

to get into the current. A dull roar will be heard, but generally the rapids are just around a point and so are hid till the crib is right into them. The approach to a rapid or fall is generally deceptively quiet. The water looks quiet, oily and glides along in the most innocent manner till in a twinkling the greatest turmoil takes the place of peace and the swish-swash of the wavelets among the boulders gives place to a roar as of a giant in agony. Upon entering a rapid the oars are generally pulled in, but the men are all ready at the first sound from the pilot to run out the huge sweeps and ply them in the surging waters to clear the crib of some threatening rock or prevent it from being swung into an eddy or whirlpool. There is something very fascinating about this phase of the raftsmen's life. I have journeyed up the Ottawa above the capital nearly three hundred miles and spent nearly three months along its shores, and I candidly confess that running the rapids are among the pleasantest of the associations connected with that chapter in a somewhat varied life. Whenever I heard of a chance to enjoy a ride on a crib down a rapid, I eagerly availed myself of the opportunity. I walked eight miles to enjoy a trip down the Portage-du-Fort rapids. There are three slides on this stretch—the first is the Calumet, the second the Mountain, and the third the Portage. I did not run the first, in deference to the earnest persuasions of many kind local friends who averred that it would be tempting Providence for anyone to run the Calumet unless business required it. I gave way and contented myself with watching the cribs go down the dreaded channel, but though the journey was undoubtedly characterized at the finish by a pretty wild plunge, I felt that the danger had been greatly exaggerated. True, the cribs are lost to sight for a second or two, but if one has only his wits about him and does not mind a wetting—generally very acceptable during the summer months—the exquisite pleasure of gaining a victory over the surging waters is ample repayment for all the trouble. All that is wanted is "pluck." No "chicken-hearted" mortal can enjoy the Calumet. I saw some cribs go through with "green horns" among the crews. The novices got scared and were nearly washed off the crib, while the old hands danced a horn-pipe on the loading sticks and were only moistened by the spray. I got on a crib at the foot of the Calumet and ran the rest of the rapids and slides, landing about a mile below Portage-du-Fort. This is the only way to see the greater part of the wildly romantic scenery which characterizes this part of the river. It is a succession of rapids and cascades amid countless islets of the prettiest description. There are two slides to run—the Mountain and the Portage—the former has an abrupt turn which is apt to throw the crib into the eddy from which it is sometimes no easy task to escape. The crib I was on went down right, thanks to a judicious pull at the bow at the critical moment, but the one following got into the eddy and was over half-an-hour getting out. We ran the cribs together in the quiet stretches, but separated at the rapids and slides. The pilot of my crib was James McRara, a lithe, cheerful-minded young fellow who always looked upon the bright side of the picture. The captain of the other crib was Jerry Gibson, a much larger and stronger man, but one who seemed bent upon grumbling. He growled at the wind and the water, and swore at the crib in the most liberal fashion. It was not surprising therefore that he should get into every eddy that presented itself. My man took things coolly and philosophically and came out comfortably, but poor Jerry expended his strength in "cuss words" and had to do a deal of hard rowing.

In the centre of each raft is a very important institution known as

THE COOKERY.

This consists of a large low roofed structure with open sides. In the centre is a huge frame of timber inclosing a space of about six feet square. This space is filled with sand and on this sand the fire is made. Round about the fire are pots for making tea, boiling soup, baking bread and cooking pork and beans. The bread is baked and the pork and beans cooked by being placed in a trough by the fireside and covered with sand dug from beneath the fire. No other mode of cooking equals this. The toughest beef is made deliciously tender by this process. Just at the edges of the roof, sticks of timber are laid to form an outer square and on these sticks the men sit to take their meals. The amount of eating done on a raft is something terrific. The men seem to eat at every opportunity. They begin work at daylight and work on till dusk. Mr. Latour, one of the lumbermen I met, amused me by remarking that the hours were pretty much the same as those enjoyed by bank clerks. The latter worked from nine to three, and the former from three to nine! They drank great quantities of tea and eat prodigiously of bread and pork. There is generally a plentiful supply of butter and molasses on board, and occasionally the bill of fare will be varied by what is termed "a smack canoe"—a stew made with pork and potatoes, and perhaps some onions. The pork and beans are invariably excellent and the bread is generally first-class. After a run down the rapids I have relished a big plate of pork and beans, a great slice of bread and a dish of plain tea as keenly as ever epicure did the most luxurious repast. The fresh air, the exercise and the excitement all tend, I suppose, to quicken digestion and stimulate the appetite.

