JASON--NOVA SCOTIA: FOUNDED UPON A ROMANTIC LEGEND OF MY NATIVE LAND

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Jason--Nova Scotia: Founded upon a Romantic Legend of My Native Land by P. W. E. Hart

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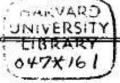
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By MR. HART

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CHAPTERI

A Recognition

BOUT ten months after the capture of Port Royal (which name was soon changed to Annapolis Royal in honor of the then Queen) by General Nicholson and his valiant army, or, to be still more explicit, in July, 1711, a xebec or sailing pinnace arrived in the Basin and dropped anchor close under the guns of the great Those were days when Nova Scotia was the centre of warfare and campaigning in North America, and the constant arrival and departure of expeditions by sea and land caused slight attention to be paid to this small stranger. However, in accordance with the usages of naval etiquette, a boat put off from the guardship and prepared to board the new arrival.

Upon the after-deck of the pinnace, in an attitude of physical dejection and gazing mournfully at the huge English ensign which floated triumphantly over the near-by battlements, was a young man of tall stature and noble countenance. Although attired in such rough costume as might fit a coasting sailor, his left hand occasionally wandered to his side, as if in the expectancy of encountering some familiar object. But such

a triffing peculiarity was scarcely needed to assure a careful observer that this plainlydressed personage was of gentle birth, and, in accordance with the customs of the time, habituated to the wearing of a sword. few feet distant from him, engaged in directing the group of seamen at their sail-furling and other details of mooring, was an individual of decidedly grotesque appearance. Short of stature almost to the point of dwarfishness, and chunky enough in build to amply make up for the other deficiency, he furnished a living example of the possibilities in human corpulence. And yet his originality did not end here. In quick action and features a veritable Italian, in figure the personification of an ideal English tavern keeper, and in name a seeming Scotchman, Captain Glenbucket was neither one of all these three but an Irish refugee, bred up at the court of France. Moreover, like most men gifted with the extreme imitative faculty, he had acquired some habits in conversation and expression which were apt to astonish strangers.

"Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, tra-lirraarra-tra-la," he hummed in subdued accents, marching pompously towards his tall companion. These sounds were intended to convey the marching music of drum and trumpet, and in common justice to the performer it must be allowed that they were as near perfect as the limitations of the human throat

permit.

"Remember, Chevalier," the captain hoarsely whispered, as he drew close to the other, "we are honest men of Virginia, come to barter good tobacco for skins and peltries. I am the sailing-master of the vessel; you, the adventurous merchant. We do not even understand the French language and"—

"Yes, yes," impatiently interrupted he whom Glenbucket had addressed by a title; "I am thoroughly competent to play the part and only wish my confidence was as complete in your ability. However, we will likely have but scant need of it all in this wild land, where everybody may well be busy enough about their own affairs to keep them

from growing inquisitive."

The stout captain, completely undaunted by this rebuff, was about to make some further protestation; but the near approach of the war-vessel's cutter caused him to desist. He contented himself with sounding the harsh cries of the wild geese when in pursuit of food, and so naturally were they rendered that the young naval officer in the stern of the skiff stood up and gazed intently at the sky overhead. He whom Glenbucket had addressed as "Chevalier" was about to order the imitator to desist, but the sight of the round fat face all screwed up and twisted in the vocal effort, was too much for his gravity. He merely smiled indulgently upon his companion's antics.

"Oars all!" came the quick command as the boat rounded alongside of the gangway