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WATERING PLACES OF THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE. (Continued.)

The day on which I left Murray Bay was beautiful in the extreme. From the end of the substantial wharf provided by Government I obtained a view of the valley of the Murray River and the bold outlines of Cap à L'Aigle in the distance, and of the straggling cottages and frowning cliff of Point au Pic in the foreground. The incessant rain which had created so much discomfort to humanity had clothed Nature in a coat of verdure whose beauty and freshness are not exceeded by the famous Emerald of the Green Isle.

"The sky was blue without one cloud of gloom—"

"And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume."

Indeed Longfellow's description might be properly adopted in its entirety.

Before leaving this charming bathing place I "did" the Indian encampment. If a man wants to acquire good healthy ideas of the Red Man of this country let him do likewise, and, of a truth, Cooper's Mohicans will seem to him like the wildest creations of fancy. What a contrast does the dirt, squalor, and meanness of the modern savage present to the noble grandeur of "Uncas" and the romantic daring of "Le Renard Subtil!" With what a sublime curl would the nose of Chingadegook's ghost seek the sky if he could appear on this terrestrial sphere and behold his degenerate descendants carving mimic canoes or weaving gaudy baskets for the "treacherous pale face."

Across the wharf at Murray Bay has lately been erected a turnpike gate, and a novelty in the shape of a toll has been imposed by a thrifty Government. Considering the small amount of revenue which this toll produces it might have been very gracefully let alone.

"Once more on the deck I stand!" The shrill whistle of the "Magnet" awakes the slumbering echoes of the cliffs—the mystical pull is given by the honest captain which puts in operation the fiery bowels of our craft, the wheels revolve, and now I am in the world alone and upon the wide, wide sea. Alone as regards the crowd that throngs the wharf, and alone also as regards the crowd that throngs the dinner-table. *O tempora! O mores!* Where are the animated groups that a moment ago filled the deck? Where are the young ladies



INGLIS FALLS, NEAR OWEN SOUND, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. C. ADAMS, OWEN SOUND.—SEE PAGE 133.