all natur. They walk a mile and then stop to drink, and one mile more and stop to eat, and one mile further and stop to smoke, and another mile and then want to rest, and then manage four miles more arter four more stops, and camp for the night. Then they send an Indian a-head to shoot a moose, and come back and say, what fine fun deer-hunting is!”

“As soon as the poles were adjusted for receiving the spruce boughs, which we were instructed how to entwine, Joe Cope took two large sheets of birchen bark in which the luggage was enclosed, and slinging them with thongs over his shoulder, reloaded a gun, and returned to the cariboo. It was quite dark when he made his appearance with his load of venison; but we had com-

pleted our arrangements for the night. Light spruce boughs were spread for our bed, the exterior covering of branches excluded the wind, and a good blazing fire was ready for cooking our steaks. Joe shook his head.

“ ‘ Ah,’ said he, ‘ sarten white man scare more nor kill !’ ”

“ He immediately piled more spruce boughs on the outer covering, carefully stopping up every crevice where the fire-light could be seen, and then, hanging a blanket over the narrow doorway, commenced preparing the steaks.

“ ‘ Sarten,’ he said, ‘ wolf hunts well. When I come to the barren, wolf had got there afore me, and was making supper off cariboo without cooking.’ ”

“ The steaks were excellent. I had toiled hard....”

“ Very,” said Stephen. “ It is a wonder it didn’t kill you !”

“ Was very hungry, and made a capital supper. The brandy bottle was then produced, but its consumptive appearance gave too sure indication that its end was fast approaching.”

“ ‘ Sarten,’ said Joe, who participated in our disappointment, ‘ sarten white woman very fond of big drink !’ ”

“ It’s a pity, then, you hadn’t been fond of a big bottle yourself,” said Stephen. “ What the plague was a quart among three people ?”

“ Such a day of fatigue, terminated by such a supper, soon disposed us all for sleep ; and having examined the priming of our guns, and put them in a place secure from accident, and replenished our fire, we stretched out for repose. My friend and the Indian were soon asleep ; but the novelty of the scene, the entire loneliness of our situation, the vivid recollection of the slaughter of the deer, the excitement occasioned by the numerous traces of wild beasts in our immediate neighbourhood, and the last story of the wolf, whose howl I could now distinctly hear in the direction of the carcass, caused such a quick suc-

cession of ideas, that it was nearly an hour before I dropped into a sound sleep. How long I was in that state of oblivion I cannot tell, but, judging by the state of the fire, which was then reduced to a heap of glowing coals, it must have been about midnight...."

"As to that," said Stephen, "it depends on the nature of the fuel. If it was soft wood, it would burn out in an hour; if hard wood, it would keep alive all night."

"When I was disturbed by something like a growl. The place where I had laid down was just opposite to the door, and I had fallen asleep with my face to the fire."

"Then you just had your head where you ought to have had your feet," said Stephen.

"When I opened my eyes, judge of my consternation when they encountered those of three or four wolves, who, attracted by the smell of the venison, had traced it to our camp, from one of the poles of which it now hung suspended most temptingly. They had torn away the blanket which had been hung over the door, and there they stood, their backs bristled, their eyes glaring, and their white teeth glistening in the light, and uttering a sort of suppressed growl, and just ready to spring on their helpless and drowsy prey. My first thought was of the guns; but, alas! they were close to the enemy, tied to the stakes of the wigwam, for fear of falling and doing mischief, and, therefore, wholly out of reach. The axe was outside, and there was not even a brand of fire that could be grasped, all was so completely burnt to coals. I then bethought me of my long knife: If I could only get at that and open it, I felt that, if I could not defend myself successfully, I should at least die hard."

"What a beautiful story!" said Miss Lucy. "That is very exciting! It's very awful! Tell us quick, did you get at the knife?"

"The knife was in the left pocket of my coat, and I was lying on my left side. I carefully put my arm behind me, and cautiously raised my body a little, so

as to enable me to put my hand into the pocket; but I could not extract it without turning over. In the mean time, they kept slowly advancing, an inch or so at a time; and one of them, seeing the meat within his reach, became quite enraged, when, encountering my eyes, he sprang across the fire, and seized me by the throat in a minute."

"Show me the marks," said Stephen; "show me the marks, and I'll believe it! Hang it, man, if you had only a-put your head between your legs..."

"Do be quiet," said Miss Lucy, "and let him go on; you spoil the story! So he caught you by the throat?"

"Yes, he caught me by the throat. But at that instant I sprang to my feet, called out to the Indian, and hoped by the first shock to force the animal over on the fire. He had loosened his grip, and I now had him by the windpipe; but it required the whole of my muscular strength to hold him, while I passed my eye in rapid succession from one to the other of his companions, who stood ready to spring on me, and tear me to pieces. While thus engaged, the wolf with which I was in contact, by one desperate effort, threw me on my back, and the whole were instantly upon me.

"'Sarten,' said Joe Cope, 'sarten white man mad! What you choking Joe for?' said he.

"'Oh, Joe,' I said, 'my good fellow, I hope I haven't hurt you! I was dreaming, and I thought I was attacked by the wolves.'

"'Ah!' he said; 'sarten white man eat too much supper.'"

"Well, and what then?" said Stephen.

"Why, that's all," replied the stranger.

"All!" said Stephen, in great astonishment. "Why, man alive, it's no story at all, or else you don't know how to tell it. You might as well call half an apple a whole apple. If you cut off a dog's tail, it's a dog still, do you see? or dock a horse, there is the horse left to the fore, and, perhaps, looking all the better

of it. But a story is like a snake, all tail from the head; and if you cut there, you don't strike the tail off, but cut the head off. You knock the life out of it at once—kill it as dead as a herring. Your story is like a broken needle, it has got no point; or like an axe without an edge, as dull as a hoe. Take my advice, my old moose-misser, and the very next time you are axed to sing a song, or spin a yarn, choose the first. It's better to sing a ditty that has no tune, than tell a story that has no fun."

"Why, how would you have me tell it?" said the discomfited stranger.

"You might as well," rejoined Stephen, "ask me what I say when I say nothing, as to ask me how to tell a story that is no story. If I was to be so bold as to offer my advice, I should say tell it short, this way—

"Once upon a time, when pigs were swine, and turkeys chewed tobacco, and little birds built their nests in old men's beards, a youngster that had no beard went out a hunting. He thought he could shoot, but couldn't, for he fired at a cariboo and missed it: was frightened to see the tracks of wild beasts instead of tame ones in the woods; ate for his supper what he neither killed nor cooked; got the nightmare; fancied he saw three hungry wolves, woke up and found but one, and that was himself. Now, there is the hair and head, body and bones, and sum and substance, of your everlasting 'long story.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE KEEPING-ROOM OF AN INN;

OR, THE CUSHION-DANCE.

NO. IV.

The storm baffled by its long continuance all the signs and prognostics upon which Mr. Richardson usually relied. He made frequent reference to the

almanac, to ascertain the age of the moon and the state of the tide, predicting that it would cease at the ebb or the flood of the latter, or the rising or setting of the former; and admitted, that every rule of experience had failed him but one, namely, that when the first quarter of the moon happens—as upon the present occasion—to occur late in the afternoon, snow or rain is apt to fall during the greater part of the following week. This last hypothesis was a great comfort to him, as he prided himself not a little upon his knowledge of the weather, and appeared, like most observers of the heavens, to have a theory to suit every contingency. The little patch of blue sky before-mentioned had now gradually enlarged itself, until it extended over the whole heavens, and the sun set clear and unclouded, and was succeeded by a fine starlight night. The scene was so quiet and so beautiful, it was difficult to imagine that we had just emerged from a storm of such extraordinary violence and duration.

“Look at that!” said Stephen, exultingly: “didn’t I tell you so? I knowed how it would be when them other signs failed (for there is no rule without an exception); and I never was beat yet, though I must say this was a difficult case. Tell you what, it stands a farmer in hand to study the sky and the marks of water and earth, so as to look out in time for falling weather, who has hay to make and get in, and grain to stock and to carry to home. I’ll back an old farmer and an old spider agin all the world for a knowledge of these subjects; for, as for sailors, I never see one yet that knew anything about the matter but this—that when it blew hard it was time to shorten sail. I’ll tell you the difference, it’s just this:—The farmer has got his own crop and his own food to save; the sailor, the sails and rigging, and beef and pork of his owner; and it stands to reason—seeing that the skin is nearer than the shirt—that the farmer must know the most.”

And then soliloquizing aloud, rather than addressing any one in particular, he continued—

“What in natur becomes of all them endless numbers of clouds that have passed over to the westward these two days! A body would think, when they meet a head-wind they would have to return back agin to where they came from, for that seems agreeable to the course of things in a general way. I wonder whether a wester begins lower than them, gets under them, and shoves them right up out of sight, and clears them off that way, or kinder splits them in two like a wedge, and throws one-half north, and t’other half south? That’s a thing, now, I should like to know, for it has always kind of puzzled me. There’s something very odd about all winds. The south wind seems to uncork all drains, and swamps, and such things, and you can actually smell it hours and hours afore it comes; and in spring and fall it sends a-head a little white frost, as a kind of notice that it’s on the way. Well, the east wind is a searching one too. It gets into your joints, and marrow, and bones; and you can feel it afore you see it. If it warn’t for that, I don’t think we should have any rheumatis in this country. It’s a bad wind, and brings colds, and consumptions, and pauper emigrants from Great Britain (that know a plaguy sight more about breaking heads and houses than breaking up lands), and fogs and shipwrecks, and rust in wheat, and low spirits, and everything bad onder the sun. A wester, agin, is a blustering kind of boy—comes in in a hullabolloo, but-end foremost, and kicks away the clouds right and left, like anything. It’s a fine, healthy, manly, bracing breeze, that west wind of ours. You’d know it in any part of the world if you was to meet it, which I’m told you don’t, for they say there’s nothing like it nowhere else. Now, as to the north wind, I’ll tell you what, I wouldn’t just positively swear I ever saw it blow due north in this province. Yet father said, and always maintained to his dying day, there was no

such a thing as a rael north wind here; and I certainly don't mind of ever seeing it. Nor-nor-west and nor-nor-east is common; but a rael, genuine north wind, by point of compass, I am of opinion is a thing we have to make acquaintance with yet."

"Ah," said Miss Lucy, who just then resumed her seat, "this is too bad! All these stories end in disappointment. The judge's ghost turns out nothing but a madman; the wolves are only seen in a dream; and the Devil, after all, is merely a fox."

"Yes," said Stephen; "and a most particular sly old fox too. Did you never know that before, miss? But that's only one of his shapes. Sometimes he comes in the form of a lawyer," (giving a knowing wink to Barclay) "with a tongue as slippery as an eel—cheat his master a'most; sometimes" (looking at me as if he suspected I was a military man talking down to my hearers) "as a sodger-officer, with a scarlet coat, gold epaulettes, great big sword and spurs, and a whapping long feather to catch young galls, as sportsmen catch trout with a red hackle; and now and agin" (looking admiringly at Miss Lucy) "in the shape of an everlasting, handsome, bouncing lass, with an eye that makes every one as wicked as herself, and...."

"And sometimes," retorted the young lady, "in the shape of an u—gly, o—ld, d—isagree—able, on—mannerly man, that interrupts people so, that it's enough to make 'em wish he was in Jericho a'most."

"Why, how you talk, miss!" he replied. "Didn't I see a ghost, and fight with a ghost, and haven't I got the marks to this day? What more would you have? And if you prefer wolf stories, here's a chap that's not only seed a wolf, but actually had one get into bed with him. Talk of romping! Gad, that's what I call a game of romps, in rael, right down airnest, regular rough and tumble, without waitin' for tickling. Come, old Broadcloth," said he, patting Layton on the shoulder, "tell the young lady the story of 'the awkward bedfellow.' Tell her all about

the wolf getting into bed along with you, and finding you so precious dry, bony, and thin, he was afeerd you'd turn the tables on him, and eat him up, and so clawed right out agin."

Mr. Layton was about commencing his story, when the young commissary, who had unpacked and produced his violin, executed a flourish or two upon it to ascertain if it was uninjured, and said—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but we expect some young ladies here presently. I hope you will excuse me, therefore, for just suggesting the propriety of coming to the point as soon as you conveniently can."

"'Coming to Frink,' you mean," said Stephen. "Coming to the point is old-fashioned, and has no fun in it; but 'Come to Frink' is all the go now. I'll tell you how that sayin' was raised. Oncet upon a time, in the House of Assembly in New Brunswick, there was a committee a-sitting on a petition of a harbour-master called Frink, and the lawyers talked about everything, as they always do, but the petition; and an old member, who got tired out, and a'most wearied to death with their long yarns, used to stop them every minnit, and say, 'Come to Frink;' and when they wandered off he'd fetch them back agin with a voice of thunder, 'Why don't you come to Frink?' His manner and accent was so droll, for he talked broad Scotch (which is a sort of howl, growl, and bark, all in one) it made every body laugh a'most; and now it's a by-word all over that province, in the legislatur, and courts, and story-telling, and everywhere, 'Come to Frink.' Now, Broadcloth," he said, turning to Layton, "you understand the gentleman. So, 'come to Frink.'"

Mr. Layton, as I have before observed, was a gentleman that was evidently on very good terms with himself and the world. He was quite satisfied with his own appearance and importance, and being fully impressed with the belief that everybody coincided in opinion with him, his face (now that he had no grievance to

relate) beamed with self-complacency. He was a short, thin man, very erect, as most short men are (for they feel that they cannot afford to stoop), and dressed with considerable attention to what he considered the most becoming manner, and cultivated a very imposing pair of whiskers, cut and trimmed in a way to show that he had visited foreign climes; for he had been as far as Newfoundland on one side, and Bermuda on the other.

He was, as my friend Barclay told me, one of a very numerous class of persons in Nova Scotia, who, inheriting an excellent farm, soon found that even farms must be worked to be productive, and that, if a store (as a retail shop is universally called here) be added to their other employments, the profits of their trade will enable them to dispense with personal labour, and furnish an easy and comfortable road on which to travel to an independent fortune. This road, however, is, at very short distances, so intersected by other broader and easier ones, that lead, some to the sea-side, where there are frequent opportunities to Texas, some to the court-house, others to taverns, and most of them to a mansion, vulgarly called the jail, that it unfortunately happens many people miss their way, and, what is worse, seldom discover their error, until the day is too far spent to return in safety.

Mr. Layton, besides being a farmer and trader, was a justice of the peace, a commissioner of sewers for the drainage of the vast alluvial meadows of his county, a major in the militia, a supervisor of schools, and a trustee of an academical institution in his own township. He had read a good deal, for he took all the newspapers published at Halifax, and had studied the dictionary in a manner that had enabled him often to detect inaccuracies in the pronunciation and orthography of those who had had the benefit of a better education. He was wont, I was told, to relate with great pride, a philological discussion he had had with an usher of Tadpole Academy, about the proper mode of spelling College, which he maintained, by analogy to

Knowledge, ought to be written with a *d*. The usher, who knew as little of etymology as himself, admitted that he was of the same opinion, but said, antiquity was on the other side. Colleges, he observed, were established before our language was settled, and the *d* having been omitted originally, the word had come down to us with its present number of letters, and it was too late now to alter it. If this explanation was too far-fetched, it was, at all events, too plausible to be refuted by Mr. Layton, who always contented himself by remarking, with a sneer—"That it was rather hard college men couldn't spell the name of their own institution." Those numerous offices held by Mr. Layton, however honourable they might be in the estimation of his poor neighbours, were all, alas ! rather sources of expense than income to him—the farm and the "store" being his main reliance. Either of those would have insured the possessor a comfortable and independent support ; but their unfortunate union, like an ill-assorted match, soon produced mutual neglect, and, it was evident, would terminate in the ruin of both. Such was the gentleman who now related to us his adventure with the wolf.

"I live," he said, "on the Kentville river, in Aylesford...."

"Not on the river," said Stephen, "for that is not dic— or gram— either, my old amphibious boy ; nor yet in the river, for your father pulled you out of that many a long day ago, and hung you up to dry. You look, for all the world, more like a salmon caught at the wrong season of the year, badly cured and worse smoked—so cussed thin no one can tell where the bone ends, or the fish begins : tough as whalebone. Say, I live on a fish-flake on the banks of the river, my old dun-fish."

"Really, Mr. Richardson," said Mr. Layton, rising in great wrath, "I...."

"Jimmy," said Miss Lucy to her little brother, "call in the dog. He has already made acquaintance with Mr. Stephen's nose ; perhaps he'll lead him up to bed."

"For gracious goodness' sake, don't bring in that ere dog!" he said. "If you do, I'll leave my marks on him, that he'll carry to his dying day. Why, I told you, miss, nobody minds me—it's my way. I poke fun at every body, and every body pokes fun at me; and, if they get the best of it, they are welcome to it; for, in a general way, what folks get from me they pay for. Howsomever, my pipe's out. I know it ain't manners, and I won't interrupt him agin. Come," he said, turning to Layton, "come off to New Foundland with you, my old academy boy, and shoot wolves. 'Come to Frink' now."

"I live on the banks of the Kentville river, in Aylesford," continued the little man....

"Well, you told us that afore," said Stephen. "Why don't you 'come to Frink?'"

"On the farm my father owned, and carry on business there...."

"And a pretty mess you make of it!" added Stephen.

"Year before last, having a great deal of produce in hand, I chartered a vessel for New Foundland, and loaded her with cheese, apples, butter, hams, cider, and other kinds of produce, and sailed late in the fall for the town of St. John, hoping to reach there in time for the Christmas market. Unfortunately we deferred our departure too long...."

"That was, because you wouldn't 'come to Frink,'" interrupted Stephen.

"We encountered dreadful weather all the passage. It was, in fact, one constant succession of snow-storms and violent gales of wind. The Captain was frost-bitten and crippled, the men were scarcely able to keep the deck, and the vessel could with difficulty be steered at all. Indeed, we were far from certain of our exact position, never having had an observation since we left Nova Scotia ..."

"It's a pity you hadn't made more observations before you quitted it," said Stephen; "for, if you

had, you never would have left home at that season of the year. Do you take?"

"And, while we were discussing the point, all doubt was removed by our being wrecked, about ten o'clock at night, on a bleak and desolate part of the coast. I shall never forget the horrors of that night. Every sea swept the deck. Bulwarks, boats, cabouse, and everything, was carried away. The Captain and I were the only persons in the after-part of the vessel. How it fared with those who were forward, I could not tell, for we could hold no communication whatever with them, on account of the violence of the sea. That night seemed without end, as it was without hope. At last day broke, the storm subsided, and with it the sea; and I could distinguish the shore, and, to my great joy, a long, low hovel, on the beach under the cliff. I immediately went below for my gun, and returning discharged it, and soon saw three men, half-dressed, emerge from the hut, who waved a flag to us, in token of recognition and assistance. Soon afterwards, they hauled a boat down to the edge of the water, and made preparations for boarding us; but it was nearly dark before the sea was sufficiently abated to enable them to come off with safety. The people forward were all drowned in the fore-castle: the Captain and myself were the sole survivors. At last they succeeded in taking us ashore, with our guns, ammunition, and trunks, and saved as much provisions as would last us during the winter. In the morning, the vessel had disappeared. The storm had come on again during the night, and she had gone to pieces. A few loose articles of inconsiderable value were washed ashore, but the entire cargo was lost...."

"Yes," said Stephen; "and it's my opinion the farm sprung a leak that night, too. One or two more such voyages to New Foundland, and the old homestead is a wreck, as sure as you are born."

"As soon as the Captain recovered, who was a strong, athletic man, of Herculean frame, formed by Nature, as it were, for endurance...."

"Hallo!" said Stephen; "it's a pity the schooner's bottom wasn't as hard as them words: all the stones in New Foundland wouldn't have knocked a hole in it."

"He set out for St. John's with one of the inmates of the hovel, and made his way, in the best manner he could, across the interior. I was unequal to the task, and remained, during the whole of that tedious and dreary winter, with the other two...."

"If you had followed the example of Felix Piper," said Stephen, who always preferred talking himself to listening to others, "it would neither have been a long nor a tedious time. Felix, when he was a youngster, went into the woods one season, with a lumbering party, up the Kestegouch river; and, not knowing what to do with himself during the long nights, he got some birch-bark, and some dead coals, and stretching himself out at full length (flounder fashion) on the floor, taught himself, by the firelight, to make letters, and learned to write, and then to cipher; set up in life on his own hook, and is now one of the richest merchants and greatest shipowners in these colonies. He learned the multiplication table, do you see; and found out that two and two makes four, and twice four makes eight, and so on. Now, with all your knowledge, you never got beyond the rules of subtraction yet; and only know, if you take one from three, two remains. It would take a smart man to add up the sum of his property now; but you will soon find, with your subtraction ciphering, that you have only a naught left for a remainder; and then, my old academy boy, I'll trouble you to learn algebra, and see if you can tell how to subtract something from nothing. But come, Broadcloth, on with your story; but, cut it short, for it ain't no great things the way you tell it. 'Come to Frink,' now."

"Time hung heavily on my hands, you may well suppose," continued the little man, "during those long and weary months. Oh, how often I sighed," and he

looked sentimentally at Miss Lucy, "for the summer sky, the fragrant gales, and orange groves of the charming Isles of Bermuda !...."

"There would have been much more sense in sighing after the apple-sarce you forgot to insure," said Stephen ; "but, never mind, 'come to Frink.'"

"My two companions were Irishmen, who employed themselves in making barrels and boxes for packing fish, and in preparing for killing seals on the ice in the spring. The hovel they lived in was a long, low, shanty, built close under the cliff, for the purpose of shelter. It consisted of one extended room, one part of which was their cooper's workshop, and the other their dormitory and refectory...."

"Plague take your Latin, man ! do speak English !" said Stephen. "Ever since you have been a trustee of Tadpole Academy, there is no understanding you."

"The house was not constructed, like our log huts, of substantial timber, (for that is not to be had there), but of poles interlaced with bark ; and the roof was made of the same light materials. It was more like a large Indian wigwam than anything else. Well, as I was saying, we slept in one end of it, which was spacious enough for personal convenience. The other part held staves, a work-bench, some barrels, and boxes, and tools. One morning, just a little before daylight, our house appeared to be coming about our ears. A portion of the roof was suddenly crushed to the floor, with a tremendous noise, apparently by a part of the projecting cliff. I sat up in my bed, and each one asked simultaneously the question, 'What in the world is that ?' At that moment, something came down, through another part of the roof, directly upon my bed, which evidently had life and motion in it. It fell with considerable force, and rolled over upon me twice, when I uttered a loud shout...."

"I don't doubt you did," said Stephen ; "there's nothing like fright to make a fellow 'come to Frink.'"

"And I heard it jump down on the floor. I imme-

diately got up and stirred the fire, which had been carefully covered with ashes for fear of accident, and threw on it a handful of shavings, and in a moment the cabin was illuminated as bright as day. Judge of my surprise, when the first objects I saw were a cariboo and a wolf; the former standing, snorting first at the fire and then at the wolf, and the latter cowering in the corner, and glaring horribly. We immediately took down our guns, and stood ready to receive or give battle. 'Now, Pat,' I said, addressing myself to the man who appeared to be the leader of the household, 'I will fire at the wolf; do you and Mike stand ready, if I do not kill him, to bring him down: for, if he is only wounded, he will grapple with one of us and die hard.' I accordingly fired, and he sprang up about three feet, rolled over, bounded forward, and fell again near the cariboo, who instantly attacked him with his fore-feet, and broke every bone in his body. My first impulse was to have spared the stag, and secure him alive, but he became so furious we were obliged to despatch him. It was a most exciting scene, and the more so as it was so novel and so wholly unexpected. It appeared that the wolf was in hot pursuit of the buck, who, in his desperation, leaped, without reference to the locality, immediately over the cliff on to our shanty, which, from being covered with snow, no doubt, resembled a small iceberg, and was followed with equal recklessness by his famished pursuer. I have preserved the skin as a trophy...."

"Of a man," said Stephen, "who fired a gun to save his life. It's few people have courage enough to do that. But, tell me now, didn't that cure you of going a-coasting in the winter? Ain't you afeerd of the water since that shipwreck?"

"No," replied the little man, with an indignant and injured air—"no, sir; I despise a coward!"

"Well, well," said Stephen, with most provoking coolness, "we won't dispute about words. It wouldn't take much, as you say, to kill or to save such a little fellow as you be."

" I said no such thing, sir. Don't put your insolent words in my mouth, if you please, sir."

" Well," rejoined the other, " you might have said it, then, and not been far from the truth, neither. Now, as you are determined to try your luck agin at sea, I'll give you a receipt that will save your life, if every soul on board besides perishes."

" I don't require your receipt, sir ; when I want it, I will ask you for it."

" Yes, but you may want it some fine day, and it is no harm to have it in case of accidents. It is one of the simplest and wisest rules I ever heard. I learned it from old Telly-I-you at Annapolis. When I was a boy, there was an old German barrack-master at that place, called Degrebbin, that the Duke of Kent placed there. The crittur had served six months in the old American war, doing garrison duty, which means, plastering his head with soap and flour, and cleaning his breeches with pipeclay ; and, as a reward for being a German, got the post of barrack-master. He was as tall, and thin, and stately, and solemn, as a church steeple ; walked like a pair of compasses ; carried his arms straight, like those of a wooden doll, kinder stiff at the shoulder joints, and wore a queue long enough for a horse's halter. He had been so long from home in this country that he had forgot all his German, and, having an enormous big mouth and whapping large tongue, he never could learn to speak English : so he talked gibberish. Instead of saying, ' I tell you,' he used to say, ' Telly I you ;' so I nicknamed him ' Old Telly-I-you.' I recollect him as well as if it was yesterday, for I used to stalk behind him in the streets, and throw back my head, and cock up my chin, just as he did, and make Garman faces at him to make the boys laugh, and got caught oncest and thrashed for it like anything.

" Well, old Telly-I-you used to go to Digby sometimes on duty, and when he did, he used to take the military four-oared barge with him, and send it back

with orders to come in two days for him. When the boat would come, he'd keep it and the party there sometimes for a whole week on a stretch, waiting for a dead calm; for he never would get into a boat if there was the leastest morsel of wind in the world. At last the commandant hauled him up for it.

" 'Mr. Degrebbin,' said he, 'you keep my men too long from their duty. I request you will always return immediately, sir, when the boat goes for you.'

" 'My fery goot, high-priced, too-dear friend,' said Degrebbin, 'telly I you it to pass how came to happen dat I keep de boat.'

" And he explained that he was once the sole survivor of a boating party, consisting of thirteen men, which circumstance had made him kind of nervous and timid on the water ever since.

" 'Dear me,' said the commandant, who was a kind-hearted man, though strict on duty matters—'dear me, how did that happen, and how did you escape?'

" 'Telly I you,' said Degrebbin, 'that to pass how came to happen.'

" And he paused, and looked wise, that the other might admire his gumption. At last, he said—

" 'Dis was de vay. I refused to go: so I was de only one saved out of dirteen souls and bodies!'

" Now, take my advise, Broadcloth, and follow old Telly-I-you's receipt. 'You'll never be drowned if you stay to home on dry land.' It ain't every fool knows that trick, I can tell you."

" 'Come to Frink,' Mr. Stephen," said the commissary. "Here they are! I hear the bells. Make room for the young ladies! Now for a dance!" And he played a short flourish on his violin, and said—"Here, Mr. Stephen, hold a candle while I help the young ladies out. Talk of ghosts and hobgoblins! these are the witches for me! Oh, Miss Lucy!" and he put his arm gallantly round her waist, and, leading her to the door, whispered something in an under-tone, for which (though she appeared nothing loath to hear it) he got

a good-humoured box on the ear, and was told he was a saucy, forward, good-for-nothing, impudent man.

When he went to the door to receive our guests and assist them to alight, we found two sheds (not sleighs, but vehicles on runners, without seats, having nothing but the floor, covered with buffalo robes, to sit upon). One was driven by young Mr. Neal, and conveyed the two Misses Glee; and the other by Master Linn, and carried his two sisters. A moonlight drive on the snow, and the prospect of a dance, always exhilarates the spirits, and the young ladies were in great force. They were overjoyed to see their friends, the Misses Neal. They remarked that it was an age since they had met: and they appeared to have so much to say to each other, that there was no time given for introductions. When they saw several strangers, however, in the room, they were quite shocked—so shocked, indeed, that they all talked at once, and all apologized together. They didn't expect to see company, they said; they came for a sociable evening—they were quite ashamed—they were not dressed—they were sure they looked like frights; they couldn't think of dancing—they hadn't come prepared. They had nothing but walking-shoes on: for the snow was so deep they were afraid of taking cold. But they would try; they dared to say the gentlemen would be kind enough to excuse them.

Miss Lucinda Linn was what Mr. Stephen called a "screamer"—that is, a girl in full health and spirits; tall, well-formed, and exceedingly handsome; of an easy carriage, self-possessed, and, as he graphically described her, "as supple as an eel, and as full of fun as a kitten." Her sister was shorter, slender, delicate, and really graceful; but more shy, and less confident.

Miss Glee had one of the most beautiful complexions I ever beheld, and a head of hair Venus herself might have envied. She had not to learn that night, for the first time, that she was pretty; her beau and her glass had informed her of that fact long

ago. Her mouth was exquisite, and you could not withdraw your eyes from it, for her utterance was so rapid that it was necessary to watch its motions to understand her. There was something inexpressibly droll in the manner in which her words were blended, or rather fused, together. Miss Lucy told me she was a little affected, but she was evidently mistaken—for her conversation came so naturally from her lips, nobody could suppose for a minute Art had any thing to do with it; and, besides, her hair was dressed with an easy negligence of appearance that showed she did not think she required any adventitious aid to set off her appearance to advantage. On one cheek and shoulder long ringlets fell in rich profusion, on the other the hair was dressed plain; a grave festoon covered the upper part of the cheek, and the returned end was simply fastened with a comb.

Her sister Jane was as light as a fairy, and as easy in all her motions. She was a dark beauty—a deep brunette. She wore a most provoking short frock and petticoat—indeed, she could not help it, the snow was so deep—but it displayed the sweetest little foot and ankle in the world. She was very unaffected, and prided herself on her candour. She said what she thought, and sometimes gave people what she called a piece of her mind. There was nothing remarkable in the dress of these young ladies, unless in its similarity; each having broad, black riband sandals to their shoes; a little gauze half-handkerchief pinned on the shoulders, and falling gracefully back from the front; skirts that hung wonderfully close to the figure—so much so, indeed, as to create great admiration in Mr. Stephen, who vowed they were as straight as bulrushes; and black mitts on their hands, embroidered on the back in gaudy colours.

Miss Lucy's sisters having joined the party, the commissary resumed his violin, and put us all in motion, and we were soon in the mazes of a country-dance, our fair hostess and myself leading off, and

Mr. Stephen keeping time to the music with his foot, and occasionally making us all laugh with his original and eccentric remarks. The ice was now broken, and we all became as well acquainted as if we had known each other for years. Tea and coffee were introduced, and the dancing renewed ; after which we had a supper, and a most substantial one it was. In addition to a turkey, ducks, chickens, and tongues, was a large ham, the upper surface of which was garnished with cloves of different sizes inserted perpendicularly, and presenting a striking resemblance to a newly cleared field dotted with its black charred stump of trees. Large tarts (or pies, as they are universally called in this country,) baked in plates, and composed of apples, cranberry, pumpkins, and wild gooseberry, were distributed with a view rather to abundance than order ; and reflected great credit on the skill of Miss Lucy, for their flavour and quality were really excellent. Home-made preserves, consisting of the ordinary fruits and berries of the country, occupied and ornamented the centre of the table ; and cakes of every variety and form, among which the favourite and very palatable dough-nut was most conspicuous, and distributed wherever sufficient space could be found for them. Cider, ginger-beer, and wine, with something more potent for strong heads like Mr. Stephen's, though not so freely used, were as liberally provided.

It was the first rural entertainment I had witnessed ; and I understand that, though a similar one cannot, of course, be so suddenly produced elsewhere as at an inn, they are equally abundant and good in every substantial farmer's house in the province. Then came the best and the merriest dance of all, that which leaves the most agreeable and enduring impression—the last. It was the cushion-dance. We all formed a ring, in the centre of which was placed a gentleman with a bell in his hand ; the company then danced round him several times. When he rang the bell, the dancing ceased, and he selected any lady he

pleased, and kissed her ; then she took his place, and the same ceremony was repeated, the choice devolving upon her as a matter of course. To give the ladies their due, they protested loudly against this amusement, and it was with some reluctance they consented to join in it at all. Their choice (much to the chagrin of the gentlemen, who pronounced the selection unfair) always fell on young Master Linn, a lad of fourteen years of age, who was the recipient of all their favours ; but they could not be prevailed upon to alter the arrangement ; while, on the other hand, they invariably fled before they would submit to the forfeit themselves ; and frequently it was not until they had reached the next room that they were overtaken and compelled to pay toll, and not then without a considerable struggle. However, notwithstanding the reluctance manifested by them at first to take a part in the cushion-dance, it had the effect of exhilarating the spirits of every one so much, that they very civilly consented to its repetition, and it was immediately renewed with increased animation. Mr. Stephen was so delighted with it, never having seen it before, that he lamented most pathetically he was too old to participate in it ; and vowed, with many extraordinary protestations, expressed in still more extraordinary language, that he thought the union of kissing and dancing the greatest invention of modern times.

“ In my day, it was plaguy formal,” he said : “ it was merely join hands, go two or three times round, cross over, and then obeisance. Oh ! catch a chap waltzing, or whatever you call it, then with his arms round a gall’s waist ! why, it would make old mothers and maiden aunties fairly faint ! Indeed, I ain’t just sure it wouldn’t kill them on the spot ! What a dance this cushion-dance would be for a man like me—wouldn’t it ?—that has a pair of arms long enough to take two forfeits all at once ? Ah, Broadcloth !” patting Layton on the shoulder so earnestly as nearly to dislocate it, “ you and Miss Lucy may

talk of ghosts till you are tired, man ; give me the rael . . ."

"Here it is," said Miss Lucy, handing him a tumbler of what she called Mahogany, but which looked uncommonly like brandy and water—"here it is ; but" (and she lowered her voice) "don't talk nonsense afore the strangers, or p'raps they will think they can do so too, and that I won't stand."

"Right," said Stephen ; "I see it all with half an eye. I take, for a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. Your health, my beautiful young rose-bud !"

I have before explained that a door opened into the keeping-room, which concealed the (almost perpendicular) staircase leading to the bedrooms occupied by the family. Several times during the evening I had heard a whispering and laughing behind this door ; but, while we were occupied in the last dance, it suddenly flew open with great violence, and gave admittance to a very unexpected addition to our party. Three little boys, brothers of Miss Lucy (who had been sent early to bed that they might be out of the way, but who had been attracted by the music, and taken post there for the purpose of peeping through the crevices and key-hole), in their eagerness to obtain a good view, had forced the latch, and were precipitated into the centre of the room among the company, with no other covering on than their shirts, and exhibited a confused heap of bare heads, legs, and arms.

As a matter of course, the young ladies were dreadfully shocked and alarmed, and screamed violently ; but the uproarious shouts of delight with which the unwitting intruders were received by the rest of the company were so irresistible, that the contagion of the merriment overcame their nervousness, and at last they joined heartily in the general laughter. The two eldest boys, as soon as they recovered from the shock of their fall and surprise, made good their retreat ; but the youngest, running behind Miss Lucy, endeavoured to envelop himself in the folds of her

clothes, and thereby conceal the want of his own; and, in so doing, threatened to reduce her to the same state of destitution as himself. After an ineffectual struggle, on her part, to extricate herself from his embarrassing embraces, she retreated backwards to the staircase, and then, turning round, pushed the little offender in, and shut the door upon him, with no very gentle admonition to go to bed, and a smack that sounded somewhat louder than a kiss, which was followed by an exclamation very unlike laughter.

"Well, I never, in all my born days!" said Miss Lucy.

"Nor I either!" said Miss Glee. "Did you ever?"

"Well, I want to know," said Miss Linn.

"Say no more about it, ladies," added the commissary, resuming his violin. "It's your turn with the bell, Miss Lucinda. Come, begin!"

"Ay, 'come to Frink!'" said Stephen, and the order of the evening was again restored.

As soon as the dance was concluded, Mr. Stephen, who had been extremely excited by the sight and sound of the forfeits, and the "distress" under which they were "levied," sprung forward from his seat with great animation, and, taking up the tongs and shovel, placed them transversely on the floor.

"I will show you now, my beauties," he said, "the prettiest, and spryest, and difficultest dance you ever see—the kitchen-dance!" Few men can go through that with the cross-hop and double back-shuffle, quick as wink, without as much as touching or brushing with heel or toe; and women can't do it—no how they can't work it, on account of their frock-tails. It requires a quick eye, a clear head, and an active foot, I can tell you; and with boots like mine I defy any one here or elsewhere to do it as supple as I can. General," he said, addressing himself to the young commissary, to the infinite amusement of every body present, "can you play 'Zacky in the meal-tub?'"

“ ‘ Zacky in the meal-tub ! ’ ” replied the other, repeating his words in unfeigned astonishment ; “ no : I never heard of it before ! ”

“ Well, ‘ Jinny Kitoory ? ’ ”

“ No, my good fellow,” he said, laughing ; “ nor ‘ Jenny Kitoory,’ neither.”

“ Well, ‘ High Betty Martin,’ that will do. Can you play that, my young coals-and-candles ? ”

“ No.”

“ No ? Why, what the plague can you play, then ? Give us ‘ Possum up a gum tree,’ or ‘ Oh, my kitten, my kitten ! ’ ”

“ How does the latter go ? ” said the good-natured violinist. “ Perhaps I may know it under another name.”