The men sleep in cabins, shaped like a large dog's house. Two share a cabin, one sleeping on the floor and one on a shelf above. Some rafts have larger cabins to house four men. Each man has a pair of blankets. The men are generally very cleanly in their habits. Before touching the first meal of the day they will wash their face and hands by the raft side, and from the constant sousing they are getting the rest of their body is in no want of a bath. The owner or representative of the owner has one of the large-sized cabins to himself, but there is rarely seen any attempt to fare better than the men. In one I noticed a small clock, a Bible and a copy of Butler's "Analogy of Religion."

In the evening after dark the men sit round the cookery fire smoking and chatting about the events of the day. I think every raftsmen smokes and keenly enjoys his "baccy." After the dish of pork and beans has been disposed of, the pipe seems to be a natural sequence. They turn in early. All is quiet on board a raft before ten o'clock. All are astir at daybreak.

There is very little margin on lumbering operations this year. Wages are very low, but prices are even lower in proportion. A raft represents a very great outlay of capital. Fifty or sixty men with a number of horses have to be supported from September till the end of July, perhaps later. The fees at the slides and the towage amount to a considerable sum. The charge at the Des Joachim's slide is \$1.25 per crib. It takes on an average from ten to twelve weeks to get a raft to market after it is got fairly afloat on the Ottawa. Unless prices take an upward turn, many a lumberman would be better off if he had left the pines standing on his limits.

THE LEGEND OF THE CALUMET.

The Chute or fall which necessitates the slides at the Calumet is calculated to inspire the spectator with a feeling of awe. Three-fourths of the Ottawa river rush through a rocky gorge which seems not over twenty feet wide, making at the same time a leap of about the same depth. Bodies of water like this seem grander to me than mere water-falls, for while in the latter instance the water only tumbles over a cliff, in the former it seems to be the embodiment of force—irresistible force. With a friend I sat by the Calumet for the greater part of an afternoon, and we both experienced a feeling of fascination as we gazed and gazed at the foaming waters. Striking the huge rocks at the bottom of the gorge, the golden-tinted torrent would recoil in great waves as though determined to regain the heights. Ever and anon there would occur an explosion, as it were, in the midst of the wildest waters, and the air would be filled with spray which the sunlight transformed into a prismatic shower. Now and then great saw-logs would come down, borne lightly onward as if lucifer matches. Sometimes they would be sent clear to the bottom and strike with a heavy thud, to be shot up straight as though the waters were making playthings of them.

The legend of the Calumet is to the following effect. In the early days a band of French voyageurs were pursued by Indians and so closely pushed that it was a chance between being tortured and scalped or running down the Calumet Chute. It was determined to attempt the Chute. As the canoe entered the swift waters, the Holy Virgin appeared to the bowsman just a little ahead, and by her movements guided him so that the frail craft was carried safely through. This is said to be the first and only time that human beings ever passed through this Chute and lived. When safely out of reach of the Indians (who of course were all drowned), the voyageurs found that one of their companions had been left behind. Some time after, one version says several years, an expedition was sent to look for the missing man. The searchers found him on a mountain overlooking the Chute, but he was so overjoyed at the thought of being rescued from his lonesome and hazardous position that he dropped dead before a word was exchanged. Near by the searchers found a newly-dug grave which the poor fellow had prepared for himself, and, fastened to a tree at its head, they discovered a strip of birch bark on which he had scratched a poetical account of his terrible experience. They buried him there, and till within a comparatively recent period a rude cross marked his grave, but this has fallen away and a small mound which bids fair to be soon obliterated alone remains. It is said he had been obliged to live on roots and berries, fearing to attract the Indians if he used firearms, and that he had thus slowly starved himself, until, with death staring him in the face, he prepared the grave which he at last so tragically filled.

