

"ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH."

CHAPTER V.

FIRST SETTLEMENT, AND THE BORROWING SYSTEM.

"Not know what sarce is? You are clever? Sarce is apples cut up and dried, to make into pies in the winter. Now do you comprehend?"

"I nodded.

"Well, I was going to say that I have no apples, and that you have a tarnation big few of them; and if you'll give me twenty bushels of your best apples, and find me with half a pound of coarse thread to string them upon—I will make you a barrel of sarce on shares—that is, give you one, and keep one for myself."

"I had plenty of apples, and I gladly accepted her offer, and Mrs. Betty Eye departed, elated with the success of her expedition.

"I found to my cost, that, once admitted into the house, there was no keeping her away. She borrowed everything she could think of, without once dreaming of restitution. I tried all ways of affronting her, but without success. Winter came, and she was still at her old pranks. Whenever I saw her coming down the lane, I used involuntarily to exclaim, "Betty Eye! Betty Eye! Eye upon Betty Eye! The Lord deliver me from Betty Eye!" The last time I was honoured with a visit from this worthy, she meant to favour me with a very large order upon my goods and chattels.

"Well, Mrs. Eye, what do you want today?"

"So many things that I scarce know where to begin. Ah, what a thing 'tis to be poor! First, I want you to lend me ten pounds of flour to make some Johnnie cakes."

"I thought they were made of Indian meal?"

"Yes, yes, when you've got the meal? I'm out of it, and this is a new fixing of my own invention. Lend me the flour, woman, and I'll bring you one of the cakes to taste."

"This was said very coaxingly.

"Oh, pray don't trouble yourself. What next?"

"I wanted to see how far her impudence would go, and determined to affront her if possible.

"I want you to lend me a gown, and a pair of stockings. I have to go to Oswego to see my husband's sister, and I'd like to look decent."

"Mrs. Eye, I never lend my clothes to any one. If I lent them to you, I should never wear them again."

"So much the better for me," (with a knowing grin). "I guess if you won't lend me the gown, you will let me have some black slack to quilt a stuff petticoat, a quarter of a pound of tea and some sugar; and I will bring them back as soon as I can."

"I wonder when that will be. You owe me so many things that it will cost you more than you imagine to repay me."

"Sure you're not going to mention what's past, I can't owe you much. But I will let you off the tea and the sugar, if you will lend me a five-dollar bill." This was too much for my patience longer to endure, and I answered sharply,

"Mrs. Eye, it surprises me that such proud people as you Americans should condescend to the meanness of borrowing from those whom you affect to despise. Besides, as you never repay us for what you pretend to borrow, I look upon it as a system of robbery. If strangers unfortunately settle among you, their good nature is taxed to supply your domestic wants, at a ruinous expense, besides the mortification of finding that they have been deceived and tricked out of their property. If you would come honestly to me and say, 'I want these things, I am too poor to buy them myself, and would be obliged to you to give them to me,' I would then acknowledge you as a common beggar, and treat you accordingly; give or not give, as it suited my convenience. But in the way in which you obtain these articles from me you are spared even a debt of gratitude; for you well know that the many things which you have borrowed from me will be a debt owing to the day of judgment."

"'Spose they are," quoth Betty, not in the least abashed at my lecture on honesty, "you know what the Scripture saith, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Ay, there is an answer to that in the same book which doubtless you may have heard," said I, disgusted with her hypocrisy, "The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again."

"Never shall I forget the furious passion into which this too apt quotation threw my unprincipled applicant. She lifted up her voice and cursed me, using some of the big oaths temporarily discarded for conscience sake. And so she left me, and I never looked upon her face again.

