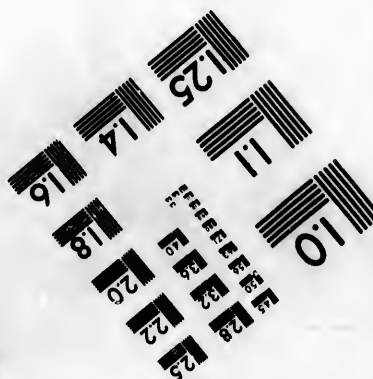
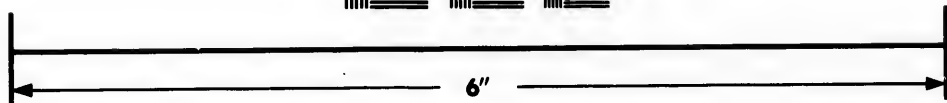
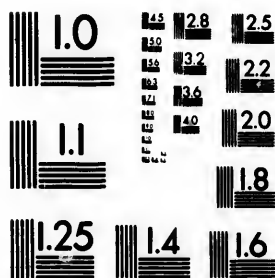


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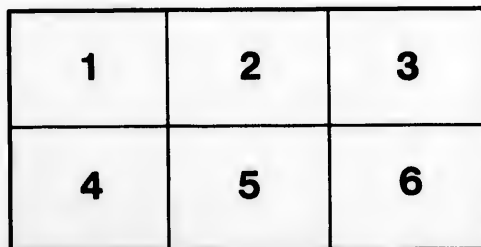
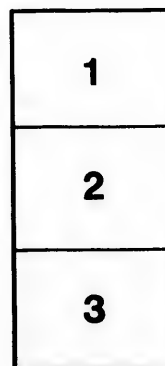
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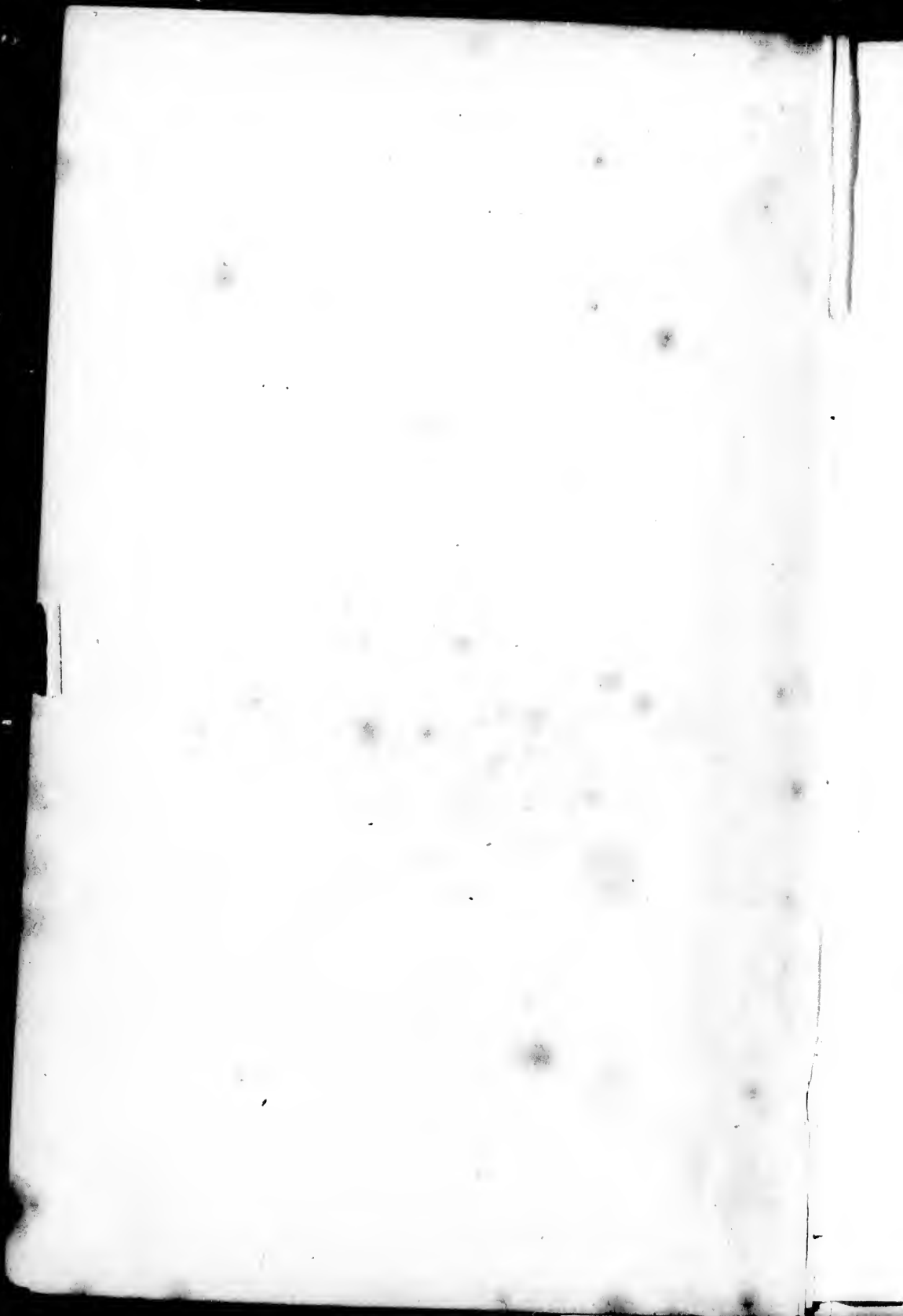
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*Sam Slick*

THE  
O L D J U D G E ;

OR,  
LIFE IN A COLONY.

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

"THE ATTACHÉ," &c.

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

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:  
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,  
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1849.

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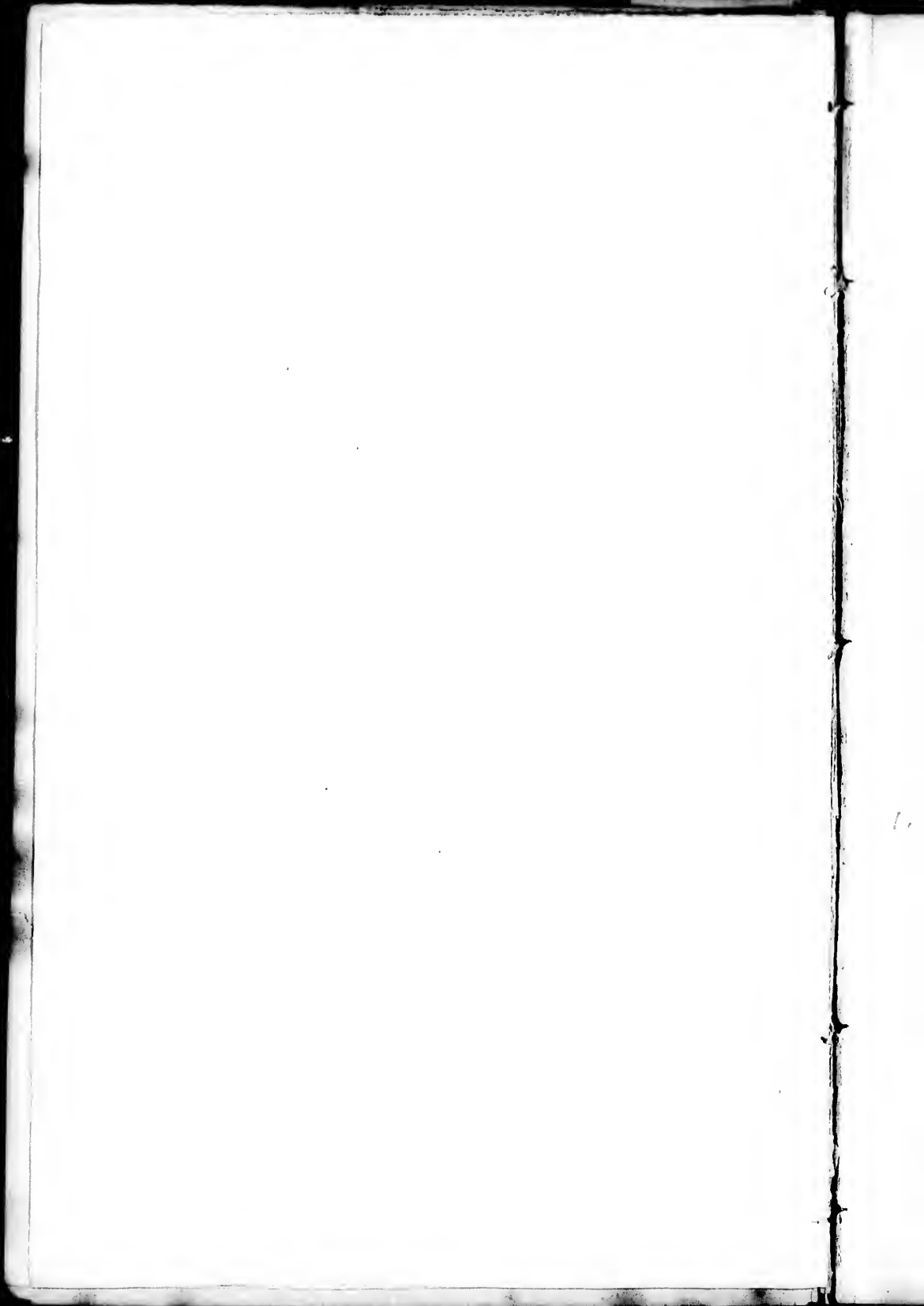
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# THE OLD JUDGE;

OR,

LIFE IN A COLONY.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

THE KEEPING-ROOM OF AN INN;

OR, SEEING THE DEVIL.

NO. II.

Miss Lucy, who had listened with great interest and attention to Richardson's story of Judge Beler's Ghost, pronounced it "beautiful!"

"Oh, Mr. Stephen," she said, "that is a charming tale. There is nothing in nature I am so fond of as a good Ghost story; it is so exciting, although I don't just altogether like to hear them too late at night, neither before going to bed, for they are apt to keep one awake, or set one a-dreaming. That part of it where the judge rises from the lake, a-cantering on his mare, and never going a-head, like a rocking-horse, is grand; and so is that part where the people on the raft first see that it is not a living being, but a Ghost or a dead human, and suddenly stop rowing, and stare and stare at him with all their eyes, until he slowly

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sinks out of sight for ever ! What a pictur that would make, if there was any one that could take it off naterally ! I think I can see it, and the lone dismal lake, just as you have described it. And then agin, when the Ghost comes through the ice with a noise like thunder, jumps up behind you on the horse, and screams and yells like mad, and seizes you by the nape of the neck with his teeth, and you so scared all the time ! Oh, it's fun alive ! It beats all. It's...."

" You wouldn't have found it such fun, then," said Mr. Stephen, " I can tell you, if you had a-been there, for he would have just turned-to, and eat you up at oncest, like a ripe peach ! He found me rather tough, I reckon ; but if it had been your beautiful tempting neck, Miss Lucy, he'd a-never a-left off, after he had once a-got a taste of it, until he had finished it, I know. If I was a young man, I...."

" Which you ain't," said Miss Lucy : " and so there is no excuse for your talking such nonsense, so be done, now. But the part I don't like, is the talk you had with the parson at Digby, for that seems to throw a doubt on it, or to explain it. Now, I don't want to hear a good Ghost story cleared up. I do believe in them, and like to believe in them. Spirits ain't permitted, according to my idea, to wander about the earth merely to scare decent folks out of their senses, but for some good purpose or another ; and although we can't always see them, who can tell that

they don't surround us, notwithstanding, watching over us when asleep, guarding our steps, shielding us from evil, and putting good thoughts in our minds? That's my belief, at any rate."

"And a very sublime, beautiful, and poetical belief it is, too, Miss Lucy," said the little man in black, whom Richardson denominated Broadcloth, but whose real name I found was Layton; "I sympathize with you in that rational, sensible, and agreeable theory. The very idea of holding communion with ethereal spirits, has something elevating and ennobling in it. I believe in them, and should like to see them about me and my couch. We read that, in the olden time, angels visited the earth, and conversed freely with mortals."

"Celestial beings? Celestial nonsense!" said Mr. Stephen; "you're a pretty fellow to encounter ghosts, ain't you? Why, man alive, you'd go mad, or die of fright in a week, if your wishes were fulfilled; you would, upon my soul! You are the last man in the world to want to see apparitions, I can tell you. Now, just look here, Miss Lucy. Broadcloth married his third wife last fall, and a nice, tidy, smart, managing body she is, too, as you will see between this and Annapolis county line. The only sensible thing he ever did was to marry her, and the only unsensible thing she ever did was to take up with the like of him!"

"Thank you, sir," said Layton; "I am much obliged to you for the compliment."

“ Oh, not at all !” coolly rejoined Mr. Stephen ; “ I mean what I say. I never flatter, and when I say civil things like that, people are welcome to them, for they deserve them. Now, Miss Lucy, just fancy this beautiful bridegroom ondressing himself, blowing out his candle, and hopping into bed....”

“ Why, Mr. Stephen,” she said, “ ain’t you ashamed to talk so ?”

“ And hopping into bed like a frog on all fours, when, lo and behold ! if he’d his way about spirits, he would see two ghosts standing at the foot of his bedstead, grinning horribly, and stretching out their long, thin, bony arms, and shaking their rattling, skinny fists, and making all sorts of ugly faces at him and his bride, or beckoning him this way with their hands” (and he got up, and, stooping forward, suited the action to the word), “ looking enticing like, and waving him to come, and follow them to the cold, damp grave, and sing ditties there through his nose with them in chorus, with earwigs and toads. Oh, yes, by all means, it’s well worth while for a man who has married three wives to talk of living with ghosts, ain’t it ? Or, jist suppose now....”

“ Have the goodness, Mr. Richardson,” said the little man, “ to make your suppositions less personal and less offensive, if you please, sir—your conversation is very disagreeable.”

But the incorrigible talker went on without attending to him—

“ Or, jist suppose him going across the Devil’s Goose Pasture at night.”

“ The Devil’s Goose Pasture !” said Miss Lucy ; “ what in natur is that ? What under the sun do you mean ?”

“ The great Aylesford sand-plain,” said Stephen ; “ folks call it, in a giniral way, ‘ the Devil’s Goose Pasture.’ It is thirteen miles long, and seven miles wide ; it ain’t jist drifting sand, but it’s all but that, it’s so barren. It’s oneaven, or wavy, like the swell of the sea in a calm, and is covered with short, dry, thin, coarse grass, and dotted here and there with a half-starved birch and a stunted misshapen spruce. Two or three hollow places hold water all through the summer, and the whole plain is cris-crossed with cart or horse-tracks in all directions. It is jist about as silent, and lonesome, and desolate a place as you would wish to see. Each side of this desert are some most royal farms, some of the best, perhaps, in the province, containing the rich lowlands under the mountain ; but the plain is given up to the geese, who are so wretched poor that the foxes won’t eat them, they hurt their teeth so bad. All that country thereabouts, as I have heard tell when I was a boy, was oncest owned by the lord, the king, and the devil. The glebe lands belonged to the first, the ungranted wilderness lands to the second, and the sand plain fell to the share of the last (and people do say the old gentleman was rather done in the division, but that

is neither here nor there), and so it is called to this day the Devil's Goose Pasture. Broadcloth lives on one side of this dry paradise. Now, just suppose him crossing it to visit a neighbour of a dusky night, when the moon looks like a dose of castor oil in a glass of cider...."

"What an idea," said Miss Lucy; "well, I never in all my born days! did you ever, now?"

"When all of a sudden down comes two ghosts on moonbeams (not side-saddle fashion, the way galls ride, but the way boys coast down hill on sleds, belly-flounder-fashion), and lay right hold of him with their long, damp, clammy, cold arms, one pulling him this way, and the other pulling him that way—one saying 'You shall,' and t'other saying, 'You shan't'—one saying, 'Come to me,' and t'other saying, 'Stay with me;' and he a-saying, 'I wish old Nick had both of you!' And then fancy, when he returns home, his wife saying—'Broadcloth, who were those two onruly, onmannerly galls, that was romping so ondecent in Goose Pasture? you ought to be ashamed of yourself, so you ought, to be acting that way!' and he afraid to tell her, and she growin jealous and he a-growing mad. Oh, yes, take your own way, Broadcloth, invite ghosts to your house; they don't cost nothing to feed them, and they have wings instead of horses, and don't want oats. They are cheap guests, and very entertaining, especially to a lucky dog like you, that has had three wives, one reclining alongside of you,

and a-looking up admiring and loving into your eyes, as much as to say, ' Well, they don't look a bit like onripe limes, though they be a little yallow or so ;' and two other ladies standing near you, knowing every thought, hearing every word, watching like weasels, and as jealous as all natur. Oh, it wouldn't make you nervous a bit. You would like to see them about your couch, I know you would."

" Mr. Stephen," said Layton, rising in great anger, " this is too bad. You first take the liberty to drink more than any two men can stand, and then talk in a style that no man in the world can bear. You or I must leave the room, that's a fact."

" Lord bless you," said Stephen, " there's no occasion for either of us to leave the room; it's big enough for both of us. I didn't mean no harm, you know that as well as I do; only when I hear folks a-talking nonsense, I like to rub them down good-naturedly a little, that's all. I won't say I haven't been drinking a little, though; but there is no danger of my being seized for it, for all that. Lawyer," addressing himself to Barclay, " did you ever hear of Andrew Wallace seizin a man that was drunk, and putting him up at auction? I must tell you that story. Squire Wallace was a captain in the militia, and one day, after training was over, and jist before the men was dismissed from parade, he took a guard with him, and made a prisoner of Pat Sweeney, who was a most powerful drinker—drink as much at a time as a camel a'most.



“ ‘ Pat,’ says he, ‘ I seize you in the King’s name !’

“ ‘ Me !’ says Pat, a-scratching of his head, and looking abroad, bewildered like ; ‘ I’m not a smuggler. Touch me, if you dare !’

“ ‘ I seize you,’ says he, ‘ for a violation of the Excise Law, for carrying about you more than a gallon of rum without a permit, and to-morrow I shall sell you at auction to the highest bidder. You are a forfeited article, and I could knock you on the head and let it out, if I liked—no nonsense, man.’ And he sent him off to gaol, screaming and scratching like mad, he was so frightened.

“ The next day Pat was put up at vandeu, and knocked down to his wife, who bid him in for forty shillings. It’s generally considered the greatest rise ever taken out of a man in this country. Now, I am in no danger of being seized, though I won’t say but what I have tasted a considerable some several times to-day.”

The truth is, Mr. Richardson, notwithstanding his maxims of worldly wisdom, to which he was so fond of treating his friends when away from home, drank freely. His head, I was told, seemed able to resist the utmost effects of liquor ; and although he boasted that he was never known to be drunk, he omitted to mention that he, nevertheless, often swallowed as much rum in a day as would intoxicate three or four ordinary men.

“ If you are fond of spirits, Broadcloth,” he continued, “ I advise you to leave ghosts alone, and make acquaintance with good old Jamaica spirits. Instead of frightening you out of your wits, they will put wit into you, and that won't hurt you at no time. If you continue to drink cold water much longer, my boy, your timbers will perish of the dry-rot, as sure as you are born. You look as yaller as a pond-lily now ; and it is all owing to living like them, on bad water. Man was never made to drink water, or Natur would have put him on all-fours, with his mouth near the running streams, like all animals intended to use it. But man was calculated to stand straight up upon his pegs, with his mug as far away from the cold springs and fish-spawny brooks as possible, and had apple-trees, and sugar-canes, and barley, and what not, given him, and sense put into his pate to distil good liquor from them, and hands to lift it up to his lips when made, and a joint in his neck to bend his head backward, that it might slip down his throat easily and pleasantly ; and, by the same token, here is your good health, old fellow, and wishing you may have better beverage in future than horses and asses have. Now, Jamaica spirits I would recommend to you ; but as for ghosts and onairthly spirits, why, a fellow like you that has had three wives....”

Here Layton protested so strongly against the repetition of these indecent allusions, that Miss Lucy interfered in his behalf, and forbade Richardson to con-

tinue his annoyance ; and, by way of changing the conversation, asked if any other person in the company knew a good ghost-story.

“ Certainly,” said Stephen ; “ here is my old friend Thompson : when he was a boy, he and his father and mother saw the Devil one night. Fact, I assure you, and no mistake ! Come, Apple-Sarce,” he said, tapping a stout, good-looking countryman on the shoulder, “ tell Miss Lucy that story of seeing the Devil. It’s a capital one, if you could only tell it all through your mouth, instead of letting half of it escape through your nose, as you do.”

“ Seeing the Devil !” said Miss Lucy ; “ how you talk !”

“ Yes, the real old gentleman,” said Stephen ; “ horns, hoof, tail, and all !”

“ Well, I never,” said Miss Lucy, “ in all my born days ! Oh, that must be grand, for it’s more than any ghost-story ! Oh, pray tell it, Mr. Thompson ; do, that’s a good soul ! But don’t begin it just yet, please ; I have some small chores to see to about the house, and will be back in a few minutes, and I wouldn’t miss a word of it for any thing !”

During the pause in the conversation occasioned by the absence of Miss Lucy, a person of the name of Bayley, a passenger in the “ Stage Sleigh,” from Illinoo, entered the room. Barclay immediately recognised him as an old acquaintance ; and so did Richardson, who appeared to know every body in the country.

After their mutual greetings were over, Barclay congratulated him upon having received the appointment of Collector of His Majesty's Customs at the port of Rainy Cove. Mr. Bayley replied, that he was sorry to inform him that he had been superseded.

"I was," he said, "as you may suppose, very strongly recommended by the most influential people at Halifax, who were well acquainted with my father's long and valuable services, and my own strong personal claims; and was nominated by the head of the department, and appointed by the Governor in a manner that was particularly gratifying to my feelings. I accordingly relinquished my ordinary business, and devoted myself to the duties of my new office. I held the situation for several months, when, one Sunday night, as we were just rising from family prayers, and about to retire, I heard a loud knocking at the door. A stranger entered, and informed me that he had been appointed by the Board in England (who claimed the patronage) to the office I held, and requested me to deliver up to him the books and papers of the department early on the following morning. Ill-judged and improper as the time chosen for this communication was, I was pleased that it was so, for the occupation in which we had all just been engaged had not been without its effect on my feelings, and I was enabled to control the impatience and irritation to which I might otherwise have given vent, and refrain from saying and doing what I might have afterwards regretted; for,

after all, he was in no way to blame, except, perhaps, for an unseasonable visit. It has, however, been a serious injury to me, by causing me to relinquish a business which I find it very difficult to regain; and is one of those things of which, as colonists, we have great reason to complain."

"Squire," said Stephen, "don't you live at the corner of King's Street, at Rainy Cove?"

"I do."

"And ain't there a platform to the house, that you go up seven or eight steps to reach the front door?"

"There is."

"Then I'll tell you how I'd serve a fellow out that came to me of a Sunday night, to gladden my heart with good news, like that chap. First, I'd take him by the nape of the neck with one hand; for, you see, there is a collar there, and a waistcoat, and a neckcloth, and a shirt (if the feller had one afore he came here), and all them make a good strong grip—do you mark? and then I'd take him by the slack of the seat of his trousers, which gives another good hold, with the other hand, for that makes a good balance of the body, and then I'd swing him forward this way (and he put himself into attitude, and illustrated the process); and I'd say, 'Warny oncest,' then I'd swing him a-head again with a 'Warney twicet,' and then oncest more, with a 'Warny three times!' By this see-saw—do you mark?—I'd get the full sling of my arms with all the weight of my body and his too; and then

I'd give him his last shove, with 'Here yow go!' and I'd chuck him clean across the street, into neighbour Green's porch, and neighbour Green would up, and kick him into the road, without ever saying a word, for smashing his stoop-door in; and stranger, English-like, would turn to and give him lip, and the constable would nab him, and lug him off to gaol, for making an ondecent noise of a Sabbath night. I'd work it so, the gentlemen of Rainy Cove would know where to find him, to call upon him next day, and welcome him to their town. That's what I call a hard case of yourn, Squire, and I'd like to see the feller that would fetch me a case like that, and he nimble enough to get out of my house afore I smashed it over his head, I know!"

The very proper conduct of Mr. Bayley under such trying circumstances, no less than the singular language of Richardson, induced me, after we retired from the keeping-room, to ask some explanation of my friend Barclay on this subject. He informed me that, until about twenty years ago, the Custom House establishment in this colony was supported by fees of office, which were then commuted by the province for an annual payment of between £7000 and £8000, upon the understanding that the patronage should be transferred to the local government, by whom the officers were to be paid. He added, that the usual course is, for the head of the department at Halifax to nominate a suitable person for a vacancy, and the Governor to appoint; but that the provincial com-

missions to colonists have been so often superseded of late, in the most unceremonious manner, that the recent Lieutenant-Governor very properly refused to have any thing to do with a patronage that was only calculated to degrade his office, and diminish his weight and influence in the province. I understand that this improper interference of the Board of Customs is severely felt and loudly complained of by colonists, who, unfortunately, are so situated as to be unable to obtain any employment or promotion out of their own country ; and, therefore, very naturally feel that they are at least entitled to those offices, the salaries of which they furnish themselves. But this is foreign to my subject. I give the conversation as it occurred ; and, if it lacks amusement, it may furnish information to those who have the power to set the matter right.

When our young hostess returned, Richardson said—

“ Ah, Miss Lucy, you have lost a capital story while you was gone ! This gentleman, here, Squire Bayley, saw the Devil also. He came pop into his house onest of a Sunday night, in the shape of a Custom House officer, seessed all his books, papers, and income, and left him scratching his head and a-wondering where he was to find employment or bread, and advised him to go to bed, and say his prayers, and hoped they might do him much good. But Thompson, here, seed him in his naked truth. Come, Apple-Sarce, we are all ready now. Tell us your story,

unless you will wet your whistle first with a little brandy-and-water. You won't, won't you? Then I will—so here's to your good health! Now, go on, old Walk-'em-slow, we are all eyes and ears."

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Thompson, "I used to live at a place called Horton Corner. I dare say you have all heard of it."

"Heard of it!" said Richardson, "to be sure I have. I knew it afore you was born. It was then called the Devil's Half-Acre. Such an awful place for law, gamblin', drinkin', fightin', and horse-racin', never was seen. Father used to call the people Horton-tots. It reminds me of a drunken old rascal called Knox, that used to live at Annapolis. He took a day oncest, and hawled up all of a sudden; a teetotaller, and then lectured; for the moment a feller reforms here, he turns preacher, on the principle that, the greater the sinner, the greater the saint."

"'Well,' says he, 'my brethren, when I used to be drunk about the streets, the folks called me that old blackguard Knox; when I left off drinking, it was old Knox; when I got new clothes, it was Knox; and now, my brethren, I am always called Mr. Knox—this is the ladder of virtue.'

"Now, that's the case with your Horton Corner. When it was the sink of iniquity, it went by the name of the Devil's Half-Acre; when it grew a little better, it was Horton Corner; and now they are so genteel,



nothing will do but Kentville. They ought to have made old Knox *custos rogororum*."

"If you know the story, Mr. Stephen," said Thompson, "you had better tell it yourself."

"Thank you," said Stephen. "I know the sum total, but I can't put down the figures. Do you cipher it out your own way."

"Well, as I was a sayin', when I was a boy I lived at Hornton Corner, now called Kentville, and my father and mother kept a public house. Father was well brought up, and was a very strict and pious man."

"Yes," said Stephen; "and, like most pious men, used to charge like the Devil."

"Mr. Richardson," said Thompson, very angrily, "you had better let my father alone."

"Why, confound you, man," replied Stephen, "I have got the marks to this day; if I was to home, I could show you the bill. Fourpence a quart for oats, wine measure, and the oats half chaff. You had better say nothin' about piety, old Sugarstick."

"Mr. Richardson, perhaps you would like a candle to go to bed," said Miss Lucy. "It's very rude of you to talk that way, so it is; and, besides, it spoils a story to have it interrupted all the time after that fashion."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said Stephen, "I didn't mean no offence; and Thompson knows me of old: it's jist a way I have, bantering-like; nobody minds

me—they know it's all for their own good. Howsomever, go it, Thinskin," he said, slapping Thompson on the back, "I won't stop you if you break your bridle and run away."

"On Sunday," continued Thompson, "his house was always shut up. None of the folks in the neighbourhood was ever admitted; and no liquor was sold on no account to nobody. In those days there warn't much travelling at any time, and on Sunday nobody hardly travelled; for old Squire M'Monagle picked them up at Windsor on one side, and fined them, and old Colonel Wilmot picked 'em up at Aylesford on t'other side, and not only fined them, but made them attend church besides. Officers and lawyers were the only ones a'most that broke rule. Every officer drew his sword, and swore he was travelling express on king's business, and magistrates were afeered of their commissions if they stopped a government messenger. And every lawyer swore, if they dared to stop him, he'd sue both magistrate and constable, and ruin them in costs. So these folks were the only exceptions."

"I'll tell you what I have observed," said Stephen. "Lawyers think law was made for every one else to mind but themselves; and officers have no law but honour; which means, if you promise to pay a debt, you needn't keep it, unless it's for money lost at cards; but, if you promise to shoot a man, you must keep your word and kill him. Now, don't say a word, miss—I am done; I'll shut up my clam-shell, mum."

“ Well, father did not like to refuse officers, for they were dangerous men, and might be on king’s business.”

“ And bled freely, says you,” addressed Mr. Richardson, with a wink.

“ But lawyers, he knew, needn’t travel of a Sunday unless they liked ; and, when they did, he generally gave them a cold shoulder. Well, one fine summer Sunday, about one o’clock, when all the folks were going down to Mud Creek, to see old Witch Wilson dipt (that Elder Strong had converted from her wicked ways), who should arrive at our house but Lawyer Scott ! I was but a boy at the time, but I can recollect him, and what happened then, as well as if it was yesterday. He was a tall, stout, bony man, about the size of Stephen.”

“ And why don’t you say about as handsome, too ?” added Richardson.

“ With light-coloured hair, and a face somewhat kinder, paled by study ; a good-natured body, in a general way, when he was pleased, but an awful man when he was angry. They say he was the greatest speaker of his time, and carried all afore him ; and that, when he was talking to a jury, he could take the opposite lawyer and turn him inside out like, and then back again, as easy as an old stocking ; and, as for character, he could skin a man’s off, and tear it all into little pieces as small as bits of paper, that no living man could put together again ; and all the

time make judges, jury, witnesses, and hearers, roar with laughter, so you could hear them a mile off. The whole county used to attend courts in those days to hear the sport. Things are greatly altered now. Lawyers have no fun in 'em no more. They are dry sticks; and, if any one makes a joke, the Judge looks as sour as if he had swallowed a pint of vinegar."

"They are like your old 'Devil's Half-Acre,' of Hornton Corner," said Stephen. "They have got so infernal genteel, they have altered their name and very natur. Once upon a time, they used to be called attorneys; now, forsooth, they are solicitors: formerly they were styled lawyers, but now nothing but bannisters will do, and nice bannisters they are for a feller to lean on that's going down stairs to the devil."

"True," continued Thompson, "times are sadly altered. It will be many a long day before you see the like of old Lawyer Scott. Well, he drove up to the door in a gig — waggons hadn't come into fashion then, and people either travelled on horseback with saddle-bags, or in gigs; but, in a general way, pig-skin carried the day on account of the roughness of the roads—I think I can see him now, with his great, big, bony, high-stepping bay horse (we haven't got such horses no more now-a-days), and his little gig with the wooden pig-yoke spring (to my mind the easiest, and lightest, and best spring ever made for a rough country), and his gun and his fishing-rod fastened crossways to the dash-board. He came along

like a whirlwind. You know how sandy the flat is at Kentville, and there was a stiff breeze a-blowing at the time; and he always travelled at a smashing, swinging trot; and, as he streaked along the road, the dust rose like a cloud, and all you could see was a flying column of drifting sand. Father was standing at the front gate when he reined up and alighted.

“‘How are you, Thompson?’” said he; ‘how is the old lady, and all to home to-day?’

“‘None the better for seeing you of a Sunday,’ said father, quite short.”

“‘There is your pious man!’” said Stephen.

“‘Well, it was enough to make him grumpy, for he had got his go-to-meeting clothes on, and all the world was a-going to see the old witch dipt; and mother was all dressed, and was to spend arternoon with old Mrs. Fuller, that married her sister’s husband’s brother—Crane Fuller that was; and they knowed, in course, that they’d have to go and take off their toggery and tend on the lawyer.’”

“‘Where is the hired man?’ says Scott.

“‘Gone to meeting,’ says father.

“‘Where’s the boys, then?’ said he.

“‘Gone there, too,’ said the old gentleman.

“‘Well, I’m sorry for that,’ says lawyer. ‘Just ontackle this horse and put him up yourself, will you? —that’s a good fellow.’

“‘Thou shalt do no work,’ says father, ‘thou, nor thy servant,’ and so on, all through it.

“‘I’ll tell you what,’ says Scott; ‘by Jove! if you don’t go this minute, and onharness that horse, and take care of him,’—and he went to the gig and took out his horsewhip, and began to flourish it over father’s head, with the lash looped in, club-like—‘if you don’t go and take that horse, I’ll....’

“‘What will you do?’ says father (for he was clear-grit, regular New England ginger.) So, turning right round short, and doublin’ up his fists, ‘What will you do, sir?’

“‘There was your pious man,’ said Stephen. ‘He wouldn’t put up a horse of a Sunday, but he’d fight like a game-cock for half nothin’. Well done, old boy! swear your father was a pious man, until you believe it yourself, will you?’

“‘What will you do?’ says father.

“‘Why, by the Lord,’ says Scott, ‘if you don’t, and you know I am able....’

“‘You are not,’ says father. ‘You never was the man, and I defy you!’

“‘If you don’t go and do it this minute, I’ll—I’ll—I’ll just go and do it myself. Ah, my old cock!’ said he, a-givin’ him a slap on the back, so hard, that it gave him a fit of the asthma; ‘so you got your Ebenezer up, did you? I have you there, at any rate. Now, do you go off to meetin’,’ says he, ‘you and the old lady, and I’ll put up the horse myself, and smoke my pipe till you come back, for I don’t want to mistest you in the least.’ So with that he turned to, on-

harnessed his horse, put him into the stable, and went into the house and lit his pipe ; and father and mother went off to meetin' and left him."

" A nice temper to go to meetin' in!" said Stephen. " But pious men are always amiable and good tempered."

" Well, they stayed to see the dipping, and then went to visit Mrs. Fuller, and it was considerable well on to sundown when they came home, and mother began to feel compunctious, too, at leaving the lawyer so long alone ; but father was strict, and had scruples of conscience, and wouldn't relax for no one. As soon as they drove up to the door, out runs lawyer.

" ' How do you do, Mrs. Thompson?' said he ; for he was a sociable man, and talking kindly came natural to him. ' Bless me, I thought it was your daughter, you look so young and handsome! you have positively taken a new lease! Let me help you out.'

" He was a great tall man ; and he went up to the gig and held out both hands, and when she sprung out, he managed to have her jump so that he caught her in his arms, and carried her to the door. What he said to her I don't know ; but no man knew better what flattery to whisper to a woman than he did ; and, whatever it was, it put her in a good humour, and she bustled about and got his dinner ready in no time. The table was set in the room where the old folks were, but father wouldn't talk, and hardly answer him at all, and when he did it was quite short.

At last, says Scott, with a wicked twinkle of his eye, for he was full of mischief, and had the sliest eye you ever see—

“ ‘Thompson,’ says he, ‘I saw an old friend of yours in Aylesford to-day, Nancy Noley; she made many anxious inquiries after you, and desired to be kindly and gratefully remembered to you.’

“ ‘Who?’ said mother.

“ ‘Nancy Noley,’ said the lawyer.

“ ‘Nancy Devil!’ said father. ‘I know there is such a woman in Aylesford, but I never spoke to her in all my life.’

“ ‘Strange, too,’ said lawyer, ‘for she told me to tell you the cow you gave her last spring got cast in the field and died, and she hoped you would either give or hire her another, and said how liberal you had always been to her.’

“ ‘A cow!’ said mother.

“ ‘A cow!’ said father.

“ ‘Yes, a cow,’ said lawyer. ‘Why, what in the world has got into you to-day?’ said Scott; ‘you won’t know your old friends, you won’t hear me, and you won’t hear of Nancy or her cow.’

“ ‘Well, well,’ says mother, ‘here’s a pretty how do you do! What in the world are you giving cows to Nancy Noley for?’ and she began to cry like anything.

“ ‘Lawyer,’ says father, ‘leave my house this minute; if you don’t go out, I’ll put you out.’



“ ‘Indeed you shan’t,’ says mother; ‘if you put him out, you shall put me out, too, I promise you. If you had been half as civil to him as you are to Nancy Noley, it would have been better for both of us,’ said she, crying most bitterly. ‘I’ll have your tea ready for you, lawyer, whenever you want it.’

“ ‘Father seed a storm a-brewin’, so says he—

“ ‘Well, then, if he stays I’ll go, that’s all; for I’d as soon see the Devil in the house as see him.’

“ ‘Mr. Thompson,’ says lawyer, with a serious face, ‘don’t use such language, or you may see the Devil in earnest.’

“ ‘I defy you and the Devil, too, sir!’ said he.

“ ‘Recollect, Mr. Thompson, you say you defy the Devil, and you are in a devilish and not a Christian temper.’

“ ‘I defy you both, sir!’ said father, and he walked out into the orchard to cool himself.”

“ ‘Improve his temper, you mean,” said Stephen, “by eating sour apples. There never was an apple in your father’s orchard that wouldn’t pucker a pig’s mouth.”

“ ‘In the evening, we had tea, but father was not present; he did not come into the room till about ten. We were then just separating for the night. Says mother, says she—

“ ‘Father, will you ask a blessing?’

“ ‘I might ask a long time,’ said he, ‘before I could

obtain one on a lawyer—a mischief-maker, and a sabbath-breaker.'

" 'Thompson,' said lawyer, for he was a good-natured man, 'I am sorry if I have offended you; come, shake hands along with me, and let us part good friends.'

" 'I'd as soon shake hands with the Devil,' said father."

"What a sample of a meek, pious man!" said Stephen.

" 'Only hear him, Mrs. Thompson!' said lawyer; 'he'd sooner, he says, shake hands with the Devil than a Christian man! That's a dangerous saying, sir,' he said, a-turning agin and addressing himself to father, 'a very foolish and very rash speech; he may shake hands with you sooner than you imagine. You have heard of the story of the Devil and Tom Ball; take care there ain't another of the Devil and Jack Thompson. Good night to you.'

"I was a little boy then, about twelve years old, and when there was anybody sleeping in the house there was a bed made for me in mother's room. Father and I went to bed, and mother seed to the house, and to putting out lights, and raking up wood fires, and putting the birch-brooms in water, for fear of live coals in them, and setting rolls to rise in the deugh-trough, and covering them with a blanket, seeing the galls was in and a-bed, bolting the doors and what not, and at last she came to bed, too. Father either was or pre-

tended to be asleep, and not a word was said till some time after mother had turned in. At last, said she—

“ ‘ John!’

“ ‘ Father didn’t answer.

“ ‘ John, dear!’ said she, giving him a gentle shake, ‘ dear John!’

“ ‘ What do you want?’ says father.

“ ‘ Are you asleep, dear?’ said she.

“ ‘ No; but I wish you would let me go to sleep,’ said he.

“ ‘ Well, so I will, love,’ says mother; ‘ but there is jist one thing I want to know, and then you may go to sleep.’

“ ‘ Well!’ says he.

“ ‘ Why didn’t you read the cow as usual to-night?’

“ ‘ Read what?’ says father, turning round towards her.

“ ‘ Read the cow, dear, before we went to rest.’

“ ‘ Read the Devil!’ said he; ‘ what in the world do you mean by reading the cow? I believe the woman is crazed.’

“ ‘ Oh, dear, I believe so, too!’ said she; ‘ and gracious knows I have enough to drive me mad.’ And she cried and sobbed like anything.

“ ‘ Oh, ho!’ says he, ‘ if you are going to take on that way, good night,’ and he turned back again.

“ ‘ Oh!’ says she, ‘ that’s the way you always treat your lawful-wedded wife; and when I ask you a civil

question, the Devil is the best word you can find for me.'

" ' Well, what on earth are you at ? ' said he. ' What under the sun do you want ? '

" ' Why, ' says she, ' John dear, why didn't you read and expound this evening, as usual on Sabbath night, some portion of the wretched creature after so much temptation of the wicked one to-day ? It would have been good for body and soul, and if we couldn't have digested it all, for our temper, we might at least have tried to do so. '

" ' Oh, I see, ' says father, ' what's runnin' in your head ! you are pretendin' to talk about readin' a chapter, and want to talk about Nancy Noley and the cow, and so you have mixed them all up in a jumble : woman like, you never could come straight to the point. '

" ' Well, now, you can't wonder, can you, dear, if I am troubled in mind ? What's the truth of it ? '

" ' The truth, Polly, dear, ' says father, ' is jist this. Nancy Noley is a liar, the lawyer is a liar, and you are a fool. ' "

" ' A meek Christian, that old Jack Thompson, warn't he ? ' " said Stephen ; " and monstrous polite to his wife, too ! "

" ' Fool ! ' said mother. ' Oh you wretched, wicked monster ! first to deceive, and then to go to abuse your lawful wife that way ! '

" ' Yes, ' says father, ' a fool ; and a stupid one,

too! I wish old Nick had you all before you conspired to bother me so confoundedly,' and then he pretended to snore.

" And mother began to sob and scold, and the more she scolded the louder he snored. At last both got tired of that game, and fell off to sleep, and all was quiet once more.

" About an hour or so after this I was awaked by an odd rushing kind of noise, and a strange smell in the room, and I called to mother, but she said she didn't hear anything, and told me to go to sleep again. At last she gave a violent scream, and waked up father.

" ' Father! father!' said she. ' Look here, John!'

" ' What on earth is the matter now?' said he: ' what ails the woman?'

" ' Hush,' says mother, ' the Devil's come; you know you wished he might take us all away, and here he is—oh-o-o-o—oh-o-o-o!'

" ' Poor thing!' says father, quite mollified; ' poor Polly, dear, I've been too harsh with you, I believe. You have gone mad, that's a fact.'

" ' I am not mad, John,' said she. ' I am wide awake: there—there! don't you see his great fiery eyeballs?'

" ' Oh, lay down, dear,' says father, ' you have been dreaming, and are frightened. Lay down, dear, and compose yourself.'

" ' I tell you, John, I haven't been dreaming; there he is again! look, look!'

“ ‘ Where, where?’ said father.

“ ‘ There, there!’ says mother, ‘ by the door: don’t you see his two red-hot, fiery eyeballs, and a great ball of fire at his tail?’

“ ‘ Heavens and earth!’ says father, slowly, ‘ what is that I see?’

“ ‘ Do you see his two great eyes now?’ says mother.

“ ‘ I see four,’ says father. ‘ This all comes of that horrid lawyer!’ said he.

“ ‘ From that horrid Nancy Noley,’ ” said she.

“ Oh, my, what a beautiful story!” said Miss Lucy, pouring out a glass of cider, and handing it to Mr. Thompson. “ I am sure you must be dry. Oh, my gracious, what a nice story!”

“ Your good health, miss. Where was I?” asked Thompson.

“ Where one said it was the lawyer’s doin’s,” she replied, “ and the other Nancy Noley’s.”

“ Oh, exactly: ‘ Lawyer,’ said he; ‘ Nancy,’ says she.

“ ‘ Nancy be d——d!’ said he.

“ In the midst of all this hubbub I got awfully frightened myself, you may depend, and began to cry lustily, and mother called out—

“ ‘ Neddy, Neddy, cover yourself up in the clothes this minute, dear! Keep close; the Devil and Nancy Noley’s here. Here they come!—here they come!—slowly come! Oh, it’s a trying thing to look on the Devil!’ And she gave an awful scream, and it retreated.

“ ‘ In this dreadful moment,’ says mother, ‘ when evil spirits are abroad, and the sound of rushing winds is heard, and the Devil is roamin’ about seeking whom to devour, and human hearts are quaking, I conjure you, John Thompson, to tell me, is that story of Nancy Noley true?’

“ ‘ It’s a d—d lie!’ says father.

“ He had hardly got the words out of his mouth before all the china and glass ranged in the little three-cornered show-closet came down on the floor with a most tremendous smash, the broken pieces rebounding on our beds, and nearly blinding us. All now was silence for a minute or two, when mother said—

“ ‘ John, what an answer you got to your assertion! This is a judgment; and, oh, may it be executed mercifully upon you—a sinful, fallen, deceitful man! Get up and light a candle; the Devil loves darkness and eschews the light.’

“ ‘ Well, to tell you the truth, Polly,’ says he, ‘ I’m a’most afeered; and, besides, the floor is all covered with broken glass; and it’s as much as one’s life worth to go stumblin’ about among sharp-cornered bits of crockery, bottles, and what not.’ ”

“ You had better tell us agin he was clear-grit, real, New England ginger, hadn’t you?” added Stephen.

“ ‘ Your conscience fails you, John, that’s it. Confess, then, and I’ll forgive you,’ she said, ‘ and tell me how it was that you fell into the snares of that wicked woman?’

“ ‘ I tell you I hope the Devil may fly away with me in earnest, if it's true ! ’ said father.

“ At that instant there was a hollow sound, like that of flapping of enormous wings ; and father and mother, who were sitting up, saw the balls of fire again for an instant, when they were both knocked down, and the window at the head of the bed was dashed out with great violence. Mother's cap was torn to threads on one side, and some of her hair pulled out, while the temple was cut open, and one eyelid much lacerated. Father had his cheek dreadfully scratched, and the skin nearly torn from his nose.

“ ‘ I can stand this no longer, ’ said mother ; ‘ the smell of brimstone is so strong I am e'en a'most suffocated. I must get up and strike a light. ’ And she felt for her shoes, and, putting them on, groped her way to the kitchen.

“ When she returned with the candle, she stood a minute at the door, as if afraid to enter, or dumb-founded at the destruction of the contents of her cupboard. Her first thoughts were of me—

“ ‘ Neddy, dear Neddy ! ’ said she, ‘ are you alive ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, mother, ’ said I.

“ ‘ Are you hurt ? ’ said she. ‘ Are you all safe and sound ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, mother, ’ said I.

“ ‘ The Lord be praised for that ! ’ said she. ‘ And now let me see what's here. ’ And she sot the candle on the floor, and, standing ever so far off, she took



the broom, and with the tip eend of the handle held up the valence, first of my bed, and then of hern, and peeped under; and then she made me stand up, and she beat the bed, as folks do a carpet to drive the dust out; and then she told father to rise and dress himself, and, while he was a-getting up, she began banging away at the bed, and managed, either by chance or by accident done a-purpose (for nothin' furies a woman like jealousy), to give him some awful whacks with the broom-handle.

“ ‘What are you at?’ says father. ‘How dare you?’

“ ‘The evil one may be concealed in the bed, dear! Oh, I shall never forget,’ she said, ‘her awful fiery eyes, and the blow she gave me over the head with her tail when she broke the window!’

“ ‘Who?’ said father.

“ ‘Satan,’ said mother. ‘Oh, the wicked creature, how she has clawed your face and broke my china!’

“ The thoughts of that loss seemed to craze her a'most, and make her as savage as a bear; and she hit him a crack or two agin, that made him sing out pen-and-ink in real earnest. At last, he caught hold of the broom-stick in his hand, and said—

“ ‘What in the world do you mean by striking me that way? What ails you, woman?’

