

Southern insurrection, rejoicing at the prospect of an attack upon the peaceful homes of Canada. A real live General was found to become the military head of the movement, and Sweeney became the hero of the hour. So matters went on for some time, the O'Mahony party all the while losing strength, and the Roberts faction acquiring it. This is not surprising, for however mad and impracticable the schemes of this latter section was, they had the merit of being definite and determined. It is natural to like something definite to be placed before the mind when action is intended, and when that "something" was a "fight," the attraction to the Celt was irresistible. So with these two reasons combining—the hope of plunder to some, and the love of a fight to others—it came to pass that in March last the O'Mahony party found themselves nearly snuffed out. Long, no doubt, and anxious, were the deliberations in their councils, what was to be done to restore their prestige, what to defeat and out-general the "rebels," what above all thing to reconduct the stream of contributions into their coffers. At length a bright idea dawned on the mind of O'Mahony's faithful henchman, Dorian Killian, they too would become a party of action, they too would invade, they would give the green flag to the wind and plant it on the soil of the tyrants; here was their hope, their salvation, the Head Centre hesitated, and was opposed to their principles that the first blow should be struck in Ireland; he hesitated, and true to the proverb, he was lost, doubtfully, as he afterwards told us (when the thing was a failure) he consented to the

CAMPO BELLO EXPEDITION.

A short space will suffice to record all that is interesting of this fizzle. The following is a description of the Island:—

The island of Campo Bello, stretching north and south, at the entrance at the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, and at the mouth of the river St. Croix, which latter for many miles forms the boundary line between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick. The island is about 10 miles in length, and, at its greatest width, measures probably three miles. It is indented all along its sides with numerous bays and inlets. One of these, called Harbour de Lute, almost divides it. The village of Welshpool is situated upon a bay of the same name somewhat to the south of the centre of the island, and nearly opposite the American town of Eastport. There is another and larger village, or rather collection of houses and fishing huts, towards the north, which is called Wilson's Beech. The population is, for the most part, however, scattered along the west coast, and on the shores of the Harbour de Lute. The distance from Welshpool to Eastport is about three miles. Constant communication between the two places is maintained by means of a ferry-boat. The northern end of the island is separated from the flourishing little town of Lubec by a narrow channel, not more than an eighth of a mile across. The population of Campo Bello was, at the last census, about 1,500, but now it may be two thousand souls. The occupation of the people is principally fishing, which has in past years been to them exceedingly lucrative. The surrounding waters abound during the season in herring, shad, mackerel and codfish. Long lines of smokehouses, in which immense number of herring are cured for the American market, are discernible from the wharf at Eastport, and during the curing season the smoke,