

IN A CANOE.

In the summer of 1869, I left Thunder Bay with a party of engineers commissioned by the Canadian Government to examine a chain of lakes lying between Lake Superior and Lake Winnipeg.

Carte blanche as to equipment had been given to our chief engineer, Mr. Lydgely, and, perhaps, no surveying outfit was ever so much more luxurious than ours. Not to mention tents of all sorts and sizes; blankets in great plenty, and the ordinary rations of pork, flour and tea, we had kegs of syrup, barrels of sugar, firkins of butter, and no less than one hundred and forty-four dozen of canned stuff, mainly salmon, lobsters and sardines.

"For lunch," explained Lydgely, when old Pell, the weather-beaten second in command, inquired, "What's this here tin-ware for?"

"Lunch!" roared Pell, "Lunch! Well, I am done!" Then with a fine affectation of sorrow, he went on, "By gracious, I'm in a fix,—didn't bring a dress-suit for dinner! And I've forgot my napkin-ring! Boys, looking round on us chain bearers, 'I hope you've got hair oil and blacking in plenty for three months."

Notwithstanding which sarcasms, I never observed that Pell shrank from the contents of the "tin-ware" or from the sweets. "It's a man's duty to get such disagreeable stuff out of the way, somehow," he used to say.

I have mentioned the extravagance of our equipment, because it directly caused the adventure I am about to relate. The party was an unusually large one, consisting of four engineers, fifteen row men and chain bearers, and about fifty Ojibway Indians, from the Kaministiquia River. Our traveling was done in great "Northwest Canoes" of bark, each from forty to fifty feet long, which carried our enormous supplies easily in addition to their crews.

Large supplies needed to be, for the appetite of our Ojibways was almost incredible. Three pounds of pork a day to each man were but grease for his consumption of flour and hard-tack. They hankered after the special fish-pots of the whites, also. A favorite amusement of Lydgely's was to bestow a pound or so of butter, a box of sardines, or a pint pannikin of syrup on each of the nearest Indians, when he entered the commissary's tent for "refreshments" as he too often did.

To bolt the butter *au naturel*, to take down the sardines with their oil at a few gulps, to drink off the syrup like water, diverted the Ojibways not less than the performance did Lydgely. Hence a considerable group usually managed to be near the commissary's tent when the chief engineer thirsted.

One consequence of his habits was that, within a month, the good things provided for the Whites had largely gone to comfort the Reds, who engaged to live on pork, flour, tea, and what fish they could catch. At the same time their gorgings had so reduced the staple supplies, that it became necessary to put them on stated rations or send a hundred miles down rushing rivers to Fort William for more food.

Not to delay operations, Lydgely yielded to Pell's advice, and put the Indians on an allowance of two pounds of pork, and as much flour per day to each man. Pampered as they had been this ration seemed to them sadly meagre, and, on the second morning of its issue, there was trouble in camp.

Hamel, our Canadian commissariat officer, gave out the food at daylight. At half past six, when Lydgely called "canoes," as was usual at the beginning of the day's work, the Indians did not budge. The chief engineer roared at them again, but still they made no move. Pell went to discover the reason why they were disobedient.

"Nossin for eat," said their spokesman, called by us "Kaministiquia Jim." They had devoured the whole ration for breakfast, and were, therefore, doomed to go without more for twenty-four hours, which were to begin with a hard day's paddling.

"They've eaten all their grub," cried Pell.

"The beasts!" roared Lydgely, whose temper was very reprehensible, and strode toward the Ojibways in a rage.

They bunched up together. "Kaministiquia" or "Big Jim" stood out before the others. He was a very bad Indian, "having associated too much with civilized people," Pell used to say.

"Come along," yelled Lydgely, and reached out as though to grasp Big Jim. There was the flash of a knife, and Jim drew back his hand with the gleaming weapon as though he hurried forward. But Lydgely in an instant let out with his left, and sent the noble red-man sprawling. That put an end to the discussion.

The fifty Ojibways stalked obediently to the boats, and Big Jim brought up the rear with a cheek that looked distinctly the worse for wear.