“ ‘Did she strike her own lawful husband, then?’ said she, in a coaxing tone. ‘Did she lift her hand agin her own John? Poor, dear, lost man! Well, I shouldn't wonder if I did, for I'm c'en

a'most out of my senses. Here's your shoes, get up and dress.'

"And when he let go the broom-handle, she stretched it across the bed, and lifted the blind, and exposed to view the broken sash and glass of the window.

" ' See here—see here, John!' she said; ' here's where she escaped.'

" ' Who?' said father.

" ' Why, Satan,' says mother. . ' Did you think it was Nancy?'

" ' Oh, don't bother me!' said he.

" Long and loud were mother's lamentations over her china. Her beautiful old, real china bowl, that belonged to Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts, one of the oldest governors of the State, from whom she was descended; her beautiful painted jar, which, though often broken, was mended as good as new, but now was gone for ever! Her set of gilt teaware, that belonged to Judge Strange, who sentenced the two men to death for murder at Lunenburg; and a china lamb, that broke its legs and its neck in its fall; and a shepherdess, that was split in two from top to bottom by Washington on horseback! Tears mingled with the blood that trickled down her cheeks, and her voice was choked by fear, grief, and pain. Father never uttered a word. He assisted her in packing up all the pieces and fragments into a large basket with wool, to be reproduced and mended, if possible, afterwards.

When this was done, they dressed each other's wounds, and sat by the kitchen fire.

“ ‘Polly,’ says father, ‘what account are we to give of this night's work? If we are silent, it will be said we have lifted our hands against each other; if we relate the whole truth, our house will be avoided as haunted, and our friends will desert us as possessed of evil spirits. We are sorely tried with afflictions. This is a judgment on me.’ And he shed tears.

“ ‘Then you are guilty, are you?’ said she. ‘You confess, do you?’

“ ‘Polly, dear,’ said he, ‘I am an innocent man of the slanders of that vile lawyer, and here is my hand; it grieves me you should doubt me. I'll take an oath, if you wish it, love!’

“ ‘Oh, no, don't swear, John!’ said she. ‘Your word is as good as your oath!’ ”

“She knew him better than you, Thompson,” said Stephen; “for I guess it's six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.”

“ ‘I believe you, John,’ she said; ‘and, from this time forth, I shall never think or speak of it again.’

“ ‘Now you talk sense,’ said father. ‘But what shall we say! How shall we account for this night, for the destruction of our china, and for the marks of violence on ourselves?’

“ ‘You say you are innocent?’

“ ‘I am.’

“ ‘Then some way will be opened unto us to save us from disgrace.’

“ ‘Easier said than done,’ he replied.

“ ‘I tell you it will be done,’ said she.

“ Here they were disturbed by the early summons of the lawyer.

“ ‘Hullo, Thompson! where’s my bag?’

“ ‘Answer him softly,’ said mother; ‘you may want his advice.’

“ ‘Oh, is that you, lawyer?’ replied father. ‘How are you this morning? I hope you slept well last night, Mr. Scott. Will you have a glass of bitters? Is there anything I can do for you.’”

“ ‘What a pious hypocrite!’ said Stephen.

“ ‘No, I thank you, not now. But where’s my bag? It had two silver-grey foxes in it, worth fifteen pounds. I was taking them down to Halifax, as a present to Sir John Wentworth.’

“ Mother rose, and put her finger to her lip, and then went to her chamber and brought out the bag which she had seen near the door, and wondered over in clearing up her room.

“ ‘There it is,’ she said, as she handed it to father, ‘there it is; I told you a way would be opened to us. It’s nothing but a pair of foxes, after all!’

“ At breakfast the lawyer lamented over his foxes, and mother over her china; but, pleader as he was, mother beat him all hollow.

“ ‘I am sorry for the loss of your china, Mrs.

Thompson,' said he; 'and will replace it all, when I go to Halifax, with much better. It was I who untied the bag and let the Devil loose on you, in the form of those two foxes; for, to tell you the truth, your husband behaved unhandsomely. He treated one poor Devil very badly yesterday, and spoke very disrespectfully of another one behind his back. Recollect the old proverb, 'Talk of the Devil, and he will be sure to appear.' "

" Well I never, in all my born days," said Miss Lucy, " heard such a beautiful story end in nothing at all, like that ! Oh, now, only think of all that interest being excited and kept up by two nasty, horrid, dirty, common, smelly foxes ! And then for to come for to go for to call that ' seeing the Devil ! ' "

" It's quite as much as I should like to see of him," said Stephen.

" Well, it's not as much as I should like to hear of him, then," replied Miss Lucy. " Well, I never ! It's a great shame, now, so it is ! The idea of calling that ' seeing the Devil ! ' "

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE KEEPING-ROOM OF AN INN;

## OR, A LONG NIGHT AND A LONG STORY.

## NO. III.

Soon after the conclusion of the last story of "Seeing the Devil," with which Miss Lucy expressed herself so much dissatisfied, the company separated for the night. The storm still raged with unabated fury, and the prospect of its continuance for another day quite exhausted the patience of Mr. Richardson. He stretched out both his legs and his arms, and expanded his jaws to their fullest extent, and proclaimed the day to have been the most tiresome he ever spent in his life.

"I never saw one that was too long to home," he said, "for I can always find enough to do. Fine days, rainy days, and stormy days, are all alike to me. Out-doors or in-doors, a body needn't be idle; but, away from home, with your head like horned cattle, fastened in the stanchels, a-chewing of the cud, or sitting before the fire, a-working as hard as you can, turning one thumb over the other, is dull music. It makes a slow day of it, and this has been about the longest I ever passed; though, after all, it ain't

to be named with an endless night I once spent. It was longer than you, Broadcloth, who are only five feet nothin', and something beyond me, who am six feet and a considerable piece to spare ; and, before we part, I will tell you how and when it was.

“ In the fall of 1820, I think it was, when I lived to the head of Bear River, I took a notion into my head one day to go out a moose-calling ; so I strapped on my powder-horn and shot-bag, and put some balls into my pocket, and took a trifle to eat with me, and sot off alone into the woods. Well, first I visited one mooseground, and then another, and I never see them so scarce in all my life ; and, at last, by the end of the third day, I got off ever so far from home away to the southward, and my provisions got out, and I couldn't see bird nor beast, nor anything to feed on, and I was a'most starved, that's a fact. Says I to myself, says I, ‘ Shall I go back while I'm able, or shall I hold on and trust luck ? ’ and, seein' that I never failed yet, I thought I wouldn't give in, but persevere ; so I drew my belt tighter round my stomach, which was pretty empty, I do assure you, and pushed on to a place where I thought I couldn't fail to find moose ; and all I had to feed upon after the second morning was the inside bark and juice and scrapings of wild poplars. In the spring, a body might live on it for a week, I do suppose ; but in the fall, it's kind of dry and stringy, and hard fare, you may depend. At last, night came, and I began to call the moose again.

“This is the way, stranger,” he said, addressing me: “you fold up a piece of birch-bark like a short speaking-trumpet, as I fold this paper, and then go like the voice of the cow-moose — this fashion:” and he uttered some extraordinary lowings, which Miss Lucy pronounced very horrid and disagreeable, but which Barclay and others eulogized as capital imitations; “and then,” he said, “if there is a herd in the neighbourhood, one or more of the leaders are sure to answer it, and come to the spot where the sound rises. Well, I had been at this sport so long, and been out of food such a length of time, I was quite weak and hardly able to call; but, howsomever, call I did; and, bymeby, I heard a great whapping fellor come thrashing and crashing, and rearing and tearing, along through the trees, as easy as if he was moving through tall grass, and I was getting ready to have a shot at him, as soon as he stood still to blow, and snort, and listen again, or as he past on, when the first thing I knew was he went right slap over me, and trod me under foot, knocking the wind out of me, and nearly breaking every rib in my body. Thinks I to myself, what under the sun shall I do now? I am e’en a’most starved to death: every created thing seems to keep out of my way except one, and that one wants to teach me to keep out of his; and if I ain’t starved, I ain’t quite sure I ain’t bruised to death.

“Just then, I heard an owl hoot, and although they ain’t very good to eat at no time, they are better than



nothin' to a starving man. So I lay down on my back, and began to inveigle him, for I have been so much in the woods, I can imitate every sound that's in them—when, looking up, what should I see but a pair of bright eyes in the tree above me, and I let slip, and down came a porcupine. What a godsend that was! didn't he get out of his jacket and trousers in double quick time! There never was a gentleman got a good warm fire made up for himself at such short notice, I know; and didn't raw fat meat taste, for the first time, better than that that's well done! Arter that, I lay down and took a nap, and gin up the moose hunt, and minded next day to start for a cross road, that I expected to reach by night, where I knew a settler, one Increase Card, lived, and where I could put up and refresh a bit. Well, when morning came, I sot off, and, as is always the case in this world, when you don't care a morsel about things, you can have lots of them; and, when you do, you can't get them for love or money. So, the next day, I shot partridges for my breakfast, and partridges for my dinner, and let other fellows run, as sodger officers do desarters, without looking arter them; and, when I least expected it, came all of a sudden on a moose, and shot him, just as I reached the road.

“About seven o'clock, not very long after sundown, I came to the house of Increase Card, leg-weary, foot-sore, and near about beat out.

“‘Crease,’ said I, ‘my boy, how are you? I never

was so glad to see any one afore in all my life, for I'm all but used up. Have you got a drop of rum in the house?

“‘Yes,’ says he, ‘I have;’ and, pulling out a large stone bottle from his closet—

“‘Here’s a little,’ said he; ‘wait till I get you some water.’

“‘I guess I won’t spoil two good things,’ said I, and I poured out half a tumbler of the naked truth, and drank it off like wink. ‘Now,’ says I, ‘one good turn deserves another. I’ll take a glass of water, if you choose, for I always like to see the quality go first.’

“Well, we sot by the fire, and talked over farming and crops, and politics and old times, and what not, and cooked some moose steaks, and eat and cooked, and cooked and eat, as fast as contract-work, and then went to bed. But afore I left the room, Increase said—

“‘Steve,’ says he, ‘Miss Card, my wife, and the little ones, are gone to Capersues, to see her father, old Captain Salmon. I am going after them afore day to-morrow, to fetch them back in the waggon. Do you just help yourself in the morning to whatever you want, and rake up the fire carefully, and put the house-key under the step of the door.’

“‘Why, Crease,’ said I, ‘was your wife a Salmon? I never knowed that afore.’

“‘Yes,’ says he, ‘one of the Salmons of Tusket, old Captain Noah’s daughter.’

“‘You showed your sense,’ says I; ‘they are the best fish going; and I see you know how to manage her, too. You have given her the line, let her run off the whole length of it, and now are a-reeling of her up, and a-going to slip a landing-net under her, bag her, and fetch her home. It’s the only way with w en and fish. If you snub ’em too short, they spring and flounce like the Devil—tangle the line, or break it, and race right off. You warn’t born yesterday, I see. How many young salmon-trout have you?’

“‘Two,’ says he.

“‘Ah!’ said I, ‘your name is capital bait to a courting-hook.’

“‘How?’ said he.

“‘Why, Increase,’ says I; ‘it’s a grand name, that.’

“‘What a droll fellow you be!’ said he, laughing; ‘you ain’t a bit altered, for you always was a funny man ever since I knowed you;’ and then, taking up a quart bottle with a candle stuck in it—

“‘Follow me,’ he said, ‘and I’ll show you where to sleep.’

“‘Stop,’ says I, ‘Crease, don’t be in such a pucker of a hurry; just have out that stone jug again, that’s a good fellow, will you? that I may drink Miss Kitty, your wife’s health, afore I go.’

“‘Sartainly,’ said he, ‘and I axe your pardon for not offering it again to you; but, the fact is, I railly

forgot; for, to tell you the truth, I never take any myself.'

" 'Neither do I,' says I, 'in a general way, when I am to home, for it's a lau habit and a bad example to the boys, unless I am shocking dry, as I am just now; but, somehow or another, I consait my wife uses too much salt, both in curing her hams and corning her beef; and I often tell her so, though she won't hear to it, for I am always awful dry after dinner.' Well, I poured out a rail good nip, and then, holding it up, 'Crease Card,' says I, 'here's Miss Kitty, your wife's health, and the same to you, and wishing you may have a strong hand of cards, all trumps and all honours. Now, make haste, and I'll follow in your trail; for I feel as strong as a bull-moose a'most.'

" Well, he took me into a room that had a carpenter's work-bench in it, and tools, and shavings, and boards, and what not; and then passed into a place that had been a porch, and then into a nice, snug, tidy bedroom; and, putting down his ready-made candlestick on a table, he bid me good night, and then went off to his own roost. Well, I takes two chairs and puts them to the bottom of the stretcher, and hauls out the bed two foot or more—for no bedstead in a general way is long enough for me, and it ain't pleasant to have your legs a-dangling out of bed—and then I turned in, took a good stretch out, and was asleep in no time.

" Well, being in no hurry, and not intending to get

up early, I took a good long sleep ; and, when I woke up, I shoved out, first one leg, and then the other, to prove all was right in those distant parts ; and then I drew a long breath to try if the ribs was in the right place to home, after the trampling and kicking of that are confounded moose ; and then I rubbed my eyes, and found it was still dark, so I turned round again, and took another famous nap. ‘Now,’ says I, to myself, ‘it’s time to be a-stirring ;’ and I sot up in bed, and looked and looked, and all was as dark as ink. ‘Steve,’ says I, ‘you are getting old, you may depend. Oncest on a time, you used to do up your sleep into one long parcel, but now you are so tired, you don’t rest sound, and have to content yourself with a piece at a time ;— it ain’t day yet, try it again.’

“ Well, I tossed and turned, and rolled about ever so long, and, at last, I snoozed away again, and, when that was over, I up and out of bed, and felt for the window, and looked out, and it was as dark as Egypt ; and then I put a hand to each cheek agin the glass, and nearly flattened my nose agin the pane, and stared and stared, but there warn’t a star or the least streak of light to be seen ; so back I went to bed agin, but I couldn’t sleep : no how I could work it : I had had enough, or was too tired ; but I don’t like to give in till I can’t help myself ; so I began to count one, two, three, four, up to a hundred, and then back agin, one, two, three, four, and so on—but it was no go. Then I fancied I was driving a flock of sheep over a notch in the fence,

one by one ; and when two got over the fence at once, I'd drive one of them back, and begin agin ; but it didn't confuse me to sleep ; and then I tried a rhyme :

'I wish I had a load of poles  
To fence my garden round,  
The pigs they do break in and root,  
And all my sarce confound.'

And then I chased a little black boar round and round the garden walks, till I grew dizzy, and slipt off into a good solid nap. Well, when this was over, I looked up, and still all was as dark as ever, and I got more tired of the bed than of the three days' moose-hunt : so, thinks I, I'll get up and go to the keeping-room, and light my pipe, and wait for daybreak ;—but this is a most mortal long night, that's certain ; or, perhaps, I've got cold, and can't see out of my eyes. Well, that idea did startle me, you may depend ; so I went to the window agin, and looked through as hard as I could, till I strained my peepers out a'most, but no daybreak was there. 'Perhaps it's a heavy land-fog,' says I ; so I lifted the sash, and just as I was popping my head out, I got a crack over the pate that actilly made the fire fly from my eyes. 'Hallo !' says I, 'what in natur is all this ?—let me think about it. Where am I ?—Am I in Increase Card's house ?—What ails me, that I can't sleep ?—or am I buried alive by an earthquake ?—or has the sun forgot to get up this morning ?—or what in the world is to pay now ?—I'll try the door.' Well, I opened the door,

and felt along out to the porch, and along the wall to the house door, when the light fell on me all of a sudden so dazzling bright, it nearly blinded me, and made me wink like an owl.

“ It was two o'clock in the day, at the least, and the sun shining away as clear and as hot as iron melted to a white heat. The fact is, Increase had built an addition to the house, and had lathed and plastered outside of the windows, and hadn't yet cut out fresh places in the end of the room for them, and it was agin this new wall that I knocked my head.

“ Well, I didn't know whether to be mad or to laugh ; but I didn't see I had any one to be mad with but myself, and as I never laugh except at other folks, I didn't do neither one nor the other, but struck a light, went into the dark room, dressed myself, returned, and made a most royal dinner and breakfast all in one, shouldered a haunch of venison, and started for the settlements. That was a most—a particular long night, and was more than a match, after all, for this tremendous long day.”

On the second morning, although the wind had subsided, it still snowed fast and heavily at intervals, but Barclay foretold the entire cessation of the storm in the course of the afternoon. Having taken an early dinner, as on the preceding day, we again adjourned to the keeping-room, about three o'clock, for the purpose of listening to the various stories and anecdotes told by the company, which are so illustrative of the

habits and tastes of the people. The conversation, for some time after we joined the party, was desultory, and not worth recording; all, however, agreed that the opening in the clouds which disclosed a patch of blue sky in the west was the forerunner of a fine evening, which had a visible effect on the countenances and spirits of every body. One of the passengers of the stage sleigh, who, it afterwards appeared, belonged to the Commissariat department at Halifax, called Miss Lucy on one side, and earnestly pressed some request upon her, that I did not distinctly hear, to which she objected that it was rather late, and the roads impassable. I heard something, however, about taking the open fields and a violin, which seemed to convince her, for she went to the kitchen and gave orders that appeared to meet with remonstrance, but which was effectually silenced by the young lady raising her voice, and saying, "Just you go and do as you are told, now, and no nonsense;" and shortly afterwards I heard a sleigh, with its merry bells, leave the house. As soon as she had resumed her seat, she asked a stranger who sat next to her, either to sing a song, or to tell a story; and, upon his choosing the latter, inquired whether he knew a good ghost-story.

"No," he replied, "I have never seen a ghost; but I'll tell you what I *have* seen—something much worse, lately."

"Worse than a ghost?" she replied; "what in the



world can that be? Come, do tell us: I like such stories horridly. What was it?"

"I was attacked by a pack of wolves last week."

"Wolves!" exclaimed the young lady; "how shocking! what a dreadful thing it is that they have found their way here! Where, under the sun, do you suppose they came from? for father says, none were ever seen in this province till last year; and he don't more than half believe there are any here now."

"Nor I, either," said Stephen; "nor never will, till I see the marks of some of them."

"The first I ever heard of the wolves, Miss Lucy," replied the stranger, "was at Fredericton, in the next province. About three years ago, the inhabitants were very much astonished at finding large herds of deer in the woods, of a species never seen in the country before, and only met with in the very northern part of Canada; but the cause was soon apparent, in the great numbers of wolves that began to infest the forest at the same time, and who had evidently driven these animals before them, and hunted them across that vast wilderness. Several packs of wolves last year were known to have crossed the narrow isthmus that connects New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; and, having once established themselves here, I fear we never shall get rid of them, unless the Legislature offers a large bounty to the Indians for their destruction. It is the Canada wolf; and, from being better

fed, is, in my opinion, a larger animal than the Spanish."

"Did one of them ever give you a nip?" said Mr. Richardson, "as Judge Beler did me? Heavens and earth! talk of a wolf's teeth—it's nothing to the jaw of an old judge. Did any of them bite you?"

"No," he said, "I am happy to say they did not."

"Well, that's a pity, too," remarked Stephen; "because, if one of them had taken you by the nape of the neck, and just let his teeth meet through it, you'd have had the marks, do you see; and it's a great satisfaction, that, when fellows don't believe you. I wish one of them had a-given you the mark of mouth: I should like to see how they write their name."

"Thank you," said the other: "I was not so fortunate, it appears, as you were."

"They tell me," said Stephen, "if you stoop doon, put your head between your knees, and look backwards to a wolf, or a bear, or a tiger, or what not, nothing in the world dare face it. It will scare the devil, will a man's face turned upside down: particularly if you can go like a horn; for music is what they can't stand, any how! See; this is the way:" and he suited the action to the word, put himself in the extraordinary attitude, and made a capital imitation of the sound of a conch-shell, as blown at all the farm-houses in the country, to call the people who are in the fields home to their dinner. The third rehearsal was followed by

just such a yell as he describes himself to have uttered when the ghost seized him by the neck; so loud, so clear, and so appalling, that it was evident it was not designed as an imitation, but as a manifestation of fear, or of pain.

In a moment, we were all upon our feet; and really the sight was a most alarming one. A little bull-terrier of old Neal's, that lay under the table, seeing this extraordinary being intruding upon his domain, and defying him to combat, accepted the challenge, and seized him by the nose; and it was not without great difficulty he was choked off, and expelled from the room. Stephen was badly cut, but not dangerously, and he bore it like a man. After order was a little restored, Miss Lucy said—

“Now, Mr. Richardson, you have obtained your wish. You have got the mark of truth stamped upon you a second time. Your veracity is engraved on both sides. Suppose the gentleman tells us the story of the wolves.”

“Oh, them cursed bull-dogs!” said Stephen, whose voice was nearly stifled by a wet cloth held to his nose; “those bull-dogs are an exception to all rules. They ain't afraid of man or devil; but I'll bet my life on that trick, if it was tried on a wolf. But come, stranger, let's hear the story of the wolves. I hope it is a good one, and that you will tell it well, and then I won't think so much of this nip on the nose.”

“Last Monday week,” said the stranger, “I left

Halifax in a sleigh, with a young friend of mine, for the wilderness beyond Musquedoboit, for the purpose of hunting the moose and cariboo deer. We took our provisions, blankets, guns, and ammunition with us; and having met an Indian, (Joe Cope) by appointment, at the Thirty Mile Inn, we left our horse and sleigh there, and divided our equipments into three parcels; my friend and myself carrying the lighter packs strapped in the shape of knapsacks on our shoulders, and the Indian the guns and heavy luggage. As the days are short at this season of the year, we only proceeded ten miles further, and halted at the log-house of a settler, whose clearings are the last to be found in that direction."

"You don't mean to say you walked ten whole miles in one day, do you?" said Stephen. "Why, that was an awful stretch for a hunter! Didn't you feel tired, old seven leaguer?"

"Here we spent the night," continued the stranger, "and were most hospitably received, and abundantly provided with a substantial and excellent supper..."

"Gad, you needed it!" interposed Stephen, "after such an everlasting long tramp."

"And in the evening we sat round the fire and narrated stories, as we are now doing."

"I hope they were better ones," said Stephen, "than this yarn."

"People who live in the woods keep good hours; and, as we intended to start a little before the dawn of

day, we had every disposition to follow their example, and retired early to rest. In our hamper of provision was a bottle of brandy ; and before I went to bed I offered some to the family ; but they declined, saying, they never drank any kind of ardent spirits. The Indian had no such scruples, and took off his glass with great apparent relish, observing, that the strong water was very good. The settler remarked, that though none of his family used anything of the sort, there was an old sempstress, or school-marm, in the house, who did, when she could get it, which was very seldom....”

“ Poor old critter !” said Stephen.

“ And begged me to give her a little when she came in. Accordingly, when Aunt, as she was called, made her appearance, I offered her some of the creature comfort, which she accepted with apparent hesitation.”

“ As gals do kisses,” said Stephen ; for which indecent interruption he was severely rebuked by Miss Lucy, and positively ordered either to be quiet, or to leave the room.

“ The old lady made many previous inquiries about its strength, and expressed great fears as to its effect on her head. Her relish, however, notwithstanding her apprehensions, was not less than that of the Indian.”

“ I’ll answer for it,” said Stephen, “ she made awful wry faces, and shook her head, and hissed through her

teeth like a goose arter it slipped down, as much as to say, 'Don't think I like it, or am used to it, for it's as hot as fire!'

"We now separated for the night, each one retiring to his bed, except the Indian, who made up the fire, and, stretching himself out on the hearth, was asleep almost before his limbs had settled into their place. In the morning, Joe Cope called us, before the break of day, our traps were again packed, and we took a hasty breakfast, and entered the forest. While putting up the things, I observed that the brandy bottle was nearly empty, and blamed myself for having left it within reach of an Indian, whose thirst is generally insatiable. After the cold exposure and fatigue of a day's hunting, a little brandy is a great restorative..."

"Lord bless you," said Stephen, "it wouldn't hurt you at no time!"

"And such a sensible diminution of the stock I felt to be an irreparable loss; but it was done, and it was no use to commence our excursion with scolding; so I swallowed the disappointment instead of the brandy, and proceeded."

"About as bad a swap as you ever made in all your life!" added Stephen.

"After travelling some two or three miles, Mr. Joe Cope, who had never spoken a word since we left the house, (for Indians seldom talk when travelling) asked me abruptly if I had missed any brandy. I replied, I

had observed that the bottle was not so full as I expected."

" ' Ah,' said he, ' sarten white woman very fond of big drink !'

" ' What do you mean by that ?' I inquired.

" ' Why,' said Joe, ' Indgens, you know, always sleep with one ear open, and when that goes to sleep, t'other one opens. Well, last night, maybe twelve o'clock, I hear door move softly ; open ear wakes t'other ear, and I listened. Well, old Aunty come out and look all round the room, then stop, then come where Joe was, look all over hiin, and see Joe fast asleep, then she go to table, and pour out one very big drink, holdin' breath good spell while going down throat easy, then give one long soft blow, all same as puff of smoke, which mean, very good dat brandy—feel all over—good. Then she go softly back, gettum in bed, but no fasten door. Aunty no afraid of Indgins scalp her that night, so she leave her door just so, putting his two hands together, but not allowing them to touch each other. ' Well, about four, maybe, this morning, Aunty comes agin, walkin' on toe, take another very big suck at bottle, walkin' back on heel, though, that time, very heavy—clump, clump, clump—and shut up door bang, and go in bed agin very heavy, all same as one lump. Sarten white woman very fond of big drink !' said Joe."

" ' I say, stranger,' said Mr. Stephen Richardson, with a very snuffing intonation of voice, " ' I thought

you was a-goin' to tell us of the wolves. What's that old woman taking your brandy got to do with it?"

"That was a very fatiguing day. We walked with our loads twenty-two miles into the close forest, and then we came to a barren, which, though only three miles wide, where we emerged, stretched away to the right as far as we could see. I proposed encamping for the night at the edge of this open plain, so that we might avail ourselves of the shelter, and commence our hunt in the morning, as the Indian told us we were certain of meeting with the moose and cariboo on its skirts, in consequence of the herbage to be found under the snow in certain wild meadows it contained. But Joe, with his usual sagacity, said, we were to windward, that our fire would certainly be scented by the deer, and we should find them too wild to be approached, and advised us to cross over to the other side before we bivouacked."

"Why, in course," said Stephen, "it stands to reason: any fool knows you can't throw hot ashes to windward, without hurting your eyes."

"We pushed across the plain, therefore, with what speed we could. The tracks of wild animals now became very numerous: those of the moose, cariboo, wild cat, loup cervier, foxes, and wolves even, were plainly distinguishable on the fresh snow."

"Why, man alive!" said Stephen, "did you expect to see the tracks of tame animals there?"

"The latter I had never seen," continued the



stranger; "for, as I have before observed, they had only arrived in the province about two years. When we had advanced to within a short distance of the opposite side, a herd of cariboo suddenly turned the wooded promontory before us, and passed to the left in a smart trot.

" 'Take the leader,' said the Indian, handing me a gun. 'Be cool, and take steady aim; and if he wounds him,' addressing my companion, and giving him the other gun, 'do you fire at the same one, or you may wound two, and get neither.'

" Following his instructions, I took deliberate aim at the first of the file, and brought him down; but he was almost immediately up and in motion again, when my friend fired and killed him. It was a fine fat buck; but the Indian gave us but little time for exultation or exultation. He urged us to seek the cover immediately, and encamp for the night, as the day was now far spent, and darkness fast approaching, and promised to return himself forthwith, and secure the haunches. We accordingly pushed on, forgetful of all fatigue, and in a few minutes the axe was at work in erecting a temporary shelter, and in preparing firewood for the night."

" Who in the world ever heard of using an axe, and making a fire right among deer?" said Stephen. "Town-hunters and officers beat all natur. They walk a mile and then stop to drink, and one mile more and stop to eat, and one mile further and stop

to smoke, and another mile and then want to rest, and then manage four miles more arter four more stops, and camp for the night. Then they send an Indian a-head to shoot a moose, and come back and say, what fine fun deer-hunting is !”

“ As soon as the poles were adjusted for receiving the spruce boughs, which we were instructed how to entwine, Joe Cope took two large sheets of birchen bark in which the luggage was enclosed, and slinging them with thongs over his shoulder, reloaded a gun, and returned to the cariboo. It was quite dark when he made his appearance with his load of venison ; but we had completed our arrangements for the night. Light spruce boughs were spread for our bed, the exterior covering of branches excluded the wind, and a good blazing fire was ready for cooking our steaks. Joe shook his head.

“ ‘ Ah,’ said he, ‘ sarten white man scare more nor kill !’

“ He immediately piled more spruce boughs on the outer covering, carefully stopping up every crevice where the fire-light could be seen, and then, hanging a blanket over the narrow doorway, commenced preparing the steaks.

“ ‘ Sarten,’ he said, ‘ wolf hunts well. When I come to the barren, wolf had got there afore me, and was making supper off cariboo without cooking.’

“ The steaks were excellent. I had toiled hard....”

“ Very,” said Stephen. “ It is a wonder it didn’t kill you !”

“ Was very hungry, and made a capital supper. The brandy bottle was then produced, but its consumptive appearance gave too sure indication that its end was fast approaching.”

“ ‘ Sarten,’ said Joe, who participated in our disappointment, ‘ sarten white woman very fond of big drink !’ ”

“ It’s a pity, then, you hadn’t been fond of a big bottle yourself,” said Stephen. “ What the plague was a quart among three people ?”

“ Such a day of fatigue, terminated by such a supper, soon disposed us all for sleep ; and having examined the priming of our guns, and put them in a place secure from accident, and replenished our fire, we stretched out for repose. My friend and the Indian were soon asleep ; but the novelty of the scene, the entire loneliness of our situation, the vivid recollection of the slaughter of the deer, the excitement occasioned by the numerous traces of wild beasts in our immediate neighbourhood, and the last story of the wolf, whose howl I could now distinctly hear in the direction of the carcass, caused such a quick succession of ideas, that it was nearly an hour before I dropped into a sound sleep. How long I was in that state of oblivion I cannot tell, but, judging by the state of the fire, which was then reduced to a heap of glowing coals, it must have been about midnight....”

“ As to that,” said Stephen, “ it depends on the nature of the fuel. If it was soft wood, it would burn

out in an hour; if hard wood, it would keep alive all night."

"When I was disturbed by something like a growl. The place where I had laid down was just opposite to the door, and I had fallen asleep with my face to the fire."

"Then you just had your head where you ought to have had your feet," said Stephen.

"When I opened my eyes, judge of my consternation when they encountered those of three or four wolves, who, attracted by the smell of the venison, had traced it to our camp, from one of the poles of which it now hung suspended most temptingly. They had torn away the blanket which had been hung over the door, and there they stood, their backs bristled, their eyes glaring, and their white teeth glistening in the light, and uttering a sort of suppressed growl, and just ready to spring on their helpless and drowsy prey. My first thought was of the guns; but, alas! they were close to the enemy, tied to the stakes of the wigwam, for fear of falling and doing mischief, and, therefore, wholly out of reach. The axe was outside, and there was not even a brand of fire that could be grasped, all was so completely burnt to coals. I then bethought me of my long knife: If I could only get at that and open it, I felt that, if I could not defend myself successfully, I should at least die hard."

"What a beautiful story!" said Miss Lucy. "That is very exciting! It's very awful! Tell us quick, did you get at the knife?"

“ The knife was in the left pocket of my coat, and I was lying on my left side. I carefully put my arm behind me, and cautiously raised my body a little, so as to enable me to put my hand into the pocket, but I could not extract it without turning over. In the mean time, they kept slowly advancing, an inch or so at a time; and one of them, seeing the meat within his reach, became quite enraged, when, encountering my eyes, he sprang across the fire, and seized me by the throat in a minute.”

“ Show me the marks,” said Stephen; “ show me the marks, and I’ll believe it! Hang it, man, if you had only a-put your head between your legs....”

“ Do be quiet,” said Miss Lucy, “ and let him go on; you spoil the story! So he caught you by the throat?”

“ Yes, he caught me by the throat. But at that instant I sprang to my feet, called out to the Indian, and hoped by the first shock to force the animal over on the fire. He had loosened his grip, and I now had him by the windpipe; but it required the whole of my muscular strength to hold him, while I passed my eye in rapid succession from one to the other of his companions, who stood ready to spring on me, and tear me to pieces. While thus engaged, the wolf with which I was in contact, by one desperate effort, threw me on my back, and the whole were instantly upon me.

“ ‘ Sarten,’ said Joe Cope, ‘ sarten white man mad! What you choking Joe for?’ said he.

“ ‘ Oh, Joe,’ I said, ‘ my good fellow, I hope I haven’t hurt you ! I was dreaming, and I thought I was attacked by the wolves.’ ”

“ ‘ Ah !’ he said ; ‘ sarten white man eat too much supper.’ ”

“ Well, and what then ? ” said Stephen.

“ Why, that’s all,” replied the stranger.

“ All ! ” said Stephen, in great astonishment. “ Why, man alive, it’s no story at all, or else you don’t know how to tell it. You might as well call half an apple a whole apple. If you cut off a dog’s tail, it’s a dog still, do you see ? or dock a horse, there is the horse left to the fore, and, perhaps, looking all the better of it. But a story is like a snake, all tail from the head ; and if you cut there, you don’t strike the tail off, but cut the head off. You knock the life out of it at onces—kill it as dead as a herring. Your story is like a broken needle, it has got no point ; or like an axe without an edge, as dull as a hoe. Take my advice, my old moose-misser, and the very next time you are axed to sing a song, or spin a yarn, choose the first. It’s better to sing a ditty that has no tune, than tell a story that has no fun.”

“ Why, how would you have me tell it ? ” said the discomfited stranger.

“ You might as well,” rejoined Stephen, “ ask me what I say when I say nothing, as to ask me how to tell a story that is no story. If I was to be so bold as to offer my advice, I should say tell it short, this way—

“ ‘Once upon a time, when pigs were swine, and turkeys chewed tobacco, and little birds built their nests in old men’s beards, a youngster that had no beard went out a hunting. He thought he could shoot, but couldn’t, for he fired at a cariboo and missed it : was frightened to see the tracks of wild beasts instead of tame ones in the woods ; ate for his supper what he neither killed nor cooked ; got the nightmare ; fancied he saw three hungry wolves, woke up and found but one, and that was himself. Now, there is the hair and head, body and bones, and sum and substance, of your everlasting ‘ long story.’ ”

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE KEEPING-ROOM OF AN INN;

## OR, THE CUSHION-DANCE.

## NO. IV.

The storm baffled by its long continuance all the signs and prognostics upon which Mr. Richardson usually relied. He made frequent reference to the almanac, to ascertain the age of the moon and the state of the tide, predicting that it would cease at the ebb or the flood of the latter, or the rising or setting of the former; and admitted, that every rule of experience had failed him but one, namely, that when the first quarter of the moon happens—as upon the present occasion—to occur late in the afternoon, snow or rain is apt to fall during the greater part of the following week. This last hypothesis was a great comfort to him, as he prided himself not a little upon his knowledge of the weather, and appeared, like most observers of the heavens, to have a theory to suit every contingency. The little patch of blue sky before-mentioned had now gradually enlarged itself, until it extended over the whole heavens, and the sun set clear and unclouded, and was succeeded by a fine starlight night. The scene was so quiet and so beau-



tiful, it was difficult to imagine that we had just emerged from a storm of such extraordinary violence and duration.

“Look at that !” said Stephen, exultingly : “didn’t I tell you so ? I knowed how it would be when them other signs failed (for there is no rule without an exception) ; and I never was beat yet, though I must say this was a difficult case. Tell you what, it stands a farmer in hand to study the sky and the marks of water and earth, so as to look out in time for falling weather, who has hay to make and get in, and grain to stock and to carry to home. I’ll back an old farmer and an old spider agin all the world for a knowledge of these subjects ; for, as for sailors, I never see one yet that knew anything about the matter but this—that when it blew hard it was time to shorten sail. I’ll tell you the difference, it’s just this :—The farmer has got his own crop and his own food to save ; the sailor, the sails and rigging, and beef and pork of his owner ; and it stands to reason—seeing that the skin is nearer than the shirt—that the farmer must know the most.”

And then soliloquizing aloud, rather than addressing any one in particular, he continued—

“What in natur becomes of all them endless numbers of clouds that have passed over to the westward these two days ! A body would think, when they meet a head-wind they would have to return back agin to where they came from, for that seems agreeable to

the course of things in a general way. I wonder whether a wester begins lower than them, gets under them, and shoves them right up out of sight, and clears them off that way, or kinder splits them in two like a wedge, and throws one-half north, and t'other half south? That's a thing, now, I should like to know, for it has always kind of puzzled me. There's something very odd about all winds. The south wind seems to uncork all drains, and swamps, and such things, and you can actually smell it hours and hours afore it comes; and in spring and fall it sends a-head a little white frost, as a kind of notice that it's on the way. Well, the east wind is a searching one too. It gets into your joints, and marrow, and bones; and you can feel it afore you see it. If it warn't for that, I don't think we should have any rheumatis in this country. It's a bad wind, and brings colds, and consumptions, and pauper emigrants from Great Britain (that know a plaguy sight more about breaking heads and houses than breaking up lands), and fogs and shipwrecks, and rust in wheat, and low spirits, and everything bad onder the sun. A wester, agin, is a blustering kind of boy—comes in in a hullabolloo, but-end foremost, and kicks away the clouds right and left, like anything. It's a fine, healthy, manly, bracing breeze, that west wind of ours. You'd know it in any part of the world if you was to meet it, which I'm told you don't, for they say there's nothing like it nowhere else. Now, as to the north wind, I'll tell you

what, I wouldn't just positively swear I ever saw it blow due north in this province. Yet father said, and always maintained to his dying day, there was no such a thing as a rael north wind here ; and I certainly don't mind of ever seeing it. Nor-nor-west and nor-nor-east is common ; but a rael, genuine north wind, by point of compass, I am of opinion is a thing we have to make acquaintance with yet."

"Ah," said Miss Lucy, who just then resumed her seat, "this is too bad ! All these stories end in disappointment. The judge's ghost turns out nothing but a madman ; the wolves are only seen in a dream ; and the Devil, after all, is merely a fox."

"Yes," said Stephen ; "and a most particular sly old fox too. Did you never know that before, miss ? But that's only one of his shapes. Sometimes he comes in the form of a lawyer," (giving a knowing wink to Barclay) "with a tongue as slippery as an eel—cheat his master a'most ; sometimes" (looking at me as if he suspected I was a military man talking down to my hearers) "as a sodger-officer, with a scarlet coat, gold epaulettes, great big sword and spurs, and a whapping long feather to catch young galls, as sportsmen catch trout with a red hackle ; and now and agin" (looking admiringly at Miss Lucy) "in the shape of an everlasting, handsome, bouncing lass, with an eye that makes every one as wicked as herself, and...."

"And sometimes," retorted the young lady, "in the shape of an u—gly, o—ld, d—isagree—able, on—

mannerly man, that interrupts people so, that it's enough to make 'em wish he was in Jericho a'most."

"Why, how you talk, miss!" he replied. "Didn't I see a ghost, and fight with a ghost, and haven't I got the marks to this day? What more would you have? And if you prefer wolf stories, here's a chap that's not only seed a wolf, but actually had one get into bed with him. Talk of romping! Gad, that's what I call a game of romps in rael, right down airnest, regular rough and tumble, without waitin' for tickling. Come, old Broadcloth," said he, patting Layton on the shoulder, "tell the young lady the story of 'the awkward bedfellow.' Tell her all about the wolf getting into bed along with you, and finding you so precious dry, bony, and thin, he was afeerd you'd turn the tables on him, and eat him up, and so clawed right out agin."

Mr. Layton was about commencing his story, when the young commissary, who had unpacked and produced his violin, executed a flourish or two upon it to ascertain if it was uninjured, and said—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but we expect some young ladies here presently. I hope you will excuse me, therefore, for just suggesting the propriety of coming to the point as soon as you conveniently can."

"'Coming to Frink,' you mean," said Stephen. "Coming to the point is old-fashioned, and has no fun in it; but 'Come to Frink,' is all the go now. I'll tell you how that sayin' was raised. Oncest upon a

time, in the House of Assembly in New Brunswick, there was a committee a-sitting on a petition of a harbour-master called Frink, and the lawyers talked about everything, as they always do, but the petition; and an old member, who got tired out, and a'most wearied to death with their long yarns, used to stop them every minnit, and say, 'Come to Frink;' and when they wandered off he'd fetch them back agin with a voice of thunder, 'Why don't you come to Frink?' His manner and accent was so droll, for he talked broad Scotch (which is a sort of howl, growl, and bark, all in one) it made every body laugh a'most; and now it's a by-word all over that province, in the legislatur, and courts, and story-telling, and everywhere, 'Come to Frink.' Now, Broadcloth," he said, turning to Layton, "you understand the gentleman. So, 'come to Frink.'"

Mr. Layton, as I have before observed, was a gentleman that was evidently on very good terms with himself and the world. He was quite satisfied with his own appearance and importance, and being fully impressed with the belief that everybody coincided in opinion with him, his face (now that he had no grievance to relate) beamed with self-complacency. He was a short, thin man, very erect, as most short men are (for they feel that they cannot afford to stoop), and dressed with considerable attention to what he considered the most becoming manner, and cultivated a very imposing pair of whiskers, cut and trimmed in a way to show that

he had visited foreign climes ; for he had been as far as Newfoundland on one side, and Bermuda on the other.

He was, as my friend Barclay told me, one of a very numerous class of persons in Nova Scotia, who, inheriting an excellent farm, soon found that even farms must be worked to be productive, and that, if a store (as a retail shop is universally called here) be added to their other employments, the profits of their trade will enable them to dispense with personal labour, and furnish an easy and comfortable road on which to travel to an independent fortune. This road, however, is, at very short distances, so intersected by other broader and easier ones, that lead, some to the sea-side, where there are frequent opportunities to Texas, some to the court-house, others to taverns, and most of them to a mansion, vulgarly called the jail, that it unfortunately happens many people miss their way, and, what is worse, seldom discover their error, until the day is too far spent to return in safety.

Mr. Layton, besides being a farmer and trader, was a justice of the peace, a commissioner of sewers for the drainage of the vast alluvial meadows of his county, a major in the militia, a supervisor of schools, and a trustee of an academical institution in his own township. He had read a good deal, for he took all the newspapers published at Halifax, and had studied the dictionary in a manner that had enabled him often to detect inaccuracies in the pronunciation and orthography of those who had had the benefit of a better edu-

cation. He was wont, I was told, to relate with great pride, a philological discussion he had had with an usher of Tadpole Academy, about the proper mode of spelling College, which he maintained, by analogy to Knowledge, ought to be written with a *d*. The usher, who knew as little of etymology as himself, admitted that he was of the same opinion, but said, antiquity was on the other side. Colleges, he observed, were established before our language was settled, and the *d* having been omitted originally, the word had come down to us with its present number of letters, and it was too late now to alter it. If this explanation was too far-fetched, it was, at all events, too plausible to be refuted by Mr. Layton, who always contented himself by remarking, with a sneer—"That it was rather hard college men couldn't spell the name of their own institution." Those numerous offices held by Mr. Layton, however honourable they might be in the estimation of his poor neighbours, were all, alas! rather sources of expense than income to him—the farm and the "store" being his main reliance. Either of those would have insured the possessor a comfortable and independent support; but their unfortunate union, like an ill-assorted match, soon produced mutual neglect, and, it was evident, would terminate in the ruin of both. Such was the gentleman who now related to us his adventure with the wolf.

"I live," he said, "on the Kentville river, in Aylesford...."

“Not on the river,” said Stephen, “for that is not die— or gram— either, my old amphibious boy; nor yet in the river, for your father pulled you out of that many a long day ago, and hung you up to dry. You look, for all the world, more like a salmon caught at the wrong season of the year, badly cured and worse smoked—so cussed thin no one can tell where the bone ends, or the fish begins: tough as whalebone. Say, I live on a fish-flake on the banks of the river, my old dun-fish.”

“Really, Mr. Richardson,” said Mr. Layton, rising in great wrath, “I....”

“Jimmy,” said Miss Lucy to her little brother, “call in the dog. He has already made acquaintance with Mr. Stephen’s nose; perhaps he’ll lead him up to bed.”

“For gracious goodness’ sake, don’t bring in that are dog!” he said. “If you do, I’ll leave my marks on him, that he’ll carry to his dying day. Why, I told you, miss, nobody minds me—it’s my way. I poke fun at every body, and every body pokes fun at me; and, if they get the best of it, they are welcome to it; for, in a gineral way, what folks get from me they pay for. Howsomever, my pipe’s out. I know it ain’t manners, and I won’t interrupt him agin. Come,” he said, turning to Layton, “come off to New Foundland with you, my old academy boy, and shoot wolves. ‘Come to Frink’ now.”

“I live on the banks of the Kentville river, in Aylesford,” continued the little man....



“ Well, you told us that afore,” said Stephen.  
“ Why don’t you ‘ come to Frink ? ’ ”

“ On the farm my father owned, and carry on business there....”

“ And a pretty mess you make of it ! ” added Stephen.

“ Year before last, having a great deal of produce in hand, I chartered a vessel for New Foundland, and loaded her with cheese, apples, butter, hams, cider, and other kinds of produce, and sailed late in the fall for the town of St. John, hoping to reach there in time for the Christmas market. Unfortunately we deferred our departure too long....”

“ That was, because you wouldn’t ‘ come to Frink, ’ ” interrupted Stephen.

“ We encountered dreadful weather all the passage. It was, in fact, one constant succession of snow-storms and violent gales of wind. The Captain was frost-bitten and crippled, the men were scarcely able to keep the deck, and the vessel could with difficulty be steered at all. Indeed, we were far from certain of our exact position, never having had an observation since we left Nova Scotia ...”

“ It’s a pity you hadn’t made more observations before you quitted it,” said Stephen ; “ for, if you had, you never would have left home at that season of the year. Do you take ? ”

“ And, while we were discussing the point, all doubt was removed by our being wrecked, about ten o’clock

at night, on a bleak and desolate part of the coast. I shall never forget the horrors of that night. Every sea swept the deck. Bulwarks, boats, cabouse, and everything, was carried away. The Captain and I were the only persons in the after-part of the vessel. How it fared with those who were forward, I could not tell, for we could hold no communication whatever with them, on account of the violence of the sea. That night seemed without end, as it was without hope. At last day broke, the storm subsided, and with it the sea; and I could distinguish the shore, and, to my great joy, a long, low hovel, on the beach under the cliff. I immediately went below for my gun, and returning discharged it, and soon saw three men, half-dressed, emerge from the hut, who waved a flag to us, in token of recognition and assistance. Soon afterwards, they hauled a boat down to the edge of the water, and made preparations for boarding us; but it was nearly dark before the sea was sufficiently abated to enable them to come off with safety. The people forward were all drowned in the fore-castle: the Captain and myself were the sole survivors. At last they succeeded in taking us ashore, with our guns, ammunition, and trunks, and saved as much provisions as would last us during the winter. In the morning, the vessel had disappeared. The storm had come on again during the night, and she had gone to pieces. A few loose articles of inconsiderable value were washed ashore, but the entire cargo was lost...."

“ Yes,” said Stephen ; “ and it’s my opinion the farm sprung a leak that night, too. One or two more such voyages to New Foundland, and the old home-stead is a wreck, as sure as you are born.”

