

had to dig him out with their hands. There were numerous bridges to make and swamps to cross, so we travelled but slowly; in some places tall grass flourished high above our heads, and raspberries of immense size and delicious flavor abounded everywhere. We also saw some very fine trees, far different from the miserable specimens we had previously encountered. Toward 6 p.m. we saw corn, &c., growing, so knew we must soon arrive at our destination, and presently we left the bush and saw houses (log huts) and fields before us. Arrived at Mr. Tremblay's, his wife welcomed us most hospitably, and after enjoying the luxury of plenty of hot water, and putting on a fresh habit, (fortunately I had brought two with me,) we had some supper. By this time the house was crowded with people, asking questions and expressing amazement at the journey we had made. Madame Tremblay requested information as to the fashions, wished to know if crinoline was worn, and "if my riding habit was the costume now adopted by ladies?" The conversation being all carried on in French, it would be nonsense my attempting to describe her expressions of astonishment. She had been educated in a convent at Baie St. Paul, and seemed to think she had lowered herself greatly in coming to live at Lake St. John. Mr. Tremblay told us that *we were the third party he had rescued from starvation in trying to reach the lake by that road.* He said that last winter he came from Quebec with eight horses and eight men, and that for two days and two nights they had been obliged to travel without stopping, having no food for either man or beast; they barely reached the lake alive. Our horses were now comfortably housed, but poor Jennie looked very bad and would eat nothing. About 8 p.m. Malcolm and I made Mr. Tremblay take out his horse and "buck-board" to drive us across the River Metabetchouan to Mr. Charlton's, where we hoped to find letters from England awaiting us. A regular gale was blowing, and the log hut trembled with the violence of the storm. The whole country seemed on fire, and the wind but fanned the flames. However, I determined to set out, but we could get only about two miles, the wind blowing the fire across the road, and the dense smoke almost suffocating us. Several people on the road warned us back, saying it was not safe to proceed. Most thankful would I have been to have found myself out of this frightful place. I could not help remarking to Malcolm, that it was very like what one would imagine the "infernal regions" to be; the groaning, creaking trees, and sighing, moaning wind sounding like the lamentations which