

"The cynosure of wondering eyes,
In beauty walking, as the light
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."

So much for the beauty and elegance of Shewinaga. But what pen shall describe the terrific contrast—the conflict, the collision, the co-thunder of the waters of Shewinagus, and of Shewinagum? I ascended the hill with the chasm on my right hand, till I came to a point which I shall call the point of co-thunder. There, looking up, I saw Shewinagum pouring his mighty flood down an inclined plane, swift as an arrow, and Shewinagus tumbling and bounding from rock to rock to meet him; and when they met in the chasm below, what a sublime and terrific scene! what rattling, roaring, tossing, boiling and foaming of waters!

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war!"

It was indeed an angry "meeting of the waters," and far from "a mingling in peace." There are large fissures in the precipitous rock into which the waves are driven by the force of the collision, as I have seen on the sea-coast during a storm. Immediately above the fall the current is unbroken and quiet, though very rapid, as might be observed on seeing a huge log, suddenly dip one end and then wholly disappear, on approaching the edge of the precipice. Arrived at the top, I followed the course of Shewinaga till I came to a rude bridge, consisting of a single log which we had thrown across at its outlet. In spite of our contrivance, however, two of our party being, as I suppose, naturally awkward, managed to tumble into the water while kindly proffering to aid each other.

Returning to our encampment thoroughly soaked, for every sapling we laid hold of to aid us in ascending, proved literally a shower bath, we took a hasty meal, and started for the Grés at four, which in an hour we reached. The portage is long, and took up an hour and a half. The falls of the Grés are worth seeing, though we did not approach them very near. On nearing the Falls Gabelle we got into a smooth unbroken current of prodigious velocity—the effect of the motion was quite exciting—our canoe glided down it with the swiftness of a steambot and the dignity of a swan. The pleasing appearance of this spot, like that of thousands of others in America, has been much injured by its being denuded of the fine trees that once graced it, an injury that an age cannot repair. When will the march of intellect provide us with intellectual lumbermen, who shall possess taste and sentiment enough to forbear cutting down the majestic pines which grace interesting spots among the islands, rocks and banks of rivers?

It was about eight o'clock when we passed the Forges of St. Maurice. The weather had cleared up soon after we had left Shewinagum; a lovely

evening succeeded, and as we approached the St. Lawrence, our boatmen again struck up one of their peculiar songs, and so placid was the scene, the moon walking in brightness above, and the still silver waters below,—

"No breath of air to break the wave,"

that it appeared strange to think that the "peaceful river soft and slow," that bore our canoe on its bosom, was the same that we had seen a few hours ago, struggling, tossing, and dashed into foam, as it forced its way through the chasm of Shewinagum.

I need hardly say that we returned home highly delighted with our excursion to a cataract which probably is, next to Niagara, the most remarkable in America: and is one of the few that is not yet desecrated and disfigured by umighty buildings fragments of sawed timber, and other hideous objects. Here Nature still reigns in wild and lonely magnificence, and there are no voices of the "profanum vulgus," no clamors of vulgar admiration to break in upon the recondite reflections of the pensive and studious. Haste, then, before the vulgarity of saw-mills shall metamorphose and mar the scene; haste, ye painters, poets and poetesses, sentimentalists, and all who are content to have slumbers sweet and soft under tent or tarpaulin, in search of the sublime, or to be romantically wet to the skin in enjoyment of the beautiful.

Let it be observed that though the Falls of Shewinagum must be very interesting at any season, the above description of them will be found literally correct only during the high waters of the spring and fall; let no one, therefore, who has seen them, or who may see them, during their low summer state, presume to call in question the fidelity of this narrative. We should recommend the excursion to be taken between the 20th and the end of May, or between the 25th September and the 15th October.

In conclusion, as in duty bound, I have only to mention with honor the names of our canoe-men, Antoine La Traye, Louis his brother, Joseph Grenier and Ambrose Boulard, of Cape Magdelaine, who well deserve the credit of being recorded as steady, skilful, laborious, and civil and obliging withal; and I take this opportunity of recommending their services, if they are alive and well, to future adventurers. It is strange that there has been no regular mode yet set on foot by which strangers might be enabled to make the excursion without difficulty or delay. Surely it might be worth while for some person in Three Rivers to keep two or three canoes in readiness for such occasions; and doubtless, as soon as a good road is completed, a house of entertainment not far from the spot would be not a bad speculation; an establishment of that kind at the Falls of Trenton, New York, receives crowds of visitors every summer, and these Falls are not to be named with those of Shewinagum.