“ As soon as the Captain recovered, who was a strong, athletic man, of Herculean frame, formed by Nature, as it were, for endurance....”

“ Hallo !” said Stephen ; “ it’s a pity the schooner’s bottom wasn’t as hard as them words : all the stones in New Foundland wouldn’t have knocked a hole in it.”

“ He set out for St. John’s with one of the inmates of the hovel, and made his way, in the best manner he could, across the interior. I was unequal to the task, and remained, during the whole of that tedious and dreary winter, with the other two....”

“ If you had followed the example of Felix Piper,” said Stephen, who always preferred talking himself to listening to others, “ it would neither have been a long nor a tedious time. Felix, when he was a youngster, went into the woods one season, with a lumbering party, up the Kestegouch river ; and, not knowing what to do with himself during the long nights, he got some birch-bark, and some dead coals, and stretching himself out at full length (flounder fashion) on the floor, taught himself, by the firelight, to make letters, and learned to write, and then to cipher ; set up in life on his own hook, and is now one of the richest merchants and greatest shipowners in these colonies. He

learned the multiplication table, do you see; and found out that two and two makes four, and twice four makes eight, and so on. Now, with all your knowledge, you never got beyond the rules of subtraction yet; and only know, if you take one from three, two remains. It would take a smart man to add up the sum of his property now; but you will soon find, with your subtraction ciphering, that you have only a naught left for a remainder; and then, my old academy boy, I'll trouble you to learn algebra, and see if you can tell how to subtract something from nothing. But come, Broadcloth, on with your story; but, cut it short, for it ain't no great things the way you tell it. 'Come to Frink,' now."

"Time hung heavily on my hands, you may well suppose," continued the little man, "during those long and weary months. Oh, how often I sighed," and he looked sentimentally at Miss Lucy, "for the summer sky, the fragrant gales, and orange groves of the charming Isles of Bermuda!...."

"There would have been much more sense in sighing after the apple-sarce you forgot to insure," said Stephen; "but, never mind, 'come to Frink.'"

"My two companions were Irishmen, who employed themselves in making barrels and boxes for packing fish, and in preparing for killing seals on the ice in the spring. The hovel they lived in was a long, low, shanty, built close under the cliff, for the purpose of shelter. It consisted of one extended room, one part

of which was their cooper's workshop, and the other their dormitory and refectory...."

"Plague take your Latin, man ! do speak English !" said Stephen. " Ever since you have been a trustee of Tadpole Academy, there is no understanding you."

" The house was not constructed, like our log huts, of substantial timber, (for that is not to be had there), but of poles interlaced with bark ; and the roof was made of the same light materials. It was more like a large Indian wigwam than anything else. Well, as I was saying, we slept in one end of it, which was spacious enough for personal convenience. The other part held staves, a work-bench, some barrels, and boxes, and tools. One morning, just a little before daylight, our house appeared to be coming about our ears. A portion of the roof was suddenly crushed to the floor, with a tremendous noise, apparently by a part of the projecting cliff. I sat up in my bed, and each one asked simultaneously the question, ' What in the world is that ?' At that moment, something came down, through another part of the roof, directly upon my bed, which evidently had life and motion in it. It fell with considerable force, and rolled over upon me twice, when I uttered a loud shout...."

" I don't doubt you did," said Stephen ; " there's nothing like fright to make a fellow ' come to Frink.'"

" And I heard it jump down on the floor. I immediately got up and stirred the fire, which had been carefully covered with ashes for fear of accident, and

threw on it a handful of shavings, and in a moment the cabin was illuminated as bright as day. Judge of my surprise, when the first objects I saw were a cariboo and a wolf; the former standing, snorting first at the fire and then at the wolf, and the latter cowering in the corner, and glaring horribly. We immediately took down our guns, and stood ready to receive or give battle. 'Now, Pat,' I said, addressing myself to the man who appeared to be the leader of the household, 'I will fire at the wolf; do you and Mike stand ready, if I do not kill him, to bring him down: for, if he is only wounded, he will grapple with one of us and die hard.' I accordingly fired, and he sprung up about three feet, rolled over, bounded forward, and fell again near the cariboo, who instantly attacked him with his fore-feet, and broke every bone in his body. My first impulse was to have spared the stag, and secure him alive, but he became so furious we were obliged to despatch him. It was a most exciting scene, and the more so as it was so novel and so wholly unexpected. It appeared that the wolf was in hot pursuit of the buck, who, in his desperation, leaped, without reference to the locality, immediately over the cliff on to our shanty, which, from being covered with snow, no doubt, resembled a small iceberg, and was followed with equal recklessness by his famished pursuer. I have preserved the skin as a trophy...."

"Of a man," said Stephen, "who fired a gun to save his life. It's few people have courage enough to

do that. But, tell me now, didn't that cure you or going a-coasting in the winter? Ain't you afeerd of the water since that shipwreck?"

"No," replied the little man, with an indignant and injured air—"no, sir; I despise a coward!"

"Well, well," said Stephen, with most provoking coolness, "we won't dispute about words. It wouldn't take much, as you say, to kill or to save such a little fellow as you be."

"I said no such thing, sir. Don't put your insolent words in my mouth, if you please, sir."

"Well," rejoined the other, "you might have said it, then, and not been far from the truth, neither. Now, as you are determined to try your luck agin at sea, I'll give you a receipt that will save your life, if every soul on board besides perishes."

"I don't require your receipt, sir; when I want it, I will ask you for it."

"Yes, but you may want it some fine day, and it is no harm to have it in case of accidents. It is one of the simplest and wisest rules I ever heard. I learned it from old Telly-I-you at Annapolis. When I was a boy, there was an old German barrack-master at that place, called Degrebbin, that the Duke of Kent placed there. The crittur had served six months in the old American war, doing garrison duty, which means, plastering his head with soap and flour, and cleaning his breeches with pipeclay; and, as a reward for being a German, got the post of barrack-master. He was as

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tall, and thin, and stately, and solemn, as a church steeple; walked like a pair of compasses; carried his arms straight, like those of a wooden doll, kinder stiff at the shoulder joints, and wore a queue long enough for a horse's halter. He had been so long from home in this country that he had forgot all his German, and, having an enormous big mouth and whapping large tongue, he never could learn to speak English: so he talked gibberish. Instead of saying, 'I tell you,' he used to say, 'Telly I you;' so I nicknamed him 'Old Telly-I-you.' I recollect him as well as if it was yesterday, for I used to stalk behind him in the streets, and throw back my head, and cock up my chin, just as he did, and make Garman faces at him to make the boys laugh, and got caught onest and thrashed for it like anything.

"Well, old Telly-I-you used to go to Digby sometimes on duty, and when he did, he used to take the military four-oared barge with him, and send it back with orders to come in two days for him. When the boat would come, he'd keep it and the party there sometimes for a whole week on a stretch, waiting for a dead calm; for he never would get into a boat if there was the leastest morsel of wind in the world. At last the commandant hauled him up for it.

"'Mr. Degrebbin,' said he, 'you keep my men too long from their duty. I request you will always return immediately, sir, when the boat goes for you.'

"'My fery goot, high-priced, too-dear friend,' said



Degrebbin, 'telly I you it to pass how came to happen dat I keep de boat.'

"And he explained that he was once the sole survivor of a boating party, consisting of thirteen men, which circumstance had made him kind of nervous and timid on the water ever since.

"'Dear me,' said the commandant, who was a kind-hearted man, though strict on duty matters—'dear me, how did that happen, and how did you escape?'

"'Telly I you,' said Degrebbin, 'that to pass how came to happen.'

"And he paused, and looked wise, that the other might admire his gumption. At last, he said—

"'Dis was de vay. I refused to go: so I was de only one saved out of dirteen souis and bodies!'

"Now, take my advise, Broadcloth, and follow old Telly-I-you's receipt. 'You'll never be drowned if you stay to home on dry land.' It ain't every fool knows that trick, I can tell you."

"'Come to Frink,' Mr. Stephen," said the commissary. "Here they are! I hear the bells. Make room for the young ladies! Now for a dance!" And he played a short flourish on his violin, and said—"Here, Mr. Stephen, hold a candle while I help the young ladies out. Talk of ghosts and hobgoblins! these are the witches for me! Oh, Miss Lucy!" and he put his arm gallantly round her waist, and, leading her to the door, whispered something in an under-tone, for which (though she appeared nothing loath to hear it) he got

a good-humoured box on the ear, and was told he was a saucy, forward, good-for-nothing, impudent man.

When he went to the door to receive our guests and assist them to alight, we found two sheds (not sleighs, but vehicles on runners, without seats, having nothing but the floor, covered with buffalo robes, to sit upon). One was driven by young Mr. Neal, and conveyed the two Misses Glee; and the other by Master Linn, and carried his two sisters. A moonlight drive on the snow, and the prospect of a dance, always exhilarates the spirits, and the young ladies were in great force. They were overjoyed to see their friends, the Misses Neal. They remarked that it was an age since they had met: and they appeared to have so much to say to each other, that there was no time given for introductions. When they saw several strangers, however, in the room, they were quite shocked—so shocked, indeed, that they all talked at once, and all apologized together. They didn't expect to see company, they said; they came for a sociable evening—they were quite ashamed—they were not dressed—they were sure they looked like frights; they couldn't think of dancing—they hadn't come prepared. They had nothing but walking-shoes on: for the snow was so deep they were afraid of taking cold. But they would try; they dared to say the gentlemen would be kind enough to excuse them.

Miss Lucinda Linn was what Mr. Stephen called a "screamer"—that is, a girl in full health and spirits;

tall, well-formed, and exceedingly handsome ; of an easy carriage, self-possessed, and, as he graphically described her, “as supple as an eel, and as full of fun as a kitten.” Her sister was shorter, slender, delicate, and really graceful ; but more shy, and less confident.

Miss Glee had one of the most beautiful complexions I ever beheld, and a head of hair Venus herself might have envied. She had not to learn that night, for the first time, that she was pretty ; her beau and her glass had informed her of that fact long ago. Her mouth was exquisite, and you could not withdraw your eyes from it, for her utterance was so rapid that it was necessary to watch its motions to understand her. There was something inexpressibly droll in the manner in which her words were blended, or rather fused, together. Miss Lucy told me she was a little affected, but she was evidently mistaken—for her conversation came so naturally from her lips, nobody could suppose for a minute Art had any thing to do with it ; and, besides, her hair was dressed with an easy negligence of appearance that showed she did not think she required any adventitious aid to set off her appearance to advantage. On one cheek and shoulder long ringlets fell in rich profusion, on the other the hair was dressed plain ; a grave festoon covered the upper part of the cheek, and the returned end was simply fastened with a comb.

Her sister Jane was as light as a fairy, and as easy in all her motions. She was a dark beauty—

a deep brunette. She wore a most provoking short frock and petticoat — indeed, she could not help it, the snow was so deep — but it displayed the sweetest little foot and ankle in the world. She was very unaffected, and prided herself on her candour. She said what she thought, and sometimes gave people what she called a piece of her mind. There was nothing remarkable in the dress of these young ladies, unless in its similarity; each having broad, black riband sandals to their shoes; a little gauze half-handkerchief pinned on the shoulders, and falling gracefully back from the front; skirts that hung wonderfully close to the figure—so much so, indeed, as to create great admiration in Mr. Stephen, who vowed they were as straight as bulrushes; and black mitts on their hands, embroidered on the back in gaudy colours.

Miss Lucy's sisters having joined the party, the commissary resumed his violin, and put us all in motion, and we were soon in the mazes of a country-dance, our fair hostess and myself leading off, and Mr. Stephen keeping time to the music with his foot, and occasionally making us all laugh with his original and eccentric remarks. The ice was now broken, and we all became as well acquainted as if we had known each other for years. Tea and coffee were introduced, and the dancing renewed; after which we had a supper, and a most substantial one it was. In addition to a turkey, ducks, chickens, and tongues, was a large ham, the upper surface of which was garnished with

cloves of different sizes inserted perpendicularly, and presenting a striking resemblance to a newly cleared field dotted with its black charred stump of trees. Large tarts (or pies, as they are universally called in this country,) baked in plates, and composed of apples, cranberry, pumpkins, and wild gooseberry, were distributed with a view rather to abundance than order ; and reflected great credit on the skill of Miss Lucy, for their flavour and quality were really excellent. Home-made preserves, consisting of the ordinary fruits and berries of the country, occupied and ornamented the centre of the table ; and cakes of every variety and form, among which the favourite and very palatable dough-nut was most conspicuous, and distributed wherever sufficient space could be found for them. Cider, ginger-beer, and wine, with something more potent for strong heads like Mr. Stephen's, though not so freely used, were as liberally provided.

It was the first rural entertainment I had witnessed ; and I understand that, though a similar one cannot, of course, be so suddenly produced elsewhere as at an inn, they are equally abundant and good in every substantial farmer's house in the province. Then came the best and the merriest dance of all, that which leaves the most agreeable and enduring impression—the last. It was the cushion-dance. We all formed a ring, in the centre of which was placed a gentleman with a bell in his hand ; the company then danced round him several times. When he rang the

bell, the dancing ceased, and he selected any lady he pleased, and kissed her ; then she took his place, and the same ceremony was repeated, the choice devolving upon her as a matter of course. To give the ladies their due, they protested loudly against this amusement, and it was with some reluctance they consented to join in it at all. Their choice (much to the chagrin of the gentlemen, who pronounced the selection unfair) always fell on young Master Linn, a lad of fourteen years of age, who was the recipient of all their favours ; but they could not be prevailed upon to alter the arrangement ; while, on the other hand, they invariably fled before they would submit to the forfeit themselves ; and frequently it was not until they had reached the next room that they were overtaken and compelled to pay toll, and not then without a considerable struggle. However, notwithstanding the reluctance manifested by them at first to take a part in the cushion-dance, it had the effect of exhilarating the spirits of every one so much, that they very civilly consented to its repetition, and it was immediately renewed with increased animation. Mr. Stephen was so delighted with it, never having seen it before, that he lamented most pathetically he was too old to participate in it ; and vowed, with many extraordinary protestations, expressed in still more extraordinary language, that he thought the union of kissing and dancing the greatest invention of modern times.

“ In my day, it was plaguy formal,” he said : “ it

was merely join hands, go two or three times round, cross over, and then obeisance. Oh! catch a chap waltzing, or whatever you call it, then with his arms round a gall's waist! why, it would make old mothers and maiden aunties fairly faint! Indeed, I ain't just sure it wouldn't kill them on the spot! What a dance this cushion-dance would be for a man like me—wouldn't it?—that has a pair of arms long enough to take two forfeits all at onces? Ah, Broad-cloth!" patting Layton on the shoulder so earnestly as nearly to dislocate it, "you and Miss Lucy may talk of ghosts till you are tired, man; give me the rael..."

"Here it is," said Miss Lucy, handing him a tumbler of what she called Mahogany, but which looked uncommonly like brandy and water—"here it is; but" (and she lowered her voice) "don't talk nonsense afore the strangers, or p'raps they will think they can do so too, and that I won't stand."

"Right," said Stephen; "I see it all with half an eye. I take, for a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. Your health, my beautiful young rose-bud!"

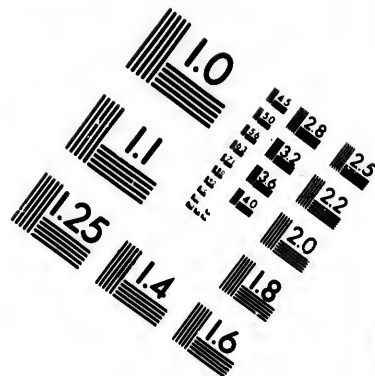
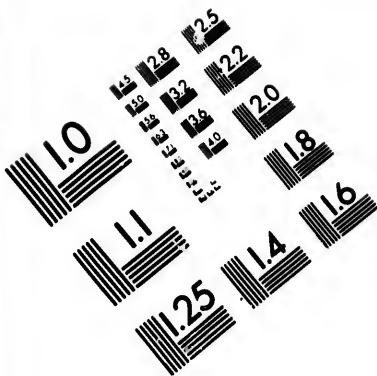
I have before explained that a door opened into the keeping-room, which concealed the (almost perpendicular) staircase leading to the bedrooms occupied by the family. Several times during the evening I had heard a whispering and laughing behind this door; but, while we were occupied in the last dance, it suddenly flew open with great violence, and gave admit-

tance to a very unexpected addition to our party. Three little boys, brothers of Miss Lucy (who had been sent early to bed that they might be out of the way, but who had been attracted by the music, and taken post there for the purpose of peeping through the crevices and key-hole), in their eagerness to obtain a good view, had forced the latch, and were precipitated into the centre of the room among the company, with no other covering on than their shirts, and exhibited a confused heap of bare heads, legs, and arms.

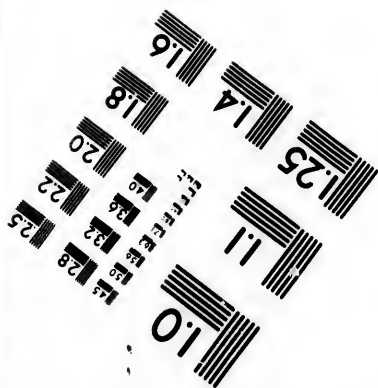
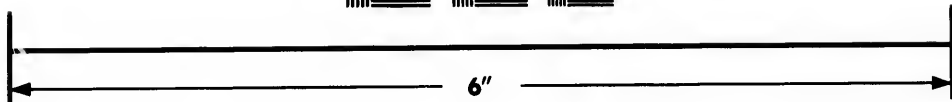
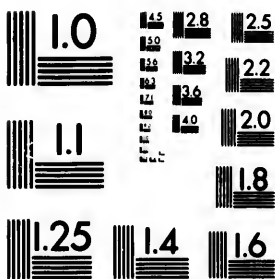
As a matter of course, the young ladies were dreadfully shocked and alarmed, and screamed violently; but the uproarious shouts of delight with which the unwitting intruders were received by the rest of the company were so irresistible, that the contagion of the merriment overcame their nervousness, and at last they joined heartily in the general laughter. The two eldest boys, as soon as they recovered from the shock of their fall and surprise, made good their retreat; but the youngest, running behind Miss Lucy, endeavoured to envelop himself in the folds of her clothes, and thereby conceal the want of his own; and, in so doing, threatened to reduce her to the same state of destitution as himself. After an ineffectual struggle, on her part, to extricate herself from his embarrassing embraces, she retreated backwards to the staircase, and then, turning round, pushed the little offender in, and shut the door upon him, with no very gentle admonition to go to bed, and a smack







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that sounded somewhat louder than a kiss, which was followed by an exclamation very unlike laughter.

“ Well, I never, in all my born days !” said Miss Lucy.

“ Nor I either !” said Miss Glee. “ Did you ever ?”

“ Well, I want to know,” said Miss Linn.

“ Say no more about it, ladies,” added the commissary, resuming his violin. “ It’s your turn with the bell, Miss Lucinda. Come, begin !”

“ Ay, ‘ come to Frink !’” said Stephen, and the order of the evening was again restored.

As soon as the dance was concluded, Mr. Stephen, who had been extremely excited by the sight and sound of the forfeits, and the “ distress” under which they were “ levied,” sprung forward from his seat with great animation, and, taking up the tongs and shovel, placed them transversely on the floor.

“ I will show you now, my beauties,” he said, “ the prettiest, and spryest, and difficultest dance you ever see—‘ the kitchen-dance !’ Few men can go through that with the cross-hop and double back-shuffle, quick as wink, without as much as touching or brushing with heel or toe ; and women can’t do it—no how they can’t work it, on account of their frock-tails. It requires a quick eye, a clear head, and an active foot, I can tell you ; and with boots like mine I defy any one here or elsewhere to do it as supple as I can. General,” he said, addressing himself to the young commissary,

to the infinite amusement of every body present, "can you play 'Zacky in the meal-tub?'"

"'Zacky in the meal-tub!'" replied the other, repeating his words in unfeigned astonishment; "no: I never heard of it before!"

"Well, 'Jinny Kitoory?'"

"No, my good fellow," he said, laughing; "nor 'Jenny Kitoory,' neither."

"Well, 'High Betty Martin,' that will do. Can you play that, my young coals-and-candles?"

"No."

"No? Why, what the plague can you play, then? Give us 'Possum up a gum tree,' or 'Oh, my kitten, my kitten!'"

"How does the latter go?" said the good-natured violinist. "Perhaps I may know it under another name."

"Why, this way, my sealed-tender man," replied Stephen, humming the air for him. "Ah, that's it!" he continued, exultingly, as the musician recognised the tune; "that's it, General Rations! Now, Miss Lucy, see, this is the way!" and he exhibited feats of agility that, for a man of his age, were truly surprising. But the young ladies were shocked. They said the dance was low, noisy, and vulgar; protested that they had never seen or heard it before, and never desired to see it again; and, moreover, wondered what sort of society Mr. Stephen most have kept to have acquired such coarse manners and savage habits. It might do for

negroes, they said, but it certainly was not fit, and never was intended, to be exhibited before company. If it failed, however, to secure the approbation of the ladies, it was duly appreciated by the young men, who were uncommonly delighted with it, and testified their gratification so loudly and so warmly that Stephen exclaimed, with evident pride—

“That’s nothing, my hearties, to what I oncest could do, and guess I can still do; but these confounded boots are as thick and as hard in the sole as a ploughshare. Who can do this?” and, taking up a tumbler filled with water, he held his head erect, and, placing the glass on his crown, he put his arms a-kimbo, and commenced anew the difficult evolutions of the “Tongs and shovel,” or “Kitchen-dance.” The unceasing clatter of his boots, the absurd and comical expression of his face, and the singularly grotesque contortions of his body, convulsed the commissary with laughter, who, playing irregularly and without regard either to time or tune, so disturbed and enraged poor Stephen, that he lost his balance, and, entangling his feet between the legs of the tongs, he was precipitated with his tumbler and its contents upon the floor with a crash that seemed to threaten a descent into the cellar.

“Who is that dreadful man?” said Miss Glee.

“I am sure I don’t know,” said Miss Linn, with a disdainful toss of her pretty chin. “He is no acquaintance of mine, I assure you; but whoever he is, he is quite tipsy, I am sure. Come, let’s be moving now,

for it's getting well on to morning, and I am dreadfully frightened."

"Lucy, dear," said Miss Lucinda, in a patronising and expostulatory tone, "why do you admit such creatures as that fellow into the keeping-room? he is only fit to herd with the cobs in the bar. Who is the horrid animal, and where in the world does he come from?"

"Oh, it's only his way, dear," said Lucy. "He is a sort of oddity—a kind of privileged person. Nobody minds him. He is Mr. Stephen Richardson, of Bear River in Clements."

"Oh, so I should think!" replied the other; "but bears are dangerous, and ought not to be suffered to go at large...."

"Lest they should hug!" said Mr. Stephen, who, hearing these flattering remarks, came softly up behind his fair defamer, and, seizing her round the waist, lifted her up and punished the sweet, pert little darling, as he called her, by passing his rough beard first over one of her cheeks, and then over the other, and greatly increasing their colour at the risk of drawing the blood, and then kissing her, to her inexpressible mortification.

The sleds were now at the door, and the young ladies took a most affectionate leave of their guests, who, on their part, hoped the Misses Neal would soon come and see them sociably, for it was really an age since they had met; and besides, they were very lonely

in winter, being moped to death in the house, unable to get out for the depth of the snow and the unbroken state of the roads. I accompanied the Misses Linn home, so as to see them safely over the drifts ; and the commissary convoyed (as Stephen called it) the two Misses Glee.

We had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards when we were all precipitated into a snow-bank, which was the cause of much merriment. It showed, however, the necessity of precaution. I, therefore, took my seat in the centre, and, extending out both my arms, one lady took my right hand in her left, and the other my left in her right, which had the effect of making a secure, sociable, and agreeable support ; though, as Miss Lucinda said, one that nothing but the danger of upsetting could justify. When we returned, we sat by the fire after the family had retired for the night, smoked our cigars, and chatted over the events of the evening. I was expressing my gratification to Barclay at having had such a favourable opportunity of seeing the mode in which people in the settlements in this country live ; when he said—

“ As a stranger, you would be apt to be misled by what you have seen this night. Don't undervalue these girls from their freedom of manner. That freedom arises from the perfect security engendered by their situation. Many of them are connected, and all of them are neighbours and friends. They meet like one family, and live with and towards each other as such. Each



individual is dependant on the rest for mutual assistance and good offices, and they constitute themselves all the society they have. The protection that forms and ceremonies throw round the members of large communities is not here needed. Where there is no aggression to be dreaded, defences are not required. They are simple-minded, warm-hearted, hospitable, and virtuous people. The levity you see is the levity of good spirits and conscious safety. The frank and easy demeanour (you would call it boldness elsewhere) is the manner of childhood, that has grown in both sexes into the conduct of maturity. So far as my experience goes, I see no danger in it."

Here Mr. Stephen gave a low, prolonged whistle. Whether it was designed to ascertain if his old enemy the dog was in the room, or to denote that his means of information were greater than Barclay's, and led to a different conclusion, I do not know. He took up his candle, however, and bade us good night; and when he got near the door where the commissary sat, said—

"Friend Barclay, there is no danger to the sheep, do you mind, when they play in the pasture by themselves; but when the wolf pays them a visit, the closer they keep to home the better."

## CHAPTER XV.

THE KEEPING-ROOM OF AN INN ;

OR, A CHASE FOR A WIFE.

NO. V.

On the following morning, all the guests assisted Mr. Neal and his men in endeavouring to cut a passage through the enormous drift that had obstructed our progress on the night of our arrival. The route we had taken the preceding evening, when escorting the young ladies to their homes, was too circuitous and too inconvenient to be used even temporarily by travellers, and nothing remained for us but to open the main road, which was covered to the tops of the fences for the space of a mile, or as far as the cleared land extended. As soon as we had reduced this snow-bank sufficiently to render it practicable, the cattle from the farm-yard were driven through it, and then several yoke of oxen were attached to a heavy wood-sled, and a track made for the guidance of strangers. Although apparently a work of vast labour, the opening was, in fact, effected with great ease, and in an incredibly short space of

time. The drift-shovel is made of dry wood, weighs very little, and lifts a large quantity of snow at once.

Road-breaking, as this operation is universally called here, is considered by the young men of the country as a pastime, as it necessarily occasions an assemblage of the whole neighbourhood, and affords ample opportunities for feats of agility and practical jokes, in which the population of the rural districts so much delight. There were, however, no arrivals during the day, nor did any of the party at Mount Hope venture to leave it and become pioneers. In the afternoon we adjourned again, for the last time, to the Keeping Room, for Barclay expressed his determination to force his way to Illinoo on the following day; and Mr. Stephen Richardson said, as the road to Halifax would, from its position, be so much more obstructed than that which lay through the woods, he had resolved to leave his horse, and perform the remaining part of the journey on snow-shoes.

“I can't say my business is so very urgent neither,” he observed; “but I can't bear to be idle; and, when a man's away from home, things don't, in a general way, go ahead so fast, or get so well done, as when he is to the fore. Them that work never think; and, if the thinking man is away, the labouring men may as well be away also, for the chances are, they will work wrong, and, at any rate, they are sure to work badly. That's my idea, at any rate. But there is one comfort, any how; there is no fishery law where I live;

and, if there was, I don't think Mrs. Richardson, my wife, would be altogether just so sharp upon me as Luke Loon was. I must tell you that story, Miss Lucy. For inland folks like you have no idea of what is going on sometimes sea-board ways. Ploughing the land and ploughing the sea is about as different things as may be, and yet they ain't more different than them who turn the furrows or hold the tiller. It ain't no easy matter to give you an idea of a fishing-station; but I'll try, miss.

“ We have two sorts of emigrants to this province, do you observe; droves of paupers from Europe, and shoals of fish from the sea: old Nick sends one, and the Lord sends the other; one we have to feed, and the other feeds us; one brings destitution, distress, and disease, and the other health, wealth, and happiness. Well, when our friends the mackarel strike in towards the shore, and travel round the province to the northward, the whole coasting population is on the stir too. Perhaps there never was seen, under the blessed light of the sun, any thing like the everlasting number of mackarel in one shoal on our sea-coast. Millions is too little a word for it; acres of them is too small a tarm to give a right notion; miles of them, perhaps, is more like the thing; and, when they rise to the surface, it's a solid body of fish you sail through. It's a beautiful sight to see them come tumbling into a harbour, head over tail, and tail over head, jumping and thumping, sputtering and

fluttering, lashing and thrashing, with a gurgling kind of sound, as much as to say, 'Here we are, my hearties! How are you off for salt? Is your barrels all ready?—because we are. So bear a hand, and out with your nets, as we are off to the next harbour tomorrow, and don't wait for such lazy fellows as you be.'

"Well, when they come in shoals that way, the fishermen come in swarms, too. Oh, it beats all natur—that's a fact? Did you ever stand on a beach, miss, or on a pasture, that's on a river, or on a bay, and see a great flock of plover, containing hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds of birds, come and light all at once in one spot, where, a minute afore, there warn't one? Well, that's the way with humans on the fishery-stations. Take Crow Harbour, now, or Fox Island, or Just-au-Corps Point, or Louisburg, or any of them places; whenever the fish strike in, they are all crowded right up in a minute, chock full of people from all parts of these colonies and eastern states of America, in flats and boats, and decked vessels, and shallops, and schooners, and pinks, and sloops, and smacks, and every kind and sort of small craft; and, in course, where there are such a number of men, the few women that live near hand just lay down the law their own way, and carry things with a high hand. Like all other legislators, too, they make 'nactments to suit themselves. Petticoat government is a pretty tyrannical government, I tell you."

"Why, Mr. Stephen?" said Miss Lucy.

“Beg your pardon, miss ; I actilly forgat that time,” he continued. “I did make a hole in my manners that pitch, I grant, and I am sorry for it. It don’t do to tell the truth at all times, that’s a fact. The fishery regulation that I am a-going to speak of is repealed now, I guess, every where a’most, except at the Magdalen Islands, and there, I believe, it is in full force yet, and carried out very strict ; but I recollect when it prevailed here at Shad Harbour, and poor Luke Loon suffered under it. Time flies so, a body can hardly believe, when they look back, that things that seem as if they happened yesterday, actilly took place twenty years ago ; but so it is, and it appears to me sometimes as if, the older events are, the clearer they be in the mind ; but I suppose it is because they are like the lines of our farms in the woods, so often blazed anew, by going over agin and agin, they are kept fresh and plain. Howsumever that may be, it’s about the matter of nineteen years ago come next February, when that misfortunate critter, Luke Loon, came to me in a most desperate pucker of a hurry.

“‘Steve,’ says he, ‘for Heaven’s sake ! let me have a horse, that’s a good fellow—will you ? to go to Shad Harbour ; and I’ll pay you any thing in the world you’ll ask for it.’

“‘Are you in a great hurry ?’ said I.

“‘I must clap on all sail and scud before the wind like the devil. I haven’t a minit to lose,’ said he.

“ ‘Then you can't have him,’ said I, ‘for you will ride the beast too fast.’

“ You never saw a feller so taken a-back, and so chopfallen, in all your life. He walked about the room, and wrung his hands, and groaned as if his heart was breaking, and at last he fairly boo-hooed right out—

“ ‘On my soul,’ said he, ‘I shall lose Miss Loon, my wife, for a sartenty! I shall be adrift again in the world, as sure as fate! I have only to-morrow to reach home in; for, by the law of the fishery, if a man is absent over three months, his wife can marry again; and the time will be up in twenty-four hours. What onder the sun shall I do?’

“ ‘If that's the sort of gall she is, Luke,’ said I, ‘she won't keep; let her run into another man's net if she likes, for she won't stand the inspection brand, and ain't a No. 1 article! Do you just bait your hook and try your luck agin, for there is as good fish in the sea as was ever hauled out of it!’

“ But he carried on so after the gall, and took it so much to heart, I actilly pitied the critter; and at last consented to let him have the horse. Poor fellow! he was too late, after all. His wife, the cunning minx, to make up time, counted the day of sailing as one day, which was onfair, oncustomary, and contrary to the fishery laws; and was married agin the night afore he arrived, to big Tom Bullock, of Owl's Head. When Luke heard it, he nearly went crazy;

he raved and carried on so, and threatened to shoot Tom, seeing that he warn't able to thrash him ; but, the more he raved, the more the neighbours' boys and galls made game of him, following him about, and singing out—

“ ‘ Get out of the way, old Dan Tucker,  
You are too late to come to supper ! ’ ”

And fairly tormented him out of the fishery station.”

“ Ah ! ” said Miss Lucy, “ I know you made that story—didn't you, now ? It ain't true, is it ? ”

“ Fact ! I assure you,” said Stephen. “ There is others besides me that's a knowing to it.”

“ Well, I never ! ” said the young lady. “ That beats all I ever heard. Oh, my ! what folks fishing people must be ! ”

“ Well, there are some droll things done, and droll people to do them in this world,” replied Stephen.

An exclamation of delight from one of the little boys who had fallen from the concealed staircase into the middle of the room, during the cushion dance of the preceding night, recalled Miss Lucy's attention to his delinquency ; and she sent the little culprit off to bed, notwithstanding Mr. Stephen's earnest entreaties to the contrary. The young lady was inexorable. She said—

“ That in an establishment like that of Mount Hope, nothing could be accomplished without order and regularity ; and that there were certain rules in



the household which were never deviated from, on any account whatever."

"You don't mean to say," inquired Stephen, "that you have rules you never alter or bend a little on one side, if you don't break them, do you?"

"Yes, I do!" said Miss Lucy. "I couldn't keep house, if I didn't!"

"Well, you must break one of them for me, to-night, my little rose-bud!"

"Indeed, I shall not!"

"Oh, but you must!"

"Oh, but I must not!"

"Oh, but you will, though!"

"Oh, but I won't, though!"

"Well, we shall see," said Stephen; "but you were too hard on those poor little fellows. They are nice, manly little boys, and I love them; and, after all, what is it they did, now?"

"What became of poor Luke?" said the inflexible hostess, in order to turn the conversation. "I should like to hear the rest of that story."

"Poor little dears!" said Stephen, regardless of the question; "it was natural they should be curious to peep at the dancing, and that their mouths should water when they saw and heard them forfeits of kisses, warn't it?"

"Oh, never mind the boys, Mr. Stephen," she replied. "It's time they went to bed, at any rate; but Luke!—did you ever hear of him afterwards?"

“ I didn’t think you would be so hard-hearted, now, Miss Lucy,” he said, pursuing the subject ; “ for it was nothing to what happened to Hans Mader, a neighbour of mine in Clements.”

“ Oh, I don’t want to hear of Hans Mader: tell me about Luke.”

“ Well, I will presently ; but I must tell you of Hans first, for there is some fun in what happened to him, and t’other is a’most a dismal, melancholy story. Hans was an only child ; he was the son of old Jacob Mader, of Clements. Jacob was rich—that is, for a farmer—and was the most ’sponsible man in the township, by all odds. He turned off every year a surprising quantity of stuff from his place for the Halifax, St. John, or Annapolis markets, and Hans was his supercargo, or salesman. The old man raised the crops, and Hans was employed to dispose of them, and turn them into cash. He was a tall, well-built, handsome, likely young man, as you’d see any where ; but, going so much to them large towns, kind of turned his head, and made him conceited and vain. He gave up his honest homespun, like Layton here, and took to broadcloth, and had his clothes made by a city tailor, and wore a black stock, and a silk waistcoat, and a frilled shirt, and tight boots, and a gold watch-guard, and curled his hair, and grew into a cretter that was neither fish nor flesh, nor chalk nor cheese, as a body might say. He lost the look of a farmer, and never got that of a gentleman ; for clothes don’t make a

gentleman a bit more than boots make a farmer. A man must be brought up to the business like any thing else, to be either the one or the other. The only place he ever looked at home in his new toggery was a-horseback; because, when he was there, he knew what to do with his arms and legs, and was easy and natural, for almost all the men folk in this country are good horsemen, in a general way.

“None of the young galls to Clements liked him a bit, for he was scornful and full of airs, and turned up his nose at them, and looked at them through a round bit of glass in a gold ring, that he called a quizzing-glass; but still, there warn’t one of them that wouldn’t have taken him, either, if they had the chance, although they all vowed they wouldn’t; for, in a general way, women like to have a man that goes the whole figure, and does the thing in the way they think genteel: and there is no mistake about the matter; heirship, in mother’s eyes, covers a multitude of sins in a youngster.

“Master Hans just amused himself with all the likeliest galls in the neighbourhood, and kind of played them off to feed his vanity, one arter another. First, he began with Betsy Risser. She was an only child, too, like himself; and, in the course of things, would own the farm adjoining him, and the two would have made a’most a grand estate. It was just a suitable match for him every way; and any body would say, a nateral and a probable one; but nateral things, somehow or another, don’t always come to pass in

this world ; it's the onlikely ones that seem to turn up oftenest. She was a fine, healthy, hearty, handsome gall ; none of your pale, delicate, narvous, hysteriky cretturs, that arn't fit for nothing onder the sun but drinking tea, and laying about on sofas, reading novels, like the onderboned, hollow-cheeked, skinny, spindly breed, that's going in this country now ; but a rael solid, corn-fed gall, as plump as a partridge, as hard as a winter apple, and as full of...."

"Pooh !" said Miss Lucy, "what do you know about young ladies ? Go on with your story, and then tell us of poor Luke Loon."

"Well, he always attended Betsy to singing-school, or walked home with her from church, and would sit down with her (on the ship-timber hauled out and left there for exportation, by the wayside, up Moose-River Hill) ever so many times agoing up the ascent, because it was so steep, he said ; but it was only for an excuse to lengthen time out ; and would make eyes with her, and inveigle her to make eyes with him, and leer like a pair of doves ; or he would drive her out in his fly, with his great, big, smashing, trotting horse, ' Buckety-witch ; ' dance with no one else but her at all the parties, and see her home arterwards, and then stand at her gate, he on one side of it, and she on the other side of it, whispering by the hour, till their lips got half-budded on to each other's cheeks, like two colts in summer, putting necks together over a fence to rub off flies. Well, the young ladies grew

jealous, and wondered what he could see in Betsy Risser to be so taken with her; and then turned to pitying poor Hans for being so kooked in and fooled by that artful, knowing woman, old mother Risser, and her forrard, impudent darter; but they supposed he was only a-going to marry her for her money.

“Well, when he’d get things to this pass, and show the world he could have Betsy just for whistling for her, if he wanted her, he’d take up with Ann Potter, and just go through the identical same manoeuvres with her; and when they’d drive past poor Betsy Risser, Ann would look round, so pleased, and call out, ‘How do you do, Betsy, dear? How are all to home to-day?’ and put on an air of sweet keenness, that cuts into the heart like a razor dipt in oil, and a sort of boasting, crowing kind of look, as much as to say, ‘I have got him, and got your place, too! and he’ll not slip through my fingers, as he did through yours. Don’t you wish you may get him again?’ Then the womenkind would take to pitying poor Betsy, (for no matches ever please mothers, if they ain’t in their own family) and say how ill she was used, and what a scandalous shame it was for Ann to try to inveigle an engaged man; and it would sarve her right if Hans dropt her some day, just in the same way, and so on. Well, sure enough, all at oncest he gives Ann a chance to walk along with Betsy, and compare notes together; for he goes and flirts the same way with another, and so on, all through the

piece, with every young woman worth galavanting with. The drollest part of the whole thing was, every gall thought she was to be an exception ; and however bad he had sarved others, he wouldn't sarve her that way, on no account. Well, all this tomfoolery didn't make him very popular, you may depend, among the petticoat creation. Women forgive injuries, but never forget slights. Wrong them, and they will exhibit the mildness of angels ; slight them, and they will show the temper of the devil !”

“ Why, Mr. Stephen,” said Miss Lucy, “ how you talk !”

“ Fact, dear ; and there is no blame to them for it neither. Females, you see, were made to please, and to charm, and to win ; and if you tell them they displease, disgust, and lose, it's just pure nature they should flare up and explode like gun-cotton—make all fly agin before them. Well, fish that will keep a-nibbling at bait, most often get the hook in their gills at last ; and Master Hans, who was trying the same sport at Halifax, got hauled out of water and bagged, one fine day, afore he knew where he was. Country galls are onsophisticated anglers ; they don't know of no bait but the coarse worm, and that requires a good appetite, and favourable weather, and right depth of water, and so on. But city galls have a fly of every colour, for every season ; and if one won't do, they try another, and sink it, or skim it over the surface, and tempt the knowing deep-water chaps to an unwary

jump sometimes, that costs them their liberty, that all the springing, and flouncing, and flapping in the world, won't regain. It made a great talk, you may depend, in Clements, when it was known Hans was married at Halifax, and had brought back a town-bred wife with him. Oh, creation! what a wife she was for a farmer! She was like a night-hawk, all mouth, wings, legs, and feathers."

"What a man you be!" said Miss Lucy.

"She was just made up of lace, ribands, muslins, silks, satins, plumes, and artificial flowers, and actilly was so thin she wore a monstrous large pillow behind, so she might look solid and nateral, like our Dutch galls; but then, to have made that look of a piece, she should have padded all over, so as to make things keep proportion."

"Pooh! nonsense," said Miss Lucy. "You don't know what you are a-talking about; it was nothing but her bustle!"

"But I do know what I am talking about, miss!" said Stephen. "I know no part of the body, whether it's the bustle, as you call it, or the chest, or the hand, or the foot, ought to be out of proportion. To my notion, proportion is beauty in every thing under heaven. Your bustle, now..."

"Do, for gracious sake, go on with your story!" replied the young lady, impatiently, "and finish it as quick as you can, and then tell me of poor Luke!"

"Oh! how old Marm Mader opened her eyes and

stared when she seed this crittur come home for her to wait upon, that couldn't spin, or knit, or hackle, or weave, or milk cows, or churn butter, or make cheese, or do any airthly single thing on a farm. The poor, romantic, milliner's-doll sort of thing, was so awful disappointed, so unused to country ways, and so lonely and wretched, she was to be pitied too. She actilly almost starved to death in the midst of plenty, for she couldn't eat any thing they had. She hated smoked herrings; the flavour of dry cod-fish made her faint; pickled pork was too fat and rancid; salt beef too hard and indigestible; and brown bread only fit for the penitentiary, while fried ham and eggs actilly poisoned her.

“ Though the country looked so green and beautiful, she couldn't get out, and was a prisoner to home. The grass was always wet, and she couldn't walk out without spoiling her clothes or catching cold. The goat once gave her a bump so hard, nothing but the big pillow saved her life. To get out of his way, she climbed over a great high wooden fence, and tore her gown all to pieces; and, when she got into the field, there was an enormous, nasty brute of a bull, with his tail curled up in the air, and his nose bent down to the ground, a-roaring, and a-pawing dirt with his feet, as savage as possible, and he nearly frightened her to death; and, to escape from him, she had to run to the next fence, and half clambered and half tumbled head over heels over that. Well, it was like going out of



the frying-pan into the fire, for the clover there was long, and tangled like a net, and tripped her up every step, and the thistles hurt her ankles, and the grasshoppers got up her legs, and the black flies down her back, and the mosquitoes nearly bunged up her eyes.

“ When she got to the road, she felt safe; and there was a pond there, and an old wild goosy gander, with his beautiful, long, graceful, taper neck, and black riband-like stripe round it, and his small head, and bright eye, and his old white wife of a tame goose, and their mongrel goslings. She never saw any thing half so handsome in all her life; and she stopt and wanted to pet the young ones, when old norwester made a grab at her waist, and held on like a fox-trap, and beat her hips so with his wings, she was black and blue, and hurt her arms so bad, they were all numbed (for they hit awful hard blows, I tell you). Oh! she ran, and screamed, and sung out pen-and-ink like any thing; but what is the use of running and screaming in the country; there is no one there to hear you or help you, if you do. There warn't a living thing near her but an old mare and her colt a-feeding by the wayside; and they neighed, and squealed, and joined in the race too. At last the frock-waist gave way, and down dropt the goose and toddled back to his family; and off went the disconsolate bride to her home too.

“ Well, home warn't free from vexations neither, for the old folks kept such awful bad hours, it upset

all her habits, for they went to bed so early she couldn't sleep till near morning; and then the cocks crowed, as if they were raving distracted at their wives snoozing so long, and the cows called after their calves, and the pigs after their food; and this quiet, peaceable farm-house appeared to her a sort of Tower of Babel. To get a little rest, and be alone by herself, she took a book and went to the beautiful grove that stood on the point of land that ran out into the magnificent basin, and opened such splendid views, and went into the pretty little summer-house-looking building, there to sit down and enjoy herself, when, just as she opened the door, she was nearly knocked over, and stifled by clouds of saw-dust smoke, for it was a smoke-hut for curing herrings; and the beach e'en-a'most poisoned her, it smelt so horrid where the fish were cleaned.

“ She was in a peck of troubles, that's a fact. Still it didn't seem to take the nonsense out of her. Whenever she went among the neighbours, she made them stare, she talked so fine and so foolish about balls at Mason's Hall, pick-nics at M'Nab's Island, steam-trips up the basin, the parade and the military band, and the fashions, and so on. She took me in hand onces, and ran on like a mill-stream, about a regatta and the theatre, and how well Captain Drill of the 15th, and Major Halt of the 18th, and Colonel March of the 7th, performed; and what a charming little afterpiece the farce of *High Life below Stairs* was.

“ ‘ That's a farce,’ says I, ‘ marm, we see played

every day of our lives, without going to a theatre for it. Hans has been acting a part in that for this while past; and I am glad he has got a woman of sense for his wife now, that will not let him make a fool of himself any longer.'

" ' I don't understand you, sir,' she said.

" ' Well, it ain't easy to see them things all at onces, my dear friend,' says I; ' but you will come to see it all in its right light afore long, I make no doubt.'

" Well, to make a long story short, arter they had been the round of all the parties to all their neighbours, and shown off all their airs and all their finery, they gave a large tea squall themselves to home, in return, and invited all their acquaintance. Hans and his wife undertook to astonish the weak nerves of the Clements' folks, and to do the thing genteel. So, instead of sitting down to a good, solid, well-found and furnished tea-table, sociably and comfortably, as we farmers do, and help each other and ourselves, nothing must do but have the things handed about to the folks, who sat all round the room, as stiff and formal as their chairs, doing company. Well, as they had no servants to do this, the bound farm apprentice-boy was enlisted; but, just at the last moment, they recollected he had no clothes fit for it; so they got over this difficulty by putting him into the trousers of Hans's, that were a mile too long and too big for him. The legs they shortened by turning in; but the waist, what in the world was to be done with that? ' I have it,' says

Hans; so he lapped it over in places about his loins, like reefing, and enclosed and fastened it all by a belt.

“Arter the company had arrived, the little fellow fetched in a large tray, as much as he could cleverly stretch his arms to (indeed, it was so wide, it made him stretch his eyes and his mouth, too, as if that would help him), and went round to each one in order. I seed the whole thing, with half an eye, in a minute, and was determined to take a rise out of them; so, says I, ‘Hold the tray a little higher, my man,’ and I saw the belt slip up a bit; ‘just a little higher yet, my boy: there, that will do;’ and up went the belt, and down went the trousers to his hips. ‘Oh, my!’ says the poor crittur, and he actilly looked scared to death. ‘Oh, my sakes!’ says he, and I railyly did pity him, for he couldn’t let go the tray, and he couldn’t hitch up or hold on to his trousers; so he stretched out both legs as wide as ever he could (he couldn’t do no more, if he had had a tray there too), and he kind of skated, or slid, for the door, arter that fashion; but, when he got there, he stuck, and couldn’t get through. At last, he grew desperate, and tried to draw in one foot and send it back again as quick as wink, so as to pass out; but he couldn’t manage it, and down went his trousers to his knees, and pitched him head foremost into the tray, slap on the entry floor. I ran forward, and picked him up by his waistband, and shook him into his trousers again, and carried him at

arms' length that way, kicking and squealing like anything.

