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### The Lower St. Lawrence & the Saguenay

SECOND PAPER.

LEAVING the solitary wharf at Tadoussac

in the dead of night, with the angry waters surging around us and the wind shrieking among the halyards of our vessel, so that the living were awakened out of their sleep, and the dead could scarce rest quietly in their graves, we plunged into the black mouth of the terrible Saguenay.

'Twas a night to make men quail. Cold and bleak and blustering; with the breath of icy caverns in the air and heavy low-hanging clouds overhead, which blotted out from view the guiding lights of the heavens.

A night when one could fancy ghosts or goblins playing hide and seek in the shrouds and rigging or chasing each other about the decks in order to keep warm. A night so terrible and so dark that the vessel seemed hemmed in on all sides with a blackness in whose density one might have imagined himself amid either solid walls of substance, or a vacuity of awful space.

In this way, 'midst howlings of wind and writhing of water, our steamer stole cautiously by the towering

rocks of Capes Trinity and Eternity, even as we slept peaceably in our berths and dreamt of fields of yellow grain waving in the golden sunlight, or limpid brooks above which the willows reached down their leafy branches to

bathe in the sparkling waters which frolicked past.

On rising next morning, however, no fairy dream, no peaceful picture, could equal the view which met our gaze as we emerged upon the Saguenay's deck.

A clear California sky without a cloud in sight, a range of purple mountains to port and star-board enveloped at the base in a delicate haze of ultramarine, a soft caressing breath of wind moving slowly across the water, and breaking the tedium of the reflections with dashes of molten gold, together with liquid sunshine, pouring through barriers of vivid green and tumbling in soft yellow splashes into valleys of indigo and purple — this is what we saw as we came in sight of Chicoutimi.

On either hand the scene was rich in colors of the most subtle tone, while ahead, the village lay bathed in misty blue.

A stop of two hours at this little French town, which, by the way, is the head of navigation on the Saguenay, and our steamer starts back upon her tortuous journey down this river of mysteries and of wonders.

Chicoutimi is an incorporated town of some four or five thousand inhabitants. It is the centre of the lumbering world of the Lake St. John dis-



CAPES ETERNITY AND TRINITY.