

THE SONGS OF CAMP.

Many they were, in many tongues and diversly sung.

Snatches of some half-remembered ballad from lips where song was a stranger, a trifle doleful to all but the singer perhaps, but *his* dreamy far-away eyes revealed the chord that vibrated.

Lively catches sung around the camp-fire, or caught up maybe on weary portage, to bring a moments forgetfulness of keenly cutting packstraps.

Rousing choruses given with such good-will that the mountain sides hoarsely sent back the melody.

Plaintive French folk-songs, their simple humor, endless iteration and minor strain an echo of the life of the people that gave them birth.

Nor were there wanting efforts more ambitious,—solos whose obligato accompaniment was the wind in the pines and the rude counterpoint of the river.

There were those who could not be made to sing, and those who could not be kept from singing, and finally those from whom an infinity of persuasion produced fragments of music sacred or profane, or possibly the admissible alternatives of a story or recitation.

Taking all the contributions into account, the repertory of the expedition was no mean one, and would fill many a page.

The Historian suggests that two lyrical efforts which are more peculiarly expeditionary property should be given in full.

CANOE SONG.

Air: Over the Sea to Skye,

Daylight is gone,
Night cometh on,
Trailing its robe of shade,
As o'er the tide
Swiftly we glide,
Bending the ashen blade.