

HAVING driven by a time-honored caleche down Mountain Hill and boarded the Saguenay River palace steamboat at Quebec, we bid farewell to the city of rocks and memories, cast one more glance at the frowning citadel and turn our faces seaward. To our left Montmorency drops its two hundred feet of folds and prisms over the rocky shore. In the distance appears the ruin of Chateau Richer, once the abode of France's famous Intendant. Yonder rises the blue peak of *Mount St. Anne*, at its foot the hamlet of *Beaupre*, with its gorgeous church, its sacred grotto—the great Canadian shrine. The white spires, compact villages and placid fields, of the Isle of Orleans let us divine the simple old-world habits of the habitant. Gliding past the island and veering our way between several minor islets, bold Cap Grisaume strikes our view. Soon follows Cap Maillard and St. Paul's Bay, whence a chain of abrupt headlands skirts our course, past Cap l'Aigle, into picturesque *Murray Bay*. Here flit about Indian canoes, manned by sprightly youth, enlivening the foreground of this fashionable watering place. Across the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, to our right, the village of Kamouraska looms into our view. Ahead appear the remarkable group of rocks, the Pilgrims, about whose barren crowns a constant mirage seems to dwell. Now we steam obliquely across the river toward *Riviere du Loup Point*, land the passengers for this resort as well as for *Cacouna*, the Newport of Canada, five miles below. Again we cross the broad river to enter the mouth of the world-famed *Saguenay*. We are allowed a few hours' stay at *Tadousac*, or we may rest here a few days, should a correct fancy not tie us to the lovely spot for a longer period.

The steamer leaves Tadousac at about 10 p. m. for a night sail up the Saguenay. We round a cape and plunge, as it were, into a cavern of darkness. The sound of the engine, the echoes, the height of the rocks, the blackness ahead, all render the first moments fearful. Suddenly, as the river widens, a flood of silvery moonlight falls upon the waters ahead; now the rocks appear to close in and our vessel to be running against the barrier; it no, on we move, and the steamer seems followed and surrounded by a dozen other steamers. Or maybe, the night is stormy, and gloomy black clouds hovering over the mountains seem to double their height. Streams of mist mantle their rugged cliffs, till, lifting suddenly with the hoarse gusts of wind, they allow short glimpses into what may be called the terrors of Saguenay scenery. It is on such a night, above all others, that the primitive wildness and gloom of the far northern river are best experienced. What the traveler's eye has not penetrated, his dreams may reveal to him in the few hours before daybreak, when he will find the steamer quietly moored at St. Alphonse in *Ha-Ha Bay*. Luckless the tired star-gazer who has retired too late to rise early and watch the sun rise over these Elysean waters. They have "echoed with laughter" to the stolid aborigine,—their shifting silver and purple hues of a morning, their mirror play at sundown have expanded the hearts of a hundred thousand satiated moderns, a wonder for which he due

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