“ Why, this way, my sealed-tender man,” replied Stephen, humming the air for him. “ Ah, that’s it ! ” he continued, exultingly, as the musician recognised the tune ; “ that’s it, General Rations ! Now, Miss Lucy, see, this is the way ! ” and he exhibited feats of agility that, for a man of his age, were truly surprising. But the young ladies were shocked. They said the dance was low, noisy, and vulgar ; protested that they had never seen or heard it before, and never desired to see it again ; and, moreover, wondered what sort of society Mr. Stephen must have kept to have acquired such coarse manners and savage habits. It might do for negroes, they said, but it certainly was not fit, and never was intended, to be exhibited before company. If it failed, however, to secure the approbation of the ladies, it was duly appreciated by the young men, who were uncommonly delighted with it, and testified their gratification so loudly and so warmly that Stephen exclaimed, with evident pride—

“ That’s nothing, my hearties, to what I oncest could do, and guess I can still do ; but these confounded boots are as thick and as hard in the sole as a ploughshare. Who can do this ? ” and, taking up a tumbler filled with water, he held his head erect, and, placing the glass on

his crown, he put his arms a-kimbo, and commenced anew the difficult evolutions of the "Tongs and shovel," or "Kitchen-dance." The unceasing clatter of his boots, the absurd and comical expression of his face, and the singularly grotesque contortions of his body, convulsed the commissary with laughter, who, playing irregularly and without regard either to time or tune, so disturbed and enraged poor Stephen, that he lost his balance, and, entangling his feet between the legs of the tongs, he was precipitated with his tumbler and its contents upon the floor with a crash that seemed to threaten a descent into the cellar.

"Who is that dreadful man?" said Miss Glee.

"I am sure I don't know," said Miss Linn, with a disdainful toss of her pretty chin. "He is no acquaintance of mine, I assure you; but whoever he is, he is quite tipsy, I am sure. Come, let's be moving now, for it's getting well on to morning, and I am dreadfully frightened."

"Lucy, dear," said Miss Lucinda, in a patronising and expostulatory tone, "why do you admit such creatures as that fellow into the keeping-room? he is only fit to herd with the cobs in the bar. Who is the horrid animal, and where in the world does he come from?"

"Oh, it's only his way, dear," said Lucy. "He is a sort of oddity—a kind of privileged person. Nobody minds him. He is Mr. Stephen Richardson, of Bear River in Clements."

"Oh, so I should think!" replied the other; "but bears are dangerous, and ought not to be suffered to go at large...."

"Lest they should hug!" said Mr. Stephen, who, hearing these flattering remarks, came softly up behind his fair defamer, and, seizing her round the waist, lifted her up and punished the sweet, pert little darling, as he called her, by passing his rough beard first over one of her cheeks, and then over the other, and greatly increasing their colour at the risk of drawing the blood,

and then kissing her, to her inexpressible mortification.

The sleds were now at the door, and the young ladies took a most affectionate leave of their guests, who, on their part, hoped the Misses Neal would soon come and see them sociably, for it was really an age since they had met; and besides, they were very lonely in winter, being moped to death in the house, unable to get out for the depth of the snow and the unbroken state of the roads. I accompanied the Misses Linn home, so as to see them safely over the drifts; and the commissary convoyed (as Stephen called it) the two Misses Glee.

We had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards when we were all precipitated into a snow-bank, which was the cause of much merriment. It showed, however, the necessity of precaution. I, therefore, took my seat in the centre, and, extending out both my arms, one lady took my right hand in her left, and the other my left in her right, which had the effect of making a secure, sociable, and agreeable support; though, as Miss Lucinda said, one that nothing but the danger of upsetting could justify. When we returned, we sat by the fire after the family had retired for the night, smoked our cigars, and chatted over the events of the evening. I was expressing my gratification to Barclay at having had such a favourable opportunity of seeing the mode in which people in the settlements in this country live; when he said—

“As a stranger, you would be apt to be misled by what you have seen this night. Don't undervalue these girls from their freedom of manner. That freedom arises from the perfect security engendered by their situation. Many of them are connected, and all of them are neighbours and friends. They meet like one family, and live with and towards each other as such. Each individual is dependant on the rest for mutual assistance and good offices, and they constitute themselves all the society they have. The protection that forms

and ceremonies throw round the members of large communities is not here needed. Where there is no aggression to be dreaded, defences are not required. They are simple-minded, warm-hearted, hospitable, and virtuous people. The levity you see is the levity of good spirits and conscious safety. The frank and easy demeanour (you would call it boldness elsewhere) is the manner of childhood, that has grown in both sexes into the conduct of maturity. So far as my experience goes, I see no danger in it."

Here Mr. Stephen gave a low, prolonged whistle. Whether it was designed to ascertain if his old enemy the dog was in the room, or to denote that his means of information were greater than Barclay's, and led to a different conclusion, I do not know. He took up his candle, however, and bade us good night; and when he got near the door where the commissary sat, said—

"Friend Barclay, there is no danger to the sheep, do you mind, when they play in the pasture by themselves; but when the wolf pays them a visit, the closer they keep to home the better."

CHAPTER XV.

THE KEEPING-ROOM OF AN INN;

OR, A CHASE FOR A WIFE.

NO. V.

On the following morning, all the guests assisted Mr. Neal and his men in endeavouring to cut a passage through the enormous drift that had obstructed our progress on the night of our arrival. The route we had taken the preceding evening, when escorting the young ladies to their homes, was too circuitous and too inconvenient to be used even temporarily by travellers, and nothing remained for us but to open the main road, which was covered to the tops of the fences for the space of a mile, or as far as

the cleared land extended. As soon as we had reduced this snow-bank sufficiently to render it practicable, the cattle from the farm-yard were driven through it, and then several yoke of oxen were attached to a heavy wood-sled, and a track made for the guidance of strangers. Although apparently a work of vast labour, the opening was, in fact, effected with great ease, and in an incredibly short space of time. The drift-shovel is made of dry wood, weighs very little, and lifts a large quantity of snow at once.

Road-breaking, as this operation is universally called here, is considered by the young men of the country as a pastime, as it necessarily occasions an assemblage of the whole neighbourhood, and affords ample opportunities for feats of agility and practical jokes, in which the population of the rural districts so much delight. There were, however, no arrivals during the day, nor did any of the party at Mount Hope venture to leave it and become pioneers. In the afternoon we adjourned again, for the last time, to the Keeping Room, for Barclay expressed his determination to force his way to Illinoo on the following day ; and Mr. Stephen Richardson said, as the road to Halifax would, from its position, be so much more obstructed than that which lay through the woods, he had resolved to leave his horse, and perform the remaining part of the journey on snow-shoes.

“ I can't say my business is so very urgent neither,” he observed ; “ but I can't bear to be idle ; and, when a man's away from home, things don't, in a general way, go ahead so fast, or get so well done, as when he is to the fore. Them that work never think ; and, if the thinking man is away, the labouring men may as well be away also, for the chances are, they will work wrong, and, at any rate, they are sure to work badly. That's my idea, at any rate. But there is one comfort, any how ; there is no fishery law where I live ; and, if there was, I don't think Mrs. Richardson, my wife, would be altogether just so sharp upon me as

Luke Loon was. I must tell you that story, Miss Lucy. For inland folks like you have no idea of what is going on sometimes sea-board ways. Ploughing the land and ploughing the sea is about as different things as may be, and yet they ain't more different than them who turn the furrows or hold the tiller. It ain't no easy matter to give you an idea of a fishing-station; but I'll try, miss.

"We have two sorts of emigrants to this province, do you observe; droves of paupers from Europe, and shoals of fish from the sea: old Nick sends one, and the Lord sends the other; one we have to feed, and the other feeds us; one brings destitution, distress, and disease, and the other health, wealth, and happiness. Well, when our friends the mackarel strike in towards the shore, and travel round the province to the northward, the whole coasting population is on the stir too. Perhaps there never was seen, under the blessed light of the sun, any thing like the everlasting number of mackarel in one shoal on our sea-coast. Millions is too little a word for it; acres of them is too small a tarm to give a right notion; miles of them, perhaps, is more like the thing; and, when they rise to the surface, it's a solid body of fish you sail through. It's a beautiful sight to see them come tumbling into a harbour, head over tail, and tail over head, jumping and thumping, sputtering and fluttering, lashing and thrashing, with a gurgling kind of sound, as much as to say, 'Here we are, my hearties! How are you off for salt? Is your barrels all ready?—because we are. So bear a hand, and out with your nets, as we are off to the next harbour tomorrow, and don't wait for such lazy fellows as you be.'

"Well, when they come in shoals that way, the fishermen come in swarms, too. Oh, it beats all natur—that's a fact? Did you ever stand on a beach, miss, or on a pasture, that's on a river, or on a bay, and see a great flock of plover, containing hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds of birds, come and light

all at once in one spot, where, a minute afore, there warn't one? Well, that's the way with humans on the fishery-stations. Take Crow Harbour, now, or Fox Island, or Just-au-Corps Point, or Louisburg, or any of them places; whenever the fish strike in, they are all crowded right up in a minute, chock full of people from all parts of these colonies and eastern states of America, in flats and boats, and decked vessels, and shallops, and schooners, and pinks, and sloops, and smacks, and every kind and sort of small craft; and, in course, where there are such a number of men, the few women that live near hand just lay down the law their own way, and carry things with a high hand. Like all other legislators, too, they make 'nactments to suit themselves. Petticoat government is a pretty tyrannical government, I tell you."

"Why, Mr. Stephen?" said Miss Lucy.

"Beg your pardon, miss; I actilly forgat that time," he continued. "I did make a hole in my manners that pitch, I grant, and I am sorry for it. It don't do to tell the truth at all times, that's a fact. The fishery regulation that I am a-going to speak of is repealed now, I guess, every where a'most, except at the Magdalen Islands, and there, I believe, it is in full force yet, and carried out very strict; but I recollect when it prevailed here at Shad Harbour, and poor Luke Loon suffered under it. Time flies so, a body can hardly believe, when they look back, that things that seem as if they happened yesterday, actilly took place twenty years ago; but so it is, and it appears to me sometimes as if, the older events are, the clearer they be in the mind; but I suppose it is because they are like the lines of our farms in the woods, so often blazed anew, by going over agin and agin, they are kept fresh and plain. Howsumever that may be, it's about the matter of nineteen years ago come next February, when that misfortunate critter, Luke Loon, came to me in a most desperate pucker of a hurry.

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“‘Steve,’ says he, ‘for Heaven’s sake ! let me have a horse, that’s a good fellow—will you ? to go to Shad Harbour ; and I’ll pay you any thing in the world you’ll ask for it.’

“‘Are you in a great hurry ?’ said I.

“‘I must clap on all sail and scud before the wind like the devil. I haven’t a minit to lose,’ said he.

“‘Then you can’t have him,’ said I, ‘for you will ride the beast too fast.’

“You never saw a fellor so taken a-back, and so chopfallen, in all your life. He walked about the room, and wrung his hands, and groaned as if his heart was breaking, and at last he fairly boo-hoed right out—

“‘On my soul,’ said he, ‘I shall lose Miss Loon, my wife, for a sartenty ! I shall be adrift again in the world, as sure as fate ! I have only to-morrow to reach home in ; for, by the law of the fishery, if a man is absent over three months, his wife can marry again ; and the time will be up in twenty-four hours. What onder the sun shall I do ?’

“‘If that’s the sort of gall she is, Luke,’ said I, ‘she won’t keep ; let her run into another man’s net if she likes, for she won’t stand the inspection brand, and ain’t a No. 1 article ! Do you just bait your hook and try your luck agin, for there is as good fish in the sea as was ever hauled out of it !’

“But he carried on so after the gall, and took it so much to heart, I actilly pitied the critter ; and at last consented to let him have the horse. Poor fellow ! he was too late, after all. His wife, the cunning minx, to make up time, counted the day of sailing as one day, which was onfair, oncustomary, and contrary to the fishery laws ; and was married agin the night afore he arrived, to big Tom Bullock, of Owl’s Head. When Luke heard it, he nearly went crazy ; he raved and carried on so, and threatened to shoot Tom, seeing that he warn’t able to thrash him ; but, the more he raved, the more the neighbours’ boys and

galls made game of him, following him about, and singing out—

“ ‘Get out of the way, old Dan Tucker,
You are too late to come to supper!’ ”

And fairly tormented him out of the fishery station.”

“ Ah !” said Miss Lucy, “ I know you made that story—didn’t you, now ? It ain’t true, is it ?”

“ Fact ! I assure you,” said Stephen. “ There is others besides me that’s a knowing to it.”

“ Well, I never !” said the young lady. “ That beats all I ever heard. Oh, my ! what folks fishing people must be !”

“ Well, there are some droll things done, and droll people to do them in this world,” replied Stephen.

An exclamation of delight from one of the little boys who had fallen from the concealed staircase into the middle of the room, during the cushion dance of the preceding night, recalled Miss Lucy’s attention to his delinquency ; and she sent the little culprit off to bed, notwithstanding Mr. Stephen’s earnest entreaties to the contrary. The young lady was inexorable. She said—

“ That in an establishment like that of Mount Hope, nothing could be accomplished without order and regularity ; and that there were certain rules in the household which were never deviated from, on any account whatever.”

“ You don’t mean to say,” inquired Stephen, “ that you have rules you never alter or bend a little on one side, if you don’t break them, do you ?”

“ Yes, I do !” said Miss Lucy. “ I couldn’t keep house, if I didn’t !”

“ Well, you must break one of them for me, to-night, my little rose-bud !”

“ Indeed, I shall not !”

“ Oh, but you must !”

“ Oh, but I must not !”

“ Oh, but you will, though !”

"Oh, but I won't, though!"

"Well, we shall see," said Stephen; "but you were too hard on those poor little fellows. They are nice, manly little boys, and I love them; and, after all, what is it they did, now?"

"What became of poor Luke?" said the inflexible hostess, in order to turn the conversation. "I should like to hear the rest of that story."

"Poor little dears!" said Stephen, regardless of the question; "it was natural they should be curious to peep at the dancing, and that their mouths should water when they saw and heard them forfeits of kisses, warn't it?"

"Oh, never mind the boys, Mr. Stephen," she replied. "It's time they went to bed, at any rate; but Luke!—did you ever hear of him afterwards?"

"I didn't think you would be so hard-hearted, now, Miss Lucy," he said, pursuing the subject; "for it was nothing to what happened to Hans Mader, a neighbour of mine in Clements."

"Oh, I don't want to hear of Hans Mader: tell me about Luke."

"Well, I will presently; but I must tell you of Hans first, for there is some fun in what happened to him, and t'other is a'most a dismal, melancholy story. Hans was an only child; he was the son of old Jacob Mader, of Clements. Jacob was rich—that is, for a farmer—and was the most 'sponsible man in the township, by all odds. He turned off every year a surprising quantity of stuff from his place for the Halifax, St. John, or Annapolis markets, and Hans was his supercargo, or salesman. The old man raised the crops, and Hans was employed to dispose of them, and turn them into cash. He was a tall, well-built, handsome, likely young man, as you'd see any where; but, going so much to them large towns, kind of turned his head, and made him conceited and vain. He gave up his honest homespun, like Layton here, and took to broadcloth, and had his clothes made by a city tailor,

and wore a black stock, and a silk waistcoat, and a frilled shirt, and tight boots, and a gold watch-guard, and curled his hair, and grew into a cretter that was neither fish nor flesh, nor chalk nor cheese, as a body might say. He lost the look of a farmer, and never got that of a gentleman; for clothes don't make a gentleman a bit more than boots make a farmer. A man must be broughten up to the business like any thing else, to be either the one or the other. The only place he ever looked at home in his new toggery was a-horseback; because, when he was there, he knew what to do with his arms and legs, and was easy and natural, for almost all the men folk in this country are good horsemen, in a general way.

“None of the young galls to Clements liked him a bit, for he was scornful and full of airs, and turned up his nose at them, and looked at them through a round bit of glass in a gold ring, that he called a quizzing-glass; but still, there warn't one of them that wouldn't have taken him, either, if they had the chance, although they all vowed they wouldn't; for, in a general way, women like to have a man that goes the whole figure, and does the thing in the way they think genteel: and there is no mistake about the matter; heirship, in mother's eyes, covers a multitude of sins in a youngster.

“Master Hans just amused himself with all the likeliest galls in the neighbourhood, and kind of played them off to feed his vanity, one arter another. First, he began with Betsy Risser. She was an only child, too, like himself; and, in the course of things, would own the farm adjoining him, and the two would have made a'most a grand estate. It was just a suitable match for him every way; and any body would say, a nateral and a probable one; but nateral things, somehow or another, don't always come to pass in this world; it's the onlikely ones that seem to turn up oftenest. She was a fine, healthy, hearty, handsome gall; none of your pale, delicate, narvous, hysteriky cretturs, that arn't fit for nothing onder the

sun but drinking tea, and laying about on sofas, reading novels, like the onderboned, hollow-cheeked, skinny, spindly breed, that's going in this country now; but a rael solid, corn-fed gail, as plump as a partridge, as hard as a winter apple, and as full of...."

"Pooh!" said Miss Lucy, "what do you know about young ladies? Go on with your story, and then tell us of poor Luke Loon."

"Well, he always attended Betsy to singing-school, or walked home with her from church, and would sit down with her (on the ship-timber hauled out and left there for exportation, by the wayside, up Moose-River Hill) ever so many times agoing up the ascent, because it was so steep, he said; but it was only for an excuse to lengthen time out; and would make eyes with her, and inveigle her to make eyes with him, and leer like a pair of doves; or he would drive her out in his fly, with his great, big, smashing, trotting horse, 'Buckety-witch;' dance with no one else but her at all the parties, and see her home arterwards, and then stand at her gate, he on one side of it, and she on the other side of it, whispering by the hour, till their lips got half-budded on to each other's cheeks, like two colts in summer, putting necks together over a fence to rub off flies. Well, the young ladies grew jealous, and wondered what he could see in Betsy Risser to be so taken with her; and then turned to pitying poor Hans for being so kooked in and fooled by that artful, knowing woman, old mother Risser, and her forrard, impedent darter; but they supposed he was only a-going to marry her for her money.

"Well, when he'd get things to this pass, and show the world he could have Betsy just for whistling for her, if he wanted her, he'd take up with Ann Potter, and just go through the identical same manœuvres with her; and when they'd drive past poor Betsy Risser, Ann would look round, so pleased, and call out, 'How do you do, Betsy, dear? How are all to home to-day?' and put on an air of sweet keen-

ness, that cuts into the heart like a razor dipt in oil; and a sort of boasting, crowing kind of look, as much as to say, 'I have got him, and got your place, too! and he'll not slip through my fingers, as he did through yours. Don't you wish you may get him again?' Then the womenkind would take to pitying poor Betsy, (for no matches ever please mothers, if they ain't in their own family) and say how ill she was used, and what a scandalous shame it was for Ann to try to inveigle an engaged man; and it would sarve her right if Hans dropt her some day, just in the same way, and so on. Well, sure enough, all at oncest he gives Ann a chance to walk along with Betsy, and compare notes together; for he goes and flirts the same way with another, and so on, all through the piece, with every young woman worth galavanting with. The drollest part of the whole thing was, every gall thought she was to be an exception; and however bad he had sarved others, he wouldn't sarve her that way, on no account. Well, all this tomfoolery didn't make him very popular, you may depend, among the petticoat creation. Women forgive injuries, but never forget slights. Wrong them, and they will exhibit the mildness of angels; slight them, and they will show the temper of the devil!"

"Why, Mr. Stephen," said Miss Lucy, "how you talk!"

"Fact, dear; and there is no blame to them for it neither. Females, you see, were made to please, and to charm, and to win; and if you tell them they displease, disgust, and lose, it's just pure nature they should flare up and explode like gun-cotton—make all fly agin before them. Well, fish that will keep a-nibbling at bait, most often get the hook in their gills at last; and Master Hans, who was trying the same sport at Halifax, got hauled out of water and bagged, one fine day, afore he knew where he was. Country galls are onsophisticated anglers; they don't know of no bait but the coarse worm, and that requires a good

appetite, and favourable weather, and right depth of water, and so on. But city galls have a fly of every colour, for every season; and if one won't do, they try another, and sink it, or skim it over 'he surface, and tempt the knowing deep-water chaps to an unwary jump sometimes, that costs them their liberty, that all the springing, and flouncing, and flapping in the world, won't regain. It made a great talk, you may depend, in Clements, when it was known Hans was married at Halifax, and had brought back a town-bred wife with him. Oh, creation! what a wife she was for a farmer! She was like a night-hawk, all mouth, wings, legs, and feathers."

"What a man you be!" said Miss Lucy.

"She was just made up of lace, ribands, muslins, silks, satins, plumes, and artificial flowers, and actilly was so thin she wore a monstrous large pillow behind, so she might look solid and nateral, like our Dutch galls; but then, to have made that look of a piece, she should have padded all over, so as to make things keep proportion."

"Pooh! nonsense," said Miss Lucy. "You don't know what you are a-talking about; it was nothing but her bustle!"

"But I do know what I am talking about, miss!" said Stephen. "I know no part of the body, whether it's the bustle, as you call it, or the chest, or the hand, or the foot, ought to be out of proportion. To my notion, proportion is beauty in every thing under heaven. Your bustle, now..."

"Do, for gracious sake, go on with your story!" replied the young lady, impatiently, "and finish it as quick as you can, and then tell me of poor Luke!"

"Oh! how old Marm Mader opeed her eyes and stared when she seed this crittur come home for he, to wait upon, that couldn't spin, or knit, or hackle, or weave, or milk cows, or churn butter, or make cheeser or do any airthly single thing on a farm. The poor, romantic, milliner's-doll sort of thing, was so awful

disappointed, so unused to country ways, and so lonely and wretched, she was to be pitied too. She actilly almost starved to death in the midst of plenty, for she couldn't eat any thing they had. She hated smoked herrings; the flavour of dry cod-fish made her faint; pickled pork was too fat and rancid; salt beef too hard and indigestible; and brown bread only fit for the penitentiary, while fried ham and eggs actilly poisoned her.

“ Though the country looked so green and beautiful, she couldn't get out, and was a prisoner to home. The grass was always wet, and she couldn't walk out without spoiling her clothes or catching cold. The goat once gave her a bump so hard, nothing but the big pillow saved her life. To get out of his way, she climbed over a great high wooden fence, and tore her gown all to pieces; and, when she got into the field, there was an enormous, nasty brute of a bull, with his tail curled up in the air, and his nose bent down to the ground, a-roaring, and a-pawing dirt with his feet, as savage as possible, and he nearly frightened her to death; and, to escape from him, she had to run to the next fence, and half clambered and half tumbled head over heels over that. Well, it was like going out of the frying-pan into the fire, for the clover there was long, and tangled like a net, and tripped her up every step, and the thistles hurt her ankles, and the grasshoppers got up her legs, and the black flies down her back, and the musquitoes nearly bunged up her eyes.

“ When she got to the road, she felt safe; and there was a pond there, and an old wild goosy gander, with his beautiful, long, graceful, taper neck, and black riband-like stripe round it, and his small head, and bright eye, and his old white wife of a tame goose, and their mongrel goslings. She never saw any thing half so handsome in all her life; and she stopt and wanted to pet the young ones, when old norwester made a grab at her waist, and held on like a fox-trap, and

beat her hips so with his wings, she was black and blue, and hurt her arms so bad, they were all numbed (for they hit awful hard blows, I tell you). Oh! she ran, and screamed, and sung out pen-and-ink like any thing; but what is the use of running and screaming in the country; there is no one there to hear you or help you, if you do. There warn't a living thing near her but an old mare and her colt a-feeding by the wayside; and they neighed, and squealed, and joined in the race too. At last the frock-waist gave way, and down dropt the goose and toddled back to his family; and off went the disconsolate bride to her home too.

"Well, home warn't free from vexations neither, for the old folks kept such awful bad hours, it upset all her habits, for they went to bed so early she couldn't sleep till near morning; and then the cocks crowed, as if they were raving distracted at their wives snoozing so long, and the cows called after their calves, and the pigs after their food; and this quiet, peaceable farm-house appeared to her a sort of Tower of Babel. To get a little rest, and be alone by herself, she took a book and went to the beautiful grove that stood on the point of land that ran out into the magnificent basin, and opened such splendid views, and went into the pretty little summer-house-looking building, there to sit down and enjoy herself, when, just as she opened the door, she was nearly knocked over, and stifled by clouds of saw-dust smoke, for it was a smoke-hut for curing herrings; and the beach e'en-a'most poisoned her, it smelt so horrid where the fish were cleaned.

"She was in a peck of troubles, that's a fact. Still it didn't seem to take the nonsense out of her. Whenever she went among the neighbours, she made them stare, she talked so fine and so foolish about balls at Mason's Hall, pick-nics at M'Nab's Island, steam-trips up the basin, the parade and the military band, and the fashions, and so on. She took me in hand oncest, and ran on like a mill-stream, about a regatta and the theatre, and how well Captain Drill of the 15th, and

Major Halt of the 18th, and Colonel March of the 7th, performed ; and what a charming little afterpiece the farce of *High Life below Stairs* was.

“ ‘ That’s a farce,’ says I, ‘ marm, we see played every day of our lives, without going to a theatre for it. Hans has been acting a part in that for this while past ; and I am glad he has got a woman of sense for his wife now, that will not let him make a fool of himself any longer.’

“ ‘ I don’t understand you, sir,’ she said.

“ ‘ Well, it ain’t easy to see them things all at onces, my dear friend,’ says I ; ‘ but you will come to see it all in its right light afore long, I make no doubt.’

“ Well, to make a long story short, arter they had been the round of all the parties to all their neighbours, and shown off all their airs and all their finery, they gave a large tea squall themselves to home, in return, and invited all their acquaintance. Hans and his wife undertook to astonish the weak nerves of the Clements’ folks, and to do the thing genteel. So, instead of sitting down to a good, solid, well-found and furnished tea-table, sociably and comfortably, as we farmers do, and help each other and ourselves, nothing must do but have the things handed about to the folks, who sat all round the room, as stiff and formal as their chairs, doing company. Well, as they had no servants to do this, the bound farm apprentice-boy was enlisted ; but, just at the last moment, they recollected he had no clothes fit for it ; so they got over this difficulty by putting him into the trousers of Hans’s, that were a mile too long and too big for him. The legs they shortened by turning in ; but the waist, what in the world was to be done with that ? ‘ I have it,’ says Hans ; so he lapped it over in places about his loins, like reefing, and enclosed and fastened it all by a belt.

“ Arter the company had arrived, the little fellow fetched in a large tray, as much as he could cleverly stretch his arms to (indeed, it was so wide, it made

him stretch his eyes and his mouth, too, as if that would help him), and went round to each one in order. I seed the whole thing, with half an eye, in a minute, and was determined to take a rise out of them; so, says I, 'Hold the tray a little higher, my man,' and I saw the belt slip up a bit; 'just a little higher yet, my boy: there, that will do;'; and up went the belt, and down went the trousers to his hips. 'Oh, my!' says the poor crittur, and he actilly looked scared to death. 'Oh, my sakes!' says he, and I raily did pity him, for he couldn't let go the tray, and he couldn't hitch up or hold on to his trousers; so he stretched out both legs as wide as ever he could (he couldn't do no more, if he had had a tray there too), and he kind of skated, or slid, for the door, arter that fashion; but, when he got there, he stuck, and couldn't get through. At last, he grew desperate, and tried to draw in one foot and send it back again as quick as wink, so as to pass out; but he couldn't manage it, and down went his trousers to his knees, and pitched him head foremost into the tray, slap on the entry floor. I ran forward, and picked him up by his waistband, and shook him into his trousers again, and carried him at arms' length that way, kicking and squealing like anything.

"'Here is a beautiful little afterpiece, marm,' says I to Mrs. Mader, 'called, High Life below Stairs. This boy plays it just as well as Captain Drill or Major Halt;'; and then, handing him to Hans, 'Here,' says I, 'my friend, clap an old hat on him, and stand him up in the corn-field to scare away crows, and let you and me wait on ourselves, as we used to did, and the old folks did afore us.'

"It cured them of their nonsense, though not just at once, for folly is a disease that takes a course of medicine; but it cured them in the long run. You may preach till you are tired, miss, and so the parsons will all tell you, and you can't effect much; but you can ridicule folks out of anything, ay, even out

of that that's good. So you see, Miss Lucy, you hadn't ought to have been so hard on those poor boys; it warn't half so bad as Hans Mader's mishap, after all, was it? for one was mere accident, and the other horrid, dirty pride."

"Well, well," said Miss Lucy; "I must say, it was very mischievous of you, now; and if you had a-played me such a trick in my house, I never would have forgiven you the longest day I ever lived. But tell me what became of poor Luke Loon? I am curious to know all the particulars about him."

But Stephen proceeded without replying.

"The next morning, Hans said to me—

"'Steve,' says he, 'I don't thank you a bit for making such a fool of the boy when his breeches burst; it was a breach of hospitality.'

"'Then, there is a pair of breeches?' says I. 'Give them to the boy, for he wants them, I tell you. Hans', says I, 'no nonsense, now. I have a great regard for your father, for he is an old and tried friend of mine; and I have a great regard for you, too, for there is worse fellows going than you be; but you have made a grand mistake, my boy. You ain't a fit husband for a town-bred girl, for you hain't nothing in common with her; and she can no more play her part on a farm than a cat can play a fiddle.'

"'Mind your own business,' says he, as short and as snappish as you please; 'I don't want none of your impudence.'

"'Don't talk foolish, Hans,' said I, 'now; rectify the mistake. Don't snub her, for it ain't her fault, she don't know about dairies, and looms, and them things, a bit more than it is yours. You don't know a play from a circus, for neither of you had the broughtens up. Now, when she wants to go to home, take her there, and stay with her awhile, and she'll larn. When a woman's married, and returns to her father's house, she don't find her own place again very easy; and, if she does, it don't fit as it used to did.

And don't flare up at what I am going to say, for it's for your good. Your country ways and country talk will kind of mortify her, and she'll miss the notice she got from the men when she was single, and she'll want to get back again to Clements; and here she'll be proud of you, for you're the likeliest looking fellow in these parts by a long chalk, and women do like a fancy man, that's a fact. Critters that's bad broke, like town galls, must be onbroke agin, and handled gently and patiently, or they are ruined for ever. Be easy, therefore, with her, and she'll be all right arter awhile, for she ain't wanting in the upper story.' They are both cured."

"Well, I'm glad you succeeded," said Miss Lucy, "but I can't say I take any interest in them. Now, tell me Luke's story."

"That little brother of yours," he continued, "that you are so severe with, is a beautiful boy; I like him because he looks so much like you, dear. Now, what he did was nothing to what Hans' little boy did, for Hans has a family now."

"Oh, the deuce take Hans' boy!" said Miss Lucy, impatiently; "I don't care a button about what Hans or his boy either did; tell me about poor Luke."

"Well, as I was a-telling of you," said the incorrigible talker, "they were cured, but Hans' wife ran to the opposite extreme. It's oftentimes the case a'most with women that dress so fine for the streets, and so flash for parties, that they ain't ginirally tidy to home; it's all show. *They go out butterflies and return grubs.* She is a slattern now, and looks like a bird that's hatching eggs. The plumage is all soiled, and the colours faded, and half the feathers gone, and them that's left look every way but smooth; they hain't time to go to the pond, wash, and pass their bills through their wings and breasts. I thought I should have died a-laughing, the other day. I went to Hans' house with Lawyer Jackson, who was canvassing for election, and Hans called his wife in. Just afore she

came down stairs (for she ain't never fit to appear), 'Ann,' said she to the servant girl, 'does that hole in my stocking show? will the lawyer see it, do you think?'

"'No,' says Ann, 'I guess not; for she was too tarnal lazy to go and get another pair.

"Well, in she walks, and her little boy with her, that she's amazing proud of, he is so uncommon handsome. Well, the critter heard all the talk with the help, and he follows his mother all about the room wherever she went, a-looking down to her feet, and a-peeping first at one and then at the other of them; at last, he said—

"'Mother,' said he, 'that hole in the heel of your stocking don't show a bit; nobody can see it; you needn't mind it.'

"Poor little fellow, she sarved him as you did that nice little brother of yours, she just walked him out of the room. I am very fond of young people of that age, they are so innocent, and so full of natur and of truth."

"Well, I wish there was more truth in you, then," said Miss Lucy. "You promised to tell me the story of Luke, and now you won't, that's not fair."

But on he went as usual, without noticing her request.

"They are so transparent, you can see what's operating in their minds, and what they are at work at, as plain as bees in a glass hive. Now, there is my little boy Isaac—Ike, as we call him—he made us all laugh like anything the other day."

"Well, I dare say he did," replied the young lady; "and I have no doubt he is as clever and as 'cute as his father; but what has that got to do with the fishing law?"

"Let me tell you this story," said Stephen, "and I am done. Ike always had a wonderful curiosity to see his great-grandfather, old Squire Sim Weazel, of Wilmot, that he often heard the family talk of, but

who hadn't been to our house for some years. One day, the old gentleman came to visit us, and we sent to the school-house to the master to give the boy a holiday, seeing that the old squire had arrived. Well, like he pulled foot for home, you may depend, as hard as ever he could lay leg to the ground, and, when he came into the room, the old gentleman got up and held out his hands to him.

"'Come here,' she said, 'my dear, and shake hands along with your great-grandfather.'

"'I won't!' says Ike.

"'You won't!' says squire.

"'No, says he, 'I won't: you are not a-going to make a fool of me that way, I can tell you. You ain't the right man.'

"'But I am the right man,' said the old gentleman.

"'I don't believe it,' replied Ike.

"'Why not, my little dear?' said he; 'why do you suppose I ain't?'

"'A pretty *great*-grandfather you be,' said Ike, 'ain't you? Why, you ain't half as big as father; and as for grandfather, you ain't knee high to him. Great-grandfather! eh? why, they might as well call me one. And off he turned and went right away back to school agin, as cross as a bear.'

"Capital! said Miss Lucy, who wished to conciliate Richardson; "that's a capital story; it's the best you have told yet. And now, Mr. Stephen, there is just one favour I have to ask of you."

"Granted before told," he replied. "Anything under the sun I can do for you, miss, either by day or by night, I am ready to do. I only wish we had plenty more of such well brought up excellent housekeepers as you be, and such rael right down hand ..."

"Now, don't talk nonsense," she said, "or I am done. But just tell me, that's a good soul, is that story of yours about Luke Loon true, or were you only romancing? is it a bam or a fact?"

"Fact, miss, and no mistake. Do you think, now, I would go for to deceive you that way? No, not for the world. It's as true as I am here."

"Well, it's a very odd story, then," said Miss Lucy—"the oddest story I ever heard in all my life. What a wretch that woman must have been! And poor Luke, what became of him?"

"Oh, don't ask me," replied Stephen, with a serious air—"don't ask me that; anything else but that."

"Ah, do!"

"I'd rather not—excuse me, miss."

"Did he die of a broken heart?"

"Worse than that."

"Did he make way with himself?"

"Worse than that."

"Get desperate, do something awful, and get hanged for it?"

"Worse than that."

"Oh, my! didn't you say just now you'd do anything for me—oh! you false man! And now you have raised my curiosity so, I actilly can't go to sleep till I hear it. Do you know the story, Mr. Barclay?"

"No; if I did, I would tell it to you with pleasure."

"Do you, sir?" applying to the commissary.

"No, I never heard it."

"Is there no one knows it? Oh, how stupid of you, Mr. Stephen, to tease a body so! You might, now....Come, that's a dear man, do tell me!"

"My dear friend," said Stephen, with a sad and melancholy air, "it's a dismal, shocking story; and I can't bear to think of it, much less to talk of it. You won't sleep to-night, if I tell it to you, neither shall I; and I know you will wish I had let it alone. It was an untimely thing."

"What?"

"The end of poor Luke!"

"Then he is dead—is he?"

"I didn't say he was dead."

"Ah, Mr. Stephen," she said, "don't tease, now, that's a good man!" and she rose up, and stood behind his chair, and patted his cheek with her hand coaxingly. "I'll do anything in the world for you, if you will tell me that story."

"Well," said Stephen, "I give in; if I must, I suppose I must: but, mind, I warned you beforehand!"

And then, looking round, and taking up an empty decanter, as if to help himself to some brandy-and-water before he began, he affected surprise at there being nothing in it, and, handing it to the young hostess, said—

"I must have the matter of half-a-pint of mohogany to get through that dismal affair."

"Certainly, certainly; any thing you please!" said Miss Lucy, who immediately proceeded to the bar, situated in the other part of the house, to procure it.

As soon as she left the room, Stephen looked up and laughed, saying—

"Didn't I manage that well? They are very strict people here about hours, and nothing in the world will tempt them to open the bar after twelve at night. That is one of the rules she never breaks, she says; but I told her I'd make her do it, and I have succeeded unbeknown to her. I never saw it fail yet: pique a woman's curiosity, and she'll unlock her door, her purse, her heart, or anything, for you. They can't stand it. In fact, it ain't a bad story, but it's too long to get through without moistening one's lips.... Ah, miss, there is no resisting you!" he continued, as the young lady returned.

"No resisting the brandy-and-water, you mean!" retorted Miss Lucy. "I believe, in my soul, you did it a-purpose to make me break rules; but, come, begin now."

"Well, here's my service to you, miss, and your

very good health! Now, poor Luke Loon, arter his wife ginn him the dodge (like all other water-fowl when they are scarred out of one harbour light in another), made for snug cove in Micmac Bay, where there is a'most a grand mackarel fishery. At the head of the cove there lived one old Marm Bowers, a widow woman, with whom Luke went to board. Poor critter! he was very dull and downhearted, for he was raily werry fond of the gall; and, besides, when a man is desarted that way, it's a kind of slight put on him. that nobody likes"

"I guess not," said Miss Lucy; "but he was well rid of that horrid wretch."

