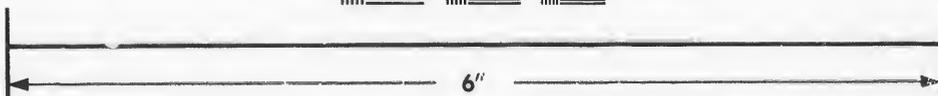
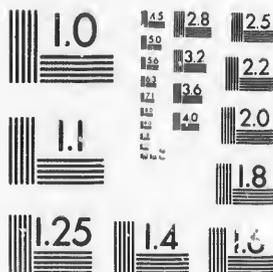
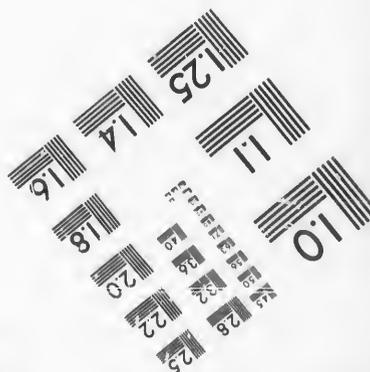
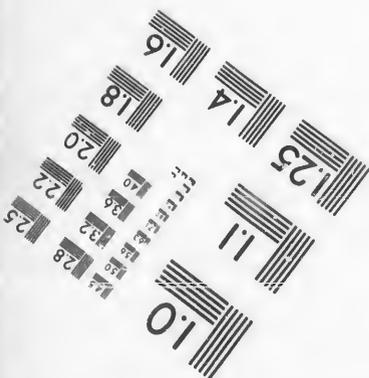


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



Canada



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

28 25  
22  
20

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

10

**© 1987**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:      Various pagings. Pages 11 - 12 are missing.

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

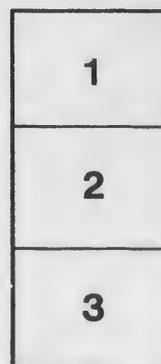
Harold Campbell Vaughan Memorial Library  
Acadia University

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Harold Campbell Vaughan Memorial Library  
Acadia University

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

13711. R,

S

# SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS

AND

## MODERN INSTANCES;

OR,

## WHAT HE SAID, DID, OR INVENTED.

"Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,  
Gaudia" . . . . . JUV.

"The proper study of mankind is man."—POPE.

*Second Edition.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,

SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1853.

WILSON, J. H. (1871-1942)  
The Wilson Papers

LONDON:  
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

A  
819.7  
.H135<sub>3</sub>  
v.2

Haliburton Collection

CONTENTS  
OF  
THE SECOND VOLUME.

---

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
THE WITCH OF ESKISOONY ... ..	1
CHAPTER II.	
JERICO BEYOND JORDAN ... ..	40
CHAPTER III.	
THREE TRUTHS FOR ONE LIE ... ..	72
CHAPTER IV.	
AUNT THANKFUL AND HER ROOM ... ..	106
CHAPTER V.	
A SINGLE IDEA ... ..	130
CHAPTER VI.	
AN EXTENSIVE PLAN OF REFORM... ..	153

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER VII.

	PAGE
GOOSE VAN DAM .....	167

CHAPTER VIII.

A HOT DAY .....	195
-----------------	-----

CHAPTER IX.

OUR COLONIES AND SAILORS... ..	220
--------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X.

A PIC-NIC AT LA HAIVE .....	248
-----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XI.

A NARROW ESCAPE... ..	279
-----------------------	-----

## SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS

AND

## MODERN INSTANCES

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE WITCH OF ESKISOONY.

IN the mornin', all was bustle on board of the 'Black Hawk;' boats and canoes were alongside, from various parts of the harbour, and a rapid sale was effected of the "notions" on board, either for money, or by barter for fish and oil. While these were conducted under the auspices of the mate and the pilot, I took the gig, and puttin' into it my fishin'-tackle, rifle and carpet-bag, containin' a few changes, I rowed up the river to the residence of my old friend, Captin Collingwood.

The house was situated on a gentle acclivity,

VOL. II.

B

that sloped gradually down to the river, commanding a view of several of its windings, but sheltered from the Atlantic storms by a projectin' wooded promontory, that shut in the harbour, and gave it an air of seclusion and repose. Seein' a man at some little distance, haulin' seaweed in an ox-cart, I ascertained from him all the particulars concernin' the family, and the whereabouts of all its members. I always do this when I visit a house arter a long absence, to avoid puttin' ontimely questions. It isn't pleasant, in a gineral way, to inquire after the old lady, and find her place supplied by another; or after a son that's dead and buried, or a gal that's taken it into her head to get married without leave. Ther's mistakes make a feller look blank, and don't make you more welcome, that's a fact. *"Don't care," won't bear friendship for fruit, and "don't know, I'm sure," won't ripen it. Life has a chart as well as a coast, and a little care will keep you clear of rocks, reefs and sandbars.*

After I had heard all I wanted, sais I, "Friend, one good turn deserves another, now your off-ox aint as smart, or as strong, as your near one."

"Well, that's a fact," sais he, "he ain't."

"Give him more of the yoke-beam," sais I,

"that will give him more purchase, and make him even with tother."

"Well, I never thought of that," said he.

"Mornin'," sais I. "Come, steward, you and I must be a movin'."

"'Never thought of that,'" said I, "Sorrow," addressin' of the nigger sarvant, "well, I don't believe that goney will ever 'think of that again,' for advice that ain't paid for ain't no good. But here we are at the house; now put down the things and cut for the vessel, you may be wanted."

I paused a moment before knockin' at the door, to take a look at the scene before me. How familiar it looked! and yet how many things had happened to me since I was here! A member of the embassy to London—an Attaché—visitin' palaces, castles, country-seats and town-houses. How will country galls in Nova-Scotia look after well-dressed fashionable ladies to England, that art has helped natur' to make handsome, and wealth held out the puss to, wide open, and said, "Don't spare, for there's plenty more?" The Town Hall to Slickville, that seemed so large afore I left, looked like nothin' when I came back, the Museum warn't as good as an old curiosity shop, and the houses looked as if the two upper storeys had been cut off.

Will these gals of Collingwood's seem coarse, or vulgar? or consaited, or ignorant, or what? If I thought they would I wouldn't go in. I like 'em too well to draw comparisons agin 'em. I shouldn't wonder if they looked the best of the two, arter all! First, I know they'll be more bloomin', for they keep better hours; next, they are nateral, and tho' first chop ladies to London are so too, yet art is only polished natur', and the height of it is to look nateral. It's like the rael thing, but it wants life. One's an artificial flower: the other's a rael genuine rose. One has no scent: the other's parfume itself. I guess, at last, high bred beauty looks best to high-born folks, and simple country trainin' to folks that's used to it themselves. Circumstances, education, and custom makes circles in England and the States, in monarchies and republics, and everywhere else, and always will; and I reckon everybody had better keep to his own, or at any rate to one that aint very far above or below it. A man must keep his own circle, like his own side of the road, unless he wants to be elbowed and jostled for everlastin'.

I wonder whether Sophy would do for me, or whether she would bear transplantin' to Slickville? Let's see, here goes; and just as I lifted

up my hand to rap on the door, swing it went open, and it nearly hit her in the face. As she started and coloured with surprise, I thought I never see so handsome a gail in my life. "Well done natur'!" sais I to myself, "you've carried the day, and I kinder guessed you would."

"Don't be skeered, Miss," said I, "my hand was lifted agin the door, and not agin you, to enquire if my old friend, the Captin, was to home."

She said he was absent, but would be back in time for dinner; and, as her little brother made his appearance with his satchel over his shoulder, he and I lifted into the hall my travellin' traps. It was plain she didn't recollect me, and I don't know as I should have know'd her if I hadn't seen her to home—she had filled out, and developed into so fine a woman!

Arter a while, sais she, "You have the advantage of me, Sir?" (meanin', 'Pray what may your name be?' it's a common phrase this side of the Atlantic); but I evaded it.

"No," sais I, "Miss Sophy, you have the advantage of me; for you have youth, bloom and beauty on your side: and I am so 'vedder beaden,' as poor old Rodenheiser over the river there used to say, that you don't recollect me. But where

is Mary? tell her that her old friend, Mr. Slick, has come to see her."

"Mr. Slick!" said she, "well, what a surprise this is! I knew your face and your voice, but I couldn't just call your name, not expectin' to see you, and being taken by surprise, it confused me. Why, how do you do?—how glad I am to see you! Jemmy, call Mary; but don't tell her who it is, see if her memory is better than mine. How delighted my father will be! He often talks of you, and only yesterday wondered where you were."

Mary, like her sister, had greatly improved in appearance; but, unlike her, knew me at once, and I was at home once more among friends. The country is the place for warm hearts. The field is larger, and fewer in it, than in cities; and they aint fenced in, and penned up, and don't beat by rule. Feelins rise sudden, like freshets, and gush right over; and then when they subside like, run deep, and clear, and transparent.

A country welcome, like a country wood-fire, is the most bright and charmin' thing in the world: warms all, and cheers all, and lights up everythin'. Oh! give me the country, and them that live in it. Poor dear old Minister used to say, "The voice that whispers in the trees, and

intones the brooks, or calls aloud in the cataracts, is the voice of Him that made them; and the birds that sing, and the fish that leap with joy, and the hum of unseen myriads of animate creatures, and the flowers of the fields, and the blossoming shrubs, all speak of peace, quiet, and happiness. Is it any wonder that those who live there become part of the landscape, and harmonize with all around them? They inhale fragrance; and are healthy, and look on beauty till they reflect it?" I remember his very words; and what was there that he didn't say pretty? But these galls have set me off thinkin' over his poetical ideas.

I wonder if comin' by sea makes the contrast greater? P'raps it does, for all natur loves variety. Arter a little chat, thinks I, I'll just take myself off now for a spell; for, in course, there is somethin' to do when a stranger arrives; and when most that is done, is done by folks themselves. *The great secret of life is never to be in the way of others.* So sais I, "Jemmy, my boy, did you ever see a salmon caught with a fly?"

"No, Sir," said he.

"Well, then, s'posen you and I go down to where the Eskisoony stream jines the river, and

I will raise one for dinner in less than half no time. It's beautiful sport."

"I will jist run up and put on my bonnet, and walk with you," said Sophy. "I have often heerd of fly-fishin', but never saw it. This week is my holidays, for it's Mary's turn to be house-keeper."

"Any chance of a shot, my little man?" sais I.  
"Shall I take my rifle?"

"Oh, yes, Sir; the minks and otters, at this season, are very busy fishin'."

"There's some chance for a fur-cap for you then, this winter, my boy," sais I.

Having prepared all things necessary, and loaded little Jemmy with the fishin'-rod and landin'-net, I took Sophy under one arm, and slung my rifle over the other, and in a few minutes was on the best spot on the river for salmon.

"Now, my little squire, look here," sais I.  
"Do you see where the water shoals above that deep, still pool? Well, that is the place to look for the gentleman to invite to dinner. Choose a fly always like the flies of the season and place, for he has an eye for natur as well as you; and as you are agoin' to take him in so, he shan't know his own food when he sees it, you must make it look like the very identical thing itself,

or else he turns up his nose at it, laughs in his gills, and sais to himself, 'I aint such a fool as you take me to be.' Then throw your line clear across the stream; float it gently down this way, and then lift the head of the rod, and trail it up considerable quick—tip, tip, tip, on the water. Ah! that's a trout, and a fine fellow too. That's the way to play him to drown him. Now for the landin'-net. Aint he a' whopper?" In a few minutes, a dozen and a half of splendid trout were extended on the grass. "You see the trout take the fly before I have a chance to trail it up the stream. Now, I'll not float it down, for that's their game; but cast it slantin' across, and then skim it up, as a nateral fly skims along. That's the ticket! I've struck a nobliferous salmon. Now you'll see sport." The fish took down the stream at a great rate, and I in and after him; stayin' but not snubbin', restrainin' but not checkin' him short; till he took his last desperate leap clear out of the water, and then headed up stream again; but he grew weaker and weaker, and arter a while I at last reached the old stand, brought him to shore nearly beat out, and pop he went into the net. "That's lesson number one, Jemmy. Now we'll set down under the oaks, and wait till the disturbance of the water

is over. How strange it is, Sophy, that you couldn't recollect me! Maybe it's witchery, for that has a prodigious effect upon the memory. Do you believe in witches?" said I, leaning on my elbow in the grass, and looking up into her pretty face.

"How can I believe, who never saw one—did you?"

"Just come from a county in England," said I, "that's chockful of 'em."

"Do tell me," said she, "what sort of looking people they are. Little, cross, spiteful, crooked old women, aint they?"

"The most splendid galls," said I, "mortal man ever beheld; half-angel, half-woman, with a touch of cherubim, musical tongues, telegraph eyes, and cheeks made of red and white roses. They'd bewitch Old Scratch himself, if he was only to look on 'em. They call 'em Lancashire witches."

"Did they ever bewitch you?" she said, laughin'.

"Well, they would, that's a fact; only I had been bewitched before by a far handsomer one than any of them."

"And pray, who is she?"

"If I was to call her up from the deep," said I,

"have you courage enough to look her in the face?"

Well, she looked a little chalky at that, but said, with a steady voice, "Certainly I have. I never did any harm to any one in my life; why should I be afraid of her, especially if she's so handsome?"

"Well, then, I'll raise her; and you'll see what I never saw in England or elsewhere. I'll show her to you in the pool;" and I waved my hand three or four times round my head, and with a staff made a circle on the ground, pretendin' to comply with rules, and look wise. "Come," sais I, "sweet witch, rise and show your beautiful face. Now, give me your hand, Miss;" and I led her down to the deep, still, transparent pool.

"Mr. Slick," said she, "I'm not sure the raisin' of spirits is right for you to do."

But I said, "I would look on this one, and I will, to show you there's nothing to be afraid of, but doing wrong. Stoop and look into the water," sais I; "now, what do you see?"

"Nothing," she said, "but some trout swimmin' slowly about."

"Hold your head a little higher," sais I. "Move a little further this way, on account

of the light; that's it. What do you see now?"

"Nothin' but my own face."

"Are you sure? look again."

"Certainly, it's my own; I ought to know it."

"Well, that's the face of Sophy, the Witch of Eskisoony."

Well, she jumped up on her feet, and she didn't look pleased at the joke, I tell you.

Sais she, "Mr. Slick, that's not right; you have seen a good deal of the world, and we are simple minded, rustic people here. It is not right to play us off that way for your own amusement or that of your readers. It's not kind, nor is it right to praise one so extravagantly. A woman must be foolish to believe it or receive it. You left us a friend, and have returned a flatterer."

Hurrah for good sense, sais I to myself, that's the plant for Slickville.

"Miss Sophy," sais I, "you forgot my name, and now it's clear you've forgot my way and manner, or you would recollect, banterin' talk is as nateral to me as singin' is to a canary bird. I don't mean nothin' but good natur' by it. I'm dreadful sorry for sayin' or doin' anythin' you don't approve. You havn't seen me of late,

and can't help feelin' a little of the resarve of a stranger. You wouldn't a minded it a month hence, when the past and present was jined, and all that's atween seemed one. I admit I was wrong. People may eend familiar, but they shouldnt begin familiar. To call an ugly woman by her right name would entitle a feller to a kickin', but to call a beautiful—no, that's too flatterin' a word—a handsome—no, that's too familiar—a pretty girl—well, that word may pass, though it falls short—a pretty girl a pretty girl, ain't such a deadly sin, I think, arter all."

Well, she laughed. "Nor I either," said she. "But come, let's talk no more about it; perhaps I made too much of it; I believe I did."

Hurrah for human natur' sais I agin to myself. I wouldn't give a cent for a gall that isn't well provided with it.

"No you didn't," sais I. "I-was wrong, and am sorry for it. *Resarve is a line fence, that neighbours have to keep up, to prevent encroachments.* The most beautiful roses in the world have thorns and prickles all under their leaves, and around their stems, that scratch, and jab, and hurt like anythin'; well, they're there for defence. If folks will let the roses alone, the thorns will let them be; but if they rumfoozle the flower,

why they just catch it, right and left, that's all. If it warn't for them, there wouldn't be no roses at all; they couldn't show their pretty faces; and they have as good a right to show their bloomin' smilin' cheeks as Lancashire witches or Escasoon—(I like to have made a hole in my manners), or any other pretty little witches. If it warn't for them," said I, "the cows would browse on all that grow spontaneous-like in the fields, and the goats feed on 'em, and the sheep nibble away at 'em like anythin'; there wouldn't soon be a rose on the face of the airth."

"Well, you do talk different from anybody else," she said, "that's a fact. I didn't mean to be angry with you, and I don't think I could, if I did."

"Well, come and sit down," sais I, "under the oaks again, and I'll tell you a curious story of an old woman that was bewitched at Annapolis, as you was, and lost her memory. Well," sais I, "when I first went to—But, hush!" said I, and I laid my hand on her arm, for just then I heerd a rushin', tramplin' kind of noise in the alder-bushes, right across the Eskisoony run, that suddenly stopped, and then a sort of puffin', and loud breathin', like little model engines. "What's that?" sais I, in a whisper.

"It's the young cattle," said she.

"No," said I, "that's not the way they browse. Keep as still as a mouse." And I put my heels on the grass, and lifted up my weight with my hands, and ampersanded forwards that way until I got near the tree, when I took up my rifle, and made all ready. Just then the cracklin' of the shrubs showed something was movin' on, and then the same noise was made further beyond; and in a minute or two, a beautiful large stately cariboo came out of the thicket, snuffed up the air, looked round cautious, and made as if he was a-goin' to take a drink, to cool his coppers. I drew a bead on him, and let him have it as quick as wink. He sprang up on eend, the matter of a yard or so, and fell right down dead in the bushes, when off started the herd among the alders, as if they'd crush the whole of them into the intervale.

"You've got him, Mr. Slick!" said Jemmy, who was about jumpin' up on his feet, when I pulled him down again.

"Hush!" said I, "not a word for your life. Keep dark and lay low, they'll come back again to look after him presently, and then I'll get another shot." And I reloaded as fast as I could, crawled nearer the trunk of the tree, and

got a good position for coverin' anythin' for some distance up and down stream. Arter layin' a while there, the same tramplin' was heard again, and then the same hard breathin', and then the sounds of more than one advancin', when two leaders came out of the bush, and stood and looked at their old captin, a-wonderin' what on airth was the matter with him, when bang went the rifle, and down went another noble buck right across him.

"Now, Jemmy," sais I, "we can afford to talk, for I don't want to kill no more. There's one for the house, and one for the 'Black Hawk,' and it's my r le not to waste God's bounties."

"And a very good rule it is, too," said Sophy. "I never could bear to hear of their bein' shot just for sport, and then left in the woods for the crows and the foxes to eat. That don't seem to me the purpose Providence designed 'em for. What on airth could have brought them away down here? I don't remember ever hearin' of any being seen so near the coast before."

"The witch of Eskisoo—Oh! I was very nearly in for it again!" says I.

"Yes, yes," said she, laughin', "there's many a mistake made on purpose."

"There's something difficult to get out of the

head, Sophy," sais I, "and some more difficult to get out of the heart." She coloured some at that, and kinder looked down; but, woman like, was cunnin' of fence, and answered right off.

"And among them the love of banter, that's born in some folks, I do believe. But go on with your Annapolis story."

"Well," sais I, and I rested agin on my elbow, and looked up into her beautiful face—for there's no way a gall looks so pretty as when in that position. If they have to look up to you, it kinder causes them to throw the head back, opens the eyes too wide, and covers the whole face with strong light. Half the beauty, and more nor half the expression is lost. Besides, the neck is apt to look cordy. When they look down, the eyelashes fall, and the eye is better shaped, more oval, less round, and is more liquid. The beautiful bow-shape of the mouth shows better, the ringlets hang graceful, and there's shades here and there in the face that sets it off grand. Nothin' ever looks pretty in glare. That's the advantage in paintin'. It makes one know what he couldn't larn without it. My clocks have been the makin' of me, that's a fact. Daubin' figures on 'em set me to study drawin' and paintin', and that made me study

natur. *An artist has more than two eyes, that's a fact.* "Sophy," sais I, "afore I go, I must try and take you, just as you now sit."

"Take me?" she said, lookin' puzzled.

"Yes," sais I; "I have my drawin'-pencil and sketchin'-block here, and if you only knew how becomin' that attitude is—how beautiful you do—"

"Oh, come now," she said, "don't talk nonsense that way, that's a good soul! Go on with your story."

"Well, I'll try," sais I, "tho' it's hard to think of one thing, and talk of another." The fact is, and there's no denyin' it, much as I've laughed at others, I was almost spoony myself. "When I first went down to Annapolis—Jemmy," sais I, "suppose you carry up that are salmon to the house; it's time it was there for dinner, and tell some of the men folks, when they return at twelve o'clock, to bring down a wooden-shod ox-sled to carry up the deer. It will slide over the grass most as easy as snow. When I first went to Annapolis," sais I. Just then Sophy looked over her shoulder arter Jemmy, and seemed oneasy like; I suppose she didn't half like bein' left alone there with me a lollin' on the grass, and she was right. *It ain't enough for galls*

*not to give people reason to talk; they shouldn't even give them the chance.* But if she took me into her calculations she was wrong. When folks confides in me, I'd die to presarve confidence. When they take the reins and trust to their own drivin', I leave 'em to take care of themselves, and jist look arter number one."

"Mr. Slick," sais she, "I beg pardon for interruptin' you, but we are leavin' poor Mary all alone. I think we'd better return, p'raps."

"Jemmy," sais I, a callin' arter him ever so loud, "ask Miss Mary if she won't come and see a salmon caught. Oh! don't go, Miss," sais I; "I have to leave to-morrow, and it's such a treat for me to see you, and talk to you, you can't think."

"To-morrow!" sais she. "Oh my, you don't say so!"

"Well, let's talk of to-morrow," sais I, "when to-morrow comes. Sophy," and I took her hand, "Sophy," sais I, and I looked up into her face; I don't think she ever looked so handsome afore since she was born, "Sophy—" and what I was agoin' to say ain't no matter, for she kinder cut it short, and said:

"Well, go on with your story then, Mr. Slick."

Sam, sais I to myself, a faint heart, you know, never won a fair lady; you have turned into a nateral fool, I do believe.

“ Well,” sais I, “ when I first went to Annapolis, there was an old lady there, one Mrs. Lothrop, a very old woman; and when she heard I was there, she sent for me. When she was a little girl, she lived at Brooklyn Ferry, where her father died when she was nine years old. Arter that, she lived in the house of a loyalist, named Lothrop, and married one of his sons, and when the war came, moved down to this country.

“ Well, she wanted to talk of Long Island, and the old ferry, and the market days, and what not, of old times. She said she would like to cend her days there; that she was sure the moon was larger there than here, and shone brighter, and the fruit was better, and the people honester, and I don't know what all. It was a great comfort to her to see me, and hear herself talk about those things; and every time I went there, I used to go and see her, it pleased her so.

“ Well, the last time I was to that town, the servant waked me up about daylight one day, and said, ‘ Mr. Lothrop ’ (that was her youngest son, for her husband had been long dead) ‘ was below, and wanted to see me in a great hurry.’

“ ‘Tell him I’ll be down torectly,’ sais I.

“ ‘Oh!’ sais the servant, ‘he is carryin’ on dreadful down there, and sais he must see you this very blessed minute.’

“ ‘Tell him to comæ up, then,’ sais I, ‘and I’ll talk to him here in bed.’

“ Well, in run Lothrop, a-wringin’ of his hand, and lookin’ as pale as a ghost, and a goin’ round and round the room, like a ravin’ distracted bed-bug.”

“ What a curious expression!” said Sophy, and she larfed like anythin’. “ How droll you do talk, Mr. Slick!”

“ It’s a way I have, sometimes.” said I.

“ Well, go on,” says she.

“ Well, all the goney could say was, ‘Oh, Mr. Slick! oh, Mr. Slick!—it’s a dreadful piece of business about mother! Oh! oh!’ sais he, and he boohood right out, like a child.

“ ‘Come, Lothrop,’ sais I, a-raisin’ of myself up in bed, ‘be a man, and tell me what you are makin’ this everlastin’ touss abut.’

“ ‘Oh! oh’ sais he, ‘I can’t; it’s too bad!’ and off he sot agin, a blubberin’ like a school-boy.

“ At last, I got riled, and fairly got my dander up. ‘Come, out with it,’ sais I, ‘like a man, or out with yourself from this room, and let me

go to sleep. What ails the old lady?—is she dead?’

“ ‘Oh! wus nor that!’

“ ‘Raced off and got married agin?’ sais I. Well that kinder grigged him, and cooled him down a bit.

“ ‘Raced off and got married!’ sais he, ‘I didn’t expect to hear you speak so disrespectful of poor dear mother! You know that’s onpossible, in the natur’ of things; but if it war, it’s wus nor that!’

“ ‘Well, what in natur’ is it?’ sais I.

“ ‘Why,’ sais he, ‘she’s be—be—be—’ and at last he giggoggled it out, ‘she’s be—be—bewitched!’

“ ‘Be—be—be—witched!’ sais I, a-mockin’ him, for unless I made him mad, I knew I couldn’t make him talk; ‘you be—be—be—hanged! you great, big, blubberin’ blockhead! If you han’t got no sense, I hope you’ve got some decency left. So clear out of this, and let me go to sleep. I raily didn’t think you was such a bornfool! Get out o’ this, afore I put you out!’

“ ‘Oh! Mr. Slick,’ said he, ‘don’t be wrathy! If you only knew all, you wouldn’t say so. She’s dreadful to behold!’

“ ‘But I do know all,’ sais I. ‘ I know there’s no such a thing under the sun as a witch ; if there was, you’d a-been hanged long ago, you’re such a knowin’ ’coon. Out with you !’

“ ‘Mr. Slick !’ sais he, ‘oh, Mr. Slick ! do come and see her, and tell us what to do with her !’

“ ‘Well,’ sais I, ‘ I will, for her sake ; for I’d do anything amost for her ; but there’s only one thing I’d do willingly for you, and that is to kick you.’

“ ‘Well, then,’ said he, ‘if she aint bewitched I’ll stand kickin’ till you’re tired.’

“ ‘Done,’ sais I. ‘ Go and harness up Old Clay, and I’ll dress in a jiffy and off. Come, make yourself scarce : bear a hand.’

“ ‘Well, as we drove along, ‘Now,’ sais I, ‘Lothrop, if you don’t want me to lose my temper, and pitch you right out of this here waggon, begin at the beginnin’, and tell me this here foolish story.’

“ ‘Foolish !’ said he. ‘ Mr. Slick, I am sure—’

“ ‘I jist hauled up short. ‘No jaw,’ sais I. ‘Just begin now, and tell it short, for I don’t approbate long yarns,’ (Sophy smiled at this, as

much as to say how little we know ourselves, but she didn't say nothin'), 'or out you go.'

" 'Well,' sais he, 'it was night before last, Sir, about twelve o'clock, as near as I can guess, that I first heerd the witch come to the house, and call Mother! through the roof.'

" 'What an everlastin', abominable, onaccountable for you be, Lothrop,' sais I; 'but go on.'

" 'Let me tell it my own way,' sais he. 'Well, Fanny had gone to bed before me, and was fast asleep when I turned in, and I was just a droppin' off into the land of nod, when whap the hag jumped on the roof, near the chimbley, and scratched about among the shingles with her broomstick, and called out two witch words I didn't understand. Oh! they were loud, and clear, and cold enough to freeze you! So I wakes up Fanny. Fanny, sais I. What, dear? sais she. Just listen. Well, I am listenin', sais she. What have you got to say, love? Listen, sais I. Well, I am listenin', sais she, quite peevish-like: what is it, dear? Do you hear anything? sais I. Yes, sais she, dear, I hear you. Tut! sais I; don't you hear anybody else? Why, in course, I do; I hear Granny a snorin', that's all. It was worth

while to wake me up for that, warn't it? And she turned right round agin, and dropped off to sleep as quick as wink. Well, Christians talkin' that way, skeered off the witch, or ghost, or banshee, or whatever it was; and I thought it was all over, and had just begun to forget all about it, when bang it come agin upon the ridgepole, and called twice for the old lady. Well, I wakes up wife agin. Fanny, sais I. John, sais she, what's the matter? what on airth ails you? Listen, sais I. I won't, sais she; so there now, do for goodness gracious sake, go to sleep. Fanny, sais I, I am skeered. Oh! you've been dreamin', sais she: do be quiet; you'll wake up the baby, and then we shall have a proper hullabaloo here. There, sais I, didn't you hear that noise now? for there was another call as plain as barkin'. Yes, said she, I do; it's nothin' but an owl; and you are a stupid booby too, to be scared by an owl; seein' you was raised in the woods. I'll get right up, and shoot it, sais I; I'm superstitious about owls. They bring bad luck; their great goggle eyes aint naterel. The night Jem Denson— Jem Denson be fiddled, said she, and you too. I'll have no such carryin's on here, in the night, on no account. Go right off to sleep this minute; and she put her arm round my

neck, and held me like a fox-trap, and pretended to snore in my ear. So we both fell into a sound sleep, and it was broad day when I woke up. When I did, Fanny had me fast by the neck still; I couldn't get her arm off. Fanny, sais I, but she was dead asleep; Fanny, dear: no answer. Fanny, sais I, a undoin' of her arm, and a shakin' her. I won't listen no more. It's time to get up, sais I. I won't, sais she; its nothin' but an owl. Fact is, she was a little bewitched herself, without knowin' of it, and it was some time before she was wide awake.'

“ ‘Your wife is an understandin' woman,’ sais I; ‘it's a pity you hadn't some of her sense.’

“ ‘Well, I got up, and went into the keepin'-room, and as I passed mother's door, I heard her call out in an unairthly voice. Fanny, sais I; but she was a dozin' off agin, Fanny, for Heaven's sake, get up; sais I, mother's bewitched! It's you, she said, that's bewitched; it's nothin' but an—an—o—owl, and off she dropt agin as fast as a pine-stump. I just lifted her right out o' bed, carried her to mother's room in my arms, opened the door, sot her on the floor, and left her in there. In less than a minute, she screamed awful, and mother screamed herself hoarse. When I went in I cried like a child.’

“‘I’ve no doubt you did,’ sais I, ‘and yelled loud enough to wake the dead.’

“‘So would you,’ said he, ‘if you had a been there, I know, and it will shock you awful now. Oh, Mr. Slick! what a time we have had of it ever since! There she lies, talkin’ that devilish gibberish, and then she cries, and sobs, and falls asleep exhausted, and then at it agin like anythin’. What a dreadful fearful thing witchcraft is! I went to the parson, and he ordered me out of the room, and told me it was scandalous to see me so drunk at such a time of the mornin’. But here we are.’

“Well, sure enough, the whole family looked as if they were gatherin’ for a funeral, cryin’ and sobbin’ like anythin’. ‘Mornin’,’ sais I, ‘Mrs. Lothrop. How is the old lady to-day? Can I see her?’ Well, to make a long story short, I went into her room, and held out my hand to her without speakin’. She took it, and then certainly did let off a lingo strange enough to make Adam and Eve stare. Well, I sat and looked, and listened, and at last an idea flashed across my mind, and I kneeled down close by the bed, and whispered a word in her ear, and she started, looked at me, stared, and then the tears came to her eyes. Arter the

space of a minute more, I tried another, and whispered it also, and she put her hand on my head, and patted it, and then the tears ran down her cheeks, but she was quite eased."

"What was them two words, Mr. Slick? do tell me. That's a very curious story," said Sophy.

Well, I wasn't a-goin' to tell her jist then; it spoils stories to let the cat out of the bag too soon, and I was spinnin' it as long as I could, to keep her there, it was so pleasant. *What a pity it is marryin' spoils courtin'*. "I'll tell you in a minute," sais I; "for I'm afeerd I'm detainin' of you. Well, if Lothrop and his wife didn't look amazed it's a pity. They were confirmed in their opinion of witches, and jist looked on me with wonder, as if I was one myself."

"Well," said Lothrop, 'what do you make of it, Mr. Slick?'

"That she's no more bewitched," sais I, 'than I am; but most drove mad by you and your confounded tom-fooleries, about owls, broom-handles and fiddlesticks. Now, I can't cure her, and I'm most afeard she wou't be never quite restored agin; but I'll go and bring her ease, I know.'

"Them two words made me feel quite sure

I was right. Knowin' what a great thing employment is to people who are in trouble, sais I, 'Mrs. Lothrop, this great wisecre here, who was scared by an owl, hauled me out of bed this mornin', before I had my breakfast. I begin to feel pretty considerable peckish, I do assure you. Just turn to, that's a good woman, and give me one of your rael, good, old-fashioned breakfasts, and I'll be back in half an hour and bring you comfort, I know.'

"Well, off I starts up the back road to old Jones, tells him Mrs. Lothrop hadn't long to live, and wanted to see him right-off, bundled him into the waggon, flew like iled lightning back to the house, and marched him right into the old ladies bed-room. Well, she began agin with her lingo, and he answered her, and she sot up, took hold of his hand, kissed it, and made him sit down on the bed and talk to her.

"'Why, what on earth's that?' said Lothrop.

"'Welsh,' says I; 'don't you know your mother left Wales when she was nine years old?'

"'Yes, I do,' says he; 'but I've heard her say over and over again, that she didn't recollect a word of Welsh, and had forgot the very sound of it.'

“ ‘ Well, you see she’s had a slight paralytic attack, that’s affected her head. The English is gone, and the Welsh has returned, and there is the eend of all your long lockrum about owls, witches and broomsticks. You must get that Welshman’s daughter to attend her. And now, mother,’ says I, tappin’ Mrs. Lothrop on the shoulder, ‘ now for breakfast. You never spoke a truer word in your life, than when you said it was John that was bewitched.’ ”

“ What a curious story ! ” said Sophy. “ But, Mr. Slick, what was them two words you whispered in the old lady’s ear ? ”

“ Why,” says I, “ I guessed it was old times had come back to her, so to try her, I whispered ‘ Brooklin ’ in her ear, where she came to as a child, and the other word was her father’s name, ‘ Ap-Williams.’ ”

“ Now, you’re making all that story, I know you are, just on purpose to keep me here ! ”

“ Fact, I assure you, Miss ; upon my honour, every word of it’s true.”

“ Well, then, all I can say is, it’s the strangest thing I ever heerd in my life. But, dear me, I must be a movin’ ! ”

With that, I jumped up on my feet, and held out both hands. “ Let me help you up, Miss,”

sais I, and takin' her's in mine, I gave her a lift, and afore she know'd what I was at, she was bolt upright, face to face to me, and I drew her in, and put my head forward, close up. But she bent back.

"Ah! no, Mr. Slick, that's not fair; it's not right."

"Just one little kiss," said I.

"No, no."

"Not for old times?"

"I can't."

"Not for makin' up?"

"Oh, we have made up."

"Well, then, just to remember you by, when I am gone and far away?"

But she held off, and said, "You have no right to take this liberty, Sir."

Just then I felt a slap on the back. "That's fly-fishing, is it?" said Mary. "That's the tackle you explained to Jemmy, for catchin' galls and salmon. Pretty sport, aint it?"

"Oh, Mary!" said Sophy, laughin, "How glad I am you've come. Here has Mr. Slick been catchin' salmon with flies, that nobody else ever did on this river, and killin' cariboo where no soul ever saw 'em afore; and makin

a fool of me, which no one ever tried to do yet."

"More fool you to let him," said Mary. "It's more than he could do with me, I know."

"Is it?" said I, glad to have somethin' to say, for I really did feel foolish. "It's a fair challenge that."

"Yes," said she. "I'm not to be taken in by skimmin' the fly up the stream—tip, tip, tip;" and she held out her arm as if trailin' the rod, and laughed a merry laugh that made the woods ring agin. "Come," said she, "let me see you catch a salmon, and then we'll go up to the house, for father ought to be back soon now."

Well, I tried the stream, and whipt away at it scientific, light enough to tackle it amost; but it was no go. The sun had come out too hot. The fish was lazy, or sarcy, or somethin' or another, and I couldn't raise one of 'em.

"Pretty sport, aint it?" said she. "If you can't catch one fish in an hour, how many could you make in a whole day? Can you cipher that out? Give me the rod; I do believe I could do better myself."

"That's the ticket," said I: "that's jist what

I wanted you to do, and why I didn't take none myself. If you catch one, you know the penalty. I give you notice; you must pay your footin'."

"Will I?" said she; "I'll teach you what footin' you are on first, I can tell you." But as she said that, an enormous salmon, weighin' the matter of twelve pounds at least, took the fly, and at the same time, by the sudden jerk, took Mary too from off the bank into the deep, round pool, below where she was standin'. It was the work of an instant; but in another instant I follered, and as she rose to the surface, placed one arm round her waist, and almost in as short a time as it takes to tell it, was conveyin' her to her sister. It was a dip or dive, and nothin' more, hardly enough to take away her breath. It would take a good deal more nor that I guess, to frighten her; for better narves, and better spirits, I never seed in all my born days. She was the most playful crittur I ever beheld.

"My! Now you skeered me, Miss," said I. "It was all my fault: I ought to have cautioned you."

"I guess you're skeered in earnest," she said; "for you're squeezeing me as tight as if I was in the water still. Sit me down, please."

"You must pay your footin'," sais I. "That was the bargain, you know."

"But I haven't caught the fish," said she, as quick as wink, and a boxin' of my ears.

"But I've caught the fisher," sais I.

"That's not fair now," sais she; "that's highway robbery, I declare. Well, then, take it," sais she, "and much good may it do you."

"Hullo! what the devil is all this, Slick!" said the Captain, who jist then came out of the wood path, and stood afore us.

"Caught agin!" sais I to myself, as I placed Mary on her feet. "Hang me if ever I'll kiss a gall agin till I'm married, and I won't then if there's any chance of bein' seen."

"I'll tell you, father," said Mary, "what it all means. I fell into the deep pool here, giddy pate as I am, and Mr. Slick jumped in after me, and before I almost knew where I was, had me out, like a man; and then, man-fashion—for men can't do generous things—claimed his reward, and I was just a payin' of him. I'm glad he did, for now we are even. When a critter is paid for his sarvices, there is no obligation."

"I don't think so," said her father, laughin'. "A man who saves a young lady's life at the

risk of his own, is entitled to a kiss all the world over. You may thank your stars you had him here with you. Many a milksop of a feller would have called out, when you were under water and couldn't hear, not to be frightened, and run backward and forward on the bank, as flustered as a hen with a brood of young ducks, and held out a stick to you, too short for you to reach, and told you to lay hold, and he'd pull you out. Slick, I'm right glad to see you, my boy. I take this visit very kind of you. Sophy, make these two cockawee divin'-birds go and change their clothes before they take cold. Here come the boys with the sled, and I will see to gettin' the cariboo up."

"Come, Miss Mary," sais I, "I think your father is right. Will you take a *fin*, fair lady?" sais I, offerin' her an arm.

"Well, tho' you are an odd *fish*, and did play me that *scaley* trick just now," said she, "I don't care if I do, particular'y as you can't soil my dress. But, oh, Mr. Slick!" said she, lookin' up into my face with such a serious expression, (I raily felt glad to see that she could be serious for ever so short a space). "Oh, Mr. Slick!" said she, "that was a merciful dispensation of Providence, wasn't it?"

"Very," sais I.

"You ought to be very thankful," she said.

"I hope I am," sais I, "for bein' an humble instrument in—"

"I don't think you knew your own danger."

"Danger!" sais I; "I was in no sort or manner of danger."

"Sophy, only hear him how he talks, after such a merciful escape. Oh! you ought to have a thankful heart, Sir. I was so frightened about you, I fairly trembled."

"Me having had an escape!" sais I, fairly puzzled, and regularly took in, for I didn't know what on earth she was a drivin' at.

"So little," said she, "turns the scale to good or bad fortune—to happiness or evil. I must say, I felt for you. How near too, my good friend, you was havin' got it!"

"Got what?" sais I. "Do tell."

"A rael handsome quilting," sais she, "from the old gentleman, and richly you deserved it too, for kissin' his two daughters without his leave, and agin their wishes, jist to see whose lips was the sweetest;" and she fairly staggered, she laughed so. "Do you take now?" she said, and then looking demure agin, went on: "Wasn't it a merciful dispensation?"

"Don't make so light of those words, Mary, my dear," said Sophy; "it don't sound pretty."

"You certainly had an escape, though," said I.

"Well, I had," she said; "there's no denyin' of it. I jumped in to look after the witch of Eskisoony, that I heard was there;" and she gave Sophy a wicked look, that made the colour rise to her cheeks;" but as the old ballad we read the other day, says,

" 'But still, like the mermaid in stories,  
I found it a dullish consarn,  
With no creatures but trouts and John Dories,  
To listen to spinning a yarn.'

So I just rose to the surface, and took your arm, and walked ashore. By the bye, Mr. Slick, I hope you didn't wet your clock; just see if you have."

"Watch, you mean," I said.

Well, she nearly fell down, she laughed agin so violent.

"What a mistake to make! Only fancy a man with a great big clock in front, with a large white face, and two brass hands, and Washington on a white horse above it! What a mistake

Well, perhaps you have wet your paper-money."

"I have none in my pocket," said I.

"That's lucky; it will save you the trouble of dryin' it. But, oh, my mouth! my mouth!" and she put up both hands to it, and moaned bitterly. "Oh, Mr. Slick! you'll be the death of me yet! There," said she, "oh! oh! oh! Just stand still, you and Sophy, for a few minutes, till the spasms are over; for I don't like people to look at me when I am in pain;" and she walked on, holding down her head, and supportin' her cheek, and groanin' enough to make one's heart ache, till she was some distance off; when down went both hands, and the laugh rang till it echoed again. "You flattered yourself I was hooked, didn't you? Mr. Slick, reel up your line. You was took in, and not the little country gall down to Jordan river. Good-bye," and off she darted to the house.

"Reelin' up the line," said I, "puts me in mind, Miss Sophy, that I had better go and look arter my rod and Mary's salmon. What a day of adventure it has been! But all's well that ends well; and I must say it's the pleasantest day I ever spent in my life. Don't you believe in

witchcraft now, Sophy? for I do; and the more I see of one that presides over Eskisoony, the more I am—”

“Nonsense! Go and look after your fishing-rod,” she said.

## CHAPTER II.

## JERICHO BEYOND JORDAN.

As soon as I had changed my clothes, I descended to the sittin'-room, and not findin' the young ladies, I took up my rifle and strolled out on the lawn in front of the house, where I met little Jemmy. Some books and music that I had found in my bedroom, had awakened my curiosity, and made me feel kinder jealous, so I thought I would pump the young gentleman :

"Jemmy," says I, "let's go and look at the colts in the pastur'. I'll give you a lecture on hoss-flesh." As we strolled along, I said, "who is Mr. Maxwell?"

"He is the curate," said he.

"Does he come here often?"

"Oh, yes, Sir, he's here a good deal; and always stays here when there's church on the river."

"Going to be married, aint he?" sais I.

"Folks say so, Sir; but I don't know."

Well, it's strange; all I cared about was, whether it was Sophy, but even to that little boy I couldn't get out the words; for when a feller don't half acknowledge his own secret to himself, he don't like to let another know what is passin' in his mind. So sais I, "it's Mary, isn't it?"

"They say, so, Sir."

Well, thinks I, that's a puzzle. Men sometimes, afore others, pretend to court the wrong one, to put folks off the scent; so I aint much wiser.

"Well, what does papa say to all this?"

"Why, Sir, he sais 'they must wait till he gets a church to himself.'"

Well, that's a load off my mind, thinks I; that accounts for her onresarved manner. She knows her free and easy way wont be set down to wrong motives. High spirits in a gall is dangerous things that's a fact. It's lucky she lives in the country; but then I do suppose in a town she would soon be halter-broke and travel more steadily

and not prance so much. What on earth do you suppose could make a minister pick out such a playful, rollickin', frolickin' critter as that for a wife? But Sophy—come out with it—ask the boy about her.

“Well, Sophy,” said I, “is she goin’ to be married, too? I hope not, for your father would be dreadful lonely here, with only Aunt Thankful to keep house for him.”

“No, Sir,” said Jemmy, “I guess not; I don’t think it. There was an army officer here this time last year.”

“The devil there was!” said I. “Stop, Jemmy,” for I felt savigerous, and wanted to see if my hand was in. “Do you see that red-coated rascal of a squirrel there? Where shall I hit him? I’ll scalp him.” And I fired, and just stripped up the skin of his forehead. “Warn’t that prettily done, Jemmy? Didn’t I spile that officer’s courtin’ for him, that hitch?”

“What officer, Sir?”

“Captain Squirrel.”

“That wasn’t his name, Sir. It was Captain Tyrell.”

“Oh, I only meant to joke about this little varmint,” said I; “it’s the way all friskin’, chat-

terin' dancin' fellers like them should be sarved. I warn't talkin' of an officer. Well, what did the Captin do?"

"Well, he wanted to marry our Sophy; and he got aunty on his side, and father consented, and Mary coaxed, but Sophy wouldn't hear to it on no account, and—

"Gave him the mitten," sais I, laughin'.

"What's that, Sir?"

"Why, my boy, when I'm cordial with a feller, I take off the mitten and shake hands with him; when I ain't, I don't take the trebble, but just give him the mitter. Sophy is a sensible girl," sais I.

"So Mr. Maxwell said, Sir. But he's the only one among 'em thinks so."

"What the deuce has he got to do with Sophy?"

"Why, Sir, he said somethin' about bein' dragged from Dan to Beersheba, but I didn't understand it." Just then the shell blew to summon us to dinner. Well, I felt now considerable easy in my mind, and took a great likin' to the boy, and began, all at once, to feel uncommon generous. I told him I had a beautiful little single-barrel partridge gun on board that I would give him, and a powder-flask and shot-belt, and

that he must learn to shoot, for it was a great thing to be a good marksman. There's nothin' like bein' the bearer of good news. A feller that rides express with that is always well received. If you 'carry misfortunate tidin's to a man, he always looks at you arterwards with a shudder. It's strange that your friends, tho', like the last job the best. They are amazin' kind in telling unkind things that has been said of you. Well, after dinner was over, and we returned to the sittin'-room, the captin havin' asked to be excused for a few minutes to issue some indispenible orders to his men, I was left alone again with my two young friends.

What I am goin' to set down here, squire, don't show me to advantage, that's a fact; but what in the world's the use of a false journal? Who would read it if he doubted it? I know people say I praise myself in my books, and crack them up too, and call me consaited, and say I am a bit of a brag, and all that. Well, I won't say I aint open to that charge, for boastin' comes as natural to us Yankees as scratchin' does to Scotchmen—it's in the blood. But if I miss a figure sometimes (and who don't when he totes up a long column of life?) I'm willin' to say so. *We find it easy enough to direct others to the*

right  
unne  
enou  
we a  
you  
a fl  
gnat  
your  
them  
and  
do n  
that  
foun  
cons  
of bl  
It is  
aint  
will  
to de  
wife,  
awkv  
chalk  
"I  
forgo  
"V  
tien."  
"A

*right road, but we can't always find it ourselves when we're on the ground.* We can see plain enough when our acquaintances want advice, but we aint so clear-sighted in our own case. If ever you was bilious, you've noticed little black specks a floatin' about in the air before you just like gnats, and a very botherin' thing it is. You rub your peepers hard, and take a kind of strain with them to get rid of the nuisance, but it's no go; and you try cold applications to them, but it don't do no good. It aint the eye, it's the stomach that's wrong. Well now, them specks are to be found in the mind's eye, too. They are pride, consait, avarice, spoonyness, rivalry, and all sorts of black things, and the mental vision's obscured. It isn't that the mind aint strong, but that it aint well regulated. I don't know whether you will take my meanin' or not, for it aint just easy to describe it. The fact is, I'm lookin' out for a wife, and courtin' is new to me; and if I move awkward, I suppose I aint the first, by a long chalk, that's felt the want of a dancin' master.

"Mr. Slick," said Mary, "there is one thing I forgot to ask you."

"What is that?" said I. "Come, pop the question."

"Are you married since we saw you?"

"Well," sais I, "you little dear, I should have thought it a strange question, if it hadn't been for what I had heard from Jemmy."

I cast a sly look at Sophy to see if she took any interest in the answer; but she was busy with some crochet work, and jist then had to look close down to it to take up a stitch that was dropped. 'There's no gettin' a look at a gall's face when the right time to read it comes, that's a fact. When you do read it, you want the light of the two eyes, like twò candles, to show the text and study the context. Somehow they do manage to throw 'em in the shade like exactly at that time, so that all you can do is to guess. *Concealment is guilt. Hidin' thoughts, like hidin' things, shows there's a secret.*

"Well," sais I, "it's a very nateral question for you to ask; and, now I think on it, I ought to have told you before, especially arter all that has passed. Guess now, am I spliced or not?"

"Kinder sort of so," said she, "and kinder sort of not so. It looks as if you were married, seein' that you can afford to be impudent; and it looks as if you wasn't married, seein' that you think more of yourself—"

"Than anybody else does," sais I; "finish the

sentence out. Well done, Miss! I reckon you can afford something as well as others can."

"I wasn't a-goin' to say that," she replied, "I was goin' to say 'more than you th'nk of others.'"

Sophy worked but said nothin', but I consaited she didn't work quite as fast as before.

"Well, Mary," said I, "you've guessed right this time. You've actilly hit it; somebody must have told you."

"Hit what?" said she, "I haven't guessed nothin'."

"Guess agin' then," said I.

"No I won't," she said, "it aint worth guessin'; it's nothin' to me."

"Nor to me either," said I, "so we'll drop a subject no one wants to talk about. They tell me the young curate is a very nice man, that came here lately, and that he sings like a nightingale

" ' Meet me by moonlight alone,  
And then I will tell thee a tale.'

I saw that song of his on the table in my room up-stairs. Come, sing it with me, unless you caught cold to-day. I'll talk to you about him, it's a subject that will interest one of us at any rate. Oh! Sophy, don't tell him about that dip in the pool."

"Come," said she, "Mr. Slick, come, you're not a-goin' to put me off with any such nonsense about the curate and his songs," and she got behind my chair.

Somethin' to hide there, sais I to myself, a blush that tells tales, a confusion that confounds, a surprise that's too quick to be checked.

"How damp your hair is, Mr. Slick," she said, pattin' it; "come now, give a civil answer to a civil question."

She was not aware that that posture brought her before a large looking-glass that filled nearly all the sp<sup>æ</sup> between the two windows. Her face was covered with blushes of the deepest die, and as Sophy looked up, I saw by the motions of her arm in the glass that she was shakin' her little fist at her.

"Well," sais I, "Miss, I thought it was high time some one should take charge of things, so I just made up my mind at onct, and took a mate; and this I will say a handsomer one is not to be found anywhere. I was jist a-goin' to ask leave of your father to go on board for the purpose of an introduction."

"Why, Mr. Slick," said Mary, "you 'flirtin', rompin', rollickin', naughty man. Is that the way you're goin' to break yōur poor dear hand-

some little wife's heart, and make it thump like a clock strikin'?"

