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at length enter a wooded avenue, and  
to realize that you are approaching  
the plantation dwelling, the Estate house.  
The stately buildings most of their planta-  
tion houses are, built invariably of stone.  
The well kept grounds, the evidences of  
skill in arboriculture and the aids and ap-  
paratus of wealth, all indicate not only  
physical comfort and luxury, which even  
nigger indolence might consider indispen-  
sable, but in many instances a refined and  
cultivated taste. An invitation to one these  
plantation houses to breakfast, if at any  
distance in the country, implies an invita-  
tion to spend the day; and, in case of your  
forming one of a large party, it is well to  
take the precaution to provide yourself with  
evening dress.

A drive along the coast towards the coun-  
try, in the early morning, leads you past  
groups of pedestrians, early astir to vend  
the products of the Island in the market.  
These cable wayfavers carry everything,  
even to a box of matches, on the head.  
Here and there, as an opening in the dense  
jungle occurs, where you drive past one of  
the numerous bays by which the coast is in-  
dented, appear little black junks like porpoi-  
ses bobbing up and down in the water, for the  
negro children, and also many of their elders,  
are all but amphibious. Or again may be  
seen the nondescript Barbados fishing boat,  
which generally, for shore fishing, carries  
over to six hands, who spring into the water,  
and dive and splash in order to drive the  
wings and rock hinds and other vari-  
eties of fish into the net which they have  
spread, whilst far away over the blue water,  
the tiny specks in the distance, appear the  
sails of the flying fish boats, darting hither  
and thither in quest of that emblem of in-  
fernal Christian. Life which forms the subject  
of Moore's poems. Over all nature,  
however, a languor seems to dwell, and even  
the short drive of eight or ten miles begins to  
be fatiguing. The Bims are as a people,  
loaf of society, and have the name of being  
unusually hospitable.

**THEIR HOSPITALITY.**

Does not entail any exertion upon them; as  
the numerous progeny of Ham are invaluable  
to almost every department, including the  
culinary as well, but it is none the less an  
agreeable feature in their island life. Break-  
fast, which is generally taken at 10 or 11,  
is a most substantial meal, and sometimes  
you find that you have the pleasure of sit-  
ting down in company with twenty or thirty  
other guests, the "lads and chalky lasses"  
of the neighboring estate houses. I am not  
by this substitution for the proper word  
speaking depreciatingly of the young ladies  
of Barbados; but one cannot with less for-  
cible language, convey an idea of the death-  
ly pallor of the faces of most of them. Nei-  
ther do I intend to insinuate that that ar-  
ticle which is said to be an important factor  
in some ladies' toilets has anything to do,  
generally, with this paleness; the climate  
does all that, and it does it well. So deli-  
cate in appearance are the white females  
of Barbados, that the slightest approach to  
exposure in person, or brunette in com-  
plexion, unmistakably denotes the pres-  
ence of colored blood, though it may be so  
remote that the ancestor from whom de-  
rived, might justly be regarded as "no fam-  
ily." A Barbadianism to imply a wish to deny or  
obscure the relationship. It is curious to ob-  
serve the amount of unconscious faith that  
is placed in homeopathy in most hot coun-  
tries, for it is difficult to account for the  
liberal use of peppers to such an extent ex-  
cept on the principle *similia similibus curan-  
tur*. It caters into almost all kinds of cook-  
ery in the West Indies, and culminates in a

dish known as "pepper-pot," the ingre-  
dients of which are not suggestive of relish in  
eating it. West Indian cookery is, however,  
good. As the negroes only engage with  
you to work in one department, it is per-  
haps not too much to expect that they  
should excel in that, and they certainly do.  
Luncheon in almost any Barbadian house  
is about on a par with coffee at O. A. M., only  
a prelude to something better. It consists  
chiefly of fruit, and wine, or beer. Al-  
though one sees everything *couleur de rose*  
from the distance,

