

into the boat. Had the water been deep, the boat must inevitably have been upset, in which case the consequences might have been more serious."

A lumbering camp is a busy scene. A log-house, for the shelter of the men and the cattle, is hastily knocked together; it is usually in the form of a long booth or shed of the roughest description, covered with shingles and fir-branches. The interior is divided into three compartments—kitchen, "dining-room," and sleeping apartment, the bedsteads of which consist of mother earth, strewn with fir, hemlock, and cedar-boughs. When the occupants "turn in" for the night, they merely throw off their outer garments, and they sleep there more soundly than many princes on their beds of down. The interior of the shanty, on wintry nights, is often a scene of mirth and jollity, and many long yarns about adventures with deer, bears, wolves, and catamounts, are spun for the benefit of the listeners. Songs are sung; and many a cloud of tobacco-smoke is blown—for smoking seems to be one of the necessary qualifications of a logger. The days are spent in hard labour—in felling, sawing, barking, chopping, rolling, and dragging the logs towards the river. The teamster is one of the hardest worked of the lot, and his care for the cattle is unceasing—the success of the whole party depending greatly on his efficiency. We need not describe the detail of the logging operations—they may easily be imagined. The trees are selected, felled, chopped, barked, rolled, and dragged, during a period of three months. Then the camp is broken up, the logs are clamped together into rafts, and the exciting and dangerous work of river-driving begins. The rafts float on, each superintended by a driver, and all is plain sailing enough, until a rapid has to be "shot," or a narrow to be passed. Then the logs are apt to get jammed together between the rocks, and the driver has constantly to be on the alert to preserve his raft, and, what he values at less rate, his own life. Sometimes days and weeks pass before a "jam" can be cleared—the drivers occasionally requiring to be suspended by ropes from the neighbouring precipices to the spot where a breach is to be made, which is always selected at the lowest part of the jam. The point may be treacherous, and yield to a feeble touch, or it may require much strength to move it. In the latter case, the operator fastens a long rope to a log, the end of which is taken down stream by a portion of the crew, who are to give a long pull and a strong pull when all is ready. He then commences prying while they are pulling. If the jam starts, or any part of it, or if there be even an indication of its starting, he is drawn suddenly up by those stationed above; and in their excitement and apprehensions for his safety, this is frequently done with such haste as to subject him to bruises and scratches upon the sharp-pointed bushes or ledges in the way. It may be thought best to cut off the key-log, or that which appears to be the principal barrier. Accordingly, the man is let down the jam, and as the place to be operated upon may, in some cases, be a little removed from the shore, he either walks to the place with the rope attached to his body, or, untying it, leaves it where he can readily grasp it in time to be

drawn from his perilous position. Often, where the pressure is direct, a few blows only are given with the axe, when the log snaps in an instant, with a loud report, followed suddenly by the violent motion of the "jam," and ere our bold river-driver is jerked half-way to the top of the cliff, scores of logs, in wildest confusion, rush beneath his feet, while he yet dangles in the air, above the rushing, tumbling mass. If that rope, on which life and hope thus hang suspended, should part, worn by the sharp point of some jutting rock, death, certain and quick, would be inevitable. The deafening noise, when such a jam breaks, produced by the concussion of moving logs whirled about like mere straws, the crash and breaking of some of the largest, which part apparently as easily as a reed that is severed, together with the roar of waters, may be heard for miles; and nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of the river-drivers on such occasions—jumping, hurraing, and yelling, with joyous excitement. Such scenes are frequent on most rivers where lumber is driven.

At length the logs float into the broad stream, and reach the port where the timber is sold. But too often the logger wastes, in reckless dissipation, the fruits of his previous six months' dangers and labours.—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

LEGISLATIVE NOMENCLATURE.

In the odd medley of names of the members of the new House of Commons may be found:—

Two Kings, with Hope, and Power A'Court,
With Manners, Bland, and Bright;
A Moody, Jermyn, Hastie, Scott,
A Marshall, Duke, and Knight.

An Abel Smith, a Turner, Prime,
A Potter, and a Fuller;
A Taylor, Collier, Forester,
Two Carters, and a Miller.

A Parrot, Peacock, and a Coote,
A Martin, Dawes, and Cocks;
A Roebuck, Bruen, and a Hogg,
A Mare that's Swift, a Fox.

Rich, Bankes, with Gould, and Wood, and Clay,
With Massey, Cotton, Mills;
Two Chambers, Barnes, Burroughs, Wells,
Dunne, Moores, and Brookes, and Hills.

A Booth, a Barrow, and a Crooke,
A Patten, Pugh, and Bass;
A Buck, a Talbot, and a Heard,
A Cowper, and Dund-as.

A Parker has a Heathcote reared,
A Gardner builds a Hutt;
A Goodman walks Long Miles to vote,
For honest Edward Strutt.

Members there are of every Tynte,
Whiteside, Greenall, and Green;
With Blackett, Greenhill, Browns, and Dunne;
No Greys are to be seen.

South Durham elevates her Vane,
Carnarvon hoists a Pennant;
East Norfolk has a Woodhouse raised,
Lisburn provides a Tennent.