

wide. The morning was without a cloud, the sun pouring down his rays from a summer sky, as we steamed past the batteries of Fort Henry and entered the region of the "Thousand Islands." The river, of great depth, yet clear as a Highland stream, reflected the foliage of the trees in its glassy surface, and gently laved the rocky banks with the waters which were displaced by the revolving paddle-wheel. This archipelago, it is said, contains 1,500 islands, a considerable number of which are low and densely wooded, but the greater part are composed of bold cliffs, rising abruptly from the water's edge in most romantic forms. The caverns and grottoes, the deep arborvitæ groves, the natural quays of rock, the pine woods, the odoriferous banks of wild flowers, the maple shades, the creeks and capes and promontories of these islets, vividly recalled to our mind the descriptions of Fairyland, that mysterious paradise which filled us with such varied emotions in the days when we were young. Well might the wandering Algonquin steering his canoe in these channels, before the white man drove him to the north, murmur a prayer to the Great Spirit that he would inhabit a like lovely region for ever after death. On passing this Canadian Eden, the scenery of which is unequalled on any of the American rivers, the St. Lawrence contracts to about two miles in width, and flows on majestically between well cultivated banks. This is the only part of the frontier where the provincials can bear comparison with their democratic neighbours in point of enterprise and prosperity. The British villages are actually about as populous as those on the American side. Brockville and Prescott are thriving little towns, rivalling even the bustling Ogdensburg, a place of considerable trade in the state of New York. The appearance of the river here is truly magnificent, as it sweeps swiftly along in one unbroken stream of crystal-like purity more than a mile and a half wide. A very short way farther down the channel contracts again, the current becomes stronger, and a certain bustle on board the steamer warns the passengers that "the rapids are near." A sudden bend, meanwhile, revealing the commencement of the Galop Falls, the least important of the obstructions to the navigation. Not many miles below them, a strong force of sailors again musters at the wheel, the waters acquire renewed vigour, and the steamer, like an Indian on the track of his enemy, darts down the splendid rapids of Long Sault. Away she goes on the top of the angry billows, scarcely avoiding the sharp pinnacles of rock which rise out of the foam in frightful proximity to the vessel. Dark forests nod funereally over the boiling waters, which are now tossed aloft by some sudden rock, and anon rush with fearful impetuosity in the circle of a whirlpool. Several islands divide the river at this point, on passing each of which a momentary glance is obtained of the roaring cataract beyond them. The quiet surface of the Lake St. Francis, an expansion of the river below Cornwall, affords a striking contrast to the stormy scene above. Here you meet the upward bound steamer, and pass the rafts of timber on their way to the depot at Quebec. At Coteau du Lac, the roar of angry waters again is heard, and the frail bark once more quivers under the buffeting of the waves. The exciting rapids called the Cedars and the Arcades follow in quick succession. At one spot during the descent of the former, there is a whirlpool close to the navigable channel, into which a single erroneous turn of the helm would hurry the vessel, to be dashed in a few moments to a thousand pieces. What a sublime spectacle it is to witness the fury of the impeded waters from the deck of the steamer, as she pursues unscathed her serpentine course in the midst of danger! At LaChine, on the opposite side of the Lake St. Louis, the traveller disembarks, and after a short ride comes in sight of the lofty towers, which proclaim to

the inhabitants of wide spread plains, that the exiles of the Roman Catholic Church are predominant at Montreal.—*Correspondent of the Scottish Press.*

A BRYOUAC IN CANADA.—Baptiste, halting, strikes his axe in a tree, and tells us we shall in that spot spend the night. Whereupon the half-breed and the Canadian, leaving their tabogins, cut a couple of splinters out of the next pine, which, with their axes, they fashion into rude spades, and clear a space in the snow about twelve feet square, and three or four in depth. Meanwhile Baptiste has cut down some firewood, which is laid across the middle of the space, and has also, by some inscrutable means, discovered a spring in the neighbourhood, from which the kettle is filled, and hung over the fire depending from a long stick, the further end of which is thrust in the snow. Jenkin and I have employed ourselves in cutting down all the young fir-trees—*sapins*, the Canadians call them—within reach; and stripping off the branches, which look like plumes of green ostrich feathers, we strew them on each side of the fire for a bed, stick some around the snow walls of our residence to act as tapestry, and that a small roof overhead, to keep off falling snow, with the remainder. The space on one side of the fire is allotted to our retainers, the other to us; and, spreading a buffalo robe over the sapins, we lie down and change our wet moccasins and leggings; then we unpack the tabogins and pile our provisions around—the flour, biscuit, coffee, pepper, tea and coffee, butter, and onions. We had brought a small keg of brandy with us, which was always stuck in the snow over Jenkin's head. Boniface makes pea soup; Da Fini fries pork and onions in the pan; we unpack our canteen and get our knives and forks ready. But Jenkins and I hated fat pork like a couple of rabbis, but we managed, notwithstanding, to make a dinner; and then, tired with our unusual exertions, rolled ourselves in our blankets, stretched our feet to the fire, and slept like tops, leaving our three friends jabbering and eating on the other side of the fire in full vigour.—*Fraser's Magazine for January.*

KILLING A MOOSE-DEER.—When we had gone about four or five miles, Baptiste suddenly stopped, and, pointing to the snow, uttered the word "*Ravage*." We all rushed eagerly up, and there, in the snow, were the tracks of the huge animals—a deep furrow, indented every foot or so with the print of their hoofs. Instantly our guns were loaded, and off we went like maniacs, Baptiste leading, the rest scrambling and panting along, sometimes losing a snow-shoe, and stooping to tie it (no easy matter when the strings and your fingers are both frozen), sometimes slipping into some treacherous hole. At last the Indians stopped, and looked round at us with a face of disappointment, which, on reaching him, was easily accounted for; for a line of snow-shoe tracks came up from another direction, and then went off on the *ravage*—we had evidently been forestalled. Very crest-fallen and ill-tempered we followed in their path, to have the melancholy satisfaction of discovering the authors of our disappointment—our "infernal sell," as Jenkins called it—expecting to find them cutting up their game. But while running on the tracks we saw a fire to the left, and, going up to it, found two ragged Irishmen sitting by it broiling venison. They told us they had killed the moose, two in number, half a mile further on, and had returned here to encamp. Neither of them had a hat, and their clothes were too thin and ragged to defend them even from the cold of the same season in England; yet, thus insufficiently clad, the hardy fellows had ventured into the forest to take Winter, in his sternest mood, by the beard. Jenkins was very indignant at the "hog-trotting rascals," as he called them, daring to kill "our moose,"