

characterized, as they are all over the province, by their size and glittering appearance, caused by the sun striking upon spires and tinned roofs.

When we had reached the broad part of the river, about half way between Montreal and Sorel, we hoisted the top-sail, which materially increased our speed, and enabled us to run off about seven knots, exclusive of current, which at that part of the river might be put down at three miles an hour.

The reader cannot adequately imagine, without experiencing it, the utter abandonment to pleasure the scene and circumstance afforded—the motion of the yacht dancing from wave to wave, with the white foam sportively playing about her bow; the sense of freedom from restraint and comfort in looking into our snug cabin where, safely deposited, was all that contributed to our material wants, not omitting the fragrant weed. When we had passed this lake, as it might be called, and had entered the narrow part of the river again, the wind, with the sun, began to wane and die away. It was not quite the case of a painted ship; we still had the current left and a little zephyr,—the combined influence of both brought us to the mouth of the Richelieu at Sorel.

The entrance to the river is made difficult by a sand-bar, which runs to a considerable distance across its mouth, the consequence of which is