



Picturesque America; or, the land we live in

a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, shores, cañons, valleys, cities, and other picturesque features of our country ; with illustrations on steel and wood, by eminent American artists

Bryant, William Cullen

New York, 1874

St. Lawrence And The Saguenay.

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THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SAGUENAY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES D. SMILLIE.



Entrance to Thousand Islands.

IT is three o'clock of a June morning on the St. Lawrence; the little city of Kingston is as fast asleep as its founder, the old Frenchman De Courcelles; the moon is

ebbing before the breaking day; a phantom-like sloop is creeping slowly across the smooth stream. At the steamboat-wharf there is a little blaze of light and a rush of noisy life, which breaks, but does not penetrate, the surrounding silence. The Lake-Ontario steamer has brought a pack of eager tourists into the town—not to stay, for another vessel is in waiting, ready to bear them down the river, through the rapids and



Light-Houses among the Thousand Islands.

the channels of the Thousand Islands, to Montreal. The pent-up steam screams through the pipes; lamps gleam fitfully among barricades of freight and baggage on the wharf; men's voices mingle hoarsely. "All aboard!" The bell rings out its farewell notes; the whistle pipes its shrill warning into the night, and the Spartan slips her moorings, to the pleasure of the sleepy travellers who crowd her decks and cabins. By this time the east



Among the Thousand Islands.

is tinted purple, amber, and roseate. Night is fast retreating. Ardent young couples, on their wedding-journey, are a notable element among our fellow-travellers; but there are all sorts of other people from the States, with here and there a chubby, florid, drawing Englishman. Most of us are journeying on round-trip tickets from New York, and are as intimate with one another's aims and ends as if we were crossing the ocean together.

We all came up the Hudson in the Vibbard; all occupied the same Pullman car between Albany and Niagara, and will all rush to the same hotels in Montreal and Quebec, as fashion bids us. Soon after leaving Kingston, we bestir ourselves, and choose eligible seats in the forward part of the boat. We chat without restraint, and expectation is rife as we near the famed Thousand Islands. The descriptions we have read and the stories we have heard of the panorama before us flock vividly into our memories. We are all accoutred with guide-books, maps, and books of Indian legend. One sweet little neighbor of ours, in regulation lavender, brings out a neatly-written copy of Tom Moore's "Row,

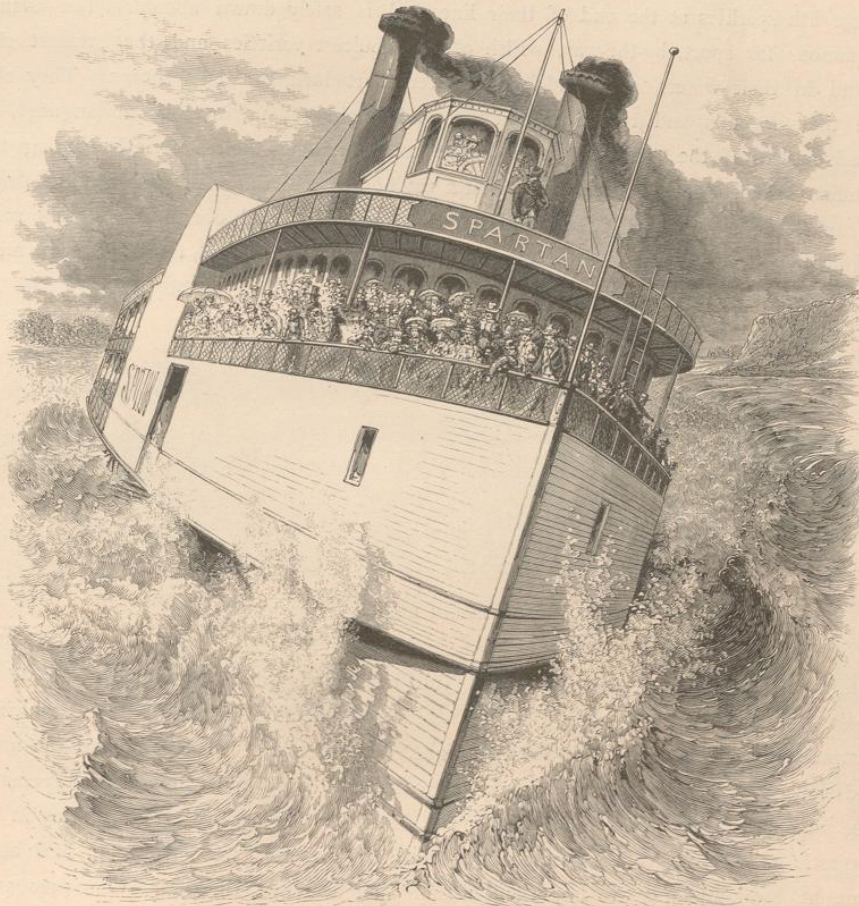


Between Wellesley Island and the Canadian Shore.

Brothers, row," which she holds in her pretty hand, ready to recite to her husband the very moment St. Anne's comes into view. Meanwhile she is fearful that St. Anne's may slip by unnoticed, notwithstanding the assurances made to her that the much-desired St. Anne's is twelve hours' sail ahead of us. How lightly she laughs as the boat's white stem cleaves the cool, gray surface! and how enthusiastically she repeats Ruskin as the colors in the morning sky grow warmer and deeper, and as the sun rises directly ahead of us, opening a golden pathway on the water! and how prettily surprised she is when her beloved tells her that the Thousand Islands number one thousand six hundred

and ninety-two, as may be ascertained in the Treaty of Ghent! Still listening to her childish prattle, we are further occupied with the banks of the river, and the numerous dots of land that lie in our course—the Thousand Islands.

Are we disappointed? That is the question which most of us propound before we proceed many miles. There is little variety in their form and covering. So much alike



Entering the Rapids.

are they in these respects that our steamer might be almost at a stand-still for all the change we notice as she threads her way through the thirty-nine miles which they thickly intersperse. In size they differ much, however, some being only a few yards in extent, and others several miles. The verdure on most of them is limited to a sturdy growth of fir and pine, with occasionally some scrubby undergrowth, which sprouts with northern

vigor from crevices in the rocky bed. The light-houses which mark out our channel are a picturesque feature, and are nearly as frequent as the islands themselves; but all are drearily alike—fragile wooden structures, about twenty feet high, uniformly whitewashed. As the *Spartan* speeds on, breaking the rippling surface into tumultuous waves, we meet a small boat, pulled by a lonely man, who attends to the lamps from the shore, lighting them at sunset, and putting them out at sunrise. Some anglers are also afloat, and anon a large fish sparkles at the end of their line, and is safely drawn aboard. The islands are famous for sport, by-the-way. Fish of the choicest varieties and the greatest size abound in their waters, and wild-fowl of every sort lurk on their shores. They also have their legends and romances, and the guide-books tell us, in eloquent language, of the adventures of the "patriots" who sought refuge among their labyrinths during the Canadian insurrection. As the sun mounts yet higher, and the mist and haze disperse, we run between Wellesley Island and the Canadian shore, and obtain one of the most charming views of the passage. The verdure is more plentiful and the forms are more



Montreal Island.

graceful than we have previously seen. Tall reeds and water-grasses crop out of the shoals. An abrupt rock throws a reddish-brown reflection on the current, which is skimmed by a flock of birds in dreamy flight. The banks of the island and the mainland slope with easy gradations, inclining into several bays; and afar a barrier seems to arise where the river turns and is lost in the distance. Thence we steam on in an enthusiastic mood toward Prescott, satisfied with the beauties we have seen, and arrive there at breakfast-time, five hours and a half after leaving Kingston. Our preconceptions—have they been realized? Scarcely. But an artist in our company tells us, consolingly, that preconceptions are a hinderance to enjoyment, and ought to be avoided, and that when he first visited the Yosemite, last summer, he spent several days in getting rid of idle dreams before he could appreciate the majesty and glory of the real scene.

