

THE WEIRD RIDER.

The following strange story is from the Boston Galaxy of June, 1838:

Business called me from New York to Boston in 1820. I sailed in the packet to Providence; and when I arrived there, I learned that every seat in the stage was engaged. I was thus obliged either to wait a few hours, or accept a seat with the driver, who civilly offered me that accommodation. Accordingly I took my seat by his side, and soon found him intelligent and communicative. When we had travelled about ten miles, the horses suddenly threw their ears on their necks, as if at a hare's. Said the driver, "Have you a surmount with you?"

"No," said I; "why do you ask?"

"You will want one soon," said he. "Do you observe the ears of all the horses?"

"Yes, and was just about to ask the reason."

"They see the storm-breeder, we shall see him soon."

At this moment there was not a cloud visible in the firmament. Soon after, a speck appeared in the road.

"There," said my companion, "comes the storm breeder; he always leaves a Scotch mist behind him. By many a wet jacket do I remember him."

Presently a man with a child beside him, with a large black horse, and a weather-beaten chair, once built for a chaise body, passed in great haste, apparently at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He seemed to grasp the reins of his horse with firmness, and appeared to anticipate his speed. He seemed dejected, and looked anxiously at the passengers, particularly at the stage driver and myself. In a moment after he passed us, the horses' ears were up, and bent themselves forward so that they nearly met.

"Who is that man?" said I; "he seems in trouble."

"Nobody knows who he is, but his person and the child are familiar to me. I have met him more than a hundred times, and have been so often asked the way to Boston by that man, even when he was travelling directly from that town, that of late I have refused any communication with him; and that is the reason he gave me such a look."

"But does he never stop anywhere?"

"I have never known him to stop anywhere, longer than to inquire the way to Boston; and let him be where he may, he will tell you he cannot stay a moment, for he must reach Boston that night."

We were now ascending a high hill in Walpole; and as we had a fair view of the heavens, I was rather disposed to jeer the driver for thinking of his surmount, as not a cloud as big as a marble could be discerned.

"Do you look," said he, "in the direction whence the man came; that is the place to look. The storm never meets him, it follows him."

We presently approached another hill; and when at the height, the driver pointed out an eastern direction a little black speck about as big as a bat.

"There," said he, "is the seed storm; we may possibly reach Polley's before it strikes us, but the wanderers will go to Providence through rain and thunder."

And now the horses, as though taught by instinct, hastened with increased speed. The little black cloud came on, rolling over the turnpike, and doubled and trebled itself in all directions. The appearance of this cloud attracted the notice of all the passengers; for after it had spread itself to a great bulk, it suddenly became more limited in circumference, grew more compact, dark and consolidated. And now the successive flashes of chain-lightning caused the whole cloud to appear like a sort of irregular net-work, and displayed a thousand fantastic images. The driver bespoke my attention to a remarkable configuration in the cloud; he said every flash of lightning near its centre discovered to him distinctly the form of a man sitting in an open carriage drawn by a black horse.

In the meantime the distant thunder gave notice of a shower at hand; and just as we reached Polley's tavern, the rain poured down in torrents. It was soon over, the cloud passing in the direction of the turnpike toward Providence. In a few moments after, a respectable looking man in a chaise stopped at the door. The man and child in the chair having excited some little sympathy among the passengers, the gentleman was asked if he had observed them. He said he had met them; that the man seemed bewildered, and inquired the way to Boston; that he was driving at great speed, as though he expected to outstrip the tempest; that the moment he had passed him, a thunder clap broke directly over the man's head, and seemed to envelope both man and child, horse and carriage. "I stopped," said the gentleman, "supposing the lightning had struck him, but the horse only seemed to loom up and increase his speed; and as well as I could judge, he travelled just as fast as the thunder cloud."

This was all I could learn at that time, and the occurrence soon after would have become with me "like one of those things which had never happened," had I not, as I stood recently on the door-step of Bennett's Hotel in Hartford, heard a man say, "There goes Peter Rugg and his child! he looks wet and weary, and farther from

Boston than ever." I was satisfied it was the same man I had seen more than three years before.

"Peter Rugg?" said I; "and who is Peter Rugg?" "That," said the stranger, "is more than any one can tell exactly. He is a famous traveller, held in light esteem by all innholders, for he never stops to eat, drink or sleep. I wonder why the government does not employ him to carry the mail."

