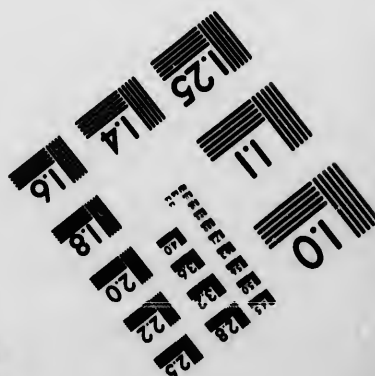
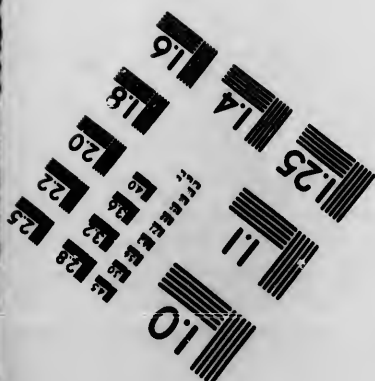
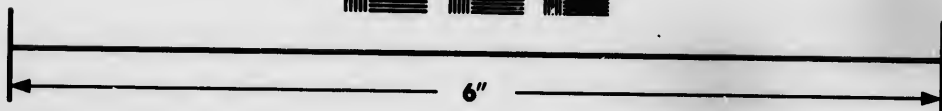
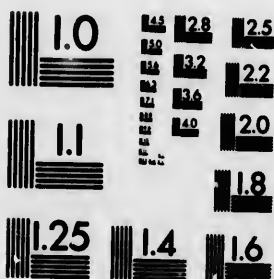


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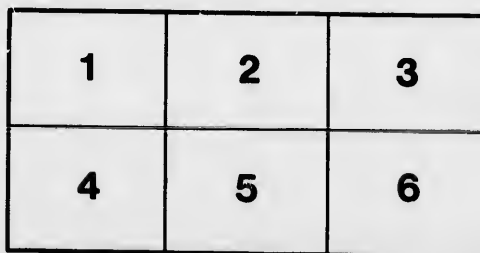
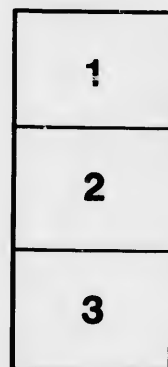
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POETICAL  
DIRECTORY  
AND  
MEMORIAL  
TO  
LUMBERMEN AND CAMPS  
IN GENERAL.

---

BY A. G. CHURCHILL.

---

BRACEBRIDGE:

PRINTED AT "THE MUSKOKA HERALD" OFFICE.

1883.



**G**ENERAL FETTERLY with his pen  
Marks time for five and twenty men,  
Near the river of Big East,  
In the shanty where they feast,  
Know all the world who read this book  
John Tremally is the scienced cook,  
Keeps shanty clean, his table tin  
He scours, and scours, and scours again,  
Spoons and dishes, knife and fork,  
Bright as when they left New York,  
Cooks beef and bacon large supplies,  
Bread and puddings, cakes and pies,  
Potatoes for the total crew,  
Dried apples, currants, onion stew,  
Syrup, butter and green tea,  
All tasty in the first degree,  
The cleanly cook will promenade,  
Spicy as a table maid,  
Hotel-keepers are defied,  
And boarding houses all out side.  
James Bruce is driving Sam and Bill,  
To the depot from Huntsville,  
Both team and teamster get the praise  
He drives the fancy model bays.  
John McCabe's a teamster too,  
Skidding timber in the crew,  
With the chesnut and the gray,  
He slides the panel pine away,  
Bulls of the woods raised comic style,  
They travel Spanish to the pile.  
Will Robinson will crack his whip,  
How Tom and George will prance and skip,  
He hauls long sticks of pine away,  
With the stallions every day.  
John Snetsinger's leading man  
Cuts main roads in caravan.  
Jermyn Algier teams and skids,  
As the general daily bids,  
Drives John and Raven, bay and white,  
From day break to caudle light.