BYRON.

At the head of the Calumet Rapids the village of Bryson lies snugly ensconced at the foot of a towering mountain. Bryson is the county headquarters and boasts a newspaper termed the *Pontiac Advance*, whose editor was having a sweet experience at the time of my visit—his column being almost wholly taken up with correspondence abusing himself and the two Parliamentary candidates, Messrs. Poupore and Thos. Murray. To witness how bitter and unreasonable a political discussion can become, one has to go to the rural districts. Bryson is named after the Hon. George Bryson, who has a charming residence about eighteen miles further up the river on the banks of the Cologne. The view of the river at Bryson is very lovely, reminding one of the most charming pictures of Swiss scenery, and recalling to memory the famed vale of Llangollen.

HEARTH AND HOME.

IDLENESS AND WASTE.—There are thousands who do nothing but lounge and carouse from morning till midnight—drone in the human hive, who consume and waste the honey that honest workers wear themselves out in making, and insult the day by their dissipation and debauch. There are ten thousand idle, frivolous creatures who do nothing but consume and waste and wear what honest hands accumulate, and entice others to live as useless and worthless lives as they do. Were every man and woman honest toilers, all would have an abundance of everything, and half of every day for recreation and culture.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT FOR CHILDREN.—"Spare the rod and spoil the child" is an aphorism of high authority; but it must not be forgotten that corporal punishment needs especial care in its administration. Personal chastigation should not be administered for small offences, and, when employed, ought to be so used as to inflict the minimum of injury. It would be well if a rule could be made that no child should be beaten except with a cane, and the blow fall only on a part of the person not likely to be permanently affected. Perhaps we are growing somewhat too sentimental in the matter of discipline, but it is beyond question that "boxes on the ear" and reckless violence generally are perilous, and, as measures of improvement, futile, while fraught with danger to body and brain.

TRUTH.—Truth, then, is not always agreeable? Indeed it is not. Truth, taking it as a whole, is not agreeable. Every man, woman, and child dislikes it. There are agreeable truths and disagreeable truths, and it is the province of discretion or sound judgment to make a selection from these, and not to employ them all indiscriminately. Speaking the truth is not always a virtue. Concealing it is very often judicious. It is only when duty calls upon you to reveal the truth that it is commendable. A tale-teller may be a truth-teller; but everyone dislikes the character of a person who goes from one house to another, and inter-communicates all he sees or hears; we never stop to inquire whether he speaks the truth or not. He is perhaps all the worse for speaking the truth, for truth is particularly offensive in such cases, and never fails to set families at variance. Silence is discretion, and concealment of facts is judicious.

DON'T FORGET.—A successful business man says there were two things that he learned when he was eighteen which were afterwards of great use to him—namely, never to lose anything, and never to forget anything. An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it—what shall I do then?" The answer was, with the utmost emphasis, "You must not lose it." "I don't mean to do so," said the young man; "but suppose that should happen?" "But I say it must not happen! I shall make no provision for any such occurrence. You must not lose it!" This put a new train of thoughts into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such provisions against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay.

GIVE THE GIRLS A TRADE.—If a girl has some trade, well learned, she is an independent woman. Should the practice of training girls to the different trades and professions become general, we should soon have few destitute widows eating the crusts of dependence. To lose one's husband would not be then, as it too often is at present, the very death-blow to all hopes of a comfortable living for wife and children. No woman, in these days of expensive tastes and living, can afford to be the wife of a poor man, who has not something in the form of trade or profession to fall back upon in case of need; and as the rich man of to-day makes the poor man of to-morrow, this assertion applies with equal truth to all women, no matter whatever their rank in life. But it may be urged by some in opposition that the various trades and professions are already overcrowded. This may be true at the present time, especially in large cities; but if the men who hang in idleness about the streets of these cities cared enough for work to seek it in the rural towns and villages, they would not seek it long and earnestly without finding it. For these idle, always-out-of-work mechanics never would have a home of their own unless it was given them.

