

Lachine that made me uneasy. The next two chutes were very similar to the last. I might here state that the act of shooting a rapid is termed in patois "la sautage." If in the course of this letter a French word or phrase appears that to the cultivated ears (no reflection on any one's features) of a reader may sound unpatriotic, he must attribute it, not to a mistake of my own making, but to the perverted dialect of the people among whom our lot was at the moment cast. It was with the greatest difficulty that we could understand their ordinary expressions. Many words are taken bodily from our own language and suffer to such an extent in the translation as to be almost unrecognizable. "Cook," "all right," "steamerboat," "bowline," "spring-line," are words perfectly admissible in the patois of Lower Canada, and understood by all. We were very successful that morning and assembled near the village of Beauharnois, below the Coteau, without a mishap. There were a few logs missing, but these could be seen floating about in the river and were speedily pounced upon by Indians and habitants, who brought them up and received the salvage money—50 cents a stick. Aimé and some of the men ran the rapids in the big yawl boat, so as to be on the scene in case a dram broke up. A long wait ensued before the "John A." could bring us all together. She had to chase after each dram and haul it back, and with the current this was a tedious job. It must have been nearly 10 o'clock before a start was made. The sun was becoming unpleasantly strong, and there was no breeze to temper its rays. We had, certainly, been blessed with magnificent weather—not a sign of rain so far. It was very provoking that we had to stay on board. One would really have preferred the familiar "moderate winds, fair to cloudy weather, with local showers or thunderstorms." We couldn't sail without wind, and rowing was absolutely out of the question. So we selected as cool a spot as we could find and endeavoured with the help of our literature, that I fear had been sadly neglected, to kill the four or five hours before we reached the vaunted "Lachine." It was hard work I can tell you—a chapter—a swim—another chapter—another swim—a tune on the banjo—a jug of lemonade—a match at diving for eggs, &c., &c., that was our programme—not to say highly intellectual, but, under the circumstances, necessary.

(To be continued.)

ROUND ABOUT JAMAICA.

A VISITOR cannot go very far along the north coast without meeting places that are of historical interest. Here on this headland, near Annetto Bay, with its picturesque background of the famous Blue Mountains, in the year 1492, stood a party of Caribs watching with awe the approach of three "winged vessels." They were the ships of the discoverer Columbus fresh from his discoveries of those gems of the Antilles, Hispaniola and

Cuba. Small ships they would be considered in these days of monster iron steamships, but to the wondering natives they seemed very large indeed, with their great ungainly sterns, their high bulwarks, their towering masts and vast bulging sails. The Caribs were peaceful people and knew not whether the advent of these strange *canoes* meant a warlike attack or was a demonstration of the gods. As the ships drew nearer and came to anchor the Caribs observed smaller *canoes* being lowered and pulling shorewards. They were astounded at the white faces and curious dress of the strangers. "They are from the sun," they cried, and they fled up the slope into the woods, where they lingered, however, curiosity mingling with their fear. Then did they see men springing ashore; strange bearded men in rich apparel, the sun glinting from helmets, corselets and weapons, with waving banners and nodding plumes. Then these strange men knelt on the sand and chanted the most wonderful music, music such as no member of the tribe had ever heard before. It was the Te Deum. Then they arose and one man, taller than the rest, came forward with a standard in his hands, which he planted, and taking off his cap he uttered in a loud voice some proclamation, upon which his companions waved their caps and weapons and cheered. Then he who had apparently taken possession of the newly discovered country plucked a green bough from a shrub and advanced towards the woods where the Caribs were, making signs of peace and coaxing them to come out and make friends. Timidly, yet curiously, the natives, one by one, approach and are saluted and welcomed by the great white chiefs, and are made happy by the receipt of glittering presents of glass and richly colored clothing.

Such was the landing of Columbus, who gave the West Indies to the Spanish crown and opened the way for the extensive conquests of Pizarro and Cortez. Unfortunately, it also proved the death-knell of the poor Caribs, for Spanish atrocities soon robbed and butchered the poor creatures whose land they had usurped. Chains and slavery soon decimated their tribe, and when the English made the conquest of Jamaica, in Cromwell's time, very, very few of the race existed.

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Columbus, the intrepid navigator, was ill-repaid for his great discoveries. He died in misery. But why should we say he was ill-repaid? Did not grateful Spain, after letting him die in penury and want, erect a noble monument and grave thereon: "To Castile and Leon Christopher Columbus gave a New World."

The great delay in issuing this number of the JOURNAL is not at all due to negligence on the part of the staff, but to an unusual rush of business in the publishing house. We hope for greater regularity in our succeeding numbers.