

A signal brought the steamer's boat to the shore for my companion and self, and we were soon on the deck, tired and hungry as may be expected, after our eighteen or twenty miles tramp without food.

We had hardly got safely on board before the wind freshened, and soon increased to a fearful gale, and it was impossible to launch a boat with the supplies I had promised to send Js., and the poor fellow passed an anxious night. Dreading that we might depart without doing so, at an early hour next morning the steward of the "Napoleon" knocked at my room, and announced that a man had come off from shore and was on deck waiting for me. I at once got up and dressed. On reaching the deck I found poor Js., who had borrowed a boat and rowed out to us. When our captain and engineer saw him, tears started from their manly eyes, for I had, during the preceding evening, related to them the condition I had found his family in; and his haggard, half-clad, shivering appearance corroborated all I had said. The late Captain John Smith, Light-house Inspector, who was on board with his daughter, were very kind indeed, and liberally gave some of their own clothing. Mr. Duhamel, also, from his trunks in which he was taking up to Quebec a quantity of his family's clothing, also contributed a good share of useful articles of female wearing apparel. I spread out upon the floor of the cabin a large camping blanket and called upon the officers and crew of the steamer to give or sell me any useful article of clothing they could spare. I soon collected boots, socks, coats, flannel shirts, pants, mits and caps which made a large bundle. I also added a quantity of powder and shot, gun caps, tobacco, pipes, matches and some tea and sugar for poor Mrs. Js. These were all tied up in the blanket and carried on deck. I then followed it, and found that Js., as I had ordered, had been taken below to the officer's mess-room, and was seated before a good warm breakfast of ham and eggs, smoking hot potatoes and a cup of good coffee.