"Ay," said a bystander, "that is a thought bright only on one side; how long would it take to send a letter to Boston? or Peter his, to my knowledge, been more than twenty years travelling to that place."

"But," said I, "does the man never stop anywhere? does he never converse with any one?" I saw the same man more than three years since, near Providence, and I heard a strange story about him. Pray, sir, give me some account of this man?"

"Sir," said the stranger, "those who know the most respecting that man, say the least. I have heard it asserted that heaven sometimes sets a mark on a man, either for judgment or a trial. Under which Peter Rugg now labors I cannot say."

"You speak like a humane man," said I, "and if you have known him so long, I pray you give me account of him. Has he much altered in that time?"

"Why, yes. He looks as though he never ate, drank, or slept; and his child looks older than himself, and he looks like time broken off from eternity."

"And how does his horse look?" said I. "As for his horse, he looks fatter, and shows more animation than he did twenty years ago. The last time Rugg spoke to me he inquired how far it was to Boston. I told him just one hundred miles."

"Why," said he, "how can you deceive me so? It is cruel to mislead a traveller. I have lost my way; pray direct me the nearest way to Boston."

"I repeated it was one hundred miles. 'How can you say so,' said he; 'I was told last evening it was but fifty, and I have travelled all night.'"

"But," said I, "you are now travelling from Boston; you must turn back."

"Alas," said he, "it is all turn back! Boston shifts with the wind, and plays all around the compass. One man tells me it is to the east, another to the west; and the guide-posts, too, they all point the wrong way."

"But will you not rest? You look wet and weary."

"Yes, it has been foul weather since I left home."

"Stop, then, and refresh yourself."

"I must not stop; I must reach home to-night."

"He then gave the reins to his horse, which he restrained with difficulty, and disappeared in a moment."

"A few days afterwards I met the man a little this side of Clairmont, winding around the hills in Unity, at the rate I believe of twelve miles an hour."

"Is Peter Rugg his real name?"

"I know not, but presume he will not deny his name; you can ask him—for see he has turned his horse and is passing this way."

In a moment a dark-colored, high-spirited horse approached, and would have passed without stopping, but I had resolved to speak to Peter Rugg, or whoever the man might be. Accordingly I stepped into the street, and as the horse approached I made a feint of stopping him. The man immediately reined in his horse. "Sir," said I, "may I be so bold as to inquire if you are not Mr. Rugg, for I think I have seen you before?"

"My name is Peter Rugg's," said he; "I have unfortunately lost my way; I am wet and weary and will take it kindly of you to direct me to Boston."

"You live in Boston, do you, and in what street?"

"In Middle Street."

"When did you leave Boston?"

"I cannot tell precisely; a considerable time."

"But how did you and your child become so wet? It has not rained here today."

"It has just rained a heavy shower up the river. But I shall not reach Boston tonight if I tarry. Would you advise me to take the old road, or the turnpike?"

"Why, the old road is one hundred and seventeen miles, and the turnpike is ninety-seven."

"How can you say so? you impose on me; it is wrong to trifle with a traveller; you know it is but forty miles from Newburyport to Boston."

"But this is not Newburyport; this is Hartford."

"Do not deceive me, sir. Is not this Newburyport, and the river that I have been following, the Merrimack?"

"This is Hartford, and the river the Connecticut."

He wrang his hands and looked incredulous.

"Have the rivers too changed their courses, as the cities have changed places? But see! the clouds are gathering in the south and we shall have a rainy night."

I had now, as I thought, discovered a clue to the history of Peter Rugg, and I determined, the next time my business called me to Boston, to make a further inquiry. Soon after, I was enabled to collect the

following particulars from Mrs. Croft, an aged lady in Middle Street, who has resided in Boston during the last twenty years. She said:

"The last summer, a person, just at twilight, stopped at the door of the late Mrs. Rugg. Mrs. Croft, on coming to the door, perceived a stranger, with a child by his side, in an old weather-beaten carriage, with a black horse. The stranger asked for Mrs. Rugg and was informed that Mrs. Rugg had died more than twenty years ago."

"The stranger replied, 'How can you deceive me so? do ask Mrs. Rugg to step to the door.'"

"Sir, I assure you Mrs. Rugg has not lived here these nineteen years."

"The stranger paused, and looked up and down the street, and said, 'Though the painting is rather faded this looks like my house.'"

"Yes," said the child, "that is the stone before the door that I used to sit on to eat my bread and milk."