I was one of Pell's assistants. In the canoe which he captained, Big Jim always took the bow-steering paddle,—these great crafts of bark are always guided by steersmen in both bow and stern. Lydgely went with us that day to explore part of an unknown river which we intended to traverse. It flows, winding, out of Lake Kaskabeon to Hudson's Bay, and we had heard that its course was broken by great falls. Early in the forenoon we entered the stream, and went hurrying along with a brown current occasionally broken by short chopping rapids.

Our dozen Indians had been sullen all the morning. "We're going to have trouble with these chaps," said Pell, "they'll upset us, maybe, or play some confounded trick, you'll see. Instead of exchanging short, plaintive-sounding sentences and various grunts, as was their custom, they were abolutely silent. We watched them furtively but closely, fearing that their intentions might be perilous to us. But not an indication of bad meaning did they give.

Big Jim, standing in the bow, piloted to a marvel, distinguishing in time many submerged boulders which we could not see till, flashing past, we made out their dim forms beneath the water that lapped shallow over their dangerous noses. With his frequent motions of his paddle forcing the canoe to glance aside from all dangers, Big Jim seemed to be concerned solely with his duty.

Along we flew, the little waves slapping on our sides, the motion inspiring swift, sunny, blue September sky overhead, the banks, all red with pambina berries, receding like long ribbons.

No travelling is so exhilarating as the running down a very swift and somewhat broken current in a light, spruce craft!

"We're not very far from the falls," said Pell, pointing to a white cloud that hung in the blue spreading from a slowly rising, misty pillar off to the east. At that moment we were running almost due north, and to suppose that the cloud was from a jump in our river, implied a sharp turn soon.

The canoe had been approaching the shore as though the Indians meant to land not far away. But as Pell spoke, Big Jim turned round, threw up his paddle and spoke to the crew. His eye was fairly blazing, and his face, I thought, wore a malignant joy as if he had been suddenly inspired with a scheme for revenge. The Indians answered him with a surprised shot, stopped paddling, looked into each other's faces with some alarm.

They were curiously excited, seeming at once elated, defiant, and yet somewhat daunted.

"Wagh!" cried Big Jim, with a commanding gesture, and straightway dug his big paddle in. Next instant all the blades grasped the water together; the bow turned toward the farther shore; the stroke was now much faster, and the Indians chattered unceasingly. Questioning each other, we three whites could see nothing to fear, nor anticipate any danger for ourselves for which our Ojibways could escape.

Quarter of a mile ahead, our further passage seemed barred by the shore, but that indicated merely a turn to the east. Suddenly we rounded it, and there, sheer before us, stretched for half a mile or more, an astounding slope of water, smooth mostly, as if running over glass. Apparently terminating the slope was that pillar of mist pouring from below, then smokily rising and spreading wide on high.

Scarcely had we comprehended the situation when the canoe was fairly on the slope, and racing to what seemed inevitable death.

Lydgely sprang to his feet, and made a step toward the stern, intending, probably, to wrest the steering paddle from the man there. Pell seized him. "No use," he said, "too late! Sit down!"

Lydgely obeyed. We were too far in for retreat. To turn and struggle against the current was clearly impossible. It swept us on with astonishing speed. A large stream at once so swift and so smooth, I have never seen before nor since.

Have you ever observed shallow water running down a plated slide some feet wide with quick incline? It seems to shoot along in parallel streaks, it hurries millions of minute bubbles in its volume, its surface is broken only above splinters in the boards beneath. Such was the current down which we flew, only this was deep and irresistible.

Little waves no longer slapped against the canoe, it kept an even keel, it was quite untossed, the water was noiseless about us, we might have heard our hearts beating, but for the quick stroke of the paddles, and the ever-increasing roar from beneath the white cloud toward which we rushed. The Indians had now become still as death; their bronzed faces had a tinge of pallor, I thought; each man strained forward, peering intently at the mist; features rigid, eyes abashed.

Big Jim, in the bow, stood motionless, paddling in the water in an attitude of intense attention. We white men looked at each other helplessly—there was nothing to say, nothing to do,—blank with the sense of our utter powerlessness, we could only wait to see what would be the result of a situation so amazing.

Pell spoke but once: "It aint suicide they're meaning," said he, "for they aint singing their death song." We were moving at far greater speed than the river, for the Indians kept up a spurring stroke, giving the canoe steering way, which enabled the man stern to edge her slightly towards the north shore. Yet she left no wake; five feet from the canoe it was confused with the stream.

