

good judgment may be trusted to do the rest. With an added million or two to our population, if meantime we do not swamp ourselves with debt, the national outlook will be less grave, and there will be more room for hope. Never was there a time when the anti-national phases of Confederation looked more perplexing and sullen. It will become each of us to work for and brighten the obverse side.

THE CANADIAN REBELLION OF 1838.

Reminiscences of an Eye Witness.

BY JOHN YEASER, MONTREAL.

The winter of 1838 had closed and the volunteers were called upon to pile arms and lay aside their warlike apparel. It was, literally speaking, turning "their swords into plough shares and their spears into pruning hooks and to study war no more." Springtime came, summer passed, a bountiful harvest crowned the year and the chill blasts of November had once more made fields and forests bare. Low murmuring winds of discontent were then heard here and there over the length and breadth of the land, something like a smouldering volcano, ready to burst forth at any moment. On Sunday morning, the 4th of November, 1838, a day long to be remembered in Canadian history—the standard of rebellion was again raised! The whole north side of the St. Lawrence was once more in open rebellion, the principal camps being at Beauharnois and Chateauguay. The first outbreak occurred at Beauharnois on Saturday afternoon, the 3rd, when the "Patriots," as they called themselves, seized the mail steamer, "Henry Brougham," while on her way from the cascades to Lachine and detained the passengers (amongst whom were old Sheriff McIntyre, of Cornwall, and Duncan Macdonald, now of Montreal), as prisoners.

In the early morning of Sunday, the 4th, the patriots of Chateauguay marched in force on Caughnawaga to disarm the Indians. The Indians were attending early mass in a small chapel behind their village, which was surrounded by the patriots. They said they came as friends to have a parley. The Indians expressed their surprise that friends should come armed and asked them to pile their arms preparatory to a friendly talk. This was done and the arms were immediately taken possession of by the Indians. Sixty-four of the patriots were made prisoners, eleven more were secured during the day, making in all seventy-five prisoners. The rest escaped through the woods to Chateauguay.

The arrival of the prisoners at Lachine was the first intimation there of the outbreak of the second rebellion. The Indians crossed the river with the first lot of sixty-four prisoners and landed them near the windmill, close by the old parish French Church. This happened at about 10 o'clock. The people of Lower Lachine were then on their way to church. Fancy their surprise! Here was now work for them. It did not take long to muster the Lower Lachine company of foot and twenty of the cavalry, who took the prisoners in charge. The line of march was then formed. The route taken being that by the Cote St. Paul road. It was a hard tramp of three hours. It had been raining most of the previous week; the mud was ankle deep, but the men would not hear of any conveyances being provided. The march of the escort and their prisoners through Cote St. Paul and the Tanneries caused great excitement.

By the time the escort reached the Tanneries fully one hundred stragglers had joined, not exactly comprehending what it

really was, as perfect silence was maintained in the ranks. News of the incoming prisoners with their escort had early reached the city. Their numbers were swelled by hundreds of stragglers. There were no telegraphs in those early days to convey the news and the report had reached Montreal that the Lachine brigade was marching in, having the whole rebel camp of Chateauguay as prisoners. Far out in the outskirts of Montreal, the escort was met by thousands. The sight that met their astonished gaze was strange and new to them. Here was a large body of men advancing, having been largely supplemented by stragglers. Ten of the Lachine troop rode in front and ten in the rear, and on both sides were thirty men of the Lower Lachine company on foot, having the sixty-four prisoners in the centre. The stragglers who had joined were totally ignorant of the whole affair, except the fact of seeing the prisoners and their escort, of which latter the writer was one.

There have been, time and again, many "programmed processions" on our streets, but never before nor since that day has so remarkable a procession as this escort passed along the streets of old Montreal. In front, as steadily as regulars, rode the young boys of the far-famed Lachine troop, with their bear-skin helmets and drawn swords, and the foot company with fixed bayonets guarding and protecting the prisoners from the surrounding and enraged crowds of citizens. They moved along steadily and in perfect silence. No flags moving nor drums beating to announce their approach and onward march!

