

**SAM LOVEL'S CAMPS. UNCLE
LISHA'S FRIENDS UNDER BARK
AND CANVAS. A SEQUEL TO
UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP**

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Sam Lovel's camps. Uncle Lisha's friends under bark and canvas. A sequel to Uncle Lisha's shop
by Rowland E. Robinson

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ROWLAND E. ROBINSON

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UNCLE LISHA'S FRIENDS
UNDER BARK AND CANVAS.

A SEQUEL TO UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP

BY

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

NEW YORK:
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
1889.

TO
MY WIFE
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED.

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AN EXPLANATORY NOTE.

THE Yankee is everywhere, and everywhere is heard his nasal drawl asking a question or answering one. But it is a sign that the manner of his speech is changing that to some readers of "Uncle Lisha's Shop" who are unacquainted with a dialect once common in Vermont, and as yet by no means uncommon in portions of the State, the meaning of some words and phrases used by the old cobbler and his neighbors has not been clear. For the benefit of such readers of this volume it may not be amiss to explain at the outset some forms of speech that are least likely to be understood by them.

"Julluk" is a shortening of just like; "god daown," "pud daown," "led daown," "sod daown," and the like, are got down, put down, let down, sat down, with the last letter of the first word changed to d. "Luftu" and "lufted tu" are queer corruptions of love to and loved to. "Callate," sometimes "carc'late," is to intend or plan, not to compute. When a thing is sold it is "sol." The "heft" of a thing is its weight and also the greater part of it, and to "heft it" is to try its weight by lifting. The word hold occurs in different forms in one sentence, when you are bidden to "take a holt an' hol' on." "Hayth" means height, the "hayth o' land," the highest land in a certain section of country; the term was often applied in former times to the Green Mountain range. Creature has slight differences of pronunciation according to its application. A very poor or wretched person is a "poor, mis'able creetur," a wild blade, a "tarnal crittur," a bad man, a "weeked crittur"; and a bull, when not a "tore," is as politely called a "cruttur," the "tts" scarcely sounded. "Mongst 'em" signifies other persons beside the one or more named; as, "John Doe an' mongst 'em." To "shool" is to wander aimlessly; to "flurru" to move in a lively, erratic manner. A "heater piece" is a triangular piece of land, shaped like a heater or flat-iron. The "square room" is the best room or parlor. A "linter" is a lean-to, a single-roofed building set against a larger one.

When a Yankee "dums" or "darns" persons or things, he is not to be understood as cursing them; church members in good standing do so without scandal as they mildly swear "by gosh" and "by gum" and "swan," "swow," "snum," "snore" and "vum."

The Canadian who learns English of the Yankee often outdoes his teacher in that twisting of the vowels which, no doubt brought over in the Mayflower, became so marked a characteristic of New England speech. Some words are very difficult for him to master, but finally he gets the better of most, and no longer says "jimrubbit" for India-rubber, or "nowse" for noise. But stove is his shjibboleth. To the day of his death he calls it "stofe," and the generation that follows him can speak it no otherwise.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, VT., January, 1889.

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SAM LOVEL'S CAMPS.

ON THE SLANG.

I.

UNDER THE HEMLOCKS.

BESIDE a low-banked water-way among the reddish-gray trunks of great hemlocks, there stood, one day in the third month of a year, half a long lifetime ago, a shanty of freshly riven slabs with the upper ends slanted together in the form of an A tent. In front of it a fire smouldered, the slow smoke climbing through the branches that waved their green spray and nodded their slender-stemmed cones in the rising current of warm vapor. A few muskrat skins, stretched on osier bows, hung drying near by on slim poles placed in the crotches of stakes, and two canoes, one a light birch, the other a dugout, lay bottom upward on the bank awaiting the day of use. The shanty was luxuriously bedded with marsh hay and fragrant twigs of hemlock, overlaid with blankets and buffalo skins, and stretching out into the light were two pairs of feet, one clad in stout boots, the other in moccasins. Four legs faded away in the dusky interior, till, beyond the knees, the eye was puzzled to follow them.

Presently the boots began to stir and then the owner became dimly visible sitting up on his couch. When he had crawled out and scraped a coal from the ashes into his pipe, and having got it satisfactorily alight, stood up and looked at the cloud-flecked sky and out on the ice-bound stream, the tall, wiry form, and quiet, good-humored, bearded and weather-browned face of Sam Lovel were fully revealed. He half turned toward the shanty, and lightly touched one of the moccasins with his foot. "Hello, Antwine!" he called, "be ye goin' to sleep all day?"

The moccasins moved a little, and a sleepy voice in beyond said: "Hein? What was be de matter?"

"Git up an' light yer pipe, an' then le's go an' see ye spear a mushrat as you've ben tellin' on. Come!" and Sam vigorously poked the moccasins till they were drawn into shadow, then reappeared, and Antoine Basette came hitching after them into the light and sat rubbing his eyes as he said: "Bah gosh! Sam, Ah dunno 'f Ah won't keel you, Ah dunno 'f Ah an't! You spile 'em up de bes' dream Ah never smell all ma laf tam*! Onion bilin' in keetly, patack roast in ashins, bull pawt fryin' in paan, moosrat toast on coal! Oh! bah gosh! jes' Ah tryin' mek off ma min' de fus' one Ah'il heat nex', you'll holleh 'Aantwine!' an' dey all gone off. Ah'll pooty mad, me!" and he shook his head and smote his fists above it; but the broad grin that followed gave the lie to these angry demonstrations.

"Wal, I swan, it is too bad, Antwine, seein' 't we hain't hed nothin' so fur but pork an' dry bread. But we'll make up for 't bimeby. Lemme see; your onion smell

* This is Canuck for time.