I had a faint idea that the Indians meant to land on the shore we were nearing, but this was dispelled with close approach.—The bank was of smooth-faced rock, stratified so evenly that it looked like a board fence going backward, and level on top, rising in height with every moment of our progress. Right to its edge the current ran swift and smooth!

Once more I looked toward the mist in despair. What was beneath it? We had heard that the river's leap was somewhere very great. That the dreadful jump was close before us seemed certain, from the cloud that overhung, and the roar that swelled upward.

Gazing, I became aware that the smooth slope on which we slid did not last to the brink of the fall, but ended in, at least, one vast roller, as wide as the river itself,—a huge bank of water that surged, rounding on high, with appalling massiveness.

It was already near enough to form the down-river horizon. What was beyond?

Short was the doubt,—in another instant the great canoe sprang to the curving front of the billow, and went climbing giddily aloft.

Poised on the crest, for an instant, I saw nothing but another immense, smooth wave and the pillar of mist still farther beyond. Down we plunged into the vale of waters, and swung on high again as steadily as before,—to see, in front, a short, ragged rapid ending in a few yards of smooth water close to the most astonishing plunge that mind can conceive.

In that one look from the summit, I could see past both sides of the mist-pillar, how a lengthy chasm stretched far away beneath the fall, the width of the gorge dwarfed by the height of its perpendicular walls, at the feet of which, on either side, a long ribbon of emerald green sod was laved by the stream till lost in the distance. Such an overpowering impression of being at a dizzy height was gained by that instant's view, that I scarcely noticed the strange chant into which the Indians had suddenly broken.

Next moment we thrashed through a curling, breaking wave that drenched us to the skin, and went scurrying into the slapping waves of an ordinary rapid. With the familiar motion I looked ashore. And there, close by us, was a spectacle scarcely less awful than the plunge we were nearing!

The rock wall close to us was cleft clean down, and in the wide cleft was a whirlpool that absolutely shrieked as we flew along its extreme edge. Looking across its funnel I could see that, from its farther lip, the river sent a narrow branch roaring through a long, deep gorge.

Still we kept straight on. We were now so close to the fall, that I could see the long emerald ribbons at the foot of the cliff almost beneath us. Big Jim, stationed in the bow, seemed on the brink of the abyss!

I looked at Pell,—he thrust his big left hand into mine and gripped it hard,—Lydgely held his right. We looked once more, with never a word, into each other's eyes. Then I closed mine for every horror.

That instant I expected the headlong shoot of the canoe. But there was a strong jerk and a swerve instead. I looked again.

In that instant, almost on the fall's crown, we had swept into the eddy that ran backward toward the whirlpool with racing speed, and, sooner than I can write it, we had skimmed along the northern edge of the dreadful funnel, shaken free of its "draw," and were slapping down the easy rapid twelve miles long, by which the narrow north branch makes the same descent as the falls before rejoining the river.

Free of the whirlpool the Indians fairly howled with laughter and pride at the success of their rash exploit.

We learned afterward that the feat had been accomplished but twice before within the memory of the oldest Indian, on the last of which occasions Big Jim had been in the canoe. He had long been ambitious to repeat the performance, and succeeded, to our sorrow, in inducing his companions to make the attempt by way of practical joke on Lydgely. The Indian sense of humor is very peculiar.—[E. W. Thomson.]

STATISTICS.

It is estimated that there are in Texas, 9,000,000 cattle, 6,000,000 sheep, 1,250,000 hogs, and 1,500,000 horses and mules. England had in 1882 5,500 students in her universities, out of a population of 23,000,000, and Germany, with a population of 45,250,000, had 24,000 students. In that same year, with a population of 60,000,000, the United States had 66,437 student colleges, 4,921 in theological seminaries, 3,079 in law schools and 15,151 in medical schools; total, 89,583.

President Cleveland is still in the prime of life. He will leave the White House at least \$75,000 richer than when he entered it. This, added to his other investments, ought to give him a comfortable fortune of upward of \$200,000. Mrs. Cleveland, through the division of the Folson estate in Omaha, is heiress in her own right and is probably worth not less than \$500,000.

