

Now, it must have been about midnight when I awoke, wheezing and sniffing with a bad cold, and feeling uncommonly wretched,—the fire having gone out, and the drizzly rain having increased; and while I was endeavouring to cover myself a little better with a wet blanket, the man who had been left to watch the boat rushed in among us, and said that it had been driven ashore, and would infallibly go to pieces if not shoved out to sea immediately. Up we all got, and, rushing down to the beach, were speedily groping about in the dark, up to our waists in water, while the roaring breakers heaved the boat violently against our breasts. After at least an hour of this work, we got it afloat again, and returned to our beds, where we lay shivering in wet clothes till morning.

We had several other nights nearly as bad as this one, and once or twice narrowly escaped being smashed to pieces among rocks and shoals, while travelling in foggy weather.

Even the last day of the voyage had something unpleasant in store for us. As we neared the mouth of the river Saguenay, the tide began to recede; and ere long the current became so strong, that we could not make head-way against it; we had no alternative, therefore, but to try to run ashore, there to remain until the tide should rise again. Now it so happened that a sand-bank caught our keel just as we turned broadside to the current, and the water, rushing against the boat with the force of a mill-race, turned it up on one side, till it stood