Sophy placed her nettin' and both her hands in her lap, and lookin' up considerable composedly, but a little grain paler than before, said: "There was no occasion for all this ceremony, Mr. Slick; if you think we are only glad to see our single friends, you form a wrong estimate of us. We are always delighted to receive both, *Sir*."

That word *Sir*, the way she pronounced it, was like apple sarce to the goose, not a bad accompaniment, and to be taken together arter that.

"Mary, tell father Mr. Slick is married, and has his wife on board, and if he will come with us, we'll go down and invite her up. This is quite an unexpected pleasure, *Sir*." But the *Sir* this time had more of the tart in it, like cranberry sarce.

"Mary," sais I, "what in the world are you at? are you a-goin' to break my heart? are you tryin' to drive me mad? Tell your father no such a thing. I not only never said I was married, but didn't even say there was a woman on board. I said I had a mate there, and so I have, and a rael handsome one too, and so he is, for he's the handsomest man in the American merchant sarvice."

"Oh, Mr. Slick!" said Mary, "not married

arter all! Well, I declare if that aint too bad!  
Oh! how sorry I am!"

"Why so, dear?" sais I.

"Because I was a-goin' to set on the old gentleman's knee, put my hand on his shoulder, and give him a kiss to tell me a story."

"Why, Mary!" said Sophy.

"Fact, dear," she replied; "I'll never take any more interest in him. He's the most forred, consaited, bewhiskered, and bebearded Yankee doodle-dandy I ever saw."

As she was passin' out of the room, I anticipated her by steppin' before her, and placin' my back to the door.

"So that's the way you sarve the curate," sais I. "When he reads the words from the book, 'dearly beloyed,' don't they sound musical?"

And then I sang her the verse of another song

"Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking  
For the love of Alice Grey."

I saw it among the old music on my table.

There's no pinnin' up a woman in a corner, unless she wants to be caught—that's a fact—and have the bridle put on. So she just edged to the open window, and out in no time.

Instead of returnin' to my seat, I sat down by Sophy.

"What a lively, merry little thing your sister is?" said I. "I hope she will be happy."

"She is happy."

"Yes, but I hope she will be happy with the curate."

"Who told you that gossipin' story?" she said.

"The same person," said I, "that informed me about the witch of Eskisoony."

"In the first," she said, "there may be somethin', in the last nothin'; and I shall feel obliged by your not mentionin' either before my father. *Nicknames stick to people, and the most ridiculous are the most adhesive.*"

"Sophy!" said I, tryin' to take her hand.

"Don't you see I am nettin'?" she said; "and that requires both hands. You're not a-goin' to take leave so soon; are you?"

"Take leave!" said I; "no, what put that into your head."

"Well then," she said, "what's the use of shakin' hands till then?" and she looked up and smiled, and left out the word *Sir*, and its vinegery sound.

After a second or two, she laid her nettin' down on her lap, and laughed like anythin'.

"How completely you took in Mary!" said she; "didn't you?"

"Was you taken in?" sais I, "Sophy, dear," and I slipped her hand into mine, and she left it there.

She didn't lay down her nettin' on purpose that I should take what she didn't appear to give. Oh! of course not, that wouldn't be natur'.

"Was you taken in, dear?"

"Here's father," said she, drawin' back her hand gently, goin' on again with the nettin', and just shovin' her chair a little further off, by accident like, as she stooped to pick up her handkerchief; "perhaps he will go for your *mate*."

Well it was vexatious—that's a fact.

"I wish," sais I, "that all the fathers, brothers, sisters, and mates in the univarsal world were in the North Pole."

She had just time to look up and smile.

And oh! what a sight there is in that word—smile—for it changes colour like a cameleon. There's a vacant smile, a cold smile, a satiric smile, a smile of hate, an affected smile, a smile of approbation, a friendly smile, but, above all, a smile of love. *A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy, the smile that accepts the lover afore words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby, and assures him of a mother's love.*

Sophy had just time to look up and smile when he came in.

"Mr. Slick," said he, "what do you say to a walk up to the mill? I shall have to be absent for about an hour on business there, and it must be dull music here for you."

I believe every created crittur in the world thinks that he's the most entertainin' one on it, and that there's no gettin' on anyhow without him. *Consait grows as nateral as the hair on one's head, but is longer in comin' out.*

"Dull!" sais I. "Quite the revarse, I assure you. Barrin' the loss of your company, I have had a most delightful day here, with the young ladies. Will you let me ask the Captin up this evenin'? He's as fine a young fellow as you ever see amost."

"Certainly," said he, "and any one else on board that you please; and now I must be a-movin', and will be b<sup>l</sup> as soon as possible."

Thinks I to myself: Sam, you'd better be a-movin' too. You're gettin' over head and ears in love as fast as you can, and are as soft as if you never seed a gall afore. So sais I:

"Sophy, sposin' Mary and you and I take a walk down to the beach, and I will send a note on board to the Captin."

And I took out a pencil, and wrote him an invite. Well, as soon as she went to get ready, I

called a council of war, and held a regular caucus meetin' between my head and my heart. So I puts my elbows on the table, and claps my face in my hands, and opened the session. "Sam," sais I, "what do you think of this gall?"

"She's handsome enough to eat.

"Will she do for transplantin' to Slickville?"

"The identical thing.

"What do you intend to do?"

"Well, that's exactly what I want to know.

"Will she take you?"

"It's more than I can tell.

"You aint a Bluenose.

"I am glad of it.

"You're a clockmaker.

"I aint ashamed of it; and if she is, she's a fool.

"You aint young.

"That's a fact.

"Not much looks to brag on.

"That's true.

"And talk Yankee into the bargain.

"I can't help it.

"Well, you've wrote books.

"Let her take the books then, and leave me.

"But aint she the finest gall you ever did lay eyes on?"

"Well, she is.

"And the sweetest?"

"Lick!!

"And modest, and all that?"

"Yes, all that, and the double of that multiplied by ten.

"Up then, and at her like a man.

"What, give up all my prudence? Offer on half a day's acquaintance, and have all the rest of my life to find out her faults. Women aint hosses, and they want to be put thro' their paces, and have their wind tried. If I'm took in, it will be myself that did it; and that aint like Sam Slick, is it?"

"Well, it aint, that's a fact.

"What a cussed thing love is! It puts you in a twitteration all over just when you ought to be cool, and turns a wise man into a born fool. Sleep on it. You've just hit it, sais I. Now you talk sense; you're gettin' to be yourself agin. Sposen she falls in love with the handsome Captin."

That thought sent all the blood in my body to my heart, until it nearly bust, and, forgettin' that I was talkin' to myself, I struck the table with my fist, and ript right out:

"By the tarnal, I'll throw him overboard, or cut him up for mackarel-bait, I will by—"

"Why, Mr. Slick," said Sophy, just then tappin' me on the shoulder, "what on earth is

the matter? How dreadfully pale you look! I'm quite frightened! What is it?"

"Nothin'," sais I, "dear; but an affection of the heart."

"Are you subject to it?" said she.

I threw all the expression I could into my eyes—but I guess they looked more like those of a boiled codfish, than anythin' else, for there was no blood circulatin' in my head—and gave her as sweet a look as I could, tho' I have no doubt it looked like that of a dyin' calf.

"No," sais I, "Sophy, I never knew what *that* was till *this* day. I feel better now."

"Take this," she said, pourin' out a tumbler of cold water, "it will do you good. It will soon pass off."

Oh, how hoppin' mad that made me! I didn't observe that a feller that's courtin's as blind as a bat—and I didn't notice that she didn't take the pint. The fact is, she was too frightened; so, sais I, "Oh, by all means, Miss Tyrrel—wood, there's nothin' like throwin' cold water on it! When a man's too ardent, there's nothin' like icin' him down to the right pint!"

"Why, what's this?" said Mary, who came in now, ready for a walk to the shore. "Sophy, what on airth's the matter?"

"Can't tell," she said. "All I know is, Mr. Slick is very ill, and I'm very much frightened. I wish papa was here."

"Mary, dear," said I, "I'll explain it all to you. I've been an invalid lately: it's that that's caused me to travel, and not business; for I've more means than I can make a good use of." (I thought I'd just throw in by accident like, that hint about means, for money aint Scotch-snuff, it never makes folks sneeze.) "And I didn't know that I was as weak as I am. The excitement has been too much for me. I'm a calm man in a general way; but I never had so delightful a day as this in my life. I have had both head and heart turned, and have suffered for it! But as I shall never see such another day while I live, so I shall never suffer that same way. I thought my heart would bust; but it's all over now. I feel the blood comin' back to my face. I'll take another dose of Sophy's prescription," (fillin' out another tumbler of cold water, and drinkin' it off). "And now, fair ladies, I'm at your service for a walk."

"Oh! Mr. Slick," said Mary, "it's all my doins! It all comes from divin' into the river after me, and it has brought on an ague. You're actilly tremblin' now!"

"I assure you, Miss," said I, "you had no

hand in it whatever. London life has made me forget what I was, and what I am, what I can do, and what I can't."

I cast my eye sideways towards Sophy, and I saw a new light was breaking in upon her, for a little comin' and goin' of colour, and a restless eye, showed she was thinkin' and feelin' too, so, sais I, "now ladies;" and we set off to saunter to the beach.

"I ought to have thought of the Captin before," I said, "but that comes of bein' selfish, and, perhaps, who knows, a little jealous, for I wanted to have you all to myself, and he is the finest feller I ever saw. His father was a clergyman, and he is a scholar and a gentleman, and far above the condition in life he is in; better informed, better lookin' and in every way superior to a travellin' clockmaker like me;" and I spoke that word bitterly. "I'll promise him, Sophy, neither to throw him overboard, or cut him into bait for mackerel now, that foolish and wicked thought is gone for ever. I think you'll like him."

"Not if he talks as bitterly as you do, Mr. Slick," said she whose arm I felt tremblin' inside of mine.

"And now, ladies, I've a little pet scheme in my head."

"To help you cut him up for bait, I suppose?" said Sophy. "What a shockin' idea?"

"Mr. Slick," said Mary, "I wouldn't marry you for the world."

"You're not the only one that wouldn't," said I, pressin' Sophy's arm. "But what have I done to be rejected before I asked you? That aint a marcifful use of beauty, is it Sophy? If I was to tell her that I had a little church of my own, perhaps she'd think kinder of me."

But Mary pretendin' not to hear me saved her the reply, by goin' on:

"Because you are jealous."

"You don't know me, Miss, or you wouldn't say that. I never saw Mr. Maxwell, therefore how can I be jealous?"

She looked inquirinly at Sophy, to ascertain if she had betrayed her, and I went on.

"I never knew what love was but once, and I hope I never shall agin; and to keep out of the scrape I never will even talk of it. So I can't be jealous. But now that you see what a safe man I am, I hope you will both help me to carry out my pet scheme, and you must help me soon, or it will be too late, for I embark to-night, or at day dawn in the mornin'. I want your father to come and visit us at Slickville, and bring you both with him (not to visit me, I have no such vanity, but my sister Sally, the dearest, sweetest, best sister man

ever had). Now don't say no, Sophy. Tho' I won't make love, and render myself ridiculous, and persecute others, I can make a visit pleasant to you both, and will do everythin' in my power to do so. What do you say?"

"If my father will go I should like to see the States very much," she replied; "but I'm afraid there might be some difficulty."

"Oh! I understand," said I, "about the curate. The invitation shall include him too."

"Oh! Mr. Slick," said Mary, "how very kind. I shall be delighted. Come, sit down here on this bench. Give me the note. I will give it to that boy that's gettin' into the boat; and, Mr. Slick, coax Sophy out of her difficulties. She's a great prude."

Pausin' a moment, and lookin' earnest at us both, she said:

"There's a screw loose between you two. Put it right, Mr. Slick; and if you can't, give her another lesson in fly-fishin'."

And away she flew, as merry and as light-hearted as a bird.

"Sophy," said I, "I'm glad to have an opportunity to beg pardon for my rudeness. The excitement of the mornin', and the thought of

partin' this evenin', upsot me, and I hardly knew what I said or did."

"Mr. Slick, I will not be prudish," said she. "I really did misunderstand the nature of your complaint," and she smiled, "that caused you to say what you did. Now I comprehend it all. The struggle you was undergoin' did great credit to your feelins."

"We are friends again, I hope—good friends—warm friends. And—" sais I.

"And," said she, looking me steadily in the face, "attached *friends*."

Thinks I to myself: Take what you can get, Sam. If you go in for more, you may lose all. "Now for the visit."

"Mr. Slick, knowin' now wh—; know, there's a delicacy that makes the difficulty almost insurmountable."

"I'll remove that," sais I, "at once. I will never mention, or so much as allude to, what has taken p' e to-day, durin' your whole visit to Slickville. It wasn't necessary to state the objection. It would have been unkind, and unfair, and inhospitable."

"That's very handsome, Sir," she said. "I'll answer for my father. We shall have great pleasure in goin'. Fix the time with him. Here's Mary."

"Mary!" said I, lookin' at Sophy. "Don't she look more beautiful than ever, now she has done a gracious thing. She has consented to come to Slickville."

"Ah!" she said, "that's fly-fishin'. There's nothin' like fly-fishin', is there, Sophy?"

"There *was* nothin' like fly-fishin', I can assure you."

"Oh! of course not. He don't know how, and you are too prudish to show him. I never was so happy in all my life. I shan't sleep a wink to-night for thinkin' of Slickville. Will you, Sophy?"

"I hope so, dear. I know of nothin' to keep me awake."

"Nor I either," said I, "except the mortification that Mary refused me before she was asked."

In this way, we entered the house.

"Mr. Slick," said Mary, bringin' me a sheet of paper, "give me some idea of the kind of lookin' place yours is at Slickville, for it will often be the subject of my thoughts and dreams."

"I have my sketch-book with me up-stairs, and everythin' that interests me is there. I will go and get it."

When I returned, I found my old friend, Aunt Thankful, the eldest sister of Mr. Collingwood, had

joined the party. I had not seen her since my arrival at the house, but she seemed to me the only unaltered person in it. Younger she couldn't be in the natur' of things, but she was not a day older, and was dressed in the same antiquated style as when I last saw her. She asked me the same questions as of old. She inquired how poor father and mother, and dear old Minister was. Well, they were all dead, and I didn't like to shock her, and I told her they were quite well when I last saw them. It distressed me dreadful, and the poor girls hung their heads and were distressed, too. Well, I sheered off as soon as I could, and opened the portfolio.

"Oh, Sophy, look here!" said Mary, "isn't this a beautiful place? What lovely grounds you have!—they are so extensive! How much money they must have cost!"

"I learned the value of time, dear, by measurin' hours and minutes so accurately. I worked for it, and the bread of industry is sweet."

"Let me look at it," said Aunt Thankful, and she put on her spectacles and examined it. "Dear me," she said, "how much that looks like Prince Edward's Lodge, on Bedford Basin. The last time I was at Halifax, I was at a ball there.

Little did I think, then, I was talkin' to the father of a future Queen of England!

" 'Miss Collingwood,' he said, 'you don't appear in your usual spirits to-night.'

" 'Please your Royal Highness,' sais I, 'it's the awful execution to-day!'

" 'I assure you, Miss Collingwood,' said the Prince, 'there has been no execution done to-day,' and he lowered his voice, 'but by your beautiful eyes.'

"That was a very flatterin' speech, wasn't it, from a King's son? For there are more eyes on them than on other folks, which makes them better judges.

" 'What do you allude to?' said his Royal Highness.

" 'Two men shot for not bein' shaved, three for havin' a button off their coats, and the drum-major for havin' lost his queue.'

"The Prince said I was deceived; and my father stormed and raved like a mad-man when he heard it, and said, if Mrs. Findlay, who told me the story, was a man, he'd shoot her."

"Aunt," said Mary, to get rid of a story that mortified them, "do send Jemmy off to bed; see how sleepy he is, he has just fallen off his chair."

Poor girls! I pitied them. *People have no*

*right to make fools of themselves, unless they have no relations to blush for them.*

"But what is this?" said Mary, when she was relieved of her aunt: "what a dear little church!"

"It was the church of my poor old friend, Mr. Hopewell. After the shepherd died, the flock dispersed. It's mine now."

She looked at me for a minute or two in most eloquent silence. I knew what was passin' thro' her mind; but she said nothin'. I read her little innocent heart as plain as a book—and a beautiful book it was too. She continued to regard it with deep interest for awhile, and then returned it to its place, without another word; but I saw a tear in her eye, as she passed on to the others.

"But what is this?" said she. "Look here, Sophy!" as she took up a daguerreotype-case and opened it.

"Mary, dear," said Aunt Thankful, who had returned, "Mary, dear," and she pressed the forefinger and thumb of both hands on her shoulders, "do sit up straight, dear. I can't bear to see young ladies stoop so, do you, Mr. Maxwell?"

"Perhaps 'she stoops to conquer,'" said he.

"I," said Aunt Thankful, "don't know what stoopin' is, unless his Royal—"

"Well, aunt," said Mary, "I'll sit as straight as an arrow, a bulrush, a drill-sergeant, a pike-staff, flag-staff, or anything you like, to please you. Maxwell," said she, in an under tone, "do for goodness gracious sake take aunty off, and ask her about presarvin' plums, whether the stones are taken out, or the seed from raspberries. Or whether it's true a peach-tree growd out of Major André's nose when he was dead."

"Mary," said he, "that's too bad; don't talk so, my love."

"Well I won't ask you to eat of the fruit," said she, "for that must be too bad; but the story is true nevertheless. Now take yourself off, and aunty too. What a beautiful girl," said Mary, takin' up again her conversation about the daguerreotype! "I never in my life saw anythin' so handsome. Oh! Mr. Slick, who is that? Well you *are* a man of taste. Who is that?"

"You've been too quick," said I, pretendin' to look confused; "guess."

"Your lady-love."

"Sophy, who do you say?"

"Some fine lady of your acquaintance in England," said she, slowly.

"You are both out," said I; "it's only valuable as a specimen of the art. It is a beautiful impression. I have another of the same kind here: if you will do me the favour to accept them, you will confer a great pleasure on me, for I did them both."

Turnin' over several sketches in the portfolio, I found it; and presentin' the first to Sophy, I gave the other to Mary, who said she would keep it as long as she lived—for she dealt in strong terms—to cure her vanity when she looked at it, and to remember me by also.

When she opened it, she uttered somethin' like a scream of delight.

"Oh! this is worth a dozen of the other; this is just what I *do* want. Oh! Sophy, look at this; aint that a grand likeness?"

It was one of myself. There was somethin' in the little shuffle of the cases, and in the beauty of the one given to Sophy, that kinder rubbed her agin the grain. After contemplatin' it awhile, she said:

"Mr. Slick, to have a specimen there must be a face; do you set so little value on this lovely one, as to part with it so lightly?"

"I can afford to part with," said I, "for the original of it is engraved on my heart, where it will

remain imprinted for ever; for she is as pure-minded, and as good and affectionate as she is lovely."

"Engravings wear out or get defaced," she said. "I will not let you deprive yourself of this exquisite miniature in a moment of thoughtless kindness," and she handed it back to me.

"Mary," said I, "don't let it be said that this went a-beggin'; do you keep it. You will love the original when you know it. That lovely woman, though you would scarcely believe it, is the sister of the man you called to-day a be-whiskered, bebearded Yankee doodle-dandy. That is sister Sally."

Sophy looked hurt, and I don't wonder at it. It aint right to play with people's feelin's that way. So, sais I, to save myself from gettin' the mitten I desarved:

"You are quite right, Sophy; if that had been a likeness of any one but a sister, a man who would part with it in that way would betray a sacred trust. I honour your feelin's more than my own behaviour *in this* matter. We can't look at all those sketches now. I will leave the portfolio with you till you come to Slickville; if there is any you would like to keep, select them. There is one," I said. lowerin' my voice, "I can't ask

you to select, or accept; but if it shall be left out by accident like, when you leave home, I shall be delighted."

We had a charmin' evenin'. What the Captain and Maxwell said and did, their journals will show; mine is runnin' over already. We had some very good singin', and the Captain appeared to make such rapid progress in Sophy's regards, that on one occasion, to teaze her, I pretended to look grave, and asked her plainly, which she preferred; a question that didn't please her at all, for said she:

"Mr. Slick, how can you be so absurd? Neither."

"One of them," said I, "must be selected, for he's doomed: overboard he goes, to a dead sartainty, or he's cut up for mackarel bait."

She couldn't help laughin', to save her life.

"What an odd man," she said, "you are."

At another time I suggested the propriety, if he complained of an affection of the heart, to prescribe cold water for him; which she said was a very unfair and unkind remark.

"I don't know," sais I, "why he should be exempted. Captain Tyrrell and I, had to swallow it." The look of astonishment she gave me, was

beyond all words to describe. She was utterly confounded, and could scarcely speak. "Sophy," sais I, "it's witchcraft."

"I believe it is," said she; "though I hardly know what I am saying."

"Sophy," and I spoke low, "we are unobserved now, the Captin is takin' leave, shake hands with me." I gave her's a slight squeeze, and the pressure was returned. I whispered to her, "A thousand thanks for that," sais I. "I'll see you again, before I return to the States."

At last, the move became general, and the Captain rose to go on board, and invited Maxwell to accompany him. Collingwood, however, would not consent to such an early separation.

"Is is not often," he said, "I have the pleasure of seein' any one here, and you must gratify me by stayin' a while longer. I have not seen Slick for some years; and, Captin, I have not had time yet to make your acquaintance. Come, sit down, and let's have a little more chat before you go. Sophy, order up some supper."

The young ladies were fairly fixed. Their father's invitation didn't extend to them. Aunt Hetty, too, was in a hurry, and they couldn't help themselves; so they exchanged adieus with

me, which, considerin' the onwelcome presence of their father and the guests, was as cordial and affectionate as they could be.

As they reached the door, Mary said, "Mr. Slick, *mus.* you *really* go to-morrow? Can't you spend one day more with us?"

I knew and I felt that I ought to go, and said, I feared it was onpossible to detain the vessel any longer.

"Where do you go next?" she said.

"What is the name of the nearest harbour?"  
sais I. I knew as well as she did that it was Port Jolly; but jist axed for somethin' to say.

"Jericho," she replied. "Don't you know that this is Jordan? and don't you know the next is Jericho? Now, if you won't stay, you may just go to *Jericho beyond Jordan!* So, good-night!"

## CHAPTER III.

## THREE TRUTHS FOR ONE LIE.

THE evenings are cool on the southern coast of the province until late in the spring, and although the day had been fine, it was found if not necessary, at all events agreeable, to have a fire.

"I like a fire," said Collingwood, "it's a sociable thing; and now the ladies have retired, suppose we draw up round it and have a chat."

"Slick," said Cutler, "what a droll fellow you are; you never go anywhere you don't meet with an adventure. What a singular incident that was of Miss Collingwood falling into the river, and her instantaneous rescue. Now, though I should be very sorry to witness such an accident, I am not

the man to have the good fortune to plunge in after a lady and save her life. All these things fall to your lot, but none of them ever occur to me. You only did what any man of spirit would have done; but the young lady took it as easy as a common bath. I never knew an instance of better spirit. I only hope she may not feel the effects of it, in the shape of a cold."

"Ah! my dear friend!" said I, "you don't understand the natur of women as well as I do. Although they are not endowed by natur with the same strength as men, they aint deficient in rael courage, when there is need of it. A woman that would scream and faint if a mouse was to run over the keys of her piano, could face fire, shipwreck, and death in any shape, with a calmness and coolness that nothin' but faith in Providence can give. I recollect a curious circumstance that occurred down to Kennebec, during the revolutionary war. I had it from one of the family. Old Captain Eldridge and his son had to leave home one day to attend a meetin' of the king's friends, and there was nobody left in the house but his daughter Mary and a hired gill, both on 'em about eighteen years of age. Well, things went on as usual pretty much till about sundown, when

there was an awful uproar in the yard. Such a yellin' and screamin', and squeelin', and gruntin', and scamperin' never was heard.

"What in natur' is all that, Sally?" said Miss Eldridge.

"Lord only knows, Miss," said she, "unless it's the rebel's a-seizin' of the captin's swine for the fort. The cowardly villains know that the men-folks are all away, and I shouldn't wonder if it's them taking the chance to plunder."

"Well, if the men are al' gone the guns aint," said Miss; "and I'll treat 'em to a shot at any rate. If I don't hit 'em I'll scare 'em, for cowards don't like the smell of powder, it's pyson to them. Let me take a look from the back door. Lord a' mercy on us," said she, "it's a monstrous great big black bear, a-carryin' off the old sow in his arms. Why he stands seven feet high a-most on his hind legs. Let's drive him off—follow me," and she took a brand of burnin' wood from the kitchen fire and ran after the bear, wavin' it round and round to keep the blaze bright, and screamin' and shoutin' at the tip of her voice, for wild varnaints are awfully scared at fire.

"But the bear warn't so easily darnted; he stopt, turned round his head, and showed an awful

row of harrow teeth, enough to frighten any one. But on she went, came up to him, and fetched him a blow of the hot, sparkling, hard-wood stick, full of live coals, right across his eyes and nose. It did 'he business for him. Bruin dropt the pig (that scampered off to the sky roarin' as if clavin' warn't just quite as pleasant as ticklin'), and then he made for the fence, which was built of long ranging stuff, not trees nor poles, but betwixt and between like, such as the rafters they use for scaffolds. Well, the bear, who was half blinded by the hot brand, tried to get between the logs, and just as he put his head through, Miss liffs off the upper one and springs it on his neck, and had him fast in a minute. It just made a trap like what the Cuba fellers call a garotte, for stranglin' of prisoners.

"The way he gave lip until the woods rang again, and tore up the chips and grass and gravel with his hind feet, and set them a-flyin in all directions was a caution to sinners.

" 'Sally,' sais she, 'come here, and sit on the eend of this spring pole, keep it down with all your might, he can't get out, he is properly noosed.'

" 'Oh! I am afeerd, Miss,' said the gall, 'I'm skeered to death.'

" ' 'Skeered, are you,' sais she. 'Now do tell.

Well, I want to know. Why? How you talk? Well, just give me your hand then, that I may take a good jump, and we'll let him go; but it's a pity, too."

"Well, she creeped up and creeped up ever so cautious, keepin' one eye on the beast, and the other on the young lady, and gave her her hand. And what does Miss do, but gives her a pull that nearly fetched her a top of Bruin.

"'Now,' sais she, sittin' of her down on the log, 'do you hold fast, till I go for the carvin'-knife and do for him.'

"'Oh! dear Miss Eldridge,' sais she, 'I can't. Oh! don't leave me in the jaws of this roarin' lion, that's a dear lady—oh! don't.'

"'It aint a lion, Sally!'" sais she; "it's nothin' but a bear. Don't be skeered; but don't stir for your life, or the critter will give you such a hug, Bill Edwards will be jealous.'

"'Oh! be quick, Miss Mary, then; he's strugglin' dreadful now.'

"Well, she flew to the house and back agin with the knife as quick as wink, and passin' through the gate, got the other side of the villain, and stood ready for action.

"'Now, Sally,' sais she, 'hold on for dear life. When he feels the knife, he will make a desperate

splunge, and kirwollop like anythin'. Are you ready?"

"'Yes.'

"'Then here goes,' and she drew the knife right across his throat. Well, his tongue was stuck out ever so far, his eyes flashed fire enough to light up the fence amost, and he fairly roared agin with pain. He braced up against the fence with his hind feet, and managed to get a small purchase for his paws, and made a desperate pull backward with all his might. The more he pulled, the more he opened the wound, and she got another clear sweep of the knife across the gash, and cut it through. In the last struggle, he threw his hind parts almost on to Sally, and she screamed, 'Let go!' and ran for it; and he pulled out his head, and arter her quick stick. But it was no go. Arter a jump or two, he fell, and then he rose, and fell again, and then he got up, and staggered about with his head hangin', and fell heavy, and bled to death. He was the largest bear ever seen on the Kenebec river. Well, some of the neighbours skinned it for her; and what do you think she did with the fur?"

"Made a muff of it," said Collingwood.

"No."

"Trimmed a sleigh?"

"No."

"Made a counterpane?"

"No."

"A mat for the bed-side?"

"No."

"Why, what on airth did she do with it then?"

"Why, she had the skin shaved close, and took the fur and spun it into yarn, and vowed if she married an officer in the king's service, she would knit a battle-shirt for him, that he might be reminded of the courage of his wife; and if she married a civilian, and ever had sons, the first shirt they should ever put on should be one made of the hair of that bear, that they might be brave and victorious!"

"Well, did she ever marry?" said the Captain.

"Yes, she did, one of the mildest and meekest of men, a clergyman of the Church of England, that was settled arterwards in Nova Scotia—as good and as peaceable a missionary as the society ever employed. Now, that's human natur agin."

"Well, it aint my idea of what's nateral," said Collingwood, "for like seeks like, the brave like the brave—birds of a feather flock together. You know who people are by their associates."

"Excuse me," sais I, "you've got it wrong.

The natur of matrimony is one thing, and the natur of friendship is another. A tall man likes a short wife; a great talker likes a silent woman, for both can't talk at once. A gay man likes a domestic gall, for he can leave her to home to nuss children and make pap, while he is enjoyin' of himself to parties. A man that hante any music in him, likes it in his spouse, and so on. It chimes beautiful, for they aint in each other's way. Now, friendship is the other way, you must like the same things to like each other and be friends. A similarity of tastes, studies, pursuits, and recreations (what they call congenial souls); a toper for a toper, a smoker for a smoker, a horse-racer for a horse-racer, a prize-fighter for a prize-fighter, and so on. *Matrimony likes contrasts; friendship seeks its own counter-parts.*

“Well, the lady had three sons, and as soon as they were born, they had the bear's shirt put on; and one thing is sartin, they were all three men of undoubted courage. One was killed in battle in Canada, a Captain in the British army. The other two were civilians, men that nobody would think of takin' a liberty with. Their hair shirt is in existence still. I seed it myself, and have a small bit of the yarn to home now.”

"Well done, Slick," said Collingwood, "that's not a bad yarn."

"It's a fact though, I assure you. I know the family as well as I do your'n."

Here there was a knock at the door, and an inquiry made for the Captin. The voice was that of Mr. Eldad Nickerson, who had come up for orders.

"Come in," said Collingwood. "Come in, Mr. Nickerson. The ladies have retired, and we are goin', to spin yarns. Come in, and help us. You have just missed a capital one."

After a little mock modesty on the part of the Pilot, he allowed himself to be persuaded, and joined the circle.

"Well," said I, "pilot how have you got on to-day?"

"Grand, Sir," he said, "better than I expected. Arter you left us a light breeze sprung up, and took us in a very few minutes to the anchorin' ground, and everythin' was made snug and safe."

"Payin' out the cable," said Cutler, who took up the conversation here, "operated as a signal to the Indians, who soon came on board to sell their beautiful bark-work, consistin' of slippers, ornamented with porcupine's-quills, died of various

colours, and beads fancifully arranged, nests of circular boxes and chair bottoms finished in the same manner, and baskets of every shape and size made of birch strips, not unlike the English willow manufacture. All these found a ready sale for presents to friends on our return, and the men were desired to come back immediately to traffic for oil and fish. The Indians of New England have long since disappeared from that part of the continent in which I was born, and the first I ever saw were those of Nova Scotia. What a noble race they still are, though European vices and diseases, and above all, ardent spirits, have done so much to demoralize them. What an interesting people they are !”

“ Well, I don't think so,” said Eldad. “ They are a dirty, idle, lazy, vagabond crew. Swallow like a crane, and sleep like a hog. When they have nothin' to eat, they hunt, or fish, and if they fail at that, beg. It's a common phrase with us white folks, that a feller is as mean as an Indgin, or begs like an Indgin ; and when they can't eat no more, and can't sleep no more, they squat down and play checkers. If that's interestin', then I want to know ? How the plague can people be interestin' that take no interest in anythin' onder the sun ? that's my logic. Why if they were to see

a rail-car or a balloon for the first time, they wouldn't as much as stop to look at it, but just pass on, as if it was an old story. They hante got no curiosity, and they hante got no ambition ; and what's the use of a critter that hante got them two senses. When I was to Pictou for a load of coal last year I met an Indgin at the pit waitin' for the foreman, to beg, I suppose. This officer was an Englishman ; but old moose-meat didn't know that them folks in a general way are most as silent as a savage, would sooner give money anytime than stop and jaw.

“ ‘Indgin,’ sais I, ‘how do they raise the coals out of that ere everlastin', almighty dark hole ?’

“ ‘Why,’ sais he (for they always have an answer, right or wrong), ‘why,’ sais he, ‘lightem up fire, make tea-kittle boil, and up comes coal.’

“ ‘Great invention that, Indgin, aint it ?’ sais I.

“ ‘No,’ sais he, ‘white man fool. If wood is scarce, instead of makin' forest come as you do, Indgin goes to it. Indgin no fool ; he builds his wigwam where wood, water, fish, and huntin' all meat. He has nothin' to do but stretchem out hand, help himself, and go to sleep. White men work all the time ; work for

drink, work for eat, work for coat, work for horse, work for ox, work for everythin'. Indgin never works.'

"What do you think of such a feller as that, eh? Mighty interestin', aint it?"

"It's his logic, and that's all," said the skipper. "Fact is they didn't understand each other. One was a scholar, and the other a practical man. One looked at the past and future, and was filled with wonder and awe at the mysterious decrees of Providence; the other at the use and fitness of things before his eyes. I understood them both. Is there nothing interesting," said Cutler, "in the fate of a noble race that peopled a whole continent being destined to disappear from the face of the earth, and leave no trace behind them? Whence came they? Who are they? And for what wise purpose is it, that they are to cease to exist? In workin' out their extinction—for we are used as the instruments—are we not working out our own condemnation, and leaving an inheritance of sin and shame to our posterity? As Christians and as men this is a solemn question, and one which we shall, doubtless, be one day called upon to answer. Is their nothing interesting in their traditions, their legends, and above all, their language?"

“As for their language,” said the pilot, “I would as soon learn the language of the wolf, or the bear. What in natur’ is the use of it, except to trade? and signs will do for that.”

“Mr. Slick,” said Cutler, “aint those beautiful pictures that Cooper has drawn of the Indian chiefs in his novels? Don’t they give you the idea of a splendid race of men? of nature’s nobility? In form, models of manly beauty; in qualities of mind equal to the sages and heroes of antiquity.”

“Tell you what,” said I, “friend, Cooper’s trade was fiction, and fiction aint truth, whatever else it is. I can’t write books as well he did, but I’m a bit of an artist in my own line, and can draw and paint a little, too.”

“That you can,” said Collingwood, “and draw as long a bow as any Indian or author.”

“Thank you for nothin’,” said I, “I owe you one for that.”

“Well,” said he, “you are able to pay it, if any man can, that’s a fact.”

“Well,” said I, “there are two kinds of pictures fancy sketches, and sketches from natur’. His are all fancy work. I have been a great deal among the Indgins, and know them well. There never were such chiefs as he has drawn,

and they never acted or talked that way. It's the fashion with us to make grand speeches for them, and make them talk like Ossian's heroes—half mist, foam, and cataract, and half sun, moon, and stars, with a touch of insanity, runnin' through all. It sounds beautiful, school-galls get 'em by heart, and call 'em sublime; and commencement-day boys spout them out with awful effect; while their mothers open their mouths and swallow all, and their fathers scratch their heads, to feel if their scalps are safe, it sounds so nateral. A feller that can feed off a dead horse, that would pyson a crow, and smack his lips after it, and then go and lie down on his belly, and drink green swamp water by the quart, may be a hero; but he can't, accordin' to the natur' of things, be any great shakes of an orater. If he can, we had better shut up shop to Cambridge, and say larnin' is all bunkum. They are a fine race of men, no doubt, and Providence had to make 'em so, otherwise wild beasts would have made mince-meat of them long before the Europeans did; but still, they are savages after all, and savage vices ever predominate over savage virtues. The questions you have broached, are deeply interestin', I do suppose; but Paul Tomahawk and Peter Scalpin-

knife are ugly customers, and not so easily civilized as you think. Old maids fancy nobody knows how to bring up children but them; but children know they are dry-nurses, and laugh at 'em. And Boston and Philadelphia philosophers think that they know how to christianize, humanize, and civilize savages; but savages look on 'em as harmless, tame cattle, that live on rich pastures, and like to lie down, chaw the cud, and look wise.

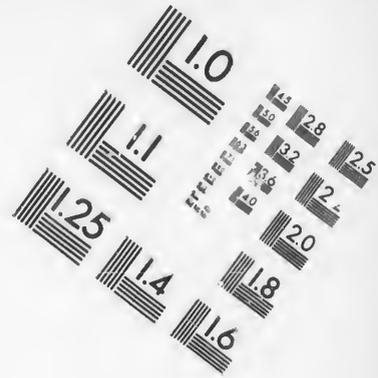
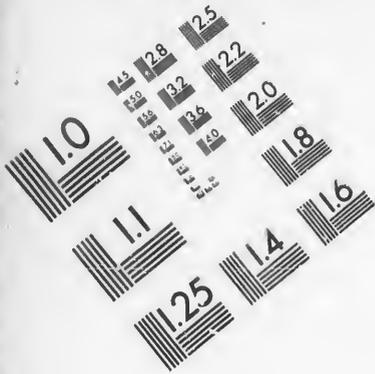
"Take a wild duck's eggs (I have often done it), hatch 'em out under a tame one, and as soon as their wings are strong enough, off they go, it's their natur'. Or rob a hawk's nest, and hatch one of its eggs under a pea-hen, with her own, as soon as the young gentleman begins to feel his helm, he sups on his foster-brothers and sisters, and soars away with his nurse in his claws for dinner. That's the gratitude of savage life. You can't do it; no how you can fix it. They have an old proverb here, and I like proverbs, there is so much truth in 'em, in a small compass. An Indian, a partridge, and a spruce tree can't be tamed."

"Do you think they can't be civilized?" he said.

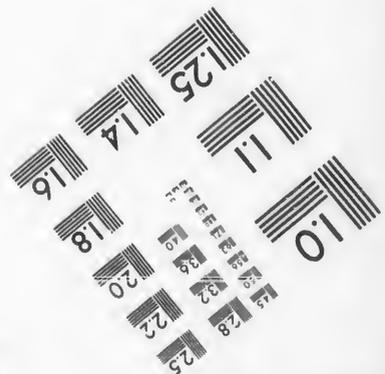
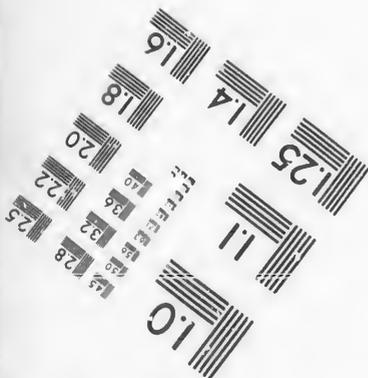
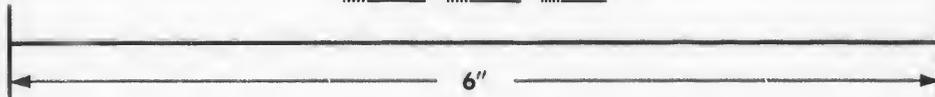
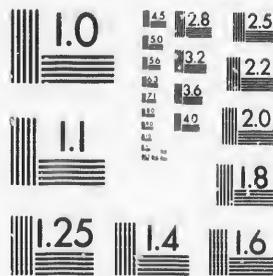
"No," said I, "I don't think no such a thing.

But we go the wrong way to work. The voluntary principle won't do, you must constrain 'em. Children are constrained, and so are school-boys, and so are students at universities, to say nothin' of apprentices and servants. Well, sodgers are disciplined by constraint, and so are sailors, the most difficultest people in the world to deal with. Well, society is constrained by laws, police-officers, jails, penitentaries, and gallowses. What in natur' is the use of talkin' to savages. They have nothin' in common with you. They don't think like you, value what you do, or have the same springs of action. It's all moonshine, it's beginnin' at the wrong eend. See what fools the British made of themselves in the Caffre wars, from not knowin' this! Treatin' them naked savages like gentlemen, and takin' their word for peace. What the plague do English generals know of bush-fightin'? or the natur of them heathen, ontamed, rampaginous imps of darkness? And what security will they ever have of them critters keepin' the peace longer than when their stock of cattle is renewed, and a fresh supply of arms and ammunition laid in? But that's their look out, and not mine; and this I will say, some of our Peace Society folks havn't much reason to larf at them either.





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

15  
16  
18  
20  
22  
24  
25  
28  
32  
36

10

"These wise men of Goshen sent a missionary onct to the Burmese. Well, one day he built a bamboo tent near one of their temples, and as the heathens were goin' to idolotrize, he stood at the door to preach to them, and convert them. He took for his text that passage that refers to livin' water that quenches thirst for ever. Well, it was a capital text, if they could have understood it; but they did'nt; and off they ran as hard as they could lick, and what was his horror when he saw them all return with cans, cups, gourds, calabashes, and what not for the fluid; and when they found he hadn't it, they pulled down his bamboo camp, and took the sticks and thrashed him amost to death. In fact, he never did get over it. He died from that are beaten. They called him a Yankee cheat, and it lowered our great nation amazinly—fact, I assure you. The right way is—but you and I aint a-goin' to be missionaries, so we wont enter into details; at least, I aint. I don't want to be grilled and eat for supper, that's a fact. I'd like to see them converted into Christians; but I don't want to be converted into a *curried clockmaker*, I can tell you. They are far above niggers though, that I will say; and they despise those woolly-headed, thick-sculled, long-heeled, monkey-faced gentle-

men as much as you or I do. In that particular, they have more pride than we have. White women do sometimes marry niggers, but an Indgin gali never. She'd die first. The Indgins here in this country are no fools, I tell you. Though they do eat like a boa-constrictor, swaller enough at one meal to last for two days, and that muddifies the brain, still they know what's good, and aint above lookin' a gift horse in the mouth. Lord! I shall never forget an evenin' onct that I was goin' down La Haive river, in a canoe with two Indgins. Well, dark come on, and it began to blow like statiee, and I saw a light in a house in the woods, and I told them to run ashore for the night.

“‘Now,’ sais I, ‘strike up a light here, and take a stretch for it in the bush, and hold on till mornin’.

Well, we hauled up the canoe, and knocked up a shelter in no time, and as I was a-goin’ towards the cottage of a highlander that lived there, to get a night’s lodging, a little wrinkled man in an old homespun dress that was onct blue, but had grown grey in the sarvice, and wearin’ a sealskin cap, came towards me. I thought by his look he was one of the laird’s helps, or, as they call it, a joint of his tail, that had small wages and poor fare.

“ ‘Hallo, friend,’ sais I, ‘do you belong to this house?’

“ ‘Nae, she don’t belong to the hoose’ said he, ‘but the hoose belongs to herself. It’s Squire Rory M’Tavish you have the honour to speak to.’

“ ‘Well, thinks I to myseif, considerin’ you havn’t so much as a pair of breeches to wear, that piece of pride aint bad, that’s a fact; the pattern of the kilt is big enough, in the hands of a good tailor to make you a pair; but who on airth gave you, the name of Rory? What a devil of a fellow you’d be at roarin’, wouldn’t you frighten the grasshoppers a’most? I thought I should have roared out myself. Well, you are a rip-roarious fellow, Rory, and no mistake; but I wanted a bed and a supper, so I soft-sawdered him, and smoothed the laird down, and by the time we reached the house, we were as thick as two thieves. The little feller was a good-hearted critter too, as all Highlanders are, and out came a hearty welcome, and then out came the whiskey, and then out came his wife—a better feller than he was, and far better-lookin’ too—a rael jolly nice little woman.

“ ‘How did you come?’ said she.

“ ‘Well, I told her about the canoe, and the Indgins, and all that.

“ ‘What!’ she said, ‘the poor Indians sleepin’ in the heather! Murdoch,’ sais she, addressin’ a little bare-footed chieftain, that had a head of red hair that would have stuffed a gall’s side-saddle a’most, ‘go and bring them up here, they must have a supper, and sleep by the fire.’

“Well, everythin’ went on swimmingly. They gave me a capital supper, and we told capital stories. I know hisn must have been capital, though I didn’t understand a word of them, for he luffed so in tellin’ ‘hem, they nearly choked him; and I roared in tellin’ mine, for I knew he could not make out what I was talkin’ about either. I haw-hawed so loud, that I actilly waked up the cock that was roostin’ in the porch, and sot him off a crowin’ too. We kicked up a great bobbery, that’s a fact. In the midst of it, in comes Mrs. McTavish, lookin’ as red as a turkey-cock, and struttin’ like a bantam-hen, head up stiff and strait, wings extended angry-like, till they scraped the floor. She was in a riproarious passion. If she didn’t talk quick, it’s a pity. First she talked Gaelic, and then she translated it. She made a long yarn of it; but the short of it was this, she gave the Indians a pot of burgoc—oatmeal and water—for their supper, and they refused to

eat it, sayin': 'May be very good for Scotchmen and pigs, but Indian no eat it,' and walked out of the house in high dudgeon.

"Oh! didn't little Rory roar, and Mrs. Rory rave, and didn't I go into convulsions! I thought I should have died on the spot for want of breath. I joined in berating the Indians though of course, or I should have been obliged to cut stick too; but it was almost too much for my ribs. Well done, hairy scalps, sais I to myself, well done, hairy scalps, your pride has outdone hairy legs this time at any rate. Oh dear! how Ambassador laughed, when he heard that story.

"It was the first time I ever heerd him laugh, for, in a general way, he only smiles, and gives a twinkle out of the corner of his eye. But that time he laughed right out, and sais he:

"'Sam,' and I took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes; 'Sam, don't tell that story here to London. There are a great many chieftains here in the season, and you wouldn't know they weren't lowlanders, for they conform to the fashion, wear trousers, and dress quite decent. I like them myself, they are a fine, manly, good-hearted race, but they are very national and very touchy, and you'll get called out as sure as you are born.

“Well,’ sais I, ‘let them call; but they must call louder than little Rory, if they want a man to listen to them. If a feller thinks to stop my talk, he’s mistaken; for if I don’t make a hole in his cheek, big enough to hold the tube of his unchristian bagpipe in, my name isn’t Sam Slick. Ambassador,’ sais I, ‘Latin and Greek is your forte. If a feller held a pistol to you, and told you not to speak them languages, or if you did you must go out with him, would that stop you? I kinder guess not. Well, I wouldn’t swap my stories for your Latin and Greek, nor the embassy to boot; and no Highlander, from *Ben Lomond* to *John O’Groat’s*, shall stop me.’

“I saw he was bothered. He didn’t know what to say. He didn’t approve of duellin’, but still he was a Yankee, and wouldn’t like to have one of the embassy called a coward.

“‘Sam,’ sais he, ‘it’s a serious matter here; if it eends fatally it’s murder. What would you do under the circumstances?’ said he, lookin’ very grave.

“‘Act like a man, Sir,’ sais I. ‘Accept his invite at once, and be gallus polite; give him his choice of weapons, rifles or pistols, or sit-ten straddle-legs across a keg of gunpowder,

but resarve the choice of ground to myself. Well, as soon as he makes his selection, which would be pistols of course, he'd say, now name your ground. Well, I'd say, I take it for granted I shall let daylight through you, for I'm a dead shot; but perhaps you think you are a deader one, and make sartin you'll fix my flint. Now, in order to spare the survivor's life, and have no arrests or trials about it, and save judges from talkin' hippocritical, say the right bank of the Mississippi. Name your day. But I hope you won't be offended with me, as I know the country better than you do, for advisin' you to wear trousers there instead of kilts, or as sure as you're born, you will never reach the ground alive, for the galley-nippers. I wish you a good mornin'.

“‘Sam,’ sais he, ‘what a way you have of makin’ fools of people.’

“‘It’s a a knack, Sir,’ sais I, ‘we Connecticut people have, and it’s useful in important things as well as in trifles, as the nigger says in the song :

“Oh, habbent I de knack,

Ob suckin’ sugar-candy and drinkin’ apple-jack.”

“There is some fun in Indians too, Captin,”

sais I, to go on with my story about 'em. "I was once to Liverpool Falls, when I was in this country last, and there was a feller called Tony, took a very good rise out of a settler near there, called Bednigo Latty. Bednigo met him one day in the road in winter, and as soon as Tony saw him, he began to limp and make faces.

"'What's the matter, Tony?' sais the other 'have you hurt yourself?'

"'Oh!' said Tony, stoppin' short, puttin' down his gun, and restin' over the muzzle, 'me most dead, me tired out; me no drag my legs along scarcely, Mister Latty; me chase moose, very big moose, two whole days, and when I kill him at last, me so tired, me not able to skin him, or bring any meat home to my squaw. I give him to you; if you go for him you shall have him. Only give poor squaw one small piece for her dinner.'

"'Yes,' said Bednigo, 'and thank you too; but how shall I find moose?'

"'Oh! I tell you so you find him, sartin sure. You know Grand Lake?'

"'Yes.'

"'You know where neck of land runs way out ever so far, into lake?'

"'Yes.'

“ ‘You know where large birch tree grows out of the end of that neck?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘Well moose just under that birch tree there; very big moose. You *get him*, you *have him*.’

“ Well, next mornin’ Bednigo makes up a huntin’ party, and off they starts through the woods, eight miles as the crow flies, in a straight line for Grand Lake; and at the upper end of it, four miles further, they found the neck of land, and the big birch tree, but no moose, and no signs of one, or tracks either.

“ Well, they returned home as savage as bears, for they knowed they would be larfed at by the whole settlement, for bein’ took in so by an Indian. But they sarched all round the lake first, in hopes of havin’ somethin’ to bring home, and detarmined if they did, not to tell the story; but they had no luck that day, and they camped out, and hunted the best part of next day, but saw nothin’, and returned as tired, in fact, as Tony pretended to be, and awful hungry, for they intended to feed on the fresh steaks.

The next time Bednigo saw the Indian: “ ‘Hullo!’ sais he, ‘what did you mean by tellin’ me that lie about the moose, and sendin’

me away out there to make a fool of me, you indgiun rascal? I have a great mind to thrash you, you villain.'

" 'What lie?' said Tony, very gravely.

" 'Why that lie about the moose.'

" 'Ah!' said he, 'you no gettum moose?'

" 'No! of course I didn't; there was none there, and you knowd it well enough.'

" 'Very strange,' said Tony, 'you no gettum moose,' quite unmoved by the threat. 'Did you find grand lake?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Well, that's one. Did you find neck of land runnin' away out into water?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Well, that's two. Did you find big birch tree?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Well, that's three, and you no findem moose?'

" 'No.'

" 'Well, that's three truths for one lie. Pretty well for Indian—aint it? When I sold you my furs last spring, you cheated me, and what you said was all one grand big lie. You no pay me yet—cheatem Indian—cheatem devil,' and he drew back a step or two, and began lookin' to

the primin' of his gun, which Bednigo thought, as they was alone in the woods, was a hint Congress was broke up, and members had better cut off for home, so he hung his head, and made tracks. I guess humour is in 'em, for they understand a joke, and enjoy it. Many a time I've made 'em laugh, by givin' them a droll idea dressed in Indian phrases and familiar words. The fact is, natur' is natur' all the world over, and the plainer talk is, and the simpler written it is, the nearer to life is it, and the longer it is remembered—or lives.

