

ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

"You'd be Beautiful!"

...engine, always have an idea... personal appearance of... Miss Alcott was... of hers told me the... anecdote. One very busy... various strangers, each of... variety of regrets to make... per summons to the draw... dy and a little girl." As... hostess said she could not... second thought she declared... she descended to meet a... lady, who explained that... been so anxious to meet... had come all this way... ated tale to which, with... the authoress of "Little... ed so many times that... le this was going on, Miss... deder to the child, who... tely dumb. This young... d very carefully on the... and regarding her hostess... on of painful solemnity... look of her small visitor... rressive in time, and Miss... urragingly, "Well, my... hing to say?"

"We met," I was in a crowd... "Tom Wilson, is that you?"

"Do you doubt it? I flatter myself that there is no likeness of such a handsome fellow to be found in the world. It is I, I swear!—although very little of me is left to swear by." The best part of me I have left to attract the mosquitoes and black flies in that infernal bush. But where is Moodie?"

"There he is—trying to induce Mr. S. to go for love or money, to let me have a bed for the night."

"You shall have mine," said Tom. "I am sleeping upon the floor of the parlor in a blanket, Indian fashion. It's a bargain—Till you settle it with the Yankee directly; let's the best fellow in the world! In the meanwhile here is a little parlor, which is a pig-stick affair between some of us young fellows for the time being. Step in here, and I will go for Moodie; I long to tell him what I think of this confounded country. But you will find it out all in good time;" and robbing his hands together with a most lively and mischievous expression, he considered his way through trunks, and boxes, and anxious faces, to communicate to my husband the arrangement he had so kindly made for us.

"Accept this gentleman's offer, sir, till to-morrow," said Mr. S.—"I can then make more comfortable arrangements for your family; but we are crowded—crowded to excess. My wife and daughters are obliged to sleep in a little chamber over the stable, to give our guests more room. Hard that, I guess, for decent people to locate over the horses."

These matters settled, Moodie returned with Tom Wilson to the little parlor, in which I had already made myself at home.

"Well, now, is it not funny that I should be the first to welcome you to Canada?" said Tom.

"But what are you doing here, my dear fellow?"

"Shaking every day with the ague. But I could laugh in spite of my teeth to hear them make such a confounded rattling; you would think they were all quarrelling which should first get out of my mouth. This shaking mania forms one of the chief attractions of this new country."

"I fear," said I, remarking how thin and pale he had become, "that this climate cannot agree with you."

"Nor I with the climate. Well, we shall soon be quits, for, to let you into a secret, I am now on my way to England."

"Impossible!"

"It is true."

"And the farm; what have you done with it?"

"Sold it."

"And your outfit?"

"Sold that too."

"To whom?"

"To one who will take better care of both than I did. Ah! such a country!—such people!—such rogues!—it beats Australia hollow; you know your customers there—but here you have to find them out. Such a take in—God forgive them!—I never could take care of money; and one way or other, they have cheated me out of all mine. I have scarcely enough left to pay my passage home. But, to provide against the worst, I have bought a young bear, a splendid fellow, to make my peace with my uncle. You must see him; he is close by in the stable."

"To-morrow we will pay a visit to Bruin; but to-night do tell us something about yourself, and your residence in the bush."

"You will know enough about the bush by-and-by. I am a bad historian," he continued, stretching out his legs, and yawning horribly. "A worse biographer. I never can find words to relate facts. But I will try what I can do; mind, don't laugh at my blunders."

"We promised to be serious—no easy matter while looking at and listening to Tom Wilson, and he gave us, at detached intervals, the following account of himself:—

"My troubles began at sea. We had a fair voyage and all that; but my poor dog, my beautiful Duchess—that beauty in the beast—died. I wanted to read the funeral service over her, but the captain interfered—the brute!—and threatened to throw me into the sea along with the dead bitch, as he unmanly ruffian persisted in calling my canine friend. I never spoke to him again during the voyage. Nothing happened worth relating until I got to this place, where I chanced to meet a friend who knew my brother, and I went up with him to the woods. Most of the wise men of Gotham we met on the road were bound to the woods; so felt happy that I was, at least, in the fashion. Mr. — was very kind, and spoke in raptures of the woods, which formed the theme of conversation during our journey—their beauty, their vastness, the comfort and independence enjoyed by those who had settled in them; and he so inspired me with the subject that I did nothing all day but sing as we rode along:—

"A life in the woods for me!"

until we came to the woods, and then I soon

learned to sing that same, as the Irishman says, on the other side of my mouth."