Below Prescott we pass an old windmill on a low cape, where the insurrectionists established themselves in 1837; and, two miles farther, we catch a glimpse of a gray old French fortification on Chimney Island. Here, too, we descend the first rapids of the

river—the Gallope and the Deplau Rapids—with full steam on. No excitement, no breathlessness, attends us so far in our journey. Engravings we have seen represent the water as seething white, with a preposterous steamer reeling through it at a fearful rate. The passengers gather in a mass on the forward deck, and brace their nerves for the anticipated sensation. They wait in vain. The Gallopes and Deplaus are passed almost without their knowledge. But we are nearing the famous Long-Sault Rapids, the passage of which, we know, must be thrilling. An Indian pilot comes on board to guide us through—at least, the guide-book assures us that he is an Indian, and supplements its text with a corroborative portrait of a brave, in war-paint and feathers, standing single-handed at the helm—and, as he enters the wheel-house on the upper deck, he is an absorbing object of interest. A stout, sailorly fellow he appears, without an aboriginal trait about him, or a single feather, or a dab of paint. There are some bustling preparations among the crew for what is coming. Four men stand by the double wheel in the house overhead, and two others man the tiller astern, as a precaution against the breaking of a rudder-rope. Passengers move nervously on their seats, and glance first ahead, and then at the captain standing on the upper deck, with one hand calmly folded in his breast, and the other grasping the signal-bell. Timid ladies are pale and affrighted; young faces are glowing with excitement. The paddles are yet churning the water into snowy foam. We sweep past the scene of the battle of Chrysler's Farm without noticing it. In a few seconds more we shall be in the rapids. The uneasy motions of the passengers cease altogether, and their attention is engrossed by the movements of the captain's hand. As he is seen to raise it, and the bell is heard in the engine-room, the vibrations of the huge vessel die away; the water leaps tempestuously around her, and she pauses an instant like a thing of life, bracing herself for a crisis, before she plunges into the boiling current and rides defiantly down it. It is a grand, thrilling moment; but it is only a moment. The next instant she is speeding on as quietly as ever, without other perceptible motion than a slight roll. The rapids are nine miles long, and are divided in the centre by a picturesque island, the southern course usually being chosen by the steamers. The Spartan ran the distance in half an hour, without steam, and then emerged into the waters of Lake St. Francis, which is twenty-five miles long and five and a half miles wide.

This expanse exhibits few interesting features, and we have ample opportunity to cool from the excitement caused by the descent of the rapids. The banks of the lake are deserted, and the only human habitations seen are in the little village of Lancaster. We are impressed, indeed, from our start, with the few evidences of life in the river country and on the river itself. There are not many farm-houses or fine residences—only a few small villages, of a humble character for the most part, and an occasional town. The drear monotony of our passage through Lake St. Francis is followed by renewed excitement in the descent of the Cedar Rapids, at the foot of which we enter

Lake St. Louis. Uninteresting as is Lake St. Francis, still more so is the sheet of water now before us, bordered as it is by flat lands reminding us of the Southern bayous. But it is here we get our first glimpse of the bold outlines of Montreal Island, rising softly in the background; and here, too, the river Ottawa, ending in the rapids of St. Anne's, pours its volume into the greater St. Lawrence. Contemplating the expanse in the subdued evening light, it impresses us with a depressing sense of primitive desolation—a vague, untrodden emptiness—and infuses melancholy into our feelings without exciting

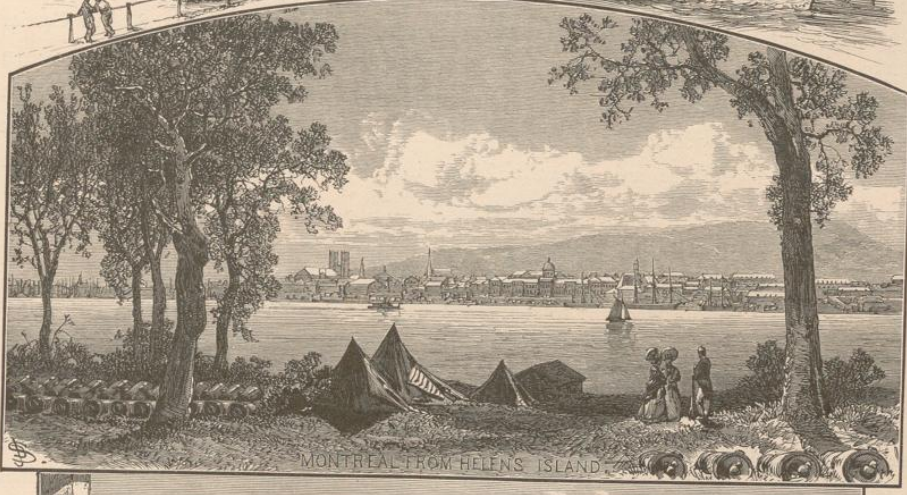


River-Front, Montreal.

our sympathies. But soon we are aroused to a more agreeable and becoming frame of mind by our little bride in the lavender dress, who is briskly reciting "Row, Brothers, row," to her submissive Corydon:

"Blow, breezes, blow! The stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

A queer-looking barge, with a square sail set, lumbering across our course, and throwing a black shadow on the water that is now richly tinted with purple and deep red; a light-house at the extremity of a shoal, yet unlighted; a mass of drift-wood, sluggishly moving with the current; a puff of smoke, hovering about the isolated village of St.



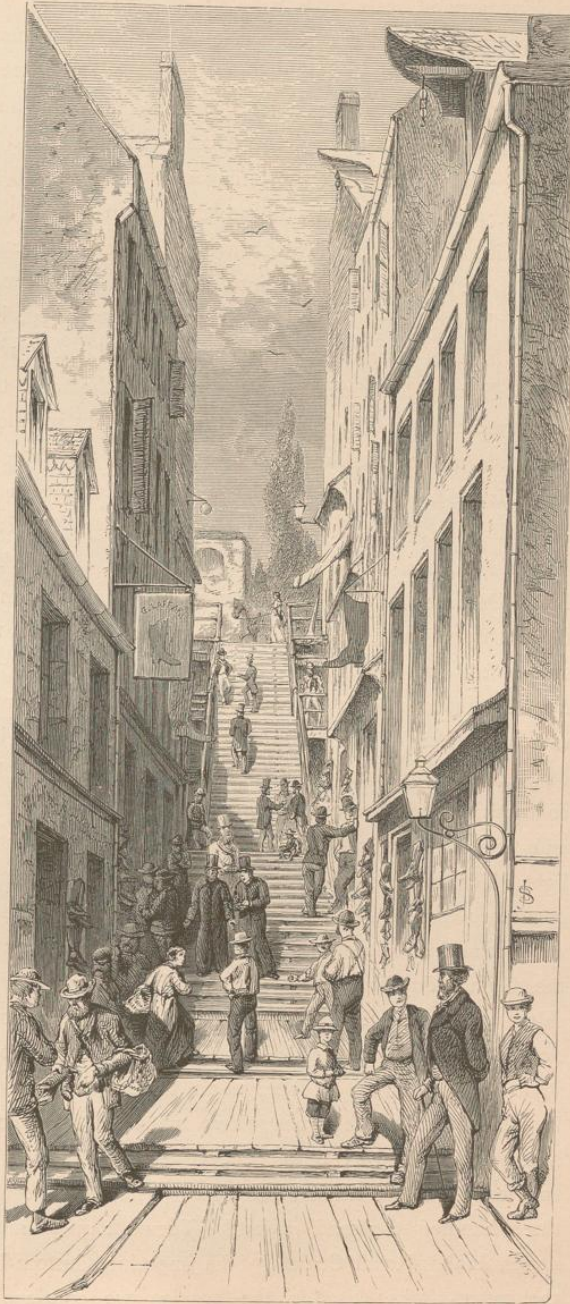
MONTREAL.

