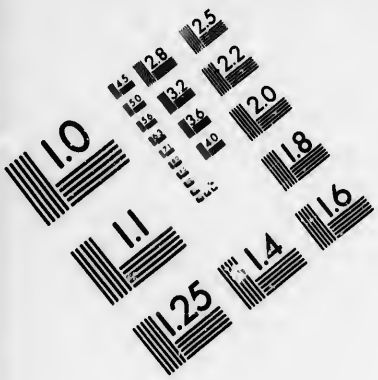

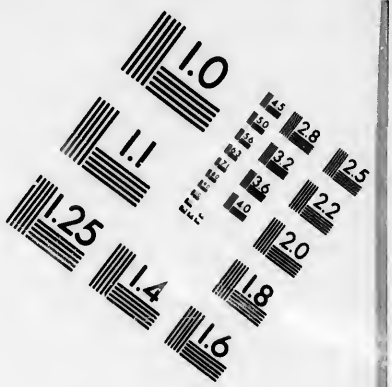

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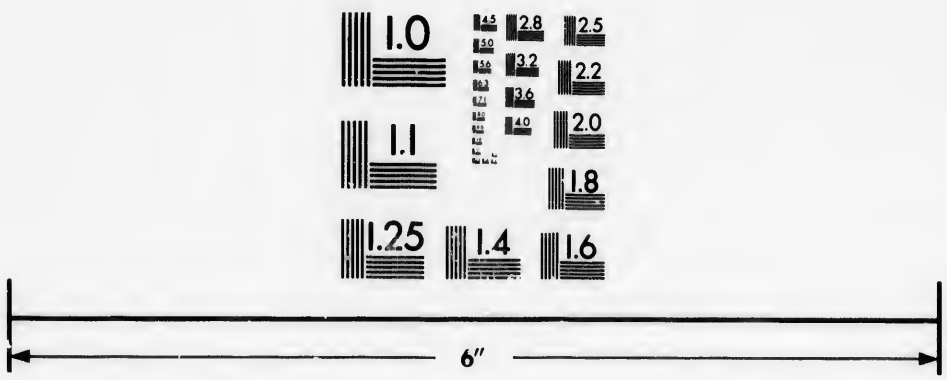

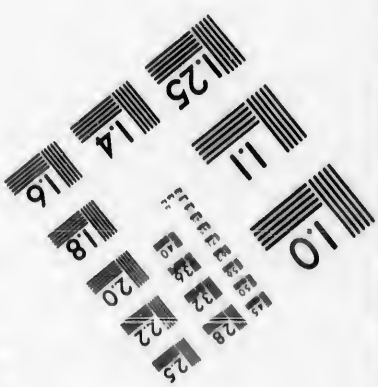

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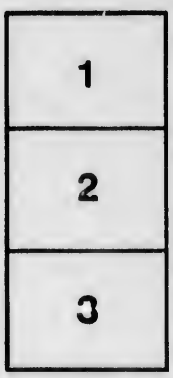

Early Reminiscences.

A POEM,

DESCRIPTIVE OF COUNTRY LIFE

IN THE

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK,

Forty years ago.

NEW YORK:
LEONARD SCOTT & CO., 38 WALKER ST.
1864.

Salix
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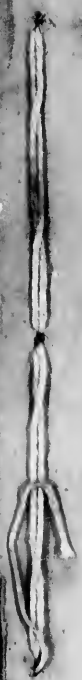

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EARLY REMINISCENCES.

A POEM,

RECOUNTING INCIDENTS OCCURRING IN THE YOUTH OF THE AUTHOR.

AND DESCRIBING COUNTRY LIFE

IN THE

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK,

Forty Years Ago.

BY LEONARD SCOTT.

"I stand upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky
With garniture of waving grass and green
Orchards and beechen forests basking lie."

BRYANT.

NEW YORK:
Printed by the Author for Private Distribution.
1864.

R. CRAIGHEAD,
Printer, Stereotyper, and Electrotyper,
Carton Building,
81, 83, *and* 85 *Centre Street.*

To THE

HON. JAMES BROWN,

LATE SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF THE PROVINCE OF

NEW BRUNSWICK,

To whom the author is indebted for his early education, and for whom he still cherishes the most sincere feelings of gratitude and friendship,

This little Poem is Affectionately Inscribed.

PREFACE.

THE scenes and incidents described in the following verses are taken from *actual life*, rarely any deviation being made from the facts as they existed or occurred in the places and among the personages mentioned. The home of the writer's family was in the Parish of St. David, Province of New Brunswick, a few miles distant from the St. Croix or *Scooduc* river, which separates that Province from the State of Maine; and it is worthy of remark, that of the members of that family—there were thirteen of them—who for nearly forty years resided at that home or in its immediate vicinity, not one, nor even the descendant of one, now remains within the Province. A few died in their native land, but most of them crossed the border; and they and their descendants have so scattered themselves over the *United States*, that there are but few of the *Free* States in which they are not now to be found.

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

TO BROTHER THEODORE.

As old age advances, full often I think
  Of the life that we lived when boys;
And I long once more at the fountain to drink
  Which nourished our hopes and joys.

Does mem'ry, Dear T., ever carry you back
  To the time of your first recollection,
When dressed in a little calico sack
  Which you fancied the "pink of perfection"

You stood by the side of your mother's arm-chair
  And gazed at the babe in her lap,
And tenderly *touched* his delicate hair
  And his pretty embroidered cap?

And when old Betty P.,* with a flourish so grand,
  Raised *her* black little brat from the bed,
Do you mind how you stood with your hammer in hand
  And hit it a crack on the head?

And then what a bawling and squalling there was
  By the child and its terrified mother;
And little you cared that the blow was the cause,
  Being ready to give it another!

As years rolled on, and to boyhood we grew,
  How pleasant a life was ours;
With joys so many, and sorrows so few,
  Our pathway seemed strewn with flowers.

Blessed by a father whose every care
  To the good of his children was given;
Blessed by a mother with virtues so rare,
  They seemed less of Earth than of Heaven.

* A neighboring *gossip*, for whom and her *baby* Theodore had a most decided dislike.

With brothers and sisters whose hearts to our own
Were bound by the cords of affection;
With neighbors and playmates, and *good Master Brown*
To give to our studies direction;

With just enough work along with our play
The play to enjoy with more zest,
And cause us to seek at the close of the day
The refreshment of innocent rest.

HOMESTEAD—FRONT VIEW.

Will you ever forget the home that was ours—
The house, and the barn, and shed,
The garden in front, with its border of flowers,
And the lawn where we romped and played?

You'll remember the bed-room where nightly we slept,
The parlors, the kitchen and hall;
The stairs to the attic, so often we stepped,
Each floor, and each ceiling, and wall;

The chimney of brick, with its fire-places wide,
And drafts weaker upwards than down;
Whose smoke swift descending our patience oft tried,
And kept the cook's face in a frown!

HOMESTEAD—REAR VIEW.

The windows so low, and the neat pannel doors,
The "platform," the door-steps, and entries;
The room where we kept all our family stores,
The "beaufat," the "dressers," and pantries;

The laundry, and sink-room, and passage, and porch,
And chamber, or attic so wide;
And dry spacious cellar, with pillar and arch,
Well lighted from every side.

And the dark little room, with curtains close drawn,
Which our sister so long occupied,
That she came to regard it a world of her own,
And cared for but little outside.

Do you not often think of the hours we spent
By the side of that invalid's bed,
And o'er her frail form so eagerly bent
To lose not a word that she said?

For her mind was well stored, and it gave her delight
To amuse us with story and song;
And gladly we'd listen from morning till night,
Nor deem that the time was too long.

A poetess, too, in her sweet simple way,
Her verses at times she'd repeat;
And whether the subject were solemn or gay,
To us they were always a treat.

And those she regarded as worthy of note,
And thought she would like to have read,
We took from her lips and carefully wrote,
As we sat by the side of her bed.

You'll remember her trunk and its little round cover,
With keepsakes and relics so rare,
And how she would count them all over and over
To see the full number was there.

That trunk has become now a relic itself,
Its years being three score and ten;
There it quietly rests on my library shelf,
And seems to give thought to my pen.