"When I removed to our own house, the history of which, and its former owner, I will give by-and-by, we had a bony, red-headed, ruffianly American squatter, who had "left for his country's good," for an opposite neighbor. I had scarcely time to put my house in order before his family commenced borrowing, or stealing from me. It is even worse than stealing, the things procured from you being obtained on false pretences—adding lying to theft. Not having either an oven or a cooking stove, which at that period were not so cheap, or so common as they are now, I had provided myself with a large bake-kettle as a substitute. In this kettle we always cooked hot cakes for breakfast, preferring that to the trouble of thawing the frozen bread. This man's wife was in the habit of sending over for my kettle whenever she wanted to bake, which, as she had a large family, happened nearly every day, and I found her impudent a great nuisance.

"I told the impudent lad so, who was generally sent for it; and said him what they did to bake their bread before I came."

"I guess we had to eat cakes in the pan; but now we can borrow this kettle of your'n, mother can fix bread."

"I told him that he could have the kettle this time; but I must decline letting his mother have it in future, for I wanted it for the same purpose.

"The next day passed over. The night was intensely cold, and I did not rise so early as usual in the morning. My servant was away at a quilting bee, and we were still in bed, when I heard the latch of the kitchen-door lifted up, and a step crossed the floor. I jumped out of bed, and began to dress as fast as I could, when Philander called out, in his well-known nasal twang,

"Missus! I'm come for the kettle."

"I (through the partition): "You can't have it this morning." We cannot get our breakfast without it."

Philander: "Nor more can the old woman to hum," and, snatching up the kettle,

which had been left to warm on the hearth, he rushed out of the house, singing at the top of his voice,

"Huzrah for the Yankee Boys!"

When James came home for his breakfast I sent him across to demand the kettle, and the dame very coolly told him that when she was done with it I might have it, but she defied him to take it out of her house with her bread in it.

One word more about this lad, Philander, before we part with him. Without the least intimation that his company would be agreeable, or even tolerated, he favoured us with it at all hours of the day, opening the door and walking in and out whenever he felt inclined. I had given him many broad hints that his presence was not required, but he paid not the slightest attention to what I said. One morning he marched in with his hat on, and threw himself down in the rocking-chair, just as I was going to dress my baby.

"Philander, I want to attend to the child; I cannot do it with you here. Will you oblige me by going into the kitchen?"

No answer. He seldom spoke during these visits, but wandered about the room, turning over our books and papers, looking at and handling everything. Nay, I have even known him to take the lid off from the pot on the fire to examine its contents.

I repeated my request.

Philander: "Well, I guess I shan't hurt the young'un. You can dress her."

I: "But not with you here."

Philander: "Why not? We never do anything that we are ashamed of."

I: "So it seems. But I want to sweep the room—you had better get out of the dust."

I took the broom from the corner, and began to sweep; still my visitor did not stir. The dust rose in clouds; he rubbed his eyes and moved a little nearer to the door. Another sweep, and to escape its inflections, he mounted the threshold. I had him now at a fair advantage, and fairly swept him out and shut the door in his face.

Philander (looking through the window): "Well, I guess you did me then; but 'is deuced hard to outwit a Yankee."

When a sufficient time had elapsed for the drying of my twenty bushels of apples, I sent a Cornish lad, in our employ, to Betty Eye's to enquire if they were ready, and when I should send the cart for them.

Dan returned with a yellow, smoke dried string of pieces cangling from his arm. Thinking that these were a specimen of the whole, I enquired when we were to send the cart for the rest.

"Lord, ma'am, this is all there be."

"Impossible! All out of twenty bushels of apples?"

"Yes," said the boy with a grin. "The old witch told me that this was all that was left of your share; that when they were fixed enough she put them under her bed for safety, and the mice and the children had eaten them all up but this string."

This ended my dealings with Betty Eye.

