

*En Route.*

After sad partings of relatives and friends we were huddled on board, and set sail at last, in the midst of a pouring rain storm, which was looked upon as a bad omen. And, sure enough, before we got out of Bras d'or Bay the boat grounded on a sand bar, and we had to stay there till the rising of the tide. She was a wretched tub of a coasting schooner, and it took us over two weeks to reach Quebec. We had about a hundred souls aboard, with no accommodation except a double row of temporary bunks in the hold below, and the only privacy for women was secured by hanging blankets and shawls in front of some of the bunks. The cooking was done on deck, where two open fireplaces had been made by filling a couple of large boxes with stones and earth. We encountered a very bad storm in the Gulf, and almost gave up for lost. Some prayed, others cried, and a good many were so seasick that they did not care whether the boat went down or not. We were only two or three days out of sight of land, and the scenery coming up the St. Lawrence River was more than interesting to me. But the French habitants on its picturesque shores remain the same as their fathers before them in every respect; and it is a very singular fact that the beauties of nature—as exhibited by mountains, hills and glens; leafy forests and green fields; rivers, lakes and running brooks; and the flowery spring and fruitful autumn—never seem to have the least refining influence on the peasantry of any country in the world.