

proceed, and assist in getting out the snow-plough and in clearing the track.

Early on Saturday, the 9th January, we arrived at a small station, I think Callander by name; and here ended our walk through the snow of 104 miles, which had taken us seven days to accomplish. After some little delay and telegraphing, an engine and car were despatched to our rescue, and we were carried on to Chapleau. Here we found a regular passenger train, and proceeded on our journey without further delay. We passed Ottawa in the afternoon, and arrived late at night at Montreal.

During the winter months, owing to the freezing up of the St. Lawrence, the vessels of the Canadian Steamship Lines sail from Portland, Me., calling at Halifax for the mails, &c. I found that there would be no boat leaving Portland until the following Thursday, January 14th.

Waiting even a few days in a strange city, where you know no one, is always tedious, and at six on Tuesday evening I gladly left by the Grand Trunk Railway for Portland. We travelled all night, and arrived at breakfast