"People kind of look at him and whisper, and say, 'That's Luke Loon—him that big Tom Bullock cut out!' And then sarcey people are apt to throw such misfortunes into a man's face. It ain't pleasant, I don't suppose. Well, Luke said nothing to any body, minded his own business, and was getting on well, and laying by money hand over hand, for he was a great fisherman, and onderstood the Yankee mode of feeding and enticing mackarel. Every body liked him, and Mother Bowers pitied him, and was very kind to him. The old woman had three daughters; two on them were nothing to brag on, quite common-looking heifers...."

"Why, Mr. Stephen," interposed Miss Lucy, "what kind of a word is that?"

"But the other—that is, the youngest—was a doll. Oh, she was a little beauty, you may depend! She was generally allowed to be the handsomest gall out of sight on the whole coast, far and near, by high and low, black or white, rich or poor. But that wa'n't all; perhaps, there never was one so active on her pins as she was. Shè could put her hands on the highest fence (that is, anything she could reach), and go sideways over it like anything; or step back a few paces, hold up her little petticoats to her knees, and clear it like a bird. Stumps, gates, brooks, hillocks,

nor hollows, never stooped her. She scarcely seemed to touch the ground, she was so light of foot. When she was a half-grown gall, she used to run young men across the field as the crow flies for a dollar or a pound of tea agin a kiss, and she kept up the practice after she had grown up a young woman; but she raised her price to two dollars, so as not to be challenged too often. Many a young man, in follering her over a fence, has fell, and sprained his ankle, or put his shoulder out, or nearly broke his neck; while she was never known to trip, or to be caught and kissed by no one."

"Well, well," said Miss Lucy, "what carryings on! What broughtens up! What next, I wonder!"

"Well, Luke, though he warn't so large, or so tall, bony, and strong, as Tom Bullock, was a withy, wiry, active man—few like him any where; wrestling, running, rowing, jumping, or shinning up rigging; and he thought he'd have a trial with Sally Bowers, for a kiss or a forfeit."

"He seems to have got over his troubles very easy, I think," said Miss Lucy, "to begin racing so soon with that forward, sarcy gall. Don't you think so?"

"Tell you what, miss," he replied, "man was never made to live alone, as is shown by his being able to talk, which no other animal is, and that is a proof he must have a woman to talk to. A man's heart is a cage for love; and, if one love gives him the dodge, there's the cage, and the perch, and the bars, and the water-glass, all so lonely and desolate, he must get another love and put into it. And, therefore, it was natural for Luke to feel all-over-like when he looked upon such a little fairy as Sally."

"Pooh!" said Miss Lucy. "Go on!"

"'So,' says he, 'mother,' says he, 'here's the money: I should like to run Sally; I kind of consait I can go it as fast as she can, although she is a clinker-built craft.'

“ ‘Nonsense, Luke,’ she said; ‘you are no touch to a fore-and-after like Sally. Don’t be foolish; I don’t want your money. Here, take it! You have lost enough already, poor fellow, without losing your money!’ ”

“ That kind of grigged Luke, for no one likes to have mishaps cast up that way, even in pity.

“ ‘What will you bet I don’t catch her?’ says he.

“ ‘I’ll bet you a pound,’ said she. ‘No I won’t, either, cause it’s only a robbing of you; but Sally shall give you a chance, at any rate, if it’s only to take the consait out of you.’ ”

“ So she called in her darter.

“ ‘Sally,’ says she, ‘Luke is teasing me to let him run a race of kiss or forfeit with you.’ ”

“ ‘Who—you?’ said she.

“ ‘Yes, me!’ said Luke.

“ ‘Why, you don’t mean to say you have the vanity to run me, do you?’ ”

“ ‘I do, though.’ ”

“ She made a spring right up an eend, till her head touched the ceiling a’most, came down with one foot out a good piece afore the other, and one arm akimbo; then, stooping forward, and pointing with the other close into his face—

“ ‘You!’ she said—‘you! Well, if that don’t pass! I wonder who will challenge me next! Why, man alive, I could jump over your head so high, you couldn’t touch my foot! But, here’s at you, at any rate. I’ll go and shoe, and will soon make you look foolish, I know.’ ”

“ Well, she took the twenty yards’ start which she always had, and off they sot, and she beat him all haller, and would haul up now and then, turn round, and step backward, with short, quick, light steps, a-tiptoe, and beckon him with her hand, and say, ‘Don’t you hope you may ketch me? Do I swim too fast for you, my young blowing porpoise?’ And then point her finger at him, and laugh like anything, and round agin, and off like the wind, and over a fence

like a greyhound.¹ Luke never said a word, but kept steadily on, so as to save his wind (for it warn't the first time he had run foot races); and, at last, he began to gain on her by main strength. Away she flew, when she found that, over stump land, wild pasture, windfalls, and everything, turned at the goal-tree, and pulled foot for home for dear life. Luke reached the tree soon after, and then came the tug of the race; but he had the endurance and the wind, and overhauled her as she ascended the hill behind the house, and caught her just as she was falling. She was regularly beat out, and panted like a hare, and lay in his arms, with her head on his shoulder and her eyes shut, almost insensible.

“ ‘Sally, dear!’ said he; and he kissed her, but she didn't speak.

“ ‘Dear Sally! Oh, what shall I do?’ and he kissed her again and again.

“ ‘Speak, for Heaven's sake, dear, or you will break my heart. Oh, what an unfortunate man I be!’

“ At last, she kind of woke up.

“ ‘Luke,’ said she, ‘don't tell mother that you caught me, that's a good soul. There, now!’—and she put her arms round his neck and kissed him—‘there, now, is your forfeit! I've come to, now—let me go;

¹ Strange as this anecdote of the foot-race may seem, it is, nevertheless, true, and occurred within the remembrance of the author:—

“ Non fabula rumor

Ille fuit.

The classical reader will be forcibly struck with its resemblance to the story of Atalanta, as told by Ovid:—

“ Forsitan audieris aliquam certamine cursus

Veloces superasse viros * * *

* * * Nec sum potiunda nisi, inquit

Vecta prius cursu. Pedibus contendite mecum.

Præmia veloci conjux, thalamique debuntur.

Mors prætium tardis. Ea lex certaminis esto.”

Well may it be said that there is nothing new under the sun.

and do you follow, but don't push me too hard, for I'm fairly blown," and she took over the hill, and he after her at a considerable distance.

"When they got back, said old Mother Bowers—

"'Didn't I tell you so, Luke? I knowed you couldn't do it: no man ever did it yet! I hope you feel easier, now your comb is cut. Here's your forfeit, I don't want it. But this I will say, you have made a great run for it, at any rate—the best I ever see any one make yet!'

"'Who?' said Sally. 'Do you mean him?' and she sprung up as before, and, coming down the same way on her feet, and pointing at him with her fingers, jeering like, said, 'Who?—him—him! why, the clumsy lumokin feller don't know how even to begin to run. I hope you feel better, sir?'

"'Well, I do,' said Luke, 'that's a fact; and I should like to run you agin, for I have an idea next time I could catch you in real airnest!'

"'You do, do you?' said she; 'then your 'like' is all you are 'likely' to get, for I never run any one twicet!'

"'Oh, my!'" said Miss Lucy, "what an artful, false girl! Well, I never! But is that all? Is that what you call such a dismal story?"

"'Oh, I wish it was!'" said Stephen. "The other is the end, but this is the beginning. I'll tell you the next to-morrow, it's getting late now. Don't press me, my little rose-bud, it's really too sad."

"'Ah, now, you promised me,'" she replied, "and it's so different from anything I ever heard before. Ah, do, that's a good man!"

"'It's too long a story, it will take all night!'"

"'I don't care if it does take all night: I want to hear the end of it.'"

"'Well, then, I am afraid I must trouble you again, miss,'" handing her the empty decanter, "for I've drank it all before I've got to the part that touches the heart!"

"'Ah, Mr. Stephen,'" she replied, "I'll get it for

you, though I know you are making game of me all the time; but if you are, I'll be upsides with you some of these days, see if I don't. What an awful man to drink you are!" she said, as she returned with the liquor. "Here it is—now go on."

"Well, arter the race, Luke felt a kind of affection for the young gall, and she for him. I guess they liked the flavour of them are kisses....."

"Ain't you ashamed to talk that way?" asked Miss Lucy.

"And he proposed to the old woman to marry her, but she wouldn't hear to it at no rate. Women don't much care to have a jilted man that way for their daters; cast-off things ain't like new, and second-hand articles ain't prized in a general way; and besides, the old lady was kind of proud of her girl, and thought she might make a better match than taking up with the likes of him. At last, winter came, and things were going in in this dissatisfactory kind of way, when a thought struck Luke. Sally was a most beautiful skater. She could go the outside edge, cut circles one inside the other, write her name, and the figures of the year, and execute all sorts of things on the ice with her skates; and Luke proposed to run her that way for marriage, or twenty pounds forfeit if he didn't catch her. It was a long time before the old woman would consent; but, at last, seeing that Sally had beat him so easy afoot, she knowed, in course, she could outskate him on the ice like nothing; and, therefore, she gave in, on condition that Luke, if he was beat, should clear out and leave the Cove; and, as he couldn't get no better terms, he agreed to it, and the day was fixed, and arrangements made for the race, and the folks came from far and near to see it. Some backed Sally and bet on her, and some backed Luke and betted on him, but most people wished him to win; and there never was, perhaps, a horse-race, or foot-race, or boat-race, or anything excited and interested folks like this 'Race for a Wife.'

“ The Cove was all froze over with beautiful glassy ice, and the day was fine and the company assembled, and out came the two racers. Sally was dressed in long cloth pantalets, only covered by her skirt as far as the knees, so as to admit of a free use of her limbs, and a close-fitting body with narrow sleeves, and wore a black fur cap on her head. Luke had on a pair of seaman’s trousers, belted tight round the waist, and a loose striped Guernsey shirt, open at the neck, and a knowing little seal-skin cap, worn jauntingly a one side. It ain’t often you see such a handsome couple, I can tell you. Before Sally left the house, her mother called her a one side, and said—

“ ‘ Sally, dear, do your best, now, that’s a good gall ; if you get beat, people will say you let him do it a purpose, and that ain’t womanly. If such a thing was to be that you had to marry him (and would be so mean as to take up with another woman’s leavings), marry him conquering, and not beaten. It’s a good thing to teach a man that the grey mare is the better horse. Take the conceit out of him, dear!’

“ ‘ Never fear, mother,’ said she ; ‘ I’ll lead him a dance that goes so fast he won’t know the tune he is keeping step to, I know.’

“ Well, they walked hand in hand down to the Cove, and the folks cheered them again and again when they arrived on the ice. After fitting on their skates, they slowly skimmed about the Cove, showing off, cutting all sorts of feats, of shines, evolutions, and didoes, and what not ; when they come together again, tightened their straps, shook hands, and took their places, twenty yards apart, and, at the sound of a conch-shell, off they started, like two streaks of lightning. Perhaps it was the most splendid thing ever seen in this country. Sally played him off beautifully, and would let him all but catch her, then stop short, double on him, and leave him ever so far behind. Once she ran right round him, so near as to be able to lay her little balance-stick across his shoulders, whack !

with all her might. Oh! what a laugh it raised, and what shouts of applause, every cutting off or heading of his received, or sudden pull up, sharp turn, or knowing dodge of hewn, was welcomed with! It was great sport."

"Sport, indeed!" said Miss Lucy. "I never heard anything so degrading; I couldn't have believed it possible that a woman would make a show of herself that way before men, and in such an indecent dress, too!"

"The Cove fairly rung with merriment. At last the hour for the race was drawing near its close (for it was agreed it should only last an hour), and she began to lead him off as far as possible, so as to double on him, and make a dash for the shore, and was saving her breath and strength for the last rush, when, unfortunately, she got unawares into what they call blistered ice (that is, a kind of rough and uneven freezing of the surface), tripped, and fell at full length on her face; and, as Luke was in full pursuit, he couldn't stop himself in time, and fell also right over her.

"She is mine!" said he; "I have her! Hurrah, I have won!"

"Oh, yes!" said Lucy, "it's very easy to win when it's all arranged beforehand. Do you pretend to tell me, after the race in the field, that that wasn't done on purpose? I don't think I ever heard tell of a more false, bold, artful woman!"

"Oh," continued Mr. Stephen, "what a cheer of praise and triumph that caused! It rang over the ice, and was echoed back by the woods, and was so loud and clear you might have heard it clean away out to sea, as far as the lighthouse a'most!"

"And this is your dismal story, is it?" said the young hostess, with an air of disappointment.

"Such a waving of hats and throwing up of fur caps was never seen; and when people had done cheering, and got their heads straight again, and looked for the racers, they was gone . . ."

"Gone!" said Lucy. "Where?"

"To Heaven, I hope!" said Stephen.

"Why, you don't mean to say they were lost, do you?"

"Yes, I do!"

"Drowned?"

"Yes, drowned."

"What! both of them?"

"Yes, both of them."

"What, did they go through the ice?"

"Yes, through the ice. It was an air-hole where they fell!"

"Oh, my, how awful!"

"I told you so, miss," said Stephen, "but you wouldn't believe me. It was awful, that's a fact!"

"Dear me!" ejaculated Lucy. "Only think of poor Luke; he was a misfortunate man, sartainly! Were they ever found?"

"Yes, when the ice broke up, the next eastwardly gale, they floated ashore, tightly clasped in each other's arms, and were buried in one grave and in one coffin. It was the largest funeral ever seen in them parts; all the fishermen from far and near attended, with their wives and darters, marching two and two; the men all dressed in their blue trousers and check shirts, and the women in their grey homespun and white aprons. There was hardly a dry eye among the whole of them. It was a most affecting scene.

"When the service was over, the people subscribed a handsome sum on the spot, and had a monument put up there. It stands on the right hand of the gate as you go into the churchyard at Snug Harbour. The schoolmaster cut their names and ages on the stone, and also this beautiful inscription, or epigraph, or whatever it is called:—

'*This loving pair went out to skate,
Broke through the ice and met their fate,
And now lie buried near this gate;
Year, eighteen hundred and twenty-eight.*' "

"Dear me, how very awful!" said Miss Lucy. "I don't think I shall sleep to-night for thinking of them; and, if I do, I know I shall dream of them. Still, it's a pretty story, after all. It's out of the common way, like. What a strange history Luke's is! First, losing his wife by the fishery-law, then the race on foot for the tea or a forfeit, and at last skating for a wedding or a grave! It's quite a romance in real life, isn't it? But, dear me, it's one o'clock in the morning, as I'm alive! Mr. Barclay, if you will see to the fire, please, before you go to bed, that it's all made safe (for we are great cowards about fire here), I believe I will bid you all good night."

"It ain't quite finished yet," said Stephen. "There was another young lady . . ."

"Who?" said Miss Lucy.

"A far handsomer and far more sensible gall than Sally, one of the best brought up in the whole country, and one that would be a fortune to any man that was lucky enough to get her for a wife."

"Who was she, and where did she live?" inquired Lucy, who put down her candle and awaited the reply.

"To at home with her own folks," said Stephen; "and an excellent, and comfortable, and happy home she made it, too. It's a pity Hans' wife hadn't seen her, to take pattern by her."

"Luke's you mean," added Lucy, "if she's such a nonsuch."

"Yes, and Luke's, too; though Luke's wife warn't fit to hold a candle to her. They hadn't ought to be mentioned in the same day. Nobody that ever see her that didn't love her,—old or young, gentle or simple, married or single."

"She was no great shakes, then," said the young hostess. "She must have been a great flirt, if that was the case."

"Well, she warn't, then; she was as modest, and honest, and well conducted a gall as you ever laid your eyes on. I only wish my son, who is to man's

estate now, had her, for I should be proud of her as a darter-in-law ; and would give them a farm, and stock it with a complete fit out of everything."

" If he's like his father," said Lucy, " maybe he'd be a hard bargain for all that. Who is your sampler that's set off with such colours, and wants the word ' Richardson' worked on it ?"

" But then she has one fault," continued Stephen.

" What's that ? Perhaps she's ill-tempered ; for many beauties are so ?"

" No, as sweet-tempered a gall as ever you see. Guess agin."

" Won't take your son, maybe ?"

" No ; she never seed him, I don't think ; for, if she did, it's my notion her heart would beat like a town-clock ; so loud, you could hear it ever so far. Guess agin."

" Oh ! I can't guess if I was to try till to-morrow, for I never was a good hand at finding out riddles. What is it ?"

" She is a leetle, jist a leetle, too consaited, and is as inquisitive as old Marm Eve herself. She says she has rules that can't never be bended nor broken, on no account ; but yet her curiosity is so great, she will break the best regulation she has ; and that is, not to open the bar arter twelve o'clock at night more than once the same evening to hear a good story."

" Ah, now, Mr. Stephen," said the young lady, " that's a great shame ! Only to think I should be such a goose as to be took in so, and to stand here and listen to all that nonsense ! And then being made such a goose of to my face, is all the thanks I get for my pains of trying to please the like of you ! Well, I never ! I'll be even with you yet for that, see if I don't ! Good night."

" One word more, please, miss. Keep to your rules, they are all capital ones, and I was only joking ; but I must add this little short one to them. *Circumstances alters cases.* Good night, dear," and he got

up and opened the door for her, and whispered in her ear, "I am in earnest about my son: I am, upon my soul! I'll send him to see you. Don't be scornful, now, that's a darling!"

"Do get away," she replied, "and don't tease me! Gentlemen, I wish you all good night!"

CHAPTER XVI.

A PIPPIN;

OR, SHEEPSKINS AND GARTERS.

The next morning, Mr. Stephen Richardson, having left his horse at Mount Hope, and borrowed a pair of snow-shoes from Neal, set out on foot for Halifax. At parting, he shook me cordially by the hand, and invited me to visit him, either during the following month of March, or in the autumn, or, what he considered preferable, at both periods; for then, he said, he could instruct me how to hunt moose on the snow like a man, or to stand as still as a stump, call them, and shoot them like a boy.

"I should like," he said, "to have you a few nights in camp with me, to show you what wood-life is. Hunting is done now in these parts; there is only a few of us old-fashioned fellows that know any thing about it. Folks are so 'tarnel lazy, they won't go any where without a horse to carry 'em; and so delicate and tender, they can't sleep any where but in a feather bed. We *do* know how to raise calves, that's a fact; but, as for raising men, we've lost the knack. It's a melancholy thing to think of. The Irish do all our spade work; machinery all our thrashing, sowing, and husking; and gigs and waggons all our leg-work. The women are no good neither. They are all as soft as dough. There ain't a rael, hard, solid, corn-fed gall, like Miss Lucy, in the country any where a'most. Mills do all their carding, and spinning, and weaving.

They have no occupation left but to drink tea and gossip; and the men do nothing but lounge about with their hands in their trousers' pockets, and talk politics. What the Irish and machinery don't do for 'em, they expect legislators to do. They actilly think the sun rises in the Government-house, and sets in the Province building.

"The last time I came from Halifax, all the idlers in the bar-room of every public-house I stopped at got round me in a circle. 'What's the news, Steve?' says they. 'What's our members a-doing of for us?' I had one answer for them all. 'Their a-going to hire a nigger,' says I, 'to hold a bowl, and an Irishman to carry a ladle, and feed you all with spoon-victuals, for you are too infernal lazy to feed yourselves.' They didn't ax me any more questions, you may depend. No, sir, they are all good for nothing. If you really want to see forest life, come to me, and I'll show you how to walk through the woods, and over wind-falls, swamps, brooks, and what not, as straight as the crow flies. Ah, sir, that's the sport for a man! And it takes a man to go through it, too, that's sartain. When I go a-hunting, I don't take furious dogs to seize a critter by the nose, and hold him while I shoot him, but I give him a chance for his life, and run him down myself; one is downright murder, but the other is rael, generous sport. And then, at night, I'll spin you yarns that will make your sides ache with laughter, I know. Good by, my friend! You recollect my name: they call me Steve Richardson, when I am at home; and my home is to Clements, and Clements is in Annapolis county, and Annapolis county is on the south-west side of the Bay of Fundy."

And away he strode over the untrodden snow, as lightly as if it were encrusted with ice.

"That is a very extraordinary fellow," said Barclay, as he led me off to the stables to look at his horses. "Notwithstanding all the nonsense he talks, he is a most industrious, thrifty man, and his farm is in

excellent order, and well, though not scientifically worked. We must visit him in the autumn. It would be madness to hunt with him in winter; no man could keep pace with him, or run all day, as he does, without halting; and sleeping on the snow, when heated by a long, hard chase, is attended with great danger to the health. You will enjoy it better in his description, than in undergoing the fatigue and exposure yourself. He has some capital stories, too, that are worth going to Clements to hear."

On our return from the stables, we entered the bar-room, to ascertain from the teamsters when they intended to resume their journey, and to consult them upon the state of the roads. It was a long, narrow, apartment, similar in size and general appearance to the keeping-room, but contained no furniture whatever, except a table and a few benches. Across one end of it was a counter, having tumblers and wine-glasses upon it, behind which were casks and jars holding various kinds of liquors. The walls were covered with printed notices of auctions, advertisements of quack medicines, and hand-bills calling public meetings for the promotion of temperance or the organization of political parties; while the never-failing wooden clock notified travellers of the lapse of time, or of the arrival of that hour of mid-day that is always welcomed with a libation of rum and water.

The room was nearly full of people. Some were smoking, others drinking, and a few were putting on their outer coats, and preparing to leave the house. As we approached the door, we heard a person saying, in a very loud voice, and with very rapid utterance,—
 "I tell you he did—he did—he did! Yes, he can trot a mile in two minutes, and thirty seconds; two thirty is his exact guage, sir."

This declaration appeared to be contradicted, for it was re-asserted as before, with the attestation of several extraordinary slang oaths.

"I tell you he can—he can—he can! What will

you bet? Go any thing you dare, now! What will you lay on it? Say something worth while. Say twenty pounds, now! I stump you, if you dare, for twenty pounds! You are brought to a hack, are you? Then if you darsn't, don't contradict a gentleman that way!"

This was said by a middle-sized but remarkably powerful and active man, of about thirty years of age. He was standing in the middle of the room, holding a long hunting-whip, with the thong doubled in his hand, and shaking it at the person with whom he was arguing. He was dressed in a blanket-coat that reached to his knees, cut in the Indian fashion, trimmed with red cloth, and bound round the waist by a belt of the same colour. A large, loose pair of grey woollen stockings covered his boots and trousers. On his head was a low-crowned fur cap, made of otter-skin, from the back of which was suspended a black tail, four or five inches in length. His neck was enveloped with several folds of a yarn comforter, similar in colour and appearance to his sash. A long iron spur, strapped on his left heel, completed his equipment. His countenance (at least, all that could be seen of it, for he wore an enormous pair of untrimmed whiskers, which united under his chin, and protruded over his neck-cloth and wrappings) exhibited a singular mixture of firmness, quickness of temper, and good nature; while his bright, restless eye, peculiar forehead, and expressive mouth, denoted both cunning and humour.

"Ah," said Barclay, as soon as he got a glimpse of him, "here is Master Zeb Hunt! He is what our friend Stephen would call a 'Pippin,' or a regular 'bar-room bird.' He is a drover and horse-jockey, and lives on the road, and is the pest of every tavern, and the torment of all travellers; for he talks so loud, he can be heard all over the house. Let us go in; he is worth seeing, as a specimen of a class once very common in this country, and still more numerous than is desirable."

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Mr. Hunt lifted his cap to Barclay as he entered the room, a mode of salutation not very common in Nova Scotia, a short, free and easy nod of the head being infinitely less troublesome and ceremonious, and, therefore, in more general use."

"Morning to you, Squire!" he said, in his accustomed loud tone and familiar manner. "I am glad to see you. I have been waiting for you for some time, to look at a horse I have here, that will just suit you. He is *great*, that's a fact; a perfect case, I assure you. He can trot his mile in two minutes and thirty seconds, and no break, shuffle-rack, or pace, but a handsome round trot, with splendid knee action; not pawing the air like make-believe, nor pounding the road like breaking stones, but a sort of touch-me-light-and-go-easy style, like the beat of a gall's finger on the pianny; and so gentle, a child can manage him. When you want him to go, take up the reins and he's off like a fox; when you want him to stop, throw them down, and he'll stand all day. The way he makes the spokes fly round in a wheel, so that you can only see the rim, as if it was a hoop, is amazing. It frightened me at first, and I ain't easy scared by a horse. He is a *su*-perior animal, beyond all doubt. I never was suited before in all my life, and I don't know as he ain't spoilt me, so I shall be suited agin. Sometimes I think I can't part with him any how, for I can't never get another like him; and sometimes I take a notion into my head I ought to sell him, as it is too much money for a poor man like me to have in a horse. You've hearn tell of Heber of Windsor, haven't you? Well, he's crazy after him; and, if he don't know a good one when he sees him, he does when he tries him, and that's more than most men do. I'd like you to have him, for you *are* a judge of a horse,—perhaps the best in these parts (though I've seen the leak put into you, too, afore now). You will take good care of him, and I wouldn't like to see the critter knocked about like a corn. He will lead your tandem

beautiful, and keep his traces up, without doing the whole work and killing himself. A thread will guide him ; and then he knows how to slack up a going-down hill, so as not to drag the wheeler off his legs. Oh, he's a doll ! His sinews are all scorpion tails and whipcords, and he's muscle enough for two beasts of his size. You can't fault him in no particular, for he is perfect, head or neck, shoulder or girth, back or loins, stifle or hock, or chest and bastions ; and, as for hoofs, they actilly seem as if they was made a purpose for a trotter. In fact, you may say he's the greatest piece of stuff ever wrapped up in a horse-hide. Come and look at him, and judge for yourself. My price is two fifty ; but, if you like him, say the word, and he is yours at two hundred dollars, for I'd like you to have him. I consait he'll suit you to a notch, and do me credit too. Heavens and airth ! ain't he the boy to slip by the officers' tandems club to Halifax, like wink, and you a sitting at your ease, pretending to hold him in, and passing of them, nodding and laughing good-natured-like, as much as to say, 'Don't you wish you could keep the road now you've got it ?'

"Squire Barclay," said a man, who had just removed a pipe from his mouth for the purpose of replacing it with a tumbler of rum and water,—“Squire, you have heard Zeb Hunt talk afore to-day, I reckon. I have been listening to him while he has been a-running on like a mill-wheel, a-praising of his horse up to the very nine as the pink of all perfection ; but he never said a word about his soundness, do you mark ? If you intend to make a trade with him, I guess you had better be wide awake, for he is too much for most folks : a man must rise early in the morning to catch him napping.”

“What's that you say, you leather-lipped rascal ?” retorted the Pippin, as he advanced menacingly towards his accuser. “How dare you put in your oar when gentlemen are bantering for a trade, you ewe-necked, cat-hammed, shad-built, lop-eared, onderbread

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villain? You measure other folks' corn with your own bushel, and judge your neighbours by yourself—about as bad a standard as you'll find any where. Squire,” he continued, turning away with apparent contempt from the man who had traduced him, “if there is any one thing I pride myself upon in the world, it is on being candid. I am straight up and down; what I say I mean, and what I mean I'll stand to. I take all mankind to be rogues, more or less, and, what's more, canting, hypocritical rogues, too; for they pretend they are honest, all the time they are cheating the world and the devil. Now, I am straightforward, open, and above board. I pretend to nothing. I won't say I'll not get the advantage if I can in a horse trade, or any other trade. I don't deny it. I avow it open. What sort of a deal would it be, were I to get the disadvantage always? Why, in six months, I shouldn't have a horse to trade with; for, what is trade, if you come to that, but gambling with the chances in your favour? I am not bound to tell my horses' faults. I don't like to dwell on the faults of my friends; I praise their virtues. People don't cry stinking fish, in a giniral way, in any market I was ever in yet, because folks have noses, and can smell for themselves. I don't talk of sprains, curbs, and ring-bones; people have eyes, and can see for themselves: and, if they are too plaguy careless to look, whose fault is that? No, sir, I scorn a dirty thing. I conceal nothing. I say, publicly, I expect the advantage in a bargain; and, if I can't get it, I don't trade. That's my rule, sir; and I don't care who knows it. I hate and despise pretence. The world's full of it. Every man, in a giniral way, has more cloaks to cover his villany than shirts to cover his back.

“My eyes were first opened to the baseness and falsehood of mankind in elections. I had no idea what rascals politicians were—canting about patriotism, reform, public spirit, education, ameliorating

the condition of the people, and so on; and all the time using these slang words as blinds to conceal office and place-seeking, selfish ends, grasping public money, and what not. I first started in life on the Tory ticket, for I am a loyal man, and so was father afore me. He was a refugee loyalist, and left the States and all his property to follow the flag of his king into this cold country, that's only fit for wolves and bears. Well, we had a great election to Digby, and we carried in our Tory man, Lawyer Clam (him that was raised on the mud flats to the joggin); and, when our side won the day, and I went to get my share of the plunder, he had the impudence to tell me all the offices that could be spared must be given to the Radicals, to conciliate them. 'Conciliate old Scratch!' says I: 'giving them fellows sops, is like giving bits of raw meat to bull-dogs; it only makes them hungrier, furiouser, and wickeder.' But so it was, and so it always has been, with that party, in America; they don't stick to their friends, and I ginn them up in disgust, and changed sides right away.

"I am a candid man. I am willing to serve the country, but then I like reciprocation, and the country ought to serve me. Friendship can't stand on one leg long, and, if it does, it's plain it can't go ahead much at any rate. Well, bymeby, the Rads come in. 'Now,' said I, 'remember Zeb Hunt; he wants an office.' But, lo and behold! the offices were all wanted for the leaders, and there were none left for the followers but the office of drudges. Seeing they were both tarred with the same stick, one side of which had too much liberality, and the other too much selfishness, I thought my chance would be better to lay hold on both ends of the rope; and I went on both sides, one foot on one and one foot on t'other; but they pulled so far apart, they straddled me so wide, they nearly split me up to the chin. Politics, squire, are like pea-soup; they are all very well and very good when kept well stirred; but, as soon as the stir is

over, the thin part floats up by itself, and the rich and thick settles down for them who are at the bottom of things. Who ever heard of a fellow like me being choked by a government loaf, or his throat hurt by the bone of a fish that's too large to swallow? Now, I've taken uncle Tim's place; I am neuter. I avow it, for I'm a candid man; and a fellow can't be honest if he don't speak up plain. I am neuter now, and courted by both sides, and whichever comes nearest my mark will get me. But neuter is my ticket just now.

"You know uncle Tim; he was small, very small—not in stature, for he was a six-footer, but small in mind and small in heart: his soul was no bigger than a flea's. 'Zeb, my boy,' says he to me one day, 'always be neuter in elections. You can't get nothing by them but ill-will. Dear, dear! I wish I had never voted. I never did but oncest, and, dear, dear! I wish I had let that alone. There was an army doctor oncest, Zeb, lived right opposite to me to Digby: dear, dear! he was a good friend to me. He was very fond of wether mutton; and, when he killed a sheep, he used to say to me, 'Friend Tim, I will give you the skin if you will accept it.' Dear, dear! what a lot of them he gave me, first and last! Well, oncest the doctor's son, Lawyer Williams, offered for the town, and so did my brother-in-law, Phin Tucker; and, dear, dear! I was in a proper fix. Well, the doctor axed me to vote for his son, and I just up and told him I would, only my relation was candidating also; but ginn him my hand and promise I would be neuter. Well, I told brother-in-law the same, that I'd vote for him with pleasure, only my old friend, the doctor's son, was offering too; and, therefore, gave him my word also, I'd be neuter. And, oh, dear, dear! neuter I would have remained too, if it hadn't a-been for them two electioneering generals—devils, I might say—Lory Scott and Terry Todd. Dear, dear! some how or 'nother, they got hold of the story of the sheep-

skins, and they gave me no peace day or night. 'What,' says they, 'are you going to sell your country for a sheepskin?' The day of the election they seized on me, one by one arm, and the other by the other, and lugged me off to the poll, whether I would or no.

"'Who do you vote for?' said the sheriff.

"'Would you sell your country for a sheepskin?' shouted Terry, in one ear.

"'Would you sell your country for a sheepskin?' bellowed Lory, in the other ear.

"I was so frightened, I hardly knew what I did; but they tell me I voted for brother Phin! Dear, dear! the doctor never gave me a sheepskin while he lived after that. Dear, dear!—that was an ugly vote for me!"

"Uncle Tim is right, neuter is the ticket; friends to both sides, and enemies to none—that's a fact! Political leaders, squire, are an unprincipled crew of selfish rascals. Talk of a horse-jockey, sir! What is he to a man-jockey? Think of a fellow with patriotism in his mouth, and office-seeking in his heart, a-talking of sarving his country while he is sarving of the devil! Why, he is a villain, sir, whoever he is! There is nothing like candour! Now, what I tell you of my horse is true, sir; and I must have my price. Is there anything wrong in that? Wrong in a world where every class conceals motives? Look at lawyers now"

A smile on Barclay's face reminded him that he was on delicate ground, and he extricated himself very adroitly.

"Look at lawyers, take them by and large, perhaps they are about as candid men as you will see anywhere!"

A general laugh rewarded this skilful manoeuvre; but he proceeded without noticing it.

"Still some of them—I think you will admit that, Mr. Barclay—some of them, though they scorn to tell a lie themselves, tell other folks' lies to a jury; and then wind up by swearing they believe what they have said is all true."

Leaving a topic into which he had so thoughtlessly blundered, he continued—

“But, of all the scoundrels in the world, perhaps the doctors are the biggest by far. A candid doctor, like a sound horse, ain't to be found in every street of a city, I tell you. They are the boys for hiding ignorance and quackery under Latin words, or in red, blue, yaller, and pink lotions, and extortion in bread-pills by the cart load. They tell you they visit the poor gratis! Perhaps that's the greatest lie ever told by man. They take credit for these acts of charity with the public, and debit the first rich patient with the amount, in addition to his own bill. No doctor ever made a bad debt yet; for, if one man can't pay, another can. It's only changing names, and it's all right. According to their creed, there is no harm in robbing Peter to pay Paul.

“I'll tell you what—I knew myself onest. Old Dr. Green (you knowed him, in course—every body knowed him) lived on Digby Neck. He was reckoned a skilful man, and was known to be a regular rotated doctor; but he drank like a fish (and it's actilly astonishing how many country doctors have taken to drink), and, of course, he warn't always a very safe man in cases where a cool head and a steady hand was needed (though folks did say he knowed a plaguy sight more, even when he was drunk, than one-half of them do when they are sober.) Well, one day old Jim Reid, who was a pot-companion of his, sent him a note to come into town immediately, without the loss of one moment of time, and bring his amputating instruments with him, for there was a most shocking accident had happened at his house. So in come the doctor as hard as he could drive, looking as sorry, all the time, as if he didn't live by misfortunes and accidents, the old hypocrite!

“‘My dear friend,’ said he, solemnly, to Reid, and a-taking of him by the hand, and giving it a doleful shake—‘My dear friend, what is the matter?—who

is hurt? And what the devil is to pay now? How thankful we all ought to be that the accident hasn't occurred to one whom we all respect so much as you!

"And then he unpacked his instruments, off with his coat, and up with his sleeves; and, with one hand, pulls a hair out of his head, and, with the other, takes his knife and cuts it in two, to prove the edge was all right. Then he began to whistle while he examined his saw, for nothing puts these chaps in such good humour as cutting and slashing away at legs and arms—operating, as they call it—and, when all was ready, says he—

"'Reid,' says he, a-tapping him on the shoulder, 'where is the patient?'

"Well, Reid opened the door of another room, and there was a black boy a-holding of a duck on the table that had broke his leg!

"'There is a case for amputation, doctor!' said he; 'but, first of all, take a glass of brandy and water to steady your nerves. He knows you,' says he; 'hear him how he calls out Quack, quack! after you, as if he was afraid to let you perform on him.'

"Well, the doctor entered into the joke as good-natured as possible, laughed like anything, whipped down the grog, whipped off the leg, and whipped up the knives and saws in no time.

"'You must stay to dine, doctor,' said Reid (for the joke was only intended to get him into town to drink along with him); and he stayed to dine, and stayed to sup, and, being awful drunk, stayed to bed, too.

"Well, every time Reid saw him arter that in town, he asked him to come in and see his patient, which meant to come in and drink; and so he did as long as the cask of rael, particular Jamaickey lasted.

"Some time after that, the old fellow sent in a bill for operating, making a wooden leg, medical attendance, and advice, per order, for twenty-five pounds; and, what's more, when Reid wouldn't pay it, the doctor sued him for it to court, and gained his cause. Fact,

I assure you. I never knew a worse trick than that, unless it was one that that leather-lipped gentleman, Mr. Gates (who took the liberty of jeering at me and my horse just now), played off in Aylesford, in company with this lamb, Master Ben Dale."

And he bestowed upon the pair such a look of malicious mischief, that it was evident he was about disclosing a trick of trade, or substituting them for the real actors in the transaction, for their astonishment, and frequent and earnest denials, evinced that they then heard it applied to themselves for the first time.

Mr. Benjamin Dale, the person to whom he applied the peculiarly expressive phrase of the country—"A Lamb!" was "a character" also, as well as himself, but a specimen of a different species of the same genus of drover and horse-jockey. Unlike Mr. Zeb Hunt, he had but little to say for himself or his horses. He made no pretensions to the reputation of being a candid man. He was careful, quiet, and unobtrusive; and relied more upon the agency of others, whom he employed, than upon making broad assertions and dangerous representations himself. He managed matters so as to have purchasers sent to him, who had been previously informed of all the valuable qualities of his horses, and did little more himself than exhibit them to the best advantage. He was rather reserved in his communications; but made use of language which, though extremely guarded, implied much more than it expressed.

