

suffocation had we pursued our journey last night. Mr. Tremblay gave us much information respecting the Saguenay fire, how his house was one of the few left standing, and that as many as seventy-six persons had taken refuge there from the fury of the flames, that had destroyed their homes. Mr. Tremblay also told us that he had not spoken nor heard a word of English for ten years, but, on hearing us converse for a short time, his former knowledge of our language returned to him. We learned from him that only nine miles of the "road" from Lake St. John to Quebec had been completed, after which the road becomes a blazed track, (as we knew from sad experience), and that he believed the work of continuing the road would be abandoned. We passed a very dilapidated wooden church, that of St. Jerome; a more miserable looking sacred edifice I certainly never saw, but Mr. Tremblay said the building was seldom used. We also saw the remains of an Indian camp very beautifully situated on the summit of a hill, overlooking the river Metabetchouan, which river we presently reached and crossed in a scow. Whilst crossing, we observed a pretty little cottage, picturesquely placed at the junction of the river and the lake, the property of the Hudson Bay Company, and occupied by their agent, Mr. Ross.

We saw an unexpected object in this desolate looking country, viz.: a steamer, called the *Pocahontas*, belonging to Messrs. Price Brothers, of Quebec, and used by them to navigate the lake. From the river to Mr. Charlton's our attention was much attracted by the vast extent of burnt and charred trees scattered at intervals over the land, looking like a collection of telegraph posts, minus the wires. This phenomenon was caused by the Saguenay fire, and Malcolm agreed with me that this was a most weird and unnatural looking country. When near our destination, we had a view of the lake, more like a sea in extent than our idea of a lake, the other side only appearing in the distance like a faint silver line. Presently we saw a splendid crop of wheat, with several men hard at work reaping. I also espied a most comfortable English-looking stable, which Mr. Tremblay informed us belonged to Mr. Charlton, and immediately afterwards we arrived at his house, but on enquiry found its owner absent. Mrs. and Miss Charlton, however, were at home, and received us most kindly, though our arrival was quite unexpected. I felt almost ashamed to accept their hospitality, as both Malcolm and I looked perfect objects from the fly bites and ragged state of our garments, indeed we might easily be taken for vagrants, so wretched did we look, and