

square, Moses, and told with a great deal of gesticulation that the "Galops" were "bien proche," that everything was lovely and the goose hanged high. This was charming. We donned our oldest clothes, shut up "Spot" in the cabin, as in moments of intense excitement he seemed to have an undue partiality for the heels of the men, and awaited developments. We could distinctly hear the sullen roar of the rapids, and furthermore perceived that the steamer had left us some time ago and was tearing down the current with her big walking-beam scarcely moving. What was still more unpleasant, we realized that we were all apparently cut adrift from one another, and that our dram as the "dram d'elite," was leading the procession down the stream in gallant style. It seemed uncanny to be left so completely at the mercy of the current, but as we were heading perfectly straight and the rapids were not dangerous, we sat down and devoted a few minutes to studying those "Rules" I referred to in the early part of this letter. I forgot to mention that we had taken on board at the picturesque little village of Iroquois, an old Indian pilot, who was smoking his pipe and admiring our skiff. The thought immediately struck me what fun it would be to shoot the rapids in the boat, but on suggesting the idea to S— he shook his head and said he believed he'd stay where he was. The old pilot seemed to divine our thoughts, for he walked over to us, pointed to the skiff and to the river and uttered the magic word "come." "That's the ticket!" I yelled, "come on S—!" But he smiled benignly and declined to move. So we launched our frail bark, jumped in, and in another moment were in the thick of it. I must say, that although it was jolly and exciting, several times I fell to admiring my comrade's judgment in staying on board. The waves were very friendly and frequently sent delegates into our laps, and the boisterous good humour of the whirlpools and eddies as they whisked the boat hither and thither would no doubt have reassured anyone but a novice at the work; still when one considers the frantic rate at which we were being borne along, and the soothing fact that if once the skiff's head was allowed to swing sideways we should probably both go straight to Davy Jones, no one will accuse me of arrant cowardice, if I confess that, on regaining the substantial footing of the great dram, I drew a deep breath and uttered a fervent "for these and all Thy mercies." All the drams had come down in safety and on expressing my surprise that no accident had occurred I was contemptuously informed that what we had just passed was the "Baby" rapid of the river. This was cheering(?) news, and I secretly conjured up to myself the appearance of the hoary headed grandsire. We were all this time flying past the shore at the rate of ten or twelve miles per hour, and as the next item on the programme was some four or five miles further down, we had an opportunity of examining the odd-looking little houses that dotted the banks. They were nearly all about the same size and most of them beautifully white-washed. This latter process, I am told, is performed

about twice a week by the careful housewife. Gardens, well stocked with flowers, could be seen in front, and shoals of children were running in and out of the houses or grazing at us from the road side. The opposite shore is steep and densely wooded, evidently not much visited by the habitants. Indeed, I can hardly conceive how a canoe could cross in such a current. But a tap on the shoulder and another "bien proche" from Moses aroused us from our meditations. The "Rapides du Plat" were on the other side of a rocky point that we were approaching. The men seemed to regard these rapids with a little more respect, for they had rigged up in the bow and stern, if such features could be discovered on an almost square surface, enormous oars, each one of which required the services of a stalwart voyageur. As we rounded the point, we perceived that their respect was well founded. Instead of a swirling current that presented little else but heaving swells and whirlpools there was now to be seen a long reach of foam-crested waves that were rushing about in every direction, punching one another in the ribs and behaving *very like they do in Rugby football.*

(To be continued.)

ROUND ABOUT JAMAICA.

THE neighborhood of Port Royal teems with landmarks of historical interest, the relics of events some of which had a bearing upon the histories of England, Spain and France; others, none the less interesting, as marking events when the Carribean Sea and Spanish Main swarmed with pirates; the early days of colonization and struggling civilization.

Yonder, across the harbour stands Fort Augustus, a low built, age-worn fortification, which marks the place where the troops of England first landed, bent upon the conquest of one of the fruits of Columbus' perseverance and daring. Its site is an unhealthy place, with its treacherous lagoons and its lurking miasma; it proved the grave of many a gallant soldier. The route to the Spanish metropolis, St. Jago, now Spanish Town, lay through these dismal swamps, and incredible numbers of men sank into its slough, in the attempt to gain a gem for the crown of their country. It seems wonderful that after capturing the island, the English should have built this fort and in the hotbed of fever placed a garrison, only abandoning it as a barracks, after years had added terribly to the list of victims.

Here, in Port Royal itself, nothing remains of the once famous resort for Buccaneers and Freebooters. There the wealth of the Spanish Main accumulated and was lavishly spent; where prize ships of all nations, notably the galleons of Spain, were brought with their chests of gold the prey of the Monarchs of the Main, who in their cups squandered their ill-gotten gains in the public-houses and at the dice table. The wealth of Panama, sacked by that King of Buccaneers, Morgan, found its way here with many others, the fruits of bloodshed and piracy. The old town of Port Royal lies beneath the sea engulfed by that