Though engaged in the same business with the "Pippin," and equally expert and unscrupulous in his way, he was as different a person as could well be imagined. He was a tall, thin man, whom constant exposure to the weather had so hardened, that he appeared to disdain the effeminate wrappings generally used in this country to guard against the intense cold. He was poorly, and—everybody else but himself would have said—very insufficiently clad. He wore a pair

of close-fitting pantaloons, made of coarse blue homespun, of open texture, over which were drawn a pair of long boots, the wide and capacious tops of which appeared to be designed to catch the rain that might fall from the skirts of a pea-jacket, which served the double purpose of coat and surtout. This latter garment, notwithstanding the severity of the season, was worn open at the breast, which was only protected by a calico shirt. His neck, which was in proportion to his height and skeleton-like form, derived some support from a stiff black stock, buckled so tight as to account for the remarkable distension of his eyes, while his head was held fast between two enormous stiff shirt-collars that reached nearly to his ears. His face was hard, hollow, bony, and thin; his mouth large, and armed with teeth of great size and strength (those in the upper jaw protruding considerably); his eyes were cold, fixed, and apparently vacant. Long, coarse, black, Indian-like hair, fell straight on his neck and collar, and was occasionally removed from the forehead by a shake of the head, not unlike the twirl of a mop. Such was the person whom rivalry or mischief prompted Mr. Zebulun to associate with Gates in the charge of fraud.

"Gates, squire," said the Pippin, "set off last year on a tour through the mountains to buy cattle....."

"I'll take my oath," replied the other, "I have not been on the mountains these three years."

"You was—you was—you was!" said Hunt, who put his hands on his hips, and, stooping forward until his face nearly touched that of his antagonist, uttered this singular reiteration, with wonderful rapidity, rather through his teeth than with his lips—"It's true—it's true—it's true!" and then, resuming his natural position and manner, continued—

"Didn't I tell you, squire, that fellows that are bad enough to play rogue, are fools enough to be ashamed of it? Well, sir, he took a list of the names of all the farmers that had cattle to sell in them altitudes, and

he told this precious lamb, this pretty bird, Mr. Dale, who is half bittern, half hawk—he is so tough, thin, and long-sighted—to follow him along the road at a distance of a mile or two, so as to be ready to play into his hand when he wanted him. Well, the first man he came to, he bantered for his cattle, offered him a sum far below the market price, and estimated their weight at just one-half what it was, and then, when he'd see Dale a-jogging along, he'd say, 'Well, I'll abide by whatever the first person we find says, for I'm for the fair deal, and only want what's right. Ah, here is Mr. Dale; he is reckoned as candid a man as we have in these parts, and a good judge of cattle, too.'

"'Mr. Dale, just halt a bit, if you please! This gentleman and me are about trading for this pair of cattle, but he values his oxen at twenty-five pounds. I say the price should be seventeen, for he is evidently under a great mistake about their weight. What do you say?'

"Well, Dale, who had had his lesson all beforehand in the matter, at first declined being umpire. He said he was no judge; he wouldn't value other men's things; it was a thankless office, and seldom satisfied either party, and so on. Till, at last, both parties begged and pressed him so hard, he consented. Well, he looked very wise, and walked round and round the oxen, feeling them, and kind of measuring them with his eyes, as if he was trying to be exact, and do what's right and just. And, at last, he says—

"'I think, Mr. Gates,' says he, 'with all due submission to your better judgment, they are worth more than you say by three pounds. I value them at twenty pounds, which is the right thing between man and man, in my humble opinion!'

"Well, the farmer was awful disappointed, but he couldn't help himself, seeing he had chosen him as umpire; and Gates pretended to get very wrothy, but, being a man of his word, he would stand to his agree-

ment, though he vowed he would never take another man's judgment agin in business, as long as he lived. So he just tricked him out of five pounds; and the pretty pair went all through the mountains, and cheated all the settlers they dealt with the same way."

Both of them denied the story *in toto*. They affirmed that they had not only never travelled in company, but had not been on the highlands for years.

"You did—you did—you did!—you was—you was—you was!" he repeated, with the same volubility as before; and then observed more deliberately—

"Oh, yes, deny it, of course! It's the way of the world. Pretend to be honest, and run down poor Zeb. It's no harm to call him a rogue. I'll trouble you, Mr. Gates, another time, to mind your own business, and not to interfere with me. That's only one of your capers I have told. So, if you don't want to hear more of them, take mum for your text and watch-word in future.

"Now, sir," he said, resuming his conversation with Barclay, "just be candid, and tell me, ain't there tricks in all trades, offices, and places, in the univarsal world, as well as the horse trade? Did you never hear of a Government warehouse destroyed by fire, being a grand excuse for every missing thing for years arterwards? or stores, condemned as unfit for use, being returned to their place to make up for good ones taken out? or crowbars and pickaxes accounted for as destroyed by the rats? or things received at one measure and delivered at another, and the difference pocketed? Did you ever know a carpenter slight his work, or charge extra for things in his contract? or a blacksmith give you bad iron? or a mason fill his wall with rubbish, so that it fell down almost as soon as it was built? or a grocer mix sloe-leaves with tea, or turn water into rum, or roasted Indian corn into ground coffee? or put gypsum into flour so as to make it weigh heavy? or a baker give you light weight? or a legislator smuggle or vote money into his own pocket?"

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or any of them little practical jokes to make folks laugh! Oh, how innocent the world is, isn't it? Why, even your cold, hard, dismal, covenanting deacons can do a little bit of cheaterly on their own hook sometimes on the sly. Two of them was caught in the very act no later than last week. Old Deacon Bruce of Aylesford, last Monday week, bought a sleigh of his fellow-deacon, Squire Burns, for five pounds. On his way home with it, who should he meet but Zeek Morse, a-trudging along through the snow a-foot.

" 'Friend Zeek,' says the old Christian, 'won't you get in and ride? Here's room for you, and welcome.'

" 'Don't care if I do,' said Zeek, 'seeing that sitting is as cheap as walking, if you don't pay for it.' So he hops in, and away they go.

" Well, Zeek was mightily taken with the sleigh.

" 'Deacon,' says he, 'how shall you and me trade for it? It's just the article I want, for I am a-going down to Bridgetown next week to be married; and it will suit me to a notch to fetch Mrs. Morse, my wife, home in. What will you take for it?'

" 'Nine pounds,' said old Conscience. 'It cost me seven pounds ten shillings, to Deacon Burns, who built it; and as it's the right season for using it, and I can't get another made till next winter, I must have nine pounds for it, and it ain't dear at that price neither.'

" 'Done!' says Zeek—for he is an off-hand kind of chap, and never stands bantering and chaffering a long time, but says at once what he means, as I do. 'Done!' says he—'tis mine!' and the deacon drives up to his house, gets his pay, and leaves the sleigh there.

" Next morning, when Zeek went to examine his purchase, he found there was a bolt left out by mistake, so off he goes to the maker, Deacon Burns, to get it put in, when he ups and tells him all about the bargain.

“ ‘ Did the old gentleman tell you my price was seven pounds ten?’ said he.

“ ‘ Oh yes,’ said Zeek, ‘ in course he did—there is no mistake about it. I’ll take my oath to it.’

“ ‘ Well, so it was,’ said Burns. ‘ He told you true. He was to give me seven pounds ten; but as there was nobody by but him and me when we traded, and, as it ain’t paid for yet, he might perhaps forget it, for he is getting to be an old man now. Will you try to recollect it?’

“ ‘ Sartainly,’ said Zeek. ‘ I’ll swear to it any day you please, in any court in the world, for them was his very words to me.’

“ What does Deacon Burns do but go right off and sue Deacon Bruce for seven pounds ten, instead of five pounds, the real price; called Zeek as a witness to his admission, and gained his case! Fact, upon my soul! Warn’t they a well-matched yoke of cattle, them deacons, Mr. Gates?

“ What do you judge the pair of them are worth, master Ben Dale, eh? for you’re a judge of weight and prices, it seems, and ain’t apt to overvaly things?

“ Now, do you suppose, Squire Barclay, that clergymen are exempt from these tricks of trade? I’ll tell you what”

“ Let the ministers be,” said an old man (generally known by those present as “ Uncle Philip”), who was standing on the hearth, and selecting from a long cord that was stretched across the fireplace, and sustained woollen mittens, yarn comforters, and gaiters, such articles as belonged to himself—“ let the ministers be, Zeb; you have spoken foolishly enough to-day; don’t speak profanely. You talk so loud, you make my head ache: and so loosely, you make my heart ache.”

“ Well, I’ll let them be if you say so, Uncle,” replied the Pippin. “ It is not often I take a shy at a parson or a crow, for it ain’t considered lucky in a giniral way. But it’s enough to set a body raving

mad to hear a poor dumb beast that can't speak for itself jeered at by a long-necked, long-backed, narrow-chested, narrow-souled, wall-eyed, ongainly crittur, like that fellow Gates in the corner there, ain't it? It's enough to try the patience of Job to hear a man pass an opinion that don't know a horse from a cow, except that one has horns and the other harn't. Howsomever, let all that pass. Have you seen my horse, Uncle Philip? because, if you haven't, it's worth your while just to come to the stables, along with me and Squire Barclay, and take a look at him. I ain't ashamed to show him, I do assure you. He'd tell you himself, if he could, what sort of a beast he is; but, as it is, his make and parts must tell it for him. Do you recollect the Slocum mare? (I don't remember whether it was John or Cale Slocum raised her, but one of them did.) Poor Dick Hines (him that afterwards owned the Circus) had her for a spell; and then she went to Windsor, and, I believe, died on the Monkville farm at the forks of the river. Well, she was generally allowed by good judges to be the best of all the descendants of the Duke of Kent's Arabian. Sometimes my horse Tommy reminds me of her; but, Lord bless you! she was no sort of a touch to him in make, shape, or gait, by no manner of means. He can't talk, as I said before, but he can do what's far better in a servant; he can onderstand all you say, and do all you want. Now there was the Polhemus horse, that folks made such a touss about; why he was no more to be compared to Tommy than . . ."

"Well, well," said the old man, "I'll go with you and look at him before I leave the inn; but I am no judge of these matters: so let us change the conversation, if you please, till we go to the stables. How is the old gentleman, your father? I hope he enjoys good health now."

"As to father, he is reasonable well, I give you thanks," answered the Pippin, "as far as bodily health goes: but he is weak here; very weak, indeed,

poor old man!" (patting his forehead with his fingers)—
"quite gone in the upper story. If you recollect, Uncle Philip, he was always a great hand for barks, and gums, and roots, and harbs, and simples of one kind or another, and did a great deal of good among his poor neighbours, saving them a power of money in doctors' bills. Well, the old gentleman of late years took a theory, as he called it—a kind of kink—into his head, that anything worn tight about the body brought on dropsy. Whenever he met a gall, he used to stop and shake hands along with her, and chat away for some time, and ask her how she was, and if she ever had this, or that, or t'other complaint; and then he'd press his forefinger strong on the back of her hand; and, in course, if it was a plump hand, it would make a kind of dent, and look a little white where he pressed it.

" ' See, my dear,' he'd say, ' you have a tendency to dropsy; that white mark shows there is too much water in the blood. You have something or another on that's too tight. I hope you don't lace your stays too hard?'

" Well, they'd satisfy him on that score; and then he'd say—

" ' I know what it is!' and he'd make a dive for their garters afore they knew what he was at.

" It got to be quite a joke at last; and the best of the fun was, nobody would help the womenkind at all; for folks only laughed, and said it was old Daddy Hunt a-looking for garters. At last the galls gave him a pretty wide berth in the streets, cut corners with him, or dodged him somehow or another, the best way they could. He actilly has the matter of thirty or forty pair of garters hung up in his keeping-room that he has captured privateering that way. Such a collection you never see! all colours of the rainbow a'most—black, white, yeller, red, brown, blue, green, and gracious knows what, made of everything under the sun—tape, list, cotton, worsted, knittings,

binding, yarn, India rubber, and everything. I call it his Museum of Natural Curiosities. The old gentleman is very proud of them, I assure you; for every pair of garters, he says, represents a woman whose life he has saved."

"Well, upon my word!" said Uncle Philip, "you are a *pippin*, certainly, to tell such a story as that of your father! and a very pretty 'pippin,' too!"

"Yes," he replied, "but I haven't told you the best part of it yet."

"I don't want to hear it," said the old man; "it shocks me dreadfully to listen to irreverence to parents!"

"I tell you, Uncle," he continued, "there ain't the leastest morsel of harm in the world in it; and besides, it will make you laugh, I know. He has giun up chasing arter garters now. The last gall he met and had a tussel with was Angelique d'Enville, a French filly from Saint Mary's Bay. Oh, she was a sneezer, you may depend! She was used to row a punt cross-handed over the Briar Island, to pitch eel-grass into a boat, and to haul cod-fish, and work in the open air; and all this exercise made her as strong and as springy as a sturgeon. She warn't overly tall or overly stout; but a rael, well-built, well-proportioned craft, as you'd see any where; light on the foot, active in her gait, and as free and suple in her motion as an Indian: kind of nateral ease and grace about her. One day she was a-coming along the street in Digby, nearly opposite the Queen's Warehouse, with her little black handkerchief tied on her head instead of a bonnet (for them Acadian French have never altered their dress for two hundred years), and a little short boddice, and a homespun petticoat, with blue and white up-and-down stripes, and a pair of little moccasins on her feet, all set off with beads, a-tripping along like a deer, when father spied her and made up to her.

"How do you do, Angelique?" said he; "and how is my kind and good friend, Preest Segoyne? A dear, worthy old man, that. Make much of him, for you

will never see the like of him again. And how is Joe Joppy? (his name warn't Joppy, but Le Blanc, for they always call each other by nicknames); 'and what has become of Jodrie, that galloped his horse through a heretic congregation, as he called them, and nearly killed an old woman?' and ever so many other questions.

"At last he pressed his finger hard on the back of her hand, and it left, as usual, a white dent.

"'Dear me, Angelique,' said he, 'you have got the dropsy!'

"Well, she half coloured up, and half flared up; and she said he was a foolish old man, and was for making tracks: but he held on to her hand as tight as a fox-trap.

"'How is your stays?' says he.

"She just turned to and jabbered away ever so fast in French about main-stays, jib-stays, and bob-stays, and of being thrown in stays, and missing stays, and I don't know what, for she knew every rope and manœuvre of a shallop; but, as for a woman's stays, she never heard of them, and didn't believe there were such things.

"'What service could they be, and what could they be fastened to?' she asked. 'What is the use of a stay, if it is stayed to nothing?'

"'Ah,' said he, 'then it must be them cussed garters!' and he made a plunge at her ankles and petticoats; but she was too nimble for him, and being properly frightened, she drew, and let him have it slap bang on the nose, so as to break the bridge of it!

"'Take that,' said she, 'you old villain!'

"Father he got his Ebenezer up, too; and, forgetting he was contending with a woman, hit back right and left, hard and heavy; and the poor thing put both her hands up to her eyes, and cried, and sobbed, and gin in, and stood for him. When, lo and behold, she had neither stockings nor garters on! nothing but a short pair of ribbed cotton socks that she had knit herself!

It was a great take in, you may depend. But that wasn't the end of it. He warn't clear of the scrape yet. Angelique's step-father was a little fellow about knee-high to a goose (what they call a 'tot,' for his father and mother were cousins, and his grandfather and grandmother, too, and so were their sires and dams for three generations up). He was all jaw and bluster; and when he heard the story, he hopped and jumped about like a parched pea, and swore a whole lot of oaths, every bit as big and twice as ugly as himself.

"Next day he locked the house-door, and the whole family came down to Digby to Squire Herring's for law, for the French are great hands for going to court; and when I seed them a-going into his office, I joined the party to see the sport. Well, perhaps there ain't in all Nova Scotia a man that's so taken by beauty as Lawyer Herring. The sight of a handsome woman sets him off a-raving for an hour. He makes such a touss about them, you'd think he never saw one afore in all his life. Well, he had heard of Angelique, but never seen her; and he went up to her and shook hands along with her, and set her down opposite to him, and undid the handkerchief that went over her head and was tied under the chin, so as to see the bruises; and he was struck up all of a heap in a minute, she was so amazing good-looking. Her hair, instead of being done up with combs, or plaits, or ringlets, was one mass of nateral curls, about three or four inches long, the splendidest thing ever seen under the blessed light of heaven; and when she spoke, and her eyes lit up and sparkled, and her pouting mouth showed her two rows of ivory, she was something to look at you don't see every day, I tell you. As for lawyer, he didn't hear a word she spoke, neither did he know what he said himself, for he was lost in amazement like, and began thinking aloud.

"'Good heavens!' he said, 'what a striking woman!' But she vowed she was not; she declared by

all the saints (and she had a string of them as long as a dead-letter list) she never struck a person in all her life before, and wouldn't have hit the old man if he hadn't a-behaved so very ondecient to her. But he didn't heed her answer, if it were possible, he said, to take her and put her into a tub of warm water and soap. She said, she wasn't hurt so bad, she didn't need it; or take her out of the sun and bleach her, and restore her complexion; she said he was mistaken; she didn't complain of such serious injury, but only of the insult. Then he threw his eyes up to the ceiling, meditating like, as if he had some scheme of taking her to himself, halter-breaking her, and fetching of her home; but all at once, waking up like, as if it was nothing but a dream, he said, 'but then she sits cross-legged on the floor, and eats clams out of an iron pot with her fingers!'

" 'Sir,' said she, 'I don't understand what you mean!'

" 'Go on, my dear,' said he; and she finished her story.

" 'Phoo, phoo!' said the lawyer, 'never mind; it's only old Daddy Hunt's way; he's childish now, nobody minds him!' and he phooch-phooched the whole family out of his office. Just as Angelique, who was the last that departed, was leaving the room, he called her back. 'Angelique,' says he, 'I lost the pin that fastened your handkerchief,' and taking a gold one with a ruby in it from his breast, he secured the two ends with it.

" 'What he did arter that, I don't know; but I heard a shuffling of feet behind the door, like people waltzing, and presently I heard something that sounded amazing like a sound box on the ear; and out came Angelique, laughing and looking as wide awake and as pleased as fun. Well, that affair cured father of that whim of chasing galls for garters to save them from the dropsy. Now he has another crotchet in his head.'

" 'I didn't ask you,' said the old man, with some asperity of manner, "about your father's occupations,

but how he was. Pray how is my old friend, your mother? she must now be well up in years. I hope she enjoys good health?"

"Pretty well," replied Master Zeb; "pretty much as usual; she is about and stirring, though she complains a little of rheumatism lately, which father swears is all owing to her having worn her garters too tight when she was a gall: but my opinion is, it was 'Chick, chick, chick!' that caused it."

"Chick, chick, chick!" said the other; "what under the sun's that? I never heard of such a complaint!"

"Lord bless you!" said Zeb. "I thought that every body that know'd mother, know'd that story. Five years ago, come next summer, the old lady made a trip to Halifax, in one of our Digby coasters, to see sister Susannah, that is married in that city to Ted Fowler, the upholsterer, and took a whole lot of little notions with her to market to bear expenses; for she is a saving kind of body, is mother, and likes to make two ends meet at the close of the year. Among the rest, was the world and all of eggs, for she was a grand hand in a poultry-yard. Some she stowed away in boxes, and some in baskets, and some in tubs, so that no one accident could lose them all for her. Well, under the berths in the cabin were large drawers for bedding; and she routated that out, and packed them full of eggs in wool, as snug as you please, and off they started on their voyage. Well, they had nothing but calms, and light airs, or head winds, and were ever so long in getting to town; and, when they anchored, she got her duds together, and began to collect her eggs all ready for landing. The first drawer she opened, out hopped ever so many chickens on the cabin floor, skipping and hopping about, a-chirping, 'Chick, chick, chick!' like any thing!"

"Well, if that don't beat all!" said mother, and she looked the very picture of doleful dumps. 'I hope there is no more of them a-coming into the

world that way, without being sent for !' and she opened a second, and out came a second flock, with a 'Chick, chick, chick !' and another and another, till she pulled them all out. The cabin floor was chock full of them ; for the heat and confined bilge air had hatched all the eggs that were in the close and hot drawers.

" Oh, the captain, and passengers, and sailors, they roared with laughter ! Mother was awful mad, for nothing makes one so angry as accidents that set folks off a tee-hee-ing that way. If any body had been to blame but herself, wouldn't they have caught it, that's all ? for scolding is a great relief to a woman ; but, as there warn't, there was nothing left but to cry ; and scolding and crying are two safety-valves, that have saved many a heart from busting.

" Well, the loss was no great, though she liked to take care of her coppers, too ; it was the vexation that worried her. But the worst was to come yet. When she returned home, the boys to Digby got hold of the story ; and, wherever she went, they called out after her, ' Chick, chick, chick !' I skinned about half-a-dozen of the little imps of mischief for it, but it only made them worse ; for they hid in porches, and behind doors, and gates, and fences, as soon as they seed her a-coming, and roared out, ' Chick, chick, chick !' and nearly bothered her to death. So she give going out any more, and never leaves home now. It's my opinion, her rheumatism is nothing but the effect of want of exercise, and all comes from that cursed ' Chick, chick, chick !' "

" Well, well," said the old man, " you *are* a pippin, certainly, to tell such disrespectful stories as these of your parents ! Give my respect to them, when you return home—that is, if ever you get home—and tell them, that you are a credit to your broughtens up !"

" What do you mean by saying, if ever I *do* return home ?"

"I mean this, young man. The road you are travelling is a short one; but, short as it is, it has two turns in it—one leads to the Penitentiary, and the other to the gallows! The fruit they bear are 'pippins,' like you!" and he left the room.

"Well," said Zebulun, "that's what I call good, now! There ain't a man travels this road fonder of a good story than Uncle Philip. The old canting hypocrite will recollect every syllable I have said, and will repeat it all over, word for word. I think I see him a-sitting down with his old cronies, in a chimney-corner, a-smoking of his pipe, and a-saying, 'Do you know that poor, thoughtless, reckless boy, Zeb Hunt? Well, I'll tell you a story of him that will astonish you, and make your hair stand an end!' and he'll turn up the whites of his eyes like a dying calf, and edify them by relating all about 'A Pippin; or, Sheepskins and Garters.'"

CHAPTER XVII.

HORSE-SHOE COVE;

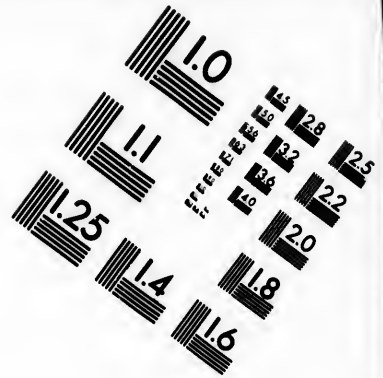
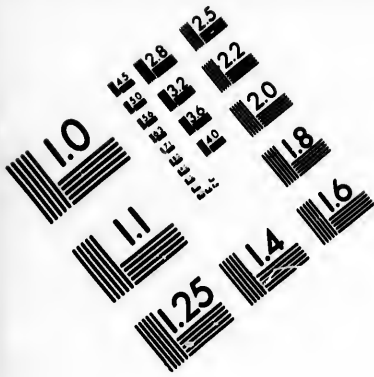
OR, HUFSEISEN BUCHT.

NO. I.

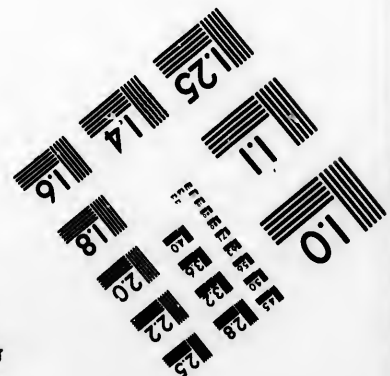
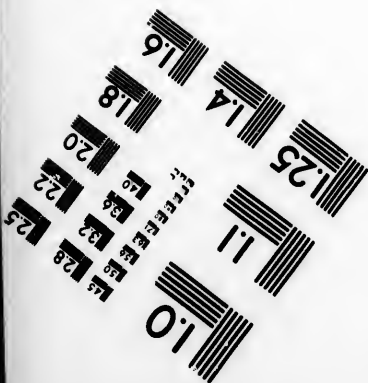
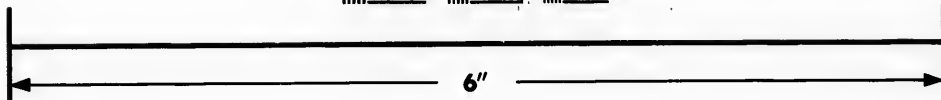
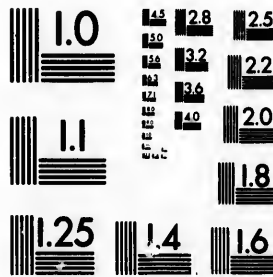
I have been a good deal struck of late with the difference between that portion of the Anglo-Saxon race established here and the parent stock. You hear the same language, you see the same dress, and, in the large towns, you associate with people whose general habits and usages of society are similar, and, at a superficial view, are apt to conclude that you are among your own countrymen. A closer inspection and a more intimate knowledge of them soon undeceive you; and the more you know of them, the greater does the difference appear.

The western half of Nova Scotia is mainly peopled by the descendants of old colonists, with a slight inter-





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mixture of Scotch, and emigrants from the north of Ireland. With the exception of a county settled by Germans, and a township by French Acadians, this population may now be said to be homogeneous. Throughout it there is an individuality not to be found in England. There are no hamlets, no little rural villages, no collection of houses, but for the purpose of trade; and, of course, there is no mutual dependence for assistance or defence. No system of landlord and tenant, of farmer and cotter, and, consequently, no motive or duty to protect and encourage on the one hand, or to conciliate and sustain on the other. No material difference in rank or fortune, except in the capital, and hence no means to direct or even to influence opinion; and, above all, no unity in religious belief; and, therefore, no one temple in which they can all worship together, and offer up their united prayers and thanksgivings as members of one great family to their common Father in Heaven. Interest, therefore, predominates over affection, and the ties of friendship are weak. Every one lives by himself and for himself. People dwell on their own properties at a distance from each other, and every household constitutes its own little world; but even here the habit of early migration from the parental roof, and a total want of local attachment, added to a strong and confident feeling of self-reliance, weaken the force of domestic love, and the heart suffers. Woman, we are told, was made for man; but, alas! man in America was made for himself. He is independent of the world, and can do without it. He is full of expedients, and able to support himself. He can, and often does, remove far into the depths of the forest, where, alone and unaided, he erects his own house, and ministers to his own wants.

While discoursing on this subject with the Judge, he told me the following interesting story, illustrative of this sort of isolated life, and of the habits of lone settlers in the wilderness.

As the scene of the tale I am about to narrate to you is on La Haive river, I must first inform you how and by whom that part of the country was settled. Halifax was built in 1749. As soon as it was capable of receiving and sheltering more than its own population, 2000 persons were induced to emigrate thither from Holland and Germany, and, in 1753, were settled at an adjacent outport, to which they gave the name of Lunenburg. The privations, sufferings, and dangers encountered by these poor foreigners defy all description. At that time, Canada, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Breton, were in possession of the French, while the most fertile parts of Nova Scotia were occupied by their countrymen, who were permitted to retain their property upon a promise of neutrality, which they found themselves unable to perform. The Indians, who were then very numerous and very hostile (for they had been instructed that the English and their allies were the people who had crucified their Saviour), were wholly devoted to their interest, and bent on exterminating the intruders. The inhabitants had no sooner erected their buildings, than they found their situation so dangerous that they were obliged to construct nine block-houses for their defence, and enclose the town and settlement with a high and strong picket fence. Notwithstanding these precautions, the savages managed to kill, scalp, or make prisoners of many of them, and the operations of agriculture were wholly suspended. Cruelty usually begets cruelty, and the Governor of the province offered a reward of £30 for every male Indian prisoner above sixteen years of age, and £25 for his scalp, and a proportionable bounty for women and children when brought in, alive or dead.

Such was the desperate condition of these poor emigrants, until 1760, when the French possessions on this part of the continent passed into the hands of the English. So great had been the depredations of their enemies, that the population of Lunenburg had only

increased to the extent of seven souls in as many years. In 1761, the Indians entered into a formal treaty of peace with the local government at Halifax, and the hatchet was buried with much ceremony, and under a salute from the batteries, in a grave that had been mutually prepared for it by those who were to be benefitted by its sepulture.

After that period, the Germans (for, notwithstanding the Belgic origin of some of them, they have always been known by that name) began to settle on different parts of the seashore, and the borders of rivers, where the land was fertile, or the harbour inviting; for, in the absence of all roads, they could only communicate with the capital by means of coasting vessels.

Among those that strayed to the greatest distance, was Nicholas Spohr. He explored La Haive (a river about seven miles to the southward of Lunenburg), which, during the greater part of the preceding century, had been frequented by fishing-vessels from France, to the master of one of which it was indebted for its name, which it still retains. It is one of the largest and most beautiful rivers in this country, which it nearly intersects. At its mouth there are a number of islands of great beauty and fertility, forming well-sheltered and safe anchorage-ground, which, tradition says, were, in the olden time, the hiding-places of pirates; and that venerable chronicler, "the oldest inhabitant," whispers, were more recently the resort of privateers.

Several miles above the entrance, Nicholas discovered a part of the river which, by an enlargement in a semicircular shape, formed a miniature harbour, nearly enclosed, and effectually concealed by two hooded promontories, that gave to the Cove a striking resemblance to a horse-shoe. Here he found, to his astonishment, a clearing that extended to the water's edge, and contained about forty acres of land, in the centre of which was a long, low, wooden dwelling-house,

which, with an extensive projection in the rear, resembled the letter T. On the right was a large substantial warehouse of the same materials, and, on the left, a block-house constructed of hewn timbers, having loopholes for muskets, and, on the first floor, four window-shutters (one on each side), so arranged as to admit of the discharge of a swivel, which was still on its carriage. Between this floor and the roof there was no ceiling, but the rafters supported a bell of sufficient size to be heard across the river. On the slope towards the forest, was a square field of about one acre of land, surrounded by very large willows, and containing in the centre some old apple-trees, planted so closely together that their limbs were entangled one with the other. This enclosure had originally been laid out as a garden, and bore evident marks of taste as well as care. The walks could still be traced by low edgings, which had grown wild from neglect, by currant and gooseberry-bushes, and rose-trees, and sweetbriars, that now contended with tall rank grass for sufficient air and light to support life. Near the entrance was an arbour, built over a bubbling spring of the purest water, and so completely covered by a luxuriant woodbine, as effectually to exclude the rays of the sun. A massive, rustic table, and seats of the same strong material, evinced that it was designed for use as well as ornament. On the former were rudely carved many initials, and several names at full length, among which those of Charles Etienne Latour and Francis d'Entrement occurred more than once.¹ On a corner of the table, two clasped hands were neatly but deeply cut in the wood; and underneath the words Pierre and Madeline, 1740. As if the cause of the latter inscription were not obvious enough, poor Pierre left a record that it was occasioned by the recollection

¹ The former had a grant from the King of France of the whole country on both sides of La Haive, from its mouth to its source. Some of the descendants of the latter are still residing in this province, near Yarmouth.

of "the girl he left behind him;" for he added the words of Ovid, "Scribere jussit amor."

The secluded and deserted, but romantic place, was one of extraordinary beauty. It appeared like the work of magic to the poor bewildered Nicholas; but, what was of far more consequence to him than its loveliness, it was a discovery of immense value. He therefore proceeded immediately to Halifax, and obtained a grant of a thousand acres of land, the boundaries of which were so described in his patent as to embrace this important property, to which he gave the very appropriate name of Hufeisen Bucht, or Horse-shoe Cove.

To account for these remarkable erections and extensive clearings, it is necessary to inform you that, from the year 1606 to 1710, this province was constantly changing owners. At every rupture between the French and English, all the trading posts of the former (in Nova Scotia, or Acadie, as it was then called) were destroyed, and at every treaty of peace the country was restored to its original proprietors. The English contented themselves with damaging the enemy, but made no attempt to penetrate into the interior, or to form settlements. The establishment at the entrance of the river La Haive had been several times burned down, and a great deal of valuable property carried off by the provincials of Boston. To avoid the repetition of such ruinous losses, the French selected this secluded spot, several miles further up the stream, for the purpose of storing and secreting their furs, and of European goods for supplying the Indians, while fish and salt were alone kept at the lower post. Nothing could have been better suited for the purpose of concealment than this Cove, which was not discernible from the river, and could only be approached by boats through a narrow and winding entrance, nearly hidden by overhanging trees. It is no wonder, therefore, that Nicholas was astonished and overjoyed at the discovery; and, as soon

as his grant received the Governor's signature, he removed his family thither, and took possession of "the Hufeisen Bucht."

His joy was great but silent, for his heart moved more rapidly than his tongue. He gave vent to his pleasure in long protracted puffs of tobacco. He walked round and round the premises, contemplating the magnitude of the buildings, the value of the land, the beauty of the orchard, and the strength of the fort, as he called the block-house. He seldom spoke to any member of his family, and then only to issue some indispensable order. Once or twice, as he entered the house, he kicked his dog for not rising up respectfully when the great landowner approached. He ate but little, and drank rather more than usual. He could not comprehend at one view the whole extent of his importance, but evinced every day that he was gradually beginning to appreciate it. He was observed to take up the horn mug which he generally used, and throw it, with great contempt, into the corner of the room, and, by a mute signal, called for an old silver one, (that had descended to him through three generations) as better suited to the dignity of his new station. His attitude in sitting was much changed. Instead of the easy and natural position that bespeaks a man wholly unoccupied, his legs were stretched out to their full extent, his head thrown back, and his eyes directed to the ceiling, to which he offered the continued incense of tobacco fumes. Now and then he was heard to utter the name of some gentlemen at Lunenberg, as Rudolph, Von Zwicker, or Oxner, who had belonged to good families in their own country; and when he did, it was with a scornful air, and the word was followed by a contemptuous grunt, and an uplifting of the right foot, as if he felt entitled now to look down upon his betters, and would like to give them an intelligible hint of his superiority.

His family went about their usual employments in their accustomed manner, but Nicholas had as much as

he could do in going his continued rounds, and in digesting his unceasing admiration. His costume underwent a change no less striking than his manners. He discarded his old apparel, and dressed himself in a suit which had hitherto been preserved with great care for Sundays or holidays. Instead of his working cap, he mounted a beautiful, low-crowned, broad-brimmed, beaver hat; his best double-breasted coat, of blue Saxon cloth, with its long waist, spacious skirts, and immense gilt buttons, the brilliancy of which had been preserved by woollen covers when not used: his fine red cloth waistcoat, with its square flaps and pewter buttons; his black breeches and dark-ribbed stockings; and, above all, his silver knee and shoe buckles, which had belonged to his grandfather, the huntsman of the great duke his master. His best pipe was doomed to do daily duty, instead of gracing festivals, as heretofore. It was a costly article, for it had a silver cover, and its spacious bowl held twice as much tobacco as a common one, while its long wooden handle, tipped with ivory, bespoke the ease and affluence of its owner.

Thus attired, carrying the valuable pipe in his left hand, and a cane with a horn head curiously carved in the other, Nicholas slowly performed his incessant perambulations. But man is a gross creature: he cannot live on love, or subsist on air: he requires food. The animal predominates over the spiritual nature. Nicholas was recalled to these mean considerations by the fact that, though his house was large, there was no bread in it; and his cup, though made of silver, wanted sufficient scheidam to fill it, small as it was. With great reluctance, therefore, and a feeling very nearly resembling that of degradation, he condescended to lay aside his new rank for awhile, and go to Halifax with his two sons, in his shallop, to buy provisions for his family. On taking leave of his wife, he attempted an awkward imitation of a ceremonious bow, and kissed her hand with an air of gallantry, for

which he was very properly rewarded, by his indignant frau, with a substantial box on the ear. If he had lost his senses, there was no occasion, she thought, for him to lose his heart; and she was unwilling to exchange the warm and affectionate embrace, to which she had been accustomed, for cold, unmeaning buffoonery like this. The wind being fair, he set sail with his two boys, and accomplished the voyage of sixty miles in the incredible short space of three days, and returned again with equal speed, to feast his eyes once more upon his new property, which now appeared more spacious than ever; for, with the exception of government buildings at Halifax, there were none in that town of equal size with his own.

He was now the proprietor of a larger estate than he had ever supposed it possible he could own, and of as much happiness as was at all compatible with comfort, or a heart of common size could contain with safety. Sometimes, indeed, he would doubt the reality, and, waking up in the night, would look out on the tranquil scene, and ask himself whether it was all as it appeared to be, or only the delusion of a dream. Every thing was new to him. The plaintive wail of the melancholy whip-poor-will; the lonely hooting of the watchful owl; the wandering, brilliant myriads of fireflies, that rejoiced in the damp exhalations of the sedgy brook that flowed into the Cove; and the wild scream of the night-hawk, as it pursued, with rapid and irregular flights, the winged insect tribe, convinced him that he was awake, though in a world of wonders—a stranger in a strange land; and he felt and knew that he dwelt on that land, not as a serf, or labourer, or tenant, but as lord of the soil. He would then recall to his mind his condition in his own country, compare it with his present situation, and say, “Gott ist gut!” (God is good) and return to his bed with a thankful heart for all this unmerited and unlooked-for prosperity. Upon one occasion, he thought he heard noises of a far different kind; and,

getting up, he beheld from the window one of the wooded promontories illumined with watch-fires, and dark, shadowy forms passing and repassing between him and the strong red light. There was nothing but magic about him ; but who were these magicians ? Were they the fairies that had erected the buildings, or demons who intended to destroy them ? He would have liked to have had neighbours ; for as rich clothes are but of little use, if there is no one to see and admire them, so large buildings lose their value, if there are not smaller and meaner ones to compare them with to advantage : but he thought he could dispense with these nocturnal visitors, whoever they might be.