Come, reader, and take your stand with us on the front steps of the old French Cathedral and, in retrospect, let us cast our eyes up Notre Dame street. An immense crowd, reaching back to McGill street, is slowly advancing. What is it and who are they? It is this escort from Lachine with their sixty-four prisoners wending their way down to the then "new jail," with thousands of the citizens lining the street and following in the rear! It was a sad day for the poor prisoners, all young men. They had marched out in the early morning of that day in high hopes and full of vigor. They were now, in the afternoon, on their way to be enclosed within prison walls! A few of them were afterwards liberated, others of them suffered the extreme penalty of the law for the crime of high treason!

Parliamentary Points.

BY JOHN M. COLLINS.

Some of the following rough notes about the sayings and doings of our law-givers at Ottawa may be of interest to TRUTH readers not only in Canada but elsewhere. Necessarily they must be brief, as the Editor is imperative on that point.

SOME OF THE PROMINENT MEMBERS.

There is a general impression that Mr. Blake is cold-blooded, never permitting himself to get excited about anything, but from narrowly watching him I have come to the conclusion that the very opposite is the fact. At his desk he is either sitting solidly up, his arms folded across his breast, watching for a ministerial slip, or lying almost bundled up on his desk. I have seen him in the latter position sometimes for more than an hour; and what is inexcusable, and evidence of a deplorable lack of tact, he remained in that posture, and sound asleep, the other evening while his chief speaker, Mr. Patterson, was delivering the most telling and interesting speech that has been uttered in the Commons during the session. It was certainly neither flattering nor encouraging to this gentleman to see, while he spoke, during the three long hours that he occupied the House, the apparently lifeless body of his leader, prone upon the desk; while at every other bench the member sat upright, listening with all his attention. You would not find Sir John gathering him self up in a heap and going to sleep while

one his principal supporters made a good speech. On the contrary he sits there, even though he were wearied and half bored to death, turning round every few seconds to look in the face of the speaking member, nodding approval at one passage, and smiling approbation at another. When Mr. Tom White made his very long and exceedingly tiresome financial utterance the other evening, Sir Leonard Tilley turned round in his seat and watched him through the entire deliverance, with an air as if he were most deeply impressed and interested; though there was no fact that he heard at all new to him. If Mr. Blake ever hopes to awaken any personal enthusiasm among his followers, he will be obliged to cultivate *bonhomie*, and show that he recognizes wisdom in his party besides that possessed by himself. Towards Mr. Mackenzie he always behaves himself with scrupulous, indeed I might say, almost gushing deference and attention; but I take it that this is for effect. There is a story that there is no coolness between the two; it is well to discredit the rumor. Mr. Mackenzie the other evening handed Mr. Blake a book; and such effusions of thankfulness I would be hardly prepared to expect from the receiver had it been a casket of precious stones that the ex-premier had presented to him. As a proof that Mr. Blake is not cold-blooded during discussion, I may say I have several times watched him at his desk when he had a chance to make a point. He jumps up suddenly, the blood flushes into his face and when he falls back into his seat after having launched his arrow he, flings himself around like some heavy ball, suddenly becomes nimble, and glances rapidly at two or three members near him. He clutches at his ruler, at a blue book, or at the corner of his desk, for a few seconds; and then subsides. "The honorable gentleman need not get excited," said Sir Leonard Tilley the other day; for the excitement was obvious to everybody. "Nonsense; I am not excited," Mr. Blake replied; but he was. Under circumstances, however, that would make some men reveal their feelings of triumph, he can be cool and expressionless as a lump of stone. When Sir John made his famous blunder of seeking to appoint a deputy-speaker the other day by resolution instead of by act of Parliament, Mr. Blake, who knew well that he "had" the Premier hard and fast, sat calmly at his desk biding his time to arise. I saw a large book between his knees, and several works before him. He rose coldly as ice. He began with reciting some trivial objection, and just as the House and the Premier had made up their minds that his objection was of little consequence, he coolly opened his book and read a passage of the Act. "I now affirm and maintain," he said putting the book down, "that the appointment under this resolution is unconstitutional." A change had now come over Sir John. Every eye was upon him;—and to the wonder of all, and the regret of many, it was seen that he had made a grave blunder. Passages at once occurred between the two leaders, and Mr. Blake, triumphant, sat down fairly quivering with excitement. It was only the climax that carried him through.

