

DRIVING ON THE RIVER.

A STORY OF THE LOG MEN IN THE SPRING TIME.

Illustrations of the Lumber Camp—The Raft in the River and a Mishap—The Part Love and Jealousy Played in the Story.

One February afternoon a tremendous snowstorm was raging about the camp on the Upper Keswick. The air was so thick with driving flakes that one could scarcely see five feet ahead of him. It fell dark in the woods by the middle of the afternoon, and the chopping and the hauling came to an end. Lamps were soon lighted in camp, and the lumbermen, in their steaming homespuns, gathered about the roaring stove to sing, smoke, swap yarns and munch gingerbread. The wind screamed round the gables of the camp, rattled at the door and windows, and roared among the tree-tops like the breaking of great waves on an angry coast. From the stables close by came ever and anon the neighing of a nervous horse.

Andy Mitchell had been detailing with tireless minuteness the virtues of his magnificent team of stallions, Tom and Jerry, and had described (as was his wont on all possible occasions) the manner in which they had once saved his life when he was attacked by a tremendous Indian Devil. This Indian Devil (as the Northern Panther is called in Canada) had been literally pounded to pieces under the hoofs of the angry stallions. As Mitchell concluded there came a voice from the other side of the stove, and a tall Woodstocker spoke up. This was a chopper very popular in the camp, and known by the name of Jabe. His real name, seldom used except on Sundays, was Jabez Ephraim Batterpole.

"I'll tell yez a leetle yarn, boys," said Jabe, "about a chap ez warn't egyptzackly an Injun Devil, but he was half Injun, an' I'm a thinkin' t'other half must a' ben devil. I run agin him last June three year gone, an' he come blame near a doin' fur me. I haint sot eyes on him sence, fur which the same I aint agoin' to complain.

"I'd ben up to the Falls, an' was a-takin' a raft down the river fur Gibson. Sandy Beale was along o' me, an' I dunno ez ever I enjoyed raftin' more'n on the first o' thet trip. Doubtless yez all knows what purty ratin' it is in them parts. By gum, it kinder makes a chap lick his lips when he rickoocks it, a slidin' along there in the sun, not too hot an' not too cold, a smokin' very comfortable, with one's back braced agin a soft spruce log, an' smellin' the leetle catspaws what comes blowin' off the shores jest ez sweet an' soft ez a gal's curls a brushin' of a feller's face."

"What gal's curls he yez reterrin' to, Jame?" interrupted Andy Mitchell. "Suthin' finer'n horse-hair, anyways!" was the prompt retort; and a laugh went round the camp at Andy's expense. Then Mr. Batterpole continued:

"When we come to Hardersbaw it was sundown, so we tied up the raft and teetered up the hill to Old Man Peters's fur the night. Yez all knows Old Man Peters's gal Nellie, ez there aint no tidier an' honester slip on the hull river. Nellie was purty glad to see Sandy an' me, ef I does say it that shouldn't; an' she chinned with us so ez she didn't hev no time to talk to some other chaps ez was puttin' up there that night. An' this, ez I mighty soon ketched onter, didn't seem nohow to suit one of the fellers. He was a likely-lookin' chap enough, but very dark-complected an' sallow-like, with a bad eye, showin' a lot o' the white. An eye like that's a bad thing in a horse, an' I reckon 'taint a heap better in a man.

"Sez I to Nellie, sez I: 'Nellie, who's yer yaller friend over there by the windy, which looks like he'd like to make sassage-meat o' my head?'"

"Nellie's eyes flashed, and she answered up right sharp: 'Taint no friend of mine. 'Taint no sort of a man at all. It's only somethin' the freshet left on shore, an' the pigs wouldn't eat nohow.'

"You bet I luffed, an' so did Sandy. Ez I heern later on, the chap had been a botherin' round' Nellie all winter, fur all she'd gin him the mitten straight an' sent him about his bizness heaps o' times. I reckon the fellow suspicioned we was a-laffin' at him, fur he squinted at me blacker'n ever.