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Thomas Shea makes skidding go,  
Is driving Dexter and Philo,  
Hauls sticks of timber every day,  
With the chestnut and the gray.  
Edward Lago falls the pine,  
And marks it with his chalk and line,  
Daniel Lago is scoring too,  
Straight to the line exactly true,  
Frank Lolands hewing timber square,  
Exactly to one single hair.  
The celebrated Joseph Bray  
Is scoring timber every day.  
William Loland falls the trees,  
To score and hew and cross the seas.  
One bloody butcher H. Poryea,  
Would kill a bullock any day.  
George Rutley's boss of cutting roads,  
For teams and teamsters and their loads.  
Herbert Barkley's cutting too,  
In the jolly, jovial crew.  
And also Mr. Daniel Cain,  
Is a road cutter in the train,  
Where Maxwell's men their fortunes make,  
In timber shanty at Pine Lake.  
General Fetterley at two stands  
Orders five and twenty hands.  
Thomas Baines in English style,  
Would cause an Emperor to smile,  
To see long tables rickly spread,  
With roasts and toasts from foot to head,  
He will bake and boil and fry,  
Makes puddings, dumplings, cakes and pie,  
Baked meat, and beans, and mustard smart,  
Raisins, pickles, apple tart,  
Packs up dinner for the men,  
To eat and drink on hill and glen.  
At evening when the men come home,  
They wash and wipe and also comb.  
Their splendid cook, Squire Thomas Baines,  
At tea table takes great pains,

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Says to the workmen help yourselves,  
Our shanty's full on all the shelves,  
Is your cup empty sir says he,  
Please take another cup of tea.  
John Snitsinger cuts the roads,  
For all the teams and all their loads,  
Jermyn Algier teams and skids,  
With John and Raven as he bids,  
Algier is a man of might,  
The team he drives is black and white,  
Adam Walldruff falls and lines,  
He is first judge of panel pines,  
One chosen man in all the crowd,  
The scienced hewer D. McLeod,  
Both far and near, at home, abroad,  
All lumber merchants will applaud.  
Robert Holland falls the trees,  
To line and hew and cross the seas,  
Joseph Obeas thundering knocks,  
Sends chips like hailstones, and score blocks.  
His namesake Joseph, Squire Lago,  
Sends chips and blocks at every blow.  
A. Holland's boss of cuttings roads,  
For men and teams and heavy loads,  
Is called Buck Beaver for a smile,  
He leads his party rank and file.  
Leslie Algier's helping too,  
A brisk young fellow in the crew,  
The men above work at the stand,  
As the General does command.  
**S**EE GENERAL DAUGHERTY advance,  
In Bethune township land of grants,  
On timber limits, hill and glen,  
Himself and thirty chosen men,  
Still the audience, still the crowd,  
Hear your names all spoken loud,  
That are written on the book,  
First, John Carmichael is chief cook.  
There the oats and there the hay,  
There the money for to pay,

There the pork and there the flour,  
Carmichael cooks that men devour,  
There the tables rickly spread,  
With cakes and pies, and lovely bread,  
There the sweat meats, sours and tarts,  
Syrups brought from foreign parts,  
Potatoes, bacon and baked beans,  
Cocked on demand, John has the means,  
Gives apple sauce and onion stew,  
Like festival in Barbecu.  
Samuel Waldruff, strong and tall,  
In battle line makes pine trees fall.  
John Boles is scoring with his axe,  
To chalk and line makes scoring hacks,  
James Milligan with axe in hand,  
Is scoring pine in granted land.  
James Elick in the generals crew,  
Makes canthooks, chains, and sets the shoe,  
Mister William Milligan,  
Is cutting roads in caravan,  
John Waldruff's cutting roads also,  
And strikes like thunder every blow,  
Miles Simpson is the very one,  
Helps cut the roads from sun to sun,  
Allen Rupert in the crowd,  
His axe in battle sounding loud.  
William Wigent is chore boy,  
In cook and general's employ,  
The scorer William Corrigan,  
Fiddles for the caravan,  
William Ellis scores the pine,  
Exactly to the miter line.  
Malcolm Kippen hews the sticks,  
All day long from six to six,  
Jacob Simser's axe will strike,  
Helps cut the roads just as they like.  
William Llyod's sleigh whip does crack,  
Drives Sam and Jim, the bay and black,  
James Dunlop's hauling many a stick,  
With grey and chestnut, Charles and Dick.

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Johnny Kizevs axe does swing,  
Cuts roads for hauling everything,  
At cutting roads George Morgan's head,  
For timber waggon and the sled,  
Squire Lolan, they call him Lue,  
Lines timber for the men to hew,  
His brother Aleck strikes the line,  
For men that hew the sticks of pine,  
Moses Porcier's hewing straight  
On sticks of timber small and great,  
William Stoker throws the chips  
And the score blocks that he clips,  
Amassy Bush a handy man,  
And carpenter in caravan,  
Charley Richards all the while  
Helps cut the roads in best of style.