*Author of "Canada under the administration of Lord Lorne," &c., &c.

TROPICAL TRIPS.

No. 2.—"Up-Country" in Ceylon.

BY "ALBATROSS," TORONTO.

Of late years more has been heard of the Island of Ceylon than for some time previously on account of it being the place of exile of Arabi Bey, but though the newspapers occasionally allude to this Island in the Indian Ocean, they fail to give any information concerning it and the people who inhabit it.

It is my purpose, in the present series of articles, to describe, as well as I am able, the island of Ceylon and the life of a coffee-planter thereon, as it was when I was residing there and doubtless as it is at present, though I am informed that a disease is

spreading over the coffee estates that is proving fatal to the cultivation of the plant, and which will, in the course of time, utterly ruin coffee planting in that island. A glance at the map will inform the reader of the exact latitude and longitude of Ceylon which is between 5° 55' and 9° 51' N. lat and 70° 42' and 81° 55' E. long. The climate in the low country is, at certain seasons of the year, most terrible, hot, though a cool atmosphere may always be found amongst the hills which rise to the height of 8,000 feet, and at Newera Ellia, the sanatorium of the Island, at a height of between 6,000 and 7,000 feet above the sea, cool weather is the rule all the year round. It is with the "up country" portion of Ceylon that I intend to deal at present, and as coffee is only cultivated by the Europeans in the up-country districts, I may as well commence with some description of

THE COFFEE INDUSTRY.

which is or was the principal one in the island. The coffee plant grows, if permitted to do so, to a height of from 10 to 20 feet, but it is the custom to "top" it, that is to cut off the top at a height of from 3½ to 5 feet, according to climate, soil &c., this topping having the effect of causing the plant to become bushy and to bear a far heavier crop than if allowed to shoot up to a greater height. A coffee bush resembles, in a great measure, the English laurel, (though its leaves are smaller) the foliage being a rich, dark green, and from the branches of which hang the bright red berries in thick clusters, each berry looking very much like a red cherry. Every berry contains two beans, as a rule, though but one bean in a berry is by no means uncommon. These beans are, in fact, the seeds of the coffee-plant, though European planters prefer to raise their bushes from small plants which abound in the jungles, instead of planting the seed. The plant bears crop in its third year and is not exhausted for a number of years afterward.

Coffee in Ceylon is generally cultivated on the hillsides and in the valleys between the hills, an estate being laid out in uniform rows of bushes, each bush being six feet from its neighbor in every direction. This plan of planting has been found to be a good one in every respect, as a line can be assigned to each coolie to pick in crop time, to weed in weeding time, and to prune and to manure when these operations are in season; it is thus easy to see how much and how well each coolie does his work.

These coolies are natives of the Malabar coast of the Indian continent and are a totally different race, in color, physique, features, language and everything else from the real natives of Ceylon, the Singhalese, of whom more hereafter.

I must now say a few words about the planter himself before describing the operations of planting, weeding, manuring, gathering, pruning and curing in vague on most estates or plantations, and which it is his duty to oversee. No man should leave his home, wherever it may be, for Ceylon, thinking to obtain a position as assistant on a coffee plantation unless he has secured such a position beforehand; he may have to wait months, perhaps years, before a vacancy would occur that he would be selected to fill, and living in idleness in India is a very expensive luxury. We will suppose, however, that a young man has obtained a position as assistant: his salary for the first year, whilst he is learning his business and the Tamil language, will be from \$600 to \$1,000; his superior officer is the superintendent, and his subordinates are the conductor (generally a native or a Malay), the "canghanies," or heads of gangs, and all the coolies, of whom, on a large estate, there will probably be 1,000, men, women and children, whose pay is, respectively, sixteen, twelve, and eight cents per day, except in crop time, when twelve cents is paid for every bushel gathered, a good picker being able to pick two bushels a day. A young fellow can generally learn enough in a year to qualify himself for the post of superintendent, when, if a vacancy occurs, he is promoted, his salary being all the way from \$1,500 to \$4,000 per annum, according to the size, prosperity, and so forth of the estate and the generosity of the company owning it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)