



THE SEA.

I love it, I love it,
 Whatever its hue—
 Be it dark, be it bright,
 Be it green, be it blue;
 In whirlwind or calm,
 Let it chance as it will,
 In sunshine or storm,
 It is dear to me still.

I love it when glassy,
 And shadowy and shining,
 The bark and the oar
 On its wave are reclining—
 When lute-sounds of song
 O'er its bosom are stealing—
 When lightening are flashing,
 When thunders are pealing.

I love it when resting
 In dawn's misty light,
 The white sails are cresting
 The foam-billows height;
 When, dim in the starlight,
 It breaks into spray—
 When broadly and brightly
 'Tis flashing in day.

But oh! when the green
 Island shores are at rest,
 When the last glowing ray
 Fades away from the west,
 With silence and moonlight
 About, and above it,
 Then, then, most of all,
 Oh! I love it, I love it!

A TRIP TO CANADIAN HEADWATERS.

BY GEORGE W. PIERCE.

ONE hot July night, I stepped into the telegraph office at Station A, and dictated the following despatch:

"TO. PETER WHITE DUCK.
 SAND POINT, PROVINCE OF ONTARIO,
 Canada.

"Would you join me next week at Toronto, to go up the Muskoka and down the Petewawa River? Answer by telegraph."

To my surprise next morning Peter answered. The result was an appointment, and in pursuance of it, on the sixth of August I crossed the threshold of the Queen's Hotel. In the window, calmly smoking his pipe, was Peter, the glitter of yore in his black eyes as he held out his hand. We sat down to dinner, and the whole company stared at the hunter I had with me as if they had never seen an Indian.

In the evening we went out to make some purchases and gather information of the region we proposed to traverse, returning not one wit the wiser. The engineers, who could have answered some of our enquiries, were all away.

Peter knew nothing of the route I had laid out for him; and I knew less. A half-breed guide had told me, three years before upon the Ottawa, that it was practicable, with much discourse that set my brain on fire about wild Indians, deer, and virgin wilderness. I had a map sent me on my return from the Crown Timber Office at Toronto, on which the two rivers, in a great blank spot, may be seen taking, from neighboring hillsides, through many glistening lakes, their silver courses, till, crossing timber limits and settled country, the Petewawa goes to swell the Ottawa, and the Muskoka enters Georgian Bay.

An uncompleted rail road ran from Toronto into the District of Muskoka. We took the train at seven o'clock in the morning, passed Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching, and were set down at Severn in a tremendous rainstorm. Thence in open wagons, with other passengers, we pushed on for Gravenhurst, the steamboat landing on Lake Muskoka, stopping for lunch at a little tavern where I had just time to empty a plate of bread and cheese in front of me into a paper, and swallow a cup of scalding hot tea. We had to get out to cross a river upon the fallen timbers of a bridge lately burned, while the teams went three miles round by a rough road through the bush. The railroad employes were on a strike; and one of them it seems, had struck a match in the immediate vicinity of the bridge. As we stood drying on the lake shore after the clouds had parted, I was much amused with the conversation going on between the steamboat captain and two ladies of our party, who were going up

the lake for muskelonge, and had made up their minds to catch a twenty pounder. It seemed to me from all appearances, that they were fishing for something that would weigh at least two hundred.

We supped on the lake, and after supper, screeching through the forest, which we seemed to brush on both sides with our paddle boxes, now whirling to the left, now to the right, now half about, startling the ducks and raising the wildest echoes, we steamed up the river to Bracebridge, the head of navigation. Mine host, Higgins, at Bracebridge, received us like a brother, and entertained us over night and at breakfast and dinner the next day for the trifling compensation of one dollar and seventy-five cents, his services and half a dozen of his best trout flies thrown in.

A sedy trapper, lounging about the tavern, had killed a bear the day before, and we were all expecting a taste of him. "What is this? mutton?" I asked my right hand neighbor, at the breakfast table. "Chops, I think," was his reply. They were uncommonly long and slim. We had a roast for dinner, of excellent quality, another cut, no doubt, off the same animal, with vegetables in great profusion.

"That was good mutton we had for dinner," said I to Peter an hour later.

"Fast rate," said he, "how did you like the bear we had for breakfast?"

"I thought that was mutton, too," I answered, and Peter laughed. At two o'clock we were off for Baysville, up the river, just below the Lake of Bays, and the last settlement on our route, in a rough wagon without springs, with Tommy Howitt for a driver, and a strong pair of horses. The road from Bracebridge, through "The Devil's Gate," was bad enough. There were too many "jumping off places," as Tommy called them, where at one instant we were looking down upon the horses, and the next, the tail-board of the wagon flew up and we held our breath till we alighted on terra firma.

Higgins had gone about the village, hurrying up everybody to make preparations for the departure of two men who were "going through to Ottawa by the Madawaska," the way we were most anxious to avoid, but it being the only one he had ever heard of we could not beat it out of his head. The country was "all settled," he advised us along our route; but later reports were more encouraging. "There never was but one settler above the Lake of Bays: and he was eaten up by the mice." "Hollow Lake," Higgins insisted was "the head of the Muskoka River."