Here succeeded a long pause, during which friend Tom seemed mightily tickled with his reminiscences, for he leaned back in his chair, and, from time to time, gave way to loud, hollow bursts of laughter.

"Tom, Tom! are you going mad?" said my husband, shaking him.

"I never was sane, that I know of," returned he. "You know that it runs in the family. But do let me have my laugh out. The woods! Ha! ha! When I used to be roaming through those woods, shooting, though not a thing could I ever find to shoot, for birds and beasts are not such fools as our English emigrants—and I chanced to think of you coming to spend the rest of your lives in the woods—I used to stop, and hold my sides, and laugh until the woods rang again. It was the only consolation I had."

"Good heavens!" said I, "let us never go to the woods."

"You will repent if you do," continued Tom. "But let me proceed on my journey. My bones were well-nigh dislocated before we got to D—. The roads for the last twelve miles were nothing but a succession of mudholes, covered with the most ingenious invention ever thought of for racking the limbs, called corduroy bridges; not breeches, mind you,—for I thought whilst jolting up and down over them, that I should arrive at my destination minus that indispensable covering. It was night when we got to Mr. —'s place. I was tired and hungry, my face disfigured and blistered by the unremitting attentions of the black flies that rose in swarms from the river. I thought to get a private room to wash and dress in, but there is no such thing as privacy in this country. In the bush, all things are in common; you cannot even get a bed without having to share it with a companion. A bed on the floor in a public sleeping-room! Think of that; a public sleeping-room!—men, women, and children, only divided by a paltry curtain. Oh, ye gods! I think of the snoring, squalling, grumbling, puffing; think of the kicking, elbowing, and crowding; the suffocating heat, the mosquitoes, with their infernal buzzing—and you will form some idea of the misery I endured the first night of my arrival in the bush."

"But these are not half the evils which you have to contend. You are persecuted with nocturnal visitants far more disagreeable than even the mosquitoes, and must put up with annoyances more disgusting than the crowded close room. And then, to appease the cravings of hunger, fat pork is served to you three times a day. No wonder that the Jews eschewed the vile animal; they were people of taste. Pork, morning, noon, and night, swimming in its own grease! The bishop who complained of partridges every day should have been condemned to three months' feeding upon pork in the bush; and he would have become an anchorite, to escape the horrid sights of swine's flesh for ever spread before him. No wonder I am thin; I have been starved—starved upon pritters and pork, and that disgusting specimen of unleavened bread, yclept cakes in the pan."

"I had such a horror of the pork diet, that whenever I saw the dinner in progress I fled to the canoe, in the hope of drowning upon the waters reminiscence of the hateful banquet; but even here the very fogs of the air and the reptiles of the deep lifted up their voices, and shouted, 'Pork, pork, pork!'"

—remonstrated with his friend for deserting the country for such minor evils as these, which, after all, he said, could easily be borne.

"Easily borne!" exclaimed the indignant Wilson. "Go and try them; and tell me that. I did try to bear them with a good grace, but it would do no. I offended everybody with my grumbling. I was constantly reminded by the ladies of the house that gentlemen should not come to this country without they were able to put up with a little inconvenience; that I should make as good a settler as a butterfly in a beehive; that it was impossible to be nice about food and dress in the bush; that people must learn to eat what they could get, and be content to be shabby and dirty, like their neighbors in the bush,—and that horrid word bush became synonymous with all that was hateful and revolting in my mind."

"It was impossible to keep anything to myself. The children pulled my books to pieces to look at the pictures; and an impudent, bare-legged Irish servant girl took my towel to wipe the dishes with, and my clothes brush to black shoes—an operation which she performed with a mixture of soot and grease. I thought I should be better off in a place of my own, so I bought a wild farm that was recommended to me, and paid for it double what it was worth. When I came to examine my estate, I found there was no house upon it, and I should have to wait until the fall to get one put up, and a few acres cleared for cultivation. I was glad to return to my old quarters."