“I have often heard cld Minister say, the ‘Vicar of Wakefield’ is more nor a hundred years old, and is a common book now, because it's written in common language; and will be a popular work a hundred years hence, on that account, altho' it's no great shakes arter all.” It don't require a scholar to enjoy it. Why is it if you read a book to a man you set him to sleep? Just because it is a book, and the language aint common. Why is it if you talk to him he will sit up all night with you, and say, ‘Oh! don't go to bed yet, stay a little longer?’—Just because it's talk, the language of natur'.

“It's only lawyers that read law books, and doctors that read doctor's books, and college folks

that read Latin and Greek. Why? Because nobody else understands 'em. They are out of their way. Well, some books are read in the parlour, and some in the kitchen; but the test of a rael genuine good book is, that it is read in both. Why? Because it shows it's nateral; for natur' is the same in both. It only differs in the dress; it's more transparent in the kitchen, it's only covered with gauze there, just for decency's sake. It's dressed in silk in the other, and aint just quite as easy seen through.

“Anythin' to please must be nateral, I don't care what it is. Now talk nateral to an Indgian, in language such as he uses in common, and use ideas that he uses, and put humour iato them, and see if he don't larf. A little thing makes a man larf, and next to nothin' makes a crowd roar. *We are full of chords, from the deepest-toned silver string, like that of the harp, up to the little short upper sharp one that is only two inches long. Strike one of your own that is in tune with that of another person, and see if they don't harmonize. It vibrates through him.* Anybody can be made to larf, unless it is one of those sour chaps in North Britain; and I believe in my soul nothin' but takin' him to see a bishop hanged or burned would make *him* larf.

“My idea is, that the want of humour in Indgiāns comes from not talkin’ to their women. Women are naterally sharp, quick-witted, and lively; if they can’t reason like men, a nateral gumption takes ’em to a right conclusion long afore a man has got half way through his argument. Now men without women’s society are like bodies without souls, heavy lumps of mortality; it’s that domestic degredation of the wife among savages that beastifies the mind of the man.

“He is thoughtful, but not playful; knowin’, but silent; ’cute, but not humorous. It’s a great pity the misfortunate critters are so fond of rum, it’s the ruin of them; they will sell anythin’ a’most to buy it.

“Joe Nogood made a capital answer to an innkeeper onct, when he was purchasin’ a bottle of spirits from him. He was very angry at the price, which was just double what it ought to be. He objected a long time, but could get no abatement. The innkeeper tried to make him onderstand the loss of keepin’ a cask of rum on hand for any length of time, and explained to him about the interest of money that he was losin’ on the principal spent in the purchase (A pretty hard thing I guess to make an Indgian comprehend

what interest of money is—who never received or paid any, and never had any capital all his life.) Joe pretended that all he knew was it used to cost three shillings a bottle, and now he was asked six; and he gave him to understand he didn't think much of his principle to extort arter that fashion, and didn't think it was for his interest either, for he would never buy any more of him again. But the barman argued away, and at last wound up by assertin' that between wastage, leakage, bad debts, and interest, it cost as much to keep a hogshead of rum on hand as to keep a cow. Joe mused a while and knowin' how the feller was in the habit of adulteratin' the rum by the aid of the pump, brought him up all short.

“‘Ah,’ said he, ‘maybe cask drinkum as much water as cow, but sartain no eatum as much hay.’”

“And havin' given him that poke he paid the price, took up his bottle and walked. And as he got to the door he turned, and shook his fist at the extortioner, and said, almost speechless with rage, ‘Now man, I say damn.’”

“An Indian is a child of natur, eyes like a lynx, heart like a lion, nose like a pointer, cunning' like a fox, constructive like a beaver, distructive like a tiger, appetite like a beast of prey, and the propensities of the devil, and yet he has an instinct

runnin' into strong reasonin' faculties. What then is the difference between him and us? Christianity. Ah! that is a great thing, if we only knew how to teach it to them, and let them see our example was equal to our precepts. They have lots of lamp ile, what a pity it is they can't read. It's the fashion among easy chair Christians to England to undervalue the labours of bishops in foreign parts. It's a great privilege to abuse a bishop and praise a savage—ain't it? It's Christian charity too, for as this mitered gentleman has to bear all things, he has to put up with your sarcee. Well he has to have his food cooked in course, for he is used to it. The dear child of natur' eats it raw.

“A bishop's task is no easy one at any rate, and it is made more difficult by other sects underminin' him in his labours, and sayin' he has no Scriptural authority. How in the world is lawn sleeves agoin' to convert a critter whose appetite is stronger than a pig's, who drinks dog-fish oil, thickened with blubber, the most awful pisonous stuff in the world, and dines off of whale-stakes, cut out of a fish that died afore the flood, and has been presarved ever since in natur's ice-house at the North Pole. If bishop is goin' to do the civil, and take pot luck with him, and wants to soft-sawder

him, he must go lower down still than that, so that savage may say: 'This Christian chap is a very sociable feller, arter all, but I guess he ain't used to such delicacies to home as dead foxes, and shipwrecked seals.' Still the question is: what is the difference between us Christians and savages? The great thing is to settle what that term Christianity means. We ought to onderstand it, you know, for we expound it at our tea parties, and teach our parsons.

"A savage looks at us and our doins, and says, Christians is no great shakes arter all. Aint that shockin' now? You must double your subscriptions, old ladies. He says we don't onderstand ourselves, and asks what in the world is the mearin' of that word Christianity? One is nicknamed an idolater, and has a fisherman's ring, when it's well-known fishermen never wore rings. And tother is branded a heritic, who wears long bands to look wise, which were never invented until white beards were cut off. And the third is a free livin' and free thinkin' gentleman. He says: they preach good will to all men and hate each other like the devil. They fight among themselves, and use us as tools. One has a book called a Bible, and tother burns it. One tolerates, and tother intolerates. They hate each other like pyson,

and use words which we call impious. They fight even in death, for they won't sleep side by side in the same grave-yard. Oh! it's no use talkin', Captin Colingwood, Christianity should be intrusted to the church to teach savages, and not to Tom, Dick and Harry. False teachin', and bad examples, *bring* rum, ruin, disease, treachery, and death to the Indians. I don't wonder Johnny Nogood, who knew our favourite oath, said: 'Now man, I say damn.'"

"Slick," said Cutler, "I never heard you talk so well afore. There is a great deal of truth in that, although you have put it in a way to make my flesh crawl."

Says I, "Cutler, I haven't put it half strong enough; but I actilly thought Sophy (Oh Lord! I thought I should have died, for it came out afore old Colingwood so sudden; but I went right ahead, for if you get into a slough or honey pot, you can't stop, you must whip up, yielk, talk slang, and bully the team, and put them through, for if you hold on one minute, the cattle can't or wont start the load agin, and you are in a pretty frizzle of a fix, so I went right ahead) or dear little Mary, (as if Sophy wasn't twice as dear) and Aunt Thankful, and all were present, for in course we talk more resarved afore ladies, than by ourselves.

But still," sais I, a lightin' of my candle, and risin' to go to bed (for I wanted to think of Sophy and not of savages), "depend upon it, Colingwood—man to man, face to face, and without bunkum, I don't wonder when an Indian looks at us and says, 'Now man, I say damn.'"\*

\* Two hundred and fifty years ago, very similar remarks were made by a French gentleman, who has left us an interesting account of his visit to Nova Scotia: "Et ne faut point m'alléguer ici le prétexte de la religion. Car (comme nous avons dit ailleurs) ils ont tout tuez les originaires du païs avec des supplices les plus inhumains que le diable a peu excogiter. Et par leurs cruautés ont rendu le nom de Dieu un nom de scandale à ces pauvres peuples, et l'ont blasphémé continuellement par chacun jour au milieu des Gentils, ainsi que le Prophète le reproche au peuple d'Israël. Témoin celui qui aime mieux estre damné que d'aller au paradis des Hespagnols."—*Lescarbot's Hist. de la Nouvelle France*, p. 483.

## CHAPTER IV.

## AUNT THANKFUL AND HER ROOM.

THE first thing I did when I went to my bed-room was to pack up my things. *I never draw on to-morrow. It is like anticipatin' one's income and makin' the future bear the expences of the past.* When a thing is done, it is off your mind. *To carry care to bed is to sleep with a pack on your back.* That's my logic, as the pilot sais. Well, when that was done, I hops into bed, and now, sais I to myself, Sam, sposin' as we are alone here, and it ain't overly late, we have a little quiet talk together.

What do you think of to-day's work?

Well, I think it is about as pleasant a day as I ever passed in my life. As for Sophy, she is

splendiferous, and no mistake. I guess I'm in for it this hitch.

Well, sais I agin, ain't she prudish, or cold, or calculatin' or somethin' or another of that sort; ain't there a little grain of Aunt Thankful's starch in her. Sposin' we run over the events as they occurred, and consider them seperate, and then put the parts all together, and see how they work.

Well, I goes over all in my mind, till I throws the line over the brook, to give little Jemmy his first lesson, and gets the first trout, and the pull he gave jerked my hand off my eyes, and I was asleep in a minute as fast as a pine-stump.

A little afore day I wakes up, and rubs my eyes, and I thought I heered some one a movin', so says I, steward, how is her head? But steward didn't answer, so I answered for him: Pretty well I thank you, Sir. How is yourn? And that made me laugh; but still I was a little bewildered. I thought I was on board the 'Black Hawk;' but I stretched out my leg first on one side and then on the other, and found I was in bed.

Yes, sais I, a-bed, that's sartain; but where? Oh, I have it! at Squire Cellingwood's. Why, Sam, sais I, it ain't possible you are in love,

when even the thought of dear Sophy couldn't keep you awake for half an hour. But I am tho', that's a fact. Oh dear, what nonsense people talk about love, don't they? Sleepless nights—broken dreams—beatin' hearts—pale faces—a pinin' away to shaders—fits of absence—loss of appetite—nervous flutterins, and all that. I haven't got the symptoms, but I'll swear to the disease.

Folks take this talk, I guess, from poets; and they are miserable, mooney sort of critters, half mad and whole lazy, who would rather take a day's dream than a day's work any time, and catch rhymes as niggars catch flies to pass time— hearts and darts, cupid and stupid, purlin' streams and pulin' dreams, and so on. It's all bunkum! Spooney looks and spooney words may do for schoolboys and seminary galls; but for a man like me, and an angeliferous critter like Sophy, love must be like electricity—eye for eye, and heart for heart, telegraphed backwards and forwards like 'iled lightnin'.

Well, sais I to myself, confound the thing, Sam, you didn't make no great headway nuther, did you, tho' you did go it pretty strong? Thinks I again, you haven't had no great experience in these matters, Sam, and that's just where you

made the mistake. You went at it too strong. Courtin' a gall, I guess, is like catchin' a young horse in the pastur. You put the oats in a pan, hide the halter, and soft-sawder the critter, and it comes up softly and shyly at first, and puts its nose to the grain, and gets a taste, stands off and munches a little, looks round to see that the coast is clear, and advances cautious again, ready for a go if you are rough. Well, you soft-sawder it all the time:—so-so, pet! gently, pet! that's a pretty doll! and it gets to kind a like it, and comes closer, and you think you have it, make a grab at its mane, and it ups head and tail, snorts, wheels short round, lets go both hind-feet at you, and off like a shot.

That comes of being in a hurry. Now, if you had put your hand up slowly towards its shoulder, and felt along the neck for the mane, it might perhaps have drawed away, as much as to say, hands off, if you please; I like your oats, but I don't want you, the chance is you would have caught it. Well, what's your play now you have missed it? Why, you don't give chase, for that only scares a critter; but you stand still, shake the oats in the pan, and say, cope, cope, cope! and it stops, looks at you,

and comes up again, but awful skittish, stretches its neck out ever so far, steals a few grains and then keeps a respectful distance. Now what do you do then? Why shake the pan, and move slowly, as if you were goin' to leave the pastur and make for hum; when it repents of bein' so distrustful, comes up, and you slips the halter on.

Now more nor half of all that work is lost by bein' in too big a hurry. That's just the case with Sophy. You showed her the halter too soon, and it skeered her. I see it all now, as plain as a new floor-board, sais I. It stands to natur. Put one strange horse in a pastur, and another in the next one, and arter a while they will go to the fence, and like as not, when they look over at each other, snap and bite as cross as anythin'; as much as to say, you keep your side and I'll keep mine. I never saw you before, and I don't like your looks. Arter an hour or so, they will go and look at each other agin; and that time they won't bite, but they breath together, and rub their heads together, and at last do the friendly by brushin' the flies from each other's neck. Arter that, there is a treaty of peace signed, and they turn to and knock the fence down, (for it's very lonely to feed

in a field by oneself), and go wanderin' about showin' each other the best grass. Yes, Sophy, I see where I missed a figure; and if I remain of the same mind as I am now, see if I don't slip the halter round your neck before you know where you be. Or say I can't catch a hoss or a gall, that's all.

But I must be a movin' now, so as not to disturb folks. So I lights the candle, and goes down softly to the front entry, and puts down my traps to be sent for; and just as I was a goin' to open the door, the black house-help, Rose, comes from the other end of the buildin', and says, "This way, please, Master Slick. Marm Thankful will be here in a few minutes, and hopes you will sit down in this room till she comes;" and closin' the doer on me, vanished. There was a small wood fire burnin' in the chimney, and two lighted candles stood on one of the tables, so that everythin' was as clear as noontday. Oh, Jerusalem! sais I, what in creation is all this? Here is a room, that looks as if it must have been cut out of the old family house in New York State, and fetched down, holus bolus, as it stood; for there aint anythin' hardly in it as new as herself, and she is seventy years old, if she is a day. Note

it all down for your journal, for sister Sal; for though you have seen most of these things as odds and ends, you never saw them all brought together before, and never will again. So I up and at it.

I paced the floor; it was twenty-two by twenty. The carpet was a square of dark cloth, not so large as the whole floor, and instead of a pattern, had different colored pieces on it, cut out in the shape of birds and beasts, and secured and edged with varigated worsted in chain-stitch. In one corner, stood an old-fashioned eight-day clock, in a black oak case, with enormous gilt hinges. In the opposite one was a closet, made angular to fit the shape of the wall, with a glass front, to preserve and exhibit large silver tankards; Dutch wine-glasses, very high in the stem, made of blue glass, with mugs to match, richly gilt, though shewin' marks of wear, as well as age; a very old china bowl, and so on.

In one of the deep recesses formed by the chimney stood an old spinet, the voice of which probably was cracked before that of its mistress, and, like her, had forgot its music. In the other was a mahogany bureau, with numerous drawers, growin' gradually less and less in depth and size,

till it nearly reached the ceilin', and terminatin' in a cone, surmounted by a gilt parrot; not a bad emblem for a chatty old lady-bird, who is apt to repeat over and over the same thing.

The jambs of the fire-place, which was very capacious, were ornamented with bright glazed tiles, havin' landscapes, representin' windmills, summer-houses in swamps, canal boats, in which you could see nothin' but tobacco-pipes for the smoke, and other Dutch opulent luxuries painted on them. On one side of these were suspended a very long toastin'-fork and a pair of bellows; and on the other a worked kettle-holder, an almanac, and a duster made of the wing of a bird.

The mantel-piece, which was high, was set off with a cocoa-nut bowl, carved, polished, and supported by three silver feet; an ostrich egg, and a little antique China tea-pot, about as large as a sizable cup. Two large high brass dog-irons, surmounted by hollow balls, supported the fire. The chairs were of mahogany, high and rather straight in the back, which had open cross bar-work. Two of these were arm-chairs, on one of which (Aunt Thankful's own) hung a patch-work bag, from which long knittin'-needles and a substantial yarn-stockin' protruded. All had

cushions of crimson cloth, worked with various patterns, and edged with chain-stitch, and intended to match the curtains, which were similar. There was no table in the centre of the room, and but two in it, which were much higher than modern ones, with several little spindly legs to each, makin' up in number what they wanted in size. On the largest stood two old-fashioned cases, with the covers thrown back to exhibit the silver-handled knives, which rose tier above tier, like powdered heads in a theatre, that all might be seen. Beside them was a silver filigree tea-caddy.

On the smaller table, stood a little hand-bell and a large family Bible with enormous clasps, a Prayer-book, and the "Whole Duty of Man." It was a funny idea that too. I took it for granted it was a receipt-book, or a family medicine-book, or a cookery-book, or a female book of some sort or another; but no—it was the "Whole Duty of Man!"

Ah, Aunt Thankful! confess no; warn't there a little curiosity in you to find out what the "Whole Duty of Man" was? Well, they don't do their duty, or one of them would a gone down on his marrow-bones, and begged the honor of your hand, long and long ago; and they never

will do their duty. But you will be here before I have half-finished my inventory; and Sally will scold if I don't tell her about the walls, and say I haven't done *my duty*.

We'l, between the winders was a very large lookin'-glass, in an old dark, carved mahogany frame; a yellow sampler, with the letters of the alphabet; a moral lesson, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," and the name of the artist, "Thankful Collingwood, 1790, aged ten years," worked on it; and a similar one, containin' a family coat-of-arms, executed on the same material, and by the same hand, though at a later date, were substantially framed, and protected by glass. Two portraits of military men, in oils, remarkably well painted, completed the collection; each of which was decorated with long peacock's feathers.

Now, Sally, that's Aunt Thankful's room; and I am thankful I have finished it. But, stop—what the plague does she want with me? Is she an envoy extraordinary, as we say, to the Court of St. James's, from Sophy to declare non-intercourse? I guess not. She has spunk enough to do that herself, if she wanted; or from Mary, about Mr. Hopewell's church? She knows she has only to ask me for it herself to get it. or

anythin' I have. From herself? Oh, the devil! said I: no, that can't be. I am sure the "Whole Duty of Man" is agin' marryin' your grandmother. I know Mr. Hopewell told me it was agin' the law; but whether he said canon law, civil law, ecclesiastical law, Levitical law, law of England, or the *United States'* law, hang me, if I don't misremember; for I never intended to do it, so I forget where he said to look for it. I have got it, said I: she thinks it aint suitable for the young ladies to go to Sleekville without her. Well, prhaps it is agin' the "whole duty of woman," and I'll ask the good old soul too.

Poor Aunt Thankful! it's others ought to be thankful to you, that's a fact, for your post aint easy. We uncles and aunts have enough to do. Uncle pays for all, and aunt works for all. The children don't mind you like a mother, and the servants don't obey you like the rael head of the house nother. Is there one of the party to stay to home? it's aunt. Is there any one to get up early, and to be the last to lock doors, and to look to fires? it's aunty. Is there company to home, who takes charge of the house? Why aunty to be sure. If you haven't got money enough for what you want, there is some doubloons still left in the eend of Aunt Thankful's

stockin'. You didn't return the last three you borrowed; but coax her, she is so good-natured and so kind. Get her to tell you that story about Prince Edward, Duke of Kent and her eyes, and say, well aunt, they must have been beautiful, for they are still so handsome; how near you came being the Duchess of Kent (that's the soft spot, with three tender places in it, first to be married, second to be a duchess, and third to be the mother of a Queen); go right on without stoppin'. Aunty, if you would lend me just one doubloon? you shall have it again soon. Ah! you rogue, you didn't pay the last three you got. I'll trust you this once though, but mind, I never will again. There now, mind it's the last time.

Then aunty dear, if you have some disagreeable things to do and to bear—who hasn't? Oh! you have some such pleasant duties, that I envy you. The family hospital is under your sole command, scarlet-fever, hoopin'-cough, measels, chilblains, sore-throats, and consumption—not all at once, and then ever so much of it that you get tired, but one at a time, with spaces between to keep up the interest—and the blisters, no one can handle like you, and you do make such lovely poultices, and sweet salves, and are such a

grand hand at a scald, a burn, a cut, or a shot-wound."

"Well, there's no use a talkin' about it," sais I, speakin' aloud, "I do love her!"

The door opened, and there stood Aunt Thankful. She paused a moment confused-like. That avowal of mine puzzled her. My! if she wasn't a pictur'! She was tall, thin, and fair. Her forehead, which made up in height what it was deficient in breadth, was somewhat disfigured, by havin' the hair cut across the middle. The rest, rather grizzled than grey, was parted, and partly concealed by a mob-cap of stiffened muslin, high in the crown, with lappets extendin' to the shoulder, and secured by a black-silk fillet, round the head. The only ornaments I could see were a pair of short ear-rings, and a necklace or string of gold beads round the throat.

She had on a white dimity, high-bodied, short gown, extendin' a little below the hips, and enclosin' a beautifully-starched, clear, white handkerchief, and fastened by a girdle of white-cotton cord, terminatin' in two tassels pendant in front. To this was attached, on the right side, a large steel bunch of snap bags; the uppermost supported a thick, clumsy-lookin' gold watch, of antique manufacture, the face, for security, restin'

agin her person, and the wrought back exhibitin' no design, but much labour and skill, resemblin' somewhat brain-stone tracery. From another was suspended, by a long ribbon, a pair of scissors in a steel-case, and a red cloth pincushion, and from the rest, keys of various sizes.

The sleeves of the gown were loose, reached a little below the elbow, and terminated in long, grey, kid mitts, coverin' half the hand, the lower part bein' so fashioned as to turn backwards towards the wrist in a point. The petticoat was made of shiny black shalloon, rather short, and exhibitin' to advantage a small foot in a high-heel shoe of the same material, and a neat ankle incased in a white-cotton stockin', with open clocks.

Such was Aunt Thankful. She looked round puzzled-like, to see if I was a talkin' to any one in the room, or was addressin' her, and at last courtseyin', advanced, and shook hands with me.

"I could not think, Mr. Slick," she said, "of lettin' you go away without a cup of tea, and as I am an early riser, I thought you wouldn't object to takin' it with an old woman like me, even if the young ladies were not present."

Takin' one of the candles, and proceedin' to the closet, she took up one of the gilt glasses, and

unfoldin' a napkin, and carefully wipin' it, she poured out a glass of pale yaller liquor.

"Take this, Mr. Slick," she said, "it is some bitters I made myself. It is a wholesome thing on this foggy coast before breakfast, and promotes appetite."

Well, in a general way my twist is considerable. Pharaoh's lean kine are a caution to sinners in the eatin' line, and my appetite don't want provokin'; but anythin' a lady makes herself you must take; fact is, I never could swaller physic unless a woman gave it to me. It aint civil to refuse, so I took the glass, held it up to the light, and it was as clear as racked cider.

"Well," said I, with a very admirin' smile, "you do look beautiful, and your complexion is as clear as a bell."

"Oh, Mr. Slick!" said she.

I thought I should have busted; I was a-thinkin' of the liquor, and she was a-thinkin' of herself. I wonder what is the age a feminine gives over vanity, or gives up hopes. I'll ask Professor *Silly*-man, who is a great nateral philosopher, to tell me this fact about *silly* women; and if he can't, perhaps Cardinal *Wise*-man can, for old galls have to confess their weaknesses as well as young ones.

"Madam," says I, "my sarvice to you," and I made her a low bow, and tossed it off. Lord, if it warnt bitter, then there are no snakes in Varginny. It was strong enough to pucker the mouth of an alligator; so he couldn't open it without usin' cod-liver oil. "Oh, that is grand!" said I.

"I am glad you like it," said she, "and I'll give you the receipt."

How strange it is, *no created critter wants to learn, but every one wants to instruct. The grand secret of life is to hear lessons, and not to teach them.* Who the plague ever liked a schoolmaster? Vanity, vanity! all is varity, says the preacher! Well, that text aint read right in general. Ministers discourse on it as if all worldly things were of no use. The rael meanin' is "*the vanity of fools is the wisdom of the wise.*" Poor thing! she didn't know that, but I did. Says she, I'll give you the receipt.

"Thank you, Madam," said I, "and when I come here on my return, I shall be most grateful; but I am afeard I must be a movin'. I am skeered, lest I should wake the folks up."

She rang her little silver bell, and in came Rose with the breakfast-tray, containin' the teapot—the tiniest I ever seen—it wouldn't hold a good-

sizeable glass of grog, a sugar-bowl and cream-jug of the same dimensions, a plate of buttered toast cut into squares two inches long, and piled up like a high chimney, and two little dishes of presarves. Thinks I, old lady, it was worth while to make a feller swaller bitters to get an appetite for all this, warnt it ?

“Will you try a little quince, Sir? it is some I preserved myself.”

“Quince, is it?” said I, “the best flavour to my mind of any that is made. Dear me,” sais I, “how tender, it’s delicious, that’s a fact. It’s easy to see who prepared it.”

“I am glad you like it Sir. The great secret is to pulverize the loaf-sugar complete before it is put on the fruit, or the scum won’t rise well, and to cover the quinces when bilin’, if you want them to have a beautiful colour.”

“So I’ve heard mother say,” sais I, “and she was a grand hand at all kinds of presarving. I’ve heerd her say, when she wanted anythin’ super-superior, she clarified the syrups first, and actially filtered the water.”

“Why, Mr. Slick,” said she, “how on airth do you pick up all them things? If I was a young lady, I should be amost afeard you knew too much, so as to make you too particular. Know

how to preserve quinces? Well, I want to know!"

"Yes," said I, "and how to eat them too, when they are prepared by Madam Thankful. Mother couldn't hold a candle to you."

"Well, I must say," she said, "I do rather pride myself on my quinces. I'll tell you how I learned the secret of it. You didn't know Prince Edward, who was made Duke of Kent, tho' why I never could understand; for Princes always seemed bigger than dukes to me? No, no! you couldn't have know'd him. Well, he was very fond of preserved quinces, and Mrs. Finley, a friend of Lady Wentworth's (that was the Governor lady) used to prepare them with her own hands, in the way she learned to New Hampshire—for she, as well as Sir John, came from that colony to Nova Scotia. I was on a visit to Government House then, and Mrs. Finley said, 'Thankful I am goin' to preserve some New York quinces to-day for his Royal Highness, come and help me, and I will let you into the mysteries of confections.'

"What! do kings' sons like quinces?" said I.

"Yes, and kisses too, dear!"

"Oh, Mrs. Finley," said I, "how you do talk!"

"Well, that's the way I larned how to do them so nice."

Thinks I to myself, "Old lady, which do you mean?" but I didn't say so, all I said was, "Quinces and kisses will always go together in my mind hereafter!"

"Oh, Mr. Slick!" said she, "how you do go on. You talk just as Mrs. Finley did. Ah me! that was the last time I ever was in Halifax. The evenin' of that very day we was all at the Prince's Lodge, to a ball there. Little did I think I was a-talkin' to the father of the future Queen of England! 'Miss Collingwood,' sais he, 'you don't seem in your usual spirits to-night.'"

"'Please your Royal—'"

It was evidently a stereotyped story, all ready to bind up in any work, and as there was some-thing in it the young ladies didn't want me to hear (for the night afore she got on the same subject, and they drew her off from it), I cut in, "Is either of those pictures a portrait of him?" said I.

"Yes," said she, takin' up a candle, and pointin' to one of them, "that is his Royal Highness Prince Edward. Aint he a noble-lookin' man? He presented it to papa, who was very fond of

him, and always said he was an excellent officer." And then, turnin' to the window, which had a deep recess that formed a seat, she touched a spring, and opened the lid, or cover, and took out a brass-mounted desk, or rather small trunk, and said, "That, Mr. Slick, contains all the Prince's correspondence with my father, and all the letters of his to others that could be collected; also, his Royal Highness's orderly-books, thirteen of them; and also my poor father's journal, while the Prince was here and at Gibraltar, and all my father's campains in the rebellion in the States."

"Revolution we call it now, Madam," sais I.

"Yes, I know you do; but father always said rebellion was the right name, and the gallows the right remedy."

"Back your cart, Sir," said I, "or you'll stick in that soft spot, I know. That box you must have by hook or by crook, so put your best foot foremost."

"Mr. Slick," said she, and she took off her spectacles and wiped her eyes, "that box contains everythin' valuable that I possess in the world."

"Now," sais I, "make a desperate throw for that box, and then be off. Except one," said I.

"And what is that, pray?"

"The kindest heart," said I, "that ever woman had. If his Royal Highness had added praises to that, also, when he admired the eyes, he would have done you no more than justice."

"Oh, Mr. Slick!" she said, "don't talk in that way!"

"Madam," said I, "I feel hurt. Do you suppose I would say what I didn't mean? Your brother says so; your beautiful nieces say so; the whole neighbourhood say so; and why shouldn't I say so? I shall never forget this visit; but above all, this mornin', this room—yourself—that invaluable box. I admire this room—it's feminine. 't's a lady's *own* room—nothin' male in it: no guns, fishin'-rods, bows, arrows, moose-horns, whips, spurs and so on. I like it, it's urique and antique, as they say to the Court of St. James', Victoria. After the check you gave me jist now, I won't say anythin' about how much I admire *you*: but in two hours, I shall hope to be the owner of a perfect sketch of you."

"Oh Mr. Slick! not in this dress. If you do take it, let it be in my splendid brocade—the ball-dress I had on when his Royal Highness said, 'Miss Collingwood, you are not in your usual spirits to-night. I assure you there has

been no execution to-day, but what has been effected by your beautiful eyes.' This is more the costume of the housekeeper."

"It shall be so," I said. "I return this way, and will execute it for you in a way that I hope will meet your approbation."

Confound that box! said I to myself. I shall never enveigle her out of it; and yet have it I must and will, for I have a work of that kind all outlined in my head. I have it, Sam, said I; throw all the obligation on her; condescend to be so kind as to take the musty, fusty old box on her account.

"Madam," said I, "will you allow me to show my gratitude in another shape? It's a pity such a distinguished officer as your father shouldn't have had justice done to him or the Prince's memory either. You know I write books?"

"I do, Sir; and have often said to my brother; 'Frederick,' said I, 'where in the world did Mr. Slick pick up so many curious stories, and so many odd things and odd subjects, I wonder?'"

"'From odd people,' said he, 'like himself.'"

"Well," said I, "nothin' would give me greater pleasure than to arrange them papers for publication for you, and to have them printed free of expense, for I know all the publishers."

"Why, Mr. Slick," said she, "would you, indeed?"

"Only too happy," said I.

"And you will give me back the originals afterwards?"

"Certainly, and as many copies of the book as you desire."

"'Tis yours, Sir, and here is the key; and I am greatly indebted to you. But, Mr. Slick," she added, "if there should be anythin' in them that his Royal Highness the Prince, or my father wouldn't approve of, if livin', or that don't convene to me—you understand."

"Exactly," said I. "Wide awake—up to snuff. Talkin' of snuff, could you favor me with a pinch? I think I saw a box on the mantle-piece?"

I did this to see if she took any on the sly; and findin' she did, thought of a present to send to her. "Good-bye, Madam," said I. "I thank you kindly for all your polite attentions, and must now say adieu; for," and I opened the curtain, "there is the first gray streak of dawn;" and takin' her hand in both mine, bent down respectfully over it, and touched it with my lips. Then puttin' the box under my arm, proceeded to the door, where I gave it to Rose, takin' the

gun and fishin'-rod instead, and proceeded to the beach.

When I got out on the lawn, I could not help thinkin' how many onexpected events had taken place in this short visit! What little accidental circumstances sometimes change the whole current of a man's life! Was it an ill wind, or a lucky chance that took me to Jordan River? What course shall I take? Adopt dear old Minister's rule in similar cases, "*Sam, think well before you decide; act on your own calm, deliberate judgment, and not your impulses; and leave the issue with Him who can alone direct it.*"

## CHAPTER V.

## A SINGLE IDEA.

POOR Aunt Thankful had lived on a single idea for nearly half a century. Sixteen thousand five hundred successive days appeared to her but as one day, and sixteen thousand five hundred successive nights but as one long night. It was but yesterday she assisted in preservin' quinces for the Prince, and only last evenin' that he promenaded with her on his arm, and complimented her on her beautiful eyes.

That one idea was ever uppermost in her mind, that charmin' scene ever before her eyes. Often as she sat in her arm-chair, alone by the fire knittin', would she wander in imagination over the beautiful grounds of the Lodge, rest in one of

the pretty little Pagoda summer-houses, listen to the tinklin' of the tiny bells as they waved in the wind, or look out on the wide-spread basin, dotted here and there with pleasure-boats, from which rose the merry peal of laughter, or in the lone hour of night—for it aint every one that makes one solid nap of it as I do—wake to the recollection of that fine manly figure, and hear that clear commandin' voice say, "I assure you, Miss Collingwood, there has been no execution to-day, but what has been effected by your beautiful eyes." Sweeter far than quince syrup to the palate was that flatterin' unction to the mind.

If you could but see her face then; but you aint an owl, and can't see in the dark; but suppesin' you could, wouldn't you see a dreamy smile come over it, for Aunty feels good all over. One little long-drawn sigh, not much louder than a baby's, and she is off to sleep agin; and then comes a dream of speculation, that she don't indulge in when awake—she has too much sense for that. "Sposin'," sais the dreamer, "papa had left me a little longer at Government House, and his Royal Highness had got his papa's consent for the American beauty, as they called me. A Duchess is such a pretty title—the mother of a queen, perhaps a king—wouldn't I be *thankful*

then? I wonder if the Duchess's eyes are as handsome as mine are. I don't believe it." Nor I either, Aunty, or any Duchess in the queendom. "Oh! that horrid cock! I wish it wouldn't crow so loud under my window. If he hasn't waked me up I declare, and now it is time to get up, and call up Sophy and Mary."

If that aint bein' happy, it's plaguy near it. But it aint an overly sage thing to have only one idea in life. Folks want two ideas in a general way, like two eyes, two hands, and two feet, so that if you lose one, you can fall back on the other. Many a young lady has but one idea—a sort of trade wind one, that always blows one way—that a man of rank, or her lookin'-glass, or her foolish old mother, or her own vanity, has put into her head that she is an amazin' handsome gall. And she 'aint a bad-lookin' heifer neither, that's a fact. Well, she flirts with this one and that one, plays one off agin another, keeps 'em on hand like till a better one comes, and cracks hearts like hickory nuts.

Well, the men get tired of flirtin', drop off one by one, and get married, and the better one that she has been waitin' for so long, don't come; and she opens her eyes some fine day, and says: "Hullo! what in natur is all this? As I'm a

livin' sinner, here are grey hairs in my head! and I haven't so much as I used to have; it's actilly gettin' thin! See how the comb fetches it out too! I must see to this. I'll use neat's foot oil. Phew! the very idea makes me sick. I can't bear the smell of it even. Well, bear's grease. Oh! I couldn't stand my own joke about that. I fairly plagued old Miss Bantam out of her wits, by telling her it would bring out fur instead of hair, and she would have a bear-skin. I wish now I hadn't made that foolish speech, for bear's grease aint bad, that's a fact. Well, there is tricopherus, how will that do? It's a very hard word to pronounce, and there is no rememberin' it; but them things aint to be talked of. But oh! my gracious! I never had my glass arranged this way before. I did it to examin' my hair. But what on airth are them little squares on the forehead? Wrinkles! Nonsense, they can't be. You are only—let's see how old you are. Take twenty from fifty-two, and that leaves thirty-two, and two years I stood still at twenty-five, makes thirty-four. People oughtn't to count that way after twenty-five, for the years run twice as quick then as before. I'll try to cipher it that way. Twenty-five from thirty-four, leaves nine—half of nine is four and a half—twenty-five and four

and a half makes twenty-nine and a half—that is my age exactly. I thought there must be some mistake.

Now let's examine them little squares agin—wrinkles sproutin' up as sure as dog days. How strange, and me only twenty-nine and a half years old! I must take care how I sit in the light. Self-examination that the parsons recommends so strongly may be a very good thing, but it aint a very pleasant one. But go through with it now you are at it! How are the teeth? Why what has come over me? I never noticed them little specks before! Shockin' bad state!—some must come out and others go in. I declare my heart's broke!

So she rings the bell, orders breakfast in bed, and don't get up again that day; and sends word to her mother she has a slight headache, and will darken her room, and try to go to sleep. All that comes of havin' only one idea, and wearin' that till it begins to give out from long use. And I have an idea that gall will either die a sour \*old maid, or have to take a crooked stick for a husband at last. I'll bet six cents I can tell the name of the wine she'll take to drinkin'. It will be Trymanner and Strumph wine. Trymanner is so awful sour, it takes three people to get it

down. One is laid flat on the table, a second holds the hands down, and the third pours it into the mouth. Strumph is stockin' wine, for it is so astringent, if you pour it into a stockin' that has a hole in it, it will pucker up so, it won't require no darnin' or mendin'. Yes, that will be her fate. Now there was a great difference between her and Aunt Thankful. Aunty had but one idea, but she knew the consequence, and wouldn't give it up but with her life. The other critter had but one also, and didn't know the consequence of havin' such an artful domestic about her toilet-table as vanity, till she missed the roses on her cheek.

Well, that one idea aint confined to women. Many a man has it, and fancies he is a very killin' feller, and never doubts it in the least, tho' he gets pretty broad hints, now and then, to get another idea into his head. The galls are absent when he talks to them (that he puts down to bad manners, and he don't think they are as well bred as they used to be), and the old ladies take to patronizin' him strangely, but they are of the old school, and always was perlite.

Well, one night at a ball, a stoutish woman, remarkably good-lookin' for her age, and with a

face beamin' with delight and eyes sparklin' with joy, leanin' on the arm of an active, athletic young man—a lieutenant in the navy—who, in spite of the ugly naval uniform, looks better than any one else there, slowly promenades up the room as if proud of her escort, and looks up into his face as if she had no eyes for any one but him. Says single-idead bachelor: "I don't like such a public exhibition of flirtin'. Such admiration in public aint hardly decent." The sooner you leave this station, young man, the better for that silly woman, and you too. Perhaps you don't know her husband is livin', and a dead shot, too—snuff a candle at twenty paces with a ball without so much as flickerin' the light.

Well, it will make promotion, at any rate. When the lady stops, and calls the one-idead, but many-wrinkled bachelor to her, who bows like an old monkey, his chin stickin' out in front, and his coat-tails behind.

"Mr. Bachelor, allow me to introduce my son to you—Lieutenant Tiller, of the navy. He has just returned from Rangoon, where, I am happy to say, he distinguished himself, and has been appointed flag-lieutenant to Admiral Sir John Growler, on board the 'Bull Dog.'"

Bachelor bows, makes civil speeches to both, hopes he shall see a good deal of him, and returns to a corner and reflects.

“I’d as soon see the devil as that sea serpent,” he sais to himself. “He makes me feel old. Flag-lieutenant to the admiral! I am glad of it; you will lead the life of a dog. They shouldn’t have sent you to sea. You have outgrown your strength, and are too tall for between-decks. Is it possible, this *memento-mori* is the son of little Mary Dawson, or that little Mary Dawson, that was more like a gazelle than anythin’ else, is fat Mrs. Tiller. She don’t take care of herself. They married her too early, and that plays the devil with women; and she looks as if she drank brown stout at lunch. She can’t be so old either. It is only the other day I was called to the bar, and I recollect that year I lifted her into a cherry-tree to gather fruit, when she show’d such a foot and ankle, and perhaps a few inches more, as never mortal man beheld. Poor thing! she has fed coarsely since then, and vealed her calf, I suppose! What a pity it is women don’t take care of themselves, for they don’t wear as well as we men do in a general way. Still, confound it! it does make me feel old, too!”

Well, so you are old! The crows’ feet at the

corners of your eyes are as large as the prints they leave in the sand, when, like you, they are a feedin' on what the tide has left of the wracks of the dead. You are too old to marry now. Adopt that handsome leftenant, and leave him your money.

"What! me?"

"Yes, you."

"What! him?"

"Yes, him."

He springs right up on eend, and says:

"I see him d—d first!"

And cuts out of the room, and makes tracks for home.

Oh! my case-idead lawyer, that blow over the pate of your vanity has let a new light into it, I guess, and made a crack big enough for a new idea to enter into it. *Put that down on your brief, that life itself is too brief by half to be fooled away on one idea only.*

One idea aint confined to looks neither. Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses and the young gentlemen Nobodies are very apt, especially in a country like this, where it is all small beer to have one grand idea that haunts them day and night, starches their cravats or muslins, stiffens the upper lip, and keeps their chins up—and that is

that they are somebodies. There is some excuse for the idea about looks—it is a nateral one, and only hurts oneself; but the other, the grand idea, makes folks a nuisance, and causes other people to have an idea that they hate them.

*To claim superiority is to attempt to pass another on the road, and compel him to take the dust. In a gineral way that aint genteel, onless there is a lady in the case. Pride and upstartism don't convene. Tho' the oil floats, the tumbler is nearly full of water, and the glass shows it—the oil is wasted, and the water spoilt. There aint enough of the one for a lamp, but there is enough of the other to make the light sputter, and put it out.*

“Grandpapa was a commodore in the British navy,” says Miss Nobody.

“The devil he was! And what was he before he was a commodore?”

“Why an officer, to be sure.”

“And who was his father?”

“A tinman.”

“Well, that will do to tinker up a pedigree. Died poor, didn't he?”

“Well, he didn't lay up anythin'. Exactly, he began life and ended it without money.”

"It is a pity he didn't stick to his trade, if he had his *tin* would have stuck to him."

"Well, grandma was a great beauty."

"Yes, and her face now looks as wrinkled as a cabbage-leaf. I recollect her well, when the music-master gave up her daughter, your mother, because she had no capacity. She said she would send to London and buy her one."

"Well, grandpa on the other side—"

"Do you mean the other side of the water?"

"How provokin' you are! no, on the maternal side."

"Oh! now I understand the matronly side. Yes, yes, now I have it! matron of a hospital, and married the doctor, who became a P.M.O., and used to call her his diacolon-plaster, she used to stick so close to him. Poor thing! she thought him very killin', and she wasn't far out of the way. Doctors excel in killin'. But don't cry, dear, you brought it on yourself by a bit of brag. I should have forgot it all if you hadn't called my attention to it. That comes of the grand idea of being somebody. *Let the dead be, we don't often inherit their talents or their money; and if we did, why should we be answerable for their follies?*"

If you boast you claim to be a bigger bug

than others, if your claim is disputed and you get wounded in the conflict, it's your own fault. *Modesty is brought forward and made way for. Assumption has the door shut in its face.* If you really have an old name, and belong to an old family, do somethin' to show the value of it. *Bragg is a dog that everybody hates, but nobody fears, for he only bow-wow's; but he wakes up detraction, and he is a dangerous critter, for he bites without barkin'.*

In society one-idead men are awful bores. London is chock full of them, as my fruit-trees to Slickville used to be of an insect of that name, till I larned how to get rid of them. You will get near a *ninny* at table who can't talk about anythin' but *Ninevah*, till you think he must have been dug up there.

Another fellow is mad after mummies; if he was only dummy or mummy himself, it wouldn't be so bad, but his tongue runs like a mill race, his hair smells of the horrid embalmin' stuff which ne has been analyzin', and at first you think spontaneous combustion has commenced. The only way is to make fun of him, and shut him up.

"Great prize to-day, Mr. Slick; I got one of Pharer's darters."

"What's the colour?"

"Deep claret."

"She wasn't a Fair-er's darter then, but a *darkie's* gall?"

He don't take at first, for the pun aint as plain as a hyrogriphic, so on he goes.

"A beautiful specimen, Sir."

"Thin?"

"Rather so."

"Then she was one of Pharaoh's *lean* kine?"

He stares at that.

"Aint you afraid of infection," sais I, "a handlin' the gall that way?"

"No, not at all."

"I wouldn't touch her on no account," sais I; "for she must have been one of the *plagues* of Egypt. I guess she must be wuss than the canister meat government sent to the North Pole, and that was so bad it poisoned the foxes. I have an idea the Egyptians were cannibals, and these bodies were those of their captives, who were killed, spiced, baked, and put away for feasts. Did you ever taste one to see if it had been cooked?"

That shuts him up. He turns to his next neighbour, and earwigs him by the hour. Another critter is mad on church architecture. I have no

idea of being crammed myself, so I turn to and crams him. He squares round to you, his eye lights up, and he is all animation.

"Are you fond of church architecter, Mr. Slick? It is a beautiful study."

I look all aghast.

"Can't bear to think of it," sais I, "much less to speak of it, since a dreadful accident happened to a friend of mine to Michigan. He thought of nothin' else but buildin' a new church, mornin', noon, and night; and after years of study and savin', and beggin', he finished a'most a beautiful one. Well, he no sooner got it out of his head than he got it into his stomach. He fancied he had swallered it; all the doctors told him he was a fool, and left him, and he returned the compliment and called them fools. My brother, the doctor and I was travellin' there at the time, and when he heard it, 'Sain,' said he, 'everybody a'most is mad in some respect or another, as you are on *human natur'* and *soft sawder*."

"'I'll cure him, but I must humour him. Mr. Sternhold,' sais he, 'this is a curious complaint, but I knew a case just like it. Fulton once swallowed a steamboat, and I knew several who swallowed a sea-serpent. I can cure you. Fortunately the church is of wood. I'll knock the

pins out of the frame, take it to pieces, and have it put up again; but the tenants fit into the mortises so tight, I must use plenty of ile to make them separate easy.' And he darkened the room, and gave him awful doses of castor ile.

"Next week, sais he, 'I have got the doors and windows off safe and sound, and lowered the steeple to the floor.'

"Next week one side and one end were off, and the next it was all took to pieces safe and put up again.

"Says he, 'Sternhold, some wicked profane person has wished that church in your stomach, and the devil, who is full of tricks, helped him to his wish out of mischief. Now you must pray that it may remain where it is, but take more ile, for that church has tore you a considerable sum. When you are better, come and see me to Charlestown.'

"It cured him, but it nearly killed me to see him in that state. I can't bear to hear of church architecture since then."

It choked him off.

"What a strange story!" said he.

Thinks I to myself, "It's quite as strange you too should swaller that identical church yourself."

It's different now in business—one grand idea

of makin' money—and when you have made it, savin' it commonly succeeds in the long run. If a rich man, that has got his fortin all himself, was to divide his money into two heaps before he died, and put into one what he had made, and into the other what he had saved, in nine cases out of ten the saved heap would be the biggest. *It is easier to make money than to save it ; one is exertion, the other self-denial.* It is harder to refuse others than yourself, for *the skin is nearer than the shirt.* A critter that saves, therefor', as well as makes money, must in the natur' of things end by bein' as rich as a Jew. The one idea takes in everythin' needful for riches. Money is a thing people know by sight ; but there aint any body but your single-idea men that know its nater ; and it is lucky they don't, for *there would be no fortins to be made if there weren't fools to spend 'em.* I knew an awful rich man to London of the name of Zimenes, the richest man there, or any where I suppose amost ; well he made it all himself. He wanted some information from me about the States, and he asked me to dine with him.

“ Mr. Slick,” sais he, “ could you dine as early as two ? that is my hour, when I dine alone in the city.”

“ Dine at any time,” sais I. “ I am used to

travellin'. *Hours was made for man, and not man for hours. A critter who is a slave to his own rules is his own nigger.* I am a free citizen; I don't calculate to let other folks fetter me, and I aint such a fool as to fetter myself. *When fools make society, its rules can't always be wise. When a custom can and ought to be follered, foller it. When it can't, set your own compass, and steer your own course.* That's my way of thinkin'; but still in a gineral way, if you want the world to be with you, you must be with the world. Yes, I'll dine with you with pleasure."

He eyed me all over, as a man does a highly-priced ring, to see whether it's paste or a diamond. I knew what was passin' in his mind. It was this: by the beard of Moses! but that is pretty well for a Clockmaker. I wonder if there is one of the craft in London could talk in that way, but he said nothin'.

Well at five minutes to two I rings, for it takes five minutes to get into a house, uncase, and slick the hair up; and a servant showed me through a narrowish entry into a small sittin'-room. As I entered one door, he came thro' another; for a one-idead man knows time is money, and you have no more right to rob him of one than of the other. If you take a shillin' from a feller, you are had up

for it and punished. If you take half an hour of his time, which p'raps is worth more pounds than minutes, you aint even reprimanded. It is a pity kickin' is gone out of fashion, for a feller that keeps you waitin' richly deserves one

"You're punctuality itself Mr. Slick," said he, smilin', for it pleased him.

"The same time," sais I, "is given to all men—twenty-four hours a-day. It was ordained so on purpose for appointments, that all might know and govern themselves accordingly, as proclamations say."

When I looked round the room, I saw it was plain furnished, nothin' to be remarked but two or three old paintins. Thinks I, when I am showed into dinner, he is agoin' to astonish my weak narves with his splendour; but I am not easily scared, even if I do see my own mug in a silver-plate; but he is rich er nough, I do suppose, to have fairies wait upon him. Just then the servant announced dinner; and touchin' a secret spring on the oak wall, a door opened, and we entered another room of the same size, furnished much in the same way, only there was a small sideboard, a celeret under it, and some dinner fixins on it. It was a plain dinner for two, sup-

posin' one of them to have no great appetite; the desert and the wine was the only costly things about it.

He only played with his dinner, but he was death on fruit, and the way he pitched into that was a caution to schoolboys. In fact he dined off of it. After takin' a glass or two of wine, I cried quits.

"You have drank nothin'," he said.

"That's the advantage of early dinin'," I replied. "You *must* mule."

"Mule!" said he, "what's that?"

"Stick out your fore feet," sais I, "lay back in the britchen, and look as if all the coaxin' and beatin' in the world wouldn't make you alter your mind."

He smiled. I don't think that man ever laughed, unless when he was bit, and then it must be like a hyena, one wouldn't want to see it again.

"You must be temperate if you dine early; there is too much to do arterwards, to sit drinkin', and you oughtn't; and can't do it. You can 'drinky for dry,' as the niggers say, but you can't 'drinky for drink.'"

He sat back in his chair and mused, and said half aloud, "So saith the Prophet, 'woe unto them

that rise up early, that they may follow strong drink, and continue until night, till wine inflames them.' "

"I hate extremes," sais I, "good liquor is like good singin', few have the right taste, some you can't get a-goin', and some you can't stop. Use but not *abuse*, that's my rule. Now, Sir, your time is precious, don't stand on ceremony with me."

Well, he put a number of questions to me about the rael value, and the bottom and good faith of most of the American stock.

"I don't want to know what their prices are," said he, "that I have got; I want to know where dishonesty lies hid, and repudiation is in ambush, where speculation has been reckless, and where it is based on solid data."

He warmed, and as he warmed he showed to advantage I tell you. I answered him short up to the pint, gave him all he wanted on each, and no more nor no less. When he had done, he thanked me, and said he had got more information in five minutes from me, than he could in a general way get in a whole day out of any of my countrymen, who, he said, never answered direct, and so on.

"Is there anythin' I can do for you, Mr. Slick?"

you ought to be a rich man, for you have a business head and business habits."

"Well," said I, "I won't say I aint well off for the likes of me, but I made my money in a small way, and I haven't the knowledge or the courage to risk it. If I might be so bold, if it aint an impeded question, what is the secret of your great success in the world?"

