

The duties of the Lachine Brigade were severe and trying during the week. They had to watch, patrol and guard the whole lake shore from Lachine to St. Anne. The two rebel camps, Chateaugay and Beauharnois, were directly opposite, on the south side of Lake St. Louis and at any time a night attack might be expected.

There arrived at Lachine during the week a large quantity of arms, ammunition and blankets for the Glengarry. There were placed on board a small steamer to be conveyed to the Cascades, but for want of communication to ascertain where the Glengarrys were, the steamer was detained at Lachine until Saturday, the 10th.

Saturday night came. The Brigade knew nothing of the intended move on Chateaugay until Captain Campbell issued his orders. Battaux were collected, of which there were a goodly number at the village, and the order given at dead of night to embark. This looked as if some real work was to be done before morning. The horses of the Lachine troop stepped into the batteaux as steadily as if entering their stalls. The embarkation was soon completed. The river was crossed to Caughnawaga, where the Indians joined. The force amounted to about 800 men of all arms. At midnight or early morning march was made through the woods on Chateaugay.

The whole of the Brigade was not in this advance on Chateaugay. Captain Carmichael, with part of the St. Paul company, had been placed in charge of a steamer to go up the Ottawa; Lieutenant Carmichael and the writer, with part of the Lower Lachine company, had charge of the steamer with the arms and clothing for the Glengarrys and left Lachine at noon on Saturday for the Cascades. Early on Sunday morning, the 11th of November, the force from Lachine reached Chateaugay. The patriots deserted their camp on the approach of the attacking force. It is well they did, and that history has not to record the loss of valuable lives. A few distant stray shots were exchanged, but they fell short of their mark. It would be well if we could say that this ended the day.

Then commenced a work of destruction! Fires broke out here, there and everywhere around. It had the appearance at one time as if the whole village and surrounding homesteads would fall a prey to the devouring element! No one seemed to know or would acknowledge to know, the origin of the fires or by whom started; the men were dreadfully excited and vexed at not meeting the enemy.

Be this as it may, before order was restored fully a score of houses with barns and homesteads fell before the devouring flames. It was a sickening, a heartrending sight to see poor, helpless women and children, in utter grief and stricken dumb with terror, begging for protection! There little treasures, their household goods, the homes of their youth—all vanish before their very eyes! Their fathers, their husbands, their brothers! The assembled patriots of yesterday! Now scattered wild through the woods, homeless, friendless! Seeking shelter where they may!

Reader, young Canadian reader, this is a true picture of a dark day in Canadian history. It would make our blood run cold were you to witness such a scene as this. Pardon us if we exclaim:—Thy ruined homes, Chateaugay! and thy burning homesteads, a sad remembrance bring.

SIR JOHN'S SUCCESSOR.

BY J. E. COLLINS.

Notwithstanding that the party organs have held frequent diagnoses of Sir John Macdonald, and ascertained that he was at one time suffering of Bright's disease, and at another of cancer in the stomach, the old gentleman still lives, and gives good promise for many years of hard work yet. Threatened men live long. Lord Beaconsfield, it will be remembered, lived to seventy-seven, and Lord Palmerston to eighty-one, though in regard to each of them the

papers in their day saw many indications of the end coming many years before it did. It has been very much the same in regard to Mr. Gladstone, who is now an older man by several years than our own Premier. There has been a good deal of discussion, however, in regard to the probable successor to the leadership of the Conservative party, and a few notes in TRUTH regarding the matter may not be amiss. They may go for what they are worth.

When, in 1878, overwhelmed with the Pacific Scandal, Sir John fell, it was hoped by some of his late colleagues that he could never rally a powerful following again.

Dr. Tupper began to move about, his breast full of ambition. Some prominent Conservatives, among whom was Mr. Peter Mitchell, believed that it now required some such daring force as Dr. Tupper's to breathe confidence into the prostrate party; but Conservatives looked over their shoulder at this Nova Scotia Hercules, then turned away again, not satisfied. Some remember that Mr. McLelan, the present Minister of Marine and Fisheries, had described him as the "High Priest of Corruption," and noticed that the Doctor was now rich, though he had entered public life poor. It is evident he was never regarded by a considerable number of his party as an eligible leader, though it was undoubted that his ambition was in that direction. Sir Charles has against him the suspicion that he is fond of money. He cannot have the power with the cash. Sir John does not care for money; rule is what he seeks; if the people of Canada were not certain of this he would not be to-day Premier of the Dominion.