Day dissolved the mystery, and dispelled, together with his doubts, much of his peace of mind. They were Indians, the savage and cruel enemies of the emigrants. It is true they were then at peace with the government, but they were a vindictive and treacherous people. The place where they were encamped was an ancient burial-ground, to which they had now resorted to deposit the body of a deceased chief. Their manner was gloomy and unfriendly. They evidently considered him an intruder, and were at no pains to conceal their dislike. The new sachem made him a long and animated speech in Indian, accompanied by some very frightful gestures, and some flourishes of a tomahawk that made his blood curdle. To this Nicholas, who was a man of undaunted courage, replied, with much firmness, in an oration in German, and gave effect to several passages by occasionally pointing a pistol at the head of the savage warrior. These two well-known weapons were the only things that were intelligible, for their mutual eloquence, being altogether untranslatable, was wholly useless. This unsocial visit lasted a week, when, the funeral rites having been duly performed, the unwelcome guests disappeared as suddenly as they had arrived, and Nicholas was again left in a state of tranquillity.

His comfort had been much disturbed by this event,

but still he was a very happy man. He was possessed of a thousand acres of land, covered with valuable timber, filled with deer like a park, and intersected with streams abounding in salmon, trout, herrings, smelts, and a variety of delicate and excellent fish. His buildings were as large as those of the steward of his landlord in his own country, and he had neither rent, taxes, nor tithes to pay. He had forty acres ready for the plough, a productive orchard, and everything his heart could desire, except money; but he had that which would always produce it, an inexhaustible supply of superior fuel for the Halifax market. He, therefore, commenced a regular trade in cord-wood, a traffic which the German settlers have continued and monopolized to the present day. This wood was cut off to the termination of the two promontories that formed the heel of the Horse-shoe Cove; and the overhanging trees that concealed the entrance and obstructed the passage of masts were removed, for the double purpose of enabling him to warp his shallop into his own beautiful harbour, and to expose to the admiring eyes of all who navigated the river the spacious building of the "Hufeisen Bucht." Alas! it was a fatal ambition for poor Nicholas; for, in prostrating these ancient trees, he had unintentionally committed sacrilege, and violated the repose of the dead—an offence that, in all countries and in all ages, has ever been regarded with pious horror or implacable resentment.

In the autumn of 1777, he was engaged as usual in his coasting trade; and, in the latter part of October, had returned from Halifax with a load of provisions and stores for his family, in which he had invested the proceeds of several cargoes. Casting anchor at the mouth of the inlet, he dressed himself in his best attire, and prepared to land with his two sons. He had no sooner descended from the side of the vessel, and seated himself in the stern of the boat, than he exclaimed—

“ More magic ! ”

He hardly knew the wooded screen that concealed his cove. The fairies had been busy in his absence, and so altered the appearance of every tree, that he could no longer distinguish one from another. The maple had doffed its green, and assumed a bright red colour. The long pendent leaves of the sumach looked shrunken, drooping, and yellow. The poplar had suddenly become grey-headed, and the ash had been nearly stripped of its foliage ; while those mischievous and wonderful little artists had given new tints and imparted new shades to every leaf of every tree and every shrub of the forest. He had never beheld anything like this in his own country. He had observed the leaves of the few trees he had seen to fade away in autumn and perish on the approach of winter. This process appeared to him to be as slow as their growth ; it was a gradual decay of nature. But here death was cruel as well as impatient, and, like a consumptive fever, beautified its victim with hectic colour before it destroyed it, that its loss might be more keenly felt and lamented.

He was in a new world, and it was natural it should contain new things, but he was not prepared for what followed. When he entered the little placid Cove, which lay glittering like a lake of molten silver beneath the gaze of the declining sun, he was startled at beholding his house reversed and suspended far and deep in its pellucid bosom, and the trees growing downwards with their umbrageous branches or pointed tops, and all so clear, so distinct, and perfect, as to appear to be capable of corporeal touch. And yet, strange to say, far below the house, and the trees, and other earthly objects, was the clear, blue sky, with its light, fleecy clouds that floated slowly through its transparent atmosphere, while the eagle was distinctly visible, soaring in unrestrained liberty in the subterranean heavens. Every stroke of the oar separated the trunks of those enormous aquatic trees, which divided to afford

a passage to the boat, and then united instantly as before. Had Nicholas been a forester or a bargeman in his native land, these phenomena would still have astonished him, for both are exhibited in this country in a more remarkable degree than in almost any other part of the world. But, having been merely a landsman, and never having seen a collection of water till he beheld the ocean, or a forester until he landed in Nova Scotia, it is not to be wondered at if he felt bewildered, and occasionally doubted whether it was safe to trust the evidence of his own senses. He was not a little pleased, therefore, when he found himself once more on land, and was convinced that his house was in its right place; but he was by no means satisfied with the careless indifference with which its inmates regarded the approach of so important a person as its lawful lord and master. He was resolved to teach and enforce more respectful treatment for the future, and accordingly was prepared by the time he reached the door with a terse and sharp reproof wherewith to greet them.

He entered with the proud and haughty air of a man who feels that he has suffered an indignity, but which was superseded by an expression of intense horror, as his eyes fell on the awful spectacle before him. There lay the mangled bodies of his wife and children, his slaughtered dog, and the fragments of his broken furniture and rifled property. The fire on the hearth was burned out, and all was as silent and as desolate as when he first discovered it; but, alas! that silence was the silence of death, and that desolation the work of rapine and murder.

It was an appalling scene, and it was but too plain whose infernal work it was, for the heads of all bore the fatal mark of the Indian scalping-knife. Nicholas and his two sons exchanged looks of agony and terror, but they were speechless. They seemed all three spell-bound, when the father fainted, and fell heavily forward over the mutilated body of his unfortunate wife.

His sons lifted him up, and removed him to the boat, and from thence to the vessel, and immediately dropped down the river to the settlement at its entrance, when, taking all the male population, with their arms, on board, they returned to the Hufeisen Bucht, and hastily buried the dead. They then pursued the enemy with all speed, who, not expecting such prompt and decided measures, had not proceeded far, or adopted the usual precautions, when they were overtaken, attacked, and defeated with great loss. On their return, they hanged four of the prisoners on the willow trees in front of the house ; and the remaining two were sent to Halifax, to be held as hostages, or dealt with as the Governor should direct. Nicholas, with his two surviving sons, returned to Lunenburg, the latter having vowed never more to put their feet within that magical and accursed house.

The Indians had purposely abstained from setting fire to the buildings. They had been erected by their old friends the French, whose language they began to understand, and the forms of whose religion they had adopted. It was possible they might require them again, and that the fortune of war might place them in a situation to resume a trade that had proved so beneficial to both. The proprietors were equally unwilling to destroy a property which, though they could never inhabit themselves, might afterwards be sold for a large sum of money. They were, therefore, left standing, to terrify the navigators of La Haive by the spectres and ghosts that always haunt a scene of violence and murder. Poor old Nicholas never recovered the massacre of his family and the loss of his property. His grief was, at first, most acute and distressing. He would talk of his poor, dear, dead frau ; of the Rhine-land, his happy home, that he had so thoughtlessly left ; of his little, innocent, slaughtered children ; and condemn his own folly in desecrating the Indian burial-ground, and thereby awakening their fearful vengeance. This was

soon followed by a settled melancholy. He never more took any interest in anything, or ever attended again to business. He generally sat by the fire, into which he looked vacantly, and smoked. He neither asked nor responded to questions. His heart was broken.

One day he was missing, and great was the consternation in Lunenburg, for every person feared that his own hand had put an end to his existence. Diligent inquiry and search were made both in the town and its neighbourhood, but no trace whatever could be found of him. At last, some person, more persons, more courageous than others, ventured, well armed, to examine the "Hufeisen Bucht," and ascertain if he was there; and there they found him, extended on the grave of his wife and children, where he had perished from cold, fatigue, and exhaustion. He was interred where he lay, and increased the number and the terrors of the nocturnal wanderers of the Cove.

For many years the place was shunned by all, except now and then by Indians, who occasionally visited it to light their funeral fires, deposit their dead, and chant their monotonous and dismal dirges. Meanwhile, the buildings became much dilapidated. The shutters of the blockhouse having been forced off by the wind, the large bell, set in motion by its fitful gusts, added its deep-toned and melancholy notes to the wailing of the blast, and the affrighted bargemen, as they hurried by the ill-omened spot, would say, "Old Nick is walking to-night, and tolling his bell."

Years rolled by, and emigration began to be directed to the beautiful upland and rich alluvial soil that border the noble river. Above, far above the Cove, were settlements; and below it was a continuous line of farms: but for several miles round the haunted house no man was so hardy as to venture. It was given up to its lawful ranger, Nicholas Spohr, and to his fearful companions, the ghosts, goblins, and spirits of the "Hufeisen Bucht."

CHAPTER XVIII.

HORSE-SHOE COVE;

OR, HUFEISEN BUCHT.

NO. II.

In 1783, a treaty of peace was signed with the rebel colonies now forming the United States, and their independence acknowledged by the mother-country. This event was followed by a very great emigration to Nova Scotia of men, who, preferring their allegiance to their property, abandoned their estates, and removed into the cold and inhospitable wilds of this province. Most of these settlers (commonly known as Loyalists) were people of substance and education, but in their train were many persons of a different description, and very opposite character. Every vessel that arrived for several months afterwards, brought numerous parties of refugees. In one from New York, was a Captain John Smith and his family. Who or what he was, nobody knew: and as these were subjects on which he maintained an impenetrable reserve, nobody but myself ever did know. His object appeared to be retirement rather than what is called settlement. Leaving his family at Halifax, he examined the adjacent country, and when at Lunenburg, hearing of the "Hufeisen Bucht," very much to the astonishment of everybody, went to see it, and, to their still greater surprise, purchased it, and announced his determination to reside there. At this time, the Cove was as much hidden from view as ever; for a new growth of wood had sprung up on the clearings of Nicholas, and had again so embowered its entrance, that no part of the harbour, the buildings, or the arable land, were visible from the river. The house had fallen into a sad state of decay, and required very extensive repairs to render it tenantable, and he experienced no little trouble in procuring workmen to engage in such a hazardous enterprise. The Ger-

mans absolutely refused, and he was compelled to bring mechanics from Halifax, who were unacquainted with the horrid traditions and bad reputation of the place. By dint of perseverance, a liberal expenditure of money, and an easy, agreeable, and assured manner, he conquered all difficulties, and it was once more put into as good order as when first discovered by poor Nicholas Spohr. Hethen removed his family thither, and took possession of the haunted house of the "Hufeisen Bucht."

This bold and decisive step, however, awakened the fears and suspicions of his superstitious neighbours. The Germans of Lunenburg always have been, and still are, noted for their dislike to the intrusion of strangers into their county, the whole of which they consider as a compensation for their emigration, or as a reward for the toil and danger of settling it; but at the time I am speaking of this feeling almost involved persecution. Trained in their own country to respect and obey their superiors, they were willing to submit themselves to authority; but who was Mr. John Smith? Was that a real or fictitious name? His habits and manners were unlike anything they had ever seen. He had no connexion with the government at Halifax, which he appeared neither to know nor care about. Unlike themselves, he did not labour, neither did he trade; and, unlike all other settlers, he appeared to be amply provided with gold, which was different from the ordinary coin of the realm, being principally pieces of eight, or what were then known as Spanish Joes. When his name was mentioned they shook their heads, looked mysteriously, and whispered of piracy, of hidden treasures, spies, traitors, and persons who had fled from justice.

Captain Smith, as he was called, was a tall, sinewy, athletic man, about thirty-eight years of age. His gait and manner so strongly resembled those of a sailor, as to induce a belief that a great part of his life had been spent on the sea. In disposition he was frank, manly, and irascible, while his conversation ex-

hibited such a thorough knowledge of the world, that it was evident he was no ordinary man. He spoke several languages fluently, and appeared to be familiar with the principal ports in Europe and America. A great part of his time was spent in fishing, hunting, and boating, in all of which he exhibited surprising dexterity. By most of his neighbours he was feared and avoided—an annoyance for which he appeared to derive some compensation from the friendship of the Indians, whom he attached to him in a remarkable degree, and in encouraging and provoking fears, the absurdity of which he was either unwilling or too proud to explain. Still, although the people on the river declined associating with him, they were afraid to disobey a man who appeared to them to be in league with supernatural powers; and no one had his commissions at Halifax so well executed, or his freight so punctually delivered, as he had. An intimate acquaintance with the state of the atmosphere enabled him to predict with great certainty the continuance or change of wind, and the approach of a storm; upon which subject, whenever his opinion was accidentally asked, he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in tolling the bell of poor Nicholas Spohr, as if he derived his information from its peculiar intonations.

Mrs. Smith, who was several years younger than her husband, was an uncommonly handsome woman, but the predominant character of her face was that of melancholy, the cause of which appeared to be as mysterious as everything else about them. Whether it arose from the total seclusion in which they lived, from the loss of children, of which she at that time appeared to have none, from ill-health, or from the apprehension of some impending calamity, people were unable even to conjecture.

The house exhibited a strange mixture of coarse furniture and articles of considerable value. The principal room, which had been unaltered from the time of the French, was of unusual length, having a

fireplace at either extremity, as if intended for the reception of two tables—an arrangement which Captain Smith appeared to have approved and adopted, as the furniture of each end was different, the one resembling that of a parlour, and the other that of a servants' hall. At both sides of the chimney, at the upper part, was a door leading into a bedroom; a corresponding arrangement was made at the lower end, one apartment being a scullery and the other a sleeping-room. I have before observed, that there was a large projection in the rear, which gave to the entire building a resemblance to the letter T, and communicated with the hall by a door in the centre. The whole ground-flat of this part of the house was appropriated to the double purpose of a larder and storeroom, and contained the staircase that led to the attics.

The decorations of the hall bespoke a sportsman. The walls were covered with the antlers of the moose and cariboo, fowling-pieces, fusees, and pistols, most of which had rich, and some antique mountings; and also with fishing-rods, landing-nets, salmon-spears, and every variety of a fisherman's gear. South American bows and arrows were also displayed there, from the latter of which was suspended a card, marked poison. Nothing excited such terror among his simple neighbours as the accuracy of his aim, and the deadly effect of these mysterious weapons. In hunting the deer of the country, he always carried them, in addition to his gun, but never used them, unless there was a herd which he was unwilling to disturb by the noise of fire-arms. Upon these occasions, he resorted to these quiet but certain messengers of death. Whenever or wherever any animal was struck with one of these missiles, in less than three minutes it fell a victim, if not to the wound, to the poison; and yet, strange to say, though it destroyed vitality, it in no way affected the flavour or the wholesomeness of the venison. Even the savages beheld with awe a man who possessed arms as noiseless as their own, as un-

erring as those of the white men, and more fatal than either. On shelves near the door leading into the projection were several articles of old and curiously-fashioned silver, the form and workmanship of which were wholly unlike anything of that century. It was difficult to say whether they were the remnant of family plate, or a collection resulting from a taste for articles of antiquity. His neighbours, however, very summarily decided that they were the plunder of a pirate. The mantelpiece was graced by a guitar, a violin, and bugle, and one or two exquisitely finished and richly mounted miniatures. There were no carpets in any of the rooms, the place of which was supplied by furs of bears and other animals.

With the exception of the fearful and deadly arrows, which I have described, there was nothing in all this to excite the surprise of the simple-minded inhabitants beyond that of eccentricity, and resources to which they were unaccustomed; but at the lower end of the room sat two beings who realized all that the Germans had ever heard, read, or imagined, as incarnate devils. The familiar attendants on this dangerous stranger were an old man and woman, of diminutive stature, as black as ebony, whose heads were covered with wool instead of hair, having teeth of extraordinary size and whiteness, and feet of enormous length, half of which extended behind the ankle, in the shape of a heel, and who spoke a language neither Saxon, English, nor French.

The man, whom he called Cato, was several years older than the female. His head was grey, which contrasted strangely with the colour of his skin. His arms were of uncommon length, and wholly disproportioned to his height. His hands were small, and his fingers long, slender, and bony, bearing a striking resemblance to claws, while the palms and nails were almost white. He was habited in a sort of frock-coat made of seal-skin, gathered in at the waist by a red sash, from which were suspended a fur pouch, and

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a large knife, covered by a leathern scabbard. The rest of his apparel consisted of small-clothes and black gaiters. The wool on his head stood out from it like the fleece of a sheep, and gave it a heavy and massive appearance, while the outer and lower part was braided into numerous small plaits, and fell on his forehead and neck like pendent icicles. He wore a pair of large gold earrings; and a puncture through the nose showed that that feature had, in times past, been decorated in a similar manner. His shirt, which was of white cotton, was secured at the breast by a large circular silver brooch, in the form of a ring, from which was suspended, by a short chain, a small piece of curiously worked ivory, containing what was, no doubt, of inestimable value to him, "a charm," of amber. His countenance, though somewhat dull, and much disfigured by the cheeks being tattooed, was, on the whole, indicative of a kind and good disposition.

The female, who answered to the classical name of Venus, was very small, very thin, and, for her age, remarkably active. She wore on her head a bright scarlet silk handkerchief, tied behind. Her dress consisted of a short body, made of printed calico, with gay and gaudy flowers on it, and a skirt of shining glazed green cloth. Round her neck were wound several rows of beads, which supported an ivory case, similar in form, and devoted to the same purpose, as that of her husband.

The English settlers, the descendants of a people who, in New England, had believed in sorcery, and burned witches, though not without a full share of superstition, and on other points sufficiently terrified at the new occupant of the haunted house, knew these blacks to be Africans, and explained to the ignorant foreigners that they were a people descended from Cain, and destined by Providence to expiate the sin of their progenitor, by being for ever the slaves of white men. This, however, was merely an assertion, unsupported by any proof whatever—terrible if true,

but more awful if false. But true it could not be, for they had never seen such beings in Germany, which was a country that contained all that was worth seeing or knowing in the world. They heard the explanation, shook their heads, and disbelieved; for they were fully satisfied that Captain Smith was a magician, and that his two servants were imps of darkness, who either inspired his conduct, or executed his wicked commands.

Such was the house, its inmates, and the reputation of both, in the year 1795. Although the "Hufeisen Bucht" was dreaded and avoided as much as possible by the inhabitants, there were two classes of persons who constantly frequented it, and were always hospitably entertained—the Indians, and sporting officers from Halifax, of both the army and navy. The first salmon I ever caught was on La Haive, when a guest at the Cove; and even now, at this distance of time, I recall, with great pleasure, an evening spent in company with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, in listening to the delightful conversation of the former, and the sweet and melancholy songs of that most charming and interesting woman. Judge of my surprise, therefore, when, the following year (1796), while at Lunenburg with the court (rather for pleasure than business, for I was not then called to the bar), I met Captain Smith in the custody of a number of armed men, on a charge of having robbed and murdered a pedlar. He begged me to accompany him to the prison and procure a professional man to conduct his defence, congratulating himself, at the same time, that, as the court was sitting, and he was innocent, he would be at large again in the course of a few days.

It appears that, about four or five years previous to his arrest, in consequence of the increasing infirmities of the old Negro servant, Captain Smith had brought a boy from Halifax as an indented apprentice, the son of a soldier, whose regiment was about to embark for the West Indies. The loneliness of the place,

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its bad reputation, and the mysterious conduct of its owner, filled the mind of the boy with terror and suspicion. He made several attempts to escape on board of some of the coasting vessels that frequented La Haive; but such was the general apprehension that was entertained of Captain Smith's power and resentment, no person was found willing to aid him in such a dangerous enterprise. At last, availing himself of his master's absence, he swam to the opposite shore, and proceeded through the woods to Lunenburg, which, after a circuitous route, attended with incredible labour and fatigue, he reached in safety. He immediately preferred an accusation of murder against the proprietor of the Cove. The particulars of the charge, as appeared by his deposition, were briefly these:—

He stated, that in the month of March immediately succeeding his landing at the Hufeisen Bucht, there arrived an officer from Halifax and a pedlar, both of whom spent the night there; that his master, who had been absent all the afternoon, returned about eight o'clock in the evening; and that after supper the pedlar, who appeared to be very weary, retired early, and was conducted to a room above the projection, usually occupied by himself, who that night slept before the fire, at the lower end of the hall. Mrs. Smith, he said, also withdrew soon afterwards, leaving her husband and the officer, who sat up late, drinking and smoking.

To the latter the captain related the massacre of poor old Nicholas Spohr's family, and the execution of the four Indians, who were hanged on the willow-trees in front of the house, which led to a desultory conversation, in which they mutually related stories of murder, robberies, and apparitions, which the boy stated so riveted his attention, as to keep him awake during the whole period they were up, and so terrified him, as to occasion his sleep to be broken and uneasy. He went on to say, that during the night he saw the door

of the projection open, and the two men issue from it, carrying a dead body (partly covered with a cloak), of the size and bulk of the pedlar, who was a remarkably stout man ; that the feet appeared to be fastened together, and the arms covered by the cloak ; that he could not distinguish the features of the face, on account of the flickering light of the wood fire, but he could plainly see the long black hair that covered it ; that the body was naked, and the white skin as manifest as if it were exhibited by daylight. He swore positively that the person who supported the head was his master, but he was unable to identify the man who carried the feet of the corpse, as he had never seen him before or since, though his appearance was that of a sailor. He further deposed, that he distinctly heard the footsteps of the two men and the sound of a sled on the crisp snow, until they were lost in the distance ; and that, at last, wearied and exhausted, he fell fast asleep, and it was broad daylight when he was aroused by the captain, who ordered him to get up and replenish the fire, and then proceeded himself to renew his own, and call the officer.

Shortly afterwards, he said, the two Negroes made their appearance ; a hasty meal was prepared, and arrangements made for moose-hunting ; that, as they were sitting down to the table, the officer asked where the pedlar was, to which Mr. Smith replied that he had departed early, while he had been absent catching some fresh fish for their breakfast, and that lazy fellow (meaning the deponent) was asleep before the fire ; and he was sorry to say, had left the house without having had anything to eat. He further stated, that as soon as his master and the officer were out of sight, he followed the track of the hand-sled, which he traced down to the Cove, and across it to the outer extremity of the heel of the horse-shoe, where the current of the river had swept away the ice, leaving that on the sheltered and quiet Cove as firm and as solid as in the middle of the winter ; that at about thirty feet from

the termination of the ice there was a large aperture newly cut with an axe, and he could plainly perceive the impression of a human body extended at full length on the snow, which both there and at the edge near the river was a good deal trampled down. He had, therefore, no means, he said, of ascertaining whether the body was thrown into the river, to be carried by its currents into the ocean, or sunk with heavy weights through the hole in the ice, but that he had no doubt whatever it was disposed of either one way or the other.

He added, that he had never had a happy day since, the secret had preyed so heavily on his mind, deeply affecting his health, strength, and spirits, and that he had frequently made inquiries at every opportunity that offered, and always heard that the pedlar was a missing man. He concluded by stating, that from about that period the manner of his master, who, he was sure, suspected him of knowing something of the murder, had undergone a very unfavourable change towards him. Previously to this event, he had been kind and considerate to him, but soon afterwards he became severe and morose, and, as if to anticipate his charge, or to account for it when made, had frequently accused him of stealing a silver cup; and had lately threatened, if he did not produce it, to make him sleep under the bell of old Nicholas in the block-house, which he had no doubt was intended to be a prelude to his own murder.

This was a serious charge, and what invested it with more importance, was that it was well known in the country that the pedlar, who had been traced to the Hufeisen Bucht, had never been seen or heard of afterwards; and long before the accusation had assumed this definite and positive form, a rumour had been generally circulated and believed that he had come to an untimely end there.

Smith, however, made very light of all this, and said that no man in his senses could believe such an absurd

story; that the boy was not much more than half-witted, and moreover, was a thief, as he had stolen from him an antique silver cup, which, though of no great intrinsic value, from certain circumstances connected with it he prized more than all the rest of the plate he had in his house. He said he recollected the pedlar being there, and departing early in the morning, and his scolding his servant Cato for allowing him to go without his breakfast, and that the Negro excused himself by saying that the man expressed a wish to do so for fear of disturbing the household, but that beyond this all the rest of the story was an invention of a disordered or wicked mind.

The testimony of Cato was all that he had to oppose to this connected and dreadful accusation, and his counsel considered it indispensable that he should be produced at the trial; but, strange to say, not a man in the place could be induced to go for him. The most liberal reward was offered; but such was the horror every body entertained of the Hufeisen Bucht and its inmates, especially the blacks, that every one was afraid to undertake the perilous voyage. Fortunately, there was a vessel in the harbour at the time from the West Indies, the master and crew of which had seen too much of Negroes to give credence to such idle superstitions. As it was a case that admitted of no delay, I prevailed upon the skipper to furnish me with a boat and four men to row me to La Haive.

Leaving the barge at the entrance of the Cove, I proceeded on foot to the house, and returned with this important but fearful witness, having first left directions with Mrs. Smith that we should be followed by an Indian canoe to reconduct him in safety to his home.

At the trial, the boy adhered to the story to which he had attested before the magistrate, without the slightest variance or prevarication. There was such an air of sincerity and truth in his manner, and such a total absence of anything like temper or exaggeration.

tion, that his evidence made a very strong and unfavourable impression against the captain. Smith's lawyer made a very able and ingenious defence for him, and called the African to prove that he had seen the pedlar at daylight in the morning, and had pressed him to remain and breakfast before his departure.

I shall never forget the effect produced on the audience by the appearance of the Negro. The crowd involuntarily drew back and opened a free passage to a being whom they regarded with the most pious horror. When he was placed in the witness-box, all those in the neighbourhood of it withdrew to a distance, as if afraid of his fearful influence upon them. His testimony was clear, distinct, and positive as to his conversation after daylight with the pedlar, and completely negatived that part of the evidence of the boy which went to prove the removal of the body during the night.

The charge of the Judge was in favour of the prisoner. He stated to the jury that there was no positive proof of a murder, nor of the identity of the body; that it was quite possible that a weak-minded boy, terrified by the superstitious character of the place in which he lived, and the nature of the conversation he had overheard that night, might have seen in a dream that which he supposed he had beheld when awake; that pedlars, from their habits, were erratic people; and this one, though he might not again have repeated his visits to La Haive, might still be pursuing his wandering occupation in some other part of the province; that in all cases the body of the deceased should be found, unless its loss or destruction were most satisfactorily accounted for; but that where the evidence was weak on this point, the proof of a murder ought to be so clear, so plain and conclusive, as not only to leave no doubt upon the mind, but to exclude any other possible hypothesis whatever: and much more to the same effect; and, after adverting in

strong terms to the conflicting testimony of the black, he concluded by recommending a verdict of acquittal.

The jury, after retiring to their room, returned into Court in a few minutes, and the foreman announced their decision, which was, that the prisoner was *Guilty!*

Smith was evidently taken by surprise, but he did not lose his self-possession. He thanked the Judge for his able and impartial charge, and assured him that the day would come when the truth of his conjectures and his own innocence would be fully established, and maintained that he was a victim to the ignorance, prejudice, and superstition of the people. He was then remanded to the gaol, and followed by a noisy, excited, and turbulent crowd, that exulted in his conviction, and longed for the gratification of witnessing the execution of the great sorcerer.

The day of the trial had been one of intense heat, and, at times, the air of the small and over-crowded court-house was almost insupportable. The succeeding night was remarkable for one of the most terrific thunderstorms ever known; a vessel in the harbour and one or two buildings in the town were struck by lightning, and a blockhouse, that overlooked and guarded the settlement, was burned down.

In the morning, the prisoner and a sentinel, whom the officious zeal or dislike of the community had placed over him, were both missing. The convict's room bore its usual appearance. The door was locked and bolted, the iron grating of the window was secure, and the massive bars that protected the flue of the chimney were all in their respective places. The gun of the watchman (which was found standing reversed, the but-end up, and the muzzle secured to the ground by the bayonet attached to it) alone remained to prove that the flight of its owner had been violent and sudden. No attempt was made to pursue the murderer, whom no prison could restrain, and who could call in the very elements to his aid to baffle the efforts and defy the laws of man.

All the wealth of all the county of Lunenburg could not have bribed a person to follow the dreaded owner of the "Hufeisen Bucht." It was plain he was in league with the Devil, and every one thought it was the safest and wisest course to allow him to join his Satanic friend and patron in peace. Great was the lamentation over poor Caspar Horn, the sentinel, who, every one believed, was carried off by Captain Smith, or his African magician, and deposited in the grave of old Nicholas Spohr, or sunk many fathoms deep in the river with the murdered pedlar. It was a great event for Heindrich Lybolt, the landlord of the great tavern of Lunenburg, who disposed of more gin, rum, and tobacco on that day to his agitated and affrighted countrymen, than upon any previous or subsequent occasion.

Everybody had heard strange noises and seen strange sights during the preceding night. The gaoler asserted that his children were nearly suffocated with the fumes of sulphur, and that the house shook as if it had been rocked by an earthquake. One of the oldest women in the town averred that she had seen a ball of fire resting on the church steeple for several minutes; while many persons maintained that they had heard the most frightful screams and yells; and, although they could not recollect the voice at the time, they now remembered it resembled that of poor Caspar as he was carried through the air. The foreman of the jury declared that, at about twelve o'clock that night, as he was leaving the tavern to proceed to his own house in the next street, he encountered an enormously tall, black man, with a pair of eyes that glistened like fire, who immediately grappled him by his neckcloth, and nearly choked him, and dragged him along with him, with as much ease as if he had been a child, to the edge of the woods, where he left him, almost strangled, to find his way home as he best could, having first inflicted many grievous stripes upon him; and he exhibited the marks on his throat and back, which were distinctly visible for several days.

At the time I am speaking of, there was scarcely a horse owned in the whole county of Lunenburg. All the country people who had occasion to visit the town united business with pleasure, and brought a waggon-load of wood, or some agricultural production, to sell to traders, who exported them to Halifax. These waggons were drawn by oxen, harnessed by the horns instead of the yoke, as used by settlers of American descent. The great tavern (for there was but one then in the place, which, strange to say, in the absence of all such animals, was called "Das Weisse Ross," or White Horse) was surrounded by numerous teams of this description, while their masters were spending the money they had earned in the tap-room. The terrors of the past night induced all the farmers to leave town earlier on the following morning than usual, that they might not be overtaken by night or the convict before they reached their respective homes.

As this procession moved off from the inn, loud screams, mingled with many German oaths, were heard from one of the carts, the owner of which protested that Captain Smith, or the Devil, lay concealed in the straw in it. Many absconded, and left their cattle to their fate; others urged them to their utmost speed; while some, armed with pitchforks, more courageous than the rest, advanced to try the effect of cold steel upon the demon.

Assailed on all sides, and dreadfully wounded by his friends, poor Caspar Horn managed to roll over on his back, and sit up and exhibit himself to the view of his astonished and terrified countrymen. His neck-cloth was tied tightly over his mouth, his hands were secured behind him, and his feet firmly bound together with a cord. When released, and enabled to speak, he had but little to tell, and that little was most marvellous. The last he recollected of the gaol was walking up and down in front of the prisoner's window, with his musket on his shoulder; the first thing he

knew afterwards was that he was bound hand and foot, speechless, and lying on his face nearly smothered with straw; but how, when, or by whom this was effected, he was perfectly ignorant, having been in a state of insensibility the whole time.

The character of "Hufeisen Bucht," if it was indifferent before, became now perfectly terrible. The owner had this day converted all rumours into realities, and had clearly shown that its occupants were in league with the Prince of Darkness. Every accident or misfortune that afterwards happened in the country was laid to the charge of Captain Smith or the Devil. Every calf that died, every cow that refused to yield her milk, every boat that was upset, and every unsuccessful voyage or failure of crop, was attributed to the agency of this mysterious stranger. After his conviction and escape he was never seen. The boatman avoided the Cove, and the huntsman the forest that surrounded the "Hufeisen Bucht." Whether he or his family were there, no one knew, or had the wish or the courage to ascertain; all that was known was that nobody had seen him.

The following year, I again accompanied the Court to Lunenburg, and, procuring an Indian canoe, proceeded to La Haive, and entered the beautiful and romantic little Cove. Everything about the house seemed to wear the same aspect as when I had previously seen it, and everybody to be pursuing their several occupations as before. Mrs. Smith received me kindly and hospitably; but, though she well recollected me, and the warm interest I had taken in her husband's defence, she declined giving me any information about him. She entered fully and freely, however, into conversation relative to the abominable charge (as she designated it) that had been preferred against him, and the still more extraordinary verdict, which was neither supported by law nor evidence. After partaking of some refreshment, I took my leave of her, entreating her, if ever, on any occasion, she

thought I could be of any service either to herself or her husband, not to fail to command me.

Into the upper part of the Cove fell a large stream, which was fed by extensive lakes in the interior. Beside the desire I had to revisit the family, I had another object in view, fishing for salmon, for which I was fully equipped. Instead, therefore, of returning to the river, I ascended the stream, which I tried with indifferent success for about three miles, when my progress was arrested by a cataract of great height. While pausing to consider whether I should attempt to clamber up this precipitous ascent, or return to the main river, I heard the sound of an axe at no great distance from the right bank of the brook. Knowing that this could alone proceed from an Indian encampment, I immediately hastened in search of it, for the double purpose of obtaining a guide through the woods to Petite Rivière, a distance of seven miles, and to avoid the disagreeable necessity of again intruding upon the privacy of Mrs. Smith. In a few minutes I reached the place, and suddenly encountered my friend the captain at the door of the principal tent, which stood at about fifty yards distant from the others. He was overjoyed to see me, and pressed me to remain with him all night; an invitation which, for many reasons, I was anxious to receive and accept.

"Here I am," he said, "in perfect security, as you see, and also at perfect liberty; being well guarded by the ghosts and goblins of the 'Hufeisen Bucht' on the one hand, and on the other by my faithful allies, the Indians, over whom I possess an absolute control. I do not consider it prudent to reside constantly at my house, because even cowards find courage in numbers, and there is no telling what the *posse comitatus* of the county might take it into their wise heads to do. I frequently visit my family though, and sometimes spend two or three days there at a time; but upon these occasions always take the prudent, though, I believe, unnecessary, precaution of having outlaying

scouts, to give me the earliest intimation of an attack. I often smile at the idle importance with which I am invested, having nothing whatever remarkable about me, but for having been all my life the victim of circumstances. I knew you were in the neighbourhood, and my body-guard are now in search of you to bring you hither. Read this despatch" (a note from his wife) "while I recall them;" and then, taking from one of the posts of the tent a bugle, he blew the retreat.

I have always admired the notes of this instrument, the tones of which are so clear and powerful, and at the same time so sweet; but in the silence and solitude of an American forest they are of a nature never to be forgotten.

The paper he had put into my hands ran as follows:

"Mr. Sandford is now fishing on the brook; seek or avoid him as you think proper; but, from the strong interest he expresses on your behalf, I recommend an interview.
E. M."

I returned it to him, without making any remark upon the signature, which plainly disclosed that Smith was a fictitious name, and merely observed that he ought not to be surprised if people, who were not aware of his means of information, regarded his knowledge with something more than astonishment. He then crossed over to the encampment, and returned with an Indian, to whom he conversed freely in his own language, who immediately set about preparing a couch for me in the corner of the tent, made of light spruce boughs, over which he spread some furs, and, in a few minutes more, produced a capital supper of broiled salmon, smoked herrings, and dried venison. In the evening we walked up and down in front of the camp, smoking and talking, until a late hour. The principal topic of conversation, as you may naturally suppose, was the crime of which he stood convicted.

"It would be easy for me," he said, "to effect my escape, if I thought proper to do so, and I certainly

would, if I were guilty ; but knowing the charge to be false, and feeling how much flight would compromise my character, I am determined not to leave the province until I have first ascertained that the pedlar has left it also. I have my Indian emissaries abroad seeking him in all the settlements of the country, and am now awaiting their report. That I am not what I seem I need not tell you, but who and what I am, I regret to say, I cannot at present inform you ; but any person of common sense, I should have supposed, would have found it difficult to believe that a man like me could have been tempted to commit murder to possess himself of the horn-combs, the pins, needles, and thread of a pedlar ; and still less, if I were a magician, as these people believe me to be, that I could content myself with such mean plunder. I never was more astonished in my life than at the verdict of the jury, and the implacable resentment of the people. Poor simpletons ! Did they suppose that I intended to remain in their miserable prison, to gratify their idle curiosity while awaiting the intervention of government ? for that that verdict could ever have been sustained I cannot bring myself for a moment to imagine. As soon as I entered the gaol, which is not strong enough to hold a rat, I examined it most carefully and minutely, and discovered, to my surprise, that one of the short boards of the floor, which is a single one, was loose.

“ Before daylight of the morning of the trial, I lifted it, and let myself down into a low cellar underneath, which communicated by an open window with the street. Escape, therefore, if necessary, I found to be both easy and certain. The dark night and dreadful storm that ensued afforded the opportunity that I desired. Secreting myself near the cellar window, I awaited a flash of lightning to ascertain the exact position of the sentinel, whom I immediately levelled by a blow that rendered him insensible. I then secured him in the manner you have heard ; and as it was an object with me to increase the terror with which I was

regarded, in order to prevent pursuit, I carried him to one of the carts standing near the tavern, and covered him with straw, to form a theme for a new tale of wonder. Just as I turned into the street, I encountered that scoundrel the foreman of the jury, who endeavoured so basely to rob me of my reputation and my life, and fearing that he might give the alarm, I seized him by the neckcloth, which I twisted tight enough to prevent him from calling for aid, and then dragged him to the edge of the wood, occasionally prompting his speed by a blow from an ox-goad. Having reached this place in safety, I released him, but chased him nearly half way back to the town, belabouring him unmercifully, and adding the loudest and most terrific yells I could utter to the despairing shrieks of the terrified juryman. Such infernal sounds were never yet vented, and, perhaps, never will again be heard in Lunenburg."

Those were the unearthly screams that were supposed to have emanated from Mr. Caspar Horn, the valiant sentinel. The following morning Captain Smith offered to guide me himself a part of the way to Petite Rivière. He said that about two miles to the southward of where we then were was a blazed line,¹ run several years before by a government surveyor, which would conduct me to a mill on the river, near which was the best salmon fishery in the province. When once upon it, he said, I could not miss the route; that he was sorry he could not escort me the whole distance, but he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing me on my return.