You'll remember the *old* house, the house of our birth,
Whence came the first pleasures we knew,
And which when too old to be longer of worth
We left, and removed to the new.

Its walls of square timber were put to good use
In building our long wooden shed,
And they furnished our neighbor abundant excuse
For the humorous verses he made

When called on to give the new structure a name,
As the rule of the country required,
Handing down both the building and owner to fame
Full as great as the latter desired;

The strange metamorphosis thus brought about,
Explaining with rare illustration;
Describing the *old* building, inside and out,
And naming the *new* "transmigration."*

* The name ran thus:

"When Uncle Mark did first begin
To cultivate his farm,
He from this timber built a house
To keep his children warm;
He, after many years, grew rich,
And that fine house he made,
And then the old house he pulled down
And with it built this shed.
Oh, may this building useful prove
In its new situation,
And now, to name it, if you please,
We'll call it "Transmigration."

And do you remember how all winter long
We labored both early and late,
The sheep and the cattle, and horses among,
And dealt out the fodder they ate?

The barn where they dwelt was a monument grand
Of the carpenter's genius and skill,
Who, with care and good judgment, conveniently planned
Each part, its due purpose to fill.

For the oxen and cows there were *stanchel* and *stall*,
For the horses, warm *stable* and *crib*,
And *scaffolds* above, by the side of each wall,
Extending to rafter and rib.

Between high partitions the *barn-floor* was laid,
On which all our threshing was done;
And in a cold corner the *sheep-fold* was made,
Which got little warmth from the sun.

'Twixt these was the *ground-mow* for storing our hay—
And many a ton it contained,
And on it we boys used to wrestle and play
When once its broad summit was gained.

The high folding doors opened out to the sun,
But the smaller ones moved on a *slide*,
And when they got *stuck*, as was often-times done,
Our temper became sorely tried;

For pulling and pushing were equally vain;
So after our patience was gone,
We *pounded* them into their places again,
With the poll of an axe or a stone!

The long wooden "shed," of the "porch" an extension,
Had "wagon-house," "work-shop," and "pen,"
And other conveniences scarcely worth mention,
Though important they seemed to us then.

In the work-shop were fashioned our *sleds* and our *yokes*,
And tools for the farm or the road,
And even *cart-wheels*, with their *hubs* and their *spokes*,
Though made in a primitive mode.

'Twas here, too, the making of *shingles* was done
By the blaze of the broad open fire—
But of this occupation I'll say more anon,
When ascending to themes somewhat higher.

In the room that adjoined, for the pigs was prepared
Their nutritive, savory diet,
In which, when invited, they eagerly shared,
Not needing much *coaxing* to try it.

And do you remember the deep, narrow well,
With its stones moss-covered and old,
Its sides walled round like a dark prison cell,
And its water so limpid and cold?

And the lofty well-pole so conveniently planned,
In its mission as seldom to fail,
When it dived down below, as if done by command,
And returned with the full dripping pail?

In shape it resembled a huge "figure-four"
Upraised to a high elevation,
And when in full motion, it creaked like a door
Whose hinges required lubrication.

And now, brother, tell me, where'er you may roam,
If landscapes more charming are seen
Than the hills and the mountains surrounding our home,
And the deep wooded valleys between.

And the broad te- ing fields with flowers so gay,
And farmers engaged at their toil,
And rich growing crops, that in fulness repay
The labor bestowed on the soil.

And the clear running streams, and the smooth mirrored lakes
Richly fringed with the hemlock and pine,
And the heath that from solitude seldom awakes
Or of life gives a visible sign.

And the glimpse that we catch of the waters that flow
The great rival nations between,
On whose rolling tide as they pass to and fro,
The white sails of commerce are seen.

CHILDISH AMUSEMENTS AND OCCUPATIONS.

And do you remember how often we strolled
Through pastures and meadows so green,
And for our amusement what stories we told
Of things never heard of or seen?

What fanciful names to each other we gave,
And thus our own heroes were made,
And peopled with characters, sportive or grave,
Some mountain, or valley, or glade?

And improvised houses from stones and from sticks,
On the bright sunny side of a hill,
And topped out their chimneys with bits of old bricks,
With great architectural skill?

And then when the sun his meridian gained,
How gladly we answered the call,
And ran with a swiftness not easy restrained,
To the dinner awaiting us all?

And when to the woods, at the close of the day,
For the cows we were sent to make search;
How we'd stop to pick berries, and flowers, by the way,
Or twigs from the sweet-scented *birch?*

And oft we would catch, with a listening ear,
The sound of the tinkling bell,
But what its direction, was not always clear,
On our senses so faintly it fell.

But once the whole herd fairly started for home,
With the bell-cow in front, as their leader,
We'd climb up a tree, and pick mother a *broom*
From the boughs of the hemlock, or cedar.

And when to the yard they were all gathered in,
Their lacteal treasures to yield,
Their bellowing progeny making a din,
As they raced through the neighboring field,

Would rush to the gate, or the bars, in a crowd,
With a prolonged and piteous cry,
And clamor in accents discordant and loud,
For their share of the precious supply.

Now the pretty milk-maid comes tripping along,
Her clean wooden buckets to fill,
Keeping time by her step to the snatch of a song,
And her labor begins with a will.

The milk swift descending in copious streams
By rosy-tipped fingers persuaded—
All around us with life and activity teems,
Till day into twilight is faded.

The maiden's work done, her burden she bears
To the *Butt'ry* so cool, and so sweet;
There she *does up* the rest of her dairy affairs,
While we to our slumbers retreat.

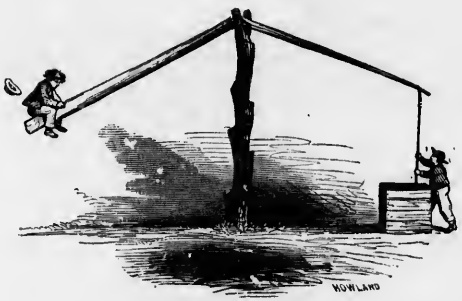
Oh! I long to be back on that dear old farm,
And again feel the bright glow of health,
Giving joy to my spirits, and strength to my arm,
Blessings more to be envied than wealth.

DANGEROUS SPORTS AND SCHOOL-DAY EXPERIENCES.

And do you remember what good times you had
In hunting up subjects for fun,
In climbing up trees, at the risk of your head,
Or *shinning* them down on the run?

How you scaled the steep roof of the lofty old barn
To get a good look at the sea,
And cared not a fig for the clothes you had torn,
But shouted with infinite glee?

And your teeter so grand on the old well-sweep,
Which proved to be not very sound,
For when to the end you had managed to creep
It broke—and *you fell to the ground!*



You'll remember the day that we first went to school—
  The scene is before me e'en now—
When the *master* laid down his imperative rule
  As to making our entrance bow.

And how into classes, according to age,
  And the studies they had to pursue,
He divided his scholars—to each gave a page,
  And directed what each had to do.

When organized thus, to their places assigned,
  And commanded to study aloud—
Ye gods! the vile music street-organists grind,
  Or the thunder from out of a cloud,

Were soft and seraphic compared to the noise
  That alarmingly broke on our ears—
The *scream* of the girls and the *shout* of the boys,
  All tending to quicken our fears.

But in time we got used to these terrible sounds,
  That they were such became quite insensible,
And when they were kept within moderate bounds,
  We found them almost indispensable.

The master, amid all the din and discord,
  A survey of his scholars would take—
He somehow appeared to hear every word
  And was quick to detect a mistake.

And do you remember the books that we used—
To reckon their number were easy—
And the master's fierce frown when the leaves got abused,
Or the covers disfigured and greasy?

There was "Webster," in which we were first taught to spell,
When we'd once of our "abs" got the better,
In which we learned also to read very well,
Not having to spell out each letter.

In that famous old book some good stories were told
Called fables—their number was eight—
Of the rude wicked boy who for impudence bold
Was brought from his lofty estate;

Of the country milk-maid, who with toss of her head
Put on *airs* unbecoming her station,
And upsetting her pail, the poor silly female
Lost the bliss of her fancy's creation.