I had another incorrigible borrower in Betty B——. This Betty was unlike the rest of my Yankee borrowers; she was handsome in her person, and remarkably civil, and she asked for the loan of everything in such a frank, pleasant manner, that for some time I hardly knew how to refuse her. After I had been a loser to a considerable extent, and declined lending her any more, she refrained from coming to the house herself, but sent in her name the most beautiful boy in the world: a perfect cherub, with regular features, blue smiling eyes, rosy cheeks and lovely curling auburn hair, who said, in the softest tones imaginable, that mammy had sent him, with her compliments, to the English lady to ask the loan of a little sugar or tea. I could easily have refused the mother, but I could not find it in my heart to say nay to her sweet boy.

There was something original about Betty B——, and I must give a slight sketch of her.

She lived in a lone shanty in the woods, which had been erected by lumberers some years before, and which was destitute of a single acre of clearing; yet Betty had plenty of potatoes without the trouble of planting, or the expense of buying; she never kept a cow, yet she sold butter and milk; but she had a fashion, and it proved a convenient one to her, of making pets of the cattle of her neighbours. If our cows strayed from their pastures, they were always found near Betty's shanty, for she regularly supplied them with salt, which formed a sort of bond of union between them; and in return for these little attentions, they suffered themselves to be milked before they returned to their respective owners. Her mode of obtaining eggs and fowls was on the same economical plan, and we all looked upon Betty as a sort of freebooter, living upon the property of others. She had three husbands, and he with whom she now lived was not her husband, although the father of the splendid child whose beauty so won upon my woman's heart. Her first husband was still living (a thing by no means uncommon among persons of her class in Canada), and though they had quarrelled and parted years ago, he occasionally visited his wife to see her eldest daughter, Betty the younger, who was his child. She was now a fine girl of sixteen, as beautiful as her little brother. Betty's second husband had been killed in one of our fields, by a tree falling upon him while plunging under it. He was buried upon the spot, part of the blackened stump forming his monument. In truth, Betty's character was none of the best, and many of the respectable farmers' wives regarded her with a jealous eye.

"I am so jealous of that nasty Betty B——," said the wife of an Irish captain in the army, and our near neighbour, to me, one day as we were sitting at work together. She was a West Indian, and a negro by the mother's side, but an uncommonly fine-looking mulatto, very passionate, and very watchful over the conduct of her husband.

"Are you not afraid of letting Captain Moodie go near her shanty?"

"No indeed; and if I were so foolish as to be jealous, it would not be of old Betty, but of the beautiful young Betty, her daughter." Perhaps this was rather mischievous on my part for the poor dark lady went off in a frantic fit of jealousy, but this time it was not of old Betty.

Another American squatter was always sending over to borrow a small-tooth comb, which she called a *vermin destroyer*; and once the same person asked the loan of a towel, as a friend had come from the States to visit her, and the only one she had had made into a best "pinny" for the child; she likewise begged a sight in the looking-glass, as she wanted to try on a new cap, to see if it were fixed to her mind. The wo-

man must have been a mirror of neatness when compared with her dirty neighbors.

One night I was roused from my bed for the loan of a pair of "steelyards." For what purpose, I think you gentle reader? To weigh a new-born infant. The process was performed by tying the poor squalling thing up in a small shawl, and suspending it to one of the beams. The child was a fine boy, and weighed ten pounds, greatly to the delight of the Yankee father.

One of the drollest instances of borrowing I have ever heard of was told me by a friend. A maid-servant asked her mistress to go out on a particular afternoon, as she was going to have a party of her friends, and wanted the loan of the drawing room.

It would be endless to enumerate our losses in this way; but, fortunately for us, the arrival of an English family in our immediate vicinity drew off the attention of our neighbours in that direction, and left us time to recover a little from their persecutions.

This system of borrowing is not wholly confined to the poor and ignorant; it pervades every class of society. If a party is given in any of the small villages, a boy is sent round from house to house to collect all the plates and dishes, knives and forks, teaspoons and candlesticks, that are presentable, for the use of the company.