Clair—these things are all we meet in our voyage across the broad St. Louis. Farther up the river there has been little more life—once in a while a monstrous raft coming down from the wilderness, manned by four or five sturdy fellows who live a precarious life in a rude hut perched on the groaning timbers. Nothing more than this—no Indians skimming the rapids in birch canoes, no vestiges of the old life of this region, and no stirring evidences of the newer civilization. Occasionally we have met a steamer, as large as the Spartan, making the upward passage, and apparently moving through the fields on the banks of the river. An incorrigibly practical friend of ours explains: "A vessel of such burden cannot ascend the rapids; and canals, with a system of locks, have been cut in the land wherever the rapids occur. Between Kingston and Montreal there are eight canals, forty-one miles long, and supplied with twenty-seven locks, capable of admitting the largest paddle-steamers." The same friend, incited by our inquiries, has much pleasure in adding several other facts about the river for our information: "The St. Lawrence was originally called the Great River of Canada, and was also known under the names of the Catarqui and the Iroquois. Its present name was given to it by the explorer Cartier, who entered it with some French ships on the festival-day of St. Lawrence, in 1535. He had been preceded by one Aubert, a mariner of Dieppe, in 1508; but Cartier went to a higher point than Aubert, anchoring nearly opposite the site of Quebec. In 1591, another exploration having been made in the mean time, a fleet was sent out from France to hunt for walrus in the river; and the veteran scribe Hakluyt announces that fifteen thousand of these animals were killed in a single season by the crew of one small bark."

Here the practical man is interrupted. The steamer stops at the Indian village of Caughnawaga, and, after a short delay, proceeds toward the Lachine Rapids. In the descent of these we are wrought to a feverish degree of excitement, exceeding that produced in the descent of the Long Sault. It is an intense sensation, terrible to the faint-hearted, and exhilarating to the brave. Once—twice—we seem to be hurrying on to a rock, and are within an ace of total destruction, when the Spartan yields to her helm, and sweeps into another channel. As we reach calm water again, we can faintly distinguish in the growing night the prim form of the Victoria Bridge, and the spires, domes, and towers of Montreal, the commercial metropolis of British North America. The gentle hills in the rear, well wooded and studded with dwellings, are enveloped in a blue haze, darkening on the southern skirts, where the heart of the city beats in vigorous life. Lights are glimmering in the twilight on the river; black sailing-craft are gliding mysteriously about with limp canvas; the startling shriek of a locomotive echoes athwart, and a swiftly-moving wreath of luminous-looking smoke, followed by a streak of lighted windows, marks the progress of a flying night-train wheeling beyond the din and toil of this dim spot. We feel the sentiment of a return home in reaching a thriving, populous city again, after our day's wandering through the seclusive garden-islands of the St. Lawrence;

and we yawn complacently on our restoration to the electric bells, the attentive waiters, and unromantic comforts of the modern hotel.

A night's rest among these, in a bed of faultless whiteness, prepares us for the following day's tramp through this ancient metropolis of the Indians (which long bore the name of Hochelaga) and modern metropolis of the Canadians. Montreal does not resemble an English city—the streets are too regular—and it does not resemble our own American cities, than which it is more substantially built. Its substantiality is particularly impressive—the limestone wharves extending for miles, the finely-paved streets lined with massive edifices of the most enduring materials, imprinted with their constructors' determination that they shall not be swept away in many generations. There is an honest austerity in the character of the work—no superfluous ornamentation, no clap-traps of architecture. The site is naturally picturesque. It is on the southern slope of a mountain in the chain which divides the verdant, fertile island of Montreal. There are a high town and a low town, as at Quebec; and on the up-



Breakneck Stairs, Quebec.

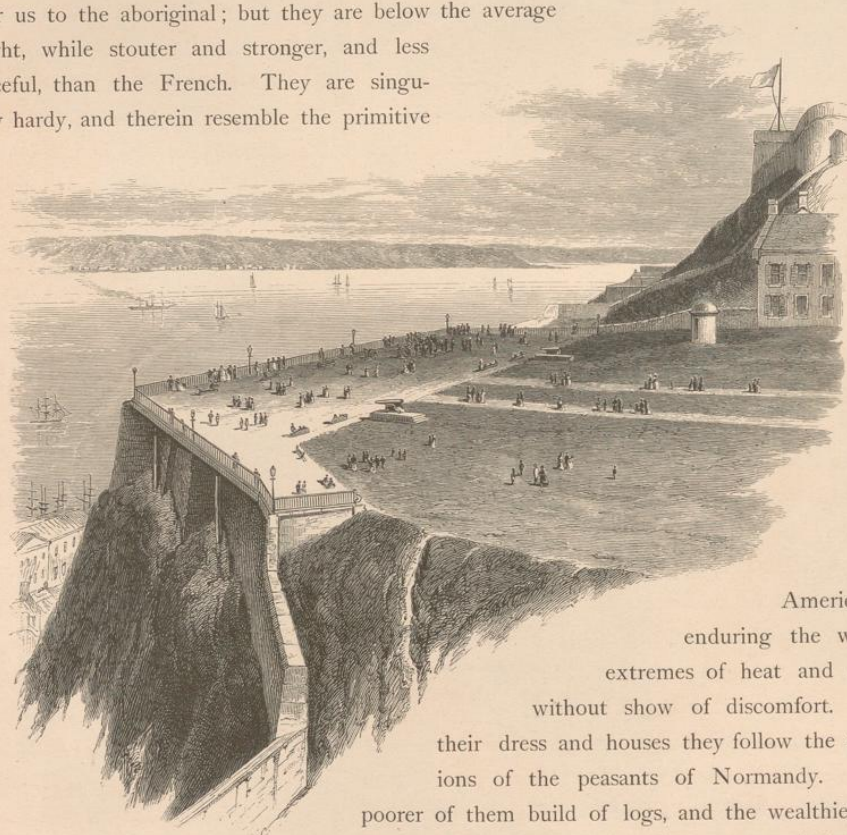
reaching ground, leafy roads winding through, are the villa residences of the fashionable. The prospect from these bosky heights repays, with liberal interest, the toil of the pedestrian who seeks them from the city. Perched on some balcony, as a king on a throne, he may survey, on the fair level beneath him, the humming streets; the long line of wharves, with their clustering argosies; the vast iron tube which binds the opposite sparsely-settled shore to the arterial city; Nun's Island, with its flowery grounds, neatly laid out; beautiful Helen's Island, thick with wood; the village of Laprairie, its tinned spire glistening like a spike of silver; the golden thread of the St. Lawrence, stretching beyond the Lachine Rapids into mazes of heavy, green foliage; the pretty villages of St. Lambert, Longueuil, and Vercheres; and afar off, bathed in haze and mystery, the purple hills of Vermont. Perchance, while his eye roams over the varied picture with keen delight, there booms over the roofs of the town the great bell of Notre-Dame, and he saunters down the height in answer to its summons—through hilly lanes of pretty cottages on the outskirts into the resonant St.-James Street; past the old post-office, which is soon to be superseded by a finer structure; underneath the granite columns of Molson's Bank—Molson's Bank, as celebrated as Childs's Bank at Temple Bar; through Victoria Square, and on until he reaches the Place d'Armes. Here is the cathedral of Notre-Dame, a massive structure capable of holding ten thousand people, with a front on the square of one hundred and forty feet, and two towers soaring two hundred and twenty feet above. Climbing one of these towers, the view of the river and city obtained from the mountain-side is repeated, with the surrounding streets included. Opposite the cathedral, in the Place d'Armes, is a row of Grecian buildings, occupied by city banks; on each side are similar buildings—marble, granite, and limestone, appearing largely in their composition. In the centre we may pause a while in the refreshing shade of the park, and hear the musical plashing of the handsome fountain as it glints in the bright sunlight. Thence we wander to the magnificent water-front, which offers greater facilities for commerce than that of any other American city. The quays are of solid limestone, and are several feet below a spacious esplanade, which runs parallel with them. The cars of the Grand Trunk Railway bring produce from the West to the very hatchways of the shipping, and cargoes are transferred in the shortest possible time and at the least possible expense. Our practical friend carries us off to the Victoria Bridge, and utters some of his pent-up knowledge on that subject, which we listen to with praiseworthy fortitude: "Its length is nearly two miles. It is supported by twenty-four piers and two abutments of solid masonry. The tube through which the railway-track is laid is twenty-two feet high, and sixteen feet wide. The total cost of the structure was six million three hundred thousand dollars." Then we go to see the Bonsecours Market, the nunneries, Mount-Royal Cemetery, the imposing Custom-House, the Nelson Monument, and the water-works; and in the evening we continue our journey down the river to Quebec.