And the treach'rous alliance between the two friends,
Who, while walking, encountered a bear,
Whose whispering counsel made ample amends
To the man that with tact so rare

Pretended to Bruin he surely was dead,
As the bear very plainly could see,
While his coward companion inglorious fled
To the top of a neighboring tree.

And Reynard, the fox, who got into a scrape
In the course of his sly stealthy rambles,
Yet thought himself safer in tail and in nape
Than if helped to escape from the brambles.

And the cunning device of the hungry cat,
So skilled in deception and fraud,
Who made so much havoc with mouse and with rat,
That none dared to venture abroad.

The plan of suspending herself by the tail
Proved to Puss a most capital hit,
But the trick of the meal-tub was destined to fail,
For the bait wouldn't take—not a bit.

A rat of experience gave his advice,
And said in the meal he could smell
A *something* that neither by rats nor by mice,
He was *sure*, would be relished so well.

And the terrible fate that befel *poor dog Tray*
For choosing a mastiff as friend,
Who attacked every cur that he met on the way,
In a manner quite sure to offend.

And the case of the ox that was gored by the bull,
And the logic the farmer applied
To the lawyer—who though he had laid down a rule,
By the same now refused to abide.

These tales we enjoyed with infinite zest,
But their "morals" we voted a *bore*,
Regarding them only as being a test
Of our *patience* in reading them o'er.

It is now thirty years since the book I have seen
Which contained these remarkable treasures,
But its stories are yet in my memory green,
And are still not the least of my pleasures.

As companion to this we'd a book that defined
Each word, after once it was spelled,
And *as* the school boasted but *two* of this kind,
These in high estimation were held.

"Guy's New British Spelling-Book" followed in course,
From its pages much knowledge we gained,
But it never afforded that ready resource
To be found in the two I have named.

And the old "English Reader," the pride of the school,
With selections from writers of fame,
Where on every page was a precept or rule,
And where naught was insipid or tame.

There were pieces "*pathetic*" and pieces "didactic,"
And pieces in verse and in prose,
There were some "dialectic," and others "dramatic"—
All *good*, as the reader well knows.

And the "Sequel," too, with the old "Introduction,"
"Scott's Lessons" a grade somewhat higher,
The bulky "Preceptor" replete with instruction
And tales that seemed never to tire.

And "Morse's Geography," giving the clue
To countries, and cities, and towns,
Their statistics, and so forth, in numbers not few,
Their size, their location, and bounds.

And "Dabol's Arithmetic" closing the list,
Whose pages possessed few attractions,
Where we cudgelled our brains till they got in a twist
In our struggles with figures and fractions.

NAMES AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SCHOLARS.

And do you remember the scholars by name
Who culled from these books so much knowledge,
Some of whom have acquired as enduring a fame
As if taught in a high-school or college?

There were Albert and Edwin, our rivals in study,
With whom we strove hard to keep pace;
And there was Jim Davis, with brains rather muddy
And good-natured meaningless face.

And Hannah, and Cynthia, and Lydia, so fair,
Most diligent scholars all three,
And Jerry, and Joel, with talents so rare
Their equals you seldom would see.

And Mark, who cared less for his book and his school
Than he did for his dog and his gun,
And Ansley, deliberate, thoughtful, and cool,
Yet still always ready for fun.

And Louisa Smith, and her namesake as well,
And Thankful, and Rhoda, and Jane,
The McLaughlens who aided our numbers to swell,
Though failing high honors to gain.

And Hannah, and Jane, and Mariner Shaw—
The latter the butt of the school—
But who, though ungainly, and awkward and raw,
Was counted by no means a fool.

And Harris, and Daniel, at school now and then,
Their duties at home interfering,
Which made them less ready with pencil and pen
Than with *chopping*, and *fencing*, and *clearing*.

And Walter the pugilist—Edward and Miles,
And Jeannie, their keen, black-eyed sister,
Whose bright, sunny face—all dimples and smiles—
Played the deuce with the fellows who kissed her.

And noisy Jim Collins, and Davis and John,
  Tryphenia with white flaxen hair,
And Betsy, whom Mark set his young heart upon
  But only to fall in a snare;

For tall Moses Reed—his rival and friend—
  Walked straight into Betsy's affections,
Nor deigned to give Mark the accustomed amende
  Or to heed his protests and objections.

And Abigail Collins and queer little Dan,
  And Joseph and dark Jacob Reed,
And Valentine Sharman and lubberly Sam,
  Less fond of his book than his feed.

And Sarah, and Susan, and Hannah, and Steve,
  Young Allen McDougal, and Sandy,
From whom 'twas my fate sundry knocks to receive,
  By no means so pleasant as handy.

And the Sharmans who came from *below* Tower Hill—
  Rough Harris, dark Ann, and Serene—
And another one still, I believe they called *Will*,
  Whom his school-mates pronounced rather green.

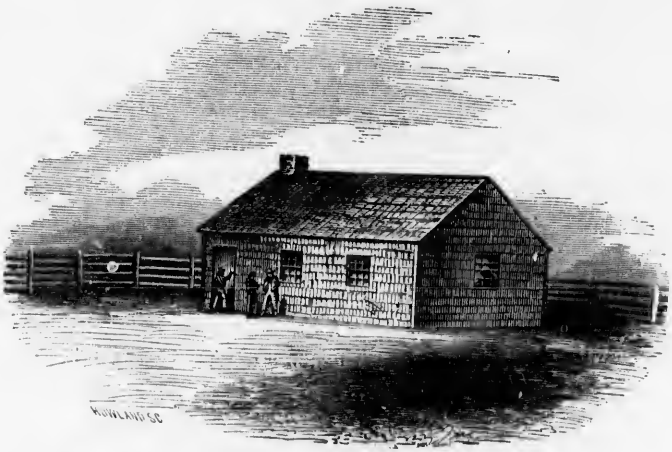
And laughing Joe Connick, and gay 'Liza Moore
  And other *occasional* scholars,
And noisy Frank Foster, and grave Theodore,
  More properly classed among *callers*.

You'll remember the spot where the old school-house stood—
  I fancy I see it there still—
Overlooking the meadows, the pasture and wood,
  From the top of Eliphalet's Hill.

Though substantial the structure, 'twould fail to command
  Much praise from fastidious people,
For its walls were not lofty, its roof was not grand,
  And it had neither belfry nor steeple.

Its architect certainly showed his good sense
  In placing it close to the ground,
For of foundation pillars it saved the expense,
  And it could not be easy blown down.

Its square little windows, which numbered but four,
  Served the air and the sunlight to guide,
There was one where the master sat, two by the door
  And one on the opposite side.



It was graced by no ornament, slender or stout,
No picture of martyr or saint,
Nay—in truth, it was guiltless, both inside and out,
Of even the commonest paint.

A thing called a *chimney* was built at one end,
But it looked quite as much like a *tomb*,
And up this the smoke was *supposed* to ascend
But as often came out in the room!

About this same chimney, so ugly and old,
This wonderful structure of stone,
You'll remember a capital story was told
Of *Gilliland's leg*, which had grown

So tight to the roof where the chimney came through,
He could neither get up nor get down,
Till luckily came to his timely rescue
Jim Davis and good Master Brown.*

* This memorable trio were engaged late one afternoon in building a top to the chimney, and in their haste to complete the job before dark, Gilliland, who was sitting on the roof with his legs hanging down through the hole, became so much interested in his work as to forget himself, and when the chimney was finished he found he had masoned in his legs so that he could not move till his comrades rescued him by pulling down the stones he had so industriously been building up! Gilliland, of course, was the *Irishman* of the party.

By the side of this chimney a square little room
  Excluding the light and the noise,
Was used as a place for the poker and broom,
  And for turbulent mischievous boys.

The school furniture may be easily named,
  Consisting of desks high and low,
And rickety benches most clumsily framed,
  Worth little for use or for show.

Despite these hard benches and comfortless desks,
  In our studies swift progress we made,
For with diligence most of us *stuck to our tasks*,
  Each striving to *get to the head.*

"INSPECTION DAY."

You will never forget our *Inspection day*,
  Nor the hopes and the fears it inspired,
Nor our desperate efforts to make a display
  Of the learning that each had acquired.