"Certainly," said he, "I'll answer it with pleasure. It's a thorough knowledge of the natur', uses, and properties of money. It is the most prolific thing in the world. I deal in money, and not in merchandize, and its growth almost defies figures.'

He then touched a bell, and a tall, thin, thoughtful-lookin' clerk came in, when Zimenes, takin' out his pencil, wrote down somethin', and said: "Copy that from Gregory's Dictionary, and bring it here with an envelope and a pen and ink." In a moment almost he returned, handed him a slip of paper and the other things, and vanished.

"Perhaps you have never," said he, "fully considered the enormous increase of money. Here is a short calculation which will surprise you, I think. A penny at five per cent simple interest, for eighteen hundred years, amounts to seven shillings and sevenpence halfpenny; but at compound in-

terest, it would be a larger sum than could be contained in six hundred millions of globes, each equal to the earth in magnitude, and all of solid gold."

We was standin' then, and it made me feel as if I must let off steam or bust with astonishment.

"Heavens and airth," sais I.

"No, no, my friend," said he, "it is written 'Not by *Heaven*, for it is *His* throne, nor the *Earth*, for it is *His* footstool.'"

It almost took away my breath that remark, for it astonished me more than the other.

"What a pity it is," said I, "you were not—" but I stopped.

"A Christian," said he. "Finish the sentence, and we will let it rest there, if you please."

Foldin' the calculation up, he put it into the envelope, and addressed it with his own hands: "For the Hon. Sam Slick, with Mr. Zimenes' compliments," and handed it to me.

"Mr. Zimenes," said I, "if there are any of my answers unsatisfactory, I have means of the most accurate information here which none but an American can get. Send for me, and I am at your sarvice."

"Thank you, thank you," said he; and we shook hands. "I shall not fail to do so if I

require it; and you on your part, if you want capital, let me know the object and the amount."

Creation, said I, as I got into the street, if Solomon knew only half as much as that man does about money, he'd a built his temple all of solid gold. There is one idea fully carried out at any rate. A man that has many ideas may be a clever man, but a clever man never makes money—he has too much genius. Well how many ideas ought a man to have then? Why a man ought to have one great idea, and some small ones to rub against it, so that they may all be kept bright. The grand one is to be taken care of and never lost sight of, the little ones will do for daily use, and serve as small change. The more ideas you have beyond them, like the more wild land or self-righteousness you possess, the poorer you be,

AT LEAST THAT'S MY IDEA.

## CHAPTER VI.

## AN EXTENSIVE PLAN OF REFORM.

FROM Jordan we proceeded to Sable River, but nearly all the inhabitants were absent at Port Jolly, where a great political meetin' was to be held, and thither we directed our course immediately.

"Mr. Slick," said Eldad, "did you ever see such a beautiful schoal of mackerel in your life, as we are now passin' through? the water is actually alive with them. Instead of reformin' the provincial government, what a pity it is these folks wouldn't reform their habits; and instead of makin' speeches, and wastin' their time, turn to and make seins, and catch the fish that Providence has sent in such immense num-

bers up to their very doors, leapin' out of the water to show themselves, as much as to say, come and catch us before the Yankees do, for you have the best right to us, seein' the coast is yours. Were you ever up to Labrador, Mr. Slick?"

"No," said I, "never."

"Oh! well, you can't form no notion of the fisheries, all the way up along that shore. Nothin' but seein' could give you any idea of the salmon, the cod, the mackerel, and the herrin'. My eyes! what millions upon millions of herrings there are there, when the spring opens."

"Yes," said the Captin, "it defies the power of language almost to convey an idea of them. They remain durin' the winter, it is thought, up in those icy regions, and when the weather moderates they take a tour south, as far as Carolina. The drove or herd gives them their name, for Heer signifies an army. As soon as they start, you can trace them by the grampus, the whale, the shark, black backs, dog-fish, and porpoises, that follow in hot pursuit, while sea-fowl of all kinds hover over them, and charge on them continually. This keeps them in a compact body for safety; for how it is I can't say, but a whale never was known to ventur' into the

main army, tho' he will cut off detachments, and takes hundreds and hundreds of them down at a gulp. Their numbers positively alter the appearance of the water sometimes, which actually sparkles with different colours, as the rays of the sun are reflected by their scales and fins. If I was to tell you in miles how long and broad this host is, you could scarcely credit it. After a while they divide into smaller armies, and seek their own haunts, and the quality varies according to the food. The Bay of Fundy detachment is of splendid quality. They are smoked, as you know, and sold in small boxes."

"Know," said I, "to be sure I do. Why there aint nothin' like a 'Digby chicken,' hardly anywhere. Further up the bay they are still fatter, but they don't know how to cure them as the Digby boys do."

"What they feed on," said Cutler, "I never could discover, for I have opened them again and again, and never could perceive either animal or vegetable matter in them. And yet I know, for I have tried them, they will actually rise sometimes to a fly. Howhard says it's a sea-flea, and spawn-like substance, that the eye can't discover in water without a magnifier, that they subsist on. But oh! Mr. Slick, the Bay of

Fundy shad, aint they a golorious fish! They are superior to what they have on the Atlantic shore, either here or in the States."

"I guess they be," said I, "and far before those of the Severn to England, they brag so much of. To my mind, they are preferable to salmon, only the everlastin' little bones are so tormentin', aint they? Lord, I never shall forget a grand party I was at to Canada once, in the shad season. The ball-room was got up in a hurry, and the plaister warn't quite dry; the evenin' was hot and the winders were open, and in come a cloud of shad flies from the St. Lawrence, that the Lord always sends before them to feed on. They stuck to the walls, and filled the ladies dresses, choked the lights out, and then went down your nose and mouth by the hundreds. If it warn't fun, it's a pity. When we went into supper, the floor of the dancin'-room looked like a battle field, strewn with the dead, wounded, and dying.

"Oh! in the way of nateral wealth and actual poverty, Nova Scotia beats all natur. The land is chock full of coal, iron, copper, freestone, asphalt, slate, gypsum, grindstones, and the Lord knows what. And the coast chock full of harbours, and the waters chock full of fish. I say, Cutler, if we only had it, lick! wouldn't we make a great

country of it, that's all. But here we are at Port Jolly."

"This is a shoal harbour, Captain," said the pilot; "we mustn't go any further in, I guess we must anchor where we be."

"Mr. Slick," says one of the Sable River folks that came off in a boat to us, "we have had a great meetin' to-d., the largest I ever saw on this coast."

"It was the largest," said I, "I ever saw in my life."

"Oh!" said he, "your makin' fun of us poor folks; in course in the States you have seen an assemblage twenty times as large."

"Never," said I, "I give you my honour; and what's more, it was the richest meetin' too."

"Ah there you are again," he replied, "but I don't see that poverty is to be laughed at."

"Nor I either," said I; "but I don't know what you call poverty. I should say that meetin' was worth, all told, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"I didn't mean no offence, Sir," said he, "and I don't like to be rigged that way. Will you just tell me what you *are* at?"

"Yes," said I, "I will. You said you had a great meetin' to-day. Of course at this busy season of the year, I thought you was talkin' of

the mackerel shoal, which was the largest meetin' of them I ever saw. It was a mile and a half long, and more than half a mile wide, if it was an inch; and it's time you did meet and consart measures for catchin' of them."

"Well," said the man, half ashamed of himself, "perhaps it would have been as well if we had adjourned the meetin' to a more convenient time; but I am glad to hear you say the fish have struck in, in such numbers."

"Yes," sais I, "it will be a grand time for the gulls and porpoises, for I suppose nothin' else will disturb the fish amost, for spring work is come on, and the ground must be tilled, and public meetins are come on, and representatives must be chose; and then the roads are to be repaired, and it's the only chance you have of airnin' a little ready money. You needn't hurry though," sais I, "for you know there is a fall run of fish as well as a spring one, and the fall fish, in a ginerall way, are the best.

"You're severe on us," said he; "but I don't know but what we deserve it too."

"Come and sit down then," sais I, "along with me, and I'll tell you a story, and comment on it as I go."

"Exactly," sais he, "what they call expound."

"The very thing," sais I. "It's a way of talkin' I like amazinly. The last time I was to Windsor, Nova Scotia, I met Peter Ham, an inmate of the poor-house, whom I saw crawlin' along on the ferry hill there, into the village.

" 'I wish I was Governor of Nova Scotia for one day, Sir,' sais Peter; 'just for one day only, and that's all.'

" Even Peter was a reformer, and perhaps knew as much of the subject as most folks do, for *it aint every change that's a reform, that is a fact, and reforms aint always improvements.* The fact is, 'reform' is a cant word. There is cant in politics as well as in religion, and hypocrites of either kind are rascals. *A good man don't talk of his religion for everlastinly, and a good subject finds he has as much liberty as is good for him or his neighbours. Piety aint found in pot-houses, nor patriotism in mobs or mass-meet-ins. Don't trade with a man that is over sanctimonious, or you will be taken in; or be too thick with a demagogue, or you may be taken up.* Fermentation throws up scum, and agitation brings rascality to the top of the pot. For my part, I hate politics. There are cleaner things to handle, and pleasanter to smell.

" There are two kinds of reform in the world—

personal reforms and reforms in the State. Now, personal reforms can be made at any time we like, so we just put them off until it is convenient; and sometimes we consait we can do without them at all. At all events, it's like takin' physic; it's hard to swallow, and causes wry faces. Reforms in the State are pretty things, and show wisdom. I never met a man yet that hadn't, like Peter, some little pet scheme of reform for the public. The most disinterested one too in the world—for statesmen are very disinterested cattle.

“ Lord John had a Reform Bill; it lowered the house, but it raised him, for it created the liberal party; but that was an accident of course. The Brummigin' patriots are all for free trade, a thing in England that must be cheap, for it stands on one leg, and has no reciprocity. It will lower real estate; but who cares? It's the farmers' look out, that. But it will lower wages, and enable the employers to sell more, because they can sell cheaper. That was an accident again of course, it was quite unexpected too by them; *and besides, Australian gold will stare off the discovery of that mistake for a while.* The great thing is to get the right meanin' of tarms. *Liberality in religion now consists in abusin' your own church and praisin' every other sect.*

“A man that does this is certain to go to Parliament, for he is sure of the votes of all the black, white, grey, and speckled birds; but then a seat was an unexpected honour; he never dreamed of it; he didn't want to go, but he could not refuse so large a constituency's request. Liberality in politics means talk as loud as you can bawl, and as long as you can stand, on the five points of the people's charter; and then there is political consistency, which means hammerin' away for everlastingly at one thing, right or wrong. Public burdens is a good subject to be consistent on. There must be an army, and a navy, and government estimates must pass, so opposin' 'em does no harm, and is amazin' popular, tho' a man don't know it. Hume has rode that hobby for thirty years, and it will carry him as long as he lives; and lately it has been found strong enough to let Cobden jump up behind him, and take a canter too.

“‘I say, old boy,’ said Cobden to him, as he sprung up on the crupper, and clasped the veteran round the ribs, ‘I say, old boy, this is an amazin' easy steed to ride; aint it?’

“‘Very,’ said Hume.

“‘Is he safe?’

“ ‘ Safest hack in the kingdom ; and I’ll tell you what is a better recommendation.’

“ ‘ What’s that ?’

“ ‘ Why it costs nothin’ to feed or keep him’, and they roared and laughed so, they came plaguey near tumblin’ off, both on ’em, safe as the hobby was.

“ It’s a great thing for a nation to have such patriots. There ought to be an institution at Manchester to manufacture ready-made politicians arter the same pattern—a coarse, cheap article for exportation to the continent, or the colonies. I make no doubt they could be afforded low, if there was only a demand for them.

“ But I sot to work to tell you a story that I picked up durin’ my last visit to Nova Scotia, and the reflections on it—like old addition and subtraction’s hobby—carried me off, and ran away with me ; so that now the story has more hair than head.

“ ‘ I wish I was governor for Nova Scotia,’ said Peter, ‘ just for one day.’

“ ‘ Sit down here now, Peter, and tell me what you would do if you was governor.’

“ ‘ Yes, but if I sit down,’ said Peter, ‘ I can’t get up again without help.’

"Poor fellow he was nearly bent double with rheumatism, the jints of his legs were all but ossified, and refused to obey his orders; and he had to toil most laboriously with crutches, and advanced slowly on his road, and but a few inches at a time.

"'I'll make a seat for you, Peter,' and I placed a pole in the angle of the rail-fence, so that he could rest himself while he developed to me his grand scheme of reform for the benefit of the country.

"'You see,' said Peter, 'this is a dreadful steep hill, Sir—right between the poor-house and the town; and it takes me nearly all day to get there and back agin, for it's the matter of a mile each way. You havn't got a piece of tobacky, have you, Sir? you could give me. Thank you kindly, Sir; I always consait it does me good; and that's grand, only perhaps it's a little grain too mild.'

"'But the hill, Peter?'

"'Oh! yes, Sir; it's a cruel hill that. I wish I was governor of Nova Scotia just for one day.'

"'What would you do, Peter?'

"'Why I'd move the poor-house into the town, and then a rheumatized, lame old fellow like me

could get his glass of grog without toilin' all day for it.

“ ‘Peter,’ said I, ‘you are a sensible man ; I wish you were governor with all my heart ; few governors would be so reasonable. Here’s some money to pay for the grog.’ ”

“ Mr. Slick,” said Bluenosc, “ that is a very good story, and I shall not forget it ; there’s a good moral in it.”

“ There is,” said I, “ and I will tell you what the moral is. It shows you how great the folly and vanity of statesmen is—what a diversity of wishes all mankind have, and what a personal application almost every man makes of politics to his own individual benefit and advantage. It shows too how little we really do want of legislation, and how small a portion of our welfare and comfort is dependant on governors or assemblies.\* The States, to my certain knowledge, have been totally and entirely ruined several times in my memory, and yet things went much the same after

\*“ Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,  
To seek a good each government bestows ?

\* \* \* \* \*

How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.”

GOLDSMITH’S TRAVELLER.

each ruination, and the country is still left, and so is the constitution, and the people are still thrivin' and prosperous. Peter Ham knew what he did want, and that's more than most people do; for half the time when folks get their own way, they aint satisfied. I'll tell you another story to illustrate that.

"In course, you've heard tell of Van Buren, you know he was made President of our almighty republic. Well the Irish all went in up to the handle for him, for in a general way they all go one way, which gives them great influence at elections. When it was over, says Peter Mulkahy one day (at New York) to another Irishman, one Paddy Blake.

"'Paddy,' sais he, 'we've gained the day, and got our man in; Van Buren is President. Hurrah! for old Ireland! we're the boys that did it.'

"'In is it he is!' sais Pat; 'the devil he is! then I'm again him now, for I'm agin all governments.'

"'Hullo!'" sais I, "what in natur' is all that cheerin' ashore there."

"'Why,'" sais Bluenose, "our party has got the victory, and our nomination has succeeded. We've carried the day."

"'Well, that's a great matter,'" sais I, "aint it?"

You'll have better times now to Nova Scotia, wont you?"

"Well," sais he, (and he did look ashamed, that's a fact); "I won't say as the Irishman did that I'm agin him; but I'll tell you what I'll do—from this day out I'm agin all politics, that's a fact."

"That's right," sais I, "give me your hand; stand up to your lick-log like a man, be they *conservatives or liberals, for they are all tarred with the same stick. They differ in name like maize and corn, but it's the identical same grain.* If you don't find yourself better off in the long run, my name aint Sam Slick, that's all. Liberty is a very good thing for slaves to work out, but free men should find somethin' else to talk about. Talk never put a crop in the ground, and if that aint tilled, thistles and weeds supply its place. *The wages of idleness is poverty. To find hidden gold is to find temptation and sin, but that that's earned has no alloy in it.* These are nateral truths, Mr. Bluenose, put them into your pipe and smole them, on your way home to Sable River, and see how you like the flavour of them."

## CHAPTER VII.

GOOSE VAN DAM.

WHETHER I really was unwell when I left home, or only consaited I was, as I said before, I do not know; but it is certain that these short sea-trips, change of air and scene, and the excitement of meetin' old friends agin, has done me a great deal of sarvice. Down to Lunenburg, the Dutch people use ox-carts, and always travel in one track, and it cuts up the road so that the ruts are hob-deep amost.

The dull straightforrard course in life, without varyin' the track, furrows the mud up the same way. We must leave the highway sometimes, and take to the bye-roads, or lanes, or forest-paths. The air is different, the scenery devarsified, the

parfume of the firs and pines smell fragrant, and the birds sing more at their ease. The quiet of the country calms the nervous system, gives us somethin' new to think of, as well as to see, and the population is different, and so is their pursuits. Gunnin' is excitin', and leads to exercise, and so does fishin'; and huntin' gives a grand appetite, and puts a feller in first-rate condition. Well then, talk to new people is pleasant; you get new ideas from them, and it brings out new ones from you,

*I have larnt a good deal from my own talk.* Often when I have been advisin' a man, or funnin' of him, new reasons or new illustrations have sprung up of their own accord, that I never thought of before. It has made my opinions stronger, or given me cause to change them in some particulars. I am not certain whether a man, if he could be sure not to be overheard, was to think aloud, but what it would be beneficial to him. It would take off the dreaminess of thinkin' and its castle-buildin', and give reality to his reasons, and life to his humour. *Musin's ain't profitable in a general way*, for they are like the dews of night—early sunrise dries them right up. *Sayin' is doin'*. *Musin' is dreamin'* What we say, we remember; what we dream,

can't be wrote down and sworn to, that's a fact.

Well, arter one of these summer-runs at grass, we return to the business of life new men, and we are better able to work, and like it better for the change agin.

Dr. Sobieski, a surgeon to Slickville, who was a Pole—I don't mean a poor stick, but a German Polander—a very clever man, only he warn't very easy to understand, for he had forgot his own language, and hadn't larned English right. The boys used to call him "Old Tellmidger," because when they teased him, he always pronounced those four words in one—"To h—ll with you!" Sometimes they used to call him "Old Sober-isky," for he was an awful fellow to drink. When folks talked to him about bein' such a toper, "Ah!" he used to say, "my poor country is robbed and plundered so, we have an old sayin', 'Only what I drink is mine,' and I likes to own as much as I can." Well, "Old Tellmidger" was the first to open my eyes to the value of change of air.

"You can't see the air," said he, "Mr. Slick; and if you want to analyze it, you can't catch it—what you call nab him."

"It can catch you tho'," sais I, "when it's

twenty below zero, and shave you in no time, quick as wink." Oh, how he used to hate a joke! for he didn't clearly onderstand it, and it used to put him out in his gibberish. He had great spikes of teeth, fit to nail down a two-inch plank arnost, and he'd show them as spiteful as a bull-dog, and give 'em a grit, as if he was a filin' of 'em, and say :

"What for teyvil you do dat—Tellmidger!"

"Well, go on, Dr. Sober-isky," I'd say.

"Well, you can't see the air, nor analyze it, nor taste it."

"You can smell it tho' sometimes," I'd say. And then he'd stop, stamp on the ground, and grit again awful mad. But I'd say, "I beg pardon; I won't interrupt you agin, Dr. Sober-esky. Pray go on."

"Tellmidger Sober-esky!" he'd say.

Well, if you was to interrupt him a thousand times, he'd always begin at the beginnin' agin, if he had to go a hundred yards back.

"You can't see de air, or analyze it, or taste it; all you know is, it is what you call mystery, *ignota*, wonder, von grand puzzle. You can't explain de *modus operandi*," (for he could talk Latin as easy as he could drink); "but you watch it, an' see the effects, and leave the causes to be

explored hereafter. Now you will send your child," (I was agoin' to say I hadn't got none, but I knew how mad it would make him; so I let him go on.) "You will send your child into de next street, that has got hoopin'-cough so bad, it coughs its boots upamost, and he will get well straightway—de air is changed. What make change of air in two street joinin' on to each oder, both on de same hill, and same level, and de same wind blow over both, we cannot say. De fact is sartain; de cause unknown. To be healthy, you must change air, change diet, and change drink."

"Aye," said I, "and change doctors too." He fixed his eyes on me, and glared like a tiger; but before he got out that ugly word of his, "you are perfectly right, Doctor," sais I; "there is great truth in what you say. You are a close observer," and poor Old Soberesky was right. Onct when I was to Windsor, I had a dreadful cold in my head; I could hardly see out of my eyes, and my two nostrils felt as large and as ugly as two broken panes of glass in a winder stopped up with old hats. I fairly felt no how all over. Well, I just happened to think of "Old Tellmidger's Theory of Change of Air," ordered Old Clay into the waggon, streaked it off over

the mountain, and up to Kentville in no time; and the next mornin' felt like a new man. Chang of air has operated like a charm on me this time. I sartainly feel as I used to did, when I kept travellin' over Nova Scotia all the time. I actilly censait I am better lookin' too, than I was. I never looked in my glass so often as I have since I left Sophy; but I railly do kinder think it has improved my daugertype, jist enough, perhaps, to be takin'. A sickly face is repulsive, a delicate one is interèstin'. I wish I had left somethin' behind me at Collingwood's, besides my heart, for an excuse to go back for it. There would be plenty of time, while the vessel is at Port Midway, wouldn't there? or I could overtake her at Petite Rivière. Is there anythin' I could invent?

"By your leave, Mr. Slick," said the pilot, "I want to let go the mainsail, for we are forgin' too far ahead rather." (I guess *I am*, thinks I to myself). "Let go the anchor. If we make as good a trade here as we did at Port Jolly, we shall do a considerable business, I guess. It's a pity we couldn't have stopp'd at Liverpool though too, for there are more folks there; but they have a custom-house, and it wouldn't be safe to venture there; and besides, country harbours for our trade, is better than towns. There, the

people have to go to the marchant ; here, we carry the store to them. It makes all the difference in the world that. Ah ! here come the boats off. Well, then, I guess I'll go ashore and see my old friend, Goose Van Dam. He lives in the white house on the hill. If I am wanted, you can send for me."

Speakin' of Van Dam reminds me of what I have said afore in my journal, that I don't believe there is a man or woman in the world hardly but what has some peg or another for pride to hang his hat on. Even in the States, folks cock up their chins, and talk of great folks to England they are connected with. All the rael heirs of all the grand titles in the kingdom are to be found in the great cities there. There is many a duke with his arms in a homespun coat, has a coat of arms in a book, and only wants the means to get justice done and have his title. Father always said he was the rail undoubted Prince Schlick, and sister Sall will believe to her dyin' day that, now the old man is gone, I am the rael Simon Pure. Well, it's a cheap bit of pride, and costs nothin' but a little stretch of fancy ; and when folks say what they actilly believe, why there can't be much of an ontruth in it.

But pride has always a sore spot somewhere, that the more you cover it, the redder it looks, and the tenderer it gets. Sally is terribly scared to hear of a wooden clock, and nothin' makes her so mad as for folks to call me "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker." She sais it's very rude to call a gentleman Sam, for shortness; they might as well say Sambo at oncet. And when she writes to me, she always addresses the letter to the "Honourable Samuel Slick, late of the Embassy to the Court of St James's, but now at Halifax, Nova Scotia;" and puts in the corner, "care of the United States' Consul." Poor thing! it pleases her for the postmaster to Slickville to see such a letter. She says, she likes to let some folks know who some folks are, and tosses up her pretty little mug, when she hands in the letter, with an air as much as to say, "that's my brother with that handle as long as a corn broom to his name."

I do raily believe that if one of them young chaps in the commissariat that serves out soap, coals and candles to Halifax was to go to Onion county, he'd marry the richest gall in it, for his title beats all natur', considerin' his rank, which is only one notch above a clerk, and his pay,

which don't afford new clothes till they're wanted — deputy-assistant-commissary-general ! Oh ! Sally, if I had such a handle as that, it would upset such a little word as Slick after it right off. It couldn't stand straight and hold it up. Thinkin' of young commissaries, reminds me agin of what I oncet heard of two old coves, heads of that department, for there is an official pride, and a pride of doin' things by rule.

When I was to Gibraltar, there was an old commissary-general who was on his last legs, for the king's stores never sarve out new ones, and he had to set about his last accounts, pretty hard accounts too to pass sometimes, showin' a balance ginerally agin a man in the long run, notwithstanding all the credits he can set down. Well, you can't put them old coons out of their way, do what you will. Things must be done jist so, have jist so many black lines, and red lines, and columns, and headings, and totals, and counter-signs. Well, this old man when he was all done, sent for the governor to see him, and take leave of him.

"Governor," said he "I am a very fortunate man."

"How so?" said the General. "I am delighted to hear it. How so?"

"I have had a bishop with me in my last illness. It's a great comfort to treat with heads of departments, aint it?"

"You are sure all's right then?"

"No—mis—mis—take—in—the—vou—vou vouchers," and he opened his eyes and mouth wide, and kicked the bucket right off.

I heard the Governor tell that story himself one day, when he lunched on board of old Ironsides, as we call the 'Constitution' frigate. He enjoyed it very much, and said he knew another just exactly like it. The chaplain called on one of these issuer-generals of good things, who was travellin' the last road, rather faster than he knowed of himself, and advised him to prepare for a ginerall give out of the machinery. He said he hoped he would excuse him, but he really felt it to be his duty to talk seriously to him.

"Well, Sir," said he, "I will excuse you upon this one occasion, as I have no doubt you mean well, and are unacquainted with official etiquette, altho' your ignorance greatly surprises me. You can hold yourself in readiness, Sir, when required. In the meantime you must know, my medical man has not reported to me that I am in danger, when he does, Sir, it will be time

enough to hear what you have to say. Good mornin', Sir, I won't detain you."

While these things were passin' in my mind, I reached Van Dam's house.

"Is Goose to home?" said I, addressin' myself to his handsome young wife.

"Pray, Sir, who do you call Goose?" said she, slightly colourin', and bridlin' up a considerable sum.

"Why, Goose Van Dam, to be sure," said I. "Who else should I call by that are everlastin' handsome name?"

"You are very free and easy, Sir," said she.

"It's a way I have among friends," said I, sittin' down coolly in a chair.

"You had better keep it then," she replied, "till you are among 'em. What might your business be?" said she, quite short.

"Well, don't you be a goose, then, at any rate," I replied, "and fly off the handle for nothin' that way. You was always skittish, Kate. Do you recollect the night you held the lantern to me down to the Five Houses, the time I dug up the French captin, and got his belt of doubloons off his skeliton, and you got skeerd, and dropt the light, and left me in the dark, in the grave

there? Warnt that a proper lark? Lord how often I have larfed over that, when I have thought of it since. Oh! them was the times for light heels and light hearts."

"Well, I am a goose, that's a fact, Mr. Slick," said she; "for I ought to have know'd you at once. But, Mr. Slick," said she, risin' and tappin' me on the shoulder, "don't mention that are story to Van, that's a good soul; for though he is the best-tempered man agoin', he is of a very jealous turn, and he mightn't jist altogether like it. No one knows it but you and me, and perhaps we might have been better employed. But here he is himself."

Goose was like most of those of Dutch descent on that coast, a very large powerful man. He was tall and bony, though not stout or corpulent, and stooped a little, which might perhaps be occasioned by the weight of his enormous fists, each of which looked as heavy to carry as a six-and-thirty-pound shot. His countenance was open and jolly, but there was that about his mouth that gave you the idea of a man, who if he got a notion in his head onct, would defy all the world to get it out. He had an awkward trick, when he spoke to you, of tuggin' at his shirt-collar, in a way that caused you to rejoice

he had a coat and waistcoat on, or that garment would have been in danger of goin' over his head at last. He had the air of a man who was well to do in the world, and his house and establishment bespoke thrift, order, and comfort.

"How are you, old fellow?" sais I. "I was jist a tellin' your wife how green she must have been to have married a man with such an all-fired name as Goose."

"Well," said he, tryin' to larf, though it went agin his grain, "she knew I was no fool, if I was a goose. But, Mr. Slick, I have been so bothered ever since I was a boy, with that name, that I have had half a mind to quit the country and change it. It was an old family-name among us, when we lived at Albany, afore the revolution. There has always been a goose in the family."

"So I should think," sais I. But seein' I was distressin' the flock, I added: "I should like to know what good family in New York State there aint one in?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said he. "But confound it, it's enough to drive a feller mad, a'most! When I was a youngster, other boys called out,

" 'Goosey, goosey gander,  
Whither do you wander?'

or they would stand on one leg, as if they was a watchin' of the nest, and quarke, and call my little sisters 'goslins!' Many a time I have set them a larfin' the other side of their mouths, I know. If a father and mother want you to honour them accordin' to catechism, they shouldn't give a child such a name as 'Goose!'"

"You mustn't talk nonsense," sais I; "you might as well drop the 'dam' at the end of your name, cause it sounds profane. 'Goose' is good Dutch, and so is 'dam,' too. Some of our first chop folks are connected with that family. The great Van Horne, of Albany, was a Goose."

"Why, you don't say so!" said he.

"But I do say so," sais I; "and it's generally allowed the King of Holland, that give up his crown, was a Goose."

"Do you hear that, Kate?" said the pacified man. "I always told you I came of a good family, and now I hope you believe it."

"Seein' is believin'," said she. "Now ask if dinner is ready. Why, Mr. Slick," said she, as soon as he was gone, "what a droll man you be! But mind and keep dark about the dubbloons. Oh! what a touss folks made about diggin' up that Frenchman! They actilly offered a reward of fifty pounds to find out who it was; and I

never changed the old gold till last summer, when I was in Boston. Do you think there was any harm in it?"

"Well, I don't know," said I, "for I never thought about the harm; but there is one thing I'll promise you—"

"What's that?" said she.

"Why, if ever you are a widder, I'll never dig up Goose, that's a fact. Mind, you're bespoken."

"Pooh!" said she, larfin', "don't talk nonsense. Let's go to dinner."

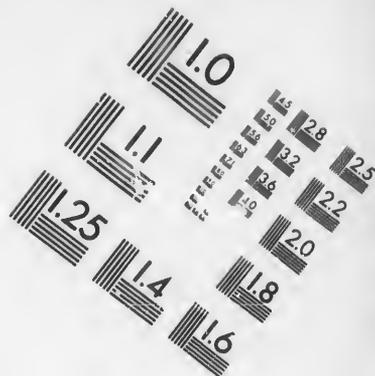
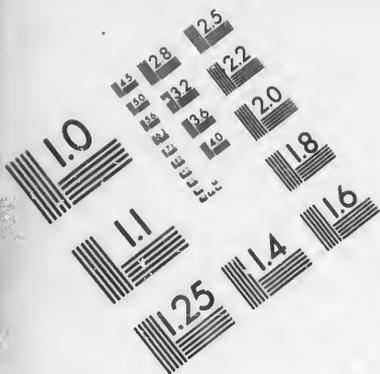
A good, plain, substantial meal it was, too; just what it ought to be, and what it is, in every substantial farmer's house in the country.

"Mr. Slick," said the good-natured host, "there was a droll thing occurred the other day, down to Five Houses."

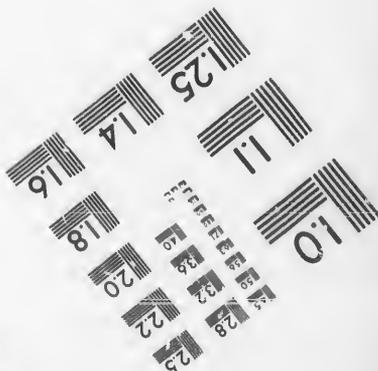
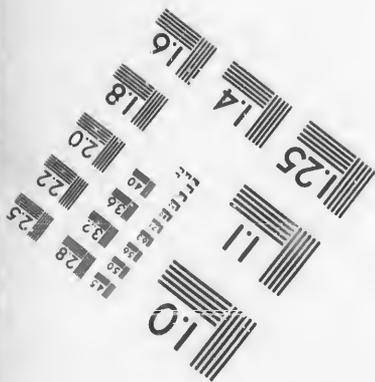
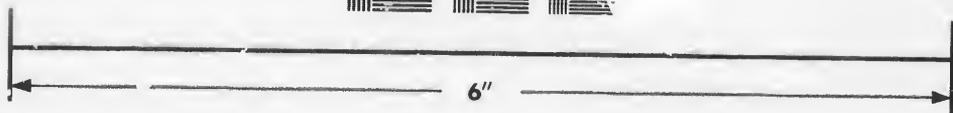
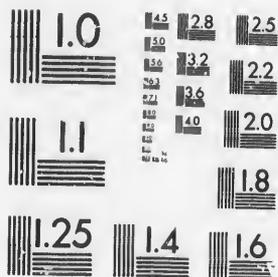
"There have been a good many droll things happened there," said I, a winkin' to his wife.

"I shouldn't wonder," said he. "You must tell me some of them; for there is nothin' I like so much as a good story." Kate smiled at that, passed her hand over her face, and managed to let her fore-finger rest on her lips as a signal. "Did you know the Snare galls?" said he.





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

1.5 2.8  
3.2 2.5  
2.2  
2.0

10

"A large family, the Snare galls!" said I, laughin'.

"You may say *that*, Mr. Slick!" said his wife, enterin' into the joke with spirit.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Goose, lookin' puzzled. "Well, Kitty Snare married Conrad Shupe. You knew Conrad Shupe; he was the son of Old Crouse Shupe, that lived down to Bernardi's Point. Bernardi was an Italian, and used to sell lookin'-glasses and pictures to Halifax, and then went and settled to the Point."

"Well, you will never get to the point," said his wife.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Goose; "for it's worth two thousand pounds, and more money, on account of the seaweed. I have always set my heart on the Point."

"You'll get hold of it some o'these days," sais I.

"I shouldn't wonder," said he; "for Lawyer Lybolt sais it will come to the hammer yet."

"Well, you are a ninny hammer," said she, roarin' with laughter. "Let me tell the story, for it will take you all day."

"I shouldn't wonder," sais he; "for when I gets to the Point, it puts everythin' else out of my head. It's the greatest point on the

coast for sea-weed; there is fashions of it, after a southerly gale. The sheep—”

“Mr. Slick,” she said, “there aint much point in the story; and what little there is, he has taken off.”

“All the teams in the township wouldn’t clear off that Point,” he replied.

“Shupe,” she went on to say, “aint like my husband, the best-tempered man in the world, but jist the revarse—a great cross-grained, crabbit, sour-crou Dutchman; and he don’t use his wife well at all. He makes her work harder than any hired help, and won’t allow the men folks to wait on her at all.”

“He wants to get to the Point, too, Mr. Slick,” said Goose; “that’s the reason he saves all so close.”

“The other day, Van and I went over there to see them,” she continued, “and she asked us to stay to dine; and when dinner was ready, she blew the conch-shell, and up come Conrad and the men folks, and down we sat. I thought I should have died a larfin’ to see his face, when he had done sayin’ an overly long grace, opened his eyes, and looked down at the table. There was a raw fillet of veal, and a raw codfish, and raw potatoes, and corn, and peas, and beans, jist as they came from the garden. Didn’t he stare, that’s all?”

"I shouldn't wonder," said Goose.

"Do be quiet," said his wife, impatiently. "First he stared at the table, and then at his wife, and then at Van, and then at me, and I tee-heed right out; I couldn't hold in no longer; I had a pain in my side for a week arterwards.

"'Potz tauzend!—thousand devils!' said he, 'what is the meanin' of all this? The Lord sends provisions, but the devil sends cooks.'

"'I wish he would send me one then,' said his wife, 'for there is neither wood nor water in the house. I can't cook without them; and what's more, never will cook with them either, after this; so there now.'

"It sarved him right, didn't it?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Van Dam. "For I've had a mind to sarve him right too, often and often; for he always calls me Goose afore folkes, because he knows I don't like it."

Sais I, "My good friend, give over talkin' nonsense about your name. Instead of bein' ashamed, you have reason to be proud of it. A goose too, so far from being a foolish bird, is a very wise one. A flock of geese saved Rome onct."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Master Van, "for

a flock of wild ones saved La Haive Island onct. They got overloaded with sleet and wet snow, and lighted on the clearin' one spring, and was caught there, and actilly saved the folks from starvation."

"Well," sais I, "out of gratitude to these birds, the Italians erected a college for 'em at Rome, and called it the 'Proper Gander' College."

"What! geese in a college? Mr. Slick, I shouldn't wonder now if that arn't one of your good stories."

"Geese in a college," sais I; "to be sure, they have them in every college in the world. They always call the head Don an old goose, on account of his red nose and his down bed. Very polite birds too, are geese. You never see a flock yet enter a door, even if it was eight foot high, but every one on 'em bows his head."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if that's a fact," said he, "for I've observed it myself."

"Oh! Mr. Slick," said his wife, who enjoyed this banter and nonsense, "what a man you be. You havn't altered a bit."

"What!" said he, suddenly, as if some unpleasant suspicion had entered into his mind; "did you ever see my wife before?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said I, a mockin' of him; "for I have seen everybody amost." But I recollected her speakin' of his bein' jealous. So sais I to her, "Was your name Oxley, before you was married?"

"No," sais she.

"Was it Zink?"

"No."

"Well, it must have been Wolf, then?"

"No, it warn't Wolf or Fox either."

"Was it Zwicker?"

"No," said she; "I was a Hawbolt."

"A Hawbolt," sais I. "Was you a Hawbolt of Country Harbour, to the eastward of Halifax, or a Hawbolt of La Haive?"

"From La Haive," said she. "And when you came in, I actilly didn't know you at first from Adam."

"Well," sais I, "I knew I had seen you somewhere this side of the grave, too."

"The grave! what grave?" said Van Dam.

Kate looked frightened to death; her lips opened, as if for breath, her colour faded, and she contracted her brows, as she looked at me, to intreat caution.

"Why, grave, a vessel to be sure," sais I;

"there was one on the beach when I was there, and they was a-gravin' of her."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Goose, who now appeared satisfied with the explanation.

"But this is dry work talkin'," sais I, "Goose, and it's awful hot; that's a good feller, draw a little fresh water from the well."

"Yes," said his wife, "and aint there a little brandy in the closet?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said he. "See if there aint."

As soon as he absented himself, she drew a long breath.

"Oh! Mr. Slick," said she, "how could you scare me so? If he was onct to get hold of that story, I should never hear the last of it, he is so jealous."

"I see he is," sais I, "and I havn't time now to explain all to you; but I will to-morrow; in the meantime, turn to, and pretend to be jealous of him. You'll cure him in no time. Try him. I will give you an opportunity when he returns."

"I am afraid," she said.

*"I tell you try him this once, and see how he likes it. It is a rule in life. If a critter makes a charge agin you, turn the table on him; accuse him, and let him defend himself. It will*

*give him plenty to do. It's a plaguy sight easier to make a charge than to explain one away."*

When he returned with the water, I lit a cigar, and went on with the conversation just where we laid it down.

"I wonder you don't recollect gravin' that vessel, Goose," said I, "for I mind you put the mop into the hot tar, and daubed young Metzler with it for teasing you about Tereza Hebb."

"Tereza, who?" said his wife.

"Tereza Hebb," said I, "that he was a-courtin' of at that time."

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you."

"What, Tereza Hebb?"

"Yes, Tereza Hebb. You had better pretend now you don't recollect. Ah, Goose!" said I, "you're a sly fellow."

"Well, upon my word," said his wife, "this is a pretty spot of work! Why, Goose, aint you ashamed of yourself? Tereza Hebb! the bold, forrard, impudent hussy! She was here no longer ago nor last week. If ever I catch her inside this house agin! And when she found Goose was to Halifax, Treza—as he calls her so lovin'ly—wouldn't stay with poor me. I'll give her a piece of my mind. Goose, why didn't you tell me of

this before? Oh dear! how deceitful some men are! Tereza Hebb, eh? Why, I never heard of this till this blessed moment!"

"Nor I neither, dear," said he, "so don't take on that way, Kate love."

"Oh! love me no loves!" said she. "I wish I was in the grave!"

And seein' he was a-holdin' down of his head, she gave me a wink at that word 'grave,' as much as to say, there would be a plaguy sight more fun there, than foolin' this way.

"Why, Kate, dear," said her husband, "how can you talk so? it's only one of Mr. Slick's good stories."

"Oh! I dare say you think it a good story. I don't wonder you call it so. Tereza Hebb; I wish you had married her. Well, I want to know—Mr. Slick, do tell me all about it; let me know the worst."

"No," said I, "I won't. I am sorry I mentioned it, but I thought everybody knew it. Come, let us change the conversation. Now," said I, "Van Dam, I'll tell you a story about a goose that happened to Halifax when Prince Edward was there. I had it from an old gentleman that was in the 7th Fusileers at the time."

"Tereza Hebb!" said Kate; "why it aint possible."

"Pooh!" sais I; "I believe you are jealous."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Goose.

"Wonder!" said she, and I touched her foot under the table to be quiet.

The worst of advisein' a woman is, they overdo things, and carry 'em too far, and spoil all; so I jist juggled her foot.

"The 7th Fusileers," said I, "was stationed to Halifax when the Prince was here; and the mess-man kept an everlastin' large poultry-yard. He used to buy a whole flock of geese at a time, fat 'em, and kill 'em as he wanted them. Well, in one of these flocks there was a feller that was onder standard-height, as they call it in the army; and when all was killed but him he was turned over to the next flock, till he should be fit for the table. But whether he didn't like these strange birds, or they didn't like him, or he didn't call on the new-comers and leave his card, and they took offence or what not I don't know. At all events, they lived apart, like officers and soldiers; and he made up to the mess-man, and always followed him about the yard everywhere, and he fed it himself. At last the man grew fond of the bird."

"Oh! in course," said Kate; "he is not the first man that grew fond of an under-sized bird; but go on, Mr. Hebb—I mean Slick."

"Do be quiet," said I; "for every word of this story is true. And he said it shouldn't be killed. It soon became a general pet in the regiment; everybody fed it, and coaxed it, and made much of it. Well at last it took up its beat with the sentry at the barrack-gate, and used to march up and down with him, and hundreds of people used to go to see this extraordinary goose. Well there came another regiment about that time to Halifax; and the Prince ordered two companies into the south barracks, where the 7th were quartered, for there warn't room in the north ones; and lo and behold! when these soldiers were on guard, the goose used to look at their uniforms, turn round, and off to the poultry-yard, until some of the men of the 7th were on duty, when he regularly marched backwards and forwards with them. No money could have bought that bird. All foreigners and strangers used to go there to see him; and the Prince took Louis Philippe, who was at Halifax at that time, to see this great attachment between the bird and the regiment.

"Well, one night—a very cold night—the sentry seein' the coast was clear, put down his

musket in the box, and cut across the street to a grog-shop to get a glass of rum; but the moment the man quit his beat, the goose, thinkin' there was somethin' wrong, ran after him, squeeekin' and squealin' like anythin', and kicked up an awful bobbery. So, to rid himself of it, he seized the goose, and wrung his neck till he killed him. The noise brought out some of the neighbours, and the feller was found out, and the way he was flogged was a caution to sinners, that's a fact."

"That was a faithful goose," said Kate; "it wouldn't go after strange uniforms, or keep company with them; but stuck to its family, and lost its life in their service. To think that I should ever take Tereza Hebb's leavings. Oh, Mr. Van Dam!"

"Kitty, dear," said the great loon, almost blubberin', "there ain't a word of truth in it; and, Mr. Slick," said he, showin' me his great sledge-hammer of a fist, "I insist upon knowin' who told you that story."

"Certainly," sais I, "and dig it into him if it's false, till he sings out for mercy."

"That's just what I will do," said he.

"Well, then," sais I, "givin' him the name of a dead man, "you'll have to dig him up

first, for he is a gone goose. It was Conrad Erurt, and suppose the whole is buried in the grave with him. Come, shake hands and make up; for jealousy is the meanest, and lowest, and most dispiseable thing in natur. I scorn a jealous man or woman as I do a nigger."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Goose, and they kissed and were reconciled.

"Well," sais I, "Mr. Van Dam, if you weren't such an awful jealous pair, I would like to have that smack passed round; but as it's too good for me, I'll try this instead (takin' a tumbler of punch). Here's your good health! long life to both of you! May there always be a goose in the family!"

Sophy dear, sais I to myself, when I turned in, you needn't be afeerd of me, I aint a goose, and I won't be jeal'ous. First, I know I won't have no cause, and second, I consait I am a man no sensible gall like you could help lovin'; and third, if any critter came poachin' about my presarves, as the English landlords say, I rather guess he'd larn I can find food for crows, as well as phesants. But will *you* be jealous, that's the question? I aint so sure about that. I'm a man that's fond of talkin' to women naterally, and I can't give up all the world for you, and more nor that, I won't.

You'll be all in all to me, but still there is the world left after all. We must understand this. If I don't look at other women, I can't compare you with them, and say, how much handsomer you are than this one, or how much more sensible you are than that one, and so on. *We must lay down some rule about jealousy. What shall it be? Suppose we take the rule about the press. Be free, but not personal; free, but decent; free, but not treasonable to each other; free, but not licentious; free niggers, but not freebooters.* There must be some rule, that's a fact. If you don't like that one, let's take the committee rule, each of us shall have an equal voice. If we can't agree we will adjourn, report progress, and ask leave to sit again, and if we still differ, I will give the castin' vote as chairman. Take your choice, dear, of either of these rules, for I wouldn't dictate to you for the world. And now that we understand each other, good-night, dear; God bless you!

## CHAPTER VIII.

## A HOT DAY.

ON the followin' mornin' the household were up and movin' at a very early hour. A hasty breakfast was prepared for Goose, who was obliged to attend an auction on the other side of the river, and did not expect to return until the evenin'. I walked down to the beach with him, assisted him to push off his punt, and begged him to return as early as he could, as it was probable it was the last time I should ever be in that part of the country again.

There was every indication of a very hot day, and as I pointed to the mist ascendin' from the high grounds in slow and sluggish wreaths, I said

"Goose, this day is goin' to be a sneezer, I guess."

"I shouldn't wonder," he said; for not troublin' his head about matters that didn't immediately consarn him, he was seldom surprised at anythin'.

My prognostications were fully verified; it was a day of intense heat. As far as the eye could reach eastward, the sea lay like an ocean of melted silver. Not a rimple nor dimple nor motion was perceptible on it. It was two or three hundred yards from the house, so that you could see its bosom heave; for in a general way it undulates even in sleep as a female's does, and I've an idea that the rote on the beach is the breathin' that swells it, when restin' in slumber that way. It shone like a lookin'-glass in the sun, it wasn't easy to look at it. The beach is fine white sand, what's called house sand, and that is a brighter, clearer white than the sea, and dazzles and sparkles more. You could actilly see the heat there, for it seemed as if there was fire onderneath. Down the little valley, the stream seemed as if it tried not to make a noise as it took the smoothest course to the sea, and lingered under the spruce boughs, as if it would give anythin' to go to sleep there.

Everythin' was still. There was not a breath

of air. Even Kate sat quiet, and didn't talk. The vessels in the offin' were motionless, and their tall slender yeller masts looked like rays of light, not descendin', but ascendin'. The cows stood still in the brook, a ruminatin' on things in general, and hot days in particular. The birds hid themselves in the trees, pantin' with the heat, and the very insects thought it was too much trouble to buzz; but a nasty senseless locust set up a monotonous song, the only one it can sing, the chorus of which sounds amazinly like "Aint this a grand day for locusts?" If I'd a had my gun there, I would have shot it, for I was listnin' to two sounds I do dearly love. It was poor old Minister first taught me their beauty. He used to say "Sam, there are two sounds I dearly love: the ocean's surfy, slow, deep, mellow voice, full of mystery and awe, moanin' over the dead it holds in its bosom, or lullin' them to unbroken slumbers in the chambers of its vasty depths; and the silvery tone of the windin' brook, as it rejoices on its way to the parent sea. I love them. I love to be alone with them, and to listen to them. Thank God for all His mercies, the capacity for enjoyin' nature, only He that gives can take away. No bankruptcy reaches that, no fire destroys it, no tempest can make shipwreck of it. It grows and

increases with us till we see beauty even in abstractions."

So do I love them too, as well as Minister. And I love Kate for not talkin' just now. Confound that locust I say, there is no more music in him than a boilin' tea-kettle.

Well, jist opposite, in the work-shed, is a man pretendin' to work, but it's all pretence, for he's sittin' down on a pile of shavins, with a spoke-shave in his hands, a dressin' of a piece of ash that is held in a wooden vice. If that aint the perfection of lazy whitlin', then I want to know! for he uses both hands to the knife, and don't want to hold the stick. Now and then he gets up, stretches himself straight, to see that none of him has got unglued with the heat, then lifts one leg up in the air, and then the other, preparin' for his patent foot-bath, and then goes to the well, winds up a bucket of cold water, and puts half of it in one boot, and half in the other, draws a long breath, as if it felt good to have water-tights on, and returns churnin', squish-squash, as he goes back to whittle. Underneath the ox-cart the big black dog is stretched out at full length, and his great red tongue lollin' out of his head, almost as long as his tail. He is too lazy to go to the brook and take a swim, it's too much exertion in the middle

of the day for a stout gentleman like him, who has no summer clothes, and has to wear his winter jacket.

Now and then he puts up his paw indolently to brush off the flies from his naked nose; but before the huge foot descends, the flies are off; and as soon as it's withdrawn, back they light to torment the unoffendin' soul again. At last, he loses all patience—and it's very hard to be bothered when you want to go to sleep—opens his mouth, rips out a short oath, makes a grab at them, and kills a dozen of them right off at one snap. But outside of the black dog—not in the shade of the ox-cart, nor under the great beech-tree, but in the full glare of the sun, with his head uncovered and pillowed in a mould of sand that fits it beautifully, and face upturned, not only in full defiance of sun and flies, but in the enjoyment of both—lies black Scipio. What a look of placid happiness is on his face! grateful to the Giver of all good things, especially of hot days, and at peace with himself and all mankind. He is just what a Christian ought to be, particularly a black one. I have often thought of that landscape at Petite Rivière as it lay stretched out afore me on that everlastin' hot day.

Once I tried to sketch it, but it was too exten-

sive. The sea-board view was boundless. The vessels, like them in Dutch paintings of calms, tho' true to life, wanted life. They were straight up and down—stiff and ongraceful. The valley and the groups I got detached, but not together. Some things are pretty to look at, but won't make a pictur'.

"Mr. Slick," said Kate.

"What, dear," said I.

"Come and set near me at this window that I may smell your cigar, for it is so hot that I feel faint."

"No sooner said than done," said I. "But hush!" and I put my hand on her arm; "hush! What is that? Did you hear that loud, clear, shrill scream?"

"Oh, Mr. Slick!" said she, "do tell me what that is! That was nothing human! How piercin' it was!"

"Human!" said I; "I guess not. Seein' you and me together, p'raps that are French officer, whose belt of gold we dug up at Five Houses, has blowed a whistle at us, as much as to say 'Much good may it do to you.'"

"Oh, my sakes!" said she, "I wish I had never touched it!"

"Or perhaps it is to warn Goose that I hav

got nearer to his pretty little wife just now than he would approve."

"Pooh!" said she.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder," said I, imitating of him to the life.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" said she.

"Well, I do," said I; "that's a fact. At least, I can't say I don't. I try to believe in them."

"Try!" said she. "Why, how very odd!"

"Yes," said I, "it's the most delightful thing in the world to believe in them. When I die I hope I may be permitted to be one."