After removing to the bush, many misfortunes befell us, which deprived us of our income, and reduced us to great poverty. In fact we were strangers, and the knowing ones took us in; and for many years we struggled with hardships which would have broken stouter hearts than ours, had not our trust been placed in the Almighty, who among all our troubles never wholly deserted us.

While my husband was absent on the frontier during the rebellion, my youngest boy fell very sick, and required my utmost care, both by night and day. To attend to him properly, a candle burning during the night was necessary. The last candle was burnt out; I had no money to buy another, and no fat from which I could make one. I hated borrowing; but, for the dear child's sake, I overcame my scruples, and succeeded in procuring a candle from a good neighbor, but with strict injunctions (for it was *her law*) that I must return it if I did not require it during the night.

I went home quite grateful with my prize. It was a clear moonlight night—the dear boy was better, so I told old Jenny, my Irish servant, to go to bed, as I would lie down in my clothes by the child, and if he were worse I would get up and light the candle. It happened that a pane of glass was broken out of the window-frame, and I had supplied its place by fitting in a shingle; my friend Emilia S—— had a large Tom-cat, who, when his mistress was absent, often paid me a predatory or borrowing visit; and Tom had a practice of pushing in this wooden pane, in order to pursue his lawless depredations. I had forgotten all this, and never dreaming that Tom would appropriate such light food, I left the candle lying in the middle of the table, just under the window.

Between sleeping and waking I heard the pane gently pushed in. The thought instantly struck me that it was Tom, and that, for lack of something better, he might steal my precious candle.

I sprang up from the bed, just in time to see him dart through the broken window, dragging the long white candle after him. I flew to the door, and pursued him *half over the field*, but all to no purpose. I can see him now as I saw him then, scampering away for dear life, with his prize trailing behind him, gleaming like a silver tail in the bright light of the moon.

Ah! never did I feel more acutely the truth of the proverb, "Those that go a-borrowing go a-sorrowing," than I did that night. My poor boy awoke ill and feverish, and I had no light to assist him, or even to look into his sweet face to see how far I dared hope that the light of day would find him better.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Virgin Soil.

There is some of it left on the continent, though not much in the domain of the United States.

A committee of the Dominion senate, which has been accumulating evidences as to the material resources of the basin of the Mackenzie river, has just reported that the district which lies north of the Saskatchewan watershed, east of the Rocky Mountains, and west of Hudson's Bay, offers great advantages to explorers, traders and settlers. It is said that out of a total area of 1,260,000 square miles coming within the scope of the committee's inquiry, but about 400,000 square miles are useless for the pasturing of domestic animals or for cultivation. There are 666,000 square miles fitted for the growth of potatoes, 407,000 suitable for barley, and 316,000 for wheat. There is a pastoral area of 860,000 square miles, 26,000 miles of which are open prairie, with occasional groves, the remainder being more or less wooded; 274,000 square miles, including the prairie, may be considered as arable land.

This region is not going to remain long inaccessible. It must soon be tapped by railway. Besides there are some 4,000 miles of navigable coast line in lakes. Then there is a river navigation of 2,750 miles, half of which is suited for light-draught sea-going steamers, and the remainder for stern wheel steamers. It is plain to the committee that the region is rich enough in fresh lake fish to supply the North American continent. Salmon have been found in four of the rivers emptying into Hudson's bay, west shore, and in all those emptying into the Arctic sea except the Mackenzie, which, however, possesses the salmo Mackenzie, a different but valuable sea-fish, locally called *Inconnu*.

The resources in timber are vast. Many of the trees are of the giant kind, found on our Pacific coast. In minerals the committee claims equal riches, while as a matter of fact this region is to-day the great fur preserve of the world.

If our Canadian friends can convince mankind that the climate is hospitable, there is no reason why this still uncultivated region may not yet team with a great and industrious population.—*American Paper.*

Fatal Saturday.

In connection with the element of superstition which generally accompanies the deaths of monarchs, the following record (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*) would seem to show that for 176 years Saturday was very much of a fatal day to the Royal Family of England:

William III died Saturday, March 18, 1702.

