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AT MOONRISE.

When daybeams fade from sight
I think of thee with longing,—
When star-maids of the night
The fair Queen follow, thronging.

Not brightest doth she shine—
One saith—but only nearest,
But thou to heart of mine
Art nearest and the dearest!

So unto thee, my Queen,
I make the spheres attendant;
Float on through life, serene,
In purity resplendent!

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

FRASER'S SHANTY.

"We must be pretty near there, Murph."
"Yes Cap'n, yon black clump's the point. Keep her up a little more. It will save us time when we run in."

My inquiry and its answer, the only sounds that had broken the silence during the last half hour of our run, roused Norton, asleep against the side of the lugger, and now for the first time exhibiting any signs of interest in the spot to which I had that day prevailed on him to accompany me.

Prodigious visions which my stories gave him of wonderful trout catches had led Norton to take his first extended fishing trip and become my companion that Spring on my semi-annual visit to the north.

Murph Connery, whom six years before I had by chance picked up among the rough inhabitants of a lumber camp and whose life during the intervening years contained nothing more unusual than his trips with me, as each succeeding Spring and Fall came round, north into the land of rod and gun, was a fine specimen of that *genus homo* which one so often meets with in northern districts, half huntsman and half lumberman, the former from choice, the latter from the necessities of livelihood. I had always felt some affection for the fellow. My lightest wish was his only law from the moment the lumbering stage set me down at the crossing and my canvas bags were transferred to his willing shoulders, on the journey up, to the time he dumped them back into the wagon again and, bidding me *bon voyage* home, turned away to await my return.

My experience has been that there are only two ingredients in a guide's interest in you and apparent regard for you: that you pay him better than any one else and evince a tolerable ability to bag everything he can put up for you and to land a fair proportion of what you hook. For, alas! for your favoured guide's appreciation of you if your companion's bag or basket gives your guide's rival in the business an opportunity of crowing over him or rousing an insatiable greed, as the camp is broken up, by a larger display of wealth.

But Murph was something better than this. He was above the ordinary run, a true sportsman, a clever bushman, and, better still, a pleasant and, I believe, a faithful companion. I had often fancied that his precious life had been passed in different circumstances, and so surely was I convinced of some-

thing of this kind that I had never ventured to put any enquiries to him concerning it.

Two years previous, on one of my expeditions, he had told me the story of the shanty, which he repeated to Norton and myself on the evening I speak of. I had promised then, that sometime when sport gave out, we would take a run down the lake and look at the scene of the events he had so strangely depicted, and that time had come. The fishing was well nigh exhausted, and I had no difficulty in inducing Norton to agree to my proposal, adding, as an additional inducement, for he had not then heard the story and felt no interest in its location, that the stream which opened out into the lake at the particular spot, was certain to produce trout in plenty and possibly we might strike it rich.

A favourable wind coming up a little after sundown, we took advantage of it, and completed a fast ten-mile run about ten o'clock. Swinging round the shoal made by the opening of the stream, we came to behind it in the mouth and dropping sail ran on shore. Norton, who, on hearing that we were near the end of our journey, had shifted his position from amidships, much to the annoyance of one of the hounds, which had been using his lap as a pillow for its tired head, and gone forward of the mast with Murph, was first to step out as the nose of the lugger buried itself in the bank.

"I don't see anything of your shanty, Murph," was his first observation after surveying for a moment our dark surroundings.

"It's back some twenty or thirty rod, sir, up the stream. There is some swamp between here and it, and it would be hard work getting to it in the dark. Best wait till morning and pole up in the lugger."

I hastened to concur in Murph's advice, as I had some doubts as to the efficacy of the picture of the shanty on Norton's ability to sleep and none the less on my own.

"What I want now is some grub," said I. "The shanty has waited two years now for me so that a few hours one way or t'other won't make a difference. Murph will fix us up something and after that, perhaps, he'll tell you the yarn, Norton. What do you say, Murph?"

"Well, sir, I expect Mr. Norton would sooner you'd tell it. You know all about it and can tell it a sight better."

"Not by a jugful, Murph," was Norton's reply. "I heard enough of his yarns before I left town about this country, and I must say my opinion of his veracity has been somewhat shaken by personal experience of the last few days. Why, Cap," turning on me, "we haven't seen a decent trout yet, and you promised me all I could catch."

"Ay, Norton, 'all you could catch;' why don't you go ahead and catch them? They are there sure enough."

"I think, Cap'n, we'll find some here," broke in Murph, "out opposite the opening of the creek. It's likely they've changed over to this side this spring."

We discussed the prospects for the morrow's sport as our repast proceeded and left the discussion of both as Murph, in response to Norton's "Now for your story, Connery," began:

"As near as I can remember, it's twelve year since I first joined a lumber gang and came north to cut. We cut the first year on the other side of the lake and then went further up and two years or so later came back here and cut on the Holland limit back of this. We used to come from the camp out here now and again for venison and, coming down the creek, often passed Fraser's shanty. The one we've come to see. None of the boys knew anything about him though we saw him often enough and, like them, did not care much.