How we studied our lessons till late in the night,
  Long after the hour to retire,
Though oftentimes favored with no better light
  Than the flickering blaze of the fire.

When the long looked-for day was at length ushered in,
  The district was all in commotion,
A mighty upheaving was everywhere seen,
  Like the uneasy swell of the ocean.

Anxious mothers flew round with purpose intent
  To deck out their darlings in splendor,
Not a garment was used with a patch or a rent
  For the boys or the *feminine gender.*

And then there were presents, or prizes, in view,
  For diligent scholars intended,
For all—from the least to the greatest—well knew
  Twenty shillings had thus been expended.

There were books of all sorts for boys and for girls,
  To amuse, to instruct, and to please,
And jack-knives, and penknives, and pencils and toys—
  All to come through the *Parish Trustees.*

Now when these Trustees their appearance first made,
'Fore whom we must pass in review,
Over-awed by their presence, our confidence fled,
And vanished the little we knew.

But inspired by the teacher, our courage returned,
And bravely we sprang to our places,
While fired by ambition our youthful hearts burned,
And "Excelsior" was marked in our faces.

Then commenced the fierce struggle to see who would spell,
Till all having missed should sit down,
For to him who thus conquered 'twas known very well
Would come prizes and fame through the town.

You will doubtless be able to call to your mind
The match between Joel and me—
A taller than Joel you scarcely would find,
While *I* scarcely reached to his knee.

It ill becomes me to record of the two
Which finally got the last word,
But David, you know, great Goliath once slew,
And from this may the fact be inferred.

And then what a shouting and stamping of feet
Shook the walls and the ceilings and floors,
And the boys from the house made a hasty retreat
To give vent to their feelings out-doors.

Jake Reed caught me up in a transport of joy,
And carried me all round the yard,
While my school-mates declared me a brave little boy,
And otherwise showed their regard.

Even Joel himself withheld not his praise,
For though beaten, he still felt a pride
That his *pre*cocious brother might one of these days
The summit of knowledge bestride!

But a *pre*cocious child, as we very well know,
For the fact we've observed more than once,
On arriving at manhood is too apt to grow
To be either a fool or a dunce.

The boys were called in, and a class to define
Was the next ordered up on the floor,
When we formed in a long semi-circular line,
And the contest commenced as before.

At first all went on doing equally well,
As page after page was gone through;
But before very long it was easy to tell,
As the lessons more difficult grew,

We boys would again have the battle to fight
In a contest between one another;
So it proved—for the rest were at length put to flight,
And brother again strove with brother.

This time there were three of us, Ansley and you,
And I, sure of conquest again,
Alas! rather *too* sure, for careless I grew
And was soon counted out with the slain.

The struggle went on 'tween the two who remained,
'Midst a tumult of hopes and of fears;
At length the last word by your brother was gained,
Whereupon came a few bitter tears:

I will not say now by whom they were shed,
For the weakness, if weakness it were,
Was instantly lost in the noise that was made
At the close of this brilliant affair.

After this we proceeded some lessons to read,
Which appeared to give good satisfaction;
And as to our *figures*, the judges agreed
We could work them all out *to a fraction*.

Next the judges examined the progress we'd made
At writing, in coarse hand and fine;
But at penmanship *then*, e'en as *now*, I'm afraid
I never was destined to shine.

In awarding the prizes no favor was shown,
For a plan was so skilfully laid,
That the writers remained to the judges unknown
Till their judgment was finally made.

But the master's ambition would not rest content
With the *common* display at Inspections;
So a *drama* or *play* he resolved to present,
In a way that should touch the affections.

The amateur play-actors numbered but three,
Himself, Edwin Foster, and I;
The death of *Great Cæsar* the play was to be,
And our best each determined to try.

Ed. Foster as *Brutus* appeared on the floor,
While I the *lean Cassius* portrayed;
The master the part of *Marc Antony* bore,
And thus was each character played.

The little dark closet already described,
As "green-room" was made to do duty;
There the genius of Shakspeare was largely imbibed
In all its exuberant beauty.

When the play was completed, we *brought the house down*—
To use a theatrical phrase;
Great applause was bestowed upon *Manager* Brown,
And on his young actors high praise.

Then arose Squire Moore—took a large pinch of snuff—
And delivered a neat little speech;
He said he had seen quite or more than enough
To prove that our master could teach

The youthful idea to shoot and to grow,
And expand to its broadest dimensions—
Here he ceased—said no farther at this time would go,
For to *speaking* he made no pretensions.

His friend Andrew Buntin then rose in his place,
And said in deliberate phrase,
He would the occasion with pleasure embrace
To add his unqualified praise.

Thus closed the events of this wonderful day,
And its like once a year was repeated,
When by young and by old, by the grave and the gay,
Its advent was joyfully greeted.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE AND OUT-DOOR INCIDENTS, INCLUDING A FIGHT.

A *feeling* remembrance no doubt you will have
Of the *ferule*, the *birch*, and the *taws*,*
Which the master with impartiality gave
To those disobeying his laws.

* A Scottish instrument of punishment composed of leather straps, somewhat like a cat-o'-nine-tails.

And you will remember the muss that he had
With Valentine Sharman one day;
How he conquered the will of the obstinate lad
In a rather remarkable way.

Val. refused to obey the master's command
To read, at his turn, in the class,
But stood like a statue, his book in his hand,
Determined his lesson to pass.

Command and persuasion, each failed to produce
The slightest effect on the boy;
When the master, who found these without any use,
Resolved other means to employ.

* * * * * *

Discretion at length got the better of will,
And his lesson correctly he read;
But he'd rather have swallowed a *picra pill*,
As he afterwards many times said.

Such cases as this one not often occurred,
In our otherwise well-ordered school;
For we seldom required but a look or a word
To promptly comply with each rule.

I trust I've not painted these pictures in vain,
That from you they'll obtain recognition;
Will bring to your mind's eye the *scenes* once again
And the *place* of our early tuition.

And do you remember the fun that we had
As homeward at night we would go,
How we threw the soft pellets at each other's head,
Or measured our length in the snow?

How we played "knock off hats," and would wrestle and run,
And shout till our throats were in danger;
Yet never forgot, when we chanced to meet one,
To make our best bow to a stranger?

How we played on the hill, in Eliphalet's lot,
At the game of the bat and the ball;
And many a battle in mimicry fought,
Getting many a tumble and fall?

'Twas here, too, that Walter and Mark had a fight,
A genuine knock-down affair;
As each 'gainst the other had cherished a spite,
And determined to settle it there.

Mark walked slowly out, threw his hat on the ground,
And began to unbutton his coat;
Thus challenged, brave Walter sprang out with a bound
And bared both his arms and his throat.

A few sturdy blows passed between them, and *one*
Mark planted beneath Walter's eye;
A *Knight of the Ring* would say "handsomely done,"
And doubtless it made the fire fly.

I do not intend to describe the affray,
'Twould afford you less pleasure than pain;
But Walter acknowledged the loss of the day,
Yet swore he would try it again.

You'll remember that after some months had passed by,
They met and again tried their strength;
That Walter this time gave to Mark the black eye,
While Mark laid his foe at full length.

This battle was no "rough-and-tumble" affair
Like the one they engaged in before—
Which was more like the fight of the wolf and the bear,
Or the tiger with savage wild boar.

They fought now by rules that were deemed scientific—
O'er a pole—standing up face to face;
The blows they inflicted were truly terrific,
But the *seconds* made each keep his place.

They fought long and bravely, though how many rounds
My memory fails me to tell;
But after each getting a number of wounds,
They concluded to stop for a spell.

This gave to the friends and the seconds a chance
To urge that the battle should cease;
A suggestion 'twas easy to see at a glance
Would result in effecting a peace.

For they'd fought long enough no longer to doubt
That each equal prowess possessed;
And as *this* was the most they'd been fighting about,
They agreed that the matter should rest.

The quarrels of youth are not often long-lived,
So it proved with the one of that day,
For being thus ended 'twas never revived,
Time wearing it quickly away.

We look back with wonder at this distant day,
That such fighting was ever in fashion;
And rejoice that the practice has gone to decay,
That we're not so much guided by passion;

That courage—true courage—is oftenest shown
In the use of a little good sense,
When we frankly confess to a fault of our own,
And are slow to resent an offence.