After breakfast, armed with his gun and his fatal arrows, attended by his dogs, and having his bugle slung over his shoulder (for, he said, he never went beyond the reach of its call to his allies), he accompanied me in search of the line, which, he said, he had not seen for

¹ This is a term applied to a boundary marked by cutting a chip out of every tree in the line run by the compass, and admirably well calculated for the purpose.

several years, for it passed through a tract of land covered with spruce-trees, and unintersected by brooks, which, of course, offered no attractions to the hunter or fisherman. In less than half an hour from the time we left the encampment, we reached the blazed line, which was distinctly visible.

"Here we are," he exclaimed ; "there can be no mistake now ; it will lead you in safety to the river. I will proceed with you about a mile further, which is as far as is compatible with my safety, or the supposed beat of my predecessor, poor Nicholas Spohr."

We had not travelled far, before a violent barking of the dogs awakened our apprehensions. Smith immediately paused, and examined the priming of his gun, which he handed to me, and asked me to hold for him a few minutes ; he then took off his bow, and strung it, and exchanged it with me for the former.

"Let us advance cautiously," he said ; "there is something unusual here—my impression is, they have come upon a bear, and, if so, we may possibly need both the bullet and the arrow. Whatever it is, they have tree'd it, or brought it to bay, for it is stationary, and we are close upon them. Let me go a-head."

"The pedlar, by G—d !" were the first words I heard from my excited companion, while loud and long continued howls from the dogs succeeded their barking. It was a dreadful spectacle. The first object that met our view was a pair of up-turned snow-shoes, beyond which extended the skeleton of a man grasping a long corroded knife ; near him lay a rusty pistol, which had evidently been discharged ; by his side was the tattered skin and the frame of an enormous bear, and a little further off the box containing the wares of the unfortunate trumper. Smith was a man of great nerve and self-possession ; though agitated, he was by no means overcome. His first thought appeared to be of his wife, and not of himself.

"Emily must know this immediately," he said.

He then discharged his gun, and blew a long, loud blast on his bugle, and repeated those signals several times. After which, he proceeded to examine the relative situation of the man and the bear, and conjecture and describe the nature of the conflict which had proved so fatal to both.

"How lucky it is, my good friend," he said, "that you are here to instruct me what legal steps are necessary to be taken to vindicate my character, and redeem me from the penalties of the law."

He then resumed his bugle, and sounded it with an air of impatience, which was soon answered by a shrill whistle, and the appearance of two Indians. To these he made an animated harangue, in the Micmac language, accompanied by much gesticulation after their own manner, pointing alternately to the bodies, himself, and his house. One remained behind, and the other disappeared with incredible speed, while we returned by a direct course to the encampment. According to my advice, he ordered these people to remove their tents immediately to the spot where we had found the bodies, and not to permit anything to be displaced from the position in which they had been discovered. We then proceeded with all practicable speed to the "Hufeisen Bucht."

The story is now soon told. The coroner was sent for, and a jury with much difficulty assembled, and taken by a circuitous route to the spot (for nothing in the world would induce them to pass by the Cove), and a verdict of accidental death was returned. From what they saw, they were constrained to do so; but as everything was possible with a magician, they were far from satisfied that the captain and his black sorcerer had not conjured up those appearances to deceive the public. But as they had suffered so much by his conviction, they now thought it not unwise to appease his wrath by an apparent acquittal. When the box was opened, the first object that met the astonished sight of Smith was the silver cup, which had occa-

sioned the early departure of the pedlar, and the unjust suspicions against the boy ; nor was he less surprised by the production of a black fox-skin, which he recognised as his own by a bullet mark through the body, that had much impaired its value, and the loss of which he had always attributed to the carelessness or dishonesty of the person to whom he had entrusted the freight of his furs. After the discharge of the jury, and our return to the "Hufeisen Bucht," while discoursing upon these events, he suddenly remarked—

"That black fox-skin has recalled to my mind the whole affair. The boy, after all, had some foundation for his charge. I now remember, that late on that day on which the officer and the tramper arrived, I found a vessel at anchor in the river, nearly opposite to the Cove, and that the skipper, Peter Strump, promised me, when the wind should be fair, to take on board to Halifax a very valuable roll of furs, which I was desirous of sending to England. He was one of the very few Germans who were either not afraid of me or my place, or so fully believed in my power as to deem it safe to comply with my orders. I recollect prophesying to him that the wind would change a little before daylight, and directed him, if such should be the case, as it was a moonlight night, to come and tap at my window, and I would assist him to convey the package down to his boat. He accordingly came, and we carried it from the projection through the hall (where the boy slept), as noiselessly as possible, so as not to disturb the officer. The manner in which it was rolled, naturally exhibited the white tanned side of the outer skin, and the projecting fur at the end might easily have suggested the idea of the hair of the head, while the cloak was thrown across it, to be worn afterwards by myself, when catching fresh fish for breakfast through the hole in the ice—a novel mode of fishing suggested to me by the Indians. How I should have overlooked or forgotten these particulars

I cannot imagine, unless it arose from the profound contempt I felt both for the boy and his story, or from a fatality that has always accompanied me through life, for I have ever been the victim of circumstances."

* * * *

Two years after this event, Captain Smith called upon me at Halifax, and informed me that he and his family were about embarking on the following day for England; that he had brought away a few articles of value with him from the Hufeisen Bucht, distributed the rest among his old friends, the Indians, and burned down the buildings, which being of little value in themselves, and wholly unsaleable, could only serve to record the misfortunes of their past, or awaken the fears of their future owners.

At a subsequent period, I had the pleasure to renew my acquaintance with him in his native land, England, when he gave me a narrative of the causes that compelled him to expatriate himself, and related to me the particulars of his singular and adventurous life in the colonies, under the assumed name of Smith, the least remarkable of which was his residence at La Haive. The land comprised within the grant of poor old Nicholas Spohr at the Cove, and a large tract extending a considerable distance on each side of it, remained derelict for many years; but as it was covered with valuable timber, cupidity in time proved stronger than superstition, and the forest has all long since been removed, and the appearance of the place is so effectually changed, that you would now find great difficulty in identifying it. The story of Nicholas and Captain Smith is only known to a few old men like myself, and will soon be lost¹ altogether, in a

¹ As an illustration of the manner in which traditions become confused, and finally lost altogether, the Judge told me that the preceding year, when revisiting the scenes of his youthful days, he ascended La Haive for the purpose of taking a last look at the Hufeisen Bucht. He said, that having

country where there is no one likely to found a romance on the inmates and incidents of the " Hufeisen Bucht."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SEASONS ;

OR, COMERS AND GOERS.

"The seasons in this colony," said the Judge, "are not only accompanied by the ordinary mutations of weather observed in other countries, but present a constant and rapid succession of incidents and people. From the opening of the ports to the close of navigation, everything and everybody is in motion, or in *transitu*. The whole province is a sort of railroad station, where crowds are perpetually arriving and

known it when a young man, in all its beauty, he could not have believed it possible that the *improvements*, as the reckless clearings in America are called, could have so transformed and disfigured this lovely spot as they have done. He was shocked to find that it was a common-looking, naked inlet, or indentation, in a great bare field, overlooked by an unsightly log-house. Three small green mounds still marked the site of the former buildings, but the glory of the place had departed for ever. The people that resided upon it, who were squatters, knew nothing of its history, beyond that of a murder having been committed there by the Indians, in the first settlement of the country. A more respectable family, living on the opposite side of the river, asserted, that the original proprietor, Nicholas Spohr, had been robbed, and barbarously killed, by a pirate called Captain Kidd, or Captain Smith; that there was a tradition that the buccaneers had buried great treasure there; and that one Jacob Lohnas, lately deceased, used to aver, that at the full of the moon in September (about the time of the first white frost), a little old man, with a long pipe in one hand, and a cane in the other, had often been seen walking on the beach at midnight; that it was a long time since they had heard the story, but they thought Jacob said he once heard him ringing a little hand-bell.

departing. It receives an emigrant population, and either hurries it onward, or furnishes another of its own in exchange. It is the land of 'comers and goers.' The yeomanry of the rural districts approach more to the character of inhabitants than those who dwell in towns or villages, but the love of change, even among them, and richer lands, warmer climates, and better times, those meteor terms that seduce them hither, still precede them, and light the way to Canada or the far west, to ruin or the grave.

"That portion which may be denominated society, presents the same dissolving views. New groups gradually fill the space vacated by others. The new know not the old, and the old inhabitant feels that he is in a land of strangers. Governors and their staffs, admirals and their squadrons, generals and their regiments, come and go, ere their names have become familiar to the ear. Commissariat, ordnance, and dockyard establishments, are landing-places in the ascent of life, where the aspiring and fortunate rest for a moment, recruit their strength, and recommence their upward journey. At the capital, all is change: it is the abode of the houseless, the wayfarer, and the stranger, but home is emphatically England to the English, Ireland to the Irish, and Scotland to the Scotch. To the Nova Scotian, the province is his native place, but North America is his country. The colony may become his home when the provinces become a nation. It will then have a name, the inhabitants will become a people, and the people have a country and a home. Until that period, it would seem as if they were merely comers and goers.

"You will soon have an opportunity of witnessing this moving mass of strangers, for the spring is now opening. It arrives later here than elsewhere, has but little time to remain, a vast deal of business to despatch, and, being possessed of the power of ubiquity, is at work everywhere. It comes with a clear unclouded sky, a bright and dazzling sun, and a soft

and balmy south-west air. It pauses for a while, as if to survey the extent of its labour, and smiles with satisfaction and delight at the contemplation of its own power, and the speed and ease with which it can dissolve the chains of winter, and vivify and clothe prostrate and inanimate nature. In an hour or two, the snow begins to be soft and moist, the ice to glisten, and then grow dim with trickling tears, while the frozen covering of accumulated drifts releases its hold, and slowly moves from the roofs of the houses, and falls like an avalanche on the streets, which first assume a yellow, and then a dingy brown colour. The hills, meanwhile, pour forth their streams, which, descending to low places in the vain hope of finding their accustomed vents, form large pools of water, that threaten to unite and submerge the town. Everybody is occupied in preventing this calamity, and axes, shovels, and bars of iron are in requisition, to force the entrances of the subterranean caverns, and open a passage to the sea.

“ At night, time is given, by the cessation of the thaw, for the waters to pass off, and in the morning the work of destruction again commences. Long, bare pieces of muddy street appear ; teamsters may be seen urging their weary cattle across these sloughs to the sides of the road where the sun has had less power, and there is still sufficient ice to support the sleds ; little canals are everywhere in process of formation, to conduct the water from courtyards, to the reservoirs of the streets, and neighbours assist each other with good-natured zeal in this work of mutual defence. In a few days, the snow disappears from the town, save here and there a black and slimy heap, which a covering of ashes or of straw has protected from the searching rays of the sun. Is this a sudden thaw peculiar to this climate, or is it the advent of Spring ? It is a question that may well admit of doubt, and experience is in favour of either opinion, until the answer is given from above. Everybody is

abroad, and every head is raised to the heavens, and vociferous greetings are given to the numerous heralds, now proclaiming the termination of winter; immense flocks of wild geese are continually passing from North to South, in their semi-annual migration. The first comers have come, and, like all other emigrants, lose great numbers on their arrival. Death is busy everywhere. The shop-boy has a holiday, the apprentice makes one, the sportsman is in the field, and every little urchin, in defiance of orders, and in contempt of the penalties of domestic law, joins the corps of sharpshooters.

“ This sunny weather is always succeeded by a heavy gale from the southward, and the floating ice in the river is driven into the basin of Minas, and thence into the Bay of Fundy. Boats are seen floating on its tranquil surface, and knots of strange-looking men, with the gait of sailors but the dress of landmen, wearing long blue coats, beaver hats, and grey, homespun trowsers, and carrying bundles in their hands, are standing in the streets in eager consultation. They are the owners and mariners of the dismantled vessels in the port, who have spent the winter with their families on their farms, and are now preparing to bend their sails, take on board a load of gypsum with which the wharfs are covered, and proceed on their first voyage to the States. The ‘O! heave-o!’ or the merry cheerful sailors chorus, rises on the breeze, and the docks are full of life and animation. Loud and hearty cheers, from the noisy throng on the quay, announce that a vessel with the colonial symbol of Spring—a spruce bough at her foretop—has just cast anchor, the first comer, and that another has just hauled into the stream, the first goer of the season.

“ Apart from this assemblage is a group of women: many kind words and benedictions are heard, many tears shed, and loving embraces exchanged in this sad and sorrowing circle. It is a leave-taking of

friends and relations, of some native females, who are about to seek their fortune in the great republic, where they are to cease to be servants, and become factory ladies, and where they will commence their career by being helps, and hope to terminate it by becoming helpmates. Hope, and novelty, and a new world are with the exiles, but memory, with its happy past, and loneliness and desertion, with its dreary future, is the lot of those they leave behind them. Thus is it ever in life—it is not those who are taken, but those who remain to mourn, that are to be pitied. One man appears to hover round them in great distress, unable to go, and unwilling to be separated from them, and wanders to and fro, like one who cannot decide what course to pursue. At last he assumes the courage of desperation, joins the weeping circle, and, after some apparent difficulty, prevails upon one of them to walk apart with him, and indulge him with the melancholy pleasure of exchanging their sad adieus in private. The fair one yields to his intreaties, and, after a short but embarrassing interview, abandons her migration, and remains in her own country, to consent to a union which she no doubt thought ought to have been earlier proposed.

“The place of the weeping friends is soon supplied by arrivals from the strange sail. In exchange for the ‘factory ladies’ exported, American itinerant pedlars, lecturers, and speculators, are imported. A tall, thin man, with a pair of shoulders of remarkably narrow dimensions, and a neck of unusual length, dressed in a suit of black, with a satin waistcoat surmounted by several coils of gold chain, and wearing a glazed leather stock, and a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, mounts guard on the wharf over a large black trunk covered with yellow copper-looking bolt-heads, secured by clasps of the same brilliant metal at the corners and edges, and having his name and title on a long brass plate on the top, ‘Mr. John Smith, P.P.M., C.C., Mss.,’ which enigmatical letters sig-

nify Professor of Phrenology and Mesmerism, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

“ In a few minutes he is joined by a swarthy, foreign-looking man, with a long beard and bald head, and shabbily dressed, carrying a travelling haversack on his shoulders, and something in a green bag above it, resembling a violin. It is Mr. Nehemiah Myers, singing-master to the tribe of Levi, as he calls himself, but the wandering Jew, as he is universally known over the whole United States, every part of which he has traversed on foot, supporting himself on his journey by his musical talents. He visits houses in the rural districts, and relates his travels, beguiling the time with tales of his strange adventures, until it is late at night, when he is offered a bed, and, having effected a lodgment, remains a day or two, singing or playing on his violin, having a choice collection of psalmody for sedate families, of fashionable songs, for those who are fond of such music, and bacchanalian ditties for the bar-rooms of inns. He is sober, amusing, and honest, and accepts hospitality, or some trifling remuneration for his services. He talks so familiarly of Jewish history, that many people feel persuaded they have seen and conversed with the real wanderer.

“ The party is now increased by the addition of a third person. He is a stout, jolly-looking fellow, with a facetious expression of face, which is somewhat increased by a knowing-looking travelling-cap worn jauntingly on one side. He carries a carpet bag in one hand, and a cloak in the other, both of which he deposits on the trunk of skulls, diagrams, and calico shirts, belonging to his friend, the phrenologist, in order to await the landing of the rest of the party, and they then proceed together to the inn. He takes out a cigar-case, lights an Havanna of superior flavour, puts both hands into his breeches-pockets, and commences conversation with any one near him, with as much ease as if he had known him familiarly for many years.

“ ‘ Grand location for trade this, stranger. Guess it’s what you may call the heart of the country. Reckon it ain’t easy to ditto it anywhere. Reminds me of the rich bottoms of the Iowa—was you ever there? Great place for mills that. Will you have a cigar?’—‘ Thank you, I don’t smoke.’ ‘ First chop article, sir, I do assure you—presume you would be pleased with it, if you did. Any mills here?’—‘ Several...’ ‘ Any wheat mills, I mean?’—‘ Oh, yes, a good many.’ ‘ Have they the modern improvements, the coolers, the cleansers, the brushers, dusters, and so on?’—‘ No, they are all common, old fashioned affairs.’ ‘ Ah!’ said the jolly man; and he withdraws his hands from his pockets, and, taking his cigar from his mouth with one, knocks the ashes from it with the other, replaces it, and resumes his old attitude, repeating to himself the satisfactory ejaculation, ‘ Ahem!’ which seems to express that he has received the information he desires.

“ ‘ Which is the best inn here, stranger?’—‘ The Stirling Castle.’ ‘ Ahem! where are them mills located?’—‘ On the Clyde and Jordan rivers.’ ‘ Ah! and any good liquor at that are inn?’—‘ Very.’ ‘ I am glad to hear it. Ourn ain’t patronised in a general way, as it ought to be, as a *native* production; and it’s always so everlasting new—it commonly wants eight days of being a week old. Regular pyson. Who is the principal mill-owner?’—‘ One Ebenezer Cranck.’ ‘ Cranck! Cranck! not a bad name for a miller that! Cranck! come, I like that, now.’

“ The jolly man attracts attention; he is a queer-looking fellow, so free and easy, too, and so inquisitive. Who is he? Nobody knows, but Mr. John Smith; and the P.P.M., C.C., Mss., says he is Colonel Smut, or the Smutty Colonel, as he is called in the States. ‘ Ah! his lectures are not very delicate, then—not fit for ladies to hear; they won’t go down in this country. He had better keep his anecdotes for the bar-room of a canteen.’—‘ He is no lecturer,’ rejoins Mr. Smith;

'no theorist, but a practical man. He has invented an apparatus to attach to grist mills, to cleanse wheat of the smut. He has taken out a patent for it, and come here to dispose of it, and set up the gear. He talks of nothing else, and is therefore called Colonel Smut, or the Smutty Colonel. His name is Jonathan Bancroft.' Corn brooms, horn rakes, bush pullers, straw cutters, wooden clocks, and heaps of Yankee notions, are now put on shore for Pineo Bigelo, who intends to sell them, as he expresses it, for half nothing; and, if money is scarce, receive old iron, broken copper or brass, rags, horns, or wool in return. His time is short and precious, and he intends to give great bargains to his friends.

"But who is that sedate-looking man with spectacles, who, having landed a well-made, tall, bony horse and a waggon, with an India-rubber awning over it, is now taking his seat, and preparing to drive to the inn? He is a travelling doctor, and vender of patent medicines. He can cure gout, rheumatism, dispepsey, consumption, and all the other ills that flesh is heir to. His medicines are strong but innocent, simple but certain. They are all vegetable preparations, the secrets of which have been purchased of the Indians, or discovered by experience, and a thorough knowledge of chemistry. The phrenologist knows him, and says he has the bump of benevolence largely developed, and the scientific faculties more extensively displayed than he ever before observed. The doctor returns the compliment, and tells of the large and respectable audiences attracted by the lectures of his friend. The broom and notion man is an unprofessional fellow, that lowers the name of the great nation abroad by his tricks of trade, and they do not know him; while Colonel Smut is able to speak for himself; and, as for his machinery, it only requires to be seen to be admired, and to be understood to be valued.

"Day by day, the exchange of *emigration* for *immigration* continues, with this difference, that those who

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go, seldom return, except to speak of disappointed hopes and broken fortunes, and that those who come, remain only for a season. Retreating winter now rallies, and makes a last and desperate effort to regain its lost ground. It rides on the cold northern blast, or, driving the floating ice-fields of the St. Lawrence and Labrador before it, fills the Straits of Northumberland, blockades the adjacent harbours with its enormous icebergs, and effectually retards all vegetation, when suddenly it emerges again from the eastward, and covers the earth with snow. Long, tedious, and fierce conflicts between these two contending seasons ensue, till the succours of advancing Summer terminate the contest. Spring reigns triumphant. The lakes throw off their wintry torpor, the forest yields up its masses of snow, and the evergreens of the deep and shady swamps can no longer conceal or retain the lingering ice. Thousands and tens of thousands of nightingales (for so the *rara clamitans* of this country is humorously designated), simultaneously send forth their nocturnal serenades, and celebrate the victory that has released them from prison. The incessant and uproarious delight of these liberated captives must be heard to be fully comprehended, and the ear accustomed to its music before it can confer the pleasure that it never fails to impart to the natives.

“ Spring has now so far advanced, that we can hardly believe that Illinoo is the same place we beheld a few weeks ago. The windows and doors of the houses are all open—everything and everybody seems to be in a universal state of transition. The first of May gives new lodgers to new houses, and a simultaneous exchange of tenants takes place, while those who do not remove out of their tenements appear to abdicate nearly every room in them; for what is called the general ‘house-cleaning’ has commenced. Paint and white-wash brushes are busy everywhere; floors, ceilings, walls, and furniture, defiled by the smoke of a long winter, undergo a general purification, to the infinite

fatigue of servants, and the unspeakable annoyance of the male part of the household, who are expelled by mops, brooms, and scrubbing-brushes from their homes. Even the streets scarcely afford a safe retreat from the showers of water thrown upon or from windows, subjecting the unwary stranger to the danger of sudden immersion; nor does such a time of disorder and fatigue shelter the operators from the effects of practical jokes, or screen the offenders from immediate punishment. A loud laugh, succeeded by a scream, attests some prank, while the sudden irruption of a footman from the hall-door, followed by the irritated housemaid, mop in hand, exhibits the inconvenience of having sport converted into earnest. While the houses are thus metamorphosed within, the streets present an equal change without. Crates, deal cases, barrels, and boxes, publish the arrivals of English spring goods, and the millinery and fancy shops are crowded by ladies, who, having laid aside their tippets, muffs, furs, and warm cloaks, look like beings of a different climate and another country.

“ Spring, having now clothed the fields with verdure, unfolded the bud, expanded the blossom, and filled the air with fragrance, and the music of birds, departs as suddenly as it arrived, and leaves the seed to be ripened and the fruit matured by the succeeding season. A deep blue sky, a bright and brilliant sun, a breathing of the west wind, so soft and gentle as scarcely to awaken the restless aspen, a tropical day, preceded by a grey mist in the morning, that gradually discloses to view the rich, luxuriant, and mellow landscape, and shed a golden lustre over the waving meadows, and, above all, the solitary locust, that seeks the loftiest branch of the elm on the lawn, and sings his monotonous song, when the feathery tribe are seeking the cool retreats of the thickets, usher in the summer. The sun has scarcely set behind the dark, wavy outline of the western hills, ere the Aurora Borealis mimics its setting beams, and revels with wild delight in the heavens, which it claims as its own, now ascending

with meteor speed to the zenith, then dissolving into a thousand rays of variegated light, that vie with each other which shall first reach the horizon ; now flashing bright, brilliant, and glowing, as emanations of the sun, then slowly retreating from view, pale and silvery white, like wandering moonbeams.¹

“ Its sportive vein is soon over, and, while you watch for its re-appearance, hundreds of small volcanoes burst forth, from the depths of the forest, in all directions, sending up long, black, dense masses of smoke, that are suspended in the sky, and then illuminated by the columns of flame beneath, like sheets of burnished gold. The woods seem as if they were in a blaze everywhere, and would soon be wrapt in one general conflagration. How bright and beautiful is this nocturnal fire! now rising with impetuous rage above the tallest trees, then subsiding into a smouldering heap, and again encircling, like a wreath of light, some tall pine, and waving from its top its banner of flame, in token of victory. The giant tree, unable to resist the devouring element, falls heavily under its foe with a crash that shakes the very hills, and sends

¹ The first appearance of the Aurora Borealis was very astonishing to our ancestors, both in Europe and America. It was first seen in England in 1716, and in British North America in 1719. A very interesting account of the former was written by the Rev. Thomas Pounce, who was then in Europe. A minute description of the latter was published at Boston by an anonymous author; both of which papers are to be found in the second volume of the Collections of the Historical Society of Massachusetts. It was first noticed at Boston at eight o'clock in the evening of the 11th of December, 1719. This person who describes it concludes his quaint account as follows:—“The dreadfulness as well as strangeness of this meteor made me think of Mr. Watts's description of the Day of Judgment in English Sapphicks, and of these lines in Flatman:—

‘ When from the dungeon of the grave
The meagre throng themselves shall heave,
Shake off their linen chains and gaze
With wonder when the world shall blaze.’”

up sparkling showers of fire far away into the heavens. The foresters have invoked the aid of this dreadful element to disencumber the ground of its timber, and thereby enable them to bring their land into cultivation. Alas! they sometimes fall victims themselves to their dangerous and rapacious ally. The summer is a period of comparative repose, and the assizes are held, and the judges and lawyers 'come and go,' and the races are opened, and followed by balls and regattas.

"But what is this procession, and whence all this music? A remarkably light, open, but capacious carriage, the most beautiful thing of the kind ever seen, as the handbills say, drawn by eight white horses, which are managed with greater apparent ease and security, without the aid of postillions, and directed rather by certain cabalistic Yankee words, perfectly unintelligible to all but the prancing steeds, than by whip or reins, conveys the celebrated brass band of New England, 'the most distinguished in the whole world.' Immediately behind this wonderful equipage are some ten or twelve horses, gaudily (richly is a more appropriate term) caparisoned. These 'real Arabians,' foals of the sun, are remarkable for their fire and docility, their delicacy of limb, and great endurance. Next comes cream-coloured ones of the same royal stock as those in the stables of the Queen of England, with magnificent side-saddles and housings, covered with golden stars, and decorated with deep fringe of the same valuable material, and then jet black ponies, with long tails and flowing manes, so wild and intractable that nobody but Señor Caldero, 'Felix Bibb,' the great South American horse-tamer, can manage, and in his hands they are as gentle as lambs.

"A long train of carriages bring up the rear, the last of which, drawn by six Pensylvanian heavy dray-horses, is most conspicuous. Whatever it contains is carefully concealed from view by enormous folds of

snow-white canvass, and is doubtless very heavy, as it requires a team of such uncommon strength to transpose it. From the centre of this mass of canvass rises a staff which supports the British flag, a delicate compliment to the sensitively loyal nerves of colonists, who are always thrown into epileptic and sometimes into convulsion fits at the very sight of the rebel and Republican flag of stars and stripes. It is the great American Mammoth Circus, which means, of course, in common parlance, exactly the reverse—namely, that the company which usually exhibits during the winter at Boston or New York separates in the summer; the better portion of the performers and most valuable horses being reserved for a home tour, and the most inferior or least expensive part sent into the colonies. The handbills of the united company answer just as well for the detachment, for the fame of the corps is common property, and accompanies each division wherever it goes.

“ This splendid pageant perambulates every street of the town, amazing all the children, amusing all the idlers, and delighting all nursery-maids and their lovers at the prospect of an evening’s entertainment, where they can see and be seen, and of a walk afterwards, in which they can neither be heard nor seen. If the exterior of this exhibition be so attractive, what must the performance of such wonderful horses and celebrated men? In a few minutes the whole country is informed, both by rumour and, what is still more to be depended on, printed notices, containing full-length portraits of horses and riders, that the opportunity which may never again occur will be lost tomorrow if not seized upon at once. As soon as this gratuitous show (and it is very kind to disclose so much for nothing) is over, the procession halts in a field previously selected. The carriages take their appointed places, and, in an indescribably short space of time, an enormous tent is erected capable of accommodating two thousand people, and also a subsidiary

one for the performers and ring horses. The British flag is again displayed (for nothing American is heard but the accent and nasal twang); the music, God Save the Queen! which is very polite and considerate, strikes up, and in two hours from their first appearance in the town, they are prepared to astonish and delight their good friends of Illinoo.

“Almost everybody has seen the Circus, for this company visits us annually, but every year it has some attraction with all the other part of the entertainment. This season, it is an India-rubber man, who puts his legs over his neck, and appears to be without joints, or, if he has any, to enjoy some of a peculiar construction. Last year, a man defied the efforts of four horses to draw him from his position on a wooden frame, and played with iron shots of thirty pounds weight with as much ease as common balls. Therefore, all must go and all must see—grumblers there always will be: what community was ever united? Some people are determined not to be pleased, perversely saying that it conduces to idleness, its tendency is immoral, and it withdraws large sums from the country, which it can ill afford, and falls especially heavy on the poor and the improvident. But servants will be indulged, and children must be amused, and mammas and mistresses are kind intercessors; and what do they care if the horses are foundered, spavined, or painted, or the actors depraved? it is worth seeing, and must be seen, and there is an end of the matter.

“Is it an apparition, or a dream? it is passed and gone, and nothing is left to remind us that it has been here, but the chorus of a negro song caught up by the boys in the street, and shouted forth at every corner at night; or, a rumour that a child has broken his leg, or injured his spine in attempting summersets, after the manner of little master Young, the *great* Phenomenon. Scarcely has the last cheer of applause rewarded the last rehearsal of the last joke of the

clown, ere the pegs are drawn, the cords loosened, and the tents struck, packed and reloaded; the handsome men, in yellow tights with scarfs and gold-lace jackets, are converted into teamsters, grooms, or musicians, in rusty black clothes, and the procession is again in motion to the next village. It is a tale that is told—they are forgotten among the 'comers and goers.'

"But, if this is one of the lights of life to the juvenile part of the community, here is a melancholy shade—a general gloom succeeds—reflection will come. The crops are bad, the potatoes have failed, the weevil has destroyed the wheat, and long and continued rains have damaged the hay crop. Fires at Quebec and Newfoundland, the famine in great Britain and want and poverty at home, have dried up the sources of charity:—when, lo! the highways are thronged with groups of strange-looking, emaciated, squalid human beings, such as, thank God! this happy, thrifty, industrious country never produced, and, if we are left to ourselves, never will and never can exhibit. A strong stout man, dressed in a blue coat and brown breeches, with a pipe in his mouth, his shoes in one hand, and a short stick in the other, is followed by a woman walking barefooted, and bending forward under the weight of a child seated on the top of a dirty bundle of infectious clothing, which is fastened on her shoulders—two small, pale, shoeless girls, with unequal pace, travel by her side; and the rest of these paupers, of various sexes, bring up the rear of this sad, silent, and sorrowing party of emigrants.

"The door of the settler, which was never before closed, is now guarded or bolted, and relief is timidly administered through some aperture. Idleness, insubordination, and disloyalty, have induced poverty—poverty has induced want—want emigration—and emigration, amid foul air and bad food, has engendered disease; and these wretched exiles have carried it through the country, and shook it out on the wings of the wind, to be dispersed everywhere.

“ We are poor ourselves—not from idleness, though we might be more laborious ; nor from wilful inactivity, in order to force others to feed and support us, for we are too proud and too right-minded to do so ; nor from oppression, for we know it not ; nor from the sterility of the soil, for this country could feed millions ; but we are poor, because it has pleased God to withhold from the earth its wonted increase. How, then, shall we maintain these unfortunate creatures ?—and why are they thrown upon our shores ? are they sent here to starve, or to consume us also ? The Lazaretto is full, though death decimates it daily ; for fresh victims are continually arriving to supply their places. Thousands have landed but to die, and thousands have embarked, who were soon consigned to the bosom of the great deep.

“ Amid all the bad passions and bad feelings which unprincipled and seditious agitators have called up in the breast of these peasants, urging them on to resistance and crime, how many good, affectionate, and devoted hearts are still to be found among them ! Who is that woman, and what is her history, who sits apart from the rest, who are making their mid-day meal by the road-side of viands prepared in yon house for its own inmates ? Her head is resting on her hand, and her countenance sad and distracted, while her mind is evidently far, far away—perhaps among the green hills of her own native land. The ship in which she embarked soon became an hospital, and day by day death seized upon some one of her family, until all were gone but her baby. She was alone in the world save with this little one—she had seen them sink one after another, and all her care and all her affections centered on this helpless innocent. She watched it by day and guarded it by night, and mingled her tears with her prayers for its safety. But, alas ! death is inexorable, and strikes the afflicted as relentlessly as those who know no sorrow. It died, like the rest, and she was left a childless widow. But she was not thus to

be separated from the object of her affections: she concealed its death, dried up her tears, carried its little corpse in her arms, carefully covered it from the rude winds, caressed it, sung to it, and pressed it to her heart. At last her secret was discovered; but she clung to the lifeless body with frantic energy, and begged so earnestly to have it reserved for a grave, that the captain kindly yielded to her entreaties. A little coffin was made for it, and it was deposited in the boat that hung over the stern, with a humane promise that it should be preserved as long as possible, and, if practicable, buried on shore. Day and night she remained on deck, and kept her eyes on that she could not enfold to her heart, and, even when darkness overspread the heavens, sustained herself with the melancholy consolation of dimly discerning it at rest. At last they descried the eastern shore of the province; and in the evening the boat was lowered, a grave was dug, and the body interred. The captain inscribed the name of the harbour on a card, with the bearings of the spot, and gave it to the agonized mother. She received it listlessly, observing, 'I cannot forget it—it is engraved on my heart for ever.'

"But, here is an Italian boy, with his monkey and hurdigurdy. He is willing to do something for his own support, and, although he is an idler, he is a merry one, and prefers a cheerful song to a begging petition. That little fellow lives on a portion of the bread and meat bestowed upon his monkey in recompense for his performances, lays up all his money, and has visions of returning, buying out his father's landlord, and setting up for a Venetian gentleman. He has already, in his dreams, made a great sensation in the gay circles of his native place, and has enjoyed the humiliation which his triumph will awaken to all rivals. Nor does he forget that, besides amassing wealth, he has acquired information, by perambulating this continent, and become master of the English and

French languages. A traveller, a linguist, and a man of fortune, happy dog! here is half-a-crown for you. Go on, dream, and prosper!

“ But here is something of importance—a great reform meeting is to be held, at which the grievances of the country are to be manfully declared, and suitable remedies proposed. There is something touching in the wrongs of a whole people, and any one with a spark of generous patriotism in his heart must sympathize with the sufferings and privations of the oppressed. Perhaps, they are over-taxed and borne down with the weight of exactions. Not at all: there are no taxes, and, what is better, they are exempt from any portion of British burdens. Perhaps, their little fund raised by import duties is either expended without their consent, or misapplied. By no means: they impose these charges themselves, vote away funds, and audit the accounts. As this pauper emigration is a just subject of complaint, perhaps they intend, and very properly, too, to remonstrate against it to the Colonial office as a serious grievance. No; that is dangerous ground; it might awaken a national feeling at the next election. It is not to be thought of. Then it is no tragedy at last? Certainly not; it is a farce, and nothing more. The Governor, in the exercise of his prerogative, has appointed the Honourable Enoch Eels instead of Squire Solomon Sharp, to be his secretary, and Mr. Thompson instead of Mr. Jackson, to be auditor of road-accounts. It is observed, too, by applying a jaundiced eye to a microscope, that an Act passed last year for dividing parishes has something very like No. 1 faintly inscribed on it, from which it is fair to infer that there is a No. 2 in reserve for the introduction of tithes: a resolution therefore condemnatory of such men and measures is unanimously carried amid great acclamation and ardent protestations of their determination to lay down their lives when needed, and their fortunes when acquired, for the honour of the Queen, and the benefit of the province.

“ A counter Conservative meeting is now convened, at which the persons present, like those at the former assembly, are reported in the papers at only twice their real number—a remarkable instance of political-veracity and integrity. The speakers on this occasion deprecate any interference with the prerogative, and maintain that the Governor has undoubted right to select his officers from whatever party he pleases, provided he acts constitutionally, by choosing them from their side, and that it matters very little to the country whether Eels or Sharp, Thompson or Jackson, is appointed, as nobody feels particularly interested in either of them. As for the imposition of tithes, they assert that nothing can show the folly of such a supposition more plainly than the fact that few people in this poor country have ten calves, ten pigs, ten haystacks, or ten sheep: children being the only productions that ever reach that ominous and taxable number. They very logically conclude, therefore, that where there is no tenth, there can be no tithe. A vote of confidence in the present ministry is carried, as a matter of course *mem. con.*, with three cheers for the Queen, three for the Province, and three for Conservatives. Happy country, where you cannot find a grievance! and happy people, where your contest is for men, and not for measures—for places, and not for theories of government!

“ But there is something to be seen this evening infinitely more amusing than political jugglery, in which all sides can join good-humouredly in approving; for, here is practical jugglery, and Signor Blitz will take less money out of your pockets, and give you more satisfaction in return. He again is followed by a troop of rope-dancers, ventriloquists, German and Swiss ballad-singers, giants, dwarfs, and precocious children, all of whom say they have exhibited or performed before the Queen of England, the King of France, and the Emperor of Russia. Daguerreotype men succeed, who take young ladies likenesses; for-

tune-tellers, who provide them husbands for sixpence; travelling jewellers, to furnish the wedding-ring; tin-reflector men, to bake the cake; strolling preachers, to marry them; and bell-ringers, ready to perform at the ceremony; while picture venders succeed, to amuse, and singing and dancing-masters to teach the children. These fellows seem to have an intuitive knowledge of the wants of a new country, and to understand the rapid growth of its population, and therefore very wisely provide themselves with a stock of what may be denominated the common necessaries of life. But, in addition to those who purvey for the wants of others, there are many who require you to provide for their own. There are rebel Poles, who, when abroad, complain of tyranny at home; Italians, ruined by avalanches, who never saw the Alps; shipwrecked mariners, who have only been half seas over; women, going to the States to join husbands they have never yet found; people burnt out, who never owned a house; and miser emigrants, with more gold concealed in their rags than would purchase the farm of the poor settler whose charity they receive and deride.