It has been estimated that an average of five feet of water falls annually over the whole earth. Supposing that condensation takes place at an average height of 3,000 feet, remarks General Strachey, the force of evaporation to supply such a rainfall must equal the lifting 333,000,000 pounds of water 3,000 feet in every minute, or about 300,000,000 horse-power constantly exerted.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company's earnings and expenses for October were:—Gross earnings, \$1,348,700; working expenses, \$768,737; net profits, \$579,963. In October, 1887, there was a net profit of \$532,410, and for the ten months ended Oct. 31, 1888, the figures are as follows:—Gross earnings, \$10,720,130; working expenses, \$7,847,289; net profits, \$3,872,841. For the ten months ended Oct. 31, 1887, there was a net profit of \$2,629,312. The earnings and expenses on the South-Eastern and International railways are not included.

The orange crop of Florida, according to the Florida Dispatch, is estimated at 3,000,000 boxes this year. A box of oranges weighs eighty pounds, making the weight of the crop 240,000,000 pounds. This would load 12,000 cars, or 1,000 a month during the year—333 for every day in the year. As there are really but four orange shipping months, it will require 3,000 cars a month to move the crop. This will be 180 cars a day, or nine trains a day, of 20 cars each. For moving this crop, the roads will get about 50 cents a box, \$1,800,000. The orange crop of Florida is no little thing for the railroads.

There are in England 347 female blacksmiths who actually swing heavy hammers, and 9,139 women employed in nail-making, who make nails for horse shoes, 10,522 women bind books and 2,302 assist in printing them. In intellectual occupations women also fill an important place, the number of teachers being 123,995; of missionaries and preachers, 7,162; of clerks in civil service, 2,260; of painters, 1,180; of "students," 1,000; and of engravers, fifty-four. There are 37,910 women engaged in medical and surgical work, nursing, etc.; 452 busy themselves in editing, compiling and writing books; and 1,499 are employed in the various departments of photography.

"Which is Worse."

A little girl came in her night-dresses very early one morning to her mother, saying,

"Which is worse, mamma, to tell a lie or to steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad that she couldn't tell which was the worse.

"Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think that it is wronger to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, unless you've eaten it; and if you have eaten it, you can pay for it. But—and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."

The Mistake He Made.

La Fiancee: Do you know, Clarence dear, that when you gave me your first kiss I was so astonished that I nearly went crazy.

Clarence: Ah, yes, darling! I should have known better than to give you only one.—[Life.]

Mentally Exhausted.

"What's the matter, Clarence?" was the question which a very exquisite specimen of humanity addressed to another.

"I'm not at all well—not at all well. I feel as if I were prostrated with mental exhaustion or something of that sort, you know."

"Why, have you been doing much mind work of late, dear boy?"

"Yes, quite a good deal—quite a good deal. I've read two theatre progammes clear through this week, and this is only Wednesday."—[Merchant Traveler.]

Now that the Presidential fever has abated American politicians are giving Canada a well-deserved rest. It will be satisfactory if, on both sides of the line, friendship instead of hostility be cultivated. Should one of the American parties make antagonism to Canada a plank in its platform there is no knowing what may happen at the next Presidential election. Canadians may even go so far as to advocate the name of the candidate of the opposing party, and thus create his defeat.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS OF CANADA.

BY MR. R. W. PHIPPS, TORONTO.

The following article sketches three or four possible futures of Canada. We are sure our readers will be glad to see what a well-known writer like Mr. Phipps has to say on a subject so important.

To remain as we are, and trust to our gradual advance in national position. This would sound fairly well; but not that our advance seems of the nature of the snail in the pit—which every day climbed up eight inches and each night fell down sixteen. For instance, we have annexed our fishery-provinces, and have manifested such remarkable powers of diplomacy in Imperial and American affairs that it is extremely doubtful whether we will long have any fisheries at all. We have built—amid tumultuous and, of course, disinterested applause—a railway to the Pacific, and have contrived in connection so to play into the hands of speculators as to knock on the head any chance of rapid settlement of the country the main object of the railway was rapidly to settle. We have adopted a policy warranted to keep our young men at home; but unless they can be, like Sir Boyle's bird, in two places at the same time, how are all these associations of British Americans flourishing in the States? Then, we are immediately about—and have been immediately about, any time these twenty years—to reap some extraordinary benefit from some treaties which are immediately about to be concluded with foreign nations, and they may arrive A. D. 2,000. Friendly relations with the States are certainly desirable; all concede the point; and therefore we endeavor to produce cordiality by a system of soothing, knowing that fire and gunpowder form an excellent combination. Our gigantic neighbor perpetually mutters about invasion, and considering that she has in her day captured, either by force or money, from half-a-dozen nationalities, all her territory, perhaps it may not be so impossible as some wise people think (who are morally, legally, clerically, physically and most deplorably certain that what has happened half-a-dozen times cannot happen at all), that the operation may be repeated in our direction. Our excellent Mother Country, no doubt, informs us that in such a contingency she will