"Well I never in all my born days!" said she.

"Dancin' in the sunbeam when it's cool, or in the shady groves when it's warm. No bones to ache, no flesh to pine away, no heart to grieve—all shadowy form, all calm pleasure. How beautiful the world must look, and all that's in it! and the mysteries of the deep revealed, and dead French captair, with belts of doubloons round them in the grave!"

"Oh, Mr. Slick!" said she, "now that spoils all. Oh! go on as you did. That's grand about there being kind of fairies. I like that.

Moonlight must be their holiday time, mustn't it?"

"Yes," said I. "But then I'm afeered it must be dull music, for there is no love, you know, no hope, no fear, no heat, no cold. A kind of sameness is fairy life, too. Put your arm round a neat little article of a female fairy and there's nothin' to squeeze. Look up into her face, and there is no eyes, only expression—no mouth, nothin' but a smile; for if there was, there would be toothache. If you go to kiss her, your head goes right thro' her head, and her head thro' yourn. There are no lips. In the long run, p'raps we had better be contented as we be. A livin', solid, corn-fed gall, arter all, may be better than a shadowy, vapory, cold fairy."

"Then why is it you try to believe in them, and want to be one?"

"Because I want to believe, if I can, that them that loved us in this world are about us and around us, watchin' over us, and guardin' us, both asleep and awake, and intercedin' for us."

"Ah, now you talk sense," said she. "That's a pretty thought. Oh! it's a shame for a man who can talk as well as you can to mix up so

much nonsense with it. Oh! that's a beautiful idea of fairies!"

Here again the same shriek was heard louder, because nearer than before. It was certainly a startlin' sound—it was so very thrillin'.

"Mr. Slick," said she, "I am frightened! What in the world can it be?"

But I didn't know, and couldn't exactly guess. But as I never allow myself to be nonplussed, sais I:

"It will make you laugh at your own fears when you do know, and see what it is."

A man should never say he don't know if he can cut round a corner any way in the world. Men who have the greatest reputation for larnin' more nor half the time get the name by pretendin'. A little smatterin', like a drop or two of essence, goes a great way. It's easy to carry, got the right flavour, and no one knows how small a quantity you've got of it. When I was to London, I met a man, who said he knew thirty languages, and he used to write poetry, and pretended they were translations of languages of the dead, or them that were livin' the Lord knows where. Old Polyglot I used to call him. I shall never forget the rise I took out of him onct, and

how I made our Minister stare. He was dinin' at the Embassy, and said he :

"Mr. Slick, how strange it is an American seldom speaks any language but his own."

Those Britishers have always some fault to find with us, and think nobody knows anythin' but themselves.

"Well," sais I, "that's a univarsal one amost. Our two great nations have spread it nearly all over the world, but how many do you understand?"

"I'm ashamed to say," said he, pretendin' to look very modest, and talkin' confidential like, "I only know thirty."

"Thirty!" sais I, "why that's a vast number for one little tongue to manage, and lick into shape too, aint it? What a wonderful thing the head is, to hold such a library. It always seems to me to be like an Indian-rubber bag, however full it is, there is always room for a little more. I should be almost scared to stuff mine that way, for fear it would squeeze some things out of tother eend; and when you went to look for 'em you'd find, as a feller does who has a thievin' servant, that they were gone, and all the rest of the servants would swear they never saw 'em,

they must have been lost or broken afore they came. Thirty languages! why do tell?"

Well, he looked like one of the pyramids, which every time you see it, seems to stretch up a little higher.

"Thirty!" sais I, "well you beat me. I'm a man that never brags or boasts, or sais much, being a silent man, in a general way, and likin' to hear better than talkin'; but you beat me all holler. I am willin' to admit my deficiency, I can only understand twenty-five."

"Twenty-five!" said he. "Mr. Slick, give me your hand. I believe you and I may justly boast of havin' made greater progress than any two men now livin'."

"Well," sais I, "I never boast. The more I larn, the more it appears to me I have to larn. But between you and me, I can go from one eend of the continent of America to the other (and so can anybody that is fool enough to try it, but I didn't say so). I have been a great deal among the Indians. Can you speak the Micmac?"

"No," said he.

"What not the Micmac?" sais I; "it's what the Nova Scotia Indians talk. It's a most a beau-

tiful language, but they use terrible long words. You see they have plenty of leisure to talk, as they don't work, and are never in a hurry, so they take their time. Now we call a male fowl a cock, for shortness, they call him keequwee-quechnabao. The only thing that's short is countin', for that must be done quick, as na-ookt, one; tah-boo, two; and so on. Not know Micmac," sais I, "well, it's a pity, for it's the most perfect Indian language there is. Well, there is the Abeniqui, that is the New Brunswick nation."

"No."

"Why how singular," sais I. "Nor the Red Indians?" (I didn't tell him they were extinct).

"No."

"Nor the Chectaw? Iroquois? Snakes? Floridas?"

"No," sais he, "I don't understand any of them."

"Well, north of the Great Slave Lake is another family, divided into the Copper Indians the Hare Indians, and the Dogribs; away off south is another division of nations, such as the Galliees, Puelchees, and Toupees. The Indian languages are the most beautiful in the known world. They

are Indian-rubber ones, they stretch out. It's done by gummification, addin' on extra syllables."

"Agglutination, we call it," said he, correctin' me.

"I know you do," sais I, "and most probably it's the proper word in your everlastin' long list of languages, for the folks that spoke them it's likely knew what glue was. Our Indians only know gums. Indeed there aint any glue made in America, except at Charleston and New Orleans, and that is the best in the world, for instead of the skins of animals, it's made out of nigger-hides, especially old niggers, who are biled down for the purpose. That's the meanin' of our old sayin' 'it sticks like grim death to a dead nigger. Uncle Tom told me it was a positive fact.'"

"How shockin'," said he.

"Oh yes," sais I, lookin' innocent, "it's shockin' good glue. Now gummin' on syllables makes one word express a whole sentence, the only thing is they are shockin' long, long enough for the stringer of a bridge a'most."

"Do they write?" said he.

"Oh yes, they write, and always have from the earliest ages, but it's more marks than letters.

Unfortunately they always make them in blood, as you might suppose, but the colour and meanin' of that fades out in time."

"I never heard that before," he said, "how singular."

"But the most curious inquiry, and most interestin', far beyond Polar discoveries, and all that nonsense," sais I, "is, what language Adam and Eve spoke? I have a theory on that, I think it is what the Carribs speak; for they lived like the Carribs, who still wear fig-leaved aprons, and that 'word 'car,' is dear or sweet, and 'rib' is a woman or wife. It's a wonderful illustration of Eve's formation, and it's a plausible theory at any rate."

"No, Sir," said he, lookin' as wise as I did, "it was Hebrew, I think."

Here Minister rose, and we joined the ladies; and Old Polyglot told Ambassador I was a man of extraordinary attainments, but of still greater modesty, for he had actually to draw me out, I was so silent. He remarked that I might be said to speak every languag, but my own, I was so resarved.

Pretend you know, and half the time, if it aint as good as knowin', it will sarve the same purpose. *Many a feller looks fat, who is only*

*swelled*, as the Germans say. But to get back to Mrs. Van Dam.

"Mr. Slick do you think that's a ghost?"

"I know it aint," sais I, "for ghosts are only vapours, and the sun's so hot, it would evaporate it right up, make it hiss like a drop of water on a hot stove. Ghosts never walk by day."

"Oh, Mr. Slick!" she said, "don't talk that way. You don't know what you are a sayin' of."

"Well," sais I, "sposin' it was a ghost, it mighten frighten you so much' arter all. I'll tell you a story," sais I.

"Do," sais she, "it's a great privilege to hear you talk. Come, what is it?"

"Well," sais I, "there was an Irish clergyman to Nova Scotia some years ago; I overhauled him on the Halifax road, at the head of the basin. He was one of the kindest-hearted old men I ever knew; a real pleasant feller, and no nonsense about him.

"Hallo, Slick!" said he, "I want to have a trade with you. Come and stop with me to-night, and I'll exchange Irish stories with you for Yankee ones."

"Only too proud," sais I "parson." So we drove on to his quarters, and hauled up for a protracted meetin' that night, for I knowed when he

got a talkin' he'd run on like my clock for twenty-four hours on a stretch. When we got comfortably settled down, sais he :

“ Come, I'll lead off, and you must follow suit. In my parish in Ireland there was a broth of a boy, called Paddy McQuade. The divil a row but he was foremost in, or a fight with the sodiers but he got his head broke, or did that same friendly act for some one else. Well, the priest could make no hand of him at all, at all, and he used, to warn him, he would be sure to go, when he died, to a certain place, that aint fit to be spoke of in genteel company, but it was all to no use. Every time he came to confession, he had the same long list to go over. He was drunk, or he took a shot at a polisheman, or pysoned the landlord's dogs, or somethin' or another ; and he seemed to get worse instead of better.

“ ‘ Pat, ’ said the priest, ‘ I warn you for the last time, you'll certainly go to the bottomless pit. ’

“ ‘ Oh ! Father John, ’ said he, ‘ don't be always arter botherin' me about the bottomless pit ; many a place has a worse name than it desarves, and it is the case with that self-same one. I've been there, and a dismal-lookin' place enough it is, too ; but the entertainment aint bad, if you have only plenty

money in your pockets. How I got there, or how I got out, is more than I can tell, unless it was your riverence treated me to a visit to scare me. Well, there was no day there, no sun, no moon, nor stars, but all was as dark, and as black as the haunted bog, where the heretics, that was burned in the barn, was buried. One fine night I wakes up there, and the black divils were movin' about, and the fire burnin' out of their head like gas-pipes to light 'em. The top of the mornin' to you, sais I, to one of them, that looked like a dacent sort o' imp of darkness. There's no mornin' here, sais he, only one thunderin' long night. Where am I? said I. In the bottomless pit, said he. Ah! blood and ounds. sais I, Father John always told me I'd get here, but I never believed him, and here I am at last. Bad luck to it! I never thought it would come to this. I thought he was only tryin' to frighten me. Sais I, have you anythin' to eat or drink? Lashins of it, says he, if you've only money in your pocket. Well, I made a dacent meal enough, considerin' all things, and took a taste of the cratur', and went to sleep to forget my misfortins: and what do you think, Father John, they found arter all? I warn't bad enough for them, for they jest turned me out, and laid me under the fence fornenst Tim

Maloney's ; and when I waked up I peeped over the wall to see if the coast was clear, and off home as fast as my legs could carry me."

"Well, the priest thought he had delirium tremens, and just turned him out; but when he came to inquire about it, he found they had picked him up drunk, and let him down into a minin'-shaft out of a bit of a spree, and when he came to, they intoxicated him again, and hauded him up in the tub. So don't be frightened, dear. if it is a ghost, I'm not afeard of them."

"What a strange story, Mr. Slick; do you believe it?"

"Well," sais I, "I give it to you as the parson told it to me; but Irish stories can't all be taken for facts. Some folks tell stories, as if they happened in their own knowledge, and tell 'em so often, they believe them themselves at last. Whether it really took place in his parish, or he made it out of whole cloth, or read it, I don't know; I give it to you just as I got it. But jist look out here, Kate; look at that are nigger."

At that moment a young, good-lookin' black man made his appearance in the road. He had a pair of blue cloth trowsers on, a white deeply-frilled shirt, with high stiff starched collars, and wore a black satinet stock. His hat was rakishly

placed on the side of his head, the wool of which was curled, as if it had just come from a carding-mill. In one hand he carried his coat and waist-coat, and with the other swung a little yellow rattan, with an air of great self-satisfaction.

When he came to where the old nigger was asleep, baskin' in the sun, he paused a moment, stooped down, and uttered that terrific scream, which was an imitation of that which the Loon gives when divin' from fright. Mrs. Van Dam gave a screech herself almost as shrill, and springin' up fell over on my breast and shoulders. Fact is, I was scared too, not at the black feller's yell, but at the situation we two was in; for it wasn't just the place for another man's wife, and that a jealous man too, that's a fact. So sais I:

"Kate, here's Goose; be quick."

It brought her to in a minute.

"Oh, dear!" she said; "how faint I am!" and I got up, and handed her a glass of water.

"Hadn't you better go and lie down, and compose yourself, dear?"

"No," said she, "I'm better now. I'm glad I know at last what that sound was. Your talk about fairies, and that fellow's screamin', nearly set me crazy."

"What de debbil do you mean, Cæsar?" said

the old man, "by makin' dat are onmeanin', misintelligible noise, you ignorant misbroughten-up nigger?"

"Oh, Uncle Scipio! I didn't mean no manner of remaginable harm, only a little fun, I do ressure you, Sar."

"Which way is you goin', Cæsar, boy?" said the old man, apparently satisfied with the apology, "all dress out so pitticular fine, so airly in de day?"

"Goin' to Halifax, uncle, to de great ablution meetin' ob de peopls ob color."

"Much you knows about ablution. Don't you, Cæsar. Now what does ablution mean?"

"It means a great tea-party and ball for free colored people, to be sure," said the beau, with a disdainful toss of his head. "We is to hab de military band to play for us; for de gubbernor is a great ablutionist."

"Ki," said Scipio, "de gubbernor only tink o' dat. Yah! yah! yah! Is de gubbernor a colored gentleman, Cæsar?"

"Oh! Uncle Scip, you knows better nor dat, what nonsense!"

"What de debil has massa gubbernor or you eider to do with ablution. Better if both on you minded your own business. Neider of you knows

nuffin of what you is a-talkin' of. Come, Cæsar, tell me, boy, is you goin' to dine with massa's gubbernor?"

"Why, Uncle Scip, I believe you is crazy—me! why no."

"Not dine with de gubbernor! Yah! yah! yah! Well dat do beat all."

"Why, uncle, I's only a nigger, you know."

"What o' dat? Gubbernor is ablutionist. Let him mancipate hisself fust of his pride; and if you and he is equal, make you equal in fact. Dat is what I calls ablution in airnest. Didn't Admiral Warren steal me from my good old massa on de Chesapeake, and from my dear missus, and my warm house, and fetch me down here to starve in dis intensible cold country. Is dat ablution? Yes, yes, I is an old fool; but I knows de British took us *from* our 'Merican massas, but dey didn't take us *up* to demselves. Now look here, Cæsar, for you is a smart man, considerin' how your edication was so shamefull neglected, nebber havin' been mong gentlemen, but only Dutch sour-crouts, up de ribber da, who is most as ignorant as deir oxen. Yes! you is an understandin' man, and good-lookin' nigger too, considerin' de almighty hard werk you has to do; and dat is to carry de ox-whip all day. Yah!

yah ! yah ! Well, Cæsar, boy, I'll tell you what ablution is. In winter you know da is a foot of snow on de ground."

"In course," said Cæsar, lookin' very wise, "I knows it."

"Well den massa gubbornor, who is ablutionist, sends for his hoss, and sais, 'Yca bin good hoss, bery faithful, bery trusty ; I gib you bery good character. Now I mancipate you ; you free nigga now.' Well de hoss cock up his ear, hold up his head, stick up his tail, and kick up his heels like de debil. Well de medder is all covered wid snow, and dere's nuffin to eat dere ; and off he goes to de farmer's barn-yard ; and farmer he set de dogs on him. Den he take to de woods ; but he don't understand brousin', for he was broughten up 'mong gentlemen, and he got no straw for bed, and no rug to keep off cold, and he wants to be took back agin. He don't like ablution in cold country. He rader work for sometin' to eat in winter, dan be free and starve. Dat is all massa gubbornor knows 'bout ablution. Help me up now, Cæsar, boy, dat is a good feller," and he gave him his left hand ; and claspin' it fast, as he rose to his feet, he knocked the dandy's hat off with the right fist, and nearly demolished the crown of it, and then suddenly wheelin' him

round, give him two or three good, sound, solid kicks. "Dare," said he, lettin' him go, "you is emancipated—you is free nigga now; dat is ablution. Clar off, you pork and cabbage nigga you. Take dat for de onarthly scream you woke me up wid, and frightened de lady to de winder da. So make tracks now, and go dine wid massa gubbernor. Yah! yah! yah!"

"Do you feel better now?" sais I, "Kate, I told you I had no doubt, when you diskivered what that noise was you would laugh at your own fears."

"Oh, yes!" she said, "but I must say I was awfully scared at first. That fellow jist got what he wanted, a good kickin'. I hope it will cure him of makin' such unairthly noises. Those free Yankee niggers are curses to the country. We should have no poor rates if it wasn't for them."

"It sarves colonists right," sais I, "they talk of emancipatin' our slaves, why don't they emancipate themselves."

"Oh," said Mrs. Van Dam, "I was awfully scared by the nigger."

"Well," sais I, "if you was frightened, you weren't half so much as I was, when you kinder fainted on my shoulder that way. Oh dear! Goose flashed across my mind jist then, and his

great big fists, and I felt a buzzin' kind of noise in my ears, and the jumpin' tooth-ache came, and I saw the sparks flyin' out of my eyes; if he had a come in, he'd a chawed me right up, I do suppose, afore I'd had time to explain. What a pity it is, he should be so jealous, for there is no happiness where that is."

"I know it to my sorrow," she said.

"Well then, do you just try the receipt I gave you yesterday," said I. "Put him on the defensive at once. He knows how little cause you have, and will soon begin to see how little room there is for his fears either. I told him so this mornin'. 'Goose,' said I, 'don't be foolish; I see you are a little jealous.'

"'I shouldn't wonder,' said he, 'if I was.'

"'Well I'll tell you how it will eventuate,' sais I; 'you've got as nice a little wife as there is in the provinces, and there's no harm in her; but if you treat her suspiciously, you will put harm into her head in no time, and she'll get jealous of you and mind what I tell you, a jealous woman is the devil; and besides,' sais I, 'Goose,'" and I gave her a wink, "'when you consider what a handsome feller you are, you ought to be ashamed.'

"'Well,' said he, 'I shouldn't wonder. It shan't happen agin, Mr. Slick.'"

"Well you have done me a rael kindness," she said, "and I never shall forget you."

"At the same time," sais I, "it's nateral for him to be jealous too."

"How so?" said she, a colourin' up.

"Any man," sais I, "that has such an everlastin' handsome wife—"

"Phoo," sais she, risin' up, "don't talk nonsense, I must go and see after dinner," and she pinched my ear, as she passed, and said, "any woman that marries you will have good reason to be jealous, I know; for I never saw such a flirtin', gossipin', flatterin' sort of a man coquette in my life. I believe in my heart it's nothin' but the fear of Goose that kept you in order to-day."

"I shouldn't wonder," said I.

"Nor I either," said she, "for there's many a true word said in jest."

## CHAPTER IX.

## OUR COLONIES AND SAILORS.

LATE in the afternoon, a light sea-breeze sprung up and cooled the heated air of the narrow valley of Petite Rivière. Lightin' a cigar, I strolled down to the beach to await the return of Van Dam.

There was a large oak tree a little above the landwash, and underneath it was a pile of deals that had been sawed at the mill near the bridge at the main road. Mountin' this for a seat, I sat down in the shade, and was off in a day-dream about Jordan and Sophy in little less than half no time.

I was soon so deep in these thoughts, that I did not hear the approach of a sailor, who now stood before me, and touchin' his hat, said :

"No offence, Sir, I hope for I wouldn't offend you for the world. Can you tell me the best road to take to St. John, New Brunswick? I have had the misfortune to be shipwrecked, and want to get back to England. St. John is one of 'our colonies,' ain't it?"

"Yes," says I, for it would have been a long loekrum to have told him who I was; "but sit down here, and tell me about your shipwreck." *Our colonies.* Come, that's pretty well. Every Englishman, from a member of parliament that addresses you by letter, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Upper Canada, and a governor that has nothin' to do now but sign his name to papers, and talks of his measures, who has no measure but what he left at his tailor's in London, down to Jack Tar, says "*our colonies,*" and thinks he is part owner of these possessions, and looks down on the poor outlandish provincials with a condescendin' air of superiority.

Well, the colonists look upon all these wiseacres with the same feelins of pity as men who are not only thick-headed and wrong-headed, but simple people who don't know what they are talking about. *Such folks with such feelins ain't likely to benefit each other much.* The organization is wrong. They are two people,

but not one. It *shouldn't be England and her colonies*, but they should be *integral parts of one great whole*—all counties of Great Britain. There should be no taxes on colonial produce, and the colonies should not be allowed to tax British manufactures. All should pass free, as from one town to another in England; the whole of it one vast home-market, from Hong-Kong to Labrador.

They should be represented in parliament, help to pass English laws, and show them what laws they wanted themselves. All distinctions should be blotted out for ever. It should be no more a bar to a man's promotion as it is now that he lived beyond seas, than livin' the other side of the channel: it should be our navy, our army, our nation. That's a great word; but the English keep it to themselves, and colonists have no nationality: they are like our free niggers; they are emancipated, but they hante the same social position as the whites. The fetters are off, but the caste, as they call it to India, still remains. *Colonists are the pariahs of the Empire.* They have no place, no station, no rank. Honours don't reach them; coronations are blank days to them; no brevets go across the water except to the English officers who are *on foreign service*

in our colonies. No knighthood is known there—no stars, no aristocracy, no nobility. They are a mixed race; they have no blood; they are cocktails.

John Bull, you are a fool; you haven't even the sense of the Onslow blockhead: he said he knew he was a fool, but his brother was a plaguey sight bigger one, and he didn't know it. Blot the word colonies out altogether, incorporate 'em all with England, body and breeches—one people, one country, one Parliament. Strike off half the Irish Brigade, and give their seats to colonists, who, if they are "Blue-noses," aint potato-headed, at any rate.

Ah, Stanley! you are a young man, but they say you're a chip of the old block: if so, you are just the boy to go ahead. Now hoist that flag, make a party to rally round it, and go in up to the handle on that ticket, and you'll immortalize yourself. Colonists won't stay long as they are: do you lead the way in the right direction. But all this is their look-out, and not mine. When it's too late, they will find out their mistake, or my name aint Sam Slick, that's all.

Jack was in stature below the Nova Scotian standard. He was a short, strong-built, but

clumsy man, with a thorough English face—broad, open and jolly, but not over-wise. He had on a pair of white canvas trowsers and a check-shirt, and carried a wallet on his shoulders. Poor fellow! sailor-like—the hot day, and the hospitality of the people, had been too much for him, and he had been imbibin’.

“Tell us your story, Jack. Sit down here.”

“Thank you kindly, Sir; I hope I don’t intrude; I wouldn’t offend you for the world. I come from a place called Bristol, Sir. Perhaps you may have heard of it, Sir: it’s in England. Well, I was one of the crew on board the new ship, the ‘Demerary,’ and was hired to bring her down the river. Well, Sir, what does they do, but cast her away, afore she ever got down, instead of havin’k two little tugs to her, one on each side, they puts only one in front to tow her; and she swung round, caught right across, and stuck fast. She was ogged in the middle, ogged in the bow, ogged in the starn, and ogged all over. It’s a fact, Sir, I assure you; not a word of a lie in it. It’s not likely you ever heard of her, Sir, livin’ out in ‘our colonies;’ but you may ax any one that do know, Sir, and they’ll tell you it’s a true story that.”

"Do you smoke, Jack?" said I; "because, if you do, smoke away. I like to see a man enjoy his pipe."

"Thank you kindly, Sir."

While he was lightin' his pipe, I couldn't help thinkin' that this country and its farm-houses resemble each other amazinly in one particular. Every sizeable house has a room in it that aint used; not that it's a bad room, it's often as good as any other, if it aint the best. It aint that they can't furnish it, for they could do it easily. You can't give any reason for it, but so it is. Well, this is the lumber-room. Odds and ends are shoved in there; things that's good enough, but aint wanted; things that's broke, and sot away to be mended, or that's broke so bad, they'd only do to mend others with; things that aint fit for their original use, but will some day answer capitally for somethin' they wern't intended for; not worth much as a heap, but a very convenient heap of lumber to have.

Well, now, every county has a nice little harbour, or big harbour, as the case may be; but it is one that aint used, and the village there don't grow: nobody can tell why, it's as good as others, and better than many that have large thrivin' tewns; but so it is. And here are odds

and ends of people stowed away. There don't appear to be no place for 'em; but they will answer, if opportunity occurs. Critters not fitted for their original business, but that will do capitally some day or another for somethin' else. If they aint fit to go alone, they are just what's wanted to yoke with another. Many of them people you don't expect to find in such a place, and so on. Jack is one of these sort of folks: he is an able-bodied seaman, not fitted for the fisheries, but will do famously on board of a large ship.

“Go on, Jack.”

“Well then, Sir, I was sent out with a crew to Prince Edward's Island, to fetch home a new ship just built there, loaded with deals. P'raps you may have heard of that place, Sir? it's one of '*our colonies*.' Well, Sir, we set sail, and we was caught in an awful gale near St. Paul's Island, Sir, on the north end of Cape Breton—I don't suppose you ever heard of that place, it's another of '*our colonies*'—and we was wracked there. Two men was drowned a-gettin' on shore—fact, Sir, I assure you; not a word of a lie in it—and the Captain and I was the last to leave, and we landed safe. I only saved, Sir, what I've got on, and what's in this little pack; and all I

have in my pocket is three shillings. No, I hav'n't, I tell a lie, I have only two shillings and sixpence; for I stood treat to a Dutchman, just as I left the tavern there, of a glass a piece; and what do you think he did, Sir?—I'm blamed if he didn't call me a donkey, Sir! Fact, I assure you, Sir; not a word of a lie in it. Oh no! I'm not that sort of a man at all. Sais I, 'Friend,' handin' him the glass, 'here's luck!'

" 'Well,' says he, 'donkey.'

" Sais I, 'Friend, I hope there's no offence. I wouldn't offend you for the world,' and I slipped off my wallet, and laid it down, and squared off. Sais I, 'P'raps you'll make good your words. If I am a donkey, I'm an English one, at any rate!'

" 'Well,' said the skipper of the house, 'avast haulin' there! donkey, is Dutch for I thank you.'

" 'Oh!' sais I, 'I ax pardon, that alters the case. But why didn't he speak English?'

" So I took up my pack, and walked on. But they do speak dreadful lingo in '*our colonies*,' don't they, Sir? Did you ever hear Garlic, Sir! Oh, Sir! when I was wracked at Cape North, they all spoke Garlic! I must tell you about that. I hope I don't intrude, Sir, and make too free? I wouldn't offend you, Sir, for the world.

Well, Sir, when Captain and me got ashore, says I, 'which course shall we steer, Sir?'

" 'Any course you like,' said he. 'The voyage is come to an end.'

" 'Well then,' said I, 'I'll steer to our British *Council*, and he'll take care of me, and find me a passage home.'

" 'There is no *Council* here,' said he. 'You are in one of '*our own colonies*' now.'

" 'Well,' says I, 'will the authorities do it?'

" 'No,' says he, 'you must fish for yourself,' and he gave me some money, and we parted. Oh, Sir!" said Jack, seriously, "if you go to sea, pray the Lord to cast you away anywhere it do seem good to Him, so long as it tante in '*one of our colonies*.' Everywhere else a poor sailor is taken care off, and sent home (they must do it do you see, for it's English law); but in '*our colonies*,' they say you're at home already, though how they make out Cape North is Bristol, I don't know. I was wracked once at Tangiers. Well, the *Council* behaved handsome to us. He was a fine gentleman, that. He paid our bills until a vessel offered for England; but that is a Christian country.

"Another time I was cast away at Monty Viddy. We went ashore in awful weather, and

the *Council* did the same thing. Oh, Sir! steer clear of '*our colonies*,' give them a wide berth whatever you do, as they are the worst places in the world to be wracked in. Well, says I, 'if there is no *Council* to look out for I, the Lord will, until He getteth me a passage; so I took the first road I saw, and follered it, for I knew, in course, Sir, a road must lead somewhere.

"Well, it was almost dark when I comes to a house, and I knocked at the door, and I heard a ooman say someut, but I couldn't make it out; so I lifts the latch, and walks in. Well, there was seven women there; six of them had spinnin'-wheels, and the old un was cookingk at the fire.

"'Mother,' sais I, 'I hope I don't intrude. I wouldn't offend you for the world; but, do you see, I've been shipwracked hard by here. Could you give a poor sailor a mouthful of sumat to eat?'

"But she answered me in Garlic, so I was told arterwards, for I never heard it afore. It warn't French, or Portuguese, or Spanish, I knew, for I had heard them folks talk; but it was Garlic. Well, the girls all stopt, took a look at me, and then they began to jabber away in Garlic too. Well, the old ooman put a chair for me, and made signs for me to take off my pack, and

then she took a great long iron bar, and lifted off the cover of a bake-par that had four or five fowls in it, and put in a lump of butter as big as my fists, and shut it up again, and covered it all over with live coals. Oh! the smell made me very hungry. Sais I, 'Mother, that smells nice.' But she larfed, and shook her head. Well, I turned to the galls, sais I, 'Can't any of you speak English?' But they all answered at onct in Garlic, and what they said I couldn't tell. So I gets up, and I does this. I puts up my right hand this way, as if I was holdin' of a bottle by the neck, and holds up the other as if it had a glass in it, and then pretended to pour out slow, put it up to my mouth, tossed it off, and smacked my lips. Sais I, 'Mother, that's English for a glass of rum.' Oh! how they all larfed! They all knew what I meant, in course, and the old ooman took the hint, went to a closet, brought out a jug bottle, and a glass, and sat it down. So I fills it, and offers it to her.

"'After you, Marm,' sais I, makin' a bow. 'I coudn't think of takin' it first.'

"Well, she took it off, as if she knowd it better than she did English; and then I filled one, and sais :

“ ‘ I thank you kindly, Marm ; and if ever you are cast away, I hope it won't be in one of ‘ *our colonies*,’ where there is no British *Council*. My sarvice to ou,’ and I made a scrape of my hind leg, and tossed off the whisky. Capital stuff it is too, when you're shipwrecked, and drenched, and cold.

“ Well, as I stood by the chimney, the whisky within and the fire without fetched the steam out of my wet clothes like a cloud. ‘ Look here, galls,’ says I, a-pointin' to it, how that gets up the steam.' And they larfed like anythin'. They'd soon larn English if a feller had time to teach them, don't you think so, Sir ?” and he haw-hawed as merrily as if his troubles were as light as his pack.

“ Just then, Sir, in comes a critter that was dressed like a man about the upper part of its body and arms, and like a woman about its lower half, havin' a jacket above and a short petticoat below. But it had a beard and a pair of yaller hairy legs, it was rigged like a hemophrodite brig, but it called itself ‘ *her*,’ it spoke a little broken English, but understood all I said, and it put it into Garlic for them, and it stopped their laughin', for they said ‘ Oh ! oh ! oh !’ and the old ooman threw up both hands, and the galls looked as if it would not take much to make 'em take pity on

me and larn me Garlic. I could see by the way the strange critter went about the house and ordered things, that he was the old ooman's fancy man. Trowsers was scarce there, I suppose, and that's the reason he wore a petticoat, seein' that there are no tailors in those woods.

"Well, the spinnin'-wheels was set a one side and the table set out, and we had a royal meal and arterwards I made a motion like dancin', and the old boy gets out a fiddle, and we had a merry night of it.

"Well, at last clothes was brought out, and four of the galls turned in in one corner of the room. The other two slept with the old ooman, in a little berth off, and the master mounted guard over me, while I took a stretch for it on the hearth. Fact, I assure you, Sir, not a word of a lie in it. Oh, no! I'm not that sort of a man at all, Sir. Well, in the mornin' four of the galls mounted their wheels on their shoulders, and I found from master's broken English I was to go with them; so I slung my pack on, and takes up my hat, and I puts my hand in my pocket and pulls out some silver. 'Thank you kindly, Sir,' said I, 'but I can afford to pay my way,' and holdin' out my open hand, sais I, 'will you just take whatever your charge is, Sir?'

“ Well, he got in a dreadful passion. He clapt both his hands behind him, cocked out his chin, and let go Garlic like a steam-engine; and his wife got red in the face, and scolded like anythin’. ‘Na-ah, na-ah, na-ah,’ says they.

“ Well, I puts the silver back. Sais I, ‘I beg your pardon, I didn’t mean to intrude, I wouldn’t offend you for the world.’ And I bowed and scraped, and then held out my empty fin, and shook hands with them both; and the old ooman spoke some kind words I know, for though it was Garlic it sounded soft, as much as to say ‘Safe home to you, remember me to your mother.’

“ Well, we took up marchin’ order—the galls first in course, then Morphredite Brig, then me; but as I got to the door, I turned and made the motion of the bottle to the old ooman, and she called back her husband and brought it out, and he filled a glass, made a speech, and down with it. Ther he poured out one for me, and I just dropt one knee down, and handed it to the old lady. ‘Couldn’t think of it, Marm,’ sais I, ‘afore you,’ and she tossed it off without winkin’, and looked rael pleased. And when my turn came, and after a volley of thanks, down it went, when he filled it again.

“ Well, thinks I, I ain’t proud, and though

you wouldn't touch my silver, I won't go get mad. I'll just set you a better example, and that drop followed the other, and I felt good. Sais I, 'They ought to make you British *Council* here, for you're the only one can talk English, pays all the bill, and shows the road home. If I see the Governo', I'll make so bold as to tell him so.'

"Well, his wife wanted to know what pleased him so much, and he told her; and we shook hands again, and parted. When we got to the gate, Mophrodite Brig came to an anchor, pointed up the road, and then pointed off to the right, as if directin' them and the, and the four galls, and four spinnin'-wheels, took a fresh departure, and steered eastward. Very kind people, them; I shall never forget them, though they were Garlic. Well, the galls had all the talk to themselves, and it was dull music. I tried 'em all, but it was no go; it was all Garlic. Well, in course I convoyed the last of the fleet, though she could sail as fast as any of 'em, and she began to larn English fast; she only wanted a little trainin'.

"'Let me carry your wheel for you, dear,' sais I, and I held out my hands for it. 'Pon my word, she understood every word of that,

and gave me the wheel to sling over my shoulder; then she went up to the others, and pointed to me and the wheel, and they stopt, put down their wheels, and nearly killed themselves a laughin'.

"Well, arter awhile I see the galls ready for makin' sail again, and I just passed my right arm round the waist of my little Garlic friend, and lifted her up off or the ground, and marched on. She laughed, and struggled, and kicked out like a haddock that is just hooked; and the other galls enjoyed it first-rate.

"Arter awhile I stopt, put out my lips, and bent my head towards her, and told her that was English for a kiss; but she put up her hands to push my head back; she didn't onderstand it.

"Well, arter a little while I stopped and tried it again. It seemed then as if she had some idea what I meant, but warn't sure; but the third time she held still, and I gave her an English kiss, and she gave me one in Garlic in return, and I sot her down. Oh! that gall was very quick at larnin', and she looked as if it was the same in both languages, only it sounded different in Garlic.

"Well, Sir, it was pretty much the same travellin' next day, only I hadn't the galls no

longer, and here and there there was a little more English. At last I came to the great Bras d'Or Lake, and got a cast in a boat to the other side; and, what do you think?—upon my honour it's a fact, Sir—not a word of a lie in it—the *people were all French!* thick as hops. A great big chapel, with a cross on it as large as the foretopsail-yard of a seventy-four. The first fellow I met had shoes on like a leather mitten, a droll-lookin' little man with a pipe in his mouth.

“ ‘Hullo! shipmate,’ says I, ‘where does the British *Council* live?’

“ He shook his head and walked on, and said nothin’.

“ ‘You miserable, yaller-skinned French rascal!’ said I, ‘if you don’t give me a civil answer I’ll horse you up over the first man’s back I meet, and flog you like a school-boy!—for it would take six such fellers as you to make a man!’

“ He understood all I said; for he stopped and swore broken English at me, and called me everythin’ you can think. Well, I gave chase out of fun; and the way he ran to the house, and yelped like a dog that is hit with a stone, was as good as a play! Well, I roared out a-larfin’, and turned and got into the road again. Well, I asked two

or three, and they spoke very civil, but very broken, and said they didn't know what I meant. At last, I met a man travellin' in a nice phee-aton, and I axed him.

“ ‘Oh!’ said he, ‘there is no Consul here. This is a British province.’

“ ‘British!’ says I; ‘then what the devil are these French fellows doin’ here, if it’s one of *our colonies*? Why don’t they clear them out?’

“ ‘They are descended from those who were here when we conquered it,’ says he; ‘they’re British subjects.’

“ ‘If they are,’ said I, ‘they ought to be made to speak English. And if I might be so bold, Sir—I wouldn’t offend you for the world—but who are all them outlandish people up at Cape North? I’m blowed if it ain’t worth while to call this one of *our colonies*, when you’re the only man in three days journey can speak good English!’

“ ‘Why,’ says he, ‘those people speak Garlic, and are Highlanders.’

“ ‘Highlanders! Oh yes! to be sure,’ says I, ‘I ought to have known that. But I never knew that they didn’t speak English, and that their language was Garlic. They are the same as we are—like as two peas—only they don’t act

alike, dress alike, talk alike, or look alike. I thought tho' that little spinnin'-wheel kissed just like one of our English galls do !

“ ‘ Jack,’ says he, ‘ you’re a merry fellow. Nobody would think you had only just escaped with your life from a shipwreck ! Here’s a dollar for you. Work your way on board of some of those vessels at St. Peter’s to Halifax, and the merchants there will tell you what to do. Good-bye !’

“ ‘ Thank you kindly, Sir,’ said I. ‘ But I hope I’ll never be cast away in one of *our colonies* agin, where there is no British *Council*, and nothing but Garlic and French.’

“ Well, Sir, the first vessel I saw was ‘ Captain Parks,’ of this place, and I arrived here last night, and here it’s all Dutch.”

There was no mistakin’ that man for an English sailor—jolly, thoughtless and brave. But I couldn’t help thinkin’ how flatterin’ it must be to colonists, when such a feller as that calls their country “ *ours*,” as if he was one of the joint owners ! And yet he has as much right to talk so, as any member of Parliament has who bothers in the House of Commons about them, as if he had made them his study for years, and yet never saw them. There’s many a man boasts of havin’ known the Duke, who only saw him in the street ;

and many a man knows all about the colonies, who has only seen them on a map. Like a Colonial Secretary, who ordered all American prisoners to be kept for safety at the fortress of Louisburg, which had been blown up and destroyed fifty years before by English engineers, at the national expense.

The British Government always runs to extremes—it either governs too much or too little, holds too tight a rein or takes the bridle off altogether. The true superintendin' duty is like that of the tame elephant. When I was to Calcutta, I went up to Meerat with a British officer; and when we came to a haltin'-station, what do you think we saw? An elephant in charge of the children. The family was at work in the fields at some distance, and this great monstrous matron was left to look after their nursery. There was certain bounds that the youngsters was not to pass. Inside of the limits, they might amuse themselves as they liked, and were not interfered with. If any of them broke limits, the elephant took 'em up with its trunk and sot 'em back; and if they played tricks and tried to go beyond the mark often, they got a shake to remind 'em it warn't safe to attempt it.

England might take an excellent lesson from

the eliphant in managin' her refractory children. She is big enough and strong enough to do it, and ugly enough to frighten 'em without hurtin' them.

"I hope I don't intrude, Sir," said Jack, puttin' on his pack and preparin' for a march. "Which way did you say I must steer?"

"To Annapolis," said I, "where there is a steamer in which you can work your way to St. John. From that there are constant opportunities for England, and sailors are in great request. But you must inquire your road, or you may have to sleep out all night in the woods."

"Oh, Sir!" sais he, "this time of the year, to a man like me, who has paced the deck at night in all weathers, that's no great hardship."

"Here's somethin' to help you on the way."

"Thank you kindly, Sir."

"But stop," sais I, "I am waitin' for a friend here who lives in that house yonder. Hold on until he comes, and he will give you your supper and a night's lodgin'. It's too late to take the road to-night."

"Thank you, Sir," said he, resumin' his seat. "Oh, Sir!" a man who goes to all parts of the

world seeth strange things now and agin, don't he? Was you ever in New South Wales, Sir?"

"No, never."

"Well, perhaps you've heard tell of it. It's another of 'our colonies.' I have been there in a man of war; though, mind you, Sir, it warn't judges sent me there. I'm not that sort of a man at all. Perhaps you've heard *we* send *our convicts* to our 'colony there;' and it's a bounty on breakin' the law, Sir, for they are better off there than at home—fact, I assure you—I have seen it myself. A block, Sir, at one end of the fore-yard-arm, with a hemp neckcloth and a clear run aft, Sir, would save a deal of trouble. No, Sir, I didn't go out that way, but in Her Majesty's ship the 'Billyruffian' (Bellerophon). She was christened Billy, Sir, after King William—God bless him!—who was a sailor to the back bone like me, and a ruffian to frighten the Frenchman and Yankees."

"Easy scared the Yankees, aint they?" said I.

"Well, Sir, they fight well, but they are like the Irish."

"How is that?" said I; "for there is nothin' like hearin' what folks have to say. *It's only your friends and your enemies that tell you of your faults.*"

“ Well, Sir, if three Irishmen get hold of you they fight like devils, one to box you, and two to see fair play, by joinin’ him and knockin’ you down. And when the Yankees have a ship of heavier metal, and more guns than you, there’s no denyin’ of it, they do fight like men.”

I drew a long puff, took out my cigar, and spit out on the grass. Thinks I, you’re a bigger fool than I took you to be; but arter all you aint a bit bigger one than your countrymen generally are.

“ You see, Sir, the ‘ Constitution’ frigate— p’raps you may have heard of her? Well, she was a sixty-four in disguise of a frigate. She was like a razee, Sir. P’raps you may have heard of a razee, though I don’t suppose, living in ‘ *our colonies*’ you ever see one. It’s a seventy-four cut down, Sir, as if a razor cut off the upper deck. They are powerful vessels, Sir, and sail like the wind. Our admirals do nothin’, Sir, but build vessels, and then alter them. Some they cuts in two and lengthens, others they razee, and then shifts the masts, first here, and then there, alter the rig, and so on. It amuses the old gentlemen, and costs nothin’, for there is always plenty of workmen in the dockyards. Some they sell for whalers, because their bulwarks is too thick; others

because their sterns are too round, and some because they are too sharp ; and some they breaks up to see how much longer they will last, but it's all good for trade. Well, Sir, the ' Constitution ' was like a razeed. The ' Gerry-arr ' frigate was no match for her. But stop a bit, if the ' Billy-ruffian ' had a fallen in with her, she'd a handled her pretty, I can tell you."

"But you was talkin' of *your convicts* and *colonies*," sais I.

"Oh yes, Sir," said he ; "there's a place out there called Swan River, Sir ; p'raps you've heard of it? There is good anchorage ground among the islands there. Well, Sir, the captain gave us leave to have a run ashore, and we had the greatest fun you ever see, Sir. We started a kangeroo ; p'raps you've heard of a kangeroo? It's a razeed giraffe, Sir. A giraffe is all fore-legs, neck, and head, and has hardly any hind-legs ; it is as steep as the roof of a house, you can't ride it at all, you slip right off over the tail. Well, Sir, the Lords of the Admiralty in old times there, afore the flood, razeed them, and invented the kangeroos. They are all hind-legs, and scarcely any fore ones at all ; you can't ride them either, the saddle slips right over their heads. That's just the way they botches our ships, Sir, running from one extreme

to the other. Well, Sir, we started a kangaroo, and gave chase to it, overhauled it, and captured it, after a desperate struggle. They have a tail like a marlin'-spike, Sir, only it's blunt at the end, and the way they strike with that is like a flail. I got a blow from it, Sir, savin' your presence, that nearly knocked my dead-lights in. When we first seed it, Sir, it was sittin' on a livin' three-legged stool, fact, Sir, I assure you, not a word of a lie in it, Sir, I am not that sort of a man at all, oh no! Sir. It sat up on it's hind-legs, and clapped out its tail stiff against the ground, and that made a nateral stool, and then it took its young ones on its knees and kissed them, and opened a bag it had under its belly, like an India-rubber travellin'-bag, and stowed them careful away, and then off as hard as it could jump. For its size, perhaps, there is nothing in the world can jump with it, except it's a Portugese flea. Well, we overhauled it, Sir, for them three passengers stowed away in the hold was too much for it.

“ ‘Well,’ sais Bill Hodgens, who was full of the devil, Sir, savin' your presence! says Bill, ‘boys, let's give it a chance for its life.’

“ Well, we looked round, and there was a black swan in the river—black as ink, Sir; fact, I

assure you ; not a word of a lie in it. I never see one before or since. Well, Sir, we off clothes, and into the water arter it ; and at last, we tired it out, and caught it."

"You ought to have taken that black nigger swan to England," sais I, "to preach up the 'mancipation of their white brother swans, that are held in slavery there."

"What's that?" said he. "I don't understand."

"Nothin'," sais I. "Go on."

"Well, Sir, what do you think we did? Says Bill Hodgens, 'Let's belay the swan on to the kangaroo, with a slack of a fathom of rope, and let them run for it.'

"No sooner said than done, Sir. Away went the kangaroo, with the swan a towin' of it, like a tug-steamer. When they went down hill, over went kangaroo, heels over head, ever so often ; its fore legs was too short. On the plain, it went like the wind ; and up-hill the swan pulled like an engine ; and that was the last that we saw of them. Fact, I asure you, Sir ; not a word of a lie in it. Oh ! no, Sir ; I'm not that sort of a man at all, Sir."

"Here's the boat," I said ; and I rose up, and went to the beach.

"Throw us the painter, Captain," said Jack; and as soon as he caught it, he said, "Hold on, Sir;" and pullin' it over his shoulder, he drew the boat up on the beach. "Where shall I belay it, Sir?" said he.

"Fasten this killock to it," which he threw to him with as much ease as a biscuit, "and stick it in the sand," said my friend.

"How are you, Goose?" said I. "I have been waitin' here some time for you."

"Beg your pardon, Sir," said Jack; "but were you ever in Batavia?"

"No," said Goose, lookin' puzzled.

"Because, hearin' your name Goose, reminds me the Dutch Governor's name was Goose Van Dam."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Goose.

"Fact, I assure you, Sir. I saw him come on board our ship, the 'Billyruffian.' His Mightiness Goose Van Dam—p'raps, you've heard of him—he was a Dutchman, Sir; though why they call them Dutchmen, when they come from Holland, I don't know."

This was one of those remarkable coincidences in life, that sometimes happen; which, if inserted in a book, would be said to be too improbable to believe. He was rewarded by a hearty welcome.

"Jack, was there a *Counsul* there?" said I.

"Indeed, there was, Sir. I'd a thousand times rather be shipwrecked there, than out here in one of ' *Our Colonies.*'"

## CHAPTER X.

## A PICNIC AT LA HAIVE.

EARLY the followin' mornin' I was summoned by the pilot to go on board, as the wind was favourable for La Haive. Almost the first person I saw was poor Jack. Recollectin' that the nearest road to Annapolis was from that place, and not from Petite Rivière, I gave him a cast there on board the 'Black Hawk,' and this saved him a walk of seven or eight miles.

La Haive is one of the most beautiful rivers in this country, extendin' from the Atlantic nearly across the province into the county of Annapolis, inhabited on either side by a hardy and thrivin' population. At its entrance are several extensive and valuable islands, formin' admirable shelters

for vessels of the largest class. Tradition says that in old times they were the resort of pirates, and dreamers have still visions of buried treasures and hidden caskets of Spanish gold.

The real riches, however, are in the *fish*, and the fisheries yield them with less labour and risk. As we rounded the point that opens a view of the river, I was glad to observe a very large collection of persons of both sexes in holiday attire, assembled apparently for some festive occasion. This part of the harbour had evidently been selected for the convenience of those who dwelt on the adjacent shore as well as on the banks of the river, and the green in front of the small cluster of houses was covered with numerous little family groups.

It is impossible in minglin' with the people of this coast, who are descended from the Germans and loyalists, and have by intermarriage founded, as it were, a new stock of the human family, not to be struck with their personal appearance. The men are the finest specimens of the Nova Scotian race, and the women are singularly handsome. This remark is applicable to the whole population of the southern shore, includin' Lunenburg and Chester; at the latter place the females are not to be surpassed in beauty by those of any part of the world that I have ever seen. Even Jack said

"We have handsome galls in our colonies, Sir, their eyes are enough to make you wink."

After saunterin' a little about among the crowd, I entered a small tavern to light my cigar, and took a seat at the window to regard this movin' scene. If there is a thing I like, it is to see folks enjoyin' themselves. In all ages there have been feasts as well as fasts in the world, and we wouldn't have had so many senses, and so much relish for pleasure if it was wrong to apply them to their nateral uses. If the duty of life was to call out "Woe, woe," for everlastinly, I guess that duty wouldn't have been rendered so hard by a critter bein' endowed with laughin' faculties. Birds sing, colts race, fish leap, lambs sport, dogs give up barkin' and play roley poley on the grass, and even calves twist up their tails like a slip noose, and kick up their heels while they can, afore they get too stiff. Why shouldn't we do so too?

If the lily of the field has a beautiful white dress on, though there is nothin' in the quiet valley where she lives to admire it but the bullfrog, why shouldn't a gall in the lone settlement wear one too, though there is so few to see it. And if that ugly old maid, the sunflower, can hang its head and coquette with its great black eye and yellow lashes while it follows the sun, who is so high

above it, and does no more than smile graciously on it, why shouldn't one of these handsome galls look up admirin' to me too, as much as to say "I don't mind if you aint a fancy man, for I have good looks enough for both of us." And if the doves bill and coo and are happy, why shouldn't we fall in love and have mates too. Oh! but it is a sin to dance, and a sin to sing, and a sin to go to concerts, and a sin to joke, and a sin to wear fine clothes, and there is a sin in everythin'.

Do you know the reason, you pious old sinner? Well, I'll tell you. You see a sin in all these things, because your own heart is full of sin. Your conscience squints, it looks two ways at once. You pretend to see harm one way where it aint, and yell as if you was a-goin' to be stung by a snake; but the other eye sees it in airnest, in a sly corner, and you don't say a word, mum's the order of the day then. *Lookin' the wrong way puts people on the wrong scent. Oh! there is nothin' like a squintin' conscience, you may depend.* What do you lay up money for, if you don't want none of those things? Are you a-goin' to buy snares for the devil to noose your children with, you goney? Well, that is a nice young man there, his hair is brushed down smooth, his shirt bosom is as plain as a white board fence.

He don't go to balls, nor taverns, nor tandem clubs, nor to messes, but attends high teas at Dorcas meetins, and gives tracts to starvin' people with famishin' children—a model young man. Why don't you let him marry your daughter?

“My daughter, Louisa?”

“Yes, your Louisa.”

“What, that fellow?”

“Oh! no, not that fellow, but that pious excellent young man.”

“Why, he is as mean as Job's turkey, and as poor as a church-mouse, that has nothin' but hymn-books to feed on.”

“Oh! then gold is good?”

“Good! to be sure it is! You can't get on without it.”

“Yes! but all the enjoyment that gold buys is wicked, so where is the good of it, but to make an image of it to worship?”

