

well bronzed face. Another was a partner of the former, and had been for many years of his life a surveyor. He had but recently arrived to explore some new "limits," situated in the vicinity of those where his own men were engaged in cutting down the pines which rose far and wide, in all their primeval majesty. Two of the party were visitors from the settlements, who had come up to see a little of shanty life, and one of these was the writer. The conversation had turned on adventures which the lumberman and surveyor had met with in the course of their journeyings through the forest or on the river. Two of these stories I shall attempt to relate.

DOWN THE "SNOWS."

I.—MARY MORTIMER.

When you call on me to contribute my share to the amusement of the company—it is the lumberman who is speaking—you must remember that I am only a homespun sort of old fellow, accustomed to the rough life of the shanties, and having little acquaintance with what you call book learning. My father was also a lumberman and my boyhood was generally passed among the pines with the axemen, or on the river with the raftsmen. My story will not be long, and has been recalled to my mind by some reference Miss Fanny made last evening to the "Snows" which you saw in the early part of last week. Of course it is connected with lumbering life, for I would not travel out of that path on which I have been going now for fifty years and more:

I need not tell you that the Ottawa Valley has passed through a very great change during the past thirty years; but no one can appreciate it except those who, like myself, have always lived by the banks of the great river. I can recall the time when a steamboat was never dreamed of on the river, and all our operations had to be carried on with canoes and bateaux. The Government now builds "slides" and canals for our commerce, but in old times the logs had hard work to run the rapids. The houses of settlers were few and far between, and the voyageur and lumbermen were the only persons you could meet for many hundreds of miles, after you had passed a certain point on the Upper Ottawa. I can even recollect when there were not a dozen houses to be seen near the lake, and when I often encamped on the shore, after running the "Snows," and cooked my own food, because it would take me too long to go to the nearest settler's cabin. The scenery is still very fine about the "Snows" and other rapids, with their white foam, so like the pure snow of a January storm; but forty years ago, the forest was richer, for the islands, and the banks of the great river were covered with noble trees which have long since disappeared before fires or the axe of the lumbermen or farmer.

You can still see close to the banks of the river, in the midst of a little grove of birch, about half a mile from the "Snows," a comfortable frame house, and alongside it a log-hut which answers for a barn.