LABORS ON THE FARM.

And do you remember our work on the farm,
Our ploughing, and planting, and sowing;
How we carefully rolled up the sleeves from each arm
As we stooped to our digging and hoeing?

That detestable work, too, of *picking up stones*,
I am sure you will never forget;
The terrible pain it produced in my bones
I fancy I feel in them yet.

Nor will you forget how we each took our part
At turning the grindstone around;
Nor how we would "shudder and grow sick at heart"
When there came a new axe to be ground.

When the "haying" arrived how great was our fun,
As we handled the fork and the rake;
And spread the cut grass to the rays of the sun,
And anon turned it up with a shake.

And when with the labor and heat we perspired,
'Neath the fierce-glowing sun at noon-day,
And we felt either lazy, or listless and tired,
We'd throw ourselves down on the hay.

This instinct of Nature, you know that we never
Were found very slow to obey;
In fact we were always remarkably clever
At anything leaning that way.

When the hay was sufficiently dried for the barn,
In windrows we raked it together,
And then "cocked it up" when the sky gave us warn
To protect it awhile from the weather.

Or if we had time, we would drive in the cart,
And fill up the *rack* with a load;
Then away for the barn with a shout we would start,
While high on its summit we rode.

The doors loudly creak as backward they swing,
And swift to the platform we drive;
Then up the ascent we impetuous spring,
And safe on the barn-floor arrive.

Brother Mark mounts the load with his pitchfork in hand
And upward he tosses the hay,
While close to the roof, half-stifled, we stand
And carefully stow it away.

When the tall-waving grain—it was not always tall—
Invited the reapers to come,
We'd hunt up our sickles and answer the call
At the peril of finger and thumb.

Of harvests the poets may charmingly write,
And picture the beauties they find;
But the reapers, bent over from morning till night,
Will be of a different mind.

Should poets once try the sickle to wield
And get their hands scratched with the thistles,
They'd confess, as they beat a retreat from the field,
They had *paid rather dear for their whistles.*

Though reaping and binding were hard on the back,
And pulling of peas even worse;
Yet to gather the sheaves for the barn or the stack
With the aid of the cart and the horse,

Was a pleasant employment, that shortly repaired
The mischief the first had created;
One in which all the laborers cheerfully shared,
For 'twas *liked* as the other was *hated.*

APPLE-GATHERING.

You'll remember our orchard of old apple-trees
That numbered scarce twenty in all,
Whose blossoms in spring furnished work for the bees,
While the fruit gave *us* work in the fall?

The trees were all named—I remember them now,
And could give to each one recognition,
The shape of its fruit and the bend of each bough,
And its ill or its thrifty condition.

The practice of grafting was not then in favor,
In fact, as a *science*, unknown;
So by tasting an apple we knew from its flavor
On which of the trees it had grown.

There were some of them bitter and some of them sweet,
And others as sour as a lemon;
Some *fair* to the *eye* to the *mouth* were a *cheat*,
With a taste not unlike a *persimmon*.

Up near to the barn one little tree stood,
Obscure and from view nearly hidden;
But with apples so fine that the tree was "tabooed,"
And the fruit always called the "forbidden."

As Autumn approached and the fruit by degrees
Turned mellow and fell to the ground,
We boys would keep watch 'neath the favorite trees,
And gather up all to be found.

This process of nature was often so slow,
We were tempted, at times, on the sly,
To give the long branches a shake or a blow
To add to our scanty supply.

When at length it was time to gather the crop,
Our baskets and barrels to fill,
Like squirrels we climbed each tree to the top
And shook down the fruit *with a will;*

Then stored it away in the attic or cellar,
To keep for the winter's supply,
And eat by the peck as it grew soft and "meller,"
Or use now and then for a pie.

Our kind thoughtful mother, as winter wore on
And the apples went off rather free,
Would pick out the best ones before they were gone
And put them beneath lock and key.

Ah! brother, how oft in the early twilight,
Ere the work of the evening begun,
By the cleanly swept hearth and the fire burning bright
As the rays of the tropical sun,

We coaxed that good mother—and seldom in vain,
For she lived but to add to our pleasures—
To open her store-house admittance to gain,
And give us a taste of its treasures.

And when just behind her we cautiously crept,
No hound ever scented his game
More quickly than we where the apples were kept,
By the odor which out of them came.

And oh! with what gusto those apples we ate—
No nectar e'er tasted so sweet;
Nor did our keen relish one tittle abate
When at last there were none left to eat.

DIGGING AND MARKETING POTATOES, INCLUDING AN ACCIDENT AND A SMUGGLING ADVENTURE.

And do you remember the seeds we would drop,
Each spring in the furrow or drill,
And then, in the fall, what a glorious crop
Of potatoes the cellar would fill?

Now, digging potatoes, though irksome to some,
For us had a singular charm,
And except when our fingers the frost would benumb
'Twas the pleasantest work on the farm.

Our hearts swelled with rapture, as scattered around
In colors of red, white, and blue,
The ripe, rounded Murphies, just dug from the ground,
Presented themselves to our view.

And then how we gathered them up for the cart,
And *tallied* each basket put in,
While each kept his *count* from the others apart,
That due credit at night he should win.

When at length they were brought to the old cellar door,
How swiftly we rattled them in;
Then shovelled them up from the smooth cellar floor,
And carried them back to the *bin.*

When winter approached we would shut out the cold,
By banking the house all around,
To protect what to us was more precious than gold—
The crop thus produced from the ground.

You'll remember the patch which we each of us had
To raise a small crop of our own,
And how, ev'ry season, our hearts were made glad
By the number of bushels thus grown?

For we took them to market and bought the fine clothes
We in no other way could obtain,
Nankeen coat and pants, vest, hat, shoes, and hose,
And umbrellas to keep off the rain.

Now this brings to mind what happened one day
When to *Scooduc* we went with a load;
We had sold it for cash and taken our pay,
When over the river we strode;

Avoiding the toll-bridge to save paying toll,
We crossed just below on the ice,
Bought our dry-goods and had them done up in a roll,
And were ready for home in a trice.

Meantime by the unobserved rise of the tide
The ice got afloat near the shore;
At least it was so on the *opposite side*,
As I found to my cost coming o'er.

For I stepped on a cake which I thought to be firm,
But it tipped and I fell in the river;
And though I remained but a very brief term,
I came out on the ice in a shiver.

My bundle, meanwhile, had floated away
With all the fine things it contained;
Of hope for its safety there seemed not a ray,
Yet after a while 'twas regained.

At length we got over, but only to meet
A risk of a different kind;
For there in broad day, on the side of the street,
To meddling mischief inclined,

Stood a custom-house officer, ready to pounce
On contraband goods like our own;
And though we might loudly such conduct denounce,
For ourselves good excuse we had none.

For we'd smuggled our goods in defiance of law,
Well knowing the risk we must take;
And so, if we held its detectives in awe,
Not a word of complaint could we make.

Well, we hit on a plan, and it proved a success
By its "killing two birds with one stone;"
What it was it would take a smart Yankee to guess,
Yet nevertheless it was done.

On our sled was a hogshead from which we had sold
The potatoes we brought in the morn;
And in it some coverlets, faded and old,
And dusty, and tattered, and torn.

Into this I crept slily with bundle concealed,
Wrapped the coverlets round to keep warm;
Nor were my snug quarters to mortal revealed
Till out of the reach of all harm.

In those days no water-cure treatment was known
To doctor, professor, or quack;
Yet though not perhaps scientific'ly done,
Here was I in a "water-cure pack."

And it answered the purpose remarkably well,
For I suffered but little from cold;
And when I got home I crept out of my shell
Like a mummy from Egypt unrolled.

These smuggling adventures we frequently had,
Affording full scope for our wits,
And one, you'll remember, turned out rather bad,
When we both got *particular fits*

From old Daddy Armstrong, who seized from our cart
A quintal of contraband fish,
And sternly refused to us *even a part*—
Though we humbly preferred such a wish.

CUTTING AND HAULING FIRE-WOOD.

And do you remember, in fine frosty weather,
How off to the woods we would go,
And into a tree we would chop both together
And tumble it down in the snow?

