

country was settled, and well cultivated. The houses, barns, &c. were commodious; and we passed several handsome churches. The population I understood to be chiefly Roman Catholic. At Coteau we again took possession of a steamer, and started for Cornwall, distant thirty-six miles. The road during our last stage was for the most part along the river side, and the noble stream, clear as crystal, with foaming rapids, and romantic islands, clothed in dark pines and other varieties of wood, formed a constant source of delight, not forgetting the brilliant plumage of the crested kingfisher, everywhere abundant on its banks. We were now upon Lake St Francis, another large expanse of the St Lawrence. It seems to me that there is a pleasant variety in this amphibious mode of travelling, and it is so arranged, by suiting our meals to the time spent upon the water, that the utmost comfort and leisure is secured to the traveller. The plan for to-day was to dine on board, and reach Cornwall in the evening, there to remain all night. An old adage has pronounced, however, that there is much between the cup and the lip. We left Coteau with every prospect of a comfortable voyage, but ere we had proceeded many miles we were caught by one of those squalls which occasionally arise in a moment upon the lakes. Preparations were making in the cabin for dinner, and I was engaged in writing, when my attention was drawn to a confused noise upon deck, while, at the same moment, the vessel gave a heavy lurch, with the sensation of a sudden stop. I was immediately called up by a fellow passenger, and, as I ascended, the engineer rushed past me, pale as death, exclaiming, "*We are lost!*" I did not at the moment comprehend the full extent of our danger, as the alarm arose, not from the squall alone, but from the machinery having become disordered, the pumps choked, and an explosion immediately expected. All was in confusion upon deck, the captain and mate alone seeming to retain any self-possession. A poor Canadian voyageur, who had charge of the helm, deserted his post, calling in despair upon *Sainte Marie* for aid. Fortunately, a steady fellow, with better nerves and less faith in saints, had been placed beside him, and succeeded in keeping the vessel's head to the wind. At one heavy roll, a general movement took place in the steward's pantry, and nearly a score of bottles