

and those too of the sterner sex who lately exchanged greetings,—whose partings were such as press the life from out young hearts? Where, indeed! Put your head in the saloon door and read a chapter of human nature. Everybody is tired and is sitting down. This sea air is so exhausting, and when combined with the fragrant smell of roast beef in an advanced state of preparation, is so overpowering that scarcely a man, woman or child is able to stand. It is quite an accident, of course, that the chairs are all ranged round the dinner-table, quite accidentally also, I assure you, that a chair has tumbled upside down and will thus remain until I have taken my seat and have slipped a coin of this realm into the ready hand of the attendant waiter. Heading an interesting procession, in honour of the god "Venter," the steward appears with a huge dish of roast beef, his satellites follow with other dishes, the captain takes his seat, the lethargy of the passengers' legs is relieved by the activity of their jaws, and dinner begins.

No one who has travelled on a steamer can fail to have noticed the influence which a captain has upon his guests. The face of Captain Simpson is a fair index to his character. Kind, jovial, and always courteous, he has earned a wide reputation on the lower route. Whatever clouds may overcast the sky, whatever fogs may fill the air, there is always sunshine on the captain's face. Like a miniature sun he runs his diurnal course throughout the boat, and like Paddy's model sun, he doesn't go to bed when the moon rises, and the need for his services is most felt. May it be long before he is translated to another sphere!

After dinner we adjourned to the deck to create a little tobacco fog, merely to accustom the passengers to the presence of this visitor. I had fallen in with a lawyer from Boston and a Major from everywhere. The latter could not be located, being evidently a cosmopolitan. The lawyer at once attacked my pipe and advised me to throw it overboard, on the ground that the tobacco was hurtful to the brain. I declined to follow his advice and was engaged in hot argument with him when his friend the major came up with an enormous cigar in his mouth. Recognising a reinforcement I remarked to the lawyer that he hadn't succeeded in converting his friend the major. "No," said the lawyer; "but the major can afford to smoke. He has too much brain. He is Shakespeare and Bacon combined." "If I am bacon," said the major, "smoking won't hurt me." This sally excited a round of merriment and attracted several others to our circle. The lawyer remarked that the major was at his best at midnight, that he was then as fresh as a lark, and could amuse us all night. I here ventured to suggest that "fresh" had a double meaning. "Ah," said the major, "but my friend means by 'fresh' not corned." For some time the major kept our party in roars by his wit. He was one of the best informed men whom I have had the good fortune to meet. His face was one of those which are wont "to set the table in a roar," and it was with a feeling of sterling regret that I parted company with him at Rivière du Loup.

#### SCENERY.

The chief scenic features of the run across from Murray Bay are the Pilgrims, a cluster of small islands in the river. Scidm do these curious islands present the same features on two occasions. Ever changing in shape—now turned upside down, now cut in two, these are probably the most remarkable illustration in the world of *mirage*. It was our fortune to see them resting upon their pointed peaks with their broad bases upturned to the sky. The task of explaining the reasons of these phenomena is not mine. I have simply to record them as a subject of wonder and interest.

#### ARRIVAL AT RIVIERE DU LOUP.

The wharf at Rivière du Loup is a strong wooden structure of great length, built by the Government. It is in shape like the letter L, and runs out to a considerable distance in order to secure deep water at the lowest tides. On arriving I bade good-bye to my friends, and presently found myself in the throng of carter's whom civilization has transformed from honest *bourgeoisie* into loading cabbies. The menacing aspect of the heavens induced me to select a covered vehicle, and I set out at once for Cacouna, which is seven miles further down the river. The old road which I had travelled years before and which presented an exciting variety of hill up and hill down, rock, wood, and seashore, had been abandoned for a more convenient but less picturesque route further inland. The big hill, the scene of many catastrophes in old times, at the foot of which flour, eggs, butter, vegetables, and passengers were wont to be mixed up after an unlooked-for spill, had been abandoned. The crossing of the beach with the tide rising to the axle-trees and sometimes a little higher had been discontinued, and instead of these excitements we travelled a road certainly more convenient, but less creative of the catastrophes of bygone days. Ere we had proceeded half a mile my prognostication of coming events were amply fulfilled.