"Purty soon Nellie got fussin' roun' the room, over night to where the yaller chap was a-settin', an' he spoke to her, salt-like, so ez we couldn't hear what he was a-gittin' at. Nellie she jest sniffed kinder scornful; an' then, what would yez suppose that chap done? He reached out sudden, grabbed her leetle wrist so hard 't she cried out, an' slapp'd her—yes, slapp'd her right across the mouth. Nellie jest stood there white, like a image, an' never said one word; an' I see the red marks o' the blackguard's fingers come out across her cheek. Next minit yaller face jumped for the door—an' me arter him, yez, you kin bet yer life! He was a-makin' tracks purty

lively, but I kin run a leetle myself, an' I was onter him 'gin Sandy an' the rest was outer the door. An' didn't I whale him, now? I twisted his knife outer his hand, an' I laced him till I was clean tuckered out. But the fellow was grit, an' never hollered onct. When I quit he laid still a bit. Then he riz up slowly, started to walk away, turned half round, an' hissed at me jest like a big snake er 'n old sassy gander:

"'I'll—pay—you?'" "Git! sez I, an' he perceeded to git, joggin' along towards Woodstock.

"Well, now, how thet Nellie did look at me, proud an' grateful like, when I come back the house; an' sez I to myself, 'Jabez Ephraim, you've ben an' gone an' put in the big licks there, old feller!' But I never said nuthin' about it at all to Nellie,



nor Nellie didn't to me. Now yer a smilin', boys, so I may remark jest here, to save yez from interrptin' hereafter, thet I've been to Old Man Peters's sence, on several occasions; an' nex' summer I hope to see yez all acceptin' the hospitality of Mrs. Jabez E. Batterpole! But thet aint no part o' this here story!"

"Nex' day Sandy an' me hed a fine run



down by Woodstock. The old raft rid kinder loose, however, and we blamed up an' down the fellers ez had pinned her together to the Falls. Howsmever, we tightened her up a bit, an' calc'lated she'd hold through.

"Ez we come in hearin' of the Meductic, Sandy sez to me, sez he: 'Jabe, old 'Ductic is a-hoopin' her up today. There's a big head o' water on, an' I'm thinkin' we'll hev to keep our eyes peeled. It'll take some skittish sterrin', fur ef the old raft jest teches the rocks she'll go all to slivers.'

"'Right you be!' sez I. An' we braced up.

"Now, ez we soon seen, old 'Ductic was just a rearin'. The big raft shivered like a skeered filly ez she ketched the first nip of them cross-currents; an' she commenced ter bulge an' sag like a nonsense. Sandy was on the forrard sweep, but obsarvin' thet, ez the currents was a-settin', he warn't no use forrard, I called him aft to help me



Ez I turned my head a leetle mite to holler to him I ketched a squint o' that yaller chap a-steppin' in behind a tree on the bluff.

"There warn't no time to be a-considerin' of yaller chaps, fur the raft was settin' dead onter the big rocks in the middle o' the rapid, an' Sandy an' me was a-heapin' an' a gruntin' on them sweeps to swing her cl'ar. 'She'll make it,' sez Sandy, 't last—an' that very minit there comes a ringin' shot from the bluff, an' I feels like it was a dash o' scaldin' water 'long the tip o' my shoulder-blade. Yez'll notice, I was leanin' forrard at the time.

"'I'm shot!' sez I; an' then I sees Sandy's sweep swing round, an' Sandy drops on the logs.

"I jumped cl'ar over to where he laid, but straightways he hops up an' yels, 'It's only me arm! Look out for the raft, Jabe!'

"I looked out, boys, you bet! But she was jest sheerin' roun' onter them rocks, an' no man's arm could a' stopped her. I looked up at the bluff, an' ketched a sight o' the yaller blackguard standin' there ez cool ez ye please, mind yez, a-loadin' up fur a fresh shot.

"I hadn't no time for another squint at him, fur next minit the old raft struck the rocks. She jest tumbled to pieces like a box o' matches. I hustled Sandy out to the tail o' the raft jest in time, an' told him to jump an' stroke out fur all was in him, an' I'd see him through er else we'd kinder shuffle off together.

"'Correct!' sez Sandy, chipper ez ye please; an' then we both jumped, me with a grip like grim death onter Sandy's belt.

"Boys, but it was a caution to see them waves, an' cross-currents, an' chutes, an'

THE THYCKKE FOGGE PAPERS.

A Censure of a Clergyman who Censures an Older Creed than His Own. NO. XVI.