PROTECT US WITH HER WHOLE POWER, which may mean much or little, as she has any power to spare at the time. Not along our frontier, however, (that her military commissions practically abandon the idea of), but at sea, whence she will damage the American coast—a pleasant prospect for us, since, practically, every shell fired into New York would explode again in Canada. But, sanguine militarists tell us, enormous forces from our immense Empire—East-India Sepoys, that is, who I trust would survive one January—would cross the multitudinous seas (probably in shoals) to our defence. Well, suppose they did, and two vast armies manoeuvred and fought, say two or three years, along our lengthy, narrow territory, how many villages, barns, farm houses would be left unburned, how many towns not a wilderness of blackened rafters, how many Canadians untraced, how many women and children starved and unfrozen? It is a glimpse of a darkened vista, but the picture is not one-half as dark as the reality. Military Canadians, who should know, say it may come; the States, they have long foreseen, are planning it; then they sniff the battle from a distance and cry, "Ha! ha!" and we hear the thunder of the captains and the shouting at the dinner parties—but they propose no way of avoiding it. These gentlemen possess much loyalty; but it appears to me that the way who sees and advocates any honorable way of avoiding such a future for Canada possess more, and of a more genuine and more valuable kind. As to the present status, too, granting that we can remain so, shall we always be satisfied with our connection with the Empire? No Canadian has any vote in that Empire; no Canadian Parliament has a right, as we were lately informed, to venture to transmit an opinion on its affairs, even when they directly concern Canadians. People talk of the Empire and our honorable position therein. Are they in their senses? Our position is, in Imperial matters, to acquiesce in silence—a condition hardly permanent. What is the next course?

LET US CONSIDER IMPERIAL FEDERATION. Granting that the Colonies were allowed several hundred members in a London Parliament (for less would be but a nominal representation), the whole framework of the federation would depend on the advantages and privileges enjoyed by the federating communities and the amount contributed by each towards defence and maintenance. No such federation would be possible on the present vague system of unreliable generalities; matters would require to be made plain. Britain and the Colonies, in the first place, must certainly discriminate in favor of each other's trade. Canadian produce must enter British ports free as now, but that from the States and all other foreign nations must not. No question of enhancing the price of food to Britain is here involved, for her Colonies could easily send her twenty loaves where now they send her one. As for expenses, Canada could not expect to contribute less towards Imperial purposes than thirty millions of dollars per annum—more, observe, than our whole present income, much of which would be in some manner returned to her by expenditure within her borders. As to how we would procure double our present income; why, if we go into European methods and combinations we must pay for them, and be taxed for them, and live cheaper, as other folks do. What we could not get so, we must get as we do much of our present income, borrow it, and leave it as a charge to our great grandson, who, judging by the

OBLIGATIONS WE MEAN TO REQUEST him will feel, I think, very much obliged indeed. The central Government would probably assume the whole Colonial debt; the Colonies in future paying their share of that of Britain, while future debts would rank as general or local and be paid accordingly. With such a union, it must be remembered, the Colonies must look to be largely agricultural, the central country, as at present, largely manufacturing. Many of our city industries must be abandoned. On the other hand, in all farm products which bear travel we should have a monopoly of the chief market of the world, modified, however, by the competition of the other Colonies. It offers apparently a glorious prospect. But such a consideration of dis-

tant and incongruous materials has never yet proved possible, nor can its chances be foreseen. At present, in matters of Empire, nine-tenths of it speaks not, acts not, Who can prophesy the utterances and movements which may succeed the release of these bound and voiceless giants!

