

to the proper education of the young mind than the city. I for one have never regretted my country life. What is read is remembered; and what is obtained for the mind is often obtained unmixed with associations that impair its value.

So things went on with us till the Rebellion broke out. I could not understand it—did not try to understand it. It was enough that there was *war* in the country, and that neighbors were embittered at one another by it. One of our neighbors, Chuff, took a very practical view of the situation. In answer to the anxious question, "Well, neighbor Chuff, what side do you take in these troublous times?" he replied, "I'll jine the side that takes the country!" And he never committed himself further than that. But Chuff had a worse trouble than deciding which side to "jine"; and that was with his front neighbor, Longwraith. Chuff had taken up the rear half of the "lot," and "Long" had settled on the front. Neither had their deeds; and Chuff was anxious that when Longwraith's deed was granted, there should be a provision in it guaranteeing *him* a road out to the concession. The other opposed this scheme of lot-crossing, both in the present and the future. In consequence, the feud ran high. And the neighbors, on such occasions as road-working, for instance, took a questionable delight in getting Chuff to give his enemy a "tongue-lashing." I was often a supernumerary at road-working, hoeing or spading a little "for fun;" pleased to be within ear-shot of the jokes and stories the farmers put in—with far more vigor than their work. If the eight statute hours could only be "put in," the amount of work done was quite a secondary consideration. So, once, Chuff with the most comical expression of countenance, and the strangest New-Jersey drawl, broke out with, "I say, Long, we're going to get up a *subscription* for you, sir!" "A *superscription* for *mea*? What are ye getting up a *supperscription* for *mea* for?" "Why sir, we want to buy a *coffin*, and have it ready for ye; for it would hurt ye awful to think any of yer money should go to buy a coffin; and so we'll have it ready for ye beforehand!" The joke kept the men all

in laughing humor the rest of the day. Seeing how well he had hit his crusty neighbor, Chuff attacked him again: "Long, you're too stingy to live: ye sell all ye kin sell; and what ye can't sell, ye give to yer *hogs*; and what yer *hogs* won't eat, ye eat *yerself*!" It was an unmerciful cut; for it came marvellously near the truth; and the neighbors knew it. But Chuff's confidence was once ruinous for the time to him, some years after the above. There was a public meeting of the ratepayers called at Skendle, to hear a proposition that the township should take \$25,000 in a railway then being launched. The more modern system of "bonuses" had not then been invented. The farmers generally opposed the scheme. A worthy doctor of the village was its only public advocate. Some city lawyers were out, to urge the great profits and advantages of the plan: "It would be a source of revenue to the municipality, and would soon relieve the township of *all its taxes*," etc. Chuff was there, in a patched homespun coat, and a black felt hat that had so entirely lost its primitive shape as to terminate in a point—a "regular hail-splitter" somebody called it. The sides of his mouth were twitching with anxiety to give the railway advocates a settling; and he was not hard to urge forward to oppose it. He said he "had known that 'ere lawyer since he was a little bit of an impudent shaver; and he would'nt trust him no further than he could throw a two-year-old bull by the tail! And it would be a good thing if some *lawyers* would stick to the plow-tail, and some *doctors* too!" (giving a mock-serious bow to the village doctor.) The aid scheme was voted down with noisy acclamation; and everybody told Chuff that it was he that had defeated the lawyers. A few days after, a similar meeting was held at the county town; and Chuff started off, determined to rout them again. But alas, he was not now among his neighbors. Few knew him there; and as soon as his outlandish oratory began to be heard, he was at once hooted off the rostrum. It must have nearly killed him.

In those days farmers would often get into a pinch for money. The circulating