

The Rivers St. Lawrence and Saguenay.

I shall not attempt to describe the beautiful scenery of the river below Kingston with the Thousand Islands, on a delightful sunny morning, casting their shadows on the clear and pleasant water; the grandeur of the rapids and the excitement of the passengers as the steamer slides down the foaming waters; nor the picturesque scenery between Montreal and Quebec, and the magnificent appearance presented to the tourist on approaching the ancient capital; nor, again, the pleasant trip from Quebec, on the steamer *Magnet*, down the Lower St. Lawrence and up the River Saguenay, where, no matter how great the heat is in Quebec, a cool and refreshing breeze is blowing, nor the grand, but rather monotonous scenery of the Saguenay. But I shall proceed to relate a few facts which may not be uninteresting to those purposing to visit our Canadian watering-places, where they will find the air pure, the scenery fine, plenty of salmon and trout fishing, and the privilege of enjoying healthy repose. The first place met with after leaving Quebec is Murray Bay, an unassumingly quiet little spot, where families wishing to live economically can enjoy themselves in a quiet sort of way. There are a larger number of Canadians staying there this summer than has ever been known before. The attractions of this place, however, are not at all numerous, and at present there is not good hotel accommodation, but families manage to bundle in together in rudely built cottages got up for temporary summer residences. The bathing there cannot be as good as at Cacouna or Tadoussac, for the reason that the water is not very salt, but merely brackish. The next point touched at is Rivière du Loup, at the mouth of the Saguenay, where the passengers for Cacouna embark. The boat is due there about 5 o'clock P. M., and is met at the wharf by an innumerable company of hackmen offering to carry you to Cacouna for a dollar. The heat of the weather, the day before I arrived there, was almost insufferable in Montreal, but down the Lower St. Lawrence and near the approach to the Saguenay it was almost uncomfortably cold. Before arriving at Rivière du Loup, those of the tourists who had provided themselves with overcoats were only too glad to avail themselves of what was then a most acceptable piece of wearing apparel. The drive from the quaint little town of Rivière du Loup to Cacouna is about six miles and is very pretty, the river dotted with sailing craft, being visible on your left a large portion of the way. This fashionable resort has very much improved in appearance within the last two years. A pretty little Episcopal Church has been erected and Mr. Molson, of Montreal, has built himself a very handsome summer residence of Gothic style. The place has gained great reputation for salubrity, is thronged during the summer months with the prettiest of faces and the smartest of petticoat, to say nothing of the variety of hats nor the redundancy of the looks of the fair daughters of Canada as they sung themselves on the crowded beach of Cacouna. It is amusing to see the young ladies watching the approach of the tide, so eager are they for bathing. They absolutely take like ducks to the water, but I should say remain in too long for health's sake. After a good ducking in the water and getting well salted, they may be seen indulging in the manly game of rolling ten pins. Others enjoy a ride on horseback. No less than forty horses have been sent up from Quebec by some livery stable-keeper as a speculation. It is a matter of congratulation that the out-door sports which impart robust constitutions and ruddy countenances to the gentler sex of England are becoming yearly more popular among our Canadian women. The effeminate customs of other years are giving way to a fondness for horsemanship, croquet, &c., and as a result we witness a decided improvement in the constitutions of our women. They are becoming more and more convinced that physical delicacy, enervation, effeminacy, and hot-house drawing room confinement do not impart genuine beauty and attraction to them. They are learning that a pretty face is, in man's estimation, no compensation for a frail constitution and numberless doctors' bills. I have heard it stated that there are three or four thousand strangers at present in Cacouna, but should hardly have thought so unless it be that

they are scattered about or at great lengths apart. The St. Lawrence Hall Hotel, called after the unrivalled hotel of the same name in Montreal, is comfortably filled, and is managed by Mr. Chadwick, the polite and gentlemanly book-keeper for some years past at the St. Lawrence, Montreal. Under his excellent management the hotel is very popular, as those who have had the pleasure of patronising it speak in the highest terms of the attentions paid to them. The American tourists do not, I think, spend much time at our watering-places, which, I imagine, is a great mistake on their part. They appear to stay longer at Quebec and Montreal, which of course have many attractions for them. The drives around Quebec are unsurpassed on this continent. The town itself looks dull since the Government left. The population has materially decreased since the late great fire, and trade and business appear languishing. The same, I am happy to say, cannot be said of Montreal. That city appears to be a busy hive of industry. Old buildings are being razed to the ground and splendid substantial stone ones erected in their places. American visitors speak in terms of astonishment at its appearance and progress and openly aver that no city of the same population in the United States displays half the amount of enterprise that does Montreal.

On my return trip from Rivière du Loup to Quebec, I found the *Magnet* crowded with passengers, returning from Ha-Ha Bay and Tadoussac. A large addition was made at that point and again at Murray Bay. The accommodation on the boat was not all adequate for the great number of persons on board. Tables were set for tea four successive times, and indeed I must say I think no one was sent away hungry, even at the last course. But as to obtaining a state room or any other kind of room, after leaving Tadoussac, was sheer impossibility. The officers on board did their best, and succeeded in providing for the ladies in some way. But the unfortunate male portion of the passengers had to roam about in the most disconsolate manner. Some succeeded in getting a pillow and lay under the tables or on top of them, until at last it became dangerous lest those who were still left perambulating might walk over one's prostrate body. I noticed one gentleman of a swellish demeanour go to the purser's office and after a few minutes' confidential conversation, leave, looking very disconsolate and very disgusted. He had been supplicating for a bed, but was assured that there was not a bed left. He then laid his bones under the piano. I had made up mind to be happy under all difficulties and enjoyed the company of a very humorous gentleman, a member of the Quebec press. He kept, by his capital jokes and witticisms, those who were around him in good humor until a late hour, and then at length subsided under one of the tables in the saloon, singing, "Oh, let us be happy together, for where there's a will there's a way." The hour of six o'clock in the morning brought us to the ancient capital, where most of the passengers were transferred to the *Canada*, a splendid boat, built this year for the Richelieu Co. It runs between Montreal and Quebec by daylight, thus giving tourists an opportunity of witnessing the whole of the scenery of that part of the St. Lawrence. And next we arrive at Montreal, "the city especially admired by travellers," the majority of whom seek the St. Lawrence Hall Hotel. Upon the arrival of every train and boat, the omnibuses, three or four, drive up to the door filled with passengers. The Americans are essentially a travelling community, and the better classes of them seek the best hotels. They have heard that the St. Lawrence is not surpassed on this continent, and after they have spent one night there, they become satisfied that what they have heard is correct. In short, they find Mr. Hogan to be the very model of a hotel keeper. They cannot but appreciate the kind and gentlemanly manner with which he treats his guests. Every information they require is given with an accuracy and reliability by a gentleman specially detailed for that purpose, which it is admitted is rarely to be procured so satisfactorily elsewhere. Were it not for the American travel just now Montreal would look dull enough, for the