"But," said the stranger, "it seems to be on the wrong side of the street. Indeed, everything here seems to be misplaced. The streets are all changed, the people are all changed, the towns seem changed, and what is stranger of all, Catherine Rugg has deserted her husband and child. Pray, continued the stranger, 'has John Foy come home from sea? He went on a long voyage; he is my kinsman. If I could see him, he could give me some account of Mrs. Rugg.'"

"Sir, said Mrs. Croft, 'I never heard of John Foy. Where does he live?'"

"Just above here in Orange Tree Lane."

"There is no such place in this neighborhood."

"What do you tell me! Are the streets gone?"

Orange Tree Lane is at the head of Hanover Street, near Pemberton's Hill."

"There is no such lane now."

"Madam! you cannot be serious. But you doubtless know my brother, William Rugg. He lives in Royal Exchange Lane, near King Street."

"I know of no such lane; and I am sure there is no such street as King Street in this town."

"No such place as King Street! Why, woman, you mock me. You may as well tell me there is no King George. However, madam, see, I am wet and weary. I will go to Hart's tavern, near the market."

"Which market, sir? we have several markets."

"Here the stranger looked disconcerted and uttered to himself quite audibly, 'Strange mistake, how much this looks like the town of Boston! It certainly has a great resemblance to it; but I perceive my mistake.'"

"Then," said he, "can you direct me to Boston?"

"Why, this is Boston, the city of Boston."

"City of Boston, it may be; but it is not the Boston where I live. I recollect now, I came over a bridge instead of a ferry. What bridge is that?"

"It is the Charles River bridge."

"I perceive my mistake; there is a ferry between Boston and Charlestown; there is no bridge. Ah, I perceive my mistake. If I were in Boston, my horse would carry me directly to my own door. But my horse shows by his impatience that he is in a strange place. Absurd, that I should have mistaken this place for the old town of Boston. It has been built long since Boston. I fancy it must lie at a distance from this city, as the good woman seems ignorant of it."

"At these words his horse began to chafe, and strike the pavement with his forefeet. The stranger seemed a little bewildered, and said, 'no home to-night; and giving the reins to his horse, passed up the street.'"

It was evident that the generation to which Peter Rugg belonged had passed away. This was all the account of Peter Rugg I could obtain from Mrs. Croft; but she directed me to an elderly man, Mr. James Felt, who lived near her.

"It is true," said Mr. Felt, "sundry stories grew out of Rugg's affair, whether true or false I cannot tell; but stranger things have happened in my day."

"Sir," said I, "Peter Rugg is now living. I have lately seen Peter Rugg and his child, horse, and chair."

"Why, my friend," said James Felt, "that Peter Rugg is now a living man, I will not deny; but you have seen Peter Rugg and his child, is impossible. If you mean a small child; for Jenny Rugg, if living, must be at least—let me see—Boston Massacre, 1770—Jenny Rugg was about ten years old. Why, sir, Jenny Rugg, if living must be more than sixty years of age. That Peter Rugg is living is highly probable, as he was only ten years older than myself, and I am only eighty last March; and I am as likely to live twenty years longer as any man."

How I perceived that Mr. Felt was in his dotage; and I despaired of gaining any reliable intelligence.

I took my leave and proceeded to my lodgings.

It Peter Rugg, thought I, has been travelling since the Boston Massacre, there is no reason why he should not travel the end of time. If the present generation knows it is of him, the next will know less; and Peter and his child will have no hold on this world.

In the course of the evening I related my adventure.

"Ha!" said one of the company, smiling, "do you really think you have seen Peter Rugg? I have heard my grandfather speak of him as though he seriously believed his own story."

"Sir," said I, "pray let us compare your grandfather's story of Mr. Rugg with my own."

"Peter Rugg, sir, if my grandfather was worthy of credit, once lived in Middle Street in this city. He was a man in comfortable circumstances, had a wife and one daughter, and was generally esteemed for his sober life and manners. But unhap-

pily, his temper at times was altogether ungovernable; and then his language was terrible. In these fits of passion, it a door stood in his way, he would never do less than kick a panel through. He would sometimes throw his heels over his head and come down on his feet, uttering oaths in a circle; and thus in a rage he was the first to perform a somersault, and did what others have since learned to do for merriment and money. Once Rugg was seen to bite a tenpenny nail in halves. In those days everybody, both men and boys, wore wigs; and Peter, at these moments of violent passion, would become so profane that his wig would rise from his head. Some said it was on account of his terrible language; others accounted for it in a more philosophical way, and said it was caused by the expansion of his scalp, as violent passion, we know, will swell the veins and expand the head. While these fits were on him Rugg had no respect for heaven or earth. Except this infirmity, all agreed that Rugg was a good sort of man."