Queen Anne died Saturday, March 18, 1714.

George I died Saturday, June 10, 1727.

George II died Saturday, October 25, 1760.

George III died Saturday, January 29, 1820.

George the IV died Saturday, June 26, 1830.

Duchess of Kent died Saturday, March 16, 1861.

Princess Consort died Saturday, December 14, 1861.

Prince Alice died Saturday, December 14, 1878.

He was doing very nicely in the parlor, when a solemn voice came through the open window from the porch. "That young man makes me very tired." "Don't be alarmed, Mr. Sampson," said the girl as he hastily started up, "it is only Polly, our parrot." "I understand it's the parrot," he replied, "but I would like to know who taught her to talk."—*N. Y. Sun.*

William Hastings Toon of London advertised in seventy English papers for a clerk at salary of \$450 a year. To applicants he returned a circular saying that he must have five shillings as a guarantee of good faith before considering the matter. The police arrested him after he had received many thousand applications and a goodly number of shillings and in court it came out that the whole business was the result of a wager of \$500 Toon had made with a friend that within a month he could get five thousand applications for a situation as a clerk and that two thousand of them would be accompanied by five shillings. The jury found him guilty of fraud, but the Judge released him under bonds with a warning and suspension of sentence.

The Healing Touch.

Our readers may have observed that a singular system of cure for all human diseases has lately produced an excitement in some parts of this country. Certain persons are supposed to be endowed at birth with healing powers—magnetism, the quality is sometimes called. The sick, lame, deaf and blind are brought to them; they lay their hands upon them, and it is asserted that health, the use of their limbs, or their impaired senses, as the case may be, are instantly restored.

This is but the revival of an old belief. From time to time, since the days of the Apostles, persons in both the Catholic and Protestant churches have been alleged to possess miraculous gifts of healing. Not only were many of the holy women and men of the first ages believed to have power to cure all diseases by their touch while living, but after their death crowds repair to their tombs, to obtain health from the vital power which was possessed by their bones.

In our own days multitudes followed Bernadette Soubirons, a little girl in France, and also a young woman in Scotland, a member of Edward Irving's congregation, both of whom were held to be endowed with a miraculous power of cure. Among the Hindus and some of the African tribes certain persons are believed to be filled with a mysterious fluid, which they communicate by touch to others.

The Chinese believe that each person is surrounded by a nimbus, or atmosphere, which affects for good or evil every living body that comes within its limit, giving to it health or disease.

We leave our readers to decide how much truth or falsehood there is in these claims that the body of man can impart vital power by touch to other bodies; but there can be no doubt that the soul of man has such power.

Within every man who reads these lines, dwells an invisible living creature, perpetually at work, stretching out its influences through his words, his smallest acts, even his looks, infusing disease or health into the people with whom he comes in contact. The man whose body is the cage of this living power may scarcely remember its presence and may be ignorant of the influence which it incessantly gives out and receives.

He takes care that his body shall not come in contact with bodies that throw off the germs of typhus or diphtheria or other disease. But he does not remember that finer creature within, which is more easily poisoned, or strengthened.

The reader of this may only be a school-boy of small importance in his little world. But let him remember that he has the power in his soul to help every living creature whom he meets. If only by a smile, a kind word, a cheerful, cordial greeting, he may make life easier and brighter for them.

There are two rules of the new system of cure for bodily diseases which he must obey. He must touch the person whom he wishes to help,—not stand apart and view him with lofty superiority, but meet him as a brother, face to face.

He must, too, have faith in God, to give strength and life to his own soul, and through him to others.

There are men and women who seem to be sent into the world as healers of all hurts and sorrows. Who would not be one of them?

Fun in the Choir.