"Finding nothing to shoot in the woods I determined to amuse myself with fishing; but Mr. — could not always lend his canoe, and there was no other to be had. To pass away the time, I set about making one. I bought an axe, and went to the forest to select a tree. About a mile from the lake, I found the largest pine I ever saw. I did not much like to try my maiden hand upon it, for it was the first and the last I ever cut down. But to it I went; and I blessed God that it reached the ground without killing me in its way thither. When I was about it, I thought I might as well make the canoe big enough; but the bulk of the tree deceived me in the length of my vessel, and I forgot to measure the one that belonged to Mr. —. It took me six weeks hollowing it out, and when it was finished, it was as long as a sloop-of-war, and too unwieldy for all the oxen in the township to draw it to the water. After all my labour, my combats with those wood-demons the black-flies, and flies, and mosquitoes, my boat remains a useless monument of my industry. And worse than this, the fatigue I had endured, while working at it late and early, brought on the ague; which so disgusted me with the country that I sold my farm and all my traps for an old song; purchased Bruin to bear me company on my voyage home; and the moment I am able to get rid of this tormenting fever, I am off."

Argument and remonstrance were alike in vain, he could not be dissuaded from his purpose. Tom was as obstinate as his bear. The next morning he conducted us to the

stable to see Bruin. The young denizen of the forest was tied to the manger, quietly masticating a cob of Indian corn, which he held in his paw, and looked half human as he sat upon his haunches, regarding us with a solemn, melancholy air. There was an extraordinary likeness, quite ludicrous, between Tom and the bear. We said nothing but exchanged glances. Tom read our thoughts.

"Yes," said he, "there is a strong resemblance; I saw it when I bought him. Perhaps we are brothers;" and taking in his hand the chain that held the bear, he bestowed upon him sundry fraternal caresses, which the ungrateful Bruin returned with low and savage growls.

"He can't flatter. He's all truth and sincerity. A child of nature, and worthy to be my friend; the only Canadian I ever mean to acknowledge as such."

About an hour after this, poor Tom was shaking with ague, which in a few days reduced him so low that I began to think he never would see his native shores again. He bore the affliction very philosophically, and all his well days he spent with us.

One day my husband was absent, having accompanied Mr. S. to inspect a farm, which he afterwards purchased, and I had to get through the long day in the best manner I could. The local papers were soon exhausted. At that period, they possessed little or no interest for me. I was astonished and disgusted at the abusive manner in which they were written, the freedom of the press being enjoyed to an extent in this province unknown in more civilized communities.

Men, in Canada, may call one another rogues and miscreants, in the most approved Billingsgate, through the medium of the newspapers, which are a sort of safety-valve to let off all the bad feelings and malignant passions floating through the country, without any dread of the horsewhip. Hence it is the commonest thing in the world to hear one editor abusing, like a pickpocket an opposition brother; calling him a reptile—a crawling thing—a calculator—a hired vendor of lies, and his paper a smut machine—a vile corruption, as base and degraded as the proprietor, &c. Of this description was the paper I now held in my hand, which had the impudence to style itself the *Reformer*—not of morals or manners, certainly, if one might judge by the vulgar abuse that defiled every page of the precious document. I soon flung it from me, thinking it worthy of the fate of many a better production in the olden times, that of being burned by the common hangman; but, happily, the office of hangman has become obsolete in Canada, and the editors of these refined journals may go on abusing their betters with impunity.

Books I had none, and I wished that Tom would make his appearance, and amuse me with his oddities; but he had suffered so much from the ague the day before that when he did enter the room to lead me to dinner, he looked like a walking corpse—the dead among the living! So livid, so melancholy, it was really painful to look upon him.

"I hope the ladies who frequent the ordinary, won't fall in love with me," said he, grinning at himself in the miserable looking-glass that formed the case of the Yankee clock, and was ostentatiously displayed on a side table; "I look quite killing to-day. What a comfort it is, Mrs. M.—, to be above all rivalry!"