“It is refreshing to turn from these vagrants to what reminds us of dear old England. I love everything that belongs to it, from the Queen on her throne, and the standard that floats on the breeze at the Castle, to the brave defenders of both—the soldiers. Here is a detachment *en route* from St. John (New Brunswick) to Halifax: they, too, like all others here, are ‘comers and goers.’ I was forcibly struck, some years ago, (for, at this distance of time, it would seem a matter of course now), with the great change that takes place even among themselves, by casually meeting a company at this very place. ‘What regiment do you belong to?’ I said, addressing myself to a serjeant. ‘The ——th, sir.’ ‘The ——th!’ I said to myself; ‘dear me! how many recollections that corps recalls! How well I knew them! How often I have

dined at their mess, rode, drove, hunted, fished, or sailed with the officers, in days bygone! They were here in 1808, and left the country with Sir George Prevost, to undertake the reduction of Martinique. Are there any of them here now who were in the province then? 'No, sir; I am the only man left that was in the corps at that period. I was stationed at this place, and worked two summers in your Honour's garden. I am Tom Hodges.'—'Ah, Hodges, is that you, my good fellow! I am glad to see you. Alas! I alone am left also of all those that started in life with me, and, in the course of things, must soon follow them, for I am much older than you are.'—'I shall leave the service too, sir, immediately: I am to have my discharge next week.'—'Then return to me, and I will provide you with a home and employment while I live.' The old gardener who stands erect when he addresses you, and gives you a military salute, is poor Tom Hodges, the sole survivor of the dear old ——th Regiment.

"'But who is that man in irons, Hodges, sitting at a table in the courtyard, eating the poor and scanty fare of a prisoner? His hair is so long and shaggy, and his clothing and general appearance so unsoldier-like, I cannot understand what you can have to do with him?' 'He does not belong to us, sir; he deserted from the ——th Regiment about eight years ago, settled near the American line, married, and has a family there. A friend to whom he entrusted his secret, having quarrelled with him, lodged an information against him. He was accordingly apprehended, tried, and convicted, and is now on his way to a penal colony. It was a heartrending thing, sir, to see the poor fellow torn away from his wife and children.'—'Yes, yes, Hodges, the way of the transgressor is hard. Here is a trifle for him; mitigate his sufferings as far as is compatible with discipline and duty.'

"Autumn has now commenced: the days are very perceptibly shorter, and the evenings are beginning to

grow too cool to sit out late in the open air. There is more of a breeze from the westward within the last fortnight, and it is more bracing and invigorating than when heated by the summer's sun. The harvest is gathered, and a few days are devoted in the country to Temperance meetings, at which the virtues of pure cold water are extolled, and aptly illustrated by copious libations of strong decoctions of hot tea and coffee. Picknics follow, where the comparative value of generous liquors is tested, and at which the fair sex, who provide and prepare the viands, are kindly permitted to attend, and listen to luminous speeches on modern philosophy, which teaches us to abandon the past, and despise the present, in the sure and certain hope that free-trade and new and untried theories of government will make us all 'healthy, wealthy, and wise.' But, though the principles and politics of our forefathers are condemned without 'benefit of clergy,' some of their practices are still retained. Men must assemble—when they assemble, they must talk—when they talk, they must drink (quietly, though, which means privately, in unlicensed houses, for there are many things that may be done in secret, that are not expedient or proper to be done in public, in which decent catalogue drinking is now included)—and when men drink, they will run horses, and when they run horses, they will bet. Reforms are only applicable to public officers, but not to reformers, for those who liberate others must themselves be free. Scrub races, then (as country races of untrained or broken down, and not broken in, horses are called), must still be retained, it seems. That noisy and inebriated crowd that occupies the space where those two highways meet, and covers the fences and throngs the doorway of that decent-looking temperance inn, to the well-feigned annoyance of its inmates and the horror of all true friends of sobriety, is employed in arranging the details and betting on the result of a race between two farm horses. When that is ended, it will be followed by

others equally interesting. In a little back room of that temperance inn, the winnings are spent in the purchase of numerous 'yards of stone wall'—a name for brandy, omitted in the License Law, which is thus evaded or defied.

"Turning in disgust from men who, while clamouring for political, neglect the more needful and valuable social reforms, we observe that there has been a slight frost near the brook that brawls down the mountain side, for there is a variegated, waving, scarf-like strip of foliage extending each side of it, and marking all its devious courses with its bright colours of a thousand tints, while the leaves of the trees on the dry land have escaped this first stage of decay. In a few days, the whole scene becomes changed, and all is enveloped in a blaze of beauty. The larch rises like a cone of gold; the maple is clothed with a crimson robe, fading in the distance into changeable shades of brown; the beech presents its bright yellow leaves, gradually yielding to a strong green near the trunk, where the frost has not yet penetrated; and the birch, with its white stem and gaudy colouring, is relieved by a pale grey tint, produced by the numerous branches of trees that have already shed their leaves, and by the rich glowing clusters of the fruit of the ash; while the tremulous aspen grieves in alarm at the universal change around it, and timidly exposes its reversed leaf to the sun, in the vain hope of protecting it from its baleful influence. The dark and melancholy-looking pines and firs defy the effects of alternate heat and cold, and, as they tower above the work of destruction, break with their pointed tops the smooth, uniform, round outlines of the hard wood trees. It is a rich and gaudy but transitory scene, for the rude southern blasts will soon tear the fluttering leaves from their stems, and the forest will again exhibit the same cold, cheerless, naked aspect, as when lately breathed upon by the first genial air of spring.

"Simultaneous with the fall of the leaf, is the de-

parture of the Admiral and the squadron from Halifax for Bermuda. He has been here for three summers only, and he now departs to return no more. These cards for a ball on board of the Centurion are designed to conceal, under festivity, the pain of separation from friends who are doomed to part for ever—friends found too late, or lost too soon, known just long enough to be loved and lamented, and severed as soon as acquaintance had ripened into affection. The thunder of artillery from the citadel, and the responsive peal from the 'flag-ship,' like the funeral honours over the dead, close the scene between the departed and their sorrowing friends. His brief sojourn is ended—his place will soon be occupied by another, to rule, resign, and pass away, like his predecessor. It is life's shortest span. It is also the season for relieving regiments. The officers, from being constantly on shore, have more opportunities of mingling intimately with the inhabitants, and, consequently, weave stronger ties of affection, the sudden disruption of which is attended with more pain, because more hurtful, to the feelings. The Governor's term of five years has also expired, and all his civil, military, and personal relations in the place are abruptly terminated, his staff dissolved, his family removed, and the palace deserted and gloomy. It is really a country of 'comers and goers.'

"I shall leave the text to moralists and preachers. Custom has sanctioned the presentation of addresses on such occasions, to express and record the respect and sorrow of the community, and experience has shown that the practice is a wise, grateful, and salutary one. It is a pity, however, that proper bounds and limits have not been assigned to a custom which is now fast degenerating, not merely into an idle ceremony, but into a ridiculous exhibition of folly. To-day a commander of a steamer, who mistook Newfoundland for a fog-bank, and thereby endangered the lives of his passengers and crew, nearly destroying the valuable

vessel, is entertained at a public dinner, and presented with a piece of plate, and a flattering address, in which, omitting all mention of his egregious carelessness or ignorance, his coolness in peril, and his fertility in expedients, are highly extolled, in terms equally honourable to the understanding and good taste of the subscribers, and to the modesty of him who could hear it without blushing, and receive it without mortification.

“ If the spring is short in this country, Nature has compensated us for the deficiency, by giving us a second edition of it at this season, called the ‘Indian summer.’ The last fortnight is restored with sunny skies, bland south-west winds, and delicious weather, which has the warmth of spring without its showers, the summersky without its heat, and autumn nights without their frost. It is Nature’s holiday—the repose of the seasons, the lingering beauty of maturity, ere the snows of age efface it for ever. The savages seek their winter quarters, by ascending the lakes and rivers to the hunting ground; the sportsmen are in the fields or the woods, the farmer is busy with his plough, and the mariner hastens homeward to dismantle his vessel, and moor her securely before the approach of snow-storms. The migratory birds, too, avail themselves of this lull of the winds, and proceed on their southern journey, to avoid the wintry blasts, while every animal of the forest selects his cavern, or his den, and makes all those preparations that unerring instinct suggests for his safety or support.

“ A heavy storm of rain, succeeded by a sudden shift of wind to the north-west, brings winter upon us in an instant: the lakes are covered with ice, the swamps congealed into a solid mass, and the ground frozen as hard as adamant. When the wind relaxes, snow succeeds, until the whole earth is covered with it to a great depth. Everybody is abroad, and in motion; the means of transport, which were suddenly suspended by the frost, are now furnished by the snow. The ‘New Comers’ are delighted with the novelty, and

anxiously exchange runners for wheels, and leather for furs, to essay an upset, (by no means a difficult feat) and to try the speed of horses that have lost their activity with their youth, and who have already trained several generations of 'New Comers' before them. The roads are now covered with sleds, the streets with sleighs, and merry voices and merry bells proclaim that the season has arrived when nearly all the ports are closed until spring, and there can no longer be arrivals or departures—Comers or Goers."

CHAPTER XX.

THE WITCH OF INKY DELL.

Among the various classes of comers and goers that have at different times visited this country (continued the Judge,) witches and apparitions have now nearly ceased to honour or alarm us with their company. Forty years ago they were very numerous, and every village and settlement had its ghost or its sorceress. Many well authenticated tales are told of their sayings and doings, and of their marvellous power; for when was a story deficient of proof, where people are crafty or credulous? As a sample, I will tell you one that was related to me by a person who had been for some time suffering under the malignant influence of the Witch of Inky Dell, in Cumberland, Nova Scotia.

Shortly after the termination of the American Rebellion, a number of the inhabitants of the old colonies emigrated to this province, the majority of whom were Loyalists, who, relinquishing their homes and possessions, followed the flag of their king into this cold and inhospitable country, while not a few belonged to the opposite side, which they had either disgraced or deserted. Every county of Nova Scotia received great numbers of these "refugees," as they were called, and, among others, Cumberland had a large proportion. Driven from their homes and their ordinary occupa-

tions, it was a long time before they settled themselves in the country of their adoption, and many preserved, during the remainder of their lives, the habits of idleness engendered by war and exile. Taverns were then places of much greater resort than at the present day, when they are almost exclusively given up to travellers, and the voice of contention or merriment scarcely ever ceased within them, either by day or night.

The battles of the recent war were fought over again with renewed zeal, and it must be admitted that these Loyalists were a most distinguished body of men, inasmuch as it appeared that every individual was confident that the result of the contest would have been far different if the British Government had followed his advice. These faithful and wise councillors daily met, deliberated, and decided upon the fate of the nation, but, alas! they had no means to execute their designs, and the world unfortunately went on as usual without them.

Among this little loyal band was one Walter Tygart, or Watt the Tiger, as he was more generally called from the ferocity of his temper. He had held a commission in the celebrated corps of cavalry known as Tarlton's Legion, and was a strong, well-made, active, daring man; he had distinguished himself during the war as well by his valour as his cruelty, for it was a favourite maxim of his that "the Devil was the first rebel," and that therefore to spare a traitor was a devilish and not a christian act, and was accordingly noted for never having taken a prisoner, or given quarter to a foe. He was a noisy, rollocking, dissipated fellow, full of anecdote, with some humour, and a strong but dangerous propensity to practical joking. My first recollections of Cumberland are connected with the "Loyalist Club" and Watt the Tiger, the revolutionary anecdotes they severally related, or, as the evening advanced, all told together, myself being the only listener amid the clamorous party.

I remember an absurd anecdote he told of one of

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lter Tygart, rally called held a com- y known as made, active, f during the for it was a was the first raitor was a accordingly er, or given cking, dissi- ne humour, to practical and are con- tt the Tiger, y related, or, ther, myself s party. ld of one of

their brother members, who was absent that evening. It is impossible to give you an idea of his manner, though his language may serve to show you the style of man he was. The story referred to a Captain Lybolt, a retired officer of German extraction, who had recently been appointed a magistrate. He was a vain, pompous, and ignorant man, not very scrupulous in his conduct, and resolved to make his new office as lucrative as possible by means of fines, of which, at that time, no account was ever exacted or rendered.

"I say, boys, old stick-in-the-mud is made a magistrate; he is, upon my soul! fact, I assure you, boys. The crittur has begun to fine already, and where the fine goes the king's fingers will never follow, even if they were as long as a commissary's. It would have made you die a-laughing if you had seen his first trial to-day, as I did, it would, upon my soul, boys! fact, I assure you—I hope I may die if it wouldn't! A chap crossing his orchard yesterday picked a few of his apples, and ate them, which, in all christian countries, is only a sociable, neighbourly act; but old cat-a-nine-tails, dod drot him! called it foraging on the enemy, marauding, plundering, and what not, and issued a warrant against him for stealing. 'What is the use of being a justish,' he said, 'if you can't do justish to yourself!' He did, upon my soul! fact, I assure you! true as thunder, boys!

"To make the court look respectable, and scare the poor devil, with his law and learning, out of his money, he piled up great heaps of books on his table, business and earnest-like, took his seat on one side of it, and made Corporal Cotton, his orderly, sit down on the other, and act as clerk, and then ordered the constable to bring in the prisoner. 'Got for damme, what do ycu mean, sir?' said he, a-bristling up and a-bridling like a whiskered Lucifer, 'what do you mean by stealing my apples?'—'Who! me?' 'Yes, you?'—'Stealing!' 'Yes, stealing, sir!'—'Do you call that stealing?' 'Stealing! to be sure it is.'

“ ‘ Cotton,’ said Lybolt, a-whispering to his orderly, ‘ bring in more book : he don’t respect the law, nor the king’s appointment, nor the justish. More book, sir ;’ and Cotton brought in several arms full of ‘ more book,’ and piled them up on the table. ‘ Now,’ said the Captain, swelling out like a tarnation big bull-frog chock full of wind, ‘ what do you say for yourself ?’— ‘ I didn’t think it any great matter,’ replied poor pumpkin-headed red nose, ‘ to eat a few apples—what a touss you make about nothing !’— ‘ Put that down, Cotton,’ said the captain ; ‘ he confesses he stole them, and calls thieving a touss guten himmel. I shall teach him better for all time that shall be passed, that shall be present, or shall come ;’ and he snorted like as if he seed an indgin, he did, upon my soul, boys !—fact, I assure you, fellows ! dod drot me if he didn’t ! ‘ Constable, remove the prisoner till the court deliberates on the punishment. Serious offence, this, Captain Tygart,’ he said to me, winking and blinking like an owl in the sun, ‘ a very serious offence, pillaging when on march through the territory of a friendly power. It is death by martial-law ;’ and he ordered in the prisoner : ‘ I pronounce you guilty, sir,’ said he, ‘ and now I sentence you—you shall be hanged—you shall be whipped—or you shall pay five pounds, and you shall have your choice which.’ The poor crittur, who had no pluck in him, or he would have capsized him and his clerk, and buried both of them under their books, paid the five pounds, showed a leg, and made himself scarce. ‘ Fary good offish, Captain Tygart,’ he said with a knowing wink, as he pocketed the fine—‘ fary good offish ! fines are more better nor apples—as apples are more better nor nothing. It shall be worth more nor two hundreds in one year’—true as rates, he did, upon my soul, fellows ! I hope I may die if he didn’t ! fact, I assure you, boys ! ”

Soon after that, I missed Watt the Tiger from his “ accustomed haunts,” and understood he was par-

tially deranged. His conduct became suddenly so strange, and he persisted so obstinately in refusing to give any reason for his behaviour, that somebody attributed his melancholy to a disturbed conscience, and remorse for past misdeeds, while not a few believed that he had been visited or claimed by the Devil. It appeared that one night, when returning from the club, his horse arrived at his house before him greatly terrified, followed some time afterwards by his master, whose clothes were torn and soiled, and his countenance and manner much disturbed. Soon after, the same thing occurred again, and he was heard to mutter that he had been ridden hard; that the bit had hurt his mouth, and that his tongue was frost-bitten from exposure to the weather. On another occasion, he complained of having no oats, of being shut in a stable without a halter, and kicked on the leg by a black mare. But, on his last nocturnal excursion, something still more extraordinary happened, for he came home dreadfully fatigued and exhausted, barefooted and bareheaded, having exchanged his own clothes for a red flannel petticoat, that scarcely reached to his knees, and a woman's short dimity bedgown.

From that time, he never ventured out at night, and by day always carried a small bible in one pocket, and the prayer-book in the other, though he was never known to look into either of them. He became reserved, solitary, and moody, and was often found talking or muttering to himself about leaving the country, taking his treasures with him (though, poor fellow! his only possessions were his farm, his cattle, and a pension of fifty pounds a year), and crossing over the seas, and placing his jewels, bars of gold, and chests of money, in the Bank of England, and spending the remainder of his days in the sporting world, far away from all pirates, devils, witches, bridles, side-saddles, and black mares. In fact, his conduct and conversation were so incomprehensible, that he

was left to pursue his own meditations unmolested and unquestioned. As soon as he ceased to be a wonder, he ceased to be talked of, and, though not forgotten, his name was seldom mentioned; when, all at once, he awakened, as it were, from this dream of existence, and reappeared among his friends of "the Loyalist Club" at the Cornwallis Arms with all his former uproarious mirth and boisterous behaviour.

It was in the early part of June, 1790, that he rejoined his companions. The day was rendered memorable by one of the most terrific thunder-storms ever known in this country. For several hours, the roar of thunder and incessant flashes of lightning nearly deprived us of the power of vision or hearing, when the whole forest in the neighbourhood of Inky Dell, which lay to the eastward of the village, was suddenly wrapt in flames, that illuminated the heavens with their strong lurid light. It was a fearful spectacle, and great apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the straggling and detached settlements in that vicinity, the inhabitants of which appeared thus suddenly to be deprived both of succour and escape. That portion of the wilderness seemed peculiarly calculated to extend the conflagration, for it consisted chiefly of "soft wood," as the resinous evergreens of America are usually denominated.

The valley was a deep and gloomy hollow, between two high hills, and was clothed with a growth of exceedingly tall, thin, spiral fir-trees, known among lumberers as scantling or ranging timber, which grew so close together as to admit of no underwood or shrubs. It was a forest of spars. For thirty feet, at least, from the ground they exhibited no limbs, after which a few thin branches protruded, loaded with long, pendent streamers of grey moss, resembling straggling locks of hoary hair, while their tops were lost in a thick umbrageous covering, that was impervious to the rays of the sun. It was, consequently, a dark and gloomy wood. The very birds seemed to

avoid it, and the hardy little squirrel disdained to feed upon the cones that grew in its dank and stagnant atmosphere. The bat and the owl alone resorted to it, and startled the traveller by their numbers and nocturnal vigilance. Through the centre of it flowed a thick, turbid, and lazy stream, which, from having beds of coal, became perfectly black, and thus imparted to the valley the name of "Inky Dell." The water, besides being discoloured, was as strong as brine, from the numerous salt-springs that flowed into it. The margin of the brook was covered, for some distance, with dead trees and sickly and consumptive dwarf henlocks, that had perished or languished in the unwholesome moisture with which the sub-soil was saturated. Tall, coarse, slimy, aquatic grass, partaking of the colour of the floods, afforded a shelter for toads and reptiles, that lay concealed in its tangled roots, as if ashamed of their domicile.

The dell was intersected by a gorge which, though not descending as low as the level of the water, furnished a convenient opening for a road, which crossed it at this place. On the western side of the valley and brook stood a small log-house, in a field containing about an acre of land, immediately behind which rose a conical hill, whose base was covered with such timber as I have described. Beyond that was a growth of stunted birches; and at its top, which was uncovered, was a fountain of pure water. It was, probably, the value of this spring that led to the selection of the site for the house. Below the road, the receding hills afforded a small strip of interval, which had once been cleared and sown down with grass seeds, and, though much overgrown, admitted a little light into the landscape. On one side of the house was the prostrate covering of a building, which had evidently been a cow or horse-shed, but which, gradually decaying where it touched the damp earth, had sunk by degrees, until the roof lay by itself without support on the ground.

This wretched and lonely place was the abode of a poor woman, one Nelly Edwards. At the period I have before alluded to, of the emigration from the old colonies, now comprising the United States, she arrived with her husband at Cumberland, and, shortly afterwards, settled at Inky Dell. Who or what they were no one ever knew. They held but little intercourse with their neighbours, were known to live upon very bad terms with each other, and were supposed to have belonged to the rebel party, from whom they, no doubt, had good reason to escape, as soon as law and order were re-established. Edwards had evidently lived much in the backwoods in the early part of his life, for he was a devoted sportsman and hunter. He was averse from industrious habits, and supported himself by trapping and fishing in preference to tilling the soil. They were both in bad repute, and were shunned and avoided by the inhabitants as much as they could have desired themselves.

After a few years of this solitary life, Edwards suddenly disappeared. Whether he had perished in the woods in a conflict with some wild animal ; by accident or by illness ; or had left the province and his wife in disgust, was not known, nor, indeed, were many inquiries or conjectures ever made. No one felt interested in his fate, and his absence was considered rather as a relief than otherwise by those that travelled the road by that lonely and ill omened place.

Mrs. Edwards was a short, erect, active little woman, that appeared much younger than she really was. Her breeding and extraction, it is said, were lower than those of her husband, who was a man of good address and some education. After his death, or desertion, some advances were made by the neighbours to offer their sympathies or assistance, but her temper was so bad, and her language so coarse and violent, that people became afraid of her, and as some of her imprecations had accidentally come to pass, she

began to acquire the not very enviable or desirable appellation of Hag, or Witch. The character of the place well accorded with such a supposition, and the moment it was conceived and circulated, imagination supplied many proofs and corroborations that had previously escaped observation. It was remarked that as soon as a shower of rain had ceased in summer, and the wind had shifted to the west, the spring on the top of the mountain emitted for some time a tall, thin column of vapour, whence it was called the Witch's Fountain, a name it is known by to this day, and probably will always retain. It was also noticed that the fowls about her door were of a different breed from any in the country, being quite black, and that her cat was of the same malignant colour. Her knowledge of herbs and simples, by which she worked many cures among her ignorant neighbours, was also turned against her, and unkindly attributed not to skill but to sorcery, and the very natural inference was drawn that she who could understand the virtues of plants must also know their poisons, and could with equal ease extract the one or the other.

Wearied and annoyed by these surmises and reproaches, she at last availed herself of the superstition of the people to obtain a control over them, and render them obedient to her wishes. She, therefore, foretold fortunes by the assistance of a pack of cards, and the mysterious fountain, that emitted steam without the aid of fire, disclosed where stolen goods might be found, by means of a skilful cross-examination of the applicant or the confession of the thief, and sold cabalistic charms that had the power of warding off misfortunes. The numerous instances in which her prophecies either fulfilled themselves or were accidentally accomplished, are really astonishing, and it is no wonder that the whole country was filled with awe and admiration of the power of "the Witch of Inky Dell;" many a fair one listened in breathless expectation to the sentence that Nelly Edwards was passing on her future life, and

returned to rejoice or murmur over the unalterable decree.

There were those, however, who, though willing to believe in her power, were reluctant to entrust her with the secret of their hearts, and, therefore, confined their inquiries to the single point, whether that which they wished, or that which they dreaded, would come to pass. As this evasion implied a doubt, if not of her power, at least of her secrecy, she imposed severe terms on her compliance. The applicant was desired to come to her by moonlight, and compelled to ascend the mount by its dark and winding path, in company with her and no other attendant, and then, filling a cup, marvellously and curiously carved, with the pure water from the fountain, to turn quickly round three times, terminating the evolution with her face to the east, and then to wish and drink. At the full of the moon, the wisher of wishes was requested to repeat the same ceremony ; and then the enchantress, after consulting the appearance of the sky and the language of the cards, encouraged or extinguished the hopes of her suppliant.

“ All, however, were not so credulous, or so obedient ; and, among others, Watt the Tiger, who not only threatened her with the penalties of the law and personal chastisement, but claimed Inky Dell as a part of his property, to which it adjoined, and in the grant of which it was included. Many and furious were the wordy contests between these two violent people, who defied and denounced each other ; and hag and witch, and the dragon, on the one hand, and marauder, murderer, and villain on the other, were the mildest terms in their copious vocabulary of abuse.

The locality of the fire was easily distinguished from the windows of the inn. The day on which it occurred was a club day, and several of the members had arrived previous to the storm, and discussed the probable extent and origin of the conflagration. Some

attributed it to the natural and probable cause—the lightning; others to the Witch, but most of them to the Devil, who had no doubt claimed the fulfilment of the compact into which he had entered with her, and had come to enforce it, for no doubt was entertained by any one present that the sudden, violent, and extensive fire must have consumed the house and all within it. The lightning was succeeded by a tremendous shower of rain, such as is seldom seen anywhere but in tropical climates, which gradually yielded to a sudden shift of the wind to the westward, that cleared off the clouds, and left everything as smiling and as tranquil as ever. The rain had the effect of arresting and partially extinguishing the fire, which sent forth long, heavy, and black masses of smouldering smoke, that rose gloomily into the sky, and slowly passed away towards the east, until they were lost in the distance.

An arrival from the scene of the fire confirmed our apprehensions: the deep pine and fir forest in Inky Dell was all destroyed, and Mrs. Edwards consumed, together with her effects, in her house. Various were the remarks made on this dreadful calamity by the company present. Some commiserated the poor woman's misfortunes and untimely end, and felt as men ought to do under such a dreadful dispensation of Providence. Others thought the country was well rid of such a dangerous inhabitant, and not a few believed it to be the work of her own wicked incantations.

"I never did believe in witchcraft," said one, "and if I had been so weak, this event would have cured me. What's the use of it, if she couldn't foretell the fire in time to get out of the way of it?"

"You don't believe?" said another. "Well, that's good, now! didn't you go to her, when your horse was shot, for advice? and didn't she tell you it was Felix Coon that did it? and didn't you get him convicted?"

"Well, I did; but it was only to please my wife,

Miss Lincoln, for I knew it before I went. But women have such infernal curiosity, they will always ax a question as long as there is any body that will answer it."

"Well, I don't know," said a third; "she is dead now, and it's easy to kick a dead lion, any ass can do that, but I believe she was a powerful woman, and knowed more than a Christian ought to know. She told Patience Fulton, old Caleb's daughter, she was wrong named, for she wouldn't wait patiently, but make a runaway match; and, sure enough, my son Ted helped her one morning next week out of her bed-room window afore her father was up, and they were married by Squire Tommy Watson, afore breakfast. Will any one tell me, after that, she warn't a gifted old lady? Nobody ever prospered that quarrelled with her. There is our old friend Captain Tygart now, he has never been no good since she put the curse and the evil eye on him; he ain't no longer himself, and goes wandering about like one possessed. It's cheap talking about not being afraid of man or devil; once, I don't think the Captain ever was; but hang me if I like to hear people talk so rashly. How comes it he carries the Bible in one pocket, and the Prayer Book in the other, if he ain't timersome of the old witch of Inky Dell? explain that to me, will you? Well, I declare," he continued, slowly and in an alarmed tone, "well, I declare, talk of the Devil, and he is sure to appear! As I'm a living sinner, here is Watt the Tiger, a-galloping down the road like mad, looking as wild and as wide awake as a Cherokee Indgin. I know him of old—he's not safe when he's up in the stirrups that way. He is a wilful man when his blood is up. What's to pay now, I wonder."

He had hardly uttered the words when the Captain pulled up short at the door, dismounted, threw the reins over a post, and burst into the room, saying, "Hullo, boys! are you here? the old devil's dead!—clean gone! burnt up to a cinder! crisp as pie-crust,

and twice as tough! she is, upon my soul! I hope I may die if she ain't—fact, I assure you, fellows! not a word of a lie in it—as true as steel. I am a free man now—see if I ain't, boys!" and he took up a chair, broke the legs of it off by a heavy blow on the floor, and then, seizing one of the bars, beat a tattoo violently against the door for the landlord. "How are you, old fellow?" he said, as the door opened. "Hullo! who the devil are you? Where is Mogan?"

"Dead, sir!"

"Dead! the devil he is! I didn't know that. Ah, I suppose she rode him to death, too! Bring me some wine, some of your best, too. I am going to stand a treat to-night, and do you mind, see that it is good—none of your black strap and mother of vinegar, but the best port and madeira. Come, right about! quick march! Poor Mogan! ah! well he was always an everlasting coward—died of fright, I suppose, at seeing that old hag of Inky Dell. Thank fortune, she is gone now, quitted her post, deserted and blown up the magazine. Ah, here is the wine! come, boys! Stop a minute, though; and he rose, and, taking the hearthbrush, inserted the handle of it in the neck of one of the decanters that had no stopper in it; then, summoning the maître d'hotel, whom he called old corkscrew, by beating again at the door with a leg of the broken chair, "Is that a fit stopper, sir, for a gentleman? You haven't the honour of knowing me, sir—so I will take the liberty of introducing myself. I am Captain Tygart, sir, at your service, late of Tarleton's legion, a man that gives no quarter and takes no nonsense. If you think you won't know me again, you may stare a while longer; or, if you don't hear me, I'll open your ears for you;" but the terrified man made good his escape.

"Well, boys," he continued, "I am glad to find myself among you again, dod drot me, if I ain't! for it looks like old times. We must make a night of it;

so come, fill your glasses, fellows! Here's to poor old Mogan's memory—he was rode to death, I do suppose, poor devil! a hard death that, too, particularly if he was touched in the wind, as I am. That cursed rebel bullet at the Cowpans that went through my lungs spoiled my bellows for me, for I have the heaves now, if I run hard. I should have died, too, if there had been any give in or back out in me; and, as it was, she nearly fixed my flint for me. She is done for herself, though, now, that's a fact, for I've seen her with my own eyes—I went to where the house stood, and felt for her with a long pole among the ashes, so as to be certain of it, and, while poking about, I stirred up something that looked like old Edwards's powder-horn, and off it went like thunder, and scattered her bones all abroad like a bomb-shell. It knocked me over, too, it did upon my soul! but I am not easily scared by gunpowder. Here is a pleasant journey to her, and a happy meeting with her old ally and master, General Scratch, himself! Bars of gold, my boys, diamonds as big as plums; gold and silver saints as big as babies, candlesticks as tall as corn-stocks, and graven images from the Spanish main—Joes, half Joes, doubloons, Louis d'ors, guineas, and every sort of coin!! They are all mine, fellows! she showed me the place—I know now the spot, the very spot, where the pirates buried them. I'll have them up now, blame my buttons, if I don't! Fill your glasses, boys: here is to the memory of my friends, the pirates! I thought there was luck in store for me—I always had a kind of idea Captain Tygart's services wouldn't go unrewarded. Hurra, boys! here is better luck still."

After the wine was exhausted, materials for making punch were ordered, and the Captain proceeded to brew the intoxicating beverage.

"Two sweet and four sour, two weak and four strong, boys," he said, "with a touch of rael Hyson to flavour it—that's the liquor to warm the heart—hot

when you sleep under the table, and cold when you bivouack under a bush in the field. It's the soldier's friend, the ladies' joy, and the world's delight. It's what Tarlton used to call the young man's best companion."

An enormous bowl was filled with it, and placed at the head of the table with a large silver ladle in it, having a golden guinea set in its centre, and a shaft of twisted whalebone to prevent the direct communication of heat to the hand. With this the tumblers were supplied or replenished.

"Come, Tygart," said Major Taylor, (the president of the club), "tell us the story of the witch and the pirate's treasure."¹

"Well, boys," he replied, "I'll tell you; but first fill your glasses. Come, Sandford, if ever you mean to be a judge, you must drink your way to the bench—wine loosens the tongue, sharpens the wit, steadies the nerves, and unlocks the imagination. Here's your health, youngster, and hoping you may have a wig before your head's bald, and a silk gown before you are an old woman! Well, boys, it ain't a very pleasant story to recollect—dod drot me if it is! nor a very credible one for a man of honour to tell, but it's true for all that, it is upon my soul! I hope I may die if it ain't!—fact, I assure you—not a word of a lie in it—I'm booked if it ain't! and as you want to hear it, I will tell it to you.

¹ Strange as this story may seem, it is nevertheless substantially true, the names and one or two minor circumstances only being changed. The unfortunate man who laboured under this extraordinary hallucination (either from *delirium tremens* acting on a mind pre-occupied with hatred or fear of the Witch of Inky Dell, or from mania of some other kind) not only fully believed himself in the reality of the transformation he described, but was so anxious to impress others with a due sense of his veracity, that he reduced the narrative to writing in the form of an affidavit, and attested it before a magistrate. It is well known in Cumberland, where the scene is laid.

“ Well, you all recollect the last night but two that I spent here. I went home early that evening, certainly not later than two o'clock, sober as a judge, (though they ain't always the soberest neither.) As I neared Inky Dell, who should I see but Nelly Edwards a-standing in the middle of the road, with her arms akimbo and her chin cocked up in the air, looking as impudent as the Devil. ‘How do you do, Captain Tygart?’ said she, a-dropping a most gallows polite curtsey at the same time. ‘None the better of seeing you,’ says I, ‘at this time of night.’ ‘Thank you, sir,’ said she; ‘and, as you are in such a good humour to-night, I have a small favour to ask of you. Lend me your horse, if you please?’ ‘I'd see you damned first, you old hag!’ said I, ‘and then I wouldn't.’ ‘Don't be rash, Captain,’ said she, ‘don't be rash. Let me help you off.’ ‘Stand out of the way,’ said I, ‘or I'll ride over you!’ and I plunged both spurs into the horse, and I did try to knock her down, that's a fact, but old Tarlton reared straight up an end, and snorted and leaped forward so short and sudden, I fell on the broad of my back in the middle of the road, and off he went as hard as his legs could carry him.

“The way she laughed, and jabbered, and yelled, was enough to wake the dead a'most, and she sat by the wayside and mocked me. ‘Who'd a thought the brave Captain Tygart would be afraid of a woman?’ she said; ‘an old woman, too? I hope you're not hurt. Come to me, and I'll help you up. Why didn't you hold on to the bridle? They tell me you were a trooper, a bold dragoon, a man that was half horse, half devil—but you are a lubberly fellow, at best, a lout, a clown, a mere booby;’ and she advanced towards me, and said, ‘Get up, sir, this minute.’ ‘That I will,’ said I; ‘and if I don't make food for crows of you, you old hag, then say my name is not Watt Tygart—that's all!’ and up I got.

“But, boys—you'll hardly believe it—hang me, if I didn't get up on all fours a tall, bony, black horse,

and she put a bridle in my mouth, and jumped on my back, and turned my head the other way, and cut and lashed me with a long riding-whip, as savage as a meat axe. When we got on the marsh, we were joined by three other old women on black horses: I won't mention their names, but this I will say, no man on earth would have expected to see such respectable old ladies playing such pranks in such devilish company. Well, away we scampered, over creeks, ditches, honey-pots, bogs, holes, and duck-ponds, at an awful pace, the old witches laughing, and swearing, and cursing awfully, and a-plying their whips incessantly. I thought I should have died for want of wind, on account of the wound in my lungs; but, at last, we reached Fort Lawrence, and the old women dismounted, and put us into the chaplain's stable, and left us until it was near day-dawn, when back they came in great haste, jabbering and muttering in some unknown tongue, took us into the yard, jumped into their seats, and off like lightning the way they came. At the place where we all met we all separated again, and old Nell hurried me on, punishing me every step with whip and spur most cruelly. At last, she drew up at my gate and got off, and, taking the bridle out of my mouth, and giving me a cut across the hind quarters, said, 'Jump, sir!' and I jumped and cleared it, and fell down from exhaustion the other side, and when I got up, I rose in my own shape and dress—dod drot me, if I didn't! and went to my own house, and turned into bed, ashamed, mortified, fatigued, and worried to death. I dare say you won't believe it, boys—but it's a fact, I assure you—I hope I may die if it ain't!—it is upon my soul! true as training! My sides ached for a week, and were very tender where I was spurred, and my mouth and tongue were very sore from the rusty old bit, and my heart it was nearly broke to be saddled and made a beast of, by that old she dragon, in such a shameful manner.

"The next time I was here, I walked home, with

a good stout stick in my hand, so as to be secured against a fall, and to defend myself against her if I could, and I positively made up my mind, if I caught hold of the old screech-owl, to beat her to death. Well, just as I was returning, I met her again at the self-same spot. 'Good evening, Captain,' she said; 'so you are walking to-night?'—'What the devil is that to you?' I replied. 'Nothing,' she said; 'I only wanted to borrow your horse, but you will do yourself, I suppose, instead, though I must say you are about the slowest and clumsiest beast I ever rode.' 'Mother Edwards,' said I, 'none of your cussed nonsense now. Stand off, I beseech you; for if you dare to come within reach of me, I'll murder you—I will, upon my soul! and if I have no power over you at night, seeing that you're leagued with the Devil or some of his imps, I'll kill you by day, as sure as there is a Heaven above us!'—'Don't talk of Heaven, you villain!' she said, most provoking cool; 'you have neither lot nor part in it. But come, give me your hand, and promise to behave like a man, a neighbour, and a Christian, and relinquish your claim to Inky Dell, and I will forgive you.'—'Avaunt, Satan!' said I, 'and get behind me.' With that she uttered a fearful yell, and flew round as quick as wink, and jumped on my back, and clung to me like a tiger, and my arms were turned into legs, and myself into a black horse again, in little less than half no time, and whack went the whip, and dig went the spur; and off we dashed as before, like a streak of lightning; and the same old women, mounted in the same way, joined us again, and away we scampered over that everlasting long old Tantramar marsh to the fort. As I arrived last I was turned into the stable loose, without being put into a stall, and got dreadfully kicked in the breast and legs, by a wicked devil of a black mare, that laid me up for months; and I was rode home, and leaped over the gate as before, and, when I got my own shape, and

looked round for that wretched old miscreant, she was clean gone out of sight. It was a dreadful ride that, boys, you may depend; and my tongue, being kept out by the bits, got frostbitten, so it was actually too big for my mouth, and I had to keep snow on it all winter to cure it. It feels so cold now even at the thought of it, that I must have some more punch to warm it. Come, fellows, fill your glasses! Sandford, you young rogue, stand up to your collar like a man, and do your part—no heel taps, my fine fellows: it ain't fair.