MARKET-HALL AND BOAT-LANDING, QUEBEC.

W. W. W. W.

We might be travelling through some broad river of France, so thoroughly French are the names of the villages. On one bank are L'Assomption, St. Sulpice, La Vitte, Berthier, Fond du Lac, and Batiscon; on the other, Becancour, Gentilly, St. Pierre, Dechellons, and Lothinier. But the people of these villages are neither European nor American in language, manners, or appearance. Descended from the old French settlers, crossed with the Indian and American, they retain some of the traits of each. Their high cheek-bones, aquiline nose, and thin, compressed lips, refer us to the aboriginal; but they are below the average height, while stouter and stronger, and less graceful, than the French. They are singularly hardy, and therein resemble the primitive



Durham Terrace, Quebec.

Americans, enduring the worst extremes of heat and cold without show of discomfort. In their dress and houses they follow the fashions of the peasants of Normandy. The poorer of them build of logs, and the wealthier of stone. Their houses are alike one-storied, low-roofed, and whitewashed. In their habits they are notably clean and thrifty, simple, virtuous, and deeply religious. A traveller once declared them to be "the most contented, most innocent, and most happy yeomanry and peasantry of the whole civilized world;" and in that opinion all concur who have had an opportunity to observe them. A day might be pleasantly spent with them, but the steamer hastens us on to Quebec, and leaves the spires of their little churches golden in the sunset sky.



From the Top of Montmorency Falls, looking toward Quebec.

view obtained is not the most impressive. It would be better, we are assured, were we coming from down the river. But who that loves the ancient, the gray, the quaint, is not touched with emotion on finding himself at the portals of the noble old fortress looking down upon the ample water-path to the heart of the continent? Who is proof at the sight against a little sentiment and a little dreaming? Our minds are fraught with memories of the early explorers, of battles and their heroes, of strange social conditions that

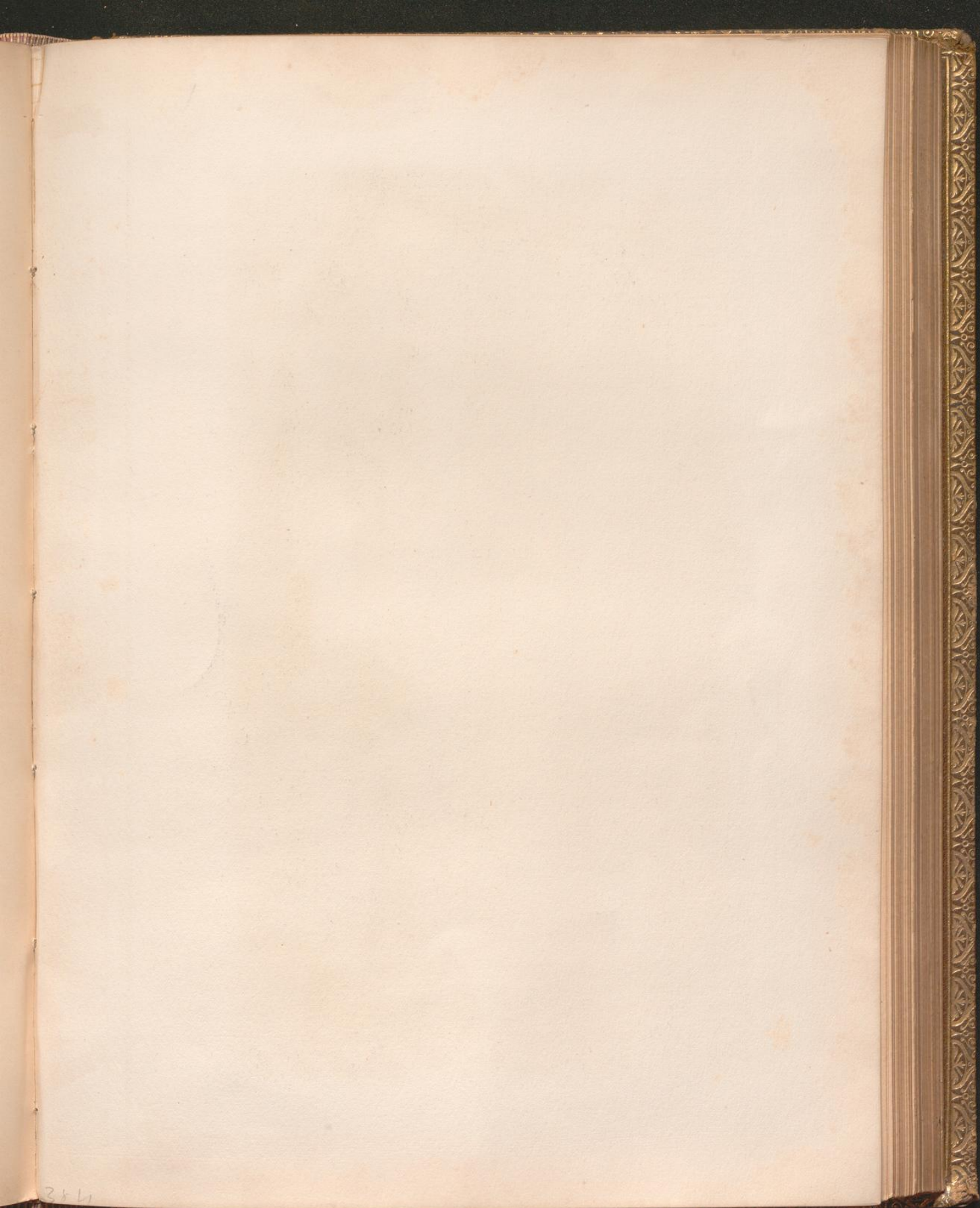
Quebec!