"The sky was changed, and such a change!"

The vivid lightning illumined even the dark shade of the pine forest through which the road lay, and the live thunder leaping from peak to peak of the bold North Shore was flung back in a thousand muttering, growling echoes. The fishermen, in anticipation of the coming storm, hauled up the boats high upon the beach, and those vessels that through the blackness of the storm could be dimly discerned in the broad river were observed to fold their white wings in view of coming trouble. It may be fancy, but it seems to me that the storms in this wild, grand region are on a scale proportioned to the vastness of its natural features. It may be that the thunder is multiplied and re-echoed by the hills of the North Shore, and so borrows much of its majesty from the bold mountains; but, whatever may be the cause, a storm in this region seems to a storm at home as a wild lion to a worn-out show beast.

#### CACOUNA.

But little cared our sturdy Canadian pony for the wind or the rain which now came down in torrents, seeming to threaten a second deluge. Merrily he trotted forward, and soon the comfortable hotel at Cacouna burst upon the sight like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Umbrellas held by the attentive servants covered our entry, and with the transfer of a dollar to the cabbie and of the baggage to the hotel our journey ended. My name being duly registered in the hotel book was conducted to my room, which was in a cross passage at the end of the building—not, I must confess, in a very desirable locality, as it was situated almost immediately over

the bowling alley, the noise of which was anything but pleasant during the early part of the night. Tea was shortly afterwards announced—not to the tune of "hot potatoes" which I had heard so often sounded on the bugle at "Eccles Hill" by the bugle of the "old sports," but to the row of a large Chinese gong, whose vibration could be distinctly heard throughout the whole building.

At meal-time prehension, mastication, and deglutition are usually performed to fast music. A German string band is situated near the front door, where they discourse music for the benefit of the guests in the dining-room. This band's "Musical Bouquet" consists of about five tunes, among which "Partant pour la Syrie" occupies a very prominent place. Those of the guests who may be musically inclined derive a great advantage from this band, as one gentleman informed me that he found his inferior maxillary working involuntarily to the music, and that, too, at a time when he had little or no appetite.

#### FACILITIES FOR BATHING.

Having refreshed the inner man I will proceed to give a general description of the place—and first of its situation. In this respect, as a bathing place, I think it is inferior to all the others of the St. Lawrence. From what I know of the place, and I know it well, I would say that it is a flat, sandy place situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence about 127 miles below Quebec. The village is long and straggling, occupying the whole of the rising ground which overlooks the bay. I don't think that it was built altogether in the most convenient spot, as I believe there is much better bathing nearer the wharf.

Cacouna has become truly the Saratoga of Canada, and I would now seize this opportunity of making a few observations with regard to the remarks which some writers have made in the public press as to Saratoga being the resort of the "shoddy." The writer who ventures to sneer at the visitors of Saratoga can either have never visited that fashionable resort, or else he must be profoundly ignorant of the significance of the term shoddy. Apart from this, it is extremely bad policy to attempt to crack up our Canadian Saratoga by applying such epithets to the frequenters of our neighbours' most fashionable summer resort. Saratoga is frequented by every person, all classes go there, no matter who they may be, and who is it that will dare deny that money does not open the gates to society, whether in this country or in the States? Moreover, a great number of our cousins cross the line every summer and spend their money in Canada. Surely it is not Canadians alone that keep our hotels open and our steamboats running during the summer months!

Cacouna, like Saratoga, may be said to be frequented by visitors simply because it is fashionable to do so. It is "the thing." Those who live there during the summer are mostly from Montreal and further west, Quebecers generally going to Murray Bay.