"It was late in autumn one morning, that Rugg, in his own chair, with a fine large black horse, took his daughter and proceeded to Concord. On his return a violent storm overtook him. At dark he stopped in Menotomy, now West Cambridge, at the door of a Mr. Cutter, a friend of his, who urged him to tarry the night. On Rugg's declining to stop, Mr. Cutter urged him vehemently. 'Why, Mr. Rugg,' said Cutter, 'the night is dark; your little daughter will perish; you are in an open chair and the tempest is increasing.'"

"Let it increase," said Rugg, with a fearful oath; 'I will see home tonight, in spite of the tempest, or may I never see it!'"

"At these words he gave the whip to his high-spirited horse, and disappeared in a moment. But Peter Rugg did not reach home that night, or the next; nor, when he became a missing man, could he ever be traced."

"For a long time after, on every dark and stormy night, the wife of Peter Rugg would fancy she heard the crack of a whip and the fleet tread of a horse, and the rattling of a carriage passing her door. The neighbors, too, heard the same noises; and some said they knew it was Rugg's horse, the tread on the pavement was perfectly familiar to them. This occurred so repeatedly that at length the neighbors watched with lanterns and saw the real Peter Rugg, with his own horse and chair, and the child sitting beside him, pass before his own door, his head turned toward his house, and making every effort to stop, but in vain."

"The next day the friends of Mrs. Rugg exerted themselves to find her husband and child. They inquired at every public house and stable in town; but it did not appear that Rugg made any stay in Boston. No one, after Rugg had passed his own door, could give any account of him; though it was asserted by some that the clatter of Rugg's carriage over the pavements shook the houses on both sides of the streets."

"Thus Rugg and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten, and probably many in the neighborhood never heard a word on the subject."

"There was indeed a rumor that Rugg afterward was seen in Connecticut, between Sheffield and Hartford, passing through the country with headlong speed. This gave occasion to Rugg's friends to make further inquiry. But the more they inquired, the more they were baffled. If they heard of Rugg one day in Connecticut, the next they heard of him winding round the hills in New Hampshire; and soon after a man in a chair, with a small child, would be seen in Rhode Island, inquiring the way to Boston."

"But that which chiefly gave a color of mystery to the story of Peter Rugg was the affair at Charlestown Bridge. The toll-gatherer asserted that sometimes on the darkest and most stormy nights, when no object could be discerned, about the time Rugg was missing, a horse and wheel-carriage, with a noise equal to a troop, would at midnight, in utter contempt of the rates of toll, pass over the bridge. This occurred so frequently, that the toll-gatherer resolved to attempt a discovery. So on after, at the usual time, apparently the same horse and carriage approached the bridge from Charlestown Square. The toll-gatherer, prepared, took his stand as near the middle of the bridge as he dared, with a large three-legged stool in his hand. As the apparition passed he threw the stool at the horse, but heard nothing, except the noise of the stool skipping across the bridge. The toll-gatherer on the next day asserted that the stool went directly through the body of the horse; and he persisted in that belief ever after. Whether Rugg ever passed the bridge again, the toll-gatherer would never tell."

"And thus Peter Rugg and his child, horse, and carriage, remains a mystery to this day."

BORN.

Lunenburg, Sept. 13, to the wife of B. Russell, a son.

Truro, Sept. 16, to the wife of James Duthie, a son.

Truro, Sept. 19, to the wife of G. M. Dawson, a son.

Windsor, Sept. 19, to the wife of Dr. Reid, a daughter.

Dartmouth, Sept. 19, to the wife of A. F. Curtis, a son.

Hantsport, Sept. 8, to the wife of Charles Grey, a son.

Parishboro, Sept. 14, to the wife of David Layton, a son.

Parishboro, Sept. 14, to the wife of Charles Morris, a son.

Parishboro, Sept. 19, to the wife of Isaac Morrison, a son.

St. John, Sept. 21, to the wife of Charles Magee, a son.

Point de Bute, Sept. 8, to the wife of T. W. Carter, a son.