And then into suitable lengths for the sled
With our axes would speedily cut,
While yet it remained in its soft snowy bed,
The tree from the top to the butt.

Through the snow with the team we would break in a road
To draw out the long winter's store,
And on the long sled we would build up a load
And drive with it off to the door.

When, day after day, through many long weeks,
We had toiled at this sole occupation,
Bringing strength to our limbs and a glow to our cheeks
Rarely found in a higher vocation,

We filled up the yard with a vast pile of wood
Till beside it was left little room,
And then from its crest we complacently viewed
What 'twould take a twelve-month to consume.

THRESHING AND GOING TO MILL.

This job once completed, we next take a turn
At threshing the oats and the wheat;
The sound of our flails echoes loud through the barn
As blow after blow we repeat.

To lighten our labors at times we would rest,
Always keeping an eye on the door;
Then resume it again with our spirits refreshed
After playing a game on the floor,

With an old pack of cards which we stealthily drew
From the place where we kept it close hidden;
But this was a thing which our "Pa" never knew,
For cards he had strictly forbidden.

The grain being winnowed, we'd fill up a sack
All ready to take to the mill;
Then place it on *crosswise* of old Charlie's back
And trot with it off down the hill.

Alas! and alack! what trouble we had
To keep the bag firm in its place;
I am sorry to say that we often got mad
And turned very red in the face,

As we tugged at the end hanging over the most,
Which threatened to slide to the ground,
Or mounting a log, or a stone, or a post,
We twisted and turned it around.

But though much annoyed in the way I have named,
We were anxious at all times to go;
And for this we were not in the least to be blamed,
As I think I shall presently show.

MOORE'S MILLS.

"Moore's Mills," *then* as *now*, was a place of resort
For the people for many miles round;
And whether for business, for gossip, or sport,
'Twas here they were sure to be found.

Here boys would meet boys in a wrestle or race,
Or engage in some favorite game,
Giving joy and excitement to each glowing face,
And vigor and strength to the frame.

Brother Joel, too, here kept a country store,
Well furnished with luxuries rare,
And customers flocked to his little shop door
To spend all the cash they could spare.

This was long ere the Temperance movement begun,
When men drank their rum with impunity;
Hence a fight or a squabble, to add to the fun,
Would occur at each good opportunity.

Here the squire held his court, and justice dispensed
With a firm and unwavering hand;
Though suitors sometimes would become much incensed,
And refuse by his judgments to stand.

The mills of themselves, with their unceasing clatter,
For us had a singular charm;
The noise of their wheels and the rush of the water,
Were change from dull life on the farm.

There was life in the *saw-mill*, its crash and its clank,
And life in its swift-moving steel;
And life in the "pitman" that played on its crank,
And life in its great water-wheel.

There was life in the men as they ran on the logs
At the risk of a bath to the chin,
And fastened them firm with the *chain* and its *dogs*,
Ere the turn of the wheel drew them in.

There was life in the teamsters, as load after load
They carted the lumber away;
And mounting the hill on the old *Scooduc road*,
Were gone for the rest of the day.

There was life in the hum of the *circular saw*
Which was tended by tall David Farrow—
His sole occupation to *push* and to *draw*,
All day in his quarters so narrow.

There was life in the *grist-mill*, and much of it, too,
For 'twas here that we oftenest found
The neighboring farmers in numbers not few,
Who came with their grain to be ground.

There was life in the whirl of the great *millstone*
With its deep and monotonous roll,
And life in the *miller* who, keen for his own,
Never failed to look after his *toll!*

There was life in dividing "the *tares* from the wheat"
By the use of the fanning machine,
As it blew out the *seeds*, and the *hulls*, and the *cheat*,
And left nothing foul or unclean.

There was life in the shake of the long dusty bolt
As it parted the *bran* from the *flour*,
And at each revolution came down with a *jolt**
To give greater effect to its power.

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* This *jolt* was introduced by the miller as an improvement.

There was life in the screech of the old *fulling-mill*
Which at first so excited our fears,
And caused every nerve in our bodies to thrill—
And life in the clip of its *shears*.

There was life in the chattering *carding-machine*,
With its sharp-pointed *teeth* of steel;
And life in the *clip* of its *knife* so keen,
And the turn of each *band* and *wheel*.

There was life in the sooty old *blacksmith-shop*,
And life in the *anvil's* ring;
And life as engaged with *bellows* and *mop*,
The workmen would whistle and sing.

And life in the vigorous blows they strike,
As they scatter the fiery stars,
And fashion to whatever shape they like
The ponderous iron bars.

There was life in the process of fitting the *shoe*
To the horse with his *shaven hoof*,
And life in the *smoke* as in wreaths of blue
It rose to the dingy roof.

And life in the *trip-hammer's* deafening blows,
And life in the *forge's* blaze,
As urged by the bellows it comes and goes,
And scatters its fiery rays.

There was life in the struggling pent-up fire
That burned 'neath the earth-covered kiln—
In the smoke from its summit that rose like a spire,
And floated o'er valley and hill.

There was life and excitement in shoeing the ox
So helplessly bound in the *slings*,
And life in the forging of *bolts* and *blocks*,
And *chains* and *staples* and *rings*.

There was life in the building which then used to stand,
The bridge just a little below,
Where *hides* and *skins* were *curried* and *tanned*
By methods provokingly slow.

There was life in the crush of the *bark* so rough,
'Neath the ponderous *circular stone*,
And life in the horse so sturdy and tough,
As he tugged it around all alone.

There was life where the *shoemaker* waxed his end
And sharpened his *hard-wood pegs*,
And then on his *tree* the leather would bend
To fashion his long *boot-legs*.

And life as he fastened the *heels* with a *tack*,
Aye singing his cheery song,
And rubbed and polished the edges black
With his arm so brawny and strong.

There were beauty and life in the pent-up *stream*,
As rushing the *mill-dam* o'er,
It merrily danced in the bright sunbeam,
Or watered each pebbly shore;

Or rapidly sped to the beautiful *lake*,
The thick-wooded hills between;
Or slow meandered through *alder* and *brake*,
And *meadow* and *pasture* green.

SHINGLE-MAKING AND TEAMING FOR THE LUMBERERS.

And do you remember the days that we spent
In looking through thickets and dingles,
And through the deep snow-drifts how often we went
To haul out the *rift* for our shingles?

And how these same shingles we skilfully made
By the use of the *saw* and the *maul*,
The great iron *fro* and the keen polished *blade*—
For we knew how to handle them *all*.

And then with green *withes* of the birch or the beech—
The toughest and best to be found—
In neat little bundles, a hundred in each,
Compactly our shingles we bound.

Enough of them ready, you know 'twas our habit
To drive with them off to the town,
And sell them to *Marks*, or to *Frink*, or to *Abbot*,
Or merchants of lesser renown;

And take in exchange what the farm wouldn't raise—
Our *tea* and *tobacco* and *rice*;
Our *shirtings* and *sheetings*, our *flannels* and *baize*,
And other things equally nice.

And do you remember the trips that we took
To the lumberers, deep in the woods,
Up the "Diggedequash" and across the "*Trout-Brook*,'
To haul up their hay and their goods?

And before I could learn how with safety to ride,
Though the horses went ever so slow,
How oft from the top of the load I would slide,
Pitching heels over head in the snow!

And when it came night how we'd stop at a camp
And partake of the lumberer's fare,
Eat our meals on a plank without candle or lamp,
And with seldom a blessing or prayer.

And how this same plank used to serve as a bed,
As we stretched out in front of the fire,
And with boots and pea-jacket would pillow our head,
And thus to our slumbers retire.

On one side the fire, burning cheerful and bright,
On the other the crew in repose,
In comfort thus passing the long winter's night,
Unconscious of pleasures or woes.

But we on our hard, narrow couch often turn,
As Morpheus closes our peepers,
At the risk on one side of a scorch or a burn,
On the other a growl from the sleepers.

For deep in our slumbers full often we tumble
Across the grim lumberer's feet,
Then back to our pillows we hasti. scramble
The process again to repeat.