Sir Leonard Tilley, in the eyes of Reformers, is as a temple reared to virtue in a Mobilitarian city. Amongst the English section of the Ministry he is the one person whom all would agree in trusting; but he is wearied of public cares is nearing the bottom of the hill; probably he would not accept the mantle were it offered to him.

A small body of the party have recently brought forward the name of a gentleman in whom they tell us we are to observe the successor of the present Chief. This is Mr. Dalton McCarthy, a gentleman of considerable ability and of parliamentary experience, but of no experience whatever in official life.

The zealous friends and their successor-apparent would do well to convince themselves that at this day in Canada no public man is given spurs to wear till he has won them.

In the Cabinet, therefore, I think there is but one man whose chances and qualifications for the leadership need be discussed, and that is Sir Hector Langevin. His ability and diplomatic skill are admitted even by his opponents; and to his urbanity and courtesy all join in bearing testimony. His connection with the Pacific Scandal will be set up as an objection by his opponents; because he is a Frenchman he may be held to be disqualified by the great majority of English-speaking Reformers, (the Irish Roman Catholics of that party excepted) and by some Conservatives.

As to the Pacific Scandal, the part he played in that was minor. Sir John, who was the author of the transaction, has been forgiven and twice crowned since by the confidence of the people. Sir Hector Langevin has the control of a department which affords opportunity for favoritism, venality and even corruption, but during all the years of his administration no breath of suspicion has fallen upon him, even by an opponent. The only other department that gave a chance for evil doings has been enveloped in a mist of scandals.

The other objection, that Sir Hector is a Frenchman, easily comes to the ground. The opposition of Ontario would cry out that their Province was about to pass under the heel of Quebec, but no statement could be more foolish or unjust. Sir Hector is the only conspicuous public man from the French Province who has never ceased to tell his people that while he desires them to cultivate their own language and manners, he

wishes them to forget that there were ever any enmities of race, and to remember only that they are all Canadians. Some years ago, in an address presented to him by a delegation of Acadian French as a distinguished Frenchman and the Minister of Public Works, reference was made to the heartless expulsion of their ancestors and other grievances by the British; but Mr. Langevin reproved the allusions, and pointed out that such recollections must be left under ground, that now one race in Canada was the equal of another, and that our highest duty was loyalty to our country and fraternity towards one another.

Since confederation there has been no French-Canadian leader, and seeing always an Englishman holding the reins, some uninformed and a few unreflecting persons have come to believe that a French Canadian has no right in the matter. But from the formation of the Liberal Administration by Lord Elgin in 1848, down to the consummation of confederation there were two heads to each Ministry, a Frenchman and an Englishman. First there was the Lafontaine Baldwin Administration; next came the Hincks-Morin Government, followed by the Macnab-Morin, Tache-Macdonald, Macdonald-Tache, Brown-Dorion, Cartier-Macdonald, Sanfield Macdonald Scottie, Dorion-Macdonald (Sanfield), Tache-Macdonald, and Belleau-Macdonald. The first mentioned in each brace being Prime-Minister, it will be seen that out of eleven administrations six premierships were held by the French Province. For the last seventeen years the Premiership of Canada has been held by Englishmen. The French Province has, therefore, an undeniable claim to the leadership when the next vacancy occurs; and this right recognized there is no difficulty in seeing that the successor should be Sir Hector Langevin. But that the day may be far away that shall see the trusty old chief lay by his harness, is the earnest prayer of all.

TROPICAL TRIPS.

4. THE CEYLON COFFEE PLANTER WHEN NOT BUSY.

(Continued).

BY "ALBATROSS," TORONTO.

I have given some little account of the work that is done on a Ceylon coffee estate. It may be now in order to describe the general life and pleasures of a coffee planter. On the whole his existence is, perhaps, rather an enviable one than otherwise. His work, save in crop time, is not hard, and consists in riding about from one gang of pruners, weeders, manurers and what not to another; in keeping the accounts of the estate, and in looking after things generally.

