

SANDY GREY.

BY ALAN SULLIVAN.

Sandy Grey ! Sandy Grey !
Where are the rapids of Sandy Grey ?

Some ten miles up from the Georgian Bay,
Where the hurrying yellow Muskoka flings
Its waters with resonant thunderings,
Fretted and whipped to a foam, like snow,
Some twenty-six feet on the rocks below ;
And whirls in an eddy so strong and deep,
That the best canoe-man does well to creep
By the twisted roots on its steep, bluff side
To the foot of the flashing timber-slide ;
These are the rapids of Sandy Grey,
Some ten miles up from the Georgian Bay.
But whence is the name ? I hear you say :—

Twenty years ago, ere the pine was cut,
And no foreman would look at a stick, whose butt
Went two feet or less, while the big trees stood
And lorded it over all other wood,
The current above for a mile was brown,
As the logs came steadily drifting down,
Till they stuck and tightened and piled and jammed
In the gut, where the narrowing stream was dammed ;
Higher and tighter and stronger grew,
Till the river but trickled and filtered through ;
And the water backed up to the shallow lake,
Backed up from the dam which it could not break.
The drivers stood high on the bare rock shore,
And noted the river's lessening roar,
And the heaving tremble and creak and groan
In the jam, as log after log was thrown
On the mound of timber ; and, stone by stone,
The bed of the river below grew plain,
And the rocks once sunken shewed up again.
Then the pipes came out, and the sweet weed burned
In a dozen bowls, and the talk was turned
To similar jams, and the means they'd tried
To loosen the logs ; till somebody cried—
Look—there, on the river—look, boys, I say—
God ! look at that fool of a Sandy Grey.