

was taken from the Americans by Gen. Riall. In the close of 1813, Gen. Riall landed with 600 men on the American frontier, and burned all the settlements from Buffalo to Niagara to retaliate for the atrocities committed by the U. S. troops under McClure.

In February, 1814, New Brunswick sent a regiment to assist on the St. Lawrence and 220 seamen for the lakes.

Gen. Macomb, with a division of Americans, crossed Lake Champlain on the ice in March, 1814, and occupied St. Armand. On the 13th March he retired and joined Gen. Wilkinson, who had 5,000 men before the Lacolle Mill frontier. This he attacked repeatedly, but was repulsed by three regiments of local militia. Wilkinson, after this failure, withdrew his army to Plattsburg and retired from active military service.

The first of 1814 opened by the capture of Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, by the British, and their successful defence of Michilimacinae.

July 10th, Gen. Sir J. C. Sherbrook sent the "Ramilies," commanded by Sir Thomas Hardie, to take possession of Fort Sullivan, on Mosé Island, in Passamaquoddy Bay, the garrison of 86 men surrendering without a fight. Sept. 1st, 1814, Sherbrook himself seized the town of Castine, in Maine, while Capt. Barnie ascended the river and captured the United States frigate "Adams."

A British brigade under Col. Pilkington extended the British advance beyond Machias. He was about to proceed to the reduction of the east of Maine when the United States Gen. Brewer wrote him a greeting, if he would not advance that all the militia of that district should not serve against His Majesty during the war. The agreement was accepted.

VISCOUNT DE FRONSAE.

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The Misty Isle of Skye.

WHETHER it was interest in the crofters or the well-remembered morning bark of a neighbour's Skye terrier that determined us to visit the Isle of Skye, while touring in the Highlands, I don't quite know, but we wanted to see it and went.

We did not regret going, either, because if we cannot rejoice greatly over what we saw we can at least echo the jubilant exclamation of a fellow-passenger when she said, "Well, that's done—we'll never have to go to Skye again!"

The guide books and "those who knew" agreed that it was a delightful trip from Glasgow in fine weather, but they added no parenthesis stating that only at odd times, and those either before or after the tourist season, was it ever known to be other than damp.

It was damp weather when we went. And damp there does not mean a desultory, purposeless drizzle, but a dripping, soaking, driving, cold to the marrow-rain, with a clammy, murky fog. It rained hard all the way down the Clyde, and the beauties of Bute, Arran, Islay and Jura were veiled in a cloud of mist as impenetrable as a brick wall. The officers of the ship whom we assailed said doubtfully that the weather "might" clear, but a complacent Londoner, who said he had taken the trip every summer for thirteen years, told us it always rained, and there was nothing to be seen in Skye anyway!

But having an abiding faith in our good luck and good judgment we did not abandon the trip, but put in our time studying our Gaelic crew, and fellow-passengers of every degree of Scotchness, with a sprinkling of "foreign" element in the way of a few very English people. It was amusing to watch the national characteristics in sharp contrast. We had all the fun to ourselves, being the only American voyagers, as neither Scotch nor English had the faintest idea there was anything funny in themselves or each other, or in their mutual attitude.

Oban, pretty, breezy, bright Oban, seen later under happier skies, looked grey and forbidding with a slanting rain beating down upon it, a cloud of fog hiding the villastudded hills and closing in upon the long range of hotels fronting the sea.

Out of the grey waters as we sailed northward would rise shadowy forms of a darker grey which on close approach would resolve themselves into headlands of barren rock, with here and there a cluster of huts, cowering between the hills and the sea, clinging to the narrow strip of rugged ground

as a frightened child to its mother's skirts. Lochaline, Salen, Tobermory, Eigg, loomed each in turn out of the mist and we stayed among their vague shadows for a little, while freight was being unloaded, seeing the queer, uncouth fisher-folk, hearing their rough northern speech as in a dream—then, phantom-like, they glided from us to be lost in vapory folds of fog.

But we were well repaid for all the dampness and discomfort, for the weather cleared on the second day before sundown, and a glorious evening, such as is seldom seen in those latitudes, rewarded us. The boat's course was in the narrow channels between islands and mainland, winding in and out, and laying to frequently opposite some cove where a few thatched roofs announced a hamlet. The inhabitants, in their roughly picturesque dress, would come out and watch the wide, heavy boats that were being rowed out to our ship to receive the sacks of meal, bags of potatoes and other merchandise that would be thrown to them from our deck. Many of these isolated hamlets, cut off by the bleak, bare hills from communication inland, are dependent upon the weekly visit of the boat for supplies, and the glimpses they get of the people on her deck is all they see of the world outside their little community for months at a time.

It was as we approached our first stopping-place in the Isle of Skye that the clouds broke and the sun shone out bravely. On our right, to the east, the rocky hill towered high, with above and behind them a bank of dead black cloud, which stretched away to the south and west. In this dense black mass a funnel-shaped hole had been rent, and up through it—away up—we could see the deep blue summer sky. This cave in the cloud gradually widened and at last Old Sol shone down through, with spreading rays of light against the dark cloud like a halo of glory, and then a flood of golden sunlight transfigured land and sea. The cloud effects and the lights and shades on the passing landscape were exquisite.

We were sailing on in a narrow channel, the hills to the left rising almost as high as those on the right, as we penetrated into the island, and looking ahead it seemed as if there were nowhere to go but straight into a mountain wall that rose up to bar our progress. A sharp turn, however, brought us around the obtrusive foot of the crag, and we anchored in a basin shut in on all sides by lofty hills—a beautiful sheet of water, dark, but clear, which rippled all alive where the sunlight played upon it.

This was Loch Scavaig, and here we lost our most picturesque and interesting passenger, whom we had named Malcolm McTavish. He was sandy and big and rawboned, dressed in kilts of rough tweed, with dark tartan stockings, bare knees and a feather in his bonnet. He was modest and reserved, and had in charge a party of knicker-bockered Britishers, who were neither, whom he was taking north to hunt in his rock domain. We were sorry to lose Ta McTavish when boats rowed by his strong-armed retainers came out from shore, and he and his friends, with gamebags, guns, dogs, fishing-tackle, and boat-loads of portman-teaux and despatch-boxes, left us, and, with red sails set, glided over the dimpling water into the shadow of the great rocks at the end of the loch.

The ride from Loch Scavaig to Armadale, one of the most pastoral and picturesque spots in Skye, was a glorious dream of colour and loveliness. We glided through an enchanted world—a world of giants rather than of fairies. There was a breadth, a depth, a bigness about everything from the sea beneath us to the colossal ranges of snowy cloud mountains above our heads, or the great craggy cliffs of the rugged Isle. Up in those northern solitudes in the month of June it is not dark at midnight and there was light enough to read by on deck at eleven o'clock and between two and three in the morning dawn comes again. The sun, like other honest folks, has to work long hours up there to make a living.

The men of Skye are argumentative and analytical. One snappy little Skye terrier of a man would make us give a reason for the faith that was in us with an insistent, "And why?" to every opinion we ventured. He was quite as enthusiastic a single-taxer as any we in Toronto are blessed with, and was quite ready to answer any of our "and whys?" exhaustively. The people, even in the most barren and secluded districts, seemed unusually intelligent and thoughtful, and, as a rule, deeply and aggressively religious.