The estates are generally some few miles apart, though in some districts they adjoin, as, for instance, in the Kallibokke Valley, which had the honor of my presence for some years, where the different plantations all touch one another on either side of the vale, through which runs a fine river and an excellent high-road, well macadamized—the latter, I mean, not the river—and which is the means of communication with Kandy, distant 25 miles, the mountain capital, the site of which is about 2,500 feet above the sea-level, and which place is seventy-two miles from Colombo, a line of railway now connecting the two cities and causing the old coach journey, which used to be a sore trial, to be a thing of the past.

I have no space in these papers to enlarge on the gorgeous scenery and luxuriant vegetation of Ceylon, the Taprobane of the natives and the Scindab of the Arabian Nights; these things will all be found described far more ably than I can describe them in Sir Emerson Tennant's admirable work upon this island. My business just now is with the coffee-planter, his joys and sorrows; of the latter I have already said a few words; now for the former. Perhaps the genial planter (and they are nearly all genial as a class) is never so happy as when he has his bungalow full of brother planters or any other guests; hospitality reigns

supreme throughout the coffee districts, and "open house" is kept by everybody. It used to be said that no man could travel from one end of the Kallibokke Valley to the other and do his duty, without being in a condition, at the end of the journey, very much the reverse of what is generally considered becoming in a gentleman presiding at a temperance meeting; his "duty" being, according to the creed of a coffee planter, to call at every bungalow and take a glass of "brandy-pawnee" upon entering the house and a "daoch-an-dorris" or stirrup-cup when he said good-bye; from my statement of this fact it will be seen that the Blue-Ribbon movement was not in favor in Ceylon; at any rate amongst the inhabitants of the Kallibokke Valley.

Out of crop-time the planter has much spare time on his hands, and as the snipe-shooting in the Siugalsee paddy or rice fields which abound close to the coffee estates is excellent, much of his time is spent in that most delectable amusement and in the chase of the elk, which abound amongst the hills, a scratch pack of dogs being usually kept in each district for that purpose. Snipe-shooting in Ceylon is by no means a tame sport. The paddy-fields are planted in tiers about six feet broad, each tier some two feet above the other, and filled with water and mud, the latter being a compound of the ooziest and softest description; in front of each tier is a narrow ledge of earth, generally very slippery, and along this the sportsman must walk, and walk pretty steadily too, or over he goes into that slush in which rice grows so luxuriantly and which is fairly alive with great leeches. Though leech gaiters coming up as high as the hips are generally worn, these atrocious creatures manage to effect an entrance into one's clothing somewhere and they are hungry fellows! but once they get their teeth in it is best to let them have their fill as if they are pulled off before they are gorged the incisions are liable to itch intolerably, and the scratching which is resorted to in order to relieve this very frequently causes large ulcers which are exceedingly difficult to cure.

Elephant, wild boar, cheetah (a species of leopard) and jackal hunts are all entered into with zest by the planters and very exciting sport they are, the cheetah being no mean antagonist, whilst a wild boar, when thoroughly angry, is about as unpleasant a gentleman to come across as any one need wish for, and, as it is "the thing" to spear in preference to shooting him, he is an ugly customer to deal with and many a good dog usually bites the dust before his boardship is disposed of. The other kinds of game abounding "up country" are jungle-fowl, (somewhat resembling a pheasant), four-spurred partridges, hares, quail, doves, red-deer and any amount of birds and beasts that are no good for food.

The great pests of coffee plantation life are cobras—a very deadly kind of snake—scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, and the innumerable white ants, which latter play sad havoc with anything of value in any house through which they may chance to pass in their periodical migrations. To these evils add the paddy-field and jungle leeches, and you have a very fair list of things unpleasant.

I remember we used to have a grand annual elephant hunt—so-called, as we never saw an elephant and did not look for any very keenly, though they abounded, as their paths and "spoor" indicated—our destination being the top of a hill about 6,000 feet high, one of the boundaries of the Kallibokke valley, the path to which led through a dense jungle at first, which gradually thinned out till none remained and all the vegetation at the top of the hill was grass and stunted rhododendrons. But it was cold, and that's what we wanted, not elephants, and what was more, we used to bury several dozen bottles of beer at every "hunt" near the top of the hill and drink them at the next trip, and it really was a treat, for ice "up-country" was in my time unknown and, consequently, rather cold beverages were a luxury. After spending three days and nights or so on the hill, much to the disgust of our coolies who nearly froze to death, we would descend once more and recount our exploits, garnished with such brilliant falsehoods as imagination suggested, of the immense herds of elephants we saw and could have exterminated if we'd only taken the trouble.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)