“Well, boys, to make a long story short, the next time I was here, and that was the last time I ever darkened these doors, was in June, just three years ago this month. I loaded a pair of pistols that hitch, and put them into my pocket, and was determined to have a crack at her, and, if that didn't do, to stay at home always at night, when evil spirits are abroad on the face of the earth. Well, she met me again, as usual, at the same spot. The very sight of her put me into a cold sweat—dod drot me, if it didn't!—‘You are late to-night, Captain,’ said she, with a sort of mock softness of voice and sweetness of manner.—‘Better late than never,’ said I; and I up and fired right into her face. ‘I thought you was a good shot, Captain,’ she said, coolly, ‘but your hand is out; it's some time now since you killed women and children, and, besides, it's dark. Fire again, for you have another pistol there—be cool now: take good aim, for a murderer's arm is always unsteady.’ ‘Take that, you old hag,’ said I, ‘for your impudence!’ and I fired again right into her, and threw the pistol at her with all my might. ‘Missed it again, my bold dragoon,’ she said, laughing ready to kill herself. ‘Come, we must be off, my pretty charger, for our time is short:’ then she waved her hand, and in a moment I was wrapped in horse-hide the third time, and off we flew, as before, only faster, for she was in a desperate hurry, and thrashed me all the way, and called me a brute, a

cart-horse, a broken-winded beast, and anything she could lay her tongue to.

“ Well, we went through the same manoeuvre as on the other two visits to the fort, but I was so out of breath on my return, that, before I reached my gate, I stumbled and fell, and, when I got up, there I was in my own shape, and there was old Nelly with the bridle in her hand. ‘Mrs. Edwards,’ said I, ‘I have a favour to ask of you.’ ‘What is it?’ says she; ‘anything I can do for you in the world I will do with pleasure.’ ‘Kill me on the spot,’ says I, ‘but don’t treat me like a beast.’ ‘Kill you, Watty dear!’ she said; ‘I wouldn’t hurt a hair of your head for anything under heaven. You are a brave man, and I honour you—a handsome man, and I love you dear. Kill you! no, never.’ ‘Then, give me my clothes, madam, and let me go to my house.’ ‘Your clothes!’ says she; ‘dear me! I dropped them near the haystack on Deacon Fulton’s marsh. Come, I’ll show you where they are:’ and she seized my hand and walked back; but, heavens and earth! her walk was so everlastingly fast, the utmost I could possibly do by running as hard as I could lay leg to the ground was to keep up with her, it was actually worse than the horse-gallop. When we came to creeks, and sloughs, and miry places, she walked over them dry-footed, and I nearly sank up to my middle, when she would drag me out by the arm, till she nearly dragged that out, too.

“ At last, we came to the Deacon’s Honeypot, where so many colts were smothered, and, as I had no shoes on, the bones of the critters hurt my feet dreadfully. When I got out of that, I looked about the nastiest thing in all creation, covered over with red slime that way, and she laughed like anything. ‘Come,’ said she, ‘take a swim now across this creek, and wash yourself; for on the other side is the haystack and your clothes.’ There was the stump of an old willow-tree there, and I turned my back on her and sat down, and rested my elbows on my knees, and buried my

head in my hands, devoured internally by sorrow and rage, and externally by black flies, mosquitoes, and ants, that had built a den in the dead log. My heart bled, and my back bled, and my feet bled, and I felt about the meanest of all living sinners. 'Captain Tygart,' said she, 'you are a brave man; I respect your courage and endurance;' but I made her no answer. 'There is no back out in you.' I said nothing, but I thought to myself, 'Oh, my stars! I wish to goodness I could back out of the old Witch's clutches!' 'And you are a handsome man,' she continued; 'the handsomest man in these parts. I really admire and love you.' That word love made my very blood curdle with disgust; it made me sick at the stomach—dod drot me, if it didn't! 'Will you marry me, Watty?' she asked. 'I'll see you d—d first,' I said, 'and then I wouldn't!' 'Don't be rash, Watty,' she said, coaxingly, and a-brushing the flies off my back with some bulrushes; 'don't be rash, dear. I will be a fond and good wife to you, and I am not so old as you think. I am a young woman. Press your hand firmly on your eyes, and tell me what you see.' Well, what I saw absolutely took away all my voice, it astonished me so, and I didn't speak. 'What do you see?' she said, again. 'I see a beautiful girl,' said I, 'one of the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld.' 'Well, that's me, Watty, dear; turn round, and look at me—that's a love;' and I turned round, and sure enough there was old Nell put back in years to twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, as handsome and blooming as I suppose she might have been at that time of life. Still I knew it was all witchcraft, and I shuddered all over, and turned back again, and put my hands to my face. 'Will you marry me now, Watty dear?' said she. 'I will give up sorcery, and remain a young and loving bride.' 'Kill me,' said I, 'if you like—drown me in this Honeypot among Deacon Fulton's colts—do what you like with me—but I never will ally myself to the Powers of Dark-

ness. So no, there, now. Marry! no, never! I'll be darned to darnation, if I do!' 'Don't be rash, dear,' she said again; 'you don't know what you are refusing. I have untold gold.' 'I don't care if you have your weight of it twice over.' 'Yes, but I have fifty times that amount. I know where the pirates' treasures are concealed—say but the word, and they are yours. Press your hands on your eyes again, and I will show them to you. What do you see now?' 'I see a large bay,' said I, 'filled with islands;' and my heart jumped to my mouth the moment I beheld it, for I knew it the first glimpse I got of it. It was La Haive Bay, where we were at anchor three days in a calm, on our way to Halifax; but I didn't let on that I know'd it. 'Look again: do you see a light I have put on one of those islands, to mark it for you?' 'I do,' says I. 'Well, what else do you see?' Before I answered her, I counted the islands right and left of it, and took the bearings from the river, and the distance from the Cape all in my mind, so as to be sure to know it again, and I do know it, boys—I do, upon my soul! I hope I may die, if I don't—fact, I assure you, boys—true as Gospel! 'Well, what do you see?' she said. 'I see a cave,' said I, 'and chests of gold bars in it, and others filled with images, crucifixes, censers, and long candlesticks of the same metal.' 'They are prizes from the Spanish main, dear,' said she. 'What else do you see? for that ain't half that's there.' 'Why, boxes of gold, coins of all sorts, and great heaps of money piled up; and trunks of jewels of every size and variety.' 'Consent, and I will give you all that, and another hoard on the mainland more rich than that,' says she, 'Watty, and we will leave this country and go where we ain't known, and live rich and happy all the days of our life.'

"Well, I won't say I warn't tempted, because that would be a lie which never yet disgraced Captain Tygart's lips. A little loose talk I plead guilty to, for soldiers are not parsons, and preaching by general

orders is the duty of a chaplain : but a lie !—I scorn it as I do a nigger. I was tempted—that's a fact. It made my mouth water, so it actually choked me a'most, and made me drivell like an idiot ; but then I thought what's the use of all that wealth, after all, if ill got. The pirates had to hide it, and leave it, and it didn't save them from getting hanged ; and if I get it by witchcraft, perhaps, it wouldn't make me happy neither. It would be better to take it hereafter by right of discovery. 'What do you say, Watty dear, now? Will you marry me?' 'No,' says I; 'never!' 'Then take that,' said she, 'you good-for-nothing, stupid, heartless wretch!' fetching me a blow on the side of the head, that knocked me down insensible on the ground.

"When I awoke, it was broad full day, the sun was up a considerable piece, and actually blistered me all over where the insects had bit me. I was lame, stiff, sore, and faint ; and how in the world I was to get home I couldn't tell for the soul of me. I couldn't get back the way I came, for that was impossible, on account of the miry ground ; and to head all the creeks, and go round all the Honey-pots, and leap all the ditches, seemed past my strength ; but it was neck or nothing, and I tried it, and at last got off the marsh, and reached Ned Dykin's place, and, seeing the stable-door open, I thought Ned might be there a-feeding of his cattle, and I went in to beg him to lend me some clothes to make myself decent, and to give me something to eat, for I was e'en a'most beat out. The first person I saw, when I entered, was Mrs. Dykins a-milking of her cows, and, as soon as she got sight of me, she screamed, upset her bucket, and off like a shot out of the other door, and I after her, calling on her, for Heaven's sake, to stop and speak to me ; but, the more I called, the more she screamed ; and away she flew to the house, and set the dogs on me, and barred the door. The cussed critters made at me so wicked, I was obliged to draw

a stake from the fence, and stretch two of them out before I could get away.

“ Then off I goes to Jerusha Chubbs. Well, Chubbs was away to the militia-training, and all the men folk with him ; and, when I came to the door, his daughter was stooping down at the woodpile, a picking up chips in her apron ; and, when she saw a naked man coming up, she dropt the chips, and off like a shot too, yelling like all possessed ; and old Mother Chubbs, the she devil, got down the duck gun, and swore she would shoot me, if I attempted to come in, and I knew she would be as good as her word, too, for she pinked more nor one of the rebels that came plundering about her father’s house in the war.

“ It seemed to me as if all the world had turned agin me, and I had a great mind to lie right down, and cuss all creation and die ; and I believe I should, if it hadn’t been that the thoughts of the pirates’ treasures kind of cheered me a little. While I was standing doubting what to do, I spied a clothes-line hanging in the yard, with ever so many things on it, so I went there, to see if I could find anything to put on, but, as ill luck would have it, they was all women’s garments. And there I was in another fix : at last I got desperate, pulled off a red flannel petticoat of the old woman’s, and jumped into it, and then got a short bed-gown, and squeezed into that, after a few rips, and splits, and tears, in stretching it ; and off I went home, where I scared even my own servants out of their wits.

“ I took to my bed, and kept it ever so long, for shame and vexation ; and at last I came to a resolution never to go out at night, when the Powers of Darkness were let loose ; and by day to carry the Bible in one pocket, and the Prayer Book in the other, for protection, seeing pistols were no good ; and there I have been a prisoner ever since, till this day, when the Devil flew away with the Witch of Inky Dell.

Now, that's a fact, boys, I assure you—it is, upon my soul! I hope I may die if it ain't!

“ You may talk, boys, about civilized warfare, such as pitched battles, and sieges, and ambushes, and skirmishes, and cavalry charges, and hand to hand work, but what is it, after all, fellows?—for I've been in them all—why, just good schooling for a soldier, and nothing more. And you may talk about Indian warfare, (where a man wants all his wits about him, I can tell you) and boast of tommyhawking, and scalping, and pistolling, and all that. And pretty hard work it is, too, to have bullets flying about you everywhere, and you not see your enemy; but what is it, after all, but duelling at a hundred yards, with the butt of a tree to cover you? It's cowardly work! The weapon for a man, boys, is a bayonet, and then it's a hurrah, a charge, and a squeak, and it's all over.

“ If the British Government had taken my advice, that cursed rebellion would have been ended in six weeks. Says I to Sir Harry Clinton, ‘ Sir Harry,’ says I, ‘ hang every d—d rebel taken in arms, and the game's ours in no time.’ Says he, ‘ I'm afraid the rebels will hang their prisoners in return.’—‘ Serve them right,’ says I; ‘ d—n them! I hope they will. Let them die fighting like men, and they will escape hanging like dogs.’—‘ It will exasperate the colonists,’ says he.—‘ It exasperates them much more, your Excellency,’ says I, ‘ to see you pardon them villains that way. Sir Harry,’ said I, ‘ mark my words—*conciliation is the father, and clemency the mother of rebellion, and a d—d pretty child it is, too; having all the ignorance and meanness of one parent, and the hypocrisy and cowardice of the other.*’

“ But that is neither here nor there, fellows. As I was a-saying, talk of civilized warfare, or Indian warfare, or any warfare you please; but the Lord preserve me from Spiritual warfare! Fact, I assure you, boys—it is, upon my soul! I hope I may die if it ain't!—true as fate! Fill your glases, boys, then let's have

another brew, and then hurrah for a song—the Major's song :

The rebel flag⁴ waved high in air,
Above the ragged crew,
When Tarlton, &c."

As Captain Tygart had promised, they certainly made a night of it—such a night, indeed, as I never saw before, and hope never to witness again.

Poor Watt, the Tiger, is long since dead. He lost his life in a vain attempt to raise the pirates' treasure, that the Witch of Inky Dell disclosed to him in La Haive Island. It was a very remarkable adventure; and, some other evening, I will relate to you how he came to his end, in endeavouring to——undermine and blow up the Devil.

CHAPTER XXI.

COLONIAL GOVERNMENT.

When we rose from the breakfast-table yesterday, the Judge said, if you will have the goodness to accompany me into my study, I will give you an outline of the Constitution of these Lower Provinces, which I have drawn up for your information. There is no colonial work professedly treating of the subject, and it is only incidentally mentioned, or briefly referred to, in English law books. To render it as useful and intelligible to you as possible, I have given an abstract of it as it existed until the year 1837, and then added an account of the modifications it has subsequently undergone. I have preferred this course to the usual mode of incorporating both into one, in order that you may clearly comprehend the extent of those innovations, and form an opinion as to the consequences that will probably result from such organic changes.

The Constitution of England, as it stood at the discovery of America, had nothing in its nature providing for colonies. They have, therefore, at different periods

of their growth, experienced very different treatment. At first, they were considered lands without the limits of the realm, and not annexed to it; and, as the people who settled these *in partibus exteris* were liege subjects, the king assumed the right of property and government, to the preclusion of the jurisdiction of the State. He called them his foreign dominions, his possessions abroad, not parts and parcels of the realm, and as not yet annexed to the crown.

It was upon this principle that, in the year 1621, when the Commons asserted their right to a jurisdiction over them, by attempting to pass a Bill for establishing a free fishery on the coasts of Virginia, New England, and Newfoundland, they were informed that it was not fit for them to make laws for those countries, which were not yet annexed to the crown, and that the Bill was not proper for that House, as it concerned America. Upon this assumption, the colonies were settled by the king's licence, and the governments established by royal charters; while the people, emigrating to the provinces, considered themselves out of the realm; and in their executive and legislative capacities, in immediate connexion with the king as their only sovereign lord. These novel possessions requiring some form of government, the selection became exceedingly difficult.

At last, an analogy was supposed to exist between the colonies and the Duchy of Normandy, and a somewhat similar constitution¹ was adopted as had been

¹ It is, however, observable that, although it was evidently the intention of the mother country to grant the power of election to the people of the colonies, so soon as they should be in a situation to receive a representative form of government, yet the people assumed the right themselves, as appears by the following extract from "Hutchinson," vol. i, p. 94.—"Virginia had been many years distracted under the government of President, and Governors with Councils, in whose nomination or removal the people had no voice, until, in the year 1620, a House of Burgesses broke out in the colony; the king nor

used for the island of Jersey. The king having assumed a right to govern the colonies without the intervention of Parliament, so the two Houses of Lords and Commons exerted the same power without his concurrence. They appointed the Earl of Warwick Governor-in-Chief of all the Plantations of America; created a committee for their regulation, and passed several laws concerning them.

Upon the restoration of monarchy, the constitution of the colonies received a great change. Parliament asserted, that all his Majesty's foreign dominions were part of the realm; and then, for the first time in their proper capacity, interposed in their regulation and government. From that period, sundry laws have been passed regulating their commerce, and having, in other respects, a direct operation on them. The boundary of jurisdiction between imperial and local Parliaments had been settled by the mutual consent, or rather acquiescence, of both bodies, on the broad basis of constitu-

the grand council at home not having given any powers or directions for it. The Governor and Assistants of the Massachusetts at first intended to rule the people, but this lasted two or three years only; and, although there is no colour for it in the charter, yet a House of Deputies appeared suddenly in 1634, to the surprise of the magistrates, and the disappointment of their schemes of power. Connecticut soon after followed the plan of Massachusetts. New Haven, although the people had the highest reverence for their leaders, yet on matters of legislation the people, from the beginning, would have their share by their representative. New Hampshire combined together under the same form with Massachusetts. Barbadoes, or the Leeward, began in 1625, struggled under Governors, and Councils, and contending Proprietors, twenty years. At length, in 1645, an Assembly was called, and the reason given was that, by the grant of the Earl of Carlisle, the inhabitants were to have all the liberties, privileges, and franchises of English subjects. After the Restoration, there is no instance on the American continent of a colony settled without a representation of the people, nor any attempt to deprive the colonies of this privilege, except in the arbitrary reign of James the Second."

tional liberty and common sense ; the supremacy of the former having been acknowledged, in all external, and of the latter, in all internal affairs. Collision was thus effectually avoided ; and each body wisely confined itself to those matters in which it was not only most interested, but the best informed, and most competent to decide. The unalterable right of property, however, had been guaranteed to colonists, by the act renouncing the claim of taxation, the 18th of George III., by which it was declared "that the King and Parliament of Great Britain will not impose any duty, tax, or assessment, whether payable in any of his Majesty's Colonies, Provinces, or Plantations, in North America or the West Indies, except such duties as it may be expedient to impose for the regulation of commerce ; the net produce of such duties to be always paid and applied to, and for the use of the Colony, Province, or Plantation, in which the same shall be respectively levied, in such manner as other duties, collected by the authority of the respective General Courts or General Assemblies of such Colonies, Provinces, or Plantations, are ordinarily paid and applied."

The rights of the Crown again, which were perfectly compatible with the legislative supremacy of the Provincial Assembly, were duly guarded and secured, by the negative of the Governor ; by his standing instructions not to give his assent to any law of a doubtful nature without a clause suspending its operation, until his Majesty's pleasure should be known ; and by the power assumed and exercised, of disagreeing to any law within three years after it had passed the Colonial Legislature. There was originally much variety in the constitutions of the several American Provinces, arising out of the unlimited power of the King to grant them upon such terms and conditions as he thought proper ; but, at the close of the Rebellion, in 1784, they were in general reduced to three classes.

1st, *Proprietary Governments*, granted by the Crown to individuals, in the nature of Feudatory Principa-

lities, with all the inferior regalities and feudatory powers of legislation, which formerly belonged to Counties Palatine, on condition that the object for which the grant had been made should be substantially pursued, and nothing should be attempted in derogation of the authority of the King of England. Of this kind were Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Carolina.

2nd, *Charter Governments*, in the nature of civil corporations, with the power of making by-laws, for their own internal regulations, and with such rights and authorities as were especially given to them in their several acts of incorporations. The only Charter Governments that remained at the commencement of the Civil War, were the Colonies of Massachusetts' Bay, Rhode Island, Providence, and Connecticut.

3rd, *Provincial Governments*, the constitutions of which depended on the respective commissions issued by the Crown to the Governors, and the instructions which accompanied them.

Under this authority, Provincial Assemblies had been constituted, with the power of making local ordinances not repugnant to the laws of England. For some time previously to the Revolution in America, the popular leaders affected to call the Provincial Establishments, or King's Governments on the Continent, Colonies instead of Provinces, from an opinion they had conceived that the word Province implied a conquered country. But, whatever distinction there might once have been between the terms Province, Colony, and Plantation, there seemed now to be none whatever, and they were indiscriminately used in several Acts of Parliament. A Provincial Government was immediately subordinate upon the Crown; and the King remained a Sovereign of the country. He appointed the Governor and Officers of State, and the people elected the Representatives, as in England. The Judicial establishments were similar to those of the mother country, and their Legislatures consisted of a Governor,

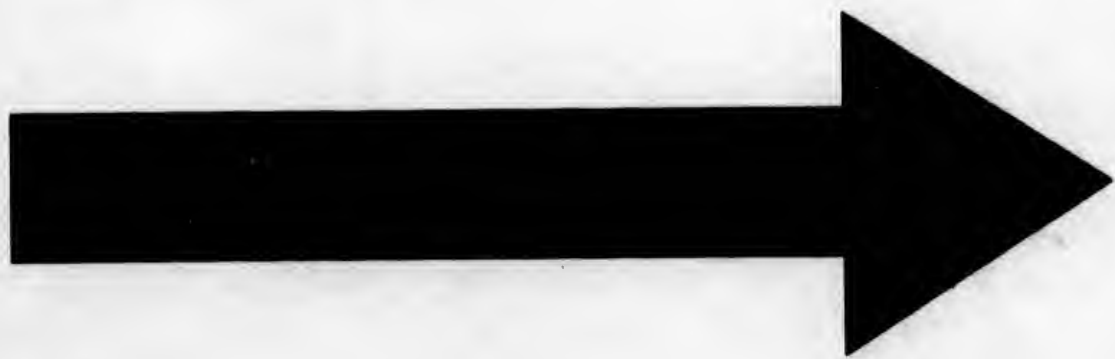
representing the Crown, a Council, or Upper House, and an Assembly chosen by and representing the people at large.

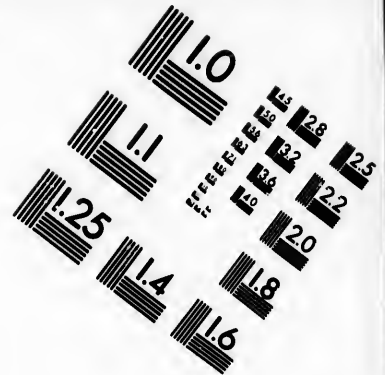
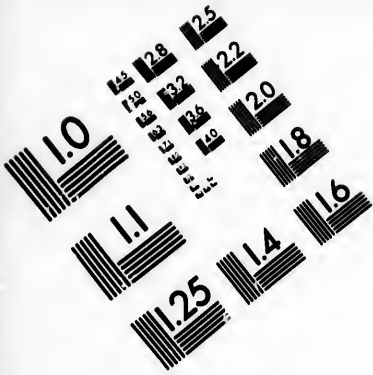
The following is a short account of the powers and privileges exercised in Nova Scotia by these several branches, previously to the year 1837.

Governor.

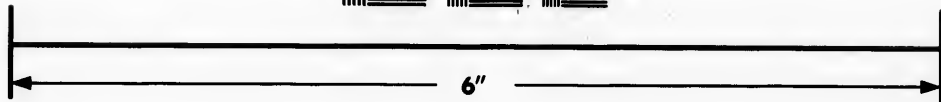
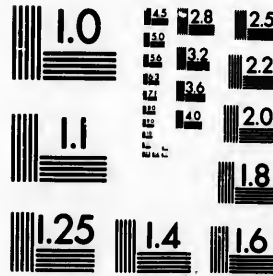
The Provinces of British North America were in general comprised in one command, and the Captain-General, Governor, and Commander-in-chief resided in Canada. The Governors of the several provinces were styled Lieutenant-Governors, and had the title of Excellency, in consequence of being the King's immediate representatives. The Governor of Nova Scotia had the rank of Lieutenant-General, and was styled Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over his Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia and its dependencies, Chancellor and Vice-Admiral of the same. He was invested with the following powers:—

1. As Commander-in-Chief, he had the actual command of all the Militia, and, if a senior, military officer of all the army within his Government, and he commissioned all officers of the Militia. He appointed the Judges of all the different Courts of Common Law, and nominated and superseded, at will, the Justices of the Peace, and other subordinate civil officers. With the advice of his Council, he had authority to summon General Assemblies, which he might, from time to time, prorogue and dissolve, as he alone should judge needful. All such civil employments as the Crown did not dispose of were part of his patronage, and, whenever vacancies happened in such offices as were usually filled up by the British Government, the Governor appointed *pro tempore*, and the persons so appointed were entitled to the emoluments till those who were nominated to supersede them arrived in the colony. He had, likewise, authority, when he should judge any offender in criminal matters a fit object of mercy, to extend the





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King's pardon towards him, except in cases of murder and high treason, and even in those instances, he was permitted to reprieve until the signification of the Royal pleasure.

2. The Governor had the custody of the Great Seal, presided in the High Court of Chancery, and in general exercised within his jurisdiction the same extensive powers as were possessed by the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, with the exception of those taken away by particular statutes.

3. He had the power by law of granting probate of wills and administration of the effects of persons dying intestate, and, by statute, granted licences for marriages.

4. He presided in the Court of Error, of which he and the Council were Judges, to hear and determine all appeals in the nature of writs of error from the Superior Courts of Common Law.

5. The Governor was also Vice-Admiral within his Government, although he could not, as such, issue his warrant to the Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty to grant commissions to privateers.

6. He had an annual provision settled upon him, for the whole term of his administration in the colony; and, that he might not be tempted to diminish the dignity of his station by improper condescensions to leading men in the Assembly, he was in general restrained by his instructions from accepting any salary, unless the same should be settled upon him by law within the space of one year after his entrance into the Government, and expressly made irrevocable during the whole term of his residence in the administration, which appeared to be a wise and necessary restriction.

A Governor, on his arrival in the Province, agreeably to the directions of his commission and his instructions in the first place, caused his commission as Governor and Commander-in-Chief and also of Vice-Admiral to be read and published at the first meeting of the Council, and also in such other manner as had

been usually observed on such occasions. In the next place, he took the customary oaths of office, and administered the same to each member of the Council. Every Governor, together with his commission, received a large body of instructions for his guidance in the discharge of his various duties. In the event of his death, the senior military officer took the command of the colony until an appointment was made by his Majesty, and was required to take the same oaths, and make the same declaration as a Governor. Such were the powers and duties of a Governor; and the mode of redress for the violation of these duties, or any injuries committed by him upon the people, was prescribed with equal care. The party complaining had his choice of three modes—1st, by application to Parliament; 2nd, by complaint to the Privy Council; 3rd, by action in the King's Bench.

By statute 11th and 12th William III., cap. 12, confirmed and extended by 42nd George III., cap. 85, all offences committed by governors of plantations, or any other persons in the execution of their offices in any public service abroad, might be prosecuted in the Court of King's Bench in England. The indictment was to be laid in Middlesex, and the offenders were punishable as if they had been committed in England. The Court of King's Bench was empowered to award a mandamus to any Court of Judicature, or to the Governor of the Colony where the offence was committed, to obtain proof of the matter alleged, and the evidence was to be transmitted back to that Court, and admitted upon the trial.

The Council.

The Council consisted of twelve members, who were appointed either by being named in the Governor's instructions, by mandamus, or by the Governor. Their privileges, powers, and office, were as follows:—

1. They were severally styled Honourable, and took precedence next to the Commander-in-Chief.

2. They were a Council of State, the Governor or Commander-in-Chief presiding in person, to whom they stood in the same relation as the Privy Council in Great Britain does to the Sovereign.

3. They were named in every commission of the peace as Justices throughout the Province.

4. They sat together with the Governor as Judges in the Court of Error or Court of Appeal in civil causes, from the Courts of Record, and constituted also a Court of Marriage and Divorce.

5. The Council was a constituent part of the Legislature, as their consent was necessary to the enacting of laws. In this capacity of Legislators, they sat as the Upper House, distinct from the Governor, and entered protests on their journals, after the manner of the House of Peers, and were attended by their chaplain, clerk, &c.

House of Assembly.

The Assembly resembled the Lower House of Parliament in its formation, mode of procedure, and power, within its jurisdiction, as far as the different circumstances of the country permitted. The freeholders were assembled in the several counties and towns entitled to representation by the King's writ, and their suffrages taken by the Sheriff. The members thus elected were required by the Governor to meet at Halifax, the capital of the Province, at a certain day, when the usual oaths being administered, and a Speaker chosen and approved, the session was opened by a speech from the person administering the Government, in imitation of that usually delivered from the throne, in which, after adverting to the general state of the Province, he called their attention to such local subjects as seemed to require their immediate consideration.

The qualifications for a vote or representation, were either a yearly income of forty shillings, derived from real estate within the particular county or town, for which the election was held, or a title in fee-simple of a

dwelling-house, or one hundred acres of land, five of which must be under cultivation. It was requisite that the title be registered six months before the test of the writ, unless it were by descant or devise.

The Assembly continued for the term of seven (now four years) from the return day of the writs, subject nevertheless to be dissolved in the mean time by the Governor, who had the power of proroguing the Legislature, and appointing the time and place of its session, with this constitutional injunction, that they should be called together once at least every year.

Changes which have taken place since 1837.

An address to the Crown from the House of Assembly in the year 1837, complaining of the constitution of the then existing council, of its irresponsibility to the people, of the manner in which its Legislative proceedings were conducted, and of practical evils supposed to result from these causes, was soon afterwards followed by its disorganization and reconstruction, and by the separation of its executive from its legislative functions, which were assigned respectively to different bodies, designated as "The Executive Council," and "The Legislative Council." The Chief Justice and Judges of the superior courts were excluded from seats in either of the new Councils, and certain instructions were given to the Lieutenant-Governor, indicating the principles that were to govern him in provisional nominations of individuals to seats in the newly constituted bodies, and suggesting, particularly, the necessity of a representation, as far as might be practicable, of all the leading classes and interests, especially of those connected with the agricultural districts, as also the avoidance of a preponderance of any religious persuasions.

An organic change was thus made in the constitution of the province; and although the principle contended for by the Assembly *that it ought to exercise a control over the officers of Government and the Executive Council, analogous to that which the House of Commons*

possessed over the Ministers of State, was, at first, sternly denied, the claim was reiterated in subsequent sessions, experiencing a gradually decreasing opposition, until, at a very recent period, it seems to have been conceded, to a greater extent perhaps, than was anticipated by those with whom it originated.

The tenure of Colonial Offices, which, under the old system, was nominally during the pleasure of the Crown, but, practically, during the good behaviour of the incumbent, was, as respects most of the higher offices, except judicial and ministerial ones, declared, by the despatch of a Colonial Minister, not to be equivalent to a tenure during good conduct, but to involve the necessity of retirement whenever a change in the person of the Governor, or expediency suggested by motives of public policy, should be thought to require it. The newly-constituted Executive and Legislative Councils were, in some measure, recast from the materials which composed the old council, and some of those, who had been members of the latter, were retained with seats in both of the former; others, whom it was deemed expedient to reappoint, retiring, by desire of the Crown, but with the rank attached to the station which they had relinquished.

Soon after the reconstruction of these bodies, the principle, if not formally announced, was at least generally understood to be *that, with the single exception of the late Provincial Secretary, who retained a seat in the new Executive Council without being a member of either of the Houses of Legislation, a seat in one or the other of the latter was to be an indispensable condition to the privilege of sitting in the former*, though a community of sentiment on questions of public policy was not deemed necessary. The retirement, however, from the Council Board of some of its members, during the administration of Lord Falkland, immediately after a general election, induced a struggle in the House of Assembly, between those who had retired and their Parliamentary supporters, on the one hand,

and those who adhered to the Governor, with their upholders in the House, on the other. As the constituency, after the termination of that Parliament, returned a majority favourable to the opposition, a practical result was, the relinquishment of all the seats in the Executive Council to the majority in the new House, and the transfer of the Crown offices, together with the removal from office of the Provincial Secretary, upon his resignation of his seat as an Executive Councillor.

An attempt made by the present Lieutenant-Governor, soon after he assumed the government, to effect an arrangement between the leaders of the two contending parties, with a view to the formation of a Council that would give the country the benefit of the ability that both could furnish, was unsuccessful, but the failure was thought to render necessary an appeal to Downing Street, whence a despatch soon afterwards emanated of sufficient importance to exercise a considerable influence upon the future destinies of the colony.

It recommended that in Nova Scotia, as in England, tenure of office during good behaviour, in the ordinarily received meaning of the phrase, should practically be, thenceforth, the *general rule* of the public service, whilst the *exception* should consist of the case of a *limited number of the higher public servants who might be supposed to influence and direct the policy of the Government*, the tenure of place by whom should depend upon their commanding a parliamentary majority, and upon their holding seats in either one or other branch of the Legislature. Seats in the Executive Council were also invested with a political character, which was to be imparted to any other office that might be held concurrently therewith.

Subject to these modifications, and with certain guards and restrictions which the despatch particularly mentioned, the Colonial Secretary instructed the Lieutenant-Governor *that no obstacle existed, in his*

opinion, in the peculiar circumstances of Nova Scotia, to the immediate application to it of the system of Parliamentary Government that prevailed in England.

Lord Durham's Commission.

The Legislative Council, which previously consisted of twelve members, was increased to fifteen, and the number of the Executive (to which all judicial authority was transferred) was limited to nine, but subsequent despatches have authorized the increase of the latter, under special circumstances, and the former was composed of twenty at the close of the last session.

Whether the departmental system of Canada should be introduced into this country has been twice keenly contested between the Conservatives, and the different parties who at present act together under the name of "Great Liberals," and has been alternately rejected and adopted. The Colonial Secretary, actuated by the same kindly feeling that has always influenced his predecessors, and entertaining the same sanguine hope of the effect of concession, has, to a great extent, decided the question in the affirmative.

What the position of the Governor, in relation to his Sovereign, his Council, and the local Legislature is, has been tolerably well settled in theory, by the assembly having formally adopted Lord Metcalf's explanation of it;¹ but what it is practically, will always be a matter of great doubt, as much will depend on the ability, integrity, and firmness of the man, and not a

¹ And whereas his Excellency, Sir Charles Metcalf, has thus explained, in an answer to an address from Gore, in Canada, his views of Responsible Government—

"With reference to your views of Responsible Government, I cannot tell you how far I concur in them, without knowing your meaning, which is not distinctly stated.

"If you mean that the Governor is to have no exercise of his own judgment in the administration of the government, and is to be a mere tool in the hands of the Council, then I totally disagree with you. That is a condition to which I can never

little on circumstances. That he will be occasionally embarrassed there can be no doubt, for an *imperium in imperio* is a difficult and complicated thing; but it will

submit, and which her Majesty's Government, in my opinion, never can sanction.

"If you mean that every word and deed of the Governor is to be previously submitted for the advice of the Council, then you propose what, besides being unnecessary and useless, is utterly impossible, consistently with the due despatch of business.

"If you mean that the patronage of the Crown is to be surrendered for exclusive party purposes to the Council, instead of being distributed to reward merit, to meet just claims, and to promote the efficiency of the public service, then we are again at issue. Such a surrender of the prerogative of the Crown is, in my opinion, incompatible with the existence of a British colony.

"If you mean that the Governor is an irresponsible officer, who can, without responsibility, adopt the advice of the Council, then you are, I conceive, entirely in error. The undisputed functions of the Governor are such, that he is not only one of the hardest worked servants of the colony, but also has more responsibilities than any other in it. He is responsible to the Crown and Parliament, and the people of the Mother Country, for every act that he performs or suffers to be done, whether it originates with himself, or is adopted on the advice of others. He could not divest himself of that responsibility by pleading the advice of the Council. He is also virtually responsible to the people of the colony, and practically more so than ever to the Mother Country: every day proves it, and no resolutions can make it otherwise.

"But if, instead of meaning any of the above-stated impossibilities, you mean that the Government should be administered according to the well-understood wishes and interests of the people, that the resolutions of September 1841 should be faithfully adhered to, that it should be competent to the Council to offer advice on all occasions, whether as to patronage or otherwise, and that the Governor should receive it with the attention due to his constitutional advisers, and consult with them on all cases of adequate importance that there should be a cordial co-operation and sympathy between him and them, and that the Council should be responsible to the Provincial Parliament and

doubtless be a great gratification to the Parent State to find that, whatever little dissensions may hereafter arise, they can never be as in bygone days between the local branches of the Legislature, but between those bodies and herself; and what difficulties are there that concession will not remove? Other and minor alterations were also made, the details of which it is not necessary to trouble you with.

In this manner was introduced what is called "Responsible Government," a term which those who first used it have been most careful not to define. Alarmed at the consequences to which it might possibly lead, if fully carried out, or uncertain as to its practical effect, they have left it to its own operation, in the hope that experience might improve, or vigilance regulate, its motion. Colonists, who are the subjects of the experiment, are not agreed among themselves as to its import; some supposing that it means the transfer of the whole power of the Governor, who is virtually super-

people; and that when the acts of the Governor are such as they do not choose to be responsible for, they should be at liberty to resign, then, I entirely agree with you, and see no impracticability in carrying on Responsible Government in a colony on that footing, provided that the respective parties engaged in the undertaking be guided by moderation, honest purpose, common sense, and equitable minds, devoid of party spirit.

"Therefore, resolved, That this House recognise in the above documents the true principles of Colonial Government, as applicable to this province."

This Resolution, of which the above is an extract, is one of the most extraordinary papers ever entered upon the journals of a legislative body. It consists of the adoption, *verbatim*, of four resolutions of the Canadian Legislature, of long extracts from newspaper reports of the speeches of two of the members of their own body, and the answer of the late Lord Metcalf to an address that had been presented to him by the people of the Gore district, without one word of their own on the subject. It may be found on the 67th page of the Journals of the Assembly for 1844.

seded to his Council ; others, that it is the substitution of party for moral responsibility, while not a few take the most extreme views, considering it, on the one hand, as a panacea for every evil, and, on the other, as fraught with destruction to all that is good, and loyal, and respectable in the country. If properly controlled, limited, and directed by the authorities at home, it is to be hoped it may be rendered, if not beneficial, at least innocuous, allaying the fears of the well affected, and disappointing the hopes of those who, having nothing to lose, are always the advocates of change. By comparing these modifications of the machinery of the Executive and Legislative bodies with their condition in 1837, and carefully perusing the resolution of the Assembly expressing their view of administration, and the despatches of the Colonial Minister, to which I have reference, you will, I hope, be able to understand what the constitution of this colony was, what it is now, and how, when, and by whom these changes were effected.

Upon the questions which have agitated the public mind so greatly, namely, whether the Colonial Minister could legally make those organic changes without the sanction of the local or Imperial Parliament, whether they are conducive to the happiness of the people, and suited to their condition, or compatible with colonial dependance, and others of a like nature, I abstain from making any comment. My object is to give those facts, but not to argue on them. I only hope I have rendered myself intelligible ; but the truth is, I take no interest in our little provincial politics, and therefore am not so much at home on the subject of these constitutional changes as Barclay is, who is in the way of hearing more about them.

THE END.

