

we ascended the portage road, and had a view of the pretty little fall, which I shall call Shewinaga, and shall describe hereafter. About half past three, P. M., we were again embarked; the river opened out from time to time into beautiful and spacious bays, in one of which we descried a canoe of lumberers, a sight that after having seen and heard no human being but ourselves for several hours in this solitude of nature, occasioned a sensation quite as agreeable, I think, as when being at sea, after having the ocean to ourselves for several days, we at length descried a distant sail. We reached the Portage les Hêtres, or Beech Portage, (so called from the number of beech trees which grow there,) about six, P. M. Here, finding a snug shanty or log cabin, we resolved to pass the night, as we learned we could not reach the Grande Mère before dark, and where also there was no shelter. A large rock stood facing the open end of our cabin, against which we kindled a noble fire; candles we had forgot to bring with us, (the only thing we overlooked,) but the want of them was in some degree supplied by our men, who kindled rolls of birch bark, set upright in the earth with a stick. Having hung our wet cloaks to dry, we enjoyed our supper and retired to rest. Nothing of importance occurred during the night, except that one of the party had his slumbers suddenly interrupted by the uncomfortable sensation that his toes were being burnt, and after rubbing his eyes he discovered that a spark had caught his coverlet, and was eating it away like tinder. Next morning after breakfast, we proceeded along the Portage road to La Rigole des Hêtres, a beautiful little rapid, which shall in future ages be sketched by many a painter.

"Fair laughed the morn, and soft the zephyrs blew,"

and the sun shining in his strength gave promise of a more agreeable day than the last; when once more embarked, in high spirits, we pursued our upward course, every now and then enlivened by the song of the voyageurs, the cheerfulness of which was heightened by contrast with the solitude of the scene:—

Il y a long temps, m'amie, je t'aime,  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

The end of each stave was announced by the youngest of our guides setting up a peculiar cry, like the crowing of a cock, that had in it much more drollery than music.

Notwithstanding the numerous rapids, there was less difficulty in ascending the stream than I had anticipated; for where there was a current running down the mid channel of the river at the rate of five or six miles an hour, we sometimes found an eddy running up for a considerable distance at the rate of three or four; this we availed ourselves of

as long as it lasted, and then, shooting rapidly across the main stream, we often found ourselves in another eddy. At half past nine we reached La Grande Mère, or the Grand Mother; so called from a rock which stands in the midst of one of the falls. Another rock named Le Bon Homme, the Good Fellow, stands below. There are three falls unconnected with each other, which meet in a large basin. They are striking and picturesque, but not so terrific as Shewinagam—there is no awful chasm, nor is the altitude of the fall so great. We remained here till after eleven, and after drinking a glass of madeira to the health of our Grand Mother and the Good Fellow, we commenced our return. Before leaving Les Hêtres we were warned of the approach of a heavy shower, which soon came on in torrents, making the surface of the water as it were to boil, and teaching us the value of our boat cloaks. We reached Shewinagam, a distance of three leagues, in two hours, including a portage of half a mile. Though it still continued to rain, we made use of our time, while the men were preparing dinner, to view the falls. Of these there are three in time of high water, which, having learned a little latin when I was a boy, I shall denominate Shewinagus, Shewinaga and Shewinagam.\* Of these Shewinagus and Shewinagam, though distinct falls, meet in the chasm before they are discharged into the bay below. Shewinagam is the most easterly, or towards the left bank of the river. Shewinagus is the middlemost, and Shewinaga, (I make her the lady from her superior elegance,) is to be seen only in time of flood; therefore, as Sir Walter Scott says:

"If you would see fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit her by the pale moon-light."

So do I say—

"If you would see fair Shewinaga,  
Go visit her in the month of May."

On ascending the portage path, we descried through the trees, which at the time of our visit were not in full leaf, fair Shewinaga, dancing down the slope of the hill on our right hand with sinuous courses; about mid-way she grows suddenly fretful, and tosses herself headlong down a precipice of thirty feet; then, skipping along as before, glides gently at last with the main body of the river. So doth a damsel of gentle blood, go forth from her chamber on a sun-bright morning, redolent of joy and youth, and conscious of her charms; lightly and delicately she trips along, gaily she descends the winding staircase of some lordly mansion, till encountering her waiting maid in her progress, she charges her with some error or neglect for which she scolds her well, but soon resuming her placid temper and sweet countenance, with becoming composure she glides into the salle à déjeuner—

\* I must beg all future explorers and tourists to observe this nomenclature of mine.