“ ‘Here is a beautiful little afterpiece, marm,’ says I to Mrs. Mader, ‘called, High Life below Stairs. This boy plays it just as well as Captain Drill or Major Halt;’ and then, handing him to Hans, ‘Here,’ says I, ‘my friend, clap an old hat on him, and stand him up in the corn-field to scare away crows, and let you and me wait on ourselves, as we used to did, and the old folks did afore us.’

“ It cured them of their nonsense, though not just at once, for folly is a disease that takes a course of medicine; but it cured them in the long run. You may preach till you are tired, miss, and so the parsons will all tell you, and you can't effect much; but you can ridicule folks out of anything, ay, even out of that that's good. So you see, Miss Lucy, you hadn't ought to have been so hard on those poor boys; it warn't half so bad as Hans Mader's mishap, after all, was it? for one was mere accident, and the other horrid, dirty pride.”

“ Well, well,” said Miss Lucy; “ I must say, it was very mischievous of you, now; and if you had a-played me such a trick in my house, I never would have forgiven you the longest day I ever lived. But tell me what became of poor Luke Loon? I am curious to know all the particulars about him.”

But Stephen proceeded without replying.

“ The next morning, Hans said to me—

“‘Steve,’ says he, ‘I don’t thank you a bit for making such a fool of the boy when his breeches burst; it was a breach of hospitality.’

“‘Then, there is a pair of breeches?’ says I. ‘Give them to the boy, for he wants them, I tell you. Hans,’ says I, ‘no nonsense, now. I have a great regard for your father, for he is an old and tried friend of mine; and I have a great regard for you, too, for there is worse fellows going than you be; but you have made a grand mistake, my boy. You ain’t a fit husband for a town-bred girl, for you hain’t nothing in common with her; and she can no more play her part on a farm than a cat can play a fiddle.’

“‘Mind your own business,’ says he, as short and as snappish as you please; ‘I don’t want none of your impedence.’

“‘Don’t talk foolish, Hans,’ said I, ‘now; rectify the mistake. Don’t snub her, for it ain’t her fault, she don’t know about dairies, and looms, and them things, a bit more than it is yours. You don’t know a play from a circus, for neither of you had the broughtens up. Now, when she wants to go to home, take her there, and stay with her awhile, and she’ll larn. When a woman’s married, and returns to her father’s house, she don’t find her own place again very easy; and, if she does, it don’t fit as it used to did. And don’t flare up at what I am going to say, for it’s for your good. Your country ways and country talk will kind of mortify her, and she’ll miss the notice she

got from the men when she was single, and she'll want to get back again to Clements; and here she'll be proud of you, for you're the likeliest looking fellow in these parts by a long chalk, and women do like a fancy man, that's a fact. Critters that's bad broke, like town galls, must be onbroke agin, and handled gently and patiently, or they are ruined for ever. Be easy, therefore, with her, and she'll be all right arter awhile, for she ain't wanting in the upper story.' They are both cured."

"Well, I'm glad you succeeded," said Miss Lucy, "but I can't say I take any interest in them. Now, tell me Luke's story."

"That little brother of yours," he continued, "that you are so severe with, is a beautiful boy; I like him because he looks so much like you, dear. Now, what he did was nothing to what Hans' little boy did, for Hans has a family now."

"Oh, the deuce take Hans' boy!" said Miss Lucy, impatiently; "I don't care a button about what Hans or his boy either did; tell me about poor Luke."

"Well, as I was a-telling of you," said the incorrigible talker, "they were cured, but Hans' wife ran to the opposite extreme. It's oftentimes the case a'most with women that dress so fine for the streets, and so flash for parties, that they ain't ginirally tidy to home; it's all show. *They go out butterflies and return grubs.* She is a slattern now, and looks like a bird that's hatching eggs. The plumage is all soiled, and the

colours faded, and half the feathers gone, and them that's left look every way but smooth; they hain't time to go to the pond, wash, and pass their bills through their wings and breasts. I thought I should have died a-laughing, the other day. I went to Hans' house with Lawyer Jackson, who was canvassing for election, and Hans called his wife in. Just afore she came down stairs (for she ain't never fit to appear), 'Ann,' said she to the servant girl, 'does that hole in my stocking show? will the lawyer see it, do you think?'

"'No,' says Ann, 'I guess not; ' for she was too tarnal lazy to go and get another pair.

"Well, in she walks, and her little boy with her, that she's amazing proud of, he is so uncommon handsome. Well, the critter heard all the talk with the help, and he follows his mother all about the room wherever she went, a-looking down to her feet, and a-peeping first at one and then at the other of them; at last, he said—

"'Mother,' said he, 'that hole in the heel of your stocking don't show a bit; nobody can see it; you needn't mind it.'

"Poor little fellow, she sarved him as you did that nice little brother of yours, she just walked him out of the room. I am very fond of young people of that age, they are so innocent, and so full of natur and of truth."

"Well, I wish there was more truth in you, then,"



said Miss Lucy. "You promised to tell me the story of Luke, and now you won't, that's not fair."

But on he went as usual, without noticing her request.

"They are so transparent, you can see what's operating in their minds, and what they are at work at, as plain as bees in a glass hive. Now, there is my little boy Isaac—Ike, as we call him—he made us all laugh like anything the other day."

"Well, I dare say he did," replied the young lady; "and I have no doubt he is as clever and as 'cute as his father; but what has that got to do with the fishing law?"

"Let me tell you this story," said Stephen, "and I am done. Ike always had a wonderful curiosity to see his great-grandfather, old Squire Sim Weazel, of Wilmot, that he often heard the family talk of, but who hadn't been to our house for some years. One day, the old gentleman came to visit us, and we sent to the school-house to the master to give the boy a holiday, seeing that the old squire had arrived. Well, Ike he pulled foot for home, you may depend, as hard as ever he could lay leg to the ground, and, when he came into the room, the old gentleman got up and held out his hands to him.

"'Come here,' she said, 'my dear, and shake hands along with your great-grandfather.'

"'I won't!' says Ike.

"'You won't!' says squire.

“ ‘ No, says he, ‘ I won’t : you are not a-going to make a fool of me that way, I can tell you. You ain’t the right man.’ ”

“ ‘ But I am the right man,’ said the old gentleman.

“ ‘ I don’t believe it,’ replied Ike.

“ ‘ Why not, my little dear?’ said he ; ‘ why do you suppose I ain’t?’ ”

“ ‘ A pretty *great-grandfather* you be,’ said Ike, ‘ ain’t you ? Why, you ain’t half as big as father ; and as for grandfather, you ain’t knee high to him. Great-grandfather ! eh ? why, they might as well call me one. And off he turned and went right away back to school agin, as cross as a bear.’ ”

“ Capital ! said Miss Lucy, who wished to conciliate Richardson ; “ that’s a capital story ; it’s the best you have told yet. And now, Mr. Stephen, there is just one favour I have to ask of you.”

“ Granted before told,” he replied. “ Anything onder the sun I can do for you, miss, either by day or by night, I am ready to do. I only wish we had plenty more of such well broughten up excellent housekeepers as you be, and such rael right down hand ...”

“ Now, don’t talk nonsense,” she said, “ or I am done. But just tell me, that’s a good soul, is that story of yours about Luke Loon true, or were you only romancing ? is it a bam or a fact ?”

“ Fact, miss, and no mistake. Do you think, now,

I would go for to deceive you that way? No, not for the world. It's as true as I am here."

"Well, it's a very odd story, then," said Miss Lucy—"the oddest story I ever heard in all my life. What a wretch that woman must have been! And poor Luke, what became of him?"

"Oh, don't ask me," replied Stephen, with a serious air—"don't ask me that; anything else but that."

"Ah, do!"

"I'd rather not—excuse me, miss."

"Did he die of a broken heart?"

"Worse than that."

"Did he make way with himself?"

"Worse than that."

"Get desperate, do something awful, and get hanged for it?"

"Worse than that."

"Oh, my! didn't you say just now you'd do anything for me—oh! you false man? And now you have raised my curiosity so, I actilly can't go to sleep till I hear it. Do you know the story, Mr. Barclay?"

"No; if I did, I would tell it to you with pleasure."

"Do you, sir?" applying to the commissary.

"No, I never heard it."

"Is there no one knows it? Oh, how stupid of you, Mr. Stephen, to tease a body so! You might, now....Come, that's a dear man, do tell me!"

“ My dear friend,” said Stephen, with a sad and melancholy air, “ it’s a dismal, shocking story ; and I can’t bear to think of it, much less to talk of it. You won’t sleep to-night, if I tell it to you, neither shall I ; and I know you will wish I had let it alone. It was an untimely thing.”

“ What ?”

“ The end of poor Luke !”

“ Then he is dead—is he ?”

“ I didn’t say he was dead.”

“ Ah, Mr. Stephen,” she said, “ don’t tease, now, that’s a good man !” and she rose up, and stood behind his chair, and patted his cheek with her hand coaxingly. “ I’ll do anything in the world for you, if you will tell me that story.”

“ Well,” said Stephen, “ I give in ; if I must, I suppose I must : but, mind, I warned you beforehand !”

And then, looking round, and taking up an empty decanter, as if to help himself to some brandy-and-water before he began, he affected surprise at there being nothing in it, and, handing it to the young hostess, said—

“ I must have the matter of half-a-pint of mohogony to get through that dismal affair.”

“ Certainly, certainly ; anything you please !” said Miss Lucy, who immediately proceeded to the bar, situated in the other part of the house, to procure it.

As soon as she left the room, Stephen looked up and laughed, saying—

“Didn’t I manage that well? They are very strict people here about hours, and nothing in the world will tempt them to open the bar after twelve at night. That is one of the rules she never breaks, she says; but I told her I’d make her do it, and I have succeeded unbeknown to her. I never saw it fail yet: pique a woman’s curiosity, and she’ll unlock her door, her purse, her heart, or anything, for you. They can’t stand it. In fact, it ain’t a bad story, but it’s too long to get through without moistening one’s lips.... Ah, miss, there is no resisting you!” he continued, as the young lady returned.

“No resisting the brandy-and-water, you mean!” retorted Miss Lucy. “I believe, in my soul, you did it a-purpose to make me break rules; but, come, begin now.”

“Well, here’s my service to you, miss, and your very good health! Now, poor Luke Loon, arter his wife ginn him the dodge (like all other water-fowl when they are scarred out of one harbour light in another), made for snug cove in Micmac Bay, where there is a’most a grand mackarel fishery. At the head of the cove there lived one old Marm Bowers, a widow woman, with whom Luke went to board. Poor critter! he was very dull and downhearted, for he was raily werry fond of the gall; and, besides, when a man is deserted that way, it’s a kind of slight put on him that nobody likes....”

“I guess not,” said Miss Lucy; “but he was well rid of that horrid wretch.”

“People kind of look at him and whisper, and say, ‘That’s Luke Loon—him that big Tom Bullock cut out!’ And then sarcy people are apt to throw such misfortunes into a man’s face. It ain’t pleasant, I don’t suppose. Well, Luke said nothing to any body, minded his own business, and was getting on well, and laying by money hand over hand, for he was a great fisherman, and onderstood the Yankee mode of feeding and enticing mackarel. Every body liked him, and Mother Bowers pitied him, and was very kind to him. The old woman had three daughters; two on them were nothing to brag on, quite common-looking heifers....”

“Why, Mr. Stephen,” interposed Miss Lucy, “what kind of a word is that?”

“But the other—that is, the youngest—was a doll. Oh, she was a little beauty, you may depend! She was generally allowed to be the handsomest gall out of sight on the whole coast, far and near, by high and low, black or white, rich or poor. But that wa’n’t all; perhaps, there never was one so active on her pins as she was. She could put her hands on the highest fence (that is, anything she could reach), and go sideways over it like anything; or step back a few paces, hold up her little petticoats to her knees, and clear it like a bird. Stumps, gates, brooks, hillocks, nor hollows, never stopt her. She scarcely seemed to touch the ground, she was so light of foot. When she was a half-grown gall, she used to run young men

across the field as the crow flies for a dollar or a pound of tea agin a kiss, and she kept up the practice after she had grown up a young woman ; but she raised her price to two dollars, so as not to be challenged too often. Many a young man, in follering her over a fence, has fell, and sprained his ankle, or put his shoulder out, or nearly broke his neck ; while she was never known to trip, or to be caught and kissed by no one."

" Well, well," said Miss Lucy, " what carryings on ! What broughtens up ! What next, I wonder !"

" Well, Luke, though he warn't so large, or so tall, bony, and strong, as Tom Bullock, was a withy, wiry, active man—few like him any where ; wrestling, running, rowing, jumping, or shinning up rigging ; and he thought he'd have a trial with Sally Bowers, for a kiss or a forfeit."

" He seems to have got over his troubles very easy, I think," said Miss Lucy, " to begin racing so soon with that forward, sarcy gall. Don't you think so ?"

" Tell you what, miss," he replied, " man was never made to live alone, as is shown by his being able to talk, which no other animal is, and that is a proof he must have a woman to talk to. A man's heart is a cage for love ; and, if one love gives him the dodge, there's the cage, and the perch, and the bars, and the water-glass, all so lonely and desolate, he must get another love and put into it. And, there-

fore, it was natural for Luke to feel all-over-like when he looked upon such a little fairy as Sally."

"Pooh!" said Miss Lucy. "Go on!"

"'So,' says he, 'mother,' says he, 'here's the money: I should like to run Sally; I kind of consait I can go it as fast as she can, although she is a clinker-built craft.'

"'Nonsense, Luke,' she said; 'you are no touch to a fore-and-afterlike Sally. Don't be foolish; I don't want your money. Here, take it! You have lost enough already, poor fellow, without losing your money!'

"That kind of grigged Luke, for no one likes to have mishaps cast up that way, even in pity.

"'What will you bet I don't catch her?' says he.

"'I'll bet you a pound,' said she. 'No I won't, either, cause it's only a robbing of you; but Sally shall give you a chance, at any rate, if it's only to take the consait out of you.'

"So she called in her darter.

"'Sally,' says she, 'Luke is teasing me to let him run a race of kiss or forfeit with you.'

"'Who—you?' said she.

"'Yes, me!' said Luke.

"'Why, you don't mean to say you have the vanity to run me, do you?'

"'I do, though.'

"She made a spring right up an eend, till her head touched the ceiling a'most, came down with one foot out a good piece afore the other, and one arm akimbo;



then, stooping forward, and pointing with the other close into his face—

“ ‘ You ! ’ she said— ‘ you ! Well, if that don’t pass ! I wonder who will challenge me next ! Why, man alive, I could jump over your head so high, you couldn’t touch my foot ! But, here’s at you, at any rate. I’ll go and shoe, and will soon make you look foolish, I know.’ ”

“ Well, she took the twenty yards’ start which she always had, and off they sot, and she beat him all haller, and would haul up now and then, turn round, and step backward, with short, quick, light steps, a-tiptoe, and beckon him with her hand, and say, ‘ Don’t you hope you may ketch me ? Do I swim too fast for you, my young blowing porpoise ? ’ And then point her finger at him, and laugh like anything, and round agin, and off like the wind, and over a fence like a greyhound.<sup>1</sup> Luke never said a word, but kept

<sup>1</sup> Strange as this anecdote of the foot-race may seem, it is, nevertheless, true, and occurred within the remembrance of the author :—

“ Non fabula rumor

Ile fuit.

The classical reader will be forcibly struck with its resemblance to the story of Atalanta, as told by Ovid :—

“ Forsitan audieris aliquam certamine cursus  
 Veloces superasse viros \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* Nec sum potiunda nisi, inquit  
 Vecta prius cursu. Pedibus contendite mecum.  
 Præmia veloci conjux, thalamique debuntur.  
 Mors prætium tardis. Ea lex certaminis esto.”

Well may it be said that there is nothing new under the sun.

steadily on, so as to save his wind (for it warn't the first time he had run foot races) ; and, at last, he began to gain on her by main strength. Away she flew, when she found that, over stump land, wild pasture, windfalls, and everything, turned at the goal-tree, and pulled foot for home for dear life. Luke reached the tree soon after, and then came the tug of the race ; but he had the endurance and the wind, and overhauled her as she ascended the hill behind the house, and caught her just as she was falling. She was regularly beat out, and panted like a hare, and lay in his arms, with her head on his shoulder and her eyes shut, almost insensible.

“ ‘ Sally, dear ! ’ said he ; and he kissed her, but she didn't speak.

“ ‘ Dear Sally ! Oh, what shall I do ? ’ and he kissed her again and again.

“ ‘ Speak, for Heaven's sake, dear, or you will break my heart. Oh, what an unfortunate man I be ! ’

“ At last, she kind of woke up.

“ ‘ Luke, ’ said she, ‘ don't tell mother that you caught me, that's a good soul. There, now ! ’—and she put her arms round his neck and kissed him—‘ there, now, is your forfeit ! I've come too, now—let me go ; and do you follow, but don't push me too hard, for I'm fairly blown, ’ and she took over the hill, and he after her at a considerable distance.

“ When they got back, said old Mother Bowers—

“ ‘ Didn't I tell you so, Luke ? I knowed you couldn't

do it : no man ever did it yet ! I hope you feel easier, now your comb is cut. Here's your forfeit, I don't want it. But this I will say, you have made a great run for it, at any rate—the best I ever see any one make yet !

“ ‘ Who ? ’ said Sally. ‘ Do you mean him ? ’ and she sprung up as before, and, coming down the same way on her feet, and pointing at him with her fingers, jeering like, said, ‘ Who ?—him—him ! why, the clumsy lumokin feller don't know how even to begin to run. I hope you feel better, sir ? ’

“ ‘ Well, I do, ’ said Luke, ‘ that's a fact ; and I should like to run you agin, for I have an idea next time I could catch you in real airnest ! ’

“ ‘ You do, do you ? ’ said she ; ‘ then your ‘ like ’ is all you are ‘ likely ’ to get, for I never run any one twicet ! ’ ”

“ Oh, my ! ” said Miss Lucy, “ what an artful, false girl ! Well, I never ! But is that all ? Is that what you call such a dismal story ? ”

“ Oh, I wish it was ! ” said Stephen. “ The other is the end, but this is the beginning. I'll tell you the next to-morrow, 't's getting late now. Don't press me, my little rose-bud, it's really too sad.”

“ Ah, now, you promised me, ” she replied, “ and it's so different from anything I ever heard before. Ah, do, that's a good man ! ”

“ It's too long a story, it will take all night ! ”

“ I don't care if it does take all night, I want to hear the end of.”

“ Well, then, I am afraid I must trouble you again, miss,” handing her the empty decanter, “ for I’ve drank it all before I’ve got to the part that touches the heart !”

“ Ah, Mr. Stephen,” she replied, “ I’ll get it for you, though I know you are making game of me all the time ; but if you are, I’ll be upsides with you some of these days, see if I don’t. What an awful man to drink you are !” she said, as she returned with the liquor. “ Here it is—now go on.”

“ Well, arter the race, Luke felt a kind of affection for the young gall, and she for him. I guess they liked the flavour of them are kisses.....”

“ Ain’t you ashamed to talk that way ?” asked Miss Lucy.

“ And he proposed to the old woman to marry her, but she wouldn’t hear to it at no rate. Women don’t much care to have a jilted man that way for their daters ; cast-off things ain’t like new, and second-hand articles ain’t prised in a general way ; and besides, the old lady was kind of proud of her girl, and thought she might make a better match than taking up with the likes of him. At last, winter came, and things were going in in this dissatisfactory kind of way, when a thought struck Luke. Sally was a’most a beautiful skater. She could go the outside edge, cut circles one inside the other, write her name, and the figures of the year, and execute all sorts of things on the ice with her skates ; and Luke proposed to run

her that way for marriage, or twenty pounds forfeit if he didn't catch her. It was a long time before the old woman would consent ; but, at last, seeing that Sally had beat him so easy afoot, she knowed, in course, she could outskate him on the ice like nothing ; and, therefore, she gave in, on condition that Luke, if he was beat, should clear out and leave the Cove ; and, as he couldn't get no better terms, he agreed to it, and the day was fixed, and arrangements made for the race, and the folks came from far and near to see it. Some backed Sally and bet on her, and some backed Luke and betted on him, but most people wished him to win ; and there never was, perhaps, a horse-race, or foot-race, or boat-race, or anything excited and interested folks like this ' Race for a Wife.'

“ The Cove was all froze over with beautiful glassy ice, and the day was fine and the company assembled, and out came the two racers. Sally was dressed in long cloth pantalets, only covered by her skirt as far as the knees, so as to admit of a free use of her limbs, and a close-fitting body with narrow sleeves, and wore a black fur cap on her head. Luke had on a pair of seaman's trousers, belted tight round the waist, and a loose striped Guernsey shirt, open at the neck, and a knowing little seal-skin cap, worn jauntingly a one side. It ain't often you see such a handsome couple, I can tell you. Before Sally left the house, her mother called her a one side, and said—

“ ‘ Sally, dear, do your best, now, that's a good

gall ; if you get beat, people will say you let him do it a purpose, and that ain't womanly. If such a thing was to be that you had to marry him (and would be so mean as to take up with another woman's leavings), marry him conquering, and not beaten. It's a good thing to teach a man that the grey mare is the better horse. Take the conceit out of him, dear !

“ ‘ Never fear, mother,’ said she ; ‘ I'll lead him a dance that goes so fast he won't know the tune he is keeping step to, I know.’

“ Well, they walked hand in hand down to the Cove, and the folks cheered them again and again when they arrived on the ice. After fitting on their skates, they slowly skimmed about the Cove, showing off, cutting all sorts of feats, of shines, evolutions, and didoes, and what not ; when they come together again, tightened their straps, shook hands, and took their places, twenty yards apart, and, at the sound of a conch-shell, off they started, like two streaks of lightning. Perhaps it was the most splendid thing ever seen in this country. Sally played him off beautifully, and would let him all but catch her, then stop short, double on him, and leave him ever so far behind. Once she ran right round him, so near as to be able to lay her little balance-stick across his shoulders, whack ! with all her might. Oh ! what a laugh it raised, and what shouts of applause, every cutting off or heading of his received, or sudden pull up, sharp turn, or

knowing dodge of hern, was welcomed with ! It was great sport."

"Sport, indeed !" said Miss Lucy. "I never heard anything so degrading ; I couldn't have believed it possible that a woman would make a show of herself that way before men, and in such an ondecient dress, too !"

"The Cove fairly rung with merriment. At last the hour for the race was drawing near its close (for it was agreed it should only last an hour), and she began to lead him off as far as possible, so as to double on him, and make a dash for the shore, and was saving her breath and strength for the last rush, when, unfortunately, she got unawares into what they call blistered ice (that is, a kind of rough and uneven freezing of the surface), tripped, and fell at full length on her face ; and, as Luke was in full pursuit, he couldn't stop himself in time, and fell also right over her.

" ' She is mine ! ' said he ; ' I have her ! Hurrah, I have won ! ' "

"Oh, yes !" said Lucy, "it's very easy to win when it's all arranged beforehand. Do you pretend to tell me, after the race in the field, that that wasn't done on purpose ? I don't think I ever heard tell of a more false, bold, artful woman !"

"Oh," continued Mr. Stephen, "what a cheer of praise and triumph that caused ! It rang over the ice, and was echoed back by the woods, and was so

loud and clear you might have heard it clean away out to sea, as far as the lighthouse a'most!"

"And this is your dismal story, is it?" said the young hostess, with an air of disappointment.

"Such a waving of hats and throwing up of fur caps was never seen; and when people had done cheering, and got their heads straight again, and looked for the racers, they was gone . . ."

"Gone!" said Lucy. "Where?"

"To Heaven, I hope!" said Stephen.

"Why, you don't mean to say they were lost, do you?"

"Yes, I do!"

"Drowned?"

"Yes, drowned."

"What! both of them?"

"Yes, both of them."

"What, did they go through the ice?"

"Yes, through the ice. It was an air-hole where they fell!"

"Oh, my, how awful!"

"I told you so, miss," said Stephen, "but you wouldn't believe me. It was awful, that's a fact!"

"Dear me!" ejaculated Lucy. "Only think of poor Luke; he was a misfortunate man, sartainly! Were they ever found?"

"Yes, when the ice broke up, the next eastwardly gale, they floated ashore, tightly clasped in each other's arms, and were buried in one grave and in one coffin.



It was the largest funeral ever seen in them parts ; all the fishermen from far and near attended, with their wives and darters, marching two and two ; the men all dressed in their blue trousers and check shirts, and the women in their grey homespun and white aprons. There was hardly a dry eye among the whole of them. It was a most affecting scene.

“ When the service was over, the people subscribed a handsome sum on the spot, and had a monument put up there. It stands on the right hand of the gate as you go into the churchyard at Snug Harbour. The schoolmaster cut their names and ages on the stone, and also this beautiful inscription, or epigraph, or whatever it is called :—

‘ *This* loving pair went out to skate,  
Broke through the ice and met their fate,  
And now lie buried near this gate ;  
Year, eighteen hundred and twenty-eight.’ ”

“ Dear me, how very awful ! ” said Miss Lucy. “ I don’t think I shall sleep to-night for thinking of them ; and, if I do, I know I shall dream of them. Still, it’s a pretty story, after all. It’s out of the common way, like. What a strange history Luke’s is ! First, losing his wife by the fishery-law, then the race on foot for the tea or a forfeit, and at last skating for a wedding or a grave ! It’s quite a romance in real life, isn’t it ? But, dear me, it’s one o’clock in the morning, as I’m alive ! Mr. Barclay, if you will see to the fire, please, before you go to bed,

that it's all made safe (for we are great cowards about fire here), I believe I will bid you all good night."

"It ain't quite finished yet," said Stephen. "There was another young lady . . ."

"Who?" said Miss Lucy.

"A far handsomer and far more sensible gill than Sally, one of the best brought up in the whole country, and one that would be a fortin to any man that was lucky enough to get her for a wife."

"Who was she, and where did she live?" inquired Lucy, who put down her candle and awaited the reply.

"To at home with her own folks," said Stephen ; "and an excellent, and comfortable, and happy home she made it, too. It's a pity Hans' wife hadn't seen her, to take pattern by her."

"Luke's you mean," added Lucy, "if she's such a nonsuch."

"Yes, and Luke's, too ; though Luke's wife warn't fit to hold a candle to her. They hadn't ought to be mentioned in the same day. Nobody that ever see her that didn't love her,—old or young, gentle or simple, married or single."

"She was no great shakes, then," said the young hostess. "She must have been a great flirt, if that was the case."

"Well, she warn't, then ; she was as modest, and honest, and well conducted a gill as you ever laid your eyes on. I only wish my son, who is to man's estate now, had her, for I should be proud of her as a

serter-in-law ; and would give them a farm, and stock it with a complete fit out of everything."

" If he's like his father," said Lucy, " maybe he'd be a hard bargain for all that. Who is your sampler that's set off with such colours, and wants the word ' Richardson' worked on it ?"

" But then she has one fault," continued Stephen.

" What's that ? Perhaps she's ill-tempered ; for many beauties are so ?"

" No, as sweet-tempered a gall as ever you see. Guess agin."

" Won't take your son, maybe ?"

" No ; she never seed him, I don't think ; for, if she did, it's my notion her heart would beat like a town-clock ; so loud, you could hear it ever so far. Guess agin."

" Oh ! I can't guess if I was to try till to-morrow, for I never was a good hand at finding out riddles. What is it ?"

" She is a leetle, jist a leetle, too consaited, and is as inquisitive as old Marm Eve herself. She says she has rules that can't never be bended nor broken, on no account ; but yet her curiosity is so great, she will break the best regulation she has ; and that is, not to open the bar arter twelve o'clock at night more than once the same evening to hear a good story."

" Ah, now, Mr. Stephen," said the young lady, " that's a great shame ! Only to think I should be such a goose as to be took in so, and to stand here

and listen to all that nonsense ! And then being made such a goose of to my face, is all the thanks I get for my pains of trying to please the like of you ! Well, I never ! I'll be even with you yet for that, see if I don't ! Good night."

"One word more, please, miss. Keep to your rules, they are all capital ones, and I was only joking ; but I must add this little short one to them. *Circumstances alters cases.* Good night, dear," and he got up and opened the door for her, and whispered in her ear, "I am in earnest about my son : I am, upon my soul ! I'll send him to see you. Don't be scornful, now, that's a darling !"

"Do get away," she replied, "and don't tease me ! Gentlemen, I wish you all good night !"

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A PIPPIN;

## OR, SHEEPSKINS AND GARTERS.

The next morning, Mr. Stephen Richardson, having left his horse at Mount Hope, and borrowed a pair of snow-shoes from Neal, set out on foot for Halifax. At parting, he shook me cordially by the hand, and invited me to visit him, either during the following month of March, or in the autumn, or, what he considered preferable, at both periods; for then, he said, he could instruct me how to hunt moose on the snow like a man, or to stand as still as a stump, call them, and shoot them like a boy.

“I should like,” he said, “to have you a few nights in camp with me, to show you what wood-life is. Hunting is done now in these parts; there is only a few of us old-fashioned fellows that know any thing about it. Folks are so ’tarnel lazy, they won’t go any where without a horse to carry ’em; and so delicate and tender, they can’t sleep any where but in a feather bed. We *do* know how to raise calves, that’s a fact; but, as for raising men, we’ve lost the knack. It’s a melancholy thing to think of. The Irish do all

our spade work ; machinery all our thrashing, sowing, and husking ; and gigs and waggons all our leg-work. The women are no good neither. They are all as soft as dough. There ain't a rael, hard, solid, corn-fed gall, like Miss Lucy, in the country any where a'most. Mills do all their carding, and spinning, and weaving. They have no occupation left but to drink tea and gossip ; and the men do nothing but lounge about with their hands in their trousers' pockets, and talk politics. What the Irish and machinery don't do for 'em, they expect legislators to do. They actilly think the sun rises in the Government-house, and sets in the Province building.

“ The last time I came from Halifax, all the idlers in the bar-room of every public-house I stopped at got round me in a circle. ‘ What's the news, Steve ?’ says they. ‘ What's our members a-doing of for us ?’ I had one answer for them all. ‘ Their a-going to hire a nigger,’ says I, ‘ to hold a bowl, and an Irishman to carry a ladle, and feed you all with spoon-victuals, for you are too infernal lazy to feed yourselves.’ They didn't ax me anymore questions, you may depend. No, sir, they are all good for nothing. If you really want to see forest life, come to me, and I'll show you how to walk through the woods, and over wind-falls, swamps, brooks, and what not, as straight as the crow flies. Ah, sir, that's the sport for a man ! And it takes a man to go through it, too, that's sartain. When I go a-hunting, I don't take furious dogs to

seize a critter by the nose, and hold him while I shoot him, but I give him a chance for his life, and run him down myself; one is downright murder, but the other is rael, generous sport. And then, at night, I'll spin you yarns that will make your sides ache with laughter, I know. Good by, my friend! You recollect my name: they call me Steve Richardson, when I am at home; and my home is to Clements, and Clements is in Annapolis county, and Annapolis county is on the south-west side of the Bay of Fundy."

And away he strode over the untrodden snow, as lightly as if it were encrusted with ice.

"That is a very extraordinary fellow," said Barclay, as he led me off to the stables to look at his horses. "Notwithstanding all the nonsense he talks, he is a most industrious, thrifty man, and his farm is in excellent order, and well, though not scientifically worked. We must visit him in the autumn. It would be madness to hunt with him in winter; no man could keep pace with him, or run all day, as he does, without halting; and sleeping on the snow, when heated by a long, hard chase, is attended with great danger to the health. You will enjoy it better in his description, than in undergoing the fatigue and exposure yourself. He has some capital stories, too, that are worth going to Clements to hear."

On our return from the stables, we entered the bar-room, to ascertain from the teamsters when they intended to resume their journey, and to consult them

upon the state of the roads. It was a long, narrow, apartment, similar in size and general appearance to the keeping-room, but contained no furniture whatever, except a table and a few benches. Across one end of it was a counter, having tumblers and wine-glasses upon it, behind which were casks and jars holding various kinds of liquors. The walls were covered with printed notices of auctions, advertisements of quack medicines, and hand-bills calling public meetings for the promotion of temperance or the organization of political parties ; while the never-failing wooden clock notified travellers of the lapse of time, or of the arrival of that hour of mid-day that is always welcomed with a libation of rum and water.

The room was nearly full of people. Some were smoking, others drinking, and a few were putting on their outer coats, and preparing to leave the house. As we approached the door, we heard a person saying, in a very loud voice, and with very rapid utterance,—

“ I tell you he did—he did—he did ! Yes, he can trot a mile in two minutes, and thirty seconds ; two thirty is his exact guage, sir.”

This declaration appeared to be contradicted, for it was re-asserted as before, with the attestation of several extraordinary slang oaths.

“ I tell you he can—he can—he can ! What will you bet ? Go any thing you dare, now ! What will you lay on it ? Say something worth while. Say twenty pounds, now ! I stump you, if you dare, for



twenty pounds ! You are brought to a hack, are you ? Then if you darsn't, don't contradict a gentleman that way !”

This was said by a middle-sized but remarkably powerful and active man, of about thirty years of age. He was standing in the middle of the room, holding a long hunting-whip, with the thong doubled in his hand, and shaking it at the person with whom he was arguing. He was dressed in a blanket-coat that reached to his knees, cut in the Indian fashion, trimmed with red cloth, and bound round the waist by a belt of the same colour. A large, loose pair of grey woollen stockings covered his boots and trousers. On his head was a low-crowned fur cap, made of otter-skin, from the back of which was suspended a black tail, four or five inches in length. His neck was enveloped with several folds of a yarn comforter, similar in colour and appearance to his sash. A long iron spur, strapped on his left heel, completed his equipment. His countenance (at least, all that could be seen of it, for he wore an enormous pair of untrimmed whiskers, which united under his chin, and protruded over his neck-cloth and wrappings) exhibited a singular mixture of firmness, quickness of temper, and good nature ; while his bright, restless eye, peculiar forehead, and expressive mouth, denoted both cunning and humour.

“ Ah,” said Barclay, as soon as he got a glimpse of him, “ here is Master Zeb Hunt ! He is what our friend Stephen would call a ‘ Pippin,’ or a regular ‘ bar-

room bird.' He is a drover and horse-jockey, and lives on the road, and is the pest of every tavern, and the torment of all travellers ; for he talks so loud, he can be heard all over the house. Let us go in ; he is worth seeing, as a specimen of a class once very common in this country, and still more numerous than is desirable."

Mr. Hunt lifted his cap to Barclay as he entered the room, a mode of salutation not very common in Nova Scotia, a short, free and easy nod of the head being infinitely less troublesome and ceremonious, and, therefore, in more general use."

" Morning to you, Squire !" he said, in his accustomed loud tone and familiar manner. " I am glad to see you. I have been waiting for you for some time, to look at a horse I have here, that will just suit you. He is *great*, that's a fact ; a perfect case, I assure you. He can trot his mile in two minutes and thirty seconds, and no break, shuffle-rack, or pace, but a handsome round trot, with splendid knee action ; not pawing the air like make-believe, nor pounding the road like breaking stones, but a sort of touch-me-light-and-go-easy style, like the beat of a gall's finger on the pianny ; and so gentle, a child can manage him. When you want him to go, take up the reins and he's off like a fox ; when you want him to stop, throw them down, and he'll stand all day. The way he makes the spokes fly round in a wheel, so that you can only see the rim, as if it was a hoop, is amazing. It frightened me

at first, and I ain't easy scared by a horse. He is a *su-perior* animal, beyond all doubt. I never was suited before in all my life, and I don't know as he ain't spoilt me, so I shall be suited agin. Sometimes I think I can't part with him any how, for I can't never get another like him ; and sometimes I take a notion into my head I ought to sell him, as it is too much money for a poor man like me to have in a horse. You've hearn tell of Heber of Windsor, haven't you ? Well, he's crazy after him ; and, if he don't know a good one when he sees him, he does when he tries him, and that's more than most men do. I'd like you to have him, for you *are* a judge of a horse,—perhaps the best in these parts (though I've seen the leak put into you, too, afore now). You will take good care of him, and I wouldn't like to see the critter knocked about like a corn. He will lead your tandem beautiful, and keep his traces up, without doing the whole work and killing himself. A thread will guide him ; and then he knows how to slack up a going-down hill, so as not to drag the wheeler off his legs. Oh, he's a dol'. His sinews are all scorpion tails and whipcords, and he's muscle enough for two beasts of his size. You can't fault him in no particular, for he is perfect, head or neck, shoulder or girth, back or loins, stifle or hock, or chest and bastions ; and, as for hoofs, they actilly seem as if they was made a purpose for a trotter. In fact, you may say he's the greatest piece of stuff ever wrapped up in a horse-hide. Come

and look at him, and judge for yourself. My price is two fifty ; but, if you like him, say the word, and he is yours at two hundred dollars, for I'd like you to have him. I consait he'll suit you to a notch, and do me credit too. Heavens and airth ! ain't he the boy to slip by the officers' tandems club to Halifax, like wink, and you a sitting at your ease, pretending to hold him in, and passing of them, nodding and laughing good-natured-like, as much as to say, 'Don't you wish you could keep the road now you've got it ?'

"Squire Barclay," said a man, who had just removed a pipe from his mouth for the purpose of replacing it with a tumbler of rum and water,—“Squire, you have heard Zeb Hunt talk afore to-day, I reckon. I have been listening to him while he has been a-running on like a mill-wheel, a-praising of his horse up to the very nine as the piak of all perfection ; but he never said a word about his soundness, do you mark ? If you intend to make a trade with him, I guess you had better be wide awake, for he is too much for most folks : a man must rise early in the morning to catch him napping.”

“What's that you say, you leather-lipped rascal ?” retorted the Pippin, as he advanced menacingly towards his accuser. “How dare you put in your oar when gentlemen are bantering for a trade, you ewe-necked, cat-hammed, shad-built, lop-eared, onderbread villain ? You measure other folks' corn with your own bushel, and judge your neighbours by yourself—about

as bad a standard as you'll find any where. Squire," he continued, turning away with apparent contempt from the man who had traduced him, "if there is any one thing I pride myself upon in the world, it is on being candid. I am straight up and down; what I say I mean, and what I mean I'll stand to. I take all mankind to be rogues, more or less, and, what's more, canting, hypocritical rogues, too; for they pretend they are honest, all the time they are cheating the world and the devil. Now, I am straightforward, open, and above board. I pretend to nothing. I won't say I'll not get the advantage if I can in a horse trade, or any other trade. I don't deny it. I avow it open. What sort of a deal would it be, were I to get the disadvantage always? Why, in six months, I shouldn't have a horse to trade with; for, what is trade, if you come to that, but gambling with the chances in your favour? I am not bound to tell my horses' faults. I don't like to dwell on the faults of my friends; I praise their virtues. People don't cry stinking fish, in a giniral way, in any market I was ever in yet, because folks have noses, and can smell for themselves. I don't talk of sprains, curbs, and ring-bones; people have eyes, and can see for themselves: and, if they are too plaguy careless to look, whose fault is that? No, sir, I scorn a dirty thing. I conceal nothing. I say, publicly, I expect the advantage in a bargain; and, if I can't get it, I don't trade. That's my rule, sir; and I don't care who

knows it. I hate and despise pretence. The world's full of it. Every man, in a giniral way, has more cloaks to cover his villany than shirts to cover his back.

“ My eyes were first opened to the baseness and falsehood of mankind in elections. I had no idea what rascals politicians were — canting about patriotism, reform, public spirit, education, ameliorating the condition of the people, and so on; and all the time using these slang words as blinds to conceal office and place-seeking, selfish ends, grasping public money, and what not. I first started in life on the Tory ticket, for I am a loyal man, and so was father afore me. He was a refugee loyalist, and left the States and all his property to follow the flag of his king into this cold country, that's only fit for wolves and bears. Well, we had a great election to Digby, and we carried in our Tory man, Lawyer Clam (him that was raised on the mud flats to the joggin); and, when our side won the day, and I went to get my share of the plunder, he had the impudence to tell me all the offices that could be spared must be given to the Radicals, to conciliate them. ‘ Conciliate old Scratch !’ says I: ‘ giving them fellows sops, is like giving bits of raw meat to bull-dogs; it only makes them hungrier, fierouser, and wickedder.’ But so it was, and so it always has been, with that party, in America; they don't stick to their friends, and I ginn them up in disgust, and changed sides right away.

“I am a candid man. I am willing to serve the country, but then I like reciprocation, and the country ought to serve me. Friendship can't stand on one leg long, and, if it does, it's plain it can't go ahead much at any rate. Well, bymeby, the Rads come in. ‘Now,’ said I, ‘remember Zeb Hunt; he wants an office.’ But, lo and behold! the offices were all wanted for the leaders, and there were none left for the followers but the office of drudges. Seeing they were both tarred with the same stick, one side of which had too much liberality, and the other too much selfishness, I thought my chance would be better to lay hold on both ends of the rope; and I went on both sides, one foot on one and one foot on t'other; but they pulled so far apart, they straddled me so wide, they nearly split me up to the chin. Politics, squire, are like pea-soup; they are all very well and very good when kept well stirred; but, as soon as the stir is over, the thin part floats up by itself, and the rich and thick settles down for them who are at the bottom of things. Who ever heard of a fellow like me being choked by a government loaf, or his throat hurt by the bone of a fish that's too large to swallow? Now, I've taken uncle Tim's place; I am neuter. I avow it, for I'm a candid man; and a fellow can't be honest if he don't speak up plain. I am neuter now, and courted by both sides, and whichever comes nearest my mark will get me. But neuter is my ticket just now.

“ You know uncle Tim ; he was small, very small —not in stature, for he was a six-footer, but small in mind and small in heart : his soul was no bigger than a flea’s. ‘ Zeb, my boy,’ says he to me one day, ‘ always be neuter in elections. You can’t get nothing by them but ill-will. Dear, dear ! I wish I had never voted. I never did but oncest, and, dear, dear ! I wish I had let that alone. There was an army doctor oncest, Zeb, lived right opposite to me to Digby : dear, dear ! he was a good friend to me. He was very fond of wether mutton ; and, when he killed a sheep, he used to say to me, ‘ Friend Tim, I will give you the skin if you will accept it.’ Dear, dear ! what a lot of them he gave me, first and last ! Well, oncest the doctor’s son, Lawyer Williams, offered for the town, and so did my brother-in-law, Phin Tucker ; and, dear, dear ! I was in a proper fix. Well, the doctor axed me to vote for his son, and I just up and told him I would, only my relation was candidating also ; but ginn him my hand and promise I would be neuter. Well, I told brother-in-law the same, that I’d vote for him with pleasure, only my old friend, the doctor’s son, was offering too ; and, therefore, gave him my word also, I’d be neuter. And, oh, dear, dear ! neuter I would have remained too, if it hadn’t a-been for them two electioneering generals — devils, I might say—Lory Scott and Terry Todd. Dear, dear ! some how or ’nother, they got hold of the story of the sheepskins, and they gave me no peace day or night.



‘What,’ says they, ‘are you going to sell your country for a sheepskin?’ The day of the election they seized on me, one by one arm, and the other by the other, and lugged me off to the poll, whether I would or no.

“ ‘Who do you vote for?’ said the sheriff.

“ ‘Would you sell your country for a sheepskin?’ shouted Terry, in one ear.

“ ‘Would you sell your country for a sheepskin?’ bellowed Lory, in the other ear.

“I was so frightened, I hardly knew what I did; but they tell me I voted for brother Phin! Dear, dear! the doctor never gave me a sheepskin while he lived after that. Dear, dear!—that was an ugly vote for me!’

“Uncle Tim is right, neuter is the ticket; friends to both sides, and enemies to none—that’s a fact! Political leaders, squire, are an unprincipled crew of selfish rascals. Talk of a horse-jockey, sir! What is he to a man-jockey? Think of a fellor with patriotism in his mouth, and office-seeking in his heart, a-talking of sarving his country while he is sarving of the devil! Why, he is a villain, sir, whoever he is! There is nothing like candour! Now, what I tell you of my horse is true, sir; and I must have my price. Is there anything wrong in that? Wrong in a world where every class conceals motives? Look at lawyers now ....”

A smile on Barclay’s face reminded him that he was on delicate ground, and he extricated himself very adroitly.

“ Look at lawyers, take them by and large, perhaps they are about as candid men as you will see any where !”

A general laugh rewarded this skilful manoeuvre ; but he proceeded without noticing it.

“ Still some of them—I think you will admit that, Mr. Barclay—some of them, though they scorn to tell a lie themselves, tell other folks’ lies to a jury ; and then wind up by swearing they believe what they have said is all true.”

Leaving a topic into which he had so thoughtlessly blundered, he continued—

“ But, of all the scoundrels in the world, perhaps the doctors are the biggest by far. A candid doctor, like a sound horse, ain’t to be found in every street of a city, I tell you. They are the boys for hiding ignorance and quackery under Latin words, or in red, blue, yaller, and pink lotions, and extortion in bread-pills by the cart load. They tell you they visit the poor gratis ! Perhaps that’s the greatest lie ever told by man. They take credit for these acts of charity with the public, and debit the first rich patient with the amount, in addition to his own bill. No doctor ever made a bad debt yet ; for, if one man can’t pay, another can. It’s only changing names, and it’s all right. According to their creed, there is no harm in robbing Peter to pay Paul.

“ I tell you what—I knew myself oncest. Old Dr. Green (you knowed him, in course—every body

knowned him) lived on Digby Neck. He was reckoned a skilful man, and was known to be a regular rotated doctor; but he drank like a fish (and it's actilly astonishing how many country doctors have taken to drink), and, of course, he warn't always a very safe man in cases where a cool head and a steady hand was needed (though folks did say he knowed a plaguy sight more, even when he was drunk, than one-half of them do when they are sober.) Well, one day old Jim Reid, who was a pot-companion of his, sent him a note to come into town immediately, without the loss of one moment of time, and bring his amputating instruments with him, for there was a most shocking accident had happened at his house. So in come the doctor as hard as he could drive, looking as sorry, all the time, as if he didn't live by misfortunes and accidents, the old hypocrite!

“ ‘ My dear friend,’ said he, solemnly, to Reid, and a-taking of him by the hand, and giving it a doleful shake—‘ My dear friend, what is the matter?—who is hurt? And what the devil is to pay now? How thankful we all ought to be that the accident hasn't occurred to one whom we all respect so much as you!’

“ And then he unpacked his instruments, off with his coat, and up with his sleeves; and, with one hand, pulls a hair out of his head, and, with the other, takes his knife and cuts it in two, to prove the edge was all right. Then he began to whistle while he examined his saw, for nothing puts these chaps in such good

humour as cutting and slashing away at legs and arms—operating, as they call it—and, when all was ready, says he—

“ ‘Reid,’ says he, a-tapping him on the shoulder, ‘where is the patient?’

“ Well, Reid opened the door of another room, and there was a black boy a-holding of a duck on the table that had broke his leg!

“ ‘There is a case for amputation, doctor!’ said he; ‘but, first of all, take a glass of brandy and water to steady your nerves. He knows you,’ says he; ‘hear him how he calls out Quack, quack! after you, as if he was afraid to let you perform on him.’

“ Well, the doctor entered into the joke as good-natured as possible, laughed like anything, whipped down the grog, whipped off the leg, and whipped up the knives and saws in no time.

