

A footin' on a little farm as us wur living nigh ;
 So many things were needed, too,—scarce nothing of our own,
 Save some few sheep, and one small cow, what kept the road grass down.

Well—time ran on, the kindly man, and I, from day to day,
 Exchangin' like, till he, in tarn, some pounds had got to pay ;
 When Janey more'n gave a hint her thought it time to settle,
 Perhaps I thought as Janey did, but hadn't got the mettle ;
 I couldn't bear to press the man't had been so good and kind,
 As even he, I heerd, at times, a little wur behind ;
 But, still, a whisperin', more'n more, as Janey wur aright'
 I mustered aal my courage up as folks do for a fight,
 And summat to the countin' house less cōwardly I stole,
 With—" A little, Sir, 'll do me now,—I doan't, Sir, want the whole."
 " The whole, my friend !—the whole !" says he,—the whole's the other way,—
 I'm sadly out if *some one* hasn't a pound or two to *pay*.
 'T wur part in anger, part in grief, as I give a sudden start,
 When first I saw as the kindly man wur holler in his heart ;
 " A pound or two to *pay*," says I,—" that can't be *no how* true,
 If figures, Sir, mean anything, the pay must lie with you."
 " My simple, honest Sir," said he, " you don't, sure, understand ;
 You're in the Eastern Townships, mind,—not in your native land ;
 All things are here so different !—you really must show sense,—
 A pound is sixteen shillings here, a shilling fifteen pence !
 In some, indeed, in many ways black almost rules for white,
 It takes, I know, a year or two to see things in that light ;
 Be seated, pray,—time presses,—still,—a few mere moments wait,
 I'll—look into the little thing, and—set the matter straight.
 A bigly book, from leaf to leaf, with charchlike face, he tarned,
 When clear I saw, at every lift, how less and less I'd arned ;
 There wur interest in the first place, and interest in the second,
 Aye, interest upon interest, Loard knows how aften, reckoned ;
 A summat hard in every way,—a famine price for flour !
 To settle up aal the summats took nigh upon an hour ;
 For sorely tasked was I, throughout, t'unfold his figuriffics,
 " One might as well at once " says I " keep counts in hirergliffics,"
 Not that, unschooled, he scribbled thus, more art than iggorance there,
 Many a baffled brain, he know'd, woold back out in despair ;
 Sád sad, too, I, to note the names, with mine, in sich sharp quarters,
 It made I think, and more'n once, o' Fox's " Book o' Martyrs " !