MARRIAGE IN HASTE.—Marriage or engagements to marry should not be entered into inconsiderately. If the old axiom that haste makes waste is true as applied to the ordinary affairs of life, it may be said that undue haste often results in unspeakable misery in matrimonial alliances. Love is proverbially blind; he is more—he is wilfully blind, and should be made to open his eyes. A little common sense mingles advantageously with everything; so far from being out of place, it is an absolute essential to safety in affairs of the heart. Many a girl has had her whole happiness for life destroyed because she obstinately chose to form her estimate of the character of a suitor exclusively by his behaviour towards her, and his professions of love, rather than by his conduct in regard to others. It is a pretty safe rule that a man whose life is but an exemplification of sel-

fishness will not long continue generous in his relations to his wife. Character is seldom revolutionized by marriage. There may be a slight reform temporarily; it rarely lasts long. And men suffer as well as women from ill-assorted marriages. Many a towering ambition has been crushed, many a cupful of happiness has been converted into the dregs of bitterness, from the neglect of a young man to become thoroughly acquainted with a girl before engaging himself to her.

POWER OF A SWEET VOICE.—There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your guest-voice at home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea."

LITERARY.

THE publication of *The Memoirs of M. Thiers*, prepared under the supervision of his widow, will appear probably in November next. The work is said to contain the most piquant and unexpected details relative to the events which have happened since 1870, and the men who participated in them.

THE Bodleian Library has acquired a great number of fragments of documents on papyrus, written partly in Greek, partly in Arabic, which relate to the administration of Egypt under the Khalifas. The British Museum has lately bought from the source many similar documents.

A PARIS correspondent says: Mme. Greville is a comfortable-looking body of thirty-five, with the air of forty, and is a most agreeable talker. In her varied experience she has seen a good deal of the ups and downs of life, but has now settled down, as she says, "to making her three novels yearly."

COLONEL COLOMB, R.A., who has gained repute for some very faithful rendering of German poems into English, has essayed Schiller's *Song of the Bell*. It has the merit of closely assimilating to the original metre and of faithfulness to the German words, just as we have found to be the case in his former efforts. It is published by Chapman & Hall.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

VERDI, the eminent composer, has completed a new five-act opera "Montezuma," to be first produced in Milan.

MISS ROSE EYTINGE, who recently returned from Europe, is said to have brought with her one or two new sensational plays which she intends to produce during the season.

THEODORE THOMAS is to be paid \$10,000 a year for five years by the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. One of his New York musical friends says he has made money enough by his concerts, but hasn't the faculty of keeping it.

THE first representations of Wagner's *Percival* will take place at Bayreuth during the summer of 1880. Only those who have faithfully subscribed their fifteen marks during 1878, 1879, and 1880 to the Patronatverein will be admitted to these performances.

HUMOROUS.

NOTHING makes a bald-headed man so mad as a fly that doesn't know when it has enough.

THERE are more poor-houses constructed from the "bricks in men's hats" than from any other material.

"KEEP your patients alive," said an old doctor to a graduating class of students; "dead men pay no bills."

THE man who goes fishing always enjoys more solid comfort while digging the bait than he does in bringing home the fish.

WE never knew but one man who had absolute faith in humanity, and he advertised for a lost umbrella in this paper lately.

A CAMPER-OUT who went for his health says he is heartily glad to get home so that he can recruit for another season of healthful pleasure next year.

No one has been able to explain why it is that a man feels he is more likely to set up in time in the morning by keeping his watch or clock half an hour fast.

WHEN a man reaches the top of a stairway and attempts to make one more step higher, the sensation is as perplexing as if he had attempted to kick a dog that was't there.

THE county-fair orator who is not informed that his effort beat anything ever attempted by Henry Clay will feel an unsatisfied longing, no matter how promptly his pay is handed over.

HE was an old, old man, and when he came in the other morning with a twenty-four foot bamboo fish-pole and carelessly remarked that that was the kind of corn stalks his garden produced in a good season, we never said a word, but walked into the other room and registered a solemn vow never to print any more agricultural items if it led men into such mountainous exaggeration as this.