**TROPICAL FRUITS**

in a tropical climate are not half so enjoyable  
as apples and pears, when you can get them.  
One can scarcely wonder at the murmuring  
of the Israelites, if pomegranates formed  
any considerable portion of their expecta-  
tions in Canaan; i. e., if they had any con-  
ception of what they were like. The after-  
noon is chiefly spent in endeavoring to get  
in the coolest possible place, as the heat  
adds little zest to conversation, and the  
ladies melt into thin vapor, or vanish  
from the scene. The hammock and Ma-  
deria lounges are in requisition, until the  
declining rays of old Sol suggest to you that  
the heat is less oppressive, and the dinner  
hour is approaching. The spirits of all,  
before that event, seem to revive sufficient-  
ly to enable them to make an appearance  
in the drawing room, where some effort is  
made to throw off the lethargy produced by  
the heat, and engage in a more or less ani-  
mated attempt at conversation. The latter  
in Barbados is kept within circum-  
scribed limits. In the country the prob-  
able cane crop will afford an interesting  
theme to planters, whilst the ladies always  
of course have their good natured little sub-  
jects for gossip, which vary little, I believe,  
in any country. The negro riots of 1876,  
however, will ever form a fruitful theme,  
and after you have been devoting the most  
assiduous attention to some elderly gentle-  
man's account of them for two mortal  
hours, or affording him intervals between  
your periods of devotion to the pepper-pot  
(the dish above referred to) at dinner, the  
intervals being to allow the last result of  
your application to cool off, he promises you,  
like Sam Slick's father, that some other  
time he will tell you all about it. I say  
this is an un-failing topic, because you will  
be assailed by the question invariably; "have  
you heard of the nigger riots of '76?" and  
though your reply will invariably be the  
same, so potent a theme is it, that each kindly  
makes up his or her mind to listen. No-  
thing speaks more forcibly of the hospitality  
of the Barbadians than the dinner table.  
they love good cheer, and they have it. A  
dinner table sometimes presents a novel  
spectacle. Whilst you are attacking the  
viands before you, and endeavoring to do  
justice to the ample fare, a species of black  
fly is no less intent on attacking you, and it  
requires the united efforts of several negroes,  
brandishing huge palm or other branches, to  
repel the invaders; and even then they can  
only keep the main body at bay, as bands  
of skirmishers will succeed in finding  
your vulnerable point somewhere. One  
cannot accuse the Barbadian, at any rate,  
of any lack of interest in what pertains to  
his little island, or of a neglect to make the  
transient guest appreciate its beauties. The  
flight of time at length reminds us that a  
very agreeable day has been spent, and that  
the setting of the sun long since in billows  
of crimson and gold has ushered in the  
symbol of the state of that happy, and yet  
most miserable race, whose dark forms glide  
noiselessly about, and whose future is a  
mystery, a problem which time alone can  
solve.

**A Visit to Ottawa.**

BY COL. D. WYLLIE.

There is much about the capital city of  
our Dominion of interest to a stranger.  
Ottawa of twenty-years ago and Ottawa  
of to-day are very different places. Years  
ago it was known principally because of its  
vast lumber production, but since it has  
become the headquarters of Dominion poli-  
tics it has become noted for many another  
thing.

My present purpose in these brief notes  
for the columns of TRUTH is to make men-  
tion of a few matters of observation during  
a recent visit to the city.

Among the public institutions, outside of  
the Government grounds themselves, first  
mention may be made of the Geological  
Museum which was moved from Montreal  
to Ottawa four or five years ago. It is well  
worth a visit. There are specimens from  
every Province, and a whole day can be  
profitably spent in wandering around the  
rooms. The same may be said of the fish  
exhibition. There is much in both these  
departments to lift the mind from earth and  
water, to the great and wise Creator of the  
heavens, the earth and the sea, and all that  
therein lies.

There are also several educational insti-  
tutions worthy of notice. The R. C. Colleges,  
the Model and Normal Schools, and the  
Ladies' College, where some one hundred  
and sixty young ladies are cared for and  
taught in all the branches of an English edu-  
cation, as well as vocal and instrumental  
music, French, Latin, and fancy work. This  
college is under the direction of a stock  
company, with a capital of \$70,000, one half  
being paid up. H. T. Bronson is chairman,  
Dr. Sweatland, Sheriff, first vice president;  
R. D. Moore, second vice-president, and S.  
Woods, M. A., Principal. The rooms for  
students are all comfortably furnished, and  
heated with steam. There are four large  
class rooms, well supplied with maps and  
other necessary apparatus, and a large as-  
sembly room capable of accommodating five  
hundred people. The college has also a  
well furnished cabinet of minerals, and with-  
in the grounds, a well kept skating pond  
for the use of the lady students, who appear  
to appreciate the exercise under the over-  
sight of Mr. Woods, who is extremely  
careful to guard against accidents. The  
college is lighted with gas, and in case  
of fire there are three means of exit. There  
is a fire station only about 200 yards from  
the college, with a fire alarm at the college.  
All the students appear happy.