Those of Us who, in a meek and mild manner entered the sanctum last Wednesday evening, did not look for a cordial reception from our senatorial host, for we felt that we had been careless and neglectful, and had preferred sauntering on the mellow moonlight on the last regular night of meeting instead of attending strictly to business as we should have done. The honorable gentleman, however, received Us in his usual cheery and cordial manner, and in a few minutes We were as much at ease as if We had never done a wrong thing or offended anybody in Our lives, and sat in the Senator's chairs and smoked the Senator's cigars with the calm and placid confidence that a christian feels in four aces. The Sage, after a few desultory remarks, settled himself down and gave us his opinion of a matter that had intrusted and also amused him.

"I have noticed," said he, "that frequently an infelicitous remark will cause much more harm and create more ill feeling than perhaps the man that has made it aware of. Dr. Burchard's celebrated 'Rum, Romanism and Rebellion' probably cost the Plumed Knight of Maine his chance of warming the Presidential camp-stool, and it is of a somewhat similar phrase that I shall talk to you about this evening.

"Not long ago a certain clergyman of this city delivered a sermon before a body of men, members of a certain well-known and influential secret society. In the course of his remarks the reverend gentleman took particular pains to say that the tenets and principles and injunctions of this society were such as to encourage and expect its members to live at peace with all men, no matter what the creed or nationality to which they belonged. In this he was perfectly right, and it was clearly his duty to address his congregation as he did. Furthermore, this gentleman's sermon showed that he possessed some worldly common sense, and had no desire to inflame the passions, or arouse old time feelings in the hearts of his hearers. Some few days ago another clergyman, but this time one who is located in one of our many charming coast villages, had occasion to deliver a sermon to a number of men belonging to the same society as that addressed by the first minister I have spoken of. Now, mark the contrast. Did he inculcate the doctrine of peace to all? Not by a large majority. He started out with this text: 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people,' and instanced these things that were a reproach to this Canada of Ours, and as a consequence, were sins, namely: Opium, Rum and Romanism. Now with the first two I have nothing to do. The abuse of either or both is sure to lead a man into trouble, but to his last instance I certainly object, and strongly too. What business has the minister of any denomination to stand up and say that the belief of any other denomination is a reproach to a nation? Does this worthy young parson not know that the Church he assails thus severely is the mother of all the churches that have anything approaching in the slightest degree to a ceremonial or a ritual, the Rev. Mr. Little to the contrary, notwithstanding, although he did try to make out, but very feebly and half-heartedly, that the Episcopalian was the oldest and the purest of the churches. Does the gentleman I refer to even read church history, and not be aware of the fact that the Roman Catholic church has ever been in the foreground when missionary service was required, in connection with which fact I might say that had it not been for the devotion and self-sacrificing spirit shown by Roman Catholic missionaries we would not have our present Dominion in the shape it is now, for I doubt very much if Protestant missionaries would have dared do what the intrepid monks who travelled far and wide through the trackless woods and wilds of this country accomplished.

"Perhaps the worthy clergyman I am referring to is afraid that the old church may come to her pristine power and position again, and if she did does this rural exhorter fear the return of Torquemada's little pleasantries? Does he look for a visit from the rack and thumbscrew or an embrace from the Iron Maiden? Has he not faith enough in the common sense of the people of civilized communities to feel satisfied that no church would ever be allowed to usurp the power once wielded by Her of Rome? No, no, we live in an age of telegraphs, telephones, electric lights, and hard business sense, and the church or denomination that would undertake to discipline one of its iron members or anybody else in the style that was current some generations ago, would probably find that it had very promptly and effectually written its own death warrant, and I would advise the zealous young divine from the country districts that the next time he addresses a society—

Right here the Senator was interrupted by the receipt of a telegram informing him that the President of the C. P. R. wished him to act as his agent in the purchase of property in Carleton for terminal facilities, and We concluded that it was time We were somewhere else.

[FOR PROGRESS.] FIDDLE OR VIOLIN. When down the room's excited middle The hop goes gaily, striddle diddle, O then you call the thing—a fiddle. But when the painted chandeliers In its superhuman chords begin, Now angel clear, and fine and thin, You call it then—a violin.

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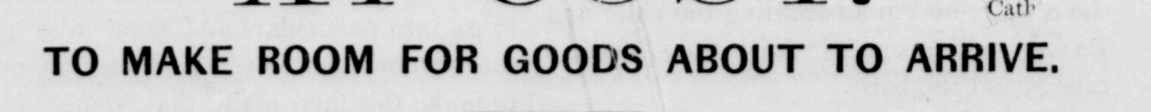
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