

idly toyed with one of the long oars, softly whistling to himself :

“ A long sweep, boys,
And a strong sweep, lads,”

and called for volunteers to row out to the Islands, for the purpose of satisfying his ornithological propensities, by way of obtaining some gulls' eggs to add to his collection. After reaching the “Pilgrims” we caught a breeze and started to sail. And, in the words of the well-known song :

“ We sailed all night until we reached
The Red Reef Light so true.”

When we reached this light-house the good ship “Bugaboo” struck a large and influential “snag,” in the shape of a wind dead ahead, and a current so swift and relentless, that we were “persuaded” to remain in sight of the Red Reef Light from three o'clock in the morning of Wednesday until noon the same day—nearly eight hours !

But I anticipate. The sail from St. André to Rivière du Loup, in the moonlight, was one never to be forgotten. We went “wing and wing,” as it were, and sailed so fast that we were in imminent danger of running down and permanently injuring many ocean vessels and other sailing craft, which seemed perpetually to be showing both their port and star-board lights at one and the same time. At least, such is the sworn statement of the Navigating Lieutenant, but he was proved to be colour-blind. We showed no light, and the explanation given by the Steward is that, having difficulty in sighting the Red Reef Light—opposite the mouth of the Saguenay—had we shown a light we might, perhaps, never have found it, being blinded by our own light. And, besides, knowing the confusion which the myriads of lights on the other vessels caused us, we did not wish to add to the confusion which they must have felt as much as we. However, if we had trouble in sighting the Light-house, we certainly had none in keeping it in sight when once we had found it. We reached it at 3 a.m. and left it at noon on Wednesday. Further comment would be superfluous !

Having got our bearings, we started off to sail up the Saguenay. By reason of some unforeseen misadventure we had to postpone it until the evening. For the following reasons :

1. The wind was blowing dead-ahead, at the rate of 70 miles an hour—*more* or less.
2. The current was running against us at the rate of 30 miles an hour—*more*, decidedly.
3. The tide was running down the river at the rate of 40 miles an hour—*most* decidedly.

This Time-and-Tide “combine” proved too much for us, and we were forced to make a circuit of ten or fifteen miles in order to reach Tadousac, then distant only three or four miles. This long *détour* is not recommended to travellers in preference to the direct route, unless the said travellers have plenty of time and energy to spend. It might, however, be added, that the longer course gives the traveller lots of fresh air and exercise. But this is not everything, and, moreover, it is a digression.

On our way from the Red Reef Light towards Tadousac we were somewhat surprised to see a reef come suddenly into prominence on our starboard side. Not finding it marked on our chart, we concluded that the Hydrographer of the Navy must have passed it in the night-time, some years before, when he drew up his chart. The reef became more and more distinct, and though we were holding, or trying to hold, a straight course, the reef appeared to be gaining on us. The leadman began to heave the lead, and reported six fathoms. We

thought that the tide must be going out more precipitately than usual, and had to sheer off to avoid a collision with the swiftly-moving reef. Talk about glaciers moving fast ! Mark Twain's glacier will have to take a back seat. Why, that reef could have given the glacier one hundred yards start in a quarter-mile race and beat it “hands down !” And that “reef” was only a pack of three hundred seals going down to Gaspé and Labrador to spend the summer, and weren't hustling at that !

The Steward, the Engineer—or “the Horse,” as he was irreverently called—spent a few hours in Tadousac, and then hired a small and good-looking *garçon* to row them back to where the good ship was anchored. The usually unsusceptible Steward was so struck with the beauty of the *petite* Ferryman that he enquired if he had any sisters. Being answered in the affirmative, and learning that they were pastry-cooks, his face beamed, and he darkly hinted at having to purchase supplies in the village. The Admiral, on hearing the particulars, wisely determined to “forage” himself, and thus saved the rest of the crew from needless expense, and the chance of having their digestions ruined by an over-supply of pastry and other delicacies.

After an unsuccessful attempt to sail up the Saguenay—wind and tide being contrary, we decided to return homewards. We accordingly left Tadousac at 5 a.m. on Thursday, and promptly struck a reef. We “poled” off and passed the Red Reef Light once more and forever. Friday morning found us, at 7 o'clock, high and dry, in the midst of a rain-storm and fog. We manned the sweeps and swept and sailed, and sailed and swept, till we reached, but did not pass, Nine-Mile Point—so called, some say, because the *point* is nine miles long, and others, that it is nine miles from Pointe au Pic. Both statements are inaccurate. Here we anchored until 5 a.m. on Saturday, when we started for our destination, which we reached at 9 o'clock, having been away exactly four days, and having travelled some one hundred and twenty miles.

Just as we reached the wharf, the longest of the sweeps, which had borne bravely all the horrors of the Saguenay current, snapped in twain, and suffered the indignity of being afterwards converted into a base-ball bat, which was used in the never-to-be-forgotten match of Toronto vs. The World.

And behold, all of the foregoing is true !

(Signed) THE HORSE.

AN APOSTROPHE TO SWINBURNE THE TRAITOR.

So ho ! Algernon Charles, thou who in the past hast so often shown the cloven, showest the Tory hoof at last. O singer of Cotytto and Priapus, stick to the praise of thy congenial deities, sing of thy Faustines, Fragolettas, and Dolores, but leave the G. O. M. alone. Give no more lip-praise to Liberty : well we know that thy heart is a whited sepulchre where dwell prejudice, selfishness, vanity and pride. Art cognizant of the fact, O verbose and vapid bard, thou whom the Emperor Julian would have doubtless styled an enemy of the beard, that the world grows somewhat weary of thy yelping voice ? Tragic trash and gaudy glitter dazzle now no more. Did not Longfellow have thee in his mind's eye when he wrote of the howling dervishes of song ? Did not the Sage of Chelsea once decline the dubious honour of an introduction to a young man who, he said, sat in a cesspool and kept constantly adding to it ? Did not Huxley characterize thy earlier work as sensual caterwauling ? Now thou givest us, not sensual, but