**H**ARK ye thirty chosen men,  
Lumbering on the hill and glen,  
By day-light, lamp-light, or the moon,  
In the morning rising soon.  
The cook will rise at half-past four,  
And then the cooking stove does roar,  
Says helper up and raise the steam,  
Drivers up and feed your team.  
General Kippen keeps the book,  
Thomas Hoocy is chief cook,  
His brother William's helping him,  
To keep the shanty in good trim,  
The cook himself will say the grace,  
Let every workman take his place.  
Pours out the tea in glittering tin,  
Your empty basin fills again,  
Hoocy bakes his bread complete,  
Bakes, boils and fries, and roasts the meat,  
Long tables spread with fresh supplies,  
Puddings, dumplings, cakes and pies,  
With sauce and gravy for the same,  
And meats on platters, wild and tame,

Pickles, catsup, mustard ground,  
The cooks politely pass around,  
John McKewin does install,  
And marks the lofty pines to fall.  
John Humphrey's in the scoring line,  
Drumming on the lordly pine,  
Thomas Stalker's axe does roar  
Among the valiant men that score,  
George Little hews both small and big,  
Like nimble dancers at the jig.  
Squire Plumadore is getting praise,  
Is skidding with the fancy bays,  
Casey and Tom as they are called,  
And many a stick that team has hauled.  
Alfred Blanchet's scoring too,  
For some other man to hew,  
John McKewin's cutting trails,  
In hills and valleys, swamps and swails,  
Will McKewin in the crew,  
Helps to cut the main roads through,  
Henry Young is caulking boss,  
Caulks the shanty tight with moss.  
P. O'Hanly in the crew,  
The strongest man and best to hew.  
Gordon Alguir's bay and gray,  
Is hauling timber every day,  
The booms on water he will fill,  
He drives the fancy Tom and Bill.  
John Culbert is a scorer too,  
Scores for O'Hanly in the crew,  
Frank Pokorney cuts the trails,  
Equal to the Prince of Wales,  
Abraham Thebelt, brisk young squire,  
Is cutting roads for honest hire,  
Lewis Pokorney's cadging in,  
He goes and comes and goes again,  
Four score men in honest deal,  
Are turning Maxwell's fortune wheel,  
Three foremen, generals in command,  
Hire pay and order every hand,

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In the virgin forest green,  
Not one fair maiden to be seen.  
In the evening after tea,  
What monarch can so happy be,  
With one exception, only one,  
Man's choice of fancy there is none,  
Here's lots of men and not one maid,  
God's first commandment disobeyed,  
Let every maid that wants a man,  
Come and see our caravan,  
Princess, heiress, roses fair,  
Your beauty's strong as Sampson's hair,  
Please send your portraits under seal,  
Swap love for love, as lovers deal.





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And one hundred names below ;  
The girl that met with a rainbow  
Said I am glád it is leapyear,  
He gladly met with a reindeer,  
Each send your likeness to your love,  
His reverence in McMurray's grove.

**THOS. JOHN SCOTT, Contractor.**

Firm of Booming, Dam and Slide  
To General Scott this year applied  
For sliding shoots to be well done  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one ;  
And the General installs  
In Bracebridge rapids and High Falls,  
Hires fifteen men, a valiant crew,  
And builds it well for eighty-two,  
To run square timber that arrive,  
And saw log millions in the drive.  
Stephen Savage with his pen  
Marks time for all his working men,  
As foreman general he commands  
And superintends the working hands.  
Mrs. Dixon boards them well  
As happy as a grand hotel,  
All that Savage does employ—  
Young David Dickson is chore boy.  
Margaret and Catharine table maids,  
Admired by all the brisk young blades,  
No jokes in whispers spoken loud,  
The Mistress keeps a civil crowd,  
Keeps rooms and lodgings neat and clean,  
Carves beef and bacon fat and lean,  
Vegetables in multitude,  
Beets, onions, cabbage, apples stewed,  
Margaret and Catharine spread the cloth,  
Bake pies and puddings, skim the broth,  
Posted well and like spring steel

They serve the tables every meal,  
With tea and sugar, syrup, sound,  
Pepper, catsup, mustard ground,  
And luxuries all, please tell what not,  
She boards the men for General Scott,  
Robert Howard's building peers  
To stand for centuries of years,  
As foreman leads the jovial train,  
Sir John Cole and John McLean,  
Edward Deacon helps to fill,  
And William Tobin in the bill,  
Edward Paine is heaving stone,  
R. McNarney chops alone,  
John Wilson shaves and trims their hair  
To face the finest of the fair;  
Edward Arbeck's hewing sticks  
All day long from six to six,  
John Yeoman blasts the granite wide  
To pin the timber in the slide,  
William Malone the lines will run,  
Full of comics, jokes and fun;  
Jesse Stiles is bearing chain,  
In love of all Scott's jovial train.