“ ‘You must stay to dine, doctor,’ said Reid (for the joke was only intended to get him into town to drink along with him); and he stayed to dine, and stayed to sup, and, being awful drunk, stayed to bed, too.

“ Well, every time Reid saw him arter that in town, he asked him to come in and see his patient, which meant to come in and drink; and so he did as long as the cask of rael, particular Jamaickey lasted.

“ Some time after that, the old fellow sent in a bill for operating, making a wooden leg, medical attendance, an advice, per order, for twenty-five pounds; and, what’s more, when Reid wouldn’t pay it, the doctor

sued him for it to court, and gained his cause. Fact, I assure you. I never knew a worse trick than that, unless it was one that that leather-lipped gentleman, Mr. Gates (who took the liberty of jeering at me and my horse just now), played off in Aylesford, in company with this lamb, Master Ben Dale."

And he bestowed upon the pair such a look of malicious mischief, that it was evident he was about disclosing a trick of trade, or substituting them for the real actors in the transaction, for their astonishment, and frequent and earnest denials, evinced that they then heard it applied to themselves for the first time.

Mr. Benjamin Dale, the person to whom he applied the peculiarly expressive phrase of the country—"A Lamb!" was "a character" also, as well as himself, but a specimen of a different species of the same genus of drover and horse-jockey. Unlike Mr. Zeb Hunt, he had but little to say for himself or his horses. He made no pretensions to the reputation of being a candid man. He was careful, quiet, and unobtrusive; and relied more upon the agency of others, whom he employed, than upon making broad assertions and dangerous representations himself. He managed matters so as to have purchasers sent to him, who had been previously informed of all the valuable qualities of his horses, and did little more himself than exhibit them to the best advantage. He was rather reserved in his communications; but made use of language which,

though extremely guarded, implied much more than it expressed.

Though engaged in the same business with the "Pippin," and equally expert and unscrupulous in his way, he was as different a person as could well be imagined. He was a tall, thin man, whom constant exposure to the weather had so hardened, that he appeared to disdain the effeminate wrappings generally used in this country to guard against the intense cold. He was poorly, and—everybody else but himself would have said—very insufficiently clad. He wore a pair of close-fitting pantaloons, made of coarse blue homespun, of open texture, over which were drawn a pair of long boots, the wide and capacious tops of which appeared to be designed to catch the rain that might fall from the skirts of a pea-jacket, which served the double purpose of coat and surtout. This latter garment, notwithstanding the severity of the season, was worn open at the breast, which was only protected by a calico shirt. His neck, which was in proportion to his height and skeleton-like form, derived some support from a stiff black stock, buckled so tight as to account for the remarkable distension of his eyes, while his head was held fast between two enormous stiff shirt-collars that reached nearly to his ears. His face was hard, hollow, bony, and thin; his mouth large, and armed with teeth of great size and strength (those in the upper jaw protruding considerably); his eyes were cold, fixed, and apparently vacant. Long,

coarse, black, Indian-like hair, fell straight on his neck and collar, and was occasionally removed from the forehead by a shake of the head, not unlike the twirl of a mop. Such was the person whom rivalry or mischief prompted Mr. Zebulun to associate with Gates in the charge of fraud.

"Gates, squire," said the Pippin, "set off last year on a tour through the mountains to buy cattle....."

"I'll take my oath," replied the other, "I have not been on the mountains these three years."

"You was—you was—you was!" said Hunt, who put his hands on his hips, and, stooping forward until his face nearly touched that of his antagonist, uttered this singular reiteration, with wonderful rapidity, rather through his teeth than with his lips—"It's true—it's true—it's true!" and then, resuming his natural position and manner, continued—

"Didn't I tell you, squire, that fellows that are bad enough to play rogue, are fools enough to be ashamed of it? Well, sir, he took a list of the names of all the farmers that had cattle to sell in them altitudes, and he told this precious lamb, this pretty bird, Mr. Dale, who is half bittern, half hawk—he is so tough, thin, and long-sighted—to follow him along the road at a distance of a mile or two, so as to be ready to play into his hand when he wanted him. Well, the first man he came to, he bantered for his cattle, offered him a sum far below the market price, and estimated their weight at just one-half what it was, and then, when

he'd see Dale a-jogging along, he'd say, 'Well, I'll abide by whatever the first person we find says, for I'm for the fair deal, and only want what's right. Ah, here is Mr. Dale; he is reckoned as candid a man as we have in these parts, and a good judge of cattle, too.'

" 'Mr. Dale, just halt a bit, if you please! This gentleman and me are about trading for this pair of cattle, but he values his oxen at twenty-five pounds. I say the price should be seventeen, for he is evidently under a great mistake about their weight. What do you say?'

" 'Well, Dale, who had had his lesson all beforehand in the matter, at first declined being umpire. He said he was no judge; he wouldn't value other men's things; it was a thankless office, and seldom satisfied either party, and so on. Till, at last, both parties begged and pressed him so hard, he consented. Well, he looked very wise, and walked round and round the oxen, feeling them, and kind of measuring them with his eyes, as if he was trying to be exact, and do what's right and just. And, at last, he says—

" 'I think, Mr. Gates,' says he, 'with all due submission to your better judgment, they are worth more than you say by three pounds. I value them at twenty pounds, which is the right thing between man and man, in my humble opinion!'

" 'Well, the farmer was awful disappointed, but he couldn't help himself, seeing he had chosen him as



umpire ; and Gates pretended to get very wrothy, but, being a man of his word, he would stand to his agreement, though he vowed he would never take another man's judgment agin in business, as long as he lived. So he just tricked him out of five pounds ; and the pretty pair went all through the mountains, and cheated all the settlers they dealt with the same way."

Both of them denied the story *in toto*. They affirmed that they had not only never travelled in company, but had not been on the highlands for years.

"You did—you did—you did!—you was—you was—you was!" he repeated, with the same volubility as before ; and then observed more deliberately—

"Oh, yes, deny it, of course ! It's the way of the world. Pretend to be honest, and run down poor Zeb. It's no harm to call him a rogue. I'll trouble you, Mr. Gates, another time, to mind your own business, and not to interfere with me. That's only one of your capers I have told. So, if you don't want to hear more of them, take mum for your text and watch-word in future.

"Now, sir," he said, resuming his conversation with Barelay, "just be candid, and tell me, ain't there tricks in all trades, offices, and places, in the univarsal world, as well as the horse trade ? Did you never hear of a Government warehouse destroyed by fire, being a grand excuse for every missing thing for years arterwards ? or stores, condemned as unfit for use, being returned to their place to make up for good ones

taken out? or crowbars and pickaxes accounted for as destroyed by the rats? or things received at one measure and delivered at another, and the difference pocketed? Did you ever know a carpenter slight his work, or charge extra for things in his contract? or a blacksmith give you bad iron? or a mason fill his wall with rubbish, so that it fell down almost as soon as it was built? or a grocer mix sloe-leaves with tea, or turn water into rum, or roasted Indian corn into ground coffee? or put gypsum into flour so as to make it weigh heavy? or a baker give you light weight? or a legislator smuggle or vote money into his own pocket? or any of them little practical jokes to make folks laugh! Oh, how innocent the world is, isn't it? Why, even your cold, hard, dismal, covenanting deacons can do a little bit of cheaterly on their own hook sometimes on the sly. Two of them was caught in the very act no later than last week. Old Deacon Bruce of Aylesford, last Monday week, bought a sleigh of his fellow-deacon, Squire Burns, for five pounds. On his way home with it, who should he meet but Zeek Morse, a-trudging along through the snow a-foot.

“ ‘Friend Zeek,’ says the old Christian, ‘won’t you get in and ride? Here’s room for you, and welcome.’

“ ‘Don’t care if I do,’ said Zeek, ‘seeing that sitting is as cheap as walking, if you don’t pay for it.’ So he hops in, and away they go.

“ Well, Zeek was mightily taken with the sleigh.

“ ‘ Deacon,’ says he, ‘ how shall you and me trade for it? It’s just the article I want, for I am a-going down to Bridgetown next week to be married; and it will suit me to a notch to fetch Mrs. Morse, my wife, home in. What will you take for it?’

“ ‘ Nine pounds,’ said old Conscience. ‘ It cost me seven pounds ten shillings, to Deacon Burns, who built it; and as it’s the right season for using it, and I can’t get another made till next winter, I must have nine pounds for it, and it ain’t dear at that price neither.’

“ ‘ Done!’ says Zeek—for he is an off-hand kind of chap, and never stands bantering and chaffering a long time, but says at once what he means, as I do. ‘ Done!’ says he—‘ ’tis mine!’ and the deacon drives up to his house, gets his pay, and leaves the sleigh there.

“ Next morning, when Zeek went to examine his purchase, he found there was a bolt left out by mistake, so off he goes to the maker, Deacon Burns, to get it put in, when he ups and tells him all about the bargain.

“ ‘ Did the old gentleman tell you my price was seven pounds ten?’ said he.

“ ‘ Oh yes,’ said Zeek, ‘ in course he did—there is no mistake about it. I’ll take my oath to it.’

“ ‘ Well, so it was,’ said Burns. ‘ He told you true. He was to give me seven pounds ten; but as there

was nobody by but him and me when we traded, and, as it ain't paid for yet, he might perhaps forget it, for he is getting to be an old man now. Will you try to recollect it ?

“ ‘ Sartainly,’ said Zeek. ‘ I'll swear to it any day you please, in any court in the world, for them was his very words to me.’

“ What does Deacon Burns do but go right off and sue Deacon Bruce for seven pounds ten, instead of five pounds, the real price; called Zeek as a witness to his admission, and gained his case! Fact, upon my soul! Warn't they a well-matched yoke of cattle, them deacons, Mr. Gates ?

“ What do you judge the pair of them are worth, master Ben Dale, eh? for you're a judge of weight and prices, it seems, and ain't apt to overvaly things ?

“ Now, do you suppose, Squire Barclay, that clergy-men are exempt from these tricks of trade? I'll tell you what . . . .”

“ Let the ministers be,” said an old man (generally known by those present as “ Uncle Philip”), who was standing on the hearth, and selecting from a long cord that was stretched across the fireplace, and sustained woollen mittens, yarn comforters, and gaiters, such articles as belonged to himself—“ let the ministers be, Zeb; you have spoken foolishly enough to-day; don't speak profanely. You talk so loud, you make my head ache; and so loosely, you make my heart ache.”

“ Well, I’ll let them be if you say so, Uncle,” replied the Pippin. “ It is not often I take a shy at a parson or a crow, for it ain’t considered lucky in a giniral way. But it’s enough to set a body raving mad to hear a poor dumb beast that can’t speak for itself jeered at by a long-necked, long-backed, narrow-chested, narrow-souled, wall-eyed, ongainly crittur, like that fellow Gates in the corner there, ain’t it? It’s enough to ‘try the patience of Job to hear a man pass an opinion that don’t know a horse from a cow, except that one has horns and the other harn’t. Howsomever, let all that pass. Have you seen my horse, Uncle Philip? because, if you haven’t, it’s worth your while just to come to the stables, along with me and Squire Barclay, and take a look at him. I ain’t ashamed to show him, I do assure you. He’d tell you himself, if he could, what sort of a beast he is; but, as it is, his make and parts must tell it for him. Do you recollect the Slocum mare? (I don’t remember whether it was John or Cale Slocum raised her, but one of them did.) Poor Dick Hines (him that afterwards owned the Circus) had her for a spell; and then she went to Windsor, and, I believe, died on the Monkville farm at the forks of the river. Well, she was generally allowed by good judges to be the best of all the descendants of the Duke of Kent’s Arabian. Sometimes my horse Tommy reminds me of her; but, Lord bless you! she was no sort of a touch to him in make, shape, or gait, by no manner of means. He

can't talk, as I said before, but he can do what's far better in a servant ; he can onderstand all you say, and do all you want. Now there was the Polhemus horse, that folks made such a touss about ; why he was no more to be compared to Tommy than . . . ."

" Well, well," said the old man, " I'll go with you and look at him before I leave the inn : but I am no judge of these matters : so let us change the conversation, if you please, till we go to the stables. How is the old gentleman, your father ? I hope he enjoys good health now."

" As to father, he is reasonable well, I give you thanks," answered the Pippin, " as far as bodily health goes : but he is weak here ; very weak, indeed, poorold man !" (patting his forehead with his fingers)— " quite gone in the upper story. If you recollect, Uncle Philip, he was always a great hand for barks, and gums, and roots, and harbs, and simples of one kind or another, and did a great deal of good among his poor neighbours, saving them a power of money in doctors' bills. Well, the old gentleman of late years took a theory, as he called it—a kind of kink—into his head, that anything worn tight about the body brought on dropsy. Whenever he met a gall, he used to stop and shake hands along with her, and chat away for some time, and ask her how she was, and if she ever had this, or that, or t'other complaint ; and then he'd press his forefinger strong on the back of her hand ; and, in course, if it was a plump hand,

it would make a kind of dent, and look a little white where he pressed it.

“ ‘ See, my dear,’ he’d say, ‘ you have a tendency to dropsy; that white mark shows there is too much water in the blood. You have something or another on that’s too tight. I hope you don’t lace your stays too hard?’

“ Well, they’d satisfy him on that score; and then he’d say—

“ ‘ I know what it is!’ and he’d make a dive for their garters afore they knew what he was at.

“ It got to be quite a joke at last; and the best of the fun was, nobody would help the womenkind at all; for folks only laughed, and said it was old Daddy Hunt a-looking for garters. At last the galls gave him a pretty wide berth in the streets, cut corners with him, or dodged him somehow or another, the best way they could. He actilly has the matter of thirty or forty pair of garters hung up in his keeping-room that he has captured privateering that way. Such a collection you never see! all colours of the rainbow a’most—black, white, yeller, red, brown, blue, green, and gracious knows what, made of everything under the sun—tape, list, cotton, worsted, knittings, binding, yarn, India rubber, and everything. I call it his Museum of Nateral Curiosities. The old gentleman is very proud of them, I assure you; for every pair of garters, he says, represents a woman whose life he has saved.”

“ Well, upon my word !” said Uncle Philip, “ you are a *pippin*, certainly, to tell such a story as that of your father ! and a very pretty ‘ pippin,’ too !”

“ Yes,” he replied, “ but I haven’t told you the best part of it yet.”

“ I don’t want to hear it,” said the old man ; “ it shocks me dreadfully to listen to irreverence to parents !”

“ I tell you, Uncle,” he continued, “ there ain’t the leastest morsel of harm in the world in it ; and besides, it will make you laugh, I know. He has giinn up chasing arter garters now. The last gall he met and had a tussel with was Angelique d’Enville, a French filly from Saint Mary’s Bay. Oh, she was a sneezer, you may depend ! She was used to row a punt cross-handed over the Briar Island, to pitch eel-grass into a boat, and to haul cod-fish, and work in the open air ; and all this exercise made her as strong and as springy as a sturgeon. She warn’t overly tall or overly stout ; but a rael, well-built, well-proportioned craft, as you’d see any where ; light on the foot, active in her gait, and as free and suple in her motion as an Indian : kind of nateral ease and grace about her. One day she was a-coming along the street in Digby, nearly opposite the Queen’s Warehouse, with her little black handkerchief tied on her head instead of a bonnet (for them Acadian French have never altered their dress for two hundred years), and a little short boddice, and a homespun petticoat, with blue and white up-and-down stripes, and a pair of little moccasins on her feet,



all set off with beads, a-tripping along like a deer, when father spied her and made up to her.

“ ‘ How do you do, Angelique ? ’ said he ; ‘ and how is my kind and good friend, Preest Segoyne ? A dear, worthy old man, that. Make much of him, for you will never see the like of him again. And how is Joe Joppy ? ( his name warn’t Joppy, but Le Blanc, for they always call each other by nicknames ) ; ‘ and what has become of Jodrie, that galloped his horse through a heretic congregation, as he called them, and nearly killed an old woman ? ’ and ever so many other questions.

“ At last he pressed his finger hard on the back of her hand, and it left, as usual, a white dent.

“ ‘ Dear me, Angelique, ’ said he, ‘ you have got the dropsy ! ’

“ Well, she half coloured up, and half flared up ; and she said he was a foolish old man, and was for making tracks : but he held on to her hand as tight as a fox-trap.

“ ‘ How is your stays ? ’ says he.

“ She just turned to and jabbered away ever so fast in French about main-stays, jib-stays, and bob-stays, and of being thrown in stays, and missing stays, and I don’t know what, for she knew every rope and manœuvre of a shallop ; but, as for a woman’s stays, she never heard of them, and didn’t believe there were such things.

“ ‘ What service could they be, and what could

they be fastened to?' she asked. 'What is the use of a stay, if it is stayed to nothing?'

" ' Ah,' said he, ' then it must be them cussed garters !' and he made a plunge at her ankles and petticoats ; but she was too nimble for him, and being properly frightened, she drew, and let him have it slap bang on the nose, so as to break the bridge of it !'

" ' Take that,' said she, ' you old villain !'

" Father he got his Ebenezer up, too ; and, forgetting he was contending with a woman, hit back right and left, hard and heavy ; and the poor thing put both her hands up to her eyes, and cried, and sobbed, and gin in, and stood for him. When, lo and behold, she had neither stockings nor garters on ! nothing but a short pair of ribbed cotton socks that she had knit herself ! It was a great take in, you may depend. But that wasn't the end of it. He warn't clear of the scrape yet. Angelique's step-father was a little fellow about knee-high to a goose (what they call a ' tot,' for his father and mother were cousins, and his grandfather and grandmother, too, and so were their sires and dams for three generations up). He was all jaw and bluster ; and when he heard the story, he hopped and jumped about like a parched pea, and swore a whole lot of oaths, every bit as big and twice as ugly as himself.

" Next day he locked the house-door, and the whole family came down to Digby to Squire Herring's for law, for the French are great hands for going to court ;

and when I seed them a-going into his office, I joined the party to see the sport. Well, perhaps there ain't in all Nova Scotia a man that's so taken by beauty as Lawyer Herring. The sight of a handsome woman sets him off a-raving for an hour. He makes such a touss about them, you'd think he never saw one afore in all his life. Well, he had heard of Angelique, but never seen her; and he went up to her and shook hands along with her, and set her down opposite to him, and undid the handkerchief that went over her head and was tied under the chin, so as to see the bruises; and he was struck up all of a heap in a minute, she was so amazing good-looking. Her hair, instead of being done up with combs, or plaits, or ringlets, was one mass of nateral curls, about three or four inches long, the splndidest thing ever seen under the blessed light of heaven; and when she spoke, and her eyes lit up and sparkled, and her pouting mouth showed her two rows of ivory, she was something to look at you don't see every day, I tell you. As for lawyer, he didn't hear a word she spoke, neither did he know what he said himself, for he was lost in amazement like, and began thinking aloud.

“ ‘ Good heavens !’ he said, ‘ what a striking woman !’ But she vowed she was not; she declared by all the saints (and she had a string of them as long as a dead-letter list) she never struck a person in all her life before, and wouldn't have hit the old man if he hadn't a-behaved so very ondecient to her. But he

didn't heed her answer, if it were possible, he said, to take her and put her into a tub of warm water and soap. She said, she wasn't hurt so bad, she didn't need it ; or take her out of the sun and bleach her, and restore her complexion ; she said he was mistaken ; she didn't complain of such serious injury, but only of the insult. Then he threw his eyes up to the ceiling, meditating like, as if he had some scheme of taking her to himself, halter-breaking her, and fetching of her home ; but all at once, waking up like, as if it was nothing but a dream, he said, ' but then she sits cross-legged on the floor, and eats clams out of an iron pot with her fingers !'

" ' Sir,' said she, ' I don't understand what you mean !'

" ' Go on, my dear,' said he ; and she finished her story.

" ' Phoo, phoo !' said the lawyer, ' never mind ; it's only old Daddy Hunt's way ; he's childish now, nobody minds him !' and he phoo-phooed the whole family out of his office. Just as Angelique, who was the last that departed, was leaving the room, he called her back. ' Angelique,' says he, ' I lost the pin that fastened your handkerchief,' and taking a gold one with a ruby in it from his breast, he secured the two ends with it.

" What he did arter that, I don't know ; but I heard a shuffling of feet behind the door, like people waltzing, and presently I heard something that sounded amazing like a sound box on the ear ; and out came Angelique,

laughing and looking as wide awake and as pleased as fun. Well, that affair cured father of that whim of chasing galls for garters to save them from the dropsy. Now he has another crotchet in his head."

"I didn't ask you," said the old man, with some asperity of manner, "about your father's occupations, but how he was. Pray how is my old friend, your mother? she must now be well up in years. I hope she enjoys good health?"

"Pretty well," replied Master Zeb; "pretty much as usual; she is about and stirring, though she complains a little of rheumatism lately, which father swears is all owing to her having worn her garters too tight when she was a gall: but my opinion is, it was 'Chick, chick, chick!' that caused it."

"Chick, chick, chick!" said the other; "what under the sun's that? I never heard of such a complaint!"

"Lord bless you!" said Zeb. "I thought that every body that know'd mother, know'd that story. Five years ago, come next summer, the old lady made a trip to Halifax, in one of our Digby coasters, to see sister Susannah, that is married in that city to Ted Fowler, the upholsterer, and took a whole lot of little notions with her to market to bear expenses; for she is a saving kind of body, is mother, and likes to make two ends meet at the close of the year. Among the rest, was the world and all of eggs, for she was a grand hand in a poultry-yard. Some she stowed away in boxes, and

some in baskets, and some in tubs, so that no one accident could lose them all for her. Well, under the berths in the cabin were large drawers for bedding ; and she roughtated that out, and packed them full of eggs in wool, as snug as you please, and off they started on their voyage. Well, they had nothing but calms, and light airs, or head winds, and were ever so long in getting to town ; and, when they anchored, she got her duds together, and began to collect her eggs all ready for landing. The first drawer she opened, out hopped ever so many chickens on the cabin floor, skipping and hopping about, a-chirping, ‘ Chick, chick, chick !’ like any thing !

“ ‘ Well, if that don’t beat all !’ said mother, and she looked the very picture of doleful dumps. ‘ I hope there is no more of them a-coming into the world that way, without being sent for !’ and she opened a second, and out came a second flock, with a ‘ Chick, chick, chick !’ and another and another, till she pulled them all out. The cabin floor was chock full of them ; for the heat and confined bilge air had hatched all the eggs that were in the close and hot drawers.

“ Oh, the captain, and passengers, and sailors, they roared with laughter ! Mother was awful mad, for nothing makes one so angry as accidents that set folks off a tee-hee-ing that way. If any body had been to blame but herself, wouldn’t they have caught it, that’s all ? for scolding is a great relief to a woman ; but, as

there warn't, there was nothing left but to cry ; and scolding and crying are two safety-valves, that have saved many a heart from busting.

“ Well, the loss was no great, though she liked to take care of her coppers, too ; it was the vexation that worried her. But the worst was to come yet. When she returned home, the boys to Digby got hold of the story ; and, wherever she went, they called out after her, ‘ Chick, chick, chick !’ I skinned about half-a-dozen of the little imps of mischief for it, but it only made them worse ; for they hid in porches, and behind doors, and gates, and fences, as soon as they seed her a-coming, and roared out, ‘ Chick, chick, chick !’ and nearly bothered her to death. So she give going out any more, and never leaves home now. It’s my opinion, her rheumatism is nothing but the effect of want of exercise, and all comes from that cursed ‘ Chick, chick, chick !’ ”

“ Well, well,” said the old man, “ you *are* a pippin, certainly, to tell such disrespectful stories as these of your parents ! Give my respects to them, when you return home—that is, if ever you do get home—and tell them, that you are a credit to your broughtens up !”

“ What do you mean by saying, if ever I *do* return home ?”

“ I mean this, young man. The road you are travelling is a short one ; but, short as it is, it has two turns in it—one leads to the Penitentiary, and the

other to the gallows ! The fruit they both bear are ' pippins,' like you !" and he left the room.

" Well," said Zebulun, " that's what I call good, now ! There ain't a man travels this road fonder of a good story than Uncle Philip. The old canting hypocrite will recollect every syllable I have said, and will repeat it all over, word for word. I think I see him a-sitting down with his old cronies, in a chimney-corner, a-smoking of his pipe, and a-saying, ' Do you know that poor, thoughtless, reckless boy, Zeb Hunt ? Well, I'll tell you a story of him that will astonish you, and make your hair stand an end !' and he'll turn up the whites of his eyes like a dying calf, and edify them by relating all about ' A Pippin ; or, Sheepskins and Garters.' "



## CHAPTER XVII.

## HORSE-SHOE COVE;

## OR, HUFEISEN BUCHT.

## NO. I.

I have been a good deal struck of late with the difference between that portion of the Anglo-Saxon race established here and the parent stock. You hear the same language, you see the same dress, and, in the large towns, you associate with people whose general habits and usages of society are similar, and, at a superficial view, are apt to conclude that you are among your own countrymen. A closer inspection and a more intimate knowledge of them soon undeceive you; and the more you know of them, the greater does the difference appear.

The western half of Nova Scotia is mainly peopled by the descendants of old colonists, with a slight intermixture of Scotch, and emigrants from the north of Ireland. With the exception of a county settled by Germans, and a township by French Acadians, this population may now be said to be homogeneous. Throughout it there is an individuality not to be found in England. There are no hamlets, no little rural villages, no collection of houses, but for the purpose of

trade ; and, of course, there is no mutual dependence for assistance or defence. No system of landlord and tenant, of farmer and cotter, and, consequently, no motive or duty to protect and encourage on the one hand, or to conciliate and sustain on the other. No material difference in rank or fortune, except in the capital, and hence no means to direct or even to influence opinion ; and, above all, no unity in religious belief ; and, therefore, no one temple in which they can all worship together, and offer up their united prayers and thanksgivings as members of one great family to their common Father in Heaven. Interest, therefore, predominates over affection, and the ties of friendship are weak. Every one lives by himself and for himself. People dwell on their own properties at a distance from each other, and every household constitutes its own little world ; but even here the habit of early migration from the parental roof, and a total want of local attachment, added to a strong and confident feeling of self-reliance, weaken the force of domestic love, and the heart suffers. Woman, we are told, was made for man ; but, alas ! man in America was made for himself. He is independent of the world, and can do without it. He is full of expedients, and able to support himself. He can, and often does, remove far into the depths of the forest, where, alone and unaided, he erects his own house, and ministers to his own wants.

While discoursing on this subject with the Judge, he told me the following interesting story, illustrative

of this sort of isolated life, and of the habits of lone settlers in the wilderness.

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As the scene of the tale I am about to narrate to you is on La Haive river, I must first inform you how and by whom that part of the country was settled. Halifax was built in 1749. As soon as it was capable of receiving and sheltering more than its own population, 2000 persons were induced to emigrate thither from Holland and Germany, and, in 1753, were settled at an adjacent outpost, to which they gave the name of Lunenburg. The privations, sufferings, and dangers encountered by these poor foreigners defy all description. At that time, Canada, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Breton, were in possession of the French, while the most fertile parts of Nova Scotia were occupied by their countrymen, who were permitted to retain their property upon a promise of neutrality, which they found themselves unable to perform. The Indians, who were then very numerous and very hostile (for they had been instructed that the English and their allies were the people who had crucified their Saviour), were wholly devoted to their interest, and bent on exterminating the intruders. The inhabitants had no sooner erected their buildings, than they found their situation so dangerous that they were obliged to construct nine block-houses for their defence, and enclose the town and settlement with a high and strong picked fence. Notwithstanding these

precautions, the savages managed to kill, scalp, or make prisoners of many of them, and the operations of agriculture were wholly suspended. Cruelty usually begets cruelty, and the Governor of the province offered a reward of £30 for every male Indian prisoner above sixteen years of age, and £25 for his scalp, and a proportionable bounty for women and children when brought in, alive or dead.

Such was the desperate condition of these poor emigrants, until 1760, when the French possessions on this part of the continent passed into the hands of the English. So great had been the depredations of their enemies, that the population of Lunenburg had only increased to the extent of seven souls in as many years. In 1761, the Indians entered into a formal treaty of peace with the local government at Halifax, and the hatchet was buried with much ceremony, and under a salute from the batteries, in a grave that had been mutually prepared for it by those who were to be benefitted by its sepulture.

After that period, the Germans (for, notwithstanding the Belgic origin of some of them, they have always been known by that name) began to settle on different parts of the seashore, and the borders of rivers, where the land was fertile, or the harbour inviting; for, in the absence of all roads, they could only communicate with the capital by means of coasting vessels.

Among those that strayed to the greatest distance,

was Nicholas Spohr. He explored La Haive (a river about seven miles to the southward of Lunenburg), which, during the greater part of the preceding century, had been frequented by fishing-vessels from France, to the master of one of which it was indebted for its name, which it still retains. It is one of the largest and most beautiful rivers in this country, which it nearly intersects. At its mouth there are a number of islands of great beauty and fertility, forming well-sheltered and safe anchorage-ground, which, tradition says, were, in the olden time, the hiding-places of pirates; and that venerable chronicler, "the oldest inhabitant," whispers, were more recently the resort of privateers.

Several miles above the entrance, Nicholas discovered a part of the river which, by an enlargement in a semicircular shape, formed a miniature harbour, nearly enclosed, and effectually concealed by two hooded promontories, that gave to the Cove a striking resemblance to a horse-shoe. Here he found, to his astonishment, a clearing that extended to the water's edge, and contained about forty acres of land, in the centre of which was a long, low, wooden dwelling-house, which, with an extensive projection in the rear, resembled the letter T. On the right was a large substantial warehouse of the same materials, and, on the left, a block-house constructed of hewn timbers, having loopholes for muskets, and, on the first floor, four window-shutters (one on each side), so arranged as to

admit of the discharge of a swivel, which was still on its carriage. Between this floor and the roof there was no ceiling, but the rafters supported a bell of sufficient size to be heard across the river. On the slope towards the forest, was a square field of about one acre of land, surrounded by very large willows, and containing in the centre some old apple-trees, planted so closely together that their limbs were entangled one with the other. This enclosure had originally been laid out as a garden, and bore evident marks of taste as well as care. The walks could still be traced by low edgings, which had grown wild from neglect, by currant and gooseberry-bushes, and rose-trees, and sweetbriars, that now contended with tall rank grass for sufficient air and light to support life. Near the entrance was an arbour, built over a bubbling spring of the purest water, and so completely covered by a luxuriant woodbine, as effectually to exclude the rays of the sun. A massive, rustic table, and seats of the same strong material, evinced that it was designed for use as well as ornament. On the former were rudely carved many initials, and several names at full length, among which those of Charles Etienne Latour and Francis d'Entrement occurred more than once.<sup>1</sup> On a corner of the table, two clasped hands were neatly

<sup>1</sup> The former had a grant from the King of France of the whole country on both sides of La Haive, from its mouth to its source. Some of the descendants of the latter are still residing in this province, near Yarmouth.

but deeply cut in the wood ; and underneath the words Pierre and Madeline, 1740. As if the cause of the latter inscription were not obvious enough, poor Pierre left a record that it was occasioned by the recollection of "the girl he left behind him ;" for he added the words of Ovid, "Scribere jussit amor."

The secluded and deserted, but romantic place, was one of extraordinary beauty. It appeared like the work of magic to the poor bewildered Nicholas ; but, what was of far more consequence to him than its loveliness, it was a discovery of immense value. He therefore proceeded immediately to Halifax, and obtained a grant of a thousand acres of land, the boundaries of which were so described in his patent as to embrace this important property, to which he gave the very appropriate name of Hufeisen Bucht, or Horse-shoe Cove.

To account for these remarkable erections and extensive clearings, it is necessary to inform you that, from the year 1606 to 1710, this province was constantly changing owners. At every rupture between the French and English, all the trading posts of the former (in Nova Scotia, or Acadie, as it was then called) were destroyed, and at every treaty of peace the country was restored to its original proprietors. The English contented themselves with damaging the enemy, but made no attempt to penetrate into the interior, or to form settlements. The establishment at the entrance of the river La Haive had been several

times burned down, and a great deal of valuable property carried off by the provincials of Boston. To avoid the repetition of such ruinous losses, the French selected this secluded spot, several miles further up the stream, for the purpose of storing and secreting their furs, and of European goods for supplying the Indians, while fish and salt were alone kept at the lower post. Nothing could have been better suited for the purpose of concealment than this Cove, which was not discernible from the river, and could only be approached by boats through a narrow and winding entrance, nearly hidden by overhanging trees. It is no wonder, therefore, that Nicholas was astonished and overjoyed at the discovery; and, as soon as his grant received the Governor's signature, he removed his family thither, and took possession of "the Hufeisen Bucht."

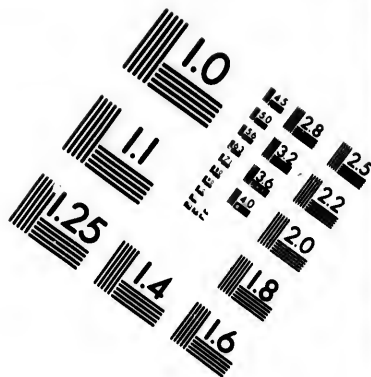
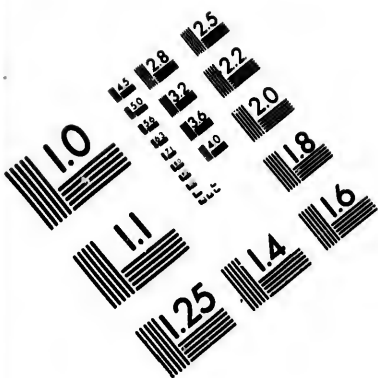
His joy was great but silent, for his heart moved more rapidly than his tongue. He gave vent to his pleasure in long protracted puffs of tobacco. He walked round and round the premises, contemplating the magnitude of the buildings, the value of the land, the beauty of the orchard, and the strength of the fort, as he called the block-house. He seldom spoke to any member of his family, and then only to issue some indispensable order. Once or twice, as he entered the house, he kicked his dog for not rising up respectfully when the great landowner approached. He ate but little, and drank rather more than usual.



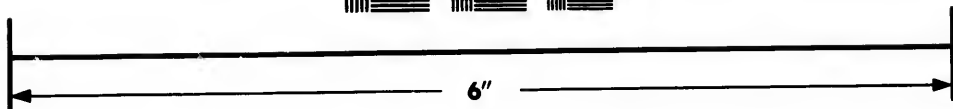
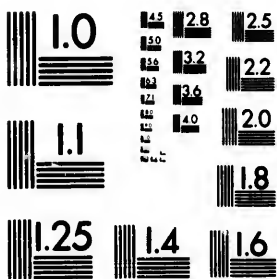
He could not comprehend at one view the whole extent of his importance, but evinced every day that he was gradually beginning to appreciate it. He was observed to take up the horn mug which he generally used, and throw it, with great contempt, into the corner of the room, and, by a mute signal, called for an old silver one, (that had descended to him through three generations) better suited to the dignity of his new station. His attitude in sitting was much changed. Instead of the easy and natural position that bespeaks a man wholly unoccupied, his legs were stretched out to their full extent, his head thrown back, and his eyes directed to the ceiling, to which he offered the continued incense of tobacco fumes. Now and then he was heard to utter the name of some gentlemen at Lunenburg, as Rudolph, Von Zwicker, or Oxner, who had belonged to good families in their own country; and when he did, it was with a scornful air, and the word was followed by a contemptuous grunt, and an uplifting of the right foot, as if he felt entitled now to look down upon his betters, and would like to give them an intelligible hint of his superiority.

His family went about their usual employments in their accustomed manner, but Nicholas had as much as he could do in going his continued rounds, and in digesting his unceasing admiration. His costume underwent a change no less striking than his manners. He discarded his old apparel, and dressed himself in a suit which had hitherto been preserved with great care





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for Sundays or holidays. Instead of his working cap, he mounted a beautiful, low-crowned, broad-brimmed, beaver hat ; his best double-breasted coat, of blue Saxon cloth, with its long waist, spacious skirts, and immense gilt buttons, the brilliancy of which had been preserved by woollen covers when not used : his fine red cloth waistcoat, with its square flaps and pewter buttons ; his black breeches and dark-ribbed stockings ; and, above all, his silver knee and shoe buckles, which had belonged to his grandfather, the huntsman of the great duke his master. His best pipe was doomed to do daily duty, instead of gracing festivals, as heretofore. It was a costly article, for it had a silver cover, and its spacious bowl held twice as much tobacco as a common one, while its long wooden handle, tipped with ivory, bespoke the ease and affluence of its owner.

Thus attired, carrying the valuable pipe in his left hand, and a cane with a horn head curiously carved in the other, Nicholas slowly performed his incessant perambulations. But man is a gross creature : he cannot live on love, or subsist on air : he requires food. The animal predominates over the spiritual nature. Nicholas was recalled to these mean considerations by the fact that, though his house was large, there was no bread in it ; and his cup, though made of silver, wanted sufficient scheidam to fill it, small as it was. With great reluctance, therefore, and a feeling very nearly resembling that of degradation, he condescended

to lay aside his new rank for awhile, and go to Halifax with his two sons, in his shallop, to buy provisions for his family. On taking leave of his wife, he attempted an awkward imitation of a ceremonious bow, and kissed her hand with an air of gallantry, for which he was very properly rewarded, by his indignant frau, with a substantial box on the ear. If he had lost his senses, there was no occasion, she thought, for him to lose his heart; and she was unwilling to exchange the warm and affectionate embrace, to which she had been accustomed, for cold, unmeaning buffoonery like this. The wind being fair, he set sail with his two boys, and accomplished the voyage of sixty miles in the incredible short space of three days, and returned again with equal speed, to feast his eyes once more upon his new property, which now appeared more spacious than ever; for, with the exception of government buildings at Halifax, there were none in that town of equal size with his own.

He was now the proprietor of a larger estate than he had ever supposed it possible he could own, and of as much happiness as was at all compatible with comfort, or a heart of common size could contain with safety. Sometimes, indeed, he would doubt the reality, and, waking up in the night, would look out on the tranquil scene, and ask himself whether it was all as it appeared to be, or only the delusion of a dream. Every thing was new to him. The plaintive wail of the melancholy whip-poor-will; the lonely

hooting of the watchful owl; the wandering, brilliant myriads of fireflies, that rejoiced in the damp exhalations of the sedgy brook that flowed into the Cove; and the wild scream of the night-hawk, as it pursued, with rapid and irregular flights, the winged insect tribe, convinced him that he was awake, though in a world of wonders—a stranger in a strange land; and he felt and knew that he dwelt on that land, not as a serf, or labourer, or tenant, but as lord of the soil. He would then recall to his mind his condition in his own country, compare it with his present situation, and say, “Gott ist gut!” (God is good) and return to his bed with a thankful heart for all this unmerited and unlooked-for prosperity. Upon one occasion, he thought he heard noises of a far different kind; and, getting up, he beheld from the window one of the wooded promontories illumined with watch-fires, and dark, shadowy forms passing and repassing between him and the strong red light. There was nothing but magic about him; but who were these magicians? Were they the fairies that had erected the buildings, or demons who intended to destroy them? He would have liked to have had neighbours; for as rich clothes are but of little use, if there is no one to see and admire them, so large buildings lose their value, if there are not smaller and meaner ones to compare them with to advantage: but he thought he could dispense with these nocturnal visitors, whoever they might be.

Day dissolved the mystery, and dispelled, together

with his doubts, much of his peace of mind. They were Indians, the savage and cruel enemies of the emigrants. It is true they were then at peace with the government, but they were a vindictive and treacherous people. The place where they were encamped was an ancient burial-ground, to which they had now resorted to deposit the body of a deceased chief. Their manner was gloomy and unfriendly. They evidently considered him an intruder, and were at no pains to conceal their dislike. The new sachem made him a long and animated speech in Indian, accompanied by some very frightful gestures, and some flourishes of a tomahawk that made his blood curdle. To this Nicholas, who was a man of undaunted courage, replied, with much firmness, in an oration in German, and gave effect to several passages by occasionally pointing a pistol at the head of the savage warrior. These two well-known weapons were the only things that were intelligible, for their mutual eloquence, being altogether untranslatable, was wholly useless. This unsocial visit lasted a week, when, the funeral rites having been duly performed, the unwelcome guests disappeared as suddenly as they had arrived, and Nicholas was again left in a state of tranquillity.

His comfort had been much disturbed by this event, but still he was a very happy man. He was possessed of a thousand acres of land, covered with valuable timber, filled with deer like a park, and intersected with streams abounding in salmon, trout, herrings,



smelts, and a variety of delicate and excellent fish. His buildings were as large as those of the steward of his landlord in his own country, and he had neither rent, taxes, nor tithes to pay. He had forty acres ready for the plough, a productive orchard, and everything his heart could desire, except money; but he had that which would always produce it, an inexhaustible supply of superior fuel for the Halifax market. He, therefore, commenced a regular trade in cord-wood, a traffic which the German settlers have continued and monopolized to the present day. This wood was cut off to the termination of the two promontories that formed the heel of the Horse-shoe Cove; and the overhanging trees that concealed the entrance and obstructed the passage of masts were removed, for the double purpose of enabling him to warp his shallop into his own beautiful harbour, and to expose to the admiring eyes of all who navigated the river the spacious building of the "Hufeisen Bucht." Alas! it was a fatal ambition for poor Nicholas; for, in prostrating these ancient trees, he had unintentionally committed sacrilege, and violated the repose of the dead—an offence that, in all countries and in all ages, has ever been regarded with pious horror or implacable resentment.

In the autumn of 1777, he was engaged as usual in his coasting trade; and, in the latter part of October, had returned from Halifax with a load of provisions and stores for his family, in which he had invested the

proceeds of several cargoes. Casting anchor at the mouth of the inlet, he dressed himself in his best attire, and prepared to land with his two sons. He had no sooner descended from the side of the vessel, and seated himself in the stern of the boat, than he exclaimed—

“ More magic!”

He hardly knew the wooded screen that concealed his cove. The fairies had been busy in his absence, and so altered the appearance of every tree, that he could no longer distinguish one from another. The maple had doffed its green, and assumed a bright red colour. The long pendent leaves of the sumach looked shrunken, drooping, and yellow. The poplar had suddenly become grey-headed, and the ash had been nearly stripped of its foliage; while those mischievous and wonderful little artists had given new tints and imparted new shades to every leaf of every tree and every shrub of the forest. He had never beheld anything like this in his own country. He had observed the leaves of the few trees he had seen to fade away in autumn and perish on the approach of winter. This process appeared to him to be as slow as their growth; it was a gradual decay of nature. But here death was cruel as well as impatient, and, like a consumptive fever, beautified its victim with hectic colour before it destroyed it, that its loss might be more keenly felt and lamented.

He was in a new world, and it was natural it should

contain new things, but he was not prepared for what followed. When he entered the little placid Cove, which lay glittering like a lake of molten silver beneath the gaze of the declining sun, he was startled at beholding his house reversed and suspended far and deep in its pellucid bosom, and the trees growing downwards with their umbrageous branches or pointed tops, and all so clear, so distinct, and perfect, as to appear to be capable of corporeal touch. And yet, strange to say, far below the house, and the trees, and other earthly objects, was the clear, blue sky, with its light, fleecy clouds that floated slowly through its transparent atmosphere, while the eagle was distinctly visible, soaring in unrestrained liberty in the subterranean heavens. Every stroke of the oar separated the trunks of those enormous aquatic trees, which divided to afford a passage to the boat, and then united instantly as before. Had Nicholas been a forester or a bargeman in his native land, these phenomena would still have astonished him, for both are exhibited in this country in a more remarkable degree than in almost any other part of the world. But, having been merely a landsman, and never having seen a collection of water till he beheld the ocean, or a forester until he landed in Nova Scotia, it is not to be wondered at if he felt bewildered, and occasionally doubted whether it was safe to trust the evidence of his own senses. He was not a little pleased, therefore, when he found himself once more on land, and was convinced that his house

was in its right place ; but he was by no means satisfied with the careless indifference with which its inmates regarded the approach of so important a person as its lawful lord and master. He was resolved to teach and enforce more respectful treatment for the future, and accordingly was prepared by the time he reached the door with a terse and sharp reproof wherewith to greet them.

He entered with the proud and haughty air of a man who feels that he has suffered an indignity, but which was superseded by an expression of intense horror, as his eyes fell on the awful spectacle before him. There lay the mangled bodies of his wife and children, his slaughtered dog, and the fragments of his broken furniture and rifled property. The fire on the hearth was burned out, and all was as silent and as desolate as when he first discovered it ; but, alas ! that silence was the silence of death, and that desolation the work of rapine and murder.

It was an appalling scene, and it was but too plain whose infernal work it was, for the heads of all bore the fatal mark of the Indian scalping-knife. Nicholas and his two sons exchanged looks of agony and terror, but they were speechless. They seemed all three spell-bound, when the father fainted, and fell heavily forward over the mutilated body of his unfortunate wife. His sons lifted him up, and removed him to the boat, and from thence to the vessel, and immediately dropped down the river to the settlement at its entrance, when,

taking all the male population, with their arms, on board, they returned to the Hufeisen Bucht, and hastily buried the dead. They then pursued the enemy with all speed, who, not expecting such prompt and decided measures, had not proceeded far, or adopted the usual precautions, when they were overtaken, attacked, and defeated with great loss. On their return, they hanged four of the prisoners on the willow trees in front of the house ; and the remaining two were sent to Halifax, to be held as hostages, or dealt with as the Governor should direct. Nicholas, with his two surviving sons, returned to Lunenburg, the latter having vowed never more to put their feet within that magical and accursed house.

The Indians had purposely abstained from setting fire to the buildings. They had been erected by their old friends the French, whose language they began to understand, and the forms of whose religion they had adopted. It was possible they might require them again, and that the fortune of war might place them in a situation to resume a trade that had proved so beneficial to both. The proprietors were equally unwilling to destroy a property which, though they could never inhabit themselves, might afterwards be sold for a large sum of money. They were, therefore, left standing, to terrify the navigators of La Haive by the spectres and ghosts that always haunt a scene of violence and murder. Poor old Nicholas never recovered the massacre of his family and the

loss of his property. His grief was, at first, most acute and distressing. He would talk of his poor, dear, dead frau; of the Rhine-land, his happy home, that he had so thoughtlessly left; of his little, innocent, slaughtered children; and condemn his own folly in desecrating the Indian burial-ground, and thereby awakening their fearful vengeance. This was soon followed by a settled melancholy. He never more took any interest in anything, or ever attended again to business. He generally sat by the fire, into which he looked vacantly, and smoked. He neither asked nor responded to questions. His heart was broken.

One day he was missing, and great was the consternation in Lunenburg, for every person feared that his own hand had put an end to his existence. Diligent inquiry and search were made both in the town and its neighbourhood, but no trace whatever could be found of him. At last, some person, more persons, more courageous than others, ventured, well armed, to examine the "Hufeisen Bucht," and ascertain if he was there; and there they found him, extended on the grave of his wife and children, where he had perished from cold, fatigue, and exhaustion. He was interred where he lay, and increased the number and the terrors of the nocturnal wanderers of the Cove.

For many years the place was shunned by all, except now and then by Indians, who occasion-

ally visited it to light their funeral fires, deposit their dead, and chant their monotonous and dismal dirges. Meanwhile, the buildings became much dilapidated. The shutters of the blockhouse having been forced off by the wind, the large bell, set in motion by its fitful gusts, added its deep-toned and melancholy notes to the wailing of the blast, and the affrighted bargemen, as they hurried by the ill-omened spot, would say, "Old Nick is walking to-night, and tolling his bell."