Within the last five or six years Cacouna has undergone a wonderful change. In place of the little ugly, scraggy cottages beautiful buildings have sprung up, as it were in a fairy land. Among these I would mention Mr. Molson's, Mr. Andrew Allan's, Mr. Hamilton's, and Mr. Ross'. That belonging to the last-named gentleman, who is a resident of the ancient capital, is truly magnificent, and the grounds which surround it are very neatly laid out. I had almost forgotten to mention Dr. Campbell's residence. It is situated just at the entrance to the village at the summit of the rising ground, on the road from the wharf. In my humble opinion it is the best situation for a residence that could be possibly chosen in the whole place.

#### AMUSEMENTS.

Amusements in Cacouna—I really never heard of any, unless accompanied by a considerable outlay of money. Those who have the good fortune to possess a boat may visit Cacouna island on the other side of the bay. This island is really a peninsula except at spring tides, when the water covers the little neck of land which unites it to the main shore. It is covered with pine and scrub and is very rocky, so that locomotion is exceedingly difficult.

Excursions are sometimes got up to the Brandy Pots, so called from the little holes which everywhere cover the rocks of the island and are filled with water, which from long standing becomes of a brandy colour. The crossing to these islands, which are well-known to every sailor on our river, is effected in pilot boats at the turn upward of the tide, and the return just before it is half ebb. Picnic parties are also got up to the falls at Rivière du Loup, the party proceeding there in haycocks, the bottom of which is covered with straw and over this a robe.

In one other point, besides its being a fashionable resort, does Cacouna resemble Saratoga, and that is in its horse races. These were at first got up for the horses of the native cabbies, but lately I hear other horses and of higher breeding have been entered for these races, so that in course of time I fancy it will become one of the meeting-places of the Turf Clubs of Canada. I have often wondered if the gentlemen who got up these races for the *habitants'* horses ever thought one single moment of the great cruelty of which they were the direct instruments. Rushing horses round a square at a break-neck pace, and horses which are not trained, is surely no sport. It may appear great fun to those looking on, but if the poor dumb animals who are trotted out to furnish the "sport" could only speak I fear it would furnish but a repetition of the fable of the boys and the frogs.

Opera troupes often visit Cacouna, and when they do they usually go away again with well filled coffers. Their entertainments are extremely agreeable and a pleasant change to the usual monotonous every day course.

There are also a number of balls given during the season, principally at the hotel, which possesses a fine room for dancing.

#### CHURCHES.

Cacouna has two Protestant churches, one belonging to the Church of England and the other to the Presbyterian Church. As at Murray Bay, service is conducted by those clergymen of the respective churches who may be in the village on the Sunday. There is an allowance made out of the collection for paying the clergyman, whoever he may be, for his services; but it is generally handed back in the form of a donation to the building fund.

#### COMMUNICATION WITH THE WEST.

Cacouna has one great advantage, and that is in its communication with the West. Trains run regularly every day

between Montreal, Quebec, and Rivière du Loup; and the Grand Trunk Railway has lately placed on its line Pullman Palace Cars, which have proved a great convenience to the public, as is shown by the wonderful increase which they have had in their travel of late. To the business man who intends visiting Cacouna I would strongly recommend this route. You do not run the chances of being delayed by fogs and tides and other little causes of delay which are inseparable from steamboat travel. When speaking with some American gentlemen, they expressed their surprise that the Grand Trunk did not put a sort of ferry-boat between Rivière du Loup and the Saguenay, as they felt confident that it would prove remunerative, especially as tourists on the Lower St. Lawrence did not visit it so much on account of the beauties of the North Shore, as the wildness of the river Saguenay. Daily communication with the South Shore would also prove a great boon to Tadoussac, and tend a good deal towards making it more of a resort.

The Montreal Telegraph Company have a branch office in the hotel at Cacouna, in the office of which they have placed a very obliging operator, who does his best for the interests of the company.