Long, long before daylight the teamster and cook
Are at their respective vocations,
The latter requiring no rules from a book
To serve up his few simple rations,

Which consisted of codfish and pork in a pan,
The only dish gracing our table,
And a loaf of hot bread from which every man
Cut a slice as he found himself able.

From the *spruce* or the *birch* he concocted a *tea*
Which we drank from a dingy tin cup,
The meal thus provided was eaten with glee
As each took his *bite* and his *sup*.

No epicure ever enjoyed with such zest
His luxuries costly and rare,
As we, while remaining the lumberer's guest,
The viands in his bill of fare.

Ah! brother, what would I not give to regain,
Though at cost of the stern winter's cold,
That appetite keen for a diet so plain,
If it could but be purchased with gold.

But work did not always our time occupy—
We had our amusements beside;
And whenever disposed for the last to apply,
'Twas a boon that was seldom denied.

For our kind-hearted parents were quick to discern
That youth was the time for enjoyment;
And though habits of industry early to learn,
In some useful and fitting employment,

The good of their children might clearly require,
Yet in this were their duties not ended;
For that nature points out through the youthful desire
That *tasks* and *amusements* be blended.

FOSTER'S LAKE AND THE HUCKLEBERRY HEATH.

The beautiful lake which so quietly lay
At the foot of the rich wooded hill,
With its bright golden fishes that sportively play,
And the *loons* with their musical trill;

The *island* which seemed from its surface to rise,
With its green sloping sides to the shore;
A mysterious land to our wondering eyes,
Which we often so longed to explore.

How oft we would hie, in the hot summer's sun,
To its margin so shady and cool;
Fling aside all our garments while still on the run,
And plunge with a shout in the pool;

And float on its surface, or dive down below
In search of a stone or a shell,
Or swim to the *cove* where the *pond-lilies* grow
As they rock in the lake's gentle swell;

And pluck the sweet flower with beauty so rare
From the depths of its watery bed,
And save from its waste on the wild desert air
The perfume so lavishly shed.

And when we had finished our glorious bath,
We would put on our clothes in the sun,
By the side of the *log* near the well-trodden *path*,
And prepare for a little more fun.

From the tall, lofty alders we'd each cut a *rod*,
Our *fishing-lines* firmly to bind;
Then search for the *angle-worms* under the sod,
The largest and best we could find;

Those which offer to fishes so tempting a *bait*
When impaled on the treacherous steel,
And cause them so often to rush on their fate
In their haste for the coveted meal.

Then we'd patiently sit on the moss-covered log
And wait for a bite or a nibble,
And listen, meanwhile, to the musical *frog*
As he sang in deep *bass* or in *treble*.

Full many a mess for our table we caught,
And whether of *perch* or of *eel*,
Of *sunfish* or *sucker* or bright *speckled trout*,
They furnished a savory meal.

Our lake could not boast either boat or canoe
On its bright mirrored surface to sail;
So it mattered not how or which way the wind blew,
We were *safe* were it even a gale.

But we had, you'll remember, a crazy old *raft*
Which we *poled* up and down the lake shore;
An uncouth and queer-looking sort of a *craft*,
Without either a *rudder* or *oar*.

For our *cable* a *withe*, for our *anchor* a *stone*,
We would stop or go on at our leisure;
Other modes of conveyance we both since have known,
But none that afforded such pleasure.

And do you remember the journeys we took
When we had nothing better to do,
Over brushwood and brier, through bog and through brook,
To the heaths where the *blueberries* grew?

And how on these journeys we sometimes got lost
For the want of a road or a track;
And as night gathered round us would find to our cost
We could neither get forward nor back?

In such a dilemma our only recourse,
When so dark we could no longer see,
Was to join in a *shout* till our voices were hoarse,
From the top of a crag or a tree.

At intervals stopping to catch on the breeze,
Like the faint distant bay of the hound,
The call of our friends through the dense forest trees,
And know that at length we were found.

SLEIGH-RIDING AND DANCING-PARTIES.

And do you remember when sleighing-time came,
How we tackled up *Charlie* or *Jack;*
And how from the girls a sweet kiss we would claim
For a ride on the snow-covered track?

Ah me! when I think of the merry sleigh-ride,
And the bells with their musical jingle,
How swift and how smooth through the snow we would glide
I forget I am no longer single;

Forget I am old with a wife by my side,
(And no man was e'er blest with a better;)
Forget that to her by a *chain* I am tied,
Or what *she* calls "a *soft silken fetter.*"

But in fancy I'm back to our loved native land,
And am facing the cold winter's storm,
With a seat in our sleigh and a whip in my hand,
And a *buffalo-robe* to keep warm;

And under that cover and near to my side
Sits a gay laughing girl of sixteen—
Our sleigh, you'll remember, was not *very* wide,
And small was the space left between—

I try hard to whisper soft words in her ear,
But the noise of the bells won't permit;
I don't know that she would be *willing* to hear,
Or deem the occasion were fit;

Since by words, then, my feelings I cannot convey,
Other means I'm compelled to employ—
What they were, even now, I would not like to say,
As it might my dear wife still annoy!

And do you remember how eager we were
Whenever we got a good chance,
In the pleasures of balls and of parties to share,
And join in the feast or the dance?

And go through the *four* or the *eight-handed reel*
With a buxom young lass on each arm,
And dance the *hornpipe* on the toe and the heel,
Keeping time with the tune to a charm?

And get up those plays which the girls so much favor,
Where "forfeits" are not deemed amiss;
For the reason no doubt they might judge by the flavor,
Which fellow they liked best to kiss.

On these festive occasions we'd keep up the fun—
All care for the morrow still scorning—
Till warned by the daylight we'd start on the run,
"And go home with the girls in the morning."

SINGING-SCHOOL.

You'll remember our efforts sweet music to gain
From teachers of eminent skill,
From old *Father Salter*, with legs like a crane,
To *William C. Scott* of Oak Hill.

And how though we yet were regarded but shavers,
And not pushed ahead very far,
We still learned the *minims* and *crotchets* and *quavers*,
And counted the *beats* in a *bar*.

And ran up the *scale* as we would up a ladder
And back without blunder or flaw;
While nothing on earth ever made us feel gladder
Than when we could sing *fa*, *sol*, *la*.

Those singing-school days were delightful indeed,
Not alone for the music acquired;
They afforded, beside, what the young so much need,
And what we so often desired,—

A chance, now and then, for the boys and the girls
To indulge in a little flirtation,
When roguish young Cupid, midst dimples and curls
Would quietly take up his station;

And, true to his nature, of pity bereft,
Would practise, with consummate art,
His skill with the bow as he shot right and left
Those arrows which reach to the heart.

At the close of the day, when the singing was ended,
'Twould cause not the slightest alarm,
If to some blushing maiden, as homeward she wended,
We gallantly offered our arm.

And once at her house, if we stopped to take tea,
We would sit in the moon's silver light;
Or if to the plan the dear girl would agree,
We would stay and "snuff ashes" all night.

GOING TO CHURCH.

You'll remember the meeting-house on the hill side,
Its counterpart not in creation;
For to preachers and teachers its doors opened wide
Of every denomination,

From bellowing *Nutt*, who the pulpit first filled,
And who gloried in picturing *hell*,
To oily-tongued *Dod*,* who, in argument skilled,
Made our future appear very well.

These views, so conflicting, unsettled our minds,
And made us but sorry church-goers;
The more so, that preachers of so many kinds,
Had among them some *terrible bores*.

Full often I think of those days with regret—
My mind to the past ever reaching;
For I feel the effect of a want, even yet,
Of consistent and regular preaching.

GENERAL MUSTER.

And do you remember our *general muster*—
The day of all days in the year;
'Round which, while I write, what memories cluster
Of gingerbread, apples, and beer?

Of soldiers in masses and boys by the score,
Of fifers and drummers and pipers;
Of bullies and loafers at each tavern door,
Of death-dealing, rum-selling vipers;

Of lieutenants and captains and dandies and swells,
Of our Adjutant, Major, and Colonel;
Of shouting and firing and villanous smells,
As if from the regions infernal;

Of marching and drilling the rank and the file,
And trying to keep them in order;
Oft gaining thereby a contemptuous smile
From the Yankees just over the border;

Of how the great day, like all other great days,
Was finally brought to a close;
Though the sun the next morn with its bright beaming rays,
Found the most of us *still in a doze*.