Years rolled by, and emigration began to be directed to the beautiful upland and rich alluvial soil that border the noble river. Above, far above the Cove, were settlements; and below it was a continuous line of farms: but for several miles round the haunted house no man was so hardy as to venture. It was given up to its lawful ranger, Nicholas Spohr, and to his fearful companions, the ghosts, goblins, and spirits of the "Hufeisen Bucht."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## HORSE-SHOE COVE;

## OR, HUFEISEN BUCHT.

## NO. II.

In 1783, a treaty of peace was signed with the rebel colonies now forming the United States, and their independence acknowledged by the mother-country. This event was followed by a very great emigration to Nova Scotia of men, who, preferring their allegiance to their property, abandoned their estates, and removed into the cold and inhospitable wilds of this province. Most of these settlers (commonly known as Loyalists), were people of substance and education, but in their train were many persons of a different description, and very opposite character. Every vessel that arrived for several months afterwards, brought numerous parties of refugees. In one from New York, was a Captain John Smith and his family. Who or what he was, nobody knew: and as these were subjects on which he maintained an impenetrable reserve, nobody but myself ever did know. His object appeared to be retirement rather than what is called settlement. Leaving his family at Halifax, he examined the adjacent country, and when at Lunen-



burg, hearing of the "Hufeisen Bucht," very much to the astonishment of everybody, went to see it, and, to their still greater surprise, purchased it, and announced his determination to reside there. At this time, the Cove was as much hidden from view as ever; for a new growth of wood had sprung up on the clearings of Nicholas, and had again so embowered its entrance, that no part of the harbour, the buildings, or the arable land, were visible from the river. The house had fallen into a sad state of decay, and required very extensive repairs to render it tenantable, and he experienced no little trouble in procuring workmen to engage in such a hazardous enterprise. The Germans absolutely refused, and he was compelled to bring mechanics from Halifax, who were unacquainted with the horrid traditions and bad reputation of the place. By dint of perseverance, a liberal expenditure of money, and an easy, agreeable, and assured manner, he conquered all difficulties, and it was once more put into as good order as when first discovered by poor Nicholas Spohr. He then removed his family thither, and took possession of the haunted house of the "Hufeisen Bucht."

This bold and decisive step, however, awakened the fears and suspicions of his superstitious neighbours. The Germans of Lunenburg always have been, and still are, noted for their dislike to the intrusion of strangers into their county, the whole of which they consider as a compensation for their emigration, or as a reward for the toil and danger of settling it; but at

the time I am speaking of this feeling almost involved persecution. Trained in their own country to respect and obey their superiors, they were willing to submit themselves to authority; but who was Mr. John Smith? Was that a real or fictitious name? His habits and manners were unlike anything they had ever seen. He had no connexion with the government at Halifax, which he appeared neither to know nor care about. Unlike themselves, he did not labour, neither did he trade; and, unlike all other settlers, he appeared to be amply provided with gold, which was different from the ordinary coin of the realm, being principally pieces of eight, or what were then known as Spanish Joes. When his name was mentioned they shook their heads, looked mysteriously, and whispered of piracy, of hidden treasures, spies, traitors, and persons who had fled from justice.

Captain Smith, as he was called, was a tall, sinewy, athletic man, about thirty-eight years of age. His gait and manner so strongly resembled those of a sailor, as to induce a belief that a great part of his life had been spent on the sea. In disposition he was frank, manly, and irascible, while his conversation exhibited such a thorough knowledge of the world, that it was evident he was no ordinary man. He spoke several languages fluently, and appeared to be familiar with the principal ports in Europe and America. A great part of his time was spent in fishing, hunting, and boating, in all of which he exhibited surprising

dexterity. By most of his neighbours he was feared and avoided—an annoyance for which he appeared to derive some compensation from the friendship of the Indians, whom he attached to him in a remarkable degree, and in encouraging and provoking fears, the absurdity of which he was either unwilling or too proud to explain. Still, although the people on the river declined associating with him, they were afraid to disobey a man who appeared to them to be in league with supernatural powers; and no one had his commissions at Halifax so well executed, or his freight so punctually delivered, as he had. An intimate acquaintance with the state of the atmosphere enabled him to predict with great certainty the continuance or change of wind, and the approach of a storm; upon which subject, whenever his opinion was accidentally asked, he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in tolling the bell of poor Nicholas Spohr, as if he derived his information from its peculiar intonations.

Mrs. Smith, who was several years younger than her husband, was an uncommonly handsome woman, but the predominant character of her face was that of melancholy, the cause of which appeared to be as mysterious as everything else about them. Whether it arose from the total seclusion in which they lived, from the loss of children, of which she at that time appeared to have none, from ill-health, or from the apprehension of some impending calamity, people were unable even to conjecture.

The house exhibited a strange mixture of coarse furniture and articles of considerable value. The principal room, which had been unaltered from the time of the French, was of unusual length, having a fireplace at either extremity, as if intended for the reception of two tables—an arrangement which Captain Smith appeared to have approved and adopted, as the furniture of each end was different, the one resembling that of a parlour, and the other that of a servants' hall. At both sides of the chimney, at the upper part, was a door leading into a bedroom; a corresponding arrangement was made at the lower end, one apartment being a scullery and the other a sleeping-room. I have before observed, that there was a large projection in the rear, which gave to the entire building a resemblance to the letter T, and communicated with the hall by a door in the centre. The whole ground-flat of this part of the house was appropriated to the double purpose of a larder and storeroom, and contained the staircase that led to the attics.

The decorations of the hall bespoke a sportsman. The walls were covered with the antlers of the moose and cariboo, fowling-pieces, fusees, and pistols, most of which had rich, and some antique mountings; and also with fishing-rods, landing-nets, salmon-spears, and every variety of a fisherman's gear. South American bows and arrows were also displayed there, from the latter of which was suspended a card, marked poison. Nothing excited such terror among his simple

neighbours as the accuracy of his aim, and the deadly effect of these mysterious weapons. In hunting the deer of the country, he always carried them, in addition to his gun, but never used them, unless there was a herd which he was unwilling to disturb by the noise of fire-arms. Upon these occasions, he resorted to these quiet but certain messengers of death. Whenever or wherever any animal was struck with one of these missiles, in less than three minutes it fell a victim, if not to the wound, to the poison ; and yet, strange to say, though it destroyed vitality, it in no way affected the flavour or the wholesomeness of the venison. Even the savages beheld with awe a man who possessed arms as noiseless as their own, as unerring as those of the white men, and more fatal than either. On shelves near the door leading into the projection were several articles of old and curiously-fashioned silver, the form and workmanship of which were wholly unlike anything of that century. It was difficult to say whether they were the remnant of family plate, or a collection resulting from a taste for articles of antiquity. His neighbours, however, very summarily decided that they were the plunder of a pirate. The mantelpiece was graced by a guitar, a violin, and bugle, and one or two exquisitely finished and richly mounted miniatures. There were no carpets in any of the rooms, the place of which was supplied by furs of bears and other animals.

With the exception of the fearful and deadly arrows,

which I have described, there was nothing in all this to excite the surprise of the simple-minded inhabitants beyond that of eccentricity, and resources to which they were unaccustomed; but at the lower end of the room sat two beings who realized all that the Germans had ever heard, read, or imagined, as incarnate devils. The familiar attendants on this dangerous stranger were an old man and woman, of diminutive stature, as black as ebony, whose heads were covered with wool instead of hair, having teeth of extraordinary size and whiteness, and feet of enormous length, half of which extended behind the ankle, in the shape of a heel, and who spoke a language neither Saxon, English, nor French.

The man, whom he called Cato, was several years older than the female. His head was grey, which contrasted strangely with the colour of his skin. His arms were of uncommon length, and wholly disproportioned to his height. His hands were small, and his fingers long, slender, and bony, bearing a striking resemblance to claws, while the palms and nails were almost white. He was habited in a sort of frock-coat made of seal-skin, gathered in at the waist by a red sash, from which were suspended a fur pouch, and a large knife, covered by a leathern scabbard. The rest of his apparel consisted of small-clothes and black gaiters. The wool on his head stood out from it like the fleece of a sheep, and gave it a heavy and massive appearance, while the outer and lower part was braided

into numerous small plaits, and fell on his forehead and neck like pendent icicles. He wore a pair of large gold earrings ; and a puncture through the nose showed that that feature had, in times past, been decorated in a similar manner. His shirt, which was of white cotton, was secured at the breast by a large circular silver brooch, in the form of a ring, from which was suspended, by a short chain, a small piece of curiously worked ivory, containing what was, no doubt, of inestimable value to him, "a charm," of amber. His countenance, though somewhat dull, and much disfigured by the cheeks being tattooed, was, on the whole, indicative of a kind and good disposition.

The female, who answered to the classical name of Venus, was very small, very thin, and, for her age, remarkably active. She wore on her head a bright scarlet silk handkerchief, tied behind. Her dress consisted of a short body, made of printed calico, with gay and gaudy flowers on it, and a skirt of shining glazed green cloth. Round her neck were wound several rows of beads, which supported an ivory case, similar in form, and devoted to the same purpose, as that of her husband.

The English settlers, the descendants of a people who, in New England, had believed in sorcery, and burned witches, though not without a full share of superstition, and on other points sufficiently terrified at the new occupant of the haunted house, knew these blacks to be Africans, and explained to the ignorant

foreigners that they were a people descended from Cain, and destined by Providence to expiate the sin of their progenitor, by being for ever the slaves of white men. This, however, was merely an assertion, unsupported by any proof whatever—terrible if true, but more awful if false. But true it could not be, for they had never seen such beings in Germany, which was a country that contained all that was worth seeing or knowing in the world. They heard the explanation, shook their heads, and disbelieved; for they were fully satisfied that Captain Smith was a magician, and that his two servants were imps of darkness, who either inspired his conduct, or executed his wicked commands.

Such was the house, its inmates, and the reputation of both, in the year 1795. Although the “Hufeisen Bucht” was dreaded and avoided as much as possible by the inhabitants, there were two classes of persons who constantly frequented it, and were always hospitably entertained—the Indians, and sporting officers from Halifax, of both the army and navy. The first salmon I ever caught was on La Haive, when a guest at the Cove; and even now, at this distance of time, I recall, with great pleasure, an evening spent in company with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, in listening to the delightful conversation of the former, and the sweet and melancholy songs of that most charming and interesting woman. Judge of my surprise, therefore, when, the following year (1796), while at Lunen-



burg with the court (rather for pleasure than business, for I was not then called to the bar), I met Captain Smith in the custody of a number of armed men, on a charge of having robbed and murdered a pedlar. He begged me to accompany him to the prison and procure a professional man to conduct his defence, congratulating himself, at the same time, that, as the court was sitting, and he was innocent, he would be at large again in the course of a few days.

It appears that, about four or five years previous to his arrest, in consequence of the increasing infirmities of the old Negro servant, Captain Smith had brought a boy from Halifax as an indented apprentice, the son of a soldier, whose regiment was about to embark for the West Indies. The loneliness of the place, its bad reputation, and the mysterious conduct of its owner, filled the mind of the boy with terror and suspicion. He made several attempts to escape on board of some of the coasting vessels that frequented La Haive ; but such was the general apprehension that was entertained of Captain Smith's power and resentment, no person was found willing to aid him in such a dangerous enterprise. At last, availing himself of his master's absence, he swam to the opposite shore, and proceeded through the woods to Lunenburg, which, after a circuitous route, attended with incredible labour and fatigue, he reached in safety. He immediately preferred an accusation of murder against the proprietor of the Cove. The particulars of the

charge, as appeared by his deposition, were briefly these :—

He stated, that in the month of March immediately succeeding his landing at the Hufeisen Bucht, there arrived an officer from Halifax and a pedlar, both of whom spent the night there; that his master, who had been absent all the afternoon, returned about eight o'clock in the evening; and that after supper the pedlar, who appeared to be very weary, retired early, and was conducted to a room above the projection, usually occupied by himself, who that night slept before the fire, at the lower end of the hall. Mrs. Smith, he said, also withdrew soon afterwards, leaving her husband and the officer, who sat up late, drinking and smoking.

To the latter the captain related the massacre of poor old Nicholas Spohr's family, and the execution of the four Indians, who were hanged on the willow-trees in front of the house, which led to a desultory conversation, in which they mutually related stories of murder, robberies, and apparitions, which the boy stated so riveted his attention, as to keep him awake during the whole period they were up, and so terrified him, as to occasion his sleep to be broken and uneasy. He went on to say, that during the night he saw the door of the projection open, and the two men issue from it, carrying a dead body (partly covered with a cloak), of the size and bulk of the pedlar, who was a remarkably stout man; that the feet appeared to be fastened to

gether, and the arms covered by the cloak ; that he could not distinguish the features of the face, on account of the flickering light of the wood fire, but he could plainly see the long black hair that covered it ; that the body was naked, and the white skin as manifest as if it were exhibited by daylight. He swore positively that the person who supported the head was his master, but he was unable to identify the man who carried the feet of the corpse, as he had never seen him before or since, though his appearance was that of a sailor. He further deposed, that he distinctly heard the footsteps of the two men and the sound of a sled on the crisp snow, until they were lost in the distance ; and that, at last, wearied and exhausted, he fell fast asleep, and it was broad daylight when he was aroused by the captain, who ordered him to get up and replenish the fire, and then proceeded himself to renew his own, and call the officer.

Shortly afterwards, he said, the two Negroes made their appearance ; a hasty meal was prepared, and arrangements made for moose-hunting ; that, as they were sitting down to the table, the officer asked where the pedlar was, to which Mr. Smith replied that he had departed early, while he had been absent catching some fresh fish for their breakfast, and that lazy fellow (meaning the deponent) was asleep before the fire ; and he was sorry to say, had left the house without having had anything to eat. He further stated, that as soon as his master and the officer were out of sight,

he followed the track of the hand-sled, which he traced down to the Cove, and across it to the outer extremity of the heel of the horse-shoe, where the current of the river had swept away the ice, leaving that on the sheltered and quiet Cove as firm and as solid as in the middle of the winter; that at about thirty feet from the termination of the ice there was a large aperture newly cut with an axe, and he could plainly perceive the impression of a human body extended at full length on the snow, which both there and at the edge near the river was a good deal trampled down. He had, therefore, no means, he said, of ascertaining whether the body was thrown into the river, to be carried by its currents into the ocean, or sunk with heavy weights through the hole in the ice, but that he had no doubt whatever it was disposed of either one way or the other.

He added, that he had never had a happy day since, the secret had preyed so heavily on his mind, deeply affecting his health, strength, and spirits, and that he had frequently made inquiries at every opportunity that offered, and always heard that the pedlar was a missing man. He concluded by stating, that from about that period the manner of his master, who, he was sure, suspected him of knowing something of the murder, had undergone a very unfavourable change towards him. Previously to this event, he had been kind and considerate to him, but soon afterwards he became severe and morose, and, as if to anticipate his

charge, or to account for it when made, had frequently accused him of stealing a silver cup ; and had lately threatened, if he did not produce it, to make him sleep under the bell of old Nicholas in the block-house, which he had no doubt was intended to be a prelude to his own murder.

This was a serious charge, and what invested it with more importance, was that it was well known in the country that the pedlar, who had been traced to the Hufeisen Bucht, had never been seen or heard of afterwards ; and long before the accusation had assumed this definite and positive form, a rumour had been generally circulated and believed that he had come to an untimely end there.

Smith, however, made very light of all this, and said that no man in his senses could believe such an absurd story ; that the boy was not much more than half-witted, and moreover, was a thief, as he had stolen from him an antique silver cup, which, though of no great intrinsic value, from certain circumstances connected with it he prized more than all the rest of the plate he had in his house. He said he recollected the pedlar being there, and departing early in the morning, and his scolding his servant Cato for allowing him to go without his breakfast, and that the Negro excused himself by saying that the man expressed a wish to do so for fear of disturbing the household, but that beyond this all the rest of the story was an invention of a disordered or wicked mind.

The testimony of Cato was all that he had to oppose to this connected and dreadful accusation, and his counsel considered it indispensable that he should be produced at the trial; but, strange to say, not a man in the place could be induced to go for him. The most liberal reward was offered; but such was the horror every body entertained of the Hufeisen Bucht and its inmates, especially the blacks, that every one was afraid to undertake the perilous voyage. Fortunately, there was a vessel in the harbour at the time from the West Indies, the master and crew of which had seen too much of Negroes to give credence to such idle superstitions. As it was a case that admitted of no delay, I prevailed upon the skipper to furnish me with a boat and four men to row me to La Haive.

Leaving the barge at the entrance of the Cove, I proceeded on foot to the house, and returned with this important but fearful witness, having first left directions with Mrs. Smith that we should be followed by an Indian canoe to reconduct him in safety to his home.

At the trial, the boy adhered to the story to which he had attested before the magistrate, without the slightest variance or prevarication. There was such an air of sincerity and truth in his manner, and such a total absence of anything like temper or exaggeration, that his evidence made a very strong and unfavourable impression against the captain. Smith's lawyer made a very able and ingenious defence for

him, and called the African to prove that he had seen the pedlar at daylight in the morning, and had pressed him to remain and breakfast before his departure.

I shall never forget the effect produced on the audience by the appearance of the Negro. The crowd involuntarily drew back and opened a free passage to a being whom they regarded with the most pious horror. When he was placed in the witness-box, all those in the neighbourhood of it withdrew to a distance, as if afraid of his fearful influence upon them. His testimony was clear, distinct, and positive as to his conversation after daylight with the pedlar, and completely negated that part of the evidence of the boy which went to prove the removal of the body during the night.

The charge of the Judge was in favour of the prisoner. He stated to the jury that there was no positive proof of a murder, nor of the identity of the body; that it was quite possible that a weak-minded boy, terrified by the superstitious character of the place in which he lived, and the nature of the conversation he had overheard that night, might have seen in a dream that which he supposed he had beheld when awake; that pedlars, from their habits, were erratic people; and this one, though he might not again have repeated his visits to La Haive, might still be pursuing his wandering occupation in some other part of the province; that in all cases the body of the deceased

should be found, unless its loss or destruction were most satisfactorily accounted for; but that where the evidence was weak on this point, the proof of a murder ought to be so clear, so plain and conclusive, as not only to leave no doubt upon the mind, but to exclude any other possible hypothesis whatever: and much more to the same effect; and, after adverting in strong terms to the conflicting testimony of the black, he concluded by recommending a verdict of acquittal.

The jury, after retiring to their room, returned into Court in a few minutes, and the foreman announced their decision, which was, that the prisoner was *Guilty!*

Smith was evidently taken by surprise, but he did not lose his self-possession. He thanked the Judge for his able and impartial charge, and assured him that the day would come when the truth of his conjectures and his own innocence would be fully established, and maintained that he was a victim to the ignorance, prejudice, and superstition of the people. He was then remanded to the gaol, and followed by a noisy, excited, and turbulent crowd, that exulted in his conviction, and longed for the gratification of witnessing the execution of the great sorcerer.

The day of the trial had been one of intense heat, and, at times, the air of the small and over-crowded court-house was almost insupportable. The succeeding night was remarkable for one of the most terrific thunderstorms ever known; a vessel in the harbour and one or two buildings in the town were struck by



lightning, and a blockhouse, that overlooked and guarded the settlement, was burned down.

In the morning, the prisoner and a sentinel, whom the officious zeal or dislike of the community had placed over him, were both missing. The convict's room bore its usual appearance. The door was locked and bolted, the iron grating of the window was secure, and the massive bars that protected the flue of the chimney were all in their respective places. The gun of the watchman (which was found standing reversed, the but-end up, and the muzzle secured to the ground by the bayonet attached to it) alone remained to prove that the flight of its owner had been violent and sudden. No attempt was made to pursue the murderer, whom no prison could restrain, and who could call in the very elements to his aid to baffle the efforts and defy the laws of man.

All the wealth of all the county of Lunenburg could not have bribed a person to follow the dreaded owner of the "Hufeisen Bucht." It was plain he was in league with the Devil, and every one thought it was the safest and wisest course to allow him to join his Satanic friend and patron in peace. Great was the lamentation over poor Caspar Horn, the sentinel, who, every one believed, was carried off by Captain Smith, or his African magician, and deposited in the grave of old Nicholas Spohr, or sunk many fathoms deep in the river with the murdered pedlar. It was a great event for Heindrich Lybolt, the landlord of the great tavern

of Lunenburg, who disposed of more gin, rum, and tobacco on that day to his agitated and affrighted countrymen, than upon any previous or subsequent occasion.

Everybody had heard strange noises and seen strange sights during the preceding night. The gaoler asserted that his children were nearly suffocated with the fumes of sulphur, and that the house shook as if it had been rocked by an earthquake. One of the oldest women in the town averred that she had seen a ball of fire resting on the church steeple for several minutes; while many persons maintained that they had heard the most frightful screams and yells; and, although they could not recollect the voice at the time, they now remembered it resembled that of poor Caspar as he was carried through the air. The foreman of the jury declared that, at about twelve o'clock that night, as he was leaving the tavern to proceed to his own house in the next street, he encountered an enormously tall, black man, with a pair of eyes that glistened like fire, who immediately grappled him by his neckcloth, and nearly choked him, and dragged him along with him, with as much ease as if he had been a child, to the edge of the woods, where he left him, almost strangled, to find his way home as he best could, having first inflicted many grievous stripes upon him; and he exhibited the marks on his throat and back, which were distinctly visible for several days.

At the time I am speaking of, there was scarcely a

horse owned in the whole county of Lunenburg. All the country people who had occasion to visit the town united business with pleasure, and brought a waggon-load of wood, or some agricultural production, to sell to traders, who exported them to Halifax. These waggons were drawn by oxen, harnessed by the horns instead of the yoke, as used by settlers of American descent. The great tavern (for there was but one then in the place, which, strange to say, in the absence of all such animals, was called "Das Weisse Ross," or White Horse) was surrounded by numerous teams of this description, while their masters were spending the money they had earned in the tap-room. The terrors of the past night induced all the farmers to leave town earlier on the following morning than usual, that they might not be overtaken by night or the convict before they reached their respective homes.

As this procession moved off from the inn, loud screams, mingled with many German oaths, were heard from one of the carts, the owner of which protested that Captain Smith, or the Devil, lay concealed in the straw in it. Many absconded, and left their cattle to their fate ; others urged them to their utmost speed ; while some, armed with pitchforks, more courageous than the rest, advanced to try the effect of cold steel upon the demon.

Assailed on all sides, and dreadfully wounded by his friends, poor Caspar Horn managed to roll over on

his back, and sit up and exhibit himself to the view of his astonished and terrified countrymen. His neck-cloth was tied tightly over his mouth, his hands were secured behind him, and his feet firmly bound together with a cord. When released, and enabled to speak, he had but little to tell, and that little was most marvellous. The last he recollected of the gaol was walking up and down in front of the prisoner's window, with his musket on his shoulder; the first thing he knew afterwards was that he was bound hand and foot, speechless, and lying on his face nearly smothered with straw; but how, when, or by whom this was effected, he was perfectly ignorant, having been in a state of insensibility the whole time.

The character of "Hufeisen Bucht," if it was indifferent before, became now perfectly terrible. The owner had this day converted all rumours into realities, and had clearly shown that its occupants were in league with the Prince of Darkness. Every accident or misfortune that afterwards happened in the country was laid to the charge of Captain Smith or the Devil. Every calf that died, every cow that refused to yield her milk, every boat that was upset, and every unsuccessful voyage or failure of crop, was attributed to the agency of this mysterious stranger. After his conviction and escape he was never seen. The boatman avoided the Cove, and the huntsman the forest that surrounded the "Hufeisen Bucht." Whether he or his family were there, no one knew, or had the wish

or the courage to ascertain; all that was known was that nobody had seen him.

The following year, I again accompanied the Court to Lunenburg, and, procuring an Indian canoe, proceeded to La Haive, and entered the beautiful and romantic little Cove. Everything about the house seemed to wear the same aspect as when I had previously seen it, and everybody to be pursuing their several occupations as before. Mrs. Smith received me kindly and hospitably; but, though she well recollected me, and the warm interest I had taken in her husband's defence, she declined giving me any information about him. She entered fully and freely, however, into conversation relative to the abominable charge (as she designated it) that had been preferred against him, and the still more extraordinary verdict, which was neither supported by law nor evidence. After partaking of some refreshment, I took my leave of her, entreating her, if ever, on any occasion, she thought I could be of any service either to herself or her husband, not to fail to command me.

Into the upper part of the Cove fell a large stream, which was fed by extensive lakes in the interior. Beside the desire I had to revisit the family, I had another object in view, fishing for salmon, for which I was fully equipped. Instead, therefore, of returning to the river, I ascended the stream, which I tried with indifferent success for about three miles, when my progress was arrested by a cataract of great height.

While pausing to consider whether I should attempt to clamber up this precipitous ascent, or return to the main river, I heard the sound of an axe at no great distance from the right bank of the brook. Knowing that this could alone proceed from an Indian encampment, I immediately hastened in search of it, for the double purpose of obtaining a guide through the woods to Petite Rivière, a distance of seven miles, and to avoid the disagreeable necessity of again intruding upon the privacy of Mrs. Smith. In a few minutes I reached the place, and suddenly encountered my friend the captain at the door of the principal tent, which stood at about fifty yards distant from the others. He was overjoyed to see me, and pressed me to remain with him all night; an invitation which, for many reasons, I was anxious to receive and accept.

“Here I am,” he said, “in perfect security, as you see, and also at perfect liberty; being well guarded by the ghosts and goblins of the ‘Hufeisen Bucht’ on the one hand, and on the other by my faithful allies, the Indians, over whom I possess an absolute control. I do not consider it prudent to reside constantly at my house, because even cowards find courage in numbers, and there is no telling what the *posse comitatus* of the county might take it into their wise heads to do. I frequently visit my family though, and sometimes spend two or three days there at a time; but upon these occasions always take the prudent, though, I believe, unnecessary, precaution of having outlaying

scouts, to give me the earliest intimation of an attack. I often smile at the idle importance with which I am invested, having nothing whatever remarkable about me, but for having been all my life the victim of circumstances. I knew you were in the neighbourhood, and my body-guard are now in search of you to bring you hither. Read this despatch " (a note from his wife) " while I recall them ;" and then, taking from one of the posts of the tent a bugle, he blew the retreat.

I have always admired the notes of this instrument, the tones of which are so clear and powerful, and at the same time so sweet ; but in the silence and solitude of an American forest they are of a nature never to be forgotten.

The paper he had put into my hands ran as follows :

" Mr. Sandford is now fishing on the brook ; seek or avoid him as you think proper ; but, from the strong interest he expresses on your behalf, I recommend an interview.  
E. M."

I returned it to him, without making any remark upon the signature, which plainly disclosed that Smith was a fictitious name, and merely observed that he ought not to be surprised if people, who were not aware of his means of information, regarded his knowledge with something more than astonishment. He then crossed over to the encampment, and returned with an Indian, to whom he conversed freely in his own language, who immediately set about preparing a couch

for me in the corner of the tent, made of light spruce boughs, over which he spread some furs, and in a few minutes more, produced a capital supper of broiled salmon, smoked herrings, and dried venison. In the evening we walked up and down in front of the camp, smoking and talking, until a late hour. The principal topic of conversation, as you may naturally suppose, was the crime of which he stood convicted.

“It would be easy for me,” he said, “to effect my escape, if I thought proper to do so, and I certainly would, if I were guilty; but knowing the charge to be false, and feeling how much flight would compromise my character, I am determined not to leave the province until I have first ascertained that the pedlar has left it also. I have my Indian emissaries abroad seeking him in all the settlements of the country, and am now awaiting their report. That I am not what I seem I need not tell you, but who and what I am, I regret to say, I cannot at present inform you; but any person of common sense, I should have supposed, would have found it difficult to believe that a man like me could have been tempted to commit murder to possess himself of the horn-combs, the pins, needles, and thread of a pedlar; and still less, if I were a magician, as these people believe me to be, that I could content myself with such mean plunder. I never was more astonished in my life than at the verdict of the jury, and the implacable resentment of the people. Poor simpletons! Did they suppose that I intended to re-



main in their miserable prison, to gratify their idle curiosity while awaiting the intervention of government? for that that verdict could ever have been sustained I cannot bring myself for a moment to imagine. As soon as I entered the gaol, which is not strong enough to hold a rat, I examined it most carefully and minutely, and discovered, to my surprise, that one of the short boards of the floor, which is a single one, was loose.

“ Before daylight of the morning of the trial, I lifted it, and let myself down into a low cellar underneath, which communicated by an open window with the street. Escape, therefore, if necessary, I found to be both easy and certain. The dark night and dreadful storm that ensued afforded the opportunity that I desired. Secreting myself near the cellar window, I awaited a flash of lightning to ascertain the exact position of the sentinel, whom I immediately levelled by a blow that rendered him insensible. I then secured him in the manner you have heard; and as it was an object with me to increase the terror with which I was regarded, in order to prevent pursuit, I carried him to one of the carts standing near the tavern, and covered him with straw, to form a theme for a new tale of wonder. Just as I turned into the street, I encountered that scoundrel the foreman of the jury, who endeavoured so basely to rob me of my reputation and my life, and fearing that he might give the alarm, I seized him by the neckcloth, which I twisted tight enough to prevent him from calling for aid, and then

dragged him to the edge of the wood, occasionally prompting his speed by a blow from an ox-goad. Having reached this place in safety, I released him, but chased him nearly half way back to the town, belabouring him unmercifully, and adding the loudest and most terrific yells I could utter to the despairing shrieks of the terrified juryman. Such infernal sounds were never yet vented, and, perhaps, never will again be heard in Lunenburg.”

Those were the unearthly screams that were supposed to have emanated from Mr. Caspar Horn, the valiant sentinel. The following morning Captain Smith offered to guide me himself a part of the way to Petite Rivière. He said that about two miles to the southward of where we then were was a blazed line,<sup>1</sup> run several years before by a government surveyor, which would conduct me to a mill on the river, near which was the best salmon fishery in the province. When once upon it, he said, I could not miss the route; that he was sorry he could not escort me the whole distance, but he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing me on my return.

After breakfast, armed with his gun and his fatal arrows, attended by his dogs, and having his bugle slung over his shoulder (for, he said, he never went beyond the reach of its call to his allies), he accompanied me in

<sup>1</sup> This is a term applied to a boundary marked by cutting a chip out of every tree in the line run by the compass, and admirably well calculated for the purpose.

search of the line, which, he said, he had not seen for several years, for it passed through a tract of land covered with spruce-trees, and unintersected by brooks, which, of course, offered no attractions to the hunter or fisherman. In less than half an hour from the time we left the encampment, we reached the blazed line, which was distinctly visible.

“ Here we are,” he exclaimed ; “ there can be no mistake now ; it will lead you in safety to the river. I will proceed with you about a mile further, which is as far as is compatible with my safety, or the supposed beat of my predecessor, poor Nicholas Spohr.”

We had not travelled far, before a violent barking of the dogs awakened our apprehensions. Smith immediately paused, and examined the priming of his gun, which he handed to me, and asked me to hold for him a few minutes ; he then took off his bow, and strung it, and exchanged it with me for the former.

“ Let us advance cautiously,” he said ; “ there is something unusual here—my impression is, they have come upon a bear, and, if so, we may possibly need both the bullet and the arrow. Whatever it is, they have tree'd it, or brought it to bay, for it is stationary, and we are close upon them. Let me go a-head.”

“ The pedlar, by G—d !” were the first words I heard from my excited companion, while loud and long continued howls from the dogs succeeded their barking. It was a dreadful spectacle. The first object that met

our view was a pair of up-turned snow-shoes, beyond which extended the skeleton of a man grasping a long corroded knife; near him lay a rusty pistol, which had evidently been discharged; by his side was the tattered skin and the frame of an enormous bear, and a little further off the box containing the wares of the unfortunate tramper. Smith was a man of great nerve and self-possession; though agitated, he was by no means overcome. His first thought appeared to be of his wife, and not of himself.

"Emily must know this immediately," he said. He then discharged his gun, and blew a long, loud blast on his bugle, and repeated those signals several times. After which, he proceeded to examine the relative situation of the man and the bear, and conjecture and describe the nature of the conflict which had proved so fatal to both.

"How lucky it is, my good friend," he said, "that you are here to instruct me what legal steps are necessary to be taken to vindicate my character, and redeem me from the penalties of the law."

He then resumed his bugle, and sounded it with an air of impatience, which was soon answered by a shrill whistle, and the appearance of two Indians. To these he made an animated harangue, in the Micmac language, accompanied by much gesticulation after their own manner, pointing alternately to the bodies, himself, and his house. One remained behind, and the other disappeared with incredible speed, while we

returned by a direct course to the encampment. According to my advice, he ordered these people to remove their tents immediately to the spot where we had found the bodies, and not to permit anything to be displaced from the position in which they had been discovered. We then proceeded with all practicable speed to the "Hufeisen Bucht."

The story is now soon told. The coroner was sent for, and a jury with much difficulty assembled, and taken by a circuitous route to the spot (for nothing in the world would induce them to pass by the Cove), and a verdict of accidental death was returned. From what they saw, they were constrained to do so; but as everything was possible with a magician, they were far from satisfied that the captain and his black sorcerer had not conjured up those appearances to deceive the public. But as they had suffered so much by his conviction, they now thought it not unwise to appease his wrath by an apparent acquittal. When the box was opened, the first object that met the astonished sight of Smith was the silver cup, which had occasioned the early departure of the pedlar, and the unjust suspicions against the boy; nor was he less surprised by the production of a black fox-skin, which he recognised as his own by a bullet mark through the body, that had much impaired its value, and the loss of which he had always attributed to the carelessness or dishonesty of the person to whom he had entrusted the freight of his furs. After the discharge of the

jury, and our return to the "Hufeisen Bucht," while discoursing upon these events, he suddenly remarked—

"That black fox-skin has recalled to my mind the whole affair. The boy, after all, had some foundation for his charge. I now remember, that late on that day on which the officer and the tramper arrived, I found a vessel at anchor in the river, nearly opposite to the Cove, and that the skipper, Peter Strump, promised me, when the wind should be fair, to take on board to Halifax a very valuable roll of furs, which I was desirous of sending to England. He was one of the very few Germans who were either not afraid of me or my place, or so fully believed in my power as to deem it safe to comply with my orders. I recollect prophesying to him that the wind would change a little before daylight, and directed him, if such should be the case, as it was a moonlight night, to come and tap at my window, and I would assist him to convey the package down to his boat. He accordingly came, and we carried it from the projection through the hall (where the boy slept), as noiselessly as possible, so as not to disturb the officer. The manner in which it was rolled, naturally exhibited the white tanned side of the outer skin, and the projecting fur at the end might easily have suggested the idea of the hair of the head, while the cloak was thrown across it, to be worn afterwards by myself, when catching fresh fish for breakfast through the hole in the ice—a novel

mode of fishing suggested to me by the Indians. How I should have overlooked or forgotten these particulars I cannot imagine, unless it arose from the profound contempt I felt both for the boy and his story, or from a fatality that has always accompanied me through life, for I have ever been the victim of circumstances."

\* \* \* \*

Two years after this event, Captain Smith called upon me at Halifax, and informed me that he and his family were about embarking on the following day for England ; that he had brought away a few articles of value with him from the Hufeisen Bucht, distributed the rest among his old friends, the Indians, and burned down the buildings, which being of little value in themselves, and wholly unsaleable, could only serve to record the misfortunes of their past, or awaken the fears of their future owners.

At a subsequent period, I had the pleasure to renew my acquaintance with him in his native land, England, when he gave me a narrative of the causes that compelled him to expatriate himself, and related to me the particulars of his singular and adventurous life in the colonies, under the assumed name of Smith, the least remarkable of which was his residence at La Haive. The land comprised within the grant of poor old Nicholas Spohr at the Cove, and a large tract extending a considerable distance on each side of it, remained derelict for many years ; but as it was

covered with valuable timber, cupidity in time proved stronger than superstition, and the forest has all long since been removed, and the appearance of the place is so effectually changed, that you would now find great difficulty in identifying it. The story of Nicholas and Captain Smith is only known to a few old men like myself, and will soon be lost<sup>1</sup> altogether, in a

<sup>1</sup> As an illustration of the manner in which traditions become confused, and finally lost altogether, the Judge told me that the preceding year, when revisiting the scenes of his youthful days, he ascended La Haive for the purpose of taking a last look at the Hufeisen Bucht. He said, that having known it when a young man, in all its beauty, he could not have believed it possible that the *improvements*, as the reckless clearings in America are called, could have so transformed and disfigured this lovely spot as they have done. He was shocked to find that it was a common-looking, naked inlet, or indentation, in a great bare field, overlooked by an unsightly log-house. Three small green mounds still marked the site of the former buildings, but the glory of the place had departed forever. The people that resided upon it, who were squatters, knew nothing of its history, beyond that of a murder having been committed there by the Indians, in the first settlement of the country. A more respectable family, living on the opposite side of the river, asserted, that the original proprietor, Nicholas Spohr, had been robbed, and barbarously killed, by a pirate called Captain Kidd, or Captain Smith; that there was a tradition that the buccaneers had buried great treasure there; and that one Jacob Lohnas, lately deceased, used to aver, that at the full of the moon in September (about the time of the first white frost), a little old man, with a long pipe in one hand, and a cane in the other, had often been seen walking on



country where there is no one likely to found a romance on the inmates and incidents of the "Hufeisen Bucht."

the beach at midnight; that it was a long time since they had heard the story, but they thought Jacob said he once heard him ringing a little hand-bell.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE SEASONS ;

## OR, COMERS AND GOERS.

“The seasons in this colony,” said the Judge, “are not only accompanied by the ordinary mutations of weather observed in other countries, but present a constant and rapid succession of incidents and people. From the opening of the ports to the close of navigation, everything and everybody is in motion, or in *transitu*. The whole province is a sort of railroad station, where crowds are perpetually arriving and departing. It receives an emigrant population, and either hurries it onward, or furnishes another of its own in exchange. It is the land of ‘comers and goers.’ The yeomanry of the rural districts approach nearer to the character of inhabitants than those who dwell in towns or villages, but the love of change is inherent even among them, and richer lands, warmer climates, and better times, those meteor terms that seduce them hither, still precede them, and light the way to Canada or the far west, to ruin or the grave.

“That portion which may be denominated society,

presents the same dissolving views. New groups gradually fill the space vacated by others. The new know not the old, and the old inhabitant feels that he is in a land of strangers. Governors and their staffs, admirals and their squadrons, generals and their regiments, come and go, ere their names have become familiar to the ear. Commissariat, ordnance, and dock-yard establishments, are landing-places in the ascent of life, where the aspiring and fortunate rest for a moment, recruit their strength, and recommence their upward journey. At the capital, all is change: it is the abode of the houseless, the wayfarer, and the stranger, but home is emphatically England to the English, Ireland to the Irish, and Scotland to the Scotch. To the Nova Scotian, the province is his native place, but North America is his country. The colony may become his home when the provinces become a nation. It will then have a name, the inhabitants will become a people, and the people have a country and a home. Until that period, it would seem as if they were merely comers and goers.

“ You will soon have an opportunity of witnessing this moving mass of strangers, for the spring is now opening. It arrives later here than elsewhere, has but little time to remain, a vast deal of business to despatch, and, being possessed of the power of ubiquity, is at work everywhere. It comes with a clear unclouded sky, a bright and dazzling sun, and a soft and balmy south-west air. It pauses for a while, as

if to survey the extent of its labour, and smiles with satisfaction and delight at the contemplation of its own power, and the speed and ease with which it can dissolve the chains of winter, and vivify and clothe prostrate and inanimate nature. In an hour or two, the snow begins to be soft and moist, the ice to glisten, and then grow dim with trickling tears, while the frozen covering of accumulated drifts releases its hold, and slowly moves from the roofs of the houses, and falls like an avalanche on the streets, which first assume a yellow, and then a dingy brown colour. The hills, meanwhile, pour forth their streams, which, descending to low places in the vain hope of finding their accustomed vents, form large pools of water, that threaten to unite and submerge the town. Everybody is occupied in preventing this calamity, and axes, shovels, and bars of iron are in requisition, to force the entrances of the subterranean caverns, and open a passage to the sea.

“ At night, time is given, by the cessation of the thaw, for the waters to pass off, and in the morning the work of destruction again commences. Long, bare pieces of muddy street appear; teamsters may be seen urging their weary cattle across these sloughs to the sides of the road where the sun has had less power, and there is still sufficient ice to support the sleds; little canals are everywhere in process of formation, to conduct the water from courtyards, to the reservoirs of the streets, and neighbours assist each

other with good-natured zeal in this work of mutual defence. In a few days, the snow disappears from the town, save here and there a black and slimy heap, which a covering of ashes or of straw has protected from the searching rays of the sun. Is this a sudden thaw peculiar to this climate, or is it the advent of Spring? It is a question that may well admit of doubt, and experience is in favour of either opinion, until the answer is given from above. Everybody is abroad, and every head is raised to the heavens, and vociferous greetings are given to the numerous heralds, now proclaiming the termination of winter; immense flocks of wild geese are continually passing from North to South, in their semi-annual migration. The first comers have come, and, like all other emigrants, lose great numbers on their arrival. Death is busy everywhere. The shop-boy has a holiday, the apprentice makes one, the sportsman is in the field, and every little urchin, in defiance of orders, and in contempt of the penalties of domestic law, joins the corps of sharpshooters.

“ This sunny weather is always succeeded by a heavy gale from the southward, and the floating ice in the river is driven into the basin of Minas, and thence into the Bay of Fundy. Boats are seen floating on its tranquil surface, and knots of strange-looking men, with the gait of sailors but the dress of landmen, wearing long blue coats, beaver hats, and grey, homespun trowsers, and carrying bundles in their hands,

are standing in the streets in eager consultation. They are the owners and mariners of the dismantled vessels in the port, who have spent the winter with their families on their farms, and are now preparing to bend their sails, take on board a load of gypsum with which the wharfs are covered, and proceed on their first voyage to the States. The 'O! heave-o!' or the merry cheerful sailors chorus, rises on the breeze, and the docks are full of life and animation. Loud and hearty cheers, from the noisy throng on the quay, announce that a vessel with the colonial symbol of Spring—a spruce bough at her foretop—has just cast anchor, the first comer, and that another has just hauled into the stream, the first goer of the season.

“ Apart from this assemblage is a group of women: many kind words and benedictions are heard, many tears shed, and loving embraces exchanged in this sad and sorrowing circle. It is a leave-taking of friends and relations, of some native females, who are about to seek their fortune in the great republic, where they are to cease to be servants, and become factory ladies, and where they will commence their career by being helps, and hope to terminate it by becoming helpmates. Hope, and novelty, and a new world are with the exiles, but memory, with its happy past, and loneliness and desertion, with its dreary future, is the lot of those they leave behind them. Thus is it ever in life—it is not those who are

taken, but those who remain to mourn, that are to be pitied. One man appears to hover round them in great distress, unable to go, and unwilling to be separated from them, and wanders to and fro, like one who cannot decide what course to pursue. At last he assumes the courage of desperation, joins the weeping circle, and, after some apparent difficulty, prevails upon one of them to walk apart with him, and indulge him with the melancholy pleasure of exchanging their sad adieus in private. The fair one yields to his intreaties, and, after a short but embarrassing interview, abandons her migration, and remains in her own country, to consent to a union which she no doubt thought ought to have been earlier proposed.

“ The place of the weeping friends is soon supplied by arrivals from the strange sail. In exchange for the ‘factory ladies’ exported, American itinerant pedlars, lecturers, and speculators, are imported. A tall, thin man, with a pair of shoulders of remarkably narrow dimensions, and a neck of unusual length, dressed in a suit of black, with a satin waistcoat surmounted by several coils of gold chain, and wearing a glazed leather stock, and a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, mounts guard on the wharf over a large black trunk covered with yellow copper-looking bolt-heads, secured by clasps of the same brilliant metal at the corners and edges, and having his name and title on a long brass plate on the top, ‘ Mr. John Smith, P.P.M., C.C., Mss.,’ which enigmatical letters sig-

nify Professor of Phrenology and Mesmerism, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

“ In a few minutes he is joined by a swarthy, foreign-looking man, with a long beard and bald head, and shabbily dressed, carrying a travelling haversack on his shoulders, and something in a green bag above it, resembling a violin. It is Mr. Nehemiah Myers, singing-master to the tribe of Levi, as he calls himself, but the wandering Jew, as he is universally known over the whole United States, every part of which he has traversed on foot, supporting himself on his journey by his musical talents. He visits houses in the rural districts, and relates his travels, beguiling the time with tales of his strange adventures, until it is late at night, when he is offered a bed, and, having effected a lodgment, remains a day or two, singing or playing on his violin, having a choice collection of psalmody for sedate families, of fashionable songs, for those who are fond of such music, and bacchanalian ditties for the bar-rooms of inns. He is sober, amusing, and honest, and accepts hospitality, or some trifling remuneration for his services. He talks so familiarly of Jewish history, that many people feel persuaded they have seen and conversed with the real wanderer.

“ The party is now increased by the addition of a third person. He is a stout, jolly-looking fellow, with a facetious expression of face, which is somewhat increased by a knowing-looking travelling-cap worn



jauntingly on one side. He carries a carpet bag in one hand, and a cloak in the other, both of which he deposits on the trunk of skulls, diagrams, and calico shirts, belonging to his friend, the phrenologist, in order to await the landing of the rest of the party, and they then proceed together to the inn. He takes out a cigar-case, lights an Havanna of superior flavour, puts both hands into his breeches-pockets, and commences conversation with any one near him, with as much ease as if he had known him familiarly for many years.

“ ‘ Grand location for trade this, stranger. Guess it’s what you may call the heart of the country. Reckon it ain’t easy to ditto it anywhere. Reminds me of the rich bottoms of the Iowa—was you ever there? Great place for mills that. Will you have a cigar?’—‘ Thank you, I don’t smoke.’ ‘ First chop article, sir, I do assure you—presume you would be pleased with it, if you did. Any mills here?’—‘ Several...’ ‘ Any wheat mills, I mean?’—‘ Oh, yes, a good many.’ ‘ Have they the modern improvements, the coolers, the cleansers, the brushers, dusters, and so on?’—‘ No, they are all common, old fashioned affairs.’ ‘ Ah!’ said the jolly man; and he withdraws his hands from his pockets, and, taking his cigar from his mouth with one, knocks the ashes from it with the other, replaces it, and resumes his old attitude, repeating to himself the satisfactory ejaculation, ‘ Ahem!’ which seems to express that he has received the information he desires.

“ ‘ Which is the best inn here, stranger?— ‘ The Stirling Castle.’ ‘ Ahem! where are them mills located?— ‘ On the Clyde and Jordan rivers.’ ‘ Ah! and any good liquor at that are inn?— ‘ Very.’ ‘ I am glad to hear it. Ourn ain’t patronised in a ginerall way, as it ought to be, as a *native* production; and it’s always so everlasting new—it commonly wants eight days of being a week old. Regular pyson. Who is the principal mill-owner?— ‘ One Ebenezer Cranck.’ ‘ Cranck! Cranck! not a bad name for a miller that! Cranck! come, I like that, now.’