In the middle of dinner, the company was disturbed by the entrance of a person who had the appearance of a gentleman, but who was evidently much flustered with drinking. He thrust his chair in between two gentlemen who sat near the head of the table, and in a loud voice demanded fish.

"Fish, sir?" said the obsequious waiter, a great favourite with all persons who frequented the hotel; "there is no fish, sir. There was a fine salmon, sir, had you come sooner; but 'tis all eaten, sir."

"Then fetch me something, smart!"

"I'll see what I can do, sir," said the obliging Tim, hurrying out.

Tom Wilson was at the head of the table, carving a roast pig, and was in the act of helping a lady, when the rude fellow thrust his fork into the pig, calling out as he did so.

"Hold, sir! give me some of that pig! You have eaten among you all the fish, and now you are going to appropriate the best parts of the pig!"

Tom raised his eyebrows, and stared at the stranger in his peculiar manner, then very coolly placed the whole of the pig on his plate. "I have heard," he said, "of dog eating dog, but I never before saw pig eating pig."

"Sir! do you mean to insult me?" cried the stranger, his face crimsoning with anger.

"Only to tell you, sir, that you are no gentleman. Here, Tim," turning to the waiter, "go to the stable and bring in my bear; we will place him at the table to teach this man how to behave himself in the presence of ladies."

A general uproar ensued; the women left the table, while the entrance of the bear threw the gentlemen present into convulsions of laughter. It was too much for the human biped; he was forced to leave the room, and succumb to the bear.

My husband concluded his purchase of the farm, and invited Wilson to go with us into the country and try if change of air would be beneficial to him; for in his weak state it was impossible for him to return to England. His funds were getting very low, and Tom thankfully accepted the offer. Leaving Bruin in the charge of Tim (who delighted in the oddities of the strange English gentleman, Tom made one of our party to—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Orators.

It is encouraging to young speakers to know that there never has been, and never will be, such a thing as a "born orator."

There has never yet been an instance of an orator becoming famous—who did not apply himself assiduously to the cultivation of his art. Many eyes had to overcome great physical infirmities that rendered it almost hopeless for them to adopt the career of a public speaker.

The best known instance is that of Demosthenes, who passed some months in a subterranean cell, shaving one side of his head so that he could not appear in public. He there practiced with pebbles in his mouth to overcome a defect in his speech, and gesticulated beneath a suspended sword to rid himself of an ungraceful movement of the shoulder. Even then he was hissed from the arena in his early efforts, but he persevered—the world knows with what success. When Robert Walpole first spoke in the House he paused for want of words and continued only to stutter and stammer. Curran was known at school as "stuttering Jack Curran," and in a debating society which he joined, as "Orator Mum."

Every one will also readily recall Disraeli's failure when he rose to make his maiden speech. Cobden's first effort was also a humiliating failure. But one should not conclude from these instances that every speaker who breaks down is sure to blossom into fame subsequently. We have been quoting the exceptions to the general rule. More frequently speakers' mishaps are like that of the Earl of Rochester.

"My lords," said he, on one occasion, "I—I—I rise this time, my lords, I—I—I divide my discourse into four branches." Here he came to a woeful pause, and then he added: "My lords, if ever I rise again in this house I give you leave to cut me off root and branch forever."

Many of the best orators have even to their latest efforts, felt a tremor on rising to speak. Erskine said that on his rising to plead for the first time he should have sat down in confusion had he not felt his children tugging at his gown. The Earl of Derby, "the Rupert of debate," always knew when he was going to speak well by his nervousness on rising. This was also a characteristic of Canning. At a dinner given by the Mayor of Liverpool he was so nervous before being called on to speak that he had twice to leave the room to collect his thoughts. This may have been, however, owing to the comparative novelty of his position.