“You old sinner, the devil tempts you to hoard up for the fun of temptin' your children to squander; for he has a delight in takin' a rise out of such fellows as you be. I see how the game will end. He will bag the whole brood of you some of these fine days, body and soul. *Yes, yes! when the fox turns preacher, the geese had better not go to night meetins.*”

"Yes, enjoy yourselves, my pretty girls, and when you begin to dance, I'll astonish your weak narves with the last Paris touch, won't I, Lucy Randall?"

"Why, Mr. Slick, is that you?"

"Yes, Miss, what's left of me, at least." I always say that to fish for what I always get.

"Why, Mr. Slick, I never saw you look better in my life."

It sounds good to an old bachelor like me, especially now as I want to persuade myself I do for Sophy's sake.

"But, Lucy," sais I, a-whisperin' to her, and I returned the compliment, for galls like to hear it too. They know how handsome they be as well as you do, but they aint so sure the men think so.

"Oh," said she, "Mr. Slick, now you're a-takin' me off."

And away she ran, but not before she had promised to dance the next set with me. Is there any harm in that, old cock-your-mouth? How did you court your wife? The whites of the eyes, when turned up the way you do, aint very enticin'. You must have listened to the insinivation of the devil then, and tried to look killin', or courted as cats do, by starlight. But what are all the folks

lookin' at, starin' down the road that way? Why, as I'm a livin' sinner, that fellow is a show, that's a fact. He was a tall bony man, with a slight stoop in his shoulders. He wore a Kossuth hat of the largest kind, ornamented with a silver buckle in front as big as a curtain-band, a blue frock-coat, lined throughout with fine black silk velvet, a satin waistcoat, covered with gold chains, and loose white drill trowsers, gathered in at the waist in large plaits, and surmounted by a red sash; but the most remarkable thing about him was his beard, which extended nearly to his waist. He walked slowly through the crowd, accosted people as familiarly as if he had known them all his life, and flourished a large gold-headed cane. His eyes were small, black, restless, and piercin'. I saw as he came near the house, that he was a Yankee, and I felt streaked enough I tell you, for it is such fellers as that, that lowers our great nation, and are taken as specimens of Yankees, and not as exceptions. I drew back from the winder, for I didn't want him to see me. *Blushin' for others is the next thing to takin' a kickin' for them.* It aint pleasant. But there was no escape—in he came.

“Mr. Slick, I presume?” said he. “I heerd you was here, Sir, and I called to pay my respects

to you. I am Mr. Phinny," said he, "of Springfield Massachusetts. Perhaps you recollect the trip we had down the Sound in the steamer, when the sailors, paid off from the frigate to Bostin harbour, were on board, and wanted to lynch their officers, who happened to be there. I am in the daugertype line," he said, "here, and was a-showin' them my advertisement," touching his beard, eyein' his dress, and slyly winkin' at me. "Will you be on board to-night?"

"Yes," sais I.

"Then I'll call and see you there. I must return now, and go to work. I shall make a good thing of it here to-day. Simple people these. Critturs that can eat sourcraut can swaller anythin'. Good mornin'."

And he returned as he came, followed by every eye.

"Who is that?" was the general inquiry.

"The man who takes your pictur," was the ready answer.

His object was gained. He was notorious. His fame was spread far and near. I was glad to be released from him.

How strange it is, as sure as you aint shaved the ladies get in to see you. If you have a poor dinner, a critter that is dainty says, "I don't mind

if I go and take pot-luck with you to-day." If you are among grand people, a poor relation dressed in his poorest, that has nothin' to brag of but you, shoves right in, and sais, "Sam, how are you? How is Sall? Are you in the clock line yet?" Or if you are among foreigners, actin' up to the character of our great nation, a critter from down east, half-trapper, half-logger, with a touch of the river-rat, dressed like an ourang-outang, whose mother made his clothes to save a tailor's bill, cuts in and takes a hand in the conversation, so as to make you feel as small as the little end of nothin' whittled down to a point, while all the rest of the company are splittin' with laughter ready to bust. And shows his wit by pattin' a pet Spaniel dog of some gentleman on the head, and suddenly, when he has coaxed him to look up, puttin' his eyes out, and half-chokin' him with a shower of tobacco-juice. "Why don't you chaw, doggy? Well, I want to know;" and then brays out a laugh as loud as a donkey's.

Phinny was one of them onexpected drift-logs, that was floatin' about in the eddy here, just where you didn't want to see him. It disconcerted me, so I strolled up stream, and stretched out in the grass under the shade of some spruces, and fell into a musin' fit. How is that we are so like

England as a whole, and differ so in parts, sais I to myself. Jack is a sailor, such as you see in England, but not in the States. Blackbeard Phinny is a travellin' black-leg, such as you see in the States, but not in England; but so it is, and it aint confined to those two specimens. Brag in its way is common to both.

Jack talks of "*our colonies*" as if he owned them all, and Daugertype talks of "*our great nation*" as if he was the biggest and best part of it. Now we are two great nations, that's a fact—the greatest, by a long chalk, of any in the world—speak the same language, have the same religion, and our constitutions don't differ no great. We ought to draw closer than we do. We are big enough, equal enough, and strong enough not to be jealous of each other. United we are more nor a match for all the other nations put together, and can defy their fleets, armies, and millions. Single, we couldn't stand against all, and if one was to fall, where would the other be? Mournin' over the grave that covers a relative whose place can never be filled. It is authors of silly books, editors of silly papers, and demagogues of silly parties that help to estrange us. I wish there was a gibbet high enough and

strong enough to hang up all these enemies of mankind on.

I have studied both nations, and love them both; and after addin' all that is to be counted on one side, and subtractin' all that is to be deducted on the other, I aint candidly and fairly sartified which is the greatest of the two nations. But, on the whole, I think we are, take it altogether. The sum may be stated in this way: England is great in wealth, in population, in larnin', in energy, in manufactories, and in her possessions; but then her weakness is in her size. I knew a man onct who was so tall he didn't know when his feet was cold, they were so far off from his heart. That is the case with England and her distant colonies. She don't know the state of feelin' there, and sore spots are allowed to mortify until amputation is necessary. Giants aint formidable folks in a general way. Their joints are loose, their bodies are too heavy, their motions unwieldy—they knock their heads agin doors, and can't stow away their legs in coaches or under tables, their backs aint fit for daily work, and light-built fellers can dance round them, and insult them, without danger of bein' caught.

Now foreign possessions, like full-grown chil-

dren, are expensive. In time of peace, colonies help trade; but in time of war, how are they to be defended? *There must be incorporation or separation.—united you stand, divided you fall.* Now we have our country, as father used to say of his farm, all in a ring-fence. Every climate at home. We raise the northern pine and the southern sugar-cane, the potato and the pine-apple, the grape and the winter fruit, bear-skins and cotton. We have two oceans, and the coast on each is easily defended. Rivers, lakes, canals, railways, and telegraphs intersect and connect the whole. We can supply ourselves with everythin' we want—we have a world of our own. John Bull himself wouldn't deny this. If we aint greater than England, we are as great; if we don't grow faster, we grow as fast. We have nothin' to envy, and Englishmen are on too good farms with themselves to envy any one. Our duty and our interest is to unite as one, and humanize, Christianize, and civilize the whole world.

But I forget all about Lucy Randall. I must go and look for her.

“Oh, Lucy!” said I, “how glad I am to see you. When do you intend to stop growin'?”

“Me!” said she. “Why I am twenty-two years

old, I have done growin' these six years past. Why, what a strange question."

"Growin' handsome," sais I. "Every time I see you the handsomer you grow."

"Oh! now, Mr. Slick," she said, "you are takin' me off."

"No, Lucy," sais I, "I aint the lucky man that is to take you off, it's somebody else."

She coloured up, and said hastily: "Who told you that?"

The fact is her own blushes told me I hadn't guessed far wrong, as plain as anythin'.

"Oh! never mind," sais I, "I can keep a secret; is it so?"

"People say so," she said. "Have you been married since you was here, Mr. Slick?"

"Sit down here, and I will tell you," sais I. "The fact is I have been too busy to think of it, but now I am agoin' to settle down; and if I could find a young lady that wouldn't object to a man who had been a clockmaker, and is a Yankee-doodle into the bargain, I think I would knock under, and ask for marcy; but they are easier talked of than found."

Now what I am goin' to set down, Squire, is

a fact, but I know you will put it all to the credit of my vanity, and say it's one of my boasts, for you are always a sayin' that I consait people admire me and my books and all that, more nor any one else does; but it's no such a thing, it's my knowledge of human natur' that enables me to read folks' thoughts like print. Put me in a court, and I'll tell you if a witness is lyin' or not; show me a jury, and I'll tell you who is for the plaintiff, and who for the defendant, and who don't understand a word that's said. The face, like a shop-front, was intended to show the sort of wares that's inside. It's a beautiful study; and the only reason it aint taught in schools is, that boys would find out what fools their masters be. What I am a goin' to tell you is a fact. Lucy just gave me a sort of absent look, her eyes was on me, but she was a speculatin' on herself; she said nothin' for a space, and then drew a long, easy breath, as much as to say, what a grand chance that would be for me.

"I don't mind tellin' you, Lucy," sais I, "but don't mention it to any one. I am safe with you, seein' you are agoin' to be married yourself."

"Me!" said she. "Why who onder the sun told you that story?"

"Why you said so just now, yourself."

"No I didn't," said she. "I said people said so, and so they do, for they are always a settin' down one to somebody or another. It's a pity they wouldn't mind their own business. There aint no truth in it, I aint engaged. The way married folks live aint no great temptation to marry, is it?"

"Well, it aint," said I, "that's a fact. I feel kind of skeered myself when I turn it over in my mind."

"I am only twenty-two," said she, "and have plenty of time to decide on it yet, don't you think so? What in the world is Eunice Snare coming over here for?" she said, with evident annoyance. "Come let us go where the dancers are, I can't abide that girl. I never could discover what folks see in her to call her handsome. But who is that gentleman, Mr. Slick?"

"That is our captain," said I. "He is as fine a feller as ever lived; let me introduce him to you."

Lucy was puzzled. She didn't want to leave a man that was in sarch of a wife, and still less

to leave him with Eunice Snare. But she was pleased with her new acquaintance, and accepted him as a partner for the dance. Oh, Lucy! sais I to myself, you are a little bit of a jilt, you know you are. And Sam, sais I, did you ever see a miller a hoverin' round a candle? he is apt to get his wings singed afore he is done, aint he? What would Sophy say, if she was here?

"How are you, Mr. Slick?" said Peter Fink, a goney, who lived to Bridge-Port, at Upper La Haive. "I am glad to see you. You're just the man I wanted to see. How is times to California?"

"Grand," sais I.

"Well, I'm goin' there," sais he.

"That's right. It's a noble place, lots of gold there; all you've got to do is to find it," sais I, "and you can't help doin' that, if you don't miss it."

"What sort of a place is San Francisco?"

"Grand; it's only been burned down ten times in five years, and now it's ten times as large as it was at fust."

"Hot, aint it?"

"Well no, not particularly, especially at the diggins. Folks froze to death there this last

winter in the snow-storms, and them that weren't froze died of starvation; but it was their own fault, they forgot that gold wouldn't buy food where there aint none to sell. A sensible man like you would make your fortin there."

"What shall I take out?"

"Oh! a small kit will do. A rifle, a brace of Colt's revolver pistols, and a bowie-knife, is all you want for arms. A pair of heavy waterproof boots to keep your feet dry, a broad-brimmed hat to keep your head cool, a set of light fingers, and a pair of scales of the right sort to weigh gold; for sixteen ounces of that only weighs ten of lead at the diggins. The only objection is, *there is no security where there is a Committee of Safety*. A feller is hanged on suspicion there sometimes, but then it's only brazen-faced fellows that suffer. Golden locks—and your hair is as yaller as a carrot—will save your life anywhere."

"Well," sais he, "after all it's better nor farmin', aint it? It's sickly tho', they tell me."

"Oh no! nothin' to speak of. There is the bullet-fever to be sure; but if you keep out of its way it won't hurt you."

"But what do you think of Australia?"

"No go," sais I; "a man can make a fortune

of a million or two there in no time ; but when he comes back, if he goes to England (which he would in course, for no man with such a lot of money as that would come back to La Haive), folks button up their pockets, and edge off. Judges give him a knowin' wink, as if they had seen him afore, and policemen swear they knew him of old about town ; and as like as not he will be took up for some one else, for many a handsomer fellow than you be has been strung up before now. It's no great credit to be a colonist at any time ; but Botany Bay ! Oh ! it's the devil ! It aint much to say you are a bishop there, for folks laugh and say the greater the sinner the greater the saint. You can't even boast of your acquaintance—no matter if they are great people. You won't raise yourself by sayin' you played cards with Smith O'Brien ; and by turnin' up the Knave of Clubs, won a nugget of ore that was as heavy as himself, and he hadn't weight enough to stretch a rope ; but still it is a great thing if you are invited among grand people, and dine off of silver, to be able to say my gridiron and my tea-kettle are gold—real pure gold—yellow as saffron, and no alloy."

"I see," said Blue-nose, "you dont think much of either of them. What locality do you recommend, for this is no place for a smart man ; it was

made of a Saturday night when it was late, and the job was only half done; and it appears to me all the ballast of the ark was throwd out here," and he looked pleased, as if he said somethin' clever.

"Rockyformia," sais I, "is the country for me."

"Rockyformia!" sais he; "I never heerd of it."

"You wouldn't know it," sais I, "if I was to tell you, for you don't onderstand geography; it aint taught in the school to Bridge-Port; and if I was to show you the map. you wouldn't be a bit the wiser. That's the place for rich deposits; it beats Melburn and Pacific murder fields of gold all holler."

"Do tell," sais he, "where is it?"

"I knew," said I, "a party of men go there onct, and afore twelve o'clock one day clear two thousand pounds, and in the evenin' two thousand more. What do you think of that, my old boy?" sais I, clappin' of him on the shoulder.

"Where was that? Do, for goodness gracious sake, tell me?"

"Well," sais I, "I will if you can keep a secret, for there aint but few people as knows it. Will you promise me?"

"I'll swear to it," sais he.

"Oh! then I won't believe you at all," sais I. "Voluntary oaths aint bindin'. I'll affarm, well that's an equivocatin oath. Father used to say no man affarms, but a critter that likes to lie his own way; he lifts up his hand and-sais: 'Take that for an oath; it's on oath to you, but it aint to me, for I shut down three fingers, and who cares for the minority. But, accordin' to my opinion, and I have no prejudices, affarmin' is just as good as swearin' when the truth aint a-goin' to be told."

"Well, I'll kiss the book."

"What in natur is the use in you kissin' a book you can't read?"

"Well, on my honor."

"Honor! what's chat? An honourable man pays his grog debts, and cheats his tradesman."

"Well, I hope I may die, if I do."

"Well, you'll die at any rate, whether you do, or whether you don't. Ever Old Mathusalem had to die at last; and it's my opinion he must have been blind, and deaf, and stupid, like an old dog, many a day afore he did go, and was in every one's way."

"Well, what security can I give you?"

"I'll trust you like a man," sais I; "I'll take you at your word."

"Thank you, Sir. Your confidence aint misplaced, I do assure you."

"Where is this wonderful country?—a poor, despiseable one," said I, "called Nova Scotia. I saw a thousand barrels of macarel drawn in one seine, and they were worth two pounds a barrel. Now go to school, and learn multiplication-table, and see how much that haul was worth."

"Oh, yes," said he, "but you have to catch them, clean them, salt them, and barrel them, and then take them to market, before you touch your pay. But strike the pickaxe into the ground, and out with a nugget worth twenty or thirty pounds—aint that what we call short metre to singin'-school?"

"Well, it aint a much shorter sum than t'other one," said I. "First, you have got to dig, and then you have to bale out the hole, and then it eaves in, and buries the pickaxe, shovel, and basket; and then you go and buy others, and at it agin; and arter a while, ague comes, that shakes the bedstead down, like dyin' convulsions; first, it most roasts you, then it most freezes you, and at last you hit the nugget, as big as a piece of

chalk, and you put it into your pack, buy a pair of pistols, powder and ball, and a long knife, to defend it, and tramp down to town, walkin' all night, and winkin' all day, and faintin' amost all the time; and when you go to sell it, one-third is quartz, one-third dirt, and one-third the real auriferous deposit, scattered about in little particles of gold, as big as currant-seeds, in a substance called matrix. Instead of a farm, it will only purchase a night's lodgin', and a new pair of shoes to walk back in. Oh! go to the diggins, by all means. It is a lottery, to be sure; but you may draw a prize. The only thing is, that when you come to count the cost, you are apt to look blank yourself; but one blank to a prize aint much out of the way, as lotteries go."

"Mr. Slick," said he, "do you think me a fool to talk to me that way?"

"No," sais I, "I don't think so at all; I know it."

"Well, then," sais he, "I'll teach you better manners;" and really them fellers that have Dutch blood in them like fightin' rather better than arguin'; and Master Pete Fink was in rael airnest, so he began to square off.

Thinks I, Sam, you have pushed this a little too far; and if you don't mind your stops, you'll

have to lick him, which will do neither of you any good, and will lower your position in society. So I stept back a little, and just then saw old Sorrow, the black cook and fidler. "Ki!" sais I, and the nigger saw at once what I wanted, and came up double quick. "Mr. Pete," sais I, "I warn't brought up to fightin' and wranglin'," as mother used to say,

" 'Little children, never let  
Your angry passions rise,  
Your little hands were never meant  
To tear each other's eyes.' "

Oh! how ravin' mad that made him! He fairly hopped agin. *Pokin' is worse than hittin', any time; no one can stand it hardly.*

"Here is a 'mancipated nigger," sais I, "which you poor despisable Colonists aint. We look down upon you, and so do the British: and you don't respect yourselves. You are neither chalk nor cheese; but this coloured gentleman will butt, goudge, fight, or kick shins with you, whichever you please. Sorrow, make this man sing, 'Oh! be joyful!'" and I strolled on, and left them.

Lucy was flirtin' with my friend, the Captain; and Eunice Snare said that he had put Captain Hooft Hoogstraten's nose out of joint,

and wondered when he returned from the West Indies what he would think of the way she was behavin'.

"Haven't we had a pleasant day?" said she. "Who do you think is the prettiest girl here; come tell me now. I aint fishin' for compliments, so don't say me for perliteness, for 'praise to the face is open disgrace,' but just say now any other. Which do you think is the handsomest young lady?"

"There is nobody handsome," sais, I, "where you are, Eunice."

"Phoo!" said she, "how stupid you are; are you as active as you used to be, Mr. Slick, when you could jump over three horses standin' side by side?"

"Suppose we have a race."

And off we went as hard as we could clip. I noticed we was behind a screen of spruces that concealed us from view, and therefore didn't mind; and away we went up the windin' road like wink. At last she gave in, and sat down on a windfall-log fairly beat out. Oh, she panted like a hunted hare. Well, in course I sat down along side of her, and had to support her with my arm, and her voice was almost entirely gone, and we had to talk in signs with our lips instead of

our voices. It was a long time afore she came to, and she had to rest her head on my shoulder, when "Eunice, Eunice," was shouted out as clear as a whistle. It gave her a convulsive fit amost. She pressed me so close, and then sprang up as short as a steel-trap.

"That is Lucy Randall's voice," said she, "aint it provokin'? Come, let us return, Mr. Slick. Oh, Lucy dear!" said she, determined to have the first word. "We have been lookin' for you everywhere. Mr. Slick said he was sure he saw you come this way; but I said, I thought the Captin had rowed you to the island."

What that meant I don't know, but it disconcerted the young lady, who was no match for her rival. She merely said:

"Snares are oftener set in shady places than in public thoroughfares."

But this little skirmish ended immediately, and the two beautiful girls were on the best possible terms with each other in less than no time. It's a charmin' thing to see how lovin' young ladies are to each other when men are by. I wonder if they are so when they are by themselves. After a hand is played out you have to shuffle the cards, cut, change places, and take a new deal; and Lucy and I was partners again.

"What do you think of Miss Snare?" said she. "Some folks," (layin' great stress upon the *some*, as if they were plaguesy few) "actilly do say she is very handsome."

"Well, she warn't behind the door when beauty was given out, that's a fact."

"She is not the girl," said she, "to be behind the door at no time," and she looked wicked. "The babes in the woods lost their way, didn't they?" and she laughed like anythin'.

"Well," sais I, "you are apt to lose your way, and go round and round in the woods when you are too busy, talkin', to mind the turnins. Supposin' I row you over to the island; come let's see what sort of a place that is. They say Captain Hooft Hoogstraten is goin' to build there."

"What story is that?" said she, and she stopt a minit and coloured up, as she looked inquirinly into my face. "What story is that Eunice has been tellin' you of me? I should like to hear it, for I don't know what it means."

"Nor I either," said I, "I only heard you a sparrin' a little, and that's the jibe she gave you. You heard as much as I did. When I walk with young ladies I generally talk to them of themselves and not of others. I wouldn't let any one speak

agin you, Lucy; if they did, they would only lower themselves. It's nateral if she did feel kinder jealous of you; two splendiferous galls, like you two, are like two candles."

"How is that?" said she.

"Why, one will light a whole room as clear as day; fetch the second in, and it takes half the power of the other off and don't make things much brighter arter all."

"That's no reason why one should be blowed out," said she.

"No, dear; but if one should go out of itself, you aint left in the dark."

"Oh! that would scare a body dreadfully, wouldn't it?" said she, and she larfed as if the idea was not so very frightful arter all. "So you like two strings to your bow, do you?" she said.

"I haven't one yet," said I, "I wish I had. Now you have three; there is Mr. Hooft Hoogstraten, what a thunderin' hard name he has got."

"Neither he nor his name is anythin' to me," and she spoke with an angry air; but I went on.

"There is Hoogstraten, or whatever it is, and

the Captain, and me ; and you are so hard to please, you want to keep us all."

"What flirts all you men are," said she. "But oh, my sakes ! aint that tree lovely ? just one mass of flowers. Hold me up please, Mr. Slick, till I get a branch off of that apple-tree. Oh dear ! how sweet it smells."

Well I took her in my arms and lifted her up, but she was a long time a choosin' of a wreath, and that one she put round my hat, and then she gathered some sprigs for a nosegay.

"Don't hold me so high, please. There smell that, aint it beautiful ? I hope I aint a showin' of my ankles."

"Lucy, how my heart beats," sais I, and it did too, it thundered like a sledge-hammer : I actilly thought it would have tore my waistcoat buttons off. "Don't you hear it go bump, bump, bump, Lucy ? I wonder if it ever busts like a biler ; for holdin' such a gall as you be, Lucy, in one's arms aint safe, it is as much as one's—"

"Don't be silly," said she, larfin', "or I'll get right down this minit. No," she said, "I don't hear it beat ; I don't believe you've got any heart at all."

"There," said I. bringin' her a little farther forward, "don't you hear it now ? Listen."





1.5  
1.8  
2.0  
2.2  
2.5  
2.8  
3.2  
3.6  
4.0

10

"No," said she, "it's nothin' but your watch tickin'," and she larfed like anythin'; I thought so.

"You haven't got no heart at all, have you?" sais I.

"It never has been tried yet," said she. "I hardly know whether I have one or not."

"Oh! then you don't know whether it is in the right place or not."

"Yes it is," said she, a pullin' of my whiskers; "yes it is just in the right place, just where it ought to be," and she put my hand on it; "where else would you have it, dear, but where it is? But, hush!" said she; "I saw Eunice Snare just now; she is a comin' round the turn there. Set me down quick, please. Ain't it provokin' that gall fairly harnts me. I hope she didn't see me in your arms."

"I'll lift *her* up to the tree too," sais I, "if you like; and then—"

"Oh no!" said she, "it ain't worth while. I don't care what she says or thinks one snap of my finger," and advancin' rapidly, held out the nosegay, and presented it to the Captin.

"Ah!" sais I, gazin' sadly over her shoulder, "here comes Sorrow."

"Sorrow!" said both the young ladies at onct.

"Yes, Sorrow," said I; "don't you see him?" and as they turned round, they both exclaimed;

"Why, it's only a nigger!"

"Yes, but his name is Sorrow, and he is the bearer of bad news, I know."

"Captin," said the darkie messenger, "Massa Pilot say, please, come on board, Sar; tide is all right fer crossin' de bar, if der is de leastast mossal of wind in de world."

"Well that is provokin'!" said Lucy.

"Well I do declare, that is too bad!" said Eunice."

Thinks I to myself, "Ah, sorrow," as dear old Minister used to say, and he was a book of poetry himself, he was full of wise saws, "Ah, sorrow, how close you tread on the heels of enjoyment! The rose has its thorn, the peach its worm; and decay lies concealed in the chalice of the flower. All earthly things are doomed to pass away. The feast ceases; the day expires; the night wears out at last; joys depart when most enjoyed. The cord snaps in twain, and is parted for ever. Life is not a dream, 'tis but a gleam. The sunny spot of the mornin', is the shady side of the evenin'. We have no abidin' place; we must move with the changin' scene, or it leaves and forgets us."

How well I remember his very words, poor dear old man!

How mysterious it is, he used to say, that in the midst of gaiety, serious thoughts like unbidden guests, should intrude where they are neither expected nor wanted. All however are not affected alike. The hearse and the mourner pass unobserved in the crowd, one contains a dead body and the other an aching heart, while all around is noise, frivolity, or business. Poor old soul, nobody talked like him I do believe. "Yes it is a sudden partin', but it is better that it is so, Lucy," thought I, "for we haven't had time to be quite foolish, and the knowledge of that makes even nonsense agreeable."

## CHAPTER XII.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE wind came in slight puffs and died away, sportin' about here and there, just rufflin' the surface in places, but not heavy enough to raise a ripple. The sailors called those spots cats'-paws. It continued in this way until the tide had ebbed so far as to obstruct our passage over the bar, and we were compelled to remain where we were until the mornin'. While walkin' up and down the deck with the Captain, talkin' over the events of the day, we observed a boat put off, and steer for the 'Black Hawk.' There was no mistakin' the man in the stern; it was Phinny, the daugertype-man.

"Who in the world is that feller?" said the Captin.

"A countryman of ourn," I said.

"And no great credit to us either, I should think," he replied. "It takes a great many strange fellows to make a world; but I wish ours would stay at home, and not make us ridiculous abroad. No sensible man ever dressed that way, and no honest man would like to publish himself a rogue. What does he want?"

"I'll soon find that out," said I; "for tho' I wouldn't care to be seen talkin' to him ashore, I should like to draw him out now we are alone, for he is a character. *Such critters look well in a pictur', tho' there is nothin' to admire in themselves.*"

He handed up a small carpet-bag and his gold-headed cane, and mounted the deck with surprisin' agility.

"How are you, gentle-men?" said he. "What port do you hail from, Captin?" And without waitin' for a reply went on rapidly from one question to another. "Walked into the Blue-noses to-day, Mr. Slick, to the tune of four hundred dollars, between sales of prints and daugertypes. Can you set me ashore bymcb, or shall I make this Dytcher wait for me? I'de

rather he should go. *Fellows who have no tongues are often all eyes and ears.*"

"All right," said the Captin.

"Now, gentle-men," said Phinny, "suppose we go below?" The Captin larfed at his free-and-easy manner, but continued pacin' the deck, while Mr. Phinny and myself descended to the cabin. "Which is your state-room, Mr. Slick?" said he, and takin' his carpet-bag in his hand, he entered and closed the door after him.

I returned to the deck, and advised Cutler to swaller his disgust, and come and hear the feller talk. What was our astonishment at findin' another person there, as unlike the one who came on board as it was possible for any two people in the world to be! The enormous black beard and whiskers were gone; the velvet coat was exchanged for a common jacket; and the gold chains and satin waistcoat were superseded by a warm, grey, homespun vest.

"Do you know me now, Slick?" said he; for a feller that don't respect locks don't mind handles, in a general way. "Do you mind Jaamin Phinny, or Jawin' Phinny, as they used to call me?"

"Yes," said I, with a strong revoltin' feelin' of dislike, mixed up with great curiosity, for he

was a noted bird—a bold, darin', onprincipled feller."

"Have you got anythin' to drink?" he said.

"Yes. What will you have?"

"Anythin' you please," he said; "for I am a citizen of the whole univarsal United States world. Drink water in Maine, champaigne in New York, cider in Pennsylvania, and everything in New Orleans, from whiskey down to red-ink—that they call claret. I aint no ways partikilar: like 'em all but water, as I do the women—all but the old ones. I say, did you see that Snare gall? aint she a sneezer—a regular ring-tailed roarer? I have half a mind to marry that heifer, tho' wives are bothersome critters when you have too many of them. I have three on hand jist now, and they talk as savage as meat-axes sometimes, about States prison. You can't reform 'em, the only way is to *cloriform* them."

"Oh, Lucy!" thinks I, "I am glad you are safe, at any rate. But still I wish Hoogstraten would make haste back from the West Indies; for the devil is among you, a-roamin' about, seekin' whom he may devour. As for Eunice, she can take care of herself: galls that romp like her, know how to fend off better than gentler ones like you Lucy. And, besides, there are two things.

Phinny don't know—one is, that all natur' has its instincts for self-preservation, and *wolves can't allure, they only skare their prey*; and another is an old farm saw we used to have to Slickville, *It aint the noisiest cart that's the easiest upsot always*. If he goes to handle Eunice rough, she'll clapper-claw his false beard off in no time; for she is as springy as a catamount. These country galls are all vartuous, and their arts are only what's common to the sex in general. *Innocence is always unsuspecting, and is apt to be a little grain too free and easy*. If Phinny mistakes that for boldness, the Dutch boys will make La Haive too hot for him, I know."

I saw Cutler was gittin' impatient, and I was afraid he would lose his temper with the feller. He didn't know what I do—that there is *an hypocrisy in vice as well as religion*. It's the pride of some folks—like Jaamin—to make you think they surpass all in their line, as it is among others, to make you believe they are saints. The one tries to frighten you into the road he wants you to travel, and the other to seduce you into confidence. Both masks are furnished by the devil.

"I had no notion, Mr. Phinny," said I, "that

that was a false beard you wore! What is your object in wearin' it?"

"Object!" said he, "why to advertise myself, to be sure. 'Who is that man with the beard?' 'The man that takes daugertypes.' Folks won't stop to read your *hand*-bills, but they must look at your *chin*-bill. They can't help it nohow they can fix it. And then there is another object: it aint always pleasant to be known, especially if the police are after you; and a disguise may save you a sore throat some day. I'll tell you how I got it. Last year I was to New Orleans, a sarvin' of my master as faithful as ever any man did—"

"Your master?" sais I.

"Yes," said he, "my master the devil. Well, one night I got into a'most an all-fired row. I never could keep out of them to save my life; they seem kinder nateral to me. I guess there must have been a row in the house when I was born, for I can't recollect the fust I was in, I began so airy. Well, one night I heered an awful noise in a gamblin'-house there. Everybody was talkin' at onct, swearin' at onct, and hittin' at onct. It sounded so beautiful and enticin' I couldn't go by, and I just up stairs,

and dashed right into it like wink. They had been playin' for one of the most angeliferous slave-galls I ever seed. She was all but white, a plaguey sight more near white than any Spanish, or Portugeese, or Eytalien gall you ever laid eyes on; in fact, there was nothin' black about her but her hair. A Frenchman owned her, and now claimed her back on his single resarved throw. The gall stood on a chair in full view, a perfect pictur' of Southern beauty, dressed to the greatest advantage, well educated, and a prize fit for President Tyler to win. I worked my way up to where she was, and sais I:

“‘Are them your sale papers?’

“‘Yes,’ sais she; ‘all prepared, except the blank for the winner’s name.’

“‘Put them in your pocket,’ sais I, ‘dear. Now is there any way to escape?’

“‘Back door,’ said she, pointin’ to one behind her.

“‘All right,’ sais I; ‘don’t be skeered. I’ll die for you, but I’ll have you.’

“The fight was now general, every feller in the rooma was at it, for they said the owner was a cheatin’ of them. The French and furriners were on one side, the City and River boys on the other; and as the first was armed, they was gettin’ rather the better of it, when I ups with a chair,

breaks a leg of it off, and lays about right and left, till I came to the owner of the gall, when I made a pass at his sword-arm that brought the blade out of it flyin.' I saw him feelin' for a pistol with the other hand, when I calls out, 'Quick, boys, out with the lights for your life, lose no time!' And as they went out, away he goes too, neck and crop out of the window, and the gall and I slipt thro' the door, down the back stairs into the street, drove off home, insarted my name in the blank of the bill of sale, and she was mine. The knave of clubs is a great card, Slick. Oh! she was a doll, and got very fond of me; she stuck as close to me as the bark on a hickory-log. She kicked up a horrible row when I sold her again, most as bad as the one I got her in; and I must say I was sorry to part with her too, but I wanted the money, and she fetched a large sum."

"Good Heavens!" said Cutler, "how dreadful!" And springin' suddenly to his feet, left the cabin instantly.

Phinny looked over his shoulder at him with a most diabolical expression of countenance.

"What the devil is the matter with that feller?" said he. "Have you any galley nippers here, Slick? That critter reared up as if he was stung by one."

"Perhaps it was a gallus nipper," said I, "that scared him."

He turned the same dreadful savage look on me, and stared hard; but it would take a better or a wuss chap than him to make me wink. All he saw was a smile, so at last he repeated the words, "Gallus nipper!" calm and slowly.

"It may be so," said he. "We are born, but we aint dead; and you and I may be exalted yet above the common herd if we get our due." And he poured out a tumbler of raw brandy, and tipped it off like water, and proceeded: "The way that Frenchman flew out of the winder when the lights was put out, was just exactly like the motion of a bat. He fell on the pavement as a sack of grain does that slips out of the slings. It's the way to make vegetable marrow when you're in a hurry. Throw a pumpkin up in the air, and it will come down squash. Well, New Orleans, arter a while, began to get too hot for me, for I never could keep cool anywhere; so one fine mornin' I found myself a goin' up the Mississippi first rate. When we arrived opposite Vixburg, a gambler came on board with that very identical beard on you saw me wear, and the way he fleeced the river people

was cautionary. Seein' me there lookin' pretty stupid drunk, for I pretended to be hardly able to stand, he challenged me to try my luck, and I fairly cleaned him out, broke him all to smash like a shut-up bank. I bagged three thousand dollars, and staggered off as if nothin' above partikelar had happened. As for him, he looked like a feller who, when it rains msh, has got no spoon. There was a young cotton-trader on board at the time whose life I had saved onct in a mass meetin' row about Cuba, for party spirit ran high, you know, at New Orleans just then. So sais I :

“ ‘ Friend, what do you think I had best do to avoid that critter ? for he would think no more of dirkin' me than stickin' a suckin' pig !’

“ ‘ Go to bed,’ said he, ‘ and I will go with you, and we will concoct a plan.’

“ No sooner said than done. He turned into the off-side of a berth, and took charge of my money, and I took out the pocket-book, and folded up a newspaper and put it in it, and stewed it all away in my pocket, and then emptied out a carpet-bag, and stuffed some of the bed-clothes in it, and locked it, and sot down, pretendin' to be too screwy to talk sense. Presently in comes the gambler-

man, but without his beard, but that made no difference. I had watched his eye, too keen to be deceived, and he slipt into the berth on the other side of the state-room, and pretended to go to sleep.

“‘Do come to bed, Mr. Starrat,’ said cotton-trader to me (for we had agreed upon a false name); ‘give me your hand, and I will try to help you in.’

“‘Can’t,’ sais I; ‘I’m too drunk; if I lift my leg up, I shall fall, as sure as fate. I want three legs to-night—and besides, who the devil are you? I won three thousand dollars to-night, and there it is,’ takin’ out my pocket-book and slappin’ it with my hand, ‘and a thousand dollars of my own with it to keep it company, like two in a bed.’

“‘Well, give it to me,’ said he, ‘and I will take care of it for you.’

“‘Yes,’ sais I, ‘friend; but if I am sewed up, I ain’t green. The fact is, I never play in luck when I am sober.’ But after a great deal of palaver, sais I, ‘I’ll tell you what I’ll do; I’ll lock it up in the carpet-bag, and if you get the key out of my trowsers pocket without wakin’ me, you are a cleverer feller than I take you to be.’

“So I opens the bag, rams the pocket-book

well down, and then locks all up safe, and arter many false dodges, gets into bed, and offs into a fox sleep in no time. About an hour afore day, the bell rang, there was a movin' on deck, and we was at a landin'-place. Gambler crawls out o' bed cautiously, and as silent as a cat, whips up the carpet-bag, and offs ashore like a shot; and away we went up stream agin, puffin' and blowin' as if the engine was wrathy. Just at the first dawn of day, we gets out and goes on deck, and found, sure enough, a man answerin' to gambler, only he had no beard, had gone ashore with a travellin'-bag in his hand. He fell right into the trap.

“New Orleans, Slick, is a better College for educatin' and finishin' a feller off than Vixburg, arter all. There are more professors and more science in it. Well, as soon as we touched on the other shore, I landed, took the stage, and cut across the country to Albany, to get out of the critter's beat, for he was a feller that would dog you like a bloodhound. In his bed, I found that beard, which was all he left in exchange for that are valuable pocket-book. If he was a good scholar, I guess it wouldn't take him long to count his money. Since then, I have been up and down, and all thro' our great nation; but

it's gettin' to be too small a lot for me to feed in without bein' put into pound as a stray critter. So I changed ground for new pastures, and have done first-rate in these provinces.

"The daugertype line would just suit you, Slick. It's a grand business to study human natur in. The greatest shine I ever cut, was in Canada. It beat the rise I took out of the gambler all holler. I sold five hundred bishops and two thousand priests there. It was a first-rate stroke of business. I'll tell you how it was—(this is super-superior brandy of yourn, Slick; it's a sin to spile it with water, and a man should never sin for nothin'; it makes it too cheap; it is positively a cordial.) I couldn't do nothin' with the French to Canada at first. They were too careful of their money. They wouldn't come near me, nor even look at me. So what does I do, but go to the bishop, and asks him to do me the honour to sit to me, that I might have a likeness of him to present to my honcured and respected friend, the Bishop of New Orleans, who was one of the best men that ever lived, and if his life was spared, would convert the whole city—which was greatly needed, for it was an awful wicked place—and begged him to let me duplicate it for himself, as a

mark of my veneration for the head of the only true Church, on the face of the universal airth.

"I coaxed him into it, and gave him his copy ; but he behaved handsum, and insisted on payin' for it. The other I put into the winder. The people were delighted with it, and I multiplied them, and sold five hundred at a great advance on the common price—for the last was in course always the only one left on hand—and wherever I went, I gave one to the priest of the parish, and then he sot for me, and I sold him in turn by the dozens, and so on all thro' the piece. A livin' Bishop is worth a hundred dead saints any time. There is a way of doin' everythin', if you only know how to go about it."

"Mr. Phinny," said Sorrow, who just then opened the cabin-door, "Captin sais boat is ready, Sar."

"Slick," said Phinny, who understood the hint, "your skipper is not an overly civil man: for two cents, I'de chuck him into the boat, and wallop him, till he rowed me ashore himself. I hate such mealy-mouthed, no-soul, cantin' fellers. He puts me in mind of a Captin I onct sailed with from Charleston to Cuba. He used to call me into prayers every night at nine o'clock ;

and when that was over, he'd say, 'Come now, Phinny, let's have a chat about the galls.' Broad-cloth chaps, like your skipper, aint fit for the fisheries, that's a fact. He is out of place, and looks ridiculous, like a man with a pair of canvas trousers, an old slouched hat, and a bran new, go-to-meetin' coat on."

Havin' delivered himself of this abuse, he turned to and put on his advertisin' dress, as he called it. The long beard, velvet-lined coat, satin waistcoat, and gold chains, were all in their old places; and takin' his carpet-bag and heavy cane, he ascended the deck.

"Is toder gentleman gowin'," said Sorrow, "dat was in de cabin?"

"Oh, I forgot him," said Phinny, winkin' to me. "Call him, that's a good fellow."

In a few minutes, the poor nigger came back, dreadfully frightened; his wool standin' out strait, his teeth chatterin', and his body tremblin' all over. "He no dare, Sar. I sarch ebberywhere, and no see him; and call ebberywhere, and he no answer."

"He must be the devil, then," said Phinny, who sprang into the boat, and pushed off.

Sorrow followed him with his eyes a moment or two in silence, and then said, "By Golly!

I tink you is de debbil youself; for I'll take my Bible disposition, I see two people down dare in de cabin. Oh, dear! how stupid dis nigger is! I wish I had de sensibility to look at his foot. Oh! he is de debbil, and nuffin' else."

"You are right, Sorrow," said I. "He is a devil that." When the poor nigger was preparin' the cabin for supper, he went on talkin' aloud to himself.

"What a damnable ting rum and brandy must be, when debils is so amasin' fond of 'em. By golly, but he ab empteed both bottles. He so used to fire, he no mind dat, no more nor a bucket do a drop. What ridicilous onhansom disgustin' tings dem long beards be! How in de world do he eat his soup wid dat great long mop hangin' down his front, de way hosses hab de tails put on behind. Sartin it is a debblish fashion dat."

"That fellow," said the Captain, who now came below, "may well be called a regular devil."

"Ki," said Sorrow. "Now I is certain of de fac, dis here nigga, Massa, made de self-same argument to Massa Slick. But de oder debil in de carpet-bag was de wusser of de two. As I am a Christian sinner, I heard him with my own

blessed ears say, 'Come now, Funny'—dat is de name he gave to Massa Slick—"Come now, Funny," said he, 'let's go to prayers fust, and den talk ob de galls.' De onsarcumsised, ondegenerate, diabolical willains. I is grad we is quit of 'em."

"Supper, Scorrow," said the Captain; "and when that is ready, see that the men have theirs. We are behind time to-night."

"Sorrow," sais I, a-lookin' sérious, "what's that behind you?"

"Oh! Lord ab massy on dis nigger," said he, jumpin' up, and showin' two white rings round his eyes like a wall-eyed hoss. "What is it, Massa? I is so awful frightened, I can't look!"

"It's only your own shadder," said I. "Come, move quick now. Didn't you hear the Captin?"

"I is most afeered to go forrard to-night, dat are a fac," he said; "but dere is de mate now; he will be more wusser frightened still dan I be."

"Tell him the devil is goin' to sue him, Scorrow," sais I.

"Yah! yah! yah!" was the reply of the nigger. "I go tell him de debbil is a lawyer, wid his constable in his bag, yah! yah! yah!" and the laugh composed his narves.

In the mornin', there was a light breeze outside; but we were becalmed by the high lands

of La Haive, and waited impatiently for it to reach us.

“Pilot,” sais I, “come and sit down here. “Was you ever at Canseau, where the great shore macarel-fishery is?”

“Often and often, Sir,” said he. “Oh! them’s the Nova Scotia gold-diggins, if the folks only knowd it; at least, that’s my logic. I’ll tell you how it is, Sir. To carry on the fishery, there must be a smooth beach to draw the seine on, and a place for huts, stores, hovels, and shops and so on. The fishery is nothin’ without the landin’-place, and the shore lots of no value without the fishery. The great thing is to own the land; and if a sensible man owned that, it would be a fortin to him, and his children arter him in all time to come. I’ll give you an idea how it’s worked, and of the value of the catch and the soil too, for the man that has the estate may be said to own the fishery too. I only wish I was able for it; but I aint rich enough to buy Canseau, or Fox Island, or Crow Harbour, or any o’ them garrison towns or dockyards of the macarel.

“*You* could purchase any or all of them, Mr. Slick, for you are well to do in the world, and are an onderstandin’ man, and could carry on the business in spite of treaties, men-of-war, Blue-nose

laws, and all. It only wants a little study. Laws aint like fine bait-nets, so small squids can't go thro' them, but they are open enough for hake or cod; and bigger fish break 'em to pieces, and laugh at 'em—that's my logic. Well we'll say I own the land there; and it wouldn't be the fust lie that has been told about me, if folks did so. All natur' lies here. The fog lies along the coast; the weather lies so you can't depend on it; the tides get on a spree sometimes, and run up the gut of Canseau a whole week on a stretch, and pretend they go up and down twice a-day; the newspapers lie so, the moment you see a thing in 'em, put it down at once as false; the men lie a-bed, and vow they are goin' a-head; women take a great shindy to your money, lie like the devil, and say it's you and not your pocket they are in love with. Everythin' lies but rates, and they come round when they promise; but they aint above takin' an oath either that you are twice as well off as you be, if you don't happen to be on their side; that's my logic at any rate. Well, we'll say I own it. Confound the thing; I can't get beyond that. It's like Esra Foreman's eyes.

“The doctor ordered him to bathe them in brandy and water, but he never could get it higher than his mouth; he was sure to spill it down there.

Well we'll say I own it, and that I follered their wretched systum down there. If so Ide build a lot of poor log-huts twenty feet square, and let them to a crew of six men each—only see what a rent of fish that is? and a few long sheds of stores, and let them enormous high. Well fishin'-season comes, and black, white, and grey flock down to my land—which is filled like a hive—all makin' honey for me. Well then comes a man with eight hands and a large boat, with a seine in it. When they see the fish strikin' in along shore; they pay out one hundred and fifty, or two hundred fathom of seine from the boat, havin' furst made one eend of the net fast ashore. Well eight men can't haul such a seine as that, so he goes to the shore, and sais: 'Come, and haul the net in, and then dip away, like good fellows, and you shall have half of all your dip.' All that pays heavy toll to me. I actilly saw thirteen hundred barrels took at one haul; at eight dollars each, that is worth two thousand six hundred pounds. Sposin' now, Mr. Slick, you and I owned the place, and conducted it proper, wouldn't we beat Australia and California all to rags?

"Sposen' we had our own people there, instead of tag-rag and bobtail, owned the seines, nets, and dipp-scoops, salt, barrels, and all that, where

would we be? As it is, what is it? Nothin' but confusion, noise and scramble. Get a deputation to save a writ there, and you'll soon find out what it is. What they call to England free-trade and no protection, but main strength. If you and I owned it, it wouldn't do to be too strict either. Strictness is a game two can play at. Gulls and galls don't go near them, there are too many guns and men for 'em together, tho' both on 'em have watery mouths when the season comes. I knew a feller there onct, who lived about the handiest to the fisheries, that lost his wife. Well, he went to the next house, and borrowed a sheet to lay her out with, and bein' short o' these things, he buried her in it. Well, what does the old woman he got it of do, but ask him for the sheet, if she had done with it, and bothered him so every time she saw him, he said he would pay her, or give her one every bit as good. He was so mad at last, he went and dug his wife up, took her in his arms, walked into the house one night, and lay'd her on the table.

"Says he, 'Good woman, I am obliged to you for the loan of the sheet, there it is. When you have taken it off, put my old lady back agin into the grave, will you?' and he left her there.

If there warnt a hullaballo there then, there aint no eels in Tusket. That comes o' bein' too strict. Give and take, live and let live, that's the word. You can't do without me, for you hante got no pilot, and I can't do without you, for I want your cash, and flour, and pork."

"Exactly," sais I, "Eldad. *"If there is no hook, the chain is no good; but the chain is always grumblin' agin the hook, though all the strain is on it.* Every critter has his place and his purpose."

"If that's the case," said he, "I should like to know what place and use Jawin' Phinny's is?"

"You oughtn't to ask that," sais I, "for you are a fisherman, and ought to know better. What use is the shark, the thrasher, and sea-monsters? There must be human sharks, thrashers, and land-monsters too. If a felier can't be coaxed to go strait ahead, he may be frightened into it. That villain would scare you into mindin' your p's and q's, I know. We don't understand those things. *There are finger-posts to show you the road, and gibbets to warn you off the common, when you leave the turnpike. Storms make oaks take deeper root. Vice makes virtue look well to its anchors.*

*It's only allurin' sin that's dangerous.\** *Scriptur' don't warn us agin wolves, except when they have sheep's-clothin' on.* But I aint a preacher, and one man don't make a congregation, any more than one link makes a chain. Well, then the seine, and in shore fisheries," sais I, "is worth ten times as much as what we make ten times more out of!"

"Why, to be sure it is; but you are a riggin' of me now, Mr. Slick."

"It would take a clever feller to rig you, Eldad," sais I. "You are an understandin' man, and talk sense. I have been talkin' to you man-fashion, strait up and down, because I take you to be a man, that when you speak about the fisheries, knows what you are a talkin' about."

"Well," said he, "I do, that's a fact. I warnt born yesterday," and he looked good all over.

Squire, you laugh at me about this. Now, just look here. See how the critter swallowed that. It was a piece of truth—the rael thing, and no soft sawder, but he liked it, jumped at it, and swallowed it. I say again it was a fact; the man did know what he was a talkin' about; but there

\* Horace was of the same opinion:

"Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile."

was a hook in it for all that, and I had him in hand like a trout. Tell you what, fishers of men, and that's a high vocation — such as parsons, lawyers, doctors, politicians, presidents, kings, and so on (I say nothin' about women, 'cause they beat 'em all); but all these fishers of men ought to know the right bait to use. What the plague does Lord John Russell know about reform in colleges. *There should be a professor of bait in every college.* It's a science. His Lordship has one or two baits, as our coasters have of smelts and clams. He has free trade, extension of franchise, and admission of Jews to Parliament, and has used 'em till people won't bite no longer. He is obliged to jig them as our folks do macarel, when they won't rise to the line. Ashley has the low church, and factory children bait. Morpeth has baths for washin' coal-heavers' faces. Both these men have changed their names since I was to England, and hang me if I know their new ones. The English nobility have as many *aliases* as an Old Bailey convict. O'Connell had the Irish bait; Hume, the economy; and Cobden the Peace Society bait. But the grand mistake they all make is this — each feller sticks to his own, in season and out of season, and expects all sorts and sizes to take it. He ought

to know every variety of them, and select them for the occasion, as a fisherman does his flies and his worms. The devil is the only man of education, and the only accomplished gentleman in this line, and he applies it all to bad purposes. That feller can tempt all created critturs to evil. Why shouldn't we tempt 'em to good? You say this is trick; I say it's knowledge. You say it's cunnin'; I say it's consummate skill. You say it's artifice; I say it's high art. How is it that a super-superior cook has more pay than a captain in the navy, or a major in the army? Simply because he is master of bait, and can tempt all the oddest and rarest fish to your net. He can tickle the palate of all ranks, from a nabob, with his lack of rupees, down to a chap like poor Hook, who had a lack of everythin' but wit. It aint the duke who commands good company to his table, for I know one that can't tell sherry from madeira, but it's his bait-master-general, his cook. Ah! Prince Albert, if you want to immortalize yourself, found a bait professorship at Cambridge; and if you doubt me, ask Cardinal Wiseman, if I don't know, what I am talking about; for he is a sensible man, and up to snuff; and the way he hooked Newman

and a lot of other chaps, whose mouths were bigger than their eyes, is a caution to sinners. But I must get back to Eldad and the fisheries.

"Eldad," sais I, "what is the difference between a Sable Island bloater and other macarel?"

"I'll tell you," said he, "providin' you promise me, if you write a book of your travels, you will set it down."

"Certainly," sais I.

"Then you promise me?"

"To be sure I do," sais I. "What I say I mean, and what I mean I do. That's my rule."

