

hundred feet above tide-water, are the "highlands," of which I had read so much in the years preceding the treaty of Washington. For, although that treaty, sometimes called the Ashburton Treaty, had been concluded thirty-three years before (in 1842), the leading facts which its discussion had elicited, or which had been brought out in the years preceding, in the correspondence of our Governors, and in legislative reports, were too deeply written upon my memory not to be at call at any moment. But when on a clear, bright August day, in 1877, I came from the St. Lawrence, at River Du Loup, over the same road to Madawaska, after a steady general ascent of some ten miles, a comparatively short descent brought the mail coach (in which I was traveling) to a stream which my companions said was a branch of the river St. Francis, and sixteen miles from the St. Lawrence, I knew that we were, if only the treaty of 1783 had been respected, within the limits of the State of Maine—for the St. Francis is one of the rivers whose waters descend to the Atlantic Ocean—and had been within them since our journey had passed the fifteen miles bourne from the river St. Lawrence.

The high ground, which, on the preceding journey, I had mistaken for the main highland range, was but a spur of it, and the true dividing ridge was ten miles to the northward. It was interesting to notice, on this bright day, how plainly marked and impossible to be mistaken was the treaty boundary.

Never was there such a history of errors, mistakes, blunders, concessions, explanations, apologies, losses and mortifications on the one side; of inconsistencies, aggressions, encroachments, affronts and contempts on the other, as that which has respect to this boundary question; and in the calm of this day, when all direct, practical interest in it has ceased, and the sense of wrong and indignity has slept for more than a third of a cen-