Many an orator outside his accustomed haunts is completely lost. Lord Eldon said he was always somewhat nervous in speaking at the Goldsmiths' Dinner, though he could talk before Parliament as though he were addressing so many rows of cabbage plants. Mr. Cobden, speaking of Lord John Russell, said: "On the boards of the House of Commons Johnny is one of the most subtle and dangerous of opponents; take him off these boards and I care nothing for him." To few was it given as to O'Connell to succeed equally with all audiences. Before he entered the House he was declared to be a mere "mob orator;" but in 1830 he was returned, and in 1831 he was recognized as a leader. Whether in swaying a multitude on a hillside, appealing to the more educated assembly in Parliament, or in persuading a jury in a court house, he was equally at home.

The Tendency of Church-Goers.

According to statistics obtained by a New York journal the Episcopalians is the only one among the Protestant churches which has kept up in its increase with the recent growth of that city.

Allowing for an addition of 200,000, or 15.33 per cent, in the population, during the past five years, we find that the combined Protestant denominations, leaving out the Episcopal, have only gained 3.12 per cent, as against a gain of twelve times as much in population. On the other hand the Episcopal church has gained nearly one-third or 31.74 per cent.

Next to the Episcopal church comes the Presbyterian, but its gain is very small, being less than one per cent. The Baptist, Methodist, Reformed and Congregational are at a stand-still or have fallen off since 1852.

There seems to be a growing tendency toward the Episcopal church because it offers a service that is more attractive, without so much regard to the eloquence of the clergyman.

The ministers of other denominations are beginning to appreciate this, as is shown by the fact that at ministerial association meetings in Toronto, Presbyterian and other clergymen have declared openly and strongly for a liturgical service and more music.—Ex.

The Ruby.

There exists only one true ruby, the Oriental ruby. The spiral ruby and the balas ruby must be carefully distinguished from this valuable gem, as they do not resemble the Oriental ruby either in nature or composition. Mr. Babinet says that the Oriental ruby ranks first for price and beauty among all colored stones. When its color is of good quality it has the vivid tint of arterial blood (a tint called "pigeon blood" in commerce), or of the very color of the red ray in the solar spectrum. It is also the red color of the painter's palette, without any admixture of either violet or orange. Several of the rods in the stained glass panes of our ancient cathedrals, where the light of day shines through them, give an idea of this brilliant color. The ruby is extremely hard, and after the sapphire, which surpasses it a little in this respect, is the hardest of precious stones, always excepting the diamond, to which nothing can be compared. According to a remark of Charles Achard, than whom a more competent person does not exist in France, as far as correct appreciation of colored precious stones is concerned, weight has not the same effect in their cases as in that of the diamond.

Talk about the bitterness of party politics in Canada, but for bitterness and narrow-mindedness commend us to the United States. The late President Garfield was hounded for some thirty days, which was paid him in pursuance of a public duty, and now the New York Tribune has entered upon a campaign under the heading of President Cleveland's record, in which the personal character of every appointment made by him is reviewed, the private character of each officer, whose name is mentioned, being delved into in order to furnish material. If that sort of thing is continued, wages of public servants will have to be increased, for men whose characters can stand strict probing are rather scarce.

Mrs Garrett's Wealth.

A Woman Who Manages \$30,000,000 Worth of Property.

"Miss Mary Garrett, the daughter of the founder of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad system, is an extraordinary woman," said a gentleman well acquainted with the facts, "and, but that she is a woman, would to-day be President of that road." Miss Garrett has never obtruded her individuality in the management of the great property which her father left her at his death, but her influence and capacity have nevertheless been felt and recognized by every one who has come in contact with the financial management of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. For many years before her father's death she was his chief assistant. Her love for her father was the ruling passion of her life, and her devotion to him was the admiration of her friends and the despair of those who sought to win her hand in marriage.

Miss Garrett to-day, although few persons know it, controls and manages the Garrett interest in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and has for some time been the most powerful factor in the manipulation of the interests of that great corporation. She is thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the business of the road and its financial status, and has always been looked upon as one of its most sagacious advisers.

Although personally directing the management of a property worth not less than \$20,000,000 Miss Garrett is almost unknown to business men, because her fine sense of modesty and true womanly reserve will not permit her to assume an individual and personal control which both her capacity for financial affairs and her direct control of millions of money would enable her to do.

