

## FROM LES QUINZE TO QUEBEC.

Mr. Peter J. MacIntyre, of Edinburgh, Scotland, in the *Mattawa Tribune*, gives the following interesting description of a trip on a timber raft from the head waters of the Ottawa river to Quebec:

"The longest trip on a raft which it is possible to make is from the head of Lake Temiscamingue to Cap Rouge boom, near Quebec.

The timber is made in remote shanties, far above Lake Expanse. It is then floated down Quinze lake in a boom, and soon arrives at the foot of the Rapides des Quinze, fifteen in number, one of them nearly as wild as the Chaudiere at Ottawa.

At the foot of Les Quinze the timber is rafted up. The foundation of a crib consists of two long pieces of timber called floats; at each end of the stick is a large wooden pin; long traverses are then put on the pins and the timbers are tightly wedged in below. Above all this, the three long loading sticks are placed, then the footboards, row-locks, thole-pins and calumet-pins are put in their places, and the crib is finished. The cribs are then banded up together with "kirkshaws," cap pieces, pickets and rope. About a hundred and thirty-six cribs make a large raft.

We are then towed down Lake Temiscamingue to the head of the Long Sault Rapids. At low water this is a very dangerous place, and only single cribs can be run at one time.

Next comes the Mountain Rapids, then the Les Erables, after which follows La Cave and Demishars, none of which are very rough.

Our next place of interest is Mattawa, at the mouth of the Mattawa river. Here plenty of visitors come on board to get a meal of pork and beans. Here the old shanty "Chansons" are often heard:

Some are bound for England and some are  
bound for France,  
But we are bound for Quebec town, to give  
ourselves a chance.

Rowing down the river with the side oars we arrive at the Deux Rivières Rapids, which at high water are very wild and dangerous at the last pitch. Cribs have been known to "jack-knife," or tumble over backwards, drowning all hands.

Flies of all kinds are the greatest annoyance to the hardy river-men; mosquitoes, sand-flies, black-flies and other noxious insects torment the men all night. Oil and other devices are tried, "smudges" of grass are made, but it seems to be of little use, and all through the hot summer nights fiery French Canadian oaths are heard.

The Rochier Capitaine (or Captain Rock) is our next snubbing place. This is one of the rapids on the Ottawa which the raftmen fear, for at the foot are the graves of many who have perished in its waters, to be nameless and forgotten till the judgment day.

Some canoes were being built here, which remind us of the Canadian poet who sings:

"O light canoe where dost thou glide?  
Below thee gleams no silver'd tide,  
But concave heaven's chiefest pride."

Below Rockcliffe is Rhinds Rapids; we can run in bands.

Des Joachims rapids next engage our attention. At low water they are very dangerous,

and great difficulty is experienced in keeping clear of the bridge at the foot. Here the smashed cribs are wafted up, and the steam tug "E. H. Bronson" takes us in tow. This part of the Ottawa is called Deep River. We soon come to the famous Oiseau Rock. There is an old story of a "papoose" having been carried to the top of this rock by an eagle, and rescued by its mother.

The next place of interest is Fort William, now a fashionable summer resort, and once a Hudson's Bay Company's trading post.

Passing through the Narrows we arrive in Allumette Lake, and get a fine view of the town of Pembroke. At the foot of the lake are the Allumette Rapids, which may be run in bands.

The next snubbing place is at the head of the Pauquette Rapids, which also may be run in bands.

After a long tow down the river, we arrive at the head of the Calumet Rapids, which are allowed to be the worst on the river. At the mill we see the grand chute of the Calumet—a seething mass of whiteness, relieved now and again by the shining of the black rocks. At this historic place we see the grave of a hero. A large white marble monument built in the shape



A RAFT ON LAKE TEMISCAMINGUE.

of a cross marks the spot. The simple inscription on the stone is "A la memoire de Cadieux."

The legend says he married an Indian maiden of the Algonquin tribe. All was peace and quietness until the Iroquois made a sudden attack on them. Cadieux kept the foe at bay till his wife escaped with others in a canoe. Cadieux also escaped, but starved in the woods, and beside him was found "La Lament de Cadieux," his death song, and which is a great favorite in the woods and on the river.

Many graves are seen all around here, and the river song comes to mind, which, when translated, means:

For there's danger on the ocean when the waves are  
mountain high,  
And there's danger in the battle-field when the angry  
bullets fly,  
And there's danger at the Calumet, and death lies solemn  
there,  
When I fell a helpless victim all in that deadly snare!"

Such is the fear which raftsmen have of this place that many of them leave, under which circumstances they are said to have the "Calumet fever!"

Our next stoppage is Portage du Fort, a series of rapids, the worst of which is the "Grand Traverse." Two runs only can be made here in a day, and the men are driven back in wagons.

Passing down in Chats Lake (or Lake of the Wild Cats), we run through the Snow Rapids, dividing the raft into four bands. In the distance we see Farrell's Wharf, once the nearest point of communication for the town of Renfrew.

A little further down is the mouth of the Bonchere. Sailing on we pass the village of Sand Point, Braeside and the town of Arnprior. We then snub on to a pier in the middle of the Chats Lake and at the Chats Rapids. Still further down comes the Chats timber slide, at the foot of which is Fitzroy Harbor. A fine view is now obtained of the seven chutes of the Chats, all coming straight down from an immense height into the lake below.

The tug again takes us in tow, and next morning we are in Lake Duchene, snubbed safely in Britannia Bay. Opposite us is Aylmer, a place of importance as a lumbering centre. Banded up at the foot of the Duchene Rapids, we again resume our journey till we snub at Skead's mills. Cribs then run through the "Rimmicks," the "three kings," the Mars Channel and the Chaudiere timber slide, at the foot of which the cribs band up.

Leaving our snubbing place below the parliament buildings we are towed out, and in two days we come to Grenville, at the head of the "Long Sault" Rapid. This is a very wild rapid and can be run in bands of six cribs.

Passing a good many French Canadian villages, we come to Carillon, where a fine timber slide has been built. On the opposite side of the river is the great government canal.

We soon run the "Big Sault" and Isacore Rapids, then a little river near Montreal. It was here the famous raftsmen and hero was born, whose praises are sung in many a remote lumber camp:

Some say he's very handsome, some say he's  
very tall,  
They call him big Joe Muffaraw, the bully of  
Montreal.

Our next call is Bord a Plouffe, after which comes La Prairie. Here all the Iroquois Indians leave and return to their home, at the village of Caughnawaga, near Montreal.

The raft is now banded up compactly for the last time. Calumet pins, etc., are taken out; everything is swept and cleaned.

The steamer Hudson then takes a hold of us and we are soon again on our journey. We enter the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence at Sorel. Here the river is quite green in color. Next morning we are passing Three Rivers, having safely crossed the rough Lake St. Peter, and soon by the efficiency of the pilot and the skill of the crew we arrive safely at Cap Rouge boom. Here the raft is broken up and loaded on to the ocean going steamers. All hands are then paid off. Sharpers and agents of the worst description surround our poor raftsmen, and between whiskey and everything else he is perhaps robbed after being twenty-four hours in Quebec.

I have now finished, and if I have told you anything about our glorious Ottawa river, the true beaties of which the English traveller seldom sees, and above all, if I have interested you on behalf of our simple-hearted rivermen, I feel that I have not written in vain.—Au Revoir."