

and balancing itself scientifically and artistically, to use a mild term, loses much, however, of its effect in the eyes of a connoisseur when the linked-to second part is seen to lurk out child-like, and obliterate occasionally the first. The savage crouches down before anything unusual to him, which he cannot understand, and loses temporarily his power. The shark, that voracious and dreadful fish of the sea, which carries terror among others of the finny tribe, and sailors as well, becomes also very timid at times; for instance, when in the act of seizing the swimmer or diver, the latter defiantly dashes white water into its eyes and jaws. By these examples, cited to illustrate more vividly the discord referred to as forming the second part or nature of our subject, it will be admitted by those who have dealt with that subject that his terrible and foaming faculties can be awed down to child-like timidity and abject fearfulness by the display of a little *white water* dashed into his face with a moral indignation and power. Like the shark, in another respect, our subject cannot do without one or several *pilots* to inspire and guide him in his movements. That queer fancy is a law unto both. It rules our subject and makes him habitually the chained and pitiful slave of contemptible beings, who, while profiting by his munificence extended to them, repay it by resorting to all kinds of mean practices imaginable, to darken his existence and increase his torments.

Mr. Delisle, led by his pilot, Villeneuve, has made the Custom House a very stormy and dreadful place, where all the employees almost have become so dismayed or disgusted, that existence in it is to them a moral and material torture. Who would say the contrary in face of the evidence furnished here, and which can be extended? Who would, for instance, imagine it possible that the Department at Ottawa has had very often to blindly obey the dictates of this *shark* and *pilot*, who have been incarnated here in the above named two human forms? However strange it may appear, it is none the less a fact. These two men, assisted more or less at times by a few others, as coadjutors, have so far upset the old normal and right state of things at this Custom House, that nothing short of the whip used in earnest to drive away the lawless set and their allied companions, forming the "Ring," will be able to restore there proper system and order.

After a few years' repose in the Collector's chair, during which Mr. Delisle revived from the stunning effects of his dismissal from the Court House, his natural propensities returning to active state were first exercised over the writer and a few others. As he gained consciousness and warmed up, his operations became more extensive, bolder, more arbitrary still, and impunity aiding, these operations were extended in an overhand and underhand way in various speculations—in which others, outside of the "Ring," found themselves losers or sufferers.

The predecessors of Mr. Delisle in the Custom House had enjoyed an untarnished reputation and left a good corps of officers, who expected to live in peace as heretofore. The first, however, feeling secure in their honor and conscience, managed without *pilots* or the despicable assistance of "rings" to protect their authority against any presumable danger of its being questioned as unjust, arbitrary or immoral.

Mr. Delisle's administration as Collector has been replete from the beginning almost with overt practices of corruption and mismanagement of such kind and