"Well then," said he, "I will tell you how they are so much bigger and fatter. They feed on the unburied dead there. Every storm washes up drowned bodies, and they float, for they are as soft as jelly, and full of air, and the macarel eat them, and grow, and thrive, as doctors and lawyers do, who are fond of the same food. All these feed on the dead, and are fat and onwholesome."

"I never knew anythin' so shockin'," I said; "I shall never touch, or even look at a Sable Island bloater agin without disgust."

"I hope not," said he, risin' with much excitement, "nor any other human bein'. I

hope that article is done for, and out of market. The truth is, it's a long lane that has no turn in it. The last load I brought from there, I got so chiseled in the sale of it by that outfittin' firm of 'Salt and Sienes,' that I vowed vengeance agin 'em, and the time has now come for satisfaction. When you print that story, see whether they will be able to sell bloaters to Boston any more. Honesty is the best policy; they won't gain much by havin' cheated me. But here is the breeze; we must weigh anchor," and in a few minutes we were slowly sailin' out of the harbour. We had hardly cleared the river, when it failed us again, and the vessel lay motionless on the water. "Here is a shoal of macarel," said he; "would you like to see how we manage?"

"Well I would," said I, "that's a fact;" but the Captin objected stoutly. ....

"We are within the treaty limits," said he. "That is a solemn compact atween our governments, and we ought to abide by our engagements."

"Sho!" sais I; "who cares for dead-letter treaties! Fish was made for food, and if the folks here won't take 'em, why I see nothin' to prevent us. It ain't their property; it's common stock

for all the world, and first come first served is the rule."

"It's law," said he, "and that's enough for me."

I didn't tell him he had been violatin' law all along the coast, by sellin' things without enterin' of them at the Custom House and payin' the duties, for he warn't used to it, and didn't think of it.

"Cutler," sais I, "our ambassador used to say there was two sorts of wrong—moral wrong, and legal wrong; that the first couldn't be done on no account, but legal wrong could, because it was mere statute regulation; only if you are catched, you must pay the penalty."

"Yes," said he, "that is just about on a par with political honesty. I can have no hand in it. I am little more than a passenger here, engaged by you. The responsibility rests with you. If you think proper to fish, do so, but excuse me." And he went below.

"Well, well," sais I, "I'll save you harmless, let what will happen."

In a few minutes the bait was got ready, the lines fastened to the taffrail, salt and cut food thrown over to make the fish rise well to the surface, and we went at it in airnest. It's amazin

how quick they was taken. Splittin' and saltin' is done in no time. The splitter is provided with a blunt-pointed knife, like a shoemaker's in shape, and guaged with a leather thong, so as to leave about two inches of the blade exposed. With this, he splits the fish down the back, from the nose to the root of the tail, and actilly splits a hundred in three minutes, or as fast as two men can hand them to him. If he is a smart hand, as the mate was, he keeps three gibbers a-goin' as fast as they can for their life.

The gibber covers his left hand with a mitten, to enable him to have a good grip, and to protect him agin the bones of the fish, and with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand extracts the gills and garbage. The mackarel is then thrown into a tub and washed, and arter that, salted at the rate of a bushel of salt to a cask. I had heard the process so often described, I knew it well enough, but I never saw it before; and I must say, I was astonished at the rapidity with which it was done.

"Well," sais I, "Eldad, that's quick work we are makin' of it here, aint it? It's quite excitin' when you see it for the fust time."

He was then stretched out at full length on the stern, and was nearly all covered over with

a watch-cloak ; but he rose deliberately, and put away his spy-glass on the binnacle. "Yes," said he, "and we are goin' to have quick work made with us too ; and I guess you will find that very excitin' when you are nabbed for the first time."

"How is that?" sais I.

"Well," said he, "sit down here, Sir, with your back to the men, so as not to draw attention. Do you see that are square-rigged vessel that's a fetchin' of the breeze down with her, while we lay here like a log ? She is a British man-of-war ; I know her well ; she is the 'Spitfire,' Captain Stoker. I was the pilot on board of her last summer in the Bay of Fundy, and he hates the Yankees like pyson. He'll be down on us afore we know where we be, and snap us up as a duck does a June-bug."

"Can't we dodge among the is'ands?" said I.

"His boats will cut us off."

"Go into shoal water up the river."

"Wus and wus ! that way he is sure to nab us."

"Well, can't we show him our heels?"

"With this breeze that is a comin', he has the heels of us."

"Well," sais I, "Pilot, this is a bad box,

and no mistake; but I have got out of many a wus fix afore now, by keepin' a cool head and a steady hand. Face him; don't let him run arter us. Let us give him chase."

"I'll bother him, see if I don't. He won't know what to make of that bold move. It will take him all aback, wus than a shift of wind."

"I'll tell you now, though I never mentioned it afore, and don't want it spoke of to anybody. I am an officer of high rank in our Government, and have my commission with me. Let hira touch us if he dare. Put her about; the breeze is here now, and beat up to him." The order was executed in a moment. "Mate," sais I, "do you see that are vessel there?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, she is a man-of-war. There is a warrant out arter us. Clear up the deck and swab it as dry as a bone."

"We shall be sued," said he, "had up in the Admiralty, and smashed in costs. I know'd that would be the eend of it, all along."

"Go forward, you coward," said I, "immediately, and do your work, or I'll appoint another officer in your place. This is no time for drivell-

in', you blockhead. Send the second mate here. Mr. Bent," said I, "where can we hide these wet lines?"

"I can stow them away," said he, "in the studdin'-sail.

"Exactly," said I. "Do it at once. Get the fish-barrells headed in and loaded with ballast-stones, ready for sinkin', and make all clean and snug."

"Aye, aye, Sir."

"Eldad, beat the schooner so as to lose all you get amost. All we want is to gain time."

I then went below, and explained all to the Captin. He began immediately to protest against resistance, as we were unlawfully employed; when I said, "Cutler, I will take all responsibility; I must assume command here for a little while; and I went to the desk, took out the case containin' my commission, letters, &c, and said, "Read them over. Now, Eldad," said I, as I returned, dressed up in my embassy official coat, "explain to me the navigation. Is that all open, bold, plain-sailin' between that island and the main?"

"No, Sir, there is a long shoal sand-bar, stretchin' off to the nor'-west. I guess it was

onct high land. The channel is between that and the shore."

"Jist so. How is it about the islands?"

"Deep enough for a seventy-four."

"Exactly," sais I. "I have two courses before me: to entice him on to that bar and then slip thro' the islands, and dodge him and his guns, or to hail him, and go on board boldly. But I prefer the first, for there is more fun in it. Don't go one inch beyond the bar, but beat between that and the island, it will make him think the channel is there; and if his pilot is a Bay-of-Fundy man, I know they aint much acquainted with this part of the South coast. Is all right, Mr. Bent?"

"All right, Sir."

"See the decks arc covered over with some of the house-sand we took in at Petite Rivière; it will absorb any moisture left by the swabs; and when I pass the word, let it be swept off. Mate, hoist the pennant, and place the flag where a commodore's ought to be."

"She is nearing us fast, Mr. Slick," said the pilot.

"Yes; but it is time she sheered off to the left, aint it?" sais I.

“Well, it is,” said he. “’Bout ship, there. Hold up well for the passage between the islands now.”

“Pilot,” sais I, “if he clears the bar, lay the ‘Black Hawk’ to, and I’ll board him, show him my commission, and advise him to be cautious how he interferes with our fishin’ crafts, unless he wants to bring on a war; talk big in a soft way, and all that. If I don’t confustrigate him, it’s a pity, that’s all. Mr. Bent, get the gig ready; see the davits are all clear; and do you and four picked hands stand by to jump in at onct. We must lead off fust in this game, if we want to win. Move quick.”

“Aye, aye, Sir.”

“Eldad! Yellow Jack is a trump card; aint he?”

“Guess he is,” said he. “But your father spoiled a good Captin in the navy, to make a wooden clockmaker of you, th at’s a fact.”

“This is an awkward scrape, and there is no two ways about it. But what in the world does the Britisher mean? Aint he got a chart on board? He’ll be ashore in a minit as sure as fate. There he is! I thought so, hard and fast; it’s a wonder his masts didn’t go. Ease off the

mainsail a bit—there she goes! Now's our time, in the confusion, for a run. Lay down flat, men, in case he fires. We are all safe now, I believe."

Just as I spoke the words, bang went a gun, and a shot skipped by our stern so close as to throw the spray on us.

"A miss is as good as a mile," said Eldad.

"Crowd on all sail now, my men, out with the studdin' sails—be quick there; steer straight for that headland, and that will keep the island between us and the 'Spitfire.' Cutler," said I, and he was on deck in a minit, "we are safe now, and I surrender my command to you."

"Where is the man-of-war?" said he, lookin' round.

"On the sand bar, on the other side of the island," I replied. I guess they are goin' to grave her, or perhaps survey the channel, for their chart don't seem no good," and I gave him a wink, but he didn't smile.

"Mr. Slick," said he, "that commission puts it out of your power to act the boy, and play tricks that way. You are the last man that ought to compromise the government."

"Cutler," said I, "you are as correct as a boot-

jack, and I respect your scruples. I admit it was a thoughtless frolic, and it shan't happen again."

"That's right," said he, "I knew you were only doin' of it out of fun, but there are times when we must not commit ourselves. If any cruiser interferes with us in our lawful pursuits, I will resist to the death, but I never will draw blood in defendin' a wrong act." Cutler was right; *if we begin to do wrong in fun, we are apt to end by doin' wrong in earnest.*

"Well, Eldad," said I, "what do you think of that dodge, eh? I am afeard," said I, winkin' to him, for the mate was within hearin', "I am afeard, we shall all be took up, tried in court, and ruined in damages, for decoyin' that vessel ashore."

"Oh, Mr. Slick!" he replied, "let me be," and he hung his head and walked forard. "Well, Mr. Slick," said Eldad, "you are the man for my money, arter all. You talk the most sense and the most nonsense of any person I ever see. You play the galls, take rises out of the men, tell stories by the hour, and seem made on purpose for rollickin. On the other hand no danger scares you, and no difficulty stops you. No other man

would have got out of that scrape but yourself. Not content with that, you have turned the tables on Captain Stoker, and put him into a most beautiful of a frizzle of a fix."

"Well," said I, "don't say no more for goodness gracious sake, for I have a friend who, when he reads it, will say it's all my vanity. Come, let's go below and liquor; but I must say myself, Eldad, that was a reel '*narrow escape*.'"

THE END.

LONDON:

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

Just Published, in 2 Volumes, Post 8vo, Price 21s.

**FAMILY ROMANCE;**  
OR, EPISODES IN  
THE DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.  
BY J. BERNARD BURKE, ESQ.,

Author of "The Peerage and Baronetage," "The Landed Gentry,"  
"Anecdotes of the Aristocracy," &c.

Among the many other interesting legends and romantic family histories comprised in these volumes, will be found the following:—The wonderful narrative of Maria Stella, Lady Newborough, who claimed on such strong evidence to be a Princess of the House of Orleans, and disputed the identity of Louis Philippe—The story of the humble marriage of the beautiful Countess of Strathmore, and the sufferings and fate of her only child—The Leaders of Fashion, from Granout to D'Orsay—The rise of the celebrated Baron Ward, now Prime Minister of Parma—The curious claim to the Earldom of Crawford—The Strange Vicissitudes of our Great Families, replete with the most romantic details—The story of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn (the ancestors of the French Empress), and the remarkable tradition associated with them—The Legend of the Lambtons—The verification in our own time of the famous prediction as to the Earls of Mar—Lady Ogilvy's escape—The Beresford and Wynyard ghost stories, correctly told—&c., &c.

"It were impossible to praise too highly as a work of amusement these two most interesting volumes, whether we should have regard to its excellent plan or its not less excellent execution. The volumes are just what ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances, with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half an hour. It is not the least of their merits that the romances are founded on fact—or what, at least, has been handed down for truth by long tradition—and the romance of reality far exceeds the romance of fiction. Each story is told in the clear, unaffected style with which the author's former works have made the public familiar, while they afford evidence of the value, even to a work of amusement, of that historical and genealogical learning that may justly be expected of the author of 'The Peerage and Baronetage,' and 'The Landed Gentry'—each the best of its kind ever published. The aristocracy and gentry owe, indeed, a great debt to Mr. Burke as their family historian."—*Standard*.

"There is no man living who is better versed than Mr. Burke in the domestic annals of the nobility of this country. He has made their pedigrees, and their accession to their position, so much his study, that his works are looked upon as an authority in every matter respecting them. In these volumes he has opened a source of interest which cannot fail to be most attractive. Some of the episodes in the career of various families described are of startling character, and tend to explain events of history, which hitherto have appeared inexplicable. Valuable as all Mr. Burke's former literary labours have been, few will attract a more lively curiosity than 'Family Romance.'"—*Messenger*.

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,  
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,  
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT,

SUCCESSORS TO MR. COLBURN,

HAVE LATELY PUBLISHED

The Following New Works.

MEMOIRS OF THE  
COURT AND CABINETS  
OF GEORGE THE THIRD,

FROM ORIGINAL FAMILY DOCUMENTS.

BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G., &c.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED. 2 vols. 8vo., with Portraits. 30s.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"These volumes contain much valuable matter. The letters which George, first Marquis of Buckingham, laid by as worthy of preservation, have some claim to see the light, for he held more than one office in the State, and consequently kept up a communication with a great number of historical personages. He himself was twice Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; first, under Lord Rockingham, and secondly, under Pitt; his most constant correspondents were his two brothers, William and Thomas Grenville, both of whom spent the chief part of their lives in official employments, and of whom the former is sufficiently known to fame as Lord Grenville. The staple of the book is made up of these family documents, but there are also to be found interspersed with the Grenville narrative, letters from every man of note, dating from the death of the elder Pitt to the end of the century. There are three periods upon which they shed a good deal of light. The formation of the Coalition Ministry in 1783, the illness of the King in 1788, and the first war with Republican France. Lord Grenville's letters to his brother afford a good deal of information on the machinations of the Prince's party, and the conduct of the Prince and the Duke of York during the King's illness."—*The Times*.

"A very remarkable and valuable publication. The Duke of Buckingham has himself undertaken the task of forming a history from the papers of his grandfather and great-uncle, the Earl Temple (first Marquis of Buckingham), and Lord Grenville, of the days of the second Wm. Pitt. The letters which are given to the public in these volumes, extend over an interval commencing with 1782, and ending with 1800. In that interval events occurred which can never lose their interest as incidents in the history of England. The Coalition Ministry and its dismissal by the King—the resistance of the Sovereign and Pitt to the efforts of the discarded ministers to force themselves again into office—the great con-

## THE COURT AND CABINETS OF GEORGE III.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS—CONTINUED.

stitutional question of the Regency which arose upon the King's disastrous malady—the contest upon that question between the heir apparent and the ministers the Crown—the breaking out of the French Revolution, and the consequent entrance of England upon the great European war,—these, with the union with Ireland, are political movements every detail of which possesses the deepest interest. In these volumes, details, then guarded with the most anxious care from all eyes but those of the privileged few, are now for the first time given to the public. The most secret history of many of the transactions is laid bare. It is not possible to conceive contemporary history more completely exemplified. From such materials it was not possible to form a work that would not possess the very highest interest. The Duke of Buckingham has, however, moulded his materials with no ordinary ability and skill. The connecting narrative is written both with judgment and vigour—not unfrequently in a style that comes up to the highest order of historical composition—especially in some of the sketches of personal character. There is scarcely a single individual of celebrity throughout the period from 1782 to 1800 who is not introduced into these pages: amongst others, besides the King and the various members of the royal family, are Rockingham, Shelburne, North, Thurlow, Loughborough, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Burke, Portland, Sydney, Fitzwilliam, Tierney, Buckingham, Grenville, Grey, Malmesbury, Wilberforce, Burdett, Fitzgibbon, Grattan, Flood, Cornwallis, the Beresfords, the Ponsonbys, the Wellesleys, &c.”—*Morning Herald*.

“These memoirs are among the most valuable materials for history that have recently been brought to light out of the archives of any of our great families. The period embraced by the letters is from the beginning of 1782 to the close of 1799, comprising the last days of the North Administration, the brief life of the Rockingham, and the troubled life of the Shelburne Ministry, the stormy career of the Coalition of '83, the not less stormy debates and intrigues which broke out on the first insanity of the King, the gradual modifications of Pitt's first Ministry, and the opening days of the struggle with France after her first great revolution. Of these the most valuable illustrations concern the motives of Fox in withdrawing from Shelburne and joining with North against him, the desperate intriguing and deliberate bad faith of the King exerted against the Coalition, and the profligacy and heartlessness of the Prince of Wales and his brother all through the Regency debates. On some incidental subjects, also, as the affairs of Ireland, the Warren Hastings trial, the Fitzgerald outbreak, the Union, the sad vicissitudes and miseries of the last days of the old French monarchy, &c., the volumes supply illustrative facts and comments of much interest.”—*Examiner*.

“This valuable contribution to the treasures of historic lore, now for the first time produced from the archives of the Buckingham family displays the action of the different parties in the State, throws great light on the personal character of the King, as well as on the share which he took in the direction of public affairs, and incidentally reveals many facts hitherto but imperfectly known or altogether unknown. In order to render the contents of the letters more intelligible, the noble Editor has, with great tact and judgment, set them out in a kind of historical framework, in which the leading circumstances under which they were written are briefly indicated—the result being a happy combination of the completeness of historical narrative with the freshness of original thought and of contemporaneous record.”—*John Bull*.

“These volumes are a treasure for the politician, and a mine of wealth for the historian.”—*Britannia*.

# LORD GEORGE BENTINCK:

A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P.

FIFTH AND CHEAPER EDITION, REVISED. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—“This biography cannot fail to attract the deep attention of the public. We are bound to say, that as a political biography we have rarely, if ever, met with a book more dextrously handled, or more replete with interest. The history of the famous session of 1846, as written by Disraeli in that brilliant and pointed style of which he is so consummate a master, is deeply interesting. He has traced this memorable struggle with a vivacity and power unequalled as yet in any narrative of Parliamentary proceedings.”

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.—“A political biography of Lord George Bentinck by Mr. Disraeli must needs be a work of interest and importance. Either the subject or the writer would be sufficient to invest it with both—the combination surrounds it with peculiar attractions. In this most interesting volume Mr. Disraeli has produced a memoir of his friend in which he has combined the warmest enthusiasm of affectionate attachment with the calmness of the critic.”

FROM THE MORNING HERALD.—“Mr. Disraeli's tribute to the memory of his departed friend is as graceful and as touching as it is accurate and impartial. No one of Lord George Bentinck's colleagues could have been selected, who, from his high literary attainments, his personal intimacy, and party associations, would have done such complete justice to the memory of a friend and Parliamentary associate. Mr. Disraeli has here presented us with the very type and embodiment of what history should be. His sketch of the condition of parties is seasoned with some of those piquant personal episodes of party manoeuvres and private intrigues, in the author's happiest and most captivating vein, which convert the dry details of politics into a sparkling and agreeable narrative.”

## LORD PALMERSTON'S OPINIONS AND POLICY;

AS MINISTER, DIPLOMATIST, AND STATESMAN,

DURING MORE THAN FORTY YEARS OF PUBLIC LIFE.

1 v. 8vo., with Portrait, 12s.

“This work ought to have a place in every political library. It gives a complete view of the sentiments and opinions by which the policy of Lord Palmerston has been dictated as a diplomatist and statesman.”—*Chronicle*.

“This is a remarkable and seasonable publication; but it is something more—it is a valuable addition to the historical treasures of our country during more than forty of the most memorable years of our annals. We earnestly recommend the volume to general perusal.”—*Standard*.

# THE LIFE OF MARIE DE MEDICIS, QUEEN OF FRANCE,

CONSORT OF HENRY IV., AND REGENT UNDER LOUIS XIII.

BY MISS PARDOE,

Author of "Louis XIV. and the Court of France, in the 17th Century," &c.

SECOND EDITION. 3 large vols. 8vo., with Fine Portraits, 42s.

"A fascinating book. The history of such a woman as the beautiful, impulsive, earnest, and affectionate Marie de Medicis could only be done justice to by a female pen, impelled by all the sympathies of womanhood, but strengthened by an erudition by which it is not in every case accompanied. In Miss Pardoe the unfortunate Queen has found both these requisites, and the result has been a biography combining the attractiveness of romance with the reliableness of history, and which, taking a place midway between the 'frescoed galleries' of Thierry, and the 'philosophic watch-tower of Guizot,' has all the pictorial brilliancy of the one, with much of the reflective speculation of the other."—*Daily News*.

"A valuable, well-written, and elaborate biography, displaying an unusual amount of industry and research."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"A careful and elaborate historical composition, rich in personal anecdote. Nowhere can a more intimate acquaintance be obtained with the principal events and leading personages of the first half of the 17th century."—*Morning Post*.

"A work of high literary and historical merit. Rarely have the strange vicissitudes of romance been more intimately blended with the facts of real history than in the life of Marie de Medicis; nor has the difficult problem of combining with the fidelity of biography the graphic power of dramatic delineation been often more successfully solved than by the talented author of the volumes before us. As a personal narrative, Miss Pardoe's admirable biography possesses the most absorbing and constantly sustained interest; as a historical record of the events of which it treats, its merit is of no ordinary description."—*John Bull*.

"A life more dramatic than that of Marie de Medicis has seldom been written; one more imperially tragic, never. The period of French history chosen by Miss Pardoe is rich in all manner of associations, and brings together the loftiest names and most interesting events of a stirring and dazzling epoch. She has been, moreover, exceedingly fortunate in her materials. A manuscript of the Com-mandeur de Rambure, Gentleman of the Bedchamber under the Kings Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., consisting of the memoirs of the writer, with all the most memorable events which took place during the reigns of those three Majesties, from the year 1594 to that of 1660, was placed at her disposal by M. de la Plane, Member of the Institut Royal de la France. This valuable record is very voluminous, and throws a flood of light on every transaction. Of this important document ample use has been judiciously made by Miss Pardoe; and her narrative, accordingly, has a fulness and particularity possessed by none other, and which adds to the dramatic interest of the subject. The work is very elegantly written, and will be read with delight. It forms another monument to the worthiness of female intellect in the age we live in."—*Illustrated News*.

MEMOIRS OF THE  
BARONESS D'OVERKIRCH,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SECRET HISTORY OF  
THE COURTS OF FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND GERMANY.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

And Edited by Her Grandson, the COUNT DE MONTBRISON.

3 vols. Post 8vo. 3ls. 6d.

The Baroness d'Oberkirch, being the intimate friend of the Empress of Russia, wife of Paul I., and the confidential companion of the Duchess of Bourbon, her facilities for obtaining information respecting the most private affairs of the principal Courts of Europe, render her Memoirs unrivalled as a book of interesting anecdotes of the royal, noble, and other celebrated individuals who flourished on the continent during the latter part of the last century. Among the royal personages introduced to the reader in the work, are Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Philip Egalité, and all the Princes of France then living—Peter the Great, the Empress Catherine, the Emperor Paul, and his sons Constantine and Alexander, of Russia—Frederick the Great and Prince Henry of Prussia—The Emperor Joseph II. of Austria—Gustavus III. of Sweden—Princess Christina of Saxony—Sobieski, and Czartoriski of Poland—and the Princes of Brunswick and Wurtemberg. Among the remarkable persons are the Princes and Princesses de Lamballe, de Ligne and Galitzin—the Dukes and Duchesses de Choiseul, de Mazarin, de Bonfflers, de la Vallière, de Guiche, de Penthièvre, and de Polignac—Cardinal de Rohan, Marshals Biron and d'Harcourt, Count de Staremberg, Baroness de Krudener, Madame Geoffrin, Talleyrand, Mirabeau, and Necker—with Count Cagliostro, Mesmer, Vestris, and Madame Mara; and the work also includes such literary celebrities as Voltaire, Condorcet, de la Harpe, de Beaumarchais, Rousseau, Lavater, Bernouilli, Raynal, de l'Épée, Huber, Göthe, Wieland, Malesherbes, Marmontel, de Staël and de Genlis; with some singular disclosures respecting those celebrated Englishwomen, Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, and Lady Craven, Margravine of Anspach.

"The Baroness d'Oberkirch, whose remarkable Memoirs are here given to the public, saw much of courts and courtiers, and her Memoirs are filled with a variety of anecdotes, not alone of lords and ladies, but of emperors and empresses, kings and queens, and reigning princes and princesses. As a picture of society anterior to the French Revolution, the book is the latest and most perfect production of its kind extant; and as such, besides its minor value as a book of amusement, it possesses a major value as a work of information, which, in the interest of historical truth, is, without exaggeration, almost incalculable."—*Observer*.

"Thoroughly genuine and unaffected, these Memoirs display the whole mind of a woman who was well worth knowing, and relate a large part of her experience among people with whose names and characters the world will be at all times busy. A keen observer, and by position thrown in the high places of the world, the Baroness d'Oberkirch was the very woman to write Memoirs that would interest future generations. We commend these volumes most heartily to every reader. They are a perfect magazine of pleasant anecdotes and interesting characteristic things. We lay down these charming volumes with regret. They will entertain the most fastidious readers, and instruct the most informed."—*Examiner*.

"An intensely interesting autobiography."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"A valuable addition to the personal history of an important period. The volumes deserve general popularity."—*Daily News*.

"One of the most interesting pieces of contemporary history, and one of the richest collections of remarkable anecdotes and valuable reminiscences ever produced."—*John Bull*.

## THE LITERATURE AND ROMANCE OF NORTHERN EUROPE:

CONSTITUTING A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE LITERATURE OF SWEDEN, DENMARK, NORWAY, AND ICELAND, WITH COPIOUS SPECIMENS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED HISTORIES, ROMANCES, POPULAR LEGENDS AND TALES, OLD CHIVALROUS BALLADS, TRAGIC AND COMIC DRAMAS, NATIONAL SONGS, NOVELS, AND SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT. 2 vols. 21s.

"English readers have long been indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Howitt. They have now increased our obligations by presenting us with this most charming and valuable work, by means of which the great majority of the reading public will be, for the first time, made acquainted with the rich stores of intellectual wealth long garnered in the literature and beautiful romance of Northern Europe. From the famous Edda, whose origin is lost in antiquity, down to the novels of Miss Bremer and Baroness Knorring, the prose and poetic writings of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Iceland are here introduced to us in a manner at once singularly comprehensive and concise. It is no dry enumeration of names, but the very marrow and spirit of the various works displayed before us. We have old ballads and fairy tales, always fascinating; we have scenes from plays, and selections from the poets, with most attractive biographies of great men. The songs and ballads are translated with exquisite poetic beauty."—*Sun*.

"A book full of information—and as such, a welcome addition to our literature. The translations—especially of some of the ballads and other poems—are executed with spirit and taste."—*Athenæum*.

## SCENES FROM SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. G. CROLY, LL.D. 10s. 6d.

"Eminent in every mode of literature, Dr. Croly stands, in our judgment, first among the living poets of Great Britain—the only man of our day entitled by his power to venture within the sacred circle of religious poets."—*Standard*.

"An admirable addition to the library of religious families."—*John Bull*.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MISSIONARY.

BY THE REV. J. P. FLETCHER,

Curate of South Hampstead. Author of "A Two Years' Residence at Nineveh."  
2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"A graphic sketch of missionary life."—*Examiner*.

"We conscientiously recommend this book, as well for its amusing character as for the spirit it displays of earnest piety."—*Standard*.

"This book will interest a large multitude of readers. There are abundant passages which will amuse, and studies of individual character which will be recognised as drawn from life."—*Globe*.

## MILITARY LIFE IN ALGERIA.

BY THE COUNT P. DE CASTELLANE. 2 vols. 21s.

"We commend this book as really worth perusal. The volumes make us familiarly acquainted with the nature of Algerian experience. Changarnier, Cavaignac, Canrobert, Lamoricière, and St. Arnaud are brought prominently before the reader."—*Examiner*.

"These volumes will be read with extraordinary interest. The vivid manner in which the author narrates his adventures, and the number of personal anecdotes that he tells, engage the reader's attention in an extraordinary manner. The sketches which the Count gives of the French leaders convey to us a very accurate idea of some of the most remarkable military celebrities who have figured in the recent political events in France—Changarnier, Bugeaud, Lamoricière, Cavaignac, Canrobert, Bosquet, among many others. It would be difficult to point out a chapter that has not its peculiar charms."—*Sunday Times*.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

## AN ENGLISH SOLDIER

IN THE UNITED STATES' ARMY. 2 vols. 21s.

"The novelty characterising these interesting volumes is likely to secure them many readers. In the first place, an account of the internal organization, the manners and customs of the United States' Federal Army, is in itself, a novelty, and a still greater novelty is to have this account rendered by a man who had served in the English before joining the American army, and who can give his report after having every opportunity of comparison. The author went through the Mexican campaign with General Scott, and his volumes contain much descriptive matter concerning battles, sieges, and marches on Mexican territory, besides their sketches of the normal chronic condition of a United States soldier in time of peace."—*Daily News*.

HISTORY OF THE

## BRITISH CONQUESTS IN INDIA.

BY HORACE ST. JOHN. 2 vols. 21s.

"A work of great and permanent historical value and interest."—*Post*.

"The style is graphic and spirited. The facts are well related and artistically grouped. The narrative is always readable and interesting."—*Athenæum*.

## HISTORY OF CORFU; AND OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

BY LIEUT. H. J. W. JERVIS, Royal Artillery.

1 vol., with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

"Written with great care and research, and including probably all the particulars of any moment in the history of Corfú."—*Athenæum*.

THE JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF  
GENERAL SIR HARRY CALVERT,

G.C.B. and G.C.H.,

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA,  
DURING THE WAR IN FLANDERS AND HOLLAND IN 1793-4;

WITH AN APPENDIX

CONTAINING HIS JOURNAL DURING THE CLOSE OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

EDITED BY HIS SON, SIR HARRY VERNEY, BART.

2 vols. 8vo.

COLONEL LANDMANN'S ADVENTURES  
AND RECOLLECTIONS. 2 vols. 21s.

"Among the anecdotes in this work will be found notices of King George III., the Dukes of Kent, Cumberland, Cambridge, Clarence, and Richmond, the Princess Augusta, General Garth, Sir Harry Mildmay, Lord Charles Somerset, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Heathfield, Captain Grose, &c. The volumes abound in interesting matter. The anecdotes are one and all amusing."—*Observer*.

"These 'Adventures and Recollections' are those of a gentleman whose birth and profession gave him facilities of access to distinguished society; and the interest of the volumes will be found to consist in anecdotes and recollections relating to individual members of that society. Colonel Landmann writes so agreeably that we have little doubt that his volumes will be acceptable. They partake, to some extent, both of the good and bad qualities of Horace Walpole and of Wraxall."—*Athenæum*.

ADVENTURES OF  
THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

SECOND SERIES.

BY WILLIAM GRATTAN, ESQ.,

LATE LIEUTENANT CONNAUGHT RANGERS. 2 vols. 21s.

"A pleasant book, which will be read with avidity by all true soldiers, especially those of this chosen regiment. We feel sure that every regimental library will have its 'Connaught Rangers.'"—*Daily News*.

"A first series of the adventures of this famous regiment made so favourable an impression on the public, that the author has thought it advisable to enlarge his original work with this second series, in which he extends his narrative from the first formation of the gallant 88th up to the occupation of Paris by the English army. All the battles, sieges, and skirmishes, in which the regiment took part, are described either from the observation of the writer or the memoirs and memoranda of other officers. The volumes are interwoven with original anecdotes, and details of various occurrences that give a freshness and spirit to the whole. The stories and the sketches of society and manners, with the anecdotes of the celebrities of the time, are told in an agreeable and unaffected manner. In fact the work bears all the characteristics of a soldier's straightforward and entertaining narrative."—*Sunday Times*.

## CLASSIC AND HISTORIC PORTRAITS.

BY JAMES BRUCE. 2 vols. 21s.

This work comprises Biographics of the following Classic and Historic Personages:—Sappho, Esop, Pythagoras, Aspasia, Milto, Agesilaus, Soerates, Plato, Alcibiades, Helen of Troy, Alexander the Great, Demetrius Polioreetes, Scipio Africanus, Sylla, Cleopatra, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Germanicus, Caligula, Lollia Paulina, Cæsoni., Boadicea, Agrippina, Poppæa, Otho, Commodus, Caracalla, Heliogabalus, Zenobia, Julian the Apostate, Eudocia, Theodora, Charlemagne, Abelard and Heloise, Elizabeth of Hungary, Dante, Robert Bruce, Ignez de Castro, Agnes Sorel, Jane Shore, Lucrezia Borgia, Anne Bullen, Diana of Poitiers, Catherine de Medicis, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Cervantes, Sir Kenelm Digby, John Sobieski, Anne of Austria, Ninon de l'Enelos, Mlle. de Montpensier, the Duchess of Orleans, Madame de Maintenon, Catharine of Russia, and Madame de Staël.

"A Book which has many merits, most of all, that of a fresh and unhacknied subject. The volumes are the result of a good deal of reading, and have besides an original spirit and flavour about them, which have pleased us much. Mr. Bruce is often eloquent, often humorous, and has a proper appreciation of the wit and sarcasm belonging in abundance to his theme. The variety and amount of information scattered through his volumes entitle them to be generally read, and to be received on all hands with merited favour."—*Examiner*.

"We find in these piquant volumes the liberal outpourings of a ripe scholarship, the results of wide and various reading, given in a style and manner at once pleasant, gossippy and picturesque."—*Athenæum*.

"A series of biographical sketches, remarkable for their truth and fidelity. The work is one which will please the classical scholar and the student of history, while it also contains entertaining and instructive matter for the general reader."—*Literary Gazette*.

## RULE AND MISRULE OF THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK," &c. 2 vols. 21s.

"We conceive this work to be by far the most valuable and important Judge Haliburton has ever written. While teeming with interest, moral and historical, to the general reader, it equally constitutes a philosophical study for the politician and statesman. It will be found to let in a flood of light upon the actual origin, formation, and progress of the republic of the United States."—*N. and M. Gaz.*

"We believed the author of this work to possess a power of humour and sarcasm second only to that of Rabelais and Sidney Smith, and a genuine pathos worthy of Henry Fielding or Charles Dickens. In the volumes before us he breaks upon new, and untrodden ground. We hail this book with pleasure; we consider it an honour to Judge Haliburton. He places before us, fairly and impartially, the history of English rule in America. The book is not only a boon to the historic student, it is also filled with reflections such as may well engage the attention of the legislating statesman. Mr. Haliburton also shows us the true position of the Canadas, explains the evils of our colonial system, and points out the remedies by which these evils may be counteracted."—*Irish Quarterly Review*.

## THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE,

AND THEIR TESTIMONY TO HOLY WRIT;

A POPULAR MANUAL OF THE SCIENCES.

BY S. W. FULLOM, ESQ.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE KING OF HANOVER.

FIFTH EDITION, WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"This work treats of the whole origin of nature in an intelligent style; it puts into the hands of every man the means of information on facts the most sublime, and converts into interesting and eloquent description problems which once perplexed the whole genius of mankind. We congratulate the author on his research, his information, and his graceful and happy language."—*Britannia*.

"The skill displayed in the treatment of the sciences is not the least marvel in the volume. The reasonings of the author are forcible, fluently expressed, and calculated to make a deep impression. Genuine service has been done to the cause of civilization by the issue of such a book, which is more than a mere literary triumph. It is a good action."—*Globe*.

"Its tone is grave, grand, and argumentative, and rises to the majesty of poetry. As a commentary upon the stupendous facts which exist in the universe, it is truly a work which merits our admiration, and we unhesitatingly refer our readers to its fascinating pages."—*Dispatch*.

"Without parading the elaborate nature of his personal investigations, the author has laid hold of the discoveries in every department of natural science in a manner to be apprehended by the meanest understanding, but which will at the same time command the attention of the scholar."—*Messenger*.

"A grand tour of the sciences. Mr. Fullom starts from the Sun, runs round by the Planets, noticing Comets as he goes, and puts up for a rest at the Central Sun. He gets into the Milky Way, which brings him to the Fixed Stars and Nebulæ. He munches the crust of the Earth, and looks over Fossil Animals and Plants. This is followed by a disquisition on the science of the Scriptures. He then comes back to the origin of the Earth, visits the Magnetic Poles, gets among Thunder and Lightning, makes the acquaintance of Magnetism and Electricity, dips into Rivers, draws science from Springs, goes into Volcanoes, through which he is drawn into a knot of Earthquakes, comes to the surface with Gaseous Emanations, and sliding down a Landslip, renews his journey on a ray of Light, goes through a Prism, sees a Mirage, meets with the Flying Dutchman, observes an Optical Illusion, steps over the Rainbow, enjoys a dance with the Northern Aurora, takes a little Polarized Light, boils some Water, sets a Steam-Engine in motion, witnesses the expansion of Metals, looks at the Thermometer, and refreshes himself with Ice. Soon he is at Sea, examining the Tides, tumbling on the Waves, swimming, diving, and ascertaining the pressure of Fluids. We meet him next in the Air, running through all its properties. Having remarked on the propagation of Sounds, he pauses for a bit of Music, and goes off into the Vegetable Kingdom, then travels through the Animal Kingdom, and having visited the various races of the human family, winds up with a demonstration of the Anatomy of Man."—*Examiner*.

NARRATIVE OF A  
**JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD**

COMPRISING

A WINTER PASSAGE ACROSS THE ANDES TO CHILI,  
 WITH A VISIT TO THE GOLD REGIONS OF CALIFORNIA AND AUSTRALIA,  
 THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, JAVA, &c.

BY F. GERSTAECKER.

3 vols. post 8vo. 3ls. 6d.

"Starting from Bremen for California, the author of this Narrative proceeded to Rio, and thence to Buenos Ayres, where he exchanged the wild seas for the yet wilder Pampas, and made his way on horseback to Valparaiso across the Cordilleras—a winter passage full of difficulty and danger. From Valparaiso he sailed to California, and visited San Francisco, Sacramento, and the mining districts generally. Thence he steered his course to the South Sea Islands, resting at Honolulu, Tahiti, and other gems of the sea in that quarter, and from thence to Sydney, marching through the Murray Valley, and inspecting the Adelaide district. From Australia he dashed onward to Java, riding through the interior, and taking a general survey of Batavia, with a glance at Japan and the Japanese. An active, intelligent, observant man, the notes he made of his adventures are full of variety and interest. His descriptions of places and persons are lively, and his remarks on natural productions and the phenomena of earth, sea, and sky are always sensible, and made with a view to practical results. Those portions of the Narrative which refer to California and Australia are replete with vivid sketches; and indeed the whole work abounds with living and picturesque descriptions of men, manners, and localities."—*Globe*.

"The author of this comprehensive narrative embarked at Bremen for California, and then took ship to the South Sea Islands, of which and of their inhabitants we have some pleasant sketches. From the South Sea Islands he sailed to Australia, where he effected a very daring and adventurous journey by himself through the Murray Valley to Adelaide. He then proceeded to Java, the interior of which he explored to a considerable distance. Before he departed for Europe, he remained some time at Batavia, and was so fortunate as to witness the arrival of the Japanese vessel bringing her annual cargo of goods from Japan. Independently of great variety—for these pages are never monotonous or dull—a pleasant freshness pervades Mr. Gerstaecker's chequered narrative. It offers much to interest, and conveys much valuable information, set forth in a very lucid and graphic manner."—*Athenaeum*.

"These travels consisted principally in a 'winter passage across the Andes to Chili, with a visit to the gold regions of California and Australia, the South Sea Islands, Java, &c.' In the present state of things and position of affairs, no more desirable book can be imagined. It carries us at once to the centre of attractions—it conveys us to the land of promise to expectant thousands. We behold, face to face, the mighty regions where so many of our countrymen have gone, that it seems almost a second home. We are informed, in minute details of the life that is led there. There is no false glitter thrown over the accounts; the author evidently strives to raise no false hopes, and excite no unreasonable expectations. The accounts given of California are particularly explicit. The description of Sydney during the excitement prevailing on the discovery of new mines is very interesting."—*Sun*.

## A U S T R A L I A A S I T I S :

ITS SETTLEMENTS, FARMS, AND GOLD FIELDS.

BY F. LANCELOTT, ESQ.,

MINERALOGICAL SURVEYOR IN THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"This is an unadorned account of the actual condition in which these colonies are found by a professional surveyor and mineralogist, who goes over the ground with a careful glance and a remarkable aptitude for seizing on the practical portions of the subject. On the climate, the vegetation, and the agricultural resources of the country, he is copious in the extreme, and to the intending emigrant an invaluable instructor. As may be expected from a scientific hand, the subject of gold digging undergoes a thorough manipulation. Mr. Lancelott dwells with minuteness on the several indications, stratifications, varieties of soil, and methods of working, experience has pointed out, and offers a perfect manual of the new craft to the adventurous settler. Nor has he neglected to provide him with information as to the sea voyage and all its accessories, the commodities most in request at the antipodes, and a general view of social wants, family management, &c., such as a shrewd and observant counsellor, aided by old resident authorities, can afford. As a guide to the auriferous regions, as well as the pastoral solitudes of Australia, the work is unsurpassed."—*Globe*.

"This is the best book on the new El Dorado; the best, not only in respect to matter, style, and arrangement, in all of which merits it excels, but eminently the best because the latest, and the work of a man professionally conversant with those circumstances which are charming hundreds of thousands annually to the great Southern Continent. The last twenty years have been prolific of works upon Australia, but they are all now obsolete. Every one who takes an interest in Australia would do well to possess himself of Mr. Lancelott's work, which tells everything of the social state, of the physiology, and the precious mineralogy of the gold country."—*Standard*.

"A really valuable work on Australia. The Author holds a responsible situation in the Australian Colonies, and is intimately connected with the gold regions. He offers advice to the middle classes of society, and shows them what they must expect, and what they must do when they come to the end of their voyage. The work deserves the largest circulation it can obtain."—*Messenger*.

"A very clever, intelligent, and practical book, full of the kind of information now sought with avidity."—*Examiner*.

"We advise all about to emigrate to take this book as a counsellor and companion."—*Lloyd's Weekly Paper*.

"The most instructive book on Australia that has fallen in our way."—*Leader*.

"The Author has done the world good service. His chapters on the gold regions are among the most valuable pieces of information we are possessed of."—*Dispatch*.

"A book containing a great deal of information as to the present condition of Australia. It will be useful alike to the historian, the politician, and the emigrant."—*Economist*.

# A TOUR OF INQUIRY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

ILLUSTRATING THEIR PRESENT

SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND RELIGIOUS CONDITION.

BY EDMUND SPENCER ESQ.,

Author of "Travels in European Turkey," "Circassia," &c.

2 v. 8s. post 8vo. 21s.

"Mr. Spencer is favourably known to the public as the author of several works describing the land of the Osmanli, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Slavonian; and in the two volumes before us he has given the results of a Tour of Inquiry through France and Italy, which, commencing at Boulogne, includes visits to Paris, to the important towns in the centre and south of France, to Leghorn, Rome, and Piedmont. As a careful observer of the actual condition of the people in both countries, the results of his inquiries cannot fail to be read with much interest and instruction. Mr. Spencer has made himself thoroughly conversant with the present social, political, and religious condition of the people of France and Italy, describing at one time that curious class the vagrants of Paris; next the modern miracles by which the *parti prêtre* in France are endeavouring to stimulate the superstitious feelings of the peasantry; and then the hostility of the Papal Church to intellectual progress, the political condition of Turin, the insurrection at Rome, &c.—topics which at the present moment excite the deepest interest in this country. It must not be supposed that Mr. Spencer's work is made up of mere dry political or religious disquisitions, however valuable they may be in themselves. He describes all that he saw with a facile and graceful pen, and the tone of his narrative is altogether so animated and cheerful that we defy the reader who takes the work in his hand for mere amusement to put it down unsatisfied. We have now said enough to recommend Mr. Spencer's valuable and interesting work, which we have no doubt will command an extended popularity."—*Morning Post*.

"Mr. Spencer has travelled through France and Italy, with the eyes and feelings of a Protestant philosopher. His volumes contain much valuable matter, many judicious remarks, and a great deal of useful information."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"France and Italy, in their social or rather un-social condition, are depicted in these intelligent and interesting volumes with a vivid and striking truth. Tuscany, with its unfortunate position as regards one power, and oppressed by its goaded ruler on the other, the atrocities which take place by armed soldiery in the streets, and the still greater horrors enacted in prisons in the name of the law—Rome, which once more bars her dreadful dungeons, and the sanguine secrets of the unholy Inquisition, to the eyes of the world—these, with other glaring evils, exhibit a condition of things which move our indignation and our pity. To those who would acquaint themselves with the state of these latter historic countries in particular, we do not know any volumes that convey so much that is valuable on such important heads, so interestingly, as Mr. Spencer's 'Tour of Inquiry.'"—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"The work contains a good deal of fresh and striking matter on the present condition and prospects of France and Italy."—*Spectator*.

"These clever and comprehensive volumes contain much valuable information and much close reasoning."—*Britannia*.

## TRAVELS IN EUROPEAN TURKEY:

THROUGH BOSNIA, SERVIA, BULGARIA, MACEDONIA, ROUMELIA, ALBANIA, AND EPIRUS; WITH A VISIT TO GREECE AND THE IONIAN ISLES, AND A HOMEWARD TOUR THROUGH HUNGARY AND THE SCLAVONIAN PROVINCES OF AUSTRIA ON THE LOWER DANUBE.

BY EDMUND SPENCER, ESQ.,

Author of "TRAVELS IN CIRCASSIA," &c.

Second and Cheaper Edition, in 2 vols. 8vo. with Illustrations, and a valuable Map of European Turkey, from the most recent Charts in the possession of the Austrian and Turkish Governments, revised by the Author, 18s.

"These important volumes appear at an opportune moment, as they describe some of those countries to which public attention is now more particularly directed: Turkey, Greece, Hungary, and Austria. The author has given us a most interesting picture of the Turkish Empire, its weaknesses, and the embarrassments from which it is now suffering, its financial difficulties, the discontent of its Christian, and the turbulence of a great portion of its Mohammedan subjects. We are also introduced for the first time to the warlike mountaineers of Bosnia, Albania, Upper Moesia, and the almost inaccessible districts of the Pindus and the Balkan. The different nationalities of that Babel-like country, Turkey in Europe, inhabited by Slavonians, Greeks, Albanians, Macedonians, the Romani and Osmanli—their various characteristics, religions, superstitions, together with their singular customs and manners, their ancient and contemporary history are vividly described. The Ionian Islands, Greece, Hungary, and the Slavonian Provinces of Austria on the Lower Danube, are all delineated in the author's happiest manner. We cordially recommend Mr. Spencer's valuable and interesting volumes to the attention of the reader."—*U. S. Magazine.*

"This interesting work contains by far the most complete, the most enlightened, and the most reliable amount of what has been hitherto almost the terra incognita of European Turkey, and supplies the reader with abundance of entertainment as well as instruction."—*John Bull.*

## ARCTIC MISCELLANIES,

A SOUVENIR OF THE LATE POLAR SEARCH.

BY THE OFFICERS AND SEAMEN OF THE EXPEDITION.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Second Edition. 1 vol. with numerous Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

FROM THE "TIMES."—This volume is not the least interesting or instructive among the records of the late expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, commanded by Captain Austin. The most valuable portions of the book are those which relate to the scientific and practical observations made in the course of the expedition, and the descriptions of scenery and incidents of arctic travel. From the variety of the materials, and the novelty of the scenes and incidents to which they refer, no less than the interest which attaches to all that relates to the probable safety of Sir John Franklin and his companions, the Arctic Miscellanies forms a very readable book, and one that redounds to the honour of the national character.

## THE ANSYREEH AND ISMAELEEH:

A VISIT TO

THE SECRET SECTS OF NORTHERN SYRIA.

BY THE REV. S. LYDE, M.A.,

LATE CHAPLAIN AT BEYROUT. 1 vol. 10s. 6d.

## TRAVELS IN INDIA AND KASHMIR.

BY BARON SCHONBERG. 2 vols. 21s.

"This book is an interesting one in many points of view, as the production of an intelligent and observant mind, as the recorded experience of a sensible and reflective stranger, and as the unbiassed opinion of a man competent at once to come to a conclusion on English rule and its consequences in the East, and honest enough to express his thoughts on that subject without concealment. It will well repay perusal, as much for the freshness of its descriptions as from the strict integrity and philosophical liberality of its deductions and conclusions, and deserves the most favourable consideration at the hands of the public."—*Observer*.

"This account of a Journey through India and Kashmir will be read with considerable interest. Whatever came in his way worthy of record the author committed to writing, and the result is an entertaining and instructive miscellany of information on the country, its climate, its natural productions, its history and antiquities, and the character, the religion, and the social condition of its inhabitants. The remarks on these various topics possess additional interest as the author views India and our rule over that country with the eye of an impartial observer."—*John Bull*.

## KHARTOUM AND THE NILES.

BY GEORGE MELLY, ESQ.

Second Edition. 2 v. post 8vo., with Map and Illustrations, 21s.

"Mr. Melly is of the same school of travel as the author of 'Eöthen.' His book altogether is very agreeable, comprising, besides the description of Khartoum, many intelligent illustrations of the relations now subsisting between the Governments of the Sultan and the Pacha, and exceedingly graphic sketches of Cairo, the Pyramids, the Plain of Thebes, the Cataracts, &c."—*Examiner*.

## ATLANTIC & TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES.

BY CAPTAIN MACKINNON, R.N. 2 vols. 21s.

"Captain Mackinnon's sketches of America are of a striking character and permanent value. His volumes convey a just impression of the United States, a fair and candid view of their society and institutions, so well written and so entertaining that the effect of their perusal on the public here must be considerable. They are light, animated, and lively, full of racy sketches, pictures of life, anecdotes of society, visits to remarkable men and famous places, sporting episodes, &c., very original and interesting."—*Sunday Times*.

## REVELATIONS OF SIBERIA.

BY A BANISHED LADY.

SECOND EDITION. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"A thoroughly good book. It cannot be read by too many people."—*Dickens's Household Words*.

"The authoress of these volumes was a lady of quality, who, having incurred the displeasure of the Russian Government for a political offence, was exiled to Siberia. The place of her exile was Berezov, the most northern part of this northern penal settlement; and in it she spent about two years, not unprofitably, as the reader will find by her interesting work, containing a lively and graphic picture of the country, the people, their manners and customs, &c. The book gives a most important and valuable insight into the economy of what has been hitherto the terra incognita of Russian despotism."—*Daily News*.

"Since the publication of the famous romance the 'Exiles of Siberia,' of Madame Cottin, we have had no account of these desolate lands more attractive than the present work, from the pen of the Lady Eve Felinska, which, in its unpretending style and truthful simplicity, will win its way to the reader's heart, and compel him to sympathise with the fair sufferer. The series of hardships endured in traversing these frozen solitudes is affectingly told; and once settled down at one of the most northern points of the convict territory, Berezov, six hundred miles beyond Tobolsk, the Author exhibits an observant eye for the natural phenomena of those latitudes, as well as the habits of the semi-barbarous aborigines. This portion of the book will be found by the naturalist as well as ethnologist full of valuable information."—*Globe*.