Lunenburg, Sept. 17, to the wife of W. McLaughlin, a son.

Parishboro, Sept. 12, to the wife of Robert Muniz, a daughter.

Truro, Sept. 14, to the wife of Duncan McDonald, a daughter.

Lower LaHave, Sept. 14, to the wife of G. A. Leck, a son.

Amherst, Sept. 13, to the wife of William Mason, Jr., a daughter.

Wolville, Sept. 17, to the wife of Walter Brown, a daughter.

Halifax, Sept. 21, to the wife of W. R. McCurdy, a daughter.

Halifax, Sept. 21, to the wife of E. P. Ryan, a daughter.

Liverpool, Sept. 18, to the wife of I. V. Dexter, a daughter.

Truro, Sept. 16, to the wife of Hugh Sutherland, a daughter.

Windsor, Sept. 19, to the wife of G. B. Dakin, a daughter.

Windsor, Sept. 17, to the wife of Peter Jadis, a daughter.

New Glasgow, Sept. 15, to the wife of J. F. McLean, a daughter.

Dalhousie, Sept. 17, to the wife of Andrew Hughes, a daughter.

Cape Negro, Sept. 11, to the wife of William Smith, a daughter.

Halifax, Sept. 19, to the wife of D. M. A. Money, a daughter.

Amherst, Sept. 17, to the wife of Robert Puzley, a daughter.

Kentville, Sept. 17, to the wife of John W. McLeod, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Sept. 10, to the wife of J. D. Chambers, a daughter.

Newcastle, Sept. 18, to the wife of Dr. W. I. Cates, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Sept. 12, to the wife of George Nelson, a daughter.

Wolville, N. S., Sept. 11, to the wife of Thomas Fryer, a son.

Glouce Bay, N. S., Sept. 23, to the wife of David McKee, a son.

Caledonia, N. B., Sept. 18, to the wife of Fred Ewell, a son.

Cape Negro, Sept. 12, to the wife of James H. Swain, a son.

Lawrencetown, Sept. 19, to the wife of William Conrod, a son.

Upper Granville, Sept. 14, to the wife of Frank Crowe, a daughter.

Upper Granville, Sept. 18, to the wife of Albert J. Foster, a daughter.

Fredericton, Sept. 24, to the wife of Percy Caniff, a daughter.

New Carlisle, Sept. 18, to the wife of Rev. J. M. Sutherland, a daughter.

Summersville, N. S., Sept. 11, to the wife of Thomas B. Mosher, a daughter.

West Head, C. S. I., Sept. 16, to the wife of James W. Renshan, a daughter.

Galloway, N. B., Sept. 17, to the wife of Robert McLellan, two sons and a daughter.

Halifax, Sept. 10, Douglas McLennan to Johanna Maney.

Bridgewater, Sept. 20, A. F. Fuller to Ellen A. Dauphinee.

Pleasant River, Sept. 10, George H. Wenzell to Mrs. Ida Hirtle.

Truro, Sept. 19, Rev. W. F. Parker, David Hay to Hattie M. Rennie.

Hampton, Sept. 8, by Rev. E. Fraser, Colin Noddin to Agnes Hammon.

St. John, Sept. 13, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, F. Archibald to Jennie G. Douglas.

Pictou, Sept. 11, by Rev. W. G. Lane, William Gould to Florence Gillespie.

Pengfield, Sept. 23, by Rev. Ronald E. Smith, Eunus Johnston to Mary Sage.

Chatham, Sept. 10, by Rev. Neil McKay, James Johnston to Ida Blake.

Guy-boro, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. Purvis, William D. Myers to Hattie Martyn.

Truro, Sept. 19, by Rev. T. Cumming, James S. Kent to Minnie Johnson.

Halifax, Sept. 17, by Rev. Thomas Stewart, John Forsyth to Mary Donald.

Halifax, Sept. 17, by Rev. Father Foley, Matthew O'Toole to Mary Wilson.

Truro, Sept. 20, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, W. H. Bell to Margarette Blanchard.

Parishboro, Sept. 12, by Rev. James Sharp, James Jeffers to Mary A. Smith.

Halifax, Sept. 19, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, Robert C. Duncan to Mary Crocker.

Parishboro, Sept. 7, by Rev. James Sharp, Albert E. Fulton to Millie Jeffers.

Sackville, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. Harrison, Fred G. Kainnie to Mabel C. Ayer.