The historic city of Canada; the city of conquests, of military glory, of bewildering contrasts! It is

yet early morning when we arrive there; a veil of mist obscures the more distant objects. As we approach from Montreal, the

have existed and exist in the shadow of yon looming rock, whither our steamer's bow is directed. We can look into no epoch of its history that is not full of color and interest. Illustrious names are woven in its pages—Richelieu, Condé, Beauharnais, Montmorency, Laval, and Montcalm. Two nations struggled for its possession. We see old Jacques Cartier ascending the river in 1534, and holding a conference with the Indians then in occupation of the site, which they called Stadacona. Half a century later, Champlain, the geographer, enters the scene at the head of a vigorous colony, and builds barracks for the soldiers, and magazines for the stores and provisions. He is not fairly settled before an English fleet speeds up the St. Lawrence, captures Quebec, and carries him off a prisoner to England. Then a treaty of peace is signed, and the city is restored to France, Champlain resuming his place as governor of the colony. Thereafter, for a hundred and fifty years, France rules unmolested, and the lily-flag waves from the heights of the citadel; but a storm impends, and soon England shall add New France to her colonial empire. Two armies contend for the prize: Wolfe, on the land below, at the head of the English; Montcalm, on the heights above, at the head of the French. With the armies thus arrayed, Wolfe is at a disadvantage, which he determines to overcome by strategy. A narrow path twisting up the precipice is discovered, and, on a starlight night, the valiant young general leads his men through the defile. The enemy's guard at the summit is surprised and driven back; the English occupy the table-land which they desired, and where they can meet their antagonists on equal terms. On the following day the battle is fought: Montcalm advances, and covers the English with an incessant fire; Wolfe is wounded in the wrist, and hastens from rank to rank exhorting his men to be steady and to reserve their shots. At last the French are within forty yards of them, and a deadly volley belches forth. The enemy staggers, endeavors to press on, and falls under the furious attack that opposes. Wolfe is wounded twice more, the last time mortally, but his army is victorious; and, as he sinks from his horse, the French are retreating, and Montcalm, too, is mortally wounded.

Who, approaching Quebec for the first time in his life, is not for a moment thus lost in reverie over its past, and, on entering the city, is not charmed with the sharp contrasts the people and their buildings afford? Some one has described Quebec as resembling an ancient Norman fortress of two centuries ago, that had been encased in amber and transported by magic to Canada, and placed on the summit of Cape Diamond. But, while there are streets which might have been brought, ready built, from quaint old towns in provincial France, the outskirts of the city are such as Americans alone can create. At one point we may easily fancy ourselves in Boulogne; a few steps farther, and a crooked lane in London is recalled to us; farther still, and we are in a narrow Roman street; and, across the way, in a handsome thoroughfare, we find some of the characteristics of New York. So, too, it is with the inhabitants, though the variety is not as extensive. Half the people have manners and customs of the French,



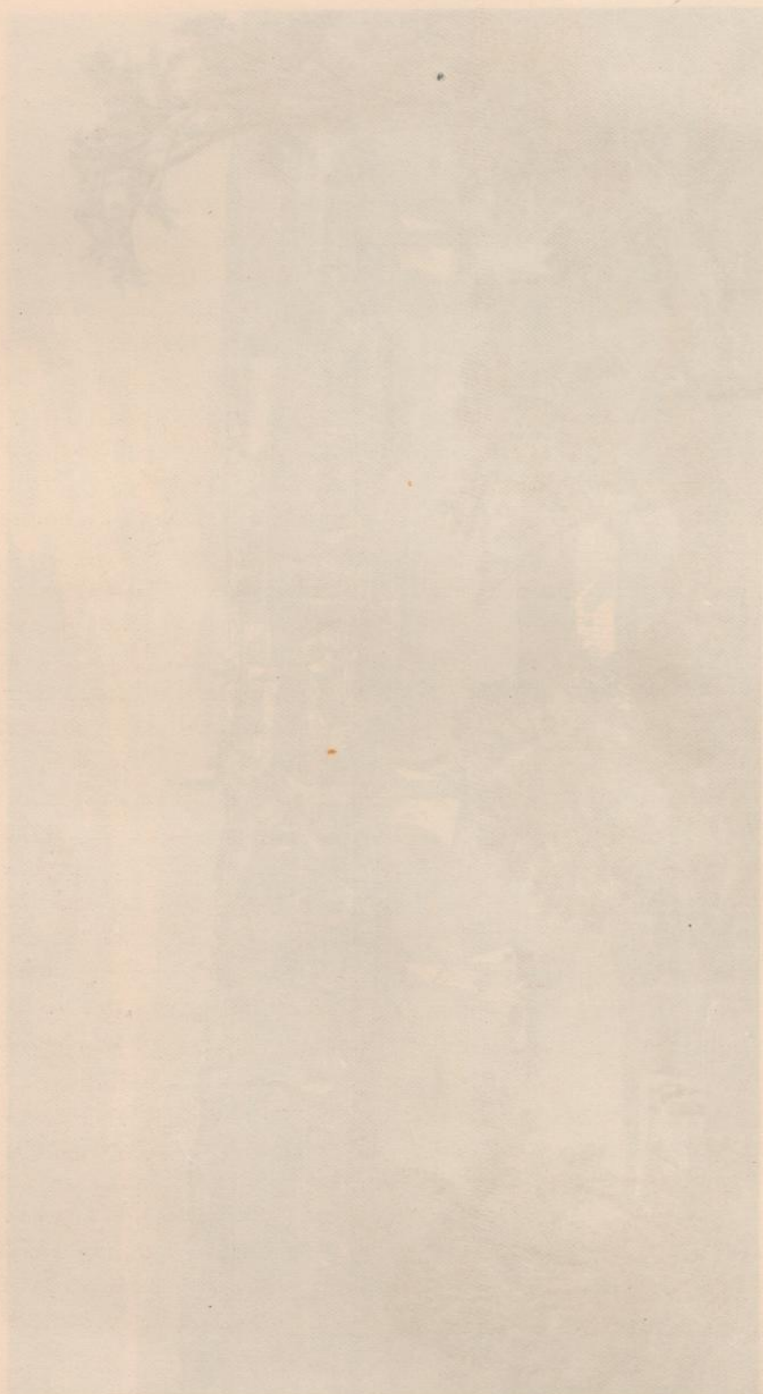
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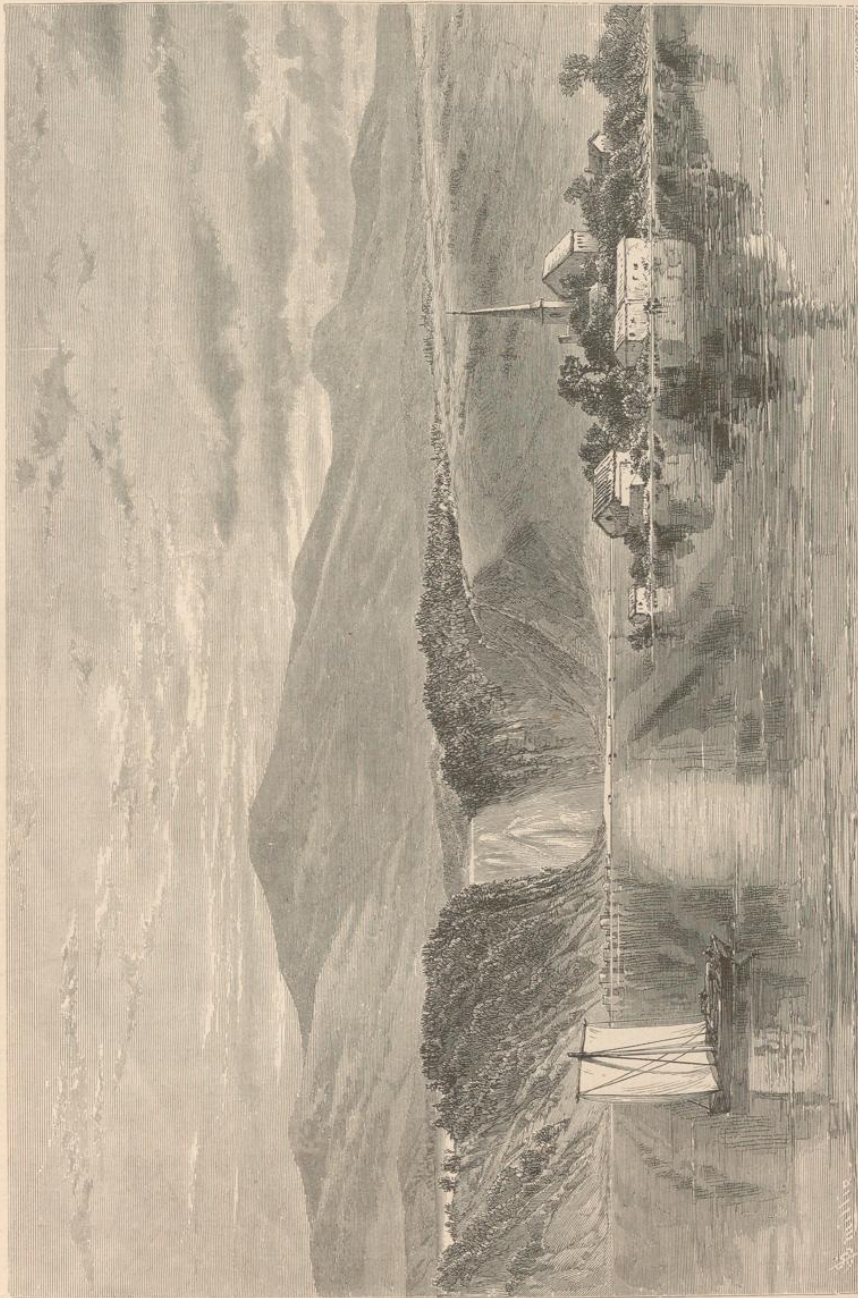