---

* Rev. John Bovee Dod, since famous as a psychologist, an M.D., etc.

THE COUNTY ELECTION.

And do you remember th' excitement we had
When freeholders went to election,
And voted for candidates, good men and bad,
Assembled from every section?

Who, ranged in a row and in front of the poll,
Made speeches and promises grand,
By which very few, or in part or in whole,
They ever intended to stand.

There were eight of these candidates eager to run,
Each moved by his hopes and his fears;
For a seat in the House was the prize to be won,
And obtained, it might last seven years.

Now out of these eight there were barely but four
Who *could* to the place be elected;
For the county had seats in the House for no more—
Hence the others must needs be rejected.

There was old Judge McKay, over threescore and ten,
Who had made and administered laws
The most of his lifetime, and begg'd once again
He might serve in his country's cause.

There was CAMPBELL, the Colonel, so gallant and gay,
Though by no means a buck or a dandy,
Whose rubicund face showed as plain as the day
He was not on bad terms with his brandy.

And good Col. Wyer, who sat by his side—
A gentleman friendly and kind;
Content by the will of the people to bide,
As they never had left him behind.

There was ship-builder CLARKE on whose chance for success
Seem'd placed an effectual stopper,
By the charge, freely made, that his ships cost him less
Through the bolts being *part only* copper.*

There was JEMMY, THE SCOTSMAN, from bonny Dundee,
Then a stranger to fame or renown,
Whose triumph we hoped and expected to see,
For he was our own MASTER BROWN.

* Clarke was charged with fraudulently using iron bolts with copper heads,

By his side sat, with fortunes close linked to his own,
His talented friend, Patrick Clinch;
In the canvass more vigorous men there were none,
As they worked their way up *inch by inch.*

There was Hatheway, who a lieutenant had been
In a gallant Provincial corps;
But now a surveyor, athletic and keen,
Appointed the roads to explore.

And dark Peter Smith, somewhat rugged and rough—
A prudent sea-captain his station,
With good common sense, and assurance enough
To atone for his slight education.

The verdant, who seldom elections attended,
Believed the fine things that were said;
Believed that all classes would be represented,
Each calling, profession, and trade.

That soon would, in every part of the county,
Long languishing credit revive;
That commerce would flourish and fish get a bounty,
And farming and lumbering thrive.

That the county's fund-holders, without sour looks,
No longer on cheating intent,
Would allow the Grand Juries a peep at their *books*,
And show where the money all went.

Well, the canvass went on, and the men went their rounds
Through each parish the county contained;
And when the poll closed there were scarce any bounds
To the noise and the tumult that reigned.

The success of CAMPBELL and WYER was sure,
Almost from the very beginning,
But the friends of the others turned out to be fewer,
And smaller their chances of winning.

On one side were CLARKE and his friend JUDGE MCKAY,
Determined and hard to put down;
On the other, all honest means prompt to employ,
Were CLINCH and his friend JEMMY BROWN.

The remainder were "lame-ducks," and gave up the race
Long ere it was brought to an end,
Being satisfied *theirs* was a *desperate case*,
Which all they could do wouldn't mend.

When the voting had ceased it was rumored through town
And believed, if no flaws were detected,
That CAMPBELL and CLINCH and WYER and BROWN
Were the candidates duly elected.

But by some *hocus-pocus* in counting the votes,
Some deed that was done in the dark,
The Sheriff announced from his own private notes
The success of McKAY and of CLARKE.

The result was proclaimed 'midst silence profound—
For all had their hopes and their fears—
But soon there burst forth, as if rending the ground,
A storm of *loud hisses* and *cheers*.

I need not remind you how grieved we all were
When the news reached our home on Tow'r Hill;
For we'd long been persuaded, with talents so rare,
That Brown some high office should fill.

Nor will you forget the long scrutiny made
Of the votes which the county had polled,
Or the lawyers employed and the fees that were paid
Corruption and frauds to unfold.

Nor how CLINCH and BROWN unwittingly gave
To the House of Assembly offence;
And were both sent to jail to learn how to behave,
And there kept at the public expense.

Nor how in the *Government coach* they were brought
To the *House*, to receive from their *betters*,
A lecture in which they were forcibly taught
To write no more *fault-finding letters!*

How the House took the question in hand the next day,
And thoroughly sifted the case;
Which resulted in turning CLARKE out of the way,
That CLINCH might be put in his place.

How Brown was dismissed, and desired to attend
Again at the following session;
And McKAY had due notice, the seat to defend
Of which he held doubtful possession.

But the parties themselves soon adopted the plan
Suggested by fair common sense;
They met, and their papers did carefully scan,
Agreed, and saved further expense.

How CLINCH brought the Sheriff before the high court
For a false and malicious transaction,
And two thousand dollars he paid for the sport,
Before he could make satisfaction.

How the *House* was dissolved by the death of the king,
And all of its members unseated;
And ten goodly candidates enter'd the ring,
When the process again was repeated.

Some dash'd through the contest, despising control,
While others would falter and flinch;
But forty ahead, at the close of the poll,
Stood the names of our friends, Brown and Clinch!

Brown, Clinch, Hill, and Wyer, in order as plac'd,
Were declared to be duly elected;
And six of the ten to the left about fac'd—
Even Campbell himself was rejected.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS—CONCLUSION.

But these reminiscences, dear to us both,
Must some time I should bring to a close;
For my letter's attained an inordinate growth,
And my *muse* importunes for repose.

Other incidents, still, on the memory crowd,
Each seeming to claim my attention;
But these must be dealt with in some other mode—
Though perhaps *one* or *two* I will mention.

And first the "Revival" which spread through the place,
With never a Parson to mind it;
And went, as it came, without leaving a trace,
Or of *good* or of *evil* behind it.*

* This religious awakening was unique. It broke out at a time when no clergyman was near the place, and when no preaching had occurred for a long period. It rapidly spread through the neighborhood, embracing some of its most respectable citizens; was attended with all the usual phenomena of *Revivals* or *Reformations*, and continued nearly a year, when it died away, leaving no traces of its effects; no church was formed—no baptisms—no preaching, except by occasional itinerants, but society quietly returned to its former condition.

And the visits the converts so frequently made
To their brethren, and theirs in return—
For each to the other gave mutual aid
When "of mind they were under concern."

And the shouts through the woods which were constantly ringing
With voices fro ı grotto and shade;
While vocal with praying, exhorting, and singing,
The fields and the forests were made.

And next, the great fire, occurring one morn,
As we to our breakfasts were going;
Which doomed to destruction our spacious old barn,
Just filled from the farm to o'erflowing.

And the martyr-like death of the "invalid" steer,
Whose fate all our sympathy claims;
Whose agony drew from us many a tear
As he writhed in the merciless flames.*

And how, near the spot where the *old* barn stood,
Phœnix-like, rose a *new* in its place,
And how at the *raising*, in right merry mood,
It was christened from summit to base.†

And true to the custom which deemed it no crime
To drink and to dance through the night;
How the men, one and all, had a jolly good time,
Though disturbed, now and then, by a fight.

And last, though not least, my unfortunate ride
On the road leading up from Oak Bay,
When I fell in a snow-bank and there would have died
But for Dickie, who passing that way,

Put me on to his sled with his bags of corn-meal,
And drove me to *old Buzzy's* door;
The warmth of whose fire I was soon made to feel
As I lay at full length on the floor.

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* This poor animal was burned to death while tied in his stall, where he had been placed only a few minutes before the fire broke out.

† This *christening* consisted in breaking a bottle of rum on the ridge-pole after the building had, according to the custom of the country, received its name.

In regard to this ride other facts I could tell
That would give it a little more zest;
But for reasons to you that are known very well,
You'll agree that it wouldn't be best.*

———o———

Dear Brother, my rambling letter is done—
It is longer than I had intended;
But subjects increased after once I begun
Till it seemed they would never be ended.

If like me you dwell much on the days of our youth,
And their memory carefully treasure,
In what I have written you'll recognise *truth*,
And I hope it may give you *some pleasure*.

L. S.

* For the same reason they are withheld from publication.