WM. McDONALD, foreman for Richard Powers,  
McLean Township.

See McDonald's gallant train,  
In the township of McLean,  
This skilful man, in honest deal,  
Turns Richard Powers' fortune wheel.  
Built winter quarters new in style,  
To make the virgin forest smile,  
All the men in his employ,  
Wish the general much joy,  
And his well accomplished bride,  
They give them cheers on every side,



Respected as a king and queen,  
In the virgin forest green,  
His new cottage stands in state,  
From the fortress separate,  
In timber limits wild and wide,  
His forty regulars does divide.  
Sent General Haw to Wiatt's block,  
With eighteen men, teams, tools and stock.  
J. Hager scales both small and great,  
And registers the estimate.  
William Housley all the while,  
Cooks for McDonald's men in style,  
He keeps the shanty clean and neat,  
And table tin scoured up complete,  
Young Albert Cole is there to chore,  
Is cooking now for twenty-four,  
Three times each day the table's spread,  
With hearty food from foot to head,  
His workmen have the best of fare,  
Lous Booth's head chopper there.  
First gang head sawyer in the score,  
Richard—sir name is Gilmore,  
And James Kelly is his mate,  
They run the saw through log so straight.  
David Dinsmore drives his team,  
Bill and Tom, the grey and cream.  
George Bruce rolls logs upon the skids,  
And Thomas Gibson as he bids.  
John Stephenson cuts trails to go,  
And John Innis cuts ditto.  
Edward Atridge in the crew,  
Is chopping logs in number two,  
And Trafield Larush Esquire,  
Chops with him for the honest hire.  
Eli Huil head sawyer too,  
With David Haw in second crew.  
Richard Richards in renown,  
Teams with the fancy bay and brown.

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Powers,

Ferdinand Housay rolls the pines,  
And Frederick Kirkpatrick joins.  
Fiddler Sir James Cooney's one,  
Cuts trails, with Duncan Stephenson.  
William Buchanan boss road list,  
And James Fletcher will assist.  
Division second, General Haw  
At Wiat's block makes shanty law,  
Is monarch of the whole avails,  
Squire George Digby daily scales  
And registers upon the book,  
Thomas Ellis is the cook,  
John Haw is in the cooking list,  
Clean, neat and nimble to assist,  
They bake and fry, roast, stew and boil  
For men like Moab to the spoil ;  
At meal time when the men come in  
The table shines with dazzling tin,  
The cook himself will say the grace  
Let every workman take his place,  
And all be sure to help yourselves  
Our shanty's full on all the shelves,  
In the grove where lumbering's done  
Charles Smith's head chopper number one.  
Alfred Newton runs the saw  
With Edward Devlin push and draw ;  
George Cole in limits high and low  
Hauls with his able Prince and Joe ;  
George Trombley boss of men that roll  
With F. Degania for George Cole ;  
John Wilson boss of cutting trails,  
With William Ellis, swamps and swails ;  
Bernard McDonald's cutting roads,  
Thomas McMurray's hauling loads,  
He makes Bobtail and fancy Black  
Walk Spanish when his whip does crack.  
Sir John Kelly has control  
With William Wilson helps to roll ;



TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND HONORABLE MEMBERS OF THE DOMINION LEGISLATURE, IN COMMONS :—

We, the undersigned, recommend to your notice Mr. Asa Gildersleeve Churchill, a poet of no small renown, in respect to the God-given gift. He has just favored us with a poem entitled "Directory of Penotanguishene," complimentary to professional and official capacity; we are highly gratified to send to our warmest and dearest friends in foreign parts as a memorial of us.

(Signed.) W. M. Kelly, Warden of the Reformatory Prison (poet equal to Byron, Moore or Burns); S. McLaughlin, Chief Guard; Donald Rae, Master Cooper; E. W. Murphy, Teacher; John Rainford, John Ingleeson, D. A. Sheppard, James Wright, H. H. Thompson.

—o—  
OTTAWA CITY, June 20th, 1880.

We fully endorse the above sentiments of the Warden and Government officers of the Reformatory. Having read the most celebrated bards and poets both sides of the Atlantic, there is none more intelligent or half so useful in business.—  
C. Webster, Richard Dagg, T. W. Bellot, J. Sanders, Wm. Frazer, Wm. B. Foster.

