

my hands, thus almost moving upon all fours, so that, to circumscribe the cone, it took a considerable time. We had arrived at the English house, on our way up, at a quarter past four, and though we lost no time in proceeding onwards, did not return to it again until near nine o'clock.

On our return to the English house we made a pretty hearty breakfast. The cold was so great that the wine had become quite thick—and, on entering the stable, the guide found the mules trembling from its effects, notwithstanding they had plenty to eat during our absence.

A FIRST VIEW OF MACKINA.

The sun was just sinking beneath the horizon, casting long streams of light athwart the ruffled waves, when the captain called me forward to take the first look at Mackina.

The first glance at a long looked for object almost always disappoints, but it was not so now; and as I gazed on the distant island, its steep cliffs rising, as they seemed to do, right out of the water, and towering high in air, their dark outline marked so boldly on the yet glowing west, and even at the distance we were, the white chalky crags shining like pearl spots in the dark face of the island, my utmost expectations were realised.

The deepening twilight soon made every object indistinct, and I was just resigning myself to the idea of seeing no more of the island till morning, when from the eastern sky the darkness fled, a faint streak of reddish light heralds the rising moon, it kindles with a ruddier glow, and then from the bosom of the waters, which seem to burn all around her, the moon arose—and soon the whole scene around us was bathed in her bright beams. Far to the north and east we see the shores of the main land, one or two islands standing forward and breaking the regular sweep of the coast; to the south-east lays the wide expanse of Huron, now all a blaze with moonlight.

Further to the south Bois Blanc stretches her horns, spanning in a capacious and well sheltered bay. To the west, and right over our larboard bow, lays Round Island, round in shape as in name. Its dark tree tops mark almost a perfect arch upon the sky, so regularly does the land rise from every side towards the centre, the starboard bow, and we have a

full and perfect view of the island of Mackina. We had advanced so rapidly, that it was now in plain sight to the east. It is well wooded, though very precipitous, rising nearly perpendicularly to the height of three or four hundred feet. Further to the left stands a cliff called Robinson's Folly, which is bare of foliage, and now shines in the bright moon. On its summit, and just back of the town, stands the fort, its white walls circling the brow of the hill like a silver crown—a wide carriage way ascends from the town below, slanting along the face of the bluff to the fort.

The scene was enchanting—the tall white cliff, the whiter fort, the winding yet still precipitous pathway, the village below buried in a deep gloomy shade, the little bay, where two or three small half rigged sloops lay asleep upon the dark water—would that I could make you feel its beauties. It recalled to my mind some of the descriptions I have read of Spanish scenery, where the white walls of some Moorish castle crown the brow of the lofty Sierra.

A CALM ON LAKE ST. CLAIR.

The clear bright water was as smooth as glass, and on the eastern side of the tall dark forest cast an unbroken mass of shade upon the surface of the stream, in which every shrub and tree, I had almost said every leaf, was distinctly marked. Through this mass of shade two canoes were creeping close to the shore—the savage looks and gaudy dresses of the Indians giving an air of wildness to the scene. Nearest us, and about the middle of the river, lay our little bark, sleeping, as it were, upon the wave. Never before did I fully realise the perfect truth of that very poetical expression of Scott, 'The swan upon St. Mary's Lake floats double—swan and shadow.' There is not an atom of poetic exaggeration in saying that our pretty schooner floated double on the bright waters of St Clair. Not only her dark hull and taper masts, but every spar, every block, every stay or brace, all, all, down to the smallest piece of cordage, was traced out on the calm unruffled bosom of the stream with a perfect distinctness which had in it something almost magical. On the American side the scene was diversified—there a clump of dark forest trees, there a patch of cleared land, not yet cropped—beyond, a farm house, a barn, some stacks of yellow grain, an orchard, just behind the house, and further