in some places; being through swamps and morasses in the woods, which render it frequently impassable. In winter time, when snow, it is an excellent road; but, in summer, travellers generally proceed by water from La Chine in the batteaux which are setting off almost every week.

I remained at Dillon's hotel, Montreal, about a week, waiting the arrival of a vessel at St. John's to take me across Lake Champlain. It was early in November, and the snow fell in abundance for two or three days; during which the carioles were driven in the streets. Several Roman Catholic funerals passed before the door of the hotel during my stay: they were more or less splendid according to the circumstances of the deceased. The first I saw was but indifferently attended: at the head marched an old man in his common habitant dress. carrying something like a pestle and mortar; next to him was a little boy dressed in a black hood or cowl over a white surplice, which partly covered a black cloth petticoat. He carried a wooden cross about four times taller than himself. After him came the priest dressed in the same style, with the addition of two long pieces of white cloth edged with black, each of which terminated at the bottom with a square piece marked with a cross, and hung down before him from his shoulders. The body was supported by four men, and fol-