Quebec.

New York, D. Appleton, & Co.





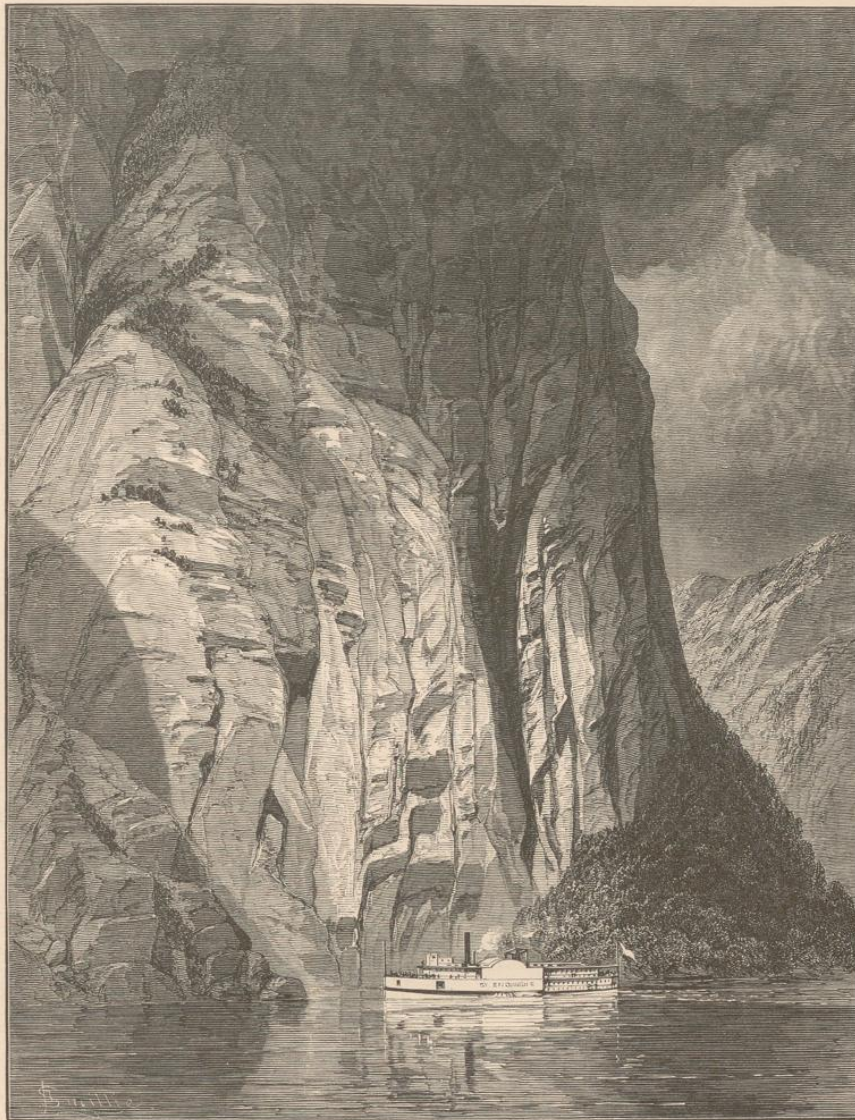


FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

the other half are equally English. You hear French spoken as frequently as English, but it is French of such a fashion as Parisians sometimes confess themselves at a loss to understand.

The Montreal steamer, after passing Wolfe's Cove and Cape Diamond, keeping the city well out of view, lands us at an old wharf a few yards above the Champlain Market, where we get our first glimpse at Quebec. At our back is the placid river, with a crowd of row-boats and sloops and schooners drifting easily in the stilly morning air; to the right is the Market-Hall, a pleasing building of important size, with several rows of broad stairs running from its portals to the water's edge; behind it are the dormer-windowed, slated and tinned roofs of the lower town; behind these, again, on the heights, the gray ramparts, Durham Terrace, resting on the buttress arches of the old castle of St. Louis, the foliage of the Government Garden, and the obelisk erected to Wolfe and Montcalm. Looking to the left is the citadel, fair enough, and smiling, not frowning, on this summer's morning, with the Union Jack folded calmly around the prominent flag-staff. Which of all these "objects of interest" shall we "do" first? We debate the question, and start out undecided. Once upon a time, when Quebec was a garrisoned town, the English red-coats gave the streets a military aspect; and, as we roam about, forgetting that they have been recalled, we are surprised to find so few soldiers. The military works are neglected, and have not kept pace with time. We ramble among the fortifications; here and there is a rusty, displaced cannon; a crumbling, moss-covered wall. The citadel itself, so proudly stationed, is lonely, quiet, drowsy, with no martial splendor about it. One can fancy that the citizens themselves might forget it, but for the noon and curfew gun that thunders out the time twice a day. The garrison is composed of volunteers; no more do we see the magnificently-trained Highlanders, in their fancy uniform. We are also surprised, but not displeased, at the sleepy atmosphere that pervades all; for we have been told that the French Canadians are especially fond of *fêtes* and holidays, shows and processions. They might be anchorites, for all we see of their gayety; possibly they have not yet arisen after the carouse of last night. There is a general air of quiet that belongs to a remote spot apart from the interests and cares of the outside world—a dreamy languor that a traveller is apt to declare absent in the smallest of the United States cities. He himself is as much a stranger here as in London, and those around him perceive his strangeness. We had not walked far, before even a pert little shoeblack's inexperienced eyes detected us as aliens. "He' yar, sir; reg'lar Noo'-ork s-s-shine!" Down in the lower town a great fleet of vessels are at moorings, and the wharves are crowded with men and vehicles; but the traffic makes astonishingly little noise—perhaps because it is done with old-country method, and without the impetuosity that New-York people throw into all their work.