THE THIRD COURSE IS INDEPENDENCE, and here again we meet the question of expense, fleets, armies, foreign consuls and so must be met. Nor is it impossible for us, for countries poorer than we support such establishments. One point is often forgotten, namely, that very many families have some idle fellow dependent on them, who, at home, would yet make a good soldier, or sailor, so that we may be said to actually support such forces now. Undoubtedly, if possible, independence would be a promising course, secured, say, by a peaceful separation from Britain and a guarantee from the States, both of which countries would find the plan greatly to their advantage—Britain, that it would improve our power of trading with her several fold and remove from her care that continual menace, our indefensible frontier; the States, that all North America would be better with two nations than one, both as encouraging emigration and affording comparison. Britain and America would be wise to propose such a course; not that either will. But if by any lucky chance they will, and it were allowed, Canada could for many years have great opportunities of advancement. In that position we would make commercial treaties now impossible, and open many markets now closed; especially, in all probability, that of the States. Much would depend on the attitude that this power assumed towards us.

THE FOURTH IS ANNEXATION, a course which offers many monetary advantages and some others. We should have the hope of some day ruling the half of North America, but we should have the certainty of an influential and immediate voice in the management of the whole. We should gain (what we have not now) the possession of a free voice in the national assembly on matters affecting our own destinies. We should find many productions of Canada much more valuable when assisted by the free interchange of those of the States. As for their factories crushing ours, those who think so are not aware of certain advantages our land possesses. In some most important articles American capital would far more likely start factories here which would more than hold their own. On the other hand, we must admit an overpowering American influence in the management of our common affairs, and we must put up as best we may with what we are apt to consider their national weaknesses in such matters as divorce law, sharp bargaining and so on. Who can tell the extent of our influence? Our association might reform our friend. We are moral, are we not? Any one who reads our papers knows that very nearly half of us are very nearly angels, though they slightly disagree as to which half it is. The chief American deviation, cause of many lesser ones, is her neglect by a proper copyright law to establish a national literature. Different here, of course. We never read books, do we? Let us glance at the possibility of

THESE DIFFERENT FUTURES. Our present position is not over-respectable, is fruitful of menace and insult to Britain and is in constant danger of a violent termination. As for Imperial Federation, it is now too late. America has grown beyond the point at which she would have peacefully permitted a great European power to grow to strength on her northern border and Federal discriminatory tariffs would add commercial to political causes of quarrel. As for Independence, it is now impossible without the aid of the States, which will hardly assist another community to prevent themselves gaining half a continent. Individuals among them say they do not want more territory, but what they say differs from what their nation has done, and men will be as men have been.

As for Annexation, there seems little prospect of ultimately averting it. Different measures I have attempted to advocate—the National Policy (not in its present shape), the canal improvements, the rapid settlement of the Northwest and others—all were intended to do their share in averting this, and all have been so mismanaged or delayed as to be ineffective. It is unfair to blame individuals; our institutions, apparently, either fail in bringing men of sufficient capacity to the front, or surround them with impassable obstacles. Of diplomacy, either in Britain or the States, we manifest none. Of what use to suggest further expedients, if they must travel in the same sinister grooves? Meanwhile, ever higher and stronger, and soon likely to break all barriers, the great waves of the Republic dash against our weak formation, and this even in spite of the pains so far of us to avert them in editorial articles worthy of a third-class Thackeray; nor is there anything in the whole state of the country more ominous than these utterances, sickly with pseudo belief in a state of affairs long since passed by. To secure the continuance of two distinct nationalities and Governments in North America, the only course now remaining is a treaty by which each shall have the opportunity of using the material resources of the other's territory, such, for instance, as unrestricted traffic and reciprocal right to fisheries, waterways, and so on, would give. Having all which commercial relations could give, closer political relations might perhaps be avoided, and it would be better for North America that they were. But this is only attainable, of course, by the co-operation of the States, which may refuse all union except a political one.

Where The Miracle Came In. A Spanish priest who had the care of a small school was relating to his pupils the miracle of "feeding the multitude," but by miracle of "feeding the multitude," numbers, an unlucky chance he reversed the numbers, and told the class that five thousand loaves had been eaten by five men.

"And did the men burst, padre?" eagerly asked a sharp little ten-year-old, delighted at the idea of having for once caught his teacher in a mistake.

"No, my son," replied the ready-witted priest, recollecting himself just in time; "that was where the miracle came in."

The Secret of Comfort. "Doesn't it seem to you, Moses, that these slaves are too long?"

