

seems very well secured by batteries, and our attention was called to Fort Henry and the naval station of Fort Frederick at its base, with its fortifications and towers. We now descend the River St. Lawrence, through those beautiful islands, the largest and most numerous collection of river islands in the world. The Americans, covered with veils, sunshades, and umbrellas, take possession of the bow of the boat. Some of them, not satisfied with one chair, take two, so that their understanding, I suppose, may be able to carry home the whole scene. Then they kept constantly asking if we would soon be in the Rapids, and what they were like. The first rapid that the boat sails through is a small one, called the "Du Plats." This they mistook for the Long Sault, and began wondering what we made so much fuss about them for. But when we actually got into this fearful rapid, some of them, like myself—for I confess to a very nervous sensation while sailing through them—got quite enough, although they allowed that they *were* grand. The Long Sault Rapid is about nine miles in length, and is divided in the centre by an island which forms two channels, one called the American, and the other the Lost Channel, which is a name given some years ago by some boatmen who then supposed that any boat venturing through it would be lost. Now it is the one most constantly used. After passing through these rapids, we reached Cornwall, where the boat