

horrible earthquake of two hundred and odd years ago, which swept its crime-stained walls into the abyss. Horror and dismay spread among the inhabitants when the first few shocks were felt; a more appalling shock succeeded and amid shrieks and execrations, old Port Royal went down. Sturdy Buccaneers who faced death every day in this calling of repine and pillage made the scenes more horrible still by their alternate curses and cries for mercy. The huge tidal wave caused by the gulf, swamped the ships in the harbour and many a noble galleon, with its elaborate carvings and wealthy furnishings disappeared. Even now, on a calm, still day, can portions of stone buildings be discerned grown into coral, and in one place, resting across one of these masses, a cannon, rusted and coral grown; also the bell of the old sunken cathedral was recovered a short time ago and is now to be seen in the public museum in Kingston.

Near here also is the residence of Lord Rodney, the famous Admiral, who built on the crest of a hill near his home, a tower, where he had a look-out kept for the French fleet, under De Grasse, who sought in their turn to capture the island from the English. From this tower gallant Rodney saw the white sails of the enemy rising above the horizon and sallied forth to meet and defeat them, proving himself a second Nelson.

Of Nelson too, there are many old relics. Here were his headquarters from whence he went forth to capture that hitherto impregnable stronghold, Havana. The brave Benton also had his station here, and it was here that the gallant old man was brought, after the engagement in which both his legs were shot away, to die and to leave his remains in the country he had defended. His tomb may be seen in the parish church at Kingston, he being buried in front of the altar.

Who has not heard of or read that delightful work "Tom Cringle's Log?" The sight of the execution of the Cuban pirates is just over there on that point. That event as chronicled by Mr. Scott is a matter of history, though woven by him into a touching romance. Again from "Tom Cringle;" over there, at Green Bay, are the graves of the two sea-captains who killed each other in a duel, the tombs crumbling and picturesque, another matter of history romance-woven.

Near there also is the grave of the man who was swallowed by the great earthquake and disgorged again, and who lived to a good old age, respected and feared by those who regarded him as a being chosen for some great work and snatched from the grave that he might perform it. However, he did nothing beyond settling in the new Port Royal and engaging in mercantile pursuits until his death. The tomb is in good preservation, legible and curious.

The Sec'y-Treas. received from Halifax about a week ago a one dollar bill with no name attached. He would like to know who the sender is, as we have several subscribers in that city.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE GAEL.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY PROF. CARMICHAEL BEFORE THE GOSIANIC SOCIETY.

WHO are we? Whence have we come? What is our origin, our true name, our fatherland? To what race do we belong, to what age? What is our true place among the nations of the earth?

These are a few of the questions which come home to the heart of every true Gael, when, as he looks down on the beautiful valley of the Earn or the Tay, he attempts to lift the veil from the misty past. The Saxon is left out of the reckoning in this discussion. He is too recent a creation. From the sublime heights of the Grampians and the Ochills, and the hills of Morven, we can look down with calm complacency upon the dwellers on the banks of the Frith and the Clyde, the Tweed and the Ayr. We have no share in the Saxon invasion, for we dwelt secure on the Caledonian hills a thousand years before the first Saxon foot trod the English sands. Our fathers did not come over with the Norman conqueror, because they had come more than two thousand years before.

It has been taken for granted that the first time history lifts the veil from the face of the Northern hills we see two races, the Picts and the Scots, contending for the mastery. Ireland was, in old time, called Scotland, and swarms of the Irish-Scots crossed over and colonized Scotland, and gave the country their own name. But we make no claim to be Scotch. The Gael is not a Scot. We simply acknowledge him to be a forty-second cousin, just as we do the Pict. The geologist reads the history of the world backwards. He turns over page after page of the stony record. He brings us to the beginning, the very dawn of life, and with bowed head and reverent eye we look on the first living, breathing thing. And from that far distant past we can grope our way down through the countless ages, and see one formation laid upon another, and one plant and animal succeeding another till we reach the 19th century. In the same way the ethnologist can thread his way backward through the strata of languages and their changes, till we stand at a nation's fountain-head. Even dead languages are to him what fossils and petrefactions are to the geologist. Through their indications he is able to spell out the ethnical records of the past, and thus catch a flash of light from the gray cloud that rests over the dawn of the ages. And so these linguistic monuments seem to point to the country east of the Caspian and north of Hindu-Kush as the home of the Aryan nations. There, in an age long anterior to European history, while Europe was yet a jungle, or peopled by wandering tribes, akin to the Fins or the North American Indians, dwelt the Northern nation by which Europe was afterwards peopled. From this centre successive migrations took place towards the