Halifax, Sept. 13, by Rev. N. Lemoine, Charles E. Roberts to Maggie DeLay.

Marysville, Sept. 19, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, James Burpee to Bertha L. Scott.

Manchester, Sept. 10, by Rev. Mr. McNeil, James W. Pyle to Louisa C. Bruce.

St. John, Sept. 21, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, R. O. Jackson to Clara Good.

Halifax, Sept. 20, by Rev. Irving Perry, James E. Croucher to Minnie Mitchell.

River John, by Rev. A. Lawson Gordon, Albert W. Mingo to Lizzie J. McNabb.

Newcastle, Sept. 17, by Rev. William Atkin, Richard Boyle to Elizabeth Craig.

Fredericton, Sept. 20, by Rev. Mr. Steeves, Elbridge S. I. to Della Perkins.

Windsor, Sept. 10, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Alfred Jennings to Catherine Curran.

Woodstock, Sept. 10, by Rev. Thomas Todd, McLeod Mill to Nora Merrithew.

Halifax, Sept. 21, by Rev. E. F. Murray, John P. Curran to Elizabeth McNeil.

Parishboro, Sept. 13, by Rev. James Sharp, Willard E. Boscoe to Carrie B. Sproul.

Berwick, Sept. 13, by Rev. P. S. McGregor, Harry W. Davidson to Nina E. Reed.

Parishboro, Sept. 10, by Rev. James Sharp, Fred Sterling to Edna May Harrigan.

St. John, Sept. 19, by Rev. Mr. W. A. Weeks, J. Alfred Gillan to Maggie M. A. Dalton.

St. Martins, Sept. 5, by Rev. W. Watts, H. G. Colpitts to Emma L. Bradshaw.

Upper Sackville, Sept. 17, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, John P. Grant to Ada G. Brown.

River John, Sept. 12, by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, Robert Murdoch to Olive Neilson.

River John, Sept. 12, by Rev. Lawson Gordon, Anne McKay to Minnie Macdonald.

Upper Sackville, Sept. 12, by Rev. T. D. Hart, George Casey to Lillian M. Allen.

Halifax, Sept. 19, by Rev. John McMillan, Oliver H. Sargeant to Sarah McKinnon.

Bathurst, Sept. 18, by Rev. A. P. Thompson, James E. Arundel to Ella M. Ramsay.

St. Stephen, Sept. 4, by Rev. Howard Sprague, George F. Deacon to Leticia Blake.

Scotch Village, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. W. Rees, Francis Dearman to Ellen Harvey.

Sussex, Sept. 19, by Rev. William Magges, Chesley D. Hazen to Elizabeth Richardson.

Halifax, Sept. 17, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, Nelson Lively to Mrs. Bessie Embling.

Shubenacadie, Sept. 18, by Rev. John Murray, Andrew Halliday to Mary E. Parker.

Green Village, Sept. 19, by Rev. James McLean, Fowler Fletcher to Lottie J. Spencer.

New Germany, Sept. 15, by Rev. E. D. P. Parry, George F. Stuart to George E. Fanny.

Woodstock, Sept. 13, by Rev. James Whitledge, Byron D. McLean to Nettie A. Gillis.

Skye, N. S., Sept. 18, by Rev. E. S. Bayne, Daniel H. McDonald to Jessie A. Gillis.

St. John, Sept. 19, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, William V. Macaulay to Elizabeth French.

Baie Verte, Sept. 18, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Edwin A. Goodwin to Frances Goodwin.

Fredericton, Sept. 20, by Rev. George B. Payson, George E. Clark to Hannah McManam.

New Carlisle, Sept. 3, by Rev. J. M. Sutherland, John Billingsley to Mrs. Mary Wellman.

Liverpool, N. S., Sept. 18, by Rev. G. W. Ball, Elison Wattmore to Isabella Wharton.

Little River, N. S., Sept. 18, by Rev. Wm. M. Knollin, Thomas Coleman to Maria Earl.

Melvern Square, Sept. 12, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, J. Abner Pinney to Annie M. VanBurskirk.

Scotch Village, Sept. 18, by Rev. W. W. Rees, William L. Withrow to Mabel H. Dexter.

St. Marys, Sept. 19, by Rev. William McDonald, Robert B. Adams to Sarah H. McFarlane.

Judique, C. B., Sept. 19, by Rev. C. A. Chisholm, Roderick J. McLennan to Mary H. Wall.