"These 'Revelations' give us a novel and interesting sketch of Siberian life—the habits, morals, manners, religious tenets, rites, and festivals of the inhabitants. The writer's extraordinary powers of observation, and the graceful facility with which she describes everything worthy of remark, render her 'Revelations' as attractive and fascinating as they are original and instructive."—*Britannia*.

## EIGHT YEARS IN PALESTINE, SYRIA, AND ASIA MINOR.

BY F. A. NEALE, ESQ.,

LATE ATTACHED TO THE CONSULAR SERVICE IN SYRIA.

Second Edition, 2 vols., with Illustrations, 21s.

"A very agreeable book. Mr. Neale is evidently quite familiar with the East, and writes in a lively, shrewd, and good-humoured manner. A great deal of information is to be found in his pages."—*Athenæum*.

"We have derived unmingled pleasure from the perusal of these interesting volumes. Very rarely have we found a narrative of Eastern travel so truthful and just. There is no guide-book we would so strongly recommend to the traveller about to enter on a Turkish or Syrian tour as this before us. The narrative is full of incident, and abounds in vivid pictures of Turkish and Levantine life, interspersed with well-told tales. The author commences his narrative at Gaza; visits Askalon, Jaffa and Jerusalem, Caïpha and Mount Carmel, Acre, Sidon and Tyre, Beyrout, Tripoli, Antioch, Aleppo, Alexandretta, Adana, and Cyprus. Of several of these famous localities we know no more compact and clearer account than that given in these volumes. We have to thank Mr. Neale for one of the best books of travels that we have met with for a very long time."—*Literary Gazette*.

## EIGHTEEN YEARS ON THE GOLD COAST OF AFRICA;

INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF THE NATIVE TRIBES, AND THEIR  
INTERCOURSE WITH EUROPEANS.

BY BRODIE CRUICKSHANK,

MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL, CAPE COAST CASTLE. 2 vols. 21s.

"This is one of the most interesting works that ever yet came into our hands. It possesses the charm of introducing us to habits and manners of the human family of which before we had no conception. Before reading Mr. Cruickshank's volumes we were wholly unaware of the ignorance of all Europeans, as to the social state of the inhabitants of Western Africa. Mrs. Beecher Stow's work has, indeed, made us all familiar with the degree of intelligence and the dispositions of the transplanted African; but it has been reserved to Mr. Cruickshank to exhibit the children of Ham in their original state, and to prove, as his work proves to demonstration, that, by the extension of a knowledge of the Gospel, and by that only, can the African be brought within the pale of civilization. We anxiously desire to direct public attention to a work so valuable. An incidental episode in the work is an affecting narrative of the death of the gifted Letitia Elizabeth Landon (L.E.L.), written a few months after her marriage with Governor Maclean. It relieves the memory of both husband and wife from all the vile scandals that have been too long permitted to defile their story."—*Standard*.

"This work will be read with deep interest, and will give a fresh impulse to the exertions of philanthropy and religion."—*John Bull*.

## LIFE IN SWEDEN,

WITH EXCURSIONS IN NORWAY  
AND DENMARK.

BY SELINA BUNBURY. 2 vols. 21s.

"The author of this clever work never misses a lively sketch. Her descriptions of life in Sweden and Norway are all piquant, and most of them instructive, illustrating northern life in all its phases, from the palace to the cottage. The work is well calculated to excite in the English public a desire to visit scenes which have as yet been exposed to the view of few travellers."—*Daily News*.

"Two delightful, well-informed volumes, by a lady of much acuteness, lively imagination, and shrewd observance. The whole work is full of delightful remembrances touched off with the skill of an accomplished artist in pen and ink, and it can be safely recommended to the reader, as the freshest, and most certainly the truthfullest publication upon the North that has of late years been given to the world."—*Observer*.

"There is an inexpressible charm in Miss Bunbury's narrative. Nothing escaped her watchful attention and her descriptions have a piquancy and liveliness which greatly enhance their interest."—*Britannia*.

## NARRATIVE OF A FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE AT NEPAUL.

BY CAPTAIN THOMAS SMITH,

Late ASSISTANT POLITICAL-RESIDENT AT NEPAUL. 2 v. post 8vo. 21s.

"No man could be better qualified to describe Nepal than Captain Smith; and his concise, but clear and graphic account of its history, its natural productions, its laws and customs, and the character of its warlike inhabitants, is very agreeable and instructive reading. A separate chapter, not the least entertaining in the book, is devoted to anecdotes of the Nepaulese mission, of whom, and of their visit to Europe, many remarkable stories are told."—*Post*.

## CANADA AS IT WAS, IS, AND MAY BE

BY THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR R. BONNYCASTLE.

With an Account of Recent Transactions,

BY SIR J. E. ALEXANDER, K.L.S., &c. 2 v. with Maps, &c. 21s.

"These volumes offer to the British public a clear and trustworthy statement of the affairs of Canada; a narrative of the late troubles, their causes and consequences; an account of the policy pursued in the colony, and the effects of the immense public works in progress and completed; with sketches of localities and scenery, amusing anecdotes of personal observation, and generally every information which may be of use to the traveller or settler, and the military and political reader. The information rendered is to be thoroughly relied on as veracious, full, and conclusive."—*Messenger*.

## SPAIN AS IT IS.

BY G. A. HOSKINS, ESQ. 2 vols. 21s.

"To the tourist this work will prove invaluable. It is the most complete and interesting portraiture of Spain that has ever come under our notice."—*John Bull*.

## FIVE YEARS IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY CHARLES W. DAY, ESQ. 2 vols. 21s.

"It would be unjust to deny the vigour, brilliancy, and varied interest of this work, the abundant stores of anecdote and interest, and the copious detail of local habits and peculiarities in each island visited in succession."—*Globe*.

## NAVAL ARCHITECTURE:

A TREATISE ON SHIP-BUILDING, AND THE RIG OF CLIPPERS,

WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR A NEW METHOD OF LAYING DOWN VESSELS.

BY LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, A.M.

Second Edition, with 54 Diagrams. 6s.

"Lord Montagu's work will be equally valuable to the ship-builder and the ship-owner—to the mariner and the commander of yachts."—*U. S. Magazine*.

ME

Aut  
Am  
prised  
of Ma  
Princ  
The s  
the fa  
The ri  
claim  
replet  
burn  
ated v  
of the  
Berce  
"I  
inter  
not lo  
every  
the pi  
may l  
are fo  
tradit  
story  
have  
work  
be ex  
Gentr  
owe, i  
"T  
nrum  
"A  
histor

MEMOIRS OF JOHN ABERNETHY, F.R.S.,

WITH A VIEW OF

HIS WRITINGS, LECTURES, AND CHARACTER.

BY GEORGE MACILWAIN, F.R.C.S.,

Author of "Medicine and Surgery One Inductive Science," &c.

2 . post 8vo., with Portrait. 21s. (*Just Ready.*)

FAMILY ROMANCE;

OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY J. BERNARD BURKE, ESQ.,

Author of "The Peerage," "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy," &c. 2 vols. 21s.

Among the many other interesting legends and romantic family histories comprised in these volumes, will be found the following:—The wonderful narrative of Maria Stella, Lady Newborough, who claimed on such strong evidence to be a Princess of the House of Orleans, and disputed the identity of Louis Philippe—The story of the humble marriage of the beautiful Countess of Strathmore, and the fate of her only child—The Leaders of Fashion, from Gramont to D'Orsay—The rise of the celebrated Baron Ward, now Prime Minister at Parma—The curious claim to the Earldom of Crawford—The Strange Vicissitudes of our Great Families, replete with the most romantic details—The story of the Kirkpatrieks of Closeburn (the ancestors of the French Empress), and the remarkable tradition associated with them—The Legend of the Lambtons—The verification in our own time of the famous prediction as to the Earls of Mar—Lady Ogilvy's escape—The Beresford and Wynyard ghost stories, correctly told—&c., &c.

"It were impossible to praise too highly as a work of amusement these two most interesting volumes, whether we should have regard to its excellent plan or its not less excellent execution. The volumes are just what ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances, with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half an hour. It is not the least of their merits that the romances are founded on fact—or what, at least, has been handed down for truth by long tradition—and the romance of reality far exceeds the romance of fiction. Each story is told in the clear, unaffected style with which the author's former works have made the public familiar, while they afford evidence of the value, even to a work of amusement, of that historical and genealogical learning that may justly be expected of the author of 'The Peerage and Baronetage,' and 'The Landed Gentry'—each the best of its kind ever published. The aristocracy and gentry owe, indeed, a great debt to Mr. Burke as their family historian."—*Standard.*

"The very reading for sea-side or fire-side in our hours of idleness."—*Athenæum.*

"A work of most entertaining reading, not without points of public and historical interest."—*Literary Gazette.*

SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS  
AND MODERN INSTANCES;  
OR, WHAT HE SAID, DID, OR INVENTED.

Second Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"We do not fear to predict that these delightful volumes will be the most popular, as, beyond doubt, they are the best of all Judge Haliburton's admirable works. The 'Wise Saws and Modern Instances' evince powers of imagination and expression far beyond what even his former publications could lead any one to ascribe to the author. We have, it is true, long been familiar with his quaint humour and racy narrative, but the volumes before us take a loftier range, and are so rich in fun and good sense, that to offer an extract as a sample would be an injustice to author and reader. It is one of the pleasantest books we ever read, and we earnestly recommend it."—*Standard*.

"Let Sam Slick go a mackarel fishing, or to court in England—let him venture alone among a tribe of the sauciest single women that ever banded themselves together in electric chain to turn tables or to mystify man—our hero always manages to come off with flying colours—to beat every craftsman in the cunning of his own calling—to get at the heart of every maid's and matron's secret. The book before us will be read and laughed over. Its quaint and racy dialect will please some readers—its abundance of yarns will amuse others. There is something in the volumes to suit readers of every humour."—*Athenæum*.

"The humour of Sam Slick is inexhaustible. He is ever and everywhere a welcome visitor; smiles greet his approach, and wit and wisdom hang upon his tongue. The present is altogether a most edifying production, remarkable alike for its racy humour, its sound philosophy, the felicity of its illustrations, and the delicacy of its satire. Whether he is making love to Sophy, or chatting with the President about English men and manners, or telling ghost stories, or indulging in day-dreams, or sketching the characters of Yankee skippers, or poaching in our fisheries, or enticing a British man-of-war on to a sand-bar, he is equally delightful; charming us by the graphic vivacity and picturesque quaintness of his descriptions, and, above all, by his straightforward honesty and truth. We promise our readers a great treat from the perusal of these 'Wise Saws and Modern Instances,' which contain a world of practical wisdom, and a treasury of the richest fun."—*Morning Post*.

"As a work embodying the cynicism of Rochefoucault, with the acuteness of Pascal, and the experience of Theophrastus or La Bruyère, it may be said that, except Don Quixote, the present work has no rival."—*Observer*.

TRAITS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK." 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

"We have seldom met with a work more rich in fun or more generally delightful."—*Standard*.

"No man has done more than the facetious Judge Haliburton, through the mouth of the inimitable 'Sam,' to make the old parent country recognise and appreciate her queer transatlantic progeny. His present collection of comic stories and laughable traits is a budget of fun full of rich specimens of American humour."—*Globe*.

**ELECTRA,**

A STORY OF MODERN TIMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROCKINGHAM."

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LORD GERALD FITZGERALD. 3 vols.

"Altogether, considering the powerful delineations of character and the admirably grouped and often splendidly dramatic scenes with which it abounds, and its high artistic finish, the romance of 'Electra,' more than worthy of the author of 'Rockingham,' will take a distinguished place among the novels of the season."—*John Bull*.

"A tale of unusual interest. The author of 'Rockingham' has developed his powers more fully in 'Electra' than in any former effort of his genius. The volumes are embellished with illustrations by Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, in a sketchy and artistic manner, that add considerably to the elucidation of the story."—*Messenger*.

**CHARLES AUCHESTER.**

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI. 3 vols.

"Were it not for Music, we might in these days say, the Beautiful is dead."—*Disraeli's "Lord George Bentinck."*

**THE YOUNG HEIRESS.**

BY MRS. TROLLOPE. 3 vols.

"In our opinion 'The Young Heiress' is much the best of Mrs. Trollope's novels. The characters are drawn with uncommon vigour."—*Standard*.

"'The Young Heiress' cannot fail to be highly popular. The knowledge of the world which Mrs. Trollope possesses in so eminent a degree is strongly exhibited in the pages of this novel."—*Observer*.

"A tale full of romance and interest, which will not fail to win for Mrs. Trollope's distinguished talent an additional meed of popularity."—*John Bull*.

**The DEAN'S DAUGHTER,**

OR, THE DAYS WE LIVE IN.

BY MRS. GORE. 3 v.

"One of the best of Mrs. Gore's stories. The volumes are strewn with smart and sparkling epigram."—*Morning Chronicle*.

**LADY MARION.**

BY MRS. W. FOSTER. 3 v.

"This fascinating novel needs not the attraction of the name of the late Duke of Wellington's niece upon the title-page to commend it to the novel readers of the fashionable world, nor will its popularity be confined to the circles in which its authorship will impart to it additional interest. The work gives evidence of talent of no common order."—*John Bull*.

**CASTLE AVON.**

By the Author of

"EMILIA WYNDHAM," &amp;c. 3 v.

"'Castle Avon' is, in our judgment, one of the most successful of the author's works."—*Post*.

**THE LONGWOODS  
OF THE GRANGE.**

By the Author of

"ADELAIDE LINDSAY." 3 v.

"'The Longwoods' are a family group, in the story of whose life romance readers will find a charm and an interest similar to that which attends the annals of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'"—*Daily News*.

**H A R R Y M U I R;**  
**A STORY OF SCOTTISH LIFE.**  
 BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET MAITLAND."  
 SECOND EDITION. 3 vols. post 8vo.

"We prefer 'Harry Muir' to most of the Scottish novels that have appeared since Galt's domestic stories. This new tale, by the author of 'Margaret Maitland,' is a real picture of the weakness of man's nature and the depths of woman's kindness. The narrative, to repeat our praise, is not one to be entered on or parted from without our regard for its writer being increased."—*Athenæum*.

"A picture of life, everywhere genuine in feeling, perfect in expression."—*Examiner*.

"This is incomparably the best of the author's works. In it the brilliant promise afforded by 'Margaret Maitland' has been fully realised, and now there can be no question that, for graphic pictures of Scottish life, the author is entitled to be ranked second to none among modern writers of fiction."—*Caledonian Mercury*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

**A D A M G R A E M E**  
 OF MOSSGRAY.

SECOND EDITION. 3 vols.

"A story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery."—*Post*.

**CALEB FIELD.**

A TALE OF THE PURITANS.

CHEAPER EDITION. 1 v. 6s.

"This beautiful production is every way worthy of its author's reputation in the very first rank of contemporary writers."—*Standard*.

**D A R I E N ; O R , T H E M E R C H A N T P R I N C E .**

BY ELIOT WARBURTON. Second Edition. 3 vols.

"The scheme for the colonization of Darien by Scotchmen, and the opening of a communication between the East and West across the Isthmus of Panama, furnishes the foundation of this story, which is in all respects worthy of the high reputation which the author of the 'Crescent and the Cross' had already made for himself. The early history of the Merchant Prince introduces the reader to the condition of Spain under the Inquisition; the portraits of Scottish life which occupy a prominent place in the narrative, are full of spirit; the scenes in America exhibit the state of the natives of the new world at that period; the daring deeds of the Buccaneers supply a most romantic element in the story; and an additional interest is infused into it by the introduction of various celebrated characters of the period, such as Law, the French financier, and Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England. All these varied ingredients are treated with that brilliancy of style and powerful descriptive talent, by which the pen of Eliot Warburton was so eminently distinguished."—*John Bull*.

**T H E F I R S T L I E U T E N A N T ' S S T O R Y .**

BY LADY CATHARINE LONG. 3 vols.

"As a tracing of the workings of human passion and principle, the book is full of exquisite beauty, delicacy, and tenderness."—*Daily News*.

U  
I  
"U  
tainin  
than e  
fiction

BY  
"Ac  
among

OR,  
"P  
society  
is well  
"A  
knowl  
every c

A  
"W  
attent  
plicity  
sive re  
improv

Auth  
"E  
—*Athe*  
"An  
ceived  
moral

"Th  
Aram'  
The m  
tions a  
highly

J A  
I

"Th  
of a gl  
heartil

The  
"A  
tender

**UNCLE WALTER.**

BY MRS. TROLLOPE, 3 v.

"'Uncle Walter' is an exceedingly entertaining novel. It assures Mrs. Trollope more than ever in her position as one of the ablest fiction writers of the day."—*Morning Post*.

**ADA GRESHAM.**

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY MARY ANNE LUPTON. 3 v.

"Ada Gresham is entitled to a high place among modern works of fiction."—*Standard*.

**BROOMHILL;**

OR, THE COUNTY BEAUTIES.

"'Broomhill' is a tale of life in polite society. The dialogue is easy—the interest is well sustained."—*Athenæum*.

"A refined intelligence, and an intimate knowledge of good society, are discernible in every chapter."—*Globe*.

**THE KINNEARS.**

A SCOTTISH STORY. 3 v.

"We heartily commend this story to the attention of our readers for its power, simplicity, and truth. None can read its impressive record without interest, and few without improvement."—*Morning Post*.

**MARY SEAHAM.**

BY MRS. GREY,

Author of "The Gambler's Wife." 3 v.

"Equal to any former novel by its author."—*Athenæum*.

"An admirable work—a powerfully conceived novel, founded on a plot of high moral and dramatic interest."—*John Bull*.

**AMY PAUL.**

A TALE. 2 v.

"There is a family likeness to 'Eugene Aram' in this powerfully written romance. The moral is well worked out. The situations are well imagined, and portrayed with highly dramatic effect."—*John Bull*.

**JACOB BENDIXEN.**

BY MARY HOWITT. 3 v.

"This tale has the fascination and the value of a glimpse into a most strange world. We heartily commend the novel."—*Athenæum*.

**The LOST INHERITANCE.**

"A charming tale of fashionable life and tender passions."—*Globe*.

**ANNETTE. A Tale.**

BY W. F. DEACON.

With a Memoir of the Author, by the Hon. Sir T. N. TALFOURD, D.C.L. 3 v.

"'Annette' is a stirring tale, and has enough in it of life and interest to keep it for some years to come in request. The prefatory memoir by Sir Thomas Talfourd would be at all times interesting, nor the less so for containing two long letters from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Deacon, full of gentle far-thinking wisdom."—*Examiner*.

**CONFESSIONS OF AN ETONIAN.**

BY C. ROWCROFT, ESQ. 3 v.

"The life of an Etonian—his pranks, his follies, his loves, his fortunes, and misfortunes—is here amusingly drawn and happily coloured by an accomplished artist. The work is full of anecdote and lively painting of men and manners."—*Globe*.

**HELEN TALBOT.**

BY MISS PENNEFATHER. 3 v.

"Miss Pennefather has in this work evinced much literary ability. The fashionable circle in which the principal personage of the novel moves is drawn with a bold and graphic pencil."—*Globe*.

**THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE.**

By the Author of

"The Old English Gentleman." 3 v.

"An admirable story. It may take its place by the side of 'The Old English Gentleman.'"—*John Bull*.

**FANNY DENNISON.**

"A novel of more than ordinary merit. An exciting story, crowded with romantic incidents."—*Morning Post*.

**CECILE;**

OR, THE PERVERT.

By the Author of "Rockingham." 1 v.

"We cannot too highly recommend this remarkable work. It is earnest and eloquent, charitable and kindly, and full of strong and genuine interest."—*Chronicle*.

**The LADY and the PRIEST.**

BY MRS. MABERLY. 3 v.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Published on the 1st of every Month, Price 3s. 6d.

COLBURN'S UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE,  
AND  
NAVAL AND MILITARY JOURNAL.

This popular periodical, which has now been established a quarter of a century, embraces subjects of such extensive variety and powerful interest as must render it scarcely less acceptable to readers in general than to the members of those professions for whose use it is more particularly intended. Independently of a succession of Original Papers on innumerable interesting subjects, Personal Narratives, Historical Incidents, Correspondence, &c., each number comprises Biographical Memoirs of Eminent Officers of all branches of service, Reviews of New Publications, either immediately relating to the Army or Navy, or involving subjects of utility or interest to the members of either, Full Reports of Trials by Courts Martial, Distribution of the Army and Navy, General Orders, Circulars, Promotions, Appointments, Births, Marriages, Obituary, &c., with all the Naval and Military Intelligence of the Month.

"This is confessedly one of the ablest and most attractive periodicals of which the British press can boast, presenting a wide field of entertainment to the general as well as professional reader. The suggestions for the benefit of the two services are distinguished by vigour of sense, acute and practical observation, an ardent love of discipline, tempered by a high sense of justice, honour, and a tender regard for the welfare and comfort of our soldiers and seamen."—*Globe*.

"At the head of those periodicals which furnish useful and valuable information to their peculiar classes of readers, as well as amusement to the general body of the public, must be placed the 'United Service Magazine, and Naval and Military Journal.' It numbers among its contributors almost all those gallant spirits who have done no less honour to their country by their swords than by their pens, and abounds with the most interesting discussions on naval and military affairs, and stirring narratives of deeds of arms in all parts of the world. Every information of value and interest to both the Services is culled with the greatest diligence from every available source, and the correspondence of various distinguished officers which enrich its pages is a feature of great attraction. In short, the 'United Service Magazine' can be recommended to every reader who possesses that attachment to his country which should make him look with the deepest interest on its naval and military resources."—*Sun*.

"This truly national periodical is always full of the most valuable matter for professional men."—*Morning Herald*.

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,  
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,  
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

INTERESTING WORKS  
PUBLISHED FOR HENRY COLBURN  
BY HIS SUCCESSORS, HURST AND BLACKETT,  
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

NEW EDITION OF THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS.

*Now complete, in Eight Octavo Volumes (comprising from 600 to 700 pages), price 4l. 4s.,  
elegantly bound,*

LIVES  
OF THE  
QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

A New, Revised, and Cheaper Edition,  
EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS OF EVERY QUEEN.

BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

\* \* This Edition is also now in course of Monthly Issue, and any volume  
may be had separately, price 10s. 6d. each, to complete sets.

In announcing the publication of the new, revised, and greatly augmented Edition of this important and interesting work, which has been considered unique in biographical literature, the publishers beg to direct attention to the following extract from the author's preface:—"A revised edition of the 'Lives of the Queens of England,' embodying the important collections which have been brought to light since the appearance of earlier impressions, is now offered to the world, embellished with Portraits of every Queen, from authentic and properly verified sources. The series, commencing with the consort of William the Conqueror, occupies that most interesting and important period of our national chronology, from the death of the last monarch of the Anglo-Saxon line, Edward the Confessor, to the demise of the last sovereign of the royal house of Stuart, Queen Anne, and comprises therein thirty queens who have worn the crown-matrimonial, and four the regal diadem of this realm. We have related the parentage of every queen, described her education, traced the influence of family connexions and national habits on her conduct, both public and private, and given a concise outline of the domestic, as well

as the general history of her times, and its effects on her character, and we have done so with singleness of heart, unbiassed by selfish interests or narrow views. Such as they were in life we have endeavoured to portray them, both in good and ill, without regard to any other considerations than the development of the facts. Their sayings, their doings, their manners, their costume, will be found faithfully chronicled in this work, which also includes the most interesting of their letters. The hope that the 'Lives of the Queens of England' might be regarded as a national work, honourable to the female character, and generally useful to society, has encouraged us to the completion of the task."

#### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"These volumes have the fascination of romance united to the integrity of history. The work is written by a lady of considerable learning, indefatigable industry, and careful judgment. All these qualifications for a biographer and an historian she has brought to bear upon the subject of her volumes, and from them has resulted a narrative interesting to all, and more particularly interesting to that portion of the community to whom the more refined researches of literature afford pleasure and instruction. The whole work should be read, and no doubt will be read, by all who are anxious for information. It is a lucid arrangement of facts, derived from authentic sources, exhibiting a combination of industry, learning, judgment, and impartiality, not often met with in biographers of crowned heads."—*Times*.

"A remarkable and truly great historical work. In this series of biographies, in which the severe truth of history takes almost the wildness of romance, it is the singular merit of Miss Strickland that her research has enabled her to throw new light on many doubtful passages, to bring forth fresh facts, and to render every portion of our annals which she has described an interesting and valuable study. She has given a most valuable contribution to the history of England, and we have no hesitation in affirming that no one can be said to possess an accurate knowledge of the history of the country who has not studied this truly national work, which, in this new edition, has received all the aids that further research on the part of the author, and of embellishment on the part of the publishers, could tend to make it still more valuable, and still more attractive, than it had been in its original form."—*Morning Herald*.

"A most valuable and entertaining work. There is certainly no lady of our day who has devoted her pen to so beneficial a purpose as Miss Strickland. Nor is there any other whose works possess a deeper or more enduring interest. Miss Strickland is to our mind the first literary lady of the age."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"We must pronounce Miss Strickland beyond all comparison the most entertaining historian in the English language. She is certainly a woman of powerful and active mind, as well as of scrupulous justice and honesty of purpose."—*Morning Post*.

"Miss Strickland has made a very judicious use of many authentic MS. authorities not previously collected, and the result is a most interesting addition to our biographical library."—*Quarterly Review*.

"A valuable contribution to historical knowledge. It contains a mass of every kind of historical matter of interest, which industry and research could collect. We have derived much entertainment and instruction from the work."—*Athenæum*.

# BURKE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE

## FOR 1853.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED THROUGHOUT  
FROM THE PERSONAL COMMUNICATIONS OF  
THE NOBILITY, &c.

With the ARMS (1500 in number) accurately engraved, and incorporated with the Text.  
In 1 vol. (comprising as much matter as twenty ordinary volumes), bound.

The following is a List of the Principal Contents of this Standard Work:—

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>I. A full and interesting history of each order of the English Nobility, showing its origin, rise, titles, immunities, privileges, &amp;c.</p> <p>II. A complete Memoir of the Queen and Royal Family, forming a brief genealogical History of the Sovereign of this country, and deducing the descent of the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, and Guelphs, through their various ramifications. To this section is appended a list of those Peers who inherit the distinguished honour of Quartering the Royal Arms of Plantagenet.</p> <p>III. An Authentic table of Precedences.</p> <p>IV. A perfect HISTORY OF ALL THE PEERS AND BARONETS, with the fullest details of their ancestors and descendants, and particulars respecting every collateral member of each family, and all intermarriages, &amp;c.</p> | <p>V. The Spiritual Orders.</p> <p>VI. Foreign Noblemen, subjects by birth of the British Crown.</p> <p>VII. Peerages claimed.</p> <p>VIII. Surnames of Peers and Peersesses, with Heirs Apparent and Presumptive.</p> <p>IX. Courtesy titles of Eldest Sons.</p> <p>X. Peerages of the Three Kingdoms in order of Precedence.</p> <p>XI. Baronets in order of Precedence.</p> <p>XII. Privy Councillors of England and Ireland.</p> <p>XIII. Daughters of Peers married to Commoners.</p> <p>XIV. ALL THE ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD, with every Knight and all the Knights Bachelors.</p> <p>XV. Mottos translated, with poetical illustrations.</p> |
|--|--|

"The most complete, the most convenient, and the best work of the kind ever given to the public."—*Sun*.

"The best genealogical and heraldic dictionary of Peerage and Baronetage, and the first authority on all questions affecting the aristocracy."—*Globe*.

"For the amazing quantity of personal and family history, admirable arrangement of details, and accuracy of information, this genealogical and heraldic dictionary is without a rival. It is now the standard and acknowledged book of reference upon all questions touching pedigree, and direct or collateral affinity with the titled aristocracy. The lineage of each distinguished house is deduced through all the various ramifications. Every collateral branch, however remotely connected, is introduced; and the alliances are so carefully inserted, as to show, in all instances, the connexion which so intimately exists between the titled and untitled aristocracy. We have also much most entertaining historical matter, and many very curious and interesting family traditions. The work is, in fact, a complete cyclopædia of the whole titled classes of the empire, supplying all the information that can possibly be desired on the subject."—*Morning Post*.

"The 'Peerage' and the 'Landed Gentry' of Mr. Burke are two works of public utility—constantly referred to by all classes of society, and rarely opened without being found to supply the information sought. They are accession of value to our books of reference, and few who write or talk much about English Peers and English Landed Gentry, can well be looked on as safe authorities without a knowledge of the contents of Mr. Burke's careful compilations."—*Athenæum*.

# BURKE'S HISTORY OF THE LANDED GENTRY

FOR 1853.

## A Genealogical Dictionary

OF THE WHOLE OF THE UNTITLED ARISTOCRACY OF  
ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND:

Comprising Particulars of 100,000 Individuals connected with them.

In 2 volumes, royal 8vo, including the Supplement, beautifully printed in double columns, comprising more matter than 30 ordinary volumes, price only 2*l.* 2*s.*, elegantly bound,

WITH A SEPARATE VOLUME OF INDEX, GRATIS.

CONTAINING REFERENCES TO THE NAMES OF EVERY PERSON MENTIONED.

The Landed Gentry of England are so closely connected with the stirring records of its eventful history, that some acquaintance with them is a matter of necessity with the legislator, the lawyer, the historical student, the speculator in politics, and the curious in topographical and antiquarian lore; and even the very spirit of ordinary curiosity will prompt to a desire to trace the origin and progress of those families whose influence pervades the towns and villages of our land. This work furnishes such a mass of authentic information in regard to all the principal families in the kingdom as has never before been attempted to be brought together. It relates to the untitled families of rank, as the "Peerage and Baronage" does to the titled, and forms, in fact, a peerage of the untitled aristocracy. It embraces the whole of the landed interest, and is indispensable to the library of every gentleman. The great cost attending the production of this National Work, the first of its kind, induces the publisher to hope that the heads of all families recorded in its pages will supply themselves with copies.

"A work of this kind is of a national value. Its utility is not merely temporary, but it will exist and be acknowledged as long as the families whose names and genealogies are recorded in it continue to form an integral portion of the English constitution. As a correct record of descent, no family should be without it. The untitled aristocracy have in this great work as perfect a dictionary of their genealogical history, family connexions, and heralid rights, as the peerage and baronage. It will be an enduring and trustworthy record."—*Morning Post*.

"A work in which every gentleman will find a domestic interest, as it contains the fullest account of every known family in the United Kingdom. It is a dictionary of all names, families, and their origin,—of every man's neighbour and friend, if not of his own relatives and immediate connexions. It cannot fail to be of the greatest utility to professional men in their researches respecting the members of different families, heirs to property, &c. Indeed, it will become, as necessary as a Directory in every office."—*Bell's Messenger*.

## DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

JOHN EVELYN, F.R.S.,

Author of "Sylva," &amp;c.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED,  
WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONAL LETTERS NOW FIRST  
PUBLISHED.

UNIFORM WITH THE NEW EDITION OF PEPYS' DIARY.

In 4 vols., post 8vo, price 10s. 6d. each.

N.B.—Vols. I. and IV., containing "The Correspondence," may be had  
separately, to complete sets.

The Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn has long been regarded as an invaluable record of opinions and events, as well as the most interesting exposition we possess of the manners, taste, learning, and religion of this country, during the latter half of the seventeenth century. The Diary comprises observations on the politics, literature, and science of his age, during his travels in France and Italy; his residence in England towards the latter part of the Protectorate, and his connexion with the Courts of Charles II. and the two subsequent reigns, interspersed with a vast number of original anecdotes of the most celebrated persons of that period. To the Diary is subjoined the Correspondence of Evelyn with many of his distinguished contemporaries; also Original Letters from Sir Edward Nicholas, private secretary to King Charles I., during some important periods of that reign, with the King's answers; and numerous letters from Sir Edward Hyde (Lord Clarendon) to Sir Edward Nicholas, and to Sir Richard Brown, Ambassador to France, during the exile of the British Court.

A New Edition of this interesting work having been long demanded, the greatest pains have been taken to render it as complete as possible, by a careful re-examination of the original Manuscript, and by illustrating it with such annotations as will make the reader more conversant with the numerous subjects referred to by the Diarist.

"It has been justly observed that as long as Virtue and Science hold their abode in this island, the memory of Evelyn will be held in the utmost veneration. Indeed, no change of fashion, no alteration of taste, no revolution of science, have impaired, or can impair, his celebrity. The youth who looks forward to an inheritance which he is under no temptation to increase, will do well to bear the example of Evelyn in his mind, as containing nothing but what is imitable, and nothing but what is good. All persons, indeed, may find in his character something for imitation, but for an English gentleman he is the perfect model."—*Quarterly Review*.

# LIVES OF THE PRINCESSES OF ENGLAND.

By MRS. EVERETT GREEN,

EDITOR OF THE "LETTERS OF ROYAL AND ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

4 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d. each, bound.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"A most agreeable book. The authoress, already favourably known to the learned world by her excellent collection of 'Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies,' has executed her task with great skill and fidelity. Every page displays careful research and accuracy. There is a graceful combination of sound, historical erudition, with an air of romance and adventure that is highly pleasing, and renders the work at once an agreeable companion of the boudoir, and a valuable addition to the historical library. Mrs. Green has entered upon an untrodden path, and gives to her biographies an air of freshness and novelty very alluring. The first two volumes (including the Lives of twenty-five Princesses) carry us from the daughters of the Conqueror to the family of Edward I.—a highly interesting period, replete with curious illustrations of the genius and manners of the Middle Ages. Such works, from the truthfulness of their spirit, furnish a more lively picture of the times than even the graphic, though delusive, pencil of Scott and James."—*Britannia*.

"The vast utility of the task undertaken by the gifted author of this interesting book can only be equalled by the skill, ingenuity, and research displayed in its accomplishment. The field Mrs. Green has selected is an untrodden one. Mrs. Green, on giving to the world a work which will enable us to arrive at a correct idea of the private histories and personal characters of the royal ladies of England, has done sufficient to entitle her to the respect and gratitude of the country. The labour of her task was exceedingly great, involving researches, not only into English records and chronicles, but into those of almost every civilised country in Europe. The style of Mrs. Green is admirable. She has a fine perception of character and manners, a penetrating spirit of observation, and singular exactness of judgment. The memoirs are richly fraught with the spirit of romantic adventure."—*Morning Post*.

"This work is a worthy companion to Miss Strickland's admirable 'Queens of England.' In one respect the subject-matter of these volumes is more interesting, because it is more diversified than that of the 'Queens of England.' That celebrated work, although its heroines were, for the most part, foreign Princesses, related almost entirely to the history of this country. The Princesses of England, on the contrary, are themselves English, but their lives are nearly all connected with foreign nations. Their biographies, consequently, afford us a glimpse of the manners and customs of the chief European kingdoms, a circumstance which not only gives to the work the charm of variety, but which is likely to render it peculiarly useful to the general reader, as it links together by association the contemporaneous history of various nations. The histories are related with an earnest simplicity and copious explicitness. The reader is informed without being wearied, and alternately enlivened by some spirited description, or touched by some pathetic or tender episode. We cordially commend Mrs. Everett Green's production to general attention; it is (necessarily) as useful as history, and fully as entertaining as romance."—*Sum*.

# THE LIFE AND REIGN OF CHARLES I.

By I. DISRAELI,

A NEW EDITION. REVISED BY THE AUTHOR, AND EDITED  
BY HIS SON, THE RT. HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P.

2 vols., 8vo, uniform with the "Curiosities of Literature," 28s. bound.

"By far the most important work on the important age of Charles I. that modern times have produced."—*Quarterly Review*.

## MEMOIRS OF HORACE WALPOLE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES,

INCLUDING NUMEROUS ORIGINAL LETTERS, FROM STRAWBERRY HILL.

EDITED BY

ELIOT WARBURTON.

Cheaper Edition, in 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits, 16s. bound.

Perhaps no name of modern times is productive of so many pleasant associations as that of "Horace Walpole," and certainly no name was ever more intimately connected with so many different subjects of importance in connexion with Literature, Art, Fashion, and Politics. The position of various members of his family connecting Horace Walpole with the Cabinet, the Court, and the Legislature—his own intercourse with those characters who became remarkable for brilliant social and intellectual qualities—and his reputation as a Wit, a Scholar, and a Virtuoso, cannot fail to render his Memoirs equally amusing and instructive. They nearly complete the chain of mixed personal, political, and literary history, commencing with "Evelyn" and "Pepys," and ending almost in our own day with the histories of Mr. Macaulay and Lord Mahon.

"These Memoirs form a necessary addition to the library of every English gentleman. Besides its historical value, which is very considerable, the work cannot be estimated too highly as a book of mere amusement."—*Standard*.

## MADAME PULSZKY'S MEMOIRS.

Comprising Full and Interesting Details of

### THE LATE EVENTS IN HUNGARY.

With an Historical Introduction by FRANCIS PULSZKY, late Under-Secretary of State to Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. 2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

## THE DIARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EARLS OF CLARENDON AND ROCHESTER;

Comprising important Particulars of the Revolution, &c.

Published from the Original MSS. With Notes. 2 vols., with fine Portraits and Plates, bound, 17. 11s. 6d.

**BURKE'S DICTIONARY OF THE  
EXTINCT, DORMANT, & ABEYANT PEERAGES  
OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.**

Beautifully printed, in 1 vol. 8vo, containing 800 double-column pages, 21s. bound.

This work, formed on a plan precisely similar to that of Mr. Burke's popular Dictionary of the present Peerage and Baronetage, comprises those peerages which have been suspended or extinguished since the Conquest, particularising the members of each family in each generation, and bringing the lineage, in all possible cases, through either collaterals or females, down to existing houses. It connects, in many instances, the new with the old nobility, and it will in all cases show the cause which has influenced the revival of an extinct dignity in a new creation. It should be particularly noticed, that this new work appertains nearly as much to extant as to extinct persons of distinction; for though dignities pass away, it rarely occurs that whole families do.

**C O N T E N T S.**

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Peerages of England extinct by failure of issue, attainder, &amp;c., alphabetically, according to Surnames.</p> <p>2. Baronies by Writ—England—in abeyance, and still vested probably in existing heirs.</p> <p>3. Extinct and Abeyant Peerages of England, according to titles.</p> <p>4. Charters of Freedom—Magna Charta—Charter of Forests.</p> <p>5. Roll of Battel Abbey.</p> | <p>6. Peerages of Ireland, extinct by failure of issue, attainder, &amp;c., alphabetically, according to Surnames.</p> <p>7. Baronies by Writ—Ireland—in abeyance.</p> <p>8. Peerages of Ireland, extinct and abeyant, alphabetically, according to Titles.</p> <p>9. Peerages of Scotland, extinct by failure of issue, attainder, &amp;c., alphabetically, according to Surnames.</p> <p>10. Extinct Peerages of Scotland, alphabetically, according to Titles.</p> |
|---|---|

**MEMOIRS OF SCIPIO DE RICCI,**

LATE BISHOP OF PISTOIA AND PRATO;

**REFORMER OF CATHOLICISM IN TUSCANY.**

Cheaper Edition, 2 vols. 8vo, 12s. bound.

The leading feature of this important work is its application to the great question now at issue between our Protestant and Catholic fellow-subjects. It contains a complete *exposé* of the Romish Church Establishment during the eighteenth century, and of the abuses of the Jesuits throughout the greater part of Europe. Many particulars of the most thrilling kind are brought to light.

**MADAME CAMPAN'S MEMOIRS**

OF THE COURT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Cheaper Edition, 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits, price only 12s.—The same in French, 7s.

"We have seldom perused so entertaining a work. It is as a mirror of the most splendid Court in Europe, at a time when the monarchy had not been shorn of any of its beams, that it is particularly worthy of attention."—*Chronicle*.

**LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN LOCKE.**

By LORD KING. 2 vols. 16s.

## HISTORIC SCENES.

By AGNES STRICKLAND.

Author of "Lives of the Queens of England," &c. 1 vol., post 8vo, elegantly bound, with Portrait of the Author, 10s. 6d.

"This attractive volume is replete with interest. Like Miss Strickland's former works, it will be found, we doubt not, in the hands of youthful branches of a family, as well as in those of their parents, to all and each of whom it cannot fail to be alike amusing and instructive."—*Britannia*.

## MEMOIRS OF LADY JANE GREY.

By SIR HARRIS NICOLAS. 1 vol., 8vo, bound, 6s.

## GODWIN'S HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

4 vols., 28s.

GENERAL PEPE'S NARRATIVE  
OF THE WAR IN ITALY,  
FROM 1847 to 1850; INCLUDING THE SIEGE OF VENICE.

Now first published from the original Italian Manuscript.

Cheaper Edition, 2 vols., post 8vo, 12s. bound.

"We predict that posterity will accept General Pepe as the historian of the great Italian movement of the nineteenth century. His work is worthy of all commendation."—*Standard*.

THE

## REV. R. MILMAN'S LIFE OF TASSO.

Cheaper Edition, in 2 vols., post 8vo, 12s. bound.

"Mr. Milman's book has considerable merit. He has evidently, in his interesting biography of Tasso, undertaken a labour of love. His diligence has been great, his materials are copious and well-arranged, and his sketches of the poet's contemporaries form agreeable episodes in the narrative of Tasso's works and woes."—*Edinburgh Review*.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF

## SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH, K.B.,

Minister Plenipotentiary at the Courts of Dresden, Copenhagen, and Vienna,  
from 1769 to 1793; with Biographical Memoirs of

## QUEEN CAROLINE MATILDA, SISTER OF GEORGE III.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Portraits, 21s. bound.

"A large portion of this important and highly interesting work consists of letters, that we venture to say will bear a comparison for sterling wit, lively humour, entertaining gossip, piquant personal anecdotes, and brilliant pictures of social life, in its highest phases, both at home and abroad, with those of Horace Walpole himself."—*Court Journal*.

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD'S  
NAVAL REMINISCENCES;

COMPRISING

MEMOIRS OF ADMIRALS SIR E. OWEN, SIR B. HALLOWELL  
CAREW, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED COMMANDERS.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Portraits, 12s. bound.

"A work which cannot fail of being popular in every portion of our sea-girt isle, and of being read with delight by all who feel interested in the right hand of our country—its Navy."—*Plymouth Herald*.

REVELATIONS OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

Second Edition, 1 volume, post 8vo, with Portrait, 10s. 6d. bound.

"We have perused this work with extreme interest. It is a portrait of Talleyrand drawn by his own hand."—*Morning Post*.

"A more interesting work has not issued from the press for many years. It is in truth a complete Boswell sketch of the greatest diplomatist of the age."—*Sunday Times*.

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN GERMANY AND  
FRANCE IN 1813 & 1814.

By Lieut.-Gen. the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, G.C.B., &c. &c., 21s.

Now ready, VOLUME XI., price 5s., of

M. A. THIERS' HISTORY OF FRANCE  
UNDER NAPOLEON.

A SEQUEL TO HIS HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Having filled at different times the high offices of Minister of the Interior, of Finance, of Foreign Affairs, and President of the Council, M. Thiers has enjoyed facilities beyond the reach of every other biographer of Napoleon for procuring, from exclusive and authentic sources, the choicest materials for his present work. As guardian to the archives of the state, he had access to diplomatic papers and other documents of the highest importance, hitherto known only to a privileged few, and the publication of which cannot fail to produce a great sensation. From private sources, M. Thiers, it appears, has also derived much valuable information. Many interesting memoirs, diaries, and letters, all hitherto unpublished, and most of them destined for political reasons to remain so, have been placed at his disposal; while all the leading characters of the empire, who were alive when the author undertook the present history, have supplied him with a mass of incidents and anecdotes which have never before appeared in print, and the accuracy and value of which may be inferred from the fact of these parties having been themselves eye-witnesses of, or actors in, the great events of the period.

\*\* The public are requested to be particular in giving their orders for "COLBURN'S AUTHORISED TRANSLATION."

N.B. Any of the volumes may, for the present, be had separately, at 5s. each; and subscribers are recommended to complete their sets as soon as possible, to prevent disappointment.

## JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE,

Comprising the Narrative of  
A THREE YEARS' CAPTIVITY IN JAPAN;

With an Account of British Commercial Intercourse with that Country.

By CAPTAIN GOLOWNIN.

New and Cheaper Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo, 10s. bound.

"No European has been able, from personal observation and experience, to communicate a tenth part of the intelligence furnished by this writer."—*British Review*.

## NARRATIVE OF THE TEN YEARS' VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY ROUND THE WORLD

Of H.M.S. "ADVENTURE" and "BEAGLE," under the command of Captains  
KING and FITZROY.

Cheaper Edition. 2 large vols., 8vo, with Maps, Charts, and upwards of Sixty Illustrations, by Landseer, and other eminent Artists, bound, 17. 11s. 6d.

## ADVENTURES IN GEORGIA, CIRCASSIA, & RUSSIA.

By Lieutenant-Colonel G. POULETT CAMERON, C.B., K.T.S., &c.

2 vols., post 8vo, bound, 12s.

## NARRATIVE OF A TWO YEARS' RESIDENCE AT NINEVEH;

AND TRAVELS IN MESOPOTAMIA, ASSYRIA, AND SYRIA,

With Remarks on the Chaldeans, Nestorians, Yezidees, &c.

By the Rev. J. P. FLETCHER. Two vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

## TRAVELS IN ALGERIA.

By VISCOUNT FEILDING and CAPTAIN KENNEDY.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations, bound, 12s.

## NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO THE COURTS OF VIENNA, CONSTANTINOPLE, ATHENS, NAPLES, &c. &c.

By the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

8vo, with Portrait, bound, 10s. 6d.

## PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF TRAVELS IN BABYLONIA, ASSYRIA, MEDIA, AND SCYTHIA.

By the Hon. COLONEL KEPPEL (now Lord Albemarle).

Third Edition, 2 vols., post 8vo, with Portrait and Plates, 12s.

**LORD LINDSAY'S LETTERS ON THE HOLY LAND.**

FOURTH EDITION, Revised and Corrected, 1 vol., post 8vo, 6s. bound.

"Lord Lindsay has felt and recorded what he saw with the wisdom of a philosopher, and the faith of an enlightened Christian."—*Quarterly Review*.**THE SPIRIT OF THE EAST.**

By D. URQUHART, Esq., M.P. 2 vols., 16s.

**SIR HENRY WARD'S ACCOUNT OF MEXICO,  
THE MINING COMPANIES, &c.**

2 vols., with Plates and Maps, 21s.

**THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS;**

OR,

**ROMANCE AND REALITIES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.**

By ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq.

NINTH AND CHEAPER EDITION, 1 vol., with numerous Illustrations, 10s. 6d. bound.

**HOCHELAGA;**

OR,

**ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD.**

Edited by ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq.,

Author of "The Crescent and the Cross."

FOURTH AND CHEAPER EDITION, 2 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d. bound.

"We recommend 'Hochelaga' most heartily, in case any of our readers may as yet be unacquainted with it."—*Quarterly Review*.**COLONEL NAPIER'S  
WILD SPORTS IN EUROPE, ASIA, AND AFRICA.**

2 vols., with Plates, bound, 21s.

**COLONEL NAPIER'S  
SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS.**

2 vols., with Nineteen Illustrations from original drawings, bound, 21s.

**COLONEL NAPIER'S  
EXCURSIONS ALONG THE SHORES OF THE  
MEDITERRANEAN.**

2 vols., with Illustrations, bound, 12s.

## LIGHTS AND SHADES OF MILITARY LIFE.

Edited by Lieut.-Gen. Sir CHARLES NAPIER, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief in India, &c. 1 vol., 8vo, 10s. 6d. bound.

"A narrative of stirring interest, which should be in the hands of every officer in her Majesty's service."—*Globe*.

## SIR JAMES ALEXANDER'S ACADIE; OR, SEVEN YEARS' EXPLORATION IN CANADA, &c.

2 vols., post 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 12s. bound.

"Replete with valuable information on Canada for the English settler, the English soldier, and the English Government; with various charms of adventure and description for the desultory reader."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"No other writer on Canada can compare with the gallant author of the present volumes in the variety and interest of his narrative."—*John Bull*.

## HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

A COMPANION VOLUME TO MR. GLEIG'S

### "STORY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO."

With six Portraits and Map, 5s. bound.

"Every page of this work is fraught with undying interest. We needed such a book as this; one that could give to the rising generation of soldiers a clear notion of the events which led to the expulsion of the French from the Peninsula."—*United Service Gazette*.

## THE NEMESIS IN CHINA;

COMPRISING A COMPLETE

### HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THAT COUNTRY;

From Notes of Captain W. H. HALL, R.N.

1 vol., Plates, 6s. bound.

"Capt. Hall's narrative of the services of the *Nemesis* is full of interest, and will, we are sure, be valuable hereafter, as affording most curious materials for the history of steam navigation."—*Quarterly Review*.

"A work which will take its place beside that of Captain Cook."—*Weekly Chronicle*.

## LEAVES FROM A LADY'S DIARY OF HER TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

2 vols., 10s.

## MR. ROSS'S YACHT VOYAGE

TO DENMARK, NORWAY, AND SWEDEN, IN LORD RODNEY'S  
CUTTER, "THE IRIS."

Second Edition, 6s.

## POETICAL WORKS OF BARRY CORNWALL.

Cheap Edition, 6s. bound.

## ZOOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.

By W. J. BRODERIP, Esq., F.R.S.

CHEAPER EDITION, 1 vol., post 8vo, 6s. bound.

"We believe we do not exaggerate in saying that, since the publication of White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' and of the 'Introduction to Entomology,' by Kirby and Spence, no work in our language is better calculated than the 'Zoological Recreations' to fulfil the avowed aim of its author—to furnish a hand-book which may cherish or awaken a love for natural history."—*Quarterly Review*.

## THE WANDERER IN ITALY, SWITZERLAND, FRANCE, AND SPAIN.

By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, Esq. 1 vol., 6s. bound.

## MEMOIRS OF A GREEK LADY,

The Adopted Daughter of the late Queen Caroline.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

2 volumes, post 8vo, price 12s., bound.

## MEMOIRS OF PRINCE ALBERT; AND THE HOUSE OF SAXONY.

Second Edition, revised, with Additions, by Authority.

1 vol., post 8vo, with Portrait, bound, 6s.

## POPULAR WORKS OF FICTION.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF  
MRS. MARGARET MAITLAND, OF SUN-  
NYSIDE. Written by HERSELF. New and  
Cheaper Edition. 1 v., 6s. bound.

MR. WARBURTON'S REGI-  
NALD HASTINGS. Third and Cheaper  
Edition. 1 v., 10s. 6d.

NATHALIE. By JULIA KAVA-  
NAGH, Author of "Madeline," 3 v., 15s.

FALKLAND. By Sir E. BULWER  
LYTTON. 1 v., 5s.

VIOLET; OR, THE DANSEUSE.  
A Portraiture of Human Passions and Cha-  
racter. 2 v., 10s.

ALL.

S.

White's  
by and  
ons' to  
awaken

ND,

AVA-  
s.

WER

USE.  
Cha-

