

We have left Quebec far behind us: its citadel appears as a faint outline in the distance as we climb up the steep ascent into the Laurentian Ranges, the oldest geological formation in the world; the prosperous Indian village of Joliette, the Swiss-like hamlet of St. Raymond, surrounded by high wooded hills, are past, and we are fairly in the mountains. It is true we have passed several washouts, which the wrecking train preceding us has repaired, temporarily or permanently, according to their nature. It is also true that vague rumours of serious damage to the line, further on, have reached us at every telegraph station as we proceed; but the day is perfect, our arm chairs on the rear platform are comfortable, the sun warm, the scenery enchanting, and we give ourselves up to present enjoyment rather than to speculating on future and unknown annoyances.

There were very few passengers on the train, but we were fortunate in having with us one of the higher officials of the line, to whom we owed much of the pleasure of our trip, and who, under very trying circumstances, did all in his power to secure the comfort of the passengers, and, as far as possible, carry out their wishes. It is a pleasure to be able to testify to the enterprise and energy with which this comparatively small Railway Company endeavoured to cope with the exceptional difficulties with which they had to contend, and the wonderfully short time which elapsed before the line was again in working order. The rumours of a bad break in the line became confirmed as we proceeded, so after coming up with the wrecking train and following close behind it for some miles, it was not surprising to come to a dead stop, and on looking out to see a yawning gap some 200 yards wide and 60 feet high, with nothing but the rails and ties suspended in the air across it, to let one know there had ever been a railway there—it was evident that it would take days, if not weeks, before the line could be repaired. Meanwhile, what was to be done? The ties and rails, twisted and out of shape as they were, and oscillating with the least motion, formed a means of crossing far too dangerous to be thought of for a moment; the broken remains of a stone culvert, which had hitherto carried the stream under the line, lay far beneath, and the waters had not yet sufficiently subsided to allow a passage to be made on foot. Fortunately, at this point, another line running along the lower Laurentian range, joins the Lake St. John railway. It had suffered in like manner, the culvert and entire embankment having been carried away, but being on a much lower level—only about 10 or 12 feet above the water—its hanging ties and rails offered a foothold sufficiently secure, although vibrating a good deal, to effect a passage to the other side; so over this, in various ways, one by one, the whole of the passengers walked or were assisted and the whole of the baggage carried. As it was now past two o'clock, and, owing to the negligence of one of the party to which I before alluded,