No visitor to the city will think of leav-  
ing without seeing the Parliament buildings.  
They form three sides of a square, and  
really look grand, viewed from all points of  
the compass; seen from Hull, or the flats, as  
the lower town is denominated, they have  
a magnificent appearance. At present both  
Houses are in session. The Senate is superbly  
furnished, and in great contrast to the  
Commons chamber, which is exceedingly  
plain. Why this difference it is hard to  
understand. While the galleries of the  
Commons are generally well filled by out-  
siders, there are few who deem a visit to  
the Senate Chamber worth making. In  
fact most people imagine that Canada would  
not lose much if the Senate was abolished  
altogether. As at present constituted, it  
seems only a matter of needless expense.  
Filled as it is by worn out politicians,  
through the favor of Sir John, its "useful-  
ness is gone." It matters not what sort of  
measures may be passed in the House of  
Commons, the aged Senators usually bow to  
the mandate of the Premier, and agree to  
bills without even discussing them. Should

the people conclude to change the present  
government, the Senate would probably  
form a decided block to all the measures of  
a Reform House of Commons. Such an  
event may occur, and then the tug of war  
would arise, and a general cry go forth for  
its utter destruction. As it is now consti-  
tuted, it exists only as a public burden  
without one redeeming quality. For years  
the subject of making the Senate elective  
was warmly discussed, and this change was  
affected. The Act of Confederation brought  
back the old regime, without saying by your  
leave, thanks to the *Globe*, then under the  
management of Hon. Geo. Brown, who  
sternly opposed the elective system. The  
*Globe* has since changed its course in this  
respect, and cries aloud for a change, now  
that the Senate is filled with supporters of  
Sir John. Public opinion is again being  
roused on the question of either utterly  
abolishing the Senate or changing its con-  
stitution by making it more in accord with  
justice and common sense.

**MONTREAL REMINISCENCES.**

No. 1.—The Great Scare in 1837.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

In the early morning of the 13th of Dec.,  
1837, Sir John Colborne, the commander-in-  
chief, started from Montreal on his march  
with about 2,000 men to disperse the rebel  
force encamped at the village of St. Eus-  
tache, some twenty miles to the north. The  
whole northern district was then in open  
rebellion. The city had been left almost  
entirely under the protection of the volun-  
teer force.

A horseman, one of the Lachine troop of  
cavalry, so well known by their fierce-look-  
ing bear skin helmets, dashed along the  
streets at a mad gallop. The guard at the  
city gate at Dow's brewery, was no hind-  
rance to his wild speed, the crossed bayonets  
of the two sentries posted there were cleared  
at a bound. His uniform being known to  
the sentries saved him from a passing shot.  
Then down old St. Joseph and Notre Dame  
streets at the same wild pace, to the Main  
Guard, which stood nearly in front of the  
present Court House, and there delivered  
his verbal despatch from Major Penner,  
commanding officer at Lachine, to the officer  
of the day in command at Montreal, nearly  
as follows:—"The rebels have escaped from  
St. Eustache and are reported advancing  
in force on Lachine to capture the arms  
stored there for the frontier volunteers." This  
despatch was delivered at the Main  
Guard within thirty minutes after the troop-  
er had mounted his horse at Lachine. The  
distance being over eight miles.

Then was heard in the streets of Montreal  
the cry—"To arms!" "The rebels are at  
hand!" The alarm bells rang, the news  
flow like lightning, reaching every nook and  
corner of the city in a few minutes. The  
city was confined to small limits at that  
time. Few of the young volunteers of that  
day are now living. The wild excitement  
of that night can never be forgotten by any  
of them. There were hurried mountings of  
staff officers and orderlies. Women and  
children were "crying and clamoring" in  
the streets. All was uproar and disorder;  
but amid this disorder and uproar there  
was method, prearranged, to meet any such  
emergency.

The rallying words were:—"Every man  
to his post, the headquarters of his company  
or regiment," and within the space of two  
hours nearly 4,000 armed volunteers stood  
side by side in their ranks, ready to do  
their duty.

It was a grand sight to see the mustering