In a church in Baltimore a noted tenor singer was rendering a solo in Warren's "Te Deum," and, mistaking the instructions to the organist as to the use of the stops for the sacred words, sang out at the top of his voice, "Pedal, great gamba and swell," to the astonishment of the congregation. He could not account for the uncontrollable and convulsive though suppressed laughter of the choir, and was not aware of his mistake until it was explained to him, when he was overcome with mortification. Another instance, more intensely amusing, was that of a well-known baritone singer in the same church on another occasion, who inadvertently placed the slur on the wrong note. He had adapted the air of "The Jewish Maiden" to a hymn beginning, "Before the Lord We Bow," and instead of placing the slur on the first two syllables he placed it on the last one, and rendered it thus, "Before the Lord We Bow-wow-wow." The effect was immense. As he had and still has a powerful and beautiful voice, his hearers were thoroughly electrified at this unwonted and unlooked for canine imitation. He has never entirely recovered from the effect of his ludicrous mistake.

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VER LORE.

pieces that have sprung from the Troell.

now that the three-leaved clover of Trinity, the legend trick first used it to illustrate objects, such as its form one. But according to it, it was a very ancient religion among the people setting forth the three Bards, and Neophytes, or myth or superstition there grew from this, however, all refer to leaves, the rarity of which belief that it would bring me who carried it.

ing in the grass we see three-leaved clover, and there-and luck for me, or any lover.

the Tyrol that if any one magic he can acquire the powers easily enough if he finds the four-leaved clover. In the Paesther that if a traveller should sleep, lying on his back, there will come flying a four-leaved clover, on the sleeper's breast, before it fades and at its mouth, he will acquire invisible at will.

fiction related in Wolf's *deutsche Mythologie* is to the can, unknown to him, clover on his mass book, ergyman will not be able the will stand stock still the person who has pulls his robe. Then he leaf" will always have of gambling. If he has a in America or to nine- rmany, he makes a "ten every time he rolls a

by this that though the ous symbol, the four leaf influence. If the bearer ur-leaved clover should work or any uncanny per- detect or spoil it all un- an loves a woman (or vice- tain two four-leaved clo- her to eat one while he the other, mutual love is Nay, according to very brity, even a trin-patrial d clover, will have this it is advisable on all oc- make a gift to anybody. is, to conceal in it a clo- render the gift doubly

ur or three-leaved clover, low in the end or top of cane, put the leaf tu-ent to injure it, and close ly. Then, so long as you will be less weary than if d will enjoy luck in many

rb says of a lucky man, attrices Kleeblatt gefun- and a four-leaved clover." Wilhelm Korte in his Deuten, preaches the "This is, you say a Did you ever know a und gar, utterly and emperation? For if you was nothing in him."

Culture.

ldson in reply to a letter ure of the crops this sea- in the fall wheat, says; es why the farmers do tion to other branches of dionds more favourable ax. The average yield from flax is as large as wheat and the price is bushel, with the weight to the bushel less than produce of flax fibre, pared for market, will an seed. Persons com- of wheat would do nities of Wellington and y will find in connection mills some 1,400 acres n larger acreage in the en in connection with ington & Co. Flax is ortsions of these coun-

o of this branch of Cana- es shown in Manitoba es, wherit is ascertain-

Birds as Pets.

New York amuses her- birds as pets. They and the lace curtains and families in the parlor- r them to fly about in- rist sends a basket of- ract the honey team. rainbows flying about light on the head of with perfect freedom. finity for the feathered maries and bullfinches er household favorites.

ment has paid \$30,000 d property connected g down a French ship

—Cream together one n whites of eight eggs, of flour with one of, with two teaspoon- Bake in layers. For tes of three eggs very of sugar with half a canidies; add one tea- and two of vanilla. beat in the eggs, and cool enough to spread.

There is no nicer des- ulled bread, a bit of coffee; besides, it is To make pulled bread, baked bread, and rather unclean, and it is in place the ness in the oven and They are crisp, and a delightful combin- tender stalks of col-