

vessel has started and the sea is a little rough. I will finish later.

Manipay, Jaffna, Sept 29th.

Our vessel came into harbor last night. At daylight I came on land, and was met by a man of this country who said, "Master is coming, I'll take things." We got our luggage into a bullock cart and as Dr. Scott had not yet arrived I took my seat in the same conveyance. After about half an hour's drive we met an American buggy drawn by two coolies, in which sat our esteemed friend, Dr. Scott. I, at his invitation, took a seat beside him, and the men trotted off with us at a very good pace. Manipay is eight miles from the landing, and these coolies made the sixteen miles' journey before ten o'clock. Dr. and Mrs. Scott are well. We had a nice little chat about many things. I told them I was finishing a letter to you, and they both join in sending kindest regards and very best wishes. The others of the party have not yet arrived, but I know Dr. McKellar would wish to be remembered also,

Yours, &c.,

M. O'HARA.

REMINISCENSES OF THE WEST.

Editor of the Journal.

DEAR SIR,—In undertaking the task you have put before me, I trust that some guardian angel of truth may accompany me lest I stray in the crooked paths of a Munchausen or Ananias. For though I have taken the matter into serious consideration I have not yet reconciled with the principles of the theory of development this phenomenal fact, that when a man goes west or fishing there comes as an almost inevitable consequence an excessive indulgence in hyperbole. I hope therefore that when I am done it may not be said:—

"O sacred truth, thy triumph ceased a while"

when I rose to the height of this great argument and typified the ways of western men.

I am inclined to believe, sir, that there are few students who know the peculiar delights and benefits to be enjoyed by casting aside for a season the formality, stiffness, and limitations of city life and retiring to the quaint quiet and freedom of the country.

It was my fortune to be stationed as missionary during the past summer on the extreme frontier of Washington Territory amidst the foot hills of the Cascade Range. In consequence I had every opportunity to appreciate with Wordsworth, "The silence—" I beg pardon, I simply meant that absence of noise which characterizes the starry realms and that sense of slumber which is customarily amidst solitary hills. On every side rugged peaks reared their Titanic forms, green valleys and lakes and streams intervening. The principal occupations of the people are mining, agriculture, fruit growing

and cattle raising. As you wish me to deal specially with the social condition let me to my task.

The red man naturally attracts first attention, but over the portals of his tepee we might appropriately write "Ichabod." Poets and dime-novelists have heretofore combined to throw a halo of glory about this particular specimen of humanity, but when the "thing in itself" is seen as it is, crawling through the grass, even though the long light of the setting sun is fringing his general contour with gold and the southern breeze playfully tosses his wiry locks, the sight is not desirable from an æsthetic point of view. Instead of the imaginary long lithe lord of the lea we have little, lazy, lousy lover of whiskey. The full blooded Indian is a *rara avis*, and civilization cannot well be proud of its fruits as manifested in the diseased, degenerate, demoralized half-breed. He has apparently imbibed all the vices of the white man with none of his virtues. Perhaps I have spoken too fast. The "Klootchman" has kept pace with modern improvements in dress reform, completely discarding that particular piece of furniture which is responsible for the assimilation of the civilized female to the sand-glass. She however draws the line at bi-furcated skirts though adhering to the Jenness-Miller style of riding.

Something more degenerate than the Indian is his pony. Its neck is a beautiful crescent but the concave was put on the wrong side, and a Darwinian disciple would no doubt declare the forequarters to be specially adapted for splitting prairie and mountain breezes. All the meanness that horse flesh is heir to is condensed in the "shaggy nappy." The general droop to his whole carcass seems expressive of humility, but it only requires simply one parcel of humanity astraddle him to completely change the scene. The shaggy immediately leaps in air, becomes triangular, comes to earth with the force of a pile-driver, head between his front legs, tail between his hind legs. Of course the point of dispute is, what shall constitute the apex of the triangle. Needless to say the pony prefers an empty saddle, but the rider whether ministerial or otherwise, would like to dwell on that point a little longer. The sensation produced in the rider, I cannot speak for the other participant, throughout the whole performance is not more to be desired than sea-sickness. By some skilful manœuvres the elevating principle gets to earth before that which is elevated and collides with it once more as it descends. Then woe to the rider. A thousand needles seem to shoot along his vertebral column, his head snaps like the cracker of a whip, every bone creaks in its socket, and yet he is reckoned "tenderfoot" who dismounts voluntarily or involuntarily.

Into the chain of destruction however the "cow-boy" enters, who with his quirt, his shaps, his spurs and hackamore soon converts hostility into docility.