#### POST OFFICE.

I had almost omitted to say a few words about the Post-office. A great improvement has taken place here within the last few years. A sort of box arrangement like that in our cities and large towns has been adopted, which saves a great deal of time and unnecessary trouble. Instead of the old system of cramming all the letters and papers under the initial letter of the person addressed, and which required calling for before delivery, and in cases when a crowd were in the office, led to a great deal of confusion, the majority may now see at a glance, by looking into their private boxes, whether there are any letters or no, and thereby dispense with a great deal of unnecessary delay.

At the foot of a road leading to the beach in a field hard by, "Lo, the poor Indian" has, as at other places, erected his hut for the purpose of manufacturing and disposing of his many articles of curious ingenuity.

These Indians remove in the winter-time to Green Island, where the most of them have farms. In days gone-by they were in the habit of giving entertainments called "War Dances." These were usually given in the evening; but the most prominent feature to the visitor of the whole entertainment was the amount of candle grease which he would discover on his clothes on the following morning.

#### VISIT TO RIVIERE DU LOUP.—THE FALLS.

While in Cacouna I took a drive over to Rivière-du-Loup. This village is prettily situated upon a rising ground at the mouth of the river of that name. (Wolf river.)

The houses are generally neat and well built, and two or three country hotels afford fair accommodation to the traveller. The approach to the village is by a steep hill, from which a fine view is obtained of the St. Lawrence, and of the mouth of the Rivière-du-Loup. It is the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, but the Intercolonial has taken up the iron threads and has carried them eastward across the river.

The principal attraction to the tourist is the Falls, which are beautifully situated a few miles from the river's mouth. Plunging into a deep abyss roaring, foaming, and sparkling like the water that comes down from Ladore, the cataract leaps from a height of about 83 ft.

Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and flinging,  
Showering and springing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting  
Around and around,  
Collecting, dissecting,  
With endless rebound;  
Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in,  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.

The banks of the river are richly fringed with the dark green foliage peculiar to Canada. A steep path, winding hither and thither amongst the rocks and trees, conducts the tourist to the foot of the Falls, where a fine view is obtained. Picnic parties can nearly always be seen in the quiet glades upon the banks of the stream, enjoying the good things of this life.

Here, too, is fatal evidence of the march of civilization in the offensive saw-dust which is created by a mill close to the Falls. It would be well if places sanctified by the hand of Nature, and exceptionally rich in scenery, could be preserved from the pollution of saw-dust and scantling. Tableaux such as Montmorenci, the Trou, and the Falls of Rivière du Loup, are surely given for the enjoyment of man, and they should, I think, be preserved intact. A flouring mill is not so offensive if it is neat and picturesque, as it usually appears in pictures; but, as a lover of Nature, I must protest against the vandalism which seeks to convert those beautiful spots into depositories of decaying saw-dust, and to drown the roar of the cataract by the shrill screaming of the saw. As a bathing-place, Rivière-du-Loup is not so much frequented by sea-bathers as Cacouna or Murray Bay, as it affords few facilities for bathing. Cacouna itself cannot be said to be possessed of a very fine beach. It is a little too shallow. In shape it is like a semi-circle, dotted round its edges with bathing-houses, made some of wood, others of branches.

But enough of Cacouna, and in bidding adieu with no sad feelings, I go—"quo Fata vocant."

#### EN ROUTE FOR TADOUSSAC.

Again upon the steamer "Magnet" I passed over from Rivière du Loup to the third and last of the watering-places of which I purpose speaking—Tadoussac. The run across did not occupy more than two hours. As we approached the mouth of the Saguenay, the deck of the steamer became gradually crowded by the tourists (the greater number of whom had previously been sitting within the saloon) who were anxious to catch the first glimpse of the opening up in the North Shore through which flowed the renowned river.

#### THE SAGUENAY.

At last a hazy opening, as it were, appeared between the hills which gradually widened on our approach, and we could