“ The jolly man attracts attention; he is a queer-looking fellow, so free and easy, too, and so inquisitive. Who is he? Nobody knows, but Mr. John Smith; and the P.P.M., C.C., Mss., says he is Colonel Smut, or the Smutty Colonel, as he is called in the States. ‘ Ah! his lectures are not very delicate, then—not fit for ladies to hear; they won’t go down in this country. He had better keep his anecdotes for the bar-room of a canteen.’— ‘ He is no lecturer,’ rejoins Mr. Smith; ‘ no theorist, but a practical man. He has invented an apparatus to attach to grist mills, to cleanse wheat of the smut. He has taken out a patent for it, and come here to dispose of it, and set up the gear. He talks of nothing else, and is therefore called Colonel Smut, or the Smutty Colonel. His name is Jonathan Bancroft.’ Corn brooms, horn rakes, bush pullers, straw cutters, wooden clocks, and heaps of Yankee notions, are now put on shore for Pineo Bigelo, who

intends to sell them, as he expresses it, for half nothing ; and, if money is scarce, receive old iron, broken copper or brass, rags, horns, or wool in return. His time is short and precious, and he intends to give great bargains to his friends.

“ But who is that sedate-looking man with spectacles, who, having landed a well-made, tall, bony horse and a waggon, with an India-rubber awning over it, is now taking his seat, and preparing to drive to the inn ? ‘ He is a travelling doctor, and vender of patent medicines. He can cure gout, rheumatism, dispepsey, consumption, and all the other ills that flesh is heir to. His medicines are strong but innocent, simple but certain. They are all vegetable preparations, the secrets of which have been purchased of the Indians, or discovered by experience, and a thorough knowledge of chemistry. The phrenologist knows him, and says he has the bump of benevolence largely developed, and the scientific faculties more extensively displayed than he ever before observed. The doctor returns the compliment, and tells of the large and respectable audiences attracted by the lectures of his friend. The broom and notion man is an unprofessional fellow, that lowers the name of the great nation abroad by his tricks of trade, and they do not know him ; while Colonel Smut is able to speak for himself ; and, as for his machinery, it only requires to be seen to be admired, and to be understood to be valued.

“ Day by day, the exchange of *emigration* for *immi-*

gration continues, with this difference, that those who go, seldom return, except to speak of disappointed hopes and broken fortunes, and that those who come, remain only for a season. Retreating winter now rallies, and makes a last and desperate effort to regain its lost ground. It rides on the cold northern blast, or, driving the floating ice-fields of the St. Lawrence and Labrador before it, fills the Straits of Northumberland, blockades the adjacent harbours with its enormous icebergs, and effectually retards all vegetation, when suddenly it emerges again from the eastward, and covers the earth with snow. Long, tedious, and fierce conflicts between these two contending seasons ensue, till the succours of advancing Summer terminate the contest. Spring reigns triumphant. The lakes throw off their wintry torpor, the forest yields up its masses of snow, and the evergreens of the deep and shady swamps can no longer conceal or retain the lingering ice. Thousands and tens of thousands of nightingales (for so the *rara clauditans* of this country is humorously designated), simultaneously send forth their nocturnal serenades, and celebrate the victory that has released them from prison. The incessant and uproarious delight of these liberated captives must be heard to be fully comprehended, and the ear accustomed to its music before it can confer the pleasure that it never fails to impart to the natives.

“ Spring has now so far advanced, that we can hardly believe that Illinoo is the same place we beheld a few

weeks ago. The windows and doors of the houses are all open—everything and everybody seems to be in a universal state of transition. The first of May gives new lodgers to new houses, and a simultaneous exchange of tenants takes place, while those who do not remove out of their tenements appear to abdicate nearly every room in them ; for what is called the general ‘house-cleaning’ has commenced. Paint and white-wash brushes are busy everywhere ; floors, ceilings, walls, and furniture, defiled by the smoke of a long winter, undergo a general purification, to the infinite fatigue of servants, and the unspeakable annoyance of the male part of the household, who are expelled by mops, brooms, and scrubbing-brushes from their homes. Even the streets scarcely afford a safe retreat from the showers of water thrown upon or from windows, subjecting the unwary stranger to the danger of sudden immersion ; nor does such a time of disorder and fatigue shelter the operators from the effects of practical jokes, or screen the offenders from immediate punishment. A loud laugh, succeeded by a scream, attests some prank, while the sudden irruption of a footman from the hall-door, followed by the irritated housemaid, mop in hand, exhibits the inconvenience of having sport converted into earnest. While the houses are thus metamorphosed within, the streets present an equal change without. Crates, deal cases, barrels, and boxes, publish the arrivals of English spring goods, and the millinery and fancy shops are crowded by ladies, who, having laid

aside their tippets, muffs, furs, and warm cloaks, look like beings of a different climate and another country.

“ Spring, having now clothed the fields with verdure, unfolded the bud, expanded the blossom, and filled the air with fragrance, and the music of birds, departs as suddenly as it arrived, and leaves the seed to be ripened and the fruit matured by the succeeding season. A deep blue sky, a bright and brilliant sun, a breathing of the west wind, so soft and gentle as scarcely to awaken the restless aspen, a tropical day, preceded by a grey mist in the morning, that gradually discloses to view the rich, luxuriant, and mellow landscape, and shed a golden lustre over the waving meadows, and, above all, the solitary locust, that seeks the loftiest branch of the elm on the lawn, and sings his monotonous song, when the feathery tribe are seeking the cool retreats of the thickets, usher in the summer. The sun has scarcely set behind the dark, wavy outline of the western hills, ere the Aurora Borealis mimics its setting beams, and revels with wild delight in the heavens, which it claims as its own, now ascending with meteor speed to the zenith, then dissolving into a thousand rays of variegated light, that vie with each other which shall first reach the horizon ; now flashing bright, brilliant, and glowing, as emanations of the sun, then slowly retreating from view, pale and silvery white, like wandering moonbeams.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The first appearance of the Aurora Borealis was very astonishing to our ancestors, both in Europe and America. It

“Its sportive vein is soon over, and, while you watch for its re-appearance, hundreds of small volcanoes burst forth, from the depths of the forest, in all directions, sending up long, black, dense masses of smoke, that are suspended in the sky, and then illuminated by the columns of flame beneath, like sheets of burnished gold. The woods seem as if they were in a blaze everywhere, and would soon be wrapt in one general conflagration. How bright and beautiful is this nocturnal fire! now rising with impetuous rage above the tallest trees, then subsiding into a smouldering heap, and again encircling, like a wreath of light, some tall pine, and waving from its top its banner of flame, in token of victory. The giant tree, unable to

was first seen in England in 1716, and in British North America in 1719. A very interesting account of the former was written by the Rev. Thomas Pounce, who was then in Europe. A minute description of the latter was published at Boston by an anonymous author; both of which papers are to be found in the second volume of the Collections of the Historical Society of Massachusetts. It was first noticed at Boston at eight o'clock in the evening of the 11th of December, 1719. This person who describes it concludes his quaint account as follows:—“The dreadfulness as well as strangeness of this meteor made me think of Mr. Watts's description of the Day of Judgment in English Sapphick, and of these lines in Flatman:—

‘When from the dungeon of the grave  
The meagre throng themselves shall heave,  
Shake off their linen chains and gaze  
With wonder when the world shall blaze.’”

resist the devouring element, falls heavily under its foe with a crash that shakes the very hills, and sends up sparkling showers of fire far away into the heavens. The foresters have invoked the aid of this dreadful element to disencumber the ground of its timber, and thereby enable them to bring their land into cultivation. Alas! they sometimes fall victims themselves to their dangerous and rapacious ally. The summer is a period of comparative repose, and the assizes are held, and the judges and lawyers 'come and go,' and the races are opened, and followed by balls and regattas.

"But what is this procession, and whence all this music? A remarkably light, open, but capacious carriage, the most beautiful thing of the kind ever seen, as the handbills say, drawn by eight white horses, which are managed with greater apparent ease and security, without the aid of postillions, and directed rather by certain cabalistic Yankee words, perfectly unintelligible to all but the prancing steeds, than by whip or reins, conveys the celebrated brass band of New England, 'the most distinguished in the whole world.' Immediately behind this wonderful equipage are some ten or twelve horses, gaudily (richly is a more appropriate term) caparisoned. 'These 'real Arabians,' foals of the sun, are remarkable for their fire and docility, their delicacy of limb, and great endurance. Next comes cream-coloured ones of the same royal stock as those in the stables of the Queen of England,



with magnificent side-saddles and housings, covered with golden stars, and decorated with deep fringe of the same valuable material, and then jet black ponies, with long tails and flowing manes, so wild and intractable that nobody but Señor Caldero, 'Felix Bibb,' the great South American horse-tamer, can manage, and in his hands they are as gentle as lambs.

"A long train of carriages bring up the rear, the last of which, drawn by six Pennsylvania heavy dray-horses, is most conspicuous. Whatever it contains is carefully concealed from view by enormous folds of snow-white canvass, and is doubtless very heavy, as it requires a team of such uncommon strength to transpose it. From the centre of this mass of canvass rises a staff which supports the British flag, a delicate compliment to the sensitively loyal nerves of colonists, who are always thrown into epileptic and sometimes into convulsion fits at the very sight of the rebel and Republican flag of stars and stripes. It is the great American Mammoth Circus, which means, of course, in common parlance, exactly the reverse—namely, that the company which usually exhibits during the winter at Boston or New York separates in the summer; the better portion of the performers and most valuable horses being reserved for a home tour, and the most inferior or least expensive part sent into the colonies. The handbills of the united company answer just as well for the detachment, for the fame

of the corps is common property, and accompanies each division wherever it goes.

“ This splendid pageant perambulates every street of the town, amazing all the children, amusing all the idlers, and delighting all nursery-maids and their lovers at the prospect of an evening’s entertainment, where they can see and be seen, and of a walk afterwards, in which they can neither be heard nor seen. If the exterior of this exhibition be so attractive, what must the performance of such wonderful horses and celebrated men? In a few minutes the whole country is informed, both by rumour and, what is still more to be depended on, printed notices, containing full-length portraits of horses and riders, that the opportunity which may never again occur will be lost tomorrow if not seized upon at once. As soon as this gratuitous show (and it is very kind to disclose so much for nothing, is over, the procession halts in a field previously selected. The carriages take their appointed places, and, in an indescribably short space of time, an enormous tent is erected capable of accommodating two thousand people, and also a subsidiary one for the performers and ring horses. The British flag is again displayed (for nothing American is heard but the accent and nasal twang); the music, God Save the Queen! which is very polite and considerate, strikes up, and in two hours from their first appearance in the town, they are prepared to astonish and delight their good friends of Illinois.

“ Almost everybody has seen the Circus, for this company visits us annually, but every year it has some attraction with all the other part of the entertainment. This season, it is an India-rubber man, who puts his legs over his neck, and appears to be without joints, or, if he has any, to enjoy some of a peculiar construction. Last year, a man defied the efforts of four horses to draw him from his position on a wooden frame, and played with iron shots of thirty pounds weight with as much ease as common balls. Therefore, all must go and all must see—grumblers there always will be: what community was ever united? Some people are determined not to be pleased, perversely saying that it conduces to idleness, its tendency is immoral, and it withdraws large sums from the country, which it can ill afford, and falls especially heavy on the poor and the improvident. But servants will be indulged, and children must be amused, and mammas and mistresses are kind intercessors; and what do they care if the horses are foundered, spavined, or painted, or the actors depraved? it is worth seeing, and must be seen, and there is an end of the matter.

“ Is it an apparition, or a dream? it is passed and gone, and nothing is left to remind us that it has been here, but the chorus of a negro song caught up by the boys in the street, and shouted forth at every corner at night; or, a rumour that a child has broken his leg, or injured his spine in attempting summersets,

after the manner of little master Young, the *great Phenomenon*. Scarcely has the last cheer of applause rewarded the last rehearsal of the last joke of the clown, ere the pegs are drawn, the cords loosened, and the tents struck, packed and reloaded; the handsome men, in yellow tights with scarfs and gold-lace jackets, are converted into teamsters, grooms, or musicians, in rusty black clothes, and the procession is again in motion to the next village. It is a tale that is told—they are forgotten among the ‘comers and goers.’

“But, if this is one of the lights of life to the juvenile part of the community, here is a melancholy shade—a general gloom succeeds—reflection will come. The crops are bad, the potatoes have failed, the weevil has destroyed the wheat, and long and continued rains have damaged the hay crop. Fires at Quebec and Newfoundland, the famine in great Britain and want and poverty at home, have dried up the sources of charity:—when, lo! the highways are thronged with groups of strange-looking, emaciated, squalid human beings, such as, thank God! this happy, thrifty, industrious country never produced, and, if we are left to ourselves, never will and never can exhibit. A strong stout man, dressed in a blue coat and brown breeches, with a pipe in his mouth, his shoes in one hand, and a short stick in the other, is followed by a woman walking barefooted, and bending forward under the weight of a child seated on the top of a dirty bundle of infectious clothing, which is fastened on her

shoulders—two small, pale, shoeless girls, with unequal paces, travel by her side; and the rest of these paupers, of various sexes, bring up the rear of this sad, silent, and sorrowing party of emigrants.

“The door of the settler, which was never before closed, is now guarded or bolted, and relief is timidly administered through some aperture. Idleness, insubordination, and disloyalty, have induced poverty—poverty has induced want—want emigration—and emigration, amid foul air and bad food, has engendered disease; and these wretched exiles have carried it through the country, and shook it out on the wings of the wind, to be dispersed everywhere.

“We are poor ourselves—not from idleness, though we might be more laborious; nor from wilful inactivity, in order to force others to feed and support us, for we are too proud and too right-minded to do so; nor from oppression, for we know it not; nor from the sterility of the soil, for this country could feed millions; but we are poor, because it has pleased God to withhold from the earth its wonted increase. How, then, shall we maintain these unfortunate creatures?—and why are they thrown upon our shores? are they sent here to starve, or to consume us also? The Lazaretto is full, though death decimates it daily; for fresh victims are continually arriving to supply their places. Thousands have landed but to die, and thousands have embarked, who were soon consigned to the bosom of the great deep.

‘ Amid all the bad passions and bad feelings which unprincipled and seditious agitators have called up in the breast of these peasants, urging them on to resistance and crime, how many good, affectionate, and devoted hearts are still to be found among them ! Who is that woman, and what is her history, who sits apart from the rest, who are making their mid-day meal by the road-side of viands prepared in yon house for its own inmates ? Her head is resting on her hand, and her countenance sad and distracted, while her mind is evidently far, far away—perhaps among the green hills of her own native land. The ship in which she embarked soon became an hospital, and day by day death seized upon some one of her family, until all were gone but her baby. She was alone in the world save with this little one—she had seen them sink one after another, and all her care and all her affections centered on this helpless innocent. She watched it by day and guarded it by night, and mingled her tears with her prayers for its safety. But, alas ! death is inexorable, and strikes the afflicted as relentlessly as those who know no sorrow. It died, like the rest, and she was left a childless widow. But she was not thus to be separated from the object of her affections : she concealed its death, dried up her tears, carried its little corpse in her arms, carefully covered it from the rude winds, caressed it, sung to it, and pressed it to her heart. At last her secret was discovered ; but she clung to the lifeless body with frantic energy, and

begged so earnestly to have it reserved for a grave, that the captain kindly yielded to her entreaties. A little coffin was made for it, and it was deposited in the boat that hung over the stern, with a humane promise that it should be preserved as long as possible, and, if practicable, buried on shore. Day and night she remained on deck, and kept her eyes on that she could not enfold to her heart, and, even when darkness overspread the heavens, sustained herself with the melancholy consolation of dimly discerning it at rest. At last they descried the eastern shore of the province ; and in the evening the boat was lowered, a grave was dug, and the body interred. The captain inscribed the name of the harbour on a card, with the bearings of the spot, and gave it to the agonized mother. She received it listlessly, observing, ‘ I cannot forget it--it is engraved on my heart for ever.’

“ But, here is an Italian boy, with his monkey and hurdigurdy. He is willing to do something for his own support, and, although he is an idler, he is a merry one, and prefers a cheerful song to a begging petition. That little fellow lives on a portion of the bread and meat bestowed upon his monkey in recompense for his performances, lays up all his money, and has visions of returning, buying out his father’s landlord, and setting up for a Venetian gentleman. He has already, in his dreams, made a great sensation in the gay circles of his native place, and has enjoyed

the humiliation which his triumph will awaken to all rivals. Nor does he forget that, besides amassing wealth, he has acquired information, by perambulating this continent, and become master of the English and French languages. A traveller, a linguist, and a man of fortune, happy dog! here is half-a-crown for you. Go on, dream, and prosper!

“ But here is something of importance—a great reform meeting is to be held, at which the grievances of the country are to be manfully declared, and suitable remedies proposed. There is something touching in the wrongs of a whole people, and any one with a spark of generous patriotism in his heart must sympathize with the sufferings and privations of the oppressed. Perhaps, they are over-taxed and borne down with the weight of exactions. Not at all: there are no taxes, and, what is better, they are exempt from any portion of British burdens. Perhaps, their little fund raised by import duties is either expended without their consent, or misapplied. By no means: they impose these charges themselves, vote away funds, and audit the accounts. As this pauper emigration is a just subject of complaint, perhaps they intend, and very properly, too, to remonstrate against it to the Colonial office as a serious grievance. No; that is dangerous ground; it might awaken a national feeling at the next election. It is not to be thought of. Then it is no tragedy at last? Certainly not; it is a farce, and nothing more. The Governor, in the exer-



cise of his prerogative, has appointed the Honourable Enoch Eels instead of Squire Solomon Sharp, to be his secretary, and Mr. Thompson instead of Mr. Jackson, to be auditor of road-accounts. It is observed, too, by applying a jaundiced eye to a microscope, that an Act passed last year for dividing parishes has something very like No. 1 faintly inscribed on it, from which it is fair to infer that there is a No. 2 in reserve for the introduction of tithes: a resolution therefore condemnatory of such men and measures is unanimously carried amid great acclamation and ardent protestations of their determination to lay down their lives when needed, and their fortunes when acquired, for the honour of the Queen, and the benefit of the province.

“ A counter Conservative meeting is now convened, at which the persons present, like those at the former assembly, are reported in the papers at only twice their real number—a remarkable instance of political veracity and integrity. The speakers on this occasion deprecate any interference with the prerogative, and maintain that the Governor has undoubted right to select his officers from whatever party he pleases, provided he acts constitutionally, by choosing them from their side, and that it matters very little to the country whether Eels or Sharp, Thompson or Jackson, is appointed, as nobody feels particularly interested in either of them. As for the imposition of tithes, they assert that nothing can show the folly of

such a supposition more plainly than the fact that few people in this poor country have ten calves, ten pigs, ten haystacks, or ten sheep: children being the only productions that ever reach that ominous and taxable number. They very logically conclude, therefore, that where there is no tenth, there can be no tithe. A vote of confidence in the present ministry is carried, as a matter of course *mem. con.*, with three cheers for the Queen, three for the Province, and three for Conservatives. Happy country, where you cannot find a grievance! and happy people, where your contest is for men, and not for measures—for places, and not for theories of government!

“But there is something to be seen this evening infinitely more amusing than political jugglery, in which all sides can join good-humouredly in approving; for, here is practical jugglery, and Signor Blitz will take less money out of your pockets, and give you more satisfaction in return. He again is followed by a troop of rope-dancers, ventriloquists, German and Swiss ballad-singers, giants, dwarfs, and precocious children, all of whom say they have exhibited or performed before the Queen of England, the King of France, and the Emperor of Russia. Daguerreotype men succeed, who take young ladies likenesses; fortune-tellers, who provide them husbands for sixpence; travelling jewellers, to furnish the wedding-ring; tin-reflector men, to bake the cake; strolling preachers, to marry them; and bell-ringers, ready to perform at the

ceremony; while picture venders succeed, to amuse, and singing and dancing-masters to teach the children. These fellows seem to have an intuitive knowledge of the wants of a new country, and to understand the rapid growth of its population, and therefore very wisely provide themselves with a stock of what may be denominated the common necessaries of life. But, in addition to those who purvey for the wants of others, there are many who require you to provide for their own. There are rebel Poles, who, when abroad, complain of tyranny at home; Italians, ruined by avalanches, who never saw the Alps; shipwrecked mariners, who have only been half seas over; women, going to the States to join husbands they have never yet found; people burnt out, who never owned a house; and miser emigrants, with more gold concealed in their rags than would purchase the farm of the poor settler whose charity they receive and deride.

“It is refreshing to turn from these vagrants to what reminds us of dear old England. I love everything that belongs to it, from the Queen on her throne, and the standard that floats on the breeze at the Castle, to the brave defenders of both—the soldiers. Here is a detachment *en route* from St. John (New Brunswick) to Halifax: they, too, like all others here, are ‘comers and goers.’ I was forcibly struck, some years ago, (for, at this distance of time, it would seem a matter of course now), with the great change that

takes place even among themselves, by casually meeting a company at this very place. 'What regiment do you belong to?' I said, addressing myself to a serjeant. 'The ——th, sir.' 'The ——th!' I said to myself; 'dear me! how many recollections that corps recalls! How well I knew them! How often I have dined at their mess, rode, drove, hunted, fished, or sailed with the officers, in days bygone! They were here in 1808, and left the country with Sir George Prevost, to undertake the reduction of Martinique. Are there any of them here now who were in the province then?' 'No, sir; I am the only man left that was in the corps at that period. I was stationed at this place, and worked two summers in your Honour's garden. I am Tom Hodges.'—'Ah, Hodges, is that you, my good fellow! I am glad to see you. Alas! I alone am left also of all those that started in life with me, and, in the course of things, must soon follow them, for I am much older than you are.'—'I shall leave the service too, sir, immediately: I am to have my discharge next week.'—'Then return to me, and I will provide you with a home and employment while I live.' The old gardener who stands erect when he addresses you, and gives you a military salute, is poor Tom Hodges, the sole survivor of the dear old ——th Regiment.

“‘But who is that man in irons, Hodges, sitting at a table in the courtyard, eating the poor and scanty fare of a prisoner? His hair is so long and shaggy,

and his clothing and general appearance so unsoldier-like, I cannot understand what you can have to do with him?' 'He does not belong to us, sir; he deserted from the ——th Regiment about eight years ago, settled near the American line, married, and has a family there. A friend to whom he entrusted his secret, having quarrelled with him, lodged an information against him. He was accordingly apprehended, tried, and convicted, and is now on his way to a penal colony. It was a heartrending thing, sir, to see the poor fellow torn away from his wife and children.'— 'Yes, yes, Hodges, the way of the transgressor is hard. Here is a trifle for him; mitigate his sufferings as far as is compatible with discipline and duty.'

"Autumn has now commenced: the days are very perceptibly shorter, and the evenings are beginning to grow too cool to sit out late in the open air. There is more of a breeze from the westward within the last fortnight, and it is more bracing and invigorating than when heated by the summer's sun. The harvest is gathered, and a few days are devoted in the country to Temperance meetings, at which the virtues of pure cold water are extolled, and aptly illustrated by copious libations of strong decoctions of hot tea and coffee. Picknics follow, where the comparative value of generous liquors is tested, and at which the fair sex, who provide and prepare the viands, are kindly permitted to attend, and listen to luminous speeches on modern philosophy, which teaches us to abandon the past, and

despise the present, in the sure and certain hope that free-trade and new and untried theories of government will make us all 'healthy, wealthy, and wise.' But, though the principles and politics of our forefathers are condemned without 'benefit of clergy,' some of their practices are still retained. Men must assemble—when they assemble, they must talk—when they talk, they must drink (quietly, though, which means privately, in unlicensed houses, for there are many things that may be done in secret, that are not expedient or proper to be done in public, in which decent catalogue drinking is now included)—and when men drink, they will run horses, and when they run horses, they will bet. Reforms are only applicable to public officers, but not to reformers, for those who liberate others must themselves be free. Scrub races, then (as country races of untrained or broken down, and not broken in, horses are called), must still be retained, it seems. That noisy and inebriated crowd that occupies the space where those two highways meet, and covers the fences and throngs the doorway of that decent-looking temperance inn, to the well-feigned annoyance of its inmates and the horror of all true friends of sobriety, is employed in arranging the details and betting on the result of a race between two farm horses. When that is ended, it will be followed by others equally interesting. In a little back room of that temperance inn, the winnings are spent in the purchase of numerous 'yards of stone wall'—a name

for brandy, omitted in the License Law, which is thus evaded or defied.

“Turning in disgust from men who, while clamouring for political, neglect the more needful and valuable social reforms, we observe that there has been a slight frost near the brook that brawls down the mountain side, for there is a variegated, waving, scarf-like strip of foliage extending each side of it, and marking all its devious courses with its bright colours of a thousand tints, while the leaves of the trees on the dry land have escaped this first stage of decay. In a few days, the whole scene becomes changed, and all is enveloped in a blaze of beauty. The larch rises like a cone of gold ; the maple is clothed with a crimson robe, fading in the distance into changeable shades of brown ; the beech presents its bright yellow leaves, gradually yielding to a strong green near the trunk, where the frost has not yet penetrated ; and the birch, with its white stem and gaudy colouring, is relieved by a pale grey tint, produced by the numerous branches of trees that have already shed their leaves, and by the rich glowing clusters of the fruit of the ash ; while the tremulous aspen grieves in alarm at the universal change around it, and timidly exposes its reversed leaf to the sun, in the vain hope of protecting it from its baleful influence. The dark and melancholy-looking pines and firs defy the effects of alternate heat and cold, and, as they tower above the work of destruction, break with their pointed tops the

smooth, uniform, round outlines of the hard wood trees. It is a rich and gaudy but transitory scene, for the rude southern blasts will soon tear the fluttering leaves from their stems, and the forest will again exhibit the same cold, cheerless, naked aspect, as when lately breathed upon by the first genial air of spring.

“Simultaneous with the fall of the leaf, is the departure of the Admiral and the squadron from Halifax for Bermuda. He has been here for three summers only, and he now departs to return no more. These cards for a ball on board of the *Centurion* are designed to conceal, under festivity, the pain of separation from friends who are doomed to part for ever—friends found too late, or lost too soon, known just long enough to be loved and lamented, and severed as soon as acquaintance had ripened into affection. The thunder of artillery from the citadel, and the responsive peal from the ‘flag-ship,’ like the funeral honours over the dead, close the scene between the departed and their sorrowing friends. His brief sojourn is ended—his place will soon be occupied by another, to rule, resign, and pass away, like his predecessor. It is life’s shortest span. It is also the season for relieving regiments. The officers, from being constantly on shore, have more opportunities of mingling intimately with the inhabitants, and, consequently, weave stronger ties of affection, the sudden disruption of which is attended with more pain, because more hurtful, to the feelings. The Governor’s term of five years has also



expired, and all his civil, military, and personal relations in the place are abruptly terminated, his staff dissolved, his family removed, and the palace deserted and gloomy. It is really a country of 'comers and goers.'

" I shall leave the text to moralists and preachers. Custom has sanctioned the presentation of addresses on such occasions, to express and record the respect and sorrow of the community, and experience has shown that the practice is a wise, grateful, and salutary one. It is a pity, however, that proper bounds and limits have not been assigned to a custom which is now fast degenerating, not merely into an idle ceremony, but into a ridiculous exhibition of folly. To-day a commander of a steamer, who mistook Newfoundland for a fog-bank, and thereby endangered the lives of his passengers and crew, nearly destroying the valuable vessel, is entertained at a public dinner, and presented with a piece of plate, and a flattering address, in which, omitting all mention of his egregious carelessness or ignorance, his coolness in peril, and his fertility in expedients, are highly extolled, in terms equally honourable to the understanding and good taste of the subscribers, and to the modesty of him who could hear it without blushing, and receive it without mortification.

" If the spring is short in this country, Nature has compensated us for the deficiency, by giving us a second edition of it at this season, called the 'Indian summer.' The last fortnight is restored with sunny

skies, bland south-west winds, and delicious weather, which has the warmth of spring without its showers, the summersky without its heat, and autumn nights without their frost. It is Nature's holiday—the repose of the seasons, the lingering beauty of maturity, ere the snows of age efface it for ever. The savages seek their winter quarters, by ascending the lakes and rivers to the hunting ground; the sportsmen are in the fields or the woods, the farmer is busy with his plough, and the mariner hastens homeward to dismantle his vessel, and moor her securely before the approach of snow-storms. The migratory birds, too, avail themselves of this lull of the winds, and proceed on their southern journey, to avoid the wintry blasts, while every animal of the forest selects his cavern, or his den, and makes all those preparations that unerring instinct suggests for his safety or support.

“ A heavy storm of rain, succeeded by a sudden shift of wind to the north-west, brings winter upon us in an instant: the lakes are covered with ice, the swamps congealed into a solid mass, and the ground frozen as hard as adamant. When the wind relaxes, snow succeeds, until the whole earth is covered with it to a great depth. Everybody is abroad, and in motion; the means of transport, which were suddenly suspended by the frost, are now furnished by the snow. The ‘New Comers’ are delighted with the novelty, and anxiously exchange runners for wheels, and leather for furs, to essay an upset, (by no means a difficult feat)

and to try the speed of horses that have lost their activity with their youth, and who have already trained several generations of 'New Comers' before them. The roads are now covered with sleds, the streets with sleighs, and merry voices and merry bells proclaim that the season has arrived when nearly all the ports are closed until spring, and there can no longer be arrivals or departures—Comers or Goers."

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE WITCH OF INKY DELL.

Among the various classes of comers and goers that have at different times visited this country (continued the Judge,) witches and apparitions have now nearly ceased to honour or alarm us with their company. Forty years ago they were very numerous, and every village and settlement had its ghost or its sorceress. Many well authenticated tales are told of their sayings and doings, and of their marvellous power; for when was a story deficient of proof, where people are crafty or credulous? As a sample, I will tell you one that was related to me by a person who had been for some time suffering under the malignant influence of the Witch of Inky Dell, in Cumberland, Nova Scotia.

Shortly after the termination of the American Rebellion, a number of the inhabitants of the old colonies emigrated to this province, the majority of whom were Loyalists, who, relinquishing their homes and possessions, followed the flag of their king into this cold and inhospitable country, while not a few belonged to the opposite side, which they had either disgraced or

deserted. Every county of Nova Scotia received great numbers of these "refugees," as they were called, and, among others, Cumberland had a large proportion. Driven from their homes and their ordinary occupations, it was a long time before they settled themselves in the country of their adoption, and many preserved, during the remainder of their lives, the habits of idleness engendered by war and exile. Taverns were then places of much greater resort than at the present day, when they are almost exclusively given up to travellers, and the voice of contention or merriment scarcely ever ceased within them, either by day or night.

The battles of the recent war were fought over again with renewed zeal, and it must be admitted that these Loyalists were a most distinguished body of men, inasmuch as it appeared that every individual was confident that the result of the contest would have been far different if the British Government had followed his advice. These faithful and wise councillors daily met, deliberated, and decided upon the fate of the nation, but, alas ! they had no means to execute their designs, and the world unfortunately went on as usual without them.

Among this little loyal band was one Walter Tygart, or Watt the Tiger, as he was more generally called from the ferocity of his temper. He had held a commission in the celebrated corps of cavalry known as Tarlton's Legion, and was a strong, well-made, active, daring man ; he had distinguished himself during the

war as well by his valour as his cruelty, for it was a favourite maxim of his that "the Devil was the first rebel," and that therefore to spare a traitor was a devilish and not a christian act, and was accordingly noted for never having taken a prisoner, or given quarter to a foe. He was a noisy, rollocking, dissipated fellow, full of anecdote, with some humour, and a strong but dangerous propensity to practical joking. My first recollections of Cumberland are connected with the "Loyalist Club" and Watt the Tiger, the revolutionary anecdotes they severally related, or, as the evening advanced, all told together, myself being the only listener amid the clamorous party.

I remember an absurd anecdote he told of one of their brother members, who was absent that evening. It is impossible to give you an idea of his manner, though his language may serve to show you the style of man he was. The story referred to a Captain Lybolt, a retired officer of German extraction, who had recently been appointed a magistrate. He was a vain, pompous, and ignorant man, not very scrupulous in his conduct, and resolved to make his new office as lucrative as possible by means of fines, of which, at that time, no account was ever exacted or rendered.

"I say, boys, old stick-in-the-mud is made a magistrate; he is, upon my soul! fact, I assure you, boys. The crittur has begun to fine already, and where the fine goes the king's fingers will never follow, even if they were as long as a commissary's. It would

have made you die a-laughing if you had seen his first trial to-day, as I did, it would, upon my soul, boys ! fact, I assure you—I hope I may die if it wouldn't ! A chap crossing his orchard yesterday picked a few of his apples, and ato them, which, in all christian countries, is only a sociable, neighbourly act ; but old cat-a-nine-tails, dod drot him ! called it foraging on the enemy, marauding, plundering, and what not, and issued a warrant against him for stealing. ' What is the use of being a justish,' he said, ' if you can't do justish to yourself !' He did, upon my soul ! fact, I assure you ! true as thunder, boys !

“ To make the court look respectable, and scare the poor devil, with his law and learning, out of his money, he piled up great heaps of books on his table, business and earnest-like, took his seat on one side of it, and made Corporal Cotton, his orderly, sit down on the other, and act as clerk, and then ordered the constable to bring in the prisoner. ' Got for damme, what do you mean, sir ?' said he, a-bristling up and a-bridling like a whiskered Lucifer, ' what do you mean by stealing my apples ?'—' Who ! me ?' ' Yes, you ?'—' Stealing !' ' Yes, stealing, sir !'—' Do you call that stealing ?' ' Stealing ! to be sure it is.'

“ ' Cotton,' said Lybolt, a-whispering to his orderly, ' bring in more book : he don't respect the law, nor the king's appointment, nor the justish. More book, sir ;' and Cotton brought in several arms full of ' more book,' and piled them up on the table. ' Now,' said the

Captain, swelling out like a tarnation big bull-frog chock full of wind, 'what do you say for yourself?'— 'I didn't think it any great matter,' replied poor pumpkin-headed red nose, 'to eat a few apples—what a touss you make about nothing!'— 'Put that down, Cotton,' said the captain; 'he confesses he stole them, and calls thieving a touss guten himmel. I shall teach him better for all time that shall be passed, that shall be present, or shall come;' and he snorted like as if he seed an indgin, he did, upon my soul, boys!—fact, I assure you, fellows! dod drot me if he didn't! 'Censtable, remove the prisoner till the court deliberates on the punishment. Serious offence, this, Captain Tygart,' he said to me, winking and blinking like an owl in the sun, 'a very serious offence, pillaging when on march through the territory of a friendly power. It is death by martial-law;' and he ordered in the prisoner: 'I pronounce you guilty, sir,' said he, 'and now I sentence you—you shall be hanged—you shall be whipped—or you shall pay five pounds, and you shall have your choice which.' The poor crittur, who had no pluck in him, or he would have capsized him and his clerk, and buried both of them under their books, paid the five pounds, showed a leg, and made himself scarce. 'Fary good offish, Captain Tygart,' he said with a knowing wink, as he pocketed the fine—'fary good offish! fines are more better nor apples—as apples are more better nor nothing. It shall be worth more nor two hundreds in



one year'—true as rates, he did, upon my soul, fellows ! I hope I may die if he didn't ! fact, I assure you, boys ! ”

Soon after that, I missed Watt the Tiger from his “accustomed haunts,” and understood he was partially deranged. His conduct became suddenly so strange, and he persisted so obstinately in refusing to give any reason for his behaviour, that somebody attributed his melancholy to a disturbed conscience, and remorse for past misdeeds, while not a few believed that he had been visited or claimed by the Devil. It appeared that one night, when returning from the club, his horse arrived at his house before him greatly terrified, followed some time afterwards by his master, whose clothes were torn and soiled, and his countenance and manner much disturbed. Soon after, the same thing occurred again, and he was heard to mutter that he had been ridden hard ; that the bit had hurt his mouth, and that his tongue was frost-bitten from exposure to the weather. On another occasion, he complained of having no oats, of being shut in a stable without a halter, and kicked on the leg by a black mare. But, on his last nocturnal excursion, something still more extraordinary happened, for he came home dreadfully fatigued and exhausted, barefooted and bareheaded, having exchanged his own clothes for a red flannel petticoat, that scarcely reached to his knees, and a woman's short dimity bedgown.

From that time, he never ventured out at night, and by day always carried a small bible in one pocket, and the prayer-book in the other, though he was never known to look into either of them. He became reserved, solitary, and moody, and was often found talking or muttering to himself about leaving the country, taking his treasures with him (though, poor fellow ! his only possessions were his farm, his cattle, and a pension of fifty pounds a year), and crossing over the seas, and placing his jewels, bars of gold, and chests of money, in the Bank of England, and spending the remainder of his days in the sporting world, far away from all pirates, devils, witches, bridles, side-saddles, and black mares. In fact, his conduct and conversation were so incomprehensible, that he was left to pursue his own meditations unmolested and unquestioned. As soon as he ceased to be a wonder, he ceased to be talked of, and, though not forgotten, his name was seldom mentioned ; when, all at once, he awakened, as it were, from this dream of existence, and reappeared among his friends of "the Loyalist Club" at the Cornwallis Arms with all his former uproarious mirth and boisterous behaviour.

It was in the early part of June, 1790, that he rejoined his companions. The day was rendered memorable by one of the most terrific thunder-storms ever known in this country. For several hours, the roar of thunder and incessant flashes of lightning nearly deprived us of the power of vision or hearing, when

the whole forest in the neighbourhood of Inky Dell, which lay to the eastward of the village, was suddenly wrapt in flames, that illuminated the heavens with their strong lurid light. It was a fearful spectacle, and great apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the straggling and detached settlements in that vicinity, the inhabitants of which appeared thus suddenly to be deprived both of succour and escape. That portion of the wilderness seemed peculiarly calculated to extend the conflagration, for it consisted chiefly of "soft wood," as the resinous evergreens of America are usually denominated.

The valley was a deep and gloomy hollow, between two high hills, and was clothed with a growth of exceedingly tall, thin, spiral fir-trees, known among lumberers as scantling or ranging timber, which grew so close together as to admit of no underwood or shrubs. It was a forest of spars. For thirty feet, at least, from the ground they exhibited no limbs, after which a few thin branches protruded, loaded with long, pendent streamers of grey moss, resembling straggling locks of hoary hair, while their tops were lost in a thick umbrageous covering, that was impervious to the rays of the sun. It was, consequently, a dark and gloomy wood. The very birds seemed to avoid it, and the hardy little squirrel disdained to feed upon the cones that grew in its dank and stagnant atmosphere. The bat and the owl alone resorted to it, and startled the traveller by their numbers and

nocturnal vigilance. Through the centre of it flowed a thick, turbid, and lazy stream, which, from having beds of coal, became perfectly black, and thus imparted to the valley the name of "Inky Dell." The water, besides being discoloured, was as strong as brine, from the numerous salt-springs that flowed into it. The margin of the brook was covered, for some distance, with dead trees and sickly and consumptive dwarf hemlocks, that had perished or languished in the unwholesome moisture with which the sub-soil was saturated. Tall, coarse, slimy, aquatic grass, partaking of the colour of the floods, afforded a shelter for toads and reptiles, that lay concealed in its tangled roots, as if ashamed of their domicile.

The dell was intersected by a gorge which, though not descending as low as the level of the water, furnished a convenient opening for a road, which crossed it at this place. On the western side of the valley and brook stood a small log-house, in a field containing about an acre of land, immediately behind which rose a conical hill, whose base was covered with such timber as I have described. Beyond that was a growth of stunted birches; and at its top, which was uncovered, was a fountain of pure water. It was, probably, the value of this spring that led to the selection of the site for the house. Below the road, the receding hills afforded a small strip of interval, which had once been cleared and sown down with grass seeds, and, though much overgrown, admitted a little

light into the landscape. On one side of the house was the prostrate covering of a building, which had evidently been a cow or horse-shed, but which, gradually decaying where it touched the damp earth, had sunk by degrees, until the roof lay by itself without support on the ground.

This wretched and lonely place was the abode of a poor woman, one Nelly Edwards. At the period I have before alluded to, of the emigration from the old colonies, now comprising the United States, she arrived with her husband at Cumberland, and, shortly afterwards, settled at Inky Dell. Who or what they were no one ever knew. They held but little intercourse with their neighbours, were known to live upon very bad terms with each other, and were supposed to have belonged to the rebel party, from whom they, no doubt, had good reason to escape, as soon as law and order were re-established. Edwards had evidently lived much in the backwoods in the early part of his life, for he was a devoted sportsman and hunter. He was averse from industrious habits, and supported himself by trapping and fishing in preference to tilling the soil. They were both in bad repute, and were shunned and avoided by the inhabitants as much as they could have desired themselves.

After a few years of this solitary life, Edwards suddenly disappeared. Whether he had perished in the woods in a conflict with some wild animal; by accident or by illness; or had left the province and his

wife in disgust, was not known, nor, indeed, were many inquiries or conjectures ever made. No one felt interested in his fate, and his absence was considered rather as a relief than otherwise by those that travelled the road by that lonely and ill omened place.

Mrs. Edwards was a short, erect, active little woman, that appeared much younger than she really was. Her breeding and extraction, it is said, were lower than those of her husband, who was a man of good address and some education. After his death, or desertion, some advances were made by the neighbours to offer their sympathies or assistance, but her temper was so bad, and her language so coarse and violent, that people became afraid of her, and as some of her imprecations had accidentally come to pass, she began to acquire the not very enviable or desirable appellation of Hag, or Witch. The character of the place well accorded with such a supposition, and the moment it was conceived and circulated, imagination supplied many proofs and corroborations that had previously escaped observation. It was remarked that as soon as a shower of rain had ceased in summer, and the wind had shifted to the west, the spring on the top of the mountain emitted for some time a tall, thin column of vapour, whence it was called the Witch's Fountain, a name it is known by to this day, and probably will always retain. It was also noticed that the fowls about her door were of a different breed from any

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in the country, being quite black, and that her cat was of the same malignant colour. Her knowledge of herbs and simples, by which she worked many cures among her ignorant neighbours, was also turned against her, and unkindly attributed not to skill but to sorcery, and the very natural inference was drawn that she who could understand the virtues of plants must also know their poisons, and could with equal ease extract the one or the other.

Wearied and annoyed by these surmises and reproaches, she at last availed herself of the superstition of the people to obtain a control over them, and render them obedient to her wishes. She, therefore, foretold fortunes by the assistance of a pack of cards, and the mysterious fountain, that emitted steam without the aid of fire, disclosed where stolen goods might be found, by means of a skilful cross-examination of the applicant or the confession of the thief, and sold cabalistic charms that had the power of warding off misfortunes. The numerous instances in which her prophecies either fulfilled themselves or were accidentally accomplished, are really astonishing, and it is no wonder that the whole country was filled with awe and admiration of the power of "the Witch of Inky Dell;" many a fair one listened in breathless expectation to the sentence that Nelly Edwards was passing on her future life, and returned to rejoice or murmur over the unalterable decree.

There were those, however, who, though willing to

believe in her power, were reluctant to entrust her with the secret of their hearts, and, therefore, confined their inquiries to the single point, whether that which they wished, or that which they dreaded, would come to pass. As this evasion implied a doubt, if not of her power, at least of her secrecy, she imposed severe terms on her compliance. The applicant was desired to come to her by moonlight, and compelled to ascend the mount by its dark and winding path, in company with her and no other attendant, and then, filling a cup, marvellously and curiously carved, with the pure water from the fountain, to turn quickly round three times, terminating the evolution with her face to the east, and then to wish and drink. At the full of the moon, the wisher of wishes was requested to repeat the same ceremony; and then the enchantress, after consulting the appearance of the sky and the language of the cards, encouraged or extinguished the hopes of her suppliant.

“ All, however, were not so credulous, or so obedient; and, among others, Watt the Tiger, who not only threatened her with the penalties of the law and personal chastisement, but claimed Inky Dell as a part of his property, to which it adjoined, and in the grant of which it was included. Many and furious were the wordy contests between these two violent people, who defied and denounced each other; and hag and witch, and the dragon, on the one hand, and marauder, murderer, and villain on the other, were



the mildest terms in their copious vocabulary of abuse.

The locality of the fire was easily distinguished from the windows of the inn. The day on which it occurred was a club day, and several of the members had arrived previous to the storm, and discussed the probable extent and origin of the conflagration. Some attributed it to the natural and probable cause—the lightning; others to the Witch, but most of them to the Devil, who had no doubt claimed the fulfilment of the compact into which he had entered with her, and had come to enforce it, for no doubt was entertained by any one present that the sudden, violent, and extensive fire must have consumed the house and all within it. The lightning was succeeded by a tremendous shower of rain, such as is seldom seen anywhere but in tropical climates, which gradually yielded to a sudden shift of the wind to the westward, that cleared off the clouds, and left everything as smiling and as tranquil as ever. The rain had the effect of arresting and partially extinguishing the fire, which sent forth long, heavy, and black masses of smouldering smoke, that rose gloomily into the sky, and slowly passed away towards the east, until they were lost in the distance.

An arrival from the scene of the fire confirmed our apprehensions: the deep pine and fir forest in Inky Dell was all destroyed, and Mrs. Edwards consumed, together with her effects, in her house. Various were

the remarks made on this dreadful calamity by the company present. Some commiserated the poor woman's misfortunes and untimely end, and felt as men ought to do under such a dreadful dispensation of Providence. Others thought the country was well rid of such a dangerous inhabitant, and not a few believed it to be the work of her own wicked incantations.

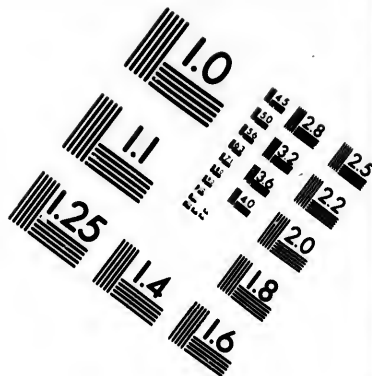
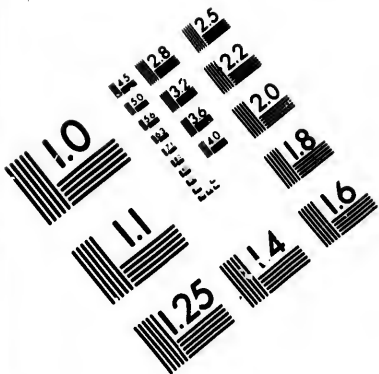
"I never did believe in witchcraft," said one, "and if I had been so weak, this event would have cured me. What's the use of it, if she couldn't foretell the fire in time to get out of the way of it?"

"You don't believe?" said another. "Well, that's good, now! didn't you go to her, when your horse was shot, for advice? and didn't she tell you it was Felix Coon that did it? and didn't you get him convicted?"

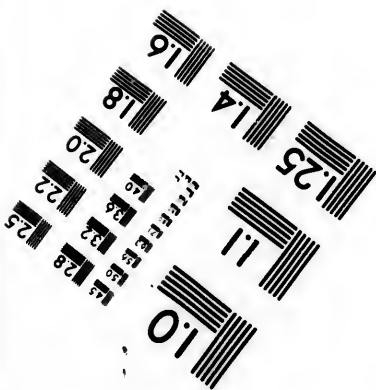
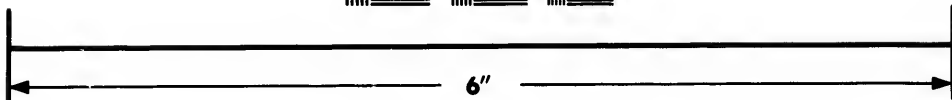
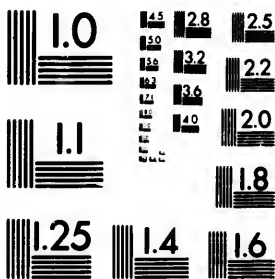
"Well, I did; but it was only to please my wife, Miss Lincoln, for I knew it before I went. But women have such infernal curiosity, they will always ask a question as long as there is any body that will answer it."