There is no woman in the United States who can command more ready cash than Miss Garrett. Her knowledge of the road and its management gives her a position in the councils of that corporation not possessed by any other individual. When her father was living Miss Garrett was his private secretary, his best adviser and his most trusted friend, even above any of the old gentleman's sons. It was in this capacity that she obtained her knowledge of the road and her insight into its financial affairs. After the death of her father Miss Garrett's influence over her brother, Robert Garrett, was so marked that it became a matter of current talk in Baltimore. But there were certain theories held by her brother which even the influence which she held over him could not successfully combat. When the schemes which led to the invocation of the aid of the Drexel syndicate culminated, Robert Garrett saw the wisdom of his sister's counsels, which he had failed to follow, and practically surrendered to her the management of his interest in the road. When he started out on his tour around the world his sister followed and overtook him at San Francisco, where he was induced to give to her the control of all of his interests in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

Recently, when the syndicate which had helped the Baltimore and Ohio out of the difficulties in which it had unwittingly been plunged began to haggle about the commissions and threatened to place the road in an embarrassing position, Miss Garrett quietly brushed them all aside, and put up the needed cash, and saved the credit of the company. Since the recent death of her brother, T. Harrison Garrett, Miss Mary Garrett's control of the Garrett estate has become practically unlimited during Robert Garrett's absence.

Miss Garrett is a most unassuming lady, and would never be taken for a great financier, as she is, at first sight. She is not fond of notoriety, and in manners and habits is a most domestic and home-loving woman. She worshipped her father, and her most ardent hope is to see the great road which he built and brought to such great importance kept up to the position where he left it, and perpetuated as one of the great institutions of the country.

Dentistry Robbed of its Terrors.

I had the pleasure of having a tooth filled by a girl dentist the other day. The word pleasure is used to some extent advisedly, for there were pleasant things about it. She was very pleasant to look at, with brown eyes and brown curly hair, for one thing. She was very pleasant spoken and she had small fingers that went easily in the mouth. She was a sympathetic creature, too, and had all manner of ingenious contrivances for making unpleasant processes as little unpleasant as possible. She had very tastefully furnished parlors for receiving unfortunates, and she didn't leave *Puck* or *Judge* or anything else oppressively funny about to remind them of their doom. There were fine pictures on the wall and some new books, there were art portieres and there was the girl dentist herself. She used to be a clerk for an importing house, I believe, writing the French and German letters for the firm. She clerked until she satisfied herself there was no future in that, then she went to a dental college and now she is establishing herself in the city. She says she likes her business and feels thoroughly at home in it, and her business, so far, seems to like her. It is her testimony that even in a dentist's chair a man can't resist the temptation to try to flirt, and that she has had big eyes enough made at her from over a big white napkin to shake any nerves not thoroughly steady.

"And what do you do in such cases?" was the query.

"Let him proceed till I get well started at work and then he usually has something else to think of. A man can't flirt with a drill getting in its fine work in a sensitive cavity. But most of my patients are women and children," she concluded. There are not more than two or three women dentists in New York. There was only one a year ago.

Reason to Repine.

Clerk (to employer)—"Mr. L. wherry, I would like to be excused from work this afternoon."

"What's the matter now?"

"A beloved aunt is dead and I would like to attend the funeral."

"Let's see—you've lost four beloved aunts this year. Have you any more of them?"

"No sir, but I have five uncles."

A cynic has said that one-half of the marriages are for money or for homes, one-quarter are arranged out of pique, one-eighth are love affairs purely and the remainder are agreed upon in order that one or the other of the parties may escape the persecutions of unwelcome suitors.

A Wife's Little Joke.

She—"I'm so glad you can stay to tea. Such a joke as I'm going to have on my husband. He's always growling about my cooking, and to-day his mother happened to drop in and I got her to 'make some biscuits.' Won't he feel cheap when he begins to criticise and then finds out his mother made them herself."

HALF AN HOUR LATER.

He—"My dear, you're becoming an angel of a cook. These biscuits are as fine as my mother makes."

Some of the prettiest seaside toilettes are of white cloth, braided with gold and colored beads, or trimmed with Oriental embroidery bands.

Fine armure silks in bird's-eye patterns are in the looms of France in preparation for next season's wear.