"Main goodness, friend! Dot vas de laest style! Vinter vas coming on, and do great secret of comfort vas in keeping your wrists warm!"

"ROUGHING I

CHAPTER XVI—(CONTINUED.)

Off, then, we went, with the "ould" skipping and bounding on before us, fallen trees and mossy rocks, the white cedar, then carefully piloting along rotten logs, covered with green moss, and from the discomfort of wet clothes at this time he kept one of his feet on the water, while the other seemed to be amphibious in his nature.

We soon reached the beaver-meas which extended two or three miles; which contracting into a narrow gorge between the wooded heights, then spread again into an ample field of verdure, ascending everywhere the same unrelenting surface, surrounded with rising ground, covered with the dense unbroken forest, its surface had formerly been covered with the waters of a lake, which in all probability was the case at some not very remote period. In many places the meadow wet that it required a very large sheet to support it in passing over its surface; but our friend, the dragon, brought us through all dangers to a ditch, which he had dug to carry off superfluous water from the part of meadow which he owned. When we obtained firm footing on the opposite bank, the operation of "blazing" the trees with our axes, along the line of my lot. Here the mystic boot was explained. Simpson

took it off from the hitherto favored spot, and drew it on the other side. He was not a bit ashamed of his position, and he was describing each of his feet fair play. Nearly the whole day was occupied in this, with the most hearty conversation, with his inexhaustible stock of humor and drillery. It was when we got back to his "shanty" here the kind-hearted Judy was present with a pot of potatoes and other "collected" as Simpson called the other day's entertainment.

Previous to starting on our survey expedition, we had observed Judy very shy giving some important instructions to her little boys, on whom she was most seriously impressing the necessity of the utmost diligence. The moment which now beamed on Judy's still comely countenance bespoke the success of the messenger. She called up spirits from the vasty deep, and she had procured some from her next-door neighbor—or so it may be called—there it stood, a corn-cob, with a "corn-cob," or ear of corn stripped of its grain, for a cork, most benevolently on the family cork, looking a hundred welcomes to the

An indescribable enlivening influence seemed to exude from every pore of my earthly vessel, diffusing itself in every direction. The camp and danced about on the round of the "shanty"; and the children, sitting and nudging each other in a stinging timid look, from time to time their mother, for fear she might check her being "overboard."

"Is it crazy ye are intirely, ye ould awn!" said Judy whose notions of propriety were somewhat shocked with the levity of her partner; "The like never seed; ye are too foolidge to one now wid your diviltries, and look for the gentlemen, while I upper for ye."

Our plentiful though homely meal discussed, for hunger like a gnat, can laugh at luxury; and "greynard" made its appearance, with ample accompaniments of hot water, apple sugar, which Judy had scraped cake, and placed in a saucer on the table.

The "ould dragon" despoiling his dimonitions, gave way freely to his old knew no bounds to his hilarity, and joked, and sang snatches of songs picked up in the course of his home and abroad. At length Judy, looking on him as "raajjanus," begged the gentlemen to sing the song he had sung when he first came to the country. The course we ardently seconded the old man himself back on his stool, and stretched his long neck, poured forth the story, with which I shall conclude sketch of the "ould dragon."

John! it's here I'm intirely continted in the wild woods of swate "Meribod's" blessing on him that invited Big ships for our crossing the say.

Here praties grow bigger nor turnip. And though cruel and hard is our time, Ould Ireland we'd nothing but. But here we have praties and potatoes.

Live on the banks of a meadow, Now see that my maning you take, It bates all the bogs of Ould Ireland. Six months in the year its a lake.

Red luck to the beavers that dammed I wish them all kilt for their part, For a sure though the craters are cloyed 'Tis airt they've drawn'd my cloy.

I've built a log hut of the timber That grows on my charmin' estate, And an illegant root-house erected Just facing the front of my gate.

And I've made me an illegant pigsty, Well litter'd with straw and wicker, And it's there, free from noise and chillther, I sleep in the heat of the day.

It's there I'm intirely at ease, Sit down and enjoy all the comforts of life, I stretch out my legs as I please, And dhrame of the pleasures to come.

Shure, it's pleasant to hear the fiddle in the air, When the sun's going down in the west, And my Judy sits quietly smoking, While the praties are boild in the fire.

Och! thin, if you love independance, And have money your passage