

to look up at the summit of the Cape—"Wal! I guess stranger it's pritty tall." The writer collapsed and secretly vowed that he would never again disturb connubial bliss even if he saw Eve herself revisiting the glimpses of the moon, making night beautiful and causing all the stars of heaven to hide their diminished heads at her approach.

A SECOND FOG.

But to return to the "Oriole." Our Saguenay party crossed over to Rivière du Loup by the steamer, and those left at Tadoussac, after rambling through every nook and corner of it, started for the yacht which was still at anchor in the place we left her the previous day. The night was very foggy, and in the morning we found we had a barque for a companion anchored about a quarter mile from us; the fog was then much too thick off the land to start for Rivière du Loup, and again there was no wind and the tide was ebbing. What can we do? Visit the barque, suggested the pilot, "I think I know her by her rig, and if I am not mistaken it is a French barque that I piloted last year; if so you will find the "Capitaine" a very genial person." All right, pilot, launch the gig and let us go—we did, and found the predictions of the pilot verified. The name of the barque was the St. Louis of Toulon, the Captain's name was Dion, and a finer specimen of a French sailor, perhaps, has not been seen on the St. Lawrence since Jacques Cartier landed at the mouth of the Saguenay. Welcome scarcely realizes the salutation. We were ushered into the cabin, the only ornament in it being a picture of the sainted King going barefooted to the cathedral of Notre Dame to implore the help of heaven on his mission to the last crusade he shared in. Out came from a private locker some fragrant Bordeaux and some choice Havanas, which we enjoyed; and by way of a parting glass a bottle of champagne was opened of as good a quality, perhaps, as was drank by the courtiers of Louis XIV. at his nuptials with Maria Theresa. The Captain returned with us to the yacht and lunched, before the meal was finished a light breeze sprung up, and the fog lifted a little, the anchor was again weighed and after a hasty adieu to the Captain the "Oriole" was, before he reached his ship, a mile on her way to Rivière du Loup, where we arrived about 7 p. m. Upon enquiry we found our Saguenay party at Cacouna. We telegraphed for advice—reply, Stop till tomorrow morning, when expect a party on board to luncheon.