"Well, I don't know," said a third; "she is dead now, and it's easy to kick a dead lion, any ass can do that, but I believe she was a powerful woman, and knowed more than a Christian ought to know. She told Patience Fulton, old Caleb's daughter, she was wrong named, for she wouldn't wait patiently, but make a runaway match; and, sure enough, my son Ted helped her one morning next week out of her





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bed-room window afore her father was up, and they were married by Squire Tommy Watson, afore breakfast. Will any one tell me, after that, she warn't a gifted old lady? Nobody ever prospered that quarrelled with her. There is our old friend Captain Tygart now, he has never been no good since she put the curse and the evil eye on him; he ain't no longer himself, and goes wandering about like one possessed. It's cheap talking about not being afraid of man or devil; once, I don't think the Captain ever was; but hang me if I like to hear people talk so rashly. How comes it he carries the Bible in one pocket, and the Prayer Book in the other, if he ain't timersome of the old witch of Inky Dell? explain that to me, will you? Well, I declare," he continued, slowly and in an alarmed tone, "well, I declare, talk of the Devil, and he is sure to appear! As I'm a living sinner, here is Watt the Tiger, a-galloping down the road like mad, looking as wild and as wide awake as a Cherokee Indgin. I know him of old—he's not safe when he's up in the stirrups that way. He is a wilful man when his blood is up. What's to pay now, I wonder."

He had hardly uttered the words when the Captain pulled up short at the door, dismounted, threw the reins over a post, and burst into the room, saying, "Hullo, boys! are you here? the old devil's dead!—clean gone! burnt up to a cinder! crisp as pie-crust, and twice as tough! she is, upon my soul! I hope I may die if she ain't—fact, I assure you, fellows!

not a word of a lie in it—as true as steel. I am a free man now—see if I ain't, boys!" and he took up a chair, broke the legs of it off by a heavy blow on the floor, and then, seizing one of the bars, beat a tattoo violently against the door for the landlord. "How are you, old fellow?" he said, as the door opened. "Hullo! who the devil are you? Where is Mogan?"

"Dead, sir!"

"Dead! the devil he is! I didn't know that. Ah, I suppose she rode him to death, too! Bring me some wine, some of your best, too. I am going to stand a treat to-night, and do you mind, see that it is good—none of your black strap and mother of vinegar, but the best port and madeira. Come, right about! quick march! Poor Mogan! ah! well he was always an everlasting coward—died of fright, I suppose, at seeing that old hag of Inky Dell. Thank fortune, she is gone now, quitted her post, deserted and blown up the magazine. Ah, here is the wine! come, boys! Stop a minute, though; and he rose, and, taking the hearthbrush, inserted the handle of it in the neck of one of the decanters that had no stopper in it; then, summoning the maître d'hotel, whom he called old corkscrew, by beating again at the door with a leg of the broken chair, "Is that a fit stopper, sir, for a gentleman? You haven't the honour of knowing me, sir—so I will take the liberty of introducing myself. I am Captain Tygart, sir, at your service, late of

Tarleton's legion, a man that gives no quarter and takes no nonsense. If you think you won't know me again, you may stare a while longer; or, if you don't hear me, I'll open your ears for you;" but the terrified man made good his escape.

"Well, boys," he continued, "I am glad to find myself among you again, dod drot me, if I ain't! for it looks like old times. We must make a night of it; so come, fill your glasses, fellows! Here's to poor old Mogan's memory—he was rode to death, I do suppose, poor devil! a hard death that, too, particularly if he was touched in the wind, as I am. That cussed rebel bullet at the Cowpans that went through my lungs spoiled my bellows for me, for I have the heaves now, if I run hard. I should have died, too, if there had been any give in or back out in me; and, as it was, she nearly fixed my flint for me. She is done for herself, though, now, that's a fact, for I've seen her with my own eyes—I went to where the house stood, and felt for her with a long pole among the ashes, so as to be certain of it, and, while poking about, I stirred up something that looked li' old Edwards's powder-horn, and off it went like t' bler, and scattered her bones all abroad like a bomb-shell. It knocked me over, too, it did upon my soul! but I am not easily scared by gunpowder. Here is a pleasant journey to her, and a happy meeting with her old ally and master, General Scratch, himself! Bars of gold, my boys, diamonds as big as plums; gold and silver



saints as big as babies, candlesticks as tall as cornstocks, and graven images from the Spanish main—Joes, half Joes, doubloons, Louis d'ors, guineas, and every sort of coin!! They are all mine, fellows! she showed me the place—I know now the spot, the very spot, where the pirates buried them. I'll have them up now, blame my buttons, if I don't! Fill your glasses, boys: here is to the memory of my friends, the pirates! I thought there was luck in store for me—I always had a kind of idea Captain Tygart's services wouldn't go unrewarded. Hurra, boys! here is better luck still."

After the wine was exhausted, materials for making punch were ordered, and the Captain proceeded to brew the intoxicating beverage.

"Two sweet and four sour, two weak and four strong, boys," he said, "with a touch of rael Hyson to flavour it—that's the liquor to warm the heart—hot when you sleep under the table, and cold when you bivouack under a bush in the field. It's the soldier's friend, the ladies' joy, and the world's delight. It's what Tarlton used to call the young man's best companion."

An enormous bowl was filled with it, and placed at the head of the table with a large silver ladle in it, having a golden guinea set in its centre, and a shaft of twisted whalebone to prevent the direct communication of heat to the hand. With this the tumblers were supplied or replenished.

“Come, Tygart,” said Major Taylor, (the president of the club), “tell us the story of the witch and the pirate’s treasure.”<sup>1</sup>

“Well, boys,” he replied, “I’ll tell you ; but first fill your glasses. Come, Sandford, if ever you mean to be a judge, you must drink your way to the bench—wine loosens the tongue, sharpens the wit, steadies the nerves, and unlocks the imagination. Here’s your health, youngster, and hoping you may have a wig before your head’s bald, and a silk gown before you are an old woman ! Well, boys, it ain’t a very pleasant story to recollect—dod drot me if it is ! nor a very credible one for a man of honour to tell, but it’s true for all that, it is upon my soul ! I hope I may die if it ain’t !—fact, I assure you—not a word of a lie in it—I’m booked if it ain’t ! and as you want to hear it, I will tell it to you.

“Well, you all recollect the last night but two that I spent here. I went home early that evening, certainly

<sup>1</sup> Strange as this story may seem, it is nevertheless substantially true, the names and one or two minor circumstances only being changed. The unfortunate man who laboured under this extraordinary hallucination (either from *delirium tremens* acting on a mind pre-occupied with hatred or fear of the Witch of Inky Dell, or from mania of some other kind) not only fully believed himself in the reality of the transformation he described, but was so anxious to impress others with a due sense of his veracity, that he reduced the narrative to writing in the form of an affidavit, and attested it before a magistrate. It is well known in Cumberland, where the scene is laid.

not later than two o'clock, sober as a judge, (though they ain't always the soberest neither.) As I neared Inky Deil, who should I see but Nelly Edwards a-standing in the middle of the road, with her arms akimbo and her chin cocked up in the air, looking as impudent as the Devil. 'How do you do, Captain Tygart?' said she, a-dropping a most gallows polite curtsey at the same time. 'None the better of seeing you,' says I, 'at this time of night.' 'Thank you, sir,' said she; 'and, as you are in such a good humour to-night, I have a small favour to ask of you. Lend me your horse, if you please?' 'I'd see you damned first, you old hag!' said I, 'and then I wouldn't.' 'Don't be rash, Captain,' said she, 'don't be rash. Let me help you off.' 'Stand out of the way,' said I, 'or I'll ride over you!' and I plunged both spurs into the horse, and I did try to knock her down, that's a fact, but old Tarlton reared straight up an eend, and snorted and leaped forward so short and sudden, I fell on the broad of my back in the middle of the road, and off he went as hard as his legs could carry him.

"The way she laughed, and jabbered, and yelled, was enough to wake the dead a'most, and she sat by the wayside and mocked me. 'Who'd a thought the brave Captain Tygart would be afraid of a woman?' she said; 'an old woman, too? I hope you're not hurt. Come to me, and I'll help you up. Why didn't you hold on to the bridle? They tell me you were a trooper, a bold dragoon, a man that was half

horse, half devil—but you are a lubberly fellow, at best, a lout, a clown, a mere booby;’ and she advanced towards me, and said, ‘Get up, sir, this minute.’ ‘That I will,’ said I; ‘and if I don’t make food for crows of you, you old hag, then say my name is not Watt Tygart—that’s all!’ and up I got.

“But, boys—you’ll hardly believe it—hang me, if I didn’t get up on all fours a tall, bony, black horse, and she put a bridle in my mouth, and jumped on my back, and turned my head the other way, and cut and lashed me with a long riding-whip, as savage as a meat axe. When we got on the marsh, we were joined by three other old women on black horses: I won’t mention their names, but this I will say, no man on earth would have expected to see such respectable old ladies playing such pranks in such devilish company. Well, away we scampered, over creeks, ditches, honey-pots, bogs, holes, and duck-ponds, at an awful pace, the old witches laughing, and swearing, and cursing awfully, and a-plying their whips incessantly. I thought I should have died for want of wind, on account of the wound in my lungs; but, at last, we reached Fort Lawrence, and the old women dismounted, and put us into the chaplain’s stable, and left us until it was near day-dawn, when back they came in great haste, jabbering and muttering in some unknown tongue, took us into the yard, jumped into their seats, and off like lightning the way they came. At the place where we all met we all

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separated again, and old Nell hurried me on, punishing me every step with whip and spur most cruelly. At last, she drew up at my gate and got off, and, taking the bridle out of my mouth, and giving me a cut across the hind quarters, said, 'Jump, sir!' and I jumped and cleared it, and fell down from exhaustion the other side, and when I got up, I rose in my own shape and dress—dod drot me, if I didn't! and went to my own house, and turned into bed, ashamed, mortified, fatigued, and worried to death. I dare say you won't believe it, boys—but it's a fact, I assure you—I hope I may die if it ain't!—it is upon my soul! true as training! My sides ached for a week, and were very tender where I was spurred, and my mouth and tongue were very sore from the rusty old bit, and my heart it was nearly broke to be saddled and made a beast of, by that old she dragon, in such a shameful manner.

"The next time I was here, I walked home, with a good stout stick in my hand, so as to be secured against a fall, and to defend myself against her if I could, and I positively made up my mind, if I caught hold of the old screech-owl, to beat her to death. Well, just as I was returning, I met her again at the self-same spot. 'Good evening, Captain,' she said; 'so you are walking to-night?'—'What the devil is that to you?' I replied. 'Nothing,' she said; 'I only wanted to borrow your horse, but you will do yourself, I suppose, instead, though I must say you are about the slowest and clumsiest beast I

ever rode.' 'Mother Edwards,' said I, 'none of your cussed nonsense now. Stand off, I beseech you; for if you dare to come within reach of me, I'll murder you—I will, upon my soul! and if I have no power over you at night, seeing that you're leagued with the Devil or some of his imps, I'll kill you by day, as sure as there is a Heaven above us!'—'Don't talk of Heaven, you villain!' she said, most provoking cool; 'you have neither lot nor part in it. But come, give me your hand, and promise to behave like a man, a neighbour, and a Christian, and relinquish your claim to Inky Dell, and I will forgive you.'—'Avaunt, Satan!' said I, 'and get behind me.' With that she uttered a fearful yell, and flew round as quick as wink, and jumped on my back, and clung to me like a tiger, and my arms were turned into legs, and myself into a black horse again, in little less than half no time, and whack went the whip, and dig went the spur; and off we dashed as before, like a streak of lightning; and the same old women, mounted in the same way, joined us again, and away we scampered over that everlasting long old Tantramar marsh to the fort. As I arrived last I was turned into the stable loose, without being put into a stall, and got dreadfully kicked in the breast and legs, by a wicked devil of a black mare, that laid me up for months; and I was rode home, and leaped over the gate as before, and, when I got my own shape, and looked round for that wretched old miscreant, she was

clean gone out of sight. It was a dreadful ride that, boys, you may depend ; and my tongue, being kept out by the bits, got frostbitten, so it was actually too big for my mouth, and I had to keep snow on it all winter to cure it. It feels so cold now even at the thought of it, that I must have some more punch to warm it. Come, fellows, fill your glasses ! Sandford, you young rogue, stand up to your collar like a man, and do your part—no heel taps, my fine fellows : it ain't fair.

“ Well, boys, to make a long story short, the next time I was here, and that was the last time I ever darkened these doors, was in June, just three years ago this month. I loaded a pair of pistols that hitch, and put them into my pocket, and was determined to have a crack at her, and, if that didn't do, to stay at home always at night, when evil spirits are abroad on the face of the earth. Well, she met me again, as usual, at the same spot. The very sight of her put me into a cold sweat—dod drot me, if it didn't !— ‘ You are late to-night, Captain,’ said she, with a sort of mock softness of voice and sweetness of manner.— ‘ Better late than never,’ said I ; and I up and fired right into her face. ‘ I thought you was a good shot, Captain,’ she said, coolly, ‘ but your hand is out ; it's some time now since you killed women and children, and, besides, it's dark. Fire again, for you have another pistol there—be cool now : take good aim, for a murderer's arm is always unsteady.’ ‘ Take that,

you old hag,' said I, 'for your impudence!' and I fired again right into her, and threw the pistol at her with all my might. 'Missed it again, my bold dragoon,' she said, laughing ready to kill herself. 'Come, we must be off, my pretty charger, for our time is short—then she waved her hand, and in a moment I was wrapped in horse-hide the third time, and off we flew, as before, only faster, for she was in a desperate hurry, and thrashed me all the way, and called me a brute, a cart-horse, a broken-winded beast, and anything she could lay her tongue to.

"Well, we went through the same manœuvre as on the other two visits to the fort, but I was so out of breath on my return, that, before I reached my gate, I stumbled and fell, and, when I got up, there I was in my own shape, and there was old Nelly with the bridle in her hand. 'Mrs. Edwards,' said I, 'I have a favour to ask of you.' 'What is it?' says she; 'anything I can do for you in the world I will do with pleasure.' 'Kill me on the spot,' says I, 'but don't treat me like a beast.' 'Kill you, Watty, dear!' she said; 'I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head for anything under heaven. You are a brave man, and I honour you—a handsome man, and I love you, dear. Kill you! no, never.' 'Then, give me my clothes, madam, and let me go to my house.' 'Your clothes!' says she; 'dear me! I dropped them near the haystack on Deacon Fulton's marsh. Come, I'll show you where they are:' and she seized my hand and walked



back ; but, heavens and earth ! her walk was so everlastingly fast, the utmost I could possibly do by running as hard as I could lay leg to the ground was to keep up with her, it was actually worse than the horse-gallop. When we came to creeks, and sloughs, and miry places, she walked over them dry-footed, and I nearly sank up to my middle, when she would drag me out by the arm, till she nearly dragged that out, too.

“At last, we came to the Deacon’s Honeypot, where so many colts were smothered, and, as I had no shoes on, the bones of the critters hurt my feet dreadfully. When I got out of that, I looked about the nastiest thing in all creation, covered over with red slime that way, and she laughed like anything. ‘Come,’ said she, ‘take a swim now across this creek, and wash yourself; for on the other side is the haystack and your clothes.’ There was the stump of an old willow-tree there, and I turned my back on her and sat down, and rested my elbows on my knees, and buried my head in my hands, devoured internally by sorrow and rage, and externally by black flies, mosquitoes, and ants, that had built a den in the dead log. My heart bled, and my back bled, and my feet bled, and I felt about the meanest of all living sinners. ‘Captain Tygart,’ said she, ‘you are a brave man ; I respect your courage and endurance ;’ but I made her no answer. ‘There is no back out in you.’ I said nothing, but I thought to myself, ‘Oh, my stars ! I wish to goodness I could back out of the old Witch’s

clutches!' 'And you are a handsome man,' she continued; 'the handsomest man in these parts. I really admire and love you.' That word love made my very blood curdle with disgust; it made me sick at the stomach—dod drot me, if it didn't! 'Will you marry me, Watty?' she asked. 'I'll see you d—d first,' I said, 'and then I wouldn't!' 'Don't be rash, Watty,' she said, coaxingly, and a-brushing the flies off my back with some bulrushes; 'don't be rash, dear. I will be a fond and good wife to you, and I am not so old as you think. I am a young woman. Press your hand firmly on your eyes, and tell me what you see.' Well, what I saw absolutely took away all my voice, it astonished me so, and I didn't speak. 'What do you see?' she said, again. 'I see a beautiful girl,' said I, 'one of the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld.' 'Well, that's me, Watty, dear; turn round, and look at me—that's a love;' and I turned round, and sure enough there was old Nell put back in years to twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, as handsome and blooming as I suppose she might have been at that time of life. Still I knew it was all witchcraft, and I shuddered all over, and turned back again, and put my hands to my face. 'Will you marry me now, Watty dear?' said she. 'I will give up sorcery, and remain a young and loving bride.' 'Kill me,' said I, 'if you like—drown me in this Honeypot among Deacon Fulton's colts—do what you like with me—but I never will ally myself to the Powers of Dark-

ness. So no, there, now. Marry! no, never! I'll be darned to darnation, if I do!' 'Don't be rash, dear,' she said again; 'you don't know what you are refusing. I have untold gold.' 'I don't care if you have your weight of it twice over.' 'Yes, but I have fifty times that amount. I know where the pirates' treasures are concealed—say but the word, and they are yours. Press your hands on your eyes again, and I will show them to you. What do you see now?' 'I see a large bay,' said I, 'filled with islands;' and my heart jumped to my mouth the moment I beheld it, for I knew it the first glimpse I got of it. It was La Haive Bay, where we were at anchor three days in a calm, on our way to Halifax; but I didn't let on that I know'd it. 'Look again: do you see a light I have put on one of those islands, to mark it for you?' 'I do,' says I. 'Well, what else do you see?' Before I answered her, I counted the islands right and left of it, and took the bearings from the river, and the distance from the Cape all in my mind, so as to be sure to know it again, and I do know it, boys—I do, upon my soul! I hope I may die, if I don't—fact, I assure you, boys—true as Gospel! 'Well, what do you see?' she said. 'I see a cave,' said I, 'and chests of gold bars in it, and others filled with images, crucifixes, censers, and long candlesticks of the same metal.' 'They are prizes from the Spanish main, dear,' said she. 'What else do you see? for that ain't half that's there.' 'Why, boxes of gold, coins of all sorts, and

great heaps of money piled up ; and trunks of jewels of every size and variety.' 'Consent, and I will give you all that, and another hoard on the mainland more rich than that,' says she, 'Watty, and we will leave this country and go where we ain't known, and live rich and happy all the days of our life.'

" Well, I won't say I warn't tempted, because that would be a lie which never yet disgraced Captain Tygart's lips. A little loose talk I plead guilty to, for soldiers are not parsons, and preaching by general orders is the duty of a chaplain, but a lie!—I scorn it as I do a nigger. I was tempted—that's a fact. It made my mouth water, so it actually choked me a'most, and made me drivell like an idiot ; but then I thought what's the use of all that wealth, after all, if ill got. The pirates had to hide it, and leave it, and it didn't save them from getting hanged ; and if I get it by witchcraft, perhaps, it wouldn't make me happy neither. It would be better to take it hereafter by right of discovery. 'What do you say, Watty dear, now? Will you marry me?' 'No,' says I ; 'never!' 'Then take that,' said she, 'you good-for-nothing, stupid, heartless wretch!' fetching me a blow on the side of the head, that knocked me down insensible on the ground.

" When I awoke, it was broad full day, the sun was up a considerable piece, and actually blistered me all over where the insects had bit me. I was lame, stiff, sore, and faint ; and how in the world I was to

get home I couldn't tell for the soul of me. I couldn't get back the way I came, for that was impossible, on account of the miry ground; and to head all the creeks, and go round all the Honey-pots, and leap all the ditches, seemed past my strength; but it was neck or nothing, and I tried it, and at last got off the marsh, and reached Ned Dykin's place, and, seeing the stable-door open, I thought Ned might be there a-feeding of his cattle, and I went in to beg him to lend me some clothes to make myself decent, and to give me something to eat, for I was e'en a'most beat out. The first person I saw, when I entered, was Mrs. Dykins a-milking of her cows, and, as soon as she got sight of me, she screamed, upset her bucket, and off like a shot out of the other door, and I after her, calling on her, for Heaven's sake, to stop and speak to me; but, the more I called, the more she screamed; and away she flew to the house, and set the dogs on me, and barred the door. The cussed critters made at me so wicked, I was obliged to draw a stake from the fence, and stretch two of them out before I could get away.

"Then off I goes to Jerusha Chubbs. Well, Chubbs was away to the militia-training, and all the men folk with him; and, when I came to the door, his daughter was stooping down at the woodpile, a picking up chips in her apron; and, when she saw a naked man coming up, she dropt the chips, and off like a shot too, yelling like all possessed; and old

Mother Chubbs, the she devil, got down the duck gun, and swore she would shoot me, if I attempted to come in, and I knew she would be as good as her word, too, for she pinked more nor one of the rebels that came plundering about her father's house in the war.

“ It seemed to me as if all the world had turned agin me, and I had a great mind to lie right down, and cuss all creation and die ; and I believe I should, if it hadn't been that the thoughts of the pirates' treasures kind of cheered me a little. While I was standing doubting what to do, I spied a clothes-line hanging in the yard, with ever so many things on it, so I went there, to see if I could find anything to put on, but, as ill luck would have it, they was all women's garments. And there I was in another fix : at last I got desperate, pulled off a red flannel petticoat of the old woman's, and jumped into it, and then got a short bed-gown, and squeezed into that, after a few rips, and splits, and tears, in stretching it ; and off I went home, where I scared even my own servants out of their wits.

“ I took to my bed, and kept it ever so long, for shame and vexation ; and at last I came to a resolution never to go out at night, when the Powers of Darkness were let loose ; and by day to carry the Bible in one pocket, and the Prayer Book in the other, for protection, seeing pistols were no good ; and there I have been a prisoner ever since, till this day, when

the Devil flew away with the Witch of Inky Dell. Now, that's a fact, boys, I assure you—it is, upon my soul! I hope I may die if it ain't!

“ You may talk, boys, about civilized warfare, such as pitched battles, and sieges, and ambushes, and skirmishes, and cavalry charges, and hand to hand work, but what is it, after all, fellows?—for I've been in them all—why, just good schooling for a soldier, and nothing more. And you may talk about Indian warfare, (where a man wants all his wits about him, I can tell you) and boast of tommyhawking, and scalping, and pistolling, and all that. And pretty hard work it is, too, to have bullets flying about you everywhere, and you not see your enemy; but what is it, after all, but duelling at a hundred yards, with the butt of a tree to cover you? It's cowardly work! The weapon for a man, boys, is a bayonet, and then it's a hurrah, a charge, and a squeak, and it's all over.

“ If the British Government had taken my advice, that cussed rebellion would have been ended in six weeks. Says I to Sir Harry Clinton, ‘ Sir Harry,’ says I, ‘ hang every d—d rebel taken in arms, and the game's ours in no time.’ Says he, ‘ I'm afraid the rebels will hang their prisoners in return.’—‘ Serve them right,’ says I; ‘ d—n them! I hope they will. Let them die fighting like men, and they will escape hanging like dogs.’—‘ It will exasperate the colonists,’ says he.—‘ It exasperates them much more, your Excellency,’ says I, ‘ to see you pardon them villains

that way. Sir Harry,' said I, 'mark my words—*cconciliation is the father, and clemency the mother of rebellion, and a d—d pretty child it is, too; having all the ignorance and meanness of one parent, and the hypocrisy and cowardice of the other.*'

"But that is neither here nor there, fellows. As I was a-saying, talk of civilized warfare, or Indian warfare, or any warfare you please; but the Lord preserve me from Spiritual warfare! Fact, I assure you, boys—it is, upon my soul! I hope I may die if it ain't!—true as fate! Fill your glasses, boys, then let's have another brew, and then hurrah for a song—the Major's song:

The rebel flag waved high in air,  
Above the ragged crew,  
When Tarlton, &c."

As Captain Tygart had promised, they certainly made a night of it—such a night, indeed, as I never saw before, and hope never to witness again.

Poor Watt, the Tiger, is long since dead. He lost his life in a vain attempt to raise the pirates' treasure, that the Witch of Inky Dell disclosed to him in La Haive Island. It was a very remarkable adventure; and, some other evening, I will relate to you how he came to his end, in endeavouring to—undermine and blow up the Devil.



## CHAPTER XXI.

## COLONIAL GOVERNMENT.

When we rose from the breakfast-table yesterday, the Judge said, if you will have the goodness to accompany me into my study, I will give you an outline of the Constitution of these Lower Provinces, which I have drawn up for your information. There is no colonial work professedly treating of the subject, and it is only incidentally mentioned, or briefly referred to, in English law books. To render it as useful and intelligible to you as possible, I have given an abstract of it as it existed until the year 1837, and then added an account of the modifications it has subsequently undergone. I have preferred this course to the usual mode of incorporating both into one, in order that you may clearly comprehend the extent of those innovations, and form an opinion as to the consequences that will probably result from such organic changes.

The Constitution of England, as it stood at the discovery of America, had nothing in its nature providing for colonies. They have, therefore, at different periods of their growth, experienced very different treatment. At first, they were considered lands without the limits

of the realm, and not annexed to it ; and, as the people who settled these *in partibus exteris* were liege subjects, the king assumed the right of property and government, to the preclusion of the jurisdiction of the State. He called them his foreign dominions, his possessions abroad, not parts and parcels of the realm, and as not yet annexed to the crown.

It was upon this principle that, in the year 1621, when the Commons asserted their right to a jurisdiction over them, by attempting to pass a Bill for establishing a free fishery on the coasts of Virginia, New England, and Newfoundland, they were informed that it was not fit for them to make laws for those countries, which were not yet annexed to the crown, and that the Bill was not proper for that House, as it concerned America. Upon this assumption, the colonies were settled by the king's licence, and the governments established by royal charters ; while the people, emigrating to the provinces, considered themselves out of the realm ; and in their executive and legislative capacities, in immediate connexion with the king as their only sovereign lord. These novel possessions requiring some form of government, the selection became exceedingly difficult.

At last, an analogy was supposed to exist between the colonies and the Duchy of Normandy, and a somewhat similar constitution<sup>1</sup> was adopted as had been

<sup>1</sup> It is, however, observable that, although it was evidently the intention of the mother country to grant the power of elec-

used for the island of Jersey. The king having assumed a right to govern the colonies without the intervention of Parliament, so the two Houses of Lords

tion to the people of the colonies, so soon as they should be in a situation to receive a representative form of government, yet the people assumed the right themselves, as appears by the following extract from "Hutchinson," vol. i, p. 94.—"Virginia had been many years distracted under the government of President, and Governors with Councils, in whose nomination or removal the people had no voice, until, in the year 1620, a House of Burgesses broke out in the colony; the king nor the grand council at home not having given any powers or directions for it. The Governor and Assistants of the Massachusetts at first intended to rule the people, but this lasted two or three years only; and, although there is no colour for it in the charter, yet a House of Deputies appeared suddenly in 1634, to the surprise of the magistrates, and the disappointment of their schemes of power. Connecticut soon after followed the plan of Massachusetts. New Haven, although the people had the highest reverence for their leaders, yet on matters of legislation the people, from the beginning, would have their share by their representative. New Hampshire combined together under the same form with Massachusetts. Barbadoes, or the Leeward, began in 1625, struggled under Governors, and Councils, and contending Proprietors, twenty years. At length, in 1645, an Assembly was called, and the reason given was that, by the grant of the Earl of Carlisle, the inhabitants were to have all the liberties, privileges, and franchises of English subjects. After the Restoration, there is no instance on the American continent of a colony settled without a representation of the people, nor any attempt to deprive the colonies of this privilege, except in the arbitrary reign of James the Second."

and Commons exerted the same power without his concurrence. They appointed the Earl of Warwick Governor-in-Chief of all the Plantations of America ; created a committee for their regulation, and passed several laws concerning them.

Upon the restoration of monarchy, the constitution of the colonies received a great change. Parliament asserted, that all his Majesty's foreign dominions were part of the realm ; and then, for the first time in their proper capacity, interposed in their regulation and government. From that period, sundry laws have been passed regulating their commerce, and having, in other respects, a direct operation on them. The boundary of jurisdiction between imperial and local Parliaments had been settled by the mutual consent, or rather acquiescence, of both bodies, on the broad basis of constitutional liberty and common sense ; the supremacy of the former having been acknowledged, in all external, and of the latter, in all internal affairs. Collision was thus effectually avoided ; and each body wisely confined itself to those matters in which it was not only most interested, but the best informed, and most competent to decide. The unalterable right of property, however, had been guaranteed to colonists, by the act renouncing the claim of taxation, the 18th of George III., by which it was declared " that the King and Parliament of Great Britain will not impose any duty, tax, or assessment, whether payable in any of his Majesty's Colonies, Provinces, or Plantations, in North America

or the West Indies, except such duties as it may be expedient to impose for the regulation of commerce; the net produce of such duties to be always paid and applied to, and for the use of the Colony, Province, or Plantation, in which the same shall be respectively levied, in such manner as other duties, collected by the authority of the respective General Courts or General Assemblies of such Colonies, Provinces, or Plantations, are ordinarily paid and applied."

The rights of the Crown again, which were perfectly compatible with the legislative supremacy of the Provincial Assembly, were duly guarded and secured, by the negative of the Governor; by his standing instructions not to give his assent to any law of a doubtful nature without a clause suspending its operation, until his Majesty's pleasure should be known; and by the power assumed and exercised, of disagreeing to any law within three years after it had passed the Colonial Legislature. There was originally much variety in the constitutions of the several American Provinces, arising out of the unlimited power of the King to grant them upon such terms and conditions as he thought proper; but, at the close of the Rebellion, in 1784, they were in general reduced to three classes.

1st, *Proprietary Governments*, granted by the Crown to individuals, in the nature of Feudatory Principalities, with all the inferior regalities and feudatory powers of legislation, which formerly belonged to Counties Palatine, on condition that the object for

which the grant had been made should be substantially pursued, and nothing should be attempted in derogation of the authority of the King of England. Of this kind were Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Carolina.

2nd, *Charter Governments*, in the nature of civil corporations, with the power of making by-laws, for their own internal regulations, and with such rights and authorities as were especially given to them in their several acts of incorporations. The only Charter Governments that remained at the commencement of the Civil War, were the Colonies of Massachusetts' Bay, Rhode Island, Providence, and Connecticut.

3rd, *Provincial Governments*, the constitutions of which depended on the respective commissions issued by the Crown to the Governors, and the instructions which accompanied them.

Under this authority, Provincial Assemblies had been constituted, with the power of making local ordinances not repugnant to the laws of England. For some time previously to the Revolution in America, the popular leaders affected to call the Provincial Establishments, or King's Governments on the Continent, Colonies instead of Provinces, from an opinion they had conceived that the word Province implied a conquered country. But, whatever distinction there might once have been between the terms Province, Colony, and Plantation, there seemed now to be none whatever, and they were indiscriminately used in several Acts of

Parliament. A Provincial Government was immediately dependant upon the Crown; and the King remained Sovereign of the country. He appointed the Governor and Officers of State, and the people elected the Representatives, as in England. The Judicial establishments were similar to those of the mother country, and their Legislatures consisted of a Governor, representing the Crown, a Council, or Upper House, and an Assembly chosen by and representing the people at large.

The following is a short account of the powers and privileges exercised in Nova Scotia by these several branches, previously to the year 1837.

*Governor.*

The Provinces of British North America were in general comprised in one command, and the Captain-General, Governor, and Commander-in-chief resided in Canada. The Governors of the several provinces were styled Lieutenant-Governors, and had the title of Excellency, in consequence of being the King's immediate representatives. The Governor of Nova Scotia had the rank of Lieutenant-General, and was styled Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over his Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia and its dependencies, Chancellor and Vice-Admiral of the same. He was invested with the following powers:—

1. As Commander-in-Chief, he had the actual command of all the Militia, and, if a senior, military officer

of all the army within his Government, and he commissioned all officers of the Militia. He appointed the Judges of all the different Courts of Common Law, and nominated and superseded, at will, the Justices of the Peace, and other subordinate civil officers. With the advice of his Council, he had authority to summon General Assemblies, which he might, from time to time, prorogue and dissolve, as he alone should judge needful. All such civil employments as the Crown did not dispose of were part of his patronage, and, whenever vacancies happened in such offices as were usually filled up by the British Government, the Governor appointed *pro tempore*, and the persons so appointed were entitled to the emoluments till those who were nominated to supersede them arrived in the colony. He had, likewise, authority, when he should judge any offender in criminal matters a fit object of mercy, to extend the King's pardon towards him, except in cases of murder and high treason, and even in those instances, he was permitted to reprieve until the signification of the Royal pleasure.

2. The Governor had the custody of the Great Seal, presided in the High Court of Chancery, and in general exercised within his jurisdiction the same extensive powers as were possessed by the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, with the exception of those taken away by particular statutes.

3. He had the power by law of granting probate of wills and administration of the effects of persons



dying intestate, and, by statute, granted licences for marriages.

4. He presided in the Court of Error, of which he and the Council were Judges, to hear and determine all appeals in the nature of writs of error from the Superior Courts of Common Law.

5. The Governor was also Vice-Admiral within his Government, although he could not, as such, issue his warrant to the Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty to grant commissions to privateers.

6. He had an annual provision settled upon him, for the whole term of his administration in the colony; and, that he might not be tempted to diminish the dignity of his station by improper condescensions to leading men in the Assembly, he was in general restrained by his instructions from accepting any salary, unless the same should be settled upon him by law within the space of one year after his entrance into the Government, and expressly made irrevocable during the whole term of his residence in the administration, which appeared to be a wise and necessary restriction.

A Governor, on his arrival in the Province, agreeably to the directions of his commission and his instructions in the first place, caused his commission as Governor and Commander-in-Chief and also of Vice-Admiral to be read and published at the first meeting of the Council, and also in such other manner as had been usually observed on such occasions. In the next place, he took the customary oaths of office, and ad-

ministered the same to each member of the Council. Every Governor, together with his commission, received a large body of instructions for his guidance in the discharge of his various duties. In the event of his death, the senior military officer took the command of the colony until an appointment was made by his Majesty, and was required to take the same oaths, and make the same declaration as a Governor. Such were the powers and duties of a Governor ; and the mode of redress for the violation of these duties, or any injuries committed by him upon the people, was prescribed with equal care. The party complaining had his choice of three modes—1st, by application to Parliament ; 2nd, by complaint to the Privy Council ; 3rd, by action in the King's Bench.

By statute 11th and 12th William III., cap. 12, confirmed and extended by 42nd George III., cap. 85, all offences committed by governors of plantations, or any other persons in the execution of their offices in any public service abroad, might be prosecuted in the Court of King's Bench in England. The indictment was to be laid in Middlesex, and the offenders were punishable as if they had been committed in England. The Court of King's Bench was empowered to award a mandamus to any Court of Judicature, or to the Governor of the Colony where the offence was committed, to obtain proof of the matter alleged, and the evidence was to be transmitted back to that Court, and admitted upon the trial.

*The Council.*

The Council consisted of twelve members, who were appointed either by being named in the Governor's instructions, by mandamus, or by the Governor. Their privileges, powers, and office, were as follows:—

1. They were severally styled Honourable, and took precedence next to the Commander-in-Chief.

2. They were a Council of State, the Governor or Commander-in-Chief presiding in person, to whom they stood in the same relation as the Privy Council in Great Britain does to the Sovereign.

3. They were named in every commission of the peace as Justices throughout the Province.

4. They sat together with the Governor as Judges in the Court of Error or Court of Appeal in civil causes, from the Courts of Record, and constituted also a Court of Marriage and Divorce.

5. The Council was a constituent part of the Legislature, as their consent was necessary to the enacting of laws. In this capacity of Legislators, they sat as the Upper House, distinct from the Governor, and entered protests on their journals, after the manner of the House of Peers, and were attended by their chaplain, clerk, &c.

*House of Assembly.*

The Assembly resembled the Lower House of Parliament in its formation, mode of procedure, and power,

within its jurisdiction, as far as the different circumstances of the country permitted. The freeholders were assembled in the several counties and towns entitled to representation by the King's writ, and their suffrages taken by the Sheriff. The members thus elected were required by the Governor to meet at Halifax, the capital of the Province, at a certain day, when the usual oaths being administered, and a Speaker chosen and approved, the session was opened by a speech from the person administering the Government, in imitation of that usually delivered from the throne, in which, after adverting to the general state of the Province, he called their attention to such local subjects as seemed to require their immediate consideration.

The qualifications for a vote or representation, were either a yearly income of forty shillings, derived from real estate within the particular county or town, for which the election was held, or a title in fee-simple of a dwelling-house, or one hundred acres of land, five of which must be under cultivation. It was requisite that the title be registered six months before the test of the writ, unless it were by descant or devise.

The Assembly continued for the term of seven (now four years) from the return day of the writs, subject nevertheless to be dissolved in the mean time by the Governor, who had the power of proroguing the Legislature, and appointing the time and place of its session, with this constitutional injunction, that they should be called together once at least every year.

*Changes which have taken place since 1837.*

An address to the Crown from the House of Assembly in the year 1837, complaining of the constitution of the then existing council, of its irresponsibility to the people, of the manner in which its Legislative proceedings were conducted, and of practical evils supposed to result from these causes, was soon afterwards followed by its disorganization and reconstruction, and by the separation of its executive from its legislative functions, which were assigned respectively to different bodies, designated as "The Executive Council," and "The Legislative Council." The Chief Justice and Judges of the superior courts were excluded from seats in either of the new Councils, and certain instructions were given to the Lieutenant-Governor, indicating the principles that were to govern him in provisional nominations of individuals to seats in the newly constituted bodies, and suggesting, particularly, the necessity of a representation, as far as might be practicable, of all the leading classes and interests, especially of those connected with the agricultural districts, as also the avoidance of a preponderance of any religious persuasions.

An organic change was thus made in the constitution of the province; and although the principle contended for by the Assembly *that it ought to exercise a control over the officers of Government and the Executive Council, analogous to that which the House of Commons*

*possessed over the Ministers of State*, was, at first, sternly denied, the claim was reiterated in subsequent sessions, experiencing a gradually decreasing opposition, until, at a very recent period, it seems to have been conceded, to a greater extent perhaps, than was anticipated by those with whom it originated.

The tenure of Colonial Offices, which, under the old system, was nominally during the pleasure of the Crown, but, practically, during the good behaviour of the incumbent, was, as respects most of the higher offices, except judicial and ministerial ones, declared, by the despatch of a Colonial Minister, not to be equivalent to a tenure during good conduct, but to involve the necessity of retirement whenever a change in the person of the Governor, or expediency suggested by motives of public policy, should be thought to require it. The newly-constituted Executive and Legislative Councils were, in some measure, recast from the materials which composed the old council, and some of those, who had been members of the latter, were retained with seats in both of the former; others, whom it was deemed expedient to reappoint, retiring, by desire of the Crown, but with the rank attached to the station which they had relinquished.

Soon after the reconstruction of these bodies, the principle, if not formally announced, was at least generally understood to be *that, with the single exception of the late Provincial Secretary, who retained a seat in the new Executive Council without being a mem-*

was, at first, in subsequent increasing opposition seems to have perhaps, than was originated. which, under the pleasure of the good behaviour most of the higher ones, declared, r, not to be equitable, but to involve a change in the policy suggested by thought to require Executive and Legislative Council, and some of the latter, were former; others, reappoint, retiring, rank attached to shed. of these bodies, the ed, was at least with the single exception, who retained a without being a mem-

ber of either of the Houses of Legislation, a seat in one or the other of the latter was to be an indispensable condition to the privilege of sitting in the former, though a community of sentiment on questions of public policy was not deemed necessary. The retirement, however, from the Council Board of some of its members, during the administration of Lord Falkland, immediately after a general election, induced a struggle in the House of Assembly, between those who had retired and their Parliamentary supporters, on the one hand, and those who adhered to the Governor, with their upholders in the House, on the other. As the constituency, after the termination of that Parliament, returned a majority favourable to the opposition, a practical result was, the relinquishment of all the seats in the Executive Council to the majority in the new House, and the transfer of the Crown offices, together with the removal from office of the Provincial Secretary, upon his resignation of his seat as an Executive Councillor.

An attempt made by the present Lieutenant-Governor, soon after he assumed the government, to effect an arrangement between the leaders of the two contending parties, with a view to the formation of a Council that would give the country the benefit of the ability that both could furnish, was unsuccessful, but the failure was thought to render necessary an appeal to Downing Street, whence a despatch soon afterwards emanated of sufficient importance to exercise a consi-

derable influence upon the future destinies of the colony.

It recommended that in Nova Scotia, as in England, tenure of office during good behaviour, in the ordinarily received meaning of the phrase, should practically be, thenceforth, the *general rule* of the public service, whilst the *exception* should consist of the case of a *limited number of the higher public servants who might be supposed to influence and direct the policy of the Government*, the tenure of place by whom should depend upon their commanding a parliamentary majority, and upon their holding seats in either one or other branch of the Legislature. Seats in the Executive Council were also invested with a political character, which was to be imparted to any other office that might be held concurrently therewith.

Subject to these modifications, and with certain guards and restrictions which the despatch particularly mentioned, the Colonial Secretary instructed the Lieutenant-Governor *that no obstacle existed, in his opinion, in the peculiar circumstances of Nova Scotia, to the immediate application to it of the system of Parliamentary Government that prevailed in England.*

*Lord Durham's Commission.*

The Legislative Council, which previously consisted of twelve members, was increased to fifteen, and the number of the Executive (to which all judicial authority was transferred) was limited to nine, but subse-



quent despatches have authorized the increase of the latter, under special circumstances, and the former was composed of twenty at the close of the last session.

Whether the departmental system of Canada should be introduced into this country has been twice keenly contested between the Conservatives, and the different parties who at present act together under the name of "Great Liberals," and has been alternately rejected and adopted. The Colonial Secretary, actuated by the same kindly feeling that has always influenced his predecessors, and entertaining the same sanguine hope of the effect of concession, has, to a great extent, decided the question in the affirmative.

What the position of the Governor, in relation to his Sovereign, his Council, and the local Legislature is, has been tolerably well settled in theory, by the assembly having formally adopted Lord Metcalf's explanation of it;<sup>1</sup> but what it is practically, will always be a matter of great doubt, as much will depend on the ability, integrity, and firmness of the man, and not a

<sup>1</sup> And whereas his Excellency, Sir Charles Metcalf, has thus explained, in an answer to an address from Gore, in Canada, his views of Responsible Government—

"With reference to your views of Responsible Government, I cannot tell you how far I concur in them, without knowing your meaning, which is not distinctly stated.

"If you mean that the Governor is to have no exercise of his own judgment in the administration of the government, and is to be a mere tool in the hands of the Council, then I totally disagree with you. That is a condition to which I can never

little on circumstances. That he will be occasionally embarrassed there can be no doubt, for an *imperium in imperio* is a difficult and complicated thing ; but it will submit, and which her Majesty's Government, in my opinion, never can sanction.

“ If you mean that every word and deed of the Governor is to be previously submitted for the advice of the Council, then you propose what, besides being unnecessary and useless, is utterly impossible, consistently with the due despatch of business.

“ If you mean that the patronage of the Crown is to be surrendered for exclusive party purposes to the Council, instead of being distributed to reward merit, to meet just claims, and to promote the efficiency of the public service, then we are again at issue. Such a surrender of the prerogative of the Crown is, in my opinion, incompatible with the existence of a British colony.

“ If you mean that the Governor is an irresponsible officer, who can, without responsibility, adopt the advice of the Council, then you are, I conceive, entirely in error. The undisputed functions of the Governor are such, that he is not only one of the hardest worked servants of the colony, but also has more responsibilities than any other in it. He is responsible to the Crown and Parliament, and the people of the Mother Country, for every act that he performs or suffers to be done, whether it originates with himself, or is adopted on the advice of others. He could not divest himself of that responsibility by pleading the advice of the Council. He is also virtually responsible to the people of the colony, and practically more so than ever to the Mother Country : every day proves it, and no resolutions can make it otherwise.

“ But if, instead of meaning any of the above-stated impossibilities, you mean that the Government should be adminis-

doubtless be a great gratification to the Parent State to find that, whatever little dissensions may hereafter arise, they can never be as in bygone days between the

tered according to the well-understood wishes and interests of the people, that the resolutions of September 1841 should be faithfully adhered to, that it should be competent to the Council to offer advice on all occasions, whether as to patronage or otherwise, and that the Governor should receive it with the attention due to his constitutional advisers, and consult with them on all cases of adequate importance that there should be a cordial co-operation and sympathy between him and them, and that the Council should be responsible to the Provincial Parliament and people; and that when the acts of the Governor are such as they do not choose to be responsible for, they should be at liberty to resign, then, I entirely agree with you, and see no impracticability in carrying on Responsible Government in a colony on that footing, provided that the respective parties engaged in the undertaking be guided by moderation, honest purpose, common sense, and equitable minds, devoid of party spirit.

“ Therefore, resolved, That this House recognise in the above documents the true principles of Colonial Government, as applicable to this province.”

This Resolution, of which the above is an extract, is one of the most extraordinary papers ever entered upon the journals of a legislative body. It consists of the adoption, *verbatim*, of four resolutions of the Canadian Legislature, of long extracts from newspaper reports of the speeches of two of the members of their own body, and the answer of the late Lord Metcalf to an address that had been presented to him by the people of the Gore district, without one word of their own on the subject. It may be found on the 67th page of the Journals of the Assembly for 1844.

local branches of the Legislature, but between those bodies and herself; and what difficulties are there that concession will not remove? Other and minor alterations were also made, the details of which it is not necessary to trouble you with.

In this manner was introduced what is called "Responsible Government," a term which those who first used it have been most careful not to define. Alarmed at the consequences to which it might possibly lead, if fully carried out, or uncertain as to its practical effect, they have left it to its own operation, in the hope that experience might improve, or vigilance regulate, its motion. Colonists, who are the subjects of the experiment, are not agreed among themselves as to its import; some supposing that it means the transfer of the whole power of the Governor, who is virtually superseded to his Council; others, that it is the substitution of party for moral responsibility, while not a few take the most extreme views, considering it, on the one hand, as a panacea for every evil, and, on the other, as fraught with destruction to all that is good, and loyal, and respectable in the country. If properly controlled, limited, and directed by the authorities at home, it is to be hoped it may be rendered, if not beneficial, at least innocuous, allaying the fears of the well affected, and disappointing the hopes of those who, having nothing to lose, are always the advocates of change. By comparing these modifications of the machinery of the Executive and Legislative bodies

with their condition in 1837, and carefully perusing the resolution of the Assembly expressing their view of administration, and the despatches of the Colonial Minister, to which I have reference, you will, I hope, be able to understand what the constitution of this colony was, what it is now, and how, when, and by whom these changes were effected.

Upon the questions which have agitated the public mind so greatly, namely, whether the Colonial Minister could legally make those organic changes without the sanction of the local or Imperial Parliament, whether they are conducive to the happiness of the people, and suited to their condition, or compatible with colonial dependance, and others of a like nature, I abstain from making any comment. My object is to give those facts, but not to argue on them. I only hope I have rendered myself intelligible; but the truth is, I take no interest in our little provincial politics, and therefore am not so much at home on the subject of these constitutional changes as Barclay is, who is in the way of hearing more about them.

THE END.



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