

country is behind; the houses stand off the road, and are really farm-houses, the land rises gracefully on either side from a stream that rolls onward towards the Ottawa, good points are selected on which to erect dwellings, and altogether there is something picturesque in the scene. St. Andrews itself is a neat little village, or perhaps it should be said there are neat buildings in it. A fine stream runs through the centre of the village and falls into the adjoining bay. There are no fewer than three churches, beside one half a mile from it. The latter is Roman Catholic;—the former are Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and an Union Church belonging in equal portions to the Baptist and Congregational Churches. Of course the farmers for a number of miles around attend divine worship at this village. The society is more refined and intelligent than is usually found in villages of its size; while the scenery around it—its position near the Ottawa, and its general healthiness, render it a desirable place for retirement and recruiting the energies, during a month or so in the summer. I imagine that few avail themselves of these advantages—the Caledonia Springs, some 25 miles distant, being supposed to have superior attractions.

The day cold and stormy, much snow falling. About half a mile from St. Andrews, is the burial ground on one side the road, and the deep descent to the Ottawa on the other. The position of this last resting place of man is very good, almost embedded amid young evergreens—and ornamented by some plain and some elegant tombstones, containing moreover the ashes of not a few who when in the body served the Lord—it should form an agreeable and useful retreat for meditation and prayer; at least during that season of the year when the fields and woods, clothed with verdure, offer their silent hymn of praise to God.

The north bank of the Ottawa is very high and precipitous at this place, and as a consequence the descent to Carillon, a small village on the verge of the river, two miles from St. Andrews—is long and steep. Here the steamboat from Lachine discharges her passengers and cargo in the summer that they may be taken by the Grenville Canal or stage to another boat lying above the rapid. Here too, is a small garrison—I know not how many troops. At this place the river is crossed summer and winter to Point Fortune which is in that part of Canada formerly Upper, now usually denominated “Canada-West.” If a digression may be allowed, one might ask “why use a name so harsh and clumsy?” Surely “Western-Canada” “Eastern-Canada” are terms having much more euphony. But I was not thinking of harmonious sounds while driving on the ice. It blew a gale of wind, the mercury was descending in the thermometer, whilst the snow fell and drifted with violence, in the midst of all a woman alone and on foot was endeavouring to find her way to the other side.

I took her into my sleigh, and as my horse was more fit to weather the storm than she was, we soon reached the *terra-firma*—the *terra*, however, I need not say covered with snow, and hence though *firma* enough having little the appearance of *earth*.

This bank of the Ottawa, though less rugged than some parts of the opposite, is nevertheless high, and the scenery is on the whole very fine. The river I suppose to be about a mile wide. There are some good farms on both sides and very neat dwellings. At Chatham, on the Eastern-Canada side, there are two Churches, one of them Episcopalian, the other Presbyterian. Nearly opposite, and in Western-Canada is one of the largest lumber establishments in the country. It stands on a point jutting out from West-Hawkesbury into the Ottawa, being approached on the one side by a bridge over a river discharging itself into the Ottawa, and on the other by a raised causway. Messrs. Hamilton & Low are the proprietors. Their establishment consists of extensive saw mills, offices, and rows of houses for their workmen, which together form a miniature village. They employ about 400 men, many of whom have families. Some of them are engaged in getting out the saw logs, others in rafting them, others in preparing and taking to Quebec the deals. Many of the hands are French Canadians.

I arrived here at the house of one of the deacons of the Congregational Church of L'Original and Hawkesbury, who is connected with this establishment. It was very stormy and excessively cold. As a consequence the assembly in the evening was not so large as it would otherwise have been. It was gathered in a house about half a mile from the place just described,—the people were very attentive and serious, as I attempted to preach to them the word of truth.

It was now late and dark; still cold and tempestuous. The Rev. J. T. Byrne, our brother, who labours in this place, having here met me, accompanied me to his house at the village of L'Original, 5 miles distant. After passing the Hon. Mr. Grant's mansion, (a very beautiful one by the way, and with grounds very tastefully laid out), and ascending the hill forming the high and steep bank of the Ottawa, fearful of driving too close to the edge of the bank and because of the darkness, and snow falling, without the guidance of the former tracks—my horse went off the beaten road and plunged into a deep hole, filled of course with snow. In his attempts to extricate himself, he broke one of the shafts of the sleigh. Too late, dark, and cold to remain for the purpose of refitting, we managed to get through to Mr. Byrne's house with our broken shaft and without further accident. There would be nothing new to a traveller in the state ment that, after such a day, a night's rest in a warm house was refreshing.

February 9.—L'Original. Mr. Byrne com-