

the boat violently against our breasts. After at least an hour of this work, we got it afloat again, and returned to our beds, where we lay shivering in wet clothes till morning.

We had several other nights nearly as bad as this one, and once or twice narrowly escaped being smashed to pieces among rocks and shoals, while travelling in foggy weather.

Even the last day of the voyage had something unpleasant in store for us. As we were nearing the mouth of the river Saguenay, the tide began to recede; and, ere long, the current became so strong, that we could not make head-way against it; we had no alternative, therefore, but to try to run ashore, there to remain until the tide should rise again. Now it so happened, that a sand-bank caught our keel just as we had turned broadside to the current, and the water, rushing against the boat with the force of a mill-race, turned it up on one side, till it stood quivering, as if undecided whether or not to roll over on top of us. A simultaneous rush of the men to the elevated side decided the question, and caused it to fall squash down on its keel again, where it lay for the next four or five hours, being left quite dry by the tide. As this happened within a few miles of our journey's end, I left the men to take care of the boat, and walked along the beach to Tadousac.

Here I remained some time, and then travelled through the beautiful lakes of Canada, and the United States, to New York. But here I must pause. As I said before, I