

nay, has formed a bay, whose two banks, north and south, are the most tremendous promontories on all the river. Approaching from the north, Cape Trinity appears first,—a single mountain of granite and syenite, 1500 feet high, but so shapen as to seem a giant staircase, the great altitude being equally divided by three steps or shoulders, each bearing a profile upon its edge, the central one of which has been pronounced as distinct as that at the White Mountains. With a turn in the river, the scene changes, and one may now behold three giant columns, separate at the lofty summit but joined at the base, completing this mighty work so fitly called *Cape Trinity*. *Cape Eternity* is a vast rounded mountain 1800 feet high, bleak and bare as its neighbor across the way, but even more tremendous in its majesty. Here, indeed, the rock hangs so threatening overhead, that one shudders and shrinks instinctively; while the actual depth of the water is one mile and a quarter; and we leave the place, fully conscious that the Saguenay has no rival among the thoroughfares of fashionable travel. This conviction must be fixed by the remaining journey, lying as it does through an almost unbroken, unchanging, dismal wilderness of granite, without beaches, coves or creeks, but mountain torrents, and barren of birds, ducks or squirrels, with nothing but shoreless, lifeless, perpendicular bands of rocks.' Passengers arrive at Quebec on the second morning after leaving there for the trip on the Saguenay, and can return in the afternoon to Montreal, or take the Grand Trunk Railway, connecting at Richmond with trains to Portland and Boston; but if they have time and money at their disposal, we should advise them to investigate further the natural beauties of the *Dominion*, and take a trip to that section of the country which, up to the present, has been appreciated but by a few, yet which—thanks to the opening of the new water communications and the completion of railways—must eventually become a great place of summer resort. We allude to Nova Scotia, immortalized by Longfellow in his poem of 'Evangeline,' and which is destined, in all probability, from its vast mineral resources, to become as prolific a source of wealth to the world as California or Australia."

Leaving Quebec in one of the powerful and first-class iron steamers of the Quebec and Gulf Port Steamship Co., the traveller is landed either at Shediac, in New Brunswick; Charlottetown, in Prince Edward Island, or Pictou, in Nova Scotia.

But we must now retrace our steps to Montreal and meet those of our friends who prefer taking the more direct route to Portland or Boston. The Grand Trunk offers a good and expeditious way, and the scenery along the line is very grand, particularly in passing through the White Mountains. This road has for some time been the subject of a great deal of abuse; but now the track between Montreal and Portland is in perfect order, and the trains run through, nearly 300 miles, in thirteen hours.