Lower Newcastle, Sept. 19, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, William Girdle to Margaret Murray.

Grand Manan, Sept. 15, by Rev. W. S. Covert, Alden M. Griffin to Amanda V. Ingersoll.

Campbellton, Sept. 12, by Rev. C. W. Sabes, Alexander McDavid to Maggie McNichol.

Midford, N. S., Sept. 18, by Rev. E. B. Dickie, John A. Dalrymple to Maggie Woodworth.

Salmondale, Sept. 3, by Rev. C. P. Hanington, George H. Harding to Minerva T. Bennett.

Strathmore, C. B., Sept. 12, by Rev. D. McDonald, William D. Lawrence to Sarah McKinnon.

Middle Musquodoboit, Sept. 19, by Rev. Edwin Smith, William C. Dickie to Fannie Layton.

Gaw's River, Sept. 20, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Arthur G. Annand to Sarah M. Woodworth.

Advocate Harbor, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. W. DesBarres, John E. Halliday to Julia Livingston.

Yarmouth, Sept. 19, by Rev. J. M. Withcombe, Prof. J. A. F. Ablescher to Anna R. Balfour.

West Pubnico, N. S., Sept. 17, by Rev. Father Sullivan, Joseph D'Entremont to Mary D'Entremont.

Halifax, Sept. 10, Douglas McLennan to Johanna Maney.

Bridgewater, Sept. 20, A. F. Fuller to Ellen A. Dauphinee.

Pleasant River, Sept. 10, George H. Wenzell to Mrs. Ida Hirtle.

Truro, Sept. 19, Rev. W. F. Parker, David Hay to Hattie M. Rennie.

Hampton, Sept. 8, by Rev. E. Fraser, Colin Noddin to Agnes Hammon.

St. John, Sept. 13, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, F. Archibald to Jennie G. Douglas.

Pictou, Sept. 11, by Rev. W. G. Lane, William Gould to Florence Gillespie.

Pengfield, Sept. 23, by Rev. Ronald E. Smith, Eunus Johnston to Mary Sage.

Chatham, Sept. 10, by Rev. Neil McKay, James Johnston to Ida Blake.

Guy-boro, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. Purvis, William D. Myers to Hattie Martyn.

Truro, Sept. 19, by Rev. T. Cumming, James S. Kent to Minnie Johnson.

Halifax, Sept. 17, by Rev. Thomas Stewart, John Forsyth to Mary Donald.

Halifax, Sept. 17, by Rev. Father Foley, Matthew O'Toole to Mary Wilson.

Truro, Sept. 20, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, W. H. Bell to Margarette Blanchard.

Parishboro, Sept. 12, by Rev. James Sharp, James Jeffers to Mary A. Smith.

Halifax, Sept. 19, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, Robert C. Duncan to Mary Crocker.

Parishboro, Sept. 7, by Rev. James Sharp, Albert E. Fulton to Millie Jeffers.

Sackville, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. Harrison, Fred G. Kainnie to Mabel C. Ayer.

Halifax, Sept. 13, by Rev. N. Lemoine, Charles E. Roberts to Maggie DeLay.

Marysville, Sept. 19, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, James Burpee to Bertha L. Scott.

Manchester, Sept. 10, by Rev. Mr. McNeil, James W. Pyle to Louisa C. Bruce.

St. John, Sept. 21, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, R. O. Jackson to Clara Good.

Halifax, Sept. 20, by Rev. Irving Perry, James E. Croucher to Minnie Mitchell.

River John, by Rev. A. Lawson Gordon, Albert W. Mingo to Lizzie J. McNabb.

Newcastle, Sept. 17, by Rev. William Atkin, Richard Boyle to Elizabeth Craig.

Fredericton, Sept. 20, by Rev. Mr. Steeves, Elbridge S. I. to Della Perkins.

Windsor, Sept. 10, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Alfred Jennings to Catherine Curran.

Woodstock, Sept. 10, by Rev. Thomas Todd, McLeod Mill to Nora Merrithew.

Halifax, Sept. 21, by Rev. E. F. Murray, John P. Curran to Elizabeth McNeil.

Parishboro, Sept. 13, by Rev. James Sharp, Willard E. Boscoe to Carrie B. Sproul.

Berwick, Sept. 13, by Rev. P. S. McGregor, Harry W. Davidson to Nina E. Reed.