In Breakneck Stairs, which every tourist religiously visits, we have one of those alleys that are often seen in the old towns of England and France—a passage, scarcely



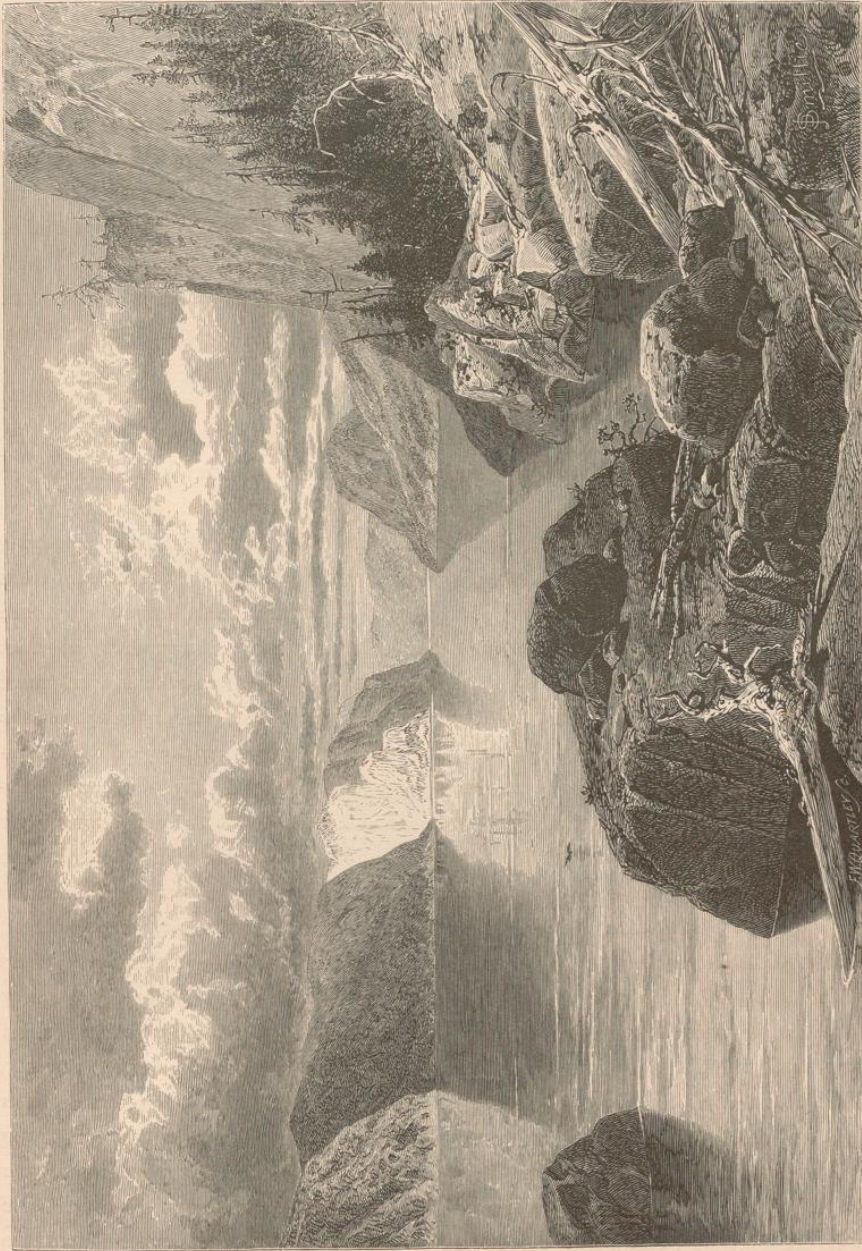
Under Trinity Rock, Saguenay.

fifteen feet wide, between two rows of leaning houses, the road-bed consisting of several successive flights of stairs. Boot and shoe makers abound here, and their old-fashioned signs—sometimes a golden boot—adorn their still more old-fashioned stores. The occupants are idly gossiping at their doors; plainly enough they are not overworked. Yonder are two priests; here some tourists. These are all the sights we see at Breakneck

Stairs. In the evening, Durham Terrace offers a telling contrast to the more sombre quarters of the city. It is one of the finest promenades in the world; adjoining are the Government Gardens; from the railing that surrounds it, the view down the river is enchanting. Seen from the elevation of the terrace, the lower town, with its tinned roofs, seems to be under a veil of gold. It is here, on this lofty esplanade, that Quebec airs itself; and, at twilight, throngs of people lounge on benches near the mouths of beetling cannon, and roam among the fountains and shrubbery of the Place d'Armes. Such dressiness, fashion, and liveliness appear, that we are almost induced to withdraw our previous statement about the quiet character of the city, and to believe that it really is very gay and very wicked. But, as the darkness falls, the crowd begins to disperse; and, when the nine-o'clock gun sends a good-night to the opposite shore, nearly all the promenaders have gone home to bed, with Puritan punctuality.

On the next day we go to Montmorency. We hire a calash, and pay the driver three dollars for taking us there and back, a round distance of sixteen miles. The calash is used in summer only. It is something like a spoon on wheels, the passenger sitting in the bowl and the driver at the point. We jolt across the St. Charles River by the Dorchester Bridge, and then enter a macadamized road leading through a very pretty country, filled with well-to-do residences. Farther away, we pass the Canadian village of Beauport, and get an insight of old colonial life. The houses are such as we referred to in coming from Montreal to Quebec—all alike in size, form, and feature. Thence we follow an English lane through sweet-scented meadows until we arrive at the falls, and, after paying a small fee, we are admitted to some grounds where, from a perch at the very edge of the rock, we can look upon the fleecy cataract as it pours its volume into the river. It is the grandest sight we have yet seen in the Canadian tour. Hereabout the banks are precipitous—two hundred and fifty feet high—and covered with luxuriant verdure; the falls are deep-set in a small bay or chasm, and descend in a sheet, twenty-five yards wide, broken midway by an immense rock hidden beneath the seething foam. The surrounding forms are picturesque in the extreme. In winter, the guide-book tells us, the foam rising from the falls freezes into two cones of solid ice, which sometimes attain a height of one hundred feet, and the people come from Quebec in large numbers with their "toboggins"—a sort of sleigh or sled, as those familiar with Canadian sports will not need to be informed—with which they toil to the summit of the cone, and thence descend with astonishing velocity. Men, women, and children, share in the exciting exercise. Half a mile above the falls we visit the Natural Steps, where the limestone-rock bordering on the river has been hewn by Nature into several successive flights of steps, all remarkably regular in form; and, in the evening, we are returning to Quebec, which, as it is seen from the Beauport road, strikes one as the most beautiful city on the continent.

In the morning we are on board the Saguenay boat, among as varied a crowd as



POINT NOIR, TRINITY ROCK, AND CAPE ETERNITY, SAGUENAY RIVER.

might be formed by the commingling of the cabin and steerage passengers of an America-bound ocean-steamer. Yonder are the people who have come from New York with us, and have shared all our joys and sorrows; here are some recent colonists bound on a "oliday 'outin';" there is a group of half-breeds, in richly-colored dresses; and everywhere, in the cabins and on deck, are people from Montreal and Quebec, who are going to "Salt-water." At first we imagine that "Salt-water" is the name of a landing, and we look for it in vain in the time-tables; but presently a light is thrown upon our ignorance. Salt-water means Murray Bay and Cacouna, where the Canadians go for their sea-bathing, which they cannot have at Quebec, as the water there is fresh. We are delayed for half an hour waiting for the Montreal boat; but, as soon as she arrives, and transfers a few extra passengers to us, we start out into the stream. For nearly an hour we retrace by water the trip we made yesterday by land, and are soon abreast of the Montmorency Falls, which are seen to still better advantage than on the day before. Afar off, the stately range of the Laurentian Hills roll upward in a delicate haze; and, through the trees on the summit of the bank, the river Montmorency shimmers in perfect calm, with something like the placid resignation of a brave soul conscious of an approaching death. The stream is divided here by the island of Orleans, a low-lying reach of farm-land, with groves of pine and oak embowering romantic little farm-houses and cottages, such as lovers dream of. But, as we journey on, this exquisite picture passes out of view, and the river widens, and the banks are nothing more than indistinct blue lines, marking the boundary of the lonely waters. Few vessels of any kind meet us—occasionally a flat-bottomed scow, with a single sail, so brown and ragged that the wind will not touch it; or a sister-boat to ours; and once we meet one of the Allenline steamers coming in from the ocean, passengers swarming on her decks from bowsprit to wheel-house. We yawn, and read novels, and gossip, until the afternoon is far advanced, and Murray Bay is reached. About the little landing-place some of the evidences of fashionable civilization are noticeable, and, in the background, is a verandaed hotel of the period. But the land around is wild; and, not far away, are the birch-bark huts of an Indian tribe. The sentiment of the scene is depressing, and, as our steamer paddles off, we cannot help thinking with Mr. Howells that the sojourners who lounge idly about the landing-place are ready to cry because the boat is going away to leave them in their loneliness. At Cacouna, more fashionable people are waiting for the steamer, the arrival of which is the event of the day; but their gayety and chatter also seem unnatural, and they excite our sympathies much in the same manner as do the young man and woman standing alone on the Plymouth beach in Broughton's "Return of the Mayflower." The sun has set before our steamer crosses the St. Lawrence toward the mouth of the Saguenay, and black clouds are lowering in the sky as we glide to the landing at Tadoussac. This also is selected as a watering-place by some Canadians; but the hotel is overcast by older log-cabins, and Tadoussac is still the "remote, unfriended,

melancholy, slow station" of the Hudson Bay Company that it was a hundred years ago. The captain grants his passengers two or three hours ashore, and the opportunity is taken by most of us to visit the oldest church in America north of Florida, which Tadoussac contains among its other curiosities. It is a frame building, on a high, alluvial bank, and the interior, as we see it lighted by one small taper, appears scarcely more than thirty feet square. A handsome altar is placed in an octagon alcove in the rear, with altar-pieces symbolizing the crucifixion; and the walls are adorned with two pictures, one a scriptural scene, the other a portrait of the first priest who visited Canada. We are interrupted in our stroll by the steamer's bell summoning us back.



St. Louis Island, from West Bank of Saguenay.

The storm-clouds are drifting thickly across the night-sky; the moon battles with them for an opening. Gusts of wind sweep through the firs. The sea has grown tumultuous in our absence, and, in the increasing darkness, we can discern the billows breaking into a curling fringe of white. The steamer starts out from the jetty, and has not proceeded many yards before the tempest beats down upon her with all its force. The moon is lost behind the banks of cloud; heavy drops patter on the deck. In a storm of wind and rain, the elements in fiercest strife, we enter the dark, lone river, as into a mysterious land.

It is not surprising that the Saguenay, with its massive, desolate scenery, should



Point Crêpe, near the Mouth of the Saguenay.

have inspired early mariners with terror. To them it was a river with marvellous surroundings, with an unnavigable current, immeasurable depths, terrible hurricanes, inaccessible and dangerous rocks, destructive eddies and whirlpools; but, in later days, treasures were discovered in its bounds, and it was frequented by vessels in search of the walrus and the whale. The old superstitions are no longer entertained; but the river is undisturbed—the walrus and the whale have been driven away, and lumber-rafts, coming down from the wilderness, are all that usually stir it. The Indians called it Pitchitanichetz, the meaning of which, you will not be surprised to learn, we could not discover. It is formed by the junction of two outlets of St. John's Lake, which lies in the wilderness, one hundred and thirty miles northwest of Tadoussac, and covers five hundred square miles of surface. From some distance below the lake the river passes over cliffs in several magnificent cascades, rushing between rocky banks from two hundred to one thousand feet high; and, for a distance of sixty miles from the mouth, it is about one mile wide. In some parts, soundings cannot be found with three hundred and thirty fathoms; and, at all points, the water is exceedingly deep, presenting an inky-black appearance. Fish may be caught in great abundance, including salmon, trout, sturgeon, and pickerel.

During the night of storm, the steamer has threaded her way through the hills, and, on a glorious morning, we arrive at a little village in Ha-ha Bay, the nominal head of navigation. The scenery is less massive and sullen here than at any other point, and the character of the crowd at the landing is diversified in the extreme. There are lumbermen, Scotch Highlanders, *habitants*, American tourists, Canadian tourists, English tourists, and aboriginals. Some of the *habitants* have brought with them little canoes, filled with wild-strawberries, which they offer for sale; and, during our detention here, there is considerable bustle. We then resume our journey down the dark river. Ha-ha Bay, with its shrubbery and beaches, is soon out of sight; we are sailing between two towering walls of rock, so dreary, so desolate, that those of us who are impressionable become dejected and nervous. The river has no windings; few projecting bluffs; no farms or villages on its banks. Nature has formed it in her sternest mood, lavishing scarcely one grace on her monstrous offspring. Wherever a promontory juts out one side of the river, a corresponding indentation is found upon the opposite shore; and this has been made the basis of a theory that the chasm through which the black waters flow was formed by an earthquake's separation of a solid mountain. We are willing to believe almost any thing about its origin; it fills us with grief, and our little bride is actually crying over it. The forms are rude, awkward, gigantic; but, like giants, unable to carry themselves. There are no grassy meadows; little greenery of any kind, in fact; only some dwarfed red-pines living a poor life among the rocks. It is a river of gloom, marked with primitive desolation. Occasionally an island lies in our path, but it is as rugged and barren as the shore, formed out of primitive granite, offering no relief to the terrible monotony that impresses us. And, once in a while, a ravine breaks the precipitous walls, and exposes in its darkling hollow the white foam of a mountain-torrent. Near such a place we find a saw-mill, and some attempt at a settlement that has failed dismally. We think of passages in Dante; of—

"The dismal shore that all the woes
Hems in of all the universe."

The water is skimmed by no birds, nor is there a sound of busy animal life. Only now and then a black seal tosses its head above the surface, or dives below at our approach, from some projection where he has been quietly sunning himself. Masses of perpendicular rock rise above the surface to an unbroken height of over one thousand feet, and extend still farther below. What wonder that the sensitive little woman is in tears over the awful gloom Nature exhibits? Of course, there are some of our fellow-tourists who are not impressed with any thing except the immensity of the spaces, but it is reserved for her finer senses to hear Nature's voice in the savage tones of the rocks, and to weep at its sternness.

Presently we near Trinity Rock and Cape Eternity, and one of the crew brings a

bucket of pebbles on to the forward deck. As these two capes are accounted among the grandest sights of the voyage, there is a flutter of anticipation among the passengers, and the decks are crowded again. A slight curve brings us into Trinity Bay, a semi-circular estuary, flanked at the entrance by two precipices, each rising, almost perpendicularly, eighteen hundred feet above the river. The steepest is Trinity, so called because of the three distinct peaks on its northern summit, and that on the other side is Cape Eternity. Trinity presents a face of fractured granite, which appears almost white in contrast to the sombre pine-clad front of Eternity. And now, as the boat seems to be within a few yards of them, the passengers are invited to see if they can strike them with the pebbles before introduced. Several efforts are made, but the stones fall short of their mark, in the water. For the rest of the day we are toiling through like wildernesses of bowlders, precipices, and mountains. We bid adieu to Trinity and Eternity at Point Noir, thread the desolate mazes of St. Louis Island, and soon are passing Point Crêpe, where the rocks, the everlasting rocks, look in the distance like the channel of a dried-up cataract. Toward night we are in the St. Lawrence again, and as we speed across the brighter waters the moon is rising over Murray Bay, and the wreck of a canoe reposing on the low beach reminds us